

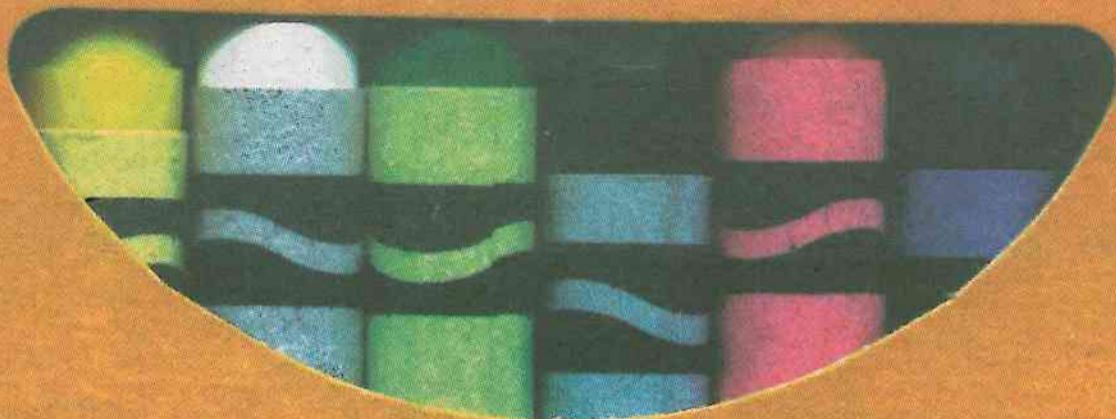
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NON-TOXIC

16 Different Brilliant Colors



On Dit CRAYONS

 **New!**

Multicultural
Range

16 CRAYONS



Volume 70
Edition 17
16/09/02



ON DIT

Volume 70 Edition 17 16.10.02

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

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About the Cover: Variety is the spice of life. As is multiculturalism. And crayons.

Wanna Write?

Then why not come down to our office, located in the basement of the George Murray Building (near the charmed environs of two sets of men's toilets. Note to users of the men's toilets: spelling and grammar aren't just flights of fancy to be used in essays, they are applicable in all areas of our lives, including graffiti). The office is accessible from the Barr Smith Lawns. For a more pleasant aroma, use the email address at the bottom of this page.

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Thanks go to:

Tim Williams (you're full of gold), Tristan (for his timely spiritual guidance), Gemma, Bonnie 'the desert' Cruickshank, Bek the Omnipotent Creator, Mark, Bubbles, Linda's dog Mischief (hang in there), Roy (hang in there too!), Bonnie's cat Smockie (COLUMNSH!), and of course, who could forget Eye-Chicken. He was the first, but he will not be the last. Except here.

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EDITORIAL

Multiculturalism seems to have become a buzzword that has slipped often silently into the Australian vernacular. While we pride ourselves on being an accepting nation willing to give anyone a 'fair go', the shiny veneer chips away when we're confronted by situations which force us to take a stance, when we decide whether to bow to the fear politics and ignorance. If nothing else, the events proceeding September 11 have allowed many a gaudy shade of true colours to sprinkle onto the political spectrum. It's a sad day when political satirists can accurately poke fun with faux Pauline Hanson comments like, "The Liberals have stolen my politics. Please explain." It's important not to stereotype and generalize, to understand people for who they are and not the sum-total of the stereotypes we have narrow-mindedly accumulated. Sure, it sounds wanky, but it's easy to forget.

It's about you. It's about me. It's about Mabo. It's about the vibe.

Since we have no space for it anywhere else, we feel compelled to do a congratulatory shoutout to the Law Revue. Excellent publicity, some golden comedy. It's about campus culture, and you know, that vibe thing again.

And lastly, to Moon Dog in the Channel V Music Bus: Please, please, stop trying to grope Linda.

Welcome to the politics of multicultural Australia

Since the movement reached the height of its success in the mid nineties, when Paul Keating had even managed to convince more Australians than not to support a national orientation towards Asia over the West, multiculturalism has had to withstand a multitude of unforeseen attacks. First came the phenomenon that was Pauline Hanson, then the boat people fleeing the Middle East and Afghanistan and the September 11 attacks, combining to spark fresh debate on the merits of the multicultural ideal. Conservative columnist Janet Albrechtsen even went so far as to blame 'Multicultural Man' for allowing the crimes of al Qaeda to

We have become markedly less tolerant of incomers retaining their cultures in a climate of suspicion towards Muslim and Middle Eastern people in particular

take place, saying "We tolerated the intolerant for too long" and "September 11 was an act of self-mutilation for our multicultural sins."

A Quantum Market Research survey conducted across the country earlier this year confirmed two things: a return to strong identification with the West as our desired national orientation and broad support for cosmopolitanism, or 'culinary multiculturalism', but not multiculturalism proper. In other words, we have become markedly less tolerant of incomers retaining their cultures in a climate of suspicion towards Muslim and Middle Eastern people in particular.

The survey, besides revealing a disturbing 15% of Australians could still be labelled 'xenophobic', uncovered a distinct divide between the opinion of so-called 'elites' and 'middle Australia' over multicultural policy. Less than 40% of elites (defined as those who read broadsheets and listen to ABC radio) believe migrants should have to adopt the Australian way of life (whatever that may be) compared to two-thirds of tabloid-reading middle Australians. The message is clear: Australians do not see cultural separatism as viable.

The ambiguity of the 'Australian way of life' points to greater headaches than trying to draw conclusions from poll results. The problem, as Paul Toohey put it, is that new arrivals "will receive no debriefing about what they have left behind or what is expected of them as citizens. They will, however, attend citizenship ceremonies where they'll swear allegiance to a foreign queen. How to be an Australian is left in everyone's own hands."

The wider debate has thankfully transcended the alarming passions surrounding the rise of One Nation, focusing now on that question of what minimum standards of adherence to 'Australian' values and institutions must be expected of migrants in search of the elusive formula for 'unity in diversity'. However, the world events of 9/11 and Tampa, together with tensions simmering over a series of gang rapes in Sydney's western suburbs, have seen the fight for multiculturalism reduced to a much more basic level in the nation's biggest city and most ambitious social engineering experiment of all.

The gang rapes committed by second-generation Lebanese-Australians threw attitudes toward the Lebanese community into stark relief. Lebanese-Muslims going about their daily business, along with various Islamic organisations, received no end of intimidation and abuse. Talk-back radio was awash with racist outbursts. Police reports,

Premier Carr's ill-considered statements and a sensationalist media played their part in stirring such reactions. Former Police Commissioner Peter Ryan described the perpetrators of a 1998 murder of schoolboy Edward Lee, agreed to be the catalyst for much of the recent trouble, as "the sons of the people who reduced Beirut to rubble."

Disturbing acts of retaliatory racism aside, the fact that the rapists had racially taunted their victims provoked some legitimate questioning about the loud, often quick-to-violence behaviour of Lebanese men and their appalling attitudes toward

women. One letter to the Australian stated: "Ask any young white women who live in the Bankstown, Lakemba, Punchbowl area of Sydney and they'll quickly tell you that going to the bus stop or local shop is often met with taunts and foul abuse by young Muslim men." It was said that whatever the mitigating socio-economic circumstances, someone must have taught these youths that treating women this way was acceptable. The cultural compatibility of the Lebanese was thus called into question. Could Muslim attitudes to women, within a liberal society bent on self-gratification, produce anything other than sexual crime?

All these issues swirled within a resurfacing official rhetoric about 'ethnic gangs' and 'enclaves'. It is true that it is unusual for one ethnic group to be so concentrated (73% in Sydney. Usually the split is relatively even between Sydney and Melbourne. Even so, Sydney's Lebanese community comprises only 1.3% of the city's population and many are Christian, not Muslim. In Bankstown, the supposed 'enclave', Vietnamese are moving in at a faster rate than Lebanese, who are still outnumbered by British immigrants. The feared and demonised 'ethnic gang' is also a furphy. Yes, there are gangs, but some are ethnically based, some are white, some are mixed.

The notion of the ethnic gang, producing what respected University of Sydney professor Ghassan Hage called "pathological panic", obscured that which many believed to be at the core of the problem: gang culture. "The culture of social rejects is always a violent masculine culture", said Hage. Another frequently used term is 'protest masculinity'.

NSW crime statistics would seem to back up this view. Gang rape was by no means endemic to Sydney's south-west. In fact, it was many times worse in other areas of NSW lacking Arab populations, where, as David Brearly remarked, "the only ethnic tag that might usefully be applied to the offenders would be white trash." Or, as another commentator asked, "Should we then reconsider our attitude toward working-class Catholicism? Should we be concerned about 'white Christian men preying on innocent Australian women?'"

UTS academic Jock Collins added: "Gang rapes of women have been about since white settlement in Australia but when so-called 'Aussies' do it, it is somehow less of a crime", pointing to the rape of a Sydney nurse by a gang of Irish descent. Unsurprisingly, Sydney's Irish community was not called into account.

Perhaps most important of all is the argument that acknowledging the racial

element of the crimes, even if it was a motive, serves little purpose. As another letter writer said, "Rape is rape, no matter who commits it. (Why) let the rapists set the agenda by treating their cruel boasts about 'Lebs' as the definitive statements on the crime?" The NSW Director of Public Prosecutions, who built the case against the now convicted rapists, described their motivations this way: "I think the criminality of the crime of rape, as we used to call it, was the primary motivating factor and I think the rest was just regarded as an embellishment by the people who were involved. I have difficulty accepting that this was some sort of ethnic offence by one ethnic group against another ethnic group. I think it was delinquent male behaviour."

Conservative commentators like the aforementioned Albrechtsen hit back with reference to the French problem with pack-rape, given the name 'tournantes' or 'take your turn', popularly associated with North African Muslim immigrants. However, they neglected to note that the victims of 'tournantes' are often Muslim girls, debunking the myth of 'Islamic rage' against 'white girls'. A Newsweek article described Muslim girls as "doubly victimized by depressed socio-economic circumstance and the fury of the boys who haunt the abandoned buildings where the rapes take place." Those pushing the 'cultural incompatibility' line

were also faced with the question of why first-generation immigrants, among whom culture is generally most dominant, didn't carry out such crimes. Were they more insulated from free-for-all Western values? Maybe. But they weren't subject to the population boom and plummeting economic status now facing Sydney's south-west. Lebanese unemployment in Bankstown is 39%, not helped by the blatant racial discrimination they are subjected to in the job market since the turbulent events of the last couple of years.

Some, like Nicolas Rothwell, have argued that multiculturalism hasn't been able to tackle the fact that cultural difference, even if it doesn't in itself produce crime, does impact on social mobility and hence impacts on crime. In other words, ethnic groups of some Asian backgrounds, with their strong attitudes toward education, are avoiding the plight of

the Lebanese and moving in large numbers up the professional ranks and social scale. But people have short memories. It was only fifteen years ago that public fury centred on the 'Asian triads' and before that the 'Italian mafias'. Integration takes time, but the signs that some Lebanese are on the climb are there already: They now comprise 3% of John Howard's middle class electorate of Bennelong.

In the meantime, the issue is far from dead. Last week, four Iraqi nationals on temporary protection visas were arrested for the alleged rape of two teenage girls in Melbourne. According to Neville Roach, the disenchanted former chairman of the Council for Multicultural Australia, the policy of issuing temporary protection visas to asylum-seekers has created a separate class of refugees, denied access to assistance others receive such as English lessons, who are being set up for failure - no chance of integration, joblessness, social dysfunction and ultimately violent crime. A typical bleeding heart view falling into the familiar trap of blaming the victim? Perhaps, but one that makes a solid connection between inadequate policy provision and outcomes that do harm to the

greater concern of multicultural Australia.

Of course, explaining away a problem doesn't get rid of it - it certainly doesn't change the reality for the victims of horrendous

sexual assaults. When 53% of Western Sydney would be worried if a close friend married a Muslim, and 20% of Bankstown residents identify themselves as 'prejudiced against other cultures', leaving the problem to settle itself over time is not good enough, and for the added reason that there will always be a 'new' group struggling to find its feet and sliding toward economic hardship and associated criminality. To this end, only targeted policy, not the name and shame, labelling tactics of Bob Carr and co. will provide an answer. But when middle Australia overwhelmingly supports a reduced emphasis on minority groups, that's easier said than done. Welcome to the politics of multicultural Australia.

Tim Williams

Talk-back radio was awash with racist outbursts. Police reports, Premier Carr's ill-considered statements and a sensationalist media played their part in stirring such reactions.

Notice to Students of the University of Adelaide

On Wednesday 6 November 2002 there will be an election of two undergraduate members and one post graduate member of the University Council, each for a one-year term from 6 March 2003 to 5 March 2004. The following members retire from the Council on 5 March 2003: Carol Foy (undergraduate); Mark Henderson (undergraduate); Helen Kavanagh (postgraduate). They are not ineligible for re-election as members.

Nominations to the positions are invited. A nomination must be made on the appropriate prescribed form and must reach the Returning Officer at the University before 12 noon on Friday 27 September 2002. Nomination forms and further information may be obtained from University Reception, Mitchell Building, North Terrace Campus, or by phoning 8303 4194 or from <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/governance/council/>.

Please note that the University of Adelaide Act 1971 is currently under review and may be amended before 5 March 2003. It is possible that Council membership categories will be changed. It therefore cannot be guaranteed that any or all students elected will actually take up a position on the University Council. However, elections are proceeding in accord with current requirements.

Susan Graebner
Returning Officer

shame Maccas, shame.

HOT IN THE CITY... OF HOBART

Get hammered. Get amorous. Save the planet.

That's the combined message from the recent efforts of two Scottish universities and the Tasmania University Union. How so? Well, University of Glasgow and St Andrew's researchers have used a bunch of students to prove that the 'beer goggles' phenomenon really does exist. They found that students with four alcohol units inside them perceived members of the opposite sex to be 25% more attractive than did the sober control group.

What's more, it seems beer goggles are remarkably indiscriminating: Ugly and pretty people get less ugly and more pretty by the same degree in the eyes of the inebriated, while donning the goggles has precisely the same effect on both sexes. The scientific explanation for the bleeding obvious is that alcohol stimulates the *nucleus accumbens* bit of the brain, which is responsible for determining facial attractiveness. The conclusion for the lay Scot is that a highland fling is only a pint or two away.

Meanwhile, The Tasmania University Union, participating in the 'Cool Communities' projects run with the Australian Greenhouse Office and the Tasmanian Environment Centre,

has been busy promoting energy efficiency amongst the student population.

TUU President Ted Alexander coyly explained, "We've had some typically Uni Student suggestions as to how people can keep warm without wasting energy. And while a bit of winter loving is one way to turn up the heat, we're confident students can come up with other effective, though perhaps less exciting, ways of reducing energy consumption."

Despite Mr Alexander's bashfulness, there's no hiding the message behind the 'Heater-less Hot August Nights' concept. (Those of you getting images of beasts with two backs and four heads should be ashamed of yourselves). Prizes are to be awarded for the most energy efficient participating student households in a 'Show Us Your Bills' promotion. The organising of a simultaneous 'Show Us Your T**s' promotion by those brilliant Scottish scientists is yet to be confirmed.

Regardless, there is no denying the logic that binds together these projects half a world apart: Share some Scotch around and you'll soon be the apple of an Apple Islander's eye - ready to hoist yer kilt, lower the greenhouse and recycle the savings in repeating the process.

Tim Williams

McTasteless

About 14 million southern Africans face starvation by the end of the year. That's a potential death toll equivalent to over 4,500 World Trade Centre collapses. Yet fast-food giant McDonald's recently saw fit to launch the 'McAfrika' burger in Norway, one of the world's wealthiest nations. The burger supposedly conforms to 'an authentic African recipe'.

Only after aid organisations fumed over the multinational's gross insensitivity did McDonald's react, initially considering sharing the proceeds of McAfrika sales with aid groups. However, the company eventually decided charity has its limits and instead has merely allowed donation boxes in stores selling McAfrikas and only for as long as the product remains.

The company earlier abandoned development of a 'McTradeCentre' burger, dismissing the concept as "absurdly tasteless" and "too crumbly anyway". Marketers for McDonald's Europe pushing a topical spin on the McFlurry, the 'McFloody', were also turned down on grounds of insensitivity. The company is believed, however, to be going ahead with several other promotional lines around the globe which it describes as "playful, cheeky concepts". These include the 'Mctatorship' in South America and the nostalgic 'Apartheid Pie' in South Africa.

Tim Williams

Safety on Campus

We here at the University of Adelaide are lucky enough to have a 24 hour, 7 day-a week security service on the North Terrace campus. The security service exists to ensure that this university is a safe and secure environment for students and staff.

Unfortunately it seems that many of us do not utilise this service. Recently there have been a couple of attacks on women near campus. It is important that all of us at this university are aware of the risks of attack and use the services that Security offers. We have an excellent service here, but it seems that many students and staff are still not fully aware of how the security service benefits them and helps them to stay safe on campus.

You can contact security at any time on 8303 5990 (or 35990 from within the University) or in case of an EMERGENCY 8303 5444 (or 35444). There are also Emergency Call Points located throughout the University. When you press the button, they connect you directly to the security service.

Car parks are also patrolled by security personnel. Despite their best efforts in patrolling the campus and its surrounds, they cannot be everywhere all of the time. If you are staying late, try to find a parking space that is well-lit and close to your building.

There are also lights around campus. When walking around at night, try and use well-lit routes and avoid walking alone.

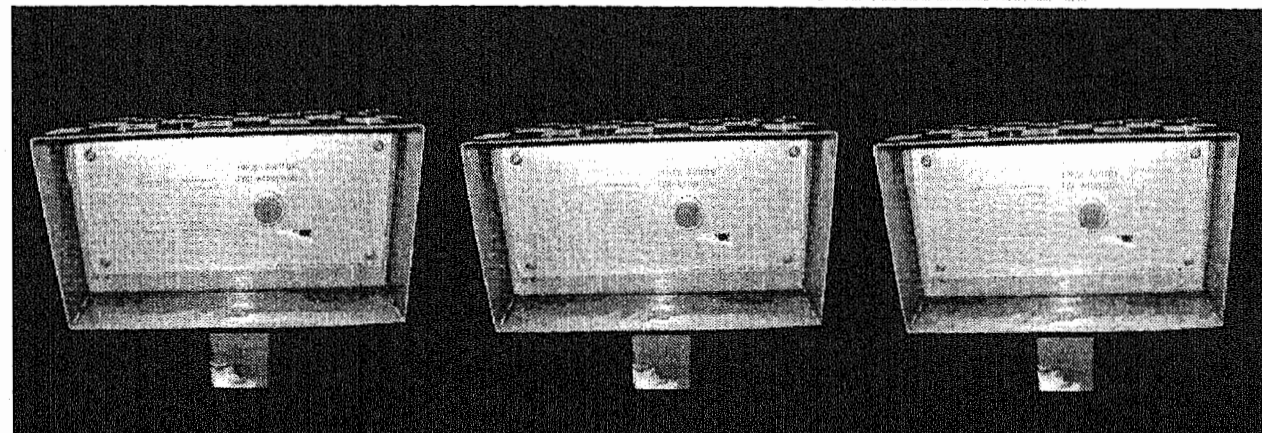
Security also has a FREE shuttle bus service. During term time, the bus leaves from outside the Security Office (Hughes Plaza) [From every half an hour to an hour - pick up a timetable from Security] from 5.15pm until 10.15pm. At other times, or if you have to walk to a location not serviced by the shuttle bus, the security officers will provide either a personal escort or a vehicle escort. You can contact the escort service by ringing 8303 5990 (or 35990) or through the Emergency Call Points. You can arrange a time for the security personnel to meet you outside your building. Both the shuttle bus and escort service will take students and staff up to 2.5kms from uni. Do not abuse these services. If you have a night out on the town, please catch a taxi home.

All security officers are trained Senior First Aid Carers, and carry a first aid kit. Call either security number for immediate assistance.

Security also offers FREE women's only self defence courses. The course consists of one three-hour session. For bookings phone Security.

If you would like more information about the security services offered at this university, you can drop into the security office on Hughes Plaza, give them a call or pick up a 'Security Tips' pamphlet from the SAUA or Security Office.

Elise Duffield
SAUA Women's Officer



Pooh says:



"Carcinogenic Japanese energy drinks help me maintain my shiny fluorescent coat!"

A community service message brought to you by the Carcinogenic Japanese Energy Drink Foundation of Australia.

Election Roundup



Mood of Elections

A hasty straw poll taken by the office concluded that elections this year were rather lacklustre, with a definite fall in General Bothing by most candidates. One *On Dit* Editor noted that she wasn't campaigned once, and managed to cross the fateful chalky line into the booth while the campaigners stood quietly to one side. Boring. How can anyone accuse the students of apathy when they are not prepared to annoy them thoroughly in elections? Really.

Banner Stealing

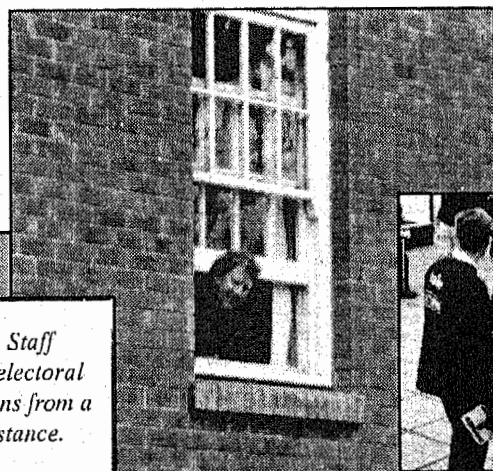
Continuing the trend of years previous, banner stealing reared its ugly head on Wednesday night as rogues made off with nearly all abandoned banners. Spurious rumours abounded concerning the thieves' connection with NOLS, the *On Dit* office, and the Brazilian Mafia. Said banners mysteriously reappeared on Thursday on Kintore Drive. Apparently the thieves' license plate was recorded by security. *On Dit* will keep you informed of any further investigations pertaining to the banners, as well as the repercussions for those hacks 'n' gimps meant to be guarding them.

Recount

Due to the overwhelming stack of candidates, the count this year was no mean feat. Added to this is a demanded recount of Union Board. Candidate Chris Fenwick has demanded the retotalling after allegedly losing by two (2) votes. *On Dit* questions why Chris did not just appoint a scrutineer in the first place, as is his right, rather than taking the "Hey, do it again, I didn't see it that time" approach. Had he done so, he may have saved the cost of the recount, estimated to be around \$2000 of students' money.

Coalitions

A detailed look at the How-to-Votes saw that factional deals and alliances were split roughly as NOLS/MAD versus Independents/Liberals/Student Unity, with the former dominating the field when the dust from the count settled. Some have argued that the aforementioned banner theft hit the latter alliance quite heavily, with the Independents having to dredge up their previous years' banners to fill the gaps. Luckily, their campaign, as with nearly everyone else's, used the same colours as last year. Speculations continue as to how much damage the larceny caused the triumvirate. In other news, real independent candidates made a good showing this year, with Sarah Hanson, Paul Grillo and Gilbert/Van Der Kolk being elected to their SAUA Office Bearer positions, and Nat Enright as an NUS Delegate.



SAUA Staff observe electoral shenanigans from a safe distance.



When hacks attack!!

The *On Dit* ticket hard at work on the campaign trail.

Election results

NUS Delegate

- 1 Georgia Heath
- 2 Sarah Hanson
- 3 Claudia Oakeshott
- 4 Bek Cornish
- 5 Nat Enright

(Provisional) AUU Board

- 1 Peter Malinauskas
- 2 Georgia Heath
- 3 Siobhan Reed
- 4 Amanda Wong
- 5 Drew Rudland
- 6 Adelle Neary
- 7 Sarah Hanson
- 8 Bek Cornish
- 9 Claudia Oakeshott
- 10 Meagan Hackett
- 11 Jane Kellett
- 12 Dirk Van Dissell
- 13 Rowan Nicholson
- 14 Georgia Phillips
- 15 Seb Henbest
- 16 Jakin Ravalico
- 17 Husam Ali Seif
- 18 Monique Eliseo

Union Activities Committee

- 1 Ann Mitchell
- 2 Josh Runciman
- 3 Victor Stamatescu
- 4 Michael Radzevicius
- 5 Sam Duluk

NUS Supplementary Question

- Yes 1090
No 118

SAUA President: Sarah Hanson

Education Vice-President: Leah Marrone

Activities Vice-President: Adelle Neary

Women's Officer: Georgia Phillips

Sexuality Officer – Female: Emma O'Loughlin

Sexuality Officer – Male: Jasyn Walsh

Environment Officer: Paul Grillo

Orientation Co-Ordinator: Daniel Joyce

On Dit Editors: Bonnie Cruickshank, Gemma Clark, Tristan Mahoney

Student Radio Directors: David Gilbert, Mark Van Der Kolk

SAUA Council

- 1 Bek Cornish
- 2 Sally Kellett
- 3 Ann Mitchell
- 4 Alice Campbell
- 5 Michael Van Dissell
- 6 Kim Marrone
- 7 Fiona Richardson
- 8 James Simpson

Education Standing Committee

- 1 Min Guo
- 2 Michael Van Dissell
- 3 Fiona Richardson
- 4 Misty Norris
- 5 Aurelia Stapleton
- 6 Sarah Eckermann

Activities Standing Committee

- 1 Kate Walsh
- 2 Michael Radzevicius
- 3 Belle Hammond
- 4 Britta Jensen
- 5 Victor Stamatescu
- 6 Ann Mitchell

Women's Standing Committee

- 1 Kate Walsh
- 2 Amy Cato
- 3 Julia Herald
- 4 Linda Mignone
- 5 Lauren Cox
- 6 Belle Hammond

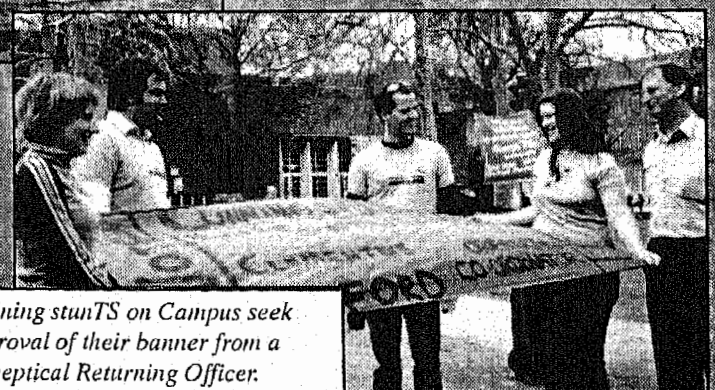
Environment Standing Committee

- 1 Linda Mignone
- 2 Jody Goreing
- 3 Bek Cornish
- 4 Britta Jensen
- 5 Michael Van Dissell
- 6 Nat Enright

Sexuality Standing Committee

- Female**
- 1 Hannah Stark
 - 2 Kate Walsh
 - 3 Narelle Lintern
- Male**
- No candidates nominated

In the absence of a baby, any cute creature will suffice.



CUNning stunts on Campus seek approval of their banner from a sceptical Returning Officer.

Close Encounter of an Egyptian Kind

The launch of M-Week last Monday September 9 was a great spectacle in itself. The Lord Mayor, in attendance with other VIPs, was most appreciative of the entertainment and food that were available on the day. It was a good week with food from Ethiopia, Sri Lanka, Malaysia, Indonesia, and gelati wherever that originated from (no offence intended). On the other hand the entertainment was quite a saga with the best performer being the belly dancer Nayima with whom I got to shake some of my stuff. I have never been to Egypt but I guess you know that I think of Egypt as shaken but not stirred, and yes, I have every ambition to go and check out the land of the Pharaoh.

Another more interesting dance was the Ethiopian dance, which looked very vigorous and I hope those ladies do not party like that all the time in Ethiopia because I believe that their fitness regime would give any fitness instructor a run for their money. Last but not least those Flamenco girls were really good and I cannot believe the amount of foot stamping that was going on on-stage. I am sure they were not displaying their contempt at the way the crowd was eyeing them and having a ball of a time.

On to the other stuff, I would like to thank and congratulate all those who took part. Shame on all those of you who took no part; you missed out but you'll get another chance next year. I know I will not be missing it again because

some of the performers are definitely booked a year in advance.

Multiculturalism is a phrase we all embrace but I don't think we know what we want from it. I like to think of it as an opportunity to experience what life is like in a different part of the world. Furthermore, it is the greatest opportunity to dispel all the media hype about certain regions in the world. It grants you and I an opportunity to explore the world beyond the limits of the box in the living room, although nowadays the box is in cars too and soon to be on your mobiles. The University of Adelaide has a diverse cultural content with people from various corners of this globe. I admire the fact that the OSA members involved in the organisation of this event were from six different countries. This simply illustrates that we are all able to work well outside the cultural backgrounds were brought up in. At the end of the day we shared our experiences of how things are different between our cultures and how views differ on simple issues.

Victor Otieno Asoyo
OSA President

Multicultural Week Round-up

Enemies of Multiculturalism

Multiculturalism has its critics. Although relatively few are outspoken, they nonetheless exist. Some lurk on the fringes of the political moderate right that extends into the extreme conspiracy theory territory of groups such as the Australian League of Rights and the Adelaide Institute. Some such groups cloak their racist sentiments in statements about the heritage of the Australian nation and anti-Communism, and claim that they are neither extremist nor racist. Others groups on political far right, such as the Australian Nationalists Movement, express their opposition to multiculturalism through the firebombing of Asian restaurants, or in the case of National Action, simply assault their target groups – but only when their victims are vulnerable and they themselves are in the majority (such as on a street at night).

At the other end of the political spectrum there are groups and individuals that disguise their racism behind a pall of anti-Zionism and an alleged support for human rights. Extremist elements in the Nation of Islam and certain anti-Israel groups spring immediately to mind. Sometimes the extreme left

and the extreme right are indistinguishable from one another: although ideologically disparate and under different circumstances would oppose one another, they unite to engage a common enemy. The common enemy is not always the same one – there are many such enemies on the political extremes – and they have many different names and identities – Zionism, the One World Government, the Bilderbergers, Freemasonry, and sometimes are not even named directly. However, one enemy that extremists of all varieties of political persuasions, ethnic backgrounds and religious beliefs recognise is multiculturalism.

Appeals against multiculturalism can take a variety of forms and intensities. One approach is to claim that it is simply not 'natural'. Jeremy Lee, former National Director of the Australian League of Rights, in writing about the British Home Secretary, claimed that "Britain is now belatedly discovering - as Australia is destined to do - that 'multiculturalism' is against both natural law and commonsense. A few idealists in the isolated environment at universities who have usually never had to cope with the real problems of cultural clashes, have somehow stolen and made illegal the homogeneity which is the natural order. What a price others will have to pay for their mistakes!"

The Australian League of Rights, as Australia's pre-eminent racist organisation – not to mention longest serving and best funded – is perhaps not the best authority on multiculturalism, yet it serves to highlight views that do exist in minority elements of the Australian community. In a similar fashion, Fredrick Toben, Director of the Adelaide-based Holocaust denial group the Adelaide Institute, wrote how 'organised Jewry' was intent on destroying 'gentile' Australia through multiculturalism "The [Human Rights and Equal Opportunities Commission] has a mind-set which in effect intentionally neutralises our thinking processes so that we cannot defend ourselves and our cultural heritage. We know for a fact that Australia's organised Jewry is behind the discrimination legislation, and the multicultural industry is its main interest. Yet, and this needs to be stressed, multiculturalism is foisted only upon a gentile world and Jewish Australians have exempted themselves from this forced path of social dissolution. This is an unjust act and it must be resisted by anyone who cares for Australia's existence as a unified society rather than as a 'nation of tribes'.²"

At the heart of such disturbing claims – other than the extreme racism that all pervasive in such groups - lies the misguided belief that multiculturalism will have one primary effect, namely the destruction of the essential nature of Australian culture and identity. This view has been expressed succinctly by none other than the leading body of Australian populist racism in the last decade, Pauline Hanson's One Nation Party "Currently, successive governments and the media, together with publicly funded multicultural and immigration elites, have imposed a wholly different cultural vision for Australia - multiculturalism. This policy does not simply mean encouragement of greater tolerance of difference, or the appreciation of ethnic foods and traditions. What we are experiencing now in Australia is a threat to the very basis of Australian culture, identity and shared values. Threats to our freedom of speech, the freedom of the individual overtaken by group rights, funding given on the basis of ethnicity and race rather than need, and our people divided into separate ethnic groups which are funded to stay that way. We see no reason why migrant cultures should be maintained at the expense of our shared national culture."¹

Such groups, and many others, all ignore one essential issue: what is it to be Australian? There is a blatant distortion of the fundamental nature of what they view as being 'Australian' culture, namely that it is an immigrant culture. None of these groups acknowledge that what they claim is 'Australian' is not the indigenous Australian culture – indeed, Fredrick Toben

claims that Australia's indigenous population arrived from India in the last four thousand years. On the contrary, white – dare one say 'Aryan' – culture is that what such extremists consider Australia to be. To be precise, they consider Australian culture to be Anglo-Germanic in nature. Whilst Pauline Hanson's One Nation Party may appeal for the protection of "our shared national culture", it deliberately turns a blind eye to the ever-so inconvenient fact that the shared Australian culture that it seeks to defend originates from all corners of the globe.

None of these self-declared saviours of Australia acknowledges the many contributions that the waves of immigrants to Australia have made. From the earliest settlers to gold seekers of the mid-1800s to the post-WWII immigrants and thereon, the experiences, knowledge and culture that each immigrant has brought to these shores have sculpted Australia's national identity. Australia's national identity is multicultural by definition, and no amount of posturing and denying by opponents of multiculturalism can, or will, change this fact. Appeals to

Australian 'heritage' that point to the constitutional monarchy and the once near-homogenous Anglo-Australian society can hide the intrinsic nature of 21st century Australian culture. Australia may still have a distance to progress before it has a culture of the depth of other nations; however, few other countries can boast of a culture that has the breadth that Australia enjoys.

Opponents of multiculturalism also fail to mention that few other countries have the relative lack of racial violence that Australia does. Australia has not seen the type or quantity of attacks on immigrants as have Germany, France or the United Kingdom – supposedly the bastions of fine culture – or the inherent racial problems of the United States. In Australia, the homes of immigrants are not torched simply because they are immigrants, neither are they attacked by groups of 'patriots' on the streets. Perhaps the opponents of multiculturalism should realise that it is their rhetoric against multicultural society that harms its successful functioning, not those integral to its creation – the peoples of the world who have chosen Australia as their home.

Anthony Long – OSA Research Officer

¹ <<http://www.alor.org/2001.htm>>.

² Toben. "The truth about organised Jewry's hypocrisy". *Adelaide Institute Online*. 67 (January 1998).

³ Pauline Hanson's *One Nation Policy Document*. Immigration, Population and Social Cohesion.

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I don't speak Arabic, but I can point you to all the best souks and teach you how to haggle...

I live next door to my friend Sarah. Sarah has lived in her house for her whole life - mum and dad, three siblings, menagerie of pets. Being a permanent guest now at Sarah's house, I truly have been given the opportunity to see how 'the other half live'. You see, I have never had what you might call a stable environment. This isn't to say that my family life has been disrupted. Rather, because of my father's job, I spent my childhood living in various countries and hence have no conception of what it might be like for people like Sarah who passes her primary school every day. While sometimes I do feel a little envious of her situation, I also feel I have been granted a unique opportunity for cultural experience.

My father works in the oil industry. I was born in Australia, but when I was about three we relocated to the Middle East where I spent the next nine years of my life. Initially we lived in the United Arab Emirates, but after a couple of years we moved next door to Oman. Most people have never heard of Oman, but it is one of the largest countries in the Middle East, situated above Yemen and near Saudi Arabia. It is governed by the Sultan Qu'aboos and its capital is Muscat which lies on the Gulf. These facts may seem boring and inconsequential, but the reason I am stating them is to demonstrate the 'normality' of the country. You see, when people talk about the Middle East (especially in light of September 11) they mostly assume that the entire region is dictatorial, harsh and unfair towards women. Further, they assume that the Middle East is dangerous and 'separate' from the moralistic values of the West. In reality, this couldn't be further from

the truth. While there are dangerous areas in the Middle East (as with any region) and you do have to be mindful of the cultural practises of its inhabitants, places like Oman and Dubai are actually peaceful countries filled with intense beauty. It is not unfair to say that most of attitudes surrounding the Middle East are based on uninformed misconceptions about the people and practices that are seen in the West as defining these countries.

When people find out about my childhood, they are often filled with many questions, most dominant of which is 'was it dangerous?'. My answer is always the same - I felt no fear at all whilst living in the Middle East and continue to value the years I spent there as some of the most important of my life. This may be to do with the fact that, as a child, I didn't think about things like danger. However, I do believe that my siblings and I were made aware through the attitude of our parents. While we lived in peaceful surroundings, they were conscious of the things that could happen through Middle Eastern negotiations with the West, namely America. When the Gulf War broke out, we were sent to boarding school in Australia for two years. Unaware at the time of why, we found out later that it was a preventative



measure. Indeed, through my father's connections, he had already pre-arranged a number of escape routes and transport systems should anything major blow up (no pun intended). As testament to the kind of man my father is, he had ensured these routes not just for his own family, but for all of the people who worked for him, including Middle Easterners who may remain and be caught in the crossfire. As it turned out, we had absolutely nothing to worry about, and as the war wound down my siblings and I returned to our home.

I say home instead of country. For a long time, Oman was my home. It was my base, the source of all my experience and I had a great deal of love for it. I still have fond memories of it today, but having spent the latter half of my life away from it, these feelings have subsided from a strong impulse to fonder feelings of nostalgia. Some of the best memories I have from living in Oman are too abstract to articulate properly on paper. The smell in the air of a balmy evening, a cool breeze picked up from the ocean right near our house, the beautiful prayer calls that marked passages of the day with an intense regularity - these things are all embedded in my mind when my thoughts return to my childhood. I met people from countries all

around the world, and for a long time I don't even believe I had a notion of what racism was. Having spent subsequent years in England and Australia now, I have learnt the word and seen it present in myself sometimes. I say this not because I feel I am internally racist. Rather, I feel I have picked up, learnt, the kind of prejudice that does exist in the West and am shocked sometimes at the kind of prejudices I hold. Please don't mistake me - they are not often apparent, but they exist as with everybody even those who have spent time in a truly multicultural, expatriate society.

It saddens me sometimes that all that I might have unwittingly learnt during my childhood has now been buried beneath the myriad of Western culture experience that I have acquired. More now than ever there exists a hatred towards the Middle East, and I know that it is extremely unwarranted. The Middle East has its foibles as does everywhere, but it is not wholly bad. Some of the kindest, most generous people can be found in this region but they are collectively lumped in with a small group of fundamentalists who are acting not from religious zeal but fanaticism.

Recently, an acquaintance of mine decided to move to the United Arab Emirates. He had done the Europe thing, and was now after something a bit more different. I assured him that he would love every minute of it, and experience the kind of desolate beauty that can only be found in areas such as this. So far he seems to be heeding my words.

Clementine Ford

Tertiary Transfer Advice Day Are you on course?

Have you been thinking about changing to a different degree program?

If you have, you're not alone. Many students do not complete the program they first enrol in, and change to a different program of study.

Exploring different career directions, considering a degree program you hadn't applied for before, or discovering that what you'd chosen is simply not for you can all lead to a decision to change.

If you know that you want to change to a different program, and you know which program you want to enrol in:

- You must apply for your new program through SATAC by buying a SATAC Uni Guide from newsagents or the Student Centre, and using the application form enclosed.
- Please note that the normal closing date for most applications is Friday 27 September.
- You can speak to a Student Adviser for the program you want to change to for advice about whether you can get credit for study you have already done

If you are not sure whether transferring to another program is the answer for you:

- You can speak to a Student Adviser for the program you are currently enrolled in, which may help to address some of your concerns about your current program - contact your School or Department Office
- You can come to the Student Centre on Wednesday 18 September between 10:00 am and 4:00 pm where staff from Student Services will be on hand to offer information and advice

Who will be available to answer your questions?

- 10:00 - 12:00 adviser from Careers Service - career directions
- 11:00 - 2:00 adviser from Admissions Office - applications, selection
- 1:00 - 4:00 adviser from Prospective Students Office - program options
- 2:00 - 4:00 adviser from Counselling Service - personal and life management issues

If you are not able to attend on Tertiary Transfer Advice Day, email sam.jacob@adelaide.edu.au to make an appointment to discuss your issues.

Clementine's Super Tips!

If you're planning on travelling or living in the Middle East, here are some things you should keep in mind.

- Women should NEVER travel alone, and be wary of travelling just in groups of two. As lovely as the area is, you still need to be on your guard
- You MUST respect the culture. Women are not allowed to wear revealing clothing in public. This does not mean head to toe covering, but avoid hotpants, singlets and cleavage revealing tops.
- Some areas do not allow the consumption of alcohol. There can be severe punishments for those who ignore this. During the religious month of Ramadan, eating and drinking in public is also forbidden to expats.
- Stealing is dealt with very severely, with some countries enforcing the amputation of the offenders right hand. (Eating is done with the right hand, other bodily functions are handled by the left. You don't want to use the same hand for both now do you?)
- Don't be scared. While there are cultural laws you must respect, there is still a wealth of experience to be gained. Go and enjoy the beauty, the people and the lifestyle. Some of the most beautiful beaches in the world can be found in the Middle East and they are well worth exploring.

If you are interested in learning more, contact me at clemenlemon@hotmail.com

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Introduction to Islam

Islam is a religion which guides its followers in every aspect of their lives. It is a way of life.

Islam is the modern or latest version of the message sent by God through Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses and Jesus. Islam was sent to mankind through the Prophet Muhammad. Islam is "modern" in the sense that it has come to complement the teachings which were introduced through Moses and Jesus.

Islam is a religion which seeks to give a meaningful purpose to our life on this earth. It seeks to guide us in fulfilling that purpose by creating harmony between ourselves, our Creator and fellow human beings. Here are some of the basic features of Islam:

The One & Only God

Islam is a monotheistic religion. It teaches that there is only one God who is the origin and creator of the universe. This is the foundation of Islam, and is reflected in the famous sentence which says that, "There is no god but Allah." (Allah is the Arabic name for God.)

The belief in God relates us to our origin and guides us throughout our life. The belief in one God shows that man should not worship any material thing or person in this universe.

By teaching that there is only One God for all humans, Islam promotes the sense of brotherhood and equality in human society - all are equally related to God in the same way. The Qur'an, the holy book of Islam, says:

"He (God) is One, God is Eternal;
He has neither begotten,
nor has He been begotten;
and there is no one equal to Him."
(chapter 112)

The Purpose of Life

Our life on this earth has a specific purpose; it is not the result of nature's accident, nor is it a punishment for eating the fruit of the forbidden tree. We are here according to God's plan: the worldly life is a test; it is a chance to prove ourselves as deserving of the eternal blissful life in the hereafter. God did not create us just for

a few years of this life. To be created just for this world's life would amount to a joke played by the Creator with the human species. Muhammad, the Prophet of Islam, said, "You have not been created to perish; on the contrary, you have been created for eternal life."

According to Islam, the final destination of mankind is the life hereafter. At the end of time, all human beings will be resurrected and will be held accountable for their worldly life. The life in hereafter will be an eternal life. However, whether it will be blissful or full of sorrow depends on how we spend our present life.

It was to help mankind in achieving this objective that God sent various prophets and messengers to guide them. Muhammad is the last prophet, and Islam is the final and complete version of God's message.

Status of Human Beings in Islam

Prime Creation: Human being is the prime creation of God. He says, "We have indeed honored the children of Adam; spread them in the land, and the sea, provided them with good things; and preferred them in esteem over many things that We have created." (Qur'an: ch. 17, verse 70)

Born Sinless: Islam teaches that every human being is born sinless; no child carries the burden of his or her ancestors' sins. God says, "No carrier shall carry the burden of others." (Qur'an; ch. 35, verse 18). Each human being is born with a pure conscience which can absorb and accept the true message of God. It is only the social and familial influences which take a person away from God's message.

Accountability: Islam also emphasises the issue of responsibility and accountability of human beings - each person is responsible for his or her own actions. Although Islam teaches that God has predetermined the span of our life and the time of our death, it does not mean that even our actions are predetermined by Him. We surely are free in our actions and are, therefore, accountable for them. God only provides guidance for us to know what is good and what is bad. He says, "We created man of a water-drop... Surely We guided him to the right way—now whether he (follows it and) be grateful or (goes astray and) be ungrateful is up to him." (Qur'an: ch. 76, verse 3).

Race: Islam very categorically rejects racial discrimination. It promotes the feeling of brotherhood and equality among its followers. God clearly says, "O Mankind! We have created you from one male and one female, and then We made you into different races and tribes so that you may know (and easily recognize) each other." Therefore, no one can claim any superiority over others based on racial or tribal differences. A person is to be judged by his character, not by his colour or race. God continues, "Surely the most honorable of you in God's sight is the person who is most upright in character among you." (Qur'an; ch. 49, verse 13).

Gender: Even gender does not count as a criterion of superiority. In Islam, women are as human as men. They are not evaluated on basis of their gender, but on basis of their faith and character. Fourteen hundred years ago, the Qur'an recorded God's clear statements on this issue. Out of the four verses, I will just quote one: "Whoever, be it a male or a female, does good deeds and he or she is a believer, then they will enter the Paradise." (Qur'an: ch. 4, verse 124). So there is no difference in the degree or level of woman's humanity or honour in Islam.

The only difference there exists is concerning the role which Islam has envisioned for man and woman. This has nothing to do with superiority or inferiority. In Islam, man and woman are equal in rights; but equality is not synonymous to similarity. Islam believes that man and woman are equal but dissimilar. Islam looks at their different roles in society not as superior or inferior but as complementary to each other.

Islam - The Religion of Peace

Islam is a religion of peace. This is evident even from the name "Islam" itself. ("Islam" is an Arabic word.) The word "Islam" and the Arabic word for peace, "salam" both come from the same root, "salima".

Muslims are taught to greet each other by saying "salamun



alaykum - peace be upon you." The daily prayers also end with the same sentence. In Islam, one of the names by which God is known is "Salam" which means peace.

However, one must realise that peace can never be achieved in vacuum. It is intertwined with justice. One can have peace only on basis of justice. "Justice" means putting everything in its rightful place. If one starts putting things in the wrong places, then one disrupts the social harmony and disturbs peace.

Islam seeks to promote peace on two levels:

Peace within One's Self:

A person can achieve inner peace by creating harmony and balance between their main emotions (desire and anger) and their spiritual self. In other words, between their emotions and their conscience.

Human's spiritual power or conscience is not a static phenomenon: it has the ability of growth as well as decadence. God swears by the soul of human beings and says, "He inspired to it to understand what is good and what is evil. Prosperous in the person who purifies it, and failed is he who seduces it." (Qur'an; ch. 91, verse 10).

Peace With Others:

Islam very strongly emphasizes on the rights which people have over each other. It seeks to preserve peace in society by training and urging its followers to fulfill the rights of each other. In Islam, salvation is not possible by just fulfilling the rights of God; one has to fulfill the rights of other human beings also.

Unfortunately, because of the Middle Eastern events of the last three decades, Islam has been branded by the media as a religion of violence. In recent years, the word "Islamic" has become one of the adjectives of "terrorism." In this backdrop, firstly, one must realize that the events in the Middle East can be fairly and fully understood only in the light of the post-WWI history of that region, in particular the promises given by the British to the Arabs. Secondly, no fair-minded person would allow himself to blame the religion of Islam for the wrong-doings of those who call themselves as Muslims. It is just like saying that the Catholic Church promotes violence and terrorism because of the Irish Republican Army's activities!

Muslims in the world

People living in the West and throughout the world should not allow themselves to be ignorant about Islam and Muslims. For example, there are six million Muslims living in the United States out of 1.2 billion in the world. Only 18% of Muslims live in the Arab world.

Demographers say that Islam is the fastest growing religion in the U.S. (and the world) due to high birth rate, immigration, and high conversion rate. By the year 2000, Islam is predicted to be the second largest religion in America if it is not already, surpassing Judaism, Mormonism, Jehovah's Witness, and other religions. In Australia too, Muslims are a substantial minority and are as much a part of the country as is anybody else.

Here are some things you can do with regard to your Muslim neighbours, students, employees, and coworkers that would be appreciated:

Respect their religious convictions by allowing them to pray, dress, fast, and socially interact according to their beliefs.

Be sensitive about dietary constraints, particularly when it comes to alcohol and pork.

Feel free to ask questions!

Islamic Students' Society University of Adelaide (ISSUA)

Please contact the Society, through the Clubs' Association, for more details or if you wish to become a member.

The Facts and Fantasies of Oriental Dance

What's in a name?

'Belly dancing' is what Westerners have dubbed this dance of manifold styles. It's been claimed that it was originally coined by American event promoter Sol Bloom during the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, who hoped to attract crowds of punters to ogle his exotic dancers. Those cheeky French colonials called it *danse du ventre*, or the dance of adventure.

Many dancers prefer the Arabic term *raqs sharqi*, or the Turkish *oryantal tansi*, both meaning 'dance of the Orient' or 'dance of the East'. This term also avoids an inaccurate emphasis on the abdomen as the focus of the dancer's body.

However, some dancers, for example in the Pagan community, seek to reclaim the term 'belly dancing' to honour the abdomen as the origin of new life. Some instructors may also use the term because it is more recognisable and hence marketable in filling classes.

There are alternative names that recognise the hybrid nature of some of these dance styles, where movements, costume pieces and so on have been 'borrowed' from other cultures. This can get confusing, with names like 'ethno-modern fusion'.

For the purpose of the article, I will use the term 'belly dancing', as it is a broad (if inaccurate) one, common to the belly dancing community in Australia, to describe a range of dance styles.

Disclaimer: This is not an expert, nor comprehensive report. This is more like an overview of a plethora of related dance styles, dispelling some Orientalist and just plain wrong myths about this art form. For more information, do a little research yourself (though avoid the Barn Smith and City of Adelaide libraries, they're no help at all), join online discussion groups, or take up belly dancing yourself!

Artistic expression or birthing aid: where did the dance come from?

Geographically, belly dancing is thought to have originated in the Middle Eastern region. However, myths trace the dance back to as early as 4000BC, across Egyptian, Greek, Turkish and Indian gypsy cultures.

Several sources I have read cite belly dancing movements as having been first performed as some kind of birthing aid in the Middle East and Mediterranean: sisters would help a mother in labour by undulating and rolling their bodies in curving, snake-like movements like the undulations found in the dances. The dance was also performed in fertility rituals and in spiritual celebration of birth, according to pharoanic wall paintings and tomb scriptures depicting temple dance and goddess worship.

Since those ancient times, the dance has developed and diversified through the meetings and exchanges between cultures in those areas of the world, perhaps catalysed by the journeys of some nomadic peoples. Strong dance traditions existed in many cultures and fusion of the styles can be found in today's movements (for example, African-style tilting hip circles performed in Middle Eastern-style routines).

The myth of the harem

What does the average person imagine when they think of belly dancing? Buxom, bejewelled beauties reclining in the harem, awaiting the Sultan whom they will seduce with their revealing costumes and sexy movements? Thanks to early Hollywood films, *I Dream of Jeannie* and other sources of Orientalism, this fallacy is now widespread belief in the West.

The Western imagining of the harem is a total myth. The term 'harem' comes from the Arabic word *haram*, which refers to sin, or as Muslim writer Fatema Mernissi describes it, "the dangerous frontier where sacred law and pleasure collide". From her perspective, having been born in a harem, the word is a synonym for the family as an institution. However you understand harem and belly dancing, it should not be according to Hollywood's 'T and S' (tits and sand) moving pictures. Israeli belly dancer Oreet Jehassi claims "it was America that made it sexual."

Also, knowing that this is what Westerners desired in Orientalist fantasies, nightclubs in the Middle Eastern and Northern Africa started to offer belly dancing as entertainment in order to attract the new waves of Western tourism. Although more reputable establishments may have presented accurate cultural performances, some seedier joints promoted 'belly dancing' shows which were more imitations of the 'hoochy koochy' burlesque style of exposed flesh.

In Middle Eastern culture, women usually dance for each other. Traditionally on festive occasions, men celebrate with Muslim communities still, the genders are segregated for celebrations and get-togethers. It has been said that Muslim women dance in a celebration of female spirituality, and as a form of self-expression.

As well, some dances are to be performed by both men and women together, for example those in the *saiidi* folkloric style, which with their use of sticks resembles something of a martial art.

Styles - from cabaret to tribal

Dozens of dance styles have mingled and mutated from the original dances of several cultures. All of them incorporate some way movements like hip circles, hip drops, hip lifts, shimmies (hip and shoulder), rolls (hip and chest), undulations, scoots, and head and arm movements. Among the styles are...

Tribal/tribal fusion: incorporates a mix of costume, music and movements from a range of dance cultures. Rather than performed in large cities like Cairo, Beirut and Casablanca. This is also known as *raqs sharqi*. American cabaret has been developed for a Western audience.

Saiidi: earthy, heavy, unsophisticated style, performed barefoot and flat-footed. Dances often relate back to narratives of folkloric battles. Men dance with a stick, while women twirl canes. This originates from the areas of upper Egypt.

Beledi/Balady: the 'dance of the people', performed to strong and yet simple percussion, and also earthy and unsophisticated. It features sharper, more

Goddess, Gypsy, Persian, Greek, Turkish, Tunisian, Lebanese Debki, Gulf, Spanish/Moorish/Hegalla: other styles include Goddess, Gypsy, Persian, Greek, Turkish, Tunisian, Lebanese Debki, Gulf, Spanish/Moorish/Hegalla.

performed to strong and yet simple percussion, and also earthy and unsophisticated. It features sharper, more

What to wear?

Costumes vary between social situation, purpose of the dance, and dance style. The scantily-clad woman in a balconette bra, sheer pantaloons and bejewelled navel is once again, a construction of Western fantasy. In fact, a typical belly dance costume may be more modest than your average woman walking down Rundle Mall in January.

Cabaret dancers are likely to adhere more closely to this stereotype, wearing a bra, belt and skirt, or they may choose to cover themselves more with a bolero-style jacket or tunic to cover themselves more and their clothes that can be removed or re-wrapped as part of the performance.

In the beledi style, women often wear a long dress, which can range from an exquisitely beaded gown to a cotton robe like the men wear. Bare feet have been explained as providing a connection to the earth, but it is also possible that because it was lower-class women who tended to dance in public, they could not afford shoes. Tribal dancers can take their pick of what garments to wear for their dances: the popular coin bra and belt sets, Indian cholis (worn under saris), tassels, head scarves, and even facial tattoos inspired by North African practices. Props are sometimes used in belly dance. The *asaya* or cane was originally used as protection by Egyptian peasants, and then were used in mimicry of these peasants, and incorporated them into the beledi style for twirling and accenting other moves. Swords and snakes are often sometimes used, the former in reference to times of war and the latter as a symbol of fertility.

Try it yourself!

Belly dancing is most likely one of the fastest growing recreational pursuits for women in Australia. It's interesting to learn, fun to perform, and a low impact way to improve fitness, strength and flexibility. Attending a class is the best way to get a feel for it, and there are several belly dance schools in Adelaide. The women in my classes range from about eight to sixty years old, and come in all shapes and sizes (you don't need a big belly to belly dance)! The two largest schools are probably

Belly Dance Arabesque, run by Shamira at 23 Payneham Road, College Park; and the Belly Dance School of Nayima Hassan at 240 Franklin Street in the city. All you'll need is comfortable clothes, a hip scarf, and a sense of humour.

Gemma Clark

★ The ERNIE Awards ★

The date highlighted in the diary of every high-profile Sydney feminist and socialite of the sisterhood has rolled around once again: the annual presentation of the Ernie Awards.

The Ernies, awarded to the most sexist remarks broadcast in the public arena in the last twelve months, have a rich history stemming from the labour movement. Back in 1988, the late Ernie Ecob resigned from his position as President of the New South Wales Labor Council. Ernie was notorious for his remarks about female unionists, most famously asserting that women who wanted to become shearers were only interested in the sex. Some women unionists decided to mark the occasion of his resignation at Parliament House, and the Ernies were born.

In the years since, the event has been held to shame and ridicule those men who have followed Ernie's example, and eligibility for nominations has been widened to include men in parliament, the judiciary and the media. Other awards were created such as the Elaine - after Elaine Nile - for the woman whose comments were least helpful to the sisterhood, and the Gareth, for the man who has done most for the women's movement (this award has since been renamed Men Behaving Better, thanks to Evans' affair with Cheryl Kernot being splashed all over pages and screens earlier this year). Judging is performed by booing, with the nominee attracting the loudest boos being declared the winner.

On Thursday night, the 2002 ceremony was held in the New South Wales Parliament House, and was attended by 400 invited women. Among the nominees were:

Some women unionist critics have suggested that the popularity of the awards

★ The National Party's Sir Albert Abbott, for introducing Queensland MP De-Anne Kelly: "She's a good candidate - for a woman."

★ The Anglican Bishop of North Sydney, Dr Glenn Davies: "The head of a congregation is like the head of a household ... it should be male."

★ Rodney Adler, head of FAI Insurance, for saying he wanted to pass his company on to his son. He also has three daughters.

★ Daily Telegraph columnist David Penberthy: (suggesting a way to overcome the ban on frank media pictures in Parliament by photographers focussing on one MP) "Let's make it Sophie Panopoulos, the Liberal member for the Victorian seat of Indi - and just take heaps of pictures of her. She is kind of pretty. She would probably look great when angry."

★ Labor MP Mark Latham, for referring to women as "just another interest group."

★ Federal Workplace Relations Minister Tony Abbott: "Paid maternity leave will happen over my Government's dead body." (an Ernie winner)

And the Gold Ernie goes to...

★ Catholic Archbishop of Sydney George Pell, for declaring that abortion is a worse moral scandal than priests sexually abusing young people.

has resulted in less and less attention being placed on the behaviour of men in the union movement, who were the original focus of the annual event. Others, such as *The Weekend Australian's* columnist D.D. McNicoll - who bears more than a passing resemblance to SA's own geriatric chrome-dome Rex Jory - have made allegations of anti-male sexism ("Imagine the outcry from the politically correct sisterhood if 400 high-profile men... gathered over a boozy dinner and voted... on the silliest public statements made by women in the previous 12 months and then made public their decisions"). Mr McNicoll, when I hear enough comments seriously undermining and disadvantaging the masculine gender to fill an entire awards ceremony, I might reconsider my stance. Until then, where can I get my ticket for the 2003 Ernie Awards?

Gemma Clark has an ear and an eye out for next year's Ernie contenders

Below is the text of one of a mysterious series of posters that were placed around campus on last Wednesday's anniversary of the Spetember 11 attacks.

September 11:
Put it in perspective

Korea, 1953
4 million dead

Vietnam, 1974
1.5 million dead

Iraq, 1991
20,000 dead

Somalia, 1993
10,000 dead

Panama, 1989
8,000 dead

Afghanistan, 2002
5,000 dead

New York, 2001
4,000 dead

Food for thought

The first thing I thought of when anticipating my first Multicultural Week three years ago was food. That same connection still remains, but the thing is, I often think about food and so the connection between Multicultural Week and food is not particularly special in my case. Free food seems to be an excellent incentive for student participation in general university life.

Given the centrality of food to campus life, I think that the recently elected editors of this publication for next year should perhaps consider an *On Dit* food critic, of sorts. I want to point out here that in my vision is Clementine Ford and her team. Given the huge popularity of television chefs and all that, food and cooking seem to be really groovy at the moment. I write now to merely suggest another application for this grooviness while it is still enjoying immense popularity.

My inspiration is Julia Roberts' character in *My Best Friend's Wedding*, because she did such a convincing job playing a food critic. Her use of jelly and crème brûlée as an analogy for herself and the character played by Cameron Diaz is mind-blowing in its relevance and simplicity.

Enter the analogous element of the *On Dit* food critic. Their work must always be chock-a-block with comparisons in order to maintain a cutting edge in the world of food criticism which seems to be forever using increasingly convoluted language. In order to clarify, I will offer a brief example of what I mean.

To begin with there must be an established Table of Conversion. It could begin with, jelly = ordinary, crème brûlée = special or extraordinary. Continuing along these lines, champagne = bright and

bubbly, mashed potato = dull but necessary, lasagne = layered, and broad beans = broad (naturally).

Thus one may wish to write: "Although a Bachelor of Arts may be considered a very ordinary degree, it is actually quite extraordinary. Like all other degrees it has elements which are dull but necessary. However what sets it apart is the bright and bubbly people who study and teach in the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences. A liberal arts education is special because of its broad nature, it can be accessed and used on many levels."

When re-written after consulting The Food Critics Table of Conversion, which must necessarily be expanded from my above contribution, it becomes something like this: "Despite popular belief, jelly is really crème brûlée. What follows is the method and essential ingredients required for this transition to be made. Begin with the mashed potato, it must be thoroughly mashed, be repetitive and consistent with your mashing action to get rid of all the little lumps. Set the potato aside, but do not forget about it, it will be required later but has nothing to do with neither the jelly nor the crème brûlée. In regards to the jelly, just add champagne and broad beans in the same manner used when assembling a lasagne. Eat the layers in any order."

This may be a weak application of my theory, but it gives you some idea. Actually it is very clumsy, but the idea is really groovy, a set recipe for some really pukka tukka and perhaps some controversial commentary on current events. So dig in and enjoy Multicultural Week when it rolls around again next year.

Gordon Cardwell has lots of love in his tummy

Fame! ★
Notoriety! ★
Gawdy Stars! ★

Why not submit some hard-hitting opinions to *On Dit*?

Hurry - there's only two editions left!

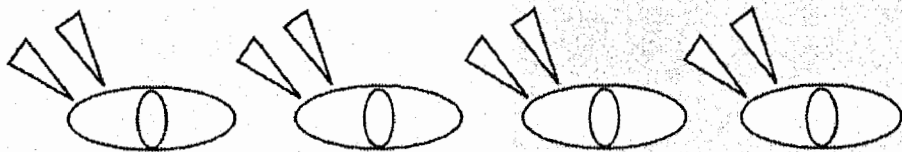
North Terrace

OPTOMETRISTS

quality
care **eye**
wear

Elizabeth House
231 North Terrace
Adelaide
Telephone: 8223 2713

Quality comprehensive
eyecare and eyewear
Eyewear with appeal,
performance and value
The widest scope in
professional and
clinical service



Student Card Holders Save 15%

The Stanley George Variety Page

THE CUNNING THEFT OF more than one or two election banners set in motion a rumour mill that could have generated enough intrigue to keep Lawrie Brereton busy for months. Call me a shameless scandal monger, but I can't help but be rivetted by the hullabaloo generated by the disappearance – and mysterious reappearance – of a few relatively inexpensive pieces of cheesecloth. Naturally, the co-ordinators of one or two prominent factions were less amused. Rumours of sabotage sent many an indignant hack into a paranoid frenzy, as did speculation that licence plates were recorded by campus security on behalf of the police and – scarier still – the Returning Officer.

Ooooooh.

It took less than 24 hours for the banners to miraculously show up in a nice, neat pile just off Kintore Avenue. It seems that the mysterious nocturnal thieves folded under the potential wrath of the factional bosses. Indeed, one faction is continuing to make formal complaints to the election tribunal, welcoming the possibility of a bona fide police investigation.

Hang about. A police investigation? What next? A Royal Commission? Perhaps, unlike our friends in the United States, political factions on campus should ask themselves why

such heinous crimes are committed, rather than demanding instant retribution. What is it about student elections that leaves the rest of us feeling so apathetic and disillusioned?

There are a number of theories.

To me, the most plausible explanation lies in the fact that the results of elections are largely determined by marketing. Sure, deals are struck prior to the ballot, but these deals are for the most part based on which group of candidates will run the most effective marketing campaign. Hence, the larger, slicker, more marketing-orientated factions tend to dominate. Average students like you and me are overwhelmed by colourful campaign tickets, fake-best-friend direct marketers and – those patronising symbols of a gullible student body – banners.

As far as I'm concerned, banners

represent everything foul about student elections at this university. Candidates are compelled to have the prettiest banners and the most numbers on the ground, rather than the most rational policies. Voters are treated like gormless consumers to be gobsmacked by huge pieces of painted canvas, rather than policies or ideology. Since when did democracy so closely resemble a peacock mating season?

This – or something to that effect – was going through the minds of those fiendish criminals responsible for the mystery of the missing banners. They thought little of what passes for democratic elections at this university, and saw fit to flip the whole process the proverbial bird. God bless them, I say.

And God bless the stubborn soul of the candidate – let's call him 'Bob' for the time being – who was offered a scandalous amount of alcohol and marijuana to withdraw his candidacy. The bribe was allegedly offered by a factional stalwart who, for the present, we shall refer to as 'Sam'.

Mercifully, Bob refused to bite Sam's evil apple and went on to run what many people saw to be one of the less despicable campaigns. He tells me that at the time, he was more than a little tempted by the offer. Hell, Christ himself would have been tempted by a case of scotch and half a pound of ganja.

Naturally, if anyone is interested in learning Bob and Sam's true identities, they'd better bear in mind my weakness for cigarettes, dark beer and fine cheese.

TO MY MIND, DEMOCRACY appears to be disturbingly far down the list of variables affecting the outcome of student elections at this university.

Much like their state and federal cousins, our elections are largely determined by a hideous combination of pre-ballot dealing, brand-based marketing, nepotism, theft, and outright bribery. Hell, it's always been like this. Elections at Adelaide are historically the most vicious in the country. Sometime in our history we became the kind of

place where the likes of Pyne, Vanstone and Stott Despoja could flourish and eventually scuttle out of the SAUA office.

Part of the beauty of a week-long ballot comes from the fact that students can watch campaigns morph and change *while they vote*. Strategic deals become as good as tactical, right up until those last frantic hours before the poll closes on Friday. Lines of campaigners form outside entrances to polling tents. Candidates and their naïve minions harass both passers by and those about to cast their vote, flouting any pretext of a secret ballot.

This year's election, although not quite the worst ever, unfolded into a fascinating web of intrigue, from the vague negotiations held months before polls opened to the withdrawal of a dozen or so candidates during and just prior to the week itself.



Clearly, Stan (right) takes campaigning very seriously.

So-called 'shitsheets' are a prime example of the pettier measures taken by those behind the scenes of factional campaigns. Along with the rhetorical muck that was raked on blackboards across campus, spurious flyers were strewn on seats in lecture theatres that accused candidates of corruption and mismanagement. One shitsheet distributed on the Friday before election week made questionable allegations of incompetence on the part of the current SAUA administration that were clearly based on rumour, hearsay and damning statements made by conveniently anonymous councillors. Its author even had the gall to call the thing *On Dit Uncensored*.

Another semi-anonymous flier surfaced midway through the ballot attacking an independent presidential candidate with the aid of painfully fraudulent details about her budget expenditure. Naturally, no specific candidate claimed responsibility for either of the shitsheets. As far as the *Stanley George Variety Page* is concerned, embittered hacks should at least have the yarbles put their names behind their own smear campaigns.

In light of all this bitterness, there is little wonder that voter turnout has fallen over the last few years. This year a heartening number of votes for 'No Candidate' emerged out of the relatively small turnout. Few people seem to take seriously the fact that a No Candidate vote basically amounts to scrawling *Fuck the lot of you!* on the ballot paper. Jokes on the ground about the committed campaign that No Candidate had put together abounded, right up until the final count which revealed a stunning performance in the race for SAUA President. Some were surprised at the handy dose of preferences that flowed to both the No Candidate ticket and its lesser known coalition partner, 'Committee Vacant'.

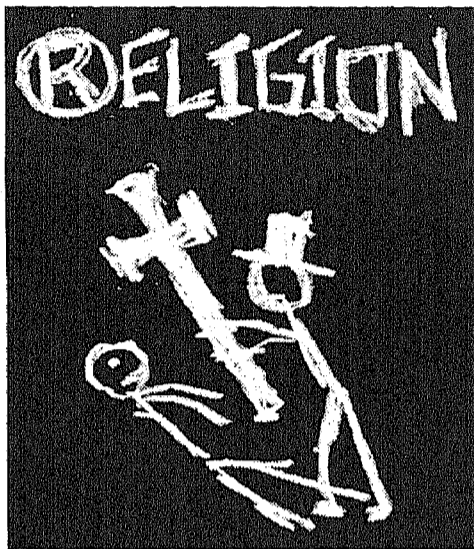
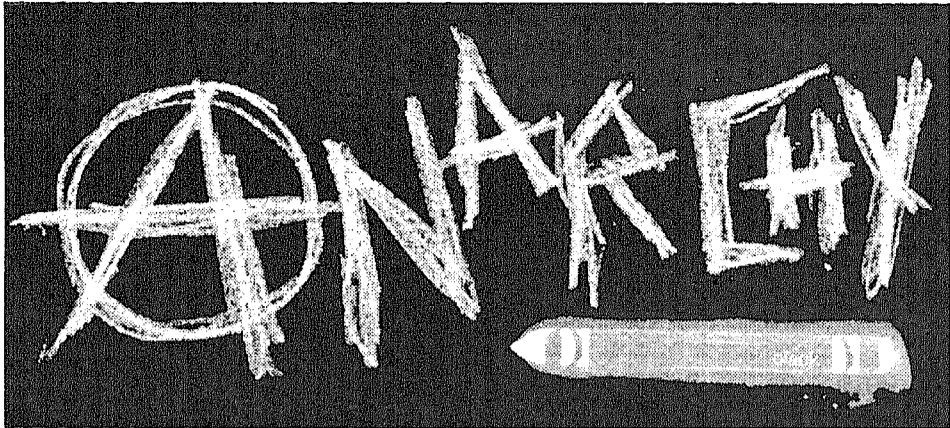
When voters are deliberately placing the prospect of appointed representatives ahead of the majority of the candidates on the ballot, you know it's time to look at why there are so many voices of dissent.

VOTE 1
NO CANDIDATE
★
The REAL voice
of dissent.

The success of independent candidates such as Sarah Hanson, Paul Grillo and Nat 'Apathetic Fat Bastard' Enright (elected SAUA President, Environment Officer and NUS delegate respectively) shows how disillusioned we are with factional student representation. What's more, they have managed to set a heart-warming precedent, proving that student representatives don't need a factional behemoth behind them to be taken seriously. Sure, these candidates were sharp enough to take advantage of preference deals, but none of these deals involved their performance in their elected offices. Somehow, *The Stanley George Variety Page* doubts that the likes of Hanson or Grillo will happily climb in anyone's pocket.

All things said and done, we should at least be thankful for the semblance of democracy that we have. After all, an alternative system where student representatives and office bearers are appointed by administrative staff doesn't bear thinking about. For the time being, this university is entrenched in a nation-wide system of factionalism, which, truth be told, is better than no student-organised system at all. Nevertheless, the necessity of factions and factional dealing is becoming harder and harder to justify.

Tristan Mahoney is sick of the campaign trail



Anarchism is about the absence of authority and the creation of true autonomy; religion, by contrast, involves the willful abdication of all that is best in humanity. By divesting itself of its capacity for autonomy, and transferring it onto a metaphysical abstraction, humanity has been complicit in its own enslavement. For anarchism, religion and authority are inextricably linked. The aim of any self-respecting anarchist, therefore, is to end humanity's subjection to belief systems that wield arbitrary authority, that is, organised religion.

Now we have a reasonable understanding of the anarchist position regarding religion. But where does this leave us today? The pincer movement of authority, in the form of the state and religion, was supposedly derailed by the Enlightenment. Science and reason allegedly ended the dominance of superstition and self-imposed loathing, which is synonymous with most religions. The secular state guaranteed the citizens right to worship, but organized society in a non-religious fashion.

Is this the case? Religion, and, in particular, Christianity, has shown itself unwilling to cede its authority. Its all purpose justification for political murder, it would seem, is too tempting for the state to relinquish. The 'religious' crusade of George W Bush is a wonderful example of Christ's utility as a political killing machine. The unwillingness of the US, its apologists and accomplices, to analyze the nature of international discontent toward it is completely circumnavigated by the utterance of one single word: 'God.' Bush has leapt on God's back, with Christ riding shotgun – and now they are off to the Middle East (the home of Jesus, if I remember my Sunday school!) to avenge the death of Christians.

This scenario is wrong on so many levels that it is hard to know where to start. Firstly, I have this nagging memory about killing being wrong in most religions, but I may be incorrect. Secondly, when Bush aligns himself with God, he is logically accepting the inevitability of the impending Armageddon: the second coming of Christ. Now, it won't require a theologian to appreciate the problems this generates for the relationship

between the President and right wing Zionists, as well as the US/ Israeli strategic relationship in general. To invoke Christ or not to invoke Christ, whatever is expedient!

Armageddon also conjures more scenarios of amusement and despair. Essentially, Bush is killing with religious zeal. His only aim, it would seem, is to preserve US democracy for its biblically ordained tribulations. Have Bush and his murderous Christian-millionaire gang a place set-aside for themselves in the rapture? Will God have them? Will God save anyone who supported or condoned these actions? Surely, as Christians, they should know that God is the only judge; and, if a belief in God is what Bush is motivated by, he should turn the other cheek, not add another country to America's list of direct victims.

This is merely one practical example of the wonderful belief system known as religion, more specifically, Christianity. The religious state is alive and well, and roaming the world with a taste for killing. Why would an anarchist support it? Why would anyone support it? Laden with hypocrisy, with little positive to offer humanity, religion is a redundant throwback to a time when kowtowing was par for the course. True human liberation and autonomy cannot be achieved while we are still shackled by the alliance of authority and religion.



The traditions of anarchism are very deeply rooted in Spain. Indeed, Spain is the only country in which anarchism 'developed into a major social movement which seriously threatened the state.' The foundations of Spanish anarchism are varied. However, the main impetus derived from the long-standing traditions of independent communes, in which the anarchist principles of 'autonomy, association and federation' organically developed with the compatible social culture. These tendencies were nurtured and honed by important anarchist figures, such as Pi y Margall, a Catalan inspired by Proudhon, and the indefatigable anarchist revolutionary, Mikhail Bakunin, among others. Margall and Bakunin can take much of the credit for the culmination of these radical Spanish tendencies, which erupted during the revolution and civil war of the 1930s.

The political and social flux, which culminated in the revolution, was by no means

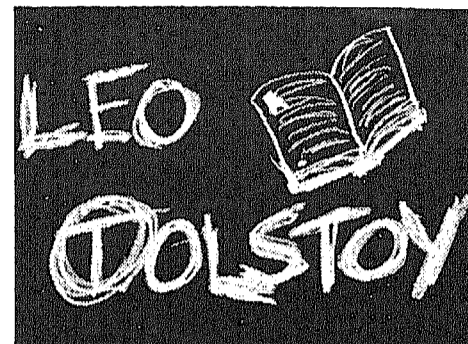
the first such phenomena in Spain. Indeed, political violence was generally considered 'unexceptional since the Napoleonic Wars.' However, in the 1930s, the fundamental principles of anarchism came closest to providing the basis of social and economic organisation. In the turbulence of the change in social order, an attempt to 'normalise' the situation was made and elections were held. The resulting democracy failed and was replaced by a doomed Monarchy, which, in its turn, collapsed in 1931. This development led to another attempt to establish democracy, which resulted in the establishment of a Popular Front Republic. Among the most influential organisations that emerged as a part of the Popular Front was the Confederacion Nacional del Trabajo (CNT). The CNT was officially formed in 1911, although it dated back to the First International in Spain in 1868, and was a largely anarchist trade union movement, with a membership of around two million by the time of the Civil War.

On cue, the 'right,' in the form of Franco and his co-conspirators, reacted by attempting to re-establish the primacy of the Church and the bourgeoisie. The attempted *coup d'etat* came in the form of an invasion by the bulk of the national army. The Popular Front, including communists, Trotskyists and anarchists, established armed militia units to combat the fascists. Politically, the CNT was increasingly pressured into entering into more formal modes of 'government,' effectively compromising much of what they stood for. To add to an already complex situation, the communists, who were politically Stalinist and recipients of Soviet aid, began to turn their attention to the anarchists. Relations between the USSR and the CNT had been sour since 1922, when the CNT labeled the USSR a 'dictatorship', and, importantly, not one in the interests of the proletariat. Stalin would exact a double revenge on Spain by working to eliminate the Spanish anarchists and using his Spanish communist connections to liquidate Lev Trotsky.

The outlook for anarchism was grim. However, before the 'Right' and the predictably authoritarian agenda of the Stalinist communists toppled the Popular Front, Republican Spain saw the large-scale emergence of voluntary co-operatives. These co-ops, led mostly by anarchists, existed in agricultural, industrial and even the white-collar sectors. At its height, the co-op movement involved from between 5 to 5.5 million people and encompassed the whole spectrum of social life. Co-operatives ran entire cities, such as Barcelona, a useful account of which is provided, with great admiration, by George Orwell in *Homage to Catalonia*. Unfortunately, such human liberation was unacceptable to both the fascists and the authoritarian communists, and the co-op movement failed to last even a year. Attacked from the outside by Franco and cannibalised from within by the communists, the Civil War and the social revolution were lost.

The regime of Franco lasted until the late 1970s. During this period, anarchism was ruthlessly suppressed. A truly liberating social movement, which had shown such promise in the late 1930s, and had its roots early in the nineteenth century, appeared all but crushed. However, the reaction of the right appears to have been insufficient in annihilating anarchist principles from Spanish culture. The development of the Mondragon co-operative federation, a decade or so after the Civil War was lost, shows the resilience of Spanish anarchist principles. As we have

seen earlier, (*On Dit*, Vol. 70, Ed. 15) Mondragon is one of the most important working alternatives to market capitalism in the world, and provides a glimmer of hope for those who desire more humanity in the economic forms of production, and work in general. All the while Spanish principles of anarchy survive, there may be hope for the rest of us.



Tolstoy is most famously known for his brilliant historical novel *War and Peace*. However, out of his philosophical outlook arises a form of anarchism that differentiates him from most other anarchists and provided inspiration for many twentieth century movements.

Tolstoy was born into the Russian aristocracy. In his youth he fully enjoyed the benefits which his status brought him. Active service in the Crimean War (1854) and the witnessing of a public execution in Paris started to turn the young Tolstoy away from the corrupting influence of the State.

Expounding the evils of state oppression Tolstoy gave a compounding and vicious account of how things truly were (and are!). The state commits violence against its citizens: examples of this being conscription and taxation. Yet, we are told, this violence is committed for the sake of each citizen. "Laws are rules made by people who govern by means of organised violence, for non-compliance with which the non-complier is subjected to blows, a loss of liberty, or even to being murdered." In this matter the state has a vested interest in violence; violence which is not only dealt out to its own citizens, but at the same time against other states – which is justified to protect its citizens! Such a system is a malevolent contradiction. Nationalism, too, perpetuated violence. It just creates arms races between nations because of fear; which then enabled the state to accumulate more resources to ultimately employ against their own citizens.

Out of this Tolstoy came to the conclusion that those who want to work against the state should not employ violence. If they did, it was just self-perpetuating; in the end the state just produces more violence to contend with the problem. Thus, pacific resistance is the only method to get the point across. This would include allowing the state to confiscate your property etc. without a fight. Eventually the resources deployed would outdo the gains achieved.

Tolstoy saw the universal outgrowth of brotherly love being the only way out of the vicious circle of violence. Although this aspect of Tolstoy was couched in religious terms, it was more an outlook of humanism. And humanism, if nothing else, has been missing in this world. Echoing the work of Godwin, Tolstoy saw the gradual change in conscience as the only way to achieve true freedom. If we all possessed Tolstoy's humanism, which entails pacifism, the state would eventually wither away; non-resistance would eventually prevail against the tumultuous forces of oppression.

The AUAU

STUDENT RADIO - MORE FUN THAN A MONKEY.

Hey hey hey kids!
 Student Radio is a great way to spend any night from 9pm 'til late, especially Monday, Tuesday or Saturday nights. So turn on your radio, tune it into 101.5 FM, sit back and let the good times roll.

This Saturday night features Jakin and Stacey playing all the best in indie/alternative music from 9pm on *If You Think I'm Crazy...* It's like listening to Triple J a few years back, before it got crappy. Following that, you can get your fortnightly fix of Brit Pop as *London Loves Whippin' Piccadilly* takes you to West Staines. Respec'. Big ups go out to those who can work out where the show gets its name from. From 11 its the boys from the G-Spot. Make sure you're near a phone for your chance to win on Eddie McGuire's Who Wants to Win 10 Dollars, while listening to some frightfully funky music. Check out their website at: <http://gspot.united.net/kg/> and when you're done there make sure you also take a look at, <http://student.radio.adelaide.edu.au/> for all the info on 101.5 Student Radio.

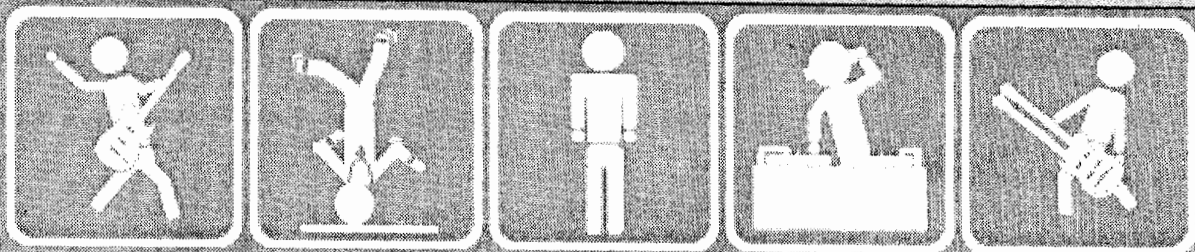
Then, as the new day dawns, turn it up for the internationally acclaimed, *Paul and DJ Zanda*. If you think we're joking email us at radiator@senet.com.au and we'll prove they are internationally acclaimed.

Ring in to hear an encore of the Arnold Schwarzenegger prank call!

With all those websites and all that music you should be busy this Saturday night.

Make it a Student Radio weekend!

Have Fun and keep clean,
Romerio Lopez.



student radio 101.5 fm

MONDAY

TUESDAY

SATURDAY

9PM **None the Wiser**
 Like alternative music? Think JJJ sucks? 'nuff said.

Local Noise
 Something for Kate, the Lapdogs, Hummel & Revolver have all been on Adelaide's premier live music show. Listen in for live-to-air tunes!

If you think I'm crazy
 Stacey and Jakin are two lovely young ladies. Unfortunately they are both insane and listen to indie pop. Join in and help them with their pain.

10PM **Three Chords**
 These two punkers are back for a third year. Will they learn? Rumours abound that between them they have a full arse*.
 *Not guaranteed.

Big Arts
 Mike Clarkin, famed for his movie reviews on Crud Radio, returns with Big Arts. The hour will feature music, movie and theatre reviews. Get some culture into you!

London loves whipping Piccadilly
 Brit pop pure and simple. From Blur to Gorillaz you are guaranteed one Damon Albarn track a night*
 *Not guaranteed

11PM **Punk Around**
 Two punk shows in a row! You would have thought that it was planned like that.

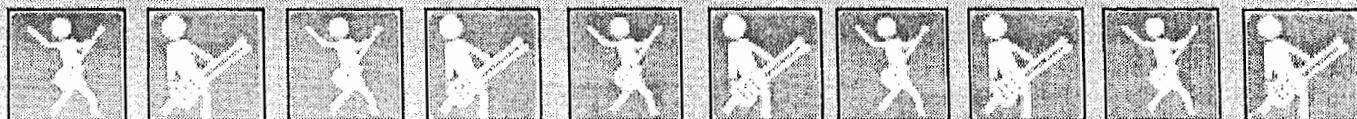
I Took my Prozac
 Leila and her gang of trained monkeys present a show of giveaways, reviews and indie music.

The G-spot
 Idle banter, frightfully funky music and prank calls to German tourists, brought to you by a bunch of nice young chaps.

12PM **Heavy as**
 Feeling tired? Lethargic? Short on breath? Perhaps you are not getting enough metal in your diet. *Heavy as* provides 1/3 of your daily metal intake.

Lost in the Mix
 DJ Dave mixes up dance tracks seamlessly from midnight. He does it so well you'd think he was a commercial DJ. Oh hang on, he is!

Paul and DJ Zanda
 Two mismatched personalities: one playing funk and the other rock. Join in and find out which will win!



Sick of monkeys running orientation?

Why not apply to be a director?



Applications are now open for:

- ★ O'Ball, O'Camp and O'Week Directors
- ★ O'Camp Leaders
- ★ O'Ball and O'Week helpers
- ★ O'Guide Editors

Nominations for directors close 4.30pm on Friday October 11.

Interviews commence on Wednesday October 16.

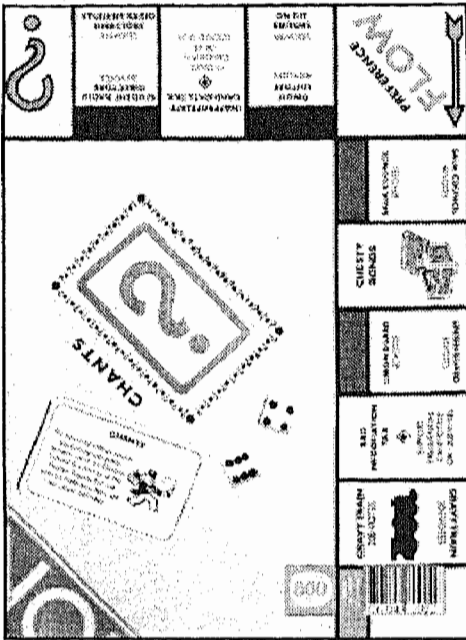
Nomination forms can be collected from and returned to the SAUA office.

Power! Glory! Overripe bananas! Your very own walkie talkie!

Get involved in Orientation 2003 to get your grubby paws on these and many more shiny things.

For more information come visit the SAUA office or contact us on 8303 5406.

Letters



'So who's a property developer then?'

Dear Eds,

I was somewhat concerned to read in Saturday's (7/9) *Advertiser*, our fair University has decided to 'sell off' properties in North Adelaide, including the University Gym. The article seemed to suggest that new facilities would be located in Union House. I was wondering if anyone can help me, as I'm struggling to see how Union House can accommodate two basketball courts, three squash courts, one circuit room, two weights rooms, one boxing ring, and another room for classes such as karate and kendo, which are currently on the Mackinnon Parade site, not to mention the upgrade of the toilet and shower facilities. The University must have such details available, as I'm sure they wouldn't dream of reducing the services to students currently offered by the North Adelaide site.

Simon Davey

Iraq - seems a little shifty to me

Dear Mr. Downer/Howard/Hill,

I am a 25-year-old student and credit union worker living in South Australia who is increasingly alarmed and dismayed at the Australian government's position in relation to its own people regarding military involvement in Iraq.

I have been following the coverage of this issue with interest, both my own and of the nation as a whole, since September 11 last year and have been appalled by the way much political debate has managed to completely miss the point of the issue and perpetrate hypocrisies of the highest nature in the name of a largely, from my experience, reluctant populace with a silent voice.

The debate aired most recently has centred around whether or not the government has been shown sufficient proof to warrant Australian military support for a military strike against Iraq. I would argue that, whether or not 'proof' is forthcoming, Australian involvement should not even be considered before a frank, open public debate has been entered into by our parliamentary representatives and the opinions of the wider

community have been canvassed and taken into account. Such an important issue, not only for our own direct national security but also for the sake of any perceived alignment with the principles of democracy, should be debated and considered in a transparent manner before being decided upon, especially considering the stance of the United Nations on the issue. I strongly believe that Australian support for such a strike against Iraq threatens our own national security (for no adequate reason) by making us a target, degrades our democratic ideals and may lead to a weakening of our international standing, especially in countries of a predominantly Muslim background that do reside on our back doorstep, especially Indonesia.

I am also trepidatious regarding the government's flimsy regard for certain facts of this issue. It is not only widely publicised but, as I am sure you are aware, officially confirmed that the USA is the world's largest stock-piler of weapons of mass destruction. It is a hypocrisy of the highest magnitude for them to deny any country the right to produce such weapons and to proclaim themselves defenders of the world when, in the event that their own country was actually threatened with serious attack, they were likely to be the nation that would inflict global catastrophic destruction of a nuclear scale. I agree wholeheartedly that Iraq should be halted from production of such weapons (as should any other nation, including Australia and the USA), but not by a gung-ho cowboy who habitually contravenes his own rhetoric and who thrives on a basic premise of 'I'm the king of the castle and you're the dirty rascals'. Surely Australia would be better off abandoning the US to its double-standard and trying to effect some sort of real change via legitimate UN action. I, for one, felt that the level of trust that can be accorded Saddam Hussein is only marginally less than that which can be attributed to George Bush Jr.

Finally, while I have difficulty understanding why a southern Pacific country of a mere 20 million people has a role to play in militarily policing nations in the Middle East against UN judgement, I can accept (barely) that we have an obligation to uphold democracy. But once again it would seem that we are intent on following the dictates of a world leader who, on an objective evaluation of the last US election, was not even democratically elected. I don't even want to contemplate, in this letter, the matter of David Hicks' dubious status as this reveals even more glaring hypocrisies within the US rhetoric of democratic idealism and the Australian government's blind lackey-ism.

In order to allay my fears, I would appreciate an answer to these questions:

- Why is a debate not seen to be necessary by the Australian government regarding Australian involvement in any potential US strike upon Iraq?
- Why is it that the Australian people are not deemed necessary in a debate over whether or not we should commit military support to any potential US strike on Iraq?
- Why is the US seen as a lesser military threat than Iraq to Australia considering its known stock-pile of weapons of mass destruction?
- Why is Australia by-passing the UN on this issue and adhering to the view of a US president who was not democratically elected, or at the very least, was elected under extremely dubious circumstances?
- What is the government's perceived national security threat in the following situations and why is one being chosen over the others?

- Saddam Hussein is left to his own devices without any Australian interference in the geopolitics of the Middle East.

- Australia lobbies within the UN to re-apply pressure for the UN action, whether military, economic or via renewed inspections, to force a legitimate international response.

- Australia commits to a non-legitimate, US led strike against Iraq without UN support.

- Why is it seen as necessary for a nation of Australia's size and geographic position to be involved in the geopolitics of the Middle East?

- Why is the Australian government intent upon supporting the reign of a non-democratically elected US leader to the extent of supporting military action of any sort from such a regime?

This letter is as open as I can make it and, I'm sure, reflects the fears of many people within the population. A response would be greatly appreciated before the representative power accorded by the people of Australia is used to further the ends of the United States through active military support against the wishes of the United Nations.

Yours hopefully
(and often in abject terror)

Brett Whittaker

A tale of excitement and danger

Dear Eds,

On Saturday August 31, we decided to flee the CAT suite and take a break in the

Gallery Coffee Shop. We were craving the sweet, sweet taste of caffeine. The Union Building lift would only allow us to go up to level three, which, to most people, would be a fair indication that the coffee shop was closed. But that wasn't going to stop us. On level three we opened the door to the stairwell and climbed up to the coffee shop level. Surprise, surprise; the lights were out and the door was locked, so we gave up and headed back down to level three. We were rather perturbed to find that the door we had used to enter the stairwell could not be opened from the side we were currently on. This turned to dismay when we discovered that all of the doors leading from the stairwell were locked. We tried to squeeze between the wooden bars, blocking the entrance between the stairwell and the Cloisters, but were unable to fit our heads through (yeah, we're engineering students).

We were imprisoned in the Union Building stairwell, with a bleak outlook. What were we to do?

We won't reveal the details of how we managed to escape, for fear of incrimination, but luckily we *did* manage to get out. Unfortunately, we were still coffeeless.

What we do want to know is how this could have happened. Was it the act of some sadistic member of security who sleeps better at night with the thought of allowing people one-way only access to the stairwell, or did security just fuck up and forget to lock one door?

Regards,

Two bemused and caffeine deprived engineers

P.S. If anyone is planning a jailbreak, consult us. We can escape from anywhere.

Dolly's 1992



NO MORE LAUGHS

I'm writing to say how angry and disappointed I am to see *Saturday at Rick's* axed. Not only was it the best show on TV, it was also the only show that interviewed my fave stars, such as Melissa and Alyssa-Jane Cook. It even showed us what it's like inside the *Dolly* office! Hali, Steven, Lochie and especially Tania were the funniest people alive. Now I don't have any reason to smile.
Sad, NSW

DRUNK AND DANGEROUS

Congratulations on your story, *Your Three Worst Enemies*. A drunk friend of mine fell four storeys, breaking nearly every bone in her body. She may never walk again. So keep up the stories on the danger of alcohol.
Renee, NSW

BRING ON BRIAN!

Why does everyone rave about Jason Priestley and Luke Perry on *90210*? Have you ever looked really hard at Brian Austin Green? He's the most adorable guy, and yet everyone puts him down because of the part he plays on the show. Give him a fair chance - he's the most gorgeous guy alive!
Brian Green Lover, Vic.

PASSION PLOY

Recently, I heard a famous gynaecologist saying on talkback radio, that safe sex was still up to the girl. It was 'regrettable' he said, but passion swept away all responsibility in the 19-year-old male. It's true, of course, that girls have to be responsible. But when will guys realise that if they get AIDS, they're just as dead as a girl with AIDS? If they can't get that through their thick heads, why should we trust them with any kind of potentially lethal weapon - like knives, cars and guns?
Louise, Vic.

The Distribution of Wealth

(pertaining to sweet chilli dipping sauce and potato wedges)

□ □ □ also known as... □ □ □

Never Have So Few Pissed Off So Many

Glumly, I stare at the mountain of potato wedges before me. Sadly I have come to the realisation (realise is spelt with a "S" you stupid American spell check!!) that the good times are over. I think of a Biblical metaphor, my 'seven years of plenty' are over, I dream of nothing but skinny cows now!

If you have ever had potato wedges, in a public eatery of any variety, you will know my pain. The last wedge, still hot and oily in my throat, was the wedge which exhausted my meagre sweet chilli sauce ration. Is it wartime? Is there a global shortage of processed chilli products? Is it the Depression? Am I in some sort of condiment third world? No. I live in a peaceful society, where processed chilli is in great supply and we live in comfortable affluence. Then why do I have no sweet chilli sauce left in my ridiculously inadequate dipping bowl?

Greed.

The sweet chilli Nazi behind the bar thinks he can control my means of dipping (these events are not limited to bars though, cafes, canteens - all the same). "More sweet chilli for me", he thinks to himself, as he notices my plight. Damn you, damn you to hell, you sweet chilli bourgeoisie scum. The glistening white porcelain at the bottom of the dipping bowl is mocking me, a sight I would never have to tolerate if the distribution of sweet chilli was based on equality and need, rather than the harsh economic rationalism of a laissez faire, free market system.

Sure, I could go to a different wedge vendor. If the free market works, I should take my money to a more generous supplier, the market forces will do their thing and we will find ourselves drowning in a sweet, sweet world of chilli over-abundance. It should be a classic case of supply and demand, I demand more sweet chilli, if the wedge market wants my currency they will supply more sweet chilli.

If only that were true. If only.

I suspect all wedge distributors are aligned to prevent the market working as it should. Some sort of secret, shameful, alliance of grease peddling fat cats. I imagine a complex series of interlocking treaties, possibly on a global scale. With many sweet chilli producers based in Asia (I assume this based on the writing on the bottle), it is entirely possible that the Triads and/or Yakuza are also involved. Maybe the secret alliance of sweet chilli Nazis fear a 'domino effect'. Vietnam in the late 60's style. Sure, your local snack bar may be a small fry in the grand scheme, but what if they are only the first weak link? What if the fall of the snack bar unsettles the neighboring domino, the local pub, which in turn knocks over the cafeteria at work or school? And so on, and so forth....

The alliance knows this and it scares them. This is why I believe there is a conspiracy happening. The unwitting pawn behind the aluminum warmer at the snack bar may in fact want to give you more sweet chilli, but he/she is living in fear. Fear of reprisal, fear of segregation, being shunned. Possibly afraid of some sweet chilli CIA withdrawing their illegal funding, or of some sweet chilli sanctions being placed on them. A little sweet chilli is

better than no sweet chilli they think.

Are you outraged? You should be. What can we, the sweet chilli proletariat do, you may ask?

Well I have some thoughts on this:

Full scale revolution is out. We cannot compete in a head to head confrontation. The sweet chilli industry is too powerful, their recourses enormous, their numbers too many.

State control of sweet chilli is also out. For one thing, no one in there right mind, especially in the poverty stricken decaying shell of the former USSR would agree that communism works. Two, our 'state' is crap. Chairman Howard or Minister for the Interior Costello telling me how much sweet chilli I can have? No thanks, I would rather have the drooling unwashed grease monkey in a van at some regional event (possibly show ground related, possibly in Wayville) controlling my sweet chilli.

Terrorism is way out. Strapping sweet chilli bottles to yourself and detonating them all over innocent bus travellers is not cool. One, it is messy. Two, it may alienate you from the general population and you will lose your support base. Three, the global community will condemn you, even though they may understand your struggle, they won't like your means.

Fliers, posters, anything with placards. Sooooo passé. Instead I suggest:

1 Passive resistance. Sit at the bar/cafe booth /utilitarian educational institution bench style seating, until they top up your empty sweet chilli dipping bowl just to get rid of you. Stay in bed with Yoko Ono until the sweet chilli Nazi's admit the error of their ways. You could organise a peaceful march, but why march and carry a sign when you can sit in a bar or lie in bed?

2 Public appeal. Annoying letter drops and public service TV campaigns. Emotional pictures of uni students with hollow cheeks, their ribcage poking out holding a symbolically empty dipping bowl, a single tear rolling down their grubby cheek. "Just one dollar a week can buy a bottle of wholesale sweet chilli sauce and can help Yak to dip for himself".

3 The "Zapatista² / Pay It Forward Movement". Based around a modern day Mexican revolutionary movement with a saying "everything for everyone and nothing for ourselves" and a fairly pedestrian movie starring the kid from *Sixth Sense*. Carry a big fat bottle of sweet chilli sauce in your back pack. I'm talking one of those pump pack numbers that topping comes in at all you can eat dessert bars. When you see people eating wedges, whip out your magnum of sweet chilli and top them up. Look the sweet chilli Nazi in the eye as you refill the grateful diner's dipping bowl, for FREE, a service the sweet chilli Nazi financially rapes you for (bowl of wedges = \$4, sweet chilli refill = \$8 or your left arm). The gesture will hopefully work in a *Pay It Forward* kind of way, the grateful diner will themselves don a sweet chilli pump pack, spread the word and spread the sauce.

4 Appeal to the greatest number of people, in the coolest way possible. The plan is to ask the Beastie Boys to stage a "Sweet Chilli Freedom Concert". Rage Against the Machine will reform to support the event. John Lennon will recompose and reanimate to support the event. Fathers of the sweet chilli movement will receive loud applause as Mike D brings them on stage, Ad Rock will give a heartfelt monologue, MCA will pass the mic.

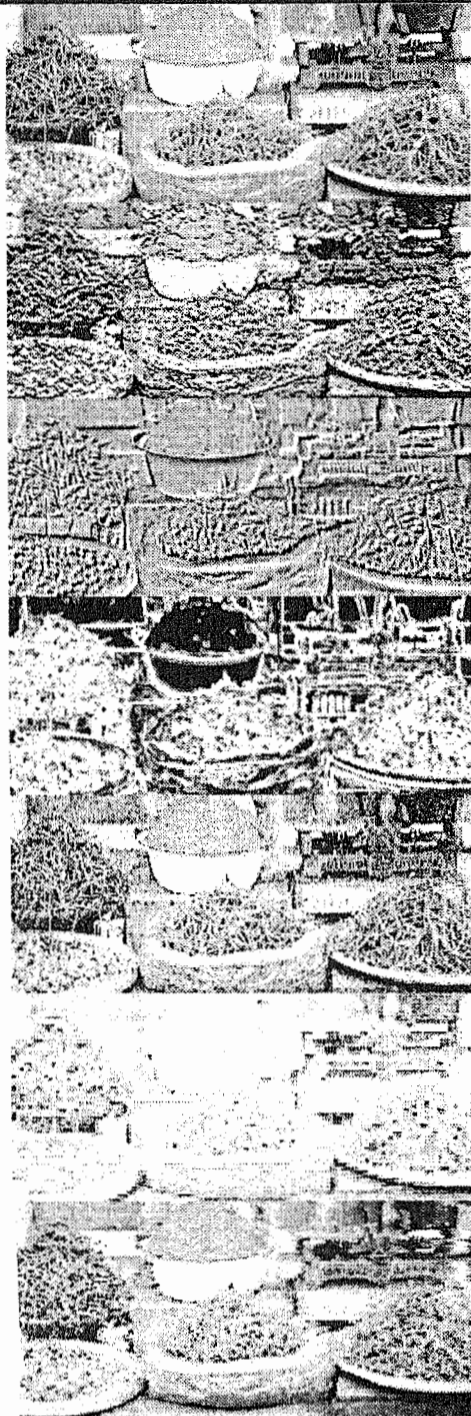
5 Active consumerism. Ask for barbecue sauce instead.

Please copy the 'sweet chilli standardisation' petition on the next page, get as many signatures as you can, sign it several times yourself, sign it with your left hand or in a different coloured pen if you want. Return it to the On Dit office and it will be ignored with all the indifference such a stupid idea deserves.

Reverendo El Chilli

¹ Read the Book of Genesis, the story of Joseph, if you want to understand this reference. Alternatively, see the musical version, something about a *Technicolour Dream Coat*. A word of warning though, Jason Donovan once starred as Joseph.

² It is entirely likely that this is not the correct spelling and possibly even the wrong name entirely, but the philosophy is the same.



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>>Always thinking ahead >>

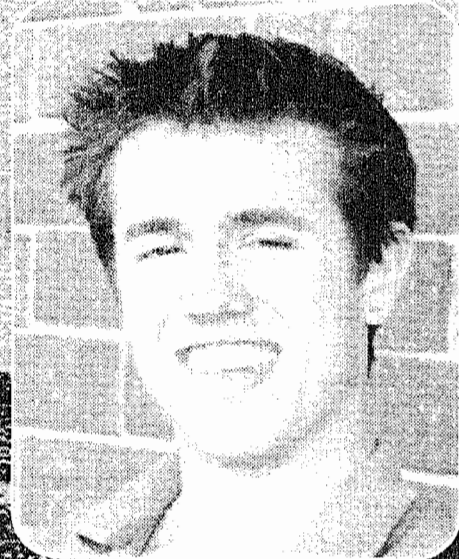
JAMES COOK UNIVERSITY



ondit@adelaide.edu.au

QUESTIONS

1. What is your cultural heritage?
2. If you could create your own country, what would the national dish be?
3. What is your favorite flag?



Alex
I wish these guys hadn't approached me!

1. Scottish.
2. Pasta bake.
3. Brazilian.

VOX POP

Osama
THERE HE IS!!!!

1. Saudi Arabian, with just a dash of Anglo-Irish.
2. Cheese whiz and pizza shapes.
3. The 1997 and 1998 Adelaide Crows Premiership Flags.



Wodes
This tree looks like a mountain...

1. 100% Aussie, mate.
2. Sausage rolls.
3. The flag of Tyrol, which is a province of Germany.



Bec & Mel
The colours on the flags are pretty

1. B: Irish and English.
M: Scottish, English and Italian.
2. B: Pizza.
M: Corn flakes.
3. B: Bloody Australian flag.
M: England's.



Hassan, Daniel and Stewart
Chips and gravy all the way

1. H: Iraq.
D: Malaysian Chinese.
S: Australian.
2. H: Dolma.
D: Lemak.
S: Ravioli.
3. H: Union Jack.
D: Malaysian Flag.
S: Australian.

Leah, Megan, Jess and Chloe
There is always room for one more!

1. L: Aboriginal and Italian.
M: White Aussie.
J: Irish, English, Swedish and Spanish.
C: Estonian, Spanish and Irish.
2. L: Wallaby Surprise.
M: Baked beans on toast.
J: Chicken and veg pizza.
C: Cheese and tomato sauce toasties. Polished off with beer.
3. L: The Bombers.
M: Yeah, the Bombers.
J: Something that represents all cultures.
C: A flag I made for Offshore 2000 which says "Beer Monsters".



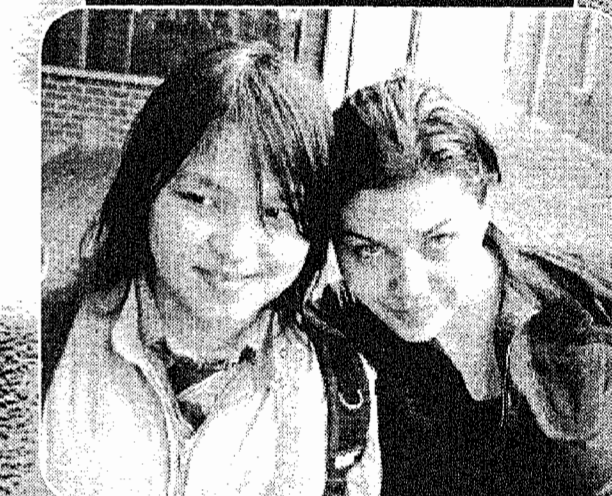
Jennifer
Do I look good next to this pole?

1. America - California.
2. Cookies and cream Pop Tarts.
3. The Stars and Stripes.



Thi Thi and Jo
Have you voted yet?

1. J: Aboriginal, Irish, Scottish, English and Tongan.
T: Vietnamese.
2. J: Sorbet from the Red Ochre.
T: Mango.
3. J: DSI.
T: The Queer Rights Flag.



SAUA President: Bek Cornish



Elections are over!

Thank you to all the students who held in their hatred for student elections and took the time to vote. It's very important that you do take the time to vote so that you can have your say about who your SAUA representatives will be. Congratulations to Sarah Hanson who will be taking over my role as President next year, and all the other successful office bearer candidates, Paul, Jasyn, Emma, G, Leah, Adelle, Bonnie, Gemma, Tristan, Dave and Mark.

Attacks on Campus

You may or may not be aware that during Election Week someone was brutally assaulted on the banks of the Torrens, near the footbridge, in broad daylight. The following Saturday, someone else was assaulted around 10 in the morning. Please be aware when you're walking around campus, not only in the evenings, but in the daytime as well. If you're feeling unsafe, come into the Students' Association, see the Education and Welfare Officers (both located in the Cloisters) or, particularly after hours, go up to Hughes Plaza, where the campus Security Office is located.

Election Referendum and the Crossroads Review

There was a question posed during the elections which asked if students agreed to the following statement: "I oppose deregulation of the tertiary education system and further

deregulation of university fees and call for an increase in public funding for higher education in Australia."

This question was asked because of the current review of the higher education system being undertaken by the Department of Education, Science and Training, as you would all know of by our previous columns and articles.

The referendum question was passed very convincingly with 1090 in favour, and 118 against. Also, on the *Crossroads* review, the SAUA put in another submission on the latest paper on September 13, so if you'd like to get a copy come on into the Students' Association and I'll furnish you with one.

Other things...

Did you miss UniFest last time? There will be another installment of this great event coming up soon, courtesy of your Students' Association, so keep your eyes open and make sure you come along.

If you have any questions about anything the Students' Association is doing, or if you would like to get more involved with our campaigns and events, don't hesitate to visit us in the north-east corner of the Cloisters, give us a call on 8303 5406, or email me on

bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au

Office Bearers

Meeting of SRSC this Thursday at 5.00.

"Sadly, the EVP Georgia Heath and the Environment Officer Sarah Hanson were on leave..."

Women's Officer: Elise Duffield



Reclaim the Night

All women are welcome to attend the Reclaim the Night Organising Collective's fortnightly meetings. They are held at Fleet St. Café, 6pm Thursdays. The next meeting will be on September 26.

Safety on Campus

Due to some recent attacks near campus, I have written an article this week about the services that are offered by Security on the North Tce Campus. I encourage everyone to take extra care and not walk around campus alone, especially not the area by the Torrens. There are services available to get you to your car or home safely. Use them.

Women in Education Week

Women in Education week is coming up soon, and will focus on the review into higher education, *Crossroads*, and how it affects women students. If you would like to get involved in the week contact either Georgia Heath or myself.

Wicked Womyn of the Week: Georgia Phillips. Congratulations for being elected 2003 Women's Officer. May the force be with you.

Misogynist Asshole of the Week: The guy who wrote XXX.

ACV/P: Paul Huebl



The Sexuality Department is holding an Anti-Homophobia Campaign during the last week of term, and it is looking to be quite an event. Keep your eye's on Asta and Adrian's column for more details.

To all of you who have survived the spectacle that was election week last week, then congratulations. Also, for the small percentage of you all who actually voted, then extra well done, and thank you for getting involved with the democratic process. See page 5 of *On Dit* for a full run down of the election results.

A few weeks ago saw an Activities Standing Committee planning session for the rest of the year, and things will kick off next for the End of Term Show, being held on September 20 in the UniBar. There will be happy hours, free Karaoke, and an Air Guitar competition, giveaways and more, so stay tuned to hear more about this event, which is being held in conjunction with the SAUA Sexuality Department.

The SAUA Ball is becoming a reality, with the event planned for early next term. The new Activities Standing Committee will be starting their responsibilities next term, so it will be an excellent opportunity to get involved in the department. You can get more information by emailing me at activities@saua.asn.edu.au, or phoning me on 8303 5406, or coming into the SAUA and having a chat. Remember, the best way to see activities and events run the way you want to see them run is to get involved!

Sexo's: Adrian DiPaolo & Asta Cox



Safer Sex Week

For those of you out and about last Tuesday (September 10), you would have hopefully noticed the Safer Sex stall situated outside Unirecords. This stall was brought to you by the friendly (and not at all stingy) people from Ansell, as well as Student Care and yours truly – the Sexuality Department. A big thankyou goes to Kylie (the friendly Education/Welfare Officer) and Narelle (the most diligent member of the Sexuality Standing Committee) who helped hold the stall. If you did miss the stall on Tuesday and would like information regarding Safer Sex, or you just want to grab your free condom and lube, please don't hesitate to come down to the SAUA, where we hand out prophylactics with as much enthusiasm as that Chubb Security guy who gave me that parking ticket the other day...

Karaoke in the Bar

That's right, it's that time again for you to grab your friends and come up to the Unibar to make an absolute fool of yourself! Don't worry, your tomfoolery will be rewarded with prizes on the night for best singing performance, worst singing performance and most entertaining performance. The karaoke will be held on Friday of this week (September 20), and this is brought to you in conjunction with the SAUA Activities Department. So keep Friday night free, even if you don't want to sing, these nights bear witness to some of the most classless acts that this University has to offer!

Well that's it from us this week! We hope you enjoyed Election Week, which seemed to be lacking in its usual ferocity, however still managed to be as much of a nuisance as last year. You are able to contact us on the details below, have a great week – and come along to the karaoke Friday night!

Phone: (08) 8303 3899 or (08) 8303 5406

Adrian - adrian.di_paolo@student.adelaide.edu.au

Asta - asta.cox@student.adelaide.edu.au



Coopers



Ohh! Sushi

1/155 King William Road
Hyde Park

I like to think of myself as something of a connoisseur of vegetarian Japanese cuisine, within the small Adelaide Japanese eatery market anyway. As such, it was with some delight that I happened upon the excitingly named Ohh! Sushi. On a weekday afternoon spent window shopping on King William Road with my mother, we were looking for somewhere quick, inexpensive and tasty for lunch, and found it in the guise of this small restaurant.

Inside, diners elect to sit either at the bar or at one of a few tables next to the windows, and it is this bar which divides the customers from the chefs in this place. The interior is one modestly sized room, deeper than it is wide, and mainly arranged around the pride of Ohh! Sushi: a miniature train, its tracks laid out on the bar, pulling its cargo of delicious sushi and other Japanese treats. This is quite possibly one of the cutest things I have ever seen: the train's creator has paid much attention to detail, down to the little driver in the cab, ensuring his cars loaded with plates of delicate servings make their way around to hungry diners.

This is not a unique concept. In 1996 one Bob Jones declared nutritious and delicious sushi to be Australia's food of the future. He opened a Sushi Train restaurant in Surfer's Paradise in 1994, and a chain has spread through New South Wales and Victoria. The Sushi Train website makes it sound as though the train concept was Jones' stratagem, but I consider this doubtful, given Japan's status as the land of both sushi and cuteness. It may have been the first in Australia, I'll give it that. However, their trains have now been replaced by "high tech conveyor belts", in keeping with their "commitment to excellent customer service". Sell-outs.

If you're a new customer of Ohh! Sushi, as we were, and the whole train idea hasn't sold you yet, I'm telling you the bar is definitely where it's at in terms of seating. I know, because SAFM's Amanda Blair was sitting next to me. It is Hyde Park, after all, so you can expect to be almost literally brushing shoulders with Adelaide celebrities. I have also seen her at Orange Lane Markets, so hopefully this means I too am on my way to achieving the status of 'media personality', since I'm being seen in all the right places.

Anyway, once you've taken a seat at the bar, it's up to you to peruse the train's wares, and grab the plates as they cruise past. The plates are of lightweight plastic and colour-coded according to price. For example, a blue plate containing a serving (two to four pieces) of simple kappa (cucumber) roll might cost \$2.20, whereas a green plate of sushi containing some fish or fish roe, or maybe tempura, may set you back \$4.40 per plate. The plates range from \$2.20 to \$6.60. There is also a menu from which you can order the specific sushi you want, miso soup, or noodle or tempura dishes for very reasonable prices, but that would be boring. All of my selections were delicious, which included usual vegetarian staples like oshinko (pickled radish) rolls, avocado rolls and the more unusual inari (sweet fried bean curd packages containing rice) and tamago-something (blocks of rice with a coil of sweet egg roll fastened to the top with a strip of seaweed).

Both my mother and I were quite taken by the whole conveyor belt concept, though she was prone to getting a little more excitable in selecting dishes than me. Mum's laissez-faire attitude and my consciousness of the bill coming at the end of the feast resulted in a bill of \$28.40 between the two of us. Needless to say, this is not a sensible lunch spot for bulk eaters (for example, skinny male students who usually subsist on disturbing amounts of lentils and rice), or compulsive eaters, but is a gorgeous lunch out for those who appreciate the delicacy of Japanese cuisine.

Gemma Clark

Foodie Tip #46

When in doubt,
order more.
Nobody wants
to be left
frantically
gnawing on a
chicken bone,
suckling for
forbidden
gravy.

The Swing Cat Club Hindley St (next to Supermild)

Previously located next to Enigma Bar, Swing Cats made the transition to an empty store next to the Supermild. With a much more accessible bar and what I believe is a cooler setting, Swing Cats is one of the few places in Adelaide that manages to authenticate some parts of era that is sadly long gone.

Predominantly a cocktail bar, the Swing Cat Café is characterised by its wicked music and funky setting that aims to recreate a time where swing cats were hip and trumpeters were the bee's knees. With an excellent cocktail list to choose from, my favourites include pina colodas, vanilla martinis and the standard margarita. The staff at Swing Cat's really know how to shake up a good cocktail, and understand the delicate balance that is required when applying salt to the rim of a margarita glass. Most cocktails sell for around \$10 - \$12 and the staff provide table service.

Whether you're out for a big night or just want to chill out quietly with some friends while listening to cool music, the Swing Cats Café is a place not to be missed. Although you may have to budget for a while to afford to spend the night there, it is well worth it.

Tallulah

Australian Made, Australian Owned.

The wait is finally over!

The winners of the Borders Literature competition are:

1st Prize (\$250 voucher) **Sam Franzway**
Jacob's Children

2nd Prize (\$150 voucher) **Matt Anderson**
No Space For New Messages

3rd Prize (\$75 voucher) **Mark Crowder**
The Great Gift

Thank you to everyone who entered the competition, as we had an amazing number of entries. Also a big thank you to Wendy Bonnici and Borders for sponsoring the competition.

Jacob's Children by Sam Franzway

Jacob sits in the middle of the lecture theatre, flicking his pen around his fingers and waiting for his tormentor. The lecturer is standing down the front, waiting his customary two minutes before gleefully locking the door and shutting late-comers out.

"No-one will be allowed in if they are late," the lecturer had promised at the first lecture, pointing at the still open door. "It disrupts me and it disrupts everybody else in this class. If you are two minutes late, then do not bother coming because I will not be helping you to slow everyone else's learning." At that moment he had walked over to the door to close it and make his point, when a fat woman bustled through carrying a large brown leather handbag, a back pack and trailing a small child by the hand. She looked in her late twenties and had flushed cheeks and lots of bangles. "Sorry I'm late," she smiled at the lecturer, who didn't smile back. "Claire had to tie her shoelace, didn't you sweetheart?" she turned to the dark-haired girl who nodded. "She's just learning how," the woman had whispered to the lecturer, who still had his hand on the doorknob and was staring at woman and child.

"Come on sugar," she said to the little girl "Let's go find a seat up the back," and they both made their way up to the back row and sat down.

Throughout that first lecture and every one after, little noises made their way down to Jacob. Little rustling, whingeing, scribbling, crying, pencil-dropping, shushing, bottom-shifting noises. Every lecture the woman would arrive one and a half minutes late with Claire in tow and Jacob would be boxed in by every other student there, listening and waiting for the next little child noise, like the next drip of water onto his forehead.

Today was the last lecture. This is where everything he had missed because of the constant distractions would be filled in and he would actually be able to study, rather than guess at the missing gaps in his notes, pictures of daggers and graves covering his

pages where dot points should have been. He notices that the back of the lecture theatre has filled up entirely, there are no spaces left for the fat woman and her daughter to sit in. Perhaps the rest of the class has slowly and independently concocted their own conspiracy to drive them down the front and closer to the door. If they couldn't force her out of it, they could at least put her nearer to it. Maybe it wouldn't be necessary today, because it seemed that for once, she wouldn't be coming. The lecturer checks his watch and walks towards the door. But no, a chubby hand pushes against it from the outside and the woman bustles in, calling to the little girl to move it. Eventually she trundles in, dragging her feet and sticking out her bottom lip. The only seats left are in the front row. The pair sits down in them and the lecturer begins reviewing the semester, having to talk loudly over the whispering and rustling going on in front of him. Jacob can see his tormentor now, the little girl isn't colouring in or rustling around with a picture book this time, she is just sitting there, staring at her feet. Occasionally she wriggles and tries to hold her mother's hand. Jacob smiles slightly each time the mother keeps telling her daughter off for being a pest. He can't hear what she's saying, but every time the girl makes a noise, she is told to hush and for the first time that semester, Jacob actually forgets to pay attention to the pair. It lasts for a minute, when the girl begins tugging urgently at her mother's sleeve and squirming in her seat.

"Mum! Muuum!" the whining gets louder and he looks down. The lecturer stops talking for a moment and glances at the pair.

"What's the matter?" asks her mother "Do you need the toilet?"

"Noo," and the girl vomits a rolling, yellow-green wave out over the white lino floor. Everyone in the theatre stifles their gasp before they let it out. Nobody moves. The lecturer stares for a moment, glasses slid to the tip of his nose. The little girl vomits again on the floor and starts crying. The mother snaps out of her shock and scoops her up and carries her quickly out of the door. The theatre fills with the white noise of people talking to each other quietly and the lecturer regains his composure.

"Alright- let's have a fifteen minute break while the cleaners clear this mess up."

Already an acidic-milky stink had risen to where Jacob is sitting. The little smile he has been smiling to himself disappears and he begins pushing clumsily past the people

slowly filing out of the theatre, bile rising in his contracting throat as his mouth fills with saliva. He almost makes it and his vomit hits the floor a foot in front of the first urinal inside the toilet door.

Twenty minutes later he returns to the lecture theatre after washing his grey face and gargling with fluoride flavoured tap water. He has to bang on the locked door until the lecturer lets him in, staring silent and thin-lipped over the top of his glasses. The room is thick with disinfectant and smells like a mixture of bubblegum and urinal cakes. He feels the entire theatre glance in his direction as he pauses, looking for a seat. The only empty one is next to the newly cleaned up child in the front row. He gives her a look as he sits down and her mother flashes him an understanding maternal smile that Jacob doesn't return. The child looks up at him again with big red eyes and noisily sucks apple juice from a small pop-top bottle while Jacob tries to swallow away the acidic burning in his throat. His notes from that day make as much sense as his exams.

Jacob is out on a dinner date with a girl who likes to flick her eyebrow instead of smiling at things. So far, it has gone smoothly. His older brother has shown him which chequered shirt to wear, which trendy restaurant to go to and how to sniff the wine sample. He has taken her jacket, pulled out her chair and is dutifully looking after her handbag by his feet to keep it out of the way. They sit by an open fireplace and the conversation drifts from restaurant décor to people they know at uni and back again.

Each time Jacob thinks of something witty he is interrupted by a little girl in pyjamas. She belongs to a sweater-wearing couple two tables over who don't quite realise that the high chair age is over. Each time she is called back by her parents and disappears for long enough to leave his date's mind and to let him regain his train of thought, she will appear again, wiping her nose and throwing pieces of paper into the coals. His date smiles at the childish gasping in front of them, but Jacob flinches each time another burning napkin looks as though it will escape the hearth and start burning the carpet.

Towards the end of the main course, his date politely interrupts Jacob's story about how he failed his exams and rises, asking Jacob to pass her handbag, giving him his first smile of the evening. He smiles back and reaches for it, grasping at nothing. He looks around behind his chair, under the table and suddenly spots it in the grasp of the little girl sitting by the fire. She has just thrown a Centrelink letter onto the flames where it joins the smouldering remnants of a small Tampax carton. The letter curls up and burns away long before the rest of the Tampax finally disintegrates. His date looks back at Jacob and is not smiling any more.

Half an hour later she drops him off at the corner of his long street and mutters something about having to sort out some rent from her step-dad by tomorrow. She doesn't say goodbye.

The familiar sound of crying levers into Jacob's dreams like the beeping of his clock and he groggily reaches out and switches off the alarm. The crying continues and he opens his eyes onto the blank black of his bedroom. The one bedroom flat has windows, but they

all look out onto the orange brick wall of the next block of flats. He can hear his neighbour's baby being shushed for the second time that night and he rolls over, plucking his t-shirt out from where it has twisted about him during his sleep. He activates the backlight on his digital watch and it makes ghost-blue shadows of the things on his bedside table. 2.05am. He makes a displeased sigh in his throat that no-one hears and uses both arms to bunch his blanket up under his chin where a teddy bear should be.

At 9.59am Jacob's boss tears Jacob's time book in half with a sneer and makes the first and last telephone call he will ever make to Jacob. Jacob wakes up exactly two hours and fifty minutes after his alarm didn't go off.

Steve's phone beeped a message in his pocket. He knew it was from Elena, she'd said she would get in contact this weekend. His four year old son Troy heard it go off and stopped chasing his soccer ball around the swings to make a lunge for his pocket.

"I wanna press it! I wanna press it!" cried Troy

Steve didn't want Troy seeing that it was from Elena and he especially didn't want him to read what she had to say. Troy told Carol everything and his wife was already slightly suspicious of his olive-skinned secretary. Just three days ago she was making not-quite-innocent jokes about how the young girl must love working for such a handsome man, how she probably had fantasies about him. Steve had tried to laugh it off as casually as possible, images of him and Elena screwing on his desk that morning strobing in his mind as he did so. Elena wanted to meet on the weekend, but Carol had told him that he should spend some quality time with their growing son and in Carol's world 'should' always meant 'would'. Now he had this call to make to busy young Elena, he wanted to tell her dirty things on the phone and arrange a motel, but the little boy was dancing up and down in front of him, almost gibbering with the desire to play with his phone. Steve looked around and saw a man about his age walking through the path that ran through the park. He grabbed Troy by the hand and led him over.

"Hey mate, could you do me a favour and watch my kid while I take a shit? I'm really busting," He put his hand on his gut for emphasis. The man didn't say anything at first and Steve thought that perhaps he didn't speak English. He had a lot of red skin under one eye.

"Sure." Came the reply

"Thanks heaps mate. Troy, you stay with this man right here and Daddy will be back in a few minutes." That should be plenty of time. He walked across to the toilets, thinking about Elena's thighs.

Jacob looked down at the little boy who picked his nose at him.

"You're ugly," said the little boy. Jacob smiled and scratched at his eye. He took the boy's sticky hand in his.

"Come with me kid,"

Troy was never seen again

by Sam Franzway.

over Adelaide, imagining them raining down onto the Robinsons. I've given you what you wanted all along. I've disappeared, disintegrated. Now fuck off. Fuck off out of my head. Only Cassandra has permission to fill that space.

Rage had sustained while I packed with murderous intensity until the boxes left on their truck to Melbourne. Following them on the plane I recognised that anger as a gift. If the service hadn't been so horrific I mightn't have found the will to leave at all. Might have sunk into the memories in that house, never to resurface. Instead, room by room, I had squared away the house, building boxes into towers.

Cass's parents were coming to get her things after I was gone, retrieving the key from the letterbox where I was to leave it. I prayed for nesting spiders, eager squatters. I had, at first, expected they would want to be there for the division of belongings. Not so; there was little here of their daughter's they would want to see, let alone claim. I packed the remains of our life together, locked myself out into the cold, and waited for the taxi at the top of the drive.

Now, back in Melbourne, a test awaits, an evaluation of my competency to face the future, by examining the past. I take a shortcut to the pub where Cassandra sang her way into my forever, the night of our swim. A stranger sits on the farthest stool from the microphone in the corner; I stand waiting with my pot of beer until he moves. This is where I sat and heard Cass sing for the first time. Watched the tough crowd soften, wondered if it was her voice or her smile melting the expression on the face of the mammoth bkie beside me. Cassandra told me later she felt her voice grow stronger as the punters quietened down, her confidence boosted because they were listening. I noticed the shift, but interpreted it differently. The louder and clearer her voice became, the less the rough crowd was inclined to make a sound – if an angel descended, singing, would you interrupt? To order a drink? To pot the black?

My pocket produces a photograph, taken from Mum's fridge door. It swims in the beer on the bar, amber soaking through the paper, blurring the faces. My mother took this photo of Cass and I, the day we left to live in Adelaide, three years ago. Seven o'clock in the morning, gulping down coffee at the dining table. Cassandra running across the leaf-carpeted lawn with the last of the luggage. Mum standing beside me preparing to take the obligatory standing-by-the-packed-car photo. Hearing a tap on the glass door next to the table I lifted the heavy curtain, holding it above my head. Cassandra grinning at me from outside, beckoning me to the glass. We pressed our lips to the window, steaming up the glass, our kiss imprinted on the pane, framed by the fog. Caught forever in the click of Mum's camera, we kiss with glass between us.

When someone you love is lost, you want her with you.

'I'm all alone,' repeated into the void.

Alone? I have more of her with me than I knew. Wherever Cassandra is, wherever they placed her...body, I have her in my memory. I may have packed up the sheets, I may have left the house we shared, but I took

her with me. I've planned, and cooked, and showered, and meditated, and cried with fear, anger, rage, frustration, but I haven't grieved. I haven't let her die. I can't let go yet, can't imagine myself without her, but I have to give in to life without her, or let go of life.

I wail my way back home. The primal voice that wakes my mother and brings her running to my room, is not one I've heard from my throat before. My mother, who lost a lover, my father, in a car crash before I was born, is not frightened by that voice, having heard it before, she knows what it means. Fear. Loneliness. Grief. The raw wounds left when the knife of realisation slices the skin of denial from your heart. Cassandra is gone. Eyes closed, I see her wide smile break through the space between us.

"You left me!" I sob.

She smiles and she never explains. Selfish. Time to do something selfish. The things you will never know hurt the most. An internal truth. I let it crawl out of my heart, cradle it in bed with me. I stay there, stroked and supported by my mother. Grieving for Cassandra. Grieving for myself.

Months pass before I make it out of bed. More before I face the boxes in the shed. I reorganise almost everything into two hopeful categories – boxes to take, and boxes to store for a day of greater strength. Only two small artefacts remain, I carry them inside. Curl up under the comforter and adore them separately. The first is the photo my mother took, beer-stained and beautiful. I place it on the pillow. The second is a poem scrawled on a pub napkin while Cassandra sang.

Promise
lips
accidentally
close enough to feel heat beyond steam
as heads pass in arcs
drawn toward like magnets aside water
tissue paper in between
not
kissing
but
maybe...

maybe fills the space between

Maybe turned to naturally; we kissed, we made love, we made each other coffee in the morning, lived in each others' home towns. There was always another maybe just around the corner. Maybe Cass would score a recording deal; maybe I would design the album cover. Maybe she would stand up to her parents, maybe I would comfort her when they didn't accept her smile as evidence of joy. These hopes are gone, and I still grieve for them. I still feel her close though, and, maybe, there will always be a space and a hope that is ours. I scribble a small spell beneath the poem.

lonely mist
only mist
the space between
does not exist

The full moon's light pours through the open windows of my sanctuary, holding me with its gaze. Cheeks and lashes are wet and soft. Opening my heart to the night I tuck the poem and the photograph beneath my pillow. I want to return to the dream, find her again, let her go this time.

Cassandra is lost. Tineke runs. Soft leaves dampening skin through shirt. She cannot see

them; there is only the sound of her breath and the caress of dew. Darker here than she remembers. How does it work again? Stop, stand still, shut your eyes.

Light! Cassandra is here somewhere.

Sitting down on at the edge of the trees on soft grass, the sand of the plain between her toes, Tineke waits.

Once so empty here. Now she feels faithfully shifting sands, sees a brilliant blue sky, hears the singing winds.

Black fur tickles her foot.

Her thoughts whisper; 'Cass?'

The cat stops rolling its head and stares up at her. Just a cat. A nibble at her toe, a soft miaow, a stretch, it walks away. No looking back; Tineke knows she must follow.

Beneath the padding paws, the earth rumbles. The cat drops over the edge of a seemingly sudden precipice. The fragment of Tineke that fears the thunderous rumbling wants to turn and run back to the forest. A stronger element pulls her toward the brink. Unfathomable chasm.

A simple step, the fall takes only seconds. Splashing into a shallow pool. The waiting cat mews in distaste. At the touch of a droplet it disappears.

Laughing, Tineke runs towards the roaring waterfall. Cassandra stares out through the mist. Tineke stops with a cry, remembering this day, kissing the glass.

Cassandra, she says. Cassandra, the valley echoes. Cassandra smiles.

They kiss through the fall, laughing. Tineke circles her head into the water and is pulled through. From the other side she watches herself fly through her bedroom window, and nestles back into her body.

Awake early and sketching on the porch. Steam spirals up into the cool morning air from the hot coffee on the rail. I gently outline kissing figures in soft pencil from the photograph tacked to the beam on my right. Clara appears at the gate.

Loose Ends

By Joshua Blackman

New York City, 1999

June 9

I'm very happy today since I just got a job at the 'Empire 25' theatres, one of the biggest cinema complexes in the Big Apple. It's down on West 42nd street. You might not think it from the decaying exterior, but inside the cinema is a work of art. The chandeliers are so beautiful they seem out of place; the floors are a radiant shimmering marble. When peering down the tunnel that comprises the entryways to the more than fifty cinemas, it reminds me of looking down a prison hallway. So I'm told. In fact, it almost seems too big, too stately and too expensive. It's pointless really. I mean movies? I just don't get anything out of them. Aren't there are more important things we could be spending our money on? With all the homeless people, even just outside the front door to the complex, surely there's some basic human need to catered for, rather than this extravagant indulgence. But maybe that's just me.

I know it's been a while since I've reported to my diary, but, to be honest, there hasn't been much happening. Just moved to New York from Chicago to get away from my mother, who resembles an ugly old crone who can't stop whining, but I've told you that before. "Joan! Who's that man waiting outside! Joan! Your clothes aren't nice enough! Stop trying to see your father, he's that stuck-up prick who left me!" God. One more day of that and I'd be in a mental institution. I am going to make an effort to write in here more often, since now I have a job to occupy my time, which is much more reassuring than wasting each day reading the newspaper and passing time watching television. Well, it's past midnight, and I need to get up and work tomorrow, so I think this will have to be all for tonight.

June 19

Work is going okay, but my boss is starting to get on my nerves. He wears these old suits, like he's attending a state dinner for Roosevelt in the '40s, and talks as such too. I thought someone like that would be the last person to be running a place like this, but then perhaps all business executives are like that, I really haven't come across any before – this is my first job, after all. Thankfully I have now graduated from the obligatory first assignment of cleaning the toilets, and moved on to cleaning the cinema after the shows, which is cool, because you get to watch the movies for free. I am actually starting to like a few of the films. I guess just being around them gives you that, but I'm not sure if that is a good thing.

Haven't really made any new friends yet, though. I'm not really the most talkative of people (although by this you might think so!), which may be a reason for that. Most of the time the others at the complex steer clear of me. I keep thinking "What's wrong with me?" I think I'm pretty good looking. I don't want to be superficial here, but it is human nature to initially judge people by physical appearance, so I'm just trying to eliminate that variable. So why? *Sigh* Just one of those mysteries. At least I have a job now, which means I get paid. I can actually afford things! – My new apartment, for example. Also, I've got my eye on this beautiful silver ring from the jeweler just down the road. Maybe I'm being optimistic, but I'm hopeful at some point I'll be able to afford it.

June 23

Work is humming along smoothly. I'm not a rocket scientist, but at least I'm heading somewhere, although I'm still not quite sure where that somewhere is. It's a good first step.

I made an effort to write in here today because I've noticed this guy at work. He's a little older than me, I think, but not much so. Kind-of good looking. Not Tom Cruise bow-down-before-me good looking, but he did have that movie star quality about him, some sort of intangible presence. Still, he was a bit awkward, you know? He must really love movies because he's always at the cinema. Often watching movies, but a lot of the time just sitting outside the theatre, as if he is waiting for something that is meant to happen. He is quite a curiosity. I was almost going to talk to him, but I was too afraid. I mean, who knows what this guy is like? He never seems to say anything, except to tell

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the box-office attendee which film he would like to see on that particular day. For all I know, he could explode and attack me if I try to speak to him, but I am kind of concerned about what he is going through, because his behaviour is most peculiar indeed.

June 26

Finally mustered up enough resolve to ask him his name, and, no, he didn't lop my head off. Stuart Glaze. He didn't seem to want to talk to me - he was very shy - but that just makes me more intrigued. He told me the reason he was always there was because he "likes movies" and the cinema is a "special place". He spoke of it as if it were an escape where the real world could be forgotten. I can't help but wonder why he wants to get out of this world, even for only a short while. I mean, sure, there are time when I hate this life and all I want to do is go someplace where I don't have to think about my problems, but that's only temporary. You've got to face them eventually. It sounded like there were a lot of unreconciled things in his life, but equally a lot of things he refused to say. It's frustrating, but I... I kind of get that. I feel some sort of connections; I must speak to him again.

June 29

I've got this smile on my face and I can't seem to get it off. I try! I really do! But then I just can't stop giggling with joy. I, little miss-nervous-speaking-to-people, asked Stuart if he would come with me for a walk through Central Park. During the day, of course, I do still value my life, but he agreed! Still he was somewhat reluctant. I just thought he could use some time away from the cinema - he was always there in the morning when I got to work, and still there when I left. I didn't even know if he had a home. The least I could do was go for a walk with him somewhere, get his mind on other things. And it was a beautiful Sunday Summer's day. The sun was shining, birds were singing, people were out enjoying themselves - what more could you ask? Plus, he seemed to be having fun too. The different atmospheres seemed to lighten his spirits. In fact, I'd almost go as far as to say we were talking like friends, laughing at each other's quips, and generally having fun together. I haven't felt that happy in a long time. We talked about all sorts of things, films, of course, being one of them. He said that when he was a child he had small parts in movies himself, and that his last role was "a long time ago" - a starring role in *The First Play*. He wouldn't tell me when it was made, but he said the movie was a disaster and that it ruined his career. After that, he had no desire to act anymore. I thought it was a bit strange that one experience could quell your lifelong desire, but maybe he found something else. If so, he didn't tell me what it was, and he doesn't seem to be doing anything now but come to the cinema, which he had been visiting since 1967. I was very surprised and unbelieving - he doesn't look out of his twenties. "Age has been good to me," he said. Damn straight, but I think there is definitely something he's not telling me.

After our walk, maybe he'll take a break from the cinema now and try some other things, although I suspect that it won't be too long before I see him again.

30th June

I decided that today I was going to look

into some of the unanswered questions I had about Stuart. To this end, I rummaged through some books and electronic records, and while I sound that is *existed*, I could not find a copy of *The First Play* anywhere. I even checked Amazon and all the second hand stores I could find without luck. I thought that maybe my boss may have some idea, since he seems to have been working for a *long* time. I spoke to him and he said it starred Steve McQueen and "some other guy". The chick in it was "scrumptious" (and I swear that if any guy calls me that I'll punch their lights out - I am NOT food!), although I'd take my boss's opinion with... well, I'd never take my boss's opinion, not even in the form of granulated salt. He said it involved the usual action movie clichés: muscly guys, big breasted women, lots of guns; it was a standard fare, a James Bond clone just when the series was hitting its stride. Sensing that this "some other guy" he mentioned might be Stuart, I asked him if he remembered anything about him, but he couldn't help. I thanked him and he left, revealing the figure of Stuart, having overheard our whole conversation. By his reaction it was obvious that it was him we were discussing. He seemed most upset about my enquires and immediately exited the building, not returning for the rest of the day. I am most concerned about him, but at the same time, very curious as to what provoked this reaction.

2:15pm July 3

I shouldn't be doing this now, since I'm still at work, but Stuart won't talk to me. He didn't even turn up to the cinema for the last two days. He's been here today, though, in fact, I'm looking at him right now. He's looking at the floor. Sad. Melancholy; like he has nothing to look forward to. He saw a movie this morning (as usual). I think he liked it because he had a big smile on his face when he came out, but soon after he's back like he is now. It always seems to happen like that; it's a cycle. At now he'll never take a glance at me. Obviously I'm not going to find out what's going on by pursuing the source himself. Perhaps I need to try other means.

9pm July 3

God woman! Two diary entries in one day! What's up with me? I checked the hall of records downtown for information on Stuart, utilising some of my nifty computer skills to hack into the system. I am quite pleased with my efforts. Anyway, enough of my ego boosting talk, I found details: as in a total lack of details. I couldn't find a single drop of data on anyone named Stuart Glaze that matched his description. Perhaps it was an alias; I thought, but Stuart? Would he have lied to me like that?

July 5

Oh god. I feel really bad. What did I do? I laughed at him, he told me his deepest secrets and I laughed at him. I am SUCH an IDIOT. I guess I should tell this from the beginning; otherwise it'll be hard to understand.

I had had enough of this waiting, the limbo of awaiting information not forthcoming. So being unnaturally confident, I left my ticketing booth and marched over to where Stuart was seated. Seeing me coming, he got up and bolted out the door. Despite calls from my co-workers I felt enough was enough: I wanted the truth now. I followed him down

the street and down into the Subway system. Boarding a train, I finally cornered him in the last carriage. He had given up, and I sat down and tried to comfort him. I think he realized that I wanted to help (and, god dammit, I did), so he proceeded to tell me his story.

He said he was a writer. He tried to break into the movie business, but no one would ever accept his screenplays, and when they did not respond favourably to his work. After a few disappointments, his disenchantment with his aspirations provoked him to pursue a different path. Not his first love, but the transition from writing to acting, he said, was not that big a step since he already felt so in touch with characters' emotions from writing them. After a few small roles, he managed to land the title role in *The First Play*. The movie was a big disappointment critically, commercially, and, above all else, for Stuart. The writer of the film, totally coincidentally, was named Stuart Glaze. (Not wishing to interrupt his tale, I restrained myself from commenting on this rather interesting detail). He said he never got to meet the writer, as he died of a heart attack whilst working on the screenplay. Thus, it was never finished as intended, and someone else was called in to rewrite and complete it. Stuart was convinced that the film would have turned out differently had 'Stuart' (the writer) finished the script as intended. "For one, my character wouldn't have dropped out of the story mid way through and had his character left totally out in the open". The reviews of opening night apparently echoed his comments with cries of "poorly plotted" and "bad second half of script". Now, he says, only my boss (who was present on the night), himself and a few select others remember the film, as it was out of print only a few short years after its release.

He proceeded to recap the plot of the film. He believes the writer's intention was to have the female lead, who had betrayed Stuart and joined the film's villains, realize the magnitude of her mistake and return to her lover's arms after a climactic battle. However, in the final script, she remained on the side of evil, after which Stuart's character was never mentioned.

Stuart's tone gradually shifted into one of despair, and for full effect I think I need to quote him as exactly as I can:

"I recall standing in an empty theatre late on the opening night, the light from the projector diffusing onto the screen. It was as if awoken from a dream. It's the first thing I remember in this world. I felt cold, like there was something I needed, a longing, and yet it could not be reconciled. I felt like this was where I needed to be, that I could find the resolution I needed, tie up the loose ends that were left hanging. It was there to be found, but only if I looked in the right place. Of course, I didn't know where exactly it was, but somehow I knew I would find it."

His tone, the way in which he was unwavering in his belief captured me. Something in those words *totally* made sense to me, and yet at the same time it was unfathomable, something so absurdly ridiculous that it caused me to unintentionally burst out laughing. I didn't mean to; it was more that I was laughing in happiness. Of course, from his perspective, he would not have seen it that way. So, yes, I

feel like an idiot, and I'm not sure what to believe. I think of myself as a pretty open-minded person, but, if I've interpreted him correctly, he's implying that he is a character from a movie come to life? I mean *come on*. Fairy tale stuff. Something in his manner however, makes it strangely compelling. I wish I could apologise, although I'm not sure when I'll see him again.

July 10

I am now officially worried. I haven't seen Stuart since our meeting in the Subway car. What if something happened to him? I was the only person he seemed to talk to and, dammit, I'd consider him my friend. My friend is in trouble and I need to help him. I just hope he hasn't done something stupid like getting himself killed.

July 12

I am not waiting any longer. I could just as easily forget about him and move on with my life, but things like that just don't happen. You can't just change the path you're on because you want to; you have to ride it out to its conclusion. And, by god, that's what I'm going to do.

July 15

Oh I searched. I sifted through what seems like every apartment building in greater New York and every scrap of a record I could lay my hands on to find Stuart. By late this afternoon I was tiring of my search, almost ready to give up. But I would not. I came to the last abode on my list, my last hope. All I could do was chuckle when I came to the building, which was opposite the cinema itself - I couldn't believe I didn't check it first. I climbed the staircase, the landlord guiding me to his apartment. Stuart was not there, but clearly was only a few minutes prior, warm food still steaming on the table. The possibilities fluttered through my head, and I followed the logical course of action: once I checked the apartment, I exited to the side alleyway. I skirted the puddles of water, catching a glimpse of a familiar figure behind an industrial rubbish bin. I assumed he was trying to get away from me, but as he saw me approach, his eyes lit up, his demeanour rapidly improving at my appearance. The first thing I had to do was apologise. I said I didn't mean to react the way I did, and that I had the utmost respect for him and was trying to help. Despite his earlier reaction, now he seemed to forgive me. I then asked what else I could do for him, to which he replied smoothly and calmly: "It's already been done. You remember how I told you I knew that I'd find what I was looking for? It turns out I was looking in the wrong place." He pointed to the cinema, where, under the 'Now showing' heading was written 'The Second Play: What happened Stuart Glaze'. I was just comprehending what this meant when I turned back to ask him and he was gone. There was no way he could have gotten away without me seeing or hearing him; he just inexplicably disappeared. As freaky as this sounds - and I'm scaring myself just writing this - maybe what he said was true. The fact that someone just vanished in front of me wither means I'm going insane or what he said actually might be real. I don't know the how, but, strangely enough, the *why* does actually make sense to me. Maybe right now I should be wondering what the hell I

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just witnessed, but I actually feel like something just went right. That I did the right thing by tracking him down even after I perhaps said things I shouldn't.

November 21 1999

I did a very strange thing today. I went back and read my diary, which not only showed that my life is very strange, but that something extraordinary happened to me in the middle of this year. I'm not exactly sure what happened, but it meant something to me. Something shifted. And I feel like something, for once, went right.

It's my birthday today, and we had a really great party at my place, with all my friends having an absolute ball. We met up at the base of the New York Times building where I've been working for the past two months (I love it), and then came to my place. We talked for ages about life, guys, gals, work, everything. They dished out the presents (love that part!), and Eliza gave me a beautiful silver ring, something that I've wanted for a long time. We watched my favourite movie (not surprisingly), 'The Second Play: What Happened to Stuart Glaze'. I still get this warm fuzzy feeling inside whenever I see it. It's weird because all my friends have partners at the moment, all lost in love: Will & Sally, Emma & Alex, and Eliza & Anne. I'm happy they're happy. I don't mind too much that I don't have anyone right at the moment. I know it will happen someday. I'm sure of it.

A Minute In His Head

By David Keetch

The spoon heats.

Some say that the acid is melting my spine, along with other propaganda-fueled myths they choose to believe. I don't believe what most have to say, because that answer has come from people with hidden agendas. Then there's the problem of living in a world where we all think that we are right and we want everyone to be more like us. We hear what we want to hear and we tell people exactly that, nothing more, nothing less. You simply converse to manipulate situations for your own benefit, then to convince others you firstly convince yourself, repressing the truth, burying altruism and sufficing greed. Everyday we are lied to, from the front to back page, intro to weather. No longer do we seek or reveal truth, but instead are happy to settle for shit coated in sugar and have it spoon-fed to us. Then you all have the audacity to tell me that I am destroying my brain when they took yours long ago, gave it a good wash and stuck it on a labeled shelf. You believe them because you always have. You're too afraid to accept that they have complete control over your whole life; too afraid to see that your total lack of independence is why they exploit you and their power. Yet it is I you pity, and not even that much sometimes. You deplore my actions when you are a slave to the system that depends on your dependence. Perhaps this is why you all

turn your heads when you hear the bellow of my laughter. It shakes the foundations of your monotony, plays havoc with your circuits and chips and all you can do about it is turn your head and move up the line.

Water bubbles.

The concrete is like a weed. It consumes everything in its path and sometimes only to make one. Stretching beyond the capability of the eye, it is all around you. And in its cracks fall your dreams. You sit inside the concrete masses and into the cracks fall your future. A future without concrete. A future that doesn't exist in your mind. You have become accustomed to stolen dreams, water from a cooler, a picture of a wife you settled for and a child that doesn't look like you at all. But it's okay because you have wads of plastic to keep you happy. Or you before those bills, fees, levies and fines came in the mail. You have a routine to keep you in line and most of all you have the hypnotic glow of the 'conform box' to escape into. Yet, if you saw me here now, you would be ignorant enough to think that I am the one who is escaping. I do not run, unlike you. Instead I choose to discover and make attempts at understanding it all. While, for many of you, it is more convenient for you to flee from these discoveries and hide behind polymerized comforts and ideals it is better for me to help others find the truth. Yes, the truth does hurt when you've believed lies the entirety of your existence, but that first sense of freedom is infinitely more satisfying than an entire life blinded from the shackles on your wrists and ankles.

Crystals dissolve.

I don't see the inhumanity in my actions. I have created no victim. However, you deem this to be recalcitrance and, therefore, punishable. You might tell me to look in the mirror, and perhaps I'll see sunken cheeks and a pale face, but I am not unwell. Worn, but not defeated. In fact I have merely undertaken a journey tonight. A journey, that on face value, may have only occurred in the surrounding rooms. But in reality I have revisited the forgotten details of previous self-realizations and entered further thought that I never knew existed. It was a reiteration of the past, a refining of the present and a mere skeleton of the future. I don't expect you all to understand it and you don't even have to accept it, but you will not judge me to be any less of a person than yourself. However, it is not judgement that makes me irate, but rather your constant misjudgement. You think you are better than me, oh virtuous and wise one, that you can stamp my neck with red writing and spout self-righteous babble into my face. I don't hold you down and force you to drink my piss, do I?

The tube fills.

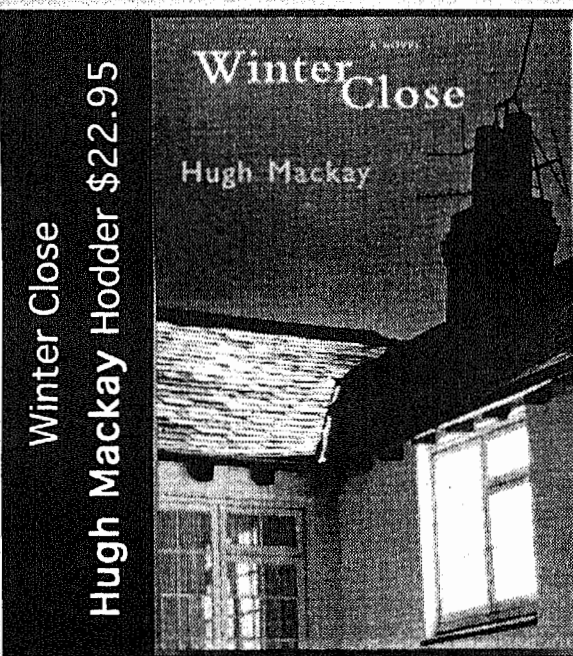
I am here to silently watch the sun rise. It's Sunday and you are asleep in your bed. Once again you've missed the end of another night, this time with your eyes closed. Every other morning you are swept up in preparation for the nine-to-five and too busy pushing the pedal that pumps the petrol. The first sign of light shows most evidently in the clouds, as the seemingly silvery glow illuminates the navy-blue blanket they slumber upon. And, as that first light peers over the horizon, it radiates an eerie alien green. You can turn your head to see what your hands

are doing and upon turning back you see the mysterious peace is gone, made redundant by reds and oranges, so ferociously enlightening, that even they have the power to burn away the flames in your heart.

Prick, plunge and away for another day.

On Dit apologises for inadvertently printing the author of 'Admiration' in the last edition as John Faber rather than David Faber. Sorry about that.

literature



Winter Close
Hugh Mackay Hodder \$22.95

journeys of society and in particular Australian culture.

We view both the street and its residents through Tom's eyes: there is the professional couple with three kids, the elderly couple who have lived there almost their entire lives, the student renters, the eccentric widowed pensioner, the couple with fostered children, the migrant family struggling to adapt to Australian culture and of course the single mother. Mackay's characters are believable and it is hard not to become interested in them as they develop throughout the book. Tom's assessment of his neighbours becomes more critical throughout the story as he searches for answers to his

own problems.

Disguised as a mere portrait of suburban life, *Winter Close* develops into an exploration of the human psyche and the often hazy line between neighbour and friend. Of course, we all get this anyway from Toadie, Flick and Harold at 6:30 every weeknight, but *Winter Close* takes a somewhat more in depth look at life in the suburbs.

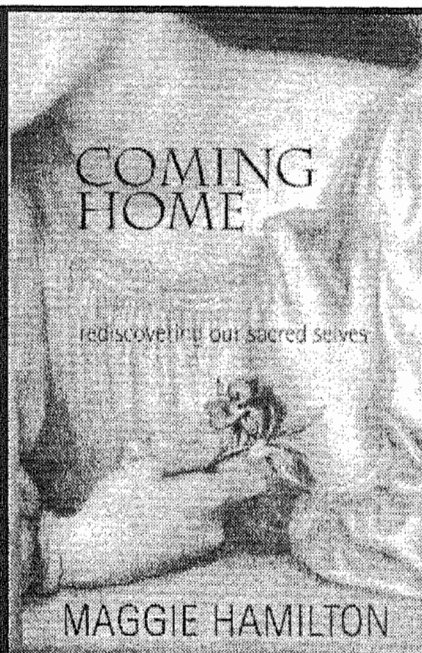
Set in a cul-de-sac in Sydney's northern suburbs, the story is told by Tom - a middle aged counsellor who is still reeling from his marriage breakdown some three years earlier. While many of the plot developments throughout the book are only slightly more original than what the brains trust at several Australian soapies can come up with, Mackay's analysis of the character's relationships within the book ensures it exceeds mere superficial observations. Mackay is in fact a psychologist and social researcher, who has made a career out of studying attitudes and behaviour of the Australian community. This is quite evident throughout the book as Tom's career as a counsellor takes us on various analytical

Winter Close was particularly easy to read and at the most is a week's worth of reading. It's written with relatively simple language and the engrossing characters tempt you to continue reading and uncover more about their lives. I found this book particularly entertaining and the development of several characters gave the book an unusual and unpredictable ending. This novel is in fact the first part of Mackay's trilogy, *A Self-made Man*.

For those of you who are keen for some easy reading that is serious, funny and engaging then this book is for you. It challenges many myths about the suburbs and is an insight into the Australian psyche and culture. While those who are less excited by any form of insight or analysis of Aussie suburbia - 6:30 weeknights on Channel 10.

MITCH

Coming Home:
Rediscovering our Sacred Selves
Maggie Hamilton Penguin \$29.95



Pierre Teilhard de Chardin once said, 'We are not human beings having a spiritual experience; we are spiritual beings having a human experience.' I'd like to believe this. If you believe it, or if you're just interested in spirituality, *Coming Home* is a worthwhile read. Written in simple terms, even if you're new to the spirit world, you'll have no trouble grasping the ideas in the book. Also, if you're seeking the Light, you'll gain from this book too. To further help the reader understand her concepts, a number of the author's own experiences behind them are included in the book.

The chapter, 'Where do we live?' was particularly interesting

to me, covering aspects of spirituality such as spiritual energy, soul vibration and what to make of coincidences in our lives. For those whose ego is too big to fit in your body, there's a chapter for you called 'Who am I?' If owning a Skyline is the most important thing in your life, this chapter will help you. It makes us understand that happiness cannot be gained through material possessions but from a contented soul, which is a lot harder to achieve than saving up for a rice burner.

Coming Home outlines meditation practices in most of the chapters, prayers for those who are into that, and some trippy instances of the author's own meditative experiences that are very inspiring. In one, she says that she was taken back to the womb in a highly meditative state, where she experienced all the negative energy that surrounded her mother's pregnancy. From this she established that the thoughts and attitudes of the people surrounding a

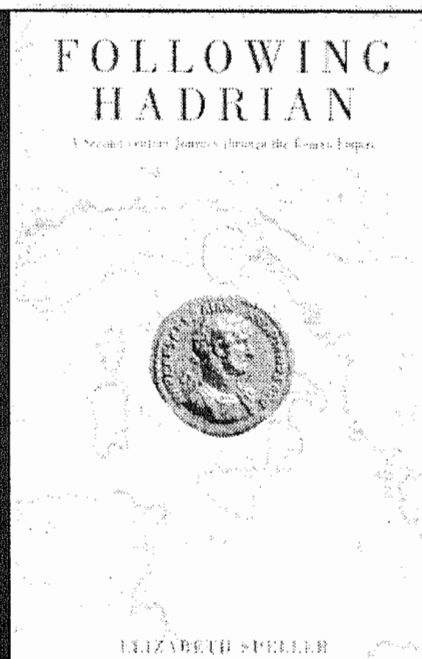
pregnant woman can heavily impact on the life of the unborn child. Such revelations are abundant in the book, which will open up your mind.

One objection I have is that although this book claims to be a tool that can guide us through life or on our spiritual quest, there is no index at the back. There are distinct subject headings within the chapters, but if you needed guidance in a specific area, it would be hard to find it.

Otherwise, this book is full of helpful hints to sponge off, as well as real life experiences that the reader can relate to. The author is on her own spiritual quest and has travelled to places that have inspired her on this quest, which in turn, inspire the reader. For anyone trying to feed their soul, inspiration is worth more than money.

Painey

Following Hadrian
Elizabeth Speller Headline Books
\$44.95



With great names such as Julius and Augustus Caesar, it is easy for other Roman emperors to be missed or glossed over, Hadrian however has not escaped attention. Hadrian stands out among a string of Roman emperors. Unlike many of his contemporaries, who died young, Hadrian lived to the ripe age of sixty-two, passing away by all reports from natural causes. There have been several books written about Hadrian, however, Elizabeth Speller's new book, *Following Hadrian*, takes quite a unique approach.

As its name suggests, *Following Hadrian*, is primarily about reliving Hadrian's famous tour throughout the Roman Empire. After securing

peace within the Roman Empire at a relatively young age, Hadrian took the amazing step of leaving the Roman Capital. In many ways, *Following Hadrian*, is akin to a cross between Hadrian's biography and a travel catalogue. Given her incredibly descriptive way of writing it comes as little surprise that Speller herself is also an award-winning poet. I particularly enjoyed her description of the Pantheon. Interestingly and somewhat disappointingly, the thing for which Hadrian is perhaps best known - Hadrian's Wall - gets only a brief mention.

One of the topics, which Speller examines in detail, is Hadrian's relationship with his male lover, Antinous. Speller lays out in detail how their relationship began and how Hadrian devoted large parts of his life to immortalising him, in both stone and song. Also included in this section is Speller's speculation on the rumours that Hadrian had played a major role

in Antinous' death. She recalls one rumour that Hadrian "sodden with his lover's blood, ripped out Antinous' entrails, as a priest might in a sacrifice or an augur looking for the future".

Hadrian kept a great deal of personal writings, unfortunately they have been lost, leaving contemporary historians to use largely unreliable ancient historians and archaeological artifacts, to fill in the blanks. As a result of this many books on Hadrian contain fictional elements, and *Following Hadrian*, is no different. If one were to require a more historically accurate book I would recommend, *Hadrian: The Restless Emperor*, by Anthony Birley. Despite its minor flaws however, *Following Hadrian*, proved a remarkably enjoyable and a great introduction to one of the most remarkable emperors.

Ben Heathcote

Wild Politics
Susan Hawthorne Spinifex
\$29.95



Susan Hawthorne is a noted Australian activist and writer who has written and edited a number of books and anthologies, including two collections of poetry and the critically acclaimed novel *The Falling Women*. Her latest outing is a thoughtful, detailed and uniquely accessible critique of western culture from feminist, indigenous, environmental and other 'alternative' perspectives.

Yes, Susan Hawthorne is a hippie of the highest order. What's more, *Wild Politics* is perhaps a smidgen left of *The Communist Manifesto* on the Communist, Anti-capitalist scale. Nevertheless, hers is an argument based on a measured and rational analysis of a globalised culture and economy that is fast becoming out of

control. Her answer to the problem is based on a more compassionate understanding of cultural diversity, which she likens to the necessity of environmental biodiversity. It is this metaphorical view of western culture that sets Hawthorne's argument apart from other, more cliched criticisms of late capitalist culture.

Essentially, Hawthorne suggests that culture can be likened to an ecosystem, which can only thrive when it contains a wide variety of flora and fauna. Just as a sustainable environment requires a balanced system of organism, a robust globalised culture needs to be comprised of a healthy variety of ideologies and subcultures. Texture, meaning and 'life-orientated connectivity' are therefore just as important in global culture as in the environment. Hawthorne goes on to criticise the basis of western capitalism, which she sees to be an inflexible form of neoclassical economics, which Hawthorne refers to as

'Economic Darwinism'. Not only is this culture the product of hostile patriarchy, it is based on distinctly masculine attitudes towards political power, the environment and cultural diversity.

Notions of collective good are assumed to be equal with market competition; traditional concepts of identity and self are replaced with decadent consumerism; market-driven commercial media gradually homogenises society until such time as we find ourselves drowning in hideously superficial concoction of white noise and postmodernity, yada, yada, yada. It is easy to get sucked into this kind of anti-capitalist logic, but is easier still to understand why books like these need to be taken seriously. *Wild Politics*, although blatantly leftist in its critique, is one of the better analyses of globalisation that I have seen. Definitely worth a look.

Tristan

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When it comes to star power, Matt Damon is right up there with the biggest. So we were fortunate that during his recent visit to our shore, *On Dit* was able to take part in a press conference with such a big name star, who turned out to be incredibly friendly, witty and funny.

The Bourne Identity sees Damon in a much more physical, action hero role than audiences are used to. For an actor with such dialogue driven work such as *Good Will Hunting* and *The Talented Mr. Ripley* behind him, Matt Damon is perhaps not an actor one would immediately envisage in an action role. Damon agrees, saying "I wouldn't have been the first person I would have thought of to play the role", but director Doug Liman (the same man behind the indie cult hit *Swingers* and *Go*) saw different enough to cast him in the lead role as Jason Bourne, an amnesia stricken secret US Government agent that has to fight to stay alive when his former colleagues want him dead.

Matt revealed that he didn't have any great need to do an action movie, but rather "it was more a response to a great script

that I read and a director I wanted to work with." Liman's background in independent cinema was a factor in attracting Matt to the project, as well as his enthusiasm and fresh ideas for taking the classic spy film genre to new places. "I thought that a combination of a more straight forward Hollywood movie with a guy like [Liman] who comes out of left field a little bit, tends to create a little chaos and make things more interesting. A movie like this is successful because of the details. You know, the story itself isn't that original, what makes it unique is its style and its execution. It's the little bits in it, like Bourne looking at a map before a car chase starts, and putting Franka Potente in the lead role instead of an American starlet, or shooting it entirely with a European crew instead of bringing Americans over...all this stuff has the net effect of separating the film from other Hollywood fare."

Although Matt's affection for his director was a contributing factor for his taking on the role of Jason Bourne, his connection to the *The Bourne Identity* has a longer history. Matt related how he came to read the late Robert Ludlum's spy novel on which the film is based during frequent plane flights from New York to Los Angeles to see a girl he was dating, circa 1993. "In our country *The Bourne Identity* is one of those pretty classic 'airport' novels...you can't go to an airport without seeing a shelf of, you know, Ludlum, Tom Clancy...those books that help weary travelers pass the time."

Matt may be reluctant to be the next big thing in blockbuster action films, but anyone who sees the film is sure to be impressed by his formidable display of martial arts prowess and his new found abdominal muscles. Matt explained that the stylistic on-screen ass kicking he displays is due to five months of training in *kali*, a particularly ferocious Filipino martial art. "Also Doug Liman said he wanted my character to walk like a boxer, with the directness and efficiency that a boxer moves with, so they stuck me in boxing training for five months...and then a lot of weight lifting, and a lot of firearm training. Even though I don't hold a gun too much in the movie there was a line that Tony Gilroy wrote in the script like: the first time Bourne holds a gun it feels very natural in his hand." It's an extension of himself."

When it came time to ask my question, I thought I'd delve into the philosophical dilemma raised by the film.

Reader's take note: This paragraph may contain spoiler information!!! If you don't want to know too much about

the film, skip to the next paragraph!! The character of Bourne is an amnesia suffering, highly skilled and dangerous secret government agent, who learns of the full extent of what his former job required. When he does, he renounces his past. I asked Matt whether he believed it was a case of his character him reinventing himself or remembering his true self underneath all the dehumanising military training? He replied: "One of the things we wanted to play with is that classic movie convention. In an amnesia movie it's always a bump on the head that makes the guy forget who he is...but to a

certain extent in this case there never was a bump on the head, perhaps it was a psychological shift that lead this guy to repress this memory. You then you have a movie about a guy who spends his time trying to get an identity back that he never really wanted in the first place. I think Doug that that was pretty interesting. And on top of that when he does finally get some pieces of his life back and he can claim 'I know enough about myself to know that I don't want to do this [i.e. espionage, assassination CIA type stuff] anymore', Doug I think really liked the

ambiguity of in the next breath him [Bourne] having to go and kill a bunch of people. That adds a little dark irony to the film."

Another key feature of *The Bourne Identity* is its wonderful cinematography and location scenes. With scenes set in France, Italy, and Switzerland among others, the shoot saw Damon return to Europe. Despite the myriad of attractions, the busy shooting schedules often mean that Matt has little time for relaxing and sight seeing. Matt joked that "these are often a lot more fun for my family, when they come to visit. My brother and his wife are constantly having second and third honeymoons every time I get a movie in one of these places and spending a week to go and see all the stuff I don't get to see."

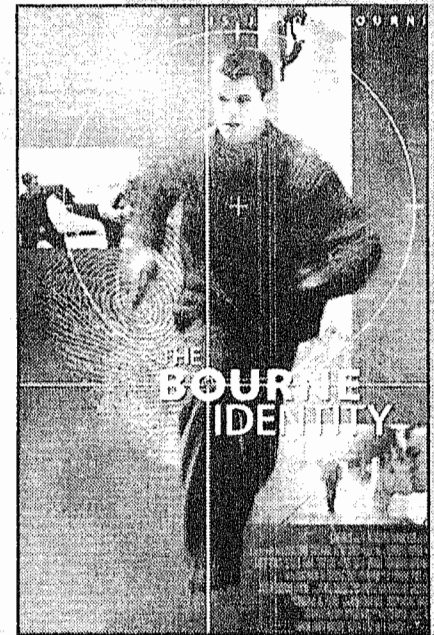
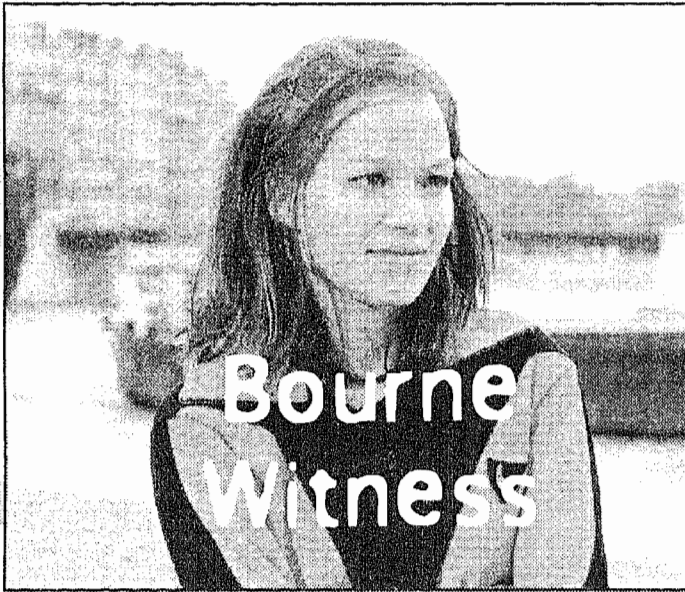
Still, it surely can't be all that bad for young Matt. For example, he gets to frolic around in steamy love scenes with gorgeous women like co-star Franka Potente, while the rest of us have to be content with looking on. It's all good, right? Not exactly, says Matt, of love scenes. "They're a little odd, because you can't escape the artifice. There's bright lights, and a hundred people just a few feet from you...so it's hard to feel

excited. It never really feels sexy when you're doing it."

It seems Matt needs to look elsewhere for his satisfaction. One outlet is *Project Greenlight*, the project he and friend Ben Affleck put together to help writers struggling to slip into the cracks and get their scripts after the duo became took out Best Screenplay Oscars for *Good Will Hunting*. "Ben and I were constantly getting stopped in the street, and people would say 'How did you sell your screenplay, I have a screenplay, do you have any advice..' and we didn't really know what to tell anybody because of the standard gate keeper system of Hollywood. You can't get an agent unless you have been produced or at least sold any of your stuff and you can't get sell your stuff unless you have an agent, so it's a pretty bad Catch 22 that leaves worthy writers unable to get a job. So it's [Greenlight] an attempt to remedy that."

As for whether or not *The Bourne Identity* marks the arrival of a new action star, Matt concedes "I'd do a sequel if we could make it better than the first one." There you have it kids, we may see more of Matt Damon, the new, hip action-hero yet.

dan V



The Bourne Identity
Now showing
Cinemas everywhere

When you think "espionage thriller", you may not immediately think of Matt Damon in a lead role as a head kicking secret agent. After all, Matty is seen by many as an actor who is fond of talky, touchy-feely films, not violent spy films, whether accurate or not. However, *The Bourne Identity* sees Matt stepping out and trying his hand at something that could easily be filed in the "action" aisle in the video store. The good news is that he pulls it off quite well.

The Bourne Identity is unlike the typical action thrill ride of yester-year, since we meet the protagonist under quite peculiar circumstances. Our hero is found floating in the ocean by Italian fisherman in a sever storm. After being dragged on board, it becomes clear that he is still alive, though barely. Closer inspection reveals two fresh bullet wounds in the man's back, and after being nursed back to health by the sailors, the mystery man discovers that although he can speak fluently in several languages he cannot remember who he is or how he came to be shot and left for dead in the Mediterranean. To make matters even more intriguing, the nameless man has a laser embedded in his hip that displays the details of a Swiss bank account.

Further investigations reveal a superior, instinctual grasp of devastating martial arts techniques and a bank account that houses a suitcase full of foreign currency and fake passports, and the name Jason Bourne. Is this our protagonist's real identity? Meanwhile, some cloak and dagger U.S Government agency is trying to kill our hero and it all has something to do with a botched assassination attempt on a cruel and controversial African despotic tyrannical leader. Sounds like a wee bit of fun, hey kids? Well, it gets better. Add the saucy sex appeal of Marie (played by Germany's Franka Potente, most memorably known as the titular character from Tom Twyker's *Run Lola Run*) a German born vagabond with a taste for adventure who teams up with our amnesia struck love muscle Damon in more ways than one. <wink wink>

Although the plot seems semi-predictable the director undertakes an interesting, subtle approach when it comes to detail. For instance, Liman gives the obligatory car chase an interesting spin, by having the hero taking on a battery of cop cars in an old beat-up Morris Minor rather than some latest model corporately sponsored luxury vehicle.

Liman also takes this film to new places by using subtle and creative character building techniques. The conscious morality of Bourne is addressed openly in the film as his identity is slowly recovered. Bourne finds himself challenged both by his memory recovery of a past experience and his escape from the organisation which created him.

The side plot of the U.S government aiming to bring about regime change by a relatively simple activity known as assassination is more relevant than ever.

Coupled with some quite spectacular cinematography, the film provides a visually attractive look into the dark underground of international espionage, that's worth a look for all fans of the spy thriller genre.

Bec

Film - Crosses Cultures



XXX

Now showing
Everywhere bar the moon

If you think of women as skanky hoes and you believe that it is entirely possible to jump a barbed wire fence whilst hanging off the back of a motorcycle and shooting accurately, then XXX is the film for you! If, however, you happen to identify as female, you are going to be more than slightly offended by this action extravaganza. Vin Diesel (*The Fast And The Furious*, *Pitch Black*) stars as Xander (XXX to his friends), an underground extreme sports fanatic who steals luxury cars and drives them off bridges with a parachute on, capturing the whole thing on videotape. Of course, the CIA is in a spot of bother, and they decide that a hardened criminal would be better equipped to deal with a delicate international situation than a trained operative. So, in true CIA style, they kidnap a few crims and whack them into life threatening situations to see which one comes out on top. No prizes for guessing whose bad-ass attitude ensures that he is chosen for the job!

The action then moves to Eastern Europe, and XXX is given the task of infiltrating an anarchist movement, despite his inability to speak the language. It wouldn't be giving away too much to say that there is a beautiful yet icy foreign woman involved, and that those bad guys sure know how to host a party! Who else would be able to simply clap their hands and say "Bitches, Come!", and end up with a whole bevy of beauties to choose from? Try doing that in a nightclub and you are liable to get a drink thrown in your face. And who else walks into a bedroom to find a scantily clad woman erotically rubbing herself on the bedpost? Of course, this forces the brave hero to exclaim "the things I have to do for my country". I for one would like to give the scriptwriter a swift kick in the balls, on the behalf of women everywhere.

The action in this film is impressive, however far fetched it may be. Ever tried outrunning an avalanche on a snowboard? How about riding on top a submarine that is going over 120 km/hr? No? Well, XXX is after all, a professional. Perhaps the most impressive sequence though is the opening ten minutes, which is set in a nightclub during a Rammstein performance. If you enjoyed watching those crazy German guys set fire to themselves at the Big Day Out then it's definitely worth the price of the ticket just for that alone.

Poptart



The Cat's Meow
Trak Cinema

Released September 19

The Cat's Meow has been touted as somewhat of a comeback film for the oft-troubled 70's director Peter Bogdanovich. It deals with a now infamous weekend spent on newspaper tycoon William Randolph Hearst's yacht in November, 1924. As the legend goes, a party was being held in honour of Thomas Ince, the man credited with inventing the Hollywood Studio System and played to perfection by Cary Elwes. He was joined aboard by Hearst's mistress at the time, Marion Davies, a very popular silent actress, played by Kirsten Dunst. Charlie Chaplin was also present, played with genius by Eddie Izzard and Louella Parsons, touted as 'the most powerful gossip in history', played gleefully by Jennifer Tilly. To finish off this exquisite ensemble cast, we have the pleasure of the fabulous Joanna Lumley playing the famed novelist Elinor Glyn.

The film is extraordinary in its portrayal of the decadent, often insane lifestyle that represented antique celebrity in the silent film era. It contains a great deal of early jazz, plenty of booze, debauchery and makes no excuses for the extraordinary, often shameful way the rich and famous behaved in the Roaring '20s. It just portrays it the way it was, leaving the audience to either envy or be disgusted by the outrageous behaviour.

Kirsten Dunst gives an amazing performance as Marion, portraying her as a woman who, while retaining the attraction of youth, has poise that only comes with age and experience. She is forced to make a decision between two amazing would-be lovers and the path she follows to come to that decision is a thing of beauty and maturity. A far cry from the impetuous child she played in her first major film offering in *Interview With The Vampire* all those years ago. Edward Herrmann brings real soul to the character of Hearst, a mere mortal disguised as a god to all that see him. A sterling performance. Jennifer Tilly and Joanna Lumley too give exceptional performances, with the latter's portrayal of Elinor Glyn utterly sublime.

All in all, Bogdanovich has created a delight of a film, filled with music, life and vitality. With plenty of intrigue and stellar performances throughout, this film is a must see.

Kate

Long Time Dead
Now showing
Most cinemas

In the year 18-something, Alexander Bell invented a clever device to send messages over vast distances without the associated hassle of flogging teams of horses with vehicles attached to them across the grassland full of natives determined to make life for the colonial invaders difficult.

This invention has developed over the last 200 years into all sorts of fantastic communications media culminating in this movie which is very, very efficient at telegraphing the plot to the viewer.

I am of the understanding that this effort is director Marcus Adam's first foray into the world of film. The mood that he's going for seems to be that of a group of people isolated by extraordinary circumstances in a busy urban setting. Thus, there is supposed to be a situation whereby the characters are surrounded by people but still alone in their shared experience of paranormal phenomena which no one will believe. I can see what he's trying for but it doesn't work all that well. I think that the problem is that it tries to be poignant and intelligent but is ultimately a slasher flick. This uncertainty about what the film is trying to achieve is evident.

Here's the story line. A group of people looking for thrills, coked up to the eyeballs, decide to hold a séance with a makeshift ouija board. It goes horribly wrong and traps a Djinn in this world. The deal with the Djinn is that it's supposed to be this deeply frightening flamey dude who possesses one of the group and then kills the rest of them in spectacular ways, largely for the hell of it. Then there's a show-down, lame twist attempt, roll credits, listen to cool ending track and go home.

So let's talk about the film. To start with, here's a piece of pure speculation: the first time director didn't really know what was involved in making a film and didn't get his shit together to produce it in a reasonable amount of time so eventually, at the threat of losing funding he rushed out a half-cobbled together version prematurely, but still ten months after the projected release. Given the brief hype associated with the release of the sound-track in February, this seems plausible. Further, the confusing editing did nothing to allay these suspicions. It seemed really bad, more noticeably towards the end. Maybe I blinked, and I missed the transition from a particular chap attempting a banishing ritual to suddenly be stalking around the warehouse with a fresh cut on his forehead and a shard of broken glass to defend himself with. Maybe also I missed the bits that seemed to be described in detail in the release notes but didn't get that much screen time.

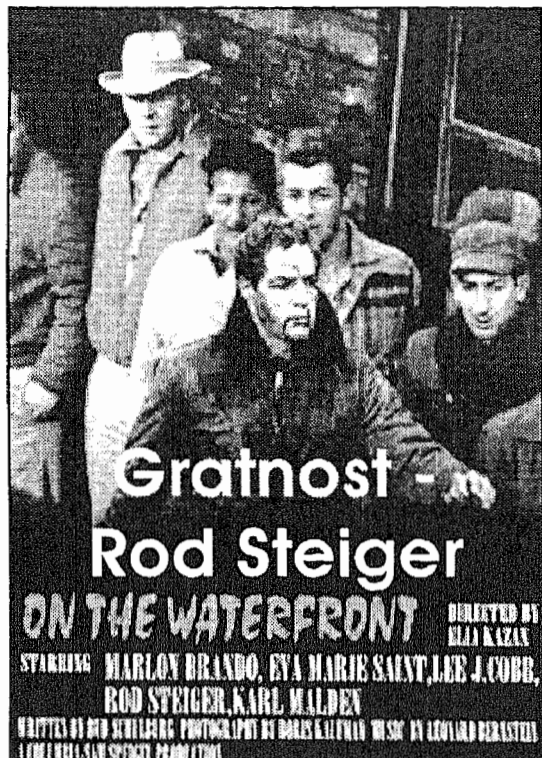
Earlier this year I reviewed the soundtrack for this movie and was well pleased, as it gave me hope for the movie. My hopes were dashed after seeing the film when it dawned on me that the actual music during the film had very little correlation with the music on the soundtrack and, I thought, the music in the credits. Again, it is possible that I wasn't paying enough attention to the music, although I was straining to hear every musical snippet and try to identify it given my familiarity with the sound track.

It wasn't a particularly subtle piece of work. Of course the black girl is going to be the one who knows most about voodoo and the supernatural and of course she's going to live on a houseboat with all sorts of hanging drape things and volumes on the occult. Then there was the set. Black and white checked linoleum in a hallway with peeling paint and shoddy electrics. But there's more! A sinister, creepy landlord who knows more than he's letting on, and whose shady history has links to the demons in the past of one of the main characters. Oooh, how terribly cutting-edge noir!

A fairly poor stab at the slasher genre, it does contain a very good-looking cast. I can't really say what the acting was like because this wasn't a good vehicle for any of them.

In short, it tried to get the feel of *Scream 2* and transpose it from a US college to the UK club scene. It's not bad for a laugh I guess, but it wouldn't lose anything on the small screen, so you may want to wait till it comes out on video.

Yak



Gratnost - Rod Steiger

ON THE WATERFRONT DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN
STARRING: MARLON BRANDO, EVA MARIE SAINT, JOE J. COBB,
ROD STEIGER, KARL MALDEN
WRITTEN BY ROY SCHEIDT; PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID LITTLE; MUSIC BY LOUISE BRANSTETTER
LEON ARONSON; EDITOR FRANK P. BRADY

On the Waterfront
1954 D: Elia Kazan

Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint
Karl Malden, Rod Steiger
Columbia TriStar Home
Entertainment

If you ever needed to view a picture that deals with serious consequences and how being the underdog can actually have a highly influential effect, then *On the Waterfront* will fascinate. It is a straightforward film about an ex-boxer named Terry Malone (Marlon Brando), a dockworker who is pushing 30. Terry is an errand boy for a corrupt union which is based on the waterfront - hence the movie's title. This union is headed by a crime boss named Johnny Friendly (Lee J. Cobb), who involves Terry in a murder case. The murdered party is Joey Doyle, a co-worker of Terry's who could have soiled the waterfront's reputation by testifying against Friendly and his accomplices.

Joey's murder spawns an investigation by the waterfront crime commission and this naturally awakens Terry's conscience. He falls in love with the victim's sister Edie (Eva Marie Saint). Through his relationship with Edie, Terry sees that to speak up might be the right decision on his part, despite the fact that doing so may well endanger his life.

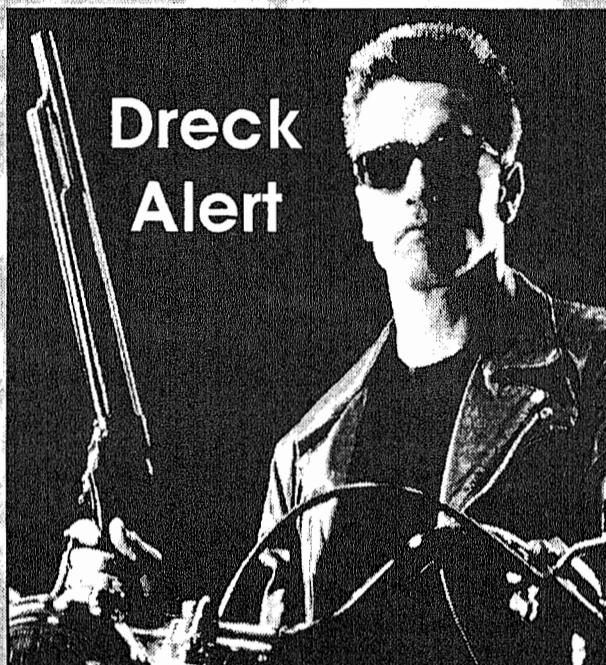
Terry is Charlie's (Rod Steiger) younger brother; Charlie is an accountant and Friendly's right hand man. Charlie believes in *omerta*, the 'code of silence', and when Terry says to his brother in the famous cab scene, "You don't understand. I coulda had class. I coulda been a contender. I coulda been somebody, instead of a bum, which is what I am", we understand the difference in their characters. This conversation leads to an event which pushes Terry over the edge and he begins to understand that he must undertake the role of the 'golden boy'.

Terry's co-workers upset him; they see him as a 'rat', but Edie and a local priest played by Karl Malden stand by his decisions. *On the Waterfront* is based upon a true story; a man named 'Di Vincenzo' once had to make this difficult choice. As our hero, Brando offers fiery perceptiveness, realistic mannerisms and an abashed smirk. He plays a character who appears to be hardy but who has a secretly fragile interior. This fragile interior rises to the surface in some interesting scenes which focus upon Terry and his love interest. I enjoyed their conversations and how Terry seemed to have the 'What do you care, anyway?' attitude. One of my favourite scenes is the one in which Terry confesses the part he played in Joey's death to Edie. Brando and Saint are a great pairing; another is Brando and the late, great character actor Rod Steiger.

On the Waterfront is Elia Kazan's masterpiece of the common man. It is about emotional relationships between characters which lead to an end in which there are no real winners.

Matthew 'I can't leave if you don't smile' Herfurth

Viddy This!



Dreck Alert

They Crawl

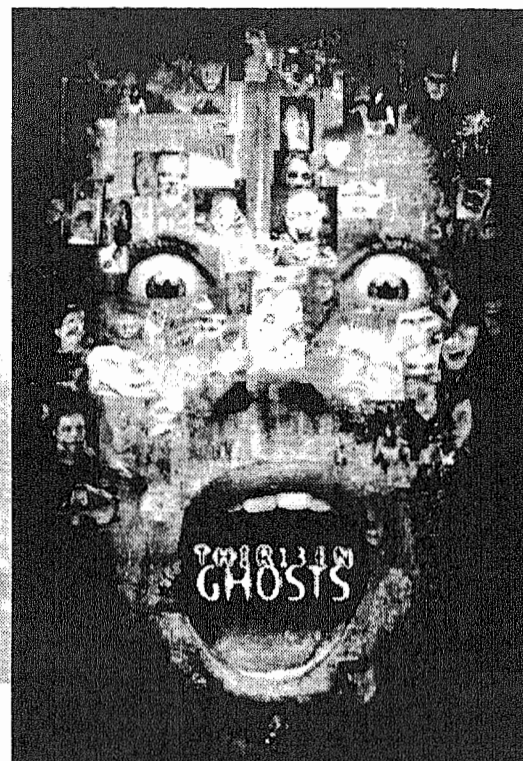
2001 D: John Allardice
Daniel Cosgrove, Tamara Davies
Dennis Boutsikaris, Ken Lerner
Columbia TriStar Home
Entertainment

A dreck and uninvolved B-picture, *They Crawl* represents the ultimate in filmmaker laziness. Not content with cribbing an action set piece from the highly underappreciated *Last Action Hero*, the makers of *They Crawl* go one step further by actually using the footage from that very film! Is this the future of moviemaking? Is Hollywood so desperate for ideas these days that it will stoop to simply inserting footage from other movies when things get dull? Hopefully not. I remember reading a funny story about a guy who began his career working for Roger Corman's studio; maybe it was James Cameron. His job was putting together trailers for upcoming releases from the Corman studio. Apparently he had a shot of a particularly exciting helicopter crash and whenever a trailer needed something to liven it up, he would insert said crash!

They Crawl is a tedious bug hunt which understands the concept of originality like Muhammad Ali understands the concept of modesty. Not only does it rip off *Last Action Hero*, it also 'borrows' footage from *Chain Reaction* - remember the scene in which Guano Reeves' lab is blown up by bad guys who wish to sabotage his experiment? So do the makers of this film, apparently - and *Rush Hour*. The film is not saved by brief cameos by Mickey Rourke, rapper Tone Loc and Tim Thomerson. Rourke, described by one of his critics as 'box office poison', is actually quite good as a vicious thug in Enrique Iglesias' latest video, 'Hero', which also stars (Jennifer) Love Hewitt. Tone Loc does his usual (wild) thing, and Thomerson, as a cigarette-smoking exterminator, is instantly forgettable.

So why rent this? My point exactly.

James Trevelyan
Special Thanks to Zannie Abbott



Thir13en Ghosts

2001 D: Steve Beck
Tony Shalhoub, Embeth Davidtz
Matthew Lillard, Shannon
Elizabeth
Columbia TriStar Home
Entertainment

This in-your-face, gore galore heartstopper completely blew me away. David Stratton derided *Thir13en Ghosts* as a stinker upon its cinema release, but he can - in the parlance of my dear old Dad - jolly well go and boil his head! The film opens with a spectacular nocturnal ghost hunt in a junkyard in which all hell - quite literally! - breaks loose. The fast pace never lets up; like *Speed*, which is, in my oh-so-humble opinion the best action film of the nineties, *Thir13en Ghosts* simply will not quit. This is my kind of film!

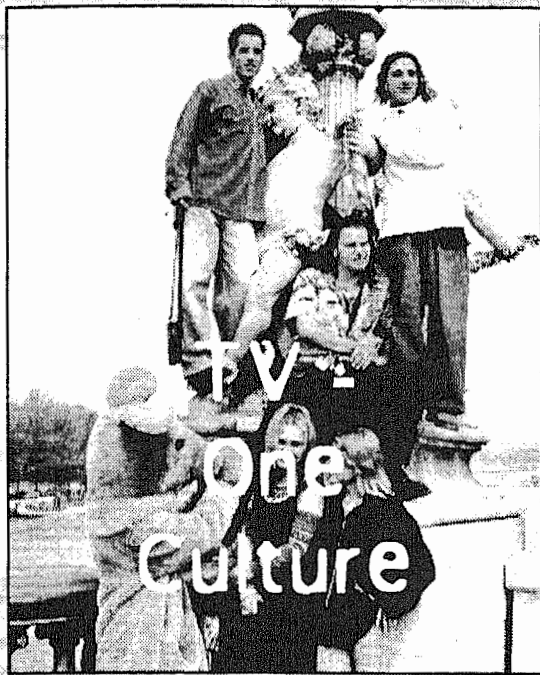
Being a die-hard gorehound, I was down like Hades when the kindly folk at CTHE sent me a timecode of this thrilling movie. But *Thir13en* is definitely not for the faint-hearted; like Clive Barker's *Hellraiser* - "You're not going to change your fucking mind, are you? I'm sorry" - this flick is extremely bloody and should not be viewed by the very young or the easily offended.

Director William Castle invented the 'gimmick' picture in order to lure audiences back into movie theatres back in the fifties and sixties after the invention of television had everyone staying home. It was Castle (1914-1977), whose real name was William Schloss, who came up with the concept of the 'Fright Break' in which the movie would pause for one minute and Castle would come onscreen and give the more easily frightened members of the audience the opportunity to leave the cinema just before something really scary happened. A variation on the Fright Break can be found in the British horror movie *The Beast Must Die* (1974) in which viewers are given sixty seconds to guess the identity of the werewolf. You should check out *Beast* if you can find it; it is pretty cool and it stars Charles Gray, who played the criminologist in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (1975).

Several years back, producer Joel Silver and director Robert Zemeckis formed Dark Castle Entertainment, a production company whose *raison d'être* is remaking the horror movies of William Castle. The dreck *House on Haunted Hill* was the company's first outing, so I feared *Ghosts* would be similarly bad, but it rocked my world!

Sure, the film has its flaws. The characters are not developed at all, and so when they buy the farm one by one, we could care less - I know that sounds awful but it is true! And the mechanism which powers the haunted mansion is ripped off from *Event Horizon*. The mansion is haunted by 12 ghosts; who will be the thirteenth? Can you guess, because I certainly could!

James Trevelyan
Special Thanks to Zannie Abbott



On Australian television, there is only one culture – white Australia. How many times have you seen anyone other than a white middle-class Aussie on something like *Home and Away*? Sure, they may have occasionally had guest stars like Ernie Dingo, but soaps don't reflect the true diversity that exists in our cities. You may think that this depiction doesn't concern you because you don't watch it.

Think again, because shows like *Home and Away* and *Neighbours* are shown in countries the world over. Are the British viewers wondering where we have hidden all those people whose skin doesn't burn easily? Obviously Summer Bay and Ramsay Street are rabid One Nation voters, because only people whose can trace their heritage back to the First Fleet can purchase property there.

Of course, there are a few exceptions to this, the most obvious being *Crash Palace*. Well, on the surface at least. Since it's set in a backpackers' hostel, one would assume that there are people there from all over the world. Wrong! The closest to multicultural it gets is Tori Musset's appalling attempt to play an Argentinian bisexual. Instead of sounding South American, she sounds like she's suffering from a particularly bad head cold. There are also an unusually large number of faux Americans and English, possibly because the producers heard Tori's accent and decided American and English accents were easier on the ear.

Then there is *Heartbreak High*. I was one of those sad individuals who watched this show when it first aired in the early 90s. Compared to *Crash Palace*, *Heartbreak High* is Oscar material, mainly because it's an ABC drama. The show did do a good job of representing the true multicultural nature of inner city Melbourne, and occasionally there were interesting storylines.

But back to the current soapy climate. It's time that current shows lifted their game, and started being inclusive rather than exclusive. *The Secret Life of Us* is one of the first of the soapies to feature an Aboriginal actor in a lead role. Surely other shows should be following this lead. After all,

who doesn't prefer the multicultural Froot Loops to the bland One Nation Rice Bubbles?

Poptart

PS. The *Buffy* season seven premiere screens in America on September 24. For spoilers, check out spoilerslayer.com or go to Loeff's fine wildfeed page. If you are looking for something to watch and you have cable, check out *Grosse Pointe* on Sunday nights and *Roswell* on Monday nights (Fox 8). Other than that, try reading a book.



Sex And The Single Student

Well, as we sadly say goodbye to Multicultural Week on campus and the many beautiful international students that sexily strolled around the Mayo last week, I find it hard to prevent myself from reflecting upon the vast differences between the sexy exchange students of abundance and the dreaded torment of student politicians and Election Week. Personally, I would rather swallow razor blades than sleep with certain student politicians, however, I know many who claim that it is both therapeutic and inspirational to sleep with a strong politician whilst in their prime; just refer to Monica's memoirs or the back of the girls' toilet doors up at the Unibar. So today, we will endeavour to determine who is sexier: the multicultural lover or a bright eyed first year Union Board candidate, wet behind the ears and ready to take on the world all in the one week? You be the judge.

Dear On Dit,

I have been sleeping with this student polliie for some time. But ever since election week, it hasn't been the same. Last week, I decided not to see him, to have a bit of a break. When eating lunch, I saw this really hot Spanish guy walk through the festivities. I had seen him around before but had never really spoken to him. His friends were sitting on my table. When he approached me, I think I felt my heart stop. Could I really date a foreigner?

Political Pauline, Second Year Engineering

Pauline, I think you know in your heart what you should do! Obviously it is the wrong time for you and this political guy. It is definitely time to move on. Even, though you gave no inclination what so ever that this new guy is interested in you, I think anything is better than your current situation. Who knows what chance you have with this hot European guy but I think you should definitely get over yourself before your sex life crashes and burns.

Dear Agony Aunt,

During Election Week, I became quite close to one of the girls campaigning me. Even though, our political views are worlds apart, I found myself dreaming of her naked every time she approached me and mentioned the words 'peak representative body'. I started to fantasise about our bodies. Naked. However, I never got a chance to vote for her as I was too busy fantasising. Now Election Week is over and I am scared that she didn't get elected, will I ever see her again? What should I do to win her love?

Liberal Luke, Third Year Science.

Dear Luke,

It looks like election week has really sucked you in! "Pretty girls with dreamy eyes and a passion for a better world" is a very successful election strategy that is used at universities the world over. I am surprised that she didn't give you a cup cake as well, though I guess you had been sugared up already. Why waste a faction's precious budget on you? If you do think that this pretty girl had a genuine thing for you, she would have surely walked you to the polling booth. Don't you know that practically constitutes a first date with those sort of girls. Find out whether she got elected, and if she did the best and most effective way to prove that you are in love with her, is to trick her mind into thinking that you care about political issues. Start going to Union Board or Council Meetings: they're free and there are always plenty of seats.

This way she will know that you love her. If there's one thing that a student politician understands, it's hidden agendas!

Dear Madame Vespa,

There is this foreign exchange student in my history tutes and he is a total honey. He is always boasting to the group that Italians do it better. I think it is his one joke that he reuses as he seems to apply it to everything. If asked whether he had done the readings, he will respond with "Italians do it better!" so, he's not the brightest student in our class but like I said, he's gorgeous and I only really want him for his body anyway. I know he'd be up for it, but as he is really quite flirty with everyone, I can't be sure whether he likes me too? What should I do?

Aussie Austin, Second Year Classical Studies

Well Austin, I think the answer is relatively simple. You clearly need to discover what sort of fruit our European friend likes to eat. It is really quite easy to flirt with European exchangees as there is no real threat or fear of seeing them every week for the next few years. It is also lots of fun flirting with someone who is still trying to grasp your language as they tend to have no idea what you are talking about. In a way, they don't need to: sex is the universal language of lovers; it's pretty easy to understand what someone means when they kiss you. So be daring, Austin and Kiss him!! (preferably not in front of the rest of the class- that is way too public!)

Until next time, take care of yourselves and each other!
Madame Vespa



Vespa shows the use of costume in the bedroom.

Clubs and Classifieds

OSA Officer

The Overseas Students' Association is seeking a Returning Officer for its elections, which are to be held in late October. To be eligible, you must be a full OSA member.

Interested individuals can contact Anthony Long, OSA Research Officer on 8303 4114 or at anthony.long@adelaide.edu.au by September 19.

Impressions Dinner

The 2002 International Impressions dinner is on September 21. Whilst it is mainly for international students all students are welcome to buy tickets. This year the venue is the Adelaide Festival Centre and yes, there is a DJ. There are dance tickets that are on sale for \$15 that includes entrance at 10.15 and disco fever after that until late in the night whereas the more interesting ticket is the dinner ticket. This ticket (\$65) encloses a package of three course meal (halal considered) with raffle prizes being drawn throughout the night e.g. Jam Factory vases, bottles of champagne, Stamford hotels discount vouchers, mystery flights, gym membership vouchers and the most important thing with this ticket is that you get free flow of alcohol for 4.5 hours. Tickets are selling moderately but there will be a mad rush towards the closing date of sale i.e. September 20. Tickets are available in the OSA Office and I will see you in there partying like its 1999.

Film Society

All films are screened in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building, Adelaide University, at 7pm on Thursday evenings, except where otherwise stated.

Film Society membership is \$5 and all films are free for members except where otherwise stated.

WEEK 8, Thursday September 19

Les Diaboliques (1955)

Directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot

A man is killed by his wife and his lover. A tight and suspenseful thriller that builds up to a dramatic finale that has audiences on the edges of their seats!

With short:

Blood Brothers Promotional Reel (2002) (Blood Brothers, the debut film of local director Brenton Priestley will be screened on the 17th October).

Arts

Interview With Justin Hamilton

You've heard him on Triple J, watched him on The Glasshouse and bought tickets to his shows – comedian Justin Hamilton is returning to Adelaide this Friday to perform in Monsta Monkey Business, a comedy night at the Masonic Lodge. I talked to him about his current projects, the Adelaide comedy scene and the time Wil Anderson kissed him.

OD: How long has Monsta Monkey Business been running for?

JH: About five years now - when I was living in Adelaide I ran it for a year and a half, but I moved to Melbourne after the Fringe this year and had to give it up. Monkey Business is a comedy night held every Wednesday at Rhino Room.

OD: So what's different about this show?

JH: It's a lot bigger - this is the first time we've taken it out of Rhino, and we (the production crew) are bringing over Wil Anderson from Sydney, and Terri Psiakis and myself from Melbourne. Monkey Business at Rhino is a bit experimental, it's more for up-and-comers to learn their craft, and for established comedians to try new material. So this show is more the professional side of it.

OD: So what things have you done with the show in the past?

JH: When I was running it we did quite a few things with people like Wil Anderson, Greg Fleet... during the Fringe we did a whole lot of secret shows, where we only told people about them at our other gigs. Wil and I also did a 1.00am show, where we got the audience to write down questions and we stood on stage for two and a half hours answering them!

OD: Wil seems to be on absolutely everything at the moment. Why do you think he's so popular?

JH: He's a handsome boy! But he's also a really fine comedian, and his work ethic is amazing – he's constantly working. Some comedians do their best stuff and you say, 'hey, that was great', and they say 'oh, no...' and you think, 'you just want people to say the sun shines out your arse'. But Wil's like, 'Yeah, I'm pretty happy, but I think I could have done that better...'. So yeah, his work ethic, and also the fact that he's a great kisser.

OD: Are you speaking from experience?

JH: Yeah, we snogged on stage once. We were doing a Melbourne Comedy Festival Gala, and for some reason we had a girl out of the audience. She kissed him, and I asked her how much she rated him, and she said 'seven'. And I said to Wil, 'Seven? You only got a seven!' And he said, 'Seven this!', and plunged his tongue into my mouth. I thought, 'You're not going to embarrass me!', so I picked him up. When he asked me what his score was I gave the ten fingers up and we staggered off stage.

OD: What other work are you doing at the moment?

JH: I'm a regular guest on The Glasshouse, and on Triple J. I'm bouncing back and forth between the breakfast crew and Drive, and I'm also going to be doing some mid-dawn shifts. Those are from 12 to six, where you get crack-pots ringing up, saying, 'there's lights over my house...'. So that's going to be interesting.

OD: Why should uni students pay good money to see Monsta Monkey Business?

JH: I think it's going to be a show where you're guaranteed to get more than your money's worth. People like Wil don't come to Adelaide that much, and there aren't many female comedians in Adelaide, so it's a chance to see a really strong female act in Terry Psiakis, who's great. It's a good opportunity to see a local talent like Craig Egan as well. And it's going to be really funny.

OD: That's usually pretty important...

JH: Yeah! It's actually my birthday that day too, so I think we're all going to the Rhino Room afterwards, and I'm possibly going to drink too much. But I don't want to guarantee anything – it's just a guess.

Monsta Monkey Business will be held this Friday night at the Masonic Lodge, 254 North Terrace. Tickets are \$18 from Venuetix.

Emily

The Anatomy Lesson of Dr Ruysch Queens Theatre Until September 21

To begin with *The Anatomy Lesson of Doctor Ruysch* seems a morbid glance at a man who basically makes art of babies' skeletons and clothes out of intestines, but develops to reveal that the play's underlying message is a thought-provoking one.

Based on the work of real-life anatomist Fredrick Ruysch in 17th century Amsterdam, the play follows Dr Ruysch's scientific discovery and preservation of human and animal body parts with the help of his ten-year-old daughter Rachel.

The blurring of science and humanity and the importance of progress underpins the tale. What is the value and sanctity of human life and what extent it should be used to further science? The answers are not found in the play, only contrasting views, which I enjoyed.

The Anatomy Lesson of Dr Ruysch is at times a comical fable that deals with the bigger picture of humanity, but is mellowed through the delightful performance given by Ursula Yovich, who plays Rachel.

The play is helped along by a visually stimulating set design. The creative backdrop and 'wonder cabinets' filled with treasures and baby foetuses add interest without distracting from the actors performances, as does the strong music composition.

Whilst Dr Ruysch's journey of discovery takes an odd turn, the play is one that may appeal to those with an interest in art and science.

The Anatomy Lesson of Doctor Ruysch runs from September 3-21 at the Queens Theatre. Bookings at Bass. Tickets \$20, concession \$10 - \$15.

Elpitha Sougleris

'All the world's a stage...' The Adelaide University Theatre Guild

Do you possess an overwhelming desire to strut and fret your hour upon the stage? Perhaps did drama in high school? Are you seeking a larger audience than tutorials provide? Is saying "well is this a dagger I see before me" in the kitchen, really starting to wear thin with house-mates?

The Adelaide University Theatre Guild has staged over 320 performances since it began back in 1938. Whilst the University may no longer have a drama studies course, there are many students right across campus who every year have the opportunity to be involved in all areas of live theatre.

The Theatre Guild provides the chance for students to be involved in quality productions with a range of experienced directors and actors, many of who have, or go on to work in professional theatre in Australia and overseas.

As well as the chance to work on stage, The Guild provides the opportunity for those interested in all technical aspects of theatre to be involved whether it be lighting, sound, stage management, set design etc. The Guild also provides the chance for fledgling writers and directors to develop their work.

In the past, students studying across all faculties have been involved in productions, so too have graduates from both the Centre of Performing Arts and Flinders Drama, as well as many actors and directors, part of the University's wider community. So, if like me, you love being involved in live theatre, the Theatre Guild is a way of staying involved with theatre and the chance to learn from the range of experienced people involved with the Guild.

So don't let your love of drama fall by the wayside, come along and find out what the Theatre Guild has to offer www.adelaide.edu.au/clubs/theatreguild/.

We are having an information session on Thursday September 19th at 5pm in W.P Rogers Room in the Union Building, or you can contact either myself at simon.davey@student.adelaide.edu.au or Melanie Hibberd the Theatre Guild's administrator, on 83035999.

Hope to see you there.

Simon Davey
Student Rep, Theatre Guild

Local Music

EmC Quintet Supermild, Sunday August 1

Local five-piece EmC Quintet have been generating a bit of praise amongst the local music buffs lately and it's fairly easy to see why. Their combination of both popular and classical musical elements is a fusion that very few can manage successfully, and it is the success of this fusion that is making them quite appreciated about town. The relationship between the strings (cello, and two violins) and the rhythmic instruments (drums, guitar) is perfectly balanced with no one instrument being particularly dominant over the others. The shared brother and sister vocals are also quite amazing; that combination of timbres that perfectly complement each other and that seem to twist and weave through a song rather than constraining the melody. The group played for about an hour and a half all up (not including the short break in the middle) and this consisted of a fairly even division of original songs and covers in a well-balanced and sonically coherent set. Credits for the original songs seem to splatter across the band with most members contributing originals to the set and each bringing their own individual style to their respective songs, but without sacrificing their cohesion as a group. The covers present in the set seemed to be fairly indicative of the group's influences, featuring songs by Tori Amos, Radiohead and even System Of A Down. All the covers were performed with style and flair and all were personalised to the aesthetics of the band without compromising the integrity of the original song. EmC Quintet have the added appeal of occasionally delving into the quirky and unusual, with echo laden vocals.

Anon

Spin Tuesday nights Kent Town Hotel

If you've been wandering around, twiddling your thumbs on a Tuesday night, dreaming of a cosy pub that feasts your senses with some groovy tunes, then look no further than the Kent Town Hotel on Rundle Street, Kent Town. Now quite honestly, you have reason to be sceptical of this venue as the Kent Town does have the reputation of a Saturday night to be the home of boring private school girls and boys dressed up to the nines in the latest fashion boob tubes and ra-ra skirts. However, do not let this faze you on your Tuesday night venture as you would be denying yourself the luxury of hearing Spin perform for you all of your favourite tracks in an interesting unique style. The captivating cover band performs a mix of old favourites with new tunes. Some of the songs in their set will surprise you. You would have heard the original on the radio and wanted to change stations as quickly as your motor skills would allow. Yet somehow, the beautiful vocals of lead singer, Shannon combined with the funky bass strummed by Emmanuel will have you seeing the music that we scorn in a completely new light. For example, their version of Sharkria's 'Underneath Your Clothes' (a song and artist that I hate with the power of a thousand suns) actually had me singing along. The band is held together by some very tidy drumming from Tim and Peter, the guitarist seems to know practically every song there is and at one point he even called out for requests. Though I was disappointed with the fact that they did not know 'Sitting at the Dock of the Bay' I was very happy with their rendition of Ben Harper's 'Steal My Kisses.' When talking with the band in between their two sets, they promised to learn the chords to 'Sitting at the Dock of the Bay' for next time so I forgave them. 'After All, we do it all for the fans, without your support, there would be no Spin!' Spin will be a regular feature on a Tuesday night at the Kent Town. If it is only to hear the beautifully sweet and soulful vocals of Shannon, I highly recommend that you check them out soon!

Scooter Girl

Brer Mouse Beatlemania Nicenoise

The music industry has always been conscious of the fact that music that is derivative can often be delightful. One merely needs to look at the new 'saviours of rock' in The Strokes or The Hives to see evidence of this. However, not since Bowie have I found composition quite so derivative and progressive in the same stroke as I have in this release by local five piece Brer Mouse. Formerly the Armpods, a new member and a new name later we are presented with a much more mature musical incarnation. Layered, frenetic, bordering on a math-rock schizophrenia that few musicians have the mettle or patience to tackle yet still find awe-inspiring and ever so slightly scary. The influence of Radiohead at times can be heard dripping profusely off this record. Thankfully for the band themselves this is not a constant throughout the album, and in all honesty since their previous incarnation as the Armpods they have succeeded in finding much more of a musical identity beyond their Radiohead influences. This said, at times (and mostly due to the timbre of Alex's voice and the extraordinary production quality) you have to consciously remind yourself that you are in fact listening to Adelaide band Brer Mouse and that the voice you are hearing is not that of Thom Yorke. For example; on 'Asleepyhead' Alex's vocals are manipulated in a fashion very reminiscent of the song 'Everything In It's Right Place' off the album *Kid A*. Ironically, to come from such a strong and defined starting point, the movement away is head-scratchingly convoluted, but in a refreshing way that keeps the listener guessing rather than anticipating. Comparisons are difficult to draw with regards to the songs that deviate away from that Radiohead ideophone. I think this is a good thing for Brer Mouse though as listeners will begin appreciating the work behind the music rather than the influences behind the music. The CD has some musical masterwork on display (especially for such a young band) in particular on the instrumental track 'An eyelash in my cereal' which features the eeriest use of the recorder I've ever heard. Buy this CD. Go to their gigs. I'm not sure what more I can say.

Haircut Heathen

Upcoming Gigs

✳ Brillig & special guests Scissor Pretty play the Rhino Room on Thursday October 3. It will be an enjoyable and cruisy night and it is strongly suggested that you attend and enjoy.

✳ Brer Mouse & Bergerac; double CD launch heaven! Brer Mouse and Bergerac are both local music heavy weights and to have them launching their respective albums as part of the same event is extremely exciting. Be at the Enigma Bar on October 12 or be labelled ultra unhip by rock-snob dilatants...like me.

✳ Okay there kiddies, are you busy on Friday September 27? Well you are now, because the Tivoli are holding an all ages, four band event called Portrait Of Sounds. Featuring Sportsday 83, Kudos, Soulharvest and Kendal. Entry is \$7, the event starts at 7pm and remember kids, it's all ages so tell your parents you're staying at a friend's house and make a night of it.



iOTA The Gov Friday September 6

Drawing an audience somewhat like a big youthful family, iOTA has obviously built on his fan base since he began frequenting Adelaide after the release of *The Hip-bone Connection*. It's easy to see why as soon as his enigmatic stage persona hits the fore. Not to say that the man's all smoke and mirrors, as was immediately obvious when one of the many tipsy punters was propelled by one of many powerful performances, to approach the stage to shake a bemused iOTA's hand between songs.

iOTA has such vocal talent. Like a drummer who has learnt the difference between hitting it hard and keeping the beat, control and moderation make iOTA's unique vocal timbre masterful and enchanting.

Working with material mostly from his more recent recordings *Big Grandfather* and *Little Carlos* (the material he expressed as being 'his heart' in our recent interview), the crowd pleasers were definitely the radio hits 'Melbourne Summer' and 'Million Miles'. Not to mention his rendition of the hilarious story 'Bald But Feisty', and the second encore of 'Triple Spoon', which got everyone to their feet and in full voice.

Never striking an ill note, the effecting song-smithery and inspiring band work, make iOTA the best Australian live act I've had the pleasure of seeing. With a new album in the works, he shouldn't be too far away from visiting us again. Hopefully in that warm comfortable atmosphere that is a gifted Australian act playing at the Gov.

Prof. Booty



28 Days - Stealing Some Furniture

"I'm sorry, we've all had a few beers, and it's just chaos now," admits Jedi just seven minutes into the interview. I couldn't help but think just how right he was, as it was amongst jet lag, drunken bandmates, a door with a murderous intent, and a restless mobile phone that I caught up with Jedi Master Jay to talk about the new 28 Days album and all things related.

Music, the band, Deejaying and fame is "something that just happened" for the 28 Days' turntablist and sampler. He admits he was always into the hip-hop culture, nurtured a strong affinity towards vinyl from a young age, and was always into breakdancing, rapping and rhyming and the like. But, he admits that in his younger days his sole aspiration was taxi-driving, so you wonder, how did the aspiration evolve? Well, the "something that just happened," turned out to be a "big black box" found discarded on the side of some lonesome Melbourne street. Nicking the box with the intention of using it as part of skate ramp, they decided first to open it up, "We opened it up and thought ah fuck! It was a DJ console. The turntable was stuffed, but the mixer still worked."

Describing the new album's sound solely as "rock" Jedi believes the band has departed somewhat from their earlier sound and has matured both musically and lyrically. "The album sounds a lot more mature. Especially the lyrical content. It's not so much a rip it up, hey, fun, novelty song album. It's a lot more serious. It's more of a mainstay, that in ten years people will pull out and say, 'Fuck yeah this a rad album' and put it on."

When Scott Murray, the band's drummer passed away in November of last year, the future of 28 Days was uncertain. Jedi maintains that part of the maturity evident on the album is a reflection of band's triumph over such an adversity, that in the wake of such a loss they were able to pick up some of the pieces and create something inspiring and inspired. With songs on the album dedicated to Scotty, and some using lyrics he penned himself. "A lot of what we have been through in the past year has come through on the album." He agrees it is a "reflection and an expression of what we've been through with that [Scott's death] and lot of other things over the last year and a half. It shows how our musical tastes and styles have changed and shows where we are at the moment."

In terms of his own aspirations for the album the Master Jay said he wanted his turntables "to compliment the music." He stressed that a lot of current DJs are "using turntables in bands as a gimmick phase. With

just a few clicks here, and some scratches there." With Mix Master Mike as his inspiration Jedi wanted "to use more than just the fresh sounds of scratch, but try to chase new sounds, and to use the turntable in a weird way to pull out weird sounds, so that it adds another dynamic to the music."

With the band currently doing an East Coast tour, and planning to come to Adelaide make sure you check out the band with the reputation for stellar live shows.

Juella



28 Days Stealing Chairs FMR

28 Days' latest offering is in the words of Jedi Master Jay, pure rock. The opening track 'Say What' will blast the cobwebs off your speakers with its thick and heavy guitar lines. But it is more than just strong distortion, the track comes complete with a catchy melody and a hard driving beat. The punk influenced 'Early Mornings' sets the standard for the next three tracks, bringing you to 'Take Me Away'. The first, could you call it ballad? Definitely the most obviously melancholy track of the album, in what is a song about the loss of their drummer Scotty.

What comes next is arguably the best track of the album, 'What's The Deal'. The track with the most crossover appeal should gain the band exposure and success, and at least a few royalties. The song as summer hit written all over it, a fantastic blend of quirky lyrics, pop and rock inspired sounds, and beat to take it to the charts.

The album is great and should see 28 Days enjoy some success, not they are not successful, or weren't, or wouldn't be... maybe now its time to lay down the shovel.

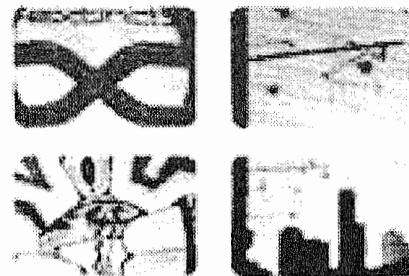
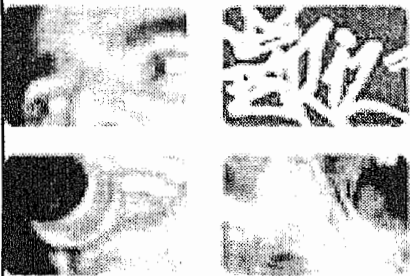
Juella

Attention Music Reviewers

The next music meeting will be held in the first week of next term, same Bat time, same Bat place (Wednesday, 1.30pm at the Gallery balcony).

Warning - Only those reviewers who have submitted all outstanding reviews will be allowed to take new cds. We will be compiling a black list over the holidays, and we will employ secret police to circulate during the meeting to identify the guilty parties. These people will be chained to a computer in the office and forced to listen to Ronan Keating until the outstanding reviews are written. You have been warned!

1200 Techniques



Permit me, if you will, to expose a shocking truth that will no doubt alarm you: Yak Rozitis is a disorganised mess of a man. A self-confessed fan of 1200 Techniques, Yak was gunning for his chance to chat with Nfa Mas, the vocalist and front man of the hip hop group, but mere hours before the arranged time, Yak decides to inform me that he can no longer perform his duties. Stressed beyond comprehension, and armed with little more than a vague recollection of their appearance on *The Panel*, I got on the phone and proceeded to explain the situation, apologising for the mix-up. "Well, I just won't do this interview then," comes Nfa's swift and solemn reply. I was crapping my daks and envisioning Yak's horribly painful death when Nfa suddenly erupted into peals of laughter at my expense, quickly relieving the situation.

Unresolved grievances aside, we quickly got onto the business of *Choose One*, the trio's debut album, which has enjoyed spectacular success, despite the initial lack of optimism held by the band. "It came out at 20 on the charts and we thought we'd be lucky if it even hit the top 40, so we're happy with that. It's been really cool, because Australian people and hip hop music are a bit of a clash, but I think in the last five years, the general public is getting more educated. It's been a bit of a learning experience, and we've been able to come out on a very good timing."

"We're happy that we've started getting interest from overseas, which we really need to get onto, but the Australian public has been quite supportive. You can play a rock song to almost any Australian from a new band and they will tell you whether they think it's good or it's gonna be crap cause

they can just detect what's good rock cause we've heard it all our lives. But with hip hop, it's only smaller populations of country have been listening to it for years. And I think because of people like Eminem coming out, honestly, I mean someone who looks like he could almost be Australian rapping and doing it very in a very funky out way and people are going 'what's this?' and they start actually opening their ears to it and then they're hearing other things on the radio like J5 [Jurassic 5] and other not so straight up hard hip hop groups, and they're like 'oh shit, there's all this other good music.' They start wanting to know who made Eminem's music and they hear about this Dr. Dre guy and that he was from this group called NWA, and then they hear that he's produced this guy called Snoop and they're just learning. There's a lot of these younger kids as well as people who are a bit older..."

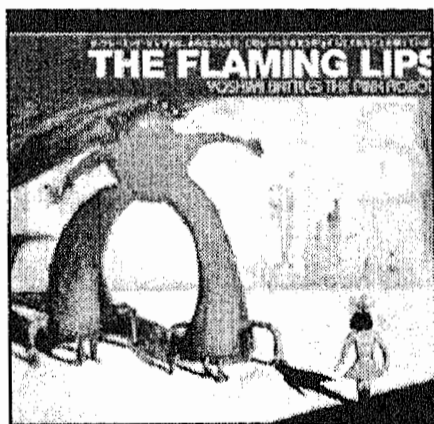
As for 1200 Techniques' unique sound, much is due to Nfa's teenage years, which he spent growing up with LL, Public Enemy, De La Soul, The Jungle Brothers and BB King, courtesy of his older brother. His passion for these sounds were encouraged by his brother, who "hung out with all these conservatorium types who helped him work on his stuff... Just hanging out, spending all this time learning and jamming with these guys and hearing how their brains think and trying to keep up with them really helped both him as well as myself."

"No one really knew much about it when I was young. I was always rapping at school and being a clown, but I was writing some pretty good stuff by the time I was 15 or 16. I don't really know where it all came from. I think it was

because my brother was really, really good and I was just aspiring to be like him. I was pushing my brain as much as I could to write better lyrics and I started getting there. There's stuff that I wrote when I was 17 that I don't think I've topped now. My patterns might have improved and my projection and all that, but I just think I reached a decent level then. I don't know how much more you can improve once you hit a certain point."

Choose One is a choice hip hop record with some really laid back grooves and even though Nfa might not be able to replicate the veritable gamut of emotions inherent in 'those teenage years,' there are touches of world weariness and melancholy that offer a more human dimension to a genre largely dominated by gangsta's yelling out "about money and bitches and how they want all this shit. I don't have that life and even if I did, I don't think it would take over my songs. People should talk about how they feel. I get down sometimes, you know, people upset me in weird ways. I think a lot of people are callous and uncaring, and when I wrote 'Karma,' there was a lot on my mind. I had recently separated with my first real girlfriend, I was working damn hard and had just gone about a year and a half of not eating much. I was finding out that most of my friends were arseholes and that I only had a few real friends, you know? I started thinking there's all this fucking bullshit going on all around the world. There's some low points in your life and sometimes you just have to say it how it is. I just started writing about it all and it was really therapeutic. This world's full of enough plastic and we need more earth and good

Album of the Week



The Flaming Lips
Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots
Warner Music

Two stories to start with - well a story and a rumour actually, but the rumour sounds like it could be a story, too. Anyway, the Flaming Lips once released an album on four compact discs - to hear it properly, you and three friends had to get a CD player each and all press "play" at the same time. Weird, huh? I mean you could imagine, say, Radiohead doing a single like that, or maybe REM seven years ago. But a whole album? Screams "weird", doesn't it.

As for the rumour, there's word kicking around that the band's next slated project

is an album with Steve Burns, the guy from that cute kids' show *Blue's Clues*. (Steve has since left the show. Big shoes to fill.)

These two stories illustrate the 'Lips approach to music better than anything I could tell you. "Music", they declare, "should be FUN. It shouldn't be taken too seriously, and just maybe it should get you thinking".

Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots is a round trip into some kind of parallel manga universe. Like the band's last set, *The Soft Bulletin*, it's like a kind of open-source concept album - there's all the parts of a story there, but you can let your imagination tinker with it a little.

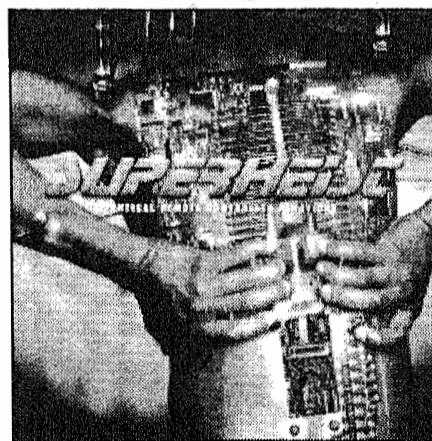
It's this audience participation that set *Bulletin* and *Yoshimi* apart from the deluge of neo-prog-rock that's been spewing out of Britain and the US in the last three-or-so years. Where some bands are content to try to resurrect that big seventies stadium sound without actually doing anything new, the 'Lips are subverting that most television-like of rock genres, turning it into an *interactive* experience.

Yoshimi is kinda electronic, kinda soundtrack-y. It's like a post-modern *Wish You Were Here* - take out the *faux* depth and stoner-meaning and replace it with quirkiness and imagination. Like if Pink Floyd had scored a gig on the *Muppet Show*.

Jonathon Dyer

unirecords

Album of the Week



Superheist
Identical Remote Controlled Reactions
Shock

Superheist have moved comfortably into the role of Australia's top heavy rock act. Heavily endorsed by Triple J, Superheist first started bringing out tracks back in 1997 when they released their EP *Chrome Matrix* but really first grabbed Australia's notice with their hit track of late '98 '2 Faced (Check Your Head Up)'. With its

catchy chorus and heavy guitar work overlaid with some massively cool keyboard gear. Come 2002 and Superheist have released their second full-length album (after 2001's *The Prize Recruit*), *Identical Remote Controlled Reactions*. This album is depressing in some ways, because it shows off a lot of Superheist's incredible talent but somehow doesn't make it all the way to being a "super-album". 'Drilling The Void' is a cool track mixing some heavy verse work with a cool, quieter chorus/bridge area that is reminiscent of *Drowning Pool* (R.I.P. Dave Williams). The Heist do this a lot through *Identical Remote Controlled Reactions* with great success...but they still don't do it enough. 'A Dignified Rage', their first single off the album, is a brilliant track that is incredibly reminiscent of *At The Drive-In* and, with 'Neverend' show just how good Superheist can be when they try. Too often, however, this album falls back on typical thrash chords and boring riffs that disappoint, lowering *Identical Remote Controlled Reactions* from a potentially incredible album to one that is merely good. That being said, if you're a fan of the band or the genre this is definitely still worth a listen.

Massiv Micky D

DANCE & R'n'B ANTHEMS

Various Artists
Dance R'n'B Anthems
Volume Three
Viscous Urban/Virgin

Far from being the definitive collection as the cover boasts, *Dance R'n'B Anthems* is a fairly standard set of R'n'B hits with some less familiar tracks. If you're a fan of R'n'B shows on SAFM and the like, you would be familiar with most of the tracklisting. Highlights include Aliyah's chilled 'Rock the Boat', Missy Elliot featuring Ludacris with the amusing 'One Minute Man', and Janet's dark (well as dark as R'n'B gets) 'Son of a Gun (Betcha Think This Song Is About You)' featuring Missy Elliot and Carly Simon. Other hits are Jagged Edge's 'Where The Party At', and 'Fill Me In' by Craig David remixed by London's Full Crew. All the ballad tracks on the CD are in a remixed form but retain their R'n'B feel. If you are an R'n'B head this is the party CD for you - if you don't like R'n'B then avoid this CD like the plague.

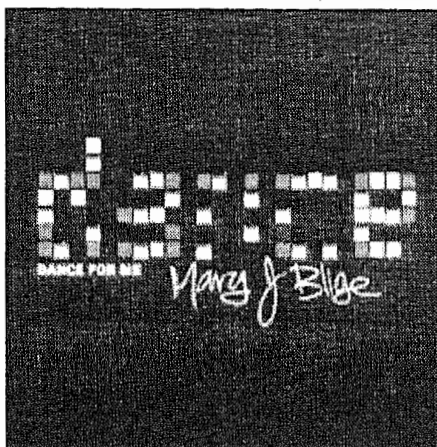
Bam Bam



Filter
The Amalgamut
Warner

Filter has a way of making the heavy sound soft, the strange normal and the unusual pleasant and the long awaited album from the American rock group is finally here after almost two years. The majority of the tracks consist of Filter's patented heavy rock laced with mellow surroundings, but are very reminiscent of some of their heavier early work. Richard Patrick's vocals go from the anger emanating from 'So I Quit,' to the beautiful in 'The Only Way is the Long Way.' The lyrics show a lot of unhappiness with the world which is perhaps where the sound comes from. This offering takes a bit to get used to, but if you listen with an open mind you can develop a real appreciation for the complexity and originality of the band. So if you are sick of the crap being released listen to *The Amalgamut*, it is like nothing else.

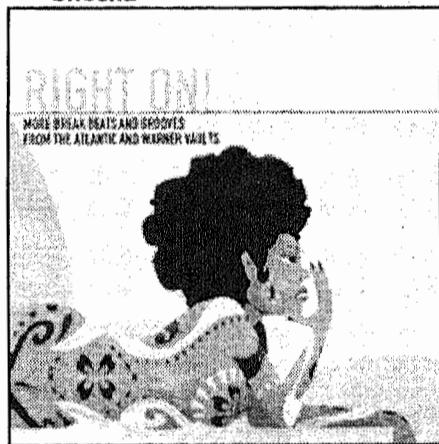
Tito



Mary J Blige
Dance for Me
Record Company

I was fairly skeptical at first about this, another remix album. It seems to be quite a trend today to squeeze as much airplay as possible out of a seemingly successful track. Destiny's Child and J.lo have done this, and succeeded. I sure hope Mary Jane does. 'Dance for Me' has the perfectly paced rhythms and strong vocals that every dance album needs. It's reminiscent of the days when house music was house music. Mary J. Blige has a great voice, and even though it's been done before, it's incredibly refreshing to hear it with tight, crisp beats. It includes the U.S and U.K smash hit 'Family Affair,' which was voted at no.7 for the best singles of 2001, by *The Face* magazine. The remix definitely earned itself a place on the next Ministry of Sound Annual. The tracks are from past albums, but mostly from the latest *No More Drama*. Other great tracks include 'No More Drama' and 'Rainy Dayz' featuring J-Rule. 'Dance for Me' is definitely worth a listen.

Sheena



Various Artists
Right On Volume 4
Warner

Since 1999 Warner has released an edition of the 'break beats and grooves from the Atlantic and Warner vaults' every year, and having listened to all four of them, I couldn't pick one inconsistent release out of them. That is, a disc that isn't identifiably classic grooving funk, absolutely danceable, and top-form for lounging around to.

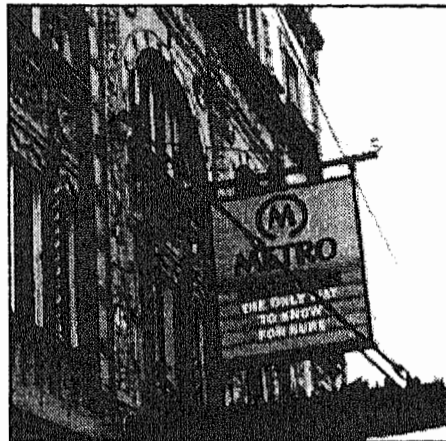
Working with the catalogue formed between '67 and '75, the vaults have unleashed some lost classics and previously unreleased material. Volume four contains everything from Cornell Dupree's booty bass backed sax skills ('Teasin') to Eugene McDaniels lyrical waxing to the effect of a confronting R&B track, 'Cherrystones'.

These artists weren't the superstars we have today, but rising up from the revolution of the previous jazz generation, they created

the grooves and sounds that are superstars of today, corrupted as some may consider it.

Volume four, as with the whole series is a timepiece for any record collection, and would make a useful basis for any vinyl collection.

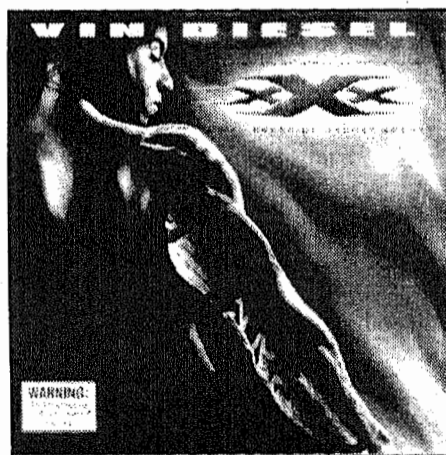
Prof. Booty



Rollins Band
The Only Way To Know
For Sure
FMR

Henry Rollins was apparently pretty hesitant about making a live record; saying that he was worried overdubs would ruin the "integrity" of his live performance. However, after a bit of reassurance from the producers that the performance wouldn't be tampered with, he finally agreed to go ahead and record it, and *The Only Way To Know For Sure* is the end result. The 28 track double CD set was recorded over two nights at The Metro in Chicago earlier this year and well, Rollins' fans won't be disappointed! The recording quality is amazing considering there wasn't any post production and the album really is unsurpassable proof that Rollins is one of the best live performers around, always giving his audience 110%. Songs that stand out include; 'Up for it', 'Illumination', 'Your Number is One' and my personal favorite 'Ten Times'. If you are already familiar with the band, you know what they are capable of. If not, this is a great place to start, but be prepared to give your eardrums a bit of a battering.

TMo



Various Artists
XXX
Universal

The majority of action movie soundtracks these days contain a lot of heavy music, and this is no exception with Rammstein, Queens of the Stone Age and Mushroomhead giving this album an angry, 'in your face' beginning. It then moves into a

more chilled out section with the great song 'Landing' from Moby, ex-Bush frontman Gavin Rossdale's 'Adrenaline' and 'Technologicque Park' from Orbital which through its garage beats really adds to the whole picture. The album then moves into the inevitable hip-hop with Nelly, Big Tymers and Mr. Cheeks being the highlights and Pastor Troy and Lil' Wayne the lowlights. 'Truth of Dare' from N.E.R.D is included to ensure some sales. The album can't make up its mind whether it is hip-hop or heavy or alternative so it gives us some good and bad from both. Watch the film, enjoy Vin Diesel's massive arms but don't bother purchasing the music from and inspired by the motion picture.

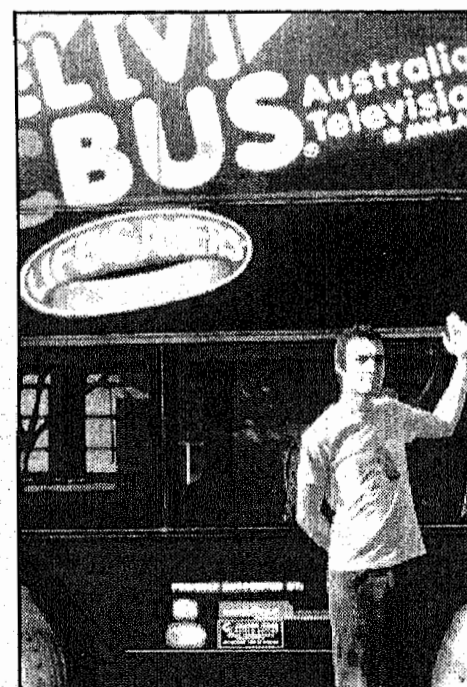
Tito



Doggy Style Allstars
Welcome to tha House
Vol 1
Doggy Style Records

Snoop Dogg has just started his own record label, and this album is an opportunity for him to show the talent he has signed, and in the same way as Michael Jordan at the Washington Wizards, Snoop is the only thing that is keeping these artists from being ghetto casualties forced to work the streets in an effort to feed their illegitimate children and fund their drug habits. The Doggy Style Allstars are E-White, Soopa Fly, La Toiya Williams and Mr. Kane and while Snoop is doing his best to show them in a good light, the rappers seem to ramble and La Toiya seems to whine. There are some decent songs such as 'Not Like It Was' and 'Hey You,' but there really are some horrible tracks not worth the CD they were burned onto. I understand Snoop trying to create some new artists, but he should keep looking for someone half as good as him.

Tito



i want to believe



BREWED WITH WHEAT. NOTHING TASTES QUITE LIKE A WHITE.