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On Dit

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Edition 17
06.09.2004





What ever happened to anarchy?

Did it go out with torn denim jackets, loose suspenders and unnecessarily pointy hair? Is the romantic notion of anarchy a joke, banished to that secret place in the back of our heads where ideas like free love and a world without borders are more than just ways of making fun of desperate flower children and money hating stoners?

Last week saw barely ten percent of students at the University of Adelaide vote for their representatives in 2005. Despite a 20 percent increase in voter turnout, this is still a tiny portion of the student body. How is it that so few students give a rat's arse about how their money is spent? Is this the result of laziness, stupidity or deep-rooted cynicism?

None of the above, if you ask us. The real reason why so few students are voting nowadays is because we secretly know that voting is for chumps. A vote for any political representative is a conscious relinquishment of civil liberty. How dare *anyone* presume to make decisions on our behalf! We spit on them!

Ploo!

In all seriousness, it is important to remember that democracy doesn't end at the ballot box. It's our job to stick it to those smarmy gits, especially after they get elected. Not many people realise that there has been nothing close to a purely democratic system since ancient Athens, and there probably never will be if chin-scratching, naval gazing students like us don't communicate with our representatives – by writing letters, showing up to protests and hassling SAUA rats while they drink the caffeinated blood of South American slave labourers.

If you ask us, student politics lost its way when it became too preoccupied with its affiliation with conventional politics. Anarchy should be our aim, not some godless Marxist Utopia.

Never mind smashing the state, let's smash EVERYTHING!

Rah!

Stan & Jimmy



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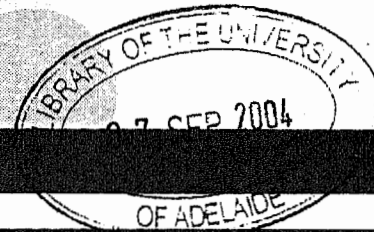
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On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Association.

*Send your submissions to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.
Weekly deadline is Wednesday.
Last one for the term next week!*

Australia, Cruise Missiles & Indonesia



Are we triggering an arms race in Southeast Asia?

The diplomatic relationship between Australia and Indonesia has always experienced its ups and downs. The crisis in East Timor, the Bali bombings, and the unilateralist stance by Australia towards Iraq have all placed significant strain on our relationship with our northern neighbour. Now, however, a recent announcement by the federal government looks set to push this already shaky relationship into even more unstable territory.

The government announced last week that it would soon be increasing Australia's defensive capabilities by incorporating long-range cruise missiles into Australia's air force. These missiles, with a maximum attack range of 400km, would be attached to our fleet of F/A-18 Hornets by 2009. Defence Minister Robert Hill boasted that such additions would make our fighter jets "the most lethal" squadron in the region.

The problem with this move for the Indonesian Government is that it now places the entire area of Indonesia within Australia's attack range. For a country that is already deeply concerned with our close allegiance to the United States, especially in relation to our involvement in the controversial 'Son of Star Wars' project, such military developments are a cause for alarm. Some observers have now postulated that an arms race could soon emerge between the two states.

Marty Natalegawa, spokesperson for the Indonesian Foreign Ministry, described Australia's purchasing of cruise missiles as a "qualitative advance for the region... [that] could lead to some kind of counter response". He stressed that "we are talking here about an offensive capability, no longer a defensive capability", and warned the federal government that "you cannot arm yourselves to the teeth and expect that it will lead of itself to a sense of security".

The Australian government, however, firmly denied any such possibility that its military additions could result in a regional arms race. Defence Minister Robert Hill maintained that there was "no surprise in this for Indonesia", and instead claimed that "in the same way as Indonesia and all our regional neighbours... continue to build their military capability, so they expect Australia to do so".

However, Labor and the minor parties were far more critical of the government's position. While still supporting the missile purchase, the Shadow Defence Minister, Kim Beazley, stressed that the government had handled its diplomatic obligations appallingly. "The problem with this government", claimed Beazley, "is that it never bothers to go around the region and explain what it is doing". Andrew Bartlett, leader of the Democrats, also condemned the purchases as being "unnecessary" and "aggressive".

In all, however, it is unlikely that these new additions to our defence forces will result in any catastrophic diplomatic rifts between Australia and Indonesia. The purchase of the cruise missiles is already somewhat offset by the Australian government's plans to retire our aging fleet of F-111's in the near future. Furthermore,

the Indonesian Foreign Ministry has also issued a statement recognising "the Australian government's sovereign, legitimate right to exercise its defence policies", whilst only expressing reservations as to how it handled the announcement of these policies.

Thus, while certainly not helpful to our regional relations, it is unlikely that the missile purchases will have any far-reaching consequences Australian/Indonesian ties.

However, the same cannot be said for two other proposed additions to Australia's defence force capabilities. An investigation by The Age recently revealed that the Australian navy has been examining the possibility of equipping its destroyers with even more high-powered cruise missiles than those to be provided to the Hornets. These missiles would have an attack range of over 1000km, and would cost an estimated \$2 billion each. Furthermore, the navy is also pushing for these missiles to be attached to our Collins Class submarines.

"You cannot arm yourselves to the teeth and expect that it will lead of itself to a sense of security".

Marty Natalegawa, spokesperson for the Indonesian Foreign Ministry.

While a governmental decision has yet to be made regarding these proposals, the inclusion of such weaponry into Australia's navy would invariably cause far more serious difficulties for Australia's regional relations. Not only would it place almost every Southeast Asian city within the attack range Australia's defence forces, it would be an unprecedented advancement in military technology for the region. This could easily spark a Southeast Asian arms race, something that could theoretically even embroil China.

Thus, while the addition of cruise missiles for our FA-18 Hornets is all but confirmed, it remains to be seen whether the federal government will equip our navy with even more high-powered missiles as well. One senior navy official was reported as saying that this would be "a very viable option". Will the federal government agree?

Nick Parkin



(From Top) An FA/18 Hornet similar to the Australian jets soon to be fitted with deadly cruise missiles, Defence Minister Robert Hill, an installation artist's interpretation of the amount of money taxpayers are shelling out for 'defence.'

Next week is the **Sexuality Edition** of **On Dit**
This is your chance to write about issues affecting the queer community including such as civil rights, queer identity, sexual health and whether or not Michael Jackson belongs under the Queer Umbrella.*
Send your news story, artwork or creative writing to
ondit@adelaide.edu.au

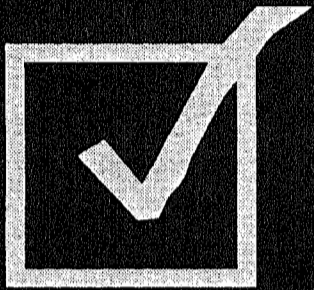
* He doesn't.

Student Elections 2004

SAUA Office Bearers

- President**
David Pearson
Education Vice-President
Jess Cronin
Activities Vice-President
Matthew Walton
Women's Officer
Mel Purcell
Female Sexuality Officer
Lavinia Emmett-Grey
Male Sexuality Officer
David Kavanagh
Environment Officer
Milijana Stojadinovic
Orientation Coordinator
Andrew Potter

How the chips fell



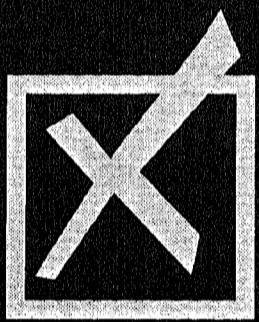
The Indies managed to lose the only two hotly contested positions, President and Orientation Coordinator. Andrew Potter won Orientation Coordinator by 12 votes.

Activate presidential candidate David Pearson managed to defeat Busuttil by 86 votes, despite strong ticket support for the Indie candidate. It really was David versus the Indie Goliath, with Pearson coming out on top.

Activate will have three Office Bearers, with the Indies holding three, Stroke with one, and Potter unaligned.

SAUA Councillors

1. Christian Winterfield
2. Kate Walsh
3. Russell Marks
4. James Byrns
5. Ross Roberts-Thompson
6. Alexandra Thompson
7. John Pezy
8. Josh Rayner



Indies, Activate, and Stroke will have two Councillors each. The Libs have one (Winterfield) and Ross Roberts-Thompson on the Med School Ticket.

Union Board

01. Sarah Busuttil
02. David Pearson
03. Jess Cronin
04. Russell Marks
05. Milijana Stojadinovic
06. Rick Fielke
07. Lavinia Emmett-Grey
08. Min Guo
09. Christian Winterfield
10. Chris Kelly
11. Josh Reichstein
12. Jennifer Turner
13. Kate Walsh
14. Josh Rayner
15. Aaron Russell
16. Matthew Walton
17. Daniel Cregan
18. Victor Stamatescu



Twelve out of the eighteen elected to the Board are male (and 6 out of 8 SAUA Councillors being male as well, perhaps challenging a long-held assumption that females were the best campaigners for elections). You boys should be ashamed.

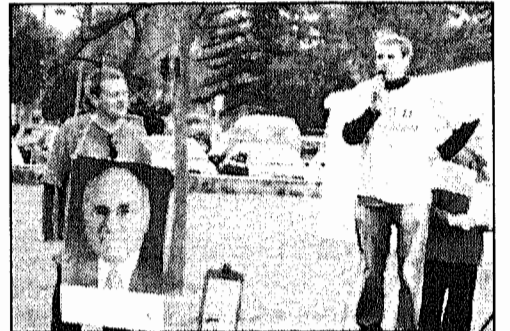
Meanwhile, Union Board is fairly evenly split between Activate and the Indies, with Busuttil an outside chance for AUU President.

May God have mercy on us all.

Given that we've been a tad overzealous with our coverage of student hackery of late, we'll spare you the traditional incestuous post election spiel.

Suffice to say that last week's election was even more predictable than previous years, with most positions sewn up in deals prior to the ballot. Despite this, voter turnout was up by just under 20 percent, and the rivalry between twin juggernauts Indies and Activate was a sight to behold. Here are some of our highlights...

How the mighty fell. The Indies were looking strong all week, but failed to get their Presidential candidate over the line. Word around the polling tents was that their candidates weren't pushing Busuttil as consistently as rivals Activate, who thoroughly indoctrinated their recruits into a Pearson-at-all-costs strategy.



The Liberal ticket often fail to amuse, however this year was an exception. The irreverent Sam Duluk (right) formed a large part of their odd enthusiasm. Oh, the irony of a unified bunch of conservatives...



Once dominant Labor Right faction Unity opted for the snappier name 'Stroke' in 2005. Complete with clever puns, live music, patriotic green and gold outfits and devil-may-care hair cuts, these guys fancied themselves as the coolest ticket on the ground. They weren't.

Election shot of the year: AUU President Nicholson looks on as one of his tearful Bright Young Recruits is consoled by a bemused Liberal candidate for Women's Officer.

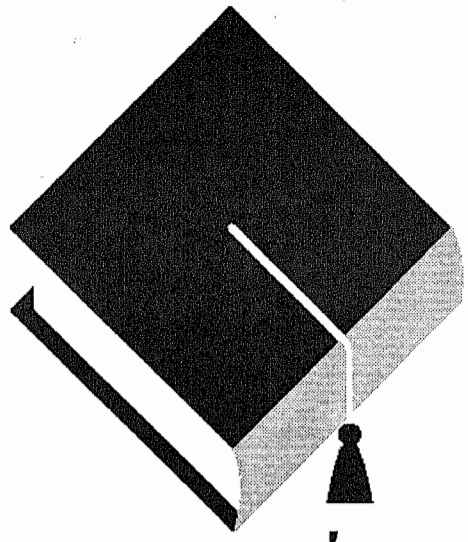


With three teams vying for the keys to the dank basement office, the campaign for On Dit Editor provided much relief for this year's crop of tired and emotional pollies. Replete with couches, cocktails, exhibition chess matches and a bizarre milk skulling competitions, last week made it obvious to most that the future of the paper was looking bright. In the end, Ford Joyce & Wills made it across the line on the back of ticket support. Our particular condolences go to Toop, Ward & Kazmierczack who were (hopefully) kind enough to forgive us for last edition's sleep-deprived write up...



What can we say? Despite drinking an unpleasant combination of milk, beer and raw egg, Indies candidate Chris Kelly (left) was pipped by The Potter, whose unprecedented poster campaign (right) was nothing short of genius. Smug bastard.





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Lotto

Roseworthy Rage

Dear *On Dit*,

What an interesting experience election week was, especially as a first year student. I reckon that some of those yahoos running around in coloured shirts thought they were running for sheep stations not positions on Union Board.

While swilling cheap beer with some of the Cockies I call mates at the Roseworthy Tavern late one night last week, the real nastiness of the election became clear to me. Indeed, the timeless lyrical genius of Slim Dusty, in particular his critique of the Australian political scene in 'Election Day' echoed in my head as I heard the sorry tale.

So the story goes, a likely young bloke from out on our northern campus had chanced upon meeting a few new 'mates' during O'Camp.

Everyone likes new friends right? Especially when one of his new friends called him up later on in the year, around early August presumably, to invite him to be involved in this year's Student Elections. Apparently, they thought he was the good sort, with plenty to offer the Board as a member. So much so that he was given assurances that he would feature prominently on their voting ticket, with a good proportion of tickets listing him at No. 1. Fair Dinkum.

This guy must have had it going on. Right?

So along came election week and news from Roseworthy was that the man they called 'Guru' would be running, with the unofficial endorsement of RACSUC and the overwhelming majority of his fellow boarding students. Guru would be fighting for the chance to give Roseworthy and its students a voice on campus, after many frustrating years of being ignored.

Enter stage Left; a group of seasoned political hacks sporting curious lavender t-shirts. Promises of political fame and fortune lured their old mate from O'camp in, and our poor unassuming Natrat quickly enlisted in their false crusade.

And so, effectively the Roseworthy vote would be split, with one group of votes going to an apolitical candidate with clear intensions of fighting for Roseworthy with the heavy weights on North Terrace, while the other poor blighter was unknowingly shuffling votes towards those rotten galahs that he thought were his friends.

Observers from North Tce keenly noted that on several different editions of the purple coloured ticket, the supposed new Messiah from Roseworthy was not at No. 1 on their ticket. Nor at 2 or 3. Indeed, if their friend from Roseworthy did get a mention on their ticket for Board, it wasn't on any of the 20 or so that this author or any of his informants were given throughout the week. Must have been a typo right? Surely.

Soon it became clear that the supposed independents were attempting to rape and pillage the students of Roseworthy at the ballot box, and scurry back to North Terrace in the communal Comby and forget about their woes altogether. Luckily, the Guru and his friends caught on to what was going on and sought to bring the other Roseworthy candidate back into the fold. He saw the light and forgot his purple shirt 'mates' and began to preference the Guru. Democracy works. Eventually.

On a lighter note, it was pleasing to hear reports from the Cockies at Roseworthy that the Election's Returning Officer was forced to send up extra ballot papers on the Midnight Express after a record turnout on the first day of voting. Sounds like Roseworthy students are fed up with being ignored by their Union.

The whole saga worked as a running case study in analysing how so many involved in student politics on North Terrace view their Roseworthy associates. Luckily, the attempted exploitation of the Roseworthy girls and boys has only worked to strengthen their resolve. So much so that someone should tell next year's RO to cart the ballot papers up to the Roseworthy students in a

large truck.

Regardless, Roseworthy Students can hold their heads high, having walked away from this year's battle as winners.

But at the end of the day, sympathies are courteously extended to the so called 'Indies' for underestimating the electoral intelligence of their Roseworthy 'pawn' and his fellow students.

Guess what guys, not everyone is as stupid and ignorant as you. Better luck next year.

Regards and God Save Australia,

Alby Longbottom

Student and President of the Turkey Fanciers Club (SA Division)

The possibilities are endless

Dear David,

Thankyou for responding to my letter. I was heartened to see that at least one Student Politician was able to take the time, at such a busy time of year to fight for his comrades. Okay, fine then, Cornish and Busuttill are not model representatives either. My apologies for not slagging off any non-Activate student polities. You may rest assured, David, that I'm yet to be truly inspired by **anyone** in student politics at this time. Except of course for your good self. You're a go-getter Dave. You continue fighting the good soldier. I'm sure that Trotsky smiles down on you eternally. With regard to your comments about me being gutless for not revealing my actual identity in my previous letter, allow me to explain. In my relatively short but colourful life at this university I have both witnessed and, to lesser degree, directly experienced the way in which your cohorts go after people. I say 'your cohorts' because I'm sure that a person of your integrity would be above such things. Nevertheless I must endeavour to protect myself. Anyway, thankyou for your letter and thankyou for agreeing with most of what I had to say. Good luck for the coming election and the inevitable recounts that you all seem so very fond of. It shall no doubt be a grand day for democracy.

Regards,

Anonymous Student

(Possibly Joe...but then you'll never know)

PS. I would never spit on Alice. Even if she were on fire.

Christian must confess

Dear Eds,

I must confess myself disappointed at your "article" in the last issue of *On Dit*, which effectively mocked the Christian opposition to homosexuality on the basis that it, like other "rules for living" outlined in the book of Leviticus, is outdated and clearly no longer a socially acceptable moral stance.

Whether or not this is so is beside the point; my point is that everyone has the right to their own personal stance on such issues, whether religious or moral or whatever, but this does not translate into the right to shove your opinion down other people's throats and mock those who don't happen to agree with you. Surely ideological freedom should encompass those unwilling to accept changing social values, as well as those who are willing to do so. And no, being morally/religiously/ideologically opposed to homosexuality does not make you a gay basher. It's a personal choice that should only ever be applied to yourself, and not used to judge others. I am also not a member of the EU.

Dwayne Dibley

ondit@
adelaide
edu.au

The possibilities
are endless

To SJW,

Your letter "It Makes Me Sooooo-Mad..." for last week's edition was constructed in a derogatory and subjective manner. Do you know Women's Officer Ms. Armstrong-Smith personally? If so, your rhetorical personal attacks should remain between you and her, and if not, then this was merely an ad hominem argument (a fallacy in argument that attacks the person rather than the argument). Claiming that a former British Prime Minister "Margaret Thatcher has done more to advance the status of women" than a University of Adelaide's Women's Officer seems like a fairly obvious call (no offence Ms. Armstrong Smith, please read on). But only once you consider the vast differences the two have had in regards to media coverage. It is also unfair to compare the two, and we shouldn't rule out Ms. Armstrong-Smith becoming a major contributor to the feminist movement (assuming that she is not already).

You imply that women will never ascend to a higher "echelon" of human existence because of the principles of the Social Darwinism theory. Personally I do not follow this theory, but to clarify, Social Darwinism (according to Herbert Spencer, the overt capitalist) states that emphasis should be put on exalting the rich and strong and trampling underfoot the poor and the weak, reflective of what was thought to occur in nature on all occasions. However, SJW, you do not seem to be aware that this theory does not distinguish specifically between the sexes. You assume that *all* women are weak and *all* men are strong. Is not your beloved Margaret Thatcher, who is, in spite of her disownership, a woman, an example of someone who *has* aspired to crush the weak and poor, attributes of Social Darwinism? Wasn't this someone who at least for a brief period in history was brutal, strong, powerful and probably quite well off, given that she was a barrister before being elected? I'll agree that women have not often held positions of high status and wealth historically, but I think that it is *slowly* beginning to change (feminists, feel free to bring me up on this if you feel incensed). As for natural selection, it is good to be aware that despite the countless suffering members of male populations have inflicted on female populations over the course of history, that they still constitute over half of the overall population of the world. Is survival in the face of this not an indicator of strength?

To end with, I do not believe *everything* Ms. Armstrong-Smith writes on, so do not dare to pigeonhole me as a male feminist "suck up". I just believe your letter was unashamedly insolent and not worthy of print.

Regards,

Tony Marshall

P.S. next time SJW wishes to criticise another based on personal appearance, they should include their name and be equally open to criticism.

It's a fair cop.

Dear OnDit,
YOU'RE SHIT
FUCK YOU,
Pretentious
GITS!!
♥ Marla.

Who knew Lavinia's fans would be so well spoken?

Sir,

I am writing in reply to your request for feedback about the articles of Miss Emmett-Grey.

Not having been a frequent reader of *On Dit* before I was coaxed into thumbing through the ink spilt therein recently, I cannot claim to be able to look upon the works of all of it's contributors with an extreme degree of objectiveness and perspective. However, I would like to think that I am able to judge what I *do* read fairly well, and as such I would like to make the following points.

1) Those articles authored by Miss Emmett-Grey which I have had the pleasure to read, I have found well written, entertaining, informative and passionate (in respect to the fact that it is clear that the author is indeed deeply engaged in the subject, and more often than not wishes for her reader to become as deeply interested as she is).

2) Every article (of Miss Emmett-Grey's) I have read has been in possession of a point, either succinct, whimsical, educational or entertainingly flippant. Not once have I come across an article which I would criticize negatively, nor which I would say has wasted the magazine space it occupies.

3) In comparison to much of the other clap-trap that can be found hedged between the covers of *On Dit*, Lavinia's column more often than not seems to be clearly written, with purpose, and is not simply penned to give the author the satisfaction of seeing her own words and views aired publicly.

4). The article to which specific reference was given by (the editor? who are you, sir?) in the most recent edition of *On Dit*, though certainly not written in the same style as some of Miss Emmett-Grey's previous contributions, still offers much in the way of enlightenment regarding the hodge-podge world that is the modern relationship (or more appropriately, the termination of). Being an individual, like many in the university community, who has been stung on several occasions by the anguish of a failed liason d'amour, I find it intriguing to be allowed to see how a person as interesting as Lavinia dealt with the situation. If more people shared their own experiences of such painful periods in their lives, perhaps we'd all benefit as a result, and be more aware when the time came around for us to face such situations ourselves.

Though oft controversial, not palatable to all, and occasionally even mildly scary (let's face it, rape *is* scary!), I can't recall ever having once taken exception to anything of Miss Emmett-Grey's writing, certainly not without having come away the better for having been cerebrally or emotionally confronted by what I read.

Please take a little more time to think about any criticism you might consider directing towards Lavinia in the future. Given the placing and context in which your commentary appeared, one might be left wondering whether your gripe was directed at Miss Emmett Grey's column, or at her personally. Save us all the trouble of guessing which it is in future. Clarity is not just the name of a winemakers daughter.

Yours with Much Sincerity,
Wade Shiell

To the editors of *On Dit*,

In regards to the sex column 'Pandora's Box' With the student elections this week I have realised that it is the students time to make their voices really heard. I realise that the change over in editors of *On Dit* may cause my favourite column to be put in jeopardy.

So I am taking the opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy reading Miss Lavinia's column each week. To be honest, it's the only part of the magazine that I look forward to reading.

I especially liked the column about 'Checking for Cheese'. Reminding me of another point, the author's choice of titles are always catchy and entertaining.

Our group sits down to lunch on a Wednesday to read the column together; it gives a wonderful starting point for discussions. I am unaware of anyone who actually starts with the rest of the magazine first, due to 'Pandora's Box' always being the most comical and interesting to read.

It is a credit to the authors writing style and her witty and quirky anecdotes shows commitment to her peers to inform while entertaining us each week.

It's good to see that Lavinia also ran for Female Sexuality Officer this week, I am certain she will make an excellent role model for 2005 due to her personal commentary within her column.

Please continue to entertain us with her column in 2005.

Anonymous

Dear Eds,

What's with all the grey spots everywhere? Do they have any significance to politics, social change or the student movement? Or are you just lazy designers?

And another thing, it's probably best you stop stop ragging on Lavinia Emmett-Grey so bad. Given her tragic compulsion to embarrass herself on the pages of your newspaper every week, I don't feel that you should be compounding the damage with your (admittedly forthright) smarmy comment.

Warmest regards
Steven

PS.
Ha ha - glorified web log. ZING!

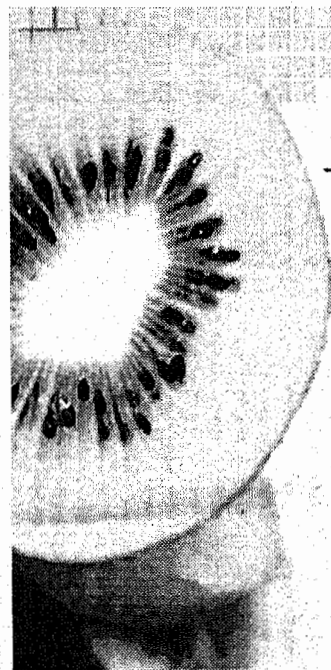
Lavinia,

So, like, want to make out or what?

Carn.
oz.

Dear Eds,
Please keep
Lavinia or
I'U KILL
you and
BURN your
ugly corpses
in that filthy
office of yours.
Regards
Donald.

(7)



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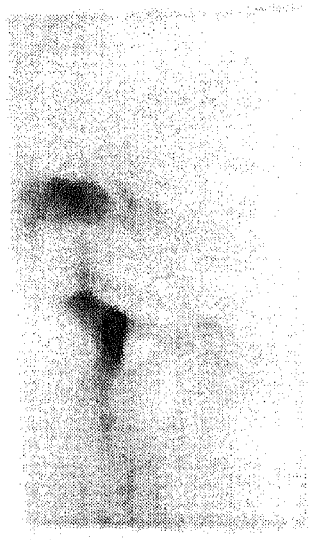
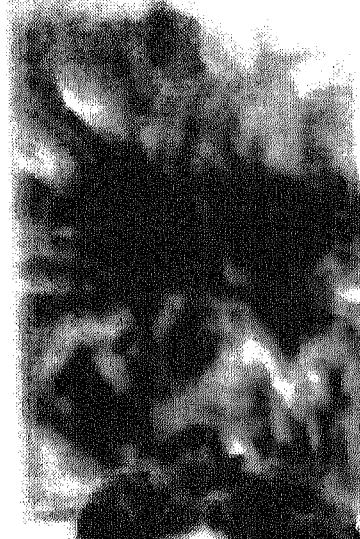
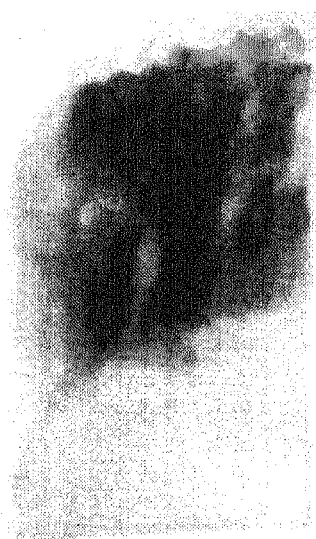


A service from the Adelaide University Union

P O T T E R

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roke

Political Experiments

After five years of obsessively avoiding student politicians, particularly during election week, Russell Marks spent last week campaigning to become one. Here's what the poor bastard had to go through.

I was approached by a particularly persuasive young man at a youth organisation meeting at which I shouldn't have even been present, and couldn't really think of a reason *not* to stand as a candidate. After all, if I'm going to deride an institution as completely unnecessary, shouldn't I at least know what it's all about? And who *are* these people who throw themselves into student politics? Are they all kookey? Why do they do it, particularly when most of them never get paid for the effort they put in? Why, especially, would anyone subject themselves to rampant abuse from a concerted majority of the student population for a week every year?

I've emerged with, already, a much better understanding of student representation. The populist belief is that student representation is unnecessary, that it's wasteful, that the \$163.36 you pay every semester is onerous and 'nothing ever changes'. Populist beliefs are powerful when harnessed, and there is none better at doing so than one John Winston Howard, whose appeals to 'common sense' drown out any arguments from minority groups whose (valid) views are not represented within the majority opinion. Thankfully, he hasn't succumbed to the populist belief in Australia that the death penalty should be re-instated for people who have committed violent offences.

I agree that \$326.72 – almost a dollar a day – is a lot of money. I certainly wouldn't pay it if I had the choice. There is a suspiciously valid-sounding argument that, if the Union was 'better' (more efficient, more 'relevant') then people *would* choose to pay the money. But I'm not sure they would. When and how often do we access the Union's counselling services until we need them, for example? Personally, I think I would make a ('rational') judgement that the chances of me requiring the Union's counselling service is small enough that I don't need them there; therefore, I shouldn't have to pay for them.

Notice how it's all about *me*. Those who do require the counselling services are in a minority, and not just quantitatively. Think of unsustainable private health insurance. Membership is voluntary; young people are opting out in droves, driving up the premiums for those people who *do* access health services often. (Not that we particularly need private health insurance in this country; a fully-backed Medicare and public health system would be adequate, and would result in less hospital specialisation and therefore better across-the-board care.)

Encouraging people to think only about themselves – as the neo-liberal market-based ethos does – directs people to think of the 'mainstream' and, consequently, to all but ignore those outside it. The simple neo-liberal answer is 'assimilation', and this is where the theory ultimately falls down; we should be reminded of a guy called John Mill, who wrote a book called *On Liberty* in 1857 in which he said:

If all humankind minus one were of one opinion, humankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than she, if she had the power, would be justified in silencing humankind.

If the 'mainstream' doesn't need counselling services, then no-one should need them. Well of course the 'mainstream' (white? male? reasonably wealthy? English-speaking? heterosexual?) doesn't need to access counselling services all that often! It's their society, silly!

Politicking is a skin-thickening exercise. You begin to get used to people laughing directly at you, and, even worse, behind your back. You quickly get over your absurd conservative fear of approaching

complete strangers and asking them to do something for you out of the goodness of their heart.

You quickly learn, though, that the people who do vote – and it's not a very high percentage of the student population – generally look like they're having a better time on campus. A lot of those who don't vote – and I'm making a huge generalisation here and would chop myself down if I had the chance – seem to want to come to campus, attend (boring) lectures and leave with a degree they don't really value. Have I just made a value judgement? Probably! But I must admit that the quality of my own time on campus has improved markedly since I began to get involved, even if it's just writing occasionally for the student newspaper.

You get called a lot of things when you're politicking during election week. Some are funny, some are even welcome. But let me just recount, very approximately, a conversation I had with one particular 'gentleman' on Wednesday:

Russell: Good afternoon, sir. Are you a student at this university?
Gentleman: Why?
Russell: It's election week!
Gentleman: Oh, I'm not going to vote.
Russell: [feeling particularly strongly about October 9, and thinking nothing of entering into invasive conversations with complete strangers] But you will vote in the Federal Election, won't you?
Gentleman: Why do you ask?
Russell: Because we need to vote John Howard out!
Gentleman: I don't think so. John Howard is a wonderful prime minister and a very decent man.
Russell: Really? I'm interested to know why you think so.
Gentleman: Anyone who wouldn't vote for John Howard is intellectually challenged.
Russell: How so?
Gentleman: Well, I've been around for a lot longer and am wiser than someone like yourself.
Russell: I don't think we need be condescending toward each other, sir.
Gentleman: I'm not being condescending, I'm stating fact.
Russell: I don't think age necessarily equals wisdom, sir!
Gentleman: In this case it does. You probably read John Bilger.
Russell: John Pilger?
Gentleman: *Bilger*.
Russell: Actually I have read a thing or two by John Pilger and I wouldn't say that I necessarily agreed with everything he says-
Gentleman: He's an idiot.
Russell: On what basis?
Gentleman: Anybody who reads John Bilger is intellectually challenged.
Russell: As a matter of interest, what do you read?
Gentleman: I read *The Australian*.
Russell: A Murdoch paper! You get your information from Paul Kelly? What do you study?
Gentleman: What's it to you?
Russell: I'm just interested, that's all.
Gentleman: Go away. I'll call campus security.
Russell: Fuck off and have a nice day, sir.

Yes, I was very wrong to tell the gentleman to fuck off, and if I could apologise, I would (though I'm not

sure that I wouldn't be apologising only because I lost my moral high ground). I was tired and hungry (and rather annoyed about being called 'intellectually challenged' by a person who doesn't even know me but of course there was little excuse for that sort of behaviour in that context. I *do* wonder, though, what the man is doing at university if he knows it already and isn't willing to enter into a conversation with someone who disagrees with him.

I valued much more highly my interactions with campaigners from other factions, including the Ac group, and with the hundreds of non-campaigning students to whom I spoke, however briefly, during the week. One of them was an 80-year-old man who was having his first pop at university, taking philosophy courses and an anthropology course, after having considered his chance at tertiary education was over when he made the decision to work in Germany after serving in the army during World War II. Surely people like this, who retain the 'yearn to learn' for their entire lives, serve as inspiration to us all, and remind us that university more than a degree factory, and that education is a product to be sold to the highest individual bidder but a communal asset that is beneficial to us all as global citizens.

And yes, student politicians are *all* kookey. And hopefully they stay that way.

Russell Marks.



At first, Russell and his factional cohort planned to experiment on voters with altogether different manner.

Wolf-like freak stalks hapless campaigners

Constituency rejoices

Annoying. That's the only word to describe student campaigners, apart from those words just then. Actually, there are many other words to describe them, and arguably an infinite number of phrases such as 'politically-driven university students' or 'expendable survival robots' if you're that way inclined. However, let us all agree that 'annoying' is an acceptable adjective to be utilised in this instance and - for the sake of my opening paragraph's brevity - we shall move on.

It was Monday morning when I first encountered these pocket-sized politicians (pocket-sized referring to the size of their relatively little political experience, not their physical size, although miniature candidates would no doubt serve as quite a successful gimmick). Instantly, I was cornered by a cluster of colour co-ordinated campaigners. After complimenting me on my alliteration, they bombarded me with pamphlet after pamphlet after brochure. That is when I blacked out.

When I eventually came to, I was lying naked on the bank of the Torrens, dirt on my hands and blood dripping from my mouth. I was scared. After dressing myself in a makeshift sarong made from assorted leaves and discarded litter, I ventured back into the uni grounds. I sat in my next lecture, quietly going over the events of the last hour slowly in my mind. What had happened? Where were my clothes? Whatever happened to Eiffel 65? All questions to which I had no answer.

I needed help. I ran as fast as I could, twigs and chip packets rubbing against my thighs (I realise that sarongs don't cover the inner thighs but for crying out loud, I'm telling a damn story). My destination? Dr Bertrand von Trapsbergerheisen (he's foreign).

When I arrived at the Doc's secret hideout on the 13th floor of the Schulz building, I explained to him my experiences. He puzzled for a moment, before pulling out a set of cue cards. He asked me to describe my reaction to each. Chair? Nothing. Dinosaur? Nothing. Boobies? Giggle, then nothing. Amanda Vanstone? BOOM. I was out like a light... a light that was out.

What I estimated to be 15 minutes passed before I re-awoke. The sight that greeted me was horrific. The Doc had been choked with his stethoscope and stabbed multiple times with syringes. It seemed the very instruments designed for preserving life had brought about the death of their wielder. After

admiring the irony that would impress even the most drugged Canadian pop singer, the realisation of the Doc's death hit me hard. Harder than Michael Jackson at a #insert humorous analogy#.

What had I become? Why was my own life a mystery to me? Why had I suddenly become so fond of the rhetorical question? In exactly the same way the great Columbo would have done (without the trenchcoat and crossed eyes, but still with the same sex appeal), I slowly started piecing the evidence together in my mind.

It wasn't long (6 minutes 34 seconds) before the clouds of confusion and the mist of mystification cleared to make way for the sunlight of... knowing what was happening. First the student union election and then a smarmy MP. Both times I blacked out I had been subjected to political images. I had developed an allergy to politics!

I consulted a friend of mine studying medicine* and he told me that every time I was exposed to politics, a chemical reaction would occur in my body that would actually realign my molecular structure and turn me into some amazing wolf/dolphin creature whose only objective was to kill. After a short period of time, I would naturally transform back to my human form without my clothes, dazed and confused. I suggested that this was similar to the Animorphs. My friend suggested that I was a loser and shouldn't know so much about Animorphs.

And so I banished myself to the roof of Union House. I constructed a papier-mâché hut out of old share-house advertisements where I would spend the remainder of the election period, perhaps longer. I had the bare essentials of cooking and cleaning appliances installed, as well as an ADSL connection, because being a freakish aquatic canine monster is no excuse for slow Internet.

That brings us to the present. I have been destined to live a life of loneliness. If it's not the student elections, it's the federal elections, and then who knows what? All I know is that if I were to come back down, I may have no control over my chemical urges and hundreds of politicians may be mercilessly destroyed. And no-one wants that.

Geoff Stone



Artist's impression of Geoff's election week rampage.

Is it all that dopey?

In defence of the smack selling, pot-addled greens leader

The wonderful current affairs editor, Alex Solomon-Bridge, managed to pick his priorities with eerie prescience last week in *On Dit* by detailing an argument about the legalisation of Marajuana. He preceded one of the interesting election stories of last week, which revolved around the Australian Greens's policy on drugs. Gerard McManus raised eyebrows with what some suggested was an opinion piece dressed as news in Melbourne's answer to The Advertiser, The Herald Sun on 31 August 2004.

Throughout his article he outlined his impression of the Greens' policies on a wide range of areas, but it was his claim that: 'Ecstasy and other illegal drugs would be supplied over the counter to young users in a radical policy framed by Senator Bob Brown's Greens' which really drew the wrath of the Greens' leadership. Senator Brown claimed it was a misrepresentation of the actual Greens' policy and it was an example of the bias of the Murdoch owned press. In fact he publicly challenged Mr. Murdoch (who owns The Herald Sun and The Advertiser and The Australian and et al) to debate the issue.

Although "Celebrity Deathmatch" is probably as passé as heroin, the idea of a Brown vs Murdoch battle to the death is mighty tempting to anyone who follows politics. That aside, what is concerning is the fact that the debate seems to have centred around who said what, and not what it all means. Although the Greens' policies have been misrepresented, their focus is undeniably on the idea of 'harm minimisation.' Is that an idea as 'kooky' as the Prime Minister claims?

When drug policies are discussed, a lot of attention seems to be belatedly directed toward 'youth.' This is because no high-flying executives regularly snort cocaine and no ex-hippies still light spliffs in their backyards after a hard run in the rat race. Politicians and the media tend to direct 'drug policies' as an element of youth policies, and so, as a young person, I thought I'd have a crack at them.

As most people who've picked up this paper would have gone to primary and secondary school, it's probably fair to assume you've encountered some sort of drug education campaign. That campaign probably consisted of 'just saying no' and if it didn't, it does today. That is the approach that has been preferred by the current government. So if we've been raised to say 'no'; if we currently live in a society with 'zero-tolerance' on drugs; which means big penalties for possession, and no education about harm minimisation, shouldn't we be looking at the world to see if such ideas work?

Do we have significantly lower levels of drug-overdoses and related deaths to other countries with different policies? Do we have reduced levels of crime? Do we have increased or decreased rates of mental illness? Does a 'tough on drugs' stance work?

The evidence would seem to suggest that, just like the current drug education campaign, that the answer is "NO."

In America, the home of the 'war on drugs,' there are jails filled with the underprivileged for the smallest possession charges. There are organised gangs running drug distribution and controlling the content of what users put in their bodies.

So why are Bob Brown's ideas so out there? Is it really so crazy to suggest that the government control the drugs that people take - and nab a nice slice of tax on the side? Is it ridiculous to suggest that people should have access to information about the drugs they are using, or that their friends are using, in case their dodgy dealer has delivered some 'bad shit?' Finally, is it truly dopey to suggest that when one method obviously isn't working we shouldn't even consider another?

Mr Stoney

Our youth can not understand why society chooses to criminalize a behavior with so little visible ill effect or adverse social impact... These young people have jumped the fence and found no cliff. And the disrespect for the possession laws fosters a disrespect for laws and the system in general... On top of this is the distinct impression among the youth that some police may use the marijuana laws to arrest people they don't like for other reasons, whether it be their politics, their hair style or their ethnic background.

Federal and state laws (should) be changed to no longer make it a crime to possess marijuana for private use.

State laws should make the public use of marijuana a criminal offense punishable by a \$100 fine. Under federal law, marijuana smoked in public would merely be subject to seizure.

President Richard M. Nixon's National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse
"Marihuana: A Signal of Misunderstanding"
March 1972

Marijuana is taken by ".... musicians. And I'm not speaking about good musicians, but the jazz type..."

Harry J. Anslinger Federal Bureau of Narcotics 1948





AN IDIOT UNI STUDENT'S GUIDE TO THE FEDERAL ELECTION

As some of you may have noticed, no sooner have we gotten the student pollies out of the way for another year that there's *another* bloody election coming up. You can tell, because all of a sudden there're ad posters all over the place, which is admittedly not particularly unusual per se, but these have *ugly people* on them. This election's a bit more important than the last one, though, or so I'm told. The winners go to a faraway, possibly mythical, place called Canberra (the word is derived from an ancient mystical Koori term meaning "boobs") and make decisions for eternity, or possibly three years, although given the current crop's speaking talents it'll seem about the same either way to anyone watching.

Now, the thing about most politicians is that, much like wolves, they hunt in packs. (This is where the comparisons end; wolves are noble, beautiful animals, after all.) We call these "parties", not to be confused with the fun kind involving alcohol. A pack needs more than half the bastards in the Lower House (which has one bastard to roughly every 100,000 voters) to form government and more than half the bastards in the Senate (twelve bastards per state, elected six at a time) to pass anything controversial, or else they have to try and negotiate something with the smaller parties. The theory behind the latter point is to make the stupid shit the loonies in the major parties come up with and the stupid shit the loonies in the smaller parties come up with cancel each other out, and considering the loonies in question it works surprisingly well. Voting is preferential, so you number the candidates from least to most annoying and if your least annoying candidate is unpopular, your vote eventually counts toward whichever of the two most popular candidates you found less obnoxious.

At any rate, here's a quick roundup of the most important or at any rate noisiest packs so you can make a considered decision before you do your democratic duty doing the diddly on those doddering daiquiri dickheads... I'm sorry, where was I?

Liberals (Currently 70 bastards in the Lower House, 32 in the Senate)

Evil. Evil. Eeeeeevill. Led by the Rt. Dishon. John Winston Howard, Prime Miniature of Australia, who is known to some of his own party members at a "lying rodent" (this is expert criticism of the same kind certain kitchen implements display when comparing colour schemes). Says it all, really. Or perhaps not... I'm not sure I'm getting these guys' sheer Bond-villain-like evilness across here, so here are a few examples: their "Whatever you say, Mr Bush Mr President sir" attitude to Iraq, their utter ruthless heartless bastardry dealing with asylum seekers, and worst

of all, THEY DARED TO RAISE HECS. We must raise heck. I mean hell. I'd say string them up, but I don't have the money for a rope. Plus, some of 'em might *like* the idea of a death penalty...

If they were a band:
Where do you think *Popstars* came from?

Labor (63, 28)

Okay, they're bastards too. But it wasn't always this way. Back in the legendary days of St Gough of Werriwa, they brought in free universal health care, free university education and, one would get the impression from hearing His followers talk, free universal happiness for all. Those days lasted approximately three years before little things called the "budget", a "hostile Senate" and "reality" caught up with them and since, well... They *invented* HECS way back when, implemented economic rationalism, and have more recently played along with a lot of the Libs' more obnoxious policies on things like asylum seekers and gay marriage. So, yes, bastards they are. But at least they're bastards with style. Look at Mark Latham, silver-tongued devil that he is. Or his Shadow Treasurer, Simon Crean. No, okay, wait, just look at Mark Latham.

If they were a band:
Iron Mark and the Suckholes. Although I heard they hired some old 80's singer to front up in Sydney.

Nationals (13, 3)

Kind of like the drier variety of Liberal, only with a marked opposition to the free market when it applies to farming and, of course, redder necks. It's 'cause they're sunburnt from being out there working hard on the fields all day, or so I'm told - harvesting sheep, milking wheat, shearing cows, that kind of thing. Real salt-of-the-earth types, they are, meaning they're hard, square, and bad for your health. Doesn't matter, they'd be dead meat (finest quality beef exported at reduced tariffs to the U.S., but dead meat nonetheless) if they weren't in a Coalition of the Winning with the Libs. Except the Liberals have enough seats to govern on their own... no, I don't get why they put up with this mob either.

If they were a band:
You know the hottest Aussie country music sensation? Yeah? Well, they have a support act like everyone else...

Democrats (0, 7)

Once proud, tall, strong and touchy-feely, they're now not so much touchy-feely as stiff with rigor mortis. Though I'm sure whatsisname, Andrew Murray and friends would assure me that the

party's not dead, just resting. Or possibly lying in a drunken stupor in the gutter outside the Parliament House members' bar about to choke on its own vomit. Was that good wine, Andrew?

If they were a band:
Oasis, of course. The music's pretty good, if a bit dull, but they fuck it all up with vicious infighting and drunken idiocy backstage.

Greens (1, 2)

The ferals at the bottom of the garden. It's been quite the fashion in conservative circles since the Iraq war to compare this mob to Saddam Hussein. Which is a gross slur. After all, Saddam was willing to negotiate. They are the few, the proud, the incredibly bloody stubborn bastards. If the major parties try anything funny, we can rely on the Greens. They're not going to compromise with the lives of innocent, cute, cuddly koalas at stake.

If they were a band:
Environmentally friendly, proud but worried Aussies, earnest, hard working, pissed off... it's gotta be Midnight Oil. Oh, hold on...

Family First (new, so 0, 0)

Bursting onto the scene like pus from a high-schooler's facial acne at the last state election were this mob, God-botherers who've apparently gotten bored with bothering God and have decided to bother voters instead. Presumably this is because while the results are arguably less earth-shattering (so to speak) voters can sometimes give a straight reply. They apparently believe all the country's problems can be solved by going back to a traditional conception of the family and ostracising anyone who doesn't fit the bill. Sadly, this lot are unlikely to be absorbed by the Liberals like One Nation were since this is already Liberal policy anyway.

If they were a band:
Mate, they're a whole bloody genre... fuckin' Christian rock. Please don't vote for these people, or they'll replace the national anthem with a Creed song.

11

Written and authorised by Jiminy Krikkit for the *Oh, Bloody Hell, Not Again Party, Canberra.*

Student Scholarship Program 2005 - 2006



The Australian Apple University Consortium (AUC) is looking for the nation's best student developers on the Mac platform to participate in a two-year "best of the best" development program.

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You must be over 18, agree to meet the programs milestones, be able to travel to the USA and AUC meetings around Australia to discuss your project and experiences, and represent the "best of the best" program at University or Apple functions. © Australian Apple University Consortium Celebrating 20 years of Partnership in 2004.

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THE GOVERNOR'S LEADERSHIP FOUNDATION PROGRAM

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The Governor's Leadership Foundation (GLF) is seeking dynamic, energetic and committed South Australians from a wide range of backgrounds and occupations, to participate in a 10-month development program that will enhance their knowledge of complex issues, their ability to lead their leadership cohort, to share their research, and structure them to become leaders in our community.

GLF is a program of the Leaders Institute of South Australia - State Premier Leadership Development Organization. Its mission is to broaden, enhance and accelerate leadership capability in SA through the widely recognized experience of development program and its committed network of graduates.

GLF offers participants the opportunity to:

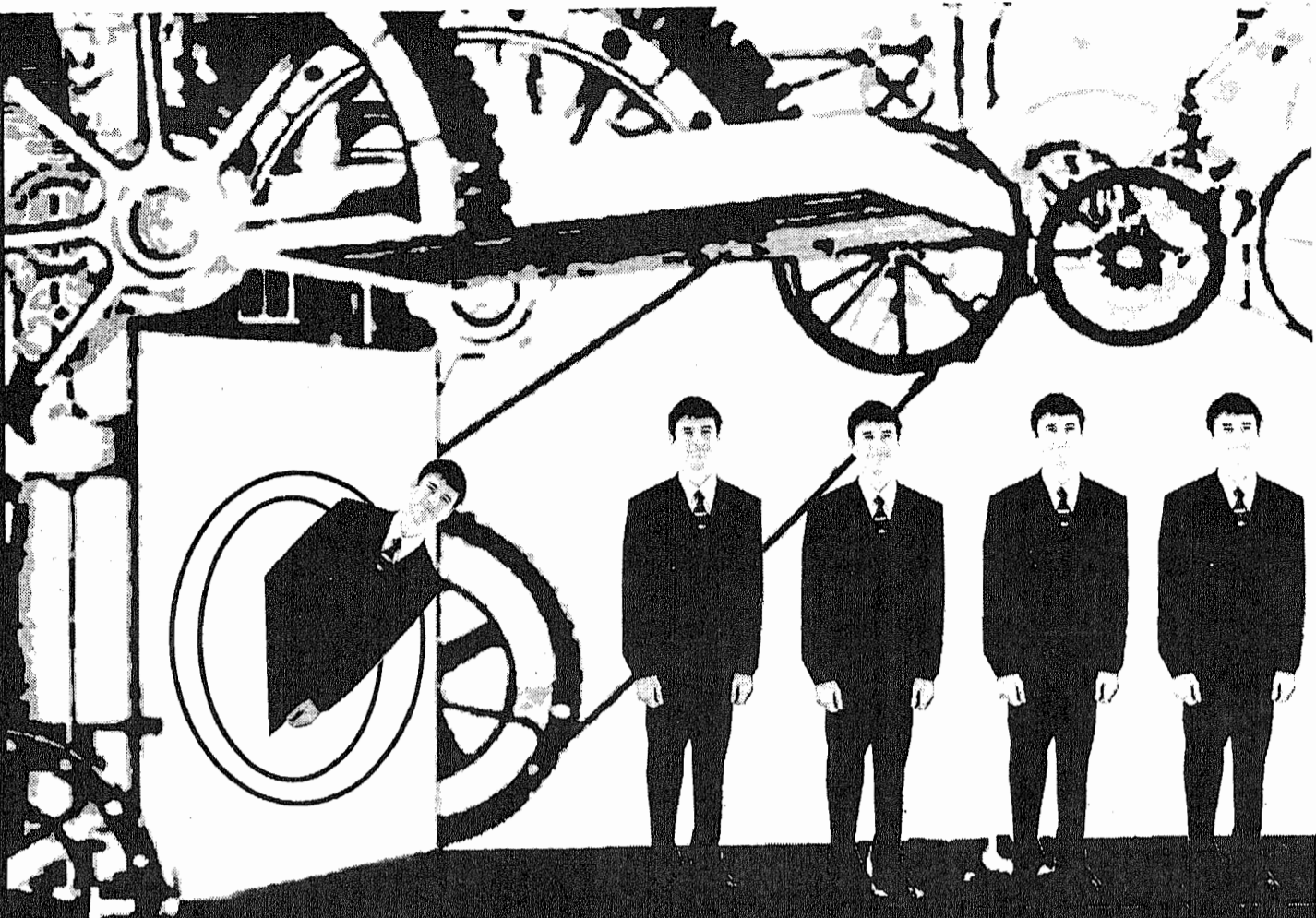
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The Leaders Institute of South Australia
The Goodman Building, Domain Gardens of Adelaide
APPLICATIONS CLOSE AT 6PM SEPTEMBER 13 2006



Now that elections and electioneering are in the air – there's the federal one now and our state one next year – the issue of our leadership is once again coming to the fore.

Whatever the case federally, and in the other states individually, it's something we can't seem to get right here in the south.

It's a failure to come up with enough real leaders – strong and inspirational ones – that dogs us at all levels, top to bottom, in South Australian society. In the mean time we meander on with mediocre leadership or worse and our economy and society – our body politic in general – is the worse for it.

At the state party political level our Libs have been publicly advertising inviting people, whether party members or not, wanting to join their ranks as state MPs, to put in an expression of interest by filling out the relevant forms, forwarding a CV, and signing up for a one day course on how to be a Liberal state MP.

As if this weren't enough the state Governor is now offering a 10 month part time development programme for aspiring state community leaders (see illustration above).

For all the good intentions embodied in these moves – the intentions are clearly mixed but no doubt including the good as well as the bad – they are surely not the way to fix our rudderless ship of state.

For one thing the risk is that they will attract the wrong kind of people. The governor's programme is for people 'with good prospects for further career advancement' and costs participants \$5,500.

That should get all the self-interested careerist arseholes about

the place crawling out of the wood work for their place in the sun.

The trouble is that whenever we try to fix our leadership problem in a systematic way like this we do so in a way likely to attract go-getting self-seekers rather than the very able, can-do, high minded visionary individualists that the state needs.

And this leadership problem is not a party political thing either. It exists on all side of politics.

State Labor holds the strings of power but has turned itself into a conservative party in the process of achieving and holding them. It secures its votes, not by coming up with visionary policies that move us forward as a state and nation, but by the implementation of reversionary, troglodyte red-neck policies aimed at getting votes as an end in itself.

There are votes in bashing the judiciary (and the legal system in general) for being too soft on crime and the Wrann government – or at least the dominant elements within it – are milking this for all its worth.

And this red-neckism is an extensive policy area. In one way or another a very wide sweep of their policies extending well outside the law-and-order area are substantially anti-crime policies in disguise.

In the area of education for example. Take the school truancy and student retention policies the Wrann government prides itself on. These policies are, at least in part, driven by the law-and-order imperative. The implicit message in what Wrann puts out, or at any rate what he seems to be prepared to allow sections of the public to believe, is that, while these youngsters are incarcerated for their own good in schools they aren't in Rundle Mall beating up old ladies or careering around in

stolen cars killing innocent people on the roads.

It's not the whole message being put out on retention and truancy of course. But it is – or seems to be – an important sub-text to it.

It's vote catching in line with the lock-them-up-and-throw-away-the-key pitch being run by Wrann as a central plank of state policy.

It certainly is a cock-eyed way of seeking to reform education. Of course there is a case for securing student attendance in schools in the right kind of way. But catching truants and retaining – confining – students behind the four walls of seriously under resourced schools in preparation for entry into a society harbouring diminishing real job opportunities, and increasing unfairness and deceit, is not going to fix things. The sooner the Wrann government (and the Liberal alternative) wake up to this the better.

If the Wrann cabinet were, by some magic, to find themselves young again and in deprived schools in deprived areas of the state may be they, too, would find themselves out there brandishing spray cans and looking for schools to burn down.

The unpalatable fact is that life in our state's schools is great if you are in one of the posh Adelaide suburban ones (public or private) but too often, in too many ways, shit house if you are elsewhere in the country and metropolis.

And the gap is widening. It's increasingly a 'have' and 'have not' education system – both in terms of the gap between the rich private schools and the rest, and, unforgivably, in terms of the disparities in wealth and opportunity, within the public education system.

It's an injustice which a Labor government inherited from the Liberal one before it and as a voting population we seem prepared to pretend it's not happening.

It is. The emperor is not wearing clothes and we must, when the time comes in the next state election, as voters, get onto our hind legs and say so.

(And, in so far as there is a national dimension to this in that rich private schools are getting a disproportionate share of the federal cake, we must press candidates in the current election to say how they will redress this great wrong.)

In fairness to Mike Wrann it must be said that the change to Jane Lomax-Smith as the state education minister was very much a step in the right direction. The hope is that, once she settles in to her portfolio (she must be close to this now), she will be able to take command of the educational ship in a truly enlightened and socially constructive way.

Certainly she is up against it. The damaging bureaucratic and other accretions of past administrations are still there taking education too far in the wrong direction.

The broad thrust of change in public education is now basically being driven by new rightist forces located outside education with the complicity of greedy careerists within it. Enlightenment is still there within the state education system but not, alas, in the ascendancy.

Currently educational enlightenment there has its back to the wall in a valiant rear-guard action.

The forces of darkness within state education have a very strong momentum that will not be easily

curbed and held in check by this idealistic and committed minister.

And so on across all the current state Labor portfolios. Again: to be fair it must be said that in an overall picture of gloom there are more than a few bright spots in the current state Labor administration.

Minister Stephanie Key has managed to come up with some socially enlightened policies. And John Hill is clearly a very competent minister managing to do some significant and positive things for the environment.

Beyond this on the back bench it has been good to see Frances Bedford strike a blow for gay and lesbian rights in the form of a private members bill to protect their rights in a particular area.

And so on.

But having said this, the dominant flavour of this Labor administration as a whole is conservative, and depressingly so.

Below this top level of governmental administration a major failure in middle and lower ranking leadership in government and private enterprise is holding the state back.

There we no longer have leaders in the true sense – just people who organize things.

Take the way in which we get this middle ranking leadership in the first place.

The selection processes used to choose them, while on paper fair and equitable, in practice are too often nothing of the kind. Sadly, an acquisitive and ritualistic sub-culture has taken hold of these selection processes resulting in a triumph of mediocrity, or worse, when it come to deciding who gets these positions of power and responsibility.

The jobs are going to the biggest bull shit artists. They're going to people who know how to spout the jargon – a sort of corporatespeak emanating from both left and right elements within our society.

They're very often going to people who are good at job applications before they are good at anything else. In these cases the application process simply leaves open the question as to whether they are really any good at the job for which they have successfully applied.

Crawling – conformity or one kind or another – has always been essential to the getting of jobs and promotion. Plenty of able non-conformists have always missed out and the wankers of this world have long been rewarded for their sycophancy. It's long been the way of the world.

What we are seeing now is the modern versions of this. Workplaces across the state are full of straw people – people dancing to the tune of upward mobility according to a script which is their curriculum

vitae. It's real life Theatre of the Absurd. Again: let's take state education system as the example. In this system the way up for staff is to get on lots of committees, to get organizing jobs that show your ability to, well, organize. It doesn't matter whether the committees – what's being organized – is useful. It's just got to look good on paper.

It is in this and other ways there has been a curious detachment between the world of the job application and the real world of education. No wonder educational leadership is in the parlous state that it's in.

Will the real leaders – the natural leaders – in that system please stand up? We need you – urgently.

To keep it in perspective, not all such educational leadership is poor by any means. Far from it. There are plenty of good ones out there certainly. But they are there despite the selection processes, not because of them.

Hopefully the selection processes in public education are still getting it right more often than not. Who knows. Casual observation suggests the odds surely wouldn't be better than this.

Clearly, then, anecdotal evidence suggests that our state as a whole does have a leadership problem at all levels of its operation which needs to be addressed. It's a problem that won't be fixed by misguided if well meaning schemes to get parliamentary candidates to fill out job applications or putting elite figures already groveling their way through some hierarchy through a 10 month training scheme.

Back to the top level: a message to Mike Wrann and his close colleagues. Playing to the fears and insecurities of the voting masses in the way that you are is a very poor substitute for leadership in the true sense. You've got the power – use it to good effect. Sure it's difficult: what if the voters won't go for your enlightened policies? How do you be socially progressive and get elected at the same time?

But strong and able leadership – leadership with stature – will find a way. If the masses are unenlightened find a way of educating them. You've got capable idealists in the party with you. Use them. Re-ignite the spirit.

That's the challenge. To do all this and still get elected.

In sum, then, what we need is a strong and gifted natural leadership to come to the fore in this state – at all levels. At its apex the state needs a contemporary Dunstan or Playford to lead us much more effectively into a promised land of economic and social stability and prosperity – of educational fairness for all.

Terry Hewton

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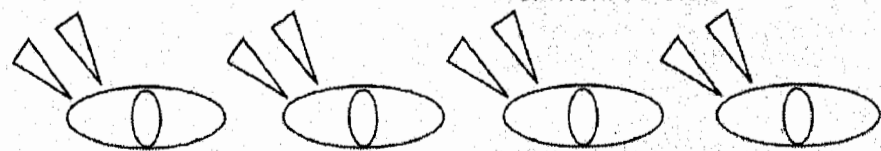
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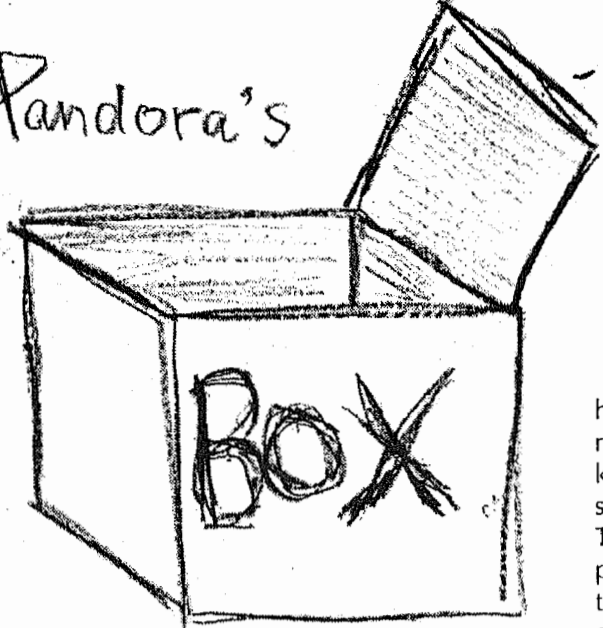
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Thirteen

Pandora's



"I'm not saying this just because I'm drunk..."

On the night of my eighteenth birthday, a Friday night no less, I was able to tell my mother that I was in bed by midnight. It's completely true. I'd broken up with my boyfriend at six am that morning. By six pm, I was drinking my first Coopers Pale for the day. Guests arrived at seven and I was already juggling a vodka raspberry and a Black Russian, mixed by yours truly (with very liberal fingers of alcohol I might add). By eight I was mixing rum, vodka and beer into one disgusting cocktail. I got through 750 mL of vodka all by myself. I hadn't eaten since three.

Do you sense the inevitable?

We were supposed to go into town to meet up briefly with my ex before heading to Church or the Exchange where I could pick up some random male and/or female. But by eight thirty, I was projectile vomiting. It was like *The Exorcist*, without the

...you find reassurance in the knowledge that Claire was having dirty sex on the washing machine with Pavlov, a foreign exchange student from Russia with a pierced penis.

religion or the rotating heads. Amy was impressed by vomit four, but by six, followed by dry retching and rounds seven and eight, it was just ridiculous. Death had to be better than this. I had one friend icing my back, another wrapping me in a towel to protect my clothes, two exchanging buckets, and another pouring water down my puke-encrusted mouth. Someone once told me that a true friend is one who'll drag you through your own vomit, but the ones who'll make a party out of watching you puke are kindred spirits. I was put to bed and the party dwindled (where's the fun once the vomit's gone?). I woke at four am with a feeling that something had died in my mouth and a suspension of gravity on my vital organs. I was ready to party again.

Instead, I decided it was wise to send my ex messages about how much I loved him, certain that this would compel him to rush to my side ASAP. Everyone who gives me their phone number regrets it. Inevitably there will come a night where I get severely shitfaced and message them either with offers of sex or I-need-a-boob-job, self-image problem type messages.

The only comfort in drunken antics is that everyone else does them. When you realise the following morning that, oops, you kissed Claire and, double oops, you kissed Claire's boyfriend, you find reassurance in the knowledge that Claire was having dirty sex on the washing machine with Pavlov, a foreign exchange student from Russia with a pierced penis.

Alcohol can enhance or diminish your sexual prowess depending on whether the target of your desires has consumed alcohol also. Case in point: one week in April. On the Saturday night, I must

have been emitting fantastic pheromones or my stars must have been in Venus or something because I kissed Claire, Magill Uni girl, Kahl, tongue-stud boy, scout boy and picked up someone else's boyfriend. To clarify, when sober I flirt quite poorly and rarely pick up. But with the help of Coopers, I took my temporary sex goddess status and ran with it, batting eyelashes at anyone in the near vicinity.

The following Thursday, it was voucher day at the uni bar, ie. the vouchers in the back of our diary expired the following day and there was a rush of students eager to get as drunk as possible in that remaining time. I ran into...let's call him Seth, a boy from my politics tutorial last semester who looks like a hot gridiron player. After seven beers (for a cool \$3.50...girls don't need vouchers, they just need a rack), it seemed like a really good idea to tell him I'd always had a crush on him. He said I wouldn't be saying this if I wasn't tipsy, but I disagree. Remember what I said about really poor flirting? Some people have entendre and innuendos...I have blunt fact stating. However, my next action was perhaps alcohol related. I took him aside and asked him to kiss me. I'm doing a survey you see, it's purely for statistical purposes. Seth politely declined, saying he had broken up with his girlfriend two days previously and was too emotionally vulnerable. This would've been a lovely knockback if I hadn't found out from a mutual friend that he'd hooked up with someone the following evening...perhaps that extra day had made a real difference and I had helped in the healing process.

I feel obliged to point out in my own defence that his friend/cousin must have sensed my inner sex goddess somewhere beneath the surface. He pored out his love for his girlfriend, asking my advice on what to get her for their one year anniversary before grabbing me around waist, pulling me close and rubbing me against his erection. In *his* defence, he was one helluva lot drunker than me, but I guess that doesn't really stop him from being a lecherous git (not that I wasn't a lecherous git, because I was. Sorry Seth. I really am a nice girl. Can I get your number?).

Drunkenness doesn't always bring out one's inner sex goddess (as demonstrated by the earlier part of the article...it's hard to pull off sex kitten with a puke encrusted mouth). We've all seen angry drunks. My best girlfriend is one of these. I swear you can hear the drunken domestics she has with her boyfriend in Beirut. They're not actually about anything, they just consist of the two of them yelling 'fuck you; no, fuck you' at each other like some obscene tennis match (try screeching that at your beloved next time you have a spat - no personal recriminations are made and all tension is released. Purrfect). And depressed drunks. I've seen grown footballers cry into their short necks over a badly called free kick for holding the ball. They're never fun.


By far I am an emotional drunk. If I'm happy, not only will

I know it and clap my hands, I'll tell everyone "I'm not saying this just because I'm drunk, but I love you. I really do. And the colour of your eyes is like a stagnant pool of water on a rainy day." And in the moment that I say, I mean it. However, if I'm sad or angry, it manifests itself in a particularly unattractive manner. My birthday drunkenness was partly a self-preservation instinct. Had I not been paralytically drunk, I would have gone to the Exeter to meet my ex and a) thrown myself in his arms saying Hit Me Baby, One More Time, b) hit him one more time or c) pashed my girlfriend Natalie in an effort to prove how over him I was.

So it was one of those rare occasions where vomit was really the best option.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

14

Gloria Jean's
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Help us design and paint our feature wall!
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Too Right:

Why be Politically Correct When You Can be

Right?

The strange thing about the Adelaide University Union

The Adelaide University Union is a bit of strange place. There are presently six Directors who were elected on the Activate ticket, three from the "Independent" faction and one Unity. That was the coalition that elected an Activate President over a small-i independent candidate in a 10-9 ballot last year. It was a sad result, our third Activate President in four years.

So, factions associated with the slaving, feral hordes axing through the Vice-Chancellor's office door dominate the Board. Nevertheless, the Union is in a secure financial position and Board meetings tend to be conducted with a modicum of decorum. If I didn't sit on the Board, I never would have believed this was possible. How is it possible? It can largely be attributed to the leadership of the two senior managers in the Union, CEO Carmel Noon and Finance Manager Graeme Tucker.

Going back to 2002 the AUU was in serious trouble, in a parlous financial state. It was at this point that there was an independent President, from the (former) faction based exclusively at the University of Adelaide, MAD. She, and the equally concerned Board, appointed Carmel and Graeme to bring the Union back from the brink. Both managers have backgrounds in business rather than unions or the public sector. It has been their professionalism and business acumen, along with the Union's imperative to survive, which has seen more responsible financial practices and sound commercial operations reign. The professional manner in which they conduct themselves is also imported to Board meetings where factionalism is relatively under control, giving way to commonsense on some occasions.

I'm certain Activate would love to be able to wrap its tentacles around all the student clubs, sport clubs and other student organisations on campus with one simple election each year: for Union Board.

This shouldn't be taken the wrong way. The Left are still driven by their warped ideology and many of them vote like puppets with the factional heads pulling the strings. However the extent of the damage they can cause is minimised. For instance, the Finance manager introduced a policy of transferring a set amount of cash to reserves on a regular basis. One doesn't need to be familiar with theories of free cash flows to recognise that this leaves less money for the Left to play with on a day-to-day basis. Furthermore, simply by the leadership and values demonstrated by the CEO and Finance Manager it would be difficult for the President or the Board to pursue programs that are simply reckless.

Individual Directors on the Board also contribute to restraining the excesses of the Left. Although Activate were able to negotiate a majority to win President, there are a number of Directors who are liable to vote either way on any given motion (including people elected on the Activate ticket). Quite a number of Directors also constantly monitor the President's activities and other goings-on in the Union. They have the ability to speak eloquently to

motions in meetings and therefore, with Directors who are willing to think about the motions being put and who exercise their discretion when voting, Activate cannot be sure they will get the result they desire on any given motion.

The question then is, what should a sensible member of the "Right" on the Board be striving to achieve in such an environment? We don't control the Board and none of our radical proposals for change would be adopted. But we do have the ability to effect changes to policies and practices where we can convince just a couple of Directors it is the best thing to do on pragmatic, commonsense grounds.

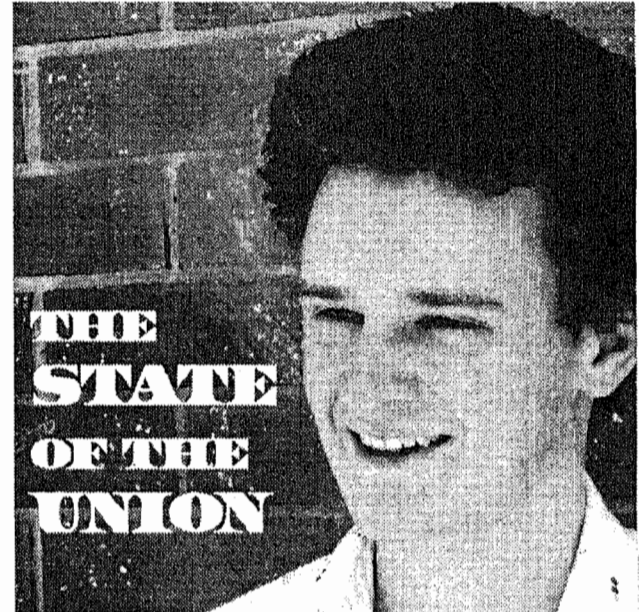
Obviously, the most important thing for us to do is to try to ensure commonsense prevails over Left-wing ideology as much as possible. For instance, we were unsuccessful in doing this last year in relation to a "childcare program" which Activate introduced at a cost of \$22,000 to the Union, citing "access to education" as a main benefit. Our claims that it would not improve access to education and in fact was unlikely to be used by many students at all were overridden by Left-wing ideology. We've since been vindicated. The program was not continued in second semester. In future this precedent should only give our arguments further currency. In fact recently Directors have been showing a greater willingness to exercise their votes in pursuit of commonsense rather than ideology, which is encouraging.

Another important thing to preserve at the University of Adelaide is the system of decentralised power within the overall Union. Our structure is to have the Union in the middle with a number of affiliated but autonomous bodies: Students' Association (the "political" affiliate), Sports Association, Clubs Association, Overseas Students' Association, Post-Grad Students' Association and a couple of remote campus associations. Over past years there has been talk (by Activate) of moving to a guild structure and amalgamating all these bodies within the direct control of the Union. It's not surprising to hear such sentiments coming from central-planning-loving socialists. However the rest of us should be familiar with the need to dilute power to ensure freedom reigns and to minimise corruption and politicisation. I'm certain Activate would love to be able to wrap its tentacles around all the student clubs, sport clubs and other student organisations on campus with one simple election each year: for Union Board. I for one will do everything I can to prevent such a restructure from occurring.

While we do not have a majority on the Board it seems decreasing the Union fee will remain just a dream. However, the fee has not increased for the past three years and we will argue strongly against the fee ever going up in the future. It's easier to convince Director's not to increase the fee, rather than to convince them to decrease it by say \$20 per student at a sacrifice of about \$250,000 revenue for the Union each year. We'll just sit back and let inflation slowly do its work - its like reverse bracket creep.

So that's about the state of the Union at the University of Adelaide. Of course, it's all about to change with a completely new board taking office in October after student elections have been conducted - great! Ultimately, that is where the biggest and most enduring changes can be achieved, at the ballot.

JOS



They say Unibooks is not-for-profit. But what does that mean?

Does that mean it should be run as a business or a service? Does that mean it is unprofitable? Some kind of sluggish, Soviet-style state enterprise?

Until recently, no one seemed very sure. But this year we have talked long and hard about what Unibooks does and what it should be doing.

Unibooks, including its branches at Uni SA and Flinders, is a proprietary company wholly owned by our Union, and so by the students of the University of Adelaide.

But to empower its outside stakeholders Unibooks has its own Board, mostly of non-students. In fact only one Adelaide student—one shareholder—can sit on Unibooks Board.

This might work extremely well if Unibooks were simply an investment for us. A kind of insurance in case voluntary student unionism or some other disaster cut our funding base.

However, it is at least not *solely* an investment.

It is also a service to our student members. And if we want it to think and act like a service then we need to make sure it listens to students as much as possible.

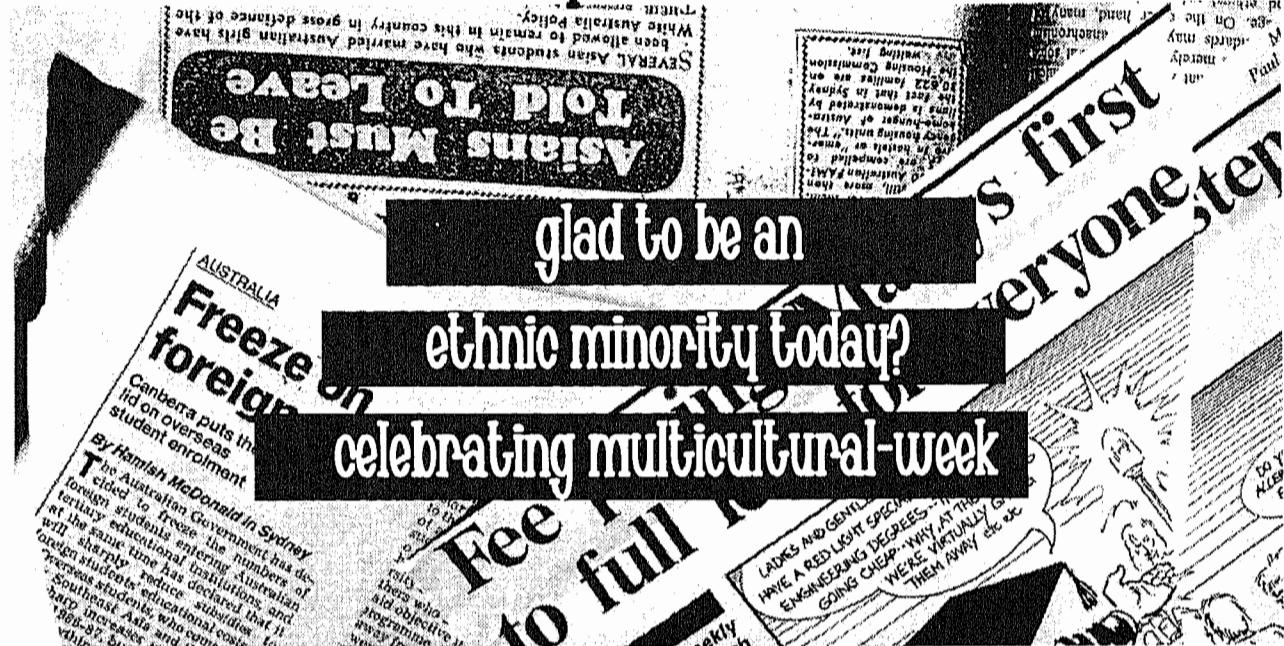
We need Unibooks to remember that it is not just another commercial bookseller which happens to give out student discounts to attract customers. It gives them out because that is why it exists.

As shareholders we can agree that Unibooks should seek to be the local experts in textbook sales and stay in good financial shape.

We just need Unibooks to balance this goal with its primary one, the purpose for which we own it in the first place. That goal is simply to make textbooks more affordable to our student members.

Rowan Nicholson
President
Adelaide University Union

15



Flights and Fantasies

"... People are beginning to ask questions and Eliza surely imagines a future that does not befit her. Nothing as perilous, you know, as the demon of fantasy embedded in every female heart."

-Isabel Allende in *Daughter of Fortune*

'G'Day!'

'Hi...How're you going?'

'I'm good, thanks; and yourself?'

'I'm not too bad, thanks. Are you having a good day?'

'Yeah, it's nice and sunny outside. I just returned last week from a trip to England, so I don't mind the sun. Oh! Your earrings are gorgeous, I've never seen such an intricate design before.'

'Actually, my family is in India, and my grandma gave these to me for my twenty-first.'

'So do you like it here?'

'Yeah, I reckon I'll get used to it. And that comes to ninety dollars twenty-five, thank you. That's nine dollars seventy-five change, have a nice weekend!'

The federal treasurer's family-friendly economic package has a surprise subsidy for suburban retail workers - a split second to check the time on a Saturday afternoon. *So what is the time? Two dollars and thirty one cents. The hours and minutes are already disappearing.* I buzz my supervisor, 'Hi Jane, can I get a clearance and grab some change?' 'Will be there shortly', she replies and hangs up. Jane is waving to her six-year old son who has just entered through the sliding door over the kiosk, firmly holding on to his grandfather's hand. The toddler acknowledges his mother with a zealous swinging of his Wendy's rainbow ice cream cone, producing a frown on Jane's face and causing the elderly man to intercede.

Notwithstanding vacillating ice creams, lamenting infants, and half-eaten liquefying Freddo chocolates suspiciously handed to checkout 'ladies', I am finally smitten with maternal instinct. *Yes, I will wave to my kids, even if they embarrass me in supermarkets. But will they live in a country with supermarkets?* A South Indian-looking middle-aged woman begins to unload her trolley on my register, her thin gold bangles jingling against the metallic border of the belt. Her teenage daughter grabs a copy of *Girlfriend* magazine from the front display, fluttering her curled eyelashes as she skims through the pages. *I don't want my daughter wearing make-up at age thirteen. She must not grow up in a country that has beauty tips, relationship advice, anti-depressants, but not security for young adolescents. Can I guarantee that security to my children in a place relatively free from these whipped cream toppings of post-industrialization?*

I have gone back to the industrializing context I chose for my only daughter Reet (Hindi/Punjabi for tradition), but often visit her in the post-industrial situation she has chosen for herself. Her eighteen-year old daughter Rehmat (Hindi/Punjabi/Urdu for mercy), or 'Matty' as her mother prefers to call her, has the genes, but perhaps not the choice. Today, we sit amidst the up-dated antiquity of 'Spatz' café in suburban Adelaide. Rehmat looks on passively as Reet eats spoonfuls of cream from her tall glass of Baileys iced coffee.

'Will you stop looking at me like that?', quips the mother, waking up from her culinary enchantment.

'I don't understand. How can you like that solid-appearing, liquid-feeling, gaseous-tasting thing? And it's definitely not as light on your stomach as it feels on your tongue', the daughter replies in a nonchalant tone.

My journalistic neutrality and grey diplomacy have joined hands, time to intervene. 'Reet, honey, do you remember the first time she tasted whipped cream? She must have been what, three years on this planet, and she coyly asked you never to put it on her chocolate milk shake.'

'Oh! How can I forget that?', my daughter melts into memory 'She was such a quiet kid, not like me in any apparent way', she waits for my nod. 'Never complained about *heat, dust and flies* on our vacations in India, never demanded an extra lolly, never troubled me at work. But this day, out of the blue, as I am engrossed in sketching new block print patterns for my exotic skirt collection, this lamb of a girl walks up to me, milk

(Continued next four pages...)

As I dig out the 'International Student' archives at our university, I excavate two conflicting emotions-financial woe at having to pay astonishingly more for my degree than my predecessors did until the 1980's, as well as cultural reprieve for being in a country that isn't officially white any more. And then I make another discovery, gradually surfacing from the complex and often contradictory depths of my cultural-muddle of a mind- I am glad to be living in this day and age; racial discrimination is a recognised wrong, blatant colonial plunder has met its end, forced conversion is a legal sin. At least on paper, there is nothing wrong with the world you and I co-habit today. According to the constitutions of modern democracies, the charter of the United Nations to which most nations are signatories, the legal clauses of the highest courts of justice, we are EQUAL. The instinct of experience shoots up to my brain in disagreement. I mellow down my formal freedom of expression with my implicit duty to respect subjective difference, and put it thus - is theoretical multi-culturalism a goal we strive towards in practice, or is it merely a façade preventing real homogeneity to take root?

If things have changed for overseas students, what was it like before? In 1995, an exhibition titled 'International Impacts', and designed in the form of a series of scrapbooks, was organized in the Union Gallery. According to the *Adelaidean*, the photographic material and the accompanying text gives a picture of overseas student experience at the university over the last forty years, and of changing attitudes in Australian society over that period. A substantial part of the material was obtained from the personal scrapbook of Dr. Richard Yung Hin, a native Singaporean who studied Medicine at the University of Adelaide in the 1950's. Here are some interesting snippets from the exhibition, highlighting policy debates in mainstream and student media as well as unofficial deliberations of progressive and conservative Australians:

❖ "The young man or woman in the 1950's arriving at an Australian University entered a world where contestants in a Miss University contest could be publicly likened to horses and where racist cartoons in the daily press could not only show foreign students with bones through their noses, but could show a *Australian-born* students exclusively as white, short-haired males, all wearing suits."

❖ Father B. J. Buxton in the *Aquinian* (Aquinas College annual magazine) of 1963: "Finally, it may be suggested that if there are Australians who would not want to come to a College that was almost as much Asian in its composition as Australian, it is such Australians who are behind the times and the poorer for that, not the college."

❖ "**Fees to drive students out of the country** was the blunt headline in *On Dit* [29 April 1985]...The Federal Minister for Education, Susan Ryan, concocted an argument that charging overseas students huge fees would help combat racism in Australia."

❖ In 1987, the Australian government introduced fee-paying places for Australian students. Satish Dasan of the Overseas Students Association commented at the time, "Overseas students have watched the proceedings with...a strong sense of *déjà vu*." Tertiary fees, he said, were no longer the private Achilles heel of the overseas

student.

So where has all the discussion on overseas students disappeared to in recent years? Rationally relegated to the Faculty of Asian Studies? Judiciously referred to the Department of Economics? Conspicuously confined to the Overseas Student Association? For the deed is done, equality has been bestowed, a representative institution created, a *special broadcasting service* organised. So there is nothing to *whinge* about. Except that considering the rising numbers of overseas students and permanent Asian and non Anglo-Saxon migrants, anyone reading a mainstream or student newspaper would think we didn't really exist. Until of course M-Week arrives and a nice little column is devoted to the 'exotic' flavours, 'colourful' costumes and 'exuberant' dances. It is the repudiation of 'White Australia', it is 'Multi-Cultural Australia' on display, it is 'Globalisation' in action. It is also selling brand Australia to affluent Asians, attracting skilled populations, safeguarding onshore security. But does the average Australian 'think' multi-cultural apart from sweet-chilli flavoured tuna and tom-yum soup with crumpets? Or, for that matter, does the average Australian university student 'think' multi-cultural besides a course in Japanese and a trip to teach English overseas?

Perhaps the itch is also the ointment. The seemingly insurmountable barrier of language for overseas students and locals alike can really prove to be a creative and effective solution to the dilemma of cultural communication. I envisage an Australian student learning an Asian or a miscellaneous language through real contact with an international student, and the latter enhancing his/her English language skills from acquaintance with the former. A perfectly balanced enterprise of mutual benefit! And I don't think it belongs to the realm of either imaginative foresight or logistical nightmare; it is the next step on the ladder for an officially multi-cultural nation-state, and ought to commence at the bottom of the pyramid with the initiation of suitable measures by student representatives at universities. And what about international-student involvement in campus activities? The 'Life After Adelaide' section of the 'International Impacts' Exhibition concludes optimistically: "Perhaps the ex-overseas student who puts in a hard day's work as head of state will then not be that of Singapore, but of Australia." When? Not until an overseas student becomes the AUU or the SAUA President. Gauging the nonchalant air of tolerance currently prevailing over this end of the earth, the above forecast seems light years away.

Or does it? Are we not fussing over fusion too much these days? Blame it on the heightened consciousness of the post-modern condition. Back in the 1958, an editorial in *The News* ran thus, '**White Australia a sacred cow**' As a voracious observer of cross-cultural English literature, I couldn't choose a better metaphor to sum up the contradictions of culture. Additionally, the self, in this case, is not describing itself against the other. It has adopted the unique cultural phenomenon of the other to express its own condition. Textual analysis apart, this statement demonstrates the unconscious fluidity of cultures, a process which has become unduly self-conscious and thereby awkward in our age. If you think it rude to correct your friend's conversational English, are you being a friend? I can't say about multi-culturalism in its contemporary form, but humanity is certainly a sacred cow.

Sue

SIXTEEN

Legend of the lady on the moon

by zan



The Chinese community are celebrating the *Mid-Autumn Festival* next month, 15th night of the 8th lunar month. Some call it the *Moon Festival*. The ancient Chinese believed that the moon is brightest and roundest at this time of the year. This much-awaited annual event is steeped in tradition, lore and history. Some clubs are even putting up shows to make this a memorable get-together. So it is a time to renew ties among friends and to indulge in the quintessentially Chinese delicacy: the mooncake. Ya, nothing brings together friends like food.

So why is the moon so fascinating? Tradition has it that on this exceptionally bright night, we will have a chance to see the Moon Lady. Those who were fortunate to catch a glimpse of the Lady will have their wishes granted.

There are many legends surrounding the *Moon Festival*. The story of the Moon Lady or Chang E was first recorded in the Tang Dynasty. Chang E was the wife of a tyrannical ruler, Hou Yi. Hou Yi was a skilled archer who shot down nine of the ten suns to end the devastating drought which killed many people. When he became king, he was obsessed with his mortality. He did not want to grow old and die. One sorcerer claimed that he could make Hou Yi immortal by creating an elixir of life. To save the people from her husband's tyrannical rule, Chang E stole the elixir from the palace chamber. Her husband discovered her presence. In her panic, she swallowed the elixir and leapt from the high palace window. Instead of falling to her death, she found herself floating and she fled to the moon. She had become an immortal. Chang E lived a very lonely life in her lunar palace. To keep her company she had the Jade Rabbit.

There are many legends of the Jade Rabbit. In one legend, Buddha transformed himself into an old beggar and begged for food from a fox, a monkey

and a rabbit. Both the fox and the monkey gave food to the old man, but the rabbit had nothing. He offered his own flesh instead, jumping into a blazing fire, thereby cooking himself. Buddha resumed his own form and praised the rabbit's selflessness, "He who forgets himself, the most modest of all earthly creatures, shall attain eternal peace!" Thus the rabbit's place of honour on the moon, to be a shining example for all time.

The mooncakes, the size of a human palm, are round pastries stuffed with sweet bean paste and salted egg yolk. They are eaten during the *Festival* because the round shape perfectly reflects the shape of the moon as well as the fellowship of family and friends gathered together. The round shape of the moon also symbolizes abundance and prosperity. It is also associated with feminine beauty and elegance. The mooncakes also commemorate another legend.

In the final years of the Yuan Dynasty (1280-1368 AD), the people were suffering under their despotic Mongol rulers. Leaders from the preceding Sung dynasty plotted to overthrow the Mongol rulers. The rebels spread word of their plan by hiding messages inside the mooncakes. The messages incited the citizens to rise up in revolt against the Mongol rulers on the night of the *Mid-Autumn Festival*. The revolt was successful and the Ming Dynasty was established.

In China, the *Mid-Autumn Festival* marks the end of the harvest, so there is cause for celebration. It is a time when crops are abundant and it signals a period of rest for both the farming community and the land.

So for those who have special wishes, don't forget to catch a glimpse of the Lady on the Moon on the evening of 28th September. For all you know, you may have your wishes granted.

SEVENTEEN

shake and all. And then she goes - *Excuse me Mum, but if it's not too much trouble for you, can I please not have this cream on top of my choco milk. It tastes like air, you know*. Reet lets the remaining cream blend with the beverage, takes a sip of her coffee, and continues her tale. After that, she has a good look at the tracing sheets scattered all over the floor of the studio room, and she's like - *I guess you're busy right now, so I'll take out the cream myself*. Then she turns back and just prods off!

Reemat's sensory buds are finally coming to life; she breaks into her single-dimpled smile as her mother switches from annoying to adoring mode.

I have never been cross with Reet; not when she picked visual art over the written word, or embraced contemporary ethnicity without appreciating it, or decided to go to university in Australia, or collaborated with a non-Indian in holy matrimony. *Would I have reprimanded her actions if she were brought up elsewhere?*

Growing up in a fog of enforced Indian-ness, the sixteen-year old Reet was fascinated to see swirls of cream on top of her vienna coffee in a 'Starbucks' café at Singapore's Changi International Airport. She was on her first overseas flight, en route to Australia.

'Ma, why don't we get vienna coffee back home?', was her instinctive query.

'Well, that's because Vienna is too close to Rome, and your dear friend's father didn't want to associate himself with anything of foreign origin'. *I was beginning to whip up the smog for her; little did I know that she would take refuge in another cloud*.

The revivalist era of India's half-Italian prime minister, Rahul Gandhi, had just ended. Espresso coffee and foreign travel were *a la mode* amongst the country's Oxbridge citizens once again. In the interim period, as Karuna Gandhi (the daughter of Rahul Gandhi and his Colombian wife Juvenitta) was learning to drape her great-grandmother Indira's saris, the 'nationalists' prospered and the 'outlandish' remained in vogue.

Karuna and Reet studied together at Mayo College Girl's School, a private girl's boarding school in the 'religiously peaceful' city of Ajmer in western India. My *alma mater*, founded by the British Governor-General Lord Mayo in 1870 to educate young Rajput princes, was, by then, also a breeding ground for princesses from political and professional dynasties. When I saw Karuna for the first time, struggling to jettison her khaki-adorned bodyguard in the narrow alleys of Delhi's *Janpath*, I wondered if she would alter the course of her lineage.

'Hey! Kandy Gandhi.. Come here, you have to meet my Ma'. Reet located her VIP friend crouching beside an open-air stall of smiling Buddha figurines and incense sticks. She was firmly holding on to one of the wrought-iron legs of the provisional structure to keep her *bandhani* silk blouse from making any contact with the monsoon puddle under her feet. The khadi-clad women in the neighbouring booths momentarily turned their attention from the convoluted *benna* designs being etched on their palms to my high-pitched daughter. But Reet's eyes were on her friend, and partner in the politics of art.

When Karuna emerged from her unlikely hideout, she put her hands on her waist to stretch her back, and complained to Reet. 'Can you exercise a little restraint when you are using your vocal chords? I don't care about these old hags still interested in bridal aesthetics, but I hope my ghost hasn't heard you'. However, as her kohl-infested eyes rested on my cotton-draped figure, Karuna forgot about her 'sound' warning to Reet.

'Hello, Auntie! I've been dying to meet you', came the voice that was evidently more enthusiastic than the body. *I soon discovered that it was a pale-coloured naïve enthusiasm. For surely, political cunning cannot be inherited, or perhaps the gene develops unconsciously, announcing its inevitable presence in the noon of human life*.

'I knew you were totally sane. I read some of your political articles when I'm browsing *Outlook* magazine, looking for recent handicraft exhibitions and art reviews', Karuna continued as we made our way through A-line skirts and Armani suits, lame beggars on wheeled planks and ragged ten-year olds surrounding overflowing rubbish bins; all of us complicit in the vibrantly coloured mess of India.

My life back in Germany



Back. Two weeks ago I met with two friends for lunch and decided to go to an Asian restaurant. We ordered yummy meals like spring rolls, spicy soups and pork with sweet and sour sauce. But the food did not fulfil my expectations. I would say it was not Asian food at all. The typical spices and the hot chillies were missing. After that, I came to the decision that I have to cook for myself.

I am in Germany now, two months ago I was still in Australia, finishing twelve months of Study Abroad at the University of Adelaide. Compared to Australia, the Asian food in Germany is not as tasty and the variety is not as great. Before I knew "Australian" Asian food, I liked the Germanized version. Now, it is just salty and nothing else. The only Asian cuisine here that is – as far as I can taste – original, is sushi. Although Japanese food is popular in Germany, it is expensive and you can only get it in restaurants. No quick cheap tuna rolls from Genki Roll. While living in Adelaide, I also discovered the great stuff you can get in Asian grocery stores. In my hometown Leipzig, like in all German cities, there is no Chinatown and that is why it is difficult to get the original ingredients to cook Asian food. We have only one Asian grocery store and I had never used it before. It probably sounds a bit strange but Australia showed me Asian cuisine and I learnt to go shopping in Asian grocery stores.

However, eating is only one part of the story. My life in Germany is different after one year of studying in Adelaide. Australia changed me, and my thoughts. It was a great year Down Under. I met a lot of brilliant people and got incredible life experience. Two months ago we had to go back to our hometown. As some of you can imagine, it was not easy to leave Australia behind. On the other hand there were things in Germany we were looking forward to.

Let me first talk about the situation at the University of Leipzig. For me the conditions are pretty good. The courses are small and my department has a new computer pool and is well equipped. I would say, the study conditions are as good as in Adelaide. The dreadful thing is: the Department for Geophysics and Geology will be closed down in the next few years and no students will be able to enrol in Geosciences at my university anymore. The future for other departments all over Germany is not without difficulty. Friends of mine study in huge courses packed with people without any contact with their teachers and lecturers. Tutorials, in which students are supposed to participate and discuss, while run by tutors are more like a lecture because there are sixty students in them and sometimes even more. This is a common situation for German students caused by a lack of money. Nonetheless, the education at the universities is still good but under such circumstances students need more time for their degrees. A positive aspect of studying in Germany is that there are no fees. Another good thing is that the students are encouraged to broaden their horizons outside of their courses, and enjoy the culture in their cities as well as their lives.

After one year in an English-speaking country, my English skills improved and they are better than ever before. I am happy and quite proud of that. In Germany, the English language is hidden in many parts of daily life. Most of the radio music is in English but usually people do not understand the lyrics. Terminology in many fields contains English words. Germans learn to use them without even understanding any English. On TV there is usually no English language at all; movies are translated into German but sometimes there are English interviews. Before my year in Australia I could not understand as much English as I do now. The funny thing is that I do not consider English as a foreign language anymore. Sometimes when people speak, I cannot tell which language they are using. Another strange phenomenon is that every now and then I use a mixture of German and English words in one sentence and people cannot follow me.

An important thing I learnt while living in Australia is to be careful with the sun because it can cause skin cancer. Germans are usually aware of this at all. Here tanned skin is really fashionable and many people think their skin must be burned at least once to get a tan. When I was a child, sunburned skin was even cool! In Germany, the sun is not as aggressive as in Australia and there are still not many people with skin cancer. This is obviously the reason for the carelessness over the sun. Germans love to spend their holidays laying on the beach and getting tanned. I was shocked when I saw my sisters playing in the garden for hours without hats and sunscreen. My dad loves to spend the weekends working in the garden and he gets sunburned nearly every time. I asked him why he had not used sunscreen and his answer was scandalous. He said when he was a child nobody cared about that at all and he got sunburned lots of times without any skin reaction. Unfortunately, this is pretty common and many of my friends think the same way. It is hard to change people's attitude. I tried it with my sisters and with my parents and friends as well. They do not see the

danger. The best thing would be a nation-wide campaign that educates people, like the one in Australia that raises awareness of the risk of skin cancer from sun exposure.

There was one thing in Germany I was really afraid of when I came back: the unfriendliness of the German people who are not your acquaintances. I was used to the small talk at Australian counters and cashiers and I knew that I was going to miss it back in my hometown. Unfortunately, I was right. Germans are not easygoing. You can experience this while shopping. Shop assistants are not as friendly as their Australian counterparts. I realized these differences right after my arrival in Adelaide about one year ago. Now, I am back in Germany and nobody at the cashier is asking "How are you?" or "How was your day?". Here it is way less relaxed. When you put your stuff on the counter the sales woman either says nothing or complains about her job. This is just a small and tiny part of my daily life, but in those moments I really would rather be in Australia.

Another German thing that proves the lack of easygoingness of the whole country is the formality. I would say Germany is one of the most formal countries in the world. We have a formal and an informal way of speaking to each other. You should use the formal one if you speak with persons you do not know, except if they are children. At uni, I am not allowed to call my tutors and lecturers by their first names and some of them like to be called "Professor Doctor ...". I prefer the Australian or English way because I do not like the artificial hierarchy which is imbedded in the formal system.

Australians are quite open and they are interested in foreign cultures. This is probably a consequence of their history. Australia is a country of immigrants coming from all over the world and that is why they are used to dealing with foreign cultures. Germans are the opposite. We are not open, but rather suspicious of unknown things. We are afraid of losing our own culture and identity while adopting features of other cultures. Kebabs are our favourite fast food, but we do not care about Turkish culture at all. The opposite is true: We do everything we can to prevent Turkey from becoming a member of the EU.

'We do not know what we have till it is gone'. This was exactly the experience I had in Australia when I missed simple things like German bread. I had never thought about that before. And there were some other things as well, that I could not find or get in Adelaide. In other words, there was something I was looking forward to enjoying when back in Germany. Simple things like dark rye bread, good yoghurt without gelatine, ham that is not cooked but smoked instead, tasty jelly bellies etc. I was really looked forward to going shopping at H&M and MANGO stores, my favourite fashion shops, because they sell fabulous inexpensive clothes. Another thing that I missed in Australia was the good German public transport system. We have trains to all the big cities and trams that run even during the night. It is not a problem to go out late because we do not have to take a taxi. I was also looking forward to having well thermo-regulated buses and rooms at uni where I did not have to freeze the whole day because of the air conditioning, which runs even though it is not hot at all.

However, on the other hand there are Australian things that I miss now that I am back in my hometown. One of these things is the ocean. I lived in Glenelg right next to the sea and it was great. I loved it – the smell, the sound and the view. Tropical fruits like pineapples, mangos, watermelons and custard apples are either not available or way too expensive, and never as tasty as in Australia. I miss Chinatown and the Central Market where I bought all the delicious food. As you can see, there is a similar amount of things that are better in Adelaide than in Leipzig and there is obviously no perfect place.

Most of the aspects of Germany and German culture that I mentioned above were not obvious for me till I left Germany. While living in another country like Australia and being far away from German influences, I got to know my own country way better than I assumed. I thought I knew German culture but cultural aspects that do not seem special are emphasized when two cultures come together and can be compared directly. It is amazing what we can learn about ourselves while living in a foreign country.

Sometimes you even learn about grass. Not the kind of grass I might mention here if I were Dutch. No, it is about the usage of lawns. Australians love lawns because they use them to have BBQs, to meet people and to play games like football. In Germany there are different kinds of lawns and people do not play games on every green piece of field they can find. My hometown has huge parks and people have BBQs there and some of the lawns are special dog lawns. But usually the best grass you can find in Germany are the lawns in front of governmental buildings, schools, castles and so on. These are not used for anything except for looking good. Daniel, an Australian friend of mine, was visiting Germany and took a rest during a lovely summer day on the lawns in front of Germany's Parliament in Berlin; a green square the size of a cricket playground. He was wondering why nobody else was sitting there and why people were whispering while passing by. How would he know...

Wenke Wilhelms

Flights and Fantasies

(continued)

We turned round the corner to either side of the recently re-named 'Manmohan Singh' Road. The row of silver-jewellery shops lining the footpath, previously haunted by blonde hippies, now had a larger proportion of dark-haired English-speaking local beauties. Karuna and Reet strode to the 'Singh and Sins Ltd.' *lassi* bar situated at the end of the silver line. I bought a take-away 'cold' coffee from the adjoining and sole surviving 'De-Paul's' in the national capital, and joined the girls some minutes later.

'Tell me something', Karuna inquired of me in a deliberately lowered voice so Reet would make an effort to listen, 'how is it that you brought such a mad female into the world?' Reet looked up from the froth lining the rim of her steel *lassi* tumbler, and almost killed Karuna with the dark almond-shaped bullets that were her eyes.

'Well, thank God she has sensible people like you and me around her!' I offered.

'Oh, yes! I am rational enough not to enter politics'.

Reet was itching to speak, 'Hmm...she is rational, even though she can't teach math to kindergarten kids during the social outreach hour'.

Karuna was going to make it up with her friend later, she could only focus on one thing at a time. 'But, you know what aunty', she winced apologetically, 'my only regret is that if I don't become a politician, I won't be able to supply you with any leaks or inside information for your investigative stories'.

Karuna and Reet needed to probe into themselves better. I had seen the two girls' bandhej patterns and clay pottery, foregrounding the work of rural craftsmen and resuscitating a forgotten ethnicity. Did they know their art had a future beyond both family and politics?

'I don't think you should worry about me honey; a small loss for journos will be a huge bonus for artists'.

'Comparing cream with air, imagine! I think you were born with a scientific mind. Don't know whose genes you've got though, not mine or Mike's, not even Ma's'. Reet searches for a familiar question in her daughter's translucent hazel eyes, and answers it anyway, 'But let me reassure you for the hundred thousandth time that, unfortunately, you are not adopted'.

'Actually, after six months of doing physics at uni, I've realized that I'm glad you guys aren't science-orientated people', replies Reet; igniting another conversational spark.

'Hmmm...', Reet's words evaporate when struck with filial thunder.

'What do you mean?', I coax my clinical granddaughter to qualify her statement.

'Well, there are these people in my class whose folks are great researchers or high-profile engineers. Now some of these people have zilch passion for the scientific method, and those who have the aptitude kind of lose it when they are told that they've just inherited it. So, I'm lucky, I guess, to have spun threads and brass strings, and not optical fibres!' *Clinical but creative; so she's not all that different, really.*

As usual, Reet cannot finish the last quarter of her glass of coffee. She slides it towards me, and I put aside her lipgloss-stained straw and gulp the remains. *I feel like the mother of a five-year old in a fancy restaurant. She cannot see her child wasting food, so she puts it on her plate.*

'Thank God, people in our family can do what they like.' Reet seems content with creamy coffee and life.

'Well, let's see, Karuna went to St. Stephens College, like her dad and granddad; and you came to study here, like I did'. I am in no mood for self-deprecating self-sufficiency.

'She didn't choose to go there, she just had to, so she could become a godforsaken leader. Otherwise, why would she give up art and do history of all things?' Reet and Karuna had parted ways twenty-seven years ago, at the threshold of Delhi University. My daughter wanted to be with her friend on the day of the latter's interview for admission into an institution which many of the country's great politicians have attended. When

What's in a Name?

With over students from over 70 different countries at the University of Adelaide, it is likely that you will come across some names that you have no idea how to pronounce. Try saying: Tsang Ting-Hwa (Taiwan), Xiao Jiangguo (Mainland China), Puan Rafidah binti Aziz (Malaysia), Muthu Govindasamy (India), Nguyet Cam (Vietnam), Pierre-Louis Lefevre (France), Paolo Maldini (Italy), Yakusho Koji (Japan), Aureliano Buendia (Spain), Murilo Arcoveide (Brazil), Yekaterina Vassiliva (Russia), Thor Heyerdahl (Norway), Heike Holznecht (Germany). Having trouble? Well, you are not alone. But it is important to try and get it right, because a person's name is important.

Names can carry great significance, not just at an individual level, but also at a cultural level. For example, Chinese, Indian and Vietnamese names are often chosen because of the meaning that they carry. The famous Hong Kong actor Li Xiao Long (Bruce Lee) has the given name Xiao Long meaning 'small dragon', which symbolises that the child will be a good achiever. The Hindu name Manju Devi means 'nice goddess' and the parents may carry on that theme by naming their following children with the 'nice' component and then the name of another god. In Vietnam a child might be called Lua Xuan meaning 'spring rice', which shows the significance attached to that food source. However, sometimes a baby is given names such as 'ugly' or 'rat' because of the traditional belief that these names might trick evil spirits and protect a beautiful baby from being harmed.

Aside from meaning, there are several other interesting reasons why certain names are chosen in various cultures. In China, astrology holds great significance and a name may be chosen in accordance with the time of a child's birth by consulting a person or text. Malay names may show family connections and Muslim tradition. For example, in the name Abdul Rahman bin Mohamad Sidek the "bin" means 'son of' and the name of Mohamad the prophet is included in the surname. If the honorary title Haji

is used before a name it denotes that the person has completed a pilgrimage to Mecca. In France, the name that ethnic French parents can give their child is restricted by what the officials registering the names consider to be acceptable. These officials have the discretionary power to reject names that could make one look ridiculous. The basic rule is that names must be drawn from either the Roman Catholic calendar with its roster of saints, or the revolutionary calendar of 1790.

A name carries great significance so people should respect this by trying to pronounce the name correctly and in the right order. Hu Jin Tao's given name is Jin Tao, not Hu. Abdul Rahman bin Mohamad Sidek's first name is not Abdul, but Abdul Rahman. The surname of the Chinese Olympian beach volleyballer You Wenhui should have been pronounced 'yo' not 'yu', by the commentators. It would have taken the commentator a few minutes to seek out the correct pronunciation. A mispronunciation in a language of limited phonetic sounds may also change the meaning of the word to something completely different. For example, the Fuzhou (a Chinese dialect) surname Hii should be pronounced 'he' not 'hi', the latter means vagina. The Indian given name Nikhil should be pronounced 'ni-kill' meaning 'vast', not 'nik-al', which means 'remove'. As a consequence of these mispronunciations, foreigners sometimes choose to adopt an English name or a nickname rather than have their names murdered.

It is certainly not easy to pronounce a name from a language with which you have no experience, but the important thing is not to assume you know and make an approximation, or use an arbitrary abbreviation, but rather to ask the person in question what they wish to be called and then pay attention when they answer, practice a few times and then give it your best shot. After all, it is someone's name. And in Germany you are stuck with it for life, unless you have a particularly good reason, like the case of Herr Elend (Mr. Repulsive).

Karuna emerged from the Principal's office, Reet could not recognize her; the gleam of artistic perception had vanished from her eyes, her face looked suddenly like that of her then self-retired father at the prime of his political life.

'Oh! By the way, her son, Amit, is flying into Australia next week. He has enrolled to complete an MBA at University of Sydney.'

'There you go again, where is the choice now? All these Gandhi men have to attend the best tertiary institution of their time, whether they have the brains or not!'

'Hmm...maybe I should go to Sydney', Rehmat feels the back of her platinum ear-studs, a present from me on her high-school graduation. Her sensors are in action again, operating on full-battery to reduce the slope of her mother's rising temper.

'You're not going anywhere out of my sight.'

At this, Rehmat's father's face begins to flash on her digital video hand-phone, accompanied by the upbeat notes of an Anoushka Shanker instrumental solo. She effortlessly touches the face with her fingertip, and it is magnified to a medium shot of Mike with a row of supermarket refrigerators in the background.

'Hey, Dad! This is totally meta-physical. What are you doing in a supermarket?' Rehmat turns the phone around to let her mother have a look.

'Well, I came home from my recital practice, and you guys weren't home. I wanted to make some lentil-soup, so I decided to shop, all on my own.'

'And you can't figure out which aisle the lentils are, or what they look like in the un-cooked state?', Reet queries. *Rhetoric is what remains in the aftermath of anger.*

'Oh! Look who's talking. It's not my fault if you haven't let me into the kitchen for the past twenty years. Anyway, I just remembered that Matts wanted some yoghurt. So take your pick.'

The phone is now facing Rehmat and me, with the screen displaying a slow-pan of the yoghurt shelf. My grand-daughter narrows her eyes in concentration, and asks her father to stop at the shot of a beige-coloured yoghurt in a transparent twin-pack. A light cardboard cover is smoothed over the edges of the pack, declaring the words 'chai flavour' under a blue 'Nestle' logo with the 't' formed by an ecstatic *bharatnatyam* dancer lifting her arms horizontally and leaping in the air.

'That's what I want, the taste of *chai*, and the texture of yoghurt!' Rehmat smiles again, and touches the screen to end the call.

I have already scanned vegetables, canola, rice, five 1 kg packs of 'Farmer's Union Natural Yoghurt', but there are dozens of plastic plates and spoons still waiting to be bought.

'I am leaving for Madras day after tomorrow. From there, I will go to my home-town to meet my mother and father', the lady announces. *Is she explaining her shopping spree, or simply making conversation with a seldom-encountered fellow Indian salesgirl?*

'Wow, you're lucky!'

'So tomorrow, I am going to spend the whole day making *idli* and *uttappam* for my family. Then I will freeze it, so they don't have to eat burgers and pijjas while I am enjoying in India.'

'That's very thoughtful of you.'

'You know na, these Indian men. My mister, he can't cook, and my daughter is too small!'

'I'm sure they will be okay without you for a while, you have a nice trip!' I hand her the receipt, and check the time again. *Two more hours to go before my shift ends; I can't wait to go home either.*

Jane arrives with the clearance sheet, and the change bag. As she inserts the excess money into the chute, a young professionally-dressed man begins to place his purchases on the belt. I open my drawer, enter the change I am likely to need on the register screen, and put one hundred, two fifty, and three twenty dollar bills into the change bag. Within minutes, Jane replaces the notes with smaller denominations, and disappears. I am not too keen on any more conversation.

'Hi, how are ya?'

Alive, today, capable of generating life, tomorrow.

'Do you know where all that money goes?'

Life moves to wherever it finds a value.

'I wish it came to me!'

Dream on; live on.

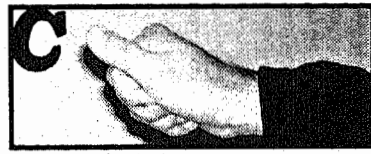
BODY LANGUAGE AROUND THE WORLD

- A. I'm sorry (Pakistan)
- B. I don't want to see you (Pakistan)
- C. I like you, "friends" (Pakistan)
- D. ten (Taiwan)
- E. six (China)

- F. seven (China)
- G. eight (China)
- H. nine (China)
- I. ten (China)
- J. I screwed up (Colombia). Note - Colombians point with

- their lips
- K. Come here (Kenya)
- L. I'll tell on you (Kenya)
- M. The horn symbol means your partner is being unfaithful (Italy)

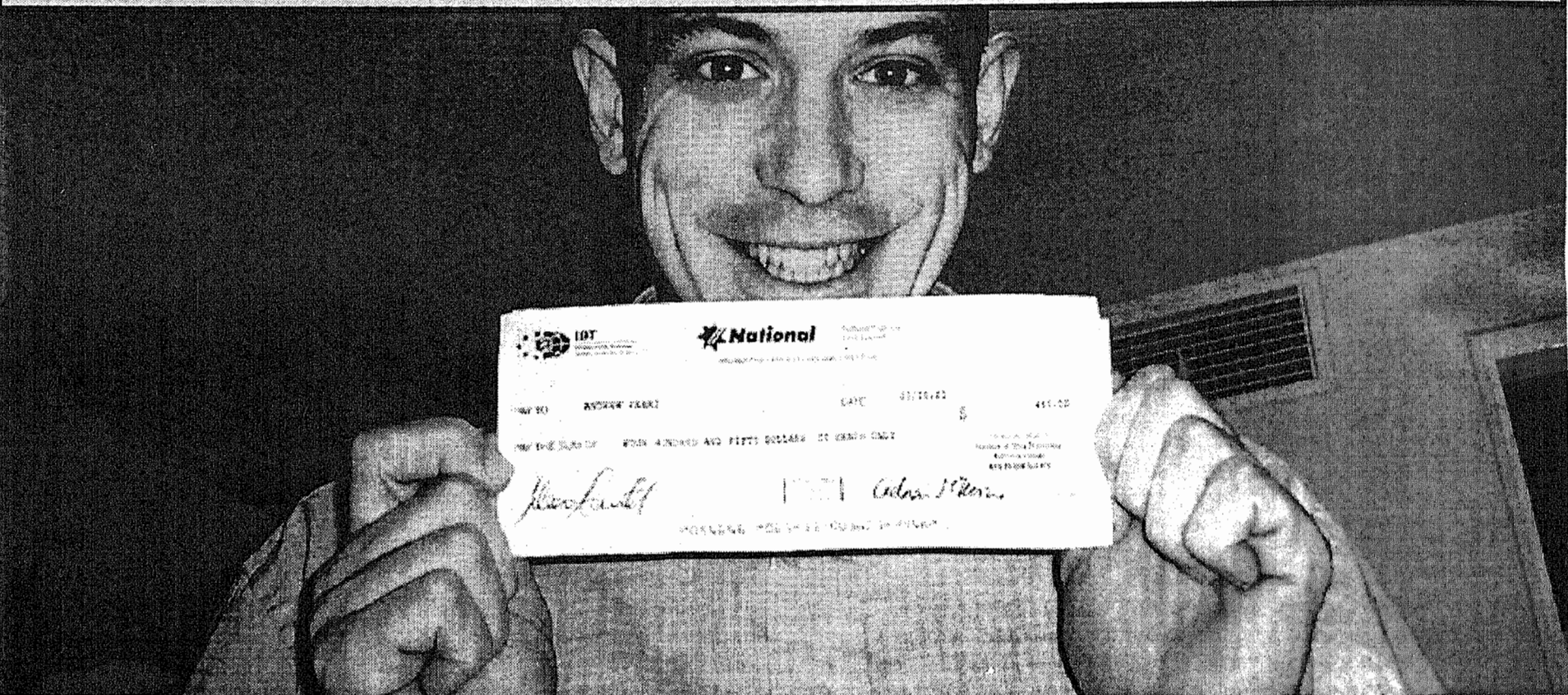
- N. Signifies girlfriend (Japan)
- O. Signifies boyfriend (Japan)



19

Everyone has their price:

How to prostitute your body in the name of Science



Students are a typically poor lot. Researchers know this, and hence exploit this weakness by targeting universities as places to recruit subjects for medical research. University students are prepared to degrade themselves in all sorts of manners that the average person who earns more than the subsistence wage that is the Common Youth Allowance would never submit themselves to.

The following article aims to examine this phenomenon using the author's personal experiences of being on the wrong side of an MBBS degree.

My first experience with selling my body started back when I was a naïve, optimistic first year. As a bitter, cynical sixth year student my body is still for sale and the price hasn't really changed.

Ways I've disrespected my body to pay the bills:

Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation: a large black coil with a handle is held next to your skull. It transmits electromagnetic impulses through your cranium to the motor cortex which controls movement. If the coil is held over particular areas and discharged you can make parts of a person's body move. If you are happy to sit in a chair for two hours while your legs and arms involuntarily twitch and spasm then this is the ticket for you. Just hope you aren't like me with an apparent high attenuation level which meant that the electromagnetic pulses were put up to the maximum, to the point that they stimulated local motor nerves causing me to do a bizarre involuntary grimace on half my face every time the coil went off.

If you would like to volunteer for this experiment contact Stan Flavel on 8303 4569. You will be compensated for your inconvenience at the princely sum of \$15/hour

CMAX: I was the fourth human to ever receive some sort of immunomodulatory drug. Apart from having almost a unit of

blood siphoned off for testing this was an otherwise painless experience made all the easier by having a Sega Mega Drive II to while away the hours. You must be able to stay within the unit for the entire designated time which is usually less than 72 hours but has at times been known to extend to over a week. Talk about cabin fever. However to balance all this out it pays pretty well, I received \$480 for a two day stint and three follow up visits. Studies where you are an inmate for longer and have to come back for more follow ups can earn you upwards of \$1,500.

But wait there's more. You also get your very own stylish CMAX t-shirt which you have to wear while you are in there, ostensibly so people in the unit know you are a volunteer but I think its to stop you trying to break out.

If your philosophy is "if it's safe for baboons it's safe for me". head to www.cmax.com.au or call 1800 150 433.

Cold Studies: In their search for the causes and best treatment of the common cold there is a research unit in the Royal Adelaide Hospital that is always on the lookout for volunteers with recently acquired respiratory infections. It is usually fairly straight forward and pain free although they sometimes involve sticking a suction tube up your nose and sucking out mucus which is really not the most pleasant experience. If you are interested call Jenny on 8222 2955 between 9am and 5pm Monday to Friday

STEM CELLS: PLENTY
CASH: NIL
PAIN THRESHOLD: HIGH
SOLUTION:
BONE
MARROW DONATION

For anyone who wants some reasonable cash, and is prepared to cop some serious pain then it is hard to walk past bone marrow donation. Of course if you don't like a large needle

being inserted into your bone-marrow cavity in your pelvis and having marrow sucked out then perhaps you should walk on. Here's how it works: you adopt the foetal position on a table clutching your knees to your bosom, you are draped and prepped, and then local anaesthetic is infiltrated into the skin and bone of the posterior, superior iliac crest. This anaesthetic is injected right next to the periosteum which has the wonderful effect of ensuring that when the rather large trochar (read f*ck off shiny introducing instrument) is forced into your intramedullary cavity you don't actually feel it. That all changes pretty rapidly though when they remove the marrow as to do so they need to pull back on a 50 mL syringe with force considerable enough to rupture your intramedullary blood vessels so they can be sucked out. About 80 mL of stem-cell rich blood is removed in two successive pulls over about 5 minutes, and then you are \$200 the richer. And just to add icing to your financial gain, you can feel good about yourself too because these stem cells are vital as control samples in research into haematological malignancies. While the process sounds reasonably unpleasant, having now undergone the procedure 5 times it is quite bearable, which is helped by professional and sympathetic staff who even give you a cup of tea and some biscuits.

To announce your disregard for the pain barrier contact Sonia on 82223454 to see if you are eligible.

What I haven't stooped to yet but haven't ruled out

Uni of Adelaide Department of Physiology: Those chaps in the Physiology Department really can't get enough of doing experiments on humans. Here are three studies you may be interested in:

"Effects of varying the composition of a diet on the appetite and antropyloroduodenal pressure responses to intravenous cholecystokinin in healthy young and older

subjects.”

The question you should be asking here as with all studies is what discomfort do you have to subject yourself to and what are the monetary or other benefits to be had? In order to receive these benefits you will need to be willing to have a nasogastric tube and two cannulas inserted, and adhere to a diet along with monitoring of your food intake. If you think the sums add up here then contact Ms Tanya Little on 8222 5073 for more information

“Concurrent assessment of small intestinal nutrient flow, pressure and nutrient absorption in critically ill patients” Similar deal to the above so contact Ms Laura Bryant at telephone number 08 8222-5214 or email lbryant@mail.rah.sa.gov.au

The one other physiology experiment I almost took part in was probably one of the more extreme I have heard of. In an attempt to greater understand the response of pulmonary blood flow to extreme hypoxia I almost agreed to run 10,000 metres on a treadmill to absolute exhaustion while

breathing into a controlled ventilator. What made this just a little adventurous for me was that I was supposed to run as fast as I could while I had monitoring consisting of an arterial blood pressure line, an oesophageal temperature probe and here was the killer, yet another temperature probe but this one being located in the rectum. The PhD student attempted to sell the last aspect to me by saying “its OK, we don't insert it for you, we allow you to do it.” And all this for \$13/hour. Show me where to sign. Sadly this experiment is now over so all of you subjects out there lining up to take this one on, or in, will have to look at these other experiments.

Bronchoscopy practice The RAH Thoracic Unit has a research lab attached to it which requires normal, healthy volunteers to act as controls to do bronchoscopic lavages on. If you have never seen a bronchoscopy before it is a site to behold as what is done is that a very narrow, flexible endoscope is threaded up your nostril, down your throat and into your trachea and bronchi. And you thought naso-gastric tubes were bad. What makes

this all the more nice though is that you don't take on the bronchoscope without some chemical support: instead you will receive a nice twilight anaesthetic dose of fentanyl and midazolam to make the whole procedure just a vague, pleasant dream from which you will wake up \$100 richer.

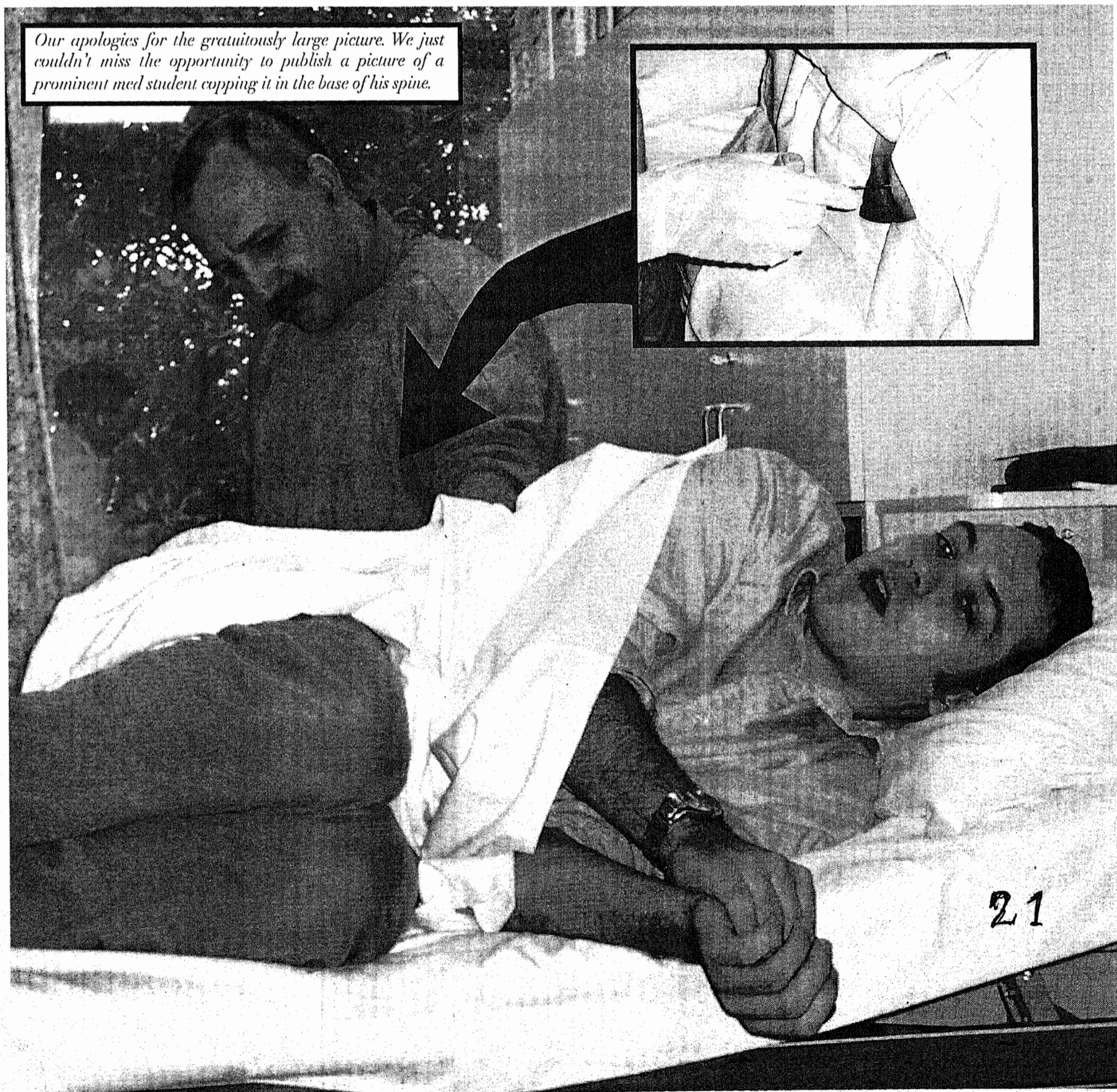
To find out more contact Dr Sandy Hodge on 82223452 or 0403 272 183

Sperm Donation: @ \$50 a “pop” this is easily the least painful method of making some cash on the side. Call Reproned on: (08) 8333 8111, but be prepared and willing to meet your unknown offspring in 16 years time.

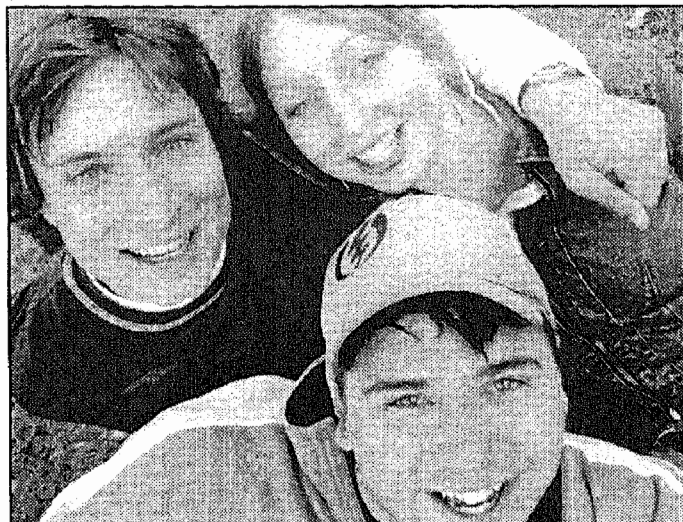
So there you have it, the solution to your financial problems. All it takes is a reasonably high pain threshold and the awareness that everything has its price. And if the knowledge that in the process of doing all this you are advancing the cause of science helps you sleep at night all the better.

Andrew Perry
Med VI (and counting)

Our apologies for the gratuitously large picture. We just couldn't miss the opportunity to publish a picture of a prominent med student copping it in the base of his spine.



1. What is your most effective tactic for avoiding student politicians?
2. If you were made Supreme Overlord of the Students' Association what would be your first decree?
3. What's the first thing that comes into your mind when I say "Student Politicians?"
4. Anarchy or Democracy? Which one would you prefer and why?



Jordan, Daniel and Jordan

Sex on the lawns

1. J: Time wasting Activate people (sshh).
D: Pretending I'm blind.
B: Show them my boobs!!!!
2. J: Free beer for all every day.
D: Mandatory one hour worship of Lord Daniel and statues of Dan everywhere.
B: I would have the front of the Union transformed into a huge facial effigy. Entry through the mouth.
3. J: Dickheads.
D: Big eyebrows.
B: Head cases.

Luke and Jess

Drinking the night away...

1. L: Telling them I'm an Anarchist.
J: No one has tried to campaign to me!
2. L: Instill a culture of massive beer consumption.
J: Train Meer Cats to be my secret army of the dark!
3. L: Fuckheads!
J: (guttural sound from the back of her throat) Mngghh!
4. L: Anarchism. Why do we need laws when all we have are consequences? It doesn't say that people can't work together.
J: Neither! Let stupidity reign!



Helen Tay

Stepdaughter of political theorist John Stuart Mill

1. I yell "Curse the tyranny of the majority!" and start hacking candidates with a machette.
2. I would distribute a specified number of seeds to each student and make their membership conditional on a certain annual yield of sweet, sweet ganja.
3. The majority denies liberty to individuals, whether explicitly through laws, which he calls "acts of public authority," or more subtly through morals and social pressure, which he calls "collective opinion."
4. Democracy, so long as the most boring candidate wins. Have you heard of Activate?



Claire and Brooklyn

1. C: Actually, I don't mind them. Strangers sucking up to you boosts you ego!
B: Gotta get a sticker!
2. C: Ladies night at the Unibar!
B: Official Pope mobile style golf carts for me and my party flunkies!
3. C: Purple.
B: Heck!!!
4. C: Depends. If I am the ruler, Anarchy. Otherwise, Democracy.
B: What about Communism?!

David

Seemingly vague... and just a little evil.

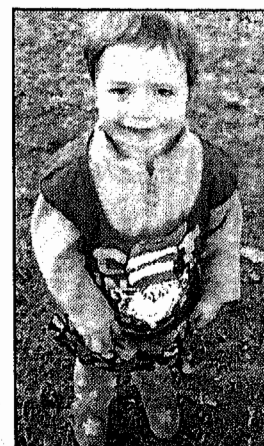
1. Just keep walking!
2. Banish the Indies from the SAUA!
3. Arseholes.
4. Democracy. It's a mild form of Anarchism.



Sarah

Frantic, loud and looking toward the future...

1. I start singing... then they go away.
2. Have every day with beer on the lawns and on Fridays, make everybody bow to the gods of Malta!
3. Scary!
4. Anarchy all the way! Democracy doesn't work...



Kalinda

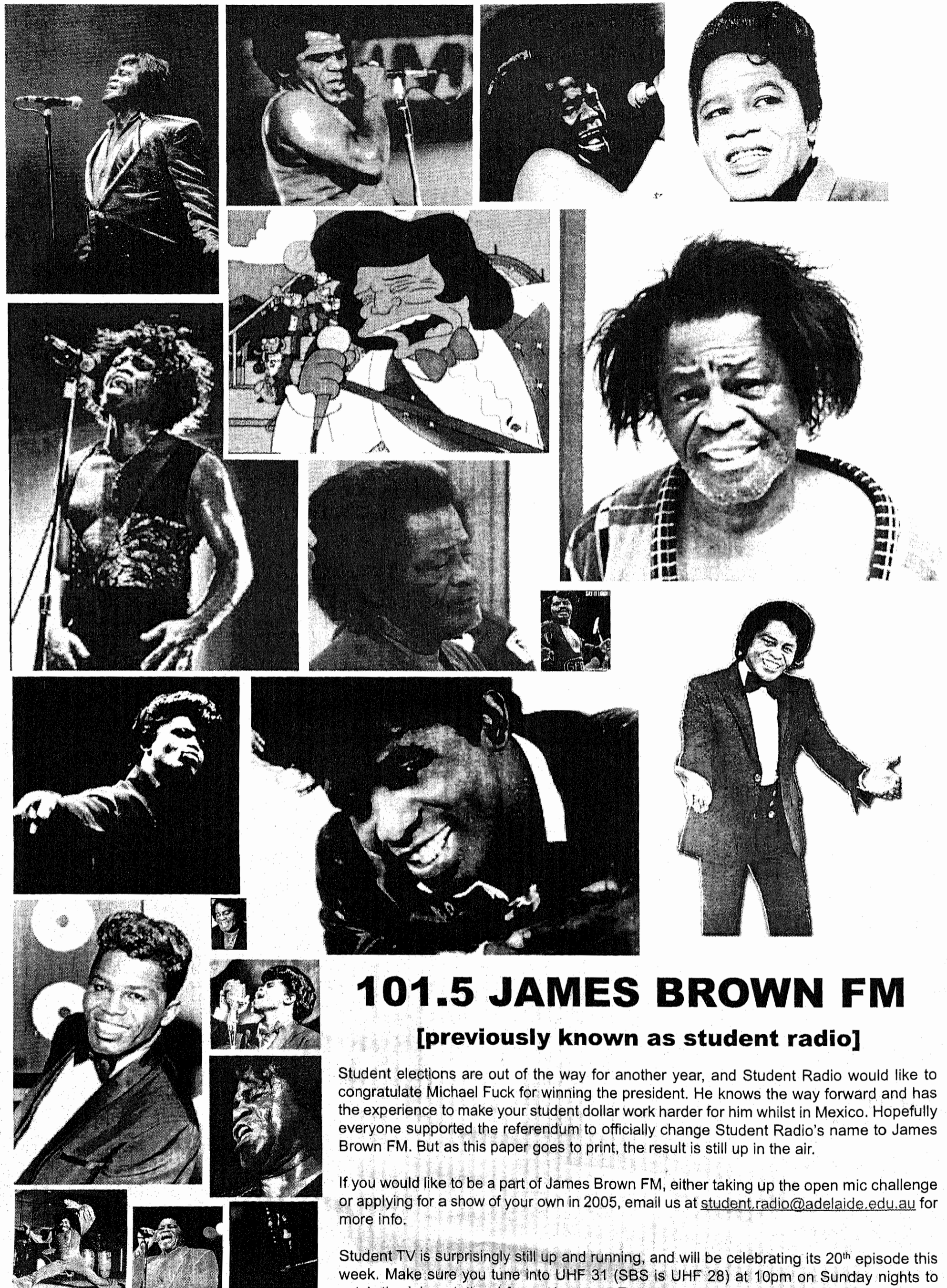
Sooooo cute. And right!

1. I run away 'cause they're going to get me.
2. Pick some boogies.
3. Vote mummy!
4. Baby! (followed by maniacal giggling.)

Never mind the State...

Smash

SMASH THE STATE



101.5 JAMES BROWN FM

[previously known as student radio]

Student elections are out of the way for another year, and Student Radio would like to congratulate Michael Fuck for winning the president. He knows the way forward and has the experience to make your student dollar work harder for him whilst in Mexico. Hopefully everyone supported the referendum to officially change Student Radio's name to James Brown FM. But as this paper goes to print, the result is still up in the air.

If you would like to be a part of James Brown FM, either taking up the open mic challenge or applying for a show of your own in 2005, email us at student.radio@adelaide.edu.au for more info.

Student TV is surprisingly still up and running, and will be celebrating its 20th episode this week. Make sure you tune into UHF 31 (SBS is UHF 28) at 10pm on Sunday nights to catch the labanotational fun and games. Even if you miss it, you can catch a repeat on Friday nights at 10:30pm.

Spike Lee

(1957 - present)
Director/Writer/Actor
USA

"I used to say 'y'know, why don't you just throw a few jabs?' But he just loves that big right hand, boom!" - Denzel Washington on Spike Lee

Far and away the most successful African-American filmmaker of all time, Spike Lee has emerged as the most topical and determined director of the independent American era. With the tenacity of a bulldog and subtlety of a sledgehammer, he has redefined the way that white America sees people of colour. He's shown them to be more than just pimps, drug dealers, whores and junkies. Refusing to ever take a backward step on any social issue, and demanding the same steadfast approach from his audience, his films are a celluloid catharsis that make apathy impossible. Afterwards you must have an opinion about what you've seen and reconsider just what it really means to 'do the right thing'.

As a young man Spike Lee's first love was sports. A mad fan of the New York Nicks he dreamed of becoming a professional ball player, it was only when he attended Atlanta's Morehouse College that his priorities began to change. He made a few small student films that received some positive attention and later enrolled at NYU to study film. At NYU he made a short film, *Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads*, which was very well received by the New York film community, prompting Lee to take steps toward mounting feature films. After trying to make a film called 'Messengers' which he says "failed to come together financially", he delivered *She's Gotta Have It*, a low budget sex farce which won the *Prix de Jeunesse* award at Cannes. Shot for \$175,000 it made \$8 million at the box office and, along with Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise*, ushered in the American independent cinema movement of the nineties.

After the success of *She's Gotta Have It* Spike made *School Daze*, a musical set in an American college. Starring

Lawrence Fishburne as the leader of an on-campus black civil rights group, it confronted the issues of student politics and, most controversially, racism from within the black community itself. While *School Daze* was a moderate success few people expected what was to come next when Lee delivered *Do The Right Thing*.

Widely considered to be one of the best films of the eighties *Do The Right Thing* is set on one Brooklyn city block the hottest day of the year. Spike Lee stars as Mookie, the only black employee of Sal's Famous Pizzeria. The block is multi-cultured, home to blacks, Koreans, Hispanics, whites and Italians, although they all generally tend to stick to their own kind. As the day rolls on both the heat and the racial tensions rise, finally culminating in a tragic and fiery conclusion. The brilliance of the film is that it ignores demands for easy answers to big issues like racism and intolerance. *Do The Right Thing* was no *Green Mile*, where we grow to understand and respect those who are different to us, leaving the cinema feeling self fulfilled. In *Do the Right Thing* Lee acknowledges that racism is an insidious disease and asks the audience to provide their own answers.

It looked for a short time that *Do The Right Thing* would fail to find a release. There were concerns that its release would cause rioting and incite race crimes. When it finally was released it received positive press across the board (almost) and was recognised as the calling card of an important voice in the American cinema.

After *Do The Right Thing* Lee produced the disappointing *Mo' Better Blues*, the tale of a jazz trumpeter struggling with the demands of his art. After this slight disappointment Lee delivered *Jungle Fever* and found himself right back in the middle of intense controversy. *Jungle Fever* featured an interracial relationship between a black man (Wesley Snipes)



and a white girl (Anabella Sciorra). Again Lee was confronting, head on, uncomfortable issues that had laid dormant in American society. While the general population had become PC conscious enough to say that they had "no problems" with miscegenation, Lee put it up on screen in full colour, testing people's reactions. *Jungle Fever* met with strong support and won Samuel L. Jackson a special award at Cannes for his supporting role as Gator, the crack addicted brother of Snipes' character Flipper. Back on track with the triumph of *Jungle Fever*, Lee had put himself in a position to attempt his dream project, a bio-pic of militant black civil rights activist Malcolm X.

Malcolm X was a sprawling epic of nearly four hours in length that tracked the life of Malcolm X from his early years as a child, suffering the attacks of the Ku Klux Klan, onto his young adult years as a hustler nicknamed Detroit Red, and then onto his time as the head of the Nation of Islam in America. *Malcolm X* was more than a mere biography however; it was

a demonstration, through the case study of one man, how a person can completely change their life around. Malcolm goes from being a common hustler, who spends lengthy time in jail, to a reformed man of spirit and consciousness, who strives for equality and freedom. Punctuated by a brilliant and charismatic performance from Denzel Washington as Malcolm X, the film was everything Lee had extended - poignant, insightful, savage and furious.

After completing the mammoth task of *Malcolm X* Lee changed pace for the wistful reminiscence of *Crooklyn*, a fictionalised account of his childhood years in Brooklyn. After *Crooklyn* Lee again threw himself into areas of controversy, with *Clockers*, a film about the ethics of drug dealers, and *Get On The Bus*, a brilliant and timely film about a group of young black men on their way to the Million Man March in the summer of 1995. In more recent years Lee has had success with the basketball odyssey *He Got Game* and his most recent release, *25th Hour*, starring Ed Norton.

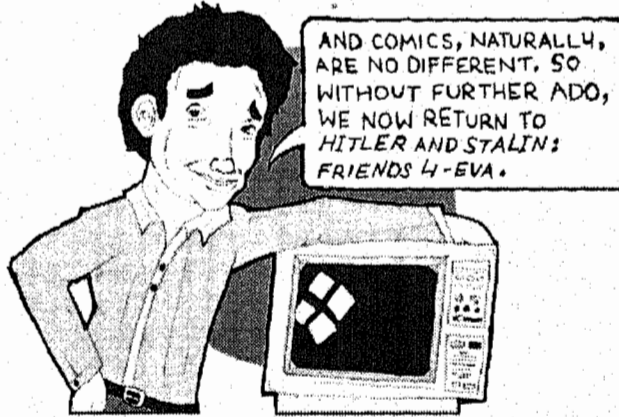
A common criticism leveled at Spike Lee is that his films are too obvious, that there's no concern for subtlety, and that the "big right fist" is always going for that knockout punch. While that's true to some extent, his version of the world is one that needs to be seen. His movies seldom give clean answers, in fact they almost always leave more questions in their wake than they answer, but that's their function, not to explain the world away for us in an easily digestible form, but instead to throw it in our faces for us to deal with. It may not always be pretty, but it's real.

If this sounds interesting, go and check out: *Do The Right Thing*, *Malcolm X*, *25th Hour*, *Get On The Bus*, *Clockers*, *She's Gotta Have It*, *Girl 6*, *Crooklyn*, *School Daze*, *Jungle Fever*

A Danny Wills Joint

25

ROOM 237 by OZ I LIKE TO CLUB SEALS, BABY ONES. ozzag667@hotmail.com





Zatôichi

"Beat" Takeshi Kitano is probably the biggest name in the Japanese cinema this side of Akira Kurosawa. Most commonly known for his ultra-violent crime films such as the remarkable *Hana-bi* (*Fireworks*) and *Brother*, he's also ventured into the realms of light comedy (*Getting Any?*) and weighty drama (*Scene by the Sea*). With his latest film, *Zatôichi*, Kitano returns to the violent balletic style of his earlier films like *Violent Cop* and *Boiling Point* and adds a distinctive musical (believe it or not) twist.

Kitano plays the titular *Zatôichi*, a blind swordsman who meanders into a town where he is promptly harassed and taunted by rivaling criminal gangs. During his wanderings he comes in contact with two geishas, one whom he learns is a man in disguise, who witnessed the slaying of their family years earlier by the head of one of the town's gangs. *Zatôichi* decides to aid them in their quest for vengeance and has many sword battles along the way.

The character of *Zatôichi* the blind swordsman is by no means a new invention. He's been slicing up television and cinema screens in the orient for decades and has been the subject of over twenty feature films as well as graphic novels and an extremely long running television series in Japan. Kitano manages to take the blind swordsman premise and spin it in a unique and unexpected way, by fusing two genres which are staples of the Asian cinematic diet, the samurai film and the musical.

As counter intuitive as it may seem, it's actually quite a logical step to take. Japanese and Hong Kong directors such as John Woo, Wong Kar-Wai and Kitano have often claimed the Hollywood musicals of the studio era as big influences

of theirs. In cinematic terms the musical and the ultra-violent action film aren't really that far apart, they both rely on strong sense of rhythm, both visually and aurally. Kitano manages to bring musical numbers in to the film in a few different, and very inventive ways. The first that we see is when *Zatôichi* first arrives in the town which is to be his home for the duration of the film. As he walks into the town three farmers are sewing their land and the rhythm and timing of their picks hitting the ground seeps into the soundtrack and plays out as a musical number. Similar sequences appear later with workers who build a house frame. The other big musical number is at the film's end where all of the characters, some who have been killed in the previous 90 minutes, tap dance the film out to its conclusion.

This experiment is one that only a filmmaker as daring as Kitano would ever dare consider, and one that only a filmmaker as masterful as he would ever attempt. The first musical sequence, that is played out by farmers in a field, is a truly brilliant scene, one of the most amazingly creative scenes in all of recent cinema, and many of the sword fighting sequences are exhilarating to say the least. Unfortunately though, the film is more of a mashing of the samurai and musical genres that a cohesive blend. With a film maker as brilliant as Kitano pulling the strings though, this still results in periods of brilliance, even if the whole isn't cohesive enough to be a masterpiece.

***1/2

Danny Wills



My Life Without Me

It's hard to work out where I stand with *My Life Without Me* (M15+). In concept, it could have been a wallowing movie-of-the-week: after all, the film centres on Ann (*Go's* Sarah Polley), who has just discovered that she has a couple of months to live. Instead, the film firmly avoids the temptation to go all *Stepmom*, and plays down the emotional themes on which it centres, making it that bit more believable.

So we've got Ann, and her husband, Don (resident *Felicity* hunk Scott Speedman), who builds swimming pools. They live in a caravan with their two daughters, just outside the home of Ann's mother (Deborah Harry). They seem to have a very happy life in spite of their working-class struggles, but this changes for Ann when she faints, gets taken to hospital, and is told by the doctor that she has uterine cancer. She decides not to tell her family and friends - as she fears hurting them and feels the sympathy gained from doing so would make her feel more helpless. Instead, she whips up a list of things she wants to do before she dies, ranging from getting her nails done to finding out what it's like to sleep with another man, since she's only ever slept with her current husband. It sounds a little trite - and on occasions, it feels somewhat unsurprising, as Ann records birthday messages to be given to her daughters every year until they turn 18, tries to resolve issues with her mother, visits her father in prison for a little one-on-one conversation.

It's hard to watch, but not because of these small misgivings - in spite of them, the film indicates a very clear direction and charming attention to detail. Ann's daughter's, playing around in the background, are a joy to watch. Doctor Thompson (Julian

Richings), has a beautiful moment where he tells Ann about her illness, but cannot look her in the eye as he does so. What makes the film so disarming, and rather tough to watch at times, is the fact that its modest approach is almost too effective. When Ann meets Lee (Mark Ruffalo, who continues to display a quietly strong presence onscreen) at the laundromat, she doesn't just enjoy a fling with him, she gradually falls in love with him - all the while she still clearly loves her husband and daughters as well. Polley heightens this with a fine performance, the cross she secretly bears giving her a beautiful, remote, melancholy quality - but at the same time, it's heartbreaking to imagine the effect on Don, Lee, and Ann's family, when they lose her unexpectedly.

Mysteriously, the film manages to avoid frustrating with these questions. Writer/director Isabel Coixet manages to ensure the audience remains completely compassionate towards Ann at all times, even though some of the things we witness Ann do could be deemed unfair, or morally wrong. It's a testament to the director and the high standard of acting that the film manages to keep us on side. A certain lack of schmaltzy scenes of weepy family members gathered around a hospital-ridden invalid doesn't hurt, either. What we get instead is an unexpectedly modest account of one woman's realisation that there are some things she won't get to do in her lifetime - but that she can make the most of what time she has. Seizing the day might not be the most unique message, but this is a touching, uniquely sad film.

***1/2

Brian O'neill



Io Non Ho Paura

Almost every film these days seems to borrow elements from something else. This can be good or bad; it also tends to make the films easier to review because there's a basis for comparison. The tricky thing with *Io non ho paura* (MA15+, 101 minutes), whose title translates to "I'm Not Scared," is that there is very little to refer back to. There really is very little out there that this reminds me of - perhaps an indication of my lack of experience as a film reviewer, or perhaps a reflection of how unique this film is. It's essentially a coming-of-age drama, mixed with suspense thriller, set in 1978 in a remote village in southern Italy. The scenery and the very young central character are at times reminiscent of Pedro Almodovar's *The Devil's Backbone*. At other points, I found myself thinking back to *The Cider House Rules* or, of all things, *Jeepers Creepers*. There are some vague connections between all of these and *Io non ho paura*, but none of the aforementioned films could act as a substitute for this one.

The concept: Michele (Giuseppe Cristiano) is the 10-year-old son of one of the few families living in the village. He plays with the other children, but at the same time appears somewhat distant from them. Returning to one of the dilapidated houses near the village on his own, after finding it while with the other children, Michele discovers

a concealed hole in the ground. Someone's alive down there, and their connection to the village puts Michele in a lot of danger.

This might sound like fairly standard thriller fare (and it probably doesn't help that I'm doing my best not to give away the plot), but the way the story is presented makes it infinitely more interesting to watch. Niccolò Ammaniti, transferring his novel to the big screen, has interweaved the suspenseful situation with a touching exploration of childhood. Michele is troubled by his recent discovery, but he's also part of a family. He does what he can to protect his younger sister, not just in this situation, but when playing with the other children. He arm-wrestles with his father, and squabbles with one of the other boys. Director Gabriele Salvatores adds to this with camerawork that is both interesting and beautiful. Though rural Italy is experiencing a dry summer, the village appears bright and colourful, the predominant yellows, browns and blues creating an experience that is visually striking. Salvatores also draws some good performances from his very young cast, with Cristiano being a particular standout. While the ending ends up disappointing a little by holding itself back more than is initially expected, the experience as a whole is engaging and engrossing - a beautiful, unique experience.

Brian O'Neill



The Corporation

Let's get this out of the way right now: as far as documentaries go, *The Corporation* (PG) is quite removed from recent offerings like *Supersize Me* and *Fahrenheit 9/11*. It could be better or worse, depending on how you like your documentary film-making, but it certainly gets a lot of information across. Touching on globalisation, capitalism and consumerism, *The Corporation* (PG) seems to dip into every possible downside to big business. It's not as funny as *Supersize Me*, and it might not have as much emotional appeal as *9/11*, but it raises so many questions about the shady side of business, including a lot of issues people might have otherwise overlooked, that it's hard not to leave the cinema without being affected in some way.

The first thing I was reminded of when watching *The Corporation* was actually a manual on sales that I was given back in my retail days. I won't name the company - we'll just call it Corporation X - but aside from being dismissed from there in a completely impersonal manner, without warning, I also took with me a manual on retail sales that I couldn't be bothered returning to the store. The first page of said manual is interesting, as at the bottom of the page, they describe customers not as people, but as "long term assets of your business." This ties in with one of the big issues behind this documentary, in the question of whether a corporation really recognises people as anything more than objects. They address layoffs, cheap foreign labour, health hazards, and the procedures used to get customers interested

in their products. Amusingly, the documentary does the reverse and compares a corporation to a person - albeit one with a serious psychiatric illness. When faced with the way some businesses have behaved, it's not hard to see why.

The degree to which businesses can pervade everyday life is something many people are probably aware of on some level, but being forced to pay attention to it is really quite scary. One of *The Corporation's* funnier moments recounts the story of two teenage boys who volunteered to shamelessly promote any company that would sponsor them through college. The environmental issues raised by the documentary are a topic much of the documentary's audience will undoubtedly have considered - but some of the possibilities verge on disturbing.

In 147 minutes (quite a long time to be fed information, I know) there are countless other issues addressed that I could spend pages writing about. The importance of this scintillating documentary, aside from its wealth of insights, is in its refusal to play on emotional appeals. Directors Jennifer Abbott and Mark Achbar and writers Joel Bakan and Harold Crooks want nothing more than to really make you think. That they achieve this so clearly, while managing to present both sides of the issue and leaving audiences to draw the conclusions, and while also reminding us of the power we forget we have as consumers, makes this two and a half hours of time very well spent.

****1/2

Brian O'Neill

White Chicks



Have you ever had one of those movies? You know, the ones where you're well aware of what sort of thing to expect and that doesn't make it any easier, because with a name like, say, *White Chicks* (M15+), you're wishing you were somewhere else before you've even entered the cinema. And you know you're about to be subjected to so-called American humour from writers who deal in nothing but (like, say, the Wayans Brothers). And then you convince yourself that you've seen worse films (like, say, *Scary Movie*), and convince yourself that if you load yourself up with lots of sweet drinks (like, say, Fanta, or maybe Gointreau) you'll be

able to enjoy the film for what it is.

Then you get into the cinema, and ten minutes later you realise that as bad as a writer can get, they can always do worse. I don't know... maybe they write central characters for themselves. Or maybe they introduce you to some sort of really lame plot idea (like, perhaps, a couple of hapless black cops posing as white valley girls in order to protect them from being kidnapped). And the whole time you're just cringing, watching them use this idea as an excuse to throw around every cliché imaginable (like, maybe, jokes about something like shopping, or black men trying to fit into small outfits).

And then you sort of step back for a second and realise that in spite of the occasional laugh, the real problem is something bigger, like not being able to suspend your disbelief for a second. For example, you might be sitting there, watching two buff black men try and use prosthetics to make themselves look like teenage girls whom the other characters cannot tell the difference with. In fact, after realising this, the half-witted jokes don't really matter. They just become annoying. And then you find yourself giving the movie a really low grade. Like, say, one star. Like this. *

Brian O'Neill

Le Malade Imaginaire

Par Molière

La Société Française
Petit Théâtre

Tout comme l'un-informé ne devrait pas être permis de voter dans les élections, le non-français parlant de l'aux gens du monde ne devrait pas être permis de réexaminer les pièces de langue françaises. Mais il isn't un monde parfait. Bien c'est quand le Nilsson-Polias de Carl est sur l'étape. Au moins à lui.

Mais ce que me concerne, sont les implications plus larges de permettre ces escargot engloutit, le fromage mâche, les singes de reddition pour produire le théâtre. Sur il le s un bon vitrine pour beaucoup d'alcool et les cheveux du visage qui ferait't est normalement vu dans le public (sauf le Nilsson-Polias's - mais je mets't a l'espace pour entrer dans ses problèmes de style.) Mais cette pièce manque cheveux du visage assez des femelles pour le faire véritablement français. Au moins si j'ai pensé, alors je me suis rendu compte qu'une partie des hommes étaient vraiment des femmes et tous mes stéréotypes de prejudiced de 'ethnique' les femmes ont été affirmées.

Quant au terrain, cette pièce a un titre de qui, si vous pensez latéralement, c'est possible de déchiffrer l'anglais. Il semble être d'un hypochondriaque avec une bonne chaude et une fille sexuellement agressive bizarre, qui évidemment hasn't a passé Freud'le s étape de développement psychologique phallique. Parler de Freud me rapporte au Nilsson-Polias's attention chercher les pitreries. Le complexe de rex d'Oedipe obtient un vrai aller de l'éclipser, le Nilsson-Polias contraire au code professionnel et sa relation avec le Kate Barry plus réservé. Au moins la phrase 'baise votre mère' les travaux bien dans l'anglais.

La pièce est un fait au hasard, ridicule, le film de sexploitation d'années quatre-vingts. Sauf il est exécuté la vie sur le puits utilisé (sous la direction de Simone Annan et de Angus Défend de Crespigny) l'étape de poussée du Petit Théâtre. Avec les jeux de mots (qui toutes les écolières qui pourraient parler le français ri à), agir mélodramatique de Gabrielle Kelly et Kim Anderson dans les avances, et par-dessus le sommet crie la forme Hannah Neophytou, c'est un plein sur l'heure d'étrangers' gobbligook. Cependant la pièce entière semble inutilement diffamer la profession médicale.

Donné cela : je'm en fait un esclave à l'Association médicale américaine, le fait que j'ai évidemment une vendetta contre le Nilsson-Polias et je mets't parle le français, mes opinions de ce morceau sont sans valeur. Mais j'ai gagné encore't hésite pour dire "Ceci est le meilleur français je joue've vu toute année, probablement de tout temps !"

Just as the un-informed should not be allowed voting in the elections, the French no talking to the people of the world should not be allowed reconsidering the pieces French languages. But it isn't a perfect world. Well this is when the Nilsson-polias of Carl is on the step. At least to him.

But this that concerns me, are the wider implications to allow these snails swallow up, cheese chews, the monkeys of reddition to produce the theatre. Sure it s a good window for a lot of alcohols and the hair of the face that ferait't normally is seen in the public (except the Nilsson-Polias's - but I hasn't the space to enter into its problems of trains.) But this piece lacks hair of the face enough of the female ones to do it truly French. At least if I thought, then I realized that a part of the men were really women and all my stereotypes of prejudiced of 'ethnic' the women were asserted.

As for the land, this piece has a title of that, if you think latéralment, it is possible to decipher the English. It seems to be of a hypochondriac one with a good hot one and a sexually strange aggressive girl, that evidently past hasn't Freud's s step development psychological phallic. To talk about Freud retrieves me to the Nilsson-Polias's attention to look for the pitreries. The complex of oedipe rex obtains a true one to go to eclipse it, the in contrast to Nilsson-polias the professional code and his relation with the Kate more reserved Barry. At least the sentence 'kisses your mother' the works well in the English.

The piece is a does at random, ridiculous, the film of sexploitation of years eighty. Except it is executed the life on the used well (under the direction of Simone Annan and of Angus Defends Crespigny) the sprout step of the Small Theatre. With the games of words (that all the écolières that could speak the laughed French to), act mélodramatique of Gabrielle Kelly and Kim Anderson in the advances, and by over the summit screams the form Hannah Neophytou, this is a full one on the hour of foreigners' gobbligook. Nevertheless the entire piece uselessly seems to slander the medical profession.

Given that: je'm some does a slave to the American medical association, the fact that I have evidently a vendetta against the Nilsson-polias and I mets't speaks the French, my opinions of this piece are without value. But I won encore't hesitates to say "This is the better French I joue've seen all year, probably of all time!"

With thanks to www.freetranslation.com

Just as the un-informed should not be allowed to vote in elections, the non-French speaking people of the world should not be allowed to review French language plays. But it isn't a perfect world. Well it is when Carl Nilsson-Polias is on stage. At least to him.

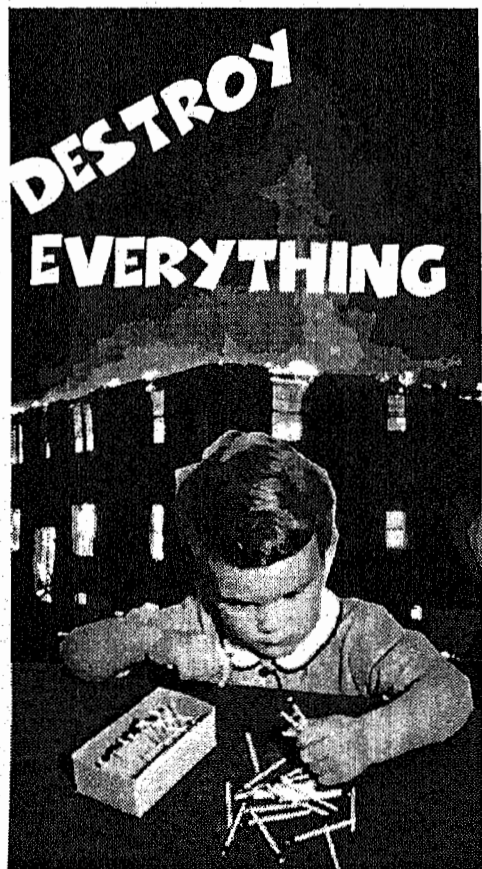
But what concerns me, are the wider implications of allowing these snail guzzling, cheese munching, surrender monkeys to produce theatre. Sure it's a good showcase for a lot of alcohol and facial hair that wouldn't normally be seen in public (Except for Nilsson-Polias's - but I don't have space to go into his style issues.) But this play lacks enough female facial hair to make it truly French. At least so I thought, then I realised that some of the men were really women and all my prejudiced stereotypes of 'ethnic' women were affirmed.

As to the plot, this play has a title from which, if you think laterally, it is possible to decipher the English. It seems to be about a hypochondriac with a hot maid and a weird sexually aggressive daughter, who obviously hasn't passed Freud's phallic psychological development stage. Speaking of Freud brings me back to Nilsson-Polias's attention seeking antics. The Oedipus rex complex gets a real going from the upstaging, unprofessional Nilsson-Polias and his relationship with the more reticent Kate Barry. At least the phrase 'fuck your mother' works well in English.

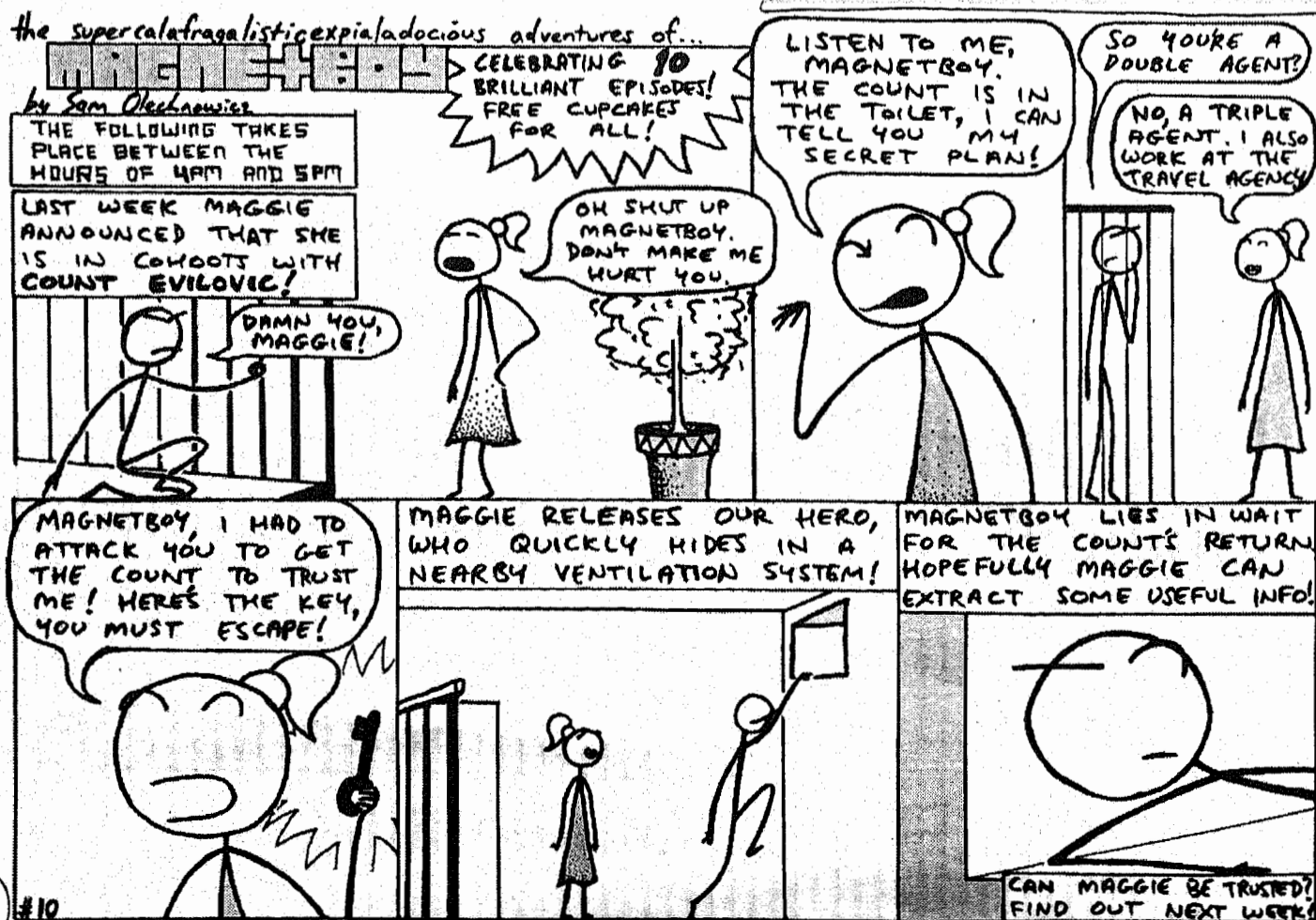
The play is a random, farcical, eighties sexploitation film. Except it is performed live on the well used (under direction of Simone Annan and Angus Champion de Crespigny) thrust stage of the Little Theatre. With puns (which all the schoolgirls who could speak French laughed at), melodramatic acting from Gabrielle Kelly and Kim Anderson in the leads, and over the top screaming form Hannah Neophytou, it is a full on hour of foreigners' gobbligook. However the whole play seems to unnecessarily slander the medical profession.

Given that: I'm actually a slave to the AMA, the fact that I obviously have a vendetta against Nilsson-Polias and I don't speak French, my opinions of this piece are worthless. But I still won't hesitate to say "This is the best French play I've seen all year, possibly of all time!"

Yes folks, our Theatre Sub-Ed Alex Raf certainly has a sick imagination. If you can work out what he has done here then... good on you.



Alternatively, sidetrack your pathological tendencies by writing arts and theatre articles for your favourite student



NEON NEMESIS EVANGELION

Why hatred is the only way to do the aesthetic this season.

Fashionista n: A girl/boy with immaculate taste in clothes whose style is frequently imitated by less creative members of society; a philosophical creed in which fashion is considered true enlightenment; any well dressed individual with an unadulterated hatred for someone else who too can wear leopard print stockings and get away with it.

It's Friday night; deep within the shadowy bowels of Mojo West, an army of debauched post-adolescents are living it up amidst a dream world of vintage skirts and 2 for 1 Apple Martinis til midnight. Our heroine is the gorgeously magnetic Marie, clad in a figure-hugging Wheels and Dollbaby leopard-print dress that kicks in all the right places and has contributed to the string of hypnotised males that are following in her wake. Whilst she boogies almost demon-like on the dance floor, out of the corner of her vision she spies the familiar silhouette of a figure making its way through the swarm of people below. She squints her mesmerising brown eyes...could it be? No, it couldn't possibly. How dare him. Now with perspective and focus on her side, she takes a closer inspection at the figure and gasps as she realises its true nature. 'Tis her fashion nemesis, sporting a powder pink Lacoste polo, fake Rolex and a mop of hair that looks as if every strand has been meticulously preened to prep perfection. The bastard! Marie can't help but gulp the bile that has inextricably made its way to the tip of her tongue. Every fibre of his existence irritates and infuriates her soul, and as she flashes him a venomous look capable of corroding steel, she acridly storms out of the club in a flurry of angst and Chanel no. 5...

Forgive my sounding like a superficial Dr Phil, but Marie has just experienced what is commonly referred to as 'an encounter with one's fashion enemy.' You see, being a fashionista in today's heartless world is no longer defined by the amount of clothes you own, or how much you paid for them. Anyone can skedaddle down Rundle Street and purchase the kind of feeble goods that most of the population deem as having some sort of aesthetic goodness with ease. Refusing to pay less than \$200 for an item of clothing doth not a true fashionista make. So what exactly is that illusive ingredient needed in order to qualify as a member of the beautiful breed? Answer: hate, contempt and a lashing

of scorn, for good measure. Because having a fashion nemesis is the only way to do cool this season.

Fashion nemesis? Come on, you don't really expect people to be that superficial...? Baby, I have some news: people are much more obsessed with their looks than they let on, even if they happen to be wearing a ruffled fuchsia can-can dress and bright yellow stockings and exclaim, "Oh this old thing? It was just lying on my bedroom floor". To define for defining's sake, a fashion nemesis is someone who you don't necessarily know, but every once and a while you see them, either in the Mall or out relishing Adelaide's (questionable) nightlife. It's something about how they present themselves- whether it's the way they wear their hair or how they strut around town like Travolta gone wrong- that really shits you off in every way imaginable. He/she is the antithesis of everything that you hold to be good and sacred in the world, and it's for this reason alone that you loathe them with the most potent brand of intensity that the human mind could possibly bring into being.

It's almost as if the gateway to hell opens up and spews out their disfigured, charred Freudian foetus every time you're faced with their presence.

The feeling between an individual and his/her fashion nemesis is most probably reciprocal; as much as you loathe them, they too will have some serious beef with you and your aesthetic preferences. You know you've got a first-rate nemesis relationship on your hands when you find yourself taking mental notes on what they're wearing, so that you never make the faux pas of sporting the illicit items in question. True nemeses always know what constitutes each other's wardrobes; it's as natural as going to the toilet. Don't be mistaken into believing that a fashion nemesis is as readily available as images of Jordan's breasts- you can purposefully go out one night and hunt for an enemy, just for kicks. They appear in your life at the right moment, and from then on it's up to you whether or not you want to perpetuate the war of icy stares and snide remarks. Also, fashionistas aren't racist in the slightest- fashion hatred knows no boundaries regarding age/sex/race. So when you see your oh-so-hip friend scowling at a random stranger wearing a plethora of pearl necklaces, don't worry, she's just plotting her vengeful vendetta (possibly involving a blow torch and a pair of thigh-high boots) against her fashion adversary.

This whole concept may seem rather far

fetched, but believe me, its detestation and hate that set apart the real fashionistas from the run-of-the-mill try-hard varieties. Then again, you can just as easily accept the differentiation in personal style and character traits, but hatred has much nicer cultural overtones to it. Why all the suffering and anguish? Because being undeniably cool is seriously a hard gig. You either have the essence of Marc Jacobs ballerina flats embossed into your DNA chains, or you're wannabe trash. If you thought modern society was a pretty twisted place already, say bye-bye to any notion of entering the wide and wonderful world of fashion. That, or find your fashion nemesis and get set to push the proverbial envelope of misanthropy just that little bit further.

Fashionistas aren't made; they're born.

Stephanie Mountzouris

WHAT'S HOT

Being promiscuous. Hooray for free love!

Insufficient stationary supplies. Ruling up margins with packets of Tally Ho filters. Quality, quality, quality.

Writing evrythin in txt msg shthand. The grammar of 2morrow is the new 2day.

WHAT'S NOT

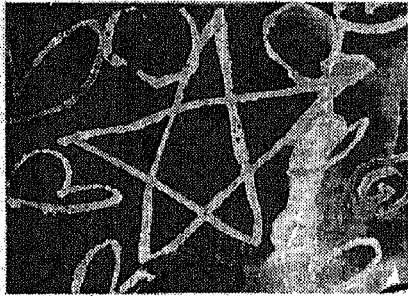
When good mops go bad. Everyone loves to maximise on a bit o' that old school flavour, but no one is prepared to maintain their locks. So now there's an absurd number of boys walking around Adelaide with these weird Friar Tuck-meets-champignon-mushroom thingies on top of their scalps. Ew.

People who drink their drinks too slowly. Potentially the most unsettling action ever to be accomplished by a human being *shudder*.

Board games. More like, bored games? Eh? Eh? Ahem.

mee-yow

Literature



ANOTHER UNIVERSE

friendly street poets 28

edited by kate dellerevans and steve evans

/ Her Ikarian father clenched his fists / Silent over this Anglo Xenos." Cathy Young contributes to the Adelaide theme with her three history-evoking poems on South Australia in the 1960's, titled *The (Antipodean) Troubles, Packing Bolts, and Live-in Domestic*.

Another recurring theme is the rather post-modern subject of reflecting on the nature of poetry and language. Aidan Coleman's *I Like Airports* (also printed on the back cover), is a brief yet immortality-bestowing conjuration of the birth of a poem: "every poem begins / on the ground, / then is shot heavenward." Other poems contemplating on their own status in the literary universe include Henry Ashley-Brown's *My Wardrobe*, Robyn Cadwallader's *The Grammar Class*, Dawn Colsey's *Woman with a Camcorder (Friendly Street, 6/5/03)*, Patrick O'Donohue's *Rain Poem*, and Adrian Robinson's *Exposing the Threads*. But perhaps the most intriguing of these self-conscious poetics is Peter Manthorpe's *Not a Poem*, a bewildering poem or not-poem on the blurring distinction between the poem and its subject: "This is not a poem. It's subject / is the poem. Leaving nothing / for the poem itself to say." This is followed by another confounding observation on the ambiguous circumstance of the poet himself: "I am your man and I will always be. / But I am not your poet. / A man can have faith / but a poet cannot."

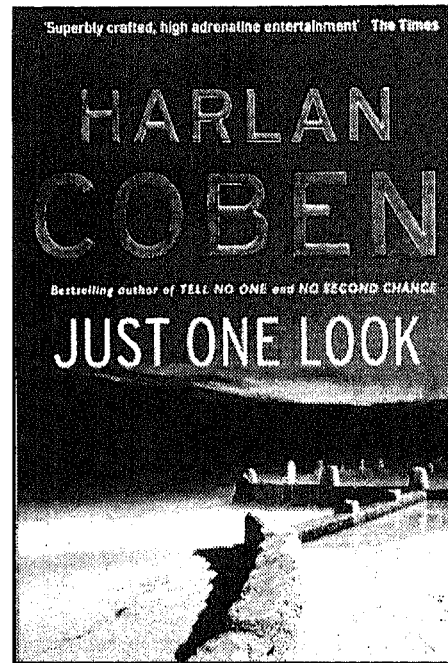
There are other dedications to the 'post-modern' condition, with all its cynicism, surrealism, and materialism. Notable amongst these are Graham Catt's *The hieronymous bosch shopping mall, and Wilderness*. In the former poem, Catt constructs a frightening future wherein the good-evil duopoly appears to be have turned into a monopoly: "there is a car park for sinners, and a carpark for saints / and the carpark for sinners is full." However, the latter poem depicts an equally technology-driven post-post-modern world, which has reversed the dogma of the present by adopting Puritanism: "there are no bad smells / the fast food restaurant has been turned into a church." Also, in the ironically-titled *Song of the City*, Anna Stirling Pope paints a recognizable if hopeless picture of a contemporary person's work life: "Why is it, do you think, / our concept of relaxation/ is to watch other people working?" She also exposes the hypocrisy which traps us to lead out our working-week: "Weekend's still three days away, / survive till then...living other people's lives, / escaping from your own."

But the book is most appealing in its sense of structural and thematic balance. The cynical if realistic poems reflecting on our technologised lives are poised with classic nature and rain poems, as well as enigmatically philosophical ones. In *At Silverwood (In Memoriam, Silverwood Wildlife Sanctuary, California, destroyed by bushfire, Oct 26, 2003)*, Lawrence Johnson is at peace with "a comforting lack of human noise", and is surprised by his 'basic' humanity: "The feel of granite under foot / one of those things so basic / that I did not know I knew it." Karen Blaylock, in his poem *Thought*, ponders on a seemingly abstract idea using material/tangible metaphors. While first comparing thought to Ted Hughe's fox, and the yellow moon, she then speaks of

human impulse, or "racy thought / that comes like rap...no fox or moon traveling in it."

For those of you who think poetry is romantic, and literature is theoretical, there is a poem condemning the 'real' practice of mandatory refugee detention in Australia in this collection, David Mortimer's *World's Worst Practice*. Read *Another Universe* if you like thinking about the future or the present; poetry is the medium of thought and possibly the message too.

Sue



Just One Look

Harlan Coben

Orion Publishing Group

\$29.95

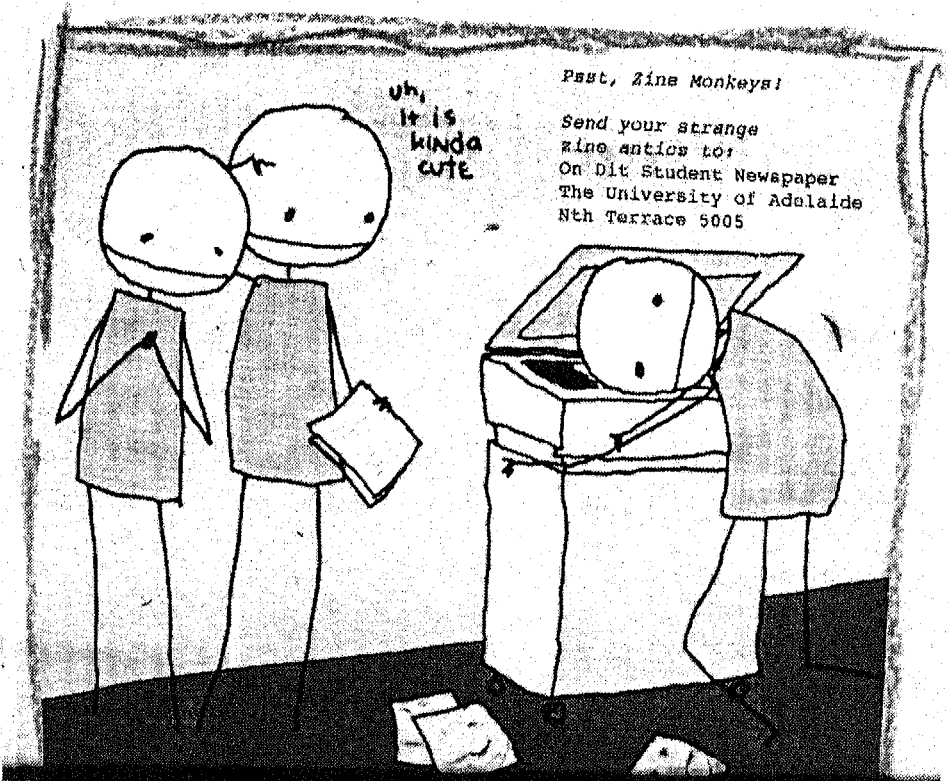
"[T]here are those moments when your life simply unravels. A loose thread pulled. A seam gives way. The change is slow at first, nearly imperceptible." One photograph taken almost fifteen years ago, a missing husband, and a hit man are the key ingredients to this highly charged novel. The scene is immediately established; from the beginning there is an element of intrigue, a mysterious photograph appears in Grace Lawson's family holiday snaps. From this point Grace Lawson's life is placed in jeopardy. Her husband of ten years suddenly leaves in the middle of the night and does not return. She receives a phone call from Carl Vespa, whom she has not seen since

her youth. He adds a new dimension to the traditional mystery plot with his over bearing presence as a brooding mafia figure. Someone starts threatening her children, and the police think she is just another hysterical female.

Seldom does an author within the crime genre come along that has the intensity to engage the reader in the way that Harlan Coben does. His latest novel, *Just One Look*, is a classic mystery combined with an element of *The Soprano's*. As the reader, you will be left guessing until the end. With so many loose threads weaved within the narrative it almost seems impossible that they could eventually tie together. This is one of the unique aspects of Coben's writing. Coben takes the time to create characters with depth, making them just as mysterious as the plot. Harlan Coben uses a distinct style of juxtaposing contradictory descriptions to enhance the image of the character. For example, he places "tree-stump arms" with "the serenity of yoga instructors" in his descriptions of a character; this is one of my favourite images presented within the novel. Coben's style of writing is one that will draw you in and not let you go. So be prepared, because you will not be able to put this book down.

The prologue raises an interesting point that kept me thinking throughout the novel. The hit man is the first character we are introduced to, referring to himself as a weapon. A weapon, programmed to work within rules laid out for him, creating the 'illusion of being human'. You are left in no doubt that the hit man is a weapon, a machine programmed to kill, and even though we are given some background and historical context about the hit man we can never really understand his motives for killing, or being an "assassin for hire." It is for this reason that we fear him and his ability to paralyse. The hit man is the character that ties all the threads together.

The point of view within the narrative is third person yet you never feel completely in control, for even though you are given more knowledge than the characters, the nervous atmosphere is too intense to feel in command. There are far too many questions that need to be answered and we are kept in the dark just as much as Grace. Our need to find out is as urgent and yet we feel apprehensive for her. Are all the questions raised, ever actually answered?



Badass Boys of the Bible

In the last instalment, Jesus became fed up with his Heavenly duties, and decided to pay a friendly visit to his old friend Lucifer, who was up to his horns in industrial action.

The following is in no way intended to offend. Saint Clemence is currently brainstorming ways to incorporate other badass religious leaders/gurus/cult leaders. Give me time Arthur Davies, give me time...

"Look, how many times do we have to go over this? The two simply don't mesh!"

"Listen you belligerent fool! I'm telling you for the last time that it's the only way to go. I refuse to budge on the issue!"

Jesus and Lucifer were standing in a cramped dressing room surrounded by discarded pizza boxes and mountainous piles of moth-ridden clothes. An old coffee mug sat on the table with a bug happily breast stroking in a thin film of congealed milk. They were in the midst of yet another argument regarding the proverbial prodigal son's questionable aesthetic stylings.

"Look in the mirror JC!" Lucifer spat. "You're trying to team a plaid tie with a tweed suit! Have you even washed your hair? That unseemly mop could supply the state of Texas with grease for a year!"

It took all of Jesus' heavenly restraint to prevent him from kicking Lucifer in his hairy shin.

"And again with the second hand fashion! Look around. We're big shots JC, we've got our own gig now. You've got to start looking the part of the celluloid fat cat. Being a righteous badass doesn't include dressing in yesterday's threads and opening a hamburger franchise in your locks!"

Lucifer, it had to be said, was looking devilishly handsome. Never one to cut corners, he'd done his research with all of the top stylists and was sporting a mix of ghetto chic and Fab Five urbanity. *Vogue* magazine had hailed him as 'the ghettosexual to watch in 2005'. He'd trimmed his goatee, polished his horns and had even taken to wearing a pair of Ralph Lauren titanium spectacles because they added 'intellectual mystique'. He removed the glasses now and rubbed the bridge of his nose in an orchestrated show of bored frustration. As he chastised Jesus, he allowed a pitying smile to dance at the corner of his lips.

Standing there, Jesus berated himself yet again for embarking on this ridiculous farce of an adventure. He made a mental note never to get drunk with the King of Darkness again. After consuming almost three bottles of the deadly Sin, the idea of throwing caution to the wind and holidaying with Lucifer had seemed a pretty good one. It was certainly something different. He should have remembered that awful camping trip into the wilderness back in his thirties. Even then, Lucifer had been a bit of a shit. And here he'd gone and made the same mistake. Lying in a drunken heap on Lucifer's chesterfield, Jesus had experienced some kind of temporary insanity. Was this what excessive consumption did to people?

Made them see good in their enemies? As the two of them bemoaned their respective lots, Jesus had imagined that he and Lucifer had shared some kind of 'moment'. They were both feeling disillusioned and unappreciated, and more than just a little resentful of their obligations. Jesus recalled some kind of philosophical conversation regarding the old man upstairs and his unrealistic expectations.

"It's like, I don't know, like he wants me to be him, you know what I'm saying?" Jesus had confided.

"Dude, I've been there. It just got to be too much, you know? Like, hey man, I'm not *you*. You've gotta let go, let me live my own life. He didn't like that much. Told me to suck it up and remember my duties to the family. I tried for a while, but I just found it, I don't know, *stifling*. Eventually I was just like, 'man, I'm outta here.' I just wanted to be free, but he couldn't handle it. There I am, heading out the old Pearlies and wham! Out of nowhere, banished. All of a sudden, I'm in a pit of despair with cloven hooves and my beautiful face gone! I tell you, it took a fair amount of time to see the silver lining, but eventually I just, I don't know, *got on with things*." At this, Lucifer had topped up their glasses.

"See, I admire that kind of determination Luci. Can I call you Luci? Anyway, what I really want to do is just get away for a while. You know, feel the ground beneath my feet, see what it's like to really *live*. It's all very well and good for him to get bored and sit in the vineyards all day, but who does he think is left to run the joint? Not Judas, that's for sure, the smarmy git. So I just, you know, decided to up and leave. Get some me time, you know?" Jesus looked at Lucifer earnestly.

"I hear you. There's only so many fireside songs you can hear at night before you want to stab yourself in both ears while bashing your frontal lobe against a sharp rock. Honestly JC, why couldn't you guys have taken Lennon? It's bad enough having Warhol's pathetic exhibitions without having to listen to that claptrap providing the ambience."

"It wasn't my decision. Nothing is! Even the decisions I do make are in reference to his wishes!" Jesus began to get fired up, sloshing his glass so that most of the amber liquid ended up on Lucifer's rug. "Enough is enough! I'm through being his lackey. This is the year of living dangerously, a Culture of Me! Let's do it Luci. Let's just pack the whole thing in and go off on a crazy road trip. We'll just be two boys on a desert highway with only our own desires to guide us!"

Jesus had bolted up in his seat, his eyes dancing with excitement. Lucifer peered at him over the top of his glass. It could be the drink talking, he thought, but old JC's not such a bad sort really. It's tough living in your dad's shadow like that, and let's face it, he had a pretty tough group of shareholders down on earth. Lucifer considered the man in front of him as another chorus of "Imagine" wafted down at him.

They left Lennon in charge and hit the road with a head full of expectation and a gutful of sin.

Now, just over a month later, there they were in what should have been a lovely dressing room. A combination of Lucifer's piggish eating habits and Jesus' thrift shop obsession had seen the room slowly transformed from 'light and airy' to 'damp and mouldy'. What would the network think?

"All I'm saying, JC, is that you should spruce yourself up a bit more. You know, you could be an attractive bloke if you weren't so dowdy. Loosen up!" There was that smile again.

Jesus glared at Lucifer, and was just opening his mouth to retort when a knock rapped at their door.

"Ready, ready!" A little Japanese man stood beckoning to them.

Jesus and Lucifer had hit the land of the rising sun. They were a novelty in this land of Shinto shrines and technopop.

"We'll finish this later." Jesus snapped tersely.

"Our public awaits!" Lucifer flashed Jesus a grin and sauntered out before him. He had a piece of toilet paper stuck to his Chuck Taylor's. Jerk, thought Jesus.

Saint Clemence

31



Next week: Jesus and Lucifer negotiate Karaoke bars and the mysteries of Japanese supermarkets! What a crazy rollercoaster this religious life is!

Local Music

One-Night Gig Guide *dear me.*

It's super-fun local music friday on the 10th!

Uber-Stomp and Transit playing at the Exeter

Muscle Car and Hybernators (Vic) at the Cranker

Star Ten Hash and Ergot at Jive

Brillig, Black Pony Express (Melb) and Ianto Ware at the Jade Monkey

Which one will you choose? Can Adelaide handle so much live music? Will the state just slip into the Ocean through the sheer amount of rock n roll? hell no. that would take a hell of a lot more force to move the tectonic plates.

Paper Tiger

Aviator Lane

Friday 27th August @ Exeter

Beneath the hanging terracotta potplants, *Aviator Lane* took to a rowdy beer garden stage. The 'good night out' crowd dispersed (hooray!) and the audience who were left seemed to appreciate basking in the chilled out surrounds. *Aviator Lane's* sound is sort of a hybrid between Art of Fighting, Sandro, and the clean guitar of some Mogwai tracks (think C.O.D.Y minimalism). However, they present less lament and treat disappointment with mellow warmth. I felt this really worked in well with the night, like the way you appreciate wearing a t-shirt on a balmy summer evening. The airiness of the cymbals, achieved with those padded cymbal sticks, and the buttery slow basslines were beautiful; yet I'm glad that the band took it further. The guitar work strayed from light apeggios and tender strums into louder open major 7th chords. They built up their serene sounds into driven rock while maintaining the subtleties that they started with. The obvious highlight of the night was the song *Lengthways We'll Run*. Its opening guitar groove reeled in the audience, who found

themselves nodding heads to an exquisitely steady, two chord outro.

The break between bands was fairly substantial though when Paper Tiger started playing, people were still willing to listen and enjoy. I even saw one audience member swaying all through the first song; maybe he'd had a couple by then, but hell he would've won the prize for appropriate choreography. The sway was short-lived though as the band broke into *Try to Keep Warm*, an upbeat folk-pop number with nice glockenspiel. They followed that with the cheeky rhythmic motion of *What Some Say*. The seamless professionalism of their guitarist Alicia deserves appreciation, as she managed to tune and reattach her capo mid-song without causing a ripple. Not only was it a slick move but it also worked in with the loud ending. The fifth song *Mild and Meek* sounded to me like the chord structure and rhythm of an old *Blue Bottle Kiss* tune but folked up. They rounded off the night with some guitar lick tomfoolery, and that song that goes like G, Am, Dm7, and it's really catchy and folky and yeah...it rocked! (apologies to non-musos but I can't remember the name of it)

All in all, it was a good night out, and one that I'd be more than happy to witness again.

\$3 Pints!

Free Live Jazz!

Cute Germans!

Sunday nights at the Worldsend.

Do yourselves a favour and mosey on down to the Worldsend on a Sunday night. The hike along Hindley is well worth it, not only for the cheap booze, but the stellar live jazz band. Hugh (guitar), Pat (trumpet) and Sam (double bass) are three of the finest (in more than one sense) young musicians in Adelaide. Students of the Elder Conservatorium, the boys take umbrage at being labeled a "lounge" band. Indeed, they offer much more. I was fortunate enough to discover this on Sunday, August 29, at approximately 7pm.

Pat and Sam were the first to arrive, throwing down some food and liquid pre-performance. The band's preferred refreshment? Squash! Sam expressed his apprehension about his new instrument; Pat seemed nervous about the need for lubricant (for the trumpet valves, you perverts); but these were unfounded worries. The sound of the group was too devilishly professional for a free gig. Each member showed maturity and musicianship well beyond his years, and a natural connectedness exists

between them.

Pat's tone is to be envied by other trumpet players. Consistent, full sound with a sexy edge I can't quite put my finger on, the trumpet solos were "spine chilling" reported one satisfied customer. Hugh and Sam have both adopted the habit of scattin along with their solos, but never too loudly. Just enough to hear the occasional tuneful murmur. Hugh made his solos look almost effortless, but they were by no means ordinary. He managed to find the hippest notes in every chord, creating much aural pleasure. Sam continued the solo success story with his efforts, putting in some tidy work in the form of consistently breathtaking double bass solos.

The sets were made up of cruisy cool jazz, "Beatrice" and "Freddie the Freeloader" (my request) being my favourites. Think Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis and John Coltrane. No wonder the guys balked at being told to play "Mack the Knife". The band is wonderfully cohesive, with dueling trumpet and guitar moments that were enjoyed immensely. The dynamics and balance were well controlled in relation to the surrounding noise. Each tune had at least one tricky rhythm element, which seemed no challenge to these accomplished players. Syncopation and swung beats were heard a plenty and appreciated. In fact, the fans

were out in force. A few comments;

"Adelaide's hippest young hipsters. The dean of music is a jerk" – Jarred

"Creamy head jazz" – Kris (what?)

"Pat has a cool phone" – Liz

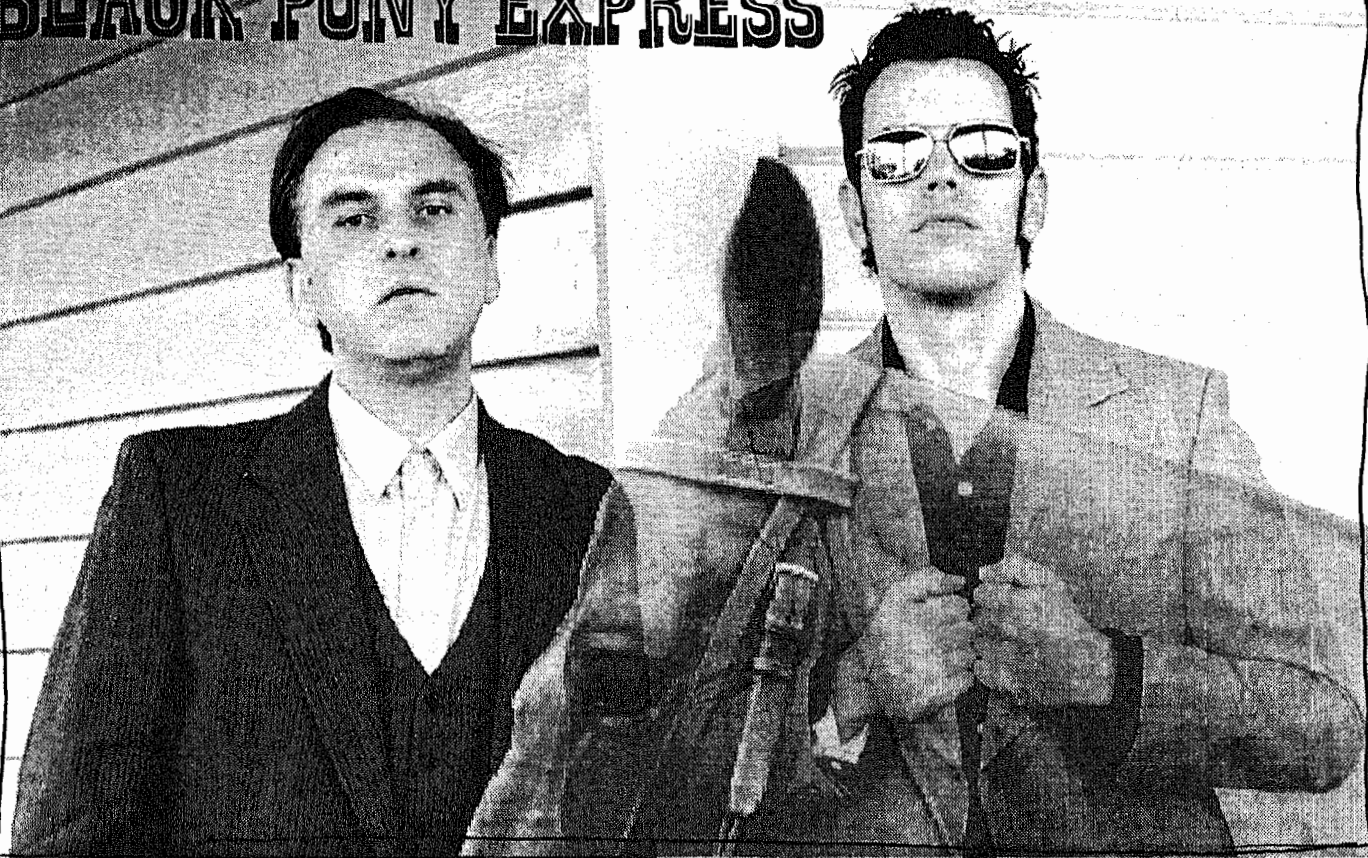
"Toll! Zis musik is hard to play na ja?" – Oliver (sexy German #1)

"Zey play really great" – Ronald (sexy German #2)

All had a fantastic night, it seems. Wayne, the friendly barman, was happy for the business, conversation and the "groovy" music. He also reminded me that Mon-Fri from open to midnight, students can get \$3 pints. Plus \$3 James Squires pints for everybody on Sundays. The band was happy doing their favourite thing (or maybe second favourite, I don't know them all that well). And the crowd was chuffed. Come for the eye candy, stay for the music. Or vice versa. I was stunned by the quality of the music, had the opportunity to flirt with hot tourists, scored a free beer, and a really nice guy gave me lift home. Thanks Ben! So the next time you're bored stupid of a Sunday evening, pop into the Worldsend for a quick half of amber and a bit of a boogie.

Heather McGinn

BLACK PONY EXPRESS



Melbourne's Black Pony Express have been in existence for around two years. Lead singer, songwriter and guitarist Justin explains that it hasn't all been a smooth ride for the band. "We've had some changing line-up issues over the years, but the main core of the songwriters, myself and (second electric guitarist) Greg have pretty much been the eye of the Storm". Alternating between delicate acoustic guitar driven ballads, juxtaposed with howling, distorted leads sees Black Pony Express straddle stylistic lines, melding mournful twang with moody rock.

Someone once described the Black Pony Express sound as "Johnny Cash jamming with Radiohead". Knowing that he's an unashamed fan of the recently deceased Man in Black, I asked Justin about his thoughts on Mr. Cash: "I think he's hardcore man. For me, Johnny Cash is "hardcore" music. I think he's a totally punk performer in that sense, where it's all about intent over polish, and that soul factor. That's something that we try to cultivate and is important to us." He continues, "I think if you look at people like Will Oldham, Johnny Cash and Dylan, people who have this real intensity that's not related to paying 64 notes per second, or having huge production values, or playing multiple arpeggios, it's about conveying a real sense of feeling."

As much as Justin is a fan of Cash's unique brand of storytelling, there are also many modern influences that comprise the Black Pony sound, beyond the aforementioned Radiohead. "Groups like Sparklehorse and Smog," explains Justin, are some such influences. "I wouldn't describe our music as "country music" by any stretch, but I think those sounds do influence our band, me especially as I listen to more modern stuff than some

of the other guys and I think that comes through".

"It's a hodge podge really," Justin enthuses on the ingredients that make up the elusive Black Pony Express sound, adding that many of the bands' songs are based around simple repeating structures which allow elements of the sound to remain open ended. "Especially lyrically, there are a couple of songs in a set where I just make up lyrics on the spot. The new songs are more arranged, but on our earlier recordings it was really simple progressions-people respond to that more I think." This approach leads to some bouts of improvisation within performances. "Greg and I have been playing together for long enough to intuitively do that kind of stuff, but having said that, the songs are also pretty heavily structured".

I queried Justin on his take on the live music scene in Melbourne, and where Black Pony fit into the town's varied musical landscape. "There's a really healthy scene down here. I'd say Melbourne's definitely the music capital of Australia. There's a lot of colleges churning out a lot of good musos and I think there's a very sophisticated audience, people are pretty open to stuff here." He reveals, adding "There are definitely venues and bands around here that we would identify ourselves with stylistically."

Justin considers such bands as Augie March, Heligoland, The Spoils, Diving Bells as kindred spirits, and Black Pony consider the Northside of the city around the Fitzroy area their scenic home; including venues like the Empress, the Rob Roy, and the Builder's Arms. Eager to play in Adelaide's equivalent cosy venues, Black Pony Express will be visiting places like the Grace Emily, Exeter and Jade Monkey, which Justin informs me

"has an awesome reputation over here among Melbourne bands" as one of our premier venues.

Having now performed shows both with and without drummers, I wonder how the sound of the band has changed now that they have a permanent skin hitter. "We haven't played with a drummer in so long it's been very exciting, it gives us more of a pop sensibility. "I really am enjoying playing with our drummer, and I don't see us not having a drummer again." Justin feels their time sans percussion was a catalyst for drawing out a lot of the band's potential. "I think as performers it pushed us a lot,

especially as our music has a lot of 'holes' in it, to play without a drummer was really quite confronting at first, so it helped a lot."

The last time Black Pony Express played in our fair city they were comprised of the core duo and showed no problem in keeping an audience interested without the drums. Says Justin of this tour, "There's at least three of us coming, possibly four. At this stage there'll be couple of guitars, a bass and some keyboards. We're just working on bringing down the drummer at the moment!" he jokes, but expects that the full Black Pony Express experience will be assembled for this latest trip to Adelaide, which will see them play three shows in as many nights.

Catch *Black Pony Express*, supported by local dark electro-popsters *Brillig* @ the *Jade Monkey*, *Friday 10th Sept*, playing alongside psychedelic power-trio *The Artax Mission*, @ *The Exeter Hotel Sept. 11th*, & in intimate mode @ the *Grace Emily Hotel*, *Sunday 12th Sept*.

dan V

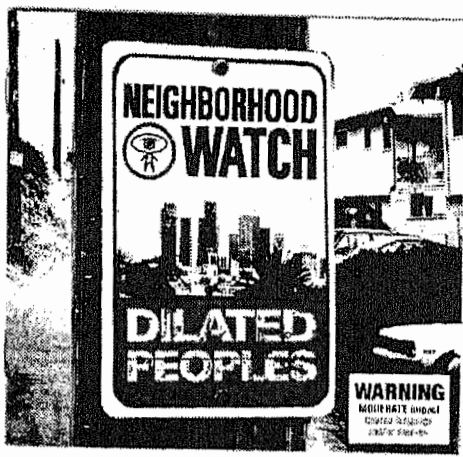
For your chance to win freebies to see Black Pony Express at the Jade Monkey, email onditmusic@yahoo.com.au with your details

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THE LABEL BEHIND LIVE MUSIC



Dilated Peoples
Neighborhood Watch
 Capitol

The opening track, 'Marathon', lays us on the back end of the beat, with a deeply toned melodically simple bass line, sexy yet subdued female vocals (by Noelle) on the chorus, while underlying this the ears are treated to an ever prevailing tinge of dark-seriousness in the combined effect of Dilated Peoples' three members at work. DJ Babu, with rappers Evidence and Rakaa make up the team, with a talented list of guests, including, Alchemist, Kayne West, Planet Asia, Defari, and Phil Da Agony. No doubt most of you (hip hop fans) have heard the name, Dilated Peoples, on respected album shout outs and on CD racks with their two previous releases, 'The Platform', and 'The Expansion Team', but by now if you haven't heard the music of this relatively new bunch of dudes, it's time to give it a listen.

The LA sound is definitely there in the raps and grooves, and why not? With so many of California's own historically significant stylists to choose from. From the publicly recognised N.W.A. and Cypress Hill; to the lesser known yet pioneering Blackalicious, Latyrix, Mystik Journeymen and so on., Dilated Peoples maintain California's tradition of fantastically innovative rap groups, whilst showing a deep awareness of, and respect to their musical forefathers.

The rhymes are ruff and un-pretty, genuine street poise balanced with intelligent respectfulness to all. Take the title track, 'Neighborhood Watch', BRILLIANT!! The tone of the rapping here is *nasty*, I think it's Rakaa who says the lines, "A lot o' cats out here aint playin'/ a lot o' cats here still gang-bang/ me? I don't bang I rock the good rhymes/ the whole scenery remindin' me I should rhyme", like battle-ready poetry. Then soon after this on, 'Caffeine', Rakka's partner Evidence sets it like, "(yo) I got twenty four bars, to heal these scars/ I'm the underground cat but still like money and cars (to which someone chuckles on a background track)", obviously it sounds better when he says it, but struck me as cheeky, and conscious of his own image.

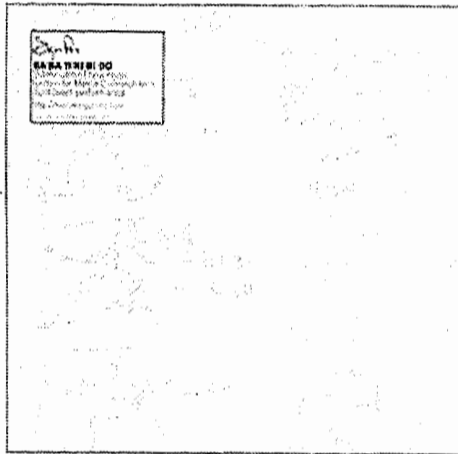
DJ Babu, delivers a cool homage to hip hop history on his scratch track, 'DJ Babu-In Deep Concentration', but more important to the album are his consistent, perfectly produced joints, unpretentious yet musically very hip, with a real street bounce. In this respect, Babu, seems to have been unashamedly spurred on a previous release titled, 'The Owners', by the New York epitomising duo, Gang Starr, while also inherent in his influences I found traces of California's underground funk-driven hip hop (pioneered by such groups as 'Freestyle Fellowship'), in his constantly grooving, harmonically aware

bass lines, and mix of very live samples with clean computer generated drum beats. So try to imagine the musical diversity of it all with old school Brooklyn, meeting the new guard of Californian producers, plus street slang spitting often socially relevant rhymes.

The most creatively produced example of such social relevance would have to be 'This Way', SO GOOD! Gospel choir singing with acoustic piano lines and background jazzy flute licks, which points to the pinnacle of their combined ability as original musicians, plus the concept of the chart's lyrics speak of the evils and problems in life's tempting vices, reminiscent of KRS-ONE's philosophical approach to rapping.

Over all, the album succeeds in paying tribute to the successes of the hip hop world, while presenting it with a potent and new form in itself. Dilated People have given the fans what they surely must crave, relaxed beats with intense word play. Simple concepts of thought balanced with musical technique. Very good music, for lovers of good hip hop.

Pat E.



Sigur Ros
Ba Ba Ti Ki Di Do
 EMI

Given the indecipherable title and austere cover art of this three track EP, it's no surprise that the entity behind this release is none other than those Teletubbies of modern space-rock, Icelandic ensemble Sigur Ros. Though it features the same enigmatic, minimalistic sleeve art and patented sound of their recent releases, this one takes a slightly different approach to the bands' full-length albums, as the music here was commissioned by choreographer Merce Cunningham for use in his *Split Sides* dance performance from 2003.

Because of this, the drums, bowed guitars and washes of vocal reverb are gone; in their place are the sweet sounds of twinkling music boxes and soft pianos along with sundry electronic effects, spread throughout twenty minutes of music, brimming with melodic detail.

As you might expect, all three tracks are highly conducive to blissed out headphone excursions, with the only thorn in the warm ambient pieces presented in the closing track 'Di Do', which features sampled vocals mashed up via glitchy DSP manipulations.

Whilst the production quality is amazing (there is a wonderfully rendered presence, capturing the nuance of every crackle and pop) and there is nothing wrong with the music per se, the sounds here do come across as very familiar. There are others that have sowed these sonic fields before, and with a little more substance and dexterity.

Though it is sure to please Sigur Ros

fans hungry for more music in between more satisfying album meals, it's certainly not the groups' most engaging work. Instead of dipping their toes in the water to reinvigorate the world of organic electronica, they should continue to reinvent rock structures as they have done in the past. Chalk this one up for the experience.

dan V



Missy Higgins
The Sound Of White
 Virgin

Triple J unearthed this musical beauty way back in 2001. At this point Melissa was still in high school, and before letting the music industry gobble her up completely her adoring fans had to wait for her next installation until after a year long trip to Europe. And this journey helped her to pen many of her current songs, so we've no reason to complain.

The Sound Of White is her long awaited album release after two tantalizingly good EPs, and sets the scene for finally touring as the sole act. However, opening the shows for people like George, The John Butler Trio and Pete Murray shows how much talent this 21 year old girl from Melbourne has.

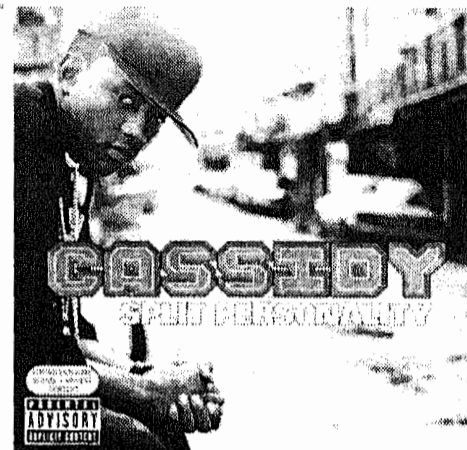
The entire album is peppered with scarce but effective harmonies (think Norah Jones) and although maybe somewhat ballady in places the twist of jazz that's infused throughout is very endearing, reminding me quite often of Sia. Furthermore she's no Delta Goodrem as the lyrical qualities of all the songs are more insightful rather than shallow. But comparing her to these other artists doesn't really do her justice - she has a very unique, developed style that bleeds with emotion and is raw, beautiful and not afraid.

To say which tracks stand out on a record like this is a difficult task. Obviously the opening track is *I'm All For Believing*, beautiful and haunting, and the one which bought the singer-songwriter into the limelight initially. Actually several of the tracks are lifted from her previous EPs, such as 'Special Two', 'Scar' and 'Casualty'. Her sound under the vocals is based namely around piano and guitar, but expanded with other fulfilling sounds. One that lingers is the dissonant brass in the opening of 'Night Minds'. 'How Long' is a beautiful ballad, whilst 'I'll be Back' has a wonderful groove to it that has your toes tapping. 'Sound of White' has some of the most striking images lyrically, "Like a freeze dried rose" just one example. The last track, 'They Weren't There', actually caught my attention somewhat as the opening piano reminded me very much of George's Fortunate Smile piano accompaniment, but as it progressed Missy Higgins makes it into something else very different and

equally as eloquent.

This is a beautifully interweaved recording of thoughts, words, emotion and sheer talent. Missy Higgins has produced something that inspires attention with every bar of music, and for that reason it'll remain spinning in many peoples' cd players for a very long time. Can't wait for the solo tour in October!

jenn



Cassidy
Split Personality
 J records

Simply put, I found this album not to my liking, and difficult to sit back and listen too. It made me feel uncomfortable, and embarrassed to be caught listening to, with its overt confessions of "a lady's man", and confusing, chauvinistic values. Derivative of R & B playboy, Nelly, Atlanta group OutKast (whose music incidentally I do enjoy), or any super-generic, modern day R & B, these ramblings of an image obsessed, pimp-player-wanna-be, should be ridiculed and denounced by the hip hop fraternity. (As if we don't have enough to deal with!?) Whenever I find myself wondering why people turn their noses up at the idea of hip hop, or American rap-music, it's due to my ignorance of this, probably large group of uninspired, sell out "artists".

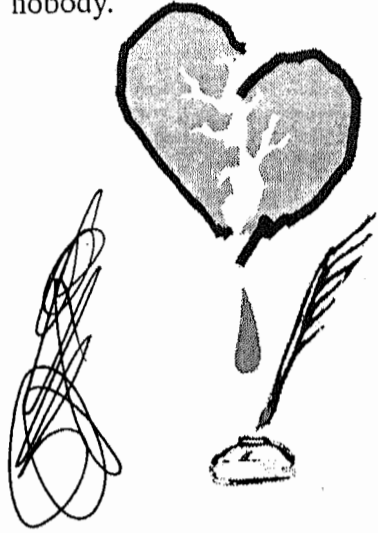
Example: one line on the track, 'Lip Stick', points out, "To all my chicks that strip and (are) makin the cash/ that's beautiful, keep on shakin yo ass". What? Where's this dude coming from?? Then take the opening track, "My Interpretation", which is introduced by a bizarre choice in Gregorian choir chants, eventually descending into a lamentable loop, over which Cassidy shows us he *does* have some enviable freestyle chops. He *can* put some verses together, and so I find it hard to understand *why* someone with such a knack for rhyming, shows so little in the way of intelligent ideas, or honest lyrical expression.

As a matter of fact, there's nothing (other than Cassidy's apparently cool rap technique) I like, or respect in this release. A crazy, mish-mash of styles from West, East, Redman, black man, and so on. Recommended for private school dupes who drive flashy cars with even flashier sound systems and need something to annoy neighboring parties on Oakbank Sunday (*you heard me*). This album is a novelty, which will wear off. Hey, prove me wrong. As it stands this, *Split Personality*, should be up there with such classics as, 'The Muppets Sing Christmas', or William Hung's solo efforts. Kids please, don't buy this record. Why not try the latest Roots album, or a nice DJ Krush CD instead.

Pat E.

CLUBS AND CLASSIFIEDS

FIND anarchic love next week when we trial run our love classifieds in sexualONDIT. Send in profiles/requests to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. And hurry, cause Cupid don't wait for nobody.



The Anthropology Club and the Anthropology Department invite you to the first in a series of Ethnographic Films commencing Thursday 9th September 3-5pm The Cinema Level 5 Union House The first two films to be shown are:
 Week 7 'With Morning Hearts' dir. David MacDougall (about life in an Indian boarding school) and
 Week 8 'The Kayapo' dir. Terence Turner. Each film will be introduced by Naomi Ofler. Don't miss this exciting film series!

Its Free



ULTIMATE FRISBEE

This alternative and exciting sport is on offer at YOUR UNIVERSITY! Thats right

Adelaide Uni. has their own Ultimate Frisbee Club and we want YOU to come and have some fun playing the Ultimate sport - ULTIMATE Frisbee!

What is Ultimate Frisbee? Ultimate Frisbee is a combination of rugby and netball. Players aren't allowed to run with the Frisbee but it must be passed down the field and caught in an 'endzone' which scores your team a point. It involves the quick passing of soccer and netball, the leaping marks of Aussie Rules and the diving catches of

cricket! Sick of BAD UMPRIES? Well be your own umpire and play ULTIMATE. This sport is self umpired AND non-contact! So for more information please contact Stephen Harfield, Adelaide Uni. Ultimate Frisbee Club's President on 0439 852 237 or go to the sports association and pick up a flyer!

AUUFU BBQ

EVERY Wednesday the Adelaide Uni Ultimate Frisbee Club will be holding a BBQ for your enjoyment and stomach satisfaction to raise money for our Frisbee teams Australian Uni. Games Campaign! Come and buy a Sausage or a Vege. Burger and send your ULTIMATE team to the TOP!

QUIZ NIGHT

Are you busy on the 10th of September? Want somewhere fun to go? COME TO THE AUUFU QUIZ NIGHT 2004 in aid of our very own Adelaide Uni. Ultimate Frisbee team! The venue is at the EXCLUSIVE Waite fields Sports Club! Meet new people! Win the prize for BIGGEST BAR TAB! AND compete in the race to win the coveted AUUFU QUIZ NIGHT TROPHY!!! So get a table together today and contact Stephen Harfield on 0439 852 237! Or [stephen.harfield@student.adelaide.edu.au/0439852237](mailto:stephen.harfield@student.adelaide.edu.au). SEE YOU THERE!!! AAAAAAAHHHH!!!! FRISBEEEEEE!!!

Adelaide University Writing Club - Inaugural General Meeting, 12pm Tuesday September 14th, North Dining Room. See www.auwriting.org for club info.

(page 35)

Want to join a J-POP Band? We'll be the best and only one in the whole of Adelaide!

In particular we're looking for:

- Bass player
- Female vox - should be able to memorise Japanese song lyrics.

If you don't fit the above but are interested in joining, contact me anyway and see if you can convince me. All expressions of interest/questions/hate mail to my student email: james.angley@student.adelaide.edu.au

The Inaugural Australian Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgender, Intersex, Queer Multicultural Conference has online registration available now.

The launch will be hosted by the fabulous Sue-Ann Post in the presence of Chief Commissioner of Victoria Police Christine Nixon and SBS Television News Reader Anton Enus.

The conference will be officially launched by Minister John Pandazopoulos MP, Minister for Gaming, Minister for Tourism, Minister Assisting the Premier on Multicultural Affairs and Member for Dandenong.

Guest Speakers for the conference include:

Anton Enus, News Reader, SBS Television
 Abd Malak, President, Federation of Ethnic Communities Council of Australia
 Daryl Higgins, President, Alternative Life Style Organisation (ALSO)
 Happy Ho, Medical Practitioner, Political Activist and Performer
 Juan-Alejandro Lamas, Board Director of FTM International
 Phong Nguyen, President, Ethnic Communities Council of Victoria
 Rodney Croome, Spokesperson, Equal Rights Network
 Somali Cerise, Co-Convenor, New South Wales Gay and Lesbian Rights

Lobby Tony Briffa, Vice President, Androgen Insensitivity Support (AIS) Group of Australia; President, Genetic Support Network of Victoria

Check out the draft program for this historical conference on our web site and you'll find an amazing Queer Multicultural Feast. You'll be informed by a wealth of experienced experts on issues that will include cultural identity and sexuality, health and well being, community and belonging. You'll also be entertained by talent that is definitely not straight nor Anglo. This will also be an opportunity for Multicultural Queers from all over to share experiences and support.

The conference is organised by a volunteer group consisting of dedicated individuals brought together by a shared vision. The committee would like to thank ALSO for supporting the event and our web site.

Be sure to get in quick by September 10th for the early bird registration and SAVE!

Register NOW and SAVE!

Any questions?: www.also.org.au/agmc

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Keep keepin' it
real.

Potter '04

CO-OR