This is the first edition of *Tharunka* dedicated to Indigenous issues. The editors of *Tharunka* are not, to their knowledge, of Aboriginal descent, and for this reason decided not to write any feature articles on issues relating to Aboriginality. For this edition to have meaning and achieve its aims, we felt it essential that the predominant voices heard should be those of people from the Indigenous Community of UNSW. To this end, Mat Ewart, Indigenous Students’ Director of the Student Guild co-ordinated articles, artwork and photography from Indigenous students and worked closely with the editorial team during the weeks leading up to and the weekend of layup. Also present over the production weekend were Vickie Fair, Damien Miller and Trevor Blencowe, with whom the front cover was discussed in detail before its creation by Dale Harrison.

These details may seem pedantic and uninteresting to those who wish for a more witty or even theoretical editorial, however given the silencing of the Aboriginal voice, and the continued appropriation of Aboriginal issues for the purposes of dominance, intellectual credibility and academic kudos, a publication put out by five white kids dealing with Aboriginality must be clear with you about exactly who is saying what about Indigenous people.

Clearly, the articles within are written from personal perspective. Nor all contributors agree with the sentiments expressed by their brothers and sisters. All would agree, however that the fact it is Aboriginal voices which speak about their issues is an important step forward in a publication directed at tertiary students of whom the vast majority will have learnt what they know about Aboriginal people and their issues from non-Aboriginals.

Total foggy ignorance is embarrassing. Loud, obnoxious ignorance is nasty stuff. But ignorance obscured by assumed knowledge and theory about the experience, values and priorities of a superficially homogenised “people” is possibly the most dangerous of all. Historically it has been institutions which have most fractured Aboriginal societies, families and personal lives: education departments which have refused access to Aboriginal people, social welfare departments which take children from their homes and put them into domestic slavery or even worse, into “care”, a legal system which today presides over the highest rate of incarceration in the world, a health system which today accepts a standard of health so low as to be unclassifiable by the World Health Organisation…The list of failures extend to every area of our bureaucratic Westminster system.

Some things are better today for some Aboriginal people than they were 100 years ago. However the institutionalised racism historically so damaging to Aboriginal people, is far from disappearing. It is evidenced in classrooms at this university and in student organisations here at UNSW on a regular basis. It is reinforced when we ignorantly accept the assertions of white academics and other social theorists on Aboriginal issues. This is not to deny that non-Aboriginal people may lead us to question the operations of our society and behaviour in the context of the Anglo/Australian treatment of Aboriginal people. And this can be very useful to help us understand the types of oppression perpetrated against Aboriginal peoples. However, if we are to understand the impact of this oppression, the interests of Aboriginal people, the meaning of their oh so colourful and tribal art-work which Picasso loved so much and now nets thousands for white dealers, we are going to have to shelve our prejudices for a while and trust those Aboriginals to tell us how it is. It means acknowledging our ignorance and that of our parents and peers. It means reading works, hearing words and asking questions of Aboriginal people. It means starting from a premise that there is actually more than meets the eye to Aboriginal culture than that perceived and disseminated by commercial media and government institutions.

I have learnt more about issues of Aboriginality and Australian history from Mat Ewart, Jenny Munro, Carol Thomas, Damien Miller, Vickie Fair and Trevor Blencowe by listening and chatting than I have in sixteen years of formal education in Australia. This is an indictment of our education system. I take this opportunity now to thank them for their patience with my ignorance and for sharing their knowledge and wisdom. I hope this edition is the creation of a new space - a genuine *Tharunka*, through which may be expressed experiences, insights and perceptions of indigenous people of this campus community for the benefit of all students of UNSW. Time will tell.

Katie Kemm
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DANCIN' JUST AINT' POLITICAL

Dear Thananka,

What is going on at UNSW? Oh, rather, what's not going on? As a nature-age student, perhaps our faculties are not as sharp as they used to be but, on Wednesday, I could have sworn that there was a student strike, supported by staff. But unfortunate faculty obviously are not what they used to be either, for at 2pm I saw rooms full of eager, naive faces, waiting for lecturers and tutors who should know better.

Again, as a winky, I'm conscious that my presence on campus is tolerated if not welcome, and that younger students can stay home if they want to be ragged by grown-ups, but enough is enough. Don't you understand what is happening in this country? Your education is in jeopardy and you respond by throwing a party.

Do you think John Howard and Amanda Vanstone could give a staff if you spilled an afternoon living around the library lawn, instead of attending classes? Out of sight, out of mind.

It has long been known that the only thing which raises the ire of today's students is a kick in the hip pocket. But, this time, even the application of a government jackboot to the collective higher education backside doesn't seem to have had any effect.

But all is not lost ... there's always next Thurday. For God's sake, get off your butts and take to the streets. The thing that most fills the parliamentary dining room with despya is the sight of democracy in action - a swarm of voters protesting in public place (off campus) against government policy.

See you at the rally.

Kerris Lee, #2157998

WHO'S NORMAL ANYWAY?...

Dear Thananka,

TO "Normal" (Student No: 2154821) and co. (ie. Seymour Butthead and the four stooges: Dixie, Random etc)

Hello!!!? Is anybody home!!!? Or is it just a big black void? Your letters do not convey normality, they conveyed stupidity. Do you learn anything at uni? How you came to be at uni in the first place astounds and thrills me. (Have any of you by chance had a floridalozzy?) Now tell me honestly, you watch SWEAT don't you, and I bet you voted for John Howard too.

Your darling letter are another instance of your breed of zombies disarmingly trying (as a dying breed does), to ressurrect ignorance, homophobia, sexism, etc and pass it off as normality. Is your definition of normal the same as your definition of stupid? What dictionary? Or do you invent it? Hang on, I doubt you even know what an invention is, or a dictionary or a definition. Let me translate... go ask your teacher.

Although I doubt you've been hiding in your mother's womb for the past twenty years, I bet you wish you had. The world is just a big scary place, all those crazed feminists, proud gay (how dare they form their own community), bloody ethnics and all that posing. And all you want is the good clean world of Lassie, when boys were boys, men were men and women were girls and knew their place. Have you tried the Daily Mirror darling (no offence to readers) but it's still trying to resurrect you utopia? On second thoughts, maybe TV week and women's day for you?

I suppose Thananka is just out of your league. Too intellectual? Don't understand those big words? Or just that indelent content it's polluting young, influential student minds with? Maybe, I was wrong about the John Howard stuff, Fred Nile is probably more your style. Do you pray for rain or MaritGras too?

The saddest part is that your kind of normal, tramples over people and co-opts the environment, joining the university bandwagon and then year later clamping a mute to the earth, sucking out the last remains, never knowing who Chief Seattle was. Laughing, like when you won that court case against those damned land right claims.

It's a sad sad world. Sucked in.

S. Holstrom

...I'M NOT

Dear Thananka,

In response to "Normal" or 2154821 (Thananka, Is 6, Vol. 42). In defence of Thananka I would like to say that this provocative, quality publication does not criticise everything that is "good and proper about the way we live our lives". On the contrary, in the years I have been a student here I have seen it criticise every aspect of our modern western existence, in an attempt to make people think about what they do, how they live, what they think, is truly "right" or just common and misguided. The result of a society which has always tended to lump the different and empower the female.

Further your disdain for Gay and Lesbian societies is abnormal. A well adjusted individual would not have a problem with the expression of different cultures. You have created unrealistic stereotypes of behaviour for men and women then it has only itself to blame when its constructed fears, anxieties and insecurities are evoked when these cultures raise their voices and people don't conform to stereotypes. The anxiety you fear, the prejudice you espouse is not based on any reality, but on misconceptions.

Your statement that people can be influenced by Thananka to become warped and lost completely insults the intelligence of the students who read it. You obviously have no faith in the values you call "normal" if the reading of a collection of articles (written by your peers!) results in those values being abandoned.

Society is moving to a better and open way of dealing with difference. People are coming to terms with them selves, rather than blindly accepting standardized behaviour handed down by ignorant preceding generations. Women can now do and be anything. Men can at last learn how to be emotionally mature. Difference can at last be embraced and be beneficial force, creating synergy - making society greater than the sum of its parts.

Regrettably, your fear and ignorance indicate society has a long way to go.

Normal people are everywhere. And they are gay, lesbian, heterosexual, black, white, have dreadlocks or wear slacks and chamebrys.

Nat
Gay services Dept Co convened
qgay@unsw.edu.au

CLEARING UP THE CONFUSED

Dear Thananka,

Firstly, in response to "Confused" (Thananka, Is 5, Vol. 21). Any confusion you may feel undoubtedly comes from your own insecurities. There is nothing wrong with being heterosexual, tall, or indeed arteist. Just as there is nothing wrong with homosexual/gay/gay/lesbian - just as there is nothing wrong with being short. Just as there is nothing wrong with being Buddhist, Islamic, Pagan or even Christian. Minority culture is far from being celebrated. The fact some segments of society, which have been silenced or oppressed in the past, occasionally manage to raise a voice and demonstrate their existence in a public way (eg Mardi Gras) should be seen as one of the benefits of our open egalitarian society.

Instead you have chosen to interpret the progress of our society (in moving towards truly embracing the democracy it is supposedly based upon) as an attack on your own freedom to pursue interpersonal relations. Perhaps your lack of success in seeking female companionship lies in your own poor communication skills or lack of self confidence which you blame on everyone else but yourself. Possibly the reason you hit on Lesbians is because you are a "reaction junky".

Secondly, in response to Charles Hunt (Thananka, Isel 6, Vol. 42); Charles, I am extremely happy you don't feel discriminated against in any way. However I feel very statement in regard to the "seven fott problem" to be disturbing. You said;

"Please send over your seven foot problem: I'm into thotis...", in response to "Confused" claim that he hits on a Lesbian he is likely to be thotis by her seven foot tall girlfriend. If you meant by this that you would happily thotis this jealous, tall, Lesbian, feel that a representa....

On the other hand if you were suggesting you would like to be thotis by a tall Lesbian, I would counsel against this. Strangulation can be damaging to one's health. I recommend you see someone who might be able to work through, with you, why you seem to desire sexual pleasure linked to dangerous, sadistic activity. Possibly heterosexual-ity is not working for you, and you might like to try the sweet embrace of another man's arms and the gentle pas-... of gay love.

Nat
P.S. Confused, your insecurity in your male identity (shifting from trying to be a "sweetie" to trying to be "PC" to trying to be "contumous") may mean the whole heterosexual-ity is just not right for you.

MISCONCEPTIONS AT SYDNEY UNI

Dear Thananka,

We write in response to the letter printed in the May 21 edition of Thananka, submitted by Ms Louise O'Brien from the Student Representative Council of Sydney University. We list the following Top Ten Dubious Asertions she makes about the nature of womanhood and sexuality.

1. "Abortion is no longer a crime" True, perhaps, but it is still listed under the Crimes Act and has never been officially repealed. Its decriminalisation does not necessarily make it legal.

2. "Abortion has become institutionalised" You make it sound like a drive-through McDonald's. Do you want fries with that?

3. "...a way to keep the girl-next-door good..." rescue her
5. "Sex is male, impotence is woman"
Let me guess... post-modernist poetry?

6. "Woman is reduced to sperm receptacle"
Yip, that's us. Just roving mobile sperm banks. (Have you ever heard of grammar?)

7. "Woman must be flushed out and dry if she is to be of any use"
Oh dear. I'm just not going near that one. However, my colleague recommends KT Jelly. Apparently it works a charm.

8. "The whole feminist part of your letter. Um, does the Mother Ship know that you are missing?"

9. "I love the mystery which fertility brings to relationships"
What is this, an episode of The X Files? Quick Scully, get the Discover One-Sep.

10. "The longing and passion shared by lovers are killed by the Pill and abortion"
Boy, whatever you're taking is STRONG.

While we have spent the majority of this letter lambasting Ms O'Brien, our intent is serious.

Your assumption that the moment a woman takes birth control measures, she abdicates her femininity, is frightening. You equate femininity with the ability to produce children. Where does your world-view include women who are unable or unwilling to procreate? Where do you consider infertile women, women who do not wish to have children, women who are non-heterosexually identifying? Are all women who are unwilling or unable to reproduce failures as human beings? And when do we start to be failures as human beings? If we haven't reproduced at 16! 20! 30! You deny women the right to choose. Your view of what female sexuality should be is as oppressive as that of the patriarch you see yourself a tool of.

Despite what you seem to think, there are women who enjoy sex, even when they are on birth control. Far from killing passion, love and mystery, it can enhance it. We acknowledge your personal opinion. We respect your right to your opinion. However, we don't have to like it.

Name Withheld

BADABAGAN - NEVER TO RETURN

Dear Tharunka,

Why is Badabagan so noisy?
Why is the food so bad?
Why do the pizzas have more oil than Mobil?
Why is it that every time they try to make the inefficient service more efficient it ends up being even more inefficient?
Why is it that the latest attempt at improving efficiency has resulted in the creation of a fire hazard and more importantly blocked off the only disabled access to the lower section? (where the pizzas are).

Why are there too many tables and chairs and why are they packed together so tightly making it very difficult to get to the vending machines and even more difficult to exit in the event of a fire? (especially for those using wheelchairs)

Why have they attempted to improve the service by re-locating only two registers, leaving others (like the one in the pizza section) unused

Why have they decided that the disabled access is a route for those not inclined to pay, and blacked it off with silly yellow plastic things which say "caution slippery when wet" or something, with silly yellow plastic chains linking them?

Because it is run by morons.

Matthew T, 2158607

WELL THAT MAKES IT OK...

Dear Tharunka,

We would like to clear up a number of inaccuracies contained in your column Sangria. Firstly our names are spelt with a double "e" and a single "g" respectively.

Also we deny categorically ever airbrushing our photos for use in Union election material... we used the funny little smudge device instead.

Matt Ding 2137859 and Greg Moore 2142031

REBEL FROM A CAUSE

Dear Tharunka,

I am writing in response to Barrie England's BHP letter. Barrie is not a BHP shareholder or a economics student hoping for a job as the editors guessed. He is in fact a mining engineering student. But the even more puzzling thing is that he comes from a very environmentally aware family. I study environmental science with his brother at UNSW. His family is very aware of environmental values. Maybe his attitude is a rebellion against environmentalism.

Barrie commented that he felt that there had been blatantly one-sided reporting of environmental issues in Tharunka. The BHP article was written by a 4th year Chemical Engineering student. He has done work experience in the industry and gathered his information from A.M. Eagle, the Manager for External Relations in the Health, Safety and Environmental Affairs Department of BHP Victoria and the BHP publication, BHP and the facts. I think that you'll find that his article was actually quite balanced. True, it's not the one sided reporting you get in the mainstream media who have vested interests in the company and can not print things against them, but it is also not the sort of article a ill-informed feral would write in Green Left Weekly.

Barrie said "compared with similar sized mining operations on a global scale the impact is rather small." Just because other mining companies do even worse things than BHP does not mean that it's OK for BHP to have terrible environmental practices. Barrie was quite correct in his comments about the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. They definitely encourage increased exploitation of natural resources and control borrowing country's path of development. Their resettlement practices leave much to be desired. Forcing traditional landowners off their land and leaving them in a position where they can not earn a living by the only methods they know. They also have a tendency to measure changes in peoples living conditions by economic indicators. Hmm...

With the regard to Australian aid money. Only 10% of Australian aid money is spent on improving the lives of people in majority countries. The rest is spent on unsustainable 'development' projects, such as mining and forestry and defence! There are certainly other methods of helping Papua New Guineans which the PNG government, Australian Aid Organisation and the World Bank could be exploring.

It is amazing the amount of brain washing that can occur after only six months of mining engineering and two years in a boys private boarding school.

Kerry Nettle
2119447
Student Guild Environment Director

NOTICE OF CASUAL VACANCY ON GAY SERVICES COMMITTEE

Nominations are invited from interested men to stand for election to fill a casual vacancy on the Gay Services Committee of the UNSW Student Guild. All non-heterosexually identifying male members of the Student Guild (ie, all male students enrolled at UNSW who have paid their Guild membership fee) are eligible to stand.

The committee is responsible for the formulation of policy on matters affecting non-heterosexually identifying male students. It is also responsible for the coordination of campaigns and activities that address the interests of non-heterosexually identifying male students.

Nominations for this position are declared open as of Tuesday 4th June 1996, and will close at 12pm on Tuesday 11th June 1996. Nominations forms may be collected from the Student Guild offices. Nominations must be presented in person to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Guild, who will be acting as Returning Officer. The Secretary-Treasurer will be in the Guild offices from 10am - 12pm on Tuesday 11th June 1996 to collect nomination forms. At other times, the Guild whiteboard should be consulted to see if the Secretary-Treasurer is in the office. If the Secretary-Treasurer is unavailable, nominees should leave a note and contact number in the Secretary-Treasurer's pigeonhole so a suitable time for presentation of nomination forms can be arranged. Candidates must be nominated and seconded by two people who are eligible for the position but are not standing in the election. Interested men are advised to speak to members of the Gay Services Committee at the Guild offices.

The position will be appointed at the Student Guild Council meeting to be held at 6pm on Tuesday 11th June 1996 in Room 1001, 1st Floor East Wing, Quadrangle Building (opposite the Guild offices). Candidates may give a 5 minute election speech to the Council, or may send a written statement to be read to the meeting. All such statements should be given in person to the Secretary-Treasurer along with your nomination form.

Queries should be directed to:
Douglas Cook
Secretary-Treasurer (Activities) 1996
Student Guild, 1st Floor East Wing, Quadrangle Building
Ph: 663 0461 Pager: 13 2222 Quote No: 287899

End of page
The past few weeks’ efforts in Sangria some members of the Guild have been grumbling as to whether Sangria should be reporting on various touchy subjects. Well as far as we here are concerned, the general population get to see what we’ve been doing every two weeks (i.e. Tharunka gets published) but there is no real way (apart from the odd gassin’ report) that anyone can tell what anyone else in the Guild has been doing...so here we are, and here we will stay observing the ways of the university (and thanks to BP and TC for the tips in this issue...love and kisses).

The National Day of Action went off with a bit of a bang. Plenty of our folks got their mugs (and their Guild shirts) on the TV in what was one of the biggest student rallies since the Vietnam war (thats thirty years folks). The campus came to a stop while members of the staff (both academic and general) picketed between 8.00 am and 10.30 am, the Library was closed, Union outlets were (mostly) closed (and on that point congrats to the Union for the solidarity-Sydney Uni Union stayed open the nasty so and so’s), lectures were off, computer labs were closed and most of the staff and students were on strike. Though disappointing, there were reports that some exams went ahead regardless...scabs (nah only kidding). Perhaps the most satisfactory part of the day was the sheer amount of academic and general staff that turned up (there were CPSU t-shirts everywhere) and the fact that Prof. Mary Chan shamed the rest of the English Department by turning up and marching even though she walks with difficulty due to bad knees while they stayed at home and marked essays (or read books by Eleanor Dark and Charlotte Bronte).

Jerry Vochteloo, Union Board Honorary Treasurer (soon to be ex) and all round good guy has his own web page that is directly linked to the wonderful Union home page (we don’t mean to diss Blitz but they should have a look at Nigel Gardiner’s Tharunka on-line to see how to do it...http://www.real.com.au/magazines/tharunka). Jerry, apart from being a bit of a popular guy down at the bar (due to his status as Yellow Shirt Legend) and with the ladies (doo doo no doubt) is in the process of completing a PhD in Computer Science (and we must admit has got the old web page design just about to get his latest article onto the web...we’ll let you know when), plus the Guild does a bit of a poppin’ design (and bathrooms) gig in the Guild because it so messy and was supposedly contravening health and safety regulations. Apparently the little greenies were growing little greenies themselves in a bit of a compost heap that was happening with the left over food from a BBQ that had occurred a few weeks earlier. Re-use eh what?

The shame of it all. The environment department was directed at the last Guild Admin. Committee to clean up their space in the Guild because it was so messy and was supposedly contravening health and safety regulations. Apparently the little greenies were growing little greenies themselves in a bit of a compost heap that was happening with the left over food from a BBQ that had occurred a few weeks earlier. Re-use eh what?

You made us a happy little home page. On- line to see how to do it...http://www.real.com.au/magazines/tharunka). Jerry, apart from being a bit of a popular guy down at the bar (due to his status as Yellow Shirt Legend) and with the ladies (doo doo no doubt) is in the process of completing a PhD in Computer Science (and we must admit has got the old web page design just about to get his latest article onto the web...we’ll let you know when), plus the Guild does a bit of a poppin’ design (and bathrooms) gig in the Guild because it so messy and was supposedly contravening health and safety regulations. Apparently the little greenies were growing little greenies themselves in a bit of a compost heap that was happening with the left over food from a BBQ that had occurred a few weeks earlier. Re-use eh what?

By now you also heard about the bunch of folks that stormed the foyer of John Howard’s office, and let me tell you you should be proud of your Student Guild and your campus. Whether or not you think that the Guild does jack shit in terms of your little stretch of earth, there were a considerable amount of Guild office bearers and councillors who actually got through the police lines. Anna Coon (women’s officer), Robins Jones (Lesbian Services co-Convenor), Dale Harrison (Media Director), Mar Ewart (Indigenous Officer), Angela Koutoulas (Ethnic Affairs committee), Kerry Nette (Environment Director) and Damien O’Brien (Guild councillor) were all there with a huge contingent of general Guild members (some of whom were leading the charge). Well done folks. Sangria is mighty proud of you, UNSW showed that though we may be criticised for many other things it can’t be said we don’t know how to riot...
My apologies for the absence of my report for the last edition of Tharunka but I sit massive workload and my own variable organisational skills. I hope that everyone enjoyed the RAVE on the 22 of May. It was by all accounts a success in terms of the volume of the noise and the volume of the issues. Welcome support came from all areas of the University including the chancellory, academics, administrative and support staff and students. The issue of claiming student space was reflected not only by the actual event but also in the context of the overall funding to Universities and to education in general. The proposed Federal government cuts to Universities will have a drastic affect on opportunity and this is the key. Education should be available to everyone who has the ability to cope with the study. Intelligence has never had a socio-economic base. It is no good talking about user pays and then about equity in the same breath.

No one is arguing that HECS isn’t the better option to up front fees but increases in HECS just increases the debt (plus interest) burden that each student faces when they leave University. And try getting a loan before you have paid off your HECS debt? If up front fees come in for undergraduate degrees and this is being talked about then that will effectively eliminate a whole section of the population from ever receiving any tertiary qualifications of this kind. Imagine if you had to come up with the entire years fees for your course at the beginning of each year. Try saving $12,000 minimum. There was a rally on 30 May in Hyde Park and I am hopeful that most of you reading this will have attended that rally to give a clear message to the Federal government that the proposed cuts to education are unacceptable.

It is not only this campus that will be affected but the proposed cuts would hit hardest at the small and regional campuses. There is this myth of over funding to Universities but the reality is that Universities have been economising and ‘belt tightening’ to the point of being unable to swallow any more cuts. The Minister for Education, Senator Vanstone has shown herself to not only have no idea about the composition or contribution of Universities in this country but she has shown herself to have ‘no idea’ at all. She embodies in a politician the perfect combination of arrogance and ignorance. A combination that has taken her to the top of her political career. But what has she learnt along the way? What knowledge and skill has been acquired? It is sad to realise that the answer is nothing and it is easy to understand then why the Federal Minister for Education places so little value in education.

There is only one word to separate information and education: that is understanding.

Regards Rosemary.
peter mckee
gay services co-convenor

Well, the most exciting thing that’s going on at the moment is the dissolution (or, more correctly, division) of GALA. The Gay And Lesbian Association of UNSW no longer exists in its previous form. Gay and Lesbian Coalition has been thrown out the window; and the UNSW Gays and Lesbians have decided to go their separate ways, although we are still talking to each other.

The Gays have set up their own campus club which will be affiliated with CASOC as "WILLIS". These letters actually do stand for something, but I don’t know what that something is, so, if you want to find out, you’ll have to ask the next locum you see.

The Gays have also set up our own campus club, and, as you might expect, we couldn’t reach consensus on a new name! We narrowed it down to two possibilities: GAYSOC or TWI (That Way Inclined). Some people wanted us to use both! (how confusing), so we decided to stick with GALA, for simplicity, although it doesn’t actually stand for anything now (I personally think it could stand for Gay And Lesbian Protection, but maybe that’s a bit too stereotypical) (You’re not arguing, are you?) The new GALA will be affiliated with CASOC in week 13.

Turning to the wider Gay and Lesbian community, several weeks ago, the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras held an extraordinary general meeting of its membership to debate and vote on proposed amendments to its rules of membership. After much heated debate, the meeting voted by a three-quarters majority (the margin required by the rules of the Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras to pass a motion presented at an extraordinary AGM) to adopt changes to the requirements for membership of the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras. These changes, in essence (affecting new membership applications only), were:

- Acceptance of all membership applications (subject to availability) from applicants who declare their sexuality on the application form as Gay, Lesbian or Transgender and who agree to promote the aims and objectives of the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras.

All applicants who declare their sexuality to be other than Gay, Lesbian or Transgender, will be required to justify why they should be granted membership of the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras.

The adoption of these amendments has caused quite a bit of debate in both the queer and the mainstream media. However, one should remember that the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras began as a protest against repression and discrimination against Gays and Lesbians by our society. With this in mind, there is no serious question why a person who was not Gay or Lesbian (and prepared to publicly declare themselves as such) would want to become a member of an organisation calling itself the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras (unless they wanted to be able to obtain tickets to the Mardi Gras Party and/or Spare Ball!).

On a lighter note, all you Fags and Dykes on campus, don’t forget the Hand in Hand dance party at the Holman Parson, sponsored by ACON, on the Saturday of the Queen’s birthday weekend (how appropriate!). Tickets are $45.00 from the usual places.

That’s it from me, be happy and SAFE!

Hello Luscious Lesbians and Boisterous Bi-Sexual Women!!!

We are now a functioning committee but there are still two places to fill for any women interested in getting involved in the department. Come and have a chat with us to find out what it’s all about and then you’ll have to do it fill in a nomination form.

The Queer Collaborations conference (to be held in Perth) is happening SOON (July 1-5th) and we would love to send as many women as possible on behalf of UNSW Q/C is a cross-campus organisation and the conference, apart from being tons of fun, has workshops and discussions dealing on campus queer issues. We can offer some financial support to make the trip across to the West, so drop into the Guild ASAP for more details.

We definitely need numbers by the release of this edition so if you want to come to what is traditionally the wildest but certainly most interesting conference of the year...Give us a call!! You may also be interested to know that NOWSA is actually on in Perth the week after, so any girls that were thinking of going to NOWSA can now come to Q/C or as its more colloquially known as Q/C GOES WEST!!!

BLISS is now our official social club and we will be affiliated with CASOC as of second session. Same time (1-2pm Wednesdays) and we will be allocated a room once we are affiliated. This means to the old girls that used to go to GALA meetings and knew the Lesbian group on campus is a GALA and that we have a new name and are a completely separate CASOC group... (Thank’s for all your help Barr!!!)

We are also in desperate need of people to help organise HROOTLOOPS (cross-campus visual and performing arts exhibition), which is in September. If you have any ideas for where and how it should be set up it would be greatly appreciated. Or if you are just interested in entering an artwork, short film or performance then come and get an application form.

For those of you who don’t know where the lesbian services department is, we are located in the Student Guild offices, Level 1 of the Quad building and are here for counselling, referrals, and basic support and information for any girls out there. Please come in any time for a chat or a coffee we are usually around... (we don’t go to class all that often...oh well...). See you soon...

And with the Guild...

chad ‘bass man’ davis
activites director

Hey Hey Hey Hey!

Foundation Day 1999

Oh my god it’s here again. What is it? It is simply the biggest event held on campus in the year. In truth, it is what goes on...

Around 7 teams with as many as 200 members.
A scavenger hunt with items from far and wide.
A worthy charity to rate stacks and stacks of cash for.
A stunt competition that will quite probably involve at least one missing fingerless glove and several law suits.
An afternoon of free entertainment with food, bands, comedy and a gratuitous hump poo on Sydney Uni debate.
A crowd—you the reader—of thousands to watch and enjoy the spectacle.

Listen carefully, I shall say this only once. Foundation Day is something you DO NOT miss. When? THURSDAY Week 2, Session 2.

Yo-Yo Round Up

The Coca-Cola Quayside Yo-Yo Competition was run and won in Week 10. It was a sensational success. We had seven punters who were game enough to have a go, many of whom had not yo-yoed since childhood. We were even graced with the presence of the Brazil World Champion—Degas—he had a semifinal, I've forgotten it. Never before have I seen anyone make a yo-yo defy gravity by or take the shape of the Fall Fest Tower. Anyway, I am proud to announce that the winner of the comp was Matt Ding who blistered the opposition with a total of fifteen loop-the-loops. Matt went on to compete against the winners from other Uts around Sydney at the Coke Mascots. Out of fourteen competitors Matt came a respectable sixth with his “choked” on his third loop the loop. Rumour has it that Matt has now moved on to bigger and better toys and might soon even start taking girls. By the way, I'll have yo-yo and spare strings for sale at the office. So if you want one, then drop into the Guild or stop me if you see me when I'm out and about around campus.

Open Day

Every year the University "opens its doors" to the public by having an Open Day. This year we the students have the opportunity to get involved in many ways. You can volunteer your time and enthusiasm by becoming a tour guide, assisting your fellow in whatever they decide to do, wandering around campus, judging, break dancing, or playing with those children first arriving. There is even going to be a Cable TV Station operating for the Day. The working name for it is O-D TV. If any of this turns you on and you would like to be part of the team then phone me at as soon as possible so that I can get everything happening. Open Day is huge, attracts thousands of people, families and potential students.

It's a great opportunity for you to have a bit of fun helping or entertain the public.

lesbian services convenor

GASSIN with the guild
kerry nettle
environment director

Australia has 30% of the world’s uranium reserves. At the moment we only have 10% of the market - what a waste! Natural resources just lying in the ground!! The new government wants to put an end to this reprehensible abuse of the free market so we can have our full 30% - or at least fight tooth and nail with Canada (who have 30% of the world’s market) for a bigger share.

There are as many as twenty new mines on the drawing board, and nine serious considerations - two of which are in Kakadu National Park. The government is “determined the projects can go ahead” but not if they “breach environmental standards”. Whose environmental standards these are, and who will do the testing of items is left unsaid. Be suspicious, be very suspicious!!

The proposed mines are 1) Jabiluka, 2) Koongarra in Kakadu; 3) Kintyre, 4) Yeelirrie and 5) Manyning in WA; 6) Beverley and 7) Honeymoon in SA; 8) Westmoreland and 9) Ben Lomond in Qld. If all these go ahead, we will have eleven radioactive centres across four states and territories.

Nuclear power has lost all popularity in North America where no new nuclear power plants have been ordered in 18 years. Electricity companies which own nuclear power plants are actually disadvantaged in North America where the electricity companies compete for subscribers, because nuclear generated electricity can cost twice as much as fossil fuel generated power! Twelve of the US’s nuclear power plants have been mothballed in the last decade!

The opening up of the uranium industry by the Coalition is a dangerously shortsighted, money hungry act. Uranium and its products are radioactive, and remain deadly for thousands of years. Tell the politicians to keep it in the ground!!

Peace time nuclear technology consists of research reactors for - nuclear medicine and power research, and nuclear power producing reactors. The overriding problem with all nuclear technology is what to do with the waste?

Nuclear waste of any kind is a long term problem - usually in the league of thousands of years. No country has managed to come up with a satisfactory waste disposal program! In fact the only safe strategy is not to create the waste in the first place. Don’t let the Coalition get away with expanding an uneconomical, destructive uranium industry.

Come to the Student Guild Environment Department for ideas on letters you can write and other things you can do on this issue. Stop Uranium Mining (the coalition of environment groups who organised the Stop Uranium Mining Rally in the city on Friday 24th May) meet every Friday at 5.30 at Friends of the Earth: Suite 15, 1st Floor, 14 Bathurst Street in the City.

There are also form letters to Randwick Council and the State government about light rail which can be signed in the Environment Department. Light rail continues to be an issue for Randwick Council and the State government. We need to maintain this pressure. Keep writing letters and stay involved. Plenty of ideas for letters from the Environment Department.

The National Student Environment conference, Students and Sustainability, is being held at Southern Cross University in Lismore from July 1-6th. This is a very empowering conference of people with environmental concerns. There are workshops on many issues, such as Daylighting and Building Design, Meditation, University Environment Policies, Opium And the Politics of Heroin and Militarism and the Environment. Details about the conference are available from the Environment Department. It will be subsidised and there are lots of people from UNSW going. It is a great way to get involved and excited about the environment. Please come in and find out about this fantastic, empowering, informative conference.

Thank you, bye.

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A Rave New World?

Wednesday the 22nd of May was the date for what was the first in hopefully many on-campus, non-violent and (gasp shock horror die on the spot at the very thought) fun, education actions that the Guild will take part in. In case you missed it, the Student Guild got together a 5000 watt PA, a bunch of lights, a record bag of DJs and a lawn full of people for an afternoon of fun and frivolity (and unlike this page, few clichés). Yeah, it was a protest, and yes people also danced and enjoyed themselves (even the odd godless communist got involved... and if you wondering if it was effective just ask anyone who tried to run (or attend) a class. There was no need for the five security guards that they posted outside the VC's office because no-one actually wanted to storm the Chancellery, we were already in the act of reclaiming the grass that we pay for by dancing on it good and hard (and for over five hours). A fine day that couldn't have been achieved without the help of Alex Hulver (applause from on high), the DJs (Sub Bass Snar! Marty B, Micheal MO, Psychik, Dins, Bass Chakra) the live act (Squish), the Union (for the food), and last but not least, all the people who turned up and parted for the right to education and all that.

- the organisers

Giles H. and Karen J. providing Union members with cheap sausages (oo-err sounds like Oktoberfest has come early), cheap vegie burgers, cheap drinks and, ahem, no bread (though they did scrape up a frozen loaf or two later on...mmm, taste sensation).
Yes, Indigenous students on campus are visible.

First and foremost I would like to thank Tharunka for devoting an issue to Indigenous issues and welcome the reader to its pages. Tharunka is an Aboriginal word for "message stick" which originates from the Eora people whose country spans much of the eastern suburbs. The largest Aboriginal population of the Eora people are located at La Perouse, or commonly known as La Per.

It is customary to thank the local community whenever you visit their land or have a voice on their land. I would personally like to thank the Eora community as a Wiradjuri person (myself) and as a member of the university community. I am not aware if the original publishers of Tharunka ever thought of acknowledging the people of Eora or even asking permission to use the name "Tharunka", however, I think it is appropriate (if not overdue) that in the first ever indigenous issue this acknowledgement is made.

I have been given this space to basically tell any interested parties about Aboriginal student affairs. Firstly we have just over 100 Aboriginal and/or Torres Strait Islander students at UNSW spread throughout all three campuses and NIDA. There is an Indigenous Students' Association, comprising of President and Vice President and also in addition to that we have a representative on the Guild i.e. The Indigenous Students' Director. There is also the Aboriginal Students' Centre where most of us hang out. Politically we are quite active in student affairs, drawing from the experience of past and present students. There is a National Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Student Network, formed in 1994. The network deals with issues that are affecting all students from all universities as well as dealing with salient issues on a campus to campus basis. We hold annual or biannual conferences and communicate through the internet throughout the year.

Just a symbol of our activity on campus is the fact that we are on the Guild and I am fortunate enough to be writing this article. The process of being elected on the Guild wasn't without opposition. Nevertheless, the Guild Council listened to the indigenous students of this campus and two years later we have a well established executive position and are able to express ourselves through the main student publication. This has finally broken the Guild tradition of non-indigenous executive members writing about indigenous issues - which in most cases were ill informed and ignorant to the Aboriginal community.

Just a symbol of our activity on campus and visibility was our involvement with the student rally last week (30-5-96). A large contingency of blackfellas from all over NSW universities congregated at Hyde Park and lead the procession to the Prime Minister's office. The placard that I was carrying read "DON'T WIPE US OUT......AGAIN". It is quite ironic that this symbol of our struggle was crushed by police officers after myself and a black brother from UTS occupied the foyer. The remnants of the placard were salvaged and remain on display at the Guild.

TODAY'S TEXTS FOR HALF PRICE

Use The Sydney Morning Herald and The Australian Financial Review to keep up to date on local, national and world events, economic trends and community affairs.

Present your student ID at the Campus Newsagancy to purchase 10 vouchers for half the cover price of The Sydney Morning Herald or The Australian Financial Review.

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The Sydney Morning Herald
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THE JOHN FAIRFAX
EDUCATION
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When and only when, Aboriginal women become a major part of the feminist movement here in Australia, then will the relations between us change.

Professor Delores Williams, an African-American womanist theologian, comments on The White Feminist Movement and the idea of the Black women becoming part of the white feminist movement:

"Honey I want to say something about this feminist. This all reminds me of the day I went into a fancy dress shop downtown and saw a real pretty dress. The colours in the dress blended right. The design was neat and fashionable. The buttons looked real pretty with the material. Everything about that dress looked just right. There was only one problem...the dress was size five, and I wear size twenty. The saleslady told me that shop didn't carry no dresses over size thirteen. I can see real good, but I knew was no way for me to alter that dress and still have the same thing. There just wasn't enough material in that dress to make it fit me. Now that's my point, honey. This feminism and feminist theology is real pretty, but there just ain't enough of it to fit me. And what I'm wondering is if you black feminists try to make it fit me, will you still have the same thing?"

It is the same situation here with the differences between white feminists and Black womenists. We do not want to make the mistake of taking the white feminist dress and altering it to fit our Aboriginal women. Our differences are so great because of the tri-dimensional oppression Aboriginal women suffer racism, sexism, and classism. An example of this is necessary for you to be able to comprehend much better our differences. In Alice Springs some years ago, an Aboriginal youth was arrested and held in custody for drunk and disorderly behaviour. The gasol call in which he was held became his cold and lonely place of death. The father and mother of this youth were outraged and overcame with grief over his death. They sought justice in the community and in the Supreme Courts. The Supreme Court heard how this youth died whilst custody of the police. The coroner's finding explained that his youth could not have hung himself without someone else's assistance or without someone else doing it for him. The Supreme Court found the police to be "not guilty". The father was so distraught by this verdict, he committed suicide. The mother was left alone to once again fight the verdict that was passed. After more than months of deliberation the verdict of not guilty was again brought down. This Aboriginal mother turned to the last resort as she decided it was suicide.

I have to ask myself: how did this become the last resort? In a country where we are told of equal rights, grief counsellors, a variety of community services for women which are there for grassroots care and support how did this become the last resort? Could it have been because she was an Aboriginal woman? Could it have been because she was a woman fighting the judicial system alone? Or could it have been racism, classism and sexism all rolled up into one giant boulder which as it rolled down on top of her, crushed her very will to live? Just as you have so many differences as individuals, so too do we as Black and white women have as many differences.

Aboriginal deaths in custody is a visible act of the society's racism. Have you ever as a woman lost a child, nephew, brother, sister or an aunt or uncle at the hands of the police? Have you ever told your children to be very wary of the police? No, of course not-the police are here to serve our society in preventing crime. That is for you, but Aboriginals - they have become part of the criminal world. Here is a difference.

We as mothers have to live with the cold statistics that the Aboriginal infant mortality rate is three times higher than that of the Australian average. And as your baby grows and suffers the usual ills and ills you become paranoid that your child is going to die. And as you take your child backwards and forwards to the doctors' and hospitals they make you feel less secure about your parenting abilities. That is, you take your baby to the hospital, if there is one near by. Unfortunately though, the green Medicare card is of no use when there are no facilities to use it. This is the case for many Aboriginal mothers: their children die in their arms and the mother is helpless. Surely the death rate of Aboriginal infants is an issue which is important to all women, not just to Aboriginal women. Here is a difference.

As far as unemployment goes in Australia, Aboriginals are four times less likely to be employed. I am lucky to have had the opportunity to be educated and now I am successfully employed. Today, many Aboriginal women do not have the opportunity to become educated or to even be able to stay at school. This obviously hinders the employment opportunities for Aboriginal women. Many of my friends, who are educated just like myself, still have not found permanent employment. The education system is provided for everybody, or so we are led to believe. But the institutionalised racism within it makes it nearly impossible for the average Aboriginal child to complete twelve years of education successfully. The media too focuses on the Aboriginal sportsperson but very rarely do the focus on the successful Aboriginal scholar. Here is a difference.

This brings us to the average income for an Aboriginal person which is less than that of the national average. Unemployment being the contributing factor. Here is a difference. Mr Robert Tickner, has written:

"By virtually every status measure and in almost all diseased categories... (Aboriginal) health is much worse than that of other Australians"

Park Kyung Seo, the Executive Secretary for Asia of the World Council of Churches said:

"I work with churches in 27 countries in Asia. I have never seen poverty in Asia like the poverty of these people in Australia. They have no adequate access to clean drinking water, no shelter except a few bits of tin, no health services. In Asia people look to Australia as a country of dreams. I am shocked at the shame of this great country."
Also, after a recent trip to South Africa, Dr Brenda Nelson, former President of the Australian Medical Association, commented that even the condition of health among the South African Indigenous was at a much better standard than that of the Australian Aboriginal. How can you as a feminist movement fighting for the rights of women overlook these impoverished conditions in which Aboriginal women are living? This is why Aboriginal women need to be involved in the process of freedom for women here in Australia. To exclude us is to deny your very own rights as women as well.

As an Aboriginal woman I can hear the silent crying of Aboriginal women. I hear it because I feel it; that is, there are spiritual as well as physical dimensions. We are tired of being excluded from the feminist movement - which is supposed to represent the rights and freedom of all women living under the Southern Cross. But instead of having a place here in this circle of freedom, Aboriginal women have found that this circle suffers from classism or racism or paternalism or possibly all three. Do you not want change? Are you not excited by the possibilities, the diversity that we as women can offer one another? Most movements progress. Is this not true? Progression is a fact of life. As women we are told time and time again: "times are a progressing". Well what happened to the progression within the feminist movement? From the mouth of an Aboriginal mother!

"As a mother, as a black mother, as a woman - I feel for the family of Daniel Yock (another Aboriginal youth who died in police custody). We have our youth dying in custody and dying in our community where the law lets our young people continue to kill themselves. I have a son growing up in a racist society where institutionalised racism continues to live on. I am worried. What will happen next to our young people. We are trying to get back control, get back our heritage through dancing, mine, our art - but the laws manipulate where we walk. We have to do something. What do we do? We can't forget what has happened. We need to take control ourselves now. This is not a just society - because the laws are made by foreigners. We have to decide ourselves on culturally appropriate laws. We have to change the attitudes of our youth. As a mother I plead - we must stick together and walk strong. As a mother we cry for the young ones we have lost."

I stand here too as a mother, as one of the young mothers who has a daughter. I have the responsibility to speak out to feminist groups to improve our relations, but not just for my daughter - for all young Aboriginal girls about to embark on their journey into womanhood, so that when they start that journey conditions are different here. They will have a Black feminist movement fighting for them and representing them, but, most of all, they will have a movement that addresses their problems, their suffering, their Spirituality, which will lead to their empowerment.

This is a responsibility that cannot be taken lightly. We seriously need to address the tri-dimensional oppression from which Aboriginal women suffer. How can you and Non-Aboriginal women understand this oppression?

Surely though some initiative needs to be taken to include the vast amount of Aboriginal women's publications. Basically Aboriginal women need to be remembered as the Indigenous representatives of Australia. Isn't it sad that we have been forgotten, ignored, lost? There was an international conference just this year which released a book in which many Indigenous women were represented, covering the women who represented the Pacific Region. However, Aboriginal women were not included. Forgotten once again.

We as Aboriginal women have to live with a great deal. Racism against us is everyday is hard to cope with but because it is a matter of survival you learn to rise above it. Your mother teaches you at a young age to dismiss much of what you hear, and to stand up and confront what it is you fear. With women like our Black mothers we learn from and try hard to listen to the lessons they have to teach us, because these do become practical experiences as you age. Those lessons are the advice you would receive from any victims: victims of rape, victims of oppression, victims of society. But most children you can never conceive the importance of these lessons until they become your experiences. And like most children you shut all that pain that they want to share with you. Or you magically make up this land where all is equal and everyone loves each other. There is no black there is no white, there are no hurts, no wrongs done, just fun, fun, fun. But then you too become a victim - a victim to your ignorance which makes you only more vulnerable to becoming a victim of the worst kind - a victim of ignorance.

When it happens to you, though, the person who is caring for you with grace and love and who is just a tower of strength for you is a woman. Whether it be your mother, aunt sister, cousin, they are an Aboriginal woman elder. And just as they warned you before you drifted off into fantasy land, they are there in reality to help heal those deep wounds - the ones that cut so deeply they can never heal. Their tears that were like acid leaving tracks down your face. The way your eyes move now and the way you perceive the world becomes so very different when you become a victim. But the difference is you can continue to be a victim, think like a victim, act like a victim, grow like a victim. Or you can choose to listen to those words that were given to you by your mothers, sisters, uncles, cousins, etc. That is the one thing our women elders are not - victims. These women can teach you a thing or two about being a woman. Don't you want to learn about it?

Classism is another trauma with which we have to deal, as is sexism, from an introduced patriarchal system which has been blindly adopted by our Indigenous men. Everywhere we turn we are fighting. We are fighting to be heard. Surely, if the majority of Indigenous women are now being represented at international forums, then the exclusion of Aboriginal women at these forums - for whatever the reasons - is an absolute insult. An insult to our race, an insult to our gender, and an insult to the womenist movement. When and only when Aboriginal women become a major part of the feminist movement here in Australia, will there be the relations between us change. Yes, we can understand and stand united against the basis of your gender, but have you ever thought about our side? When you are a Black woman and you are discriminated against you really don't know whether it is because you are a woman, whether it is because you are Black, or whether it is because you are not part of that class. As a woman, you need to have some form of spiritual strength in yourself to be able to defend your rights and we as Aboriginal women have that strength. We Aboriginal women are as solid as Uluru.
reconciliation

a token gesture?

We have had the International Year of the World's Indigenous People, we are in the decade if the World’s Indigenous Peoples, and this week it is Reconciliation Week. One has to ask the question whether these allotted periods are a serious attempt to bridge the gap in relations between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal Australians, or whether such periods are token gestures designed to allow the wider community to assume that everything is hunky dory?

Why do I suggest that such gestures may be token? Because despite an abundance of gestures, rhetoric and political correctness, racism and discrimination are still prevalent in today's society. Within the last few months I have experienced racist remarks from cab drivers, politicians, fellow students and a prominent member of the Guild Council. It seems that many non-Aboriginal Australians have realised that being racist and discriminating against Aboriginal people is 'not on', without any real understanding of why. I believe that many people have gained tolerance of Aboriginal people due to the possible legal ramifications of doing otherwise, rather than out of true respect for Aboriginal people or any attempt or intention to lessen their own ignorance.

Relatively few non-Aboriginal Australians have any understanding of the tragic impact that colonisation has had upon Aboriginal people and their cultures. I believe that if more non-Indigenous Australians bothered to take an objective (or better still, empathic) look at the history of this country and the politics of past governments in relation to Aboriginal peoples, there would be a greater understanding of the problems and issues that Aboriginal peoples face today. With such understanding will come recognition and respect for Australia’s Indigenous peoples, which will in turn lessen the division between Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australians, thus furthering the mediation process.
Blackfellas’ love is a common term and in itself signifies the level at which domestic violence is accepted in the communities.

Where the Government takes action to prevent domestic violence it must do so in a way which addresses the complexities of Aboriginal society, kinship, and cultural values and the historical destruction of Aboriginal traditions by white man’s colonisation and tyranny.

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A Trivial Matter?

The court costs to Aborigines as defendants

As an Aboriginal person I am greatly interested in the impact that the criminal justice system has upon Aboriginal people, especially in the lower courts. I have chosen to narrow my discussion primarily to my perceptions of Indigenous defendants in the lower courts. Having observed court processes I am angered by a prevailing sense of hopelessness and injustice. Although ever personally experiencing the trauma of facing court, I could empathise with those Aboriginal persons flung into what Pat Carlen describes as an "extremely uncomfortable environment."

I am attempting to highlight the 'unique and profound' intimidation and confusion many Aboriginal people feel in court. This emanates from an intense suspicion of the western legal system, a system which has subjugated us throughout 208 years of Colonialism. The result of this inherent fear and distrust of authority coupled with specific discriminatory legislation and practice by courts and 'selective policing' has led to:

1) discr and injustice among the Aboriginal community resulting in disproportionate numbers of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders in custody; 18% of the prison population is Aboriginal when only 1.1% of the Australian population is Aboriginal.

2) Aboriginal people are ten times more likely to be incarcerated than non Aboriginal Australians

3) Over 160 Aboriginals have died in custody since 1989 (and the numbers keep rising)

Source: The Australian Institute of Criminology.

Overall, the system has effectively weighed against Aboriginal people and further deteriorated our disadvantaged position in society. The picture is bleak and unfortunately my court observations did nothing to dispel my anxieties nor give me hope that the situation would change in the short term.

In order to properly discuss the various problems faced by Aboriginal people in the Magistrates court it is advantageous to divide them into 4 major themes:

1) Reliance by the courts on Crime Control Values

2) the impact of stereotyping

3) the assumption of triviality in the Lower courts.

4) Aboriginal perceptions of the court environment.

Reliance on Crime Control Values.

One of the factors I find most distressing is the speed of the process. In one hearing I witnessed, in less than ten minutes the magistrate had made a decision and sentenced the defendant for an incident of petty theft. As stated by H. Packer in, The Limits Of Criminal Sanction the aim of the crime control process in criminal efficiency. It was not entirely clear whether the youth had committed the offence or not, the routine nature of these cases denied an opportunity for wider investigation of the matter. As a result of the huge backlog of cases and the growing crowd of tense defendants waiting in the gallery, the magistrate seemingly found it more logical to succumb to the pressures of maintaining efficiency over the fulfillment of justice.

It was quite apparent from my court visits that police clearly monopolise proceedings. In many instances the cases hinged on the policies word versus that of the accused. One officer even made the remarkable statement that the defendant was likely to have committed the offence because it was quite common for other young Aboriginals to commit acts of larceny in the area. By making such a broad, stereotypical statement the officer had stigmatised the juvenile, as 'just another criminal Aboriginal' and in the process magnified the presumption of guilt. It seemed as though the police suspicion was enough to predetermined the result of the hearing. Parker suggests that as the police have a vested interest in the proceedings, they seek to ensure speed and definiteness. In my view it is a dangerous prospect to allow police domination of proceedings where Aboriginals have no assurance or opportunity to properly defend ourselves. Of four Aboriginal defendants I witnessed, it seemed to me that all had felt a pressure to plead guilty. In simple terms it was as though they should plead guilty and get the matter over and done with. In the words of Parker, "the courts tendency of closing its eyes to factual probabilities is normative and legal".

A daunting and common phenomenon of the Crime control Model is the tendency for the extreme pressure of efficiency to over-ride and hence deny judges an opportunity to make an informed determination of the wider social/environmental problems that may be faced by an Aboriginal person before the court. As aforementioned many of the cases included various fallacious judgements concerning Aboriginal people and their so called "pre-disposition for crime". Aboriginals are not any more criminal than any other group in society. Yet it is a history of repression and subjugation that have impacted on the Aboriginal life course acting as a catalyst for criminal activity. The Royal Commission into Aboriginal Deaths in Custody discovered that the phenomenon of such disproportionate numbers of Aboriginal deaths in incarceration had a basis in the accumulation of a history of appalling neglect and hostility on the individual.

The Impact of Stereotyping

Judges and magistrates often took little or no account of aspects of the defendant’s life. Magistrates were too interested in clearing the court lists rather than allowing their sentence to attempt to accommodate the defendant’s history and present needs. When Aboriginal defendants are involved it is specifically important to put particular convictions in some kind of perspective. One of the magistrates attempted to do this by asking the defendant a few simple questions about their background. Too often magistrates simply employ "factory line justice". When Aboriginal people are continually appearing before the court for similar offences every time and in the process accumulating a vast criminal record there should be an onus on the magistrate to give sentences that are appropriate and beneficial. This method is clearly not exclusive to Aboriginal people, most magistrates take into consideration other characteristics particular to a defendant. The difference being that the magistrate considers the defendants Aboriginality as a factor. As a result of the Crime Control Model’s over emphasis on minimising occasions for challenge and reliance solely on the concrete facts of cases, magistrates rarely consider that an Aboriginal defendant;

- may have had no formal education

...
• may have been forced to live in inhygienic conditions
• may have suffered intense psychological trauma as a result of being taken away from his family under the Aboriginal Protection Act
• may have been continually channelled from one despotic institution to the next.

As a result of these factors and a lack of proper socialisation Aboriginal people are likely to harbour a deep distrust for White Authority. Many have never experienced love, cooperation or responsibility yet only know subservience, dominance, rigid discipline, conformity, repressive dependence, humiliation and fear. When in court many of these inherent fears are triggered and intensified, the forum is often perceived to be the personification of all that Western domination stands for. Clearly many judges refuse to acknowledge that the above mentioned factors have a relevance today, yet as is shown by deaths in custody the effect of history is still a reality. Magistrates must consider the effect that their sentences will have on the individual and on the whole Aboriginal community. They must not ignore the considerations that go towards explaining criminal occurrences and they should act in such a way that prevents aggravation of the problem, punishment of offensive behaviour achieves little. It is true that sentencing standards clearly contribute to the present over representation of Aboriginals in prison, Counteractive tactics should be used by magistrates to restore self reliance, respect and independence.

The Ideology of Triviality

Although the media often pays little attention to the lower courts, it is here that the vast majority of Aboriginal defendants appear on charges of various minor offences. It is assumed that because the matters are disposed of summarily they are trivial. McBarrett confirms this view when she states "That the idea of triviality pervades the lower ranks of the criminal justice system. Many of the recognisable factors requisite in due process are clearly not present, despite this the penalties and the court experience are quite definitely not trivial for Aboriginal defendants. The issue of triviality is clearly subjective, for the urban Aboriginal population minor offences are the bane of their existence. Offences such as the drunk and disorderly vagrancy, default of fine and offensive language are commonly used by the police to harass them as a target groups. The paradox of the situation as pointed out by McBarrett is that the offences may be deemed trivial yet not too trivial for continuous prosecution. Hawkins and Morris also point out that the prosecution of such offence is a tremendous waste of resources. The court experience itself is not trivial, it may be for those who simply see it as an inconvenience, yet for those who are unaware of the language and format of committal proceedings it is an ordeal. As Carlen highlights, "it is apparent that the law operating minor offences is suspect". My observation of procedure for these minor offences is supported by McBarrett when she states "that the marginality of legality in lower courts goes unnoticed. "It is apparent that the magistrates and judges continue to give unnecessarily excessive sentences in order to deter future crime, they fail to realise that the effect is to create a 'revolving door syndrome' that becomes a vicious circle. Rather than using the law to punish the problem it would be advantageous to use more welfare oriented sentences, an example of this are the provisions of the Intoxicated Persons Act.

The Court Environment

One of the most striking features of local court processes which I have observed is the effect that the court has on Aboriginal defendants. As aforementioned an Aboriginal's experience in court is different to that of other groups in society as a result of their unique position in history and contemporary society. Of the defendants I have witnessed some were extremely nervous as a result of the courts tactics of intimidation, while others seemed overly apathetic seemingly convinced of their pre-determined fate and that it was simply better to get the matter dealt with hastily. Many of the defendants hung their heads clearly feeling vulnerable and inferior before the majesty of the court. Informed by Carlen's work, it is possible to discern the various methods and structures used in the court environment to establish legitimacy and authority over the accused. The mechanisms are extremely powerful and traumatic experience for Aboriginal juveniles in particular.

Much of the language used in the procedure is convoluted and often paternalistic. One of the magistrates I have seen became extremely angry when one youth did not seem to acknowledge his presence. This was not surprising with such poor spacing and equipment, the magistrate was often inaudible. Carlen suggests that the court is a hostile environment. "It is an institutional setting charged with the maintenance and reproduction of existing forms of structural dominance" The court environment, with its carefully constructed physical and subliminal elevation of the magistrate and the confinement of the accused in the dock, served to strip the accused of any dignity and clearly delineated those with power, wisdom and authority and those without. The magistrates intention was to inhibit the confidence of the accused to stand up for themselves and hence deny any self presentation. Carlen concurs, "The formal and ritualistic format and the various representations of authority has an overall paralysing effect"

In conclusion, many politicians and various sectors of the community complain that Aboriginals get too much special treatment. These groups fail to realise that not so long ago the court worked actively in the reverse, denying many Aboriginals any basic civil liberty. All that is being asked is that magistrates be aware of the consequences of their manner in court, be more aware of the role of the police, consider the language they use and attempt to empathise with the socio economic background and the special pressures felt by Aboriginals. Clearly the aim is to combat the distressingly high levels of incarceration and to break the cycle of criminality especially involving the so called trivial offences. Although this discussion has concentrated on the negative aspects of the criminal justice system it is clear that many judicial officials are taking small steps to address these problems and restore some dignity and self respect to Indigenous Australians.

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There is an issue in this country that despite its need for urgent attention finds itself in a backwash of political rhetoric, sometimes masked in its intention, and sometimes painfully and insensitively open in its ignorance of the particular dynamics that define the issue. That issue, though it is represented by myriad concerns, is the reality in which ‘Indigenous Australians’ find themselves, the structural framework that places them in an order of ‘things’ or ‘objects’.

Poet/academic Mudrooroo calls this structure the ‘master’s framework’, a term that denotes both an implied ownership and normalising ethos. That is, despite its intentions otherwise, the ‘master’s framework’ always presents Indigenous Australians as ‘Other’ or ‘Object’ and non-indigenous Australians as ‘Subject’ and the master’s way as the appropriate one.

As a member of the non-Aboriginal community I had always recognised, at least intellectually, that Indigenous Australians did not deserve to be treated as object simply because they were Indigenous Australians. But I was only equipped with the skills that allowed me to represent ideas within the master’s framework. I lacked the tools to recognise the means by which the boundaries of Subject and Object could be removed.

The master’s structural framework tries to bridge the gap between Self and Other by encompassing the Other as an impression of the master’s identity. This is called assimilation. No gap of difference is bridged through this method — a homogeneity or sameness is encouraged and diversity is quelled. The gap can only be bridged by the master recognising different frameworks of understanding, and recognising how they help to determine the way in which people are placed and placed themselves in those different structural frameworks. The people that bridge the gap will be those that can remove the boundaries of Subject and Object, or at least blur those boundaries.

The master’s framework is owned by him; master on top, and the defined categories, sometimes interchangeable depending on the situation, below. Mudrooroo conceptualises it as a pyramid. It is a strict hierarchy, one that most models of Anglo-Australian culture resemble. The master believes that all that is required when approaching ‘black’ problems is to provide Indigenous Australians with the tools to place themselves on a higher level of the pyramid. The master never accepts that any other structural framework of understanding needs to be considered when approaching ‘black’ problems so when the master’s solutions fail because he has failed to recognise the crucial problem, it just serves to confirm the worst of the master’s expectations of Indigenous Australians.

Mudrooroo, in his description of Indigenous Australian kinship systems, believes that the mode of relationship that exists is fundamentally different to that which can exist within the structural framework of the pyramid. For Mudrooroo, the structural framework that nurtures Indigenous Australian kinship systems can be more easily thought of as a tree with spreading branches: everything is a part of that tree whether it is Indigenous Australians’ relationship with the land or with each other. Thus the structure is inherently resistant to the production of Subject/Object relationships, leading to obvious problems.

I don’t expect that the boundaries of Subject and Object can be blurred by this menial explanation of different structural frameworks. And to introduce, expand, and conclude these concepts in this form is to tie everything into neat parcels of consumption which, having passed through the appearance of concern, are quickly directed toward the end of the queue. But masters, if I can have your attention for just one moment, what I want is to blur your boundaries of Subject and Object. And when I end this, it will end without the formal academic/journalistic conclusion, because I want those boundaries to remain blurred. I don’t want to be deceptive in my methodology, and that is why I have stated my intentions at this point.

I want to emotionally involve you in a story. I want to tell you about a man named Malcolm Charles Smith...

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Malcolm Charles Smith was born in 1953, the son of Joe and Gladys. He spent the first 11 years of his life in Darlington, south-west rural NSW. This time was characterised by a certain normality - Malcolm was happy and loved. When Malcolm was 11 he was told a policeman with his brother Robert. Even though his father returned he bikes he was told that the boys would have to go to court. Joe went to court just to see his boys being taken away.

This was different from white kids being reprimanded by the court, or even punished by the court. Welfare and the police didn’t tell Joe where the boys were going. For the family, that was it, they were gone. The welfare report seemed to say more about the family than the incident, with the report containing seemingly unimportant details about the case: “neglected child…Improper attention because he lived in a tent…he wandered…was in a dirty condition”. On the 10th May, 1965, Malcolm was sent to Kinchela Boys Home.

Shortly after, Malcolm’s job was changed. He was put in an office. Malcolm couldn’t read or write and he started turning up late and then later lost his job. Losing the job meant that he had breached the conditions of his probation and breaching probation meant that Malcolm was sent to the notorious Mt Penang Training Centre. Mt Penang was not about training - it was about occupying time and main taining control. Minor offences were punished with boys being placed on the ‘Holy Stone’, a piece of sandstone that they had to turn back and forward. Saturday mornings were spent digging up the fields at Mt Penang for no other reason than to occupy time - nothing was ever planned. Again the reports were all negative: July 1970, the Superintendent dismissed Malcolm as: "a total ward of deli intelligence. While Malcolm was at Mt Penang, 3 attempts were made to find his family. The first time the family couldn’t be found, even though they had only moved a short distance from their original address. The second time, the family were found but were deemed not suitable and the third time, when Malcolm was to leave Mt Penang, all that could be said was: "placement is not required with the family". He was sent to stay with Mrs. Slater of Springfield.

After 3 months of freedom he lost his job and he started stealing things - small, insignificant things. Again, in court no lawyer was provided. He was told that both his parents had died even though Joe was still alive.

In 1971 he was sent to the Tamworth Boys Home. Malcolm’s experiences with the other institutions could never have prepared him for Tamworth. The boys lived in cells, they could only speak to each other for 10 minutes in the morning and 10 minutes in the afternoon, and even then was not a right but a privilege to be earned. The only time they could speak at other times was when they were spoken to by a staff member. The boys were not allowed to interact with each other in any way. The only way to get out of the institution was to be released back into society. He had only been taught to be angry. In 1973, Malcolm, still with no employment, side two squatters and a medical fall. He was graded, but now he was in the adult penal system. The psychiatric reports in gool said that he was: “certainly slow and dull, aggressive by nature - any brain that he had been destroyed by alcohol”.

But people who knew him described him differently. Kevin Williams says: “conversations with him revolved around intelligent things - not educated things, but intelligent things about life - he liked to talk about art - he used to paint all the time”. Wendy Lines, an occupational therapist at Long Bay Gaol believed that though he exhibited all the signs of an institutionalised person, it was his art that connected him to his emotions. But you couldn’t afford to be emotional in prison to survive.

While Malcolm was in prison he received a letter that his sister, Peggy, was being hit around by a man named Terry Perdel. So when Malcolm got out of prison, he met Terry Perdel in a pub. They talked for a while and then they went outside. Malcolm hit him and Terry went down. Terry’s head hit the cement...and died of a brain haemorrhage. When Peggy saw him, she said: “you killed my baby’s father - who’s going to look after my baby...you’re not my brother anymore - you’re no good - leave me alone”. For Malcolm, the only people that meant anything to him on the outside hated him for what he had done. When he went into gool this time, there was nothing for him.

But Malcolm found savours - well, savours of a sort. He started to talk about religion and forgiveness. Forgiveness was coming from religious people. Reverend Reg. Clark remembered meeting with an enthusiastic and cheerful young man asking him if he had any tapes of the bible. He gave Malcolm tapes of Matthew’s gospel. Mathew, (9:29) says: “If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and throw it away - it is better for thee that one part of thy body should be lost for the whole of it to be thrown into hell”.

Kevin Williams says: “Mal started painting scenes out of the bible and talking about guilt and talking about the family...and one night we were watching TV without sound and he’s jumped straight up and grabbed me by the hand...Malcolm was gone - he was crying, I could see he was gone - and he said: ‘do you know who I am’? - yeah, you’re Mal, Mal Smith - ‘no I’m not’ - then who are you? - ‘I’m Jesus Christ and I forgive everyone of their sins’.”

Soon after Malcolm tried to gouge his eye out with his hand. He succeeded in blinding himself. Kevin Williams described him: “in prison, he was always crying, talking about Jesus - prisoners were laughing at him - ‘he’s cracking up’ - they didn’t understand why”. Nor did the psychologists and the psychiatrists, and they didn’t make any real effort to understand. Malcolm was found later in the prayer posture with his thumb cut. He was placed in the ‘observation’ wing of Long Bay. Clinic notes for the 11th December 1982 state: “tried to gouge left eye again - bizarre behaviour - hang at wall - religious delusions - refuses medication - believes he is in hell and should be left to harm himself”. Kevin Williams believed that his family had said: “we forgive you Mal’ he’d still be alive. But Malcolm’s family were never notified of what was happening. They were never given the chance to forgive him.

On 29th December 1982, soon after he was released from the ‘observation’ wing, whilst Malcolm had been painting, he went into a toilet - half a minute later a piercing scream was heard coming from the cubicle. He was found kneeling over the toilet with a paintbrush stabbed through his left eye. Only the metal death and bars were pronging. He was heard to say something like ‘oh god’.

On 5th January he was pronounced dead.

From the age of 11 to his death, 17 years later, he spent a total of 17 months as a free man...
Aboriginal health - in a state of neglect

The World Health Organisation suggest that Aboriginal health is so bad that there are not enough categories to classify the state of health. The mortality and life expectancy statistics are staggering and while the government has acknowledged the shame of Aboriginal health, nothing as yet has been done on a grass roots level.

Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders have long recognised that the standard Western biomedical approach to health care is not appropriate for the community. Colonisation and the legal fiction of terra nullius, with all the consequent disregard for the rights and culture of Australian indigenous peoples, are at the root of their most current health problems. Poor health is directly related to dispossession of land and denial of political and civil rights. The Aboriginal traditional view of health encompasses the whole of life and the cyclical concept of "life-death-life". Health does not just mean the physical well-being of the individual but refers to the social, emotional and cultural well-being of the whole community.

Good health for Aboriginal people relies on an interconnecting system of land and spirit, body and mind. An elder of the central desert tribes of the Northern Territory has explained its in terms of a living interrelationship of culture (land-language-law) and health (mind-body-place), in which any disturbance of one has a negative impact on the other. So it is that infringements of community or spiritual laws may cause spiritual, emotional or physical illness in Aboriginal people. This is no less true of urban Aborigines: the idea that they are somehow "less Aboriginal" reflects a lack of understanding.

The three pronged attack of colonisation on Aboriginal people - namely, the introduction of new diseases, the dispossession of ancestral domain and the application of assimilation policies - continues to have a devastating impact on this complex balance. It has left Aboriginal people in a state of disease, despair and social disruption, with no spiritual anchor to slow the process of decline. Members of the Aboriginal community lack equity in life choices and are excluded from political decision making as they are perceived to lack the ability to understand. Feelings of disempowerment, lack of self-esteem and depression prevail. The alarming health statistics are there for us all to see.

Aboriginal health is a matter of sovereignty as much as a matter of service delivery. Clearly, the most appropriate way to deliver health care is in the holistic terms familiar to Aborigines themselves - i.e. culturally appropriate health care. The challenge for the medical profession is to develop a new philosophy of care which allows for an understanding of the politics and cultural imperatives associated with Aboriginal health issues. Such a policy should adopt the World Health Organisation's definition of health as "the state of complete physical, mental and social well-being and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity".

There have been some positive changes; most importantly, the creation of the Aboriginal community-controlled health services, the first of which was established in Redfern in 1971. Today there are over 90 such services throughout the country. They provide effective primary health care in its true spirit, affording self-determination in health to over 200 000 Aboriginal people. The peak representative body of these services, the National Aboriginal Community Controlled Health Organisation (NACCHO), has forged a new partnership between community-controlled health services, the private sector and government departments.

NACCHO played a fundamental role in the inquiry of the Royal Commission into Aboriginal Deaths in Custody. In partnership with governments, NACCHO contributed to the National Aboriginal Health Strategy Working Party Report 1989, endorsed by the Joint Forum of the Australian Ministers for Health and Aboriginal Affairs in 1990. Unfortunately, the intent of the report has been defined by governments and certain individuals and the consequent semantics and rhetoric of the Report have ensured that the Report has not been implemented in its true spirit. Participation, for example, has been misinterpreted as meaning the creation of "advisory committees" rather than as facilitating the provision of self-determination through the provision of appropriate resources. The piecemeal approach to implementation and funding has perpetuated the findings of past government policy, ensuring that Aborigines cannot be self-determining in health.

At the present time there are only two Aboriginal doctors in this country working in the community. There are, however, over twenty Aboriginal medical students studying and on their way to becoming doctors. This nevertheless presents a problem in the community where they are yearning for Aboriginal doctors, where an empathic relationship already exists. At the same time though, the Curriculum Design Project Team is developing a position paper on the vision for future medical training. It will examine the principal knowledge, skills and attitudes required for a doctor to work with indigenous patients, including an understanding of the definition of well-being, the historical reality and the cultural imperatives of the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander community. The philosophy will involve a holistic approach to community and individual health assessments, with the doctor working as a member of the team, considering, with the patient, the implications of decisions for the patient, the community and the providers of health care.

The medical co-ordination should provide options and a clear plan rather than a didactic set of orders developed from a non-Aboriginal biomedical perspective on health. The doctor should understand his or her role, the role of other providers of health care and the pressures and problems that each member of the team faces in everyday work (e.g. the roles of Aboriginal liaison officers and Aboriginal health workers).

The curriculum will set a recipe for the development of local courses to allow for local needs and cultural variation across Australia. It will recognise that, while Australian Indigenous culture has common themes, it remains heterogeneous and has certainly never been lost in the attempted process of assimilation.

Above I have discussed some of the political and social ramifications on Aboriginal health, and some measures used to address the problems, but let me now add some insight into the diatribe of horrors that are all too prevalent in the community.

Not only are there epidemic proportions of some diseases in the Aboriginal community, both urban and non-urban, they are in all categories ranging from specific illnesses like diabetes, glaucoma and tuberculosis through to mental illness and HIV/AIDS. It is common to find individuals afflicted with multiple illnesses, most of them chronic.

Many of the problems in remote areas are attributable to third world living standards, which include contaminated water supplies and lack of food
At the present time there are only two Aboriginal doctors in this country working in the community. There are over twenty Aboriginal medical students studying and on their way to becoming doctors.

From land that was at one time rich and sustainable, but now eroded and leached. This is the case with many remote Aboriginal communities where shelter and living standards are so low as to be unclassifiable.

Not to mention the people from Maralinga where radioactivity has contaminated all of their country, where they rely on the land for survival. Tragically, the community are not surviving - most deaths caused by cancer from radioactivity. Many of the remote problems arise from the industrialisation of the land, however, there is reluctance to recognise this fact or provide compensation to provide the people of the areas the essential resources necessary for survival. Also in remote areas the delivery of health care is quite poor due to lack of funding.

To look ahead there first has to be an acknowledgement of the historical significance and the effect that this is having on Aboriginal health. Then through culturally appropriate means there must be the delivery of health that encompasses the holistic model and reaches the grass roots level. Not just another inquiry so a politician can go out and see how bad the problem is (remember Graham Richardson), acknowledge the necessity to do something they spend millions of dollars compiling a report which cannot, because of its context, be implemented.


VITAL STATISTICS

The frightening reality

- Life expectancy among Aboriginal women is up to 15 years less than for Australian women.
- Life expectancy for Aboriginal men is up to 22 years less than for Australian men.
- More than 1 in 10 Aboriginal people suffer from diabetes.
- Aboriginal infant mortality is still more than 2 times higher than that for other Australian children.
- The incidence of trachoma among Aboriginal children is 20 times higher than for other Australians.

Mat Ewart
Aboriginal Medical Student
THE STEAL
OF
ABORIGINE

by VICKI FAIR

One of the most heartbreaking and shameless examples of ethnic cleansing, oppression, genocide and apartheid was the deliberate abduction of Aboriginal children and their forced integration where the Government saw fit.

In 1883 the New South Wales government established the Aborigines Protection Board (the Board). Its main responsibility was for the removal of many Aboriginal children. The Board had no specific power until the enactment of the Aborigines Protection Act 1949, with its amendment in 1915. The Act gave the Board the right to full custody and control over the child of any Aboriginal person if it was decided that such an action was "in the interests of the child." A court hearing was not necessary. The Board gained its powers by embarking on a public campaign which sought to convince the public and decision makers that being an Aboriginal parent in itself was negligent.

Although the Board went through name changes its policies didn't, and the theory of forced assimilation remained. The Honourable Paul Hasluck, Member of Parliament stated in 1953 the rationale of assimilation policy was:

"their [Aboriginal people] future lies in association with us; and they must either associate with us on standards that will give them the full opportunity to live worthily and happily or be reduced to the social status of pariahs of our society" (Read, 1982:4)

The policy was explicitly aimed at:

1. ending the identification of the non "full blood" members of the Aboriginal population with those designated "full blood" by isolating Aboriginal people from our communities and families, and

2. reducing the Aboriginal birth rate by removal of adolescents, particularly girls, from our communities.

The Annual Report of the Board in 1921 stated that "the continuation of this policy of disinfecting the children from camp life must eventually solve the Aboriginal problem" (Read 1982:2).

Taken from our families, our culture, our land, our language and our spirituality these children were forced into strange and often cruel environments. In NSW younger children were generally sent to Homendy Children's home, near Nowra. Boys were sent to Kindara, near Kempsey, and girls around the age of ten were sent to Coombatunga girls home.

What was it like for those children who were abducted and forced to live in cold and harsh environments? Many children were led to believe their families didn't want them, didn't love them or their mother and father were dead. In some instances children were told they were of European, Indian or Italian heritage - their Aboriginality was never revealed to them. Children often received negative messages about Aboriginal culture. As Read (1982:10) states:

"the propaganda had its successes. Some children left the home ashamed of the colour of their skin. Aboriginal girls have stated that they used to cross the road in order to avoid an Aboriginal man - they had come to believe that he was dirty, brutal, black!"

The children in the homes were culturally, emotionally, spiritually, psychologically and intellectually deprived. Children rarely saw their parents, contact with brothers and sisters occurred every few years.

Once fifteen, the children had to leave the homes. Children either became state wards or were indentured into "apprenticeships". Girls became maids and young boys station hands. The Board encouraged household to take on an Aboriginal maid the Board advertised in the Aboriginal Women's Mirror in 1940 with the headline "TRY AN ABO APPRENTICE!" One family who did take on an Aboriginal girl boasted "xxxx has become one of the family and is worthy three of the white maids we have employed."
REALITY

MYTHS & FACTS

Myth: Aboriginal people get special treatment

Aboriginal people do not receive higher social security benefits than other Australians. In relation to special entitlements as individuals, there are only two areas in which Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people have access to special benefits. In the area of education only 30% of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander children aged 16-17 years and only 7% of young people 18-to-20 are participating in education or formal training. This compares with national rates of 75% and 40% respectively. Access to Abstudy and allowances from DEET has made a major contribution to improving the extent and quality of education for Aboriginal youth. Abstudy is means tested, students on the full rate of Abstudy receive the same as students on full Austudy. Special tutorial assistance is available to Aboriginal tertiary and secondary students under the Aboriginal Tutorial Assistance Scheme.

In the area of housing, on 36% of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander families own their own home compared with 70% of all Australian families. Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people on low incomes have access to strictly means-tested concessional home loans from ATSIC.

Myth: "Aboriginal Affairs is awash with money"

The annual Commonwealth budget for the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commissioner (ATSIC) in 1992-93 was approximately $788 million. Expenditure on the Community Development Employment projects (CDEP) scheme and on Aboriginal housing and essential infrastructure programs account for approximately 60% of this budget. From its budget ATSIC provides and enormous range of services including: support for medical and services, water supply, electricity supply, sewerage, road funding, and other capital works in Aboriginal communities, provision of housing, support for Aboriginal economic development initiatives.

Myth: Aboriginal people are involved in a land grab

In the Northern Territory, the majority of the land owned by Aboriginal people is economically marginal and consists of former Aboriginal reserves of desert and semi-desert country. Former reserves account for most of the land held by Aboriginal people under New South Wales land rights legislation. The only land available for claims in New South Wales is unalienated "Crown land which is not required for an essential public purpose". In Queensland, Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people obtain freetrust title to existing reserved held previously under deeds of grant in trust. In South Australia, the two major areas of land returned to Aboriginal ownership - the Pitjantjarara lands and the Maralinga lands - are in remote arid desert regions! In Western Australia, Aboriginal people hold land predominantly in more remote areas of the state, under 99 or 30 year leases.

Land rights legislation has been frustrated by those states Upper Houses in Victoria and Tasmania.

Myth: Aboriginal people and alcohol....

By comparison with non-Aboriginal people, a large proportion of Aboriginal people do not drink alcohol at all and, in some Aboriginal communities, alcohol consumption has been banned by the residents.

• up to 35% of Aboriginal men do not drink alcohol compared with 12% of non-Aboriginal men

• 40% to 80% of Aboriginal women do not drink alcohol compared with 19% to 25% of non-Aboriginal women.

In the Northern Territory, it has been estimated that 75% of Aboriginal people do not drink alcohol at all.

Myth: There is no accountability in Aboriginal Affairs

There are few if any areas of public administration which are subject to more stringent accountability requirements than Aboriginal affairs.

In addition to the usual processes of public accountability which apply to all public sector spending - eg. Estimates, scrutiny by the Auditor General and relevant Parliamentary committees.

One of the first decisions of ATSIC's Commissioners was that Aboriginal organisations which failed to use grants satisfactorily would not receive further funding except in exceptional circumstances.

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Myth: Aboriginal Affairs is awash with money
Cari (left) I don't really know enough about Aboriginal issues to know whether they get special treatment.

Leah (below left) Yes, they get special treatment... they need it to reach equality.

Israel (below) Yes, I think they do get special treatment and I don't think that they deserve it. They abuse the privileges they get... they trash housing commission places... I think Aborigines should get on with it and get over the stuff that happened 200 years ago. My father's an Aboriginal hater.

Kate (left) They don't get special treatment, they are discriminated against so much that we are only just beginning to address the issues. There's nothing "special" about equality.

Saneia: A lot of institutions treat them differently because they have racist attitudes towards them.

**DO ABORIGINES GET SPECIAL TREATMENT?**

Sarn (below): Yes, they do, but they need to reach an equal position in all aspects of society.

Steve (above): I'm not really sure about the issues - they ask if you're Aboriginal or Torres Strait Islander on the HSC. But I went to a selective school and there weren't any Aborigines there, so I don't really know.

Zoe (left): Yes, but I think it's good because they are in a disadvantaged position and it's necessary in terms of access.

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**NOTICE OF CASUAL VACANCY ON GAY SERVICES COMMITTEE**

Nominations are invited from interested men to stand for election to fill a casual vacancy on the Gay Services Committee of the UNSW Student Guild. All non-heterosexually identifying male members of the Student Guild (i.e., all male students enrolled at UNSW who have paid their Guild membership fee) are eligible to stand. The committee is responsible for the formulation of policy on matters affecting non-heterosexually identifying male students. It is also responsible for the coordination of campaigns and activities in areas affecting the interests of non-heterosexually identifying male students. Nominations for this position are declared open as of Tuesday 4th June 1996, and will close at 12pm on Tuesday 11th June 1996.

Nominations must be presented in person to the Secretary-Treasurer who will be acting as Returning Officer. The Secretary-Treasurer will be in the Guild offices from 10am - 12pm on Tuesday 11th June 1996 to collect nomination forms. At other times, the Guild whiteboard should be consulted to see if the Secretary-Treasurer is in the office. If the Secretary-Treasurer is unavailable, nominees should leave a note and contact number in the Secretary-Treasurer's pigeonhole so a suitable time for presentation of nomination forms can be arranged. Candidates must be nominated and seconded by two people who are eligible for the position but are not standing in the election. Interested men are advised to speak to members of the Gay Services Committee at the Guild offices. The position will be appointed at the Student Guild Council meeting to be held at 6pm on Tuesday 11th June 1996 in Room 1001, 1st Floor East Wing, Quadrangle Building (opposite the Guild offices). Candidates may give a 5 minute election speech to the Council, or may send a written statement to be read to the meeting. All such statements should be given in person to the Secretary-Treasurer along with your nomination form. Queries should be directed to: Douglas Cook, Secretary-Treasurer (Activities) 1996 Student Guild, 1st Floor East Wing, Quadrangle Building Ph: 663 0461 Pager: 12 2222 Quote No: 287389

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**THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES STUDENT GUILD**
* "East Timor World War Two to the Present" will be opened by a well-known media personality at 6pm on Thursday 20th June at the Gallery space within the Faculty of Architecture and Design at UTS, Harris St, Ultimo (opposite the Ion Marche Building). Details Andrew McNaughtan or Jeff Lee (02) 560-8561.

* The Oporto Conference on East Timor with over 80 invited overseas experts on East Timor runs from Friday 21- Monday 25th June. The opening night address on Friday between 7:30pm at Wallace Theatre (Science Rd, Sydney Uni.) is a session with Dr George Ad Jonathan the Indonesian academic who teaches Sociology at Newcastle University and Professor Peter Carey from Trinity College at Oxford. Registration is very cheap for students and staff and can be obtained before the conference from Institute of International Studies, No. 8, Broadway (near Harris St) or phone 330-1574.

"East Timor World War Two to the Present" is timed to coincide with an International Education Conference on East Timor (known as the Oporto Conference) between June 21-25th that is co-sponsored by the University of NSW Law Schools' Human Rights Centre, the Sydney University's Asian Studies and the Uni of Technology's Institute of International Studies in conjunction with Oporto University in Portugal. Dr Andrew McNaughtan, a medical doctor who lived in Darwin for a number of years in which he made four visits to East Timor has embarked upon an ambitious exhibition displaying the work of key photo-journalists from around the world, focussing on the East Timor region between 1945-1996. Some of the photographers exhibiting will be Jenny Groves, Elaine Briere, Max Stahl and Steve Cox, the latter whose work is best remembered for the horrific shots they smuggled out of East Timor during the November 1991 "Dili Massacre".

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RINO BREEBAART
In 1915 my great-grandmother stood outside parliament house in Sydney refusing to leave until the
concerns she had regarding an equal education for her children had been heard. Nanna had travelled all
the way down from the far North Coast and was well
prepared for the battle which lay ahead of her. Why
did this happen? Well a decision had been made by a
large proportion of the community that only non-
Aboriginal children could attend this school and all
Aboriginal children would attend a separate school.
What Nanna could not and would not accept was the
fact that the Australian government would take one
of her sons to fight in the war but would not allow
her younger children to participate with non-
Aboriginal students at school.

Well Nanna eventually got her way but only after a
hard fought two year battle with government authori-
ties and members of the community where they
resided. This is a part of our family history and if you
speak to other Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander
families you will find the same type of story repeated.

From 1915 we move along to 1947 when white par-
ents at Kirschla voted 38 to one (good on the one) to
ban Aboriginal children attending “their” school. In
Stark contrast on the shores of Botany Bay at La per-
ouse, it was shown that both Aboriginal and Torres
Strait Islander families worked side by side. I was
somewhat amused that the principal in the article
believed the intelligence of Aborigines at his school
was on average only one-tenth of a point below the
average for non-Aboriginal pupils. This is somewhat
perplexing. The class of 1947 was filled with my aunts
and uncles, and sometimes when reading information
such as this the anger will slowly grow, but those
people like myself can draw on our past and realise that

1996 ELECTION TO
THE UNIVERSITY OF
NEW SOUTH WALES UNION
BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The following have been declared elected as members of the
University of New South Wales Union Board of Directors for a
two year period ceasing at the commencement of the first
meeting of the Board after 31 May 1998.

One (1) Life Member
Stephen FORD

Three (3) Ordinary Members
Joseph Daniel COUCH
Giles Beresford HARDIE
Gregory Philip MOORE

Crystal Condous
Registrar and Deputy Principal

May 1996

1996 ELECTION TO FILL A CASUAL VACANCY OF
ONE (1) POSTGRADUATE STUDENT MEMBER
TO THE UNIVERSITY COUNCIL

At the recent elections to the University Council, no nominations
were received for the position of one (1) postgraduate student member
to the University Council. Under the University of New South Wales
Act, 1989, and the By-laws, further nominations are hereby sought to
fill the vacancy.

Qualified persons are enrolled students of the University proceeding
towards a degree or diploma, other than a bachelor’s degree or non-
gradaute diploma, and who are not members of the academic or non-
academic staff of the University.

The successful candidate will hold office until 30 June 1998.

NOMINATIONS MUST REACH THE REGISTRAR,
ROOM 202, THE CHANCELLERY,
BEFORE 5.00PM ON MONDAY, 8 JULY 1996

If necessary, a postal ballot will be conducted and will close at 5.00pm
on Thursday, 8 August 1996.

Enquiries may be directed to the Elections Office on 385 2860.

Crystal Condous
Registrar and Deputy Principal
JUNE 1996
Dot 'n Del here, back from a wizz-bang-kitten-caboodle-n-the-kitchen-sink 747 bike tour out to the Red Centre. We hitched up our skirts, let our hair down, pulled out our flylies and off we went, blowin' in the wind - and yes, my friend we found the answer. There was no room on the bike after Dot 'n Del got their derrieres on there, so Dot strapped the sticky of Fruity Lexia to her head, and prayed to the Lord above that Del wouldn't take the corners too fast. Goodness gracious we met some corker ripper beauty kinda blokes on our way, tootin' their horns at us from their big trucks as we passed them by on the highway. The things that happened to us out there are too horrific and drawn out to be shared with you young things, biss ya cotton socks, wouldn't want to sully ya good honest young ears... So we headed back to finer things in the world of hard hittin' investigative journalism, namely, Mat Ewart. Our Guild Indigenous Student's Officer, King of the accordion, Doc of all trades, Wheel of Fortune award for the best Psychology thesis on masturbatory guilt and general Caltex all-rounder in a wonderfully jolly fellow kind of way.

GEOGRAPHY:
What tribe are you from, Mat, and WOOOY?

"I'm a Wiradjuri lad, myself, Dor 'n Del, and the country I belong to stretches from Bathurst to Albury."

ENTERTAINMENT:
Tell us ya best Dreamtime story, Mat:

There was this big green frog monster, Who's name was Uncle Johnny, He lived on the other side of the river with Aunty Mandy in a big white house. Johnny ran the place and Aunty Mandy, she gave him a hand. Anyway, one day this mob, pretty smart mob too, said to Aunty Mandy, why you taking all the money away from our education. Aunty Mandy replied, "hush", because you see she wasn't a very smart frog. Anyway Aunty Mandy decided to take away all the money and the mob from the other side of the river had to stop their education. Time passes and Aunty Mandy and Uncle Johnny grew old so they decided to cross the river and see a doctor because they were a bit rundown (must have been workplace pressures). When they got there they found that all the smart mob had moved away but they left a note for Uncle John and Aunty Mandy that read "you turned your back on us, destroyed our lives and you don't give a damn". The moral of the story is if you don't support education you will be left stranded like a frog with no legs...ribbit.

LITERATURE:
What's your four favourite books, Mat, AND WOOOY?

1. Rainbow Serpent.
2. The Talisman.
3. Life and Times of Freud.
4. Fox in Sox.
And here's a picture of some pretty foxy foxes in some roxy foxy soxes... Pick which shoes belong to Dot, Del, and Mat. The first correct set of answers gets a smooch on the kiss from our stud Matty, and a ceremonious glass of fruity with Dot 'n Del.

SPORT/LEISURE:
What do you do in ya spare time, Matty? AND WOOOY?

"I like sleeping, relaxing, raging, meeting new people, water sports and macrame." (Pick the hobbies that Dot 'n Del made up...)
"I also love musicals - Miss Saigon gave me the perfect opportunity to legitimately pump my organ."

HISTORY
Tell us about ya childhood, Mat pet...

"I had a pretty black childhood, actually." (Gosh he's a real live wire, no tellin' what he'll pop out next.)
"I went to school in Wollongong, in the land of the Wodi Wodi, and pumped my accordion 'til I was blue in the face." About that organ, Mat - just how often did ya play it, hmmm?

SCIENCE/NATURE
Do you eat wackitty grubs for breakfast, AND WOOOY?

"Naah, they taste like shit. Shitty peanuts, actually. I like Cornies best. Dr. Kelloggs made Cornies to stop people from masturbating, y'know." No we didn't, Mat, but thanks for enlightenin' us.
WHO AM I

I'm a modern woman
And I can do anything
I can go to university
And I can wear diamond rings

I can walk around barefoot
Or wear fancy shoes
I can drink with the boys
And network at flash dos

I can go out bush
Anytime I want
And I can eat lobster
In a flash restaurant

I can catch a fish
And scale it too
But I'd rather be eating
A cheesy fondue

I can feed my family
By working full all day
I can buy anything
Got I work for my pay

I can win a man's heart
With the twinkle of an eye
I can crush a man's soul
With a deceitful lie

I can do my part
To save the earth
I can create
By giving birth

I am who I am
And why do not care
And why do anything
Except sell Trippaware

Anita Heiss

The Koori Flag

There's black for our skin
And what we feel within
There's yellow for the sun
Giver of life since time begun
Then there's red
To signify our bloodshed
And there's the meaning of the Koori flag

We fly it with pride.
We ain't got nothin' to hide.
We look to it for inspiration
Guidance and motivation.
And as for the Union Jack
They can take that back.
That ain't black Australia's flag!

The flag draped across her back
Cathy ran around the track.
With pride she did victory lap
That somehow got Tunstall in a flap.
The point in our flag we now can see
It gets up the nose of our enemies.
And racists hate the Koori flag.

But in many places it now flies
And it signifies
An acknowledgement for us blacks
Something white - Australian history lacks
That we have a place in this land
As owners since time began
There's a good history behind our flag
Our flag is a banner
Used in different manners.
Marching for black deaths in George Street
Flying on a building belonging to DEET
Wrapped around a child that's cold
Rekindling memories of the Tent Embassy for the old
The Koori flag to me is everything.

Anita Heiss

Corner Country

An undulating song of original resonance;
strongly,harshly, sounds toward memory.
Three, where fierce light, piercing smiles
the cutressed skin, peels and seeks within,
and driving wind whips
strip with desert dust all charade;
where stone, earth, scattered grass and melancholy gum
are immune to frivolous chatters
and streaking sweeps of high, wisping cloud.
sitting like lost and loose Apostles:
the billowing blue,
still shadow you, and in silence say,
"Only what is lonely matters".

Yes, only what is lonely matters,
and this steady burnt corner land,
outsretched bare and essential.
holds all in rough and honest hands;
gently, rolling hills and plain.
and an unimaging song dimly remembered
of an aboriginal African home - in child's own country.

Aunty Denise (December 1993)
...Sweetie???
...darling!!!
I marched for, and am very involved with Aboriginal deaths in custody and I am very aware of trying to prevent any other kids going through what I went through. What I try and do now when I give talks is to encourage younger Aboriginals who may not necessarily identify with going to school to go into the performing arts.”

Tovey is intent on raising the profile of Aboriginal actors and persons. He is due to direct *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* for the STC next year with an all black cast. To pity the play is one from the dead white male himself.

Tovey is articulate, well spoken and intelligent. He is aware of his past, present and in some sense his future. His beliefs are strong and his passion is inspiring: “…when I was young, if you were Aboriginal you would just disappear into the background. One wasn’t aware of any Aboriginals doing anything. Now of course, in the last 20 years, people like the late Kevin Gilbert, Jack Davis and Bob Maza, there has been a very strong move forward for Aboriginals. I think the underlying racism is still there, though, even now I find … since I have been back, I have been made to feel, by some people, Aboriginal in the worst sort of way. People talk a lot about Aboriginals, and wanting to help Aboriginals and Aboriginals coming up the ladder and all that, but you get too high and they will let you know. Even with politicians, in a kind of way, I am the voice of Aboriginity that people want to talk to now because I made good. I am out there and I have a strong political voice. But even so, some of the conversations I have with people they are a bit incredulous, how can someone like me with my background actually achieve what I did!!”

Tovey is a success and the popular culture/media has latched onto this fact tooth and claw, embracing Aboriginal culture with a truth and integrity that is the constitution for any tabloid publication. Not getting in too deep in case issues arise which may infringe on the warm fuzzy feeling Tovey will bring to their pages, skipping the real issues and basking in the glory of this one man, and perhaps forgetting deaths in custody, health, equality, and general public misconception. That is not to say, Tovey is not a leader, a figurehead and a spokesperson for his community, it is a tad disillusioning though, if success overrides the reality.

Recently Tovey opened the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras - the first Aboriginal to do so. His homosexuality is almost a non issue, refusing to accept that he is marginalised by the majority of mainstream culture. “People used to say to me, ‘When did you come out of the closet?’ and I’d say ‘I didn’t – we were too poor to have a closet! My homosexuality has always been accepted’

And to conclude… “I think if one is to ever come any prejudice you have to let it all hang out, and so people accept me. I have to say, I wouldn’t be accepted now if I hadn’t of achieved what I have achieved, that is a lot of hard work. But on the other hand I show people my, it doesn’t matter what you are or what you have done, you can come over all of this if you have belief in yourself. And all my work is based on that and I do a lot of work for nothing, I organise workshops for young Aboriginals in the theatre, and really it is all based on self esteem.”

Noel Tovey is one of the most reputable director/choreographers and actors worldwide. He has directed and performed on the West End and performed in Hamburg and Paris. He is the first Australian to be invited to the Weimar Festival with an all Aboriginal cast. Theatre was a way out for Tovey. It meant that people accepted him for who he was and what he could do, instead of what he was. “I left the country in 1959 and I went to England to have a career. Black people were not treated as second class citizens there like they were here.”

His childhood was about as stable as most Aboriginal children’s of the time, his “father was an entertainer, also a drunk, and defeated, because he was black, by the establishment.” Like many Aboriginals, Tovey was taken from his family and adopted out when he was a child. He had no formal education and was on the streets by the time he was eleven. Being told he was dirty, discouraged from success and the general racist attitude and narrow minded stereotypes made it difficult for him to be treated as a person/human being. Tovey watched as the Aboriginal girls at his school got stripped of their uniforms and hosed down by the teachers. How could this type of racism exist? I suppose one could mistake it for an integral part in the colonising of a country? Or perhaps it is more closely associated with narrow minded bigots who were too scared to confront the fact that they had stolen a territory and made it their own? One can only guess at the answer…...“This is how racism is instilled into the young. My generation grew up with that and unwittingly this is passed on to younger Aboriginals so they find it difficult now to communicate with non-Aboriginals, that’s the big gap that needs to be overcome. Same with non-Aboriginals, they pass on the racism to their children, unwittingly in a lot of cases. For example, if a mother is holding a small child’s hand and a black person walks towards them and she just tensed and grabs the baby’s hand, after a little while that baby becomes indoctrinated towards that thing, it might not necessarily be a black man it could be anybody. Hopefully what I am doing in a small way will help break that down.”

So he left the country he still calls his homeland and moved on to bigger and better things and the search for equality. “It (London) helped me find my Aboriginality... having left a country that forced me to deny my heritage and made me feel ashamed to be Aboriginal. I became very militant in equal rights for people, for all minority groups in that sense. In fact it made me determined that when my profile was where it is today that I would come back to Australia and claim my Aboriginality and put everything I had learned back into the community, so that’s why I came back.” Tovey returned to Sydney in 1991 and has continued to perform and direct within his community and as a part of the wider theatre community.

“Gradually, although it seemed rather suddenly, I was on all sorts of committees; ADRAID (Aboriginals with Drink Related Alzheimer’s Disease);
Ruby Hunter's songs convey the experiences of so many 'stolen generation' Aborigines - those Australians who were taken away from their families and communities as children and institutionalised under governmental policies of assimilation'. Ruby Hunter was in Sydney recently as a performer in the Sing-Sing concert at the State Theatre - a collaboration of Aboriginal, Torres Strait Islander and Papua New Guinean performers. The Aboriginal artists in particular (who included Kev Carmody and Ruby's partner, Archie Roach) shared common experiences of colonisation of Aboriginal cultures and communities through their songwriting. There are strong themes throughout their music of exploration and definition of identity, both personal and political. Collaborating with many other indigenous artists, Ruby Hunter's songs all stem from her own experiences, evoking images of dispossession, anger and sadness, but also hope, determination and strength.

Ruby Hunter was six years old when she was removed with other Aboriginal children from a traditional upbringing amongst family and community in South Australia.

"When they came... they told us we were taking us to the circus. They put out a little red dress with a frill neck round it, and gave us lollies and ice creams that day and told us we were going to the circus. And that day we went down to a place called Mengini police station... to be committed to the courts."

"I was taken away from the riverlands there and sent to Seaforth Children's Home. Because we weren't speaking English at the time we had to learn a lot of things, like how to use forks, knives, talk and dress and things. So at the age of six I was doing things that six year old kids don’t usually do: making beds... being taught domesticated things."

Ruby Hunter was institutionalised until she was 18, with virtually no experience of life outside the virtual domestic slavery that was often the experience of Aboriginal girls of the stolen generation.

"When I was institutionalised I was automatically a ward of the state, which meant there was no choice of freedom for me, no matter where I was. Always someone had a record of me or knew who I was. So, I had to adapt with the institutional life, even though I was not a bad person. I had to adapt just to survive... to keep my sanity and my strength because most girls who lost their minds would have been transferred into a mental institution which would have been worse. So you had to keep your wits about you in all areas. So to get out of institutional lifestyle was very hard too. Because one day, you know, you’re institutionalised and then one day they said to me: 'Go home'. And my last institutionalised home was a place called Vornhouse where they gave me money. Now, I didn’t even know what the word money meant, and they said: ‘Here’s your money, now go home.’ They should have told me where my home was so I could get there."

"Our friends and our brothers and sisters that have been brought up in homes and institutions, we all have the same feelings of what we know and what we’ve been through in our own individual way... we have that bondage of knowing and understanding."

"Anybody could have robbed me that day and I wouldn’t have known why. Because I had to adjust to living on the outside in a place that I was not familiar with, and that was the city. And so here I was... in my teens and here was a whole new adventure for me. Disco nights and walking down the streets and homelessness."

Displacement continues to pervade that generation of Aboriginals - the dispossession that began to be understood and articulated through the sharing of experience with others of similar background. It is a movement of solidarity with a simultaneous recognition of individual identity within that personal and political history. As Ruby says of her bond with Archie Roach:

"Our friends and our brothers and sisters that have been brought up in homes and institutions, we all have the same feelings of what we know and what we’ve been through in our own individual way... we have all learnt to place it in the right spot in our hearts, even though we’ve all been through the same sort of situation. We have that bondage of knowing and understanding."

Narratives of institutional life have emerged through the creative expression of the stolen generation - in music and poetry, in films and drama, and in oral narratives. Of vital importance for Aboriginal culture is the re-telling of stories in creating identity for people who have grown up disconnected from families and communities.

"The re-telling of these stories would be carrying on the traditions of our ancestors... without the campfires and the circling. And we still carry on our tradition of our people, before, and that history, the storytelling, and that’s why it is so important that we voice our stories, and we voice our songs, and our dance. We project our dancing in those so people can see that it is real and that it is not a myth or anything, that Aboriginal people aren’t just myth, but real people. We carry on our traditions through song and dance. Today I still carry on the tradition but I carry it on in a respectful way. I may wear feathers and clothing but deep down underneath, I still have the Aboriginal in me. I am the Aboriginal. And that’s what we all have - feeling, you know - and our pride is in our sense of when we get up there, I think... at least we come from something, that we belong to someone. And that’s where our song and dance (comes from) and that’s how we carry on our tradition."

"I live in the city yet I was born at a billabong. I can go back there but because someone else built their home there I’m not allowed there. So you have to think of the children who have been taken and displaced in other areas and say ‘this is yours and that’s yours’ - who should be compensated in the right way by knowing what is rightfully theirs: their heritage, their family.”
Le Confessional
(Written and dir. Robert Lepage, starring Lothaire Bluteau)

No, it’s not another offering from the prolific French film industry. Le Confessional is, in fact, from the French Canadian province of Quebec. I’m no expert on the French-Canadian film scene, having only seen one other film from that area, Jean of Montreal back in 1989. Judging by the relationship between that movie and Le Confessional, however, it would seem the Quebec artistic community is a small one. The director of “Le Confessional” co-starred as Rene in “Jesus of Montreal”, and both movies share the same lead, Lothaire Bluteau.

Apparently, Lepage is Quebec’s most famous theatre director, having worked on the stage since 1982 and been the recipient of numerous international awards. Le Confessional is his first film. His theatre background initially made me wary. Plays rarely translate well to the screen, the two being such different mediums. Similarly, I was afraid that someone so well versed in theatre direction might simply try and create a stage play on film. Fortunately, on that count I was completely wrong.

Le Confessional has a complicated plot, revolving around three primary reference points. The first is 1989, the film’s “present”. Pierre Lamontagne (Lothaire Bluteau) returns to Quebec upon the death of his father. A chance encounter reunites him with his estranged adopted brother, Marc (Patrick Goyette). The roots of both their pasts lie in the film’s second reference point, the drama of their parent’s lives at the time of their births in 1952. This drama echoes the events in and around Alfred Hitchcock’s I Confess, which was actually being filmed in Quebec City at that time. The older film provides Le Confessional’s third point of reference.

Lepage skilfully intertwines Hitchcock’s I Confess, the events concerning the Lamontagne family in 1952, and the ‘present’ of 1989, to gradually unfold a complex, if slightly ridiculous story. Lepage’s imaginative use of film to do so completely belies his theatrical background.

Once I got over admiring the formal aspects, however, the film didn’t do much else for me. The constant foregrounding of ‘clever’ techniques to weave the three lines of story together becomes annoying quite quickly. You get the impression the director was more concerned with how intricate a movie he could make than telling a story. I also found Le Confessional unfairly uninviting emotionally. Only the last few scenes elicited any real response.

Film students may get off on the visual puns and I enjoyed seeing the brief clips of Monty Clift from I Confess. Ultimately, I think Le Confessional is interesting visually, but isn’t particularly successful as an overall work.

Daniel Edwards

Rumble In The Bronx

I couldn’t really control my excitement, being a little bit of a Chan fan, to see the master on the BIG SCREEN. Susan, my movie companion, had to ask me to calm down several times. This was to be expected, it was her first Jackie Chan film. I let her know I could be changed. Susan’s life forever, because Jackie has very addictive qualities on some people.

Keung (Jackie Chan), makes his way to New York to see his uncle, for the sale of his supermarket and for his wedding. Elaine (Anita Mui) is the ambitious young businesswoman buying this shopping heaven located in the Bronx. Keung helps Elaine get started with her new business while his uncle is honeymooning. The location is just asking for trouble, and its not too long before there is some. I started to get even more excited as I knew Keung was about to cause some great physical damage, and he didn’t let me down.

Of course the people he rouged up were members of a large motorcycle gang, who now want to mess up Keung. There is some great classic Jackie Chan chase scenes, and you must look out for the amazing car park jump. His stunts like these that have made him Hong Kong’s most consistent box office star since the late seveneties. Finally, the gang catch up with Keung. The following scenes nearly had me in tears, as Keung couldn’t do anything against the gang, and comes out in a rather bad way.

Keung makes it to Danny’s place, a wheelchair bound youth, who just happens to be the gang leader’s girlfriends little brother (understand that?). Nancy (the girlfriend) helps Keung, and gets rather fond of him, the natural Chan charm. With the help of Nancy, Keung goes to sort the gang out once and for all. Its about now that the storyline goes truly strange, as per usual for a Jackie Chan film. All of a sudden there’s a diamond heist that everyone seems to get tied up in somehow. Then the chaos begins again.

A very enjoyable Jackie Chan film, which kicks ass on his other commercial mainstream movies. The Big Brawl, Cannonball Run, The Protector. If you’re a Jackie fan, you’ll notice a few Hollywood style bits in this film that you usually wouldn’t see. And to add to the greatness, Keung’s voice has been dubbed over in English by Jackie Chan himself. You may be able to find the un dubbed Cantone version at some Chinese video stores. The only kinda disappointing thing was that there wasn’t an end fight scene, a usual Chan trade mark. But this was due to Jackie breaking his ankle in one of his stunts, and having to do some of the film with his leg in a plaster cast. Besides that, truly Chantastic.

Susan left the film looking confused, maybe the addiction wasn’t there for her.

The Brother.

Othello
Richard III
(starring Fishburn and Branagh; starring Ian McKellen)

Two readapations of Shakespeare in a very short amount of time. What could it all mean? Othello, starring Laurence Fishburne and Bloody Branagh is a faithful rendition of the original, down to the fuzzy shirts and the perpetual “how now, my Lord’s”. Richard III is the more terrifying of the couple, reeking with state taboo and vintage jazz and evil, hunch-backed hatched plot with sneering lip and cold command. Othello draws most attention with its interesting and slightly irregular casting: Fishburn is excellent with the whole screen with his presence, Irene Jacob does to Desdemona what the Normans did to England in 1066-her choice for the part seems a little too eclectic for the already eclectic Venetian set. And then there is Kenneth Bloody Branagh as good fago. Probably richer with knavish gleer than any of his other roles, especially Henry V, Branagh does indeed enchant with his pencilled in beard and his six little aides and pronouncements. There are even hints of genuinely vague and off beat maliciousness and conspirator gossip merrymaking when he’s discussing plots under a leaving- hoeing hay wagon. Hey, that’s the general idea. But when the cows come home it’s Fishburne who brings the bacon. This actor has versatility and style in any situation, fashion or setting. His presence on screen leads one to question not only why he hasn’t landed heavier acting roles in the past, but why classical readaptions are only limited to Shakespeare. His calibre could open a whole trend in style and readings, reclaiming the vast line of past literary figureheads, since that’s all we can inevitably hope to do in the end-when the idea is tided and there isn’t a dry fart left in the world. Culturally we are collapsing onto ourselves.

One factor common to many readaptations is the discomfort the 17th century language feels in new settings. Richard III is notable for it’s comfortable draping of language. The leads seem like witty and truly literate characters, smoking, sneering and American Accenting their way into drastic effect. When the script is too obviously dandy, when fancy dress and good Middle English values aren’t enough to break a movie out of the Period Piece rut, you have a standard adaptation. And here, the odd American accent (as deliberately repressed by Annette Benning, but proudly wielded by Robert Downey Jr.) complements the film to present the most accurate representation of the 30’s possible. There is jazz, there is who’s-doing who royal intrigue, there are knives in the back and bodies in the morgue. There is a certain slope of disdainful when the settings are very familiar, and compared to the more theatre based Othello (in dress and design), this is richly realistic. This cinema first and foremost. And humour has it that Shakespeare was always adapted. The aside are personal and conspiratorial, and the crossovers from dark murder to bright and happy jazz are blatant and loud, not unlike certain British spy movies of the 60’s. The “My kingdom for a horse” scene is the most desperately funny I have ever experienced. A period piece within a period piece text in a period style with flamboyant precision. Enough spirit and integrity to even restore my faith in Shakespeare, which suffered many a horrendous blow in High School.

Recess

...to prove a villain.
Richard III

The apparel oft proclaims the man... Othello
FILM FESTIVAL AHoy

Remember, if you don’t watch the Movie Show or any television for that matter, you need to know that the Film Festival is happening from 7-22 June. Golden Palm winner Secrets and Lies from director Mike Leigh will be screening, and so will the director himself, Australian film What I have written from John Hughes, and Love Serenade by Shirley Barrett, to name but a few. Come in and see us if you’d like to have a closer look at the program and special events (a focus on Indian Cinema, and a retrospective around Rosellini) or if you’d like some advice on on ticket prices and the like, because their subscription tickets are good value.

Life will be screening to give viewers that insight into memory and loss which those of us on the other side (of prison) cannot share. Des is a working class criminal who learns of his positive HIV status and is promptly shipped to the positive division of the prison, where the past and the future blend into a peculiar blend of awareness with the friendship of his new cellmates.

Krysztof Kieslowski I’m so so is the superbly simple portrait of the late great director made by his friend and collaborator Krysztof Wierzbicki. Viewers familiar with the Kieslowski on Kieslowski book might not be surprised much with any of the historical details, but you can still learn so much simply by watching the man in his own words, as he walks the streets where he grew up, as he talks film amidst the horses, as he relates his dreams from the sight before and talks of life in front of the fireplace. The beauty of this one-hour documentary is that it mirrors perfectly the attitude to life and art of Kieslowski - in one gem of a scene, Krysztof talks about the end of his career and his reluctance about making more films, hoping that maybe someone will make a film about his writings, because life is in the telling and enjoying, and the reason he gets out of bed and washes in the morning is to enjoy life first, and not to make films alone. The director stops him and points out the disruptive element of the watch on the arm he’s leaning on, like a crutch, and so they do a second take. The dialogue is of course nowhere near as inspiring, or rather, it follows a completely different tact, and the director stops him again and wants to know what happened to the life and washing in the morning etc. He just looks at the camera as though nothing separates the first from the latter dialogues, because that is the way he views life and film - constantly changing in perspective and mood, opened and yet thematically whole and consistent.

Cold Fever is a loving little Icelandic caper about a golf-minded young Japanese executive who reluctantly gives up his holiday to Hawaii in favour of a memorial service road journey through Iceland, where his parents died. Nice weird little country that rock Iceland is, with OP alcohol and goat’s heads and hot spas, winter ice and snow and “did you know” about the place. Perfect place for a road movie thus. Jim Stark (Mystery Train) produced and again worked with lead Maximil Nagase, and director Fridrik Thor Fridriksson does a nice job overall which he will be validating at the festival in person.

Miracle Alley (dir. Jorge Fons)

This interestingly interlaced story of life in a lower class Mexican suburb (that is, lower class in the American sense) is wholesome and dramatically satisfying. Not some fucked up spoof along the lines of La Cocaracha. Salma Hayek (above) shines in the lead role of Alma, and is a cut above that performance in Desperado, which although brilliant in its own right (the film, that is) does not come close to anything called serious drama. It’s basically the same series of events told from three different angles and characters - one father not making any scruples about his latent sexuality, one from his son’s perspective as he heads for the American border (which hovers in the back of their idealistic minds), and there is also the story from Alma’s point of view, young and seeking experience in a world where there is only marriage and broken hearts. Not offering any overt moralistic message beyond simple tradition, this is a good exploration of a culture we don’t see in mainstream isolation, and is satisfying.

GIVEAWAY - super early screening of a new film called HEAVY dir. by James Mangold, starring Debby Harry (above), Liv Tyler and Evan Dando (yes...) which won the Special Jury prize at the Sundance Fest. Ten doubles for June 16th. Come on in...
The Family
By Jill Shearer, Directed by Crispin Taylor
9-17 May Ensemble Theatre

According to the promotional material The Family has all the elements of classic drama - a man yearning for confession, a betrayed wife, a murdered prostitute - a tragic family caught up in the culture of a bigger family that allows no escape. With the current NSW Royal Commission into Police Corruption, Sydney audiences should find it a relevant, gripping story. When I read this I found it as enticing as watching Baywatch (or anything on channel 10 except The Simpsons). After seeing the play I think Baywatch would have been the better choice. The acting was better.

Simply, The Family is a pathetic attempt at dealing with serious contemporary Australian issues. It is not insightful or entertaining; unless it was a drama hiding behind the cloak of comedy. The acting was bland. The rapport between the actors was non-existent. The actors were talking at, but not to, each other. Attempts at realism that cut across each other, yet seemed realistic, lacked the delivery device that devices is supposed to enhance. The lighting and sound effects were good.

The Family attempts to deal with the atmosphere of fear surrounding the Fitzgerald Inquiry in Queensland. Sarah is a woman making her mark in the police force. When she is promoted to internal affairs she discovers possible links between her father, Frank, a cop, and the death of a prostitute in the 1950's. What is she to do? Does she let hunting dogs lie or does she tear her family apart?

The predictability of the storyline is the main fault of The Family. For example, guess who has known all along about Frank's liaison with Ann, the murdered prostitute? (If you don't have any idea it was the mother.) What occupation do you think Sarah's husband has? He is a cop and the two never spend time together because they work different shifts.

This has caused tensions between the couple as has Sarah's promotion - you can't have the wife being a greater breadwinner than the husband.

I don't know whether it was the clichés within the play or the clichés was where the play was shown. (It's a Northshore theatre and I was one of the two or three in the audience that wasn't white). Maybe it was the dramatic entrances of Ann's ghost singing 'Cry Me a River'. If someone asks you to see The Family tell them you would rather read Blitz from cover to cover.

Jacob

Rumours - a Farce
New College

When I walked into the makeshift performance space at New College that was adapted for Neil Simons' Rumours, I was enthusiastic to see how creatively the piece would be dealt with. I wasn't disappointed. Set in the living room of the Mayor of New York, the play begins with Mr and Mrs Gorman, who arrived for a dinner party only to discover that the Mayor has been shot (in the ear - assumed to be attempted suicide) with his wife having left the premises. The two guests start to piece together their own account of what, how and why this occurred based on rumour of the social elite from which they come. As other esteemed guests arrive, they too try to calculate their own fabrication based on rumours and at some points realise these very same rumours have a very real impact on their own lives and circumstances, with some foreseeing the cdcn danger. The plot thickens and rumours, innundo and deception start to blur the accounts of what really happened until a police investigation, where an alias Charlie spontaneously recreates the supposed events of that evening leading to mayhem. Rumours is a comedy at heart, with many devices to portray the comedic elements; however, the mechanics of the piece have a sharp reality which brings to light the delectable and rampant nature of rumours no matter at what level.

From a technical point, the play was quite clean although it was quite disturbing to see that lights were unco-ordinated, downstage, so that movements and performances were in darkness - a shame since there were some predominant moments set downstage. Performance were overall very good, it was delightful to see that the actors attacked the piece with energy, gusto and confidence. Some performances were quite accustomed with the stage, as was evident with their fluid movements and well-timed deliveries. Of special note were Jessica Dempsey, Peter Burchatsky and Rebecca Prince.

Jessica Dempsey (Chris Gorman) brought to life what could have been a very dull play. Sadly though, she was one of the only actors who actually engaged with the audience - a main pitfall of many other performers, where lines were delivered to the floor or the wings. Her character development was exceptional and reactions hysterical. Peter Butchatsky stole the show with his performance as Lenny Gazz. Peter utilised his stage time well, bringing with presence and his portrayal as Chafee was indeed the highlight of the evening. I must say that I favoured Rebecca Prince (Claire Gazy) whose sarcasm and deadpan delivery had elements of Judith Lucy. For a college play I must admit it was a much higher standard than I ever expected, even though there was the temptation to milk a few cheap laughs. Congratulations to all involved for such a high calibre student production.

Mar Fraw

The Two Gentlemen of Verona
William Shakespeare
Acad Theatre Company

The Acid Theatre company is a fundraising project for 'Regeneration Culture Incorporated'. 'Regeneration Culture Inc' are a non-profit group of performers, artists, tradespeople and professionals who are attempting to create a multi-purpose arts centre from recycled materials within a derelict building in Surry Hills.

The company is formed from members of 'Regeneration Culture' and this, I think, is responsible for the company's strongest asset; the sense of identity and commitment they all displayed during the performance. This feeling was enhanced by the venue. The dark room, with the set in one half and maybe fifty chairs in the other, created the atmosphere of a soiree more than that of a theatrical production, resulting in a more personal involvement in the performance.

With the recycling thing in mind, the set was truly extraordinary. Mounds of wire, piping, sheet metal, and flouro plastic created the environment of the post-apocalyptic society the director had set the play in. I've never quite seen the relevance of setting Shakespeare in a contemporary time period in the past, but keeping in mind the principles of 'Regeneration Culture' I excused it.

So what was the performance like? Basically fifteen people having a good time. There were no real stars in terms of acting ability, but they were all committed and energetic, and the feeling was transferred to the audience. The director hadn't taken the play too seriously, so the fight scenes were downwind and the jokes heavily emphasised, creating the feeling of a melodrama. The ending, which must be the most contrived of any of the Comedies, had me in stitches.

Good on 'em!!

eccles

Sexy theatre and UNSW in the same sentence!

For a few weeks now UNSW Theatre & Film students have been sitting in on rehearsals for the latest PACT project directed by Chris Ryan (Sydney Foot). It's called Wayneck and it's a play written by a German chap, Bühner, who died (tragically) at 23 before finishing the script. The young genius had the foresight to pre-cast twenty century theatre luminary Brecht and all his fancy theories about episodic structure and ideological theatre. Wayneck was the first expressionistic play and as that it's good enough it has a suspenseful murder tale and some witty social commentary that will remain relevant as long as inequality exists in society.

Chris Ryan's production presents the text and dissect it, delivers it and "deconstructs" it. The actors have been through a rigorous physical training system to give them complete control of their bodies. Theatre students from UNSW have taken the roles of assistant director, stage manager, dramaturg and lighting operator and have benefited greatly from working alongside an established talent.

If you come to Wayneck you will be exposed to the latest in contemporary theatre practice and it will give you something to think about, issues like: how automatic is compassion and how "constructed", when can lust function and when does it have an outlet for expression; and does the lack of outle clear the intensity of the loss? Is some degree of repression or forbiddeness necessary for real lust to be produced? How should I live? The sorts of questions that could get you thinking, or maybe just soakin up the visual (red lights and mirror images), aural (from 'Trick' to Beethoven) and sensual experiences the production offers.

Wayneck has part of its roots at this campus, and it's going to be one of the most exciting and original pieces of theatre to hit Sydney this winter. It plays June 6-29 at Sydney St. Theatre Space, cnr. Sydney St. & Railway Pde., Erskineville. Bookings on 550 2744.

Thurunka has three double passes to give away to the first three people through the door at 1.00pm Tuesday...
The Continental Philosophy Reader
Edited by Richard Kearney and Maria Rainwater
(Routledge)

A mammoth task indeed. The continental philosophical tradition has, as the editors state in their introduction, a reputation of being difficult. Far from the Francophone tendency towards obscurantist behaviour and obscurity, this is typically because the subject matter is essentially anti-intuitive. The continental tradition has always been diametrically opposed to the typically common sense (read American) world views of determinism, positivism and mind/body dualism, and has thus been praised for its foresight and clarity by some parties and disdained as irrelevant baloney and rambling intellectual jargon by others. I’m immediately reminded of the fourth year Psych lecturer who dismissed the existentialist/post-modern (his combination of two not mine!) tradition as stupid because it denied the validity of Psychology’s claims to Truth (at the same time as encompassing Foucault’s work as “Foucault was a French theorist who knew nothing about prisoners who died in 1984 of AIDS”), not to mention that old chestnut David Williamson and the play Dead White Male with its blindly ignorant knowledge of any theory other than that other old chestnut Rene Descartes (though not to assume that the two are even closely linked in terms of intellectual ability).

But what of the text itself? At first glance it looks very good, roll call suggests few absences from the canon and many seminal articles are included. However, once one takes a closer look things become a little more problematic, and the holes start to appear. There are notable absences, most significantly Badiou and many other lesser known but nonetheless influential theorists miss out on a guernsey; typically, it seems, because they don’t fit into the parameters that have been set by the editors in the three section headings (From Phenomenology to Hermeneutics, From Marxism to Critical Theory and From Structuralism to Deconstruction) The articles and extracts themselves range from the groundbreaking (the Introduction to the Second Sex by Beauvoir) to the irrelevant (Derrida’s What Philosophy would have been much better replaced by Capitalism and Schizophrenia) and everything in between. That said however, there will always be room for criticism as to the inclusion of any work (it is sometimes not who you include but who leave out that is the important thing) and though flawed slightly, the Reader does present incredibly good value and a reasonably good overview of the subject matter.

Though one warning must be made; readers who merely want to drop a few names over dinner and discourse in the proper vernacular should probably stick to beginners guides; without sounding condescending, this is the real stuff and much of it is heavy going; in the words of old Jacques “the bracket” Dorinda (in a semi random selection) “The ontology of presence is the ontology of beings and beingness” (?!). Read on in radical alternation...

Angina Dentata

Pacific Highway Boo-Blooz: Country Poems
Mudrooroo
UQP $16.95

The title of this book of poetry embodies the ambiguous Aboriginal experience of Australian place and identity. In this text Mudrooroo explores his position as a ‘Nyoongah living in a white world’ on a much more personal and emotive level than in his previous fictional and critical works. The irony and resonance of ‘Pacific Highway Boo-Blooz: Country Poems’ conjures up images of rural and urban, nature and human-made, indigenous and non-indigenous throughout the text. The highway is the means of travel from one place to another, leading to the bush, the outback, but also to the city. The perpetual journeying of Mudrooroo’s poetry focused on the Pacific Highway conjures up a sense of ongoing displacement, travelling along a symbol of the ‘civilisation’ which colonised his people. The Boo-Blooz can be read in many ways as the blues of a multi-racial sadness/to police/the bloo-boos or the bloo-hoes of his life/ boozie. The persona MuDroooroo adopts in his poetry travels the country: the landscape and landmarks a metaphor for his experiences, personal and political.

"Thank the Lord for Surfers" when you’re sweating on a hundred acres
And the woman’s just gone
And the dam’s gone dry
And the lantana keeps on charting
And another death in custody
Almost brings me to my knees
I know the blooz, you know
Saved, it’s time for a run up to Brisbane
Which rhymes with pain and forlorn loss
But paradise is a spa and a long-legged woman
And long-necked bottle easing away the pain and sorrow.

This is a collection of poetry, but it is more a series of intersecting texts - poems which are overrippings and rewritings of situations and experiences in different frames of mind. Written in a colloquial stream of consciousness, these texts explore and evoke Australian, and, within that, Aboriginal identity and place.
Bad Religion

The Gray Race (Atlantic)

In the vast cross section of musical tastes we come into contact with in Australia's society of today, it is more often than not, possible to make a distinction between music-writing talent and musical talent. The former, being the ability to play a musical instrument, does not always guarantee a credible musical score, as Joe Satrini has shown us in some of his efforts. But if the music is well written, the instrumental complement could comprise of an empty skull and clapping sticks, recorded during a morning after drinking binge.

In the past there have been innumerable 'Social Conscience' bands that have risen there heads around the globe for varying periods of time. Each band has a certain point of view to get across, most of which are riddled with an anti-establishment message. Conveying that point of view almost invariably comes at the cost of fluency and musical grammar. So succinctly does the band want to convey their point of view they come close to simply dictating an article of prose over some disordered or 'pseudo-plagiarised' riff, or fast drumming and strumming or simply uninspiring music, stealing clear of any uses of English even a baby could comprehend. The increasing division between classes, the violence in society, the drug situation, the political regimes in power, the generation gap and the dying planet we live on, are all easy targets for a music writer with a chip on his shoulder and fuck all imagination.

Given that this band has subscribed to almost all of these short comings I am going to pass my judgement on Bad Religion's latest offering 'The Gray Race' and unless you are a pun 14 year old boy with a shaven head, with a well placed tear in his jeans, a self righteous attitude and a pair of GP boots on your feet, Total Shi. Nigga

The Cranberries

To the Faithful Departed (Island)

There's something so innately annoying about the Cranberries that they just keep you coming back for more. To the Faithful Departed is just as grand, -groan- and gap-packed (all done in an Irish accent of course) as the last two albums, and every bit as wonderful. Don't be put off by "Salvation"; it's just Dolores having a hair day. The rest of the album is very satisfying: the flavour is unmistakably Cranberries, and although it may sound 2 tad like the last album, the Cranberries have refined their sound, and Dolores has a new haircut, or a new hair colour at any rate, so all is forgiven. Dolores yelps and warbles her way through 15 tracks of beautiful melodies and grating beats the way only Dolores can, and between primal growls, manages to inform us about politics, war, poverty, life,death, love, the lack of it, and a multitude of other topics to make a wonderfully eclectic sound that will have you humming all the way to the concert in a couple of weeks. Noel, Mike and Fergal do a great job of matching her passion and fury, and yes, they actually do have names. The only question that remains is who the hell is who, what do they look like again, and why is it that everytime I try to visualise the rest of the band images of 'Dolores's teeth flash through my head. Maryke

Jamie Fielding

Extinct (Dr. Jim/Shock)

Starting with incredible and logical delays and screams in a wash of feedback and noise and never looking back, Extinct documents past and present work of the Jamie Fielding, electronic musician, multi instrumentalist and member of the old school of noise musicians alongside such folks as Shane Fahey, John Murphy and Michael Sheridan. Containing both live performances and sound collages, Extinct is a document of a document than an album as such; the sound quality wavers, the performances are sometimes a little dodgy (witness the particularly off-key vocals in 'Here and Beyond Sensitivity') and stylistically a great deal of ground is covered, from the seminal beginnings of cyberpunk to ambient electronics to avant noise to free jazz and all the way in between. Simply because of sound quality concerns the studio tracks are far more enjoyable (particularly the intensely visceral microscope that is 'Slubbering the Gig') and far more palatable, but the pure and simple fact that the live tracks were recorded at the most journous palace that is the Evening Star Hotel and were recorded at a time in which there was never a room that was willing to book avant garde performers is significant.

Use the program function and see the predecessor (both chronologically and sonically) of the new wave of electronic art such as the Aphex Twin, Autechre and Atom Heart.

Angina Dentata

Krai-Kross

Young Rich and Dangerous (Sony)

The boys are back - those prepubescent with dreadlocks and pants on backwards who brought us the smash hit "Jump" some years back return with their second album entitled 'Young, Rich and Dangerous"(which so modestly refers to themselves). Featuring the usual blend of hip hop and rap, this album involves collaboration with So So Def productions, funk diva Da Brat (who raps on Tangent Rich and Dangerous) and Live and Die For Hip Hop) and the Tootie's the Night remix features mentors of the likes of Dr Dre and Snoop. Lenny and the other guy are now older, more mature (?) and finally broken - their results are smoother vocals and a mellower sound, but with a tougher edge - the music of gangsta wannabes not too hard, thank goodness. The album gets monotonous after a while but hey, at least it's only 22 minutes long. All in all, this deserves more than the lack of hype it got; it's smooth like chocolate - good in small doses, but sickening if you have too much.

T-TWYN

PEEL at Iron Duke Hotel 15/5/96

The Iron Duke Hotel in Alexandria has proven to be one of the better newer venues that have cropped up in Sydney over the last couple of years, booking a wide variety of bands ranging from hardcore punk to acoustic pop. On offer this fairly laid back Wednesday night were 3-piece band Peal, who are fairly well established now and known to some of you, audiences, and in support of a band called Plunge.

One has to say that one was not amused by Plunge. Sounding rather like a juxpeps of Triple M crud or a band that plays the jingles on a host of crassly commerial TV ads attempting "hipness", they had an amazing capacity to induce nausea. With lines like "a lot of people think we look the Beatles", as the lead singer introduced said band's song "Money" as the last one of the set, one has to wonder what Plunge would do something to live up to their name, preferably from a great height.

Peel, thankfully, are a very different box of frogs. Formed 2 years ago and known to Uni audiences by virtue of their involvement in Band Camps, they describe their sound as "aggressive noise". They cite their main influences as the Breeders, PJ Harvey, X (the Melbourne variety), Husker Du, Thrashing Muses as well as jazz and African drumming. However, these names should not be used for the purpose of pigeon holing. Chord-driven, hard-edged noise-pop, with more than a touch of vocal angst, this is what Peel is about.
Despite one or two "not-quite-there" notes early on, Jarvis on bass and vocals shows that he's got something when it comes to delivering the voice. Experienced guitarist Brad gives us the aforementioned chords, without delving into wanky lead-breaks. And then there is the stick-wielding of Melissa, one of Peel's strongest features. She hits the skins hard and brings a noteworthy vibrancy to her playing.

Tonight's gig progressed very well, considering that the sizeable crowd (30-40 punters on a Wednesday) largely, and seemingly rudely, dispersed out the door or into the beer garden after seeing Plunge, leaving a bunch of empy tables at the frost to inspire Peel. One reckons that they might have mostly been friends of said band, perhaps one or two whom was having a birthday. Anyway, one is sure that Peel will have more punters than chairs at other gigs.

By the way, Peel will be appearing on an as yet untitled Troy Horse compilation, hopefully out in July. Other recording currently being worked on may eventuate into an EP later on, who knows.

Les Gray

The Mavis's

Venus Returning

White/Mushroom

Step 1: Point forefinger in the direction of the horizon, with thumb at the perpendicular and the three other fingers pointing in the opposite direction.

Step 2: Insert finger in the cutest dimple in the face of your choice (for hygiene purposes this should preferably be your own).

Step 3: Twist finger in a rotation of approximately 180 degrees.

Step 4: Bob head with a shiteating rapid smile as though someone has taken your brain out for a thorough clean.

Why this balstrade of silliness? Well if you don't have the dance then you've never gonna get into girlie pop, and that, unfortunately, is what half Venus Returning is made up of. Songs like 'Do you have a brother' and 'Lose' sink into the quagmire of pop harmonies, major chords and inelegant cutsey posturing. But like the girl with the curl in her hair of the mother goose rhyme when they're good they're very very good. Infection songs that, unlike painted graces, just won't leave your head and continue to parry on even after your consciousness has ceased to find them useful. Delicious chord progressions that only hint at a darker underbelly, eastern instrumentation that provides a perfect offset to a poppy funktastic vibe, and two vocals that are as idiosyncratic as each other - the female: breathy and insecure, the male: brash and punky in a wonderfully orthodox gender split. However you see it though, the Mavis's have produced a many textured and multi-layered piece that is as impressive as any Australian release this year.

And that, my friends is what forgives the Mavis's [or: an almost unforgeable grammatical error. High praise indeed, eh?]

*patriarchy is the collective noun for guits
Angina Dettata

Trainspotting

(EMI)

Well the papers have taken to the British thing like money to Superlegere recruits, but the bottom point is being missed. OK, so maybe I do like reading the Metro to stay in touch with this great hug of a planet of ours, and after all, culture is what you read about. And since the ad is also on the back of buses, the soundtrack must be good.

The music on this disc is, like British music, eclectic. Some of the songs may be from that fast fading wave, but the feeling of diversity is good for the whole count. The use of Lust for Life in the film was the best I have ever seen it, Lou Reed is included because he was one of the archetypal too-burned-out-to-rock figures; New Order and Blur and Primal Scream are all on there to fill out the Insular Numbers. But the real hero here is Iggy Pop, with Lust and Nightcruising, which to me bothered the feeling of the film. Thankfully the Choose Life message hasn't corrupted the music here, but whatever what is given is enough to dispel the day to day sickness of the ordinary way of life is unclear. I mean you can have your Stooges but there are other things happening in music, and the times are so nigh on nihilistic that it's going to take a bigger and smarter explosion than the 60's to step out of the rut even for a minute. The modern dance thing does get a nod on the album, but somehow the feeling of where it's really at isn't included. Popularity is the greatest perceived evil to any kind of exclusive musical culture, but well, everything has its place, and this could have been one of them. At least it's better than television - where my conspiracy theory has the same advertising company marketing Night in Rotterdam and the Techno Sucks album (of real music). Now if you can figure where that is then you must be on drugs. It's a pity that only the junkies aren't swayed by modern society.

Marion

The Sleep Ep

Yep, it's another whining, melancholy, glamour Brit-pop pop to add to your already expansive collection of whining, melancholy, glamour Brit-pop types. Pop this one in to wade in front man Jamie Hardings's private angst and paranoia. Quite a good cure for that dreadful affliction of thinking that life is worth living, and a good listen when crouching behind the kitchen sink for your weekly contemplation session on how your life is worth less that that cockroach you just smashed. Charming stuff, really.

Maryke

Xscape

Off the Hook

(Sony)

Leave the phone off the hook and dim the lights... the sensual heat of this album gets you into a romantic mood (for some sweet lover, maybe!). These soul sistas show talent and great vocals. Xscape to the realm of your fantasies via these sexy slow jams.

T-WYNN2

Keb' Mo'

(OKeh/Epic)

This isn't a blues album. It's a secret experiment to see how many times Keb' Mo' can repeat himself and say yeah, baby or kke rhých or yeah yeah yeah on one album and get away with it. It must have been that fast "I love the way you love me. I love the way you co-o-o-o-omb your hair. Yeah, I lo-o-o-o-ve the way you love me, baby. I love the way you, yeeeh come your hair, baby yeah yeah." that did it, because yeah, baby, he's been sprung.

Maryke

the Auteurs

After Murder Park

(Hut)

I like this band. There is definite - stick-wielding songwriter at work here. I see him reading the Sunday papers over breakfast in bed. Some kid's been murdered down the road. Big old hangover igor away at his brain... Don't think that the lyrics have any specific or clear meaning, they are just there to flesh out the interesting song structures and chord progressions, which never lower themselves to verse/chorus/verse standard. And they are good structures. If you really like the sound of those In Utero drums then you'll really like Steve Abini's name on the production. That's probably all there is to like about the man. Anyway, the music has poise and striking originality. If I claimed to be a songwriter myself I might look to this guy for the word on what to do and who's who. Even though Luke Haines does have two or three albums under his belt, he'd probably tell me that everything begins and ends with Mr. David Bowie: but that can be all right if it isn't too cloudy outside.

After about six or seven songs you might get the feeling that the particular haziness of the lyrics can be a bit tiring, or you might not hear any singles, but the sounds are strong enough throughout to want a repeat listening at the end. But these are weak words... and things more important are drawing their own parallels with the music. Thank god for the interviewing skills of Don Burke - his rap-torous tirade with Keb' had me longing for the glory days of Old Man River all over again. Bears the Best of Hey Hey, and Ray on Monday. Adho.

King Billy

Cokebottle

(Sony)

King Billy is a non-Indigenous person who impersonates an Aboriginal man and boses his comedy purely upon Aboriginal issues. His humour is simple and old, I'm sure most people have already heard half of the material (which I am confident is not his own). He mocks laughter from his untruthy, try-hard Aboriginal accent which is neither accurate or funny. King Billy for a white fella you are a very brave man to be making a living from your offensive material. I bet you never see any Koors in your audience - no matter how sympathising you believe you are. No wonder you are still doing the rounds in Townsville pubs.

GIVEAWAY

courtesy of Sony Music we have five copies of Keb' Mo's debut album reviewed on these pages to the first people here on Thursday the 6th who can tell us what Keb' Mo's real name is hint: Kevin M_o_e. 

LOOKATHIS

the bad news is that because of a dire lack of space we couldn't include the fabulous article on the band The Paradise Motel that we had planned, the good news, however, is that we've published it with some cool pixies on the web page http://www/reall.com.au/tharunka
Cultural Week

week 1 session 2

Cultural Week is a celebration of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander culture at UNSW and is always held week 1 of session 2. It replaces what we used to call NAIDOC at UNSW. NAIDOC, which is the national celebration of Indigenous culture throughout Australia, actually falls in our recess. Instead, UNSW have adopted Cultural Week as their official week of celebration, which has been historically significant and considered an important event hosted by the university. In the past Cultural Week has not gone by without its little dramas:

Like the year when Peter Garret and Stan Grant were invited to the flag raising ceremony and in their haste raised the flag upside down; or in 1994 when an art exhibition, held in the library foyer, was host to a patron who took a liking to one of the pieces and attempted to walk out with it, needless to say he was promptly crash tackled to the ground by the manager of the library in a mow that would have made Glen Lazarus proud (or at least his mum...); or the creeping suspicion that someone in Campus Services continually attempts to undermine Cultural Week activities on the lawn by pulling the plug on lunchtime entertainment, leaving performers without amplification and humming and strumming in the breeze.

This year’s Cultural Week events hopefully won’t include any mishaps, but we dare definitely including flag raising and lowering ceremonies, lunchtime entertainment on the library lawn throughout the week, Aboriginal stalls, bush tucker, debates, music, art, dance and story telling. This is a chance for all of the University population to enjoy, participate and join the Indigenous community in celebrating the richness and diversity of their culture.

Uncle Rusty’s

10 ways to amuse yourself at toll booths

1. If the person behind you is exceptionally good-looking, pay their toll.
2. If the person behind you is exceptionally ugly, tell the toll-collector the person behind will be paying for you.
3. Slap the toll collector’s outstretched palm and say, “give me five, brother”.
4. Ask for directions to Ayers rock in an obnoxious American accent.
5. Redirect your windscreen sprayers to the side.
6. Hand the toll collector a squeegee with $2 and say “check the oil while you’re at it.
7. Take some ecstasy. Give the toll collector a big hug and tell him he’s doing a wonderful job.
8. Use your car’s cigarette lighter to heat up the coins.
9. Get your partner to perform oral sex on you as you search for money, then hand the toll-collector a $100 note.
10. Get really stoned. Pretend you’re at a drive thru and order a Big MAC and some fries.
**Week 13**

**CASOC MEETING #7** Thursday June 6, 6pm Squarehouse Terrace. All Clubs and societies should be represented.

**CHILDCARE** The Honey Pot Child Care Centre provides quality part time and occasional/casual for children 3months to 5 years of UNSW Students and Staff. 22 Botany St Randwick Ph 385 1230.

**KINO SCREENINGS** June 7: Broken Arrow plus Speed Science Theatre, 7pm. $5 Kino Members $8 non-members

**PURPLE NOISE** FREE CHOCOLATE GIVEAWAY We will be giving an assortment of Cadbury Chocolate bars to our members Mon 3rd June - Wed 5th June Library Lawn 12-2 Wed 5th June WC: 101 6-8

**SOCRATIC SOCIETY** Is Socrates our Hero? Thursday 1-2, MB 211

**VEGETARIAN CLUB** Tuesdays 12-48pm Sam Cracknell Pavilion. All Welcome. Lunch $4 and always worth the walk.

**SYDNEY MARXISM GROUP** will meet Wednesday June 5, 6-8pm 361 Kent Street, Sydney Floor 4 the speaker will be Debash Battacharya, Associate Professor of Economics, Sydney University. What Future for the Left in India. Contact Steve Cooper 799 9261 for details.

**Week 14**

**BEER AND PIZZA** Friday wk 14 - June 14 Western Campus Bldg 100 Free Food and Drink

$5 Game players members

$7 non-members starts 6.00

**REDCROSS BLOOD BANK VISITING Please Give Blood.**

Tuesday June 11 9.45-3.45

Wednesday June 12 9.30-3.45

Thursday June 13 9.30-3.30

**SOCRATIC SOCIETY** Philosophy subjects - open discussion, Thursday 1-2pm MB 211

**PSYCHOLOGY SOCIETY** Semi Formal Friday June 14. Beer Wine Soft drink Horse Doovers $35 Furama Hotel (Opposite Entertainment Centre) Tickets 1-2 pm Library Lawn & Mat 1010 other times

**Hey Kids Drink with the Media Collective**

**Weekend Activities**

- **AVIATION SOCIETY**

  **Hang Gliding Day**

  **Saturday June 8**

  Only $99

  **Contact David 416 1613**

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**ACTIVITIES COLLECTIVES** Ever wondered how to get involved in activities on campus and not known how? Join the Activities collective!!! No politics No bullshit. Year key to a fun and enlightening future... Contact Bart or Chad at the Student Guild.

**ETHNIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE & COLLECTIVE** Contributions in the form of articles, essays, poetry, photos, artwork, etc are welcome for submission for the inaugural annual publication early in Session 2. Deadline for submissions is Friday June 14. All contributions will be welcomed. Enquiries should be directed to the EAC of the Student Guild - Balcony Level of Quadrangle Building.

**FREE SELF DEFENCE CLASSES FOR WOMEN** Mondays 1-2 in room 1001 opposite the Student Guild - Quadrangle Building, East Wing, First Floor. Wear Comfy Clothes

**NSW TRAVELLING ART SCHOLARSHIP 1996** established in 1991 and valued at $25,000 Closing date for submissions 22 July 1996

**WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE NOW SELLING CHOCOLATE IN A HUGE WAY** - get your box of maltesers or M&M's (both kinds) for a paltry $3 now!! Lose Money, Earn Weight for winter!!! All for a good cause sending women to the The annual Conference of National Organisation of Women Students Australia in Perth.

**UNI GYM SUX** for info on setting up a student owned, student run fitness facility, phone David Galea (Voice mail 385 8888 ext 91042)

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Anthony Winter 264 1215

**UNI GYM SUX** for info on setting up a student owned, student run fitness facility, phone David Galea (Voice mail 385 8888 ext 91042)
The UNSW Sports Association’s next meeting is June 12th at 6.00pm in the Sam Cracknell Pavilion

I GUESS THAT’S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES (dinner)...
The twelfth Annual Dinner of the Sports Association saw the presentation of Blues Awards to ten of the University’s best sports people. The University sporting Blue is the highest award a student can achieve and recognises excellence while competing for the University.

The award winners were:

Christopher Jones - Athletics: Chris is a middle distance runner who won gold in the 800m at last year’s Australian University Games in Darwin. He bettered the Blue standard on more than four occasions including 1m 49.0s for the 800m and 3m 51.1s for the 1500m. Christopher has been a Ben Lexcen Scholar since 1995.

George Sids - Athletics: George is the most successful shot putter in the Club’s recent history, having put the shot over 14m twice during his University sporting career. George won a Bronze Medal at the 1994 National Under 20 competition and backed this up with a Bronze at the Australian University Games last year.

Anthony Tzannes - Athletics: Anthony is only the second javelin thrower to be awarded a University Blue after strong performance at the interclub and intervarsity level. Anthony won the Inter district A Grade Final for the javelin throwing 61.0m at Homebush Bay Athletics Stadium. Anthony won a Silver Medal at last year’s Uni Games.

Merrick Kingston - Australian Football: Merrick has been a regular member of the First Grade club since 1992 and has developed into one of the League’s leading goal scorers. Merrick kicked 43 majors in 1994 and 42 in 1995 which helped win the club’s second consecutive First Grade Premiership. Merrick was selected in the Australian Green and Gold team at last year’s University Games.

Shayne McKenzie - Australian Rules: Shayne commenced with the Club in 1987 and has played First Grade for nine consecutive years, captaining the side in 1989 and 1994. He has twice been selected in the Sydney Football Association’s representative sides, being selected as captain in 1994. A tough defender, Shayne also was selected in the Green and Gold Team at last year’s University Games.

Timothy Munro - Canoeing: Since Tim enrolled in 1995 he won the inaugural Australian Rowing Crews Senior Canoe National Championship in Liffey Valley Canoe Club. He also won the following year's Junior National Championship in Liffey Valley Canoe Club. Tim won a Gold Medal with the UNSW Canoeing Team's win at the 1995 Australian University Games, winning selection in the Green and Gold Team. Tim was a Ben Lexcen Scholar in 1994 and 1995.

Matthew Phelps - Cricket: Matthew achieved his Blue with starring form in First Grade that saw him break several club records. Matthew scored 874 runs at an average of 54.63 in the Grade competition and 349 runs at an average of 87.25 in the One Day competition. Matthew was rewarded with selection in the NSW Second XI.

Matthew won a Gold Medal with the UNSW Cricket Team’s win at the 1995 Australian University Games, winning selection in the Green and Gold Team. Matthew was a Ben Lexcen Scholar in 1994 and 1995.

Bridget McIntosh - Gymnastics: Bridget has dominated the Rhythmic Gymnastics event at the Australian University Championships over the last two years, finishing first overall in both 1994 and 1995. Bridget has won Gold in the Ball, Freehand, Clubs, Rope and Hoop disciplines as well as a silver in the Ribbon. Bridget was also a part of the Gold Medal winning UNSW Netball Team at last year’s University Games.

Jodi Murphy - Softball: Jodi has easily surpassed the Blue standard for softball over the last two years with batting performances that have been responsible for keeping the club competitive in the A Grade competition. Jodi hit 0.405 in 1994 and 0.416 in 1995 to easily surpass the Blue standard of 0.300. Jodi was rewarded for her performances with selection in the Sydney Softball Association’s representative team for the State Championships last year.

Three club stalwarts were also honoured with Sports Recognition Awards for their tireless work over the last 15-20 years as players, coaches, umpires and club administrators. They were Robert Long of the Baseball/Softball Club and Peter Brown and Murali Nagarajan of the Hockey Club.

Late Breaking News...

The UNSW Fencing Club has had more success with Cameron Smith winning a Gold Medal in the 1996 President’s Cup in the Men’s Open Sabre Club. President, Stefan Faulkner picked up the bronze defeating his long time nemesis.

RUGBY NAMED 1995 CLUB OF THE YEAR
The UNSW Rugby Club was declared 1995 Sports Association Club of the Year at the Sports Association’s Annual Dinner held on Friday May 24th at the Roundhouse. The Rugby Club had a fantastic 1995 both on and off the playing field. UNSW secured Grand Final spots in First and Second Grade and won the Colts Premiership on their way to securing the Club Championship for the first time in the club’s history. They also fielded women’s rugby teams for the first time. The club also had success making the final four at the Australian University Games held in Darwin’s stifling heat.

On the administrative front, the club had similar successes, gaining financial backing from several community businesses including the Doncaster Hotel in Kensington. The Rugby Club gained notoriety for their publication of match day booklets for each home game. The Rugby Club’s biggest success of the year though may be seen as the North American Rugby tour they organised for their members in November and December. 32 club members enjoyed success on the 25 day tour and extracts from the tour diary are reproduced for the home game match publication.

The Sports Association congratulates the UNSW Rugby Club who have issued the challenge to other sports clubs to “catch us if you can”.

ATHLETIC SUPPORTER

The Australian University Championships for Cross Country Skiing is being held this year at Mount Buller during Week 1 of Second Session. This is four weeks earlier than in past years and means the Club needs to organise a team to represent the University. If you are a keen cross country skier (male or female) or would like to train to become competitive call Tony Abrahams on Ph 396 5312 or Joanna Bourke on Ph 211 5428 or Orientering Silver Medal

The UNSW Club finished second overall in the 1996 Australian University Orientering Championships near Mullion Creek, north of Orange in April 16 Universities from throughout Australia entered teams in the competition with three UNSW members finishing in the top 20 of the individual component. Peter Broadhead was the best placing 10th, with David Shepherd (14th) and Paul Heiskanen (17th) supporting strongly.

In a League of Their Own

The UNSW Baseball/Softball Club has hit the halfway mark of the season and are in the strongest Club position in recent history. All four baseball teams are on line for the Semi Finals with First Grade in fifth position. Second Grade are coming fifth, Third Grade third and Fourth grade just out of the top five. The women, not to be outdone, are playing just as powerfully, with A Grade storming to win in five out of their six games. A Reserve are two from tour and B Grade are wireless despite several close games. Both Baseball and Softball are holding trials for the Eastern Conference Games in July. For more information leave your details on the Club infoline on Ph 385 8888 extension 92210.
Handy Hints with Mrs D and Me

The weather is getting colder, and its time to pull out those winter woollies. Oh oh. You packed them away dirty didn’t you? Full of last winters smoky damp smell. Pooh, can’t wear that out now can you? Not to worry kids. I have an easy and simple solution to your problem. Now it’s not very hard to do, and it won’t take you all day long. Once again we’re going to use my old favourite, borax.

Borax, the versatile agent.

Mix 50gms of borax with a jug size is up to you of hot water. Pour this solution into about 5 litres of water and your regular environmentally friendly washing powder. Pop your woollens into the mixture and let them soak for as long as you like. Probably about three pots of tea worth, and maybe a whole packet of those yummy scotch finger bickies.) For added strength add a dash of vinegar. When you’ve finished your tea, take your woollens and wring the water out. Pull them back into shape and dry on a flat surface. And hey presto, your woollies are as good as new.

god’s blessings you all.

IMPORTANT AUSTUDY INFORMATION

SO YOU THINK YOU’RE A FULL-TIME STUDENT...

IF YOU’RE ALSO RECEIVING AUSTUDY, YOU BETTER LOOK AGAIN!

You can only receive Austudy if you are a full-time student. Sounds straightforward but it’s not. The catch is that what the university classifies as full-time does not correlate with what DEET classifies as full-time.

DEET is the Department of Employment, Education and Training which administers Austudy.

You’re OK if: you are receiving Austudy and your HECS loading is above 0.375 each session, as DEET considers this to be full-time.

You’re in deep shit if: you are receiving Austudy and your HECS loading is below 0.375 for any session, as DEET considers this to be part-time. (Unless you are receiving the concessional rate.)

WHY? As far as DEET is concerned, the HECS loading for each session indicates whether you are full-time or part-time, regardless of the status the University has printed on your HECS Notices.

It is your responsibility to check that each session your load is above 0.375.

Take special care if you drop subjects at any time during the session, as Austudy will check on your HECS loading and if they find a discrepancy you may end up with a debt.

There are exceptions to this rule where by you can be paid the Concessional Rate of Austudy, but your load must not be below 0.332 per session. For more information about these exceptions contact the Student Advocacy Officer at the Student Guild on 663 0461.

So what if you’re a Part-time student and can’t get Austudy?

You may be eligible for Job Search or Newstart Allowance, if you are studying part-time and looking for full-time work.

However take care, as the definition of “part-time” is also unclear. The Department of Social Security’s definition of part-time study can be determined by a range of factors; the contact hours and private study done by the student, their commitment to seeking paid work and their desire to undertake full-time work and give up study if work is offered.

GOLDEN RULE #1 - When speaking to Austudy or DSS staff on the phone always get their name, make a note of what was said and the date of the call.

GOLDEN RULE #2 - If you are given advice over the phone, ask the person to give you the number of the regulation they are quoting, and if they can send you a copy. This is not an unreasonable request, given that most problems students have with Austudy arise from being given the wrong information.

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