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issue 6 1999

GHOSTS OF IPSWICH
CIRCUS
FESTIVALS
MICHAEL GOW



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Welcome to the second last edition of Semper for the second last year of the millennium. This is our "Playing Up" edition. An assortment of ideas, stories, articles and pictures about what various students do for fun., from soccer to gaming, zine making to helping refugees. We've also taken a look at the old asylum where the new Ipswich campus is located.

There is only one term left. Enjoy the mid-semester break (we'll be here putting together the last issue of Semper) and good luck for the rest of the year. The next edition will look at sexuality, relationships and where we're going in the new millenium. The due date for contributions is September 29. As always, we welcome articles on anything!

This edition comes out during the Union election week. We recommend you vote, after all, it's your money (and your union).

See you next time,
Carmen, Ellen and Sam.
September 1999.

Editors

LETTERS to the EDITORS

All letters are printed as received. Mistakes are the authors'.

Your Semper feedback/comments/gripes/etc can reach us by

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or you can drop your letter off at our office.

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Cunt or vagina?

You may have seen the women's edition of Gravity (the Griffith University newspaper). Griffith Uni administration attempted to ban the publication because of it's feature spread - a picture of women's genitals with a poem which read "this is my cunt, it is beautiful like the rest of my body, I am not embarrassed nor ashamed by my cunt". The poem went on to explain that vagina means "sheath for a penis" and that the word "cunt" should be reclaimed as a better term.

Resistance was appalled at the attempt by Griffith University administration to ban the women's edition of the campus newspaper Gravity. Censorship was obviously their agenda.

While supporting the intention of the poem, which is to show pride in women's sexual pleasure and challenge the sexist notion that women's sexuality is dirty and shameful, I would like to question its use of the word "cunt".

At present the word cunt is used in a negative and extremely pejorative and sexist manner. Without a strong feminist movement, which has the power to alter society's perceptions of women, it is difficult to reclaim sexist language. In broader society, the definition of vagina is not "a sheath for a penis" but a neutral anatomical term. Therefore I question whether cunt is a better term than vagina.

Angela Luvera, Resistance

Reply to the "concerned queer person"

Dear Semper

I'd like to reply to the "queer concerned person's" supposed criticism of my beats article being not political and too much into the pleasure. Using a quantitative analysis, most of the paragraphs are about labour commodification, class, marginalization and resistance- very politically motivated and expressed. The article also wishes to utilize the balance with the personal and political desired by post structuralist and marxist structuralist frameworks. Modern research wants to reveal the personal desires expressed by the participants for if it wasn't for the sexual desires of them, the beats, in fact, wouldn't exist. The unfounded criticism smacks too much of beat phobia- an irrational attack on beats- and contradicts a genuine queer ethic of inclusiveness.

John David

*It should have been mentioned last edition that the picture accompanying the Beats article was chosen not by John David (the author) but by one of the editors.

Letter from a "fair-minded non-socialist" person

Dear Eds,

I would like to comment on the degree to which Semper and the union show bias in its publications. First I would like to praise the efforts of Tamyka Bell (Semper #3) who I thought summed up accurately the views of a considerable portion of UQ students, and did so in a non-offensive manner. I'd also like to say thank you to all those people in the last semper (Semper #4) who spoke out about it's quality (or lack there of).

My comments are not based on extensive research but represent the impression acquired over several years of reading leftist Sempers.

I find a remarkable correlation between contributions critical of the union establishment and those that are published without thought to fair presentation. While I understand that Lath Stewarts article may have been eaten by the e-mail monsters (Sempers 2&3), I find it hard to believe that a pro-Semper article in such a state would have been published verbatim without confirmation. Also, your reply to Lath shows immaturity and only achieves in accentuating the bias and perpetuating the animosity and dichotomy between pro and anti-unionists.

I also note that any debate that shows a representation of two views always allows the view that obviously is pro-union to have the opportunity of rebuttal. While the articles on Abortion were admittedly quite fair (except that you called pro-life by another name), the order of appearance coincided with previous examples of pro-unionists having the chance to rebut anti-union literature.

Many views espoused by the Semper and the union are done on the behalf of students, but in reality represent only a portion of more activist students. It perpetuates leftist dogmas and in pushing a political agenda often isolates those fair-minded non-socialist people.

On a personal note I would like to say that I don't appreciate the current quality of the Semper and I support VSU, and I'm not alone. So please stop suggesting that the union represents all students, it doesn't represent what I believe.

Arrow & Debreu.

Is it Pro-Life or Anti-Choice?

Dear Editors,

Several issues ago I wrote the pro-life abortion article. Although I was suprised to see it published in a union magazine when the union is so blatantly anti-life, I was very disappointed at the title. Of course, I would have like to have seen the title read Pro-life vs Anti-life but in the interest of "fairness" I would have seen Pro-life vs Pro-choice as acceptable. But calling it Anti-choice vs Prochoice is not only poor journalism showing bias but is a misnomer and untrue. Anyone reading the article would have been able to tell I was very much for choice - choice for all those involved - the mother, the father and most importantly the one whose life is at stake - the baby.

The reason I'm writing so long after the article was published is unusual. It has to do with a toilet where as raging debate about abortion is going on in the physiology building. The whole debate goes to show how incredibly uniformed most people (particularly the anti-life people) really are.

The only thing the anti-life people talk about is rights in particular women's rights. Apart from the fact that children have rights too (even the UN accords unborn children the right to life and liberty), they ignore that wth rights comes responsibilities. Like living in society, we have the right to live without fear of oppression in any form and have the freedom to believe and do what as we choose, we also have the responsibility to not oppress others and not take away their freedom. For example, our right to freedom of speech does not allow us the freedom to malign others. The same goes with the right to do what we want with our bodies. Our right is coupled with the responsibility to take care of our bodies and protecting that which is part of and dependent on our bodies.

Women who mutilate themselves, abusing the responsibility of taking care of their bodies, have their rights to control their bodies taken away from them. Should we give them back the power to mutilate themselves simply because it's their body so its their choice? Or should we band together to not only demand our rights but face up to the responsibilities that come with those rights and fight against those (men and women) who would take away our rights or encourage us to be irresponsible with them? Abortion is no better than self-mutilation to a women's body (not even mentioning what it does to the child's).

If you don't want a baby the solutions is easy - use precautions in the first place or if something still happens there are plenty of people who want a baby. Do the right thing - don't take away someone elses life simply because you can't or in most cases won't take responsibility for your own actions.

Just remember, it might be "our BODY, our CHOICE" but its also our RESPONSIBILITY.

Amber Imnev

Semper still crap

Dear Semper

I'm just writing to say that I still think you're crap. Boooo... Hissss... Boooo... Hissss... :) :)

Nath.

LETTERS to the EDITORS (cont.)

Women's space/men's space/ whose space?

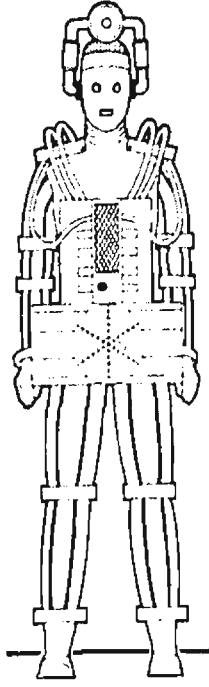
Why not have a men's group on campus? In an oppressive society everyone's oppresses in that if a particular group of people is oppressed, meaning their contribution to the greater society is limited or not recognized, everyone misses out on their goodness.

By saying no to men, they can't have group to themselves, womyn show a great weakness. The weakness may be born out of a fear that the men's group will somehow become a more influential group on campus than the womyn's or that they will become a central power force in womyn's issues.

Instead why can't the two groups co-exist with a common purpose, and each learn from one another? Would you agree that in fighting for rights for African Americans, black womyn had a right to become angry when black men were not including them in the fight? Or when there were protests against the Vietnam war, womyn didn't find themselves leading the rallies or even having much voice at all, but instead found themselves pushed behind the scenes acting as supports to the male power force. Do you agree that the power force could be been stronger if it was all inclusive of the voices of people that wanted to be heard? And it was stronger because womyn demanded their presence be known. A revolution can only happen when the instigators are united. The difference in the case of having a men's group on campus compared to those struggles is that they were specific fights and they had nothing to do with gender until it was clear that gender issues must be raised. Whereas with the men's group issue, gender is the issue at hand. It's a broad issue with many struggles to be endured within it. And in order for their to be a general shift in the treatment of womyn and towards greater womyn's freedom, there needs to be a great belief that these issues need to be dealt with. If men are willing to find out what their society is missing by not allowing for female qualities to flourish, and they're willing to explore their own oppressed society-constructed identities, more power to them. Instead of "a male solution to womyn's oppression," I think the result would be a male understanding of womyn's oppression and in turn, their own. If this understanding requires that men have a space of their own solely for that purpose, where they would not be afraid of being ridiculed by womyn for showing their vulnerability (which would beto the absolute detriment of them, especially with the values we hold for men), so be it. ideas between the two groups will be shared no doubt. In this case to have two groups sharing different ideas and experiences to come to a common understanding of what needs to be dealt with can only be rewarding. If there are worries about the males group being more influential or dominating, I don't see that happening. The womyn's group is the more established one and can act as a great mentor to the men's group. With the full range of identities coming together to discuss gender issues, a greater consciousness level will be had, and a greater power force will come into being. We can't deny men this opportunity. Empowering them with this healthy space, we aren't falling behind but rather, catching up.

Anna Luz Carvlin

Letters (cont)



Space fiction/fantasy

Dear editors,

I have read with interest but little satisfaction the contribution from Jason John in issue 5 of *Semper*, page 16. Recognising that he is indeed merely having a cynical rant about an issue at best tangential to one he is justifiably concerned about, could I suggest that he will himself be putting a lot less strain on our planetary resources by not airing such views publicly on valuable paper. An elegant, reasoned argument would have been appreciated. An accurate one, delightful. A separation of fact and fantasy, rather than accusing one of being the other, would have been polite, rather than simply rude.

Unfortunately this 'ast, minimal requirement was similarly not met.

In paragraph three, he clearly states that space exploration is actually occurring and that colonisation is a possibility. He also states that *Star Wars* is fantasy. This is true. What is offensive is that the clear fantasy of *Star Wars* (and presumably some other fictional universes) is presented as a reason for not exploring or colonising space.

Space exploration and colonisation are realistic, achievable goals with clear benefits to human civilisation. Preservation of our terrestrial habitat in as undamaged a state as possible is also of immense benefit to human life and civilisation. The two activities are not mutually exclusive.

"Space colonisation is an insurance policy..."

I think it would be a tragedy if the ecology or biosphere of planet Earth were to be completely ruined by human habitation and activity. It would be a total and irredeemable disaster (in other words, worse) if the human species did not survive such a collapse. Space colonisation is an insurance policy. Earth could be destroyed by pollution, by war or by the remote possibility of collision. By living elsewhere, there is at least some chance that someone somewhere can come back to start tidying up.

Space colonisation is not a reason to pollute or consume more. Space survival is an exercise and education in consuming less, polluting not at all, recycling everything and in understanding balanced, controlled, closed ecosystems that must not fail. The natural consequence of this is more likely to be an appreciation of how good we have it here on Earth and a desire to not see it damaged anymore. A likely spinoff may be actual workable methods for correcting some of the damage we have already caused.

Returning to fantasy, with which Jason seems to be more comfortable, let us once more consider *Star Wars*. This describes an interplanetary civilisation of immense age and technological advancement, with the capacity to reshape uninhabitable worlds and totally destroy planets with military weapons. Do they

"When planet Earth is full, I wonder where we will go."

care about the original planet of their evolution? Is it even mentioned? Do they need it? Perhaps it is a treasured museum? Perhaps their civilisation is so old that the original planet became uninhabitable when the core cooled or the sun went nova? They are fictional and irrelevant to arguments about space exploration, as are the writings of John the Baptist.

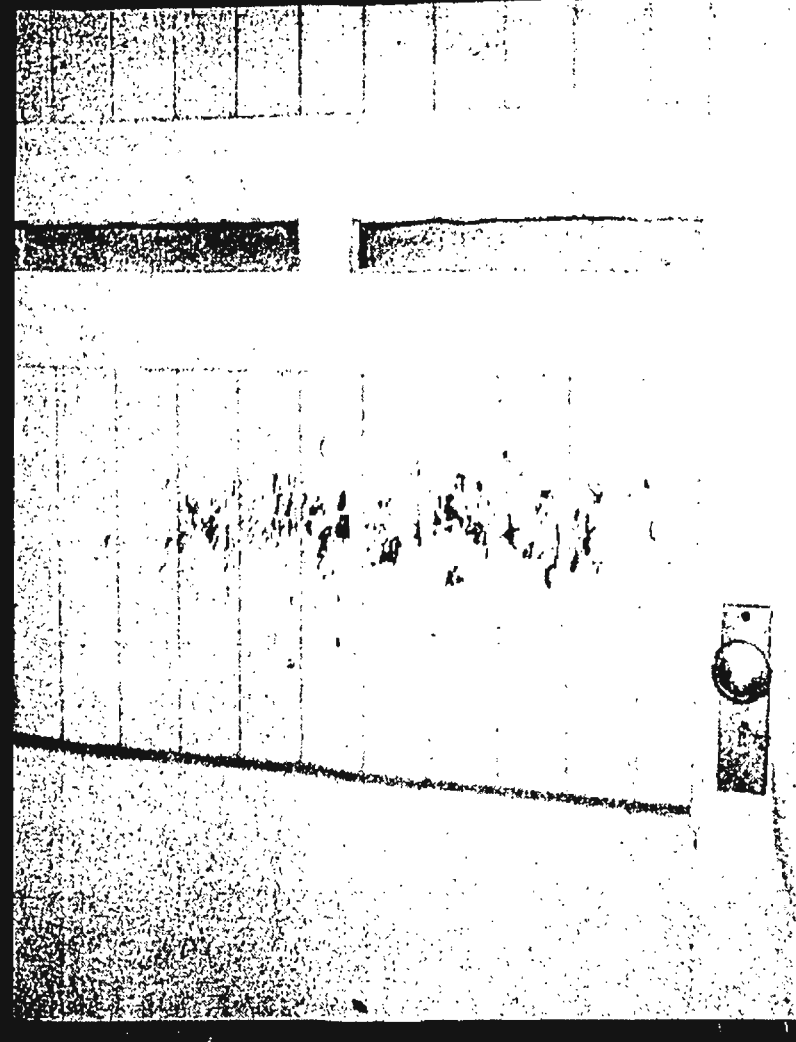
I look forward to Jason's next article, which I hope will focus on addressable local problems, such as how to reduce the impact that six billion (and rising) people have on the planetary ecology. I also look forward to how he will dodge the dilemma presented by the fact that although 80% of resources are consumed by 20% of the world population, the only alteration acceptable to most of the 80% is to become just like the 20%. Somewhere between here and world peace, our resources must increase by a factor of four or our population must decrease by a factor of four. Actual reductions in consumption by the 20% are largely irrelevant as these can easily be absorbed by the 80% (probably resulting in a population increase rather than a rising standard of living). A possible way out may be that used by crowded countries throughout history, consisting of moving people to a less populous location, or at least offering them the hope of going.

When planet Earth is full, I wonder where we will go?

Sharing your concern,

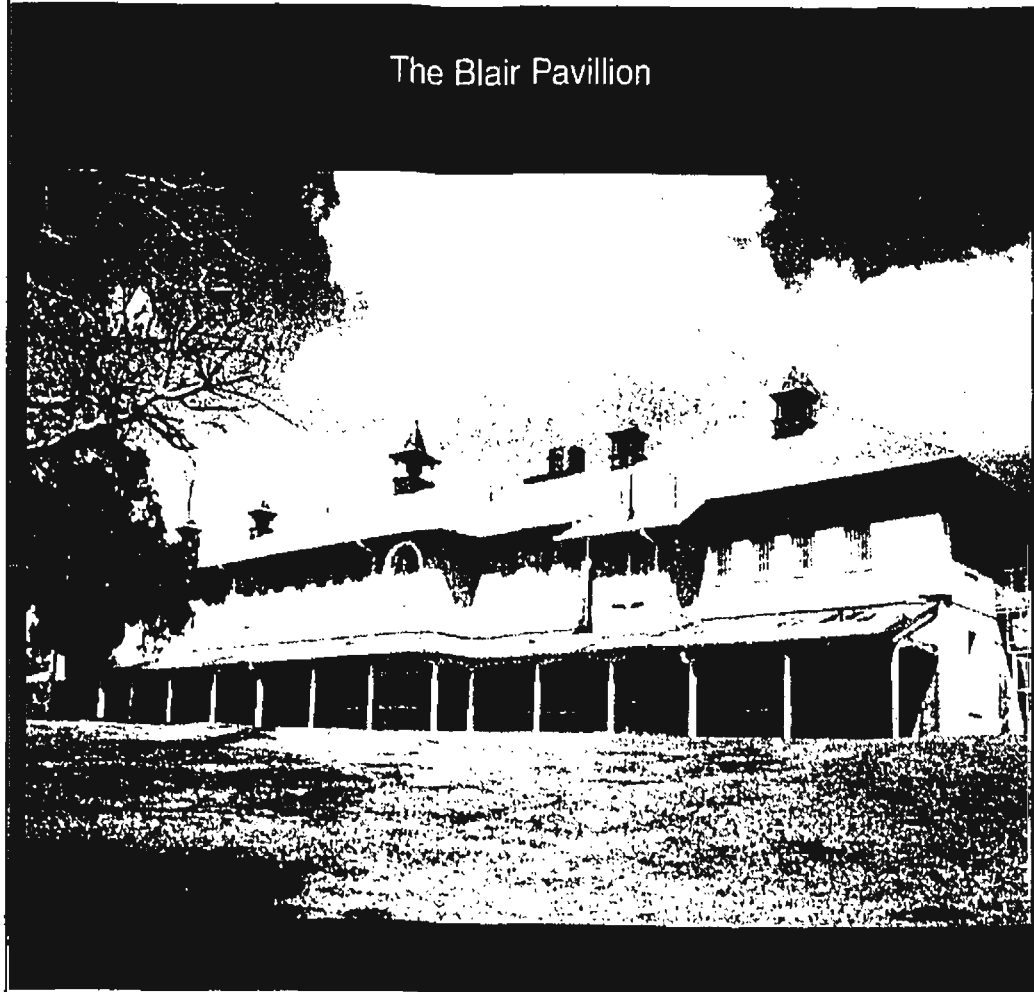
Aaron Cosier B.Sc.
National Research Centre for Environmental Toxicology
University of Queensland

These gouge marks were made on the inside of a cell door



Few people are aware that the Ipswich campus of the University of Queensland was constructed around the remains of the Challinor Centre, also known as the Sandy Gallop Insane Asylum. The asylum itself was closed only recently with some people residing there until the beginning of this year. The asylum grew from a small psychiatric asylum in the 1890s, the Ipswich Branch of the Woogaroo Lunatic Asylum, to become an institution that, during its history, housed criminally insane men, delinquent girls and many people deemed by the courts and the psychological establishment as mentally ill or intellectually disabled. Three years ago, the gradual process of handing the grounds and buildings over to the University of Queensland began. While all the asylum residents are now gone and the University campus is now officially open, it is difficult to simply erase the history of an asylum with a few coats of paint, new carpets and a university motto. There is an uneasiness around Ipswich campus that can only be explained by the trauma and unhappiness that marked much of the history of the asylum.

The Blair Pavillion



Recently, Sam and Ellen were invited by Ipswich students to tour some of the old, unrenovated buildings around their campus. They obtained special permission for us to tour the Blair Pavilion, the oldest building still standing. On stepping inside this deceptively beautiful construction, security warned us not to touch anything. Some of the walls had been swabbed and traces of human excrement were found. In one of the stairwells, which had been used as a makeshift solitary confinement area, they needn't have warned us- you could still see it and smell it... The whole building was heavy with an urgency for escape- scratch marks made by fingernails dragged along walls, gouges left by chains beaten against the inside of doors, broken observation windows set in the doors and mangled door bolts and hinges. The feeling was that every inch of the walls and doors had been touched and explored by desperate hands. The sense of trying to get OUT was overwhelming but the sense of being kept IN was even more powerful- barred windows, boarded-up fireplaces and corridors of tiny cells with huge locks.

Forgive me if this sounds like an Ann Radcliffe gothic/romance novel. It is important to note that the asylum has suffered a long history of being seen as a weird, scary sort of place. From its inception it was both geographically and socially isolated from the surrounding community. All sorts of odd rumours were concocted about the staff, residents and buildings at the asylum, many of which were myths based on a fear of the unknown but some of which were based on real events. For example, the back stairwell (although free of shit according to the naked eye) has a history of its own. Apparently it was the flight of stairs off which the Whiskey Au Go Go bomber hung himself. The water tower was used as a landmark during World War II by bomber pilots. It was also the means to a tragic end for two asylum residents. A man threw himself off the tower and soon after his partner also committed suicide by jumping off the same tower.

A vivid reminder of some of the asylum's history is found in several drawings that have appeared on the walls and floors of Arthur, a condemned building at the site. The graffiti depicts a man sitting in a wheelchair wearing a straightjacket. He looks terrified and is ducking from another man holding a briefcase over his head as if to hit him. On the floor is the outline of what looks like a dead man's body. According to Elizabeth McRoberts, use of the restraints like those in the drawing were not uncommon.

Some doctors are recorded to have said that they did not condone the use of restraints and/or seclusion. However, records show that such practices continued despite concerns of patient maltreatment. Apart from straightjackets, Mc Roberts' research suggests that other forms of punishment and control included muffs that were used to restrain the hands, tying patients to chairs

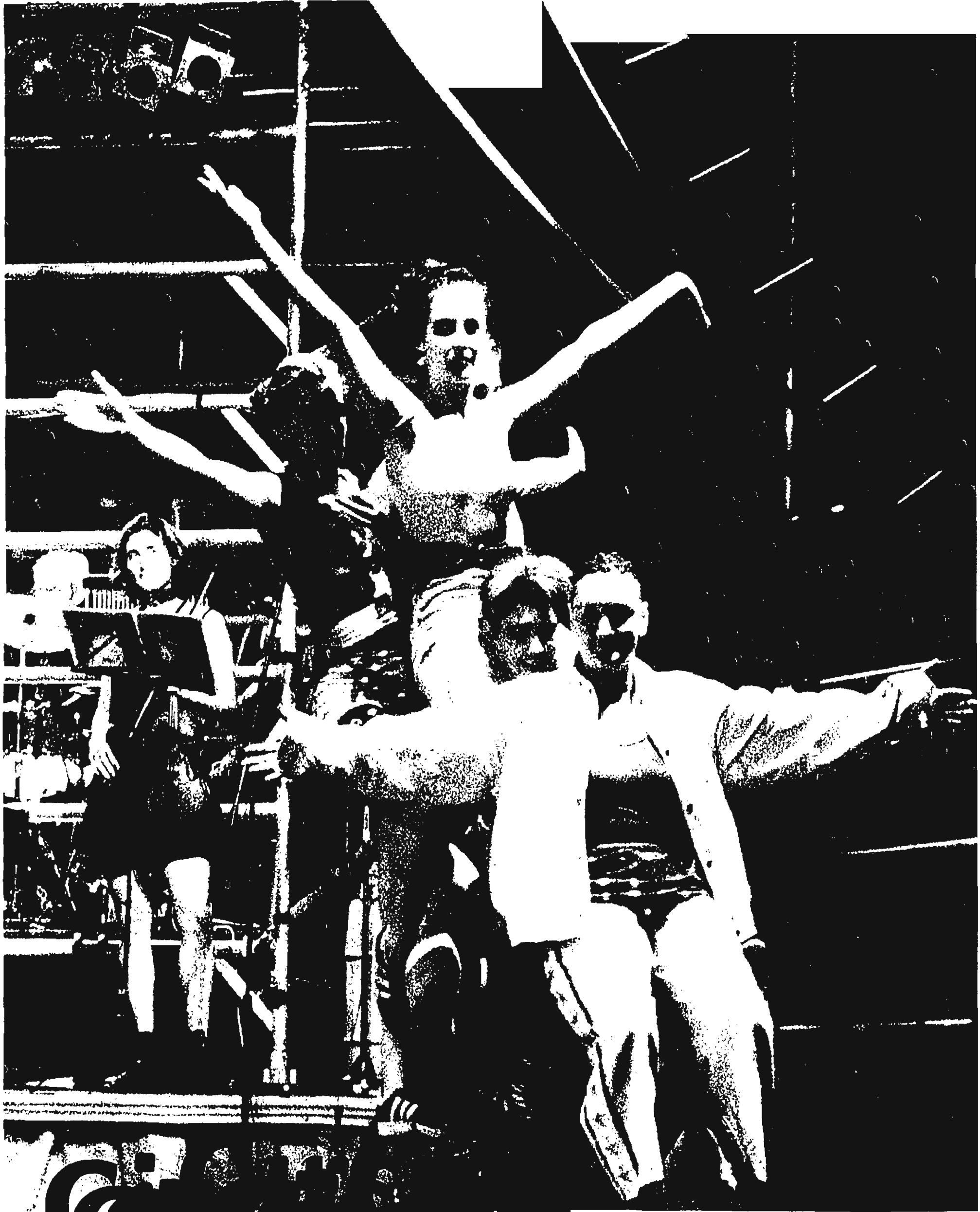
Recently, Sam and Ellen visited the unrenovated section of the Ipswich campus at the University of Queensland. This is an account of their experience exploring the buildings of the old asylum.

by Sam and Ellen with special thanks to Zack
How much do we owe you for the library?

or beds, locking patients in seclusion then administering purgatives, electric shock as punishment not therapy and locking patients in the 'bear pit'. The 'bear pit' was a dry moat behind the sunken fences that surround the buildings. One male patient who urinated on another patient was reported to have had blistering lotion applied to his penis as punishment. These punishments, although terrible, were largely symptomatic of the enormous overcrowding and understaffing problems of the early years. They also occurred before major tranquilizers and anti-convulsants were available to assist the treatment of severe disorders.

The history of Sandy Gallop is one which has been whispered about in Ipswich for generations. It seems that its transformation into a campus of the University of Queensland can not abate this, as there are currently many rumours and tales about ghostly action and spiritual anomalies occurring there. We're not 100% convinced, but the truth is out there ... at Ipswich.





Circus & Circus Circus

Wherever you look these days, there seems to be something 'circusy' happening. You see it in the Mall, King George Square, gigs at the Zoo, Jupiter's Casino, the Princess Theatre, New Farm Park, Uni, Shopping Centres and the RNA Show Grounds ... so what is this new type of circus, and where has it come from?

The past 20 years in Australia have seen the development of the 'new circus' movement. 'New Circus' within Australia was inspired by the 'Nan Jing' project in Albury, where Chinese acrobats came to Australia to share their skills. Forming from this were three of the most recognised circuses in Australia: Circus Oz from Melbourne, Legs on the Wall from Sydney, and Rock 'n' Roll Circus from Brisbane. All of these emerged from a need for, and with an aim of, politicising physical theatre.

New circus can include all the things that traditional circus does, without the animals (very, very loosely); acrobatics, trapeze, fire, clowning, juggling, contortion, tumbling, hoops, glamour, glitter and death-defying tricks. It is basically theatre of the body, utilising (but not fully relying on) words and text, with the development of the script often occurring around skills. Within new circus, there are many aspects including physical theatre, community circus and professional circus, and any number of combinations.

The difference between community and professional circus is that in professional (like other sports) the performers get paid, whereas with community circus there is often a small core of paid staff with the performers paying for their training and volunteering their time for rehearsals and performance.

Another important differentiation between community and professional circuses is that in many cases community circus, like community theatre, has developed out of a need within the community. It often aims to address issues that members of the circus and the larger community face. An example of this is Vulcana Women's Circus, whose aims include improving the physical self-confidence and self-esteem of young women, and speaking to the wider community about the issues that face women through circus. Another example is The Women's Circus which was set up for women to help address issues of sexual abuse and incest. Both of these groups have only women performers and crew, highlighting what women are capable of, and allowing women to gain and use skills they never thought were possible.

An interesting transition within the circus industry is that from community to professional. Rock 'n' Roll, Circus Oz and Legs on the Wall have all made this transition over time. In the case of Rock 'n' Roll, there has also been a move to get away from skills-driven performance, and into a more physical theatre-style performance that conveys a story.

Physical theatre and circus have important influences on each other. A major element when regarding new circus vs. physical theatre is that physical theatre endeavours to tell a story through the use of bodies and physical movement (be that dance or circus) and narrative. This is different to circus which is skills-based and often follows the cabaret style of traditional circus, where all people want to see and do are more and more amazing and 'death-defying tricks'. Examples of physi-

cal theatre orientated groups that use circus, or who have risen from a circus base are: Stalker, erth, Club Bent and Donna Jackson's show 'Car Maintenance, Love and Other Explosives'.

Examples of circus that combines both aspects of skills-based and story-telling would be the more community-based groups like Vulcana and the Women's Circus. Both these groups have a yearly community show, that as well as trainers and directors, use dramaturges, choreographers, writers, musical composers and other traditional theatre roles.

With skills-based performance there are a variety of areas. They include:

- Pure skills-based performance. One of the best examples of skills-based performance is Acrobat from Albury/Wodonga. They maintain an incredibly high skill level, including things like the cast performing simultaneous backfills with no run up.
- Touring new circus troops. Circus Oz and Legs on the Wall do tours, Rock 'n' Roll circus completed a tour of regional Queensland this year. Circus Monoxide recently completed a number of seasons in regional South East Queensland.
- Children's Circuses. Flipside from Brisbane, Cirkids from Adelaide, Spaghetti Circus from Mullumbimby, the Circus Warehouse in Canberra and The Flying Fruit Fly Circus in Albury/Wodonga are all examples of children's circuses. They might not all perform, but they do run classes for children.

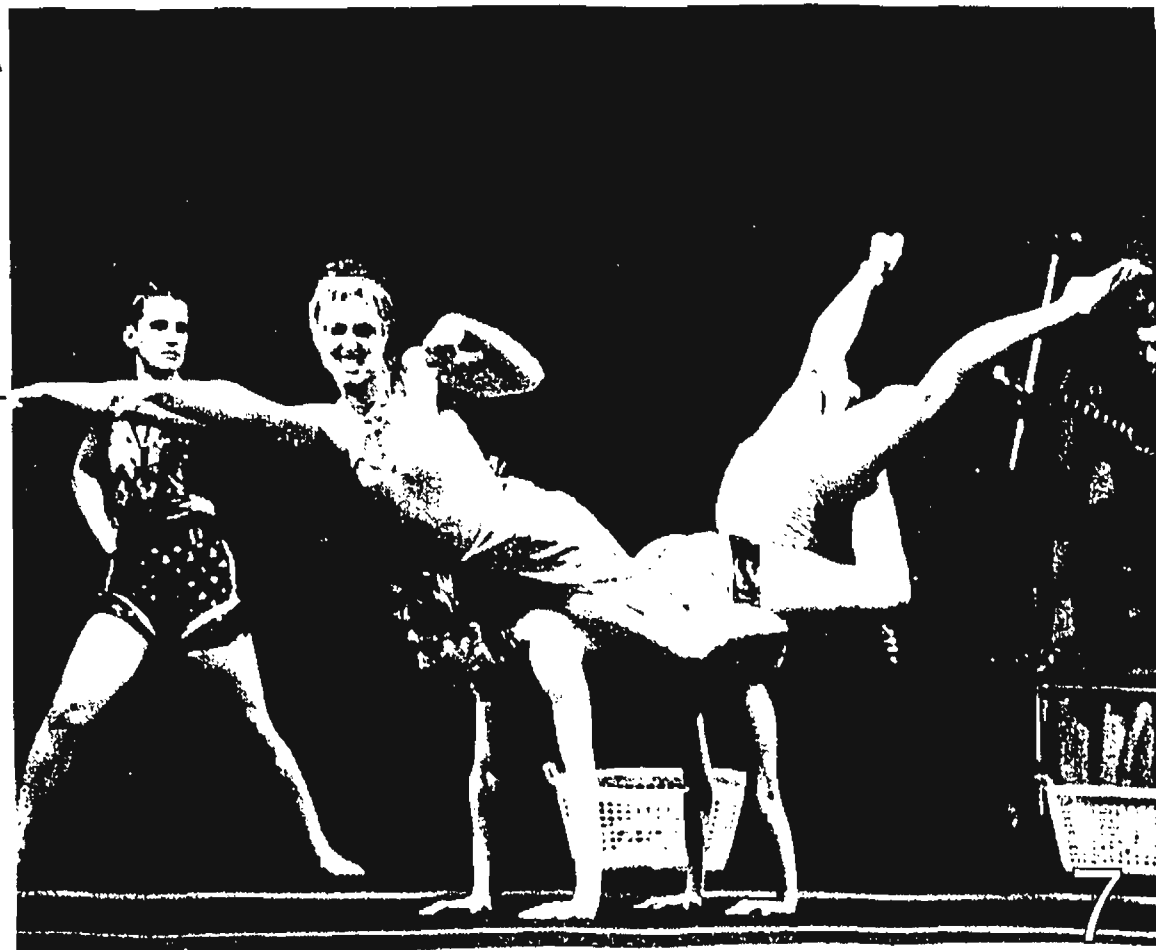
Another trend in Australia is for different cities to have different styles of circus. Examples of this are that Melbourne has a lot more jugglers and street performers, and Brisbane has a large acrobatic following (these aspects are not missing from other cities, just not as big). It seems that a reason behind this is the access, or lack of access to training. Apart from the Flying Fruit Fly Circus (which is for kids) there are no Circus schools in Australia. Most community circuses offer community classes, but the content of these depends on the skills of the trainers. In Brisbane, acrobatics is popular because three of the major trainers in Brisbane are acrobats.

...acrobatics, trapeze, fire, clowning, juggling, contortion, tumbling, hoops, glamour, glitter and death-defying tricks.

There are many aspects of new circus and physical theatre that

I have not mentioned here and what I have mentioned should only be taken as a very, very basic guide to what is happening. Look out for performances, conferences and festivals.

By Abbie Trott
Photography by Pandora Karavan



profile of a feminist revolutionary

Angela Luvera
Resistance

After spending almost three years in jail for her "crime" of organising Indonesian workers to struggle for their rights, Dita Sari was released from the Tangerang women's prison, on the outskirts of Jakarta, on July 6. Dita was arrested while leading a rally of 20,000 factory workers in Surabaya on July 8, 1996. Her arrest was part of Suharto's crackdown on People's Democratic Party (PRD) activists. She has just completed a very successful speaking tour of Australia.

Dita was born in Jakarta on December 30, 1972. In 1991, she enrolled at the University of Indonesia to study law. In an interview where Dita talks about this period in her life she said "I was like most other students: apolitical and wanting only to enjoy life".

Dita's first involvement in politics began in December 1992 when she attended a campus demonstration. The demonstration was called in support of human rights and organised by the then underground Students in Solidarity for Democracy in Indonesia (SMID). Dita remembers: "I realised that although it was a student demonstration, it was not just about the rights of students, but rights for all people. Education is a human right, although in Indonesia it is so expensive that the poor people can't send their children to school or university." A week later she was approached to join a SMID political class in Central Java. She remembers that at the time she was unclear about politics. It was through these classes that she came to understand the real political situation in Indonesia.

As part of her political education in SMID, Dita would often visit factories to talk with the workers and spend the weekends living in their quarters. Dita developed a talent for communicating, which earned her respect among workers. After many years of organising workers in an illegal trade union and leading strikes, Dita decided to leave university, later saying "I don't believe in law any more. Law here is without any real content. I could not stay any longer, sitting at a university desk and listening to all that empty talk. I think my trade union work is far more important".

Dita has led a remarkable political life. As a trade union leader she visited Australia in December 1994 and March 1995, addressing a number of union conferences and public meetings. At an International Workers Movement conference Dita sought endorsement for a petition in support of East Timorese students who were occupying the US Embassy in Jakarta. Delegates from a number of countries agreed to sign the petition. She called on the

Australian Council of Trade Unions (ACTU) to pressure the Australian government to stop training Indonesian troops and supporting the Indonesian government in general and specifi-

cally in its occupation of East Timor. The ACTU, closely affiliated to the ALP, which was in government at the time, "declined" to respond. However, other Australian unions were supportive, including the CFMEU (Construction, Forestry, Mining and Energy Union) and the PKIU and the Maritime Union, which has long history in Indonesian solidarity dating back to the fight for Indonesian independence from the Dutch.

Fighting for women's liberation

Speaking at the International Women's Day rally in Perth in 1995, Dita highlighted the position of women workers in Indonesia. "Women workers suffer from the worst conditions of all: wages less than \$1.50 per day, no health insurance and no transport or meal allowance." But, she said, "women are becoming an increasing percentage of workers on strike."

She spoke of the oppression faced by women in Indonesia, the exploitation of women workers, the influence of Islam and of the courage of those who struggle against it. Union movements, she said, also work with organisations that focus on women's liberation. "Women of the world, unite!", she told the rally. Dita has led the way in educating PRD members on the role of women in the party. She encouraged women activists to become leaders in the PRD's and its affiliated mass organisations working with students, workers, peasants and the urban. For many women activists, Dita became an example of the leadership role that could be played by. This was not an easy task. The

economic and social conditions in Indonesia make it extremely difficult for women to break away from their traditional roles. Women's status is largely derived from their roles as wives and mothers. Even more so than men, women workers are expected to be subservient, polite and not to stand up for their rights. Single mothers and sex workers are shunned, contraception is scarce and expensive and abortions illegal unless a woman is married. Dangerous and unhygienic backyard abortions are often the only resort.

Sexual harassment is common, especially in the workplace where employers can use their power to arbitrarily sack women to discourage them from taking any action. Demands for basic rights such as maternity and menstrual leave are becoming increasingly common in strikes. Speaking of these obstacles, Dita consistently asserted that "it's part of our struggle to resist this pressure from the bourgeois life style".

Dita spoke about the struggle in Indonesia and East Timor to over 100 people at the Trades and Labour Council building on August 20, and also at a packed Green Left Weekly dinner on August 21. As the struggle for democracy, social justice and self-determination unfolds, solidarity from students and working people in Australia will be all the more important.



While masturbation, single digital or otherwise, has long been released from its once-institutionalised status as the eye-blinding, hirsute-inducing habit of misery, fisting remains, for the large part, hidden in a cloak of dark dungeons and pallid porn, lurking in the fortress of S & M practice. So for many, the undulating joys of anal and vaginal fisting remain unknowable, the boundaries of sexual intensities unexplored. Hopefully, I can open your minds, not to mention your orifices, to a new world of never-ending pleasures.

Like any form of sexual activity, the first thing you need to know is how to do it safely. Just as importantly, a damned good open communication line with your partner is essential. Although fisting involves exploring boundaries, you need to establish when too much is too much, how to wait and whether "Ouch" means "Pull out" or "Stay put, this is fucking incredible"

If you're the one who is giving the fisting, you have to make sure your nails are clean, cut short and very, very smooth. As you might well imagine, the walls of the anus and vagina are incredibly sensitive, but at the same time, there aren't a lot of sensory pain receptors in the anus- a sharp nail can do lots of damage if you're not careful. Get yourself a box of decent latex gloves - this minimises chances of passing on any infections that you or your partner might have, and makes the experience somewhat less messy. But, if you're into scat play, just remember the risks you're taking, and be careful about it.

For the anal experience, next up is a pre-fist enema for the recipient. Warm water is the best - and take my word, enemas provide a very sensual experience, foreplay if you like to the main event, and they also help relax the anus, making the fisting just that little bit easier. If you're vaginally fisting, a nice and sensually stimulating clitoral and vaginal massage will do the trick.

fisting for fun and fitness

The Fist - worldwide symbol of defiance, revolution, solidarity, turmoil, determination etc. Five fingers, well - four and a thumb, joined together and united in the pursuit of... in this essay, PLEASURE!

Just like fingering, you've got to be prepared to use heaps and heaps and heaps of lube - KY or Wet Stuff are the most well known, and make sure you don't use an oil-based one like Vaseline or Crisco...slippery they may be, but they'll dissolve the latex and your safe sex goes straight out the window.

Begin gently with one finger, lubricating the vagina or anus, inside and out, your fingers, your hands, pretty much everywhere. Gradually move it in and out, and then slowly proceed with the next finger. Be prepared to take lots of time - patience is essential - and keep talking to your partner - both of you have to be totally focussed on what's going on.

Eventually, if things are going well, you'll have at least the tips of all your fingers and thumbs inside. Continuing gently, fold your thumb under your fingers, and your hand forms a fist naturally. Note well - do not clench your hand tightly, this will cause immense pain, and in the case of the anus, you'll find the muscles clench in response, trying to force your hand out. If this happens, pull out very, very slowly, and keep trying if your partner wants to. You should, in time, be able to both relax and totally wallow in the amazing feelings of being inside someone/having someone inside you.

With practice, patience, plenty of lube and love, you'll find that fisting is a mind-blowing combination of pleasure and pain, and an intensely intimate sexual experience with your partner. It may well expand your horizons as far as what pleasures you, and it certainly increases any orgasms that may result. Go forth and fist, safely and surely, and remember that it ain't just revolutionaries who have all the fun.

Contact Queensland Aids Council on (07) 3844 1990 for further information on fisting and all forms of safe sex. UQ's own Rona Room also has free latex gloves, dental dams, condoms and lube, plus plenty of info and further contact information if you're interested in exploring your sexualities.

by Geoff Parkes



clinics at:

- **logan hospital**
monday 4 - 6:30pm
- **pa hospital**
tuesday 6 - 8pm
wednesday 2 - 4pm
thursday 6 - 8pm
- **beenleigh**
thursday 1:30 - 3:30pm
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for more information**



Lara Croft, heroine of the Tomb Raider series, has emerged as interactive entertainment's digital diva. She has reached celebrity status both within the gaming community and among people who have barely even heard of a Playstation. She has also found a place in other media- in print, on the stage as a guest at U2's live concerts, on television in advertising and even at the cinema in an upcoming movie. However, it seems that many female gamers, myself included, have an uncomfortable relationship with Ms Croft. On the one hand her construction as a male fantasy (she was created by Toby Gard, a 21 year old geek-boy working for Core Design) grates against the core of my feminist being. On the other hand, playing Tomb Raider and controlling a tough, cool, adventuresome chick that shoots bad things is far more fulfilling than being a big bloke with a machine gun that shoots other hairy blokes in a military scenario.

It is clear to most of us that computer games are designed to appeal to male fantasies. Lara Croft is constructed as a blindingly heterosexual male fantasy- she is a stereotypically sexy woman with breasts that virtually deny the real world relationship between anatomy and balance. She went to the finest finishing schools in Europe and is a wealthy heiress but most importantly of all, any male gaming punter can own, control and manipulate our luscious Lara into certain behaviours. On a virtual level, her body can be manipulated in both its appearance and capacity for movement- "new techniques have been used to map out her body" and she

has "new moves" that include "ducking, swimming, and the ability to dive through doorways" (*Official Playstation Magazine 27*). In the spirit of Mattel's Barbie, Lara is also a fetishised "lady" with a dynamic wardrobe including a "very snugly fitting wetsuit" that can be accessorised with numerous weapons- a true toy for boys (*Official Playstation Magazine 27*). Then there's the online obsession with getting Lara's kit off- the emergence of numerous websites devoted to exposing Lara in the buff and then the ultimate in Lara the porn star- *Nude Raider* the game.

So what would Lara be like as a magazine covergirl? Well, it depends on the audience of the magazine. On the cover of the *Official Playstation Magazine*, Lara Croft's pose is passive and seductive. A finger to her lips, her famous cleavage everywhere- she clearly beckons to a heterosexual male audience. In stark contrast to this, Lara's pose on the cover of *Lesbians on the Loose* is active and aggressive. Lara is brandishing two pistols, glaring with gritted teeth at the target and maintaining control of her cleavage all at once. Under the feminine, Queer gaze, Lara is re-appropriated and alongside "keyboard cowgirls" and "wired women" she is a tough, sexy cyber-adventurer.

At *Girls Play Games #003*, they are conducting an on-line survey of how women feel about computer games and female characters like Lara Croft (<http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Gallery/2099/results.htm> 1998). While this survey

is by no means definitive and is constantly being added to- some of the comments made by the respondents are interesting. S. Lord and Dawn Warren dismiss games marketed as 'feminine'- Warren: "if a game comes out that's supposedly 'made for girls' I probably would steer far away from it"; Lord: "anything labelled 'A Game for Women!' I find really nauseating and presumptive, especially if hot pink shows-up anywhere on the package". Warren and Meghan argue that most games made specifically for a female audience are "dumbed down or too cutesy" and are "full of cute graphics and cuddly characters". It seems gaming companies are mistaking women for children- Donkey Kong: For Women perhaps?

Nicky Wilson, also from the above survey, likes to play computer games as a female character like Lara Croft so that she can imagine she can "leap tall buildings in a single bound and beat the crap out of bullies". In this sense, the act of playing a female character gives Wilson the agency to challenge hegemonic masculinity. This agency seems to be exercised in two ways: by appropriating female characters who are constructed within narratives of masculinity and secondly, by using these characters during the event of gameplay to undermine narratives of hegemonic masculinity- "beat the crap out of bullies" of both the virtual and corporeal kind. So while male gamers are having their rather sad wicked way with Lara, some women are using her as a virtual weapon.

So what are gaming companies doing about satisfying the female gaming audience?

As already alluded to, boys and men are currently the major consumers of computer games so creating male-oriented games has long been the more financially viable option. However, in response to consumer demand for games for girls and women, game manufacturers have recently begun to address the issue of creating games for a female audience.

When asked how he felt about the female gamer market, Mike Wilson (CEO of Ion Storm- creators of games like Anachronox and Daikatana) responded "There is an absolutely huge market developing for women... I just wish we knew how to do it... the problem is that there is not a solid definition of what women want in games... it's a new frontier that has only been dabbled in so far" (Ion Storm Interview *Gamegirlz*). In some parts of the industry, this confusion over what "girls want in games" has seen companies like Purple Moon and Her-Interactive spring-up. These companies were created with the sole purpose of creating 'feminine' games for a female audience.

According to G. Beato, the Purple Moon company is referring to their feminine games as a whole new genre called "friendship adventures for girls" (*Girls Games* 1997). These games "will focus on making friends and shared experiences... both series will include strong story telling and narrative elements and many of the same characters, but no clocks and no scores" (Beato 1997). It is argued here that these 'feminine' games are being created based on a stereotype of femininity that is symptomatic of the broader presence of hegemonic masculinity within the gaming community. Afterall, the gaming industry has succeeded thus far by designing games that normalise hegemonic masculinity and marginalise other masculinities (blokes Vs wusses). Creating games like *Barbie Fashion Designer* (which sold more than 500,000 copies in its first two months of sales in 1996 - more than *Quake* sold in its first two months) may make big bucks but it does not comprehensively address issues of gender equity in gaming culture. Making gaming a positive experience for women and girls not only means debunking hegemonic masculinity in gaming but also resisting stereotypes of femininity when creating new games.

"Anything labelled a "Game for Women!" I find really nauseating and presumptive, especially if hotpink shows-up anywhere on the package"

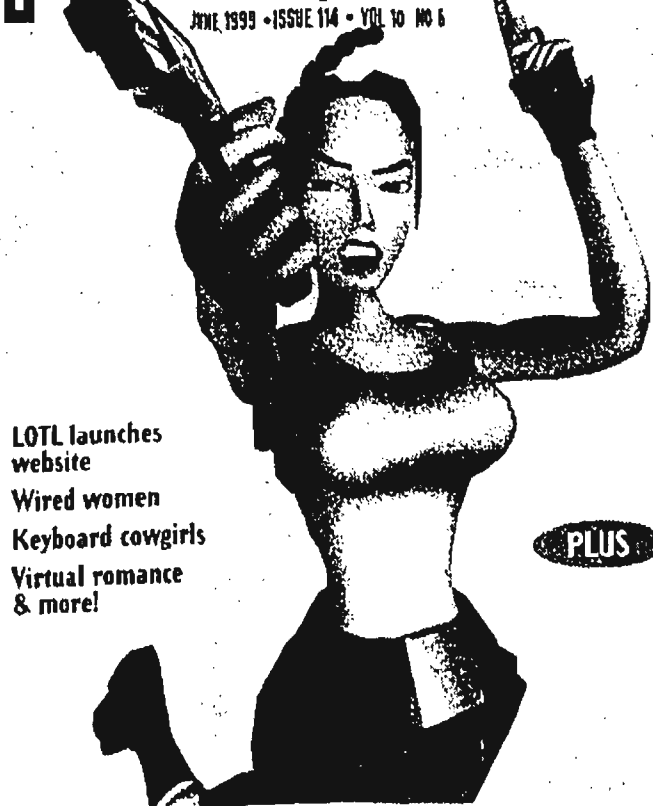
Creating games for women that allow them to make "mutually beneficial solutions to socially significant problems" or that emphasise "diplomacy, negotiation, compromise and manipulation" rather than trigger-finger aggression only addresses part of the problem. The relationship between stimulating gameplay, access to computer games and the gendered nature of the gaming community renders making gaming a

positive experience for women a far more complex exercise than one of creating 'feminine' games.

Market motivated interest in female gamers has seen some positive changes in the industry. Young women are beginning to be targeted by game advertising- even becoming the stars of advertising campaigns. While advertising for gaming giants is still the big meanie, at least young women and girls are now recognised as valuable consumers that can not be marginalised any longer. And for each S&M Belladonna feeling herself up after a kill there's a virtual Elissa Steamer, female skate pro and winner of all five All Girls Skate Championships, tricking her way through the ranks of Tony Hawk's *Skateboarding* (available from Playstation late September). They may be tokens now, but hopefully the normalising of these positive images of young women in gaming will give more girls the confidence to participate in a culture which can be extremely entertaining and strangely empowering.

games

LESBIANS ON THE LOOSE



LOTL launches website
Wired women
Keyboard cowgirls
Virtual romance
& more!

PLUS

Beato, G. "Girl Games." *Wired* (1997) 2.05.99
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"Survey Results." *Girls Play Games: Version #003*. (1998) 25.05.99.
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Aurora "ION Storm Interview." *Gamegirlz* 1.06.99
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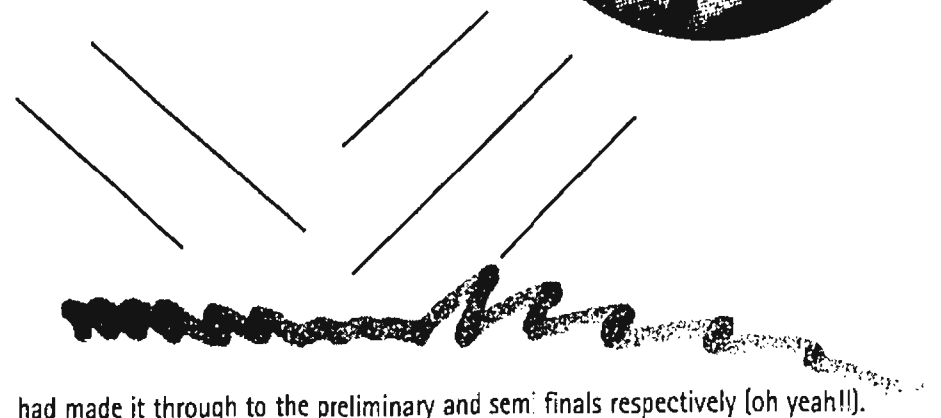


Playing Up (the Clean Version)

If asked "What do you do for fun?", what would your response be? Perhaps something similar to my flatmate's answer "I'm not telling you on the grounds that I may incriminate myself"? Or maybe "Well, when a man and a woman really love each other...?". (My father's response for fuck's sake, giving rise to some mental images I could have done without.) However, as an aspiring lawyer in a long-term relationship, I neither engage in illicit activities nor have sex. This eliminates most possibilities, so I play sport instead.

I'll try almost anything once. I've played tennis, hockey, futsal, cricket and touch football, with varying degrees of success. Gyms hold a fascination for me: it could be all those large boys in small shorts, but I've always found lifting weights to be therapeutic (there's nothing like venting your frustrations on a hundred pounds of metal). Kickboxing is fun, and I can guarantee that you'll end up with massive bruises to show off. I was once drawn to the idea of playing the "gentleman's game", so to speak, but being taken out by a front-rower from Women's College quickly destroyed my briefly-held affection for headgear and Uglies. Finally, I had a short stint as a would-be skydiver until I fully realised that once the plane got up to 10000 feet you actually did have to jump (a realisation which came to me as the instructor prised my fingers from the safety rail and pushed me out).

The only sport that I've stuck with is soccer. It really is the greatest game of all. There are few pass-times more pleasurable than going out on a crispy-cold winter's morning to beat the absolute crap out of ... Margate, for instance (yes, they are the girlies who appeared on *Extra* with their "Women of Soccer" tack-o-rama calendar). Soccer develops co-ordination, strength and reflexes, and then there's the added bonus of regular contact with the UQ Soccer boys (lovely lads that they are). Played regularly, it ensures fitness, speed and a natty line in nylon shorts. UQ Soccer fields three women's teams in the Brisbane competition. At the time of writing, the first and second division teams



had made it through to the preliminary and semi-finals respectively (oh yeah!!).

UQ also sends teams to the Northern Conference Universities Games and the Australian Universities Games. Uni Games are about as much fun as you can have with your clothes on, and are an excellent way to see a bit of the country, meet plenty of people and (at least in the case of the UQ soccer girls) gain a fuller appreciation of the relative merits of public houses. This year, we overcame Armidale's sub-zero temperatures to win bronze at the Conference Games and qualify for the Nationals in Perth, a significant achievement considering the size of most of our hangovers.

So, there you have it. Soccer is what I do for fun: it's cheaper than a big night out, safer than base-jumping and less humiliating than netball (those skirts!!). It gives me something to do on chilly winter Sundays, when I really wouldn't rather be sleeping in. But best of all, it has allowed me to meet some truly lovely people. Watch out - we're coming soon to a field near you.

Looking forward to summer?

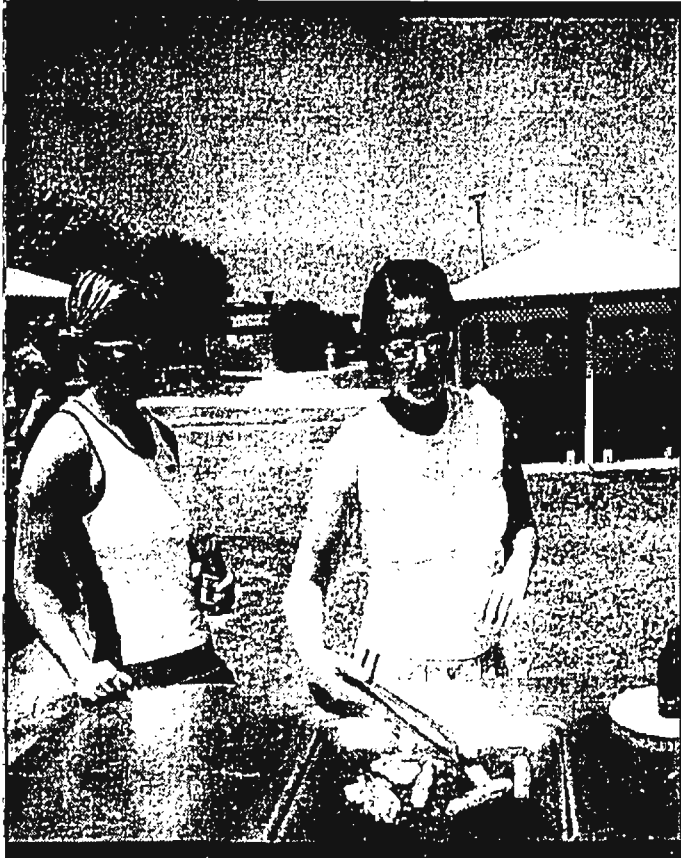


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MEAT, METAL & FIRE

The legendary Australian barbecue



Barbecuing is widely regarded as an activity enjoyed by people across most sectors of society. Mediterraneans, Africans, North Asians, South-East Asians, Arabs, Australasians and North & South Americans all have rich and ancient traditions of cooking outdoors over charcoal or fire. The Australian barbecue is legendary, but the word was not commonly used here before World War II. A 'chop picn'c' was a phrase used to describe much the same thing. It usually meant starting a fire in some pleasant bush location, preferably not too far from the city, and cooking some lamb chops and maybe a few sausages on a piece of iron resting on a couple of stones over the fire. At its heart, barbecuing is synonymous with the cooking of meat, but most people realise that barbecued vegies are a treat also.



Mark Thompson (author of *Blokes and Sheds*) claims that the Australian barbecue is a universal one-size-fits-all celebration that is religious worship, tribal bonding and ritual ceremony all rolled into one. His new book, *Meat, Metal and Fire*, examines all these aspects and showcases a range of barbecues with their owner/builders - a parade of interesting characters, some of whom border on the eccentric. Many of these people have crafted barbecues from found objects and 'junk', showing great practical ingenuity. Some of them are pictured here: clockwise from top right - Dick and his restful barbecue spot; Barbecue Bev, a professional barbecue chef, with some of her range of barbies; Ben and his mates at the Melbourne Cup; Hughie, an ex-bricklayer, and his backyard; winery workers enjoying an after-work barbecue; Jim, cooking his lunch as he did when he used to build roads; Zeno the backyard researcher with his project 'Burning Different Things'; James and the dragon barbie he built as part of a school art project; Kiri and Tahnee enjoying the beach, the beer and of course the barbecue at Bronte Beach. Thompson urges us to remember that "a barbecue with a name becomes a legend". Many of the contraptions in here, with names such as *Titanic*, *Demon*, *The Rocket*, *Spud Wing*, and *Pig* are truly worthy of this legend status.



Interesting short articles are interspersed through *Meat, Metal and Fire*. These address issues such as the public barbecue and its peculiarity to Australia, the Aussie snag, making charcoal, the barbecuer's relationship to nature and the origin of the word 'barbecue' (is it from the Arawak people of the Caribbean and their *barbacoa* or from the French 'de la barbe a la queue' - beard to tail - referring to the way a pig is spit roasted?).



Unfortunately, Thompson seems to view barbecuing as something done by males and occasionally enjoyed by women. Some exclusive language, section titles such as 'the barbecue brotherhood', a general lack of female presence and occasional vegetarian-bashings really detract from what is otherwise an excellent book.



michael gow

It is a fact, universally acknowledged, that the Brisbane theatrical playground is in want of direction.

Four score and seven year ago, one Robyn Nevin was placed at the helm of Queensland's struggling theatre company. Our company, the only state theatre company legislated by parliament, had developed a mass of debts, was clocked in mediocre reviews and was losing subscribers like they were going out of fashion. So, in came the grand diva of the Australian scene, (the closest parallel we have to the immortal Judi Dench, bar Dame Joan) to pulsate the theatre and its educated, white, middle-classed masses.

So, in came the colour pink, lock stock and barrel. And for two years we have been left in no doubt as to whom our director was - it was Robyn Nevin. She was on both covers of the subscription launch (dressed in one of many pink frocks), she was on the programmes and she was in the media. Some have argued that the qtc was used as a star vehicle.

This woman, however, has completed a heroic task, turning the company face forward with great plays and even better performances (especially one show-stopping Maria Callas in 'Masterclass'). In this time Robyn has brought home the bacon repeatedly, certainly enough to rival any other state theatre company. But Robyn, and her travelling circus painted in pink, has left for Australia's flagship theatre company, the bombastic STC (Sydney Theatre Company).

Enter stage left- Michael Gow. That name is synonymous with the text 'Away', which is part of Education Queensland's year eleven syllabus and akin to literary liberation for many sixteen year-olds as it is the first time the word 'fuck' is permissible in class.

With this changing of the guard, the qtc is about to undergo a great evolution: Ms Nevin is an actor foremost, Mr. Gow is a writer. One is on the stage, the other is in the wings, to put it crudely. Whereas one is an antagonist, the other is the eternal mediator (I'll leave it to you to join the lines). Oh, and pink can RIP.

Next year, with 2000's programme being announced on September 30, Gow is looking to the unaccounted audience (the non-subscriber), to highlight that theatre is foremost an entertainment pursuit and fundamentally a fun night out.

Gow reasons the eternal struggle with any theatre company is to appease the conservative subscriber, whilst at the same time arousing a brave new audience, the under 26s, who primarily do not want to see old men running around in pantaloons. However, as rank is rank is rank, good theatre is good theatre and this is what any state theatre company is striving for. Gow is not going to produce theatre that appeals to neither conservative nor radical pigeon holes but instead, will produce quality, for this shall entice an audience member to return.

'I think it's about fun and going out. Theatre is branded: that somehow if you go out and get entertained it's shallow. It's got this awful grey thing over it, like broccoli, no one wants to eat it but you should because it's filled with antioxidants and it's really really good for you. But you sort of look at it, and go "can't we have frozen peas?"'

Although 2000's programme is hush-hush, qtc's rehearsal space 'the shed', will be recycled as an avant garde performance space as well. Details are as yet unavailable however, this one play is not part of the official season, therefore is free of the conservative constraints of accommodating the older subscriber and is being directed for the 18-26 year-old bracket (read: lots of sex, booze and rock and roll). Sounds all very exciting, doesn't it?

'The shed show is going to be the most confronting thing that I think has ever been seen in Brisbane, much worse than King Lear.'

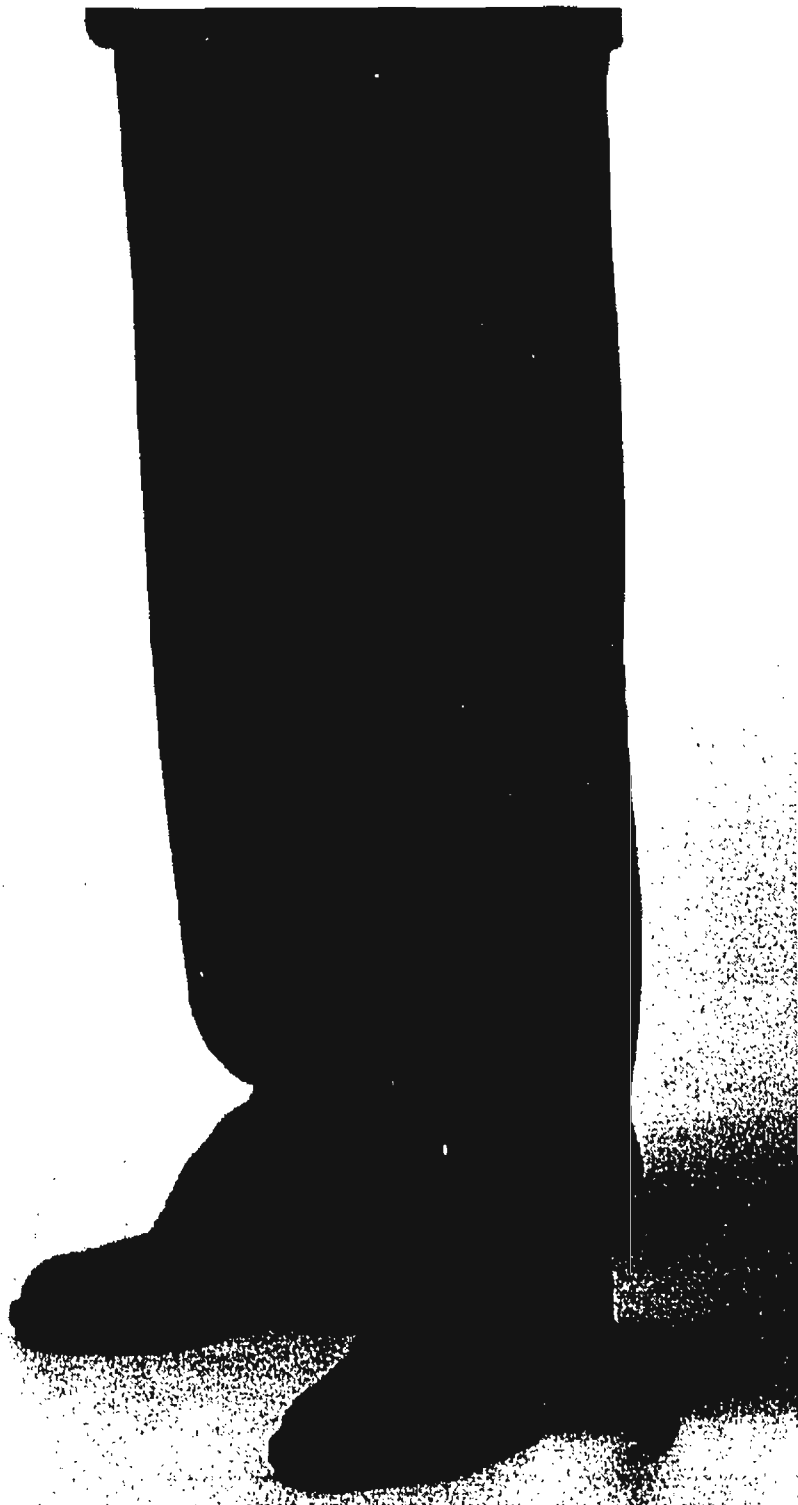
QTC

The King Lear production mentioned above, although an artistic success for its director Barrie Kosky and the qtc, was a fiscal miscalculation. The traditional subscriber base bombarded head office for six months with complaints and cancellations after seeing dildos and violent sex.

Theatre is not, in Gow's mind, a bourgeois activity, although this stigma has developed. Gow now accepts, as his onus, to reverse the state of play. Theatre, Gow argues despite popular misconceptions, is or should be accessible to everyone- it's only a matter of perspective and sacrifice.

'I don't buy the thing that theatre is too expensive for young people. I think the money argument is bullshit. If you asked any person under 28 this weekend, how much they spent on alcohol, cover charge, speed, dope whatever- they would have spent much more than a theatre ticket.

'However in terms of image I do think it is a fairly bourgeois activity that's about high art. I'm very conscious of that, and wherever I've worked I've tried to break that down, with things like the shed. The shed is the first step.'



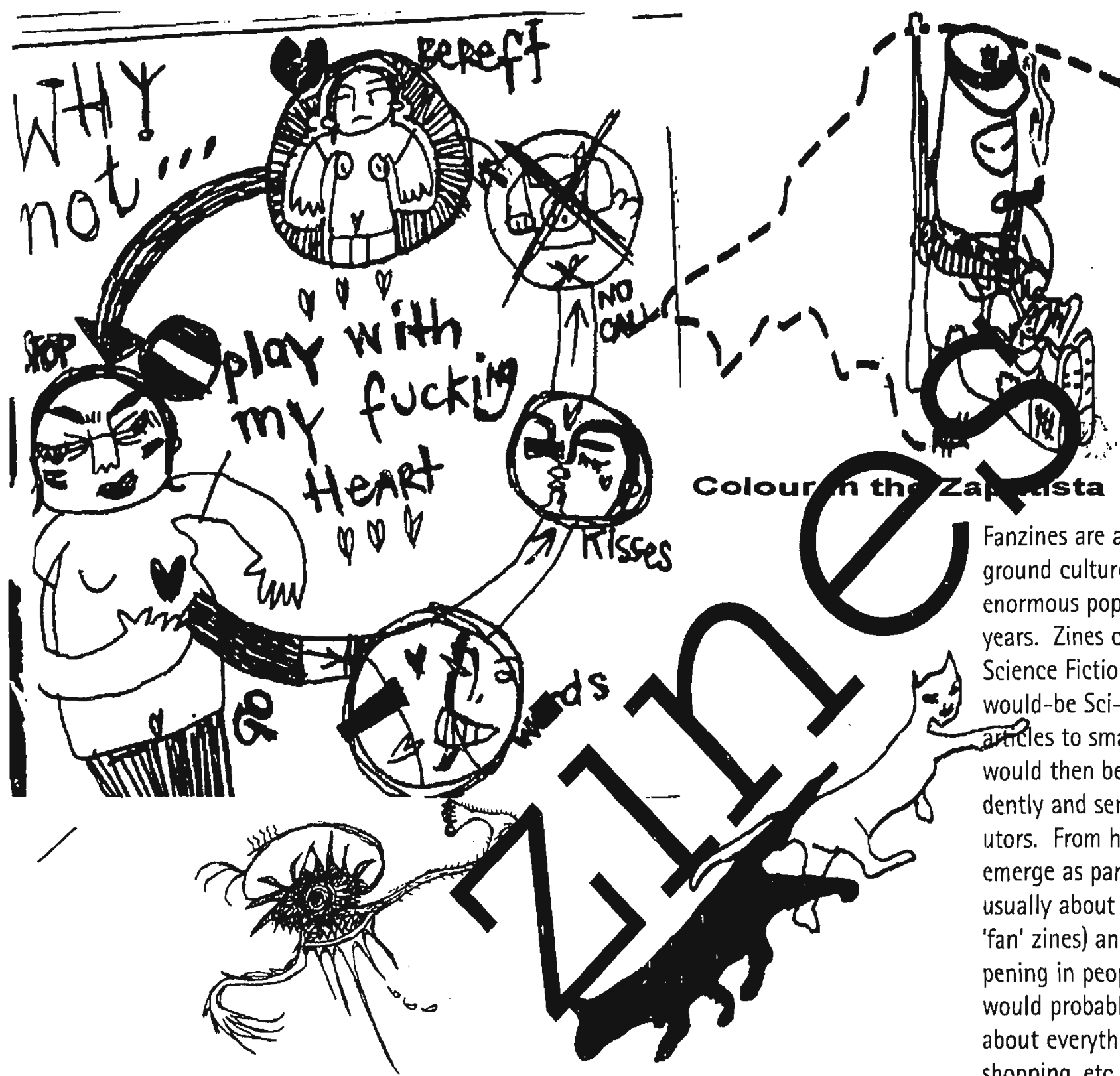
Brisbane, in this respect, is a clean canvas - a refreshing beige tempting the artist but a paradox exists because the want to create a new and vibrant theatre audience must be balanced, not only with a grain of salt but also with the subscriber base (woman, 49+, educated, white) the backbone that keeps the company afloat.

When Gow announced he was upping shop from all-important Sydney to sunny Queensland, people were affronted as they thought Brisbane was parallel to a redneck and cultural desert. 'It's quite clearly not true. It's a piece of propaganda on the part of the southern states to make sure they're not in the wrong place.

'I think it's a fear, people in Sydney are terrified that there's somewhere better than Sydney, which is partly why I moved here because Brisbane is better than Sydney.

'Sydney's a sewer, it's a horrible place, the Olympics is just tearing it to pieces. I keep saying that Sydney will soon choke on its own spew. It's so expensive, everyone's really angry, everyone thinks they're in some kind of road movie, everyone even talks like Robert DeNiro!

So, with all that behind him, Gow is now working towards next season with a total of seven plays. He's hoping, while stationed here for the next three years, to write and direct a new play of his own, 'I'd like to think they'd get at least one play out of me'. So the change over has begun, no more pink, no more Robyn Nevin. And just as Ms Nevin made the company her own, so should Mr Gow.



Fanzines are an element of underground culture and have gained enormous popularity in the past 10 years. Zines originated from Science Fiction magazines, where would-be Sci-Fi writers would write articles to small magazines. These would then be produced independently and sent out to the contributors. From here zines started to emerge as part of the punk scene, usually about musicians, (hence 'fan' zines) and other things happening in people's lives. Now there would probably be a zine written about everything; work, music, op-shopping, etc.

▶ giving up fucking

On Thursday Karen decided she would give up. She started fucking fifteen years ago, and since then it had been ten to thirty a day. Sometimes she cut down to five, for a few weeks even one a day, but she couldn't give it up.

For a start, all her friends fucked. When she tried to stop she'd sit at a cafe, with all her friends fucking around her, and she'd want one too. Once she suggested sitting in the no-fucking area: they looked at her like she had an STD. They'd sit in the fucking area and she'd sit there too, whether she intended on fucking or not. Soon they'd all get coffee.

Some of them would have a quick fuck before it came, others would wait to have a fuck with their coffee. They'd share, they'd lend, they'd sit there talking and fucking, drinking coffee, fucking and talking. Sooner or later someone would offer her one, and what could she say? Sitting there with five people fucking around her was exposing her to carcinogenic levels of passive fucking anyway.

Fucking seemed normal, too. She looked at the people over in the no-fucking area with disdain. Elitist snobs, healthfreaks. Too good to fuck with the rest of them. Karen had been used to people fucking around

her for as long as she could remember. Both her parents fucked, her uncle fucked, her great grandfather fucked until he was ninety-five and got hit by a truck that ran a red light while going the wrong way down a one-way street. Though her nan and aunties probably had never touched one.

She'd had her first fuck at eighteen. A man bought her a Lemon-lime and Vodka and asked if she wanted one. All her friends were standing around in a group fucking, so she said yes. So there she was, her first fuck, every one turned around and said "Hey, Karen's fucking!" So that was how it began.

Thursday night Karen called the Quit line.

"Okay," said the woman on the phone, "Why did you call us?"

Karen said, "Well, I want to quit. I know it's bad for me, but all my friends fuck all the time too, it's so hard to stop. I really need some help."

By Helen Stubbs

In Australia there are too many zines to mention the names of, so I am just going to mention a few.

The first zine I want to talk about is **Woozy** zine. **Woozy** originated from Melbourne by two ex-Perthites in 1993, and editions are still irregularly coming out. Looking at basically anything DIY, **Woozy** has been full of articles on permaculture, indie pop bands, anarchist book reviews and vegan recipes. At last look they had released over 20 issues, including CD's, tapes, books and international editions.

Geek Girl is probably the other most influential zine in Australia. It is one of the most popular e-zines in Australia and both print and on-line versions have been around for over 5 years. It is put out by a Sydney woman and looks at multi-media and other stuff for and by women.

Salty and Delicious was a Perth and Brisbane zine. These two boys produced four issues in the Mid 90s, including two issues whilst living in different states. It concentrates more on indie music culture, but also has rants and reviews and other interesting bits. After its demise one of the editors went on to produce **Peace and Quiet** in Melbourne.

Grot Grrrls was one of the first riot-grrl-inspired zines in Australia. Put together by two Melburnian women, it looked at stuff by women and it was full of interviews, comics, stories and articles.

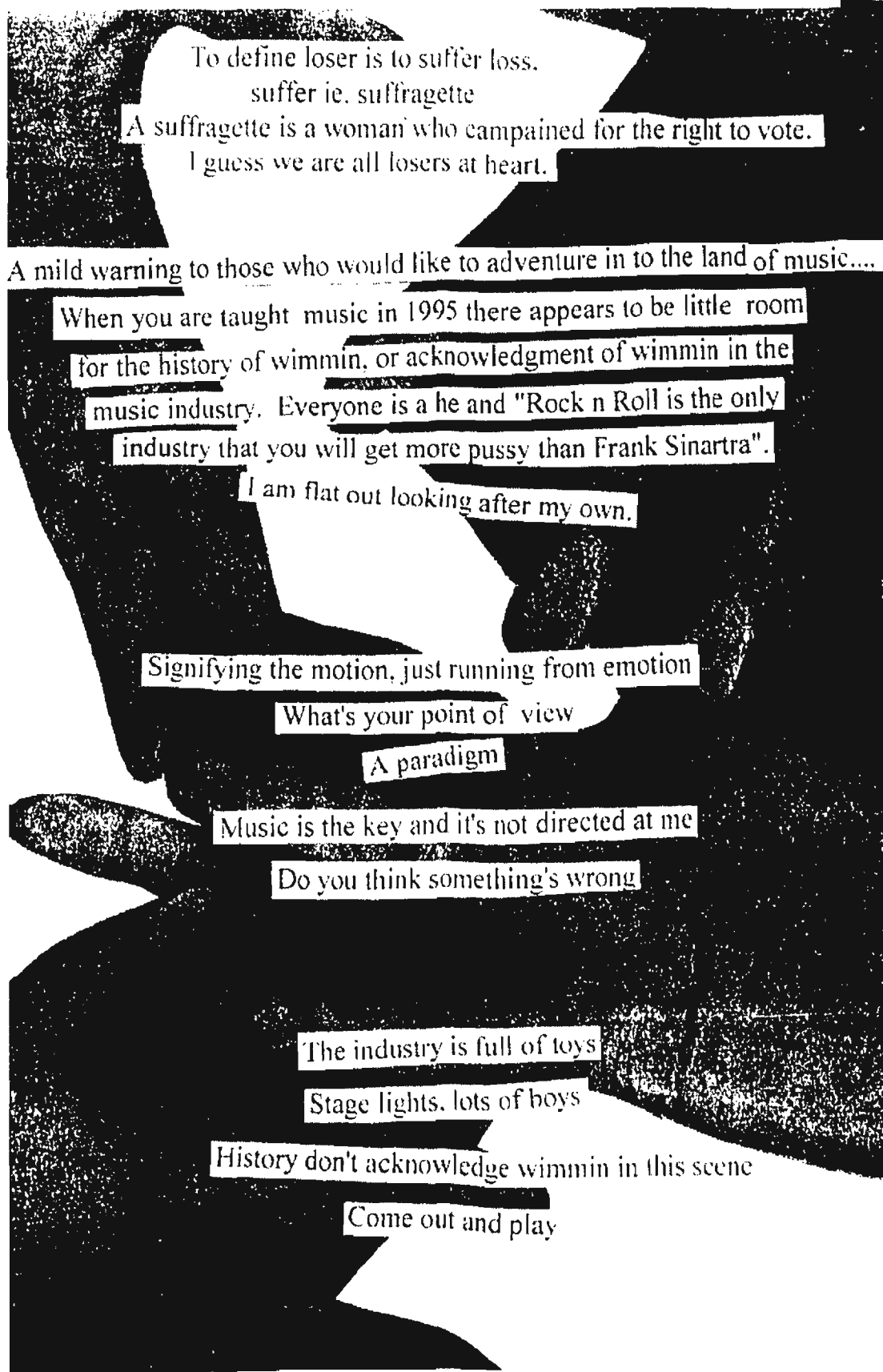
Another Riot-Grrl-inspired zine was Brisbane's **Losergurrl Zine**. **Losergurrl** came into existence to celebrate and look at any DIY / underground stuff by women. It started from a radio show on 4zzz in '95, "**losergurrls**", which played independent music by women. The six editions have come out over 4 years, from Brisbane, Melbourne, Sydney, Dunedin (New Zealand) and any number of combinations, both in print, and on-line. One of the editors went on to do **My Life As A Megarich Bombshell** zine, which is a personal zine where the editor puts in what she wants (there has been a vegan recipe edition and an 80's Dolly-styled edition). Also one of them has done don't blame me I just want to play trucks, which is just writing and drawings by women.

Purr zine from Sydney looked at punk and girl culture from there, and the main editor now works on a similar but more personal zine, **catpounce**. Both **Purr** and **catpounce** often have tapes with them.

Another excellent Sydney zine is **Psychobabble**. It is a cut and paste, whatever-is-an-obsession-at-the-time kinda zine that rocks. Also **dazy**, a personal zine with a definite feline slant, is very good.



ZINEZINES



There are a few queer zines in Australia. One is **Thunderpussy**, put out by one of the ex grot grrl editors. It looks at lesbian and women culture and music, and is amazing.

The burning times is a more political, but still quiet musical zine put out by a Melbourne boy.

There are also more comic and picture orientated zines such as **crap and feng** from Melbourne which are drawings and pictures stuck together any which way. And another Melbourne zine called **Mavis Mackenzie** which is a series of photo / stories about a cross-dressing 'old woman' called **mavis Mackenzie**.

Another Brisbane zine is **Nancy**. I haven't seen one of these for ages, but they were full of stories, and interviews and reviews. A show of hands is one of the longest running zines in Australia. A personal zine from Adelaide, it is warm and nice and fuzzy.

Like I said, there are innumerable zines in Australia, and this has just been a small slice of what is there. There has also been a touring exhibition called "cut and paste". At the National Youth Writers Festival, zines feature heavily as a topic of discussion. I also wrote a paper for a subject about them last year, a woman on campus is writing her thesis on them, and there are a number of books on the subject too.

The point of a fanzines (to me) is that they are a way for the editor/s to express themselves in a uncensored and uninhibited way. You have control over the whole process: what goes in, how it looks, how much it costs. You get to meet heaps and heaps of great people through the mail (letters, parcels, interesting things in the post are so exciting!).

Something else that distinguishes zines from other publications is that they are cheap to produce. If you have access to a photocopier, they are free, but even so, depending on the number of pages and the print run, they can cost less than a dollar each to produce. The layout is often cut and paste, and they have an average run of 500. This makes costs cheap, with a cover price of anywhere from free to \$10, averaging at about \$2. A zine-maker lives for their publication, knowing that they hardly ever make, and usually lose money.

Zine-making is fun. You do it for as long as you want, and when you want to stop, you do... all it takes is something to make a mark, and something to make a mark on.!!!

If you want any addresses for any of the zines mentioned here, or any other information about zines and small press, contact me via the **semper office**..... cause letters are so nice.

Abbie Trott

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Award-winning play exploring youth suicide tours Logan, Brisbane and Beenleigh.

Keep Everything You Love is a sensitive and responsible play which will be performed in Logan (as part of YOUFEST), Brisbane and Beenleigh. The play is a potent mix of live performance and video which explores the tragedy of youth suicide. *Keep Everything You Love* is a play about two young people who must try to come to terms with the tragic and inexplicable death of a close friend. Brett and Emma must deal with the loss of their friend. They overcome the trauma of shock and begin to work through the complex nature of grief. To do so, they must learn ways of coping and communicating to gain the emotional support that is desperately needed. They learn about the importance of seeking help and talking about problems. They learn that no matter how difficult things may appear, there is always a way of keeping it all together.

Keep Everything You Love opens up the broader issues which contextualise youth suicide (for example, family and interpersonal relationships, sexuality, coping mechanisms and the significance of communication) and presents these issues in a sensitive way which promotes discussion and understanding.

For the first time a Brisbane-based independent professional theatre company participates with YOUFEST and performs in Beenleigh. The play was written by Davis Brown in consultation with counsellors, youth workers and young people, as well as bereavement support associations.

The play is produced and directed by David Brown and features Jason Gann (QTC - *Vertigo and the Virginia*) and Sarah Kennedy (La Boite - *First Asylum*). Lighting Design by Jason Organ (Stage X - *Blurred*).

There will be a discussion with the audience after each performance which will be facilitated by Youth Arts Worker Collette Brennan (Teaching Artist on *Blurred* and *X-Stacy*). This de-brief is being conducted in association with the Survivors of Suicide Support Association, Mt Gravatt.

LOGAN BUTTERBOX THEATRE, WOODRIDGE: 15-18 SEPTEMBER: \$10 / \$8
CREMORNE THEATRE, QPAC, BRISBANE 21-26 SEPTEMBER: \$12 / \$10
BEENLEIGH COMMUNITY THEATRE, BEENLEIGH: 28 SEPTEMBER-3 OCTOBER: \$10 / \$8

For more details, visit our website:
www.toadshow.com.au/everything



WALK TO CURE DIABETES

Nearly one hundred thousand Australians have juvenile diabetes and almost 2000 Queensland school aged children are diagnosed with this disease that limits life expectancy and can cause long-term kidney and heart and nerve damage.

Juvenile diabetes is diagnosed during childhood and early adulthood and once diagnosed, people with juvenile diabetes remain insulin-dependent for their entire lives, until a cure is found. Kids have up to four insulin injections every day just to stay alive. Insulin is a treatment, not a cure.

JDFA (Juvenile Diabetes Foundation of Australia) is working hard to find a cure for diabetes and Brisbane people affected by diabetes, be it juvenile or mature onset, are encouraged to WALK FOR THE CURE on Sunday 10 October.

The official WALK is held at UQ St. Lucia on October 10 and is a 5km stroll around the campus while smaller WALKS are planned for regional areas such as Brisbane, Ipswich and the Gold Coast on the same day. The Brisbane WALK features rides, costume characters, entertainment for all ages, free food sampling and celebrities.

The WALK FOR THE CURE is the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation's (JDF's) flagship fund-raising event annually contributing more than \$1m to Australian diabetes research. JDF funds 33 researchers nationally, including two here in Brisbane.

As the largest funder of diabetes research in the world, JDF receives no government funding and is dedicated to the funding of basic and applied medical research to find a cure for diabetes and prevent its complications. Last year, JDF spent \$4m on Australian Diabetes research.

Anyone interested in fielding a team in the WALK should contact JDF on 3227 1456.

pluginpowerup is a festival for the whole community, presented by the young people of the Redlands. Throughout September, **pluginpowerup** will showcase some of the new artistic talent from our local area. It's about coming together, looking into ourselves and really finding out what we're about through music, art and street performance. This is a chance for us to express and prove ourselves.

SPONTANEITY - SEPTEMBER 25

The Festival Finale will be a day of live and acoustic music, markets, art, performances, workshops and other fun things at Cleveland Showgrounds. There is free late night water transport to the Bay Islands and North Stradbroke Island from Redland Bay.

Festival Hotline 3286 8487

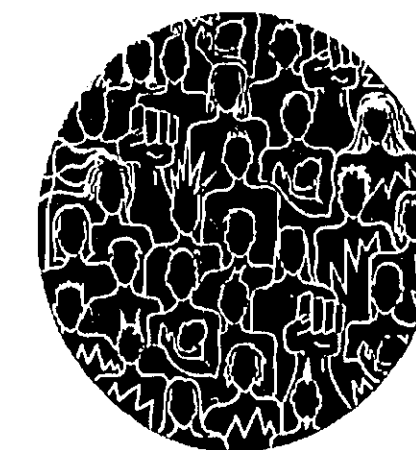
NOKIA INVITES STUDENTS IN ASIA PACIFIC TO PAINT A VISION OF THEIR FUTURE

Nokia announces one of the most comprehensive region-wide arts competitions in the Asia Pacific region to promote the development and appreciation of art around the region. The Nokia Arts Awards - Asia Pacific covers 12 diverse Asia Pacific Countries.

Based on the theme "Visions of Your Future", it will focus on two dimensional contemporary art. All Students aged between 18 to 25 years of age are eligible to participate. Nokia hopes that the arts awards will inspire and encourage full time students and student artists to push their boundaries and communicate their vision, and through art, challenge perceptions and expectations of the future.

The Nokia Arts Awards will run in each participating country from May 1999 to October 31 1999.

For info on how to enter visit the Nokia Website at <http://www.nokia.com>



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Every Wednesday, The Sydney Morning Herald New Writers' Forum gives you the chance to write about the issues that matter to you.

So get to work on your submission and keep your eyes on the Sydney Morning Herald's Wednesday "Features" pages for articles written by people like you.

What you'll need to know

- Your submission must be a feature story of no more than 800 words. It should have a beginning, a middle and an end.
- It should be 'reportage' - not an essay or opinion piece. It should have a central theme and include people, their quotes, facts and events. It should not be written in the first person.
- Names and telephone numbers for sources quoted in the article must be provided for fact checking purposes.
- You can write about anything you like as long as it vividly reflects what is happening around you, in your life or community.
- If you're aged 16-26 you may submit your story, however, you must also send with it proof of age. Simply attach a photocopy of a driver's license, proof of age card or passport. You must also send a recent photo of yourself.
- If your story is selected for publication, you will be contacted. The Sydney Morning Herald reserves the right to edit all stories as necessary.
- Entries should be typed, double spaced and clearly labelled with your name, day time phone number and email address.
- Any material sent will not be returned.
- Mail your submission to The SMH Young Writers' Forum, GPO Box 7023, Sydney NSW 2001, or email to newwritersforum@mail.fairfax.com.au

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FINANCIAL REVIEW ▶

White Privilege

White People Need to Acknowledge Benefits of Unearned Privilege
by Robert Jensen

This article appeared in the Baltimore Sun newspaper and was written by a white professor at the University of Texas. I have reproduced it from a native news mailing list.

Here's what white privilege sounds like: I'm sitting in my University of Texas office, talking to a very bright and very conservative white student about affirmative action in college admissions, which he opposes and I support. The student says he wants a level playing field with no unearned advantages for anyone. I ask him whether he thinks that being white has advantages in the United States.

Have either of us, I ask, ever benefited from being white in a world run mostly by white people? Yes, he concedes, there is something real and tangible we could call white privilege.

So, if we live in a world of white privilege — unearned white privilege — how does that affect your notion of a level playing field? I asked. He paused for a moment and said, "That really doesn't matter." That statement, I suggested to him, reveals the ultimate white privilege: the privilege to acknowledge that you have unearned privilege but to ignore what it means.

That exchange led me to rethink the way I talk about race and racism with students. It drove home the importance of confronting the dirty secret that we white people carry around with us every day: in a world of white privilege, some of what we have is unearned.

I think much of both the fear and anger that comes up around discussions of affirmative action has its roots in that secret. So these days, my goal is to talk openly and honestly about white supremacy and white privilege.

White privilege, like any social phenomenon, is complex. In a white supremacist culture, all white people have privilege, whether or not they are overtly racist themselves. There are general patterns, but such privilege plays out differently depending on context and other aspects of one's identity (in my case, being male gives me other kinds of privilege). Rather than try to tell others how white privilege has played out in their lives, I talk about how it has affected me.

I am as white as white gets in this country. I am of northern European heritage and I was raised in North Dakota, one of the whitest states in the country. I grew up in a virtually all-white world surrounded by racism, both personal and institutional. Because I didn't live near a reservation, I didn't even have exposure to the state's only numerically significant nonwhite population, American Indians. I have struggled to resist that racist training and the racism of my culture. I like to think I have changed, even though I routinely trip over the lingering effects of that internalized racism and the institutional racism around me.

But no matter how much I "fix" myself, one thing never changes
- I walk through the world with white privilege.

What does that mean? Perhaps most importantly, when I seek admission to a university, apply for a job, or hunt for an apartment, I don't look threatening. Almost all of the people evaluating me look like me — they are white. They see in me a reflection of themselves — and in a racist world, that is an advantage. I smile. I am white. I am one of them. I am not dangerous. Even when I voice critical opinions, I am cut some slack. After all, I'm white. My flaws also are more easily forgiven because I am white.



Some complain that affirmative action has meant the university is saddled with mediocre minority professors. I have no doubt there are minority professors who are mediocre, though I don't know very many. As Henry Louis Gates Jr. once pointed out, if affirmative action policies were in place for the next hundred years, it's possible that at the end of that time the university could have as many mediocre minority professors as it has mediocre white professors.

That isn't meant as an insult to anyone, but it's a simple observation that white privilege has meant that scores of second-rate white professors have slid through the system because their flaws were overlooked out of solidarity based on race, as well as on gender, class and ideology.

Some people resist the assertions that the United States is still a bitterly racist society and that the racism has real effects on real people. But white folks have long cut other white folks a break. I know, because I am one of them.

I am not a genius — as I like to say, I'm not the sharpest knife in the drawer. I have been teaching full time for six years and I've published a reasonable amount of scholarship. Some of it is the unexceptional stuff one churns out to get tenure, and some of it, I would argue, is worth reading. I worked hard, and I like to think that I'm a fairly decent teacher. Every once in a while, I leave my

office at the end of the day feeling like I really accomplished something. When I cash my paycheck, I don't feel guilty. But, all that said, I know I did not get where I am by merit alone. I benefited from among other things, white privilege.

That doesn't mean that I don't deserve my job, or that if I weren't white I would never have gotten the job. It means simply that all through my life, I have soaked up benefits for being white. All my life I have been hired for jobs by white people. I was accepted for graduate school by white people. And I was hired for a teaching position by the predominantly white University of Texas, headed by a white president, in a college headed by a white dean and in a department with a white chairman that at the time had one nonwhite tenured professor. I have worked hard to get where I am, and I work hard to stay there. But to feel good about myself and my work, I do not have to believe that "merit" as defined by white people in a white country, alone got me here.

I can acknowledge that in addition to all that hard work, I got a significant boost from white privilege. At one time in my life, I would not have been able to say that, because I needed to believe that my success in life was due solely to my individual talent and effort.

I saw myself as the heroic American, the rugged individualist. I was so deeply seduced by the culture's mythology that I couldn't see the fear that was binding me to those myths. Like all white Americans, I was living with the fear that maybe I didn't really deserve my success, that maybe luck and privilege had more to do with it than brains and hard work. I was afraid I wasn't heroic or rugged, that I wasn't special. I let go of some of that fear when I realized that, indeed, I wasn't special, but that I was still me.

What I do well, I still can take pride in, even when I know that the rules under which I work in are stacked to my benefit. Until we let go of the fiction that people have complete control over their fate — that we can will ourselves to be anything we choose — then we will live with that fear.

White privilege is not something I get to decide whether I want to keep. Every time I walk into a store at the same time as a black man and the security guard follows him and leaves me alone to shop, I am benefiting from white privilege.

There is not space here to list all the ways in which white privilege plays out in our daily lives, but it is clear that I will carry this privilege with me until the day white supremacy is erased from this society.

NOWSA Ninety-Nine

NOWSA (Network of Women Students in Australia) conferences are fantastic. The network was set up in 1988, during huge student activism, and therefore has an amazing history of feminist debate and activism. Being the largest national gathering of student feminists in Australia, it is an important forum for discussing how to rebuild the women's liberation movement. This year was only my third NOWSA, but I can confidently say that it was a very clarifying conference as to what NOWSA should and shouldn't be.

More than 600 women gathered at RMIT (Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology) for the NOWSA conference on July 16-20. This year's conference included many constructive debates on topics such as abortion rights, prostitution and issues for working women. The conference began with a discussion about the different strands within the feminist movement: Marxism, radical feminism, liberalism and socialist feminism. This discussion enabled women coming to the conference to situate debates within a political context.

This was important because the organising collective for the conference was dominated by separatist and identity politics. Collective members had tried to impose this perspective on the conference by excluding transgender women from the collective, arguing that it is necessary to be a lesbian in order to be a feminist, that sex work should be criminalised and that NOWSA was plagued by "racism".

By contrast, Marxist feminists argued that women-only space should be open to all who want to fight for women's liberation, including transgender women and women who have sex with men. They also argued against calling on the state to criminalise sex work and for a mass movement to defeat racism.

Unfortunately, these debates were carried out in an intimidatory and confrontational atmosphere. Women who disagreed with the positions put forward by the NOWSA collective were labelled "racists".

During one of the plenary sessions, the audience was asked to sit in racially segregated areas: Anglo background people divided from non-Anglo background people. When a few white women arrived late and sat on the non-Anglo side, a collective member told them to stick to "their" side of the room because they were corrupting "her" autonomous space.

Vicki-Anne Speechley Golden, an Aboriginal speaker, sparked a vigorous debate by stating that all white people, including those in the audience, were responsible for the rise of Pauline Hanson. A collective member then read a statement which attacked conference participants as "racist" for disagreeing with Aboriginal speakers. The label "racist" was used to obscure healthy debate about different political strategies.

Intimidation was also used inside the NOWSA collective. Before the conference, Resistance activist Virginia Brown was expelled from the collective when she disagreed with the rest of the collective's identity politics. During the conference, another collective member, Kate Davison, was expelled at a meeting at which she was not present, for alleged "racism". The charges against Davison revolved around a few organisational slip-ups and her disagreement with identity politics. Outraged by the decision, some members of the collective produced a satirical cartoon which highlighted how those who disagreed with the collective were treated.

Identity politics

The collective argued that "experience of oppression" is the determining factor in being able to fight it. The most important part of "fighting" oppression, they say, is that oppressor groups (men or white people) "own their racism" and "sexism". By contrast, Resistance argued that the central question for any movement for liberation is the cause of the oppression it seeks to overcome. All people brought up in this racist, sexist and homophobic society are imbued with these prejudices, but neither racial, sexual nor homosexual oppression stem from individual attitudes; they are caused by the economic and political structure of the society we live in.

22

Racism is not created by individuals, but by a system which profits from the

Arguing that conference participants should "own their racism" lets the real racists in society – the government, wealthy landowners and big business – off the hook. Even if all feminists strove to "own their racism", racism would still exist because, without political action aimed at attacking the political and economic basis of racial oppression, injustice and discrimination would continue to thrive.

The idea that all white people are racist and all men are sexist was coupled with a retreat from a strategy of building a movement to eradicate these oppressions. The collective argued that those "genuine" about getting rid of racism should take a hostile stance towards movements and campaigns. A member of the collective attacked the education and women's liberation movements, and the organisations of the left, as irrelevant to her "experience" as a non-English-speaking background woman (NESB), and therefore "racist".

I completely reject this perspective. The only consistent way to overcome your own racism is through engaging in struggle to overcome racism in society. For example, many high school students realised the racist character of Australian society through getting involved in the mass high school walkouts against Hanson organised by Resistance last year. By getting onto the streets and fighting racism publicly and collectively, high school students were able to challenge the deeply racist prejudices fostered by this society.

The feminist movement needs to build alliances with other movements of the oppressed for their liberation, particularly the anti-racism movement. These alliances need to be built through discussion, solidarity and common action.

Throughout the conference, NESB and Aboriginal women who raised problems with the collective's perspectives were told it was "racist" to disagree because the collective was supported by a particular, self-selected group of indigenous women. Asserting that anybody has a monopoly on the right to speak in the movement, and enforcing this by the threat of ostracism and isolation, is destructive.

Sidelining debates

One of the NOWSA collective's most controversial decisions was to exclude transgender women from the collective. Many feminists opposed this decision. Knowing when it went into the conference that it had already lost this debate, the collective did its utmost to avoid discussion of the issue. Collective members refused to answer questions from the floor about their exclusion of transgender women, and a speaker on the gender plenary, asserted that the women wanting to discuss the issue were being "racist" for ignoring her issues.

The NOWSA collective imposed a quota system at the conference which stipulated that 50% of all speakers had to have NESB or indigenous backgrounds. Although the collective was successful in promoting the experiences of NESB and indigenous women, the quota system was criticised for being tokenistic. Rather than women being asked to speak because of their political opinions or activism, they were asked to speak because their skin colour helped to fill the quota. As well, the quota system was used to prevent opponents of the NOWSA collective's political perspective from speaking. The conference voted for a quota system requiring 40% indigenous and 30% NESB speakers at next year's conference.

Despite the collective's intimidation and undemocratic procedures, many women left the conference with increased confidence and determination to fight racism and sexism. The overwhelming sentiment of those who attended was that it is possible to build alliances between different oppressed groups and, when we work together, we can fight for our liberation. This sentiment was reflected in the public action held as part of the conference in which 300 women marched through Melbourne's streets demanding an end to racism. I am sure that next year's NOWSA, to be held in Adelaide, will be even bigger and better.

Angela Luvera
Resistance



No Cash? No Clue?

Welcome to the Desperate Gourmet!

the "Marie Antoinette"

A rich, simple tart. This takes only minutes and a few basic ingredients, but will go a long way and keep for weeks. This time of year it's easy to take advantage of all the citrus fruit around ... just grab a couple of your favourites. The other beauty of this recipe is that it doesn't really matter if you don't have quite enough of the ingredients handy ... so long as the proportions are as follows, it will bake lusciously well.

- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup desiccated coconut
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup flour
- 4 eggs
- 100g (one packet) almond meal
- and finally citrus fruit (with rind intact) the equivalent of ... 2 oranges, 2 tangellos, or one lemon and three small mandarins

Preheat the oven to a moderate 180 degrees.

Juice the citrus fruit, chopping and setting aside the peel.

Now the easy bit. Mix together all the ingredients, including the juice and the rind chopped to your own taste, until a thick batter. If you have a blender, just put the whole lot in and give it a whizz. Pour into a wide, shallow oven-proof dish ... preferably a pie or flan tin.

Bake until set, which will depend on the size and shape of your dish and just how much batter you made. As a guide, the above proportions in a pie dish take about an hour. As it's getting towards the end of cooking, you might want to sprinkle over some sugar, maybe a little chopped rind and/or a few slivered almonds to give a slightly caramelised finish.

This is a very rich and tangy dessert, so it really benefits from cream or icecream on the side to cut the oomph ... a little complementary fruit doesn't go astray either.

Frith Kennedy
ph 02-9905 1069/9451 8200
14 Jamieson Avenue
NORTH CURL CURL NSW 2099



the Annual C.H.E.S.S. Homebrew Competition

The Chemical and Environmental Engineering Students Society will be holding its second annual homebrew competition on October 15.

This is the perfect excuse to just spend that little bit more time, energy and money on making an extra special competition brew.

Beers will be judged by a panel of industry workers, academics and students.

For more information contact Kate on 3371 2779.

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SEASON COMMENCES OCTOBER 7

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I Know What I Did Last Summer...

An average 'summer holiday' in the USA consists of endless days of skiing and snowboarding, parties every night, travelling through famous cities and national parks, as well as going to concerts or professional ice hockey, football and baseball games.

It was late November. Exams were over, the constant hangovers had subsided and the thermometer was climbing up above 30 degrees on a regular basis. My more fortunate friends prepared to escape for a sun-burnt camping holiday, while the rest of them pouted over the thought of work experience or summer semester at uni. Whatever their plans, they were all waving goodbye at the airport as I stepped onto the direct flight to Los Angeles.

For the last two Australian summers, I have sought refuge from the heat in a tiny ski village in the USA. So have hundreds of other Australian uni students.

I can't complain. I have a free lift pass and cheap accommodation in a chalet five minutes walk from the resort. When I eat out, my staff pass will get me discounts at many restaurants. Australian snowboarders working at my resort are received well by the locals, so beer is always cheap or free. The snowboard I ride will set you back \$1100 in Oz, but with my employee retail discount, I only paid US\$280.

An average 'summer holiday' in the USA consists of endless days of skiing and snowboarding, parties every night, travelling through famous cities and national parks, as well as going to concerts or professional ice hockey, football and baseball games.

So what's the trade-off?

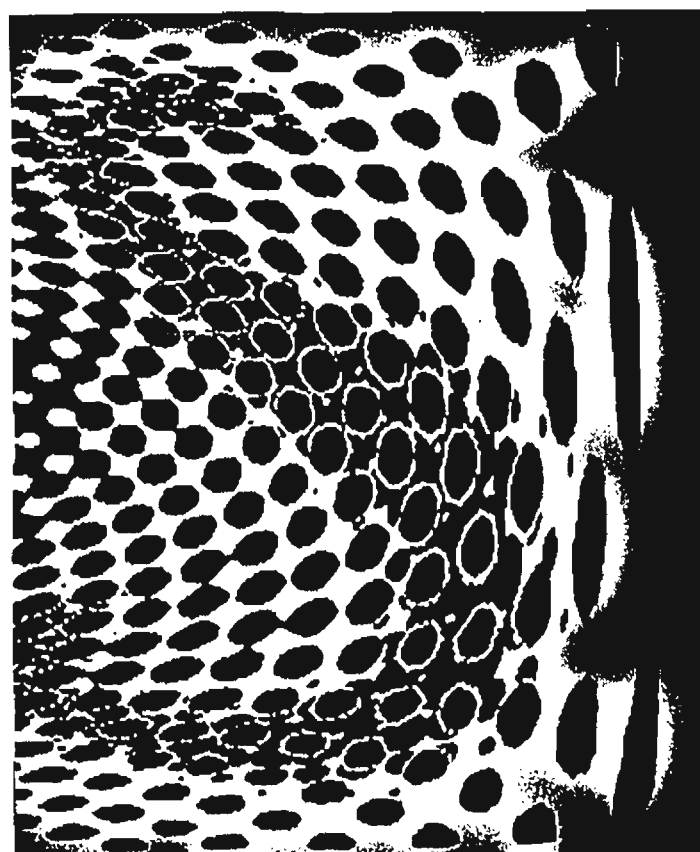
Well, I work as a 'liftie' at the resort, which means I help people load on and off chairlifts. It's one of hundreds of positions available both on and off the mountain - inside and outside. As jobs go, it doesn't get any better - happy holiday skiers, great staff from all over the world, breathtaking views and on the many sunny Colorado days, there's no better place to be. Oh, there's only one other thing to watch out for - it's cold.

But as second semester rolls along, I know what I'll be doing again this summer. If it sounds like your idea of fun, you can be doing the same.

WORK EXPERIENCE USA has 4 years experience in finding the right job for you in one of over 20 US ski resorts. Tell them where you want to go and what you want to do - they'll do the rest for you!

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DIPLOMACY IN FRANKFURT

BY SOPHIE MORRIS

I PROWLED AROUND FRANKFURT STATION – NOTORIOUS FOR ITS CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD – FEELING LIKE A PROSTITUTE. I HAD PHONED HIS HOTEL FOUR TIMES IN THE LAST TWO HOURS. I TRIED AGAIN. “NO,” THE NOW FAMILIAR VOICE AT RECEPTION INFORMED ME, “HERR HAS STILL NOT ARRIVED”.

“DANKE SCHOEN” I SLAMMED DOWN THE PHONE. ONE MORE CHANCE, I THOUGHT, AND WHEN I FINALLY MEET HIM HIS DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY AIN'T GONNA TO DO HIM AN OUNCE OF GOOD. OF COURSE I HAD NO RIGHT TO HARBOUR SUCH VENGEFUL THOUGHTS. HE WAS THE ONE DOING ME A FAVOUR- THE BUSY DIPLOMAT IN FRANKFURT FOR A DAY MAKING TIME TO MEET THE YOUNG INTERN. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN GRATEFUL FOR THE OPPORTUNITY, RATHER THAN PEEVED ABOUT THE WAIT.

It was raining outside and Frankfurt's many junkies and tramps had had the same idea as I had, to seek shelter in what claims to be Europe's busiest train station. I bought some post cards, ordered a coffee and watched the circus go by: business suits commuting back from their jobs in banks, denim jackets going out for drinks, ripped T-shirts doing dodgy deals in shadowy corners, moustachioed police prowling in pairs. At the tables around me people were babbling in Japanese, Turkish, German and French. The cadences meant more to me, than the words. How could I condense this all onto a postcard to Brisbane – that happy green faraway place? How could I communicate the stress and press of Europe to those friends and family who no doubt slept at that moment?

I gave up and went to the callbox. Yes, the Herr had just arrived, which was fortunate, because I was on my last 20 pfennig. He apologised profusely, said he owed me a drink and asked if I would buzz him from his hotel lobby.

The hotel looked modest from outside but the lobby was all old-world elegance. The diplomat exited the lift and crossed the plush carpet to where I stood. He was dressed casually – jeans and a black t-shirt – and everything about him was more casual and young than I had imagined. With a disarming smile he apologised for keeping me waiting. Interpersonal communication skills are primary selection criteria for DFAT and he certainly had them. He put me right at ease and exposed himself as a Brisbane boy, so we already had something in common.

Twelve years he had been in DFAT (Department of Foreign Affairs and

Trade). He was modest, but I knew from others that he was doing well to reach where he was. I was interested in what made someone successful in this business, what the business was all about and most of all, I was interested to see if it was all as interesting and intriguing as I had always imagined. We went to find a pizzeria and ordered Frankfurt's specialty – a harsh apple cider. Tzack! The first gulp bounced right back off my empty stomach, targeted my hapless head and abolished my intentions of making a lasting impression as a rational, intelligent potential diplomat. Perhaps there is another important selection criteria: alcohol tolerance. I was a bit out of practice ... but I could work on that one.

“Are you sure you want to hear this?” he asked, “I mean, I don't want to put you off ... and I should warn you: you've caught me at a bad time. I've been sitting in traffic for two hours and I've got to be at the airport at 6am tomorrow morning to play chauffeur to the finance minister. I might not paint the most attractive portrait of the department.”

“But that's exactly what I want to hear”, I nodded, “I fear my application has probably already found its way into a shredder in Canberra .. in which case I want to hear that it's a shitty deal, that I haven't missed anything. If, by chance, my application found favour and I'm still in the race, then it's especially important that I know what I might be letting myself in for.”

“Very well”, he took a deep breath, “Where to begin? Let's begin with Canberra...”

DIPLOMACY IN FRANKFURT

ctd.

When the French speak of Paris it is either with pride or disgust. The latter is from those who live in a village far from the capital and consider that everyone in Paris is either a snob or a tourist. However, even these French will not allow a foreigner to speak ill of the capital. Berlin enjoys a special place in the hearts and minds of the Germans. Next year it will be restored to its position as Hauptstadt. Perhaps Canberra is a bit like poor old Bonn. After 50 years faithful service as the political capital the small city on the Rhein is being stripped of its honours in favour of the more dynamic Berlin. I have never been to Canberra, but I imagine it a little like Bonn. Sydney commands much more international attention than Canberra, but it surprises me how many Europeans actually do know that Canberra is the capital. I expect many Australians' political knowledge doesn't extend to that.

Canberra, I learnt from this Brisbane boy who had spent the mandatory two years training there, is a city of dinner parties. As a DFAT recruit you get assigned to a desk which deals with a specific issue area – be it Indonesia, Human Rights, UN, Europe. During this time you will perform some of the most fascinating tasks you can imagine – and some of the most mundane. From the beginning you are writing ministerial dispatches about unfolding current events, yet someone still needs to do the photocopying. "It pays to get political in the first week and work out who will give you the interesting work".

After Canberra comes the first posting. The competition for the "good" posts is high. In fact, it seems that the whole organisation – from fresh recruits to seasoned ambassadors – thrives on competition. You have to be a competent self-promoter and have something to promote. But the super-competitive selection process should prepare you for that. Writing your DFAT application is no time for modesty. Remember, Australia's future depends on them having you to compose their foreign policy. What they are looking for in the interview process is rational candidates, who can respond quickly, logically and unemotionally to changing situations. Uh-oh. My emotions – as changeable as the European weather – plummeted.

"Perhaps I sound like an old cynic", shrugged the diplomat. He looked more like a fresh-faced high-school graduate than a bitter old politician and I felt a "but..." coming. "It really is a fascinating occupation. The standard of writing is exceptionally high and it is a very liberating sort of writing. You don't have to quote all your sources. And it's exciting because you are responding to current events. In that respect it's a bit like journalism, but journalists would kill to have the sort of access to information that you have in DFAT. In Australia there would only be one or two of the absolutely top journalists who enjoy such a privilege and produce such quality work. What's more, it's very satisfying. You see Clinton on TV reading from a treaty to which you contributed. He will say what a good thing it is for the world... and you think *I wrote that clause!* As you get on in the organisation you get to specialise in an area which is of interest to you. I have been involved in weapons control, where Australia plays a significant role."

"What is the image of Australia in diplomatic circles?" I was curious, because I knew that amongst lay people Australia was thought of kangaroos and koalas.

Australia, he assured me, actually enjoys quite a bit of international respect, especially for its leadership role in various multilateral initiatives. We are one of a few countries who can bring states together in cooperative ventures. Arms control is a prime example. The US, on the other hand, does not know the meaning of multilateralism.

"If you like travel... if you like excitement, then it is a great occupation. The travel can sometimes be very good... and sometimes very exhausting. I am actually stationed in Paris at the moment and am just filling in for a few months in Bonn. Next week I will be in Bonn for just one day. The rest of the time I am moving around somewhere in Europe"

"Tell me something to put me off or to soothe the disappointment when I don't get in." This jetsetting, challenging occupation sounded too good.

"Hmm... there are downsides too. A posting is usually for three years and you then do most of your travel within that country. You don't go back to Australia often. Some people find it difficult when they start to have families. Plus, you can earn a lot more in the private sector, but I can't imagine it would be half as interesting."

At midnight my companion looked at his watch and declared it pumpkin time, for he had to be up with the sun the next morning. In the tram on the way home my emotions – which will exert themselves, despite all attempts to be rational – were in a muddle. Relief – that my application didn't have a chance and I would be spared the stress of this competitive profession. Disappointment – that this was probably my closest encounter with this fascinating lifestyle. And resolve – to pursue a career in journalism.

catatonia



Paul Jones, bass player and lyricist for the Welsh-band-of-the-moment, Catatonia, admits (albeit sheepishly) that 1998 was, musically and personally, one hell of a year. His darkly cymric brougue assumes a thoughtful tone as he discusses the success of Catatonia's 1998 album *International Velvet*. "A lot of people were saying to us "There must be a lot of pressure on you to follow up on such a successful album", but it was the opposite in many ways. Because *International Velvet* did so well, on *Equally Cursed and Blessed* we really had carte blanche to go ahead and do what we wanted to do."

It was this musical freedom which made their newly released album *Equally Cursed and Blessed* a very different affair from 1998's *Velvet* and 1995's *Way Beyond Blue*. The signature two-packs-a-day, throaty whisper of vocalist Cerys Matthews is still there, and the power-pop, fast-paced confidence of their music still makes its presence felt, but the album maintains a unity between lyrics and music which the previous albums had only just begun to explore.

Jones cheerfully admits that this breakthrough approach to their music was made not in a studio under the guidance of a revered music mentor, but on the back of a tour bus travelling around the U.K. "We made most of our demos on the back of a tour bus on one of those digital recorders. It was a brilliant way of everybody hearing everybody else's ideas. You'd be messing around and someone would come up and say "Oh, I love that" or "Let me have a go on that!"

He chuckles softly and continues "We're not that precious about our own ideas. If someone else thinks they're crap, then that's that. It's handy really. If you're in a band, you're writing for the band. Everybody else has to play each other's stuff, so it's better if everybody comes up with their own ideas and plays around on your track." Jones admits with rueful laughter, however, that the average music fan can be forgiven for experiencing a certain amount of surprise at such disclosures of teamwork and lack of artistic temperament. In the relatively short amount of time since Catatonia hammered their way into the public consciousness with the disturbingly catchy singles "Road Rage" and "Mulder and Scully", the Welsh band has been the subject of more Rock and Roll mythology than the brown acid at Woodstock or Jim Morrison's bathtub.

Most of this pop culture folklore has centered on the band's media-inspired reputation as hard-drinking, working class boys led by an alcoholic, grunge spitfire once heralded as "the queen of the Welsh council estates". Although Jones is far from adverse to launching with great enthusiasm into a raucous drinking story, it becomes obvious as the interview progresses that he finds the constant media focus on drink, drugs, gutters and groupies, wearying to say the least. "I think our reputation for that came from the early days when we were knocking around in a van and we had no hotel rooms, we were just gonna go straight home after a gig. The whole scene was all of us just sitting in the back of a van on amps, getting absolutley hammered-drunk. But that's the only way you can sort of...." His tone becomes world-weary "Well, if you turn up for a sound check at 4:00 and you're not gonna play until 11.00,

you haven't got a hotel, you've got nowhere to go - what are you going to do? You're going to sit in a pub and you're going to drink."

The quiet guitarist is quick to point out however that fame, if not age and experience, has lightened the band's social diary. "We're a little more controlled now. You do feel more responsibility - I mean, if Cerys were to lose her voice on the 2nd day of touring, because she'd been partying for a week, then a lot of people would be disappointed."

Further evidence of the unlikely happy-family aspect of Catatonia presents itself when vocalist Cerys' media portrayal as pin-up girl for the twelve-step program is mentioned. Jones becomes protective of Matthews and suggests that their former publicity agency is largely to blame for the singer's image as the vodka-soaked vixen of indie pop. "At that stage, because Cerys was the singer, she got more media attention, so all our drinking stories would be concentrated down to Cerys *did this* and Cerys *did that* - which was really unfair to her."

"And when we didn't have any press releases out, the publicity company would plant all these stories about things we actually had done - they were talking about it too much. In the end we ended up splitting with them because they were making us sound like a bunch of drunks."

Indeed, in an interview situation, Jones equips himself with far more eloquence than the international press have given the band credit for. One receives the distinct impression he has more than his fair share of charm - yet his manner of speaking never assumes the well worn tones of Young Rock God / Mr GQ Smooth. He approaches each question with a frank manner, a disarming, genuine friendliness, and an undisguised intelligence.

For some reason, many amongst the music press have ignored the fact that Paul Jones does a lot of thinking. When asked about his reaction to America's blonde-teen-spunk-me-pop-princess, Britney Spears, he answers after a slight pause "I don't like it (her music) at all. It has the sniff of paedophilia about it to me. It's awful - all this school uniform bullshit. It's pandering to the lowest common denominator."

He's also outspoken in his reaction to the recent fracas at the third Woodstock. "I mean you're pushing it if you're trying to get everyone back in a field a third time and saying "let's be peaceful". Someone's obviously going to blow their top."

However, drinking stories and open manner aside, Catatonia's thoughtful bass player remains cautious around the media and keeps both eyes wide open. When the violent death of fashion icon Versace comes up in conversation he prudently refuses to comment on the theory that it was a mafia hit. "I'd say it was unlikely that it was that gay serial killer - but I wouldn't like to point the finger. You never know who you're going to meet - especially in show business."

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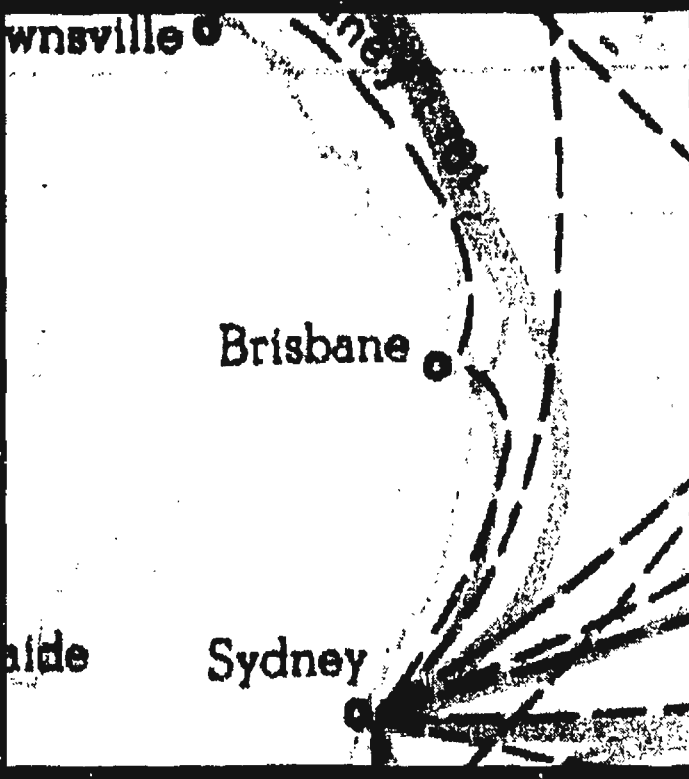
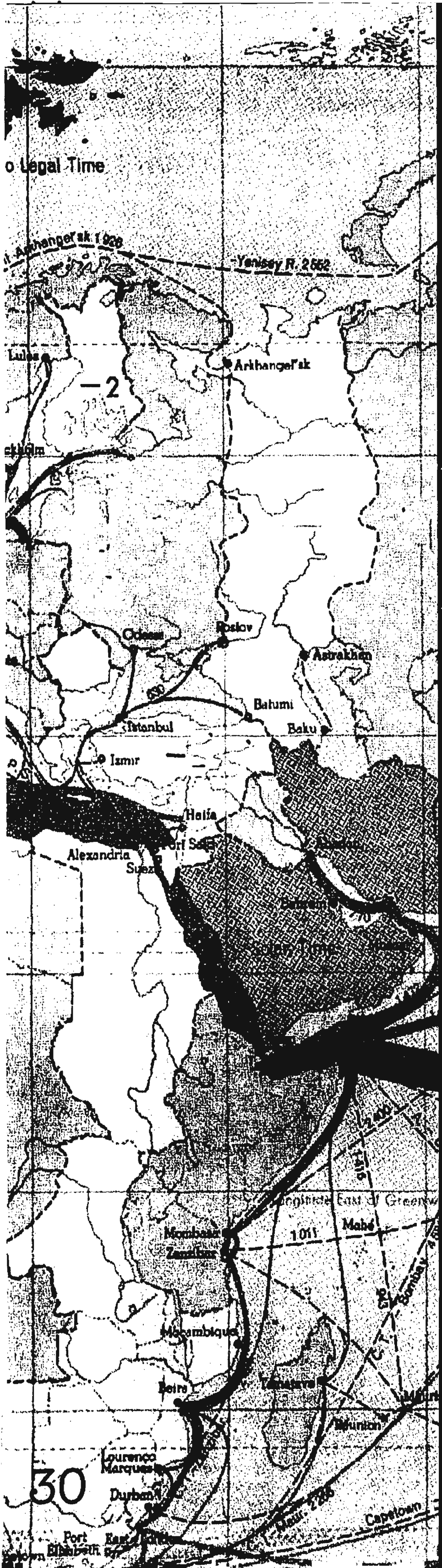
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REFUGEE



In your leisure time, maybe you like going for a walk. Maybe you play sport, or argue about student politics, or see movies. Maybe you like chatting with your friends about tv programs, maybe you are into crazy tie-dyed adventures, or maybe you just like to do things with rope...

I like to take people grocery shopping. I also enjoy hours of refining (mine and, other people's English grammar skills. My special favourite is racking my brain thinking of ways to raise money and grab people's attention. In fact, I spend a large proportion of my leisure time doing all of these things and more, in an often cramped, old-ish Queenslander in West End. My reason? Because the Refugee Claimants Support Centre (RCSC) where I do all of these things, needs me.

Well, the Centre doesn't need *me* per se. However, Australia's current treatment of onshore refugee claimants (also known as asylum seekers) is such that the majority of refugee claimants have no access to education, income assistance, Medicare, or any social services at all. They are not permitted to engage in paid or voluntary work. They are given minimal assistance with their applications for refuge in Australia, and ever less legal advice if their applications are refused. So it's not so much that I really dig writing letters to the Minister for Immigration (although I do) urging him to reconsider Australia's current laws on refugee claimants, or that I am a particularly gifted person that the RCSC headhunted into helping out. It is more a case of I and several others choosing to spend our leisure time trying to help people cope with the current system and at the same time change that system so that we can get back to doing what everyone else does on Sunday afternoons, like reading *Semper...*

Refugee claimants are people who apply to the Australian government for protection visas. To be eligible for a protection visa, a refugee claimant must have a well-founded fear of persecution in her country of origin, caused by one of five different reasons set out in the United Nations Convention relating to the Status of Refugees. These reasons are a person's race, religion, nationality, membership of a particular social group or political opinion. Governments are not allowed to return a refugee who meets these criteria back to a place where they will be at risk of such persecution.

Australia has an outstanding record in terms of re-settling refugees who apply for refugee status whilst they are still overseas. However, people who apply when they are already in Australia, or people who arrive here without a valid visa and seek to engage Australia's protection obligations, are treated in ways which have been condemned by the UN Human Rights Committee, the Human Rights and Equal Opportunities Commission (HREOC), Amnesty International and a myriad of other groups as constituting violations of human rights.

SUPPORT

People who are already in Australia may apply for protection visas. If they apply within 45 days of arrival, they will have permission to work. However, only about half of all such applicants do make their application within this timeframe. Reasons include a refugee's natural distrust of governments and people in positions of authority, and thus attempts to stay out of any authoritative figure's attention. Another reason is the utter inadequacy of Australia's migration advice system, as well as of legal aid and application assistance to protection visa applicants. So about half of protection visa applicants are without any form of income, have no access to medical or other services, and are forced to rely on the goodwill of already over-burdened charities like the Centre for Help out at. The government labels them as "queue-jumpers", and the Department of Immigration and International Affairs (DIMA) seems to assume that such applicants are most likely falsifying claims to remain longer in Australia. DIMA asserts that many such applicants are simply trying to prolong their stays in Australia. However, the benefit of staying in a country where you have no work, no income, no family, no language, and are forced to depend on charity for simple subsistence, somehow eludes me.

Unauthorised arrivals, such as boat people, are treated worse than criminals, in that they are detained for indeterminate periods, completely at the government's discretion, without any recourse to review of such detention. That is of course, if they are permitted to stay in Australia for longer than a few hours. Unauthorised arrivals are asked questions by an officer of the Immigration department (DIMA) on arrival to determine whether or not they have come to Australia seeking protection. If the officer thinks that the person is not here with that view, the person may be summarily removed or "turned-around", as DIMA quaintly calls it, that is, sent back to whence they came as soon as possible. In the 1998 report on Australia's detention procedures, HREOC described a case of five North African men who stated that "If I go back I will die... Things are getting worse [in my country], especially in my case because my father had his throat cut out...". The officer however decided that these men were not seeking to engage Australia's protection obligations. The men were not aware that arrangements were being made to remove them from Australia. They continued, however, to make persistent requests for protection, and for that reason eventually had the opportunity to apply for protection visas seven weeks to five months after first requesting the opportunity to apply for protection. During this time, they were held in detention. They were all eventually recognised as refugees.

The subsequent stages in decision making include the application form and possible review by the RRT. The RRT is the subject of widespread criticisms, on issues such as bias, compassion fatigue, lack of expertise, and cultural insensitivity. The RRT has also been accused of basing too much emphasis on issues of credibility, sometimes seeming to go out of its way to find holes in a claimant's application. For example, in one case before the RRT, the Tribunal member found that the applicant's home country situation was so bad that if he had been a genuine refugee, he would not be alive, therefore he could not really be genuine refugee.

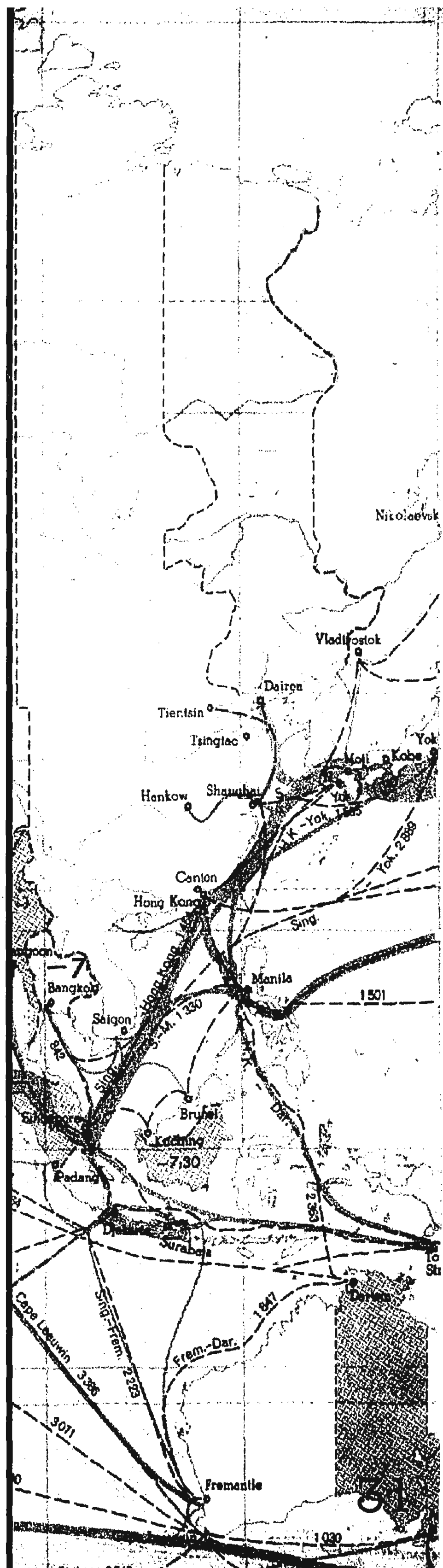
Judicial review of RRT decisions is limited to matters of law, which means that the applicant must prove that the RRT made an error of law in its decision-making. The Migration Act states that the RRT does not have to abide by the principles of natural justice. The Act specifies exactly what grounds on which a decision may be reviewed by the court, thus hindering the judicial review of potentially outrageously unjust RRT-decisions.

The list of injustices rife in Australia's refugee determination system seems inexhaustible. There is the matter of the Minister's non-compellable and utterly non-reviewable discretion to permit someone to remain here on humanitarian grounds. There is the matter of incommunicado detention of unauthorised arrivals, which is the time during which a detainee is not advised of her right to legal advice, or given any, or any opportunity to obtain, other information necessary to assert their rights. One of my favourite statistics, in fact, is that an unauthorised arrival in Australia spends on average 33 days in incommunicado detention, whereas in Algeria, the maximum period of incommunicado detention, which is used as an anti-terrorist measure, is 12 days. There is the case in which the UN Committee on the Convention Against Torture found Australia to have breached its obligations not to send someone back to a place where they will be in danger of torture. Of course, there is the case of the Chinese woman sent back to China only a couple of weeks before reaching full term, and subsequently undergoing an allegedly forced abortion at the hands of Chinese authorities.

Of course, there are lots of really good reasons for wanting to control the number of people who enter Australia. However, the rhetoric of Australia being in danger of thousands of "queue-jumpers", non-genuine refugees, abusers of our goodwill, and all the rest of the fear-mongering phraseology adopted by DIMA's spin doctors, simply does not justify the violations of human rights that Australia's policies have resulted in. Australia is not being swamped by hordes of illegal migrants trying to steal Australians' jobs. There are less than 2000 unauthorised arrivals here per year, hardly enough to warrant mandatory and arbitrary detention and the treatment of people in need as criminals.

The Australian government spouts the rhetoric of good international citizenship and purports to be a civilised country, whilst holding almost a thousand people, whose only crime was to flee persecution in their own countries, in mandatory detention. The media has been playing our heart (and purse) strings with reports of the plight of the Kosovar refugees. While the situation of the Kosovars is dreadful, I suggest that Australia has human rights obligations to everyone in humanitarian need who comes to our shores seeking assistance, and not only to those who receive best CNN coverage. Australia's current treatment of refugee applicants both in detention and in the community breaches our obligations under international human rights treaties and in terms of basic human decency. Next time you have some leisure time and are thinking of going for a walk, or doing interesting things with rope, perhaps you could also say a wee prayer for the refugee claimants trying to survive in Australia. They need all the help they can get.

Jacqueline Bailey



"Come to the edge."
"We can't. We're afraid."
"Come to the edge."
"We can't. We will fall!"
"Come to the edge."

And they came
And he pushed them
And they flew.

Guillaume Apollinaire
French poet and philosopher

COME TO THE EDGE

A brush with death – being hurled so close to the edge that you almost fall – can propel us back to reality with a fierce jolt. Awakened senses launch newfound appreciation. Life's magic and wonders sparkle with greater beauty. Precious joys are guarded with passion against the risk of being swept away.

Yes, how danger tames the daredevil within us. Teaches us to tread more judiciously. Breeds caution we like to call "wisdom".

But you! You stubborn, foolish creature! You do not learn. You dance on the edge. You prance proudly. Pirouettes and all. Gazing into the eyes of danger, your partner, you flirt fatuously, lulled by its wicked Pied Piper tune, your senses weakened by its cunning caress and whispered promises of security and happiness.

Yes, you need to risk, to dare, to challenge. To stride to the edge and stare boldly into the depths below, aware of the danger of slipping but savouring your show of strength... But here's the test. How delicately you balance. Should you waver and tumble, would you fall? Or would you spread your wings and fly?

Unknowingly, your tempter seduced you. In its sneaky disguise, it lured you with its sweet perfume – the assurance of independence, confidence and joy – and left you drunk on this toxic fragrance.

Yes it drew me to the edge. Enticed me with its magical gifts. Life dancing alongside my tempter was a high. I drowned in a sea of elation. Thrived on its salt. The pride and pleasure of knowing my thirty-five-kilo body captured the attention, curiosity, even the admiration and envy of others. The euphoria of demonstrating willpower to resist temptation to indulge while others helplessly gave in. The rush of endorphins powering through my veins pumped by excessive exercise. The thrill of fulfilling extreme standards that exceeded most people's capability. The energising missiles of adrenaline that inflamed my zest for life. The rapture of feeling in ultimate control – when I was anything but that.

True to his courtship, my tempter granted me security, confidence and contentment. Yet, the corsage came on conditional terms. Safety and contentment dwelled within me as long as I obeyed my tempter's commands and met its high expectations. The voice of my tempter, the voice of anorexia – the inner critic within us all – spoke clearly to me, dictating stringent instructions on how to conduct my life, imposing tight regulations on my eating and exercise habits. Enchanted by the promise of happiness it offered, I was compelled to obey. Meeting these expectations became my measure of personal success. To me, achievement, and the

ensuing contentment, was measured in how many calories I resisted and how many hours exercise I completed. Victory, according to this yardstick of success, was to be cherished.

So deeply the demands soon penetrated my conscience, that eventually it was not only my tempter I was obliged to obey. Eventually, I owed it to *myself* to fulfil these extreme expectations. It was my way of earning merit, worth and value as a person.

And these expectations were tough. Food portions were chiseled down to a bare minimum, while physical exercise consumed hours of my days. Without exercise, I was not permitted – I did not deserve – to eat. Admittedly harsh, irrational restrictions. But my tempter – the anorexic mode of thought inside me – convinced the real me that this was how to prove my willpower and strength, to measure my success, to validate my worth as a person. So I yielded to the demands, seizing rigorous control of everything I put to my lips and forcefully plunging my body into an exercise regime of Olympic dimensions. Normality vanished under this bizarre form of existence. Yet contentment bloomed. Lost in my own seemingly blissful, secure world. Just me and my tempter, to keep check.

And he kept check all right. If I dared slacken, a bullying voice inside my head would instantly erupt, hurling abusive curses and insults at me, pouring guilt and shame over my pride. But I was to be thankful for its threats that protected me from the pain of failure. Later its soothing voice would warm me with the gentle reassurance it was all for my own good. Happiness would ensue.

Let it be no secret: sweetness sours. The demands toughened. Severely. An innocent "never go back for seconds" soon transformed into "strictly three small portions per day" to eventually "only eat when your stomach rumbles". Perpetually ignored, my stomach soon gave up rumbling and it became "see just how much food you actually need to exist!". Meanwhile, 500 situps, 200 leg raises, 100 push-ups topped off with a jog became the order of the day. Physically my body transformed into a gaunt package of bones, draped in dry, yellowed, furry, flaky skin. Shivers of fear shot through me as I collected handfuls of lost hair and shuddered violently from the cold. Inwardly, both my internal organs and emotional stability were collapsing. Dazed by this transmutation, I would stand naked before my full-length mirror, intrigued by the shadowy ripples of bones scaling across my chest, shocked and puzzled by the sharp bumps jarring from my hips, knees and elbows, and scared at the unfamiliar reflection staring back with bulging, frosted eyes. But the image of this corroding body – pale, gaunt and insipid – left me unshaken. Distanced by the depth of the mirror, it was a stranger, unattached to me ... Physically and emotionally

listless, I had lost the ability to feel.

Powerless, I let the commanding voice of the inner tyrant eclipse the needs, wants and feelings of the real inner me. Only once I heard my real voice whisper in wonder "what's happening to you?"

Fear struck: I did not have an answer.

If eyes are a reflection of the soul, mine bulged disturbingly from the crumpled folds of a shrinking face. My mother laments how the shine in my eyes faded close to extinguishment. Upon those words, I saw her eyes glisten under a sheen of tears.

Like branches starved of a life source, my body, soul and passion for life wilted. Suspicion brewed that maybe, within my crumbling frame, I was miserable. Evidence mounted that my pursuit of happiness bore a high price. This once radiant corsage was withering. The highs it offered were sensational – a complete parcel of self-confidence, security and happiness. But the glittering gift came wrapped in deception – artificial, short-lived, a product of cruel trickery. My notion of success meant reaching absurd goals. Expectations had exceeded all realms of rationality. Now food was a luxury. To indulge was a sin. Exercise was punishment. Misery seeped into my life. Rapidly it welled up and engulfed me in its flooding current.

Yet I did not flee.

So why do you go on dancing on the edge? Flirting with danger? Why don't you escape? With each of your wavering steps, you gamble with death. Your fleeting happiness – your "reward" for your diligence – is a false illusion. Chained down by your tempter, you are not free. Under his intoxicating spell, he plucked off your wings and left you grounded. If you move any closer to the edge and slip, you could not fly freely. You would dive downwards and fall.

Cruelly deceptive and manipulative, my tempter had pinned me down. My own secure world of comfort had become my own secure little jail. Trapped.

I could not flee.

Why could I not escape? What kept me chained down? Inwardly I was crushed, but I still thrived on the highs anorexia provided, as false as they were. It corroded by body, but it was my source of security, self-esteem and happiness. Despite the suffering, it delivered comforts I sought. Vivid proof of my willpower. Attention and admiration. Elation from meeting extreme ideals. Success from achieving extravagant goals. An outlet to release my emotions, when my fear of hurting others impeded me from revealing them in any

other way. But mostly, a way to escape all real-life problems by focusing solely on controlling food intake and exercise. If I had control over this aspect of my life, nothing else mattered.

So my tempter, he simply flashed his charming smile and beckoned me further. Cushioned my grief with its princely comforts. Blind, naïve, weak, you call me. Go ahead. But what was my alternative? To break free of this jail, despite the misery it cast upon me, meant diving into a sea of uncertainty. Surrendering all the confidence and sense of achievement I now possessed. Relinquishing the prize I had worked for. Realise how highly esteemed a thin body is held in society and you realise the magnitude this sacrifice. Once you give up a thin body - and the strength of willpower it symbolises - no guarantee exists that your source of worthiness, confidence and happiness will be refound elsewhere. To risk losing the source of your strength and hope that gives meaning to your very being - was it really worth it? Fear numbed all hope of escape.

Please realise that our suffering is not driven by vanity. Nor do we seek pity or sympathy - simply understanding. Please understand our crumbling bodies are a cry for help, as we struggle with the conflict in our crumbling lives. We allow the bully, the inner critic within us, to overpower our lives. Unwittingly we find ourselves bound to its dictated demands, forcing ourselves to meet the highest of expectations to prove we are worthy of life's gifts and pleasures. Fulfilling these expectations is our way of measuring our success. Victory imbues us with confidence. Knowledge of this constant stream of confidence grants us security. Ability to command this part of our lives, when all else may be in turmoil, provides us with a sense of control and independence. Bundled together, we treasure this complete package of happiness.

Yet we become slave to the bullying critic within us. Surrendering to its commands leaves us stripped of the confidence to accept who we are. Stripped of the ability to value ourselves as worthy human beings, freely entitled to life's beauties and bounties, unobliged to earn our right to life's necessities. Stripped of the freedom to control our lives how we would like them to be. Stripped of the skill - the gift - to find happiness within ourselves.

We seek refuge and comfort by resorting to a source of happiness and security outside of our true selves. We bid to evade reality in the same way others turn to the euphoric shots of heroin or the numbness of drunkenness to suffocate real-life concerns. Our starvation signals our struggle to handle the conflict and pressures life imposes on us. Like a desolate white flag, our decaying bodies represent our succumbing to the callous inner critic overpowering our conscience, a bitter signal of our entrapment to its demands. Recognise our suffering as a plea for help, a search for a way out, a longer rendition of what a quick razor slash of the wrist achieves in seconds.

Forced hospitalisation startled me. Jolted me out of my secure yet dismal closed world and alerted me to the harsh reality of my predicament. Physically I strengthened, mentally I awakened to the chaotic turmoil raging inside me. Yet habit can engrain thoughts so deeply into our minds that they become instinctive. So part of the battle to escape this distorted way of thinking requires challenging the natural inclination to embrace instinct. A battle in itself when nature does not like to be attacked.

Awareness has arisen inside me of the severity of my disorder. Emotions hardened within me. However, this barrier was pierced by the pain and anxiety I saw shining on their faces my family, friends and onlookers, as if they were portraying the physical affliction I endured. My curse was destroying their lives too. Bit by bit, I pieced together motivation and courage to try to escape the grip of my captive. Awareness of my family's suffering incited me. Insights of the joys and pleasure a normal life entails sparked incentive to reclaim mine. To take a chance and dare to find comfort and happiness down another of life's avenues. Overwhelming anger that anorexia was unfairly robbing me of life's opportunities and tearing me away from family and friends flared within me. Realisation that maiming my body was destroying any hope of a prosperous future shook me. Desire to escape the misery and depression engulfing me eventually overpowered my fear of uncertainty. Fury and desperation bred sufficient courage within me to unlock the shackles. And now, under my shaky grip, the lock is slowly unfastening. Hope burns that one day the lock will be unbolted fully, liberating me from this prison lined with sadness.

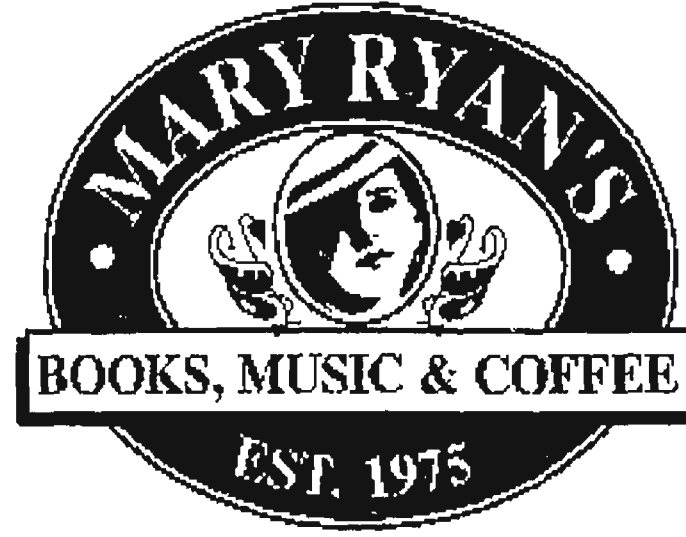
I wish more than anything for freedom. To sever that chain. To find a well of happiness elsewhere. A spring of free, pure, invigorating droplets of joy that never runs dry. I wish to unearth a source of confidence in myself. To discover the ability to accept myself as I am. To defeat the need to meet unrealistic standards in a shallow attempt to prove to myself my willpower and worth. To bury the fear that others will judge me by appearance or accomplishments. To receive the gift of self-love.

Then I will break free of the need to resort to anorexia as my source of all these comforts. I can flee the cunning tempter with his bundle of nasty tricks and wicked tools of seduction.

So when I teeter on the edge, I no longer dance under my captive's spell. Instead, I stand boldly before the wide open horizon. Push me! When I step forward, I will spread my wings and fly.

I will soar.

L.R.



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IPSWICH WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE



WOMEN IN EDUCATION WEEK

(BLUESTOCKING WEEK)

August 16 to 22 was Blue Stocking Week, a.k.a. Women in Education week. Throughout the week, various events were put on by the Union's Women's Area and NUSQ Women's Department. Blue Stocking week is about celebrating the achievements of women in education and challenging the barriers that women continue to face in the higher education sector. This year there was a lot of discussion about the continued use of the term 'Blue Stocking' (it originated from the 18th century when academic men who took part in discourses on topics like the humanities were characterized by the blue stockings they wore, so it became a slanderous term applied to women who sought an education). Many women felt that the term was mainly representative of white middle-class women and was not inclusive of indigenous women nor women from non-English-speaking backgrounds. It's true that women have come a long way in higher education but it is still important that we continue to acknowledge the experiences of indigenous women and women from immigrant backgrounds and that we continue to fight with them for their inclusion in higher education.

This year's women in education week was highly successful with UQ women from the women's collective being proactive and handing out information about the week all over the campus. Special events that happened throughout the week included a trip to the new Ipswich campus to meet their totally motivated collective, a BBQ in the Botanical Gardens, a Clitoral Mass and to top it all off the Women CAN Skate day where we all learnt to be awesome skaters in just one day (thanks to our fearless instructor Shelly).

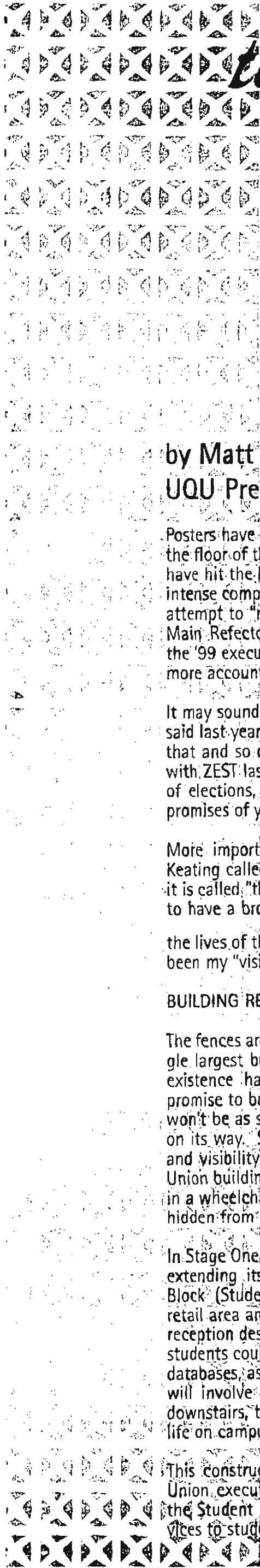
Regan Davis

BARBECUE IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS



'WOMEN CAN SKATE' DAY





the Vision Thing

by Matt Carter
UQU President

Posters have been plastered all over the campus, fliers litter the floor of the lecture theatres and enthusiastic candidates have hit the hustings. It's election time again!! The spirit of intense competition hangs in the spring-time air, as students attempt to "run the gauntlet" just to get their lunch at the Main Refectory. Campaigners rail against the excesses of the '99 executive, promising to make the Union more active, more accountable, more accessible.

It may sound terribly familiar because this is what has been said last year, and the year before that, and the year before that and so on. As a soon to be outgoing President (I ran with ZEST last year), I would like to get behind the rhetoric of elections, to reveal what has happened to the election promises of years gone by.

More important than election promises, though, is what Keating called his "big picture". In the UK under Tony Blair, it is called "the vision thing". Every great leader is supposed to have a broad set of goals and objectives to make better,

the lives of the group that they are leading. Well, what has been my "vision thing", and has it been realised?

BUILDING REDEVELOPMENT

The fences are up, construction has commenced and the single largest building project in the last fifty years of Union existence has finally come to fruition. Remember the promise to build a Union Bar? Well, it IS coming. Maybe it won't be as soon as we would have liked, but it is certainly on its way. So many of our problems, such as accessibility and visibility to students, can be related to the design of Union buildings. It is, for instance, impossible for somebody in a wheelchair to reach the Union Administration, which is hidden from most students' viewpoint.

In Stage One, of the building development, the Union will be extending its current building in front of the Relaxation Block (Student Support Services) to accommodate more retail area and Union services, as well as to include a Union reception desk at ground level. This will be a point at which students could access the Employment and Accommodation databases as well as other general information. Stage Two will involve the construction of a Union Bar in an area downstairs, that will act as a centre for cultural and social life on campus.

This construction is the product of many years' work by Union executives, but is testament to the commitment of the Student Union in 1999 to improve the delivery of services to students.

BUILDING REPRESENTATION

We acknowledged, in the campaign last year, that the most important function of the Union is representing the interests of students at UQ. This year we have done more than that by

also trying to improve the structures for representation. The results are evident on your ballot papers with the new positions of Student Representation Officer, as well as the Student Faculty Officers, who will be best able to take students' concerns from a grassroots level to the University. The Union Council has also been restructured this year to more truly reflect, and balance, the diversity of groups and cultures on campus. I have set in train a comprehensive review of the Union's electoral regulations and structures to entrench a fair and equitable electoral process. Although it has been slow to come off the ground, the Class Representative Network will facilitate better communication between the executive and grassroots students. Overall, these reforms will enhance the Union's representation and make it a more democratic organisation.

The Union has not just been talking about representation, we have been actively doing it. And our activity has not been restricted to any one group, as we have sought the views of students from every Faculty and campus. We have been lobbying the University on a range of issues that include the move of the Faculty NRAVS (Natural Resources, Agriculture and Vet Science) to Gatton, the cutting of ethics from the Contemporary Studies program at Ipswich, the quality of teaching and research supervision, and access to information technology and computers. We have also been fighting to have already existing University policy implemented on issues such as the charging of fees for course-related materials, and assessment practices. Union office-bearers have been a part of broader campaigns on larger topics such as the new Workplace Relations Act, homophobic harassment, Voluntary Student Unionism and the regulation of the sex industry.

The foundations for a more representative Union have been laid - next year's executive must build upon our efforts.

BUILDING STUDENT NETWORKS

With a University of 27 000 people, it can be difficult for the Union to reach every one of these people with our message.

Lack of
continuity
is an
ongoing
problem
in the
Union

UQ
union

University is made up of a multitude of cultures and sub-cultures with people of varying interests and needs. Therefore, the best way to reach out to our members is to create a variety of student networks that will cater to these interests and needs. Want to get involved in representational issues? Then join the Class Rep Network. Want to get involved in organising social and cultural activities? Then join the Union's A-Team. Are you a film buff? Then become a part of the Union's *Flicks* club. In 1999 we have been building avenues for communication and involvement.

The Union e-mail subscriber list and *Distractions* are two new methods of information dissemination that have been developed by this year's executive. The Union has spent much of 1999 finding new and different ways to communicate with, and involve, students from all sections of the campus community. Next year's executive must maintain and utilise these networks to create a real Students' Union.

BUILDING A NEW CONSTITUTION

This is a goal that is, as yet, unfulfilled but should be reached by the end of the year. Anybody who shares an interest in the Union might have tried to read the Union's Constitution. If you did, I am of no doubt that you would not have got far. The Union needs to develop a Constitution that is consistent, accessible, flexible and user-friendly. It must be framed in terms that the lay-person can understand and interpret. It must clearly set out the structure of the Union, and the powers and responsibilities of the Union's office-bearers so that we can be held to account. It must be flexible on some components that undergo constant change, but inflexible on the Union's general principles and values.

It may not seem to be overly important or exciting, but a new constitution must act as a blueprint for the Union in the difficult years to come.

BUILDING BETTER MANAGEMENT

It may not surprise you to know that the Union, as an organisation, is not run entirely by the students you elect. Office-bearers rely upon a professional and knowledgeable team of managers to implement student agendas and carry out the day-to-day running of the services. For this reason, the Union is, in many ways, dependent upon the skills and abilities of these managers to ensure the organisations continuing viability. With this in mind, the student executive has been restructuring management to improve the day-to-day running of the Union's operations and launch bold new initiatives. As students you will see the results in places like the refectories, the Schonell and the Union Bookshop. In the year 2000, the Union will welcome a new Business Trading Manager and Finance Controller to take the organisation into the new millennium.

BUILDING A PLAN FOR THE FUTURE

Understandably, one of the ongoing problems that the Union faces is a lack of continuity. When the management of an organisation changes annually it is incredibly difficult to follow through with large projects or schemes. This makes it essential for the executive of 1999 and the executive-elect of 2000, to develop a five-year strategic plan for the Union. Any such plan would have to be subject to constant review as the political priorities of different executives change, but at least it could act as a guide for the Union's direction. The plan would enunciate the mission and goals of the Union and how it will achieve those goals.

A key question that must be asked by every student at election time concerns whether the Union executive has delivered on the promises it took to the last election. I would argue that, not only have we delivered on these promises, but that they have been part of a broader vision for where the Union must be in the 21st century. This is not to mention other achievements such as the greatest Reunion Week ever organised, the development of an organic food co-operative, and the Kommedy Festival. Credit for these achievements cannot rest just with this year's Union team, as it has been the product of several years of hard work, commitment and vision.

The question remains whether or not, as students, you want this tradition to continue. To use a very apt metaphor, 1999 has been about building a foundation for a vibrant and active union. Next year's executive must choose whether they wish to build upon that foundation or destroy it. Ultimately, the decision that they make will affect you.

The only way to resolve this question is through action at the ballot box. Actively seek out information from candidates on their vision for the organisation. For the Union to be placed on a firm footing it is essential that the team elected is willing to follow through with the policies and principles that are currently being implemented. Five minutes filling out election forms is a small effort to make to ensure the future of the Union is in safe hands.

Colleges VicePresident Report

The last few months have seen an exciting revival of the Colleges Area. Colleges VP has great potential - showing the students of UQ the fantastic things that the almost 3000 students living in Colleges on campus get up to, and proving to the student leadership in the Colleges the important role our UQ Union plays. Colleges, particularly of the style found at UQ, play a key part in establishing a vibrant, civil society. Living in a College allows continuous interaction with a couple of hundred of one's peers:

- Cultural (did you hear the 100+ member St Leo's choir at ChoralFest, or see the College Players' fantastic musical early this month?);
- Sport (drive around Uni any weekday evening and check out the multitude of inter-College games being played);
- Social (from Soirée to a battle of the bands to 11 Balls to many an informal...)
- Academic (developed in-college tutorial programs or just the chance to get notes from a friend across the hall from you);

To apply the old cliché, College can be the best time of your life.

To date, the role of Colleges VP has involved embarking on a fairly steep learning curve, while having a fair bit of fun. The Area has supported UQ's delegates at the annual Conference of Australian Colleges (NAAUC) which I also attended - a very worthwhile 8 days in Geelong. I'd encourage all UQ students to have a look at the report, available from the Union Admin.

We've also informed College residents about a few of the Union's activities, such as Kommedy Week, and supported the musical, ICC activity and BandFest. We're also looking at purchasing capital goods for the use of all College Student Clubs. Another initiative had been to establish a network of representatives from each College for the Union Area. This will allow the VP to find more about the issues in each College and in turn let all Colleges know the fantastic stuff the Union gets up to. If you are interested in this, please contact me via the Union Admin (tel: 3377 2200 ext 385, email uqu@mailbox.uq.edu.au).

Have a great break and Term 4!

Tim BULMAN

FAST Faster Fastest



“...all we want to know is,
what’s happening in *your* town?”

- Fishbone

FAST is unique.

Why?

Because until a small concrete room beneath the Schonell Cinema was scraped free from spiders and dust, the Festival of Australasian Student Theatre (Brisbane) was not an institution with a home of steel or concrete. FAST has no governing body, no annual budget. It is that most rare and precious of things – an idea – that has seen extraordinary events held every year for nearly six decades past, in cities and towns throughout Australia. This year, Brisbane embraces one of the biggest on record; and the festival organisers – themselves active students and arts workers – are, as you read this, busting gut and twice-burning candle in order that FAST 1999 might represent the amazing diversity of the communities that these young people give voice and body to: over a dozen organisers, all devoting what time they can spare from study and work to provide hundreds of young people with food, accommodation, transport and workspaces for a week.

Again – why, exactly? Haven’t you got anything better to do?

Eleven months ago, seven young people boarded a rickety van in Brisbane, bound for Newcastle University – and FAST 1998...

What they experienced, they decided, was something Queensland would have to make itself ready for.

It is rare enough that young artists in Queensland ever know opportunities such as those they will know this September. Participants from as far afield as New Zealand and PNG will join hundreds of students and theatre enthusiasts from around the country. With dozens of local practitioners holding intensive workshops throughout the festival, introducing novices to the grace and power of Japanese *butoh*, the responsible handling of pyrotechnics and the intricacies of theatre budgeting and financial management, the phrase ‘packed week’ doesn’t even make the cut. And it is timely – because packed weeks have been cut with rusty shears in Queensland arts, and it’s not something that you can simply blame on ‘funding bodies’.

Although ‘youth’ oriented festivals such as ‘Stage X’ look to become a regular occurrence, and represent a valuable opportunity for a small number of youth arts

workers to ‘get a leg up’, there has been no move made by a big parent body such as the Queensland Performing Arts Trust (QPAT) to bring together young people to encounter local practitioners on the most valuable basis possible – sharing skills and experiences. Nor has there been much progress towards providing a genuinely international showcase for local talent and local aspiration. The idea of a ‘showcase’, on the other hand, is not manifest at FAST simply in terms of what might feed the machine of global capital by exporting young Brisbane-born flesh to ‘international markets’. (FAST will not make your dollar stronger or your economics less irrational – it will, however, make your teeth whiter, and will definitely be televised.)

‘Showcase’, in fact, is the wrong word entirely, although one much thrown about the world of ‘arts’, perhaps for the very reason aforementioned. FAST is a festival – a festival, in this case, in the sense of a gathering ground, a place of increased opportunity for communion, *because* it is a place where the individual does represent a community, for worse or – usually – better. Until you’ve finished a performance and heard someone whisper in awed confusion ‘...are these people from Queensland...?’, you may not even realise you had a capacity to be proud of it. I was proud of my fellow performers, but it never occurred to me that the two could be associated, especially since no-one was wearing maroon jerseys – that day. The next was a different story; one, as we found out, nowhere near as entertaining as *Skinhead Hamlet*.

But the festival of communities coming together to build a community is not ever that simple – nor can the rewards be accurately described. More than anything, the festival is one of dialogue, stemming from the most important question that a theatre artist can ask another – *what’s happening in your town?*

Eugenio Barba, the kind of Italian who spends twenty years urging Norwegians in Denmark to kick each other in the chest and play the flute with their toes, once described theatre workers, in a gentle kind of curse, as ‘floating islands’. They grow on their own, they drift together by accident, and occasionally by design; but while they are never at rest, this should not mean that they can afford to ignore their location.

They come together, these young people, with the experience they have acquired *in the theatre* to find the other vital resource for their growth – connection with the wider worlds of artists from other communities, from other cities, other countries – that young artists need, in order to place themselves and exactly what the hell it is they’re trying to do. This sense of ‘placing’ has, at times, been ignored or belittled; we knew where our place was in Australia – 10,000 miles from Mother England, n’that is all ye know n’all ye need to know. Thanks in great part to the indigenous community and the agitations of these artists and their people, and the

experience of those who were pessimistically called ‘migrants’ to distinguish them from the less recent migrants, the importance of place has entered the Australian cultural vocabulary. But for many, myself included, it is as yet an under-nourished idea, and needs more than feeding. It needs exercise.

There is more, thankfully, to life – even the staged variety – than high-noble sentiment.

The rituals that bind performers everywhere – drinking too much, staying up late, talking their posteriors off at the top of their voices (and that’s the bit they *never* forget to dust) – will be observed, made anew. FAST will include and embrace the child-eyed, terrified novice, the newly serious student and the maturing young artist – and while some at the festival may aspire to the latter two, while some may have reached it, no-one worth watching or listening to ever forgets that you are always the former, and if you stop, it’s time your pretense at ‘art’ stops too. That’s why I say to you, people – don’t be scared. Or – don’t be scared of being scared. Join up. Register. Seek information. Volunteer. You could look like a fool. There are worse things to happen to human beings – you’ll get to see people enacting most of them – and the ‘greatest actor in the world’ (if you could find her) risks *exactly the same thing every single time*.

FAST will include and embrace the child-eyed, terrified novice, the newly serious student and the maturing young artist – and while some at the festival may aspire to the latter two, while some may have reached it, no-one worth watching or listening to ever forgets that you are always the former, and if you stop, it’s time your pretense at ‘art’ stops too.

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For more information regarding FAST or to register, contact the FAST office:

Ph: 07 3377 2261 Fax: 07 3377 2227 Email: fast_99@hotmail.com
Snail-mail: FAST '99 c/o: Cement Box Theatre, University of Qld, St Lucia Qld 4067



On June 30, 1999, Dr David Kemp, Minister for Education, Training and Youth Affairs released the long-anticipated Green Paper on Higher Education Research and Research Training, *New Knowledge, New Opportunities*. The Green Paper proposes a number of reforms to the methods used for funding higher education research in Australia, the most significant of which are reforms to the Australian Research Council, reforms to the Australian Postgraduate Award scholarship scheme, the Research Quantum funding formula and the Infrastructure Block Grant scheme. The discussion paper has attracted much interest from the higher education sector in Australia, as the proposals will revolutionise postgraduate research and higher education funding in Australia.

The most controversial measure proposed by the discussion

paper, and that which will have the most effect on students, is the abolition of the Australian Postgraduate Award scholarship scheme. The proposed PhD and Masters scholarship scheme, the Australian Postgraduate Research Student Scholarship, will fund students for only 3.5 years to complete a PhD and 2 years to complete a Masters. After these periods have elapsed, the University can either carry the student until they have completed, or charge as yet unspecified tuition fees. As the average completion time for an Australian PhD is 4.4 years (Masters 3.5), this will leave many students with only two options – pay tuition fees or drop out of the degree program.

In addition, the discussion paper proposes to alter the formula used

New Knowledge, or New Opportunities Niche Knowledge, Limiting Opportunities ?

to fund infrastructure and support needs for research higher degree students – essentially equalising the funds paid to universities for all students. Currently, disciplines with higher infrastructure needs are weighted; for example, humanities and law are weighted at zero, social sciences are weighted at 1.5 and agriculture at 2.5. So, the base rate for a law PhD scholarship is \$16 000 per annum while an agriculture scholarship is \$40 000 pa. Under the new scheme, all scholarships will be \$13 736 pa, leaving the University to cover the needs of students in resource-intensive disciplines.

Another component of the APRSS is the notion of 'portable' scholarships. The Green Paper proposes to allow students to move with their research funding after one year (full-time equivalent) at their home University, and to allow them to study at overseas Universities for six months of their scholarship tenure. The Paper justifies this through stating that many students are unhappy with the quality of supervision they receive – if scholarships were mobile Universities would have to lift their game and ensure high quality supervision delivery. However, this notion completely ignores the fact that students are currently able to move Universities after six months (full-time equivalent) and can study overseas for the remainder of their scholarship (after six months has elapsed). Also, data from the UQ Postgraduate Exit Questionnaire demonstrates that students leave research higher degree programs for personal, financial and work reasons – quality of supervision was the least cited reason for leaving in 1998.

The components of the Green Paper that I have focussed on here are those that will have an immediate deleterious effect on students and their ability to undertake quality research higher degrees, and Universities' ability to provide quality programs. These are just a few examples of the many problems with the proposed reforms – others include concentrating research funding in fields with extant commercial viability and introducing compulsory coursework components into all research higher degree programs.

The Green Paper is a discussion paper and DETYA will be receiving submissions until 1 October, when policy will be developed and, possibly, Australian research higher degree programs altered beyond recognition.

Have your say! The Green Paper is available at the DETYA website at: <http://www.detya.gov.au/highered/otherpub/greenpaper/index.htm>

Natalie Gourgaud

Activities Area

So, it's Thursday night and, well, after last weekend's budget-blowing binge drinking affair, you have enough money to buy a tallie and a stubby at the bottle-o or perhaps if you're lucky buy half a cone from a flatmate and, well, sit in front of the box and enjoy what is mid-week television. Perhaps if you're lucky, and I mean very lucky, there will be a re-run of a good Bill episode (You're nicked mate!) and perhaps you can squeeze twenty minutes of amusement out of imitating English accents with your equally bored flatmates.

Kids, kids, kids! Life need not be this bad. There are people who care, and people to turn to. People who understand your poverty yet also your ever-present need to be entertained and who care about your social development. We call ourselves the Activities Area and you can find us just near Clubs and Societies (NB Some of the people in Clubs and Societies care as well, but not as much as us).

Hmmm, you're thinking, "I seem to remember hearing something about events that happen on campus, but well, aren't they all about tree hugging and saving killer whales, oh yeah, and hippy moaning bands?" (Sorry Meryan and Jason) Well have I got news for you! I have never hugged a tree (drunk stumbling doesn't count right?) and, well, I don't think I would classify TISM as killer whale-saving hippy whingers.

That's right ACTIVITIES is FUN, ACTIVITIES is OUT THERE and we do GOOD STUFF. Would you like the chance to win a \$100 dinner at the restaurant of your choice at a quiz night, or listen to some raw UQ talent at a Stand Up Kommedy competition or a Band Competition night? Or perhaps see 10 live Australian Bands ranging from TISM to Not From There for \$12? – that only happens once a year but hell it's FUN! Maybe you'd rather just chill out to some jazz/groove funk on a Friday night at Jazzniks. And if music is not your thing, then why not go to the Cement Box and see a play?

And the best news of all most of this stuff is FREE! Yes you heard! At your University, you can see bands like George and Topology for nothin'. Not to mention in summer, you can chill out in the natural amphitheatre and watch outdoor movies for, well, absolutely no money.

Still not satisfied? Want to see more? Well, down at Activities we have an answer for that too. Join us, join the A-Team. We meet every second Thursday afternoon in Activities at 4pm to discuss what is going on and what you lot want to see.

The only problem I see for you now is finding out what is going on – and yet again I have the answer for you. Why not give the posters at Uni a quick scan now and then or pick up a copy of Distractions from any of the Refecs or the Bus Stop? Not only does it have a listing of events on campus but it also has a Schoneil and Cement Box timetable. (All Right!)

So next time you're sitting at home strapped for cash, get to the bottle, get that tallie or beg that flatmate and then get on your bike and get to Uni and come along to a FREE (or really bloody cheap) activity put on by your Student Union. Go on – I mean the Bill is high quality viewing, but really there comes a time when you have to admit you have a problem.

Josie Meadows
Activities Vice President

**UQ
union**



Garbage



Offspring

The first Livid festival was held in 1989 right here at the University of Queensland. For 20 years, Brisbane had suffered under the National Party and its policies. Nevertheless, a strong cultural and political undertow had been swirling, receiving very little mainstream recognition or acknowledgement.

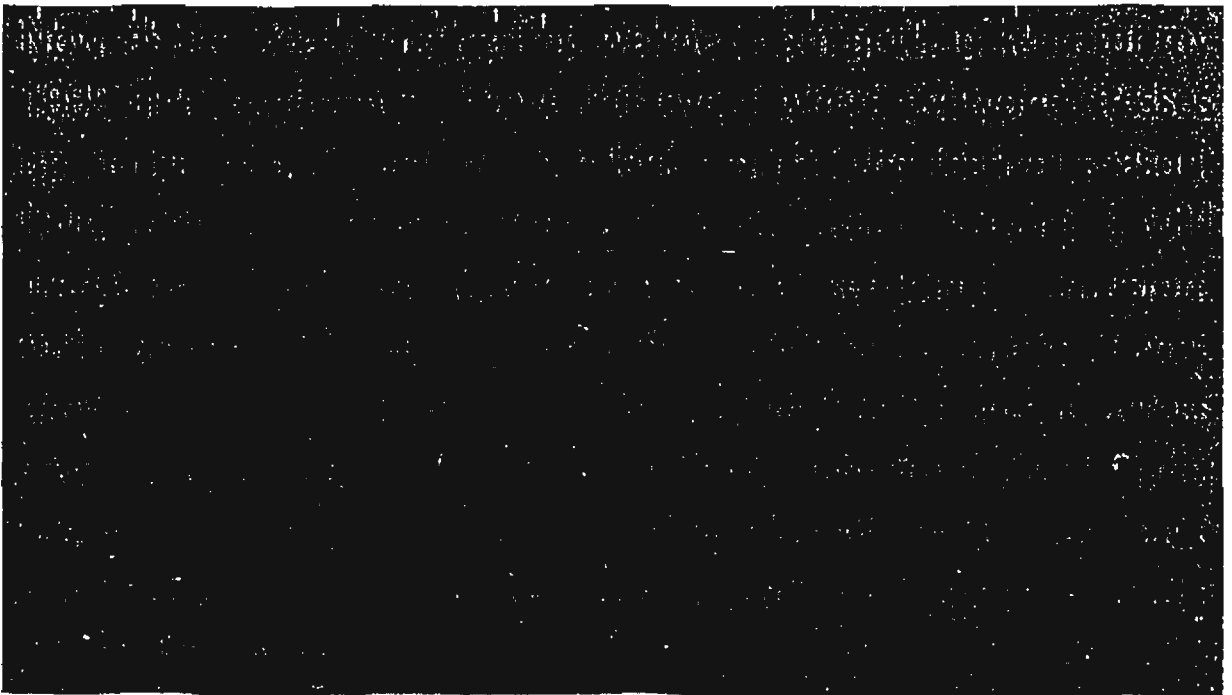
Livid was born out of Peter Walsh's desire to showcase Brisbane and to highlight the culture that had for so long been ignored. At the age of 20, Peter and his original partner in Livid, Natalie Jeremijenko each borrowed \$4000 from the Student Union under the pretext of buying cars. With blind enthusiasm and a DIY philosophy (handing out tens of thousands of flyers), they pulled it off. 1800 people showed up and celebrated Brisbane's burgeoning subculture. The bands that played were all either local or ex-pats. The Go-Betweens, Died Pretty and Chris Bailey (Saints) played and local theatre, comedy and visual arts were also featured.



Livid has grown (or exploded) to become an annual festival on a massive scale. After being held for years at Davies Park, West End, it moved in 1997 to the RNA showgrounds. It has sold out for the last five years, with around 35 000 attending in 1998. Livid's evolution means that it is no longer a "Best of Brisbane" show, but Peter feels that it is very important to maintain a high level of involvement from local acts and to maintain the original ethos.



Frenzal Rhomb



Pound System

The Offspring, Garbage, Spiderbait, Frenzal Rhomb, You Am I, Mercury Rev, Fountains of Wayne, Suede, Powderfinger, Reel Big Fish, Sebadoh, Gerling, Less Than Jake, Coloured Stone, Not From There, Alex Lloyd, Suicidal Tendencies, The Supersuckers, 28 Days, Area 7, Ben Lee, John Lee Spider, Shihad, Gota Cola, Toothfaeries, Something for Kate, Violetine, Jackson Drag, Propaganda Klan, Rebecca's Empire, Deadstar, Jimmy Little, Stella One Eleven, Oscarlima, Tim Steward and Kellie Lloyd (Screamfeeder acoustic), Jeff Lang, Kiley Gaffney, Andy McDonell Contraption, Josh Abrahams, Groove Terminator, Dogbuoy, Sonic Animation, DJ Mole (UK), Fatt Dex, Johnny Griffin, DJ Ransom, Pound System, 2Dogs, Shin Ki Row, Native Rhythm Syndicate.....

I have always found that an unexpected band steals the show with a kickarse performance. The only problem is planning when I'm going to be where for optimum exposure to these potential show-stealers. Make sure you slip slop slap big time and get hold of some water. Take some photo ID if you wish to drink alcohol.



Suede

Tickets are \$63 + booking fee and are available now from the following outlets: Rockinghorse 1, Skinny's, Festival Hall Dial and Charge ph, (07) 3229 7788, Woody's, Sunflower Music (Mt Gravatt, Pacific Fair & Oasis shopping Centre, Broadbeach), Inferior Records (Surfers Paradise), Mosh Pit (Maroochydore), Choppers (Lismore), Waterfront (Sydney), Red Eye Records (Sydney), Au Go Go (Melbourne), Soundwaves (Byron Bay), Time Off, Cairns Compact Disc Den (Cairns), and Soundworld (Newcastle) and Ticketek Qld. bookings ph. 131931.



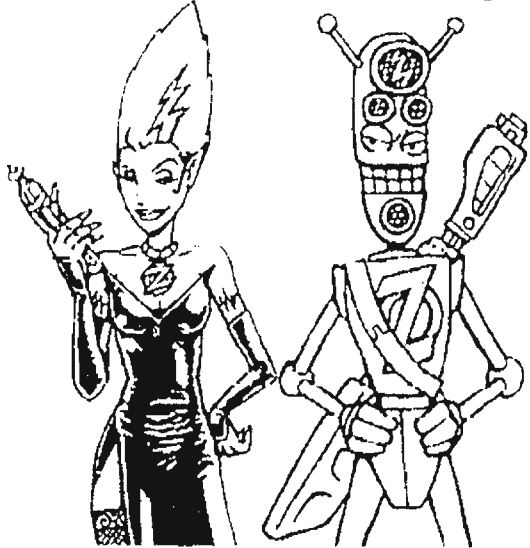
Sebadoh

www.livid.com.au

If you have access to a computer, the official Livid website will play host to a regular series of Webchats where you'll have the opportunity to chat online with some of your favourite bands. You can also find band links, info on merchandise, freebies and transport details there.

DAY OF THE LIVING ZED!

4ZZZ MARKET DAY 1999



Their time had come.

For centuries the dark rotting womb of the earth had been their cathedral, the squirming caress of the worms their only companion...

Until now.

Hideous rasping of bone on rotting wood...

Earth crumbling and giving way after hundreds of years of slumber...

Outside the ground yawns

One hand claws free

Then another

Then thousands more, as the bowels of the earth give way with a sickening groan
And the fetid cloak of the damned chokes the morning air.

Dust crumbling from sightless eyes, they turn as one with an unearthly purpose..

Their day has come

They knew what must be done,

"WHEN THE EARTH SPITS OUT THE ZED...

THEY WILL RETURN TO DEVOUR THE LIVING!"

NEVER BEFORE IN THE ANNALS OF BRISBANE HISTORY HAS THERE BEEN A MARKET DAY AS TERRIFYING AS...

DAY OF THE LIVING ZED (Rated G - All Ages)

THE PLACE: Albert Park, Brisbane

THE DATE: Saturday October 23, 1999

THE TIME: 11:30am - 10pm

THE OCCASION: Hell on Earth!

SCREAM IN AGONY when Zed forces you non-subscribers to shell out fifteen
clams!!

WATCH IN HORROR as over 30 bands tear limb from bloodied limb FROM THREE
STAGES!

PREPARE TO SHIT YOURSELF at the incessant pounding of the doof tent!

NEVER HAS A MARKET DAY SEEN SUCH CARNAGE at the ethno-tent!

NOW THE WORLD CAN WITNESS THE HORRORS LIVE ON THE WEB

(<http://www.marketday.4zzzfm.org.au>).

HOW MANY WILL BE LEFT AND WHAT WILL BECOME OF THEM?

JUST KEEP TELLING YOURSELF

IT'S ONLY A MARKET DAY.....

IT'S ONLY A MARKET DAY.....

IT'S ONLY A MARKET DAY.....

IT'S ONLY A MARKET DAY.....

IT'S ONLY A MARKET DAY.....

IT'S ONLY A MARKET DAY.....

This year's lineup will have you shaking in your boots - Hard Ons, Beaver'oop, The Bird (Syd), Godnose, John Lee Spider, Sekiden, Dumpster, Defectives, Mindshaft, Parkhead, The Fridge Magnets, Chuck Nee, Segression, Tulipan, The Lame-os, Standing 8 counts, Full Fathom Five, Mainstay, Blowhard, Mary (NZ), Capital Y, Four Horse Town, Knaw, Blue Wine, Brindle, Soma Rasa, Phlacid, Nancy Vandal (Syd), LoSheen Vinyl and Lucky 13!

For those people who wish to get it sorted out early - DAY OF THE LIVING DEAD Presold tickets are on sale for \$12 @ 4ZZz Studios, Skinmys, Rockinghorse, Cafe Scene, Scarab (West End), Sunflower Records (Garden City), Inferior Records (Surfers Paradise), Mosh Pit Records (Maroochydore).

4ZZz presents Day of the Living Zed Market Day on the 23rd of October in Albert Park, Brisneylnd. FREE for all current Zzz subscribers.



Researchers aboard the floating laboratory Aquatica have been playing God and now the terror of Judgement Day has arrived. Dr. Susan McAlester's experiments are on the verge of creating medical history - finding the key to the regeneration of human brain tissue. But to reach her goal, she has genetically re-engineered the DNA of the sharks. Making them smarter. Making them faster. You can guess what happens next.

Deep Blue Sea releases on September 27. Semper has 25 doubles to give away for the September 22 preview. Come on down and pick one up. All you have to do is be one of the first 25.

GET THE HISTORY



144 artworks
77 artists
20 countries and regions

Check out the Queensland Art Gallery's internationally acclaimed Asia-Pacific Triennial of Contemporary Art!

More than an exhibition, it includes artists' talks and performances, Kids' APT, a Screen Culture program of video, short film and animation and an apt lounge for chilling out.

It costs nothing to see everything!

apt3

The Third Asia-Pacific Triennial of Contemporary Art

9 September 1999
- 26 January 2000



When Still in Asia Pacific 1999
Change on and A.P. Triennial 1999 - 2000
Collection the artist

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FROM THE COOLEST BRISBANDS AND FUNKY NEW
 MUSIC, TO TRENDY SCIENCE FICTION AND GROOVY
 THEATRE, SEMPER IS DOWN AND WITH-
 IT BABY ON THE LATEST RELEASES.....

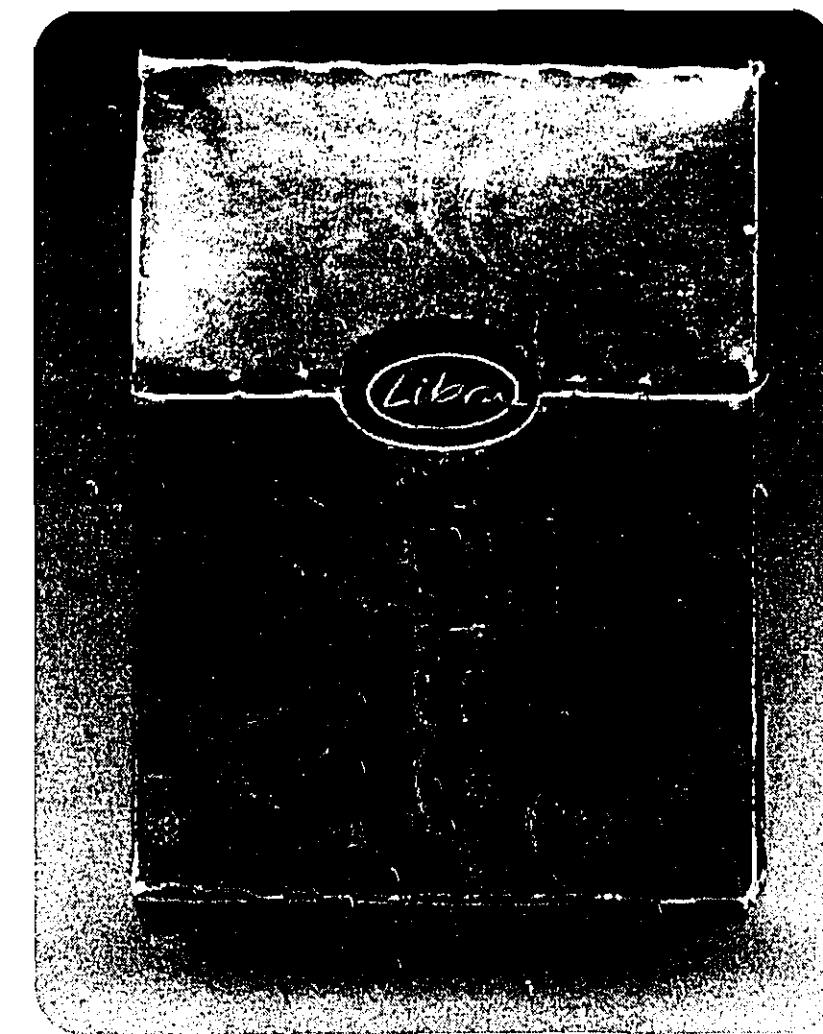


REVIEW WS...

NEW PRODUCTS LIBRA TAMPON PACKS

Libra sent us a new tampon box covered in cool metallic swirls with an article about what your tampon packaging says about you. To be honest I found it to be a bit of a wank. For a start the flimsy, cardboard box is just like other flimsy, cardboard tampon boxes. It got squashed in the mail, which didn't impress me but if the boxes lasted then we wouldn't be out buying new ones every month would we? It did look cool though but the accompanying article about your personality traits as based on the leopard print on your tampon box were quite...well stupid! I think perhaps price, size, availability, design and what they're made of influences our tampon purchases more than the print on the box.

Carmen



FILM PUNITIVE DAMAGE

Twenty-year-old Sydney student Kamal Bamadhaj was amongst the many hundreds of people murdered during the 1991 Dili massacre in East Timor. Although the Indonesian army responsible for the killings tried to hide the evidence, Kamal's mother, Helen Todd, managed to uncover the facts. In a landmark case, she took the Indonesian Government to court, and won. Punitive Damage, a New Zealand documentary screened recently at the Brisbane International Film Festival, relates this story. Including eyewitness accounts of the killings, excerpts from the court case and the shocking footage filmed at the Santa Cruz cemetery during the massacre. This film makes for gripping viewing.

The Indonesian military, supported by the Indonesian, Australian, British and United States Governments, invaded East Timor in December 1975 and has since been responsible for mass genocide in that country. The point was made in the film that the massacre at the Santa Cruz cemetery in Dili was not the first or the biggest such incident to occur in East Timor. However it was the first to be witnessed and recorded by foreign reporters.

The film covers the lead up to the Dili massacre in some detail. It explains how the East Timorese, desperate for their plight to be recognised, were preparing for the Portuguese parliamentary delegation's visit to East Timor. The Indonesian military put out a nation-wide death threat and began digging mass graves in an effort to intimidate the oppressed East Timorese people from publicly demonstrating while the delegation was there. Despite this, the East Timorese continued organising. Kamal, a young man studying Indonesian in Australia, had been active in solidarity with the East Timorese freedom and Indonesian pro-democracy struggle. He was asked by Ramos Horta to convey a message to the Portuguese delegation. Aware of the dangers, he agreed to go.

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The Portuguese delegation visit was cancelled. Amidst rising tensions, a young East Timorese man, was killed. Two weeks later, thousands of people, including Kamal, participated in a memorial march from the local church to the Santa Cruz cemetery. It was here that the Indonesian military, led by Major-General Sinton Panjaitan, opened fire, killing up to 400 men, women, and children. Witnesses say that while Kamal escaped from the cemetery with only a gunshot wound to the arm, he was hunted down and shot in a surrounding street by a special intelligence officer.

The Centre for Constitutional Rights in the United States assisted Kamal's mother, Helen Todd, in launching a court case against those responsible for the massacre. In 1995, the case was heard in a United States district court. Major-General Panjaitan was found to be guilty and ordered to pay \$22 million in damages. Panjaitan announced that the findings were "a joke" and has refused to pay them. Even following the court case, he has not been denoted or punished in any way by the Indonesian authorities, instead choosing to join the government service and receive a promotion. In illustrating the Australian Government's despicable role in the tragedy, John Pilger has pointed out that five months after the case, Panjaitan was invited to Canberra as guest of honour of the Australian Defence Department.

The real-life footage in Punitive Damage powerfully depicts the human rights violations occurring in East Timor. The organiser of the Dili memorial rally spoke about the existence of concentration camps. Graphic footage backed up his claims that the Indonesian military who ran the camps were responsible for starvation and for torture so extreme that he described it as being "beyond human understanding".

The film is a moving tribute to Kamal Bamadhaj, whose bravery and commitment to the struggle of the East Timorese deserves such a recognition. It is also an inspiring tribute to the ceaseless courage of the East Timorese people, who continue to rise up against their oppression. Kamal's last diary entry, written nine days before he was killed, read: "Whether or not total genocide occurs in East Timor depends not only on the remarkably powerful will of the East Timorese but also on the will of humanity, on all of us." The film Punitive Damage is a must-see for those of us outside of East Timor trying to exert that will, and for anyone interested in learning the truth about East Timor.

Susan Austin

BOOK
 reMIX
 JON COURTENAY GRIMWOOD
 EARTHLIGHT



reM

"Nothing like it [hot coffee]... Well, apart from raw sex, crystal meth and the thrill of discovering an unknown painting by Andy Warhol."

William Gibson meets Quentin Tarantino - well that's what it says on the cover! To be honest this actually put me off, even though I like both Gibson and Tarantino (I thought here we go, the publishers are just trying to be cool) but the third novel by Jon Courtenay Grimwood is a lot like William Gibson with more sex, drugs and violence.

It's the twenty-second century, humanity has colonised the moon, Paris is about to be taken by the Fourth Reich and a steel-eating virus is sweeping through Europe. A spoilt little rich kid, LizAlec has been kidnapped and Lady Clare Fabio, her mother and Minister for Internal Security in the French empire enlists the help of Fixx Valmont to help find and bring her back. Fixx is a burned out DJ who happens to have cyborg limbs and a crystalMeth addiction. We follow the adventures of Fixx and other characters around the world, to the moon and into space. We meet a sandrat (semi-evolved boy) called Lars, an artificially intelligent computer with a soft-spot for Fixx, a Japanese "ballerina" (meaning she's fucking amazing at moving around, using weapons and killing people) and quite a few others. I did find it a little weird that in the 22nd century the French empire only had one female minister, and all of the guards and all but one of the "right-hand-men" so to speak were exactly that - men (I really should get into cyberpunk by women!). The book could have been proof-read and corrected a lot more (so could the website - www.earthlight.com.uk) but it was a very good read. You really do feel the hopelessness of the situations many of the characters find themselves in ("The days that Lady Clare thought she was losing it were beginning to outnumber those when she thought she wasn't"). Some of the scenarios with future technology, (particularly cloning) especially near the end were just a bit too unbelievable but that's science fiction for you. There are also a couple of pretty good sex scenes which help to spice up any novel. ReMix is cool cyberpunk which I found easier to read than the work of William Gibson.

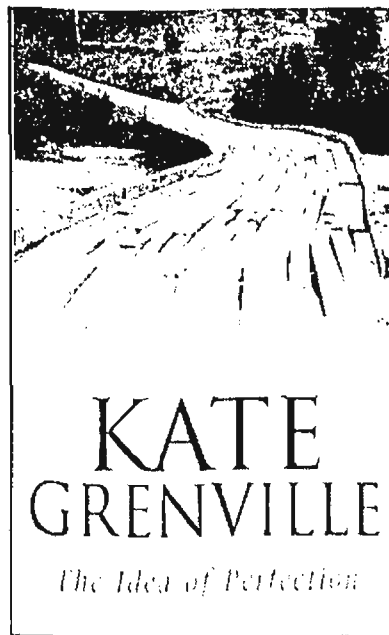
Carmen

Kate Grenville's novel *The Idea of Perfection* is a slow moving yet intricately constructed story about the inhabitants of a small Australian town. The many characters in the novel are developed well past the stereotypes some of them seem to represent at a first glance and their interaction and conflict over the destruction of a bridge of historical significance is managed brilliantly. In her use of a quotation from Leonardo Da Vinci, "An arch is two weaknesses which together make a strength" to preface the book, Grenville is most likely referring to the relationship between Harley Savage and engineer Douglas Cheeseman which develops throughout the novel (very, very, very slowly).

This is Australian writing at its best, although the style, which enables such psychological introspection of its characters to occur alongside the development of the story may impede some readers. Being four hundred pages in length and dense with information, this is not a book to be tackled without taking time to appreciate its construction fully, or if you dislike Australian fiction in any shape, manner or form.

Ngaio Toombes

BOOK
 THE IDEA OF PERFECTION
 KATE GRENVILLE



DANCE
 VANITIES CROSSING
 EXPRESSIONS DANCE COMPANY

Expressions
 Dance
 Company's

latest production, *Vanities Crossing*, choreographed by the company's artistic director Maggi Sietsma, is a visually stunning exploration of narcissism in relationships between men and women. As we have come to expect from Expressions, the movement is beautiful, strong contemporary dance, and its execution is flawless. This work has a more defined narrative and very strong characterisation compared to previous Sietsma works such as *Adam in Wonderland*, marking the beginning of a new phase in Sietsma's choreography.

The narcissism of the three central characters, played by Jaime Redfern, Sophie Bowen and Peter Furness, leads to controlling, manipulative relationships with their lovers, played by Emily Amisano, Benjamin Dunks and Terri-Lee Milne. The Pygmalion-like attempts by the central characters to control and change their beloved inevitably leads the destruction of the relationship.

The different stories are linked by the presence of a kind of joker in the pack, a commentating, animating extra character played in a stand out performance by the extraordinarily energetic Dan Crestani. His unexpected, vigorous entrances prevent the work as a whole from becoming too symmetrical and stable, and his iron-

ic commentary on the games played out within each relationship help make them clearer to the audience.

Jaime Redfern's character arrogantly belittles his beloved (Emily Amisano), sizing her up physically and taking advantage of her pliable, flexible naivety to mould her into a kind of doll. His very physical, sexual way of moving counter the grace and emotion of the beloved's movements. His shock and lack of comprehension when she abandons him is neatly summed up when he says "I bought her all the shoes she wanted".

Sophie Bowen's character similarly dominates her younger, more innocent beloved (Benjamin Dunks), with a very strong presence on stage until her beloved abandons her, when she becomes a writhing, hysterical mess, lost without someone to dominate.

The third couple play more subtle, complex games, as the self-absorbed hypochondriac (Peter Furness) uses guilt strategies and his victim role to trap his otherwise independent beloved (Terri-Lee Milne). Their dancing mirrors the more subtle form of manipulation going on in

this relationship as the hypochondria of one begins to be transferred to the other.

The irony of spoken lines, such as "I love you just the way you are" and "I don't think she ever really understood our relationship", are not lost on the audience. The use of spoken lines indeed helps clarify elements of the narrative, though at times seems superfluous, with the repeating of "I love you" in different languages distracting attention from the movement.

The music by Abel Valls fits beautifully with the movement, incorporating familiar excerpts from other composers with original work to create a soundtrack which darkens in mood as the relationships are developed in the second act.

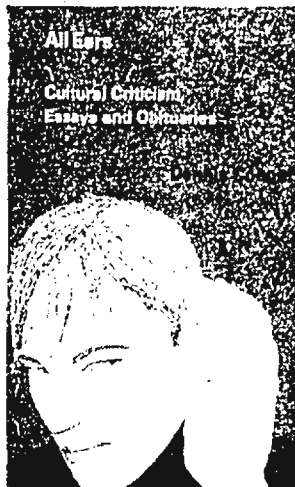
While taking up the familiar theme in Sietsma's work of relationships between men and women, *Vanities Crossing* signals the beginning of a strong new direction in her choreographic approach, suggesting the next Expressions production is not to be missed.

Anousha Victoire

BOOK

ALL EARS: CULTURAL CRITICISM, ESSAYS AND OBITUARIES
DENNIS COOPER
SOFT SKULL PRESS

Dennis Cooper has, for several years now, been my favourite writer, unparalleled in his ability to capture the scathing beauty inherent in the darkness that resides in us all. Well known for his explorations of coprophilia, snuff and other assorted illicit desires, in novels such as "Closer", "Frisk" and "Guide", he also sidelines as a freelance journo for several magazines. It was then with great pleasure that I received his new anthology, sent to me by a close friend residing in London.



Cooper, in some ways like Douglas Coupland, has an adroit ability to analyse and interpret these chaotic times we inhabit. In "All Ears", he deconstructs

the myth/hype surrounding William Burroughs, surprisingly revealing a lack of substance I'd failed to previously notice. His interviews with Courtney Love, Bob Mould and Leonardo DiCaprio are also startling revelations providing an often-no-holds-barred vision of not only their masks but the fragility behind them.

It is however in his obituaries that Cooper shines the brightest, from his touchingly-personal account of super masochist Bob Flanagan's decline to his reasoned and rational defence of Kurt Cobain and Nirvana against John Lydon's egotistical insults. "All Ears" is just one further reminder of why Dennis Cooper is one of the 90s' greatest luminaries.

NB: As far as I know, this book is not yet available in Australia. Contact Red Books, Pages or Folio for details on how to order, or look at the publisher's website - www.softskull.com

When I first saw Jimmy Little performing an uberlounge version of the Go-Betweens' immortal "Cattle and Cane", my reaction was a mixture of confusion and scorn. However, upon purchasing Little's album of contemporary covers, I was, for the first time in years, quite simply stunned by the pure beauty and passion of these songs.

CD

THE MESSENGER
JIMMY LITTLE
FESTIVAL

Produced by Karma County's Brendan Gallagher, and with the able assistance of Tiddas and Paul Hester on several tracks, "The Messenger" is an instant classic. Little's interpretation of Nick Cave's "Are You the One That I've Been Waiting For" is spine-chilling, while his versions of Aussie standards "Under the Milky Way", "Alone With You" and "Into Temptation" shed new light on their nuances. Smooth, sexy, dark, dangerous - Little's voice is one of a weary angel, bent on converting us all to its sublime mysteries. Welcome back, Mr Messenger.



MISHKA

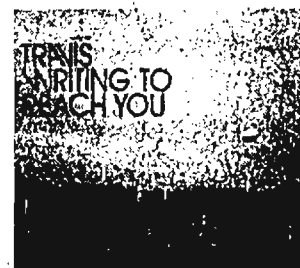
CD

MISHKA
MISHKA
SONY

I must admit, the picture of Mishka, semi-naked, bearded and dreadlocked, on the cover of his debut did not impress me. But, as if just to prove me wrong, the contents held within are remarkable, to say the least. Ten tracks of deliciously mellow reggae, Mishka more than adequately justifies the tag of "the white Bob Marley", though that may yet come back to haunt him. Infectious, joyous and groovy, Mishka will be jammin' for a long time to come.

CD (single)

WRITING TO REACH YOU
TRAVIS
SONY



Travis are currently generating

humungous amounts of press in the UK, the latest in line for the title of Best New Band, most likely to carry England and music itself out of the post-Brit-pop daze/dirge. Melodic, guitar-laden, slightly melancholic: Travis, by the sounds of this single, are certainly talented, combining Gene's gracefulness with Teenage Fanclub's sonic attack. Enjoy now. As for the future, who cares?

CD

ON HOW LIFE IS
MACY GRAY
SONY



One part Janis, one part Lauryn Hill, one part Lisa Stansfield, Macy Gray has a voice that will drive you crazy. Soulful yet sweet, her debut album is full of bouncy tunes and stirring sounds, not to mention some might boot shakin' beats. On how life is? Pretty damn good.

theatre/angels in america/ graduating class /qut academy of the arts drama school

The inherent complications of choosing such a play to showcase the talents of the graduating class of drama students at QUT is that there was such a dominance of male characters that the women were relegated to minor supporting roles, and hence defeated the purpose of showing their ability.

Angels in America is the definitive slice-of-life drama about the 80s. Certainly it is the pioneer that took homosexuality and AIDS mainstream and admirably attempted to disrobe all the associated stereotypes. Hmmm.

The play parallels two men from health to sickness to death from AIDS, as it was in the 1980s, especially in the melting pot of the United States where nothing really melted. The piece is a bitchy comedy on the short-falls of organized religion and has great moments for actors to razzle. This play should move an audience to tears, (I like Beaches and 'Wind Beneath My Wings') but didn't on this particular evening. So was this a performance of missed opportunity? Not entirely, for one, Eileen Camilleri as the valium addict was impressive with a voice akin to maple syrup and gave Harper a natural innocence.

Although the majority of the cast performed diligently, some of them really need to graduate from the less is more school. Instead of flapping their arms and screaming from the rooftops, they can just as successfully employ subtlety to make their characters successful.

Andrew Turner

THEATRE

ANGELS IN AMERICA
QUT ACADEMY OF THE ARTS
DRAMA SCHOOL (graduating class)

You know how sometimes you go into a theatre or movie cinema, it doesn't matter which, and you sit there in darkness, with the neon 'exit' sign annoying you? Well, in Rio Saki and Other Falling Debris at La Boite, it kinda seemed appropriate, seeing as though the play was dealing with themes regarding the end of the world.

THEATRE

RIO SAKI
LA BOITE THEATRE
until 18 September

Rio Saki was actually the 'artist of love', earlier this century, which translates roughly in Japanese into the forbidden prince. He was the child of a Japanese fisherman and a Brazilian Princess, who was created out of the purest love imaginable. He went on to be an artist and Dali baptised him the artist of love. Anyway he was a talented man who inspired Madonna's cone bra- there you go.

The action focuses on six characters who are all worried about how they will die when the world is hit by an asteroid in three days time, and how their lives are, from a holistic perspective so inconsequential, 'tomorrow we're not even memories'.

Shaun Charles, the playwright, really does build a strong case as to why life really shouldn't be withered away and that a wasted opportunity is really not dissimilar to ingratitude.

Pretty heavy stuff, but the concept was not sensationalised, in fact it was handled with reservation and economy, perhaps in some places a more confrontational approach was warranted.

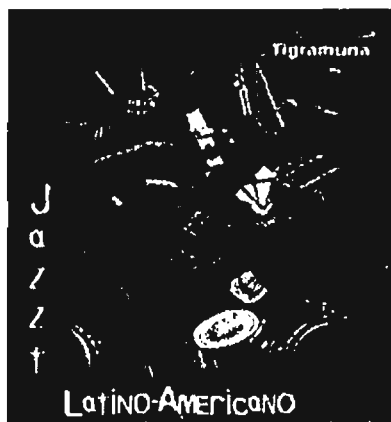
Some of the characters really lacked motivation and it was hard to discover the logic in some of their movements, and there was one rape scene, which instead of being apt and symbolic, only intensified the discourse of unease amongst the audience.

However, this handling of Armageddon is still far superior to any movie starring Bruce Willis.

Andrew Turner

CD

JAZZ LATINO-AMERICANO TIGRAMUNA



I was lucky enough to chance upon these guys on semester break while I was up in Mackay! I'd just arrived and was calling a friend to let them know I was in town and found myself being immediately asked to come to a show with them that night at the local Entertainment centre. Hmmm - did I really want to go?

Who were they anyway - no one I'd ever heard of! What kind of a band would play a cabaret in a Mackay foyer anyway? I didn't have a clue! After some initial hesitation I was somehow persuaded to go along...

Praise the lord, HALLELUJAH! I WENT!! Little knowing I was about to be blown away, I showed up in the classiest outfit I could muster from my ill-equipped suitcase and sat back to see if I'd actually enjoy the show. Did I ever?! It was a true cabaret feel, with the very eclectic crowd all sitting around expectantly at tables and buzzing to and from the bar. I didn't have long to find out exactly what I'd gotten myself into... Sitting back and soaking it all in, this multitalented group of musicians had me enthralled for the whole show!

Led by Carlos Villanueva and Wendy Upjohn (his wife), no one in Tigramuna was content to stay put and stick to one instrument for any longer than necessary. One second they are playing guitar and pan flutes at the same time, the next the drummer has given up his sticks for a bass and someone else has taken over percussion on the bongos... And between all the contemporary and traditional latin-american instruments there was plenty of swapping around to be done! - truly amazing to watch! - and HEAR!

Tigramuna, to quote their c.d. cover, means "to return" in the Andean Quechua language of South America.

"Jazz Latino-Americano ... is a recording of original works ... written to bring together musicians of Latin American and jazz backgrounds. Brazilian, Cuban and jazz ... some pieces are based on specific traditional styles, others ... blend elements to give a broad Afro-Latin or Andean feel..."

For more about their origins and interests, you can check them out fully at www.tigramuna.com.au.

A true conglomeration of cultures and styles, they are actually based in Sydney, but Carlos and a few other members are originally from Chile, while Wendy supplies some strong jazz tradition, being the granddaughter of the great Aussie sax/clarinet player, Jack Maittlen.

They embrace a wide range of latin and jazz influences and bring them all together in an amazing and ultimately unique manner. The originality and excellence of their efforts has been recognised as such by many who should know despite the difficulties of limited exposure. The likes of Jaslyn Hall (Triple J's world music show presenter) is just one notable 'Thankyou' on the list. This CD debut won the first Australian World Music award and was also nominated for an ARIA in 1998. Their current tour was made possible by a grant awarded to them on the strength of their talent and achievements. I was also gladdened to hear they were yet to do their show in Brisbane, which is due to be played on the 10th of September at Southbank.

I hope i can get there for another dose!

MUSICA VIVA! Tigramuna deserve all the success they can get!

KUTA.

My first question went thus : "Where on Earth had these guys been hiding??!!!"

I was rushing past the Pizza Caf one Wednesday in a huge hurry, when to my consternation I realised the legend Student Union had a free band playing - and damnit to hell, they sounded good! I convinced myself I was hearing things and averted my ears and eyes, ever mindful of the formidable backlog of study I had to get back to. Fighting desperately through their sucking gravity field I broke free and kept reluctantly on to where I was headed. Phew - that was close!

Too close.

I fatally forgot to take a different detour route on my return journey, and with my defences already shattered from the earlier onslaught, this time I was mesmerised for good!

O my... and how very GOOD!

Their performance that day consisted of a semi-acoustic set mostly derived from their newly launched album 'Interesting Things', played ever so brilliantly by Chris Dell and Emma Heaney, who seem to be the core members and songwriters of this rising local band. Having been in brisbane now for a while, they actually both hail originally from Armidale, though I got the impression they didn't hook up and start playing together until they actually got here.

The 12-string played by Chris really filled out the sound, while Emma rounded things off with some very adept picking on her Maton - the guitar work, to choose a starting point, was great.

Moving right along, I also found the following to hold true : these two Armadillans can really hold a tune.

Hmmm - Understatement!!! They had some mighty sweet harmonies going on and their voices blended really well - with the songs and each other. Such a pleasure to kick back and listen to!

After their gig, I nervously asked Chris if the album had hung onto the stunning acoustic basis I'd just been so impressed with. "Oh Yeah," he reckoned.. "we've just got cellos and stuff - flute - ... but yeah - definitely acoustic" Cellos!? Ye Gods! These guys were truly sounding too ace.

CD

INTERESTING THINGS OHNEATASWEATA

It was still in great trepidation when I listened to the first few bars on each track. I was pretty worried the recorded 'full sixpiece band' version might never live up to seeing the real thing (acoustic) happen live. Would it be all rocked out, too polished? - crappily or over produced?

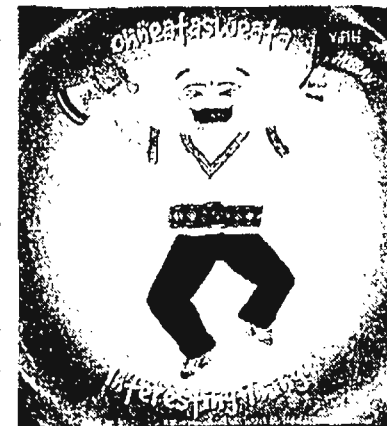
I needn't have wasted my brain impulses there either - the CD is an absolute pearly, right down to the last hidden bonus track. And the poignancy of the songs in places is enough to make you catch your breath. Track 8 - 'unknown' - is the song that especially d'd it for me - just hits you with a bolt of emotion like a feeling you'd forgotten existed. It's Emma's song, and the way she sings it just gives me goosebumps. And then there's 'Cornflakes' which is one of Chris's offerings, and it just meanders along with such a feel-good vibe like life and everything is just fine and nothing really can go terribly wrong. Overall, I was impressed by all I heard.

Having only just launched their debut, you can be forgiven for maybe not knowing about even the existence of a Brisband with such a curious name as "ohneatasweata". Further evidence of my recent state of hibernation is the fact that they were finalists in the recent Triple J - Brisbane Unearthed!!! - no mean feat in such a healthy local music scene as we've got exuberantly sweltering in Brisvegas! Even so, 'Interesting Things' is set to be one of the most lucky and interesting additions to my CD collection for a long time.

Despite straining desperately to shake those bread n butter 'covers band' shackles, they are playing regular gigs at the RE Hotel in Toowong as well as plenty of other dates around the local traps. And you can be assured that Ohneatasweata rock it with taste anyway. Their version of the Crowdie's 'Pineapple Head' made me realise what a great song that truly is. For now, avail yourself of the opportunity to see them before they go and take the world by storm. I honestly can't see it being long before fans will be lucky to see many cover versions in their sets at all, let alone be able to sit back and soak it all in for free!

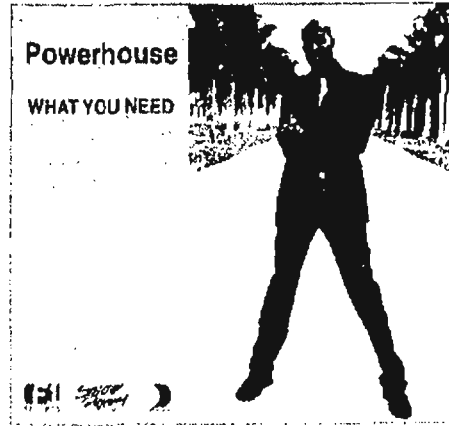
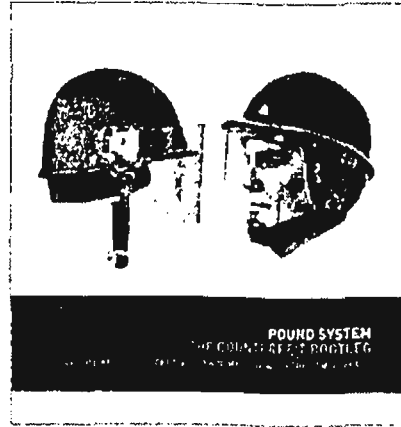
KUTA

ps: FOR OHNEATASWEATA'S WEBSITE, GO TO => <http://www.ohneatasweata.com>



CD (EP)
THE COUNTERFEIT BOOTLEG
 POUND SYSTEM
 MUSHROOM

This is a Melbourne-based duo that consist of the Reverend (who worked on Tricky's Pre Millennium Tension album) and Woody who together as Pound System have scored a track on Triole J's Tweek compilation and mashed up Regurgitator, Moler and the Clouds. The Counterfeit Bootleg is their debut for Infectious Records. It's a pumping EP (5 very cool tracks) full of psychoactive beats, hardcore bass and way cool effects. If their live performances are anything like this then you won't want to miss these guys at Livid 99.



Powerhouse
 WHAT YOU NEED

This is a fantastic little housey, dance track featuring Duane Harden who sang on Armand Van Helidon's *You Don't Know Me*. With six mixes, including four by UK remixers Full Intention (who've

remixed for Ultra Nate, Jamiroquai and many others), one by Olav Basovski and a catchy chorus (I got what you're looking for/ I got what you need) this track should cheer up even the biggest haters of house music.

CD (single)
STOP THE ROCK
 APOLLO 440
 SONY

Apollo 440 have followed their 1997 album, *Electro Glide in Blue*, with some similar sounding guitar techno. But here they seem to be having some fun with the belief many musicians have that guitar-based rock is (or should be) dead and electronic music is the way of the future. *Stop the Rock* goes back and forward and sounds a little like a techno version of the Beach Boys in the chorus. On the second version we have a cute dance version but the next two remixes are more hardcore techno tracks (much to my liking). While on *Electro Glide in Blue* they were more into showcasing guitar-based techno they seem to be making fun of guitars a little here. I'll be looking forward to seeing what their new album has in store, to see where they're going (Will they still use guitars? Will they move away?)



CD (single)
WHAT YOU NEED
 POWERHOUSE
 FESTIVAL RECORDS

CD
SHE HAUNTS MY DREAMS
 SPAIN
 COMPANY?

Making the transition from moods to dreams, Spain has floated in another achingly beautiful album of ethereal and immense proportions.

'She haunts my dreams' is the anxiously anticipated follow up to their 1995 debut, *Blue Moods*. Spain have dived deeper into their cavern of rainy day blues and deep emotion, to plumb further the depths of pain and musical emotion. Taking Josh Haden's bass driven melodies and haunting vocals to another level has been helped

along by their collaboration with a talented group of local musicians, who joined their recording at MNW studio, Vaxholm, on the Swedish coast of the Baltic Sea. The lush multilayered arrangements and additional instruments achieve a much fuller sound when contrasted with the more sparse and open feel of *Blue Moods*, and the songs offered here are almost upbeat in comparison. Spain have also embodied a range of musical genres, with honkey piano style and lap steel providing a strong country feel, while jazz and torch leanings come through on other tracks. Viola, cello and dobro also make their presence felt in the swelling vibrance underlying every exquisite minute of this disc. The little boys blue have certainly come through!

It is heartrending, melancholy love that underlies the whole album, though.

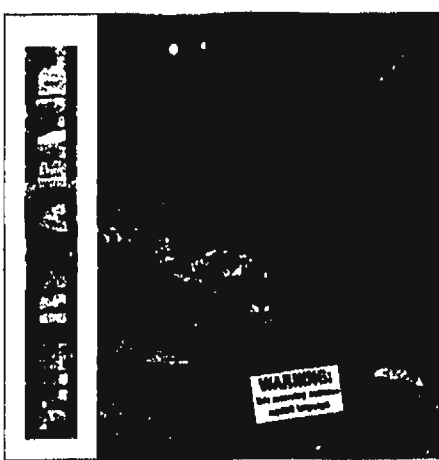
"Love. Only love. It's only love"

Sad enough to make you want to cry. Comforting in its simple weeping statement of human emotion. Welling up in that hollow in your heart. Spain know about love, and you're bound to love Spain.

KUTA.

ps: VISIT SPAIN ON THE WEB : WWW.WORLDOFSPAIN.COM

This is a musical journey into chaos theory as presented by a quintet of talented lads from the UK. An experimental, adventurous mix of samples, instruments and sounds that takes you from acapulco, latin beats and dub to rap, rock and Bonnie Tyler. It is tempting to say "It's not so beautiful" is my favourite track but then I might only be choosing it because



until *The Black Hole* theme kicks in, it's one of the most grounded, familiar sounding tracks on the album. But this album isn't about feeling grounded or familiar- it's about being challenged and moved by different sounds. Get it, listen to it, forget the restrictions of genre and enjoy it for the experience it is.

CD
THE BETA BAND
 THE BETA BAND
 EMI



Three D Dreams

How wonderful to hide in the soft anonymous darkness
Your sensations muted like drifting in luke warm water
The paths are opened for our waking dreams
But the stars in the ceiling are subdued
To ordered to express the glory of their sky bound sisters
Yes this is a perfect setting for our three dimensional
dreaming
Our best and worst instincts portrayed in glowing colour
For an hour to be among those giants
Wearing their masks, walking in their shoes
In an illusory reflection of an inner reality
It dulls the boredom, expands our hopes
Anonymous and forgetful is that the dream?
Or are we inspired by those lights and wires.

Wasted

It's gone now.
Wasted.
Lost so easily, like brushing your teeth, swallowing water, maths
problems, everyday chores
Did you know it would be so quick?
So boring, sterile, selfish, haunting?
Dirty waste of time?
Whore.
The opposite of special, the ugliest of horrible, the synonyms of the
world for disgusting
You shameful girl!
You think you're old enough for this world, the world of sleaze?
You've wasted it now, the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity,
You were in a hurry, were you?
Thought he was special?
Different from all those other men.
Should have thought it through.
And now viscous clotting crimson blood will follow you,
a tidal wave of blinding anger, splitting your world in an uneven
splinter
Your ears will buzz and your eyes will cloud.
Tell no one, he says,
As if you would rant and rave to all the other sluts - you've done it!
But I know, I saw, I watched
From inside of you
As you wasted yourself on some horrible man
He doesn't know
It should've been special,
beautiful,
tender,
passionate
It should have ripped your heart out
Made you blind with love
not rage
Making love? It was fucking
plain and simple
Wasted whore, slut, hooker
Dragging your weeping body, fanny,
Across your bedspread, over his body, over him
And you'll fuck again now
Because you've wasted it, nothing to save,
You'll fuck
You'll think you're in love, out of love, one night stand,
sober, drunken, stoned, drugged, fucked,
Wasted.

Caroline Packard.

Weird Opelic Bliss

Joyous smiles glare from the frozen masses,
Heads bob like a boat out to sea,
Bodies move in a wave of bliss,
To and fro they turn,
Bouncing, bumping, thumping,
The music like a storm moves the crowd.

Daring passengers dive and surf,
Oblivious to the other souls, each is their own,
Their own world, their own experience,
Each body below their soul.

Not experiencing the height of the experience,
Mortal bodies do not soar to the surreal heights,
Never knowing the physical conflicts,
Are souls are never in the sweat of solitude soaked.

Together each experience is peiced,
Each a jagged portion of the night,
With each peice comes an event unfolded,
Before our eyes the moment becomes life.

Shane.

First Time:

She looks up to me,
Her big blue eyes fade to grey,
Her great big dreams are vanquished.
Her great big love expelled,
Like a demon or an evil spirit,
Like bath water going down the drain,
Her feelings shrivel and fade away,
Childhood memories seem surreal in old
photographs,
Love seems pale in the dim light of SEX.
What she thought she had,
She has lost,
What she thought she'd lose,
She never had.

Shane.

Disco Donut Junkie

I can't go past
Your pink icing
Your fresh cream
And your sticky jam
Your sugary dough engorges my tastebuds
Excites my saliva
Arouses my stomach acids

Your smartie eyes
Are a chocolate candy crunch craving creator
Your chewy smile
Is a teasing tingling tantalising temptress

Your sweet doughy ways always satisfy
A Snickers never said so much
Without you life is no Picnic
You are Golden but not Rough
You are my Disco donut
And I am a Disco donut Junkie.

Shane.

poetry

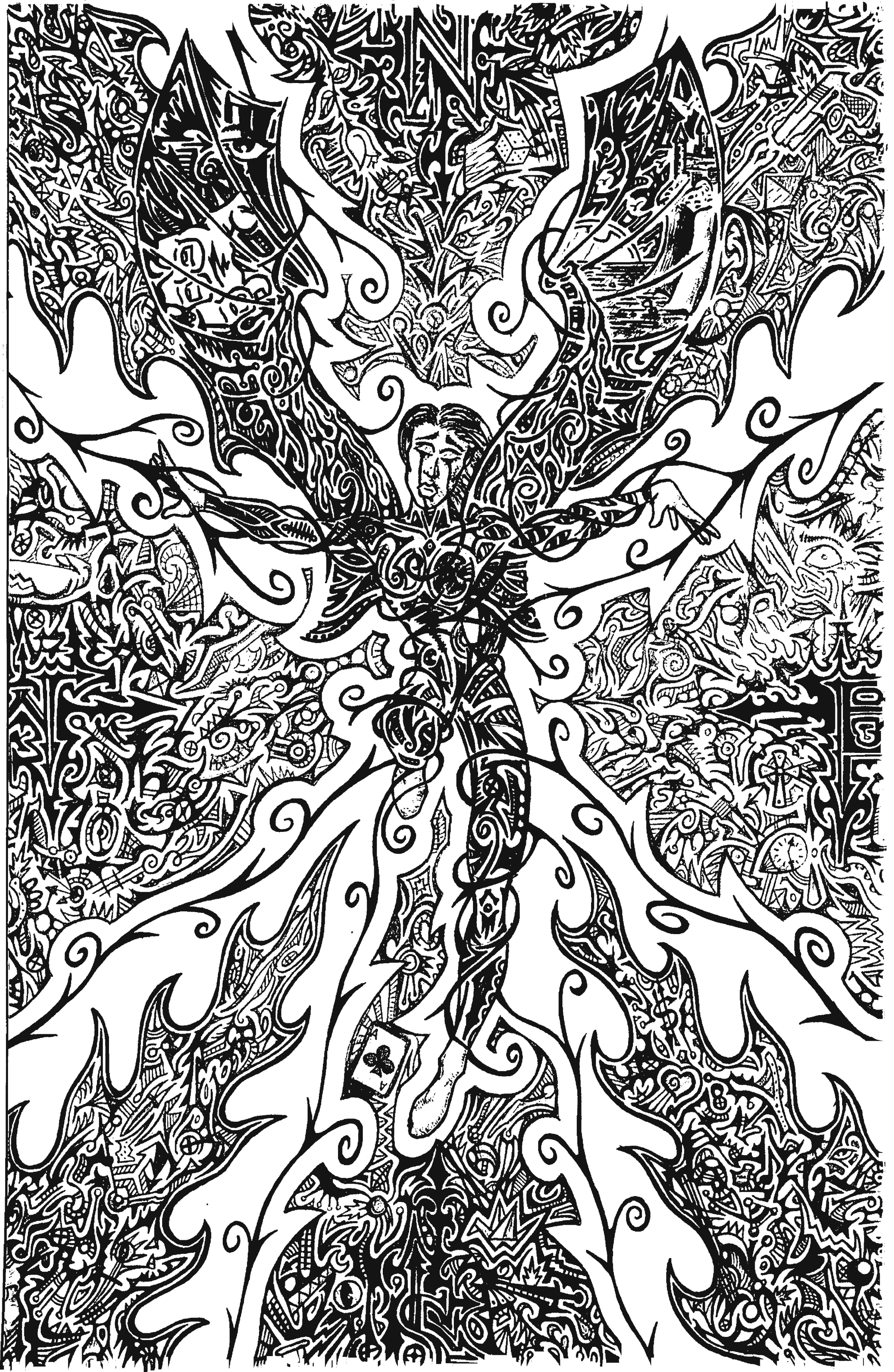
**OUR FINAL EDITION FOR
1999 WILL BE EXAMINING
RELATIONSHIPS AND
SEXUALITY. WE'D ALSO
LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT
WHAT'S GOING ON AS WE
DRAW EVER CLOSER TO
THE END OF THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY.**

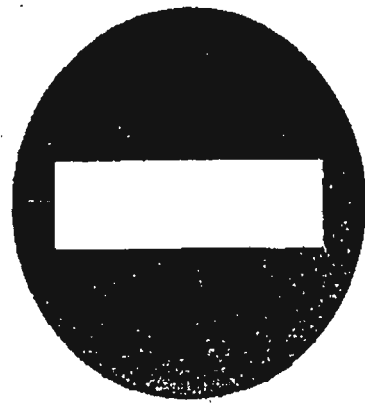
CONTRIBUTIONS ON ANY TOPIC THAT SUITS YOUR FANCY. *

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NO ~~ENTRY~~
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