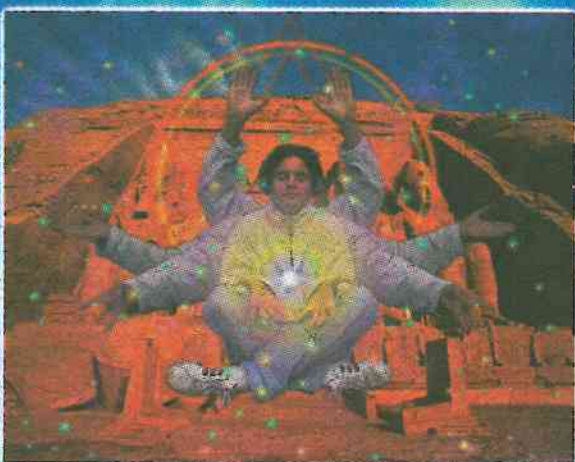
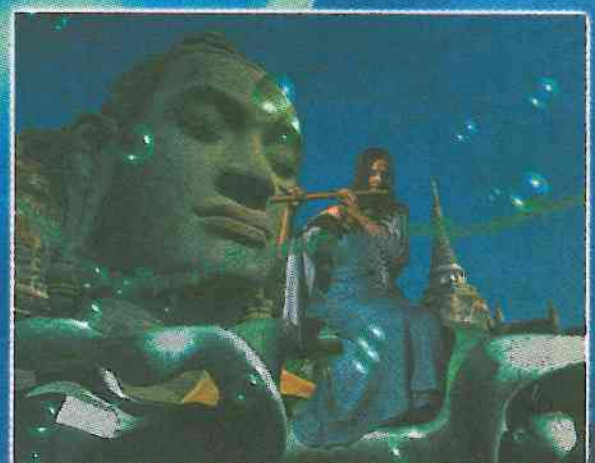
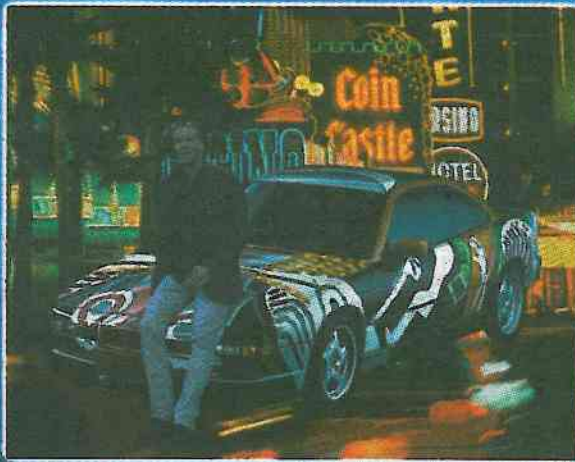


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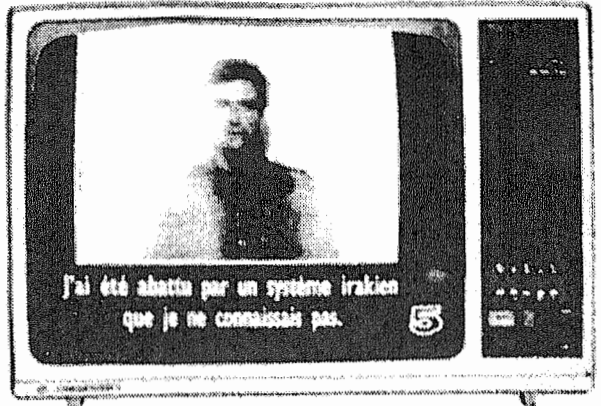
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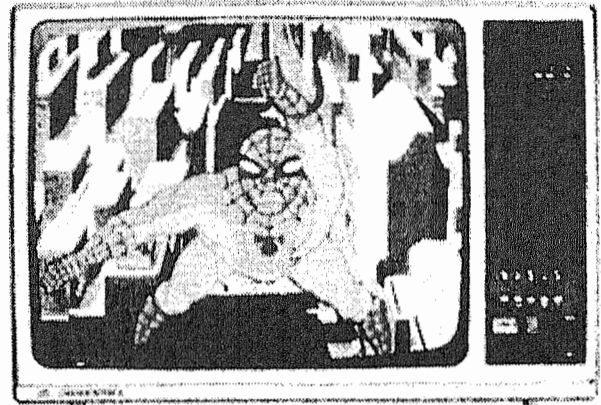


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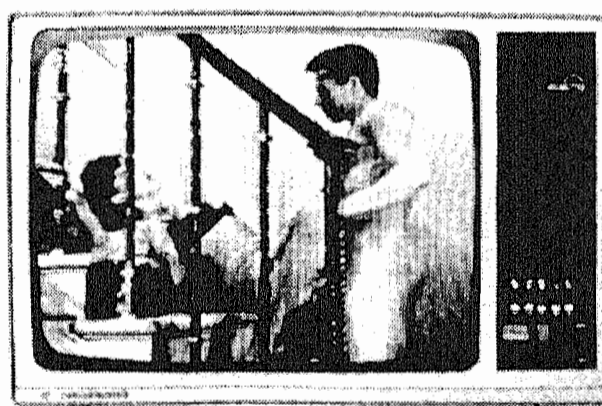
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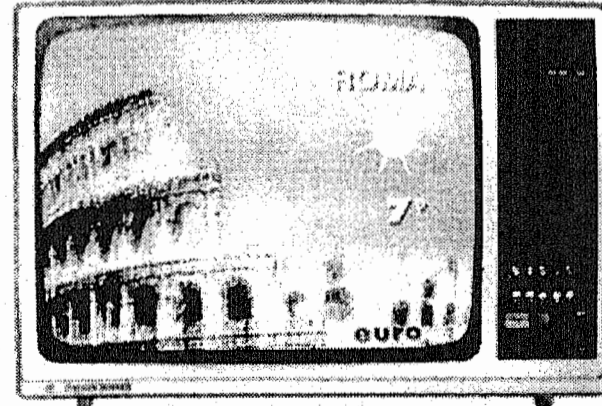
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This week sees what is a regular highlight on the Adelaide University calendar: Multicultural Week. As a result, we are happy to present you with the Multicultural Edition of *On Dit*. This edition was prepared with the able assistance of the Adelaide University Overseas Students' Association, and we would like to take this opportunity to thank them for their help. In particular, kudos must go to Lisa Tang, the M-Week Publicity Person, and Felix Cheung, who is largely responsible for the cover.

One of the more pleasant by-products of living in Australia is the fact that we all have the opportunity to enjoy a truly multicultural society. We can heartily suggest, therefore, that all students take the opportunity to enjoy the food and the festivities this week. It would be a shame, however, to see things stop there. What M-Week is ultimately all about is education and interaction; about broadening perspectives; about bridging the differences between cultures to learn and share. We could have no nobler pursuit.





# SAUA Roundup

It's an interesting time of year for the SAUA: with elections only a week or so away, pretty much everyone's energies are being devoted in that direction. Now is the time that the deals are done, and the preferencing deals are instrumental in deciding who gets up. The work on the ground during the week performed by all those funny little folk in matching t-shirts only ever counts for around ten percent of the vote. The winners and the losers are pretty much being worked out right now, with nary a voter in sight.

And you thought it was all about student representation.

The most interesting happenstance regarding the upcoming elections has been the withdrawal of a Presidential nomination. SAUA Councillor Leah Weckert (perhaps somewhat prematurely labelled by this paper as an early 'favourite') has withdrawn her nomination. Ms Weckert has not commented on her withdrawal to *On Dit*, so her motives remain unknown. It is now expected that the New Independent ticket (aka Difference) will now throw their support behind Annie Woollam's Presidential aspirations. Wednesday August 16 saw another mammoth SAUA Council meeting, that was only curtailed when no tapes were left for the dictaphone,

rendering accurate minuting nigh-on impossible.

*Counter Calendar* Editor Sarah Hanson presented a budget to Council that suggests that the *Calendar* is on track to break even or return a small profit. At the time of the meeting, no advertising contracts had actually been signed, but these were expected to appear towards the end of last week.

Telstra have pulled the plug on the much-troubled and much-maligned Smart Cards, announcing that they will no longer support the technology (which isn't really that disappointing, given that the damn things never really worked anyway). SAUA President Stephen Mullighan, SAUA Office Manager Jane Kelsall and Union CEO Ian Cannon are presently involved in negotiations with other suppliers, in the hope that new cards can be developed that provide some of the functions of the Smart Cards (ie electronic purse, library card, building access *et al*).

The majority of the meeting was taken up discussing the draft SAUA Policy that has been prepared by the Policy Review Committee (PRC). The PRC has been working on the massive task of reviewing all areas of SAUA Policy for some months now, and the process is reaching its last stages. Indeed, the original

intention was to pass the Policy at the meeting. This was not to eventuate.

Councillors had all been provided with copies of the Policy (a document of not inconsiderable length) and invited to propose any amendments that they saw fit. Several provided amendments and highlighted areas of concern, and these were dealt with one by one. After rather a great deal of discussion, it became increasingly clear via some Councillors' comments that the Policy was not going to be passed. This was somewhat frustrating, as the rather significant amount of time devoted to working through the various amendments had been wasted. Council felt that the document, in its draft form, had too many spelling, grammar and consistency errors, and that they were perhaps rushing such a major document through. The decision was thus made to send the document back to the PRC to address these issues. This was around the point at which things got a little silly.

Clearly somewhat irked that his Policy (and he did write most of it) had not been passed, PRC Chair Brad Kitschke (who is running on the United Students' ticket this year) drafted a motion requiring EVP Seb Henbest to write Policy on the

areas of Trimesterisation, Double Degrees and Academic Transcripts, which are currently lacking. Mr Henbest admitted that he should already have written these Policies, and the motion was passed. Mr Kitschke then moved that ACVP Adam Langman write Prosh Policy. Mr Langman seconded the motion, and it was passed. A further motion requiring the Environment Officer to write other areas of policy was then passed. A 'motion-off' then developed, as the Independents (aka Student Focus) began drafting motions to require the writing of policy by United Students members. A motion directing Mr Mullighan to write some areas of Policy backfired, however, as they fell outside of his portfolio, rendering the motion out of order. The motion was then amended, directing him to 'co-ordinate' its writing. This effectively added to Mr Henbest's workload, as they fell into the Education portfolio.

After some time sanity began to prevail, and the motions subsided. Whilst a little political grandstanding is to be expected at this time of year, this was quite a remarkable meeting. Whether the policy will actually be passed by this Council (their terms end at the end of Term 3) or by their successors remains to be seen.

## Submarine tragedy: sunk like a stone

By Georgie Hambrook

Last week Russia was forced to face the realisation that there is now little for the rest of the world to fear from the 'Evil Empire'. One of its submarines sinks after a mysterious accident, and the Russians botch the rescue or retrieval exercise. It transpires that the Russians were attempting to rescue a precariously positioned submarine using antiquated equipment. Apparently, the more sophisticated miniature rescue submarines had been scrapped because they were too expensive to maintain. So, while the Russians still might have good military equipment they lack the infrastructure to support it when things go wrong.

Too late in the day, the Russians asked for international assistance to rescue its stricken Kursk submarine lying at the bottom of the Barents Sea, near the Arctic. But even then, the request was reluctant, going to the bureaucrats at NATO. As a result, whatever chance there may have been of rescuing the crew was lost, such was the delay.

Moreover by last Friday, the Russian authorities had changed its

tune, disclosing that the Kursk submarine had suffered much greater damage than first reported, and that it was likely that the crew died in the collision or shortly afterwards. However, perhaps in an effort to save face, they are sticking by their original story that a collision was the cause of the disaster which seems likely to result in the loss of 118 lives, Russia's greatest peacetime naval disaster. The area in which the Kursk sunk was a sea lane frequently used by cargo vessel traffic. Fifteen years ago, another Russian submarine collided with a cargo ship, but with less dire results. Russian defence minister, Igor Sergeyev was reported as saying that 'The scenario in which the Kursk submarine suffered a collision with another object is now the main [cause of accident]... Irrefutable data is already available.' He referred to five hours of video footage of the submarine which revealed massive and severe damage. One of the sub's escape hatches was so badly damaged as to be unusable, and there is speculation that the Kursk's oxygen

generators may have been destroyed during the accident last Saturday as well, meaning that the crew would have died very quickly.

According to Russian sources, the crash theory speculates that the submarine collided with a surface vessel while trying to come up from the depths. This is supported by the fact that the sub's periscopes were raised at the time of its demise. It contradicts early Russian allegations that two American submarines were engaging in war games in the vicinity of the accident.

However contrary to the Russian theories, earlier in the week, intelligence reports from Norway and the United States spoke of there being two explosions in quick succession, the second more powerful than the first. This would be consistent with the accidental explosion of a torpedo followed by a secondary explosion which scuppered the ship. Alternatively, the first recorded sound could have been the thud of the submarine as it cannoned into the sea bed, which triggered the more powerful explosion that caused much of the damage. Either

way, there is likely to have been many initial fatalities.

Also, these same intelligence reports doubted that the submariners had maintained communication with the rescuers above them by tapping out Morse code on the hull, observing that the site has been silent since the accident.

The Russian political and military heavies have come in for great criticism over their handling of the accident. President Putin, on holiday at the Black Sea, initially refused to cut short his break, delivering press conferences wearing a T-shirt.

In the meantime, Britain and Norway sent their state-of-the-art rescue ships to the Barents Sea in what is now likely to be a mopping up operation. Any mariner who survived the initial sinking would have suffocated by Saturday. The Norwegians were to have arrived by Sunday at the earliest.

Sources: Patrick Tyler, 'Fate of Crew Unknown as Rescue Efforts Fail to Reach Russian Sub' *New York Times* 17 August 2000; Ian Traynor, 'Crew "killed in sub blast"' *The Guardian* August 18, 2000.

# Welcome to Multicultural Week ...

By Sandy Hua, M-Week Chairperson

Modern Australia is uniquely characterised by its cultural diversity, ranging from the indigenous cultures of the Aboriginal nation to the Anglo-Celtic cultures and the many other cultures brought by the many immigrant groups who have settled in Australia since the late 1700s.

Today, the richness of our diversity is visible in everyday life, and has a strong continuing influence on our society. For this reason M-week (or Multicultural Week) was introduced on campus in 1993 by the Overseas Student's Association as a celebration of the existence of multiculturalism in our country.

This year I have had the honour of being the chairperson of M-week 2000 and this truly has been an exhilarating experience. I have had the opportunity of working with many people from a variety of cultural backgrounds, including those from Malaysia, France, Hong Kong, Germany and India, as well as many other local students. Not only has this been a fun and enjoyable experience but it has also allowed me to appreciate the value



of teamwork. Working together, we were able to put aside our differences and expand each other's horizons by

sharing our ideas and beliefs. Multicultural Week is an event that promotes cultural awareness and at

the same time encourages pride and commitment to Australia, and respect for different cultures and traditions among us. And hence the theme for this year's M-week is appropriately 'Fusion of Cultures'. During the week, open-air stage performances and scrumptious cultural cuisine will be available at the Barr Smith lawns. In addition, exhibitions will be on display, allowing people a further understanding of the diverse spectrum of cultures present here in Australia. I would like to pay tribute to the enormous contributions made by Multicultural Week organising committee members and volunteers who gave so generously of their time and effort to ensure the coordination of all activities throughout this event. Your assistance and enthusiasm is sincerely appreciated.

Finally I extend a special word of thanks to my dedicated, inspiring, crazy, supportive, encouraging, creative and sweet friend, Felix Cheung. I thank you personally for your tireless help with this event.

## Multicultural Week

See the Lawns for daytime activities, & the Mayo for M-Night

- |           |  |
|-----------|--|
| Tuesday   | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 11.30 VIP Arrival</li> <li>• 11.45 The Parade</li> <li>• 11.55 Opening Ceremony</li> <li>• 12.30 Japanese Drum</li> <li>• 1.10 Hawaiian Dance</li> <li>• 1.40 Latin American Dance</li> <li>• 2.05 Aboriginal Choir &amp; Dance</li> </ul> <p>Plus Henna Tattoos &amp; Chinese Calligraphy</p>  |
| Wednesday | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 12.00 Scottish Pipe Band</li> <li>• 12.25 Greek Performance</li> <li>• 12.50 Pacific Dance</li> <li>• 1.15 Tae Kwon Do</li> <li>• 1.35 Malay Dance</li> <li>• 1.50 African Drum</li> </ul> <p>Plus Palm Reading &amp; Chinese Calligraphy</p>   |
| Thursday  | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 12.00 African Dance</li> <li>• 12.30 Indian Dance</li> <li>• 12.50 Japanese Music</li> <li>• 1.15 Indonesian Dance</li> <li>• 1.35 Quran Dance</li> </ul> <p>Plus Henna Tattoos</p>   |
| Friday    | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 12.00 Musical Band</li> <li>• 1.00 Scottish Dance</li> <li>• 1.30 Aboriginal Contemporary Music</li> <li>• 5.30 Sausage Sizzle</li> <li>• 6.00 Speeches</li> <li>• 6.30 Lion Dance</li> <li>• 6.50 Indian Folk Dance</li> <li>• 7.15 Japanese Martial Arts - Laido</li> <li>• 7.40 Spanish Dance</li> <li>• 8.20 Belly Dance</li> <li>• 8.50 Maori Dance</li> </ul> |



# M-week performances

From the M-Week Committee

The variety and colours of this year's M-Week performances are going to be amazing!

Originating from most continents of the world, you can look forward to seeing a huge array of cultural acts, including Spanish dancing, traditional Vietnamese music and Scottish Bagpipes, just to name a few.

From talking with many of the groups who will be performing during the week, one thing is clear - culture can be an incredibly important part of a person's sense of identity. Traditional dances and music often contain an array of messages spanning from ancestry and beliefs to more practical lessons, such as how we should preserve and respect the environment that we live in.

For example, were you aware that the Hawaiian dancing actually tells

a story? Tuvake, meaning 'Flight of the bird', is the name of a Hawaiian group who will be sharing their skills in dancing with us this year. Interestingly, one of the songs that they will be performing, talks about how we should only take as much food from the land as we can eat. It would seem that their foresight was well ahead of our own.

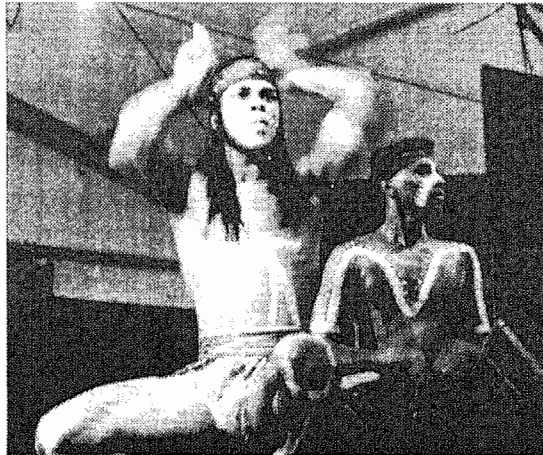
Do make sure that you come to M-Night to see the Poi Aatareta's performance of traditional Maori dance. This fantastic group is working to promote the teaching of the Maori culture to young people, Maori and others, and to encourage unity of all people. Amongst other items, they will be performing the Haka, which you might recognise from the All Blacks Rugby Union team. This war dance was traditionally used to intimidate the enemy, and is spectacular to watch.

Although a person's ancestry can play a huge role in their interest in their background, more and more we are beginning to see people from all cultures, experimenting with other styles of dance and music.

This could not be more evident in the group Ki-no-taiko, meaning 'Golden Drums,' a group of students from the Flinders Street School of Music who have expanded their talents in percussion to include Japanese drums.

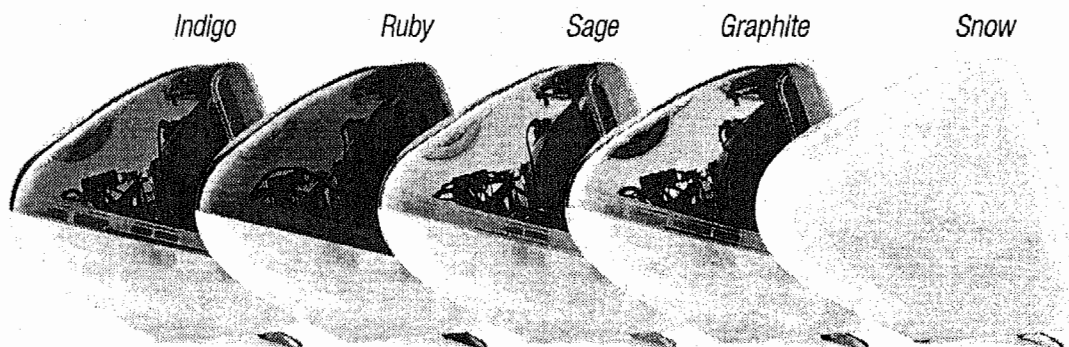
Initially, they were inspired by a guest musician at the school who taught them how to make and play the drums, which then led to the creation of their own group. While they mainly play traditional pieces, the interest that they have developed in this style of percussion has led them to composing. We will be lucky enough to hear one of their new pieces, which was written for

the Adelaide Festival. Of course, all of the performances will be worth watching. However, do make the effort to come and see some of these professional acts, as they are definitely worth it. It's hard to believe the diversity that awaits you. Also, make a point of staying for M-Night on Friday the 25th of August. We've made sure that this will be extra special, and guarantee that you will not be disappointed. Even if dance and music are not quite your thing, come along and be part of the atmosphere, enjoy the variety and diversity that we are so lucky to have here in Australia, but most importantly, try and experience something new and take the opportunity to gain insight into the cultures that have shaped Australia into the amazing country that it is. This is a week of fun, not to be missed.



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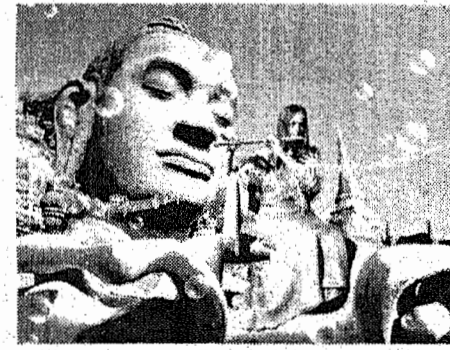
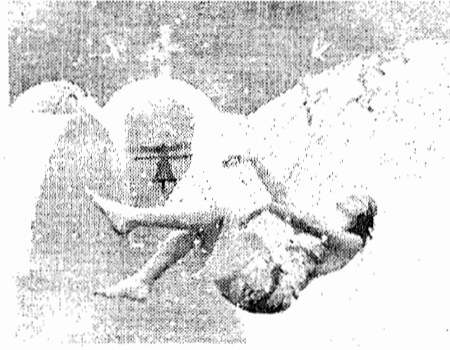
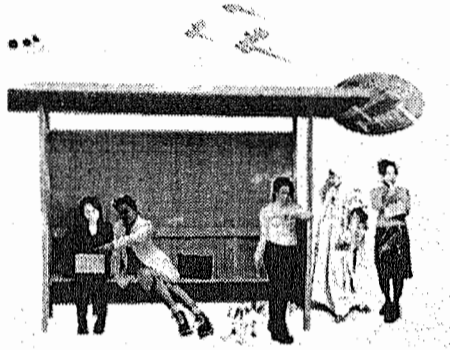
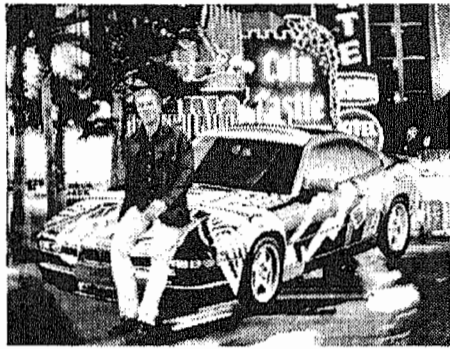
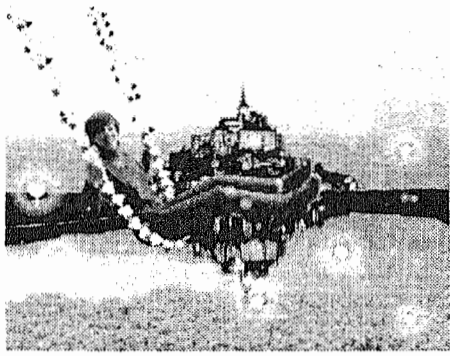
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Simply hand-deliver this original entry form to Campus Computers at Hughes Plaza, University of Adelaide (right behind the Elder Conservatorium of Music). Only one entry per person please. The winner will be drawn Monday 2nd October 2000.



# The story of 'Fusion of Cultures'

From the M-Week Committee



Since the beginning of time, the celebration of multiculturalism has centered around the recognition and the tolerance of different cultures. It implies an acceptance of the uniqueness and the individuality that exist among us. Multiculturalism is, however, deeper than that. It is about uniting the diversity. Although, on the macroscopic level, we are different, on the microscopic (or should it be the nanoscopic?) level, we are sub-atomically identical.

With advanced digital technology such as the internet and email, people are communicating to each other globally. The distance between people is getting less and less. And it is inevitable that, eventually, the differences between us will cease to exist. What follows is the story told by the pictures featured on this page, as well as on the cover of *On Dit* this week and on M-Week posters and banners around campus. It is a story of the fusion of cultures.

Pascale (Mother Nature) senses a disorder somewhere in the Southern hemisphere. At first, she can't pinpoint the exact location, but after studying the movement of the planets and hearing the cries of the stars, she realises that the epicenter of this disturbance originates from the University of Adelaide. After surfing on the internet, she discovers that the university is holding its annual Multicultural Week.

Knowing that humans are aimlessly using the term multiculturalism without truly understanding the underlying meaning, she believes that there is an urgent need to cast a new definition of the term. Despite the danger that she might get herself into, she sets herself on a journey to the Barr Smith lawns. Although her will is strong, her power is limited. In order to complete this mission, it is necessary to gather the nine legendary fusers from different corners around the globe. These nine fusers, including Pascale herself, represent the different cultural elements existing in our world. Only if the nine fusers unite can they then release the immense force that can ultimately awaken humankind's consciousness. Jens (The Bold & Mysterious Wanderer, otherwise known as BMW) is enjoying a holiday in one of the popular tourist cities in America. Upon his return to the hotel, he receives an invitation from Pascale to the event. Though the notice is short, his immediate reaction is to hop into his 'Multicultural-mobile' and drive to the specified destination as soon as possible.

Sandy (The Undergraduate Student) receives an email in her Sony VAIO notebook regarding the mission. Troubled by a feeling that she's

being spied on, she duplicates herself into four different identities to distract her enemies. With the assistance of her AIBO dog, she manages to get on the bus on time without leaving any trail. Whew! That was a close one.

Kelly (The Bird Summoner) is a girl who is constantly in touch with nature. She also wants to attend this special gathering. Unfortunately, due to the heavily booked flights, the only way to go is via the help of her trusted feathered friends. Although some might say that this is not the first-class way to travel, it is definitely the safest way to go (at least safer than the Concord).

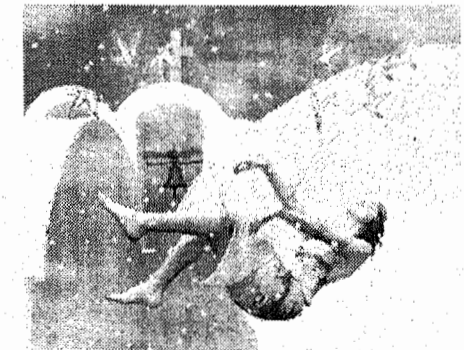
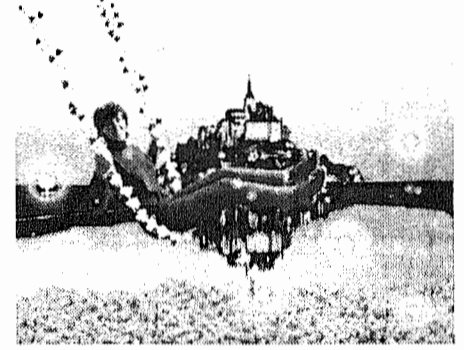
Meanwhile, Sean (The Dolphin Trainer) receives signals about the event telepathically from the porpoises. Rumors say that he has the ability to bind people together by using the equation  $E=mc^2$ . Along with his dolphin allies, Sean briskly travels towards the direction of Adelaide on his skateboard.

A letter is also sent to Nora (The Siren), who has been busy preparing for a musical performance for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Ever since receiving it, she has been having internal conflicts about whether she should sacrifice this valuable performing opportunity. Realizing that she is the only one who possesses the power to lure people with captivating tunes, it becomes obvious that attending this occasion is predestined.

Because of the introduction of the GST, Laafira (The Cuban Mother) is having difficulties in making a living from her Austudy payments, meaning she has to do some part-time baby-sitting (that is, 29 babies all together!) in order to maintain her standard of living. Consequently, she is only informed about the situation from the mouth of her neighbour, a few days later. Not certain whether her ability to comfort crying babies will be of any help, she decides to carry a basket of cabbages in case the others get hungry.

Adam (The Holy) was the one responsible for the stability in the Middle East. By casting his aura, he has the ability to create a state of harmony in that region. People often refer to him as the enchanted one. By measuring the fluctuations of the angelic dust, he learns that his presence is required for this mission. Amber (The Ninja Assassin) used to be the arch-enemy of Pascale. After Adam persuades her to move from evil to the good side, however, she promises to help on the basis that her identity must not be revealed.

The nine fusers rush to the Barr Smith Lawns from all directions, hoping to arrive on time. And as the day gets closer and closer, the adventure begins.





# M-Week Exhibitions

From the M-Week Committee

This week's celebration of the Fusion of Cultures at Adelaide University includes exhibition stalls on Henna Tattooing, Palmistry and Chinese Calligraphy.

## Henna Tattooing

The use of henna grew out of a medicinal use. Originally henna was used in all countries because of its cooling effect on the body. The palms, feet and hair were painted with henna in an attempt to keep the body temperature down during the extreme heat. It was the women's responsibility to apply the henna to men and women. It then developed into a form of body decoration and like art in general, the rule is, form follows function. In ancient times, women wore henna for festive occasions. Different henna symbols were used to distinguish between festivals. For example, grain patterns were used during harvest times, black henna was used for travelling, and fancy, arabique-curliqueued flower designs were painted on the hands and feet of brides.

There is no standard set of design for a particular festival - designs would vary depending on the country or origin of the henna tattooing. For example, henna tattooing in Turkey is limited to only staining just the nails, palms and soles of the feet. In India, designs are more intricate, depicting different kinds of flowers. Both the dye and process of henna tattooing are called Mehndi.

There is no proper Mehndi recipe, and different variations exist across cultures. However, the recipe below is an easy one to make at home for do-it-yourself henna tattooing:

1. You will need some henna powder.
2. If your henna powder has twigs and things in it, you will need to sift it first.
3. Take about a tablespoon full of henna powder and put it in a plastic bowl.
4. Take a fresh lemon and squeeze it.
5. Pour the juice through a sieve to remove any pith, as this will clog

your applicator.

6. Add a couple of teaspoons of the strained lemon juice to the henna powder.

7. Mix together and add more lemon juice until you get a thick paste.

8. If you want to add extra ingredients to darken the final colour, add clove oil (a few drops is enough, but even this much can create an allergic reaction in some people, so be careful) or clove powder (add about half a teaspoon). Mix thoroughly.

9. Cover the bowl with cling film to store.

10. Apply as desired when desired.

**Henna Tattooing:**

Tuesday 22 & Thursday 24 August, 12-2pm, Barr Smith Lawns.

## Palmistry

Palmistry has held an interest for humans since the stone age. Archeological discoveries have discovered hands made of stone, wood and ivory by ancient civilizations. Hippocrates and Galen (AD 130-200) were both knowledgeable about the use of palmistry as a clinical aid. Aristotle (384-322 BC) discovered a treatise on palmistry on an altar to the god Hermes, and Caesar used palmistry as one of his selection tools in his recruitment of Roman soldiers!

Although opposed by Roman Catholicism and a few other religions, its influence has continued. Currently, it is accepted throughout the world, and professional palmists can be found reading palms in almost every country in the world.

In palmistry, when looking at a person's hand, the first and most important thing you must do is to ask, 'Are you right-handed or left-handed?' If the person is right-handed, the left-hand is 'passive' and shows his or her inherited potentials: those strengths, weaknesses, characteristics, abilities and tendencies with which the person was born. The right hand is 'active' and reveals how those natural inborn characteristics have been changed, developed or eliminated. If the person is left-

handed, then the reverse applies.

In some cases the shape, colour, and texture of the hands and fingers, plus the formation of the major lines will be similar in both hands. These are the people who, for one reason or another, have followed the physical, emotional and mental roads in their

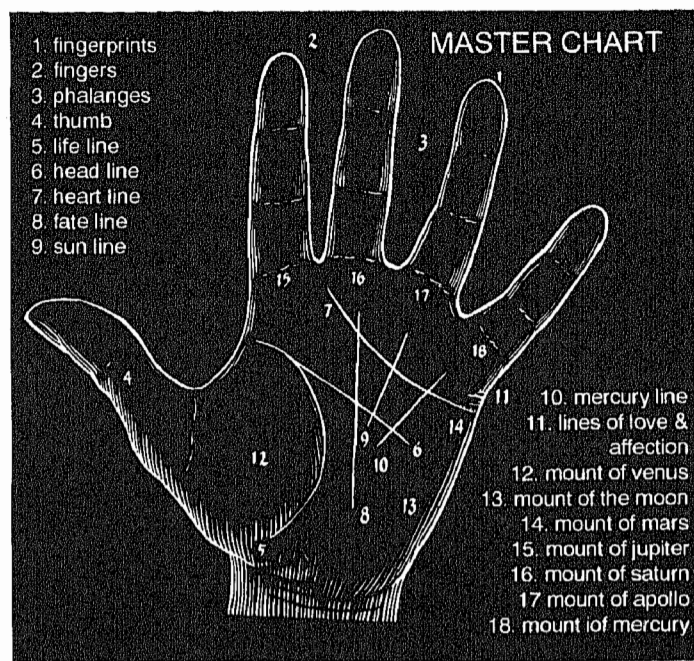
original life map. They have not changed the 'destiny' with which they were born. However, in most cases, there will be marked differences between the two hands. The master chart (see right) shows that there are 18 lines and areas to look at: the fingertips, fingers, phalanges, thumb, life line, head line, heart line, fate line, sun line, mercury line, lines of love and affection, Mount of Venus, Mount of the Moon, Mount of Mars, Mount of Jupiter, Mount of Saturn, Mount of Apollo and Mount of Mercury. All these explain different aspects of an individual's life. The key is to look at both hands to give an accurate assessment of a person's character and destiny - past, present and future.

**Palmistry:** Wednesday 12-2pm, Barr Smith Lawns.

## Chinese Calligraphy

Although the Chinese art of brushwork seems to be strongly related to painting, it actually has a longer and continuous affiliation with calligraphy.

Dating back some 5000 years, evidence of brushwork can be traced back to the Shang period (14th century BC) in calligraphy. Chinese artists, for years, have relied on a single tool - the brush - which over the centuries has proved its broad capacity and versatility. The brush is dipped in 'colour' or more commonly known as, black ink. The merging of these two tools



can produce unlimited variations in the shapes of lines and dots which are only limited by the skill and imagination of the artist. A 'Dot' in Chinese art is understood to be a dab with the brush, resulting in a point, a hook or a small touch of 'colour'.

There are basically five categories of Chinese brushwork: In the Centre Brush motion, the brush is held upright and the tip does the painting. In the Side Brush motion the brush is tilted, and this tilting brings the side of the brush into action. The tilting of the brush is dependent on the thickness of the stroke that the painter wishes to achieve. In the Turning Brush motion the brush is twirled continuously to change the direction of the line being drawn. In the Rolling Brush motion the side of the brush is being used. Twirling to achieve a directional change is actually a rolling of the brush. When changing direction, the brush is often actually folded over - this is called the Folding Brush motion.

**Chinese Calligraphy:**

Tuesday 22 & Wednesday 23 August, 12-2pm, Barr Smith Lawns.

These exhibitions are just part of the fun on the Lawns that will be M-Week this week. Look out for the food stalls and performances as well - there's a program on page 4 of this week's *On Dit*.

## M-Week Food Stalls

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# Bad Service

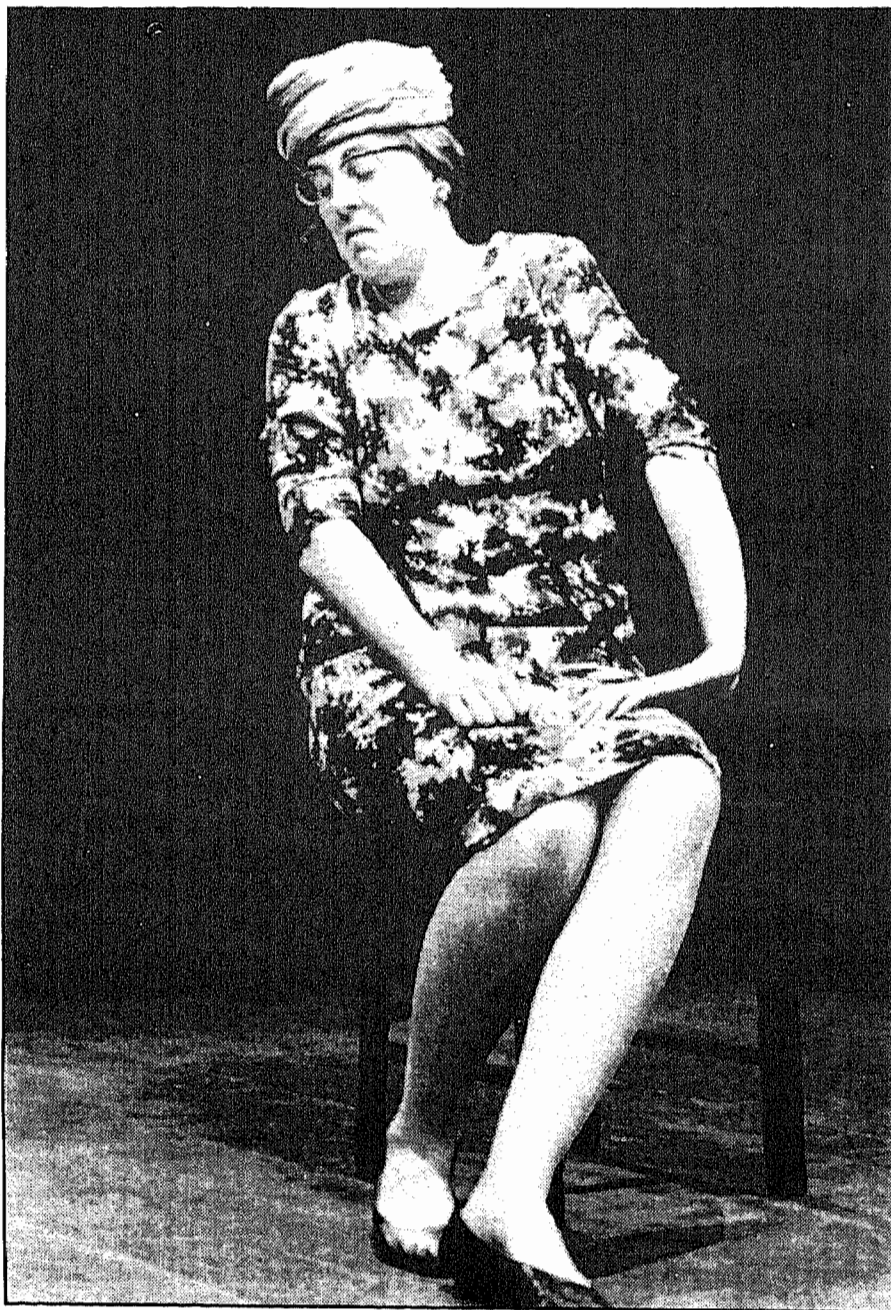
By Sam Franzway

'Woah! That is one angry lady!' I think to myself as I look up from my continental buffet bacon and eggs. The woman (clad in a green and pink parachute tracksuit) has stormed over to a quiet young lady dressed in a simple white shirt and black pants who is standing by the buffet and taps her firmly on the shoulder with her pink-lacquered finger nail. I know exactly what is going to happen here and so I set down my knife and fork and just watch.

I guess I should set the scene first. I'm a country student. I'm living and studying here in good old Adelaide away from my loving, sheltering family up in the backwaters of Whoop Whoop. Translated this means that every holidays I jump into the Lovemobile (my disintegrating Mazda 323) and thrash it back home for a few weeks of steak, three veg and homegrown racism. It's a two day trip at the Lovemobile's top speed of 90 km/h and so I stop at the same hotel every time. It's the exact same as every other bush hotel in Australia (variations of local footy team photos behind the bar excluded of course). In the room there's always a flimsy old plywood cupboard with two rusty wire coathangers. There's a tightly made bed with an assortment of sheets that need to be untucked with a crowbar in the middle of the night when the bar heater in the corner suddenly starts pumping out heat, no matter what the season. There's always a red bound bible in the bedside set of drawers (curse those Gideons!) and a useless white doily on top. In the bar downstairs the clientele changes day to day, but there will always be the same two old boys sitting in the corner, each with half a glass of draught in front of them, squinting at everyone who walks in the door and talking to no-one but each other.

The more touristy places will have a restaurant where it's steak or schnitzel with salad or vegetables or you can stick it up your arse and go hungry. Hotels like the one I'm in now have got all that and more - there's poker machines and Sky Channel for entertainment at night

and in the morning a fantastic buffet breakfast for just five bucks more on the cost of your bill. Trays of bacon, scrambled eggs, fried tomatoes (if you're lucky), toast, and, for the wimps on the four dollar continental, there's a bowl of cornflakes next to a jug of chilled milk. The orange cordial sits enticingly next to the baskets



*My husband's a barrister, you know.*

of tea and instant coffee sachets (tip: always stick a couple in your pocket for later) and the constantly boiling urn roars up over the breakfast radio droning from the bar in the next room at regular intervals.

The patrons are the other part of the small-town hotel experience that make it all worthwhile. There's the travelling salesman complete with comb-over and a tie.

The student on the way home (that's me - g'day). The old couple, clad in flannelette, stopped halfway to the Big Smoke to visit their ungrateful kids who don't think of their folks by moving so far away (my folks, if they were trendy enough for flannelette). The stylish young couple emotionally blackmailed into admitting their

redneck roots travelling the other way (my friends from uni - hey guys!) and last, but not least, the family on holiday. They're not actually stopping anywhere smaller than the city they came from for any length of time, but they're still attempting to enjoy the quaint atmosphere of country life (in a town with 20,000 people). I love to keep an eye on the families on holiday, the ones who

aren't that uncomfortable, but after staying at various Sheraton hotels and resorts around the place, everything else is a bit of a bloody letdown. But, a buffet breakfast is still, in fact, a buffet breakfast and I see a small ripple of relief pass over the family's pudgy red faces as they enter the restaurant, bracing themselves for whatever culinary nightmare might pass for a breakfast in this one horse town. When they come in, the young woman standing at the buffet looks over and smiles at the mother who nods and smiles warmly back. Then she sits her family down and composes herself as the kids squawk in a semi-cute, squeaky balloon kind of way to be allowed to go and watch the TV in the corner- for the cartoons are on and their room doesn't have one. She nods bravely and I imagine her suppressing the headache that probably began last night when the 'no electronic entertainment' discovery was first made by her two little darlings. She asks the husband what he would like and then goes and stands behind the young woman at the buffet, waiting for her to finish preparing a tray full of two lots of the entire range of breakfasts available. Two plates full of bacon, eggs, toast, fried tomatoes and (the cook has gourmet aspirations I see) a generous helping of baked beans on each, a bowl of cornflakes and milk with a sprinkling of white sugar, two cups of white coffee and two glasses of cool orange cordial. One plate contains more food than the other, a perfect male and female helping. She moves around to get some napkins, but already the mother has thankfully and carefully lifted the tray full of steaming hot breakfast away to her hungrily waiting husband on the other side of the room without even a thank you. The young woman turns around after wrestling with the napkin dispenser and looks just as shocked and surprised as I am that someone could just watch so much work be done and then not even give a little gratitude at the end. She stares disbelievingly at the mother for a moment as she unloads the tray onto her table and

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# Bad Service

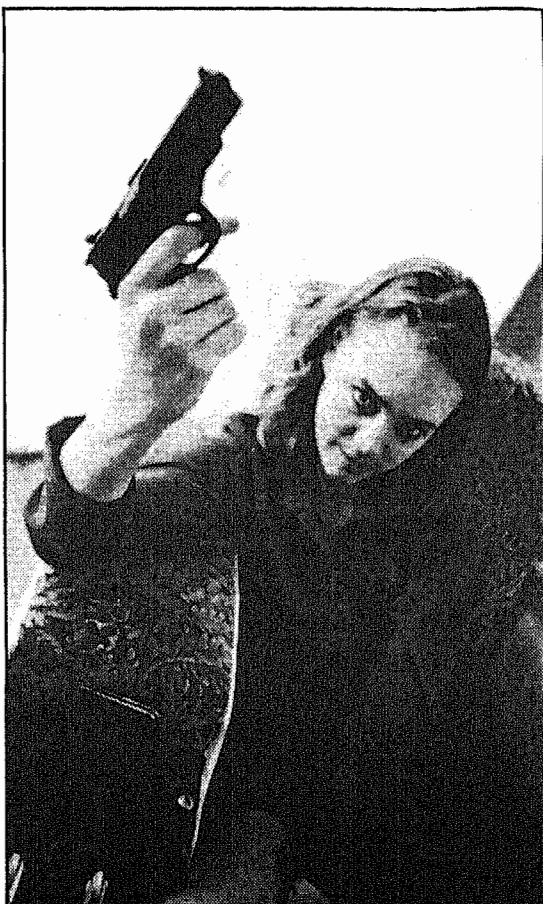
By Sam Franzway

rests it discreetly against the nearest wall. Then she shakes her head and pulls out another tray and begins the same long process of setting out two helpings of everything on the buffet. Bacon, eggs, tomatoes, toast, baked beans, cornflakes and coffee.

By this time the two kids have noticed that their parents' breakfast is ready and so charge merrily like two happy little rhinos over to their table and inquire heartily about where all the food comes from. The mother points them in the direction of the buffet and tells them that the nice young lady is preparing a tray of food as they speak. Their little eyes light up like currants in a rising cake and the little girl wedges herself into her seat as the little boy is sent over to fetch the now almost full tray of steaming breakfast.

When he gets there, he heaves up the food-laden tray and goes to leave. But he notices something not to his taste and wrinkles up his darling little nose like someone realising that it wasn't just a fart. He turns around and tells the young woman standing over him to switch the coffee

with juice because he and his sister don't like coffee, it tastes all bitter. The look on the young wom-



*Anyone else wanna complain?*

an's face reads like someone wondering quite how two birds could get the same person twice in the same day and she turns and pours

two glasses of juice and puts them down quite hard on the little boy's tray.

If he looked wide-eyed at that little jolt, then his eyeballs literally popped out on stalks when the young woman bent down (for she was quite tall), picked up one of the glasses of cordial and carefully poured it over the breakfast she had just prepared so delicately. The bacon, the fried tomatoes and the cornflakes were all soaked in orange cordial.

She turned him around and pointed him off back to his table, whispering something in his ear. She then calmly stood up straight and, for the third time that morning, began to prepare a tray of breakfast. By this time the little tyke had plonked down the cordial-covered tray and was sobbing nasally into the arms of his weaselly-looking father. He kept glancing nervously at his wife, who was, by this stage, becoming extremely red in the face (an true accomplishment for someone of her complex-

ion). And this, of course, brings us back nicely to the beginning of our story.

The young woman turned around to come face to face (well, face to top of bouffant) with the angry mother.

'Who the hell do you think you are?' screamed the mother, waving her short fat arms in the young woman's face. 'Do you call this service? I've never heard of anything so disgustingly rude in all my life! I'll have you know that my husband is a barrister and he could have you fired in a second! You should bloody well feel start feeling sorry for yourself because you're never going to make it higher than a cleaning woman in this hellhole of a place! I don't know how you ever got the job if that's the way you treat people! You should be...'

In one quick movement the young woman leant forward and pressed her finger to the mother's lips and silenced her. The mother was so shocked that for a second she didn't say a word. That was all the window of opportunity the young woman needed, and in a voice as calm as the eye of a cyclone she said: 'I don't work here.'

And with that she turned around, put two spoons on her tray and brought it over to a table where her husband was sitting down for breakfast.

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**GARDEN SALAD**



# Didn't we have a luvverly time

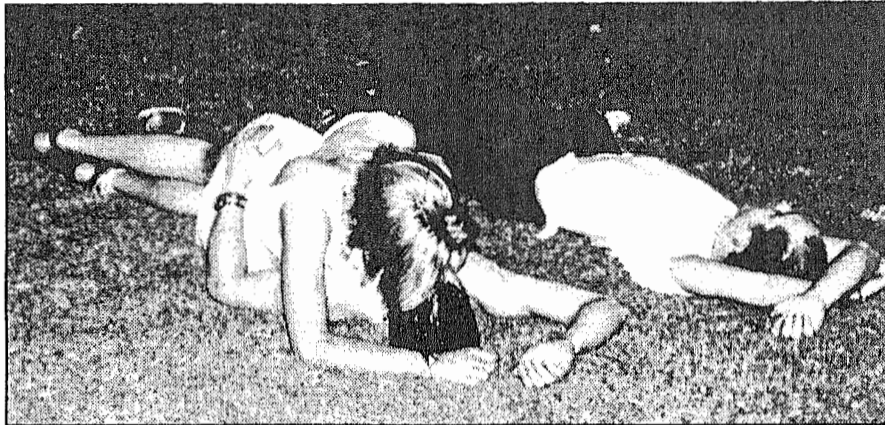
By Darien O'Reilly (with apologies to Mal)

Due to the age of the majority of students, sooner or later you will come into contact with that most unchanging of beasts: the 21st Party.

As you undoubtedly know the rituals of the 21st make the iconoclastic Orthodox Church look flexible and visionary. Traditions and patterns of behaviour remain rooted (some would say mired) in the past; in this case what was good enough for forebearers is more than adequate for you and yours.

Luckily we all realise sooner or later that our ancestors didn't actually mind having fun, cutting a rug or indeed letting it all hang out. I mean, deep down we realise that obviously our parents procreated but that stopped once we were born: what has since happened is that their genitals have dropped off or out and they just don't do 'that'. In other words, the flesh is weak and the will is weaker. In reality what this means is that shabby behaviour has happened for eons, will continue to do so, and that the most embarrassing thing that you did has undoubtedly been done before and probably by somebody who is now a doctor or lawyer.

What once got the animal hanged for indecency will more than likely now only generate feelings of amusement and a little revulsion. This though does not really excuse some forms of behaviour which should be shied away from (unless you really really want to indulge in



Often the end result of a few champers, a nice chat and a fine shindig

them). Just don't come crying to us in embarrassment and guilt if they get you into trouble.

Shenanigans is the only word that can describe some of the following *faux pas* at gatherings originally intended to celebrate the coming of the host into maturity and adulthood, but only witnessed the plunge of witnesses into general shabbiness

and shite behaviour. As we know, 21sts see either a formal dinner sitting or the offering of finger food to guests by a selection of small prepubescent relatives mixed carefully with older and therefore wiser ones. After food, wine and general chitchat (the time where every-

body's outfits are checked out and compared, the day's sporting results and stories are exchanged, when bowties and cravats are metaphorically loosened, and when the sacrifice of the grape is working its salutatory magic), speeches are held. In the majority of cases, these will be broken up into several shorter periods, thus exposing

guests to the variety of influences that the host himself has been exposed to. This is to show the respect and depth of feeling in which the host is held, indeed revered, but serves to humble and embarrass the host thus reminding them that even on their special day they are part of the wider gestalt that is the community. Speeches then revolve around the host but shower the spotlight onto friends and family. At one unnamed 21st, dinner had gone swimmingly well in fact so swimmingly well, that people had become a tad too interested in one the side benefits of the 21st: scoring. The host's parents gave a wonderful speech extolling the many and varied virtues of their daughter; it was time for the friends to perhaps remind her parents that she was indeed only human and therefore had more than her share of foibles.

The parents introduced the first friend who then proceeded to do the only sensible thing and not come on down. She indeed was nowhere to be seen. A nervous few minutes elapsed while the friend was unsuccessfully sought: the only thing to do was to move straight on and



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# the day we went to a 21st

hope that the resulting hump would not be too big for the following speaker to get over. The second speaker was introduced to a more nervous round of applause and promptly proceeded to not take his turn at the microphone. Reintroductions were pleadingly put forward to a resounding round of silence while the speaker was sought. No luck, both speakers had indeed disappeared into the night only to reappear a little later lightly tousled and creased into the tent together.

Yes indeed folks, these speakers had opted to roll around the garden locked in a fervid passionate yet exceedingly drunken embrace rather than give the speeches. The only explanation given?

'We were drunk'.

This is a common excuse and is often given in a plaintive manner hoping that this will abrogate the need for critical self examination. After all we never do anything wrong, we're just misunderstood or our actions were excusable or just plain taken out of context.

Like the time at another 21st when the demon drink played a bit part in a minor tragedy misunderstood by all who witnessed the events.

The host's mother had been given a hand by various friends and mothers of the host's friends. This is not unusual and it is not an uncommon occurrence for all to perhaps hit the champers a little hard. One of the mother's friends (let's call her Yummy Mummy number 1 or YM1) was chatting, dancing and imbibing with the on again off again casual shag of the host (or Shabby Guest number 1 - SG1). The host was slightly more smitten with SG1 than he was of her, indeed this particular evening he seemed to be intoxicated with YM1 and a few hefty wines. Events played out their cruel course; the spotlight aka carport light was thrust onto Yummy Mummy and Shabby Guest playing a quick game of tonsil hockey with a less than requisite number of clothes upon their persons.

Dancing indeed. Horizontal folk dancing maybe.

In the curious world of Australian

dating and relationships, alcohol and parties play a large part. Indeed, it has been said that the Australian date is a few drinks at the pub and a shared cab ride. Parties are therefore manna from heaven for those that believe this; they can often act as some sort of aphrodisiac for the participants. Twenty firsts are therefore no exception to this rule.



*Try to avoid smack at intimate twenty firsts*

One can indulge in a lot of harmless flirting with a selection of people either known personally and liked, friends of friends (who better to know what you like than somebody who has known you for years) or just the attractive stranger that caught your eye during the mixing period. There is the social lubricant of the atmosphere, the alcohol and of friends sharing the bond of good times past, present and future. There is the extra effort that almost everybody puts into appearance, conviviality and conversation. All this rocks and can lead to a beautiful and meaningful relationship even if only for several hours.

Which is exactly what happened at yet another twenty first hosted by a certain unnamed gentleman.

Speeches were flowing thick and fast. Allusions, innuendo, sexual histories and just plain filth littered the air, empties littered the tables

and ground and people were having a jolly old time.

Everything had gone off without a hitch, apart from the gentleman in the back corner of the marquee.

Closer examination revealed the guest to have indeed gone off while simultaneously somehow denuding the table of its clothing. Perched rather embarrassingly underneath was a rather red faced, frocked up

girl that the punter had met hours before. Unsurprisingly the relationship petered out due to embarrassment on behalf of both as they headed for cover and were not seen together for the rest of the evening. If only the trestle tables had not been so wonky, if only the fellow had not been so overcome, a beautiful relationship may have started that could have enriched both of their lives, not just the assembled's store of quirky ribald anecdotes that would indeed be repeated later.

Tables provide the environment for many of the embarrassing moments that twenty firsts promote. They provide an instable platform for dancing, a cover for lewd and lascivious behaviour, a place for food to be piled and a handy last resort for the ingesting of nose candy. This last is all important for true shabby twenty first behaviour as it enables one to drink more, gabble on like a crazed monster to

all and sundry, while all the time making you appear coherent.

Another twenty first, another shabby moment. This soiree was held in an unnamed city hotel much beloved of students then and now. The room was looking a treat, conversation, drinks and fine food had come and gone, returned again and then come back for some more. The decorations had been slowly pulled down so that people could sing deep deep songs in high high voices (try 'You've lost that lovin' feeling') and giggle inanely at the next attempt. People had started to forget that this was not just another night at the pub, but was indeed a night of celebration for the host and her immediate family, all of whom were still present within the establishment, looking slightly perturbed as jug after jug of riesling based cocktails wended their way to varying parts of the room.

It wasn't long before somebody had the bright idea that if people were going to go nuts, Colombia's finest marching powder should be distributed and absorbed. Straws in hand, a febrile bunch of folk were soon chins on tables, facing the lines and rowing to their heart's delight. A boat race gone horribly horribly wrong or right depending upon your viewpoint.

The viewpoint of the host's parents was one of utter and complete astonishment as disbelief was etched across their faces. Not one to hold back, the host slunk off to the bathroom, the assembled guests continued to snort as if their very lives depended upon it and the fecund bar just kept on giving until the parents just could give no longer.

Here was their beautiful daughter surrounded by giggling totally wired folk who just wanted to dance, drink and shag anything that moved: what had happened to the pigtailed bright eyed girl with friends that were threatening to go back to the family home just because they had heard that several slabs had been put away for recovery?

Needless to say, the parents weren't impressed.

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# Asian Development Bank

By Nicholas Maligieri

Established during the Cold War in 1966, the Asian Development Bank (ADB) started out as a 'small scale' loans agency of limited scope. Since then it has changed significantly, expanding in size, capacity and influence, to a position today where it assumes a key role as a regional funding body to governments of Asian and Pacific countries requiring economic assistance – rivalling even the World Bank and International Monetary Fund (IMF).

Based in Manila, the capital of the Philippines, the ADB is made up of 56 member countries including Australia (with Treasurer Peter Costello holding a seat on the board of Bank Governors). All member countries are shareholders in the bank; however, unsurprisingly, the major shareholders of the Bank are America and Japan (each holding around 13.5%). This guarantees them more voting power within the Bank, and according to a senior staff member who refused to be named, an 'invisible' advantage when it comes to staffing key positions - a pattern which is only too common.

As the 5th largest shareholder, with nearly 6% of the Bank's shares, Australia too features prominently in decision making, and over the years has contributed over \$1.35

billion to the Bank's soft loan facility – the Asian Development Fund (ADF). The ADF is a facility where a substantial proportion of the Bank's low interest loans come from; these loans are made by the Bank to the poorest of its member borrowing countries such as Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam - which by all means need them. While the facility may appear to consider the interests of developing countries and their respective circumstances, one must remember that at the end of the day such international lending Banks are there to make loans and without loans they would not exist.

According to the ADB, its aim is to provide direct and indirect economic assistance to developing countries under a banner claiming to 'support human development, protect the environment and reduce poverty'. Unfortunately, the reality remains that the ADB's actions are often contrary to its claims, which is particularly evident regarding its dam building projects along the lower Mekong River Basin areas across Southeast Asia.

In recent years, the ADB has been promoting hydro-electric power as the most effective strategy for rapid economic development in poor countries located along the Mekong Basin and its tributaries. While

hydro-electric power is an efficient and in some cases suitable source of power, the circumstances surrounding both proposed and established ADB hydro-dam projects in the Mekong Basin remain unacceptable.

Hydro-dams are being built without any consideration of the effects they will incur on the environment and the numerous communities being affected. Not only are dams being built irrespective of their social, cultural and economic costs, but their undertakings are also conducted in a manner which denies affected communities the opportunity to participate in the decision-making process. This directly contradicts ADB policies such as those claiming 'people participation and good governance'. Even if promised economic benefits of hydro-power eventuate, proceeds are likely to arrive in the hands of only a small proportion of urban people, foreign construction companies and corrupt bureaucrats; leaving rural people to bear the brunt of costs in the form of destruction to their homes, rivers, fisheries and forests.

There are around 65 million people living in the Mekong River Basin of Southeast Asia, most of whom lead subsistence lifestyles relying on a river that gives them

fish to both eat and sell, water to drink and a means of travel. The rivers on which they rely so heavily are being eradicated in order to facilitate massive hydro-electric dams funded by the ADB. The ADB and many of the Governments from developing member countries appear to be of the opinion that prosperity can only be measured in fiscal terms. What they do not realise is that the preservation of vital rivers, fisheries and livelihoods is equally important, both in terms of its cultural and ecological worth along with its availability to future generations.

With potential for up to 50 large dams - identified by ADB-financed studies – in Southeast Asia's Mekong River and its tributaries, the prospect for the displacement of hundreds of thousands of communities is pending.

Recently, amid a wave of visiting critics and professionals, protests and campaigning initiatives, issues concerning the ADB have begun to increasingly feature on the Federal Agenda. In September the ADB will be seeking a total of \$10 billion from donor countries, at which time Australia will also be expected to contribute millions of funds to the Bank. Just what will happen next remains to be seen.

## voting

Students' Association of the University of Adelaide and the Adelaide University Union Elections  
Monday, 28th August - Friday, 1st September 2000

### polling stations and times:

#### Monday 28th August

Hughes Plaza 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Barr Smith Lawns 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Waite Campus (Lirra Lirra Café) 11.00am - 3.00pm

#### Tuesday 29th August

Hughes Plaza 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Barr Smith Lawns 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Airport Lounge 4.30pm - 7.30pm  
Waite Campus (Lirra Lirra Café) 11.00am - 3.00pm  
Medical School 11.45am - 2.15pm  
Roseworthy Student Union 11.00am - 3.00pm

#### Wednesday 30th August

Hughes Plaza 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Barr Smith Lawns 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Airport Lounge 4.30pm - 7.30pm  
Roseworthy Student Union 11.00am - 3.00pm  
Waite Campus (Lirra Lirra Café) 11.00am - 3.00pm

#### Thursday 31st August

Hughes Plaza 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Barr Smith Lawns 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Roseworthy Student Union 11.00am - 3.00pm  
Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music 11.45am - 2.15pm  
Medical School 11.45am - 2.15pm

#### Friday 1st September

Hughes Plaza 9.00am - 4.30pm  
Barr Smith Lawns 9.00am - 4.30pm

### to vote...

You need to produce one of the following to obtain ballot papers. It must also be produced when the vote is returned to the Polling Clerk:-

Any current photographic identification of the voter such as one of the following cards identifying the voter as a student at Adelaide University:

- a current University of Adelaide Student/Library Card
- Adelaide University Law Library Card
- Waite Institute Card
- a current year International Student Identity Card (with the University of Adelaide cited as the institution of study).



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Adelaide University Union



# Drunk and Disorderly

By Kate

Hey folk. There's no way of introducing this little story adequately without reverting back to 'I was out with a couple of mates one night and we were really pissed'. Sorry.

OK, I'll admit first up that this is yet another story that involves my ex, but it's quite a good one, or so I've been told, so bare with me.

1st April this year, that fine Aussie band known as The Whitlams graced us with their presence in the Cloisters of out hallowed institution, and, being a bit of a fan, I toddled along with a friend of mine under a bit of a cloud as I knew that my ex and the current were going to be there. Mind you, I'm thinking that with a thousand people in the Cloisters, there was little likelihood of me seeing them, but no dear reader. I ran into them at the bloody entrance to start with, and then, just to make my night complete, after my mate and I had snapped up a good position and couldn't move, they came and stood not more than six feet away from us for the entire bloody evening.

Now as usual we had access to extraordinary amounts of alcohol throughout the evening, and were averaging around two standards during an average song, and anywhere between three to four drinks between the slower, sad ones. This was due in no small part to the fact that the couple who I was trying to avoid were directly in my line of sight all night, and started getting all couply during the slow songs. Both of us cried at various points during the night, me for obvious reasons, and my friend was being bored to tears with my sobbing and reminiscing. In between crying sessions, my drunk friend was entertaining himself by heckling Tim Freedman about his Hummingbirds days and generally pissing off anyone within earshot. Anyway, the show eventually finished and we wandered off to drink ourselves further into oblivion. At some stage of the evening, I had acquired a poster which I decided had to be signed. My drunken friend had requested an autograph on his breast, but had to settle for a t-shirt signed 'No body parts' by Mr Freedman. I graciously signed his breast so he didn't feel hard done by, but that's another story. So myself and a sober friend wandered up to the Cloisters in search of said musician. She found him first, but I had buggered off to God only know where, convinced that I, and I alone, knew where he was going to be. So my friend was yelling at me to get my sorry arse over to where she was

just as the man of the moment appeared next to her. Preoccupied with finding me, but aware that she had to stall him until I got back, she stumbled somewhat and simply grabbed him and said 'I have a friend'. This stumped him considerably, and whilst trying to grapple with this fascinating tidbit from some strange woman, and even stranger one appeared on the scene and proclaimed 'I have a poster'. Thankfully, after some consideration, he put two and two together, and he had a pen, so he signed my poster for me.

At this time of the evening, it was decided that we should part ways before we injured ourselves and those around us and my friends left, safe in the knowledge that I had said I was all good, and could make my way home by myself. Here's a tip: if ever a friend of yours tells you that they are fine to get home by themselves after ingesting two dozen standard drinks and then some in just under two hours, take it with a pinch of salt and find 'em a cab.

Figuring that it would be unwise to leave my bike on campus overnight, I decided in the infinite wisdom that comes from inebriation that I'd better take it home. Heading in the very general direction of North Adelaide (basically I wasn't heading South), I crossed the Footbridge and hit the fencing around Adelaide Uni Oval. Like, straight into it, didn't have any idea that these structures, that I had passed at least twice a day for a year were there. It was after I had sworn at these inanimate objects for a few minutes that I decided that I was not going to make it home any quicker by going as the crow flies because some bastard had undoubtedly put up more fences along the way.

So, as I was riding around the fences, I noticed a bretho up on War Memorial Drive. Now being very drunk, not to mention unrecoverably stupid, I got off my bike, and crossed the road about three quarters of a mile away from the filth, thinking that nobody would notice. As I got to the Adelaide Uni footy ovals across the road, Park 10 I believe, I saw a cop car parked just up the road with engine and headlights turned off and remember feeling sorry for the poor bugger who was going to get nabbed. With this thought, I

jumped on my bike and rode towards my place on McKinnon Parade, directly across the oval.

Next thing I know, there are sirens and bright lights, and some wanker yelling at me to please dismount and step away from my vehicle. Before I could say what the fucking fuck, which had become my clever and witty phrase of the evening, the copper was out of the car and asking to see some ID. Not satisfied with my official breast inspector card, which some tosser who I vaguely knew had given me



earlier in the night as a joke, 'cos you know, heh heh heh, you're a lesbian ay', yeah piss funny, I'm still chuckling over that one, he grabbed my wallet and found my ID himself. At the time, I remember thinking that he probably wasn't allowed to do that, but I was still in hysterics over being requested to 'dismount and move away from my vehicle' as though it was a deadly weapon. Maybe he thought I was going to throw it at him or

something. Who knows.

After taking down the details of my previous address because I hadn't informed the Motor Registry that I'd moved, he asked me if I'd been drinking. I of course couldn't let this one go by and informed him that of course I'd been fucking drinking, I was hammered. While his partner laughed fairly constantly at this scene, he went and got the bretho and asked me to blow into it. I informed him that there was a slim chance in hell of that happening as I was just about to finish my third packet of cigarettes for the night. He shoved it in my face and told me to blow into the pointy bit. I said I refused to blow into a phallus. He threatened to arrest me. So after a mere half a dozen attempts at blowing into this contraption, he informed me that my blood alcohol level was .198. I was pretty bloody impressed with this and requested a high five. At this point I think he would've sconed me if it wasn't for the fact that I kept falling over giggling like a mad woman, and had begun prancing around to my very own chorus of 'Olaaay, olay, olay, olay', which conveniently rhymed with .198, or so I thought at the time.

Obstinate fool that he was, he decided to ask me where my helmet was. I told him it was at the office, but that it was OK because I

wasn't riding on the road, I wouldn't be that stupid. He muttered something about that being questionable, and asked me why I didn't have any lights on my bike. I informed him it was because it was light when I left the house that morning. He then asked me if I knew it was an offence to ride on a footpath. I said yes, but that it was a strange line of questioning considering I wasn't riding on one. He asked me if I wanted to enter into a discussion about the letter of the law with him, to which I replied 'No sense in arguing with an idiot'. I then tried to convince him of the falsehood that as I was on University of Adelaide property, I was on Commonwealth land, that the State Police had no jurisdiction over it and that if he wanted to call in the Feds, he was more than welcome to. I thought I was doing OK at this point, despite the fact that I kept referring to him as 'ocifer', because his partner was laughing her head off in the car, and so I hoped that he would eventually give up without her support.

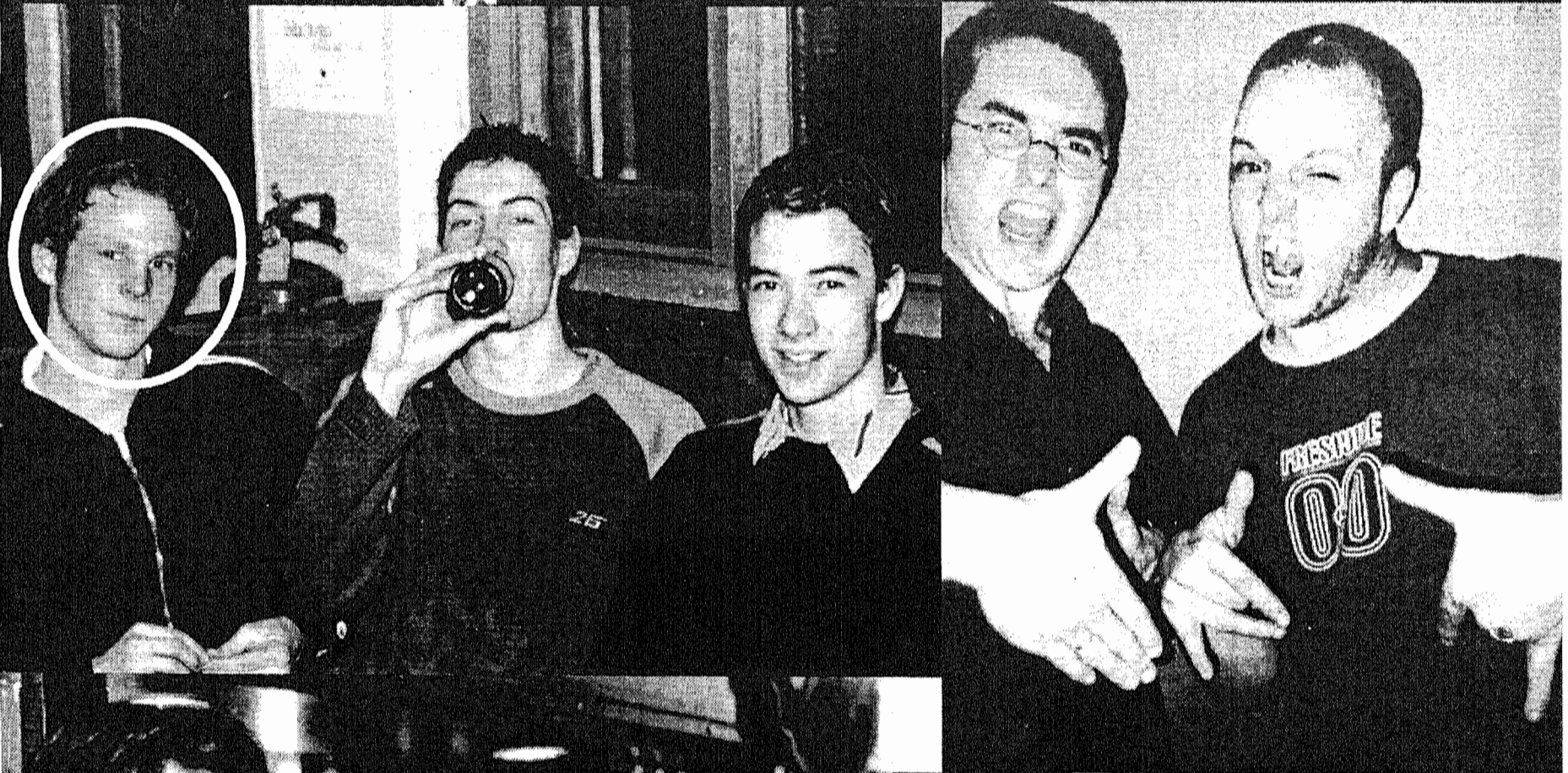
Luckily for me, he did after making sure I only had to go across the oval to get home. Obviously he didn't want to go into why my official address was in Morphett Vale.

So, feeling quite vindicated, I walked about a hundred feet in the direction of my house, then thought 'Fuck it' and jumped on my bike. By that stage I was in the middle of the oval, but I could hear the poor bugger's cries and exceptional command of profanity, not to mention his partner's laughing, all the way back to my place.

About a week later, after having notified the Motor Registry of my new address, they tracked me down and that night caught up with me. I received a lovely letter from the State Police informing me that I was bloody lucky not to have been arrested, that I was on notice, and that if I so much as sneezed in the wrong direction, I would be charged. The list of charges I managed to avoid reads as follows: Riding without lights after sundown, riding without a helmet, riding on a footpath, attempting to put a vehicle in motion whilst intoxicated (otherwise known as DUI), failing to comply with a reasonable request from a police officer, and to sum it all up, I was also nearly charged with drunk and disorderly. It was a lot longer than that, but I thought I'd spare you the wanky wording. Thank God for the State Police: 'Working towards a safer community'.



**WHITE BEER**  
... Social Page



• Free Beer •

Is your face circled?

Come down to the *On Dit* office (basement George Murray Building) at high noon Friday and claim your prize, kindly donated by Southwark

• Free Beer •





# Wank Word Bingo for Science Students

Do you keep falling asleep in lectures and tutes? Here's a little something that'll change all that.

How to Play: Simply tick off 5 Wank Words as you hear them in one lecture or tute and shout BINGO!  
It's that easy!

Testimonials from other players:

'I had only been in the lecture for five minutes when I yelled BINGO!'

'My attention span has improved dramatically.'

'It's a laugh! Tutorials will never be the same for me after my first outright win.'

'The atmosphere was tense at the last practical as 36 of us listened closely for the elusive 5th. The demonstrator was gobsmacked as we all screamed "BINGO" for the third time in two hours.'

'I feel that the game has enhanced the overall quality of lectures per se on a quid pro quo basis.'

'People are even listening to lisping Geology lecturers thanks to Wank Word Bingo.'

'Bonza bewdy, you could have cut the atmosphere with a cricket stump as we waited for the fifth delivery...'

E.COLI	TRANSLATION	INDUCTION	METABOLISM	EVOLUTION/ DARWIN	PHOSPHORYLATION
PHOTOSYNTHESIS	INHIBITION/ STIMULATION	CONSERVATION OF ENERGY/MASS	FREUD	TRP/LAC OPERON	GENUS/SPECIES
LACTOSE/ GLUCOSE	CONFORMATIONAL CHANGE	INITIATION	ELONGATION	TERMINATION	DROSOPHILA
PATHWAY	TITRE	TRANSCRIPTION	GLYCOLYSIS	6.02X10 <sup>23</sup>	mRNA/tRNA/ rRNA/DNA <sup>C</sup>
ACTIVATION SITE/ ENERGY	BASE-PAIRING	SYNTHESIS	MITOSIS/ MEIOSIS	ATP/ADP	FEEDBACK CONTROL

## Beerlines: A paler shade

By Tony Jones, Southwark Chief Brewer

One of the biggest happenings within the local beer scene in the last 20 years has been the re-birth of pale ale as a popular style. These beers were immensely popular throughout the 1800's with names like Wild Dog Pale Ale, West End Pale, WB (Walkerville Brewery) Pale, etc, etc.

During these times many hotels bottled the cask pale from the brewery and sold them under their own names. You can still see a treasured bottle of Royal Oak Pale Ale proudly displayed behind the bar at the World's End (formerly The Royal Oak). Aussie pale ale has always been a tad lighter in colour than their lager mates. To some extent this is dictated by the degree of cloudiness. A thick yeasty, soupy brew may look a little darker, while the veil of yeast in a less cloudy batch may lighten its appearance. But the term pale as a descriptor is somewhat of a misnomer.

Again the beginnings of the tale of pale, lies across the oceans in good old mother England, where pale is often copper coloured or at least a reddish bronze. These beers were

called pale because they were much lighter in colour than the brown ales, porters and stouts which dominated at the time. Another difference is that the English pales are not often cloudy. Beers of sparkling clarity were very much a novelty when brewers first mastered the art of filtration. British brewers embraced this new technology with great gusto. Even the cask conditioned (carbonated) real ales were carefully fined in the cask by the addition of isinglass (fish bladders) to settle the yeast and allow a clear product to be drawn off at the tap. The English pales are quite hoppy. A bitterness of around 20 units (similar to the Aussie style) is the very bottom of the range. Some styles, like the famous India Pale (IPA) have a bitterness of 40 units or above. IPA was a style developed for export to the India Empire. It was brewed to a high gravity and heavily hopped to protect it from infection during the long sea voyage. Today the designation is used to indicate a super-premium and very hoppy example of a pale.

But back to our local pales. The brewing of lagers took off in a big way in the early 1900's, and gradually pales became a rare. Very few Australian pales survived to suffer the transition to a filtered version. But I think this was a good thing. The presence of the yeast adds an extra depth to the flavour. Some additional fruitiness up front, followed by a yeasty bite at the end. An added plus is the goodness captured by retaining the yeast.

Its well worth comparing the English version with our locals, Southwark and Coopers, to get a feel for how they have adapted to the Aussie climate.

The definitive English pale, if you can find it, is Worthington White Shield. This is bottle conditioned, with the yeasty sediment quite evident. Make sure you stir up the sediment to get a good comparison of its full flavour, not decant it like



Beer may cause hallucinations

the English. Line this one up against Southwark and Coopers, which are quite similar but each have their own interesting quirks on the palate. Also try a Cascade Pale, an Aussie drop which survived, albeit in filtered form. To my palate it's just not the same, but a reasonable beer nonetheless. It is probably a measure of the growing maturity of the local beer drinkers that they have recognised the attributes of pale and led the revival of its popularity. Perhaps we should call ourselves the *State of Good Taste*.



# Elections are soon

## The IVF debate continues

### NEWSFLASH - LESBIAN COUPLE CONCEIVES NATURALLY!

I would like to thank Luke for his insightful contribution to the IVF debate. I am glad there is someone out there who can tell me that as a 'normal lesbian' I am not infertile. Of course all us 'fertile' lesbians need do is go out there and get some dick. Easy. In fact, why bother being a dyke at all when we could be with a man and conceive rugrats no probs? Surely if I identify as a Lesbian and am in a relationship with a woman, I am physically incapable of becoming pregnant - or is there some miraculous conception secret Luke knows about that I don't? Lesbians are not 'capable of natural conception', and to assert otherwise is heterosexist and bigoted.

To imply that heterosexual women should be given access to IVF above Lesbians is to treat us as second class citizens. What the Government is proposing is discriminatory and homophobic, and I shudder to think that Australian society would agree with a legislation that promotes inequality and denies a portion of the community a basic human right - the right to mother a child. Giving Lesbians and single women access to IVF treatment is not anti-hetero, it just challenges the notion of the nuclear family, which, however valid for some people, is not the only form of family that exists. If anyone feels threatened by lesbians gaining access to IVF, I suggest they buy a large, fast car to hide their insecurities.

And while we're on the subject, as the child of a divorced couple, I am proud to say that my single mother raised me. She did a bloody good job and I wouldn't have it any other way.

Elise Duffield

## I reckon we got a Blink fan here

Dear *On Dit*,

Normally we take great enjoyment in reading you (sic) fine publication. However, this week's edition leaves something to be desired.

This something is Miles Hunt's credibility. In his review of 'Adam's Song' by Blink 182 in the Singles Bar column, the Huntser claims that '[It is] nice to see - reminds you that there used to be

more to this band than dick and fart jokes alone.'

We take offense to this claim, as it shows a disregard for any research what so ever (sic), or, a clear propensity to sodomising small children.

In Blink's 1995 album, *Cheshire Cat*, the dick and fart joke reigned supreme, as the following excerpts will attest.

'Does My Breath Smell?'

Who makes up all the rules about those girls I want?/Who tells them all to laugh?/Who tells them all to talk about me?/And I'm not sure what my purpose is for being here/Why do they, why do they/Always kick me in the groin when I come near (and I'm not complaining, it just hurts after a bit)

'Ben Wah Balls'

(No we ain't gonna take it unless it's from a doverman (sic) pincher (sic)/Ladies and gentlemen, for your listening pleasure, Blink)...

...And then quietly one day/He sang a song from deep within his heart/Causing some ingestion/He finished with a great big fart and She knew at that one moment/That song was something she heard before/So she asked him to do that again

Then out the door they hurried/She was gonna find out for sure/So she analyzed his rear end She said, 'When I was a little girl my dad left my mom./He used to always fart and sing this special song./Now I wasn't quite so sure until your pants did fall./'Cause now I know that your (sic) my dad because you use ben wah balls.

And, in closing, the entire lyrics to the song 'Depends.'

I don't want to urinate on myself I don't want to urinate on anyone else

Well, I guess that really doesn't matter anymore Because I can't control my bladder anymore

Well, I guess it all depends (undergarments)

Well, I guess it all depends (undergarments)

Step back in the light

No more soiled nights alone

But I guess I don't have a care

Because there's not a load in my underwear

I'm sick of offending everyone I meet (go, go, go, go)

I'm sick of crying myself to sleep

on rubber sheets (go)

I had an accident today

I left a soil on a bus seat, I didn't know what to say

But, I guess it all depends (undergarments)

Well, I guess it all depends (undergarments)

Step back into life (go, go)

No more soiled nights alone

Well, I guess that I don't have a care

If I don't have a load in my underwear

I am glad that we have now conclusively proven that Miles Hunt is a knob who should, when making stuff up, make so obscure (sic) that no-one will question him.

Kind regards,

Stuart Littlemore

PS Andy Brewer is also a knob. Bangles indeed!

*Yeah, but 'Ben Wah Balls' really is a shit song.*

Eds

## This guy likes his pie

Eds,

Don't Buy the Pie! Come to the basement of the Union Building every lunch hour next week, and all will be revealed! Pie #1: Jesus was a Pie! Not true - Jesus was definitely not a Pie. Pie#2: The Pie is tolerant! Not true - the Pie is just a foodstuff, it has no human attributes. Pie #3: There is only one true Pie! Well, that might be true. Personally, I only like Potato Pies. Pie #4: The Pie loves you! Well, that's not strictly true, for the same reason as #2. Pie #5: Reconciliation is futile! Once again, that may, in fact, be true. It's unlikely that the Pasties and the Pies will ever truly see eye to eye. Especially since the Chief Pasty won't say 'Sorry.' Got an irritating personality? Did no one really like you at school? Come and meet up next week, and we'll show you how to reach a whole new level of social dysfunction.

Bernard Balfour and Roland Gibbs

## Don't worry, we tease him about it too ...

Dear *On Dit*,

Never have I read such pretentious crap as Farley Wright's three

theatre reviews in issue 6816 (14/8/00). Why, I managed to yell 'BINGO!' seventeen times by the end of the second paragraph, and I still didn't know what he was trying to say.

According to Farley, Brink's production of 'Blue Remembered Hills' by Dennis Potter involved 'interactions [occurring] at the mercurial pace of unrestrained impulses' and 'moments of the self-reflexive conditioning of maturity'. I beg your pardon? And just what is a 'proto-adult'? Hold on, I'll just get out my 'Arts' Student Wank Word Dictionary' and decode that for you...

His criticism of the set design for State Theatre's 'Equus' mentioned a 'Jungian mandala' and the 'symbolic representation of the non-mundane', in the same sentence no less! Spare us.

I'm glad dear little Farley has been doing his philosophy II readings but, frankly, I don't think it's necessary (or admirable) to drown a review with irrelevant and poorly-worded theory and jargon in order to show off one's intelligence, or rather prove one's lack thereof.

He praised one production for being 'devoid of artistic pretensions' - if only he could say the same of his own work.

Petra Starke

(third year arts and proud of it)

*Don't worry, we're quite sure he'll get better once he finishes first year.*

Eds

## An absence of sexuality

Dear Eds,

In *On Dit* issue 68.15 there was an article 'Election rumours begin', which mentioned all the office bearer positions up for election except for the Sexuality Officers. Apparently that article was 'provided by anyone who leaks stuff to us' but I know that there was plenty of Sexuality Officer stuff being leaked over campus that week just none reported.

In the last issue (68.16) in Dale F Adams' article 'Election Nominations Announced' Male and Female Sexuality Officer positions again failed to be mentioned. It is very disheartening for queer students to be continually ignored.

With an inactive Pride there has been an all time low in queer activism on campus and virtually



# So we have some letters

no queer visibility. There were only two persons from Adelaide University at this year's Queer Collaborations conference. One was myself and the other was Elise Duffield who was one of the organisers.

On my return from conference there appeared an article in *On Dit* about student conferences and their funding. The article in my opinion criticised the SAUA for wasting funds on sending students to these events. It was alleged that the SAUA paid for a student to fly to Bathurst for the conference. This was poorly researched.

This year, QC was in a regional area, with no billeting delegates had to pay for accommodation, travel, registration and meals. In the end the SAUA generously provided me with \$300 (incidentally not even enough money to fly to Sydney). In perspective Adelaide uni funded one person \$300 compared to James Cook uni who funded \$2600 for two people Melbourne Uni funded \$3800 for 16 people and UQ funded 16 people over \$5000.

Although *On Dit* has been cooperative in printing queer articles submitted, its editorial commitment to queer has been far less than pleasing.

As a result of queer invisibility on campus we saw only two persons nominate for the Male Sexuality Standing Committee. Thankfully there are enough individuals campaigning for queer and sexuality issues and their wish for election to the remaining positions. Here's to hoping when elected the successors do the job right!

George Valiotis

*As much as you may have been aware of rumours regarding the Sexuality Officers, certainly none of them filtered through to us. We could have addressed this omission by simply making some up, but frankly that would have done the positions in question too much of a disservice.*

*Dale's nomination round-up also failed to mention the positions of Womens' Officer and Environment Officer. This has nothing whatsoever to do with any perceived Editorial biases, but was simply a space issue.*

*Cheap shot, George. You know that our policy is to remain open to submissions on any topic - and that we have in fact actively encouraged queer submissions throughout the year. But a*

*'commitment to queer'? The only commitment we have is to producing a paper that both informs and entertains, and, if it's quite alright with you, we'll just worry about that for now.*

Eds

## Oops

Dear Editors,

I'd like to congratulate *On Dit* for keeping us informed about what is happening in the SAUA and on reporting student elections. I have noticed in issue 68.16 14.08.00 that my name was misspelt. My name is spelt: Tessa Anthony-Qureshi, not Tessa Anthony-Quereshi. Everybody puts in that extra 'e', sorry, my name defies the English language! At least Dale managed to spell Anthony correctly, he didn't write Tessa Antony-Qureshi. I found it amusing when my name on my student id card was printed without the 'i', resulting in Tessa Anthony-Quresh, I'm not related to David Quresh!!! Many can't even pronounce my name, some of my tutors have a terrible time. Sometimes they call me Tessa Antony-Qureshi, yes folks use the 'th' sound, while most bomb out

on the Qureshi part. Then there are those wacky people who can spell and pronounce my last name but spell Tessa with one 's'!!! So Tessa Anthony-Qureshi will do, and for those who can pronounce correctly my full name during election week, I'll give them a little treat. Further more Lachlan Pender's name was also misspelt. In addition I would like to point out that I'm not the only one who is not running on the same ticket as 1999. I'm on another ticket this year, but if I were to tell you the name, I would have to kill you! Maybe I will call the ticket 'Team Tessa' Hmmm, oh am I thinking out loud again!!!!

Tessa Anthony-Qureshi

*Apologies to Tessa and Lachlan. We were working stright off a list of nominees presented to us, so we'll happily pass the buck for that one.*

*But feel for our poor Male Sexo - we've been spelling his name Radzevicus by mistake for most of the year ...*

*Oh, and the name you were looking for there was David Koresh, but he's probably a bit too dead to demand an apology.*

Eds

# UniBar

## Schooner Prices

Coopers Pale	\$2.40
Coopers Dark	\$2.40
West End Draught	\$2.30
Southwark White	\$2.40
Southwark Pale	\$2.40
Cider	\$2.00

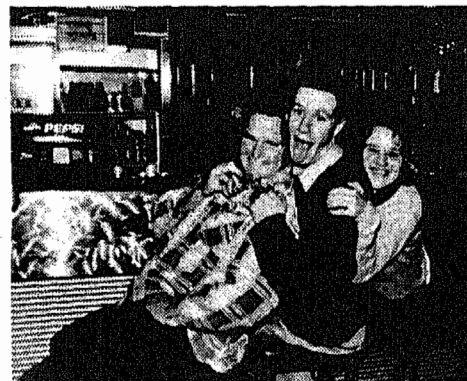
## UniBar Happy Hours

Thurs 4.00 - 6.00pm

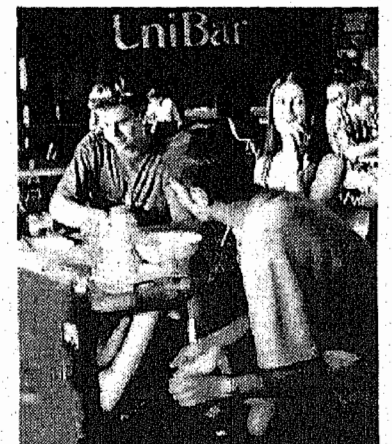
Fri 4.00 - 7.00pm

Cider \$1.50, Spirits \$3,

Vodka \$2.50



Look out for  
the weekly pool  
competition ...



Check out the  
meal deals ...

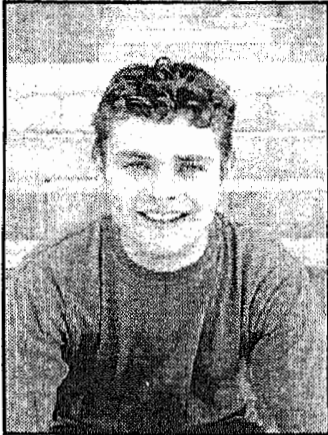


... the cheapest place in town ...



# Going sick on the SAUA Pages

Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President



## Law Review

As it was reported last week in *On Dit*, the SAUA will be holding its Forum for Law Students today in the Law School, Lecture Theatre 2, from 2pm until 4pm. This is an opportunity for Law Students to come and offer their opinions about the Law School, in order to assist the SAUA in compiling a comprehensive submission for the review. It is also a way for students who wish to contribute to the review process to do so.

Submissions for the Law Review close on September 8<sup>th</sup>. For those who wish to find out more about the Review or contribute to it, don't hesitate to come in and see me. For new and continuing Law students this is a vital issue, as the result of the review will shape your school for the future.

## Elections

Students' Association and Union are being held next week. Election broadsheets, which are available around all campuses, contain information about all candidates, polling times around the University, and other electoral information.

Student representation is increasingly important as students struggle to ensure that their education is of a high quality and is accessible. There are around 100 candidates in these coming elections, each of who believes that our representation is of

paramount importance to our receiving such education. All Adelaide University students have the opportunity to vote in the elections, and I would urge to exercise your vote to ensure that the SAUA and Union has a group of dedicated student representatives who will ensure that your student organisations provide quality services and representation.

If you would like any more information about these issues, or you have any other query, drop in and see us in the George Murray Building, or call 83035406. You can email me on [stephen.mullighan@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:stephen.mullighan@adelaide.edu.au).

Seb Henbest, Education Vice President



Last Friday Australians celebrated Daffodil Day. Perhaps 'celebrate' is a misnomer, however many a daff-o-dil was purchased with all proceeds going to The Anti-Cancer Foundation. Thankyou to everyone who bought a daffodil. We raised over \$400 selling daffodils at 50c each on Thursday and Friday.

## M-Week

This week we have what for many students is the most exciting week of the academic year (no holidays don't count) - Multicultural Week. I'll certainly be out and around all week and I hope to see everyone doing the same. Get into M-week and avagoodweekend.

## Environment Week

Congratulations to Zane for holding a successful environment week. The highlight for me was definitely the reptile fondling on Thursday. If that doesn't make sense to you, its because you didn't get to handle a children's

python or the lizard.

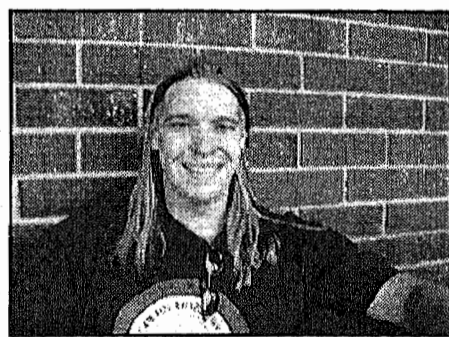
## Sir Mark Oliphant

Last Friday morning was the memorial service for Sir Mark Oliphant. One of South Australia's and Adelaide University's most distinguished atomic physicists, his name is probably most familiar to you all from the 'Oliphant Science Awards' at school. Speakers at the funeral included Dr Harry Medlin, Senior Deputy Chancellor, The Hon John Olsen MP, His Excellency Sir Eric Neal, The Hon Mike Rann, Prof Erich Weigold and The Hon Dr Barry Jones.

## Election Broadsheets

The election broadsheets are now back from the printers. They will appear as if by magic in your pigeon holes (yes every one of you has a pigeon hole) at some stage, but if you just can't wait, then you can come into the SAUA to peruse one at your leisure.

Adam Langman, Activities/ Campaigns Vice President



The last two weeks has seen a plethora of activities for everyone to get involved in, from herb planting to rock climbing. Next week will be no different with Multicultural Week. There will be great food, amazing displays and music from all different cultures. There will be more cool stuff than any culture-vulture could possibly take and more fun than you can poke a stick at, so come down to the lawns next week and enjoy the show.

The week after is election week so there wont be much happening in the way of planned activities until Friday night when there is battle of the bands in the bar.

Thanks to everyone who came to the Dance Party and the Greg Fleet Comedy Night, they were fantastic. Don't forget to come to Battle of the Bands in the UniBar this Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights.

Zane Young, Environment Officer



## Environment Week is over!

The Environment department is slowly recovering from a week of delicious organic soup, music, bikes, Central Station DJs, herbs, Senators, massages, spiky dragons and snakes, nuclear waste, felafel, traditional Aboriginal music and dancing, treehuggers, and very warm spas. A HUGE thanks to everyone who came and participated, particularly those who has massages, planted herbs, took spas, marched at the rally, patted dragons and held snakes, and who had their bikes fixed. We are greatly in debt to The Nature Conservation Society, Bek Cornish, Mic and Vicious Cycle, Sarah Hanson, House of Organics at the Central Market, Dan Joyce, SAUA Activities dept., Wendy Telfer, Earth Sanctuaries, the AUU stewards, Rob Sosnowski, Greenpeace, Asha Abraham, Everyone For A Nuclear-Free Future, Miriam Lyon, The Wilderness Society, Lyndsey Ross, SAS Channel 7, Sainty, Sir Mark Oliphant, Resistance, and anyone else who came along and helped!

## Australia loses genius environmentalist

On Friday I attended the Memorial Service for former SA governor, Sir Mark Oliphant. Not only was he a brilliant physicist, but he was also an extreme environmentalist and pacifist. He will be fondly missed.

## Learn and recycle at the same time

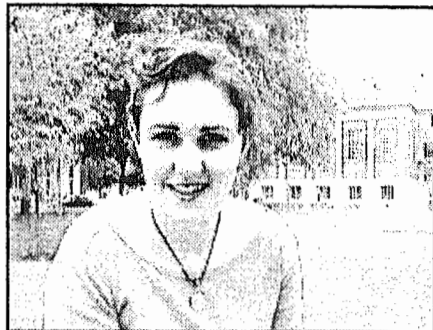
Pick up an 'Unlogged Book' for \$1.10 (inc. GST) at the SAUA. These funky books look cool, have over 100 blank pages for lecture notes, include free astronomy, genetics, and other assorted cool notes on the backs of the pages, and are really really environmental!

zane, SAUA environment officer. [environment@saua.asn.au](mailto:environment@saua.asn.au)



# Going sick on the SAUA Pages

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



## Formula Fem

Those of you who are worried that you have missed out on Formula Fem good news, the date has been changed to the 25th! As I have mentioned in previous weeks, Formula Fem is the South Australian women's policy planning day. The ideas generated at the day will be taken to Fem X which is the national women's policy discussion.

At Fem X decisions relating to the way in which the National Union of Student's Women's Department is run and what issues it prioritises are made. This makes the 25 August an important day for South Australian women as it is effectively the beginning of a decision making process which will determine the direction of feminism for Australia in the coming year (at least on a student level).

Formula Fem will take place in the North Dining Room on Friday 25 (this Friday) and will run from 10-4:30 with

morning tea provided. Women will be coming to speak on:

Sexual Harassment

Special needs on campus

Rape and Sexual Assault

Rape and Sexual Assault from a feminist perspective

Women and Work (this will tie into the Fair-wear campaign)

Women and Globalisation

This will then be followed by a resolution session. Formula Fem is completely free so absolutely all women are welcome to come along... it would be nice, however, if we could know how much morning tea to order so it would be good if you could register with me beforehand. I hope to see lots of you there!

## Fair-wear

There will be a protest march on September 8 relating to the Fair-wear campaign, please continue to drop into the SAUA to pick up information regarding the way in which some companies exploit women... more on this later!

Finally, just a reminder that the Women's Edition of *On Dit* is coming up so get writing!

As always, you can find me in the SAUA section of the George Murray Building, phone me on 8303 5406 or e-mail me at [heidi.ryan@student.edu.au](mailto:heidi.ryan@student.edu.au).

## Amanda Camporeale & Tom Radzevicius, Sexuality Officers



Well we are now up to week 5 of term 3, my how time flies when you are having fun.

We are still looking for students willing to help us out by participating in the filming of our video. We are looking for students who would be interested in being interviewed on their experiences and stories concerned with coming out, in particular the attitudes and issues they encountered at Uni and how they dealt with them. Please contact us at the SAUA on 8303 5406 if interested.

Amanda has been involved with the Adelaide City Council and Yarrow Place Rape Prevention Program in looking at women's safety and sexual harassment in licensed premises on Rundle St, the program is running at the moment and we will keep you posted with the results.

Shine SA as part of Guys Talk Sexual Health Project have launched 'Rape Myth Buster' postcards which are designed to dispel the myths that surround rape. They will be launched by Senator Amanda Vanstone in September.

As we realise that rape/sexual assault is a significant issue in our community and on campus we will hopefully see the postcards popping up around the university soon.

Totally Women Powered Radio is still looking for volunteers for shows, so all you girls out there who want to be Radio Stars, or perhaps you just have something to say on women's issues we would love to see you get involved. Contact the SAUA on 8303 5406. TWPR will run from the 4th-9th September.

Also Fem X which is a conference for women students to explore a myriad of issues facing women is being held on the 2-3 September at Melbourne Uni. If any women are interested in attending call the SAUA on 8303 5406. This year the theme is women, world trade and Globalisation, which is a valuable a timely theme for women students in Australia.



Need to do some  
photocopying?

Just drop into the SAUA Office.  
They've got three photocopiers  
for you to use, and the cheapest  
prices on campus.



QUESTIONS

1. What does multiculturalism mean to you?
2. What do you think you have gained from living in a multicultural society?
3. Whatever happened to Pauline Hanson?



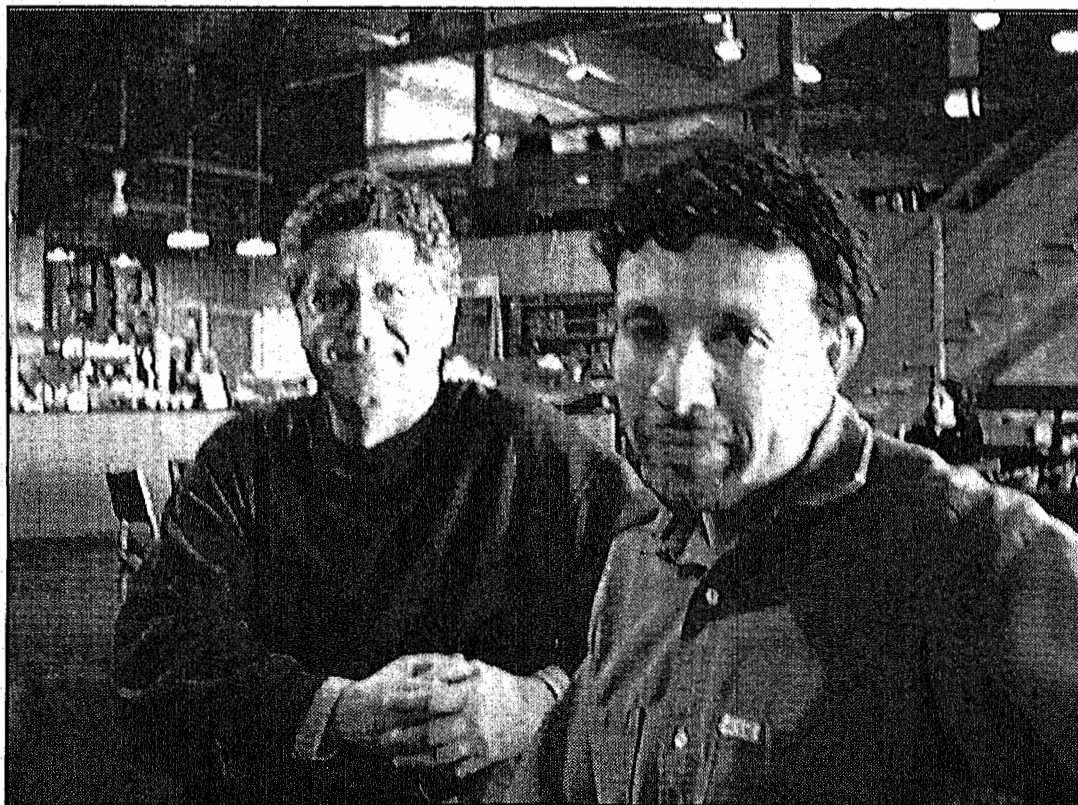
Katie and Lifer  
*Nestled in the Wills*

1. **Katie:** A different range of people of different races ...  
**Lifer:** ... and different beliefs.
2. **Katie:** Lot's of good food, and being able to accept people's differences.  
**Lifer:** You get to do different things, and you find out about different religions, which are interesting to know about.
3. **Katie:** She's got a boyfriend now, she's having it off with David Oldfield.  
**Lifer:** She's having a secret affair on her farm with her sheep.

Susie and Gemma

*Sunning and eating caramel slices*

1. **Susie:** Different people from different backgrounds.  
**Gemma:** Walking down the street and having a Chinese main course and an Indian dessert next door.
2. **Gemma:** Guys.  
**Susie:** Guys, of all shapes and sizes. Take your pick.
3. **Susie:** Exactly: where is Pauline Hanson now?  
**Gemma:** I like caramel slices.



Felix and Larbi  
*Philosophical in the Gallery*

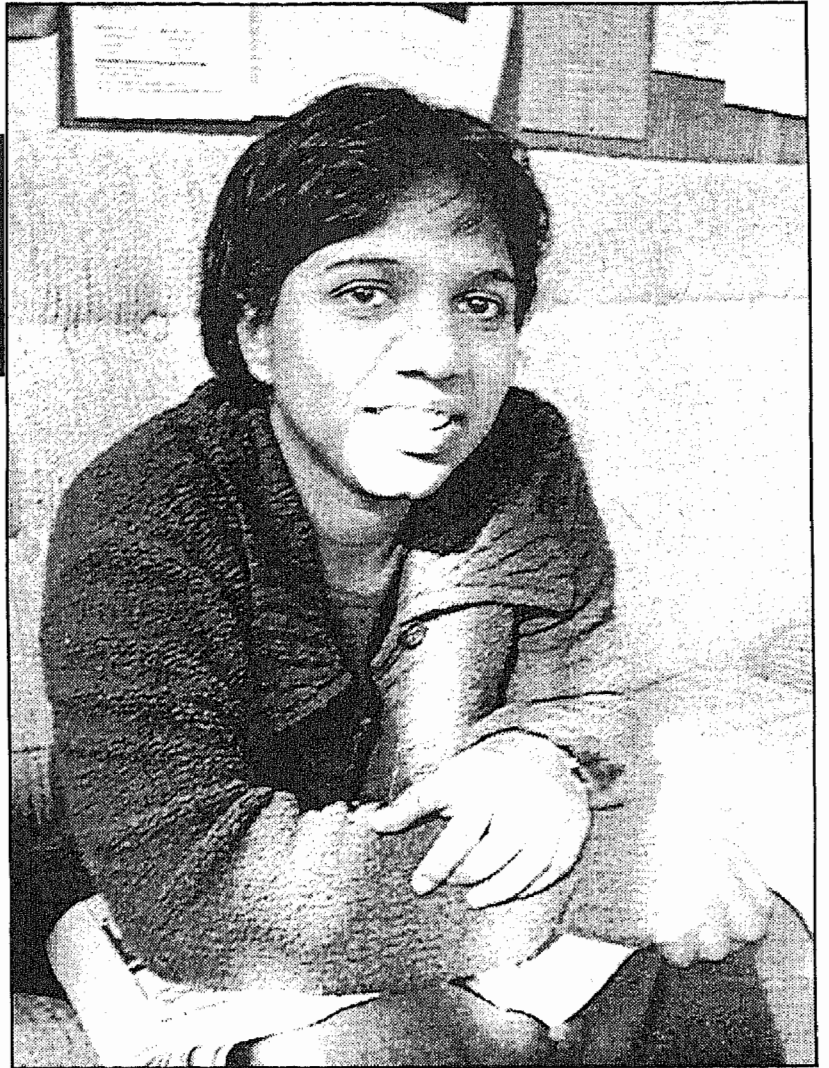
1. **Larbi:** Accept and respect cultural diversity and enact it -it's not just a label or a title, but has to be lived and society based.  
**Felix:** Active integration of a variety of cultures.
2. **Larbi:** Being, thinking and acting differently, and conceding the same right to be different to others.  
**Felix:** Encountering a cross-section of cultures it would have taken me a lifetime to come across, and enjoying and understanding them.
3. **Larbi:** Living up to not liking anything.  
**Felix:** Please explain?



Aminath

*Taking time out with the Yellow Pages*

1. People from different places coming together and enjoying their cultures.
2. It's been really enjoyable, learning about different kinds of food and people. Especially the food and other people's values.
3. Working in her fish and chip shop.



Rob and Cecile

*Just passin' time*

1. Cecile: Many cultures.  
Rob: Multiple cultures
2. Cecile: Many different perspectives. I'm a lot more tolerant of different points of view.  
Rob: A better understanding of the different cultures there are in the world and learning to accept differences.
3. Cecile: She's at Rob's house.  
Rob: She's got her head in the guillotine at my house.

Matthew

*Busting a move at the OSA*

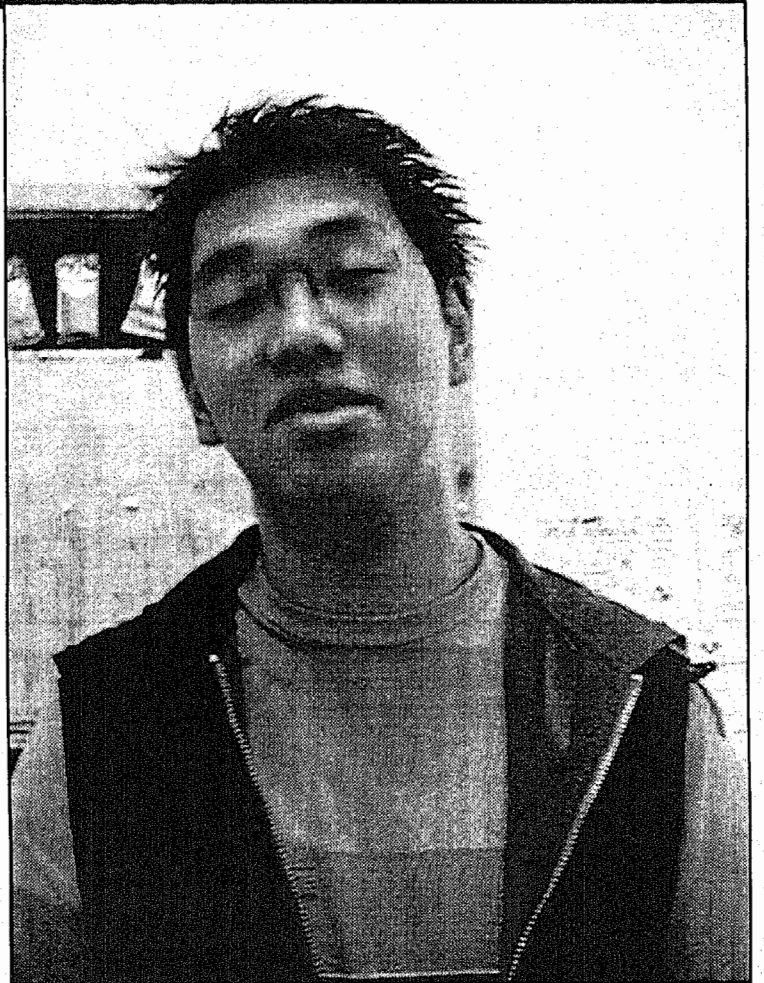
1. It's the diversity of culture, where people from different cultures and backgrounds respect each other.
2. You learn a bit more about other cultures and are able to understand people from different cultural backgrounds act differently.
3. She's living in a dog cage



Ryan

*Glaringly cynical*

1. The Central Markets, and those Israeli cab drivers.
2. Definitely and appreciation of food from around the world.
3. Who gives a shit? I can't believe anybody, ever, considered voting for her, she's so crap.





# Club-o-rama, baby

## Netball Club

If you want to represent Adelaide University at the 2000 Uni Games to be held in Ballarat 2nd October 2000 Please ring Kellie 0409 867 493 or 83362034, or email kellie.tilbrook@student.adelaide.edu.au.

## Lawn Tennis Club

The Tennis Club plays on eight grass courts located at Park 10 (situated between Memorial Dr, Bunday's Rd and MacKinnon Pde). We play in the Metropolitan Lawn Tennis Association (Saturday afternoon Men's and Women's competition) and the Saturday morning Men's Lawn tennis Association with teams entered in a range of divisions. These competitions run from late October to April.

This season the Committee plans to expand the social activities of the club. We cater for all standards of player, so regardless of your experience or ability, feel free to contact us. Teams comprise four weekly playing positions (four singles and two double ties) so its a good idea to have five or six available players - so its a good idea to get a team together with friends or associates.

For Uni students, the fee is \$65 pre November 1st, \$80 post; for others \$130 pre November 1st, \$150 post. Contact John Matthews: phone 0417 456 657 or email john.matthews@hotmail.com.

## Touch Club

Touch Club AGM, 27th August, Worldsend Hotel, 1.30pm. Constitutional changes will be voted upon at this meeting.

## Islamic Students' Society

Calling all students/staff who like to do unusual things for a good cause!

As part of our aid project 2000, the Islamic Students' Society will be

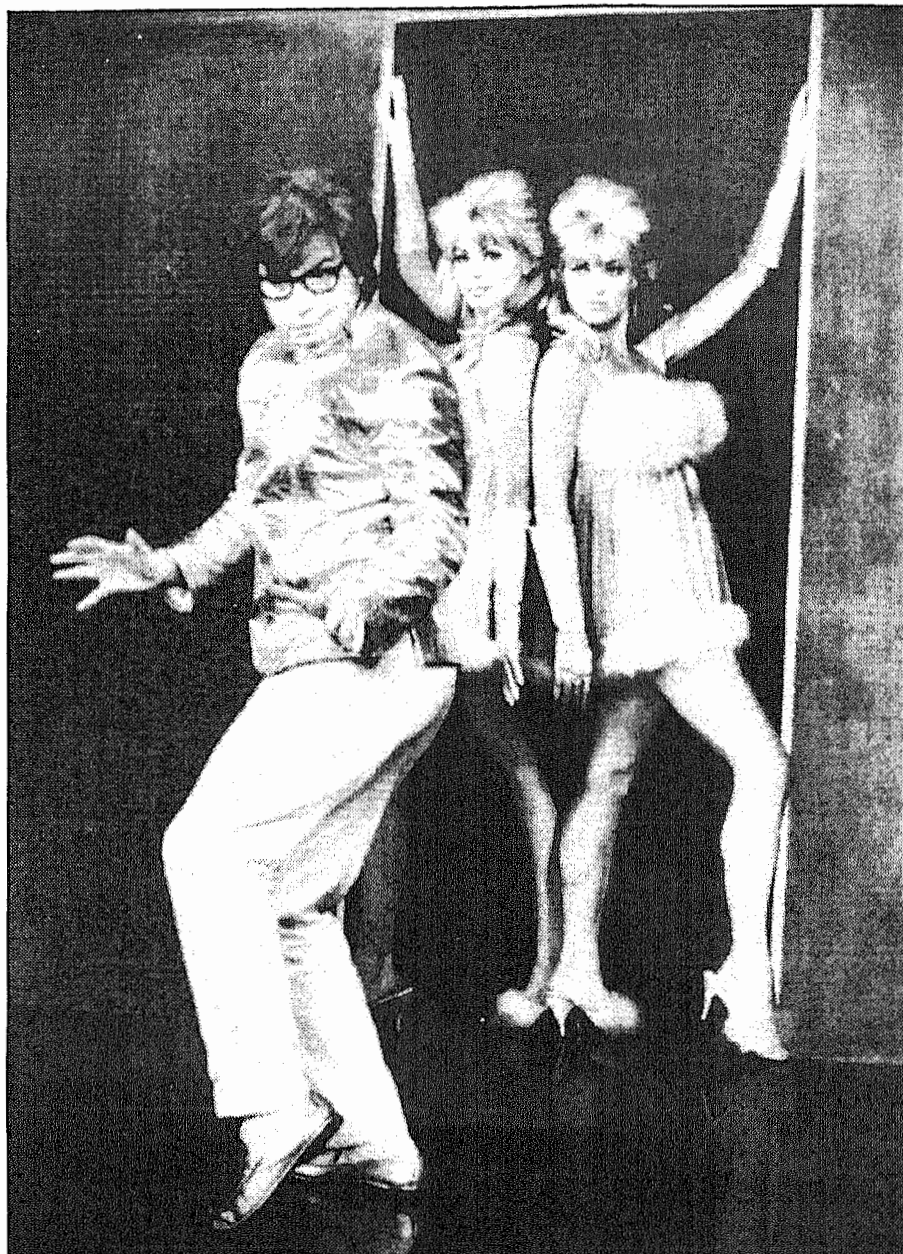
hosting the 'Servant for a Day - Horn of Africa Appeal' on the Barr Smith Lawns on Tuesday 5th September from noon. Our main attraction for the event will be the SERVANT AUCTION where certain lecturers, tutors and students will be selling their services on the auction block to anyone who places the highest bid! Highest bidder wins!! All money raised will be donated to Human Appeal International's Horn of Africa Account to aid those people suffering from drought and starvation in Africa. So far our volunteer servants include SAUA President Stephen Mullighan, AUU President Janak Mayer, Head of Commerce Dr Fred Bloch (Chocka!!), Clubs Association President Stephen Oniszk, The Cunningham's Warehouse guy and more.

If you are willing to sell yourself for a worthy cause and become a servant for a day, ring Melati 8132 1743 (h) 0409280975 (mobile).

## Australian University Games

Australian University Games: Ballarat, October 1st to 6th. Ever wanted to play sport and socialise with over 5,000 university students from over 50 universities around Australia? Well, here is your chance! Both team and individual competitions will be held including the following: Individual events: Athletics, Cycling, Judo, Swimming, Tae Kwon Do. Team sports which the University will be competing in include: Netball, Basketball, Hockey, Rowing, Touch, Soccer and Volleyball. To be able to compete for the University you must be a student at the University of Adelaide.

If you are interested in attending or finding out more about the University Games, then please do not hesitate to either come into the Sports Association (ground floor, Lady Symon Building - North-Western corner in the Cloisters) or ring us on 8303 5403. This is a unique opportunity to see the country, play



*Austin Powers Club: Any takers?*

sport, make friends, form contacts and have a damn good time!

## Film Society

All films shown in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building at 7pm. Free for Film Society Members, \$3 others (includes membership), unless otherwise stated.

**Week 5, Multicultural Week:** Thursday 24 August, 7pm *I Was 19* (1967 East German). Set in 1945 Germany during the battle of Berlin a 19-year-old German communist working for the Russian army attempts to get German Nazi soldiers to surrender in Berlin. With short: *Captain Celluloid and the Screen Pirates*.

**Week 6, Special General Meeting:** 1pm, WP Rogers Room, Level 5, Union Building. Urgent meeting for new office bearers to be voted in. Please come along if you want the Film Society to continue.

**Thursday August 31, SHORTS EVENING, 7pm:**

*The Lost World* (Original, black and white claymation.) *Zorro and the Fighting Legions*, chapter 1; *Tale of two Kittys* (the first Sylvester film); *Mole and the Matchbox*.

**Week 7, Thursday 7 September, 7pm:**

*The Lady Killers* (1955), directed by Alexander Mackendrick; starring: Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, Frankie Howerd. A droll black comedy about not-so bright crooks planning a 'job' find themselves living with a little old lady, who thinks they are musicians. When the gang set out to kill Mrs. Wilberforce, they run into one problem after another. Guinness scores again (even his teeth are funny) with top-notch supporting cast in this little Ealing Studios gem. With Short: *Mole and the Matchbox*.

**Week 8, Thursday September 14, 7pm:** *The Quiet Earth* (1985). Directed by Geoff Murphy; starring: Bruno Lawrence, Alison Routledge. A man wakes up to find himself literally alone in the world, and goes about trying to find other survivors, as well as to find out what happened. He suspects that a government research project he was involved in had something to do with the disappearance of everyone. Eventually he finds several other people, and once they begin to trust each other they try to figure out why they were left on earth. Intriguing (and extremely good-looking) end-of-the-world saga;

With Short: *Mole and the Lollipop*.

## ATTENTION

For those of you who care, the deadline for submissions for this page, and all others, is Wednesday 5pm. Please observe it. Late submissions will be at the mercy of our fickle and contrary natures.



# A woman named Frank

Frankly my dear, I couldn't come up with a better title

On Dit chats to *My Mother Frank* director, Mark Lamprell

Mark Lamprell wrote the script for his debut feature, *My Mother Frank*, over a period of ten years. In that time the script underwent a series of changes - initially it contained what Lamprell terms 'bizarre subplots' featuring 'mad German anarchists and bombs and all sorts'. This certainly sounds fun and interesting, but the final product is absolutely delightful: a sweet, gentle, and above all honest tale of two generations coming of age simultaneously.

The clincher for Lamprell was his own confidence. The script was, as I suppose it is for all first time script writers, a learning experience. The fruits of his labour have produced a story which, in his own words, have 'a gentle truthfulness to it', and 'a humor...that's real, and that works as a story.' The more confident Lamprell became in his abilities, and in the story itself, the more he returned to 'reality', and to the basics; he says he wanted for a while to produce a 'big, bold, rollicking epic', but in the end I personally think that the smaller stories, the personal ones, are the most important ones to tell.

*My Mother Frank* is primarily the story of 51 year old Frank (Sinead Cusack) and her journey to university in search of some meaning in her life. Since her husband died she has become cranky and restless, and fears she is going to either go mad or fade away. Frank's foray into higher education teaches her a lot about herself, and how she is still capable of growth and change - whilst at the same time her 19

year old son David (Matthew Newton) is growing and changing as well.

The film reminded me a lot of Christine Andreef's film of late last year *Soft Fruit*: both films centre on familial relationships and personal growth, and both films are very honest, very focused, 'small scale' films which seem to somehow say far more about life than any large-scale 'epic' films ever could - as it turns out Lamprell and Andreef are friends and natter about their Mums regularly. Friends eventually got tired of Lamprell's 'horror stories' about going to uni with his Mum and said 'Either shut up, get a therapist, or make a film about it' - so he made a film.

One of the key ideas in *My Mother Frank*, for Lamprell, was the idea that a 'coming-of-age' can happen at any moment in one's life, that 'You don't have to be 19 and going to university - you can be 50 and going to university' - in this case the film represents both at once. So what exactly demarcates when one has 'come-of-age'? Lamprell defines it as 'whenever you find your true path...when you have a sense of being on the right path in life and finally in control of it', noting that it can happen to anybody at any stage, yet films generally depict it as something that happens in your late teens or early 20s.

Comparisons to *Educating Rita* are more than likely, but Lamprell actually drew most of the characters in *My Mother Frank* from his own life. Frank is based on his own Mum, though she didn't go to university until she was in her 60s, and he even took from his own childhood the 'two mad nuns' (the delightfully eccentric Sisters Bernadette and Sebastian, played by Joan Lord



Jumping around like an idiot in *My Mother Frank*.

and Melisa Jaffer respectively) who rocked up the doorstep regularly to wreak Catholic havoc. Lamprell's childhood home also had 'a portrait of Saint Theresa which came on and off the wall, depending on how life was going', as well as the exploding cans of food in the pantry - which he included in the film 'because they seemed to be like a perfect metaphor for Frank herself in a sense: a person who was so bottled-in that they were beginning to explode, but they wouldn't throw themselves out and re-invent themselves.'

Producer John Winters claimed in the publicity material that it is important to tell Australian stories to the world, as an Australian. Lamprell, on the other hand, believes that global telecommunications, particularly the internet, is turning citizens increasingly into a world audience and a world culture. To

think of ourselves as 'Australian' and 'non-Australian' audiences he believes is old-fashioned because the 'storytelling community' is larger than that. However, because Lamprell is Australian, and his experience is Australia, *My Mother Frank* has an authenticity and essence which, he says, just happens to be Australian rather than being a deliberate act of 'artistic nationalism' - and Lamprell is happy to tell that story.

Lamprell wanted, above all, to make a film 'that was actually about something - that wasn't just a roller-coaster ride', and that 'would leave you with something' - and to this end he has certainly succeeded. *My Mother Frank* is a very tragic - but also very uplifting - film, that will leave you with a sense of hope.

Jayne Lewis



## Lots of copies. Cheaper than the rest.

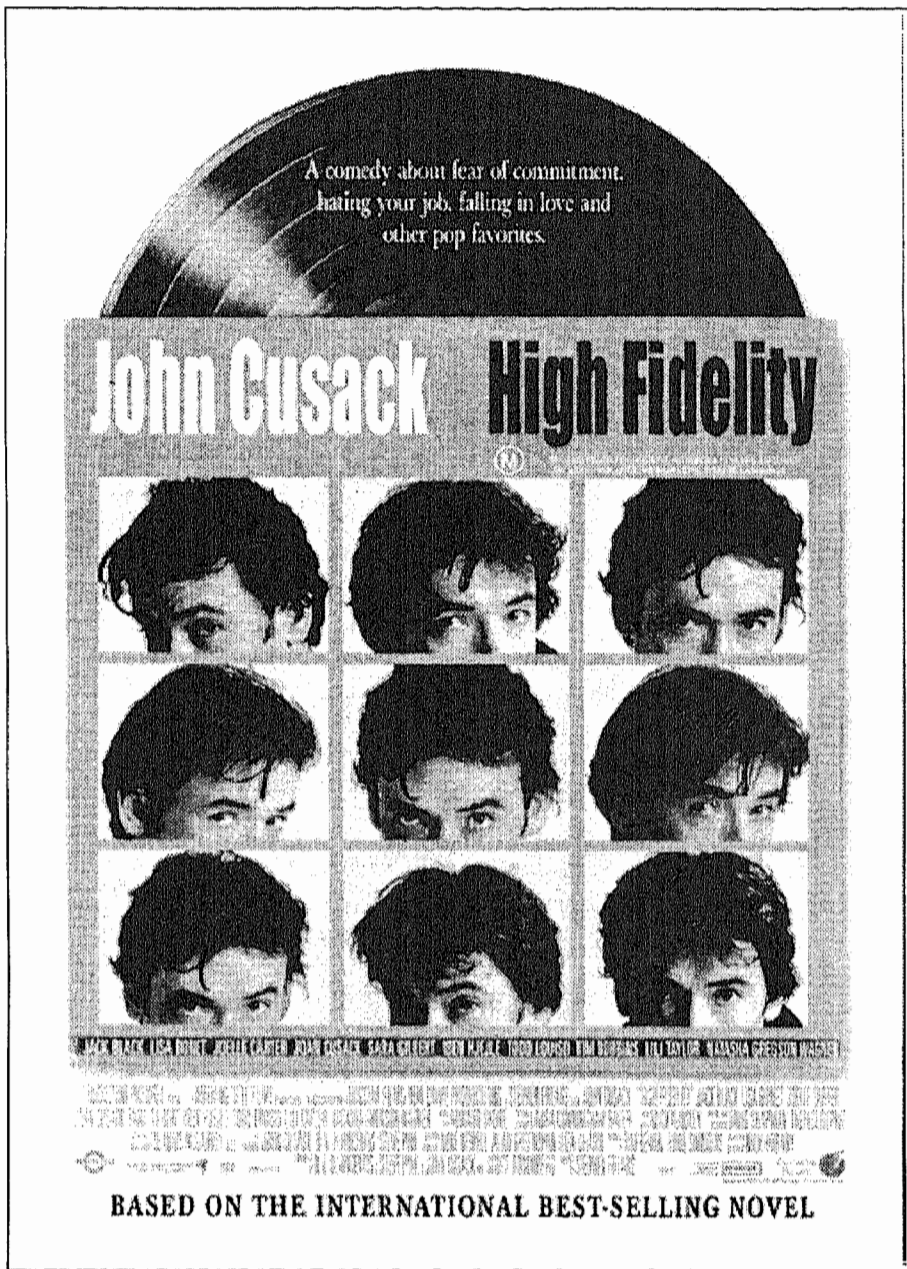
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From 8 cents a page, we will meet all your photocopying needs: from double-sided A3 coloured copies to A4 black and white, sorted and stapled. And all our paper is recycled, which will keep your conscience clear. We have four machines with a lot of love to give 9-4 daily. So come and see us, we're on the ground level in the George Murray Building in the Cloisters, or give us a call on 83035406.





# You should be in the movies, my dear



**High Fidelity  
Now Showing  
Palace Eastend  
Cinemas**

Based on a novel of the same name by Nick Hornby, *High Fidelity* is a wonderful, absolutely delightful, romantic comedy. It is a male perspective on blokes and the things that go on inside their heads when a relationship ends, and is guaranteed to strike a cord with men and women alike.

John Cusack stars (and also co-produces and co-wrote) as Rob Gordon, whose girlfriend has just left him. He owns a record shop called Championship Vinyl, and he and his two employees Dick (Todd Louiso) and Barry (Jack Black) spend all day at work making up endless 'Top 5' lists.

Cusack, in a break with the conventions of storytelling, addresses the camera on numerous occasions. He speaks directly to us, the audience, his character telling us in short monologues the things that he cannot bring himself to say to his friends, his co-workers, or his girlfriend.

Cusack's performance is outstanding - at least from a female perspective. I admit that I am often

ignorant to the inner workings of The Bloke (*Maleus Incomprehendus To Uschicksae*) as a species, but *High Fidelity* certainly comes across to me as a truthful, sometimes painful, baring of the male soul.

Also fantastic are Louiso and Black as your archetypical Music Geeks. They know more about music than anybody else on the planet, and will treat you with disdain if you dare to exhibit bad taste in their presence! The two play characters who bounce off each other madly, tormenting poor Rob (who just cannot bring himself to fire them) no end.

Funny, refreshing, and above all completely honest, *High Fidelity* will almost certainly have scenes and situations we call all identify with and laugh at, because we have all been there before and lived to tell the tale.

Jayne Lewis

**Rules Of Engagement  
Now Showing  
Selected cinemas**

I first saw a preview for this pic a while back now, and thought to myself, 'Gee it's been a long time

since I've seen a good war/army type of movie'. So when the opportunity came up to review *Rules Of Engagement*, I thought, 'What the heck'. After all, starring Samuel L. and Tommy Lee Jones, it can't be all that bad, can it?

It all starts in the humid jungles of Vietnam in 1968. Hays Hodges (Jones), no relation to Scott, and mate Terry Childers are in command of a small group of troops. Hodges leads his men one way, and Childers leads his another. They run into a bit of trouble with the enemy, before Childers proceeds to save his mate. After some great action (and great acting by Jones as the shell-shocked Hodges), we skip forward 28 years.

Hodges gave up the fighting after the 'Nam incident and became a military lawyer, earning himself the rank of Colonel. Childers also went on to become a Colonel, but he continued to fight in the Marines, and became one of the best men in the field. In fact he was so good that he was selected to lead a mission to rescue the US Ambassador to the troubled Eastern country, Yemen. Crowds had gathered outside the American Embassy, and all sorts of riots were taking place. Childers proceeded to do his job and rescued the ambassador (Ben Kingsley), risking his own life in the process.

He then continued with his mission; to enforce peace in the area. The crowd continued to grow unruly, with Arab snipers firing shots all over the place. Finally, after losing three of his own men, Childers gives the order to fire into the crowd. This is followed by deadly silence. Not a single sound, as graphic views of the dead are splattered across the screen.

Of course, the large amount of mortality hits all the papers, with all sorts of groups causing a fuss over the 83 dead people. The US Army hierarchy question Childers' actions, and led by an 'oh-so-lovable' National Security Adviser, Childers is court martialled, and accused of murder. Here he calls upon his mate, Hodges to defend his case.

Unfortunately, fighting the govern-

ment is made difficult by whiz-bang army lawyer Major Mark Biggs (played by Australia's Guy Pearce). Be prepared for some intense acting, especially on Jackson's behalf, as this case is fought to the end. Hodges now fights to save Childers' life as Childers saved his own, 28 years prior.

Quite a sensational film. Plenty of action, plenty of drama, and lots of twists and turns to keep you guessing till the end. Not bad for a movie that came across as being a 'Hmmm, that doesn't look too bad' type of movie after seeing the preview. At the very least, this one is in my top three for this year. Makes sure you check it out soon. You won't be disappointed.

L.A.

**Peepshow: Titillation  
and the Moving Image  
Screening 24th August  
Mercury Cinema**

*Peepshow* is a collection of shorts centered on the themes of titillation, voyeurism, and eroticism.

It is difficult to review it based solely on the 3 films I was given to watch (out of a total of 8), as I would just not be talking with any authority now, would I?

This is certainly an interesting concept and one well worth exploring, but from what I have seen it is probably only going to be of interest to film students. There is music for musicians, and what I've been able to view of *Peepshow* strikes me as being films for filmmakers - the techniques used are, for a filmmaker, of interest - but that is about all.

What little I have seen can only be described as esoteric, art-house wankery. They are the kind of films that you fast-forward through on Sunday morning from taping *Eat Carpet* the night before. I got far more enjoyment from reading what the publicists thought of them than I did from the films themselves. Skip it and buy pizza instead.

Danté Bryson

**Film Anagram of the  
Week**

**Jamie Lee Curtis**

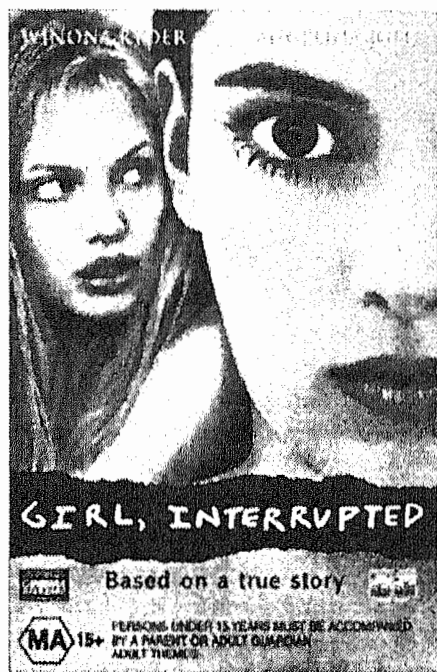
**Slim Juice Eater**



# A Spotlight on James Mangold

American director James Mangold is thirty-six years of age. He began his career as a director of plays and short films while studying at the California Institute of Arts. A string of award-winning short films impressed Walt Disney studios enough to sign him to an exclusive writing and directing deal. For Disney, he wrote the highly successful animated feature *Oliver and Company*, based on Charles

Dickens' *Oliver Twist*. He was then awarded advanced standing at Columbia University's Masters Program in Film, where he developed his motion picture writing and directing debut, the critically acclaimed 1996 release *Heavy*. The touching story of an overweight cook whose limited world opens up when a beautiful college dropout comes to waitress in the restaurant where he works,



**Girl, Interrupted**  
1999 D: James Mangold  
Winona Ryder, Angelina Jolie  
Clea Duvall, Brittany Murphy  
Columbia Tristar

*Girl, Interrupted* is the stunning true story of Susanna Kaysen, a confused young girl who was sent to a mental institution in the turbulent Sixties, and who formed a close and unbreakable bond with the institution's troubled inmates. Based on the real Susanna Kaysen's non-fiction book, *Girl, Interrupted* is sad, tragic, strangely uplifting, and utterly engrossing. Winona Ryder is superb and the

**Copland**  
1997 Dir: James Mangold  
Sylvester Stallone, Robert De Niro Harvey Keitel, Ray Liotta  
Roadshow

*Copland* is narrated by and co-stars the always-spectacular Robert De Niro (Moe Tilden) and packed with a majestic cast including Freddie (Sylvester Stallone), Gary Figgis (Ray Liotta), Uncle Ray (Harvey Keitel), Jackie (Robert Patrick) and Superboy (Michael Rapaport).

Garrison, New Jersey is where the 37th precinct has chosen to dwell. New York's elite cops undergo their usual police activities by day and return home to Garrison by night. They hire a local named Freddie (Stallone) to be the sheriff of *Copland*. Some years ago Freddie saved a

**Heavy**  
D: James Mangold  
Shelley Winters, Liv Tyler  
Deborah Harry, Joe Grifasi  
Palace

James Mangold's writing and directing debut is overflowing with nuance and dramatic space. Its minimalist script tells the story of shy, retiring pizza chef Victor (Pruitt Taylor Vince), his domineering mother Dolly (Shelley Winters) and Callie (Liv Tyler), a beautiful young college dropout who takes a job as a waiter

at Pete and Dolly's Restaurant, an eatery located in upstate New York which is owned and managed by Dolly, and where Victor is an employee. The timid Victor is soon hopelessly besotted with the luminous Callie, and fantasizes about becoming her boyfriend and savior. Mangold has crafted a deceptively simple and touching film. His characters are interesting and well-developed. Evan Dando of American rock band The Lemonheads appears as Jeff, Callie's insensitive boyfriend, and Deborah Harry, formerly the lead singer of the hugely successful

*Heavy* premiered at the Sundance Film Festival and, and it was here that it won the Grand Jury Prize for Best Direction.

Mangold followed this with *Copland*, an intense police corruption thriller with a stellar cast including Sylvester Stallone, Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel. The director's latest film, the superb *Girl, Interrupted* tells the true story of Susanna Kaysen, a confused

very antithesis of 'Pity me' angst, but Angelina Jolie - as the wild and intractable Lisa - steals every scene. One can quite see why Ms. Jolie won a Best Supporting Actor Oscar® for her role in this film.

The supporting cast is also excellent: Clea Duvall as Georgina, a cutesy girl-next-door type who also happens to be a pathological liar; Brittany Murphy as the chronically stuck-up Daisy, who will eat nothing but the rotisserie chicken her doting father sends her from his takeout food shop, and who guiltily conceals the carcasses beneath her bed, where they rot in earnest; Elisabeth Moss as the hideously scarred Polly, who, as a

Freddie soon discovers that Superboy is not really dead but does not say anything. Moe Tilden (Robert De Niro), an Internal Affairs officer, is called in to investigate the case. Moe shows Freddie pictures of corrupt cop Ray with mob members, and Moe tells Freddie that he knows there is a cover up afoot. The press picks up the scent, so Ray decides to tie up any loose ends that are linked to the case. Ray attempts to eradicate Superboy, but Superboy escapes and hides in a forest. Superboy eventually goes to Freddie's house; Freddie and Gary Figgis (Ray Liotta) hatch a plan to take Ray and his hoods down. Freddie takes Superboy into his charge and is confronted by Jackie, who shoots Freddie near his other ear. Jackie takes Superboy to a house; fearful and enraged, Freddie stumbles after them and a shootout begins.

Seventies group Blondie, plays Delores, the restaurant's only other waiter, a woman of questionable availability who feels threatened by Callie and who once had an affair with Pete, Dolly's absent husband. Also featured is Joe Grifasi as Leo, a seedy barfly and Delores' sometimes boyfriend.

This film has some arresting fantasy sequences cued by Victor's burning desire for the lovely Callie. The pacing is very leisurely; things just seem to plod along, which is appropriate considering the film's small town feel. The music score by Thurston Moore

young girl who was sent to a mental institution in the turbulent Sixties, and who formed a close bond with the institution's colorful inmates. To mark the release of *Girl, Interrupted* on video this month, we look at Mangold's impressive oeuvre.

James Trevelyan  
with special thanks to  
Lara Iziercich

young girl, 'doused herself with kerosene and lit a match' rather than face life without her beloved puppy; sexy Jared Leto as Tobias Jacobs, Susanna's draft-dodging boyfriend who entreats Susanna to run away with him to Canada; Jeffrey Tambor as the loathsome Doctor Melvyn Potts; Vanessa Redgrave as the insightful Doctor Wick; and Whoopi Goldberg as the caring, compassionate Valerie. Director and co-screenwriter James Mangold has really hit it out of the park this time. *Girl, Interrupted* will hold you spellbound, unable to tear your eyes from the screen.

James Trevelyan

Sylvester Stallone gives a serene, honest and caring performance as the sheriff of *Copland*. I think that this is Stallone's finest effort in his dismal career. Scene-stealer Robert De Niro gives an impressive, well-balanced characterization of an Internal Affairs investigator who helps Freddie find justice. Other supporting members of *Copland* are effective, especially Ray Liotta as the coke-sniffing undercover cop. This movie deals with issues of friendship, honesty, betrayal and corruption. Director James Mangold uses slow motion sequences for the final shootout, à la *State of Grace's* violent denouement. This scene is the most effective and it really makes you feel Freddie's anguish as he guns down the corrupt officers. I found this movie engaging.

Matthew Herfurth

of Sonic Youth is quite good - some pleasantly laidback guitar work which almost suggests Ry Cooder. Without meaning to be unkind to Mangold, very little actually happens in *Heavy*; the film is much more a character study than an unfolding drama. Fortunately the actors the director has chosen are very watchable, particularly Liv Tyler. Interesting that Mangold chose to open and close *Heavy* with a similar shot, perhaps suggesting the film's cyclical nature.

James Trevelyan



# 57 Channels (and there's nothing on)

## Catching up with old friends

I intentionally watched *Beverly Hills 90210* tonight. I could have pretended it was an accident, and while there was almost literally nothing else on (and I was at work, so there was no cable), I really did sit down with a purpose in mind – to catch up with my old friends from the Pink Biscuit Land that is the *Bev*. Coincidentally, I caught the last five minutes of a classic on Fox 8 this afternoon – the episode where David (Brian Austin Green), Brenda (Shannen Doherty), Donna (Tori Spelling) and Kelly (Jennie Garth) sneak into a hotel to try and get a glimpse of (what I'm sure was an extremely fashionable group for about three days in the early 1990s) Colour Me Badd. And if my extremely sad memory serves me correctly, yes there really were two 'd's on the end of Badd. This was the series when David was about halfway through his transformation from uber-geek (and only friend of the really sad blonde kid who eventually accidentally blew himself away with a handgun) to slick mid-90s electronic music guy with part-time medium-level drug problem. A bit of slapstick fun was had by all, and a really bad musical act got way more primetime exposure than they ever deserved. The first thing that struck me upon returning to the *Bev* was that everyone had hit a bold new level of intensity. At least in the first half hour of the show, no one seemed to be having a whole lot of fun. While Dylan (Luke Perry) is obviously no stranger to dark, moody scenes with subtext (well, as sub the text as you can expect in Spellingland), I don't think anyone smiled for the first thirty minutes. Except David, who was clearly making moves on Dylan's ex-girlfriend, Gina (Vanessa

Marcil). Right on cue at 10.00pm, though, was the Zanymeister himself, Steve (Ian Ziering), introducing yet another half-arsed house band at what must be the hundredth incarnation of the longest running nightclub in Beverly Hills. Things started to pick up from then on. Unfortunately for the gene pool, it looks like Donna has long since thrown away her conviction to be California's oldest virgin, and despite all of David's best efforts, Dylan ended up with the woman. In a pretty impressive finale, though, Kelly shoots dead the guy who raped her a few episodes back. Just like that. Pulls a revolver and keeps clicking until no more bullets came out. If you can't wait to know what happens to Kelly subsequently, or anyone else for the rest of the series, for that matter, *E! Online* have a timeline on their website ([www.eonline.com](http://www.eonline.com)), as well as a really cool chart that you can print out entitled 'Who Did Who'. Classy.

## The Panel revisited

I've definitely proclaimed to be a fan of *The Panel* in the past. Lately, though, more than a few of my friends have suggested perhaps I'm a little uncritical, and perhaps *The Panel* aren't quite as cool as I (or they) think they are. And I admit, I don't usually watch it with too much of a critical eye – apart from anything else, I don't know that it's that type of show – but I guess they certainly do talk a lot, and maybe it's about time I thought more about what they were saying. By far the predominant comment of others, I've found, is that the panelists themselves seem to have an awful lot to say about a

number of different topics, but that one doesn't always get the impression that they have a whole lot of knowledge to draw upon.

Last Wednesday I took a closer look. The guest panelist for the night was Ben Elton, and although within the first five minutes he and others had mentioned his new film (*Maybe Baby* – apparently opened last week) about seventeen times, it

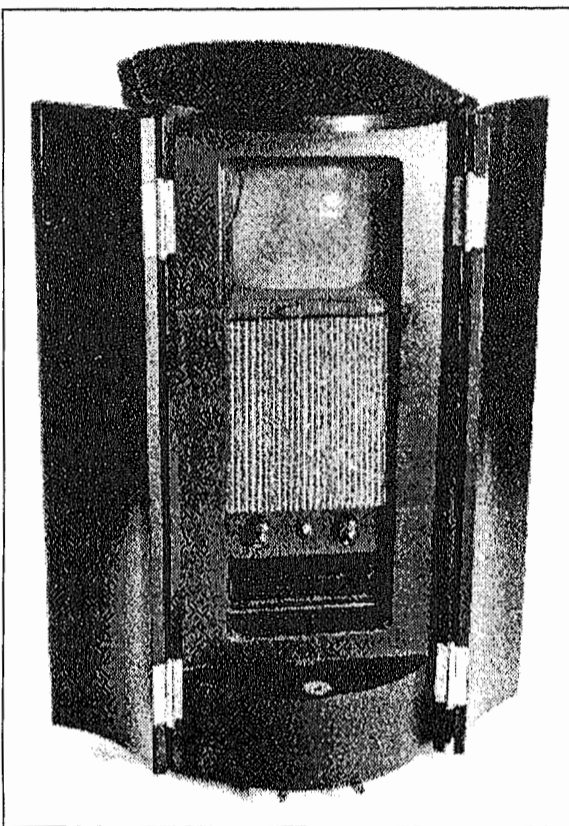
space of five minutes, but no one seemed to want to (or, even, no one seemed to think it was necessary to – which is worse) argue a point. Everyone seemed to be drawing the conclusions that kept everyone else happy, but it wasn't obvious that it was for the right reasons, or, in fact, for any reasons at all.

The second banter segment was a mixture of relatively insightful commentary (Elton, for example, on the significance of financial success in the US for British and Australian films), humour (some great footage of Kate Langbroek in a really crap ad with David Boon) and sight gags (Saddam Hussein inexplicably shooting a rifle over the heads of an adoring crowd). Next came Steve Marshall (who?) initially discussing a proposed new show on Channel 7 possibly called *Surprise Surprise*, but this segment moved into a discussion of 'celebrity', celebrities' rights and the actions of the 'media'. And a few more jokes about masturbation.

The bottom line is that I like *The Panel*. I think it remains a genuinely novel format. I like Rob Sitch a lot, and I like Glenn Robbins, Tom Gleisner and

Santo Cilauro a fair bit. Sometimes they discuss issues which they seem to only have a superficial understanding about – but is there anything terribly wrong with that? Who doesn't? After all, as a prime time show on an Australian commercial network, it's hardly competing with works of academic genius – and at least these guys are literate. To my doubting friends: points taken, but you could do worse (a lot worse) with 90 minutes a week.

Paul Hoadley



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# The captured moment

James Angus: recent works  
Experimental Art Foundation  
13 July to 5 August

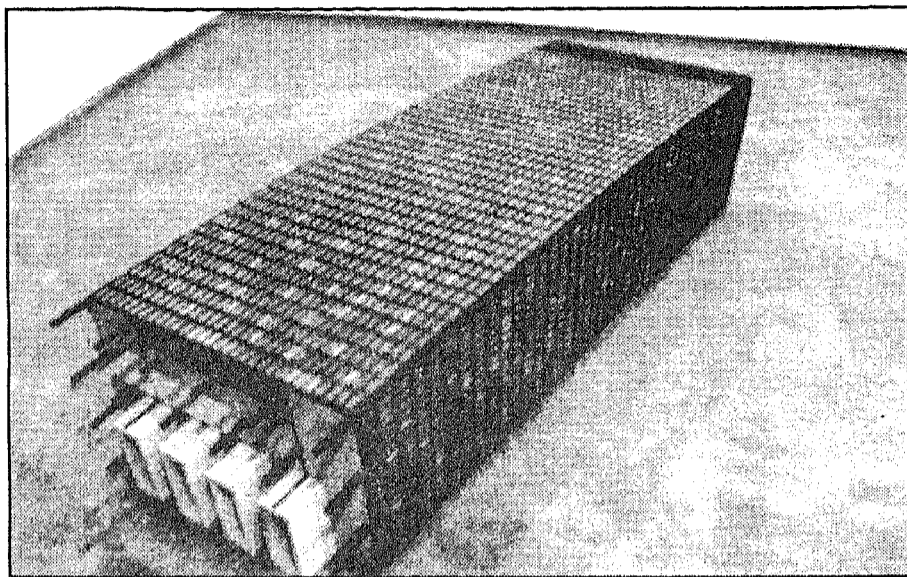
These days computers are perceived to be the way of the future for artists. Many artists seem to think that if they trade the brush or palette knife for a mouse and a copy of PhotoShop™ they will naturally bring their talent and skills to this new medium. So much computer-produced or assisted art is at best average. It appears that people are so dazzled by the *newness* of the medium that very little thought goes into their product. The term 'virtual artist' is coined continuously without any hint of irony. I had despaired of seeing any art associated with computers that couldn't be duplicated by a good air-brush technician.

Australian-born artist James Angus has been building a solid reputation for himself in the United States as an interesting and 'serious' artist over the last couple of years, doing his part to dispel the misconception of his homeland being a country of landscape artists and cartoonish, tea-towel-selling graphic designers. Since completing his Masters at the Yale University School of Art, his work has been exhibited in galleries across the US.

In Adelaide Angus is probably best known for his contribution to the 1996 Biennial of Australian Art. *Rhinoceros* was one of the most popular works in the exhibition, a life-sized fibreglass rhino, painted bright yellow and mounted perpendicularly to the wall. The work itself was unusually compelling

(rather than revolting), demanding from the viewer an immediate response, less intellectually based than emotionally. One was shocked or amused by the colour and position of the piece. After a perfunctory glance around the exhibition, most visitors were first drawn to Angus's *Rhinoceros*.

The placement and colour of the piece obscured the meticulous craft involved in the production of *Rhinoceros*. First painstakingly modelled in clay, the piece was cast in fibreglass to give it the lightness necessary for hanging. For many artists the mechanics of production takes second place to the inspiration behind the work of art. For Angus the two parts of the procedure cannot be separated; production informs aspiration and vice versa. The selection of recent works exhibited at the Experimental Art Foundation shows the versatility of Angus's approach to art. To say that Angus's art is thoughtful would be to understate the history of each work. The two representations of a basketball and soccer ball at the moment of impact after plummeting 30,000 feet are a case in point. CAD is a software package facilitating true three-dimensional computer-based design for engineers and architects. Angus has used CAD software and mathematical algorithms to recreate the shape the balls would achieve the point of contact after such a fall. But after embracing this latest technology to accomplish his concept, the artist chooses to create the pieces in two of the most traditional of mediums available to the sculptor, plaster and bronze.



*The wondrous non-vertical.*

Angus accepts (consummates) the computer as a new tool for the artist while maintaining the history and tradition of his art.

This union of tradition and innovation informs all of Angus's work. There is a strong sense of craft in his work; in an age when Turner Prize recipients brag about their inability to draw, Angus brings technique to the forefront of his artistry. Mies van der Rohe's Seagram Building (1958), the Modernist architectural aesthetic made manifest and writ large, inviting inquiry and examination. The architectural model has for centuries been the initial point of connexion between architect and patron or client. Angus's *Seagram Building* is an accurate scale reproduction of the skyscraper out of cedar and coloured perspex, except for the camber running up the length of the piece, which has in turn been placed on its side. This curve makes gives the piece a resemblance to the shallow arch of

a bridge. By tipping the model on its side, in much the same way as Duchamp with his *Fountain* (1917), the item's function is replaced by revolutionary aestheticism, controversial in its lack of utility. As with *Rhinoceros* the reorientation forces a reconsideration of the meaning and intention of the piece.

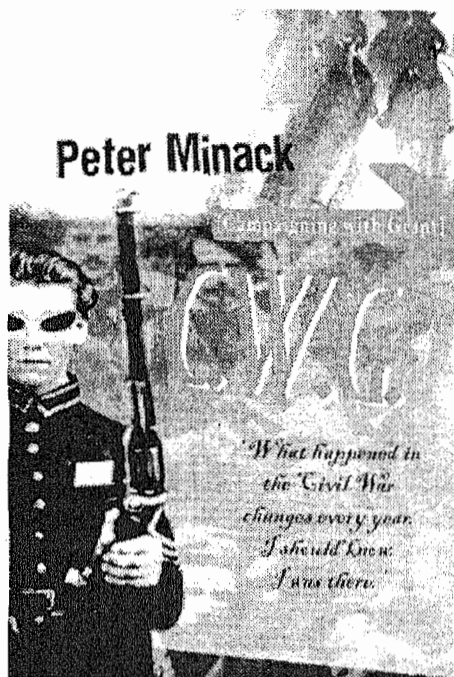
Underlying all of Angus's work is a prevailing sense of humour; what Robert Hughes would insist on calling larrikinism infuses every piece. Why the 'Basketball dropped from 30,000 feet'? Why a two-metre diameter soccer ball? Behind Angus's thoughtful, thought-provoking art is a serious, almost obsessive commitment to the production of the art, which in turn is inspired by a absurd, pythonesque sense of whimsy. James Angus is perhaps Australia's most important living sculptor; almost certainly our most engaging.

Jonathon Dyer





# An impertinent undertaking



**C.W.G. [Campaigning with Grant]**  
Peter Minack  
Vintage

About a month ago a reviewer for the *Guardian* pointed out that every twenty or fifty years a novel appears that can only be described as audacious, starting with Lawrence Stern's *The Life and Opinions of Mr*

*Tristram Shandy, esq.* through Carlyle, Proust and Joyce to the present. These works are always biographical, self-conscious, their authors introspective if not outright self-obsessed.

In the lead for current contender would undoubtedly be *A Heart-breaking Work of Staggering Genius* by Dave Eggers. Overshadowed by this monumental title is a first novel by a young Victorian author that defies easy definition as well as the conventions of the audacious premiere.

*C.W.G. [Campaigning With Grant]* is a remarkable work of fiction, a tremendous and shamelessly impertinent undertaking by Peter Minack, a school teacher from Melbourne. While his story is intensely personal and reflective, his canvass is nothing less than the defining period of American culture, the Civil War. The story is told through the eyes of Capt. John A. Rawlins, an adjunct to Gen. Ulysses S. Grant of the Union Army. Rawlins actually did serve on Grant's staff, as any Civil War historian will attest.

I can hear you writing it off already:

historical fiction, file under 'later'. It is true that Minack's research is impeccable and his ear for the language and cadence of the time commendable, *C.W.G.* is much more than a war story. Minack's Rawlins is writing about the Civil War the way he saw it, in response to the endless reinterpretations of the war by historians and 'Civil War Dickheads' - over the last century and a half. CWDs Rawlins describes as 'your real *Star Trek* fan type, 'cept with the Civil War they think it really happened.' Then he goes on to say that 'What happened in the Civil War changes every year: I should know. I was there.'

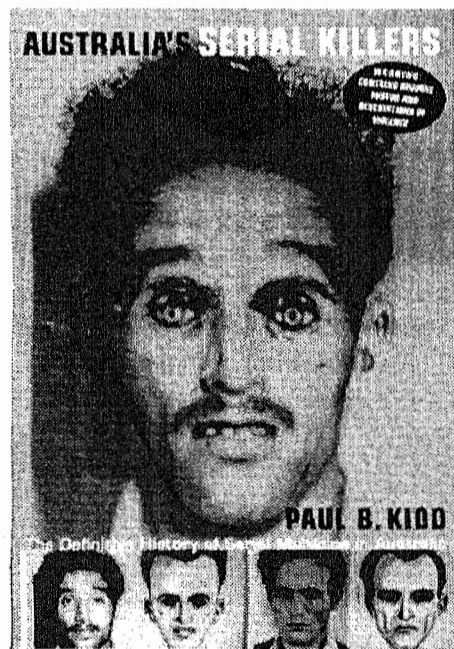
Rawlins is dead. Minack makes no explanations or apologies for writing his narrative from this point of view, nor need he. This is fiction, after all. The narrative location is part of his strategy; it allows Rawlins a greater measure of flexibility in his narration, swinging between the parlance of his contemporaries and ours. All the time he is conscious of the sound of his own narrative. After the inclusion of a letter taken from Horace Porter's *Campaigning with*

Grant, Rawlins writes, 'Ooo, deep, Mr Disturbing Authorial Voice - you're quoting from a book, in your book, and it's actually from the book you're pretending is your book! Whoa! That's some of the good self-referential shit, man! Fractured Kafkaesque time shit! Like, how William "I'll-just-get-up-and-have-a-piss-and-when-I-get-back-I'll-use-a-new-narrative-voice" Faulkner! Je n'stick-your-French-post-modernist-pipe-up-your-blurter-pas.'

As arrogant as this all sounds, Minack's prose absolves his narrator of all his textual sins. Minack understands just what is needed to make his point, and he has a startling array of tools at his disposal. It's been some time since I last saw a writer with his measure of control over his narrator's voice. *C.W.G.* is a history, a historical fiction, a biography - both of Grant and of Rawlins - and a meditation on the nature of humanness. It is by turns shocking and poetic, at once a challenge and a pleasure to read.

Jonathon Dyer

# And a touch of gore



**Australia's Serial Killers**  
Paul B Kidd  
Macmillan  
\$27.41

You know what you're getting into when you read a book with a title like this. Straightforward prose, no

big words (except medical ones), perhaps a touch of tasteful gore.

The book is organised chronologically, beginning with convict killers right through to Ivan Milat. Each case is described from the point of view of Joe Public reading about it in the newspaper, then we follow the police investigation until conviction, then the blanks are filled in post-confession. This is a little frustrating. I would prefer a straightforward narrative that simply set out who did what to whom without the doubling back, but this convoluted style does create what is perhaps a desirable distancing effect. Motives are given less importance than dates, times and methodology. You never get to learn anything about the perpetrator aside from the most cursory references to their personal history. You can't relate to the victims as they never become more than a name and a physical description. In a way this prevents this book from becoming too distressing for the reader as the major players seem

nothing more than cardboard cut-outs, but on the other hand it makes the book read as if it were simply not particularly engaging fiction.

It is not only Kidd's style but also the content that was alienating, not because it was too gruesome but pretty much the opposite. Apparently this is book is a comprehensive review of Australian serial killers. In that case, Australian serial killers are a tedious and repetitive mob. The majority of the book seemed devoted to swaggies who killed other swaggies during the depression so they could steal their boots, baby farmers who let their charges starve and convicts who ate each other. Now that I've written it down it does sound interesting, but it made for monotonous reading. I guess it would take a fairly glamorous serial killer to seem interesting to a reader of contemporary crime fiction. As Paul Kidd says, real serial killers don't usually write taunting letters to the police, they don't usually stalk their

victims for months in a chilling lead-up to the crime, they're not usually brilliantly intelligent and they usually don't kill in horrifically mesmerising ways. This book demonstrates all too well that the average serial killer is someone not too bright with a hammer, which makes for less exciting and a little too realistic reading.

This was one of my first forays into reading true crime writing, and I don't think I'll be going there again. When it didn't seem real, I was disappointed, and when it did I was appalled. I like to be able to compartmentalise my reading into a nice little 'it'd never happen to me or anyone I know' box and sometimes this book didn't make that possible.

If you know what you're getting into and you have a stomach for both repetition and carnage, I suppose this book is everything it claims to be.

I can't condemn it for that, can I?

Patricia Cornwell

## Condensed Fiction Feature: William Shakespeare's *Othello*

Ultra-Condensed by Ric F. Barker

Iago: Your wife's cheating on you. Othello: She is? (kills wife) Damn, she wasn't really. THE END



# Shihad I'm getting mad

Now based in Australia, Shihad is one of the main bands that springs to mind when thinking of a good, sweaty rock act. Anyone even remotely into the live rock scene has, no doubt, caught them in the act (so to speak) at least once. Of late, it seems they have supported every international rock act that has hit Australia. 'We've had a pretty good run,' explains guitarist Phil. But this time they are the headliners which provides an interesting change. But what has Shihad been doing pre-tour/post-album? 'We've been having a bit of time off to be creative at home. Up until 3 months ago we were all staying in the same house in Melbourne and we just all got separate places. We've all been writing music by ourselves.' Never ones to let a chance go by it seems we will be hearing a lot more from these boys in the future. *The General Electric* was well received here in Australia with its raw, yet well produced sound. The album shows signs of a rejuvenated and refreshed Shihad embracing the use of technology. Phil gave me the lowdown. 'When you make music by yourself you're using drum machines, samplers and computers. It's not until we get into the practice room and do it as a band - trying to fuse the bits



*Time for a musical jihad.*

of technology. It's not 'til that stage that it sounds like Shihad.' If individuals keep bringing songs to the group surely there are some which don't 'fit'. All bands know the 'unwanted' song dilemma. 'Most (songs) make it that far. The next step is when Jon goes away with a bunch of songs on four-track and puts vocals on top. Jon's gotta be in two frames of mind; one's the guitarist and the other is vocalist. Occasionally he'll have a finished song, like 'Pacifier', where he's pretty much done everything himself. A lot of stuff is jammed out though. Arranging is done as a band. For *The General Electric* we just recorded our jams and went back weeks/months later and picked out bits and made songs out of them.' The increased use of technology is also an interesting feature of the album. With so many extra options I ask Phil how much is too much? 'It's on a song-to-song basis. I couldn't imagine anything on, say, 'Ghosts from the Past' from the first album but something like 'Wait and See' was written around the main keyboard loop.' Producing these new sounds live can also pose difficulties. 'I used to play keyboards on stage but I gave that up and we put that stuff on the hard disc recorder that Tom follows, he just follows the 'click track', so that can free me up to double up the guitar lines. I think in the 'rock' situation the guitar is a bit more expressive. When we did *The General Electric* there was a lot of the more layered stuff. Not necessarily keyboards and samples either. For example 'Pacifier' has a third guitar line which is on the hard disc.' With success at home I ponder as to Shihad's appeal abroad. 'We've done quite well in Europe. Specifically, Germany and England. You really have to be there to get the whole thing happening. The last couple of gigs we did in London were just awesome. When we first started playing there in '94/'95 it was a lot of ex-pats but the last time, which was a really fun gig, was a predominantly local crowd. Not to dis the ex-pats or anything but I feel more appreciated getting the locals.' As mentioned before, Shihad have enjoyed some great company on tour. It's no surprise, however, to hear of their favourite, 'We've played with AC/DC four times in New Zealand. We've always been big fans. The whole lyrical thing is pretty cheesy really. It's more the sound that we've always been into. Seeing their 'tightness', we've always wanted to recreate the 'big guitar thing'. Something like 'Life and Cars' is pretty 'Angus n' Malcolm' whilst the chords in 'Pacifier' are more technical; there's a lot going on there. Faith No More was one of the easiest and friendliest bands we've ever toured with. We've played 30 gigs with them in all.' The recent Big Day Out show have also left a huge impression on the band. 'I really dug the whole Primal Scream thing. They had such a 'wall of sound' using the whole rock/groove thing really well. It was just so fuckin' intense and loud!' Now on another nationwide tour, what can we expect from Shihad this time? 'Some new stuff from the album that we didn't play last tour. I think it's going to be a good show with us and Motor Ace. We're looking to take it to the next level really. The occasional AC/DC riff here and there!' Shihad's plans for the future are very tentative at present. They are all still writing songs but, as Phil explains, 'It could take a while 'cause we've never had to top something like *The General Electric*. 'Sport and Religion' will be released (as the next single) and we're going to shot the video for that soon. It's gonna be animation; Tool style animation, not like Bardot! Like the Pnau video - it's the same guys. One day we'll get to a live album - we're all about the live thing.' Everything was well summed up during a reflective moment, 'Who wouldn't be happy playing and recording their own music? It's great and touring is fun. You can see how much fun we're having when we're playing live!'

Shihad's Pacifier Tour 2000 hits Adelaide on Sat. 26<sup>th</sup> at St. Paul's with special guests Motor Ace and Weta.

Jorm





# Dystexia

Tex Perkins, according to the message he left on my answering machine, has been in the music industry for 18 years, is 6 foot 3, has blue eyes, four grey hairs - and says that is all that anyone needs to know about him.

Due to an industry cock-up somewhere along the line, Perkins was not actually informed that his interviews had been canceled. Did anybody in South Australia answer their phones that fateful Friday? I forgot to ask.

We finally managed to get hold of the good gentleman who, as it turns out, had phoned on a mobile on his way to the airport anyway (how lovely!) - and left a message even though he thought he had rung the wrong number (our answering machine message contains a haiku: 'we are not at home/or we just did not hear you/leave a message please!') Thanks to a combination of little notice, shitty recording devices, mobile phones, and bands on lawns, I actually can't hear a thing on the tape of what Perkins said to me during the course of the interview, so most of this is from memory.

*Dark Horses*, Perkins' new solo album, is moody, soulful, and far more subdued than most of his group work. When asked, Perkins says the album is about, if anything, different forms of love. He won't comment any further, however,

claiming that it is not intensely personal songwriting because the audience is just going to put their own interpretation to the music any way. Not that I have even payed any attention to the lyrics - the music is just so overwhelmingly dark and sorrowful that I just let it wash over me. This seems to be Perkins' intention, as he says he wrote the music first, as that was the most important part, and just let the lyrics go from there.

At this point I, the inexperienced music journo ('I'm a music-interview virgin' is what I told Himself) began to blather about the shitty Olympic 'entertainment' lineup; Perkins' reply contained much swearing. He feels that the Olympic Games are an absolute farce and therefore the line-up of Farnham, Newton-John, and Amorossi fit the occasion perfectly. I still argued in favor of presenting a, well, *better* example of local musical talent, but he was not able to be swayed. The Olympics have produced one good thing, and that is the ABC series *The Games*, but Perkins has not seen it because he lives in a valley and can't watch Teevee.

On the subject of MP3 files Perkins is even more vocal, and vehemently opposed. Sounding somewhat like a retiree he exclaimed 'I don't like the new technology', saying that he refuses to get excited about computers and the internet.



Tex Perkins  
*Dark Horses*  
Universal

I picked up this album purely because of its cover - *Dark Horses* has a deep, mysterious, quality to it; indeed, Perkins himself looks like the proverbial 'Dark Horse' - the kind of boy you dream about but would never take home to meet your mother; the stuff of fantasies; the unattainable, aloof, dangerous entity.

Perkins' features are obscured and he is, as you can see, blowing smoke in a melancholy fashion. I originally thought that a smoke ring would be a nicer addition, but that would just give the appearance of, well, caring wouldn't it?

The music on *Dark Horses* does not disappoint from the image either. Perkins sounds like a lost soul on most of the tracks, the current single 'You Know I Know You Know' being, quite possibly, the only exception. Perkins has gone through many varied and wonderful changes and incarnations over his eighteen years of involvement in the Australian music industry, and *Dark Horses* is by far the most laid back, relaxed and lovely - although admittedly I have not had the pleasure of hearing his other solo work. Sometimes the album, musically if not lyrically, borders on 'Toaster in the Bathtub' material, but not in a bad way. It is certainly subdued, sometimes wistful, and occasionally sounding just a little lonely. I am looking forward to the live show immensely, and will endeavour not to repeat myself in the review.

Jayne Lewis

Not that Perkins is completely adverse to all things technological - he recently lent his voice to a techno track by one of the former members of Itch-E and Scratch-E.

Whatever he does, Perkins has a

golden voice. His latest incarnation is well worth a listen for its relaxed vibe and sorrowfulness.

And he's a pretty nice bloke too.

Jayne Lewis

## Goin' orf at yo' local

### Grace Knight Governor Hindmarsh

Grace Knight's new album, *Zeitgeist*, is sure to be a smash hit in restaurants and elevators everywhere. Her music is not really jazz, but more a caberet act - and a fairly shocking one at that. The crowd loved her nonetheless, except for me - I was bored brainless and had to muster as much solace as I could from my glass of Drambuie (on ice - nummins!)

Just as I was thinking to myself that Knight's peak era must have been the mid-to-late 80s (judging by her clothes, hair, style, manner, music choice and dancing), sure enough she launched into an old Eurogliders hit (a real crowd-pleaser that one) and lamented that she had so much *fun* in those days. Now, I'm not anti-80s - I had almost my entire childhood in the 80s for crying out loud, and in fact I am currently alone in the *On Dit* office listening to *The Best of New Order* - but JEYUZU! Grow up. Move on. Accept the 'now'.

Highlights of Knight's set for me were, in order: complaining constantly about how bad it was; the tasty little double bass player; my glass of Drambuie; Knight urging the crowd into a little clap-along which left me wondering if I was back in Primary School (as I *was* when the Eurogliders, fronted by Knight incidentally, were around), or if I was in an RSL hall; watching this chick at a table in front of me who was just *incapable* of clapping her hands in time with anything (it's a quite simple feat, really, and Knight wasn't exactly demanding a *complicated* clapping sequence); and leaving at the end.

At one stage Knight launced into a little Courtney Love-esque, Big Day Out-ish, complaint and stopped the music because—GOD FORBID!—there were people at the back who weren't paying complete attention to her and were instead having a conversation (the bugs, the bugs!)

With only a few stylistic changes Knight could easily be the next big thing on 5AD.

Far more worthy of mention, praise, and top billing were the support act - a *fantastic* local Jazz outfit by the name of ACME Jazz Unit.

Comprised of Libby O'Donovan on vocals, Deanna Djuric on the piano, Derek McClure on bass, and Mario Marino on drums, these guys made sitting through the (K)night worthwhile.

ACME Jazz Unit played a mixture of jazz classics and original material written by Djuric, whose piano skills left the audience breathless, and prompted a round of applause every time she had a solo - and I swear I very nearly saw sparks coming from the keyboard! Her original compositions have a vibrance and energy which envelops you and fills you with joy, especially a song which, from memory, is called 'Baking a cake'.

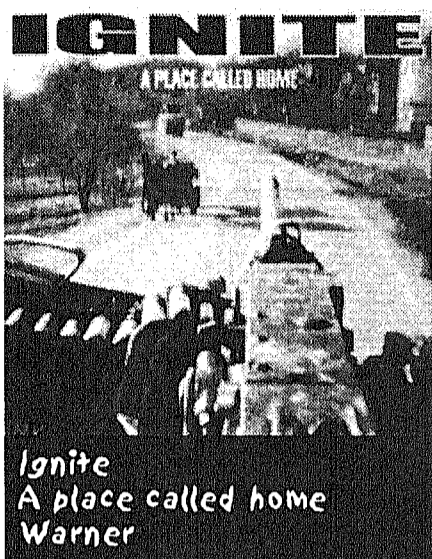
O'Donovan's vocals are dripping honey one moment, and are set on fire the next. She has an amazing range, and her covers of Nina Simone and 'Favourite Things' (from *The Sound of Music*, yes) were two of the most 'alive' performances I have ever seen. Her voice comes out from deep within and roars like the best blues artists, and she sings with an incredible amount of energy, yet manages to make it look effortless, seeming as relaxed as a lizard in the sun, whilst doing it.

A truly infectious style and charismatic vocalist make ACME Jazz Unit a group heading for big things. Jazz-fiends keep an eye out for their gigs because I have never seen talent like this, and they shouldn't be supporting crap caberet acts.

Jayne Lewis



# Not just a body



'Put Simply, Ignite Inspires.'

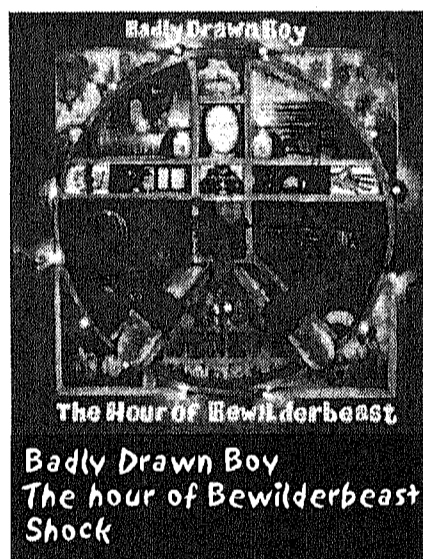
Well, that's if you believe the press release for the third full-length release from Californian punk rock act, Ignite. And why shouldn't I? It's a reasonable desire of a band to inspire, especially when it's the one quality a reviewer needs to bank on to be able to write something about the release. There is, however, a question of quantity. Inspiration, in the sense that Ignite's PR people are trying to push anyway, is not thick on the ground here. Actually, that's a little unfair - it's likely that my personal experience of extremist green groups colours my approach somewhat. 'Earth First' - an organisation (amongst others) pushed all over the press release and CD cover, runs under the slogan 'no compromise in defence of mother earth'. What? None at all? No unhealthy massing groups of people trampling the grass at noise pollution events?

I apologise for the political references, but this band is clearly dedicated, and tied to, a number of political standpoints that run throughout all aspects of their operation. You can't escape it, and as such, I have to review their politics as well as their music. The music's fine, if occasionally a little weighed down by Zoli Teglas's 'distinct, mile-high vocals' (another press release quote) which give me the disturbing feeling I'm listening to an 80's HairBand (that word doesn't look right- you know, Kiss, Cock-Rock, Aerosmith etc) .... (mmm ... Liv Tyler). On around a third of the tracks, it really works well (Who Sold Out Now?; Bullets Included, No Thought Required; A Place Called Home), especially the title track, but on the rest it's a little dodgy. The timing feels wrong for snare-fest punk rock, but it certainly sets them apart from such archetypal vocals as Blink 182 and Millencolin. In fact, Teglas (Born in Holland, by the way) reminds me a little of Melbourne band AgaugeFor's vocals, in a more drum (rather than guitar) based context.

Beyond vocals and politics it's, on the whole, well executed punk rock. I

muchos likeas. The best tracks are those that cooperate with the vocals (see above) rather than just play along beneath them (after all, they are a mile high. Heh). But you cannot escape the vocals and the politics for long. Nor would you want to, most of the time, as Ignite approaches some important topics generally untouched in the music world. Veterans' affairs, abusive fathers/husbands and in the interesting 'Bullets Included, No Thought Required' a small spiel about how people should beat each other up as opposed to shooting or stabbing or gang bashing people. Now don't get me wrong, shooting people is bad, unpleasant, totally fucked up etc, but it's always been my vague hope that we can probably avoid getting into fisticuffs at all ... my mum always said ... ah, forget it. They pay out homeboys, that's more than enough for me ... have a listen, give them support. As they mature, their politics will too ... and I have little doubt that this is a band worth watching in the future.

Ben Tucker



What a nice surprise! Here Badly Drawn Boy have offered a tasty morsel in *The Hour of Bewilderbeast*, which features a mix of styles with an ear pleasing sound. It is always refreshing to hear a British group such as BDB, as the sensibility that seems to be the rule for British groups is a great change from the clichés of their Yankee counterparts.

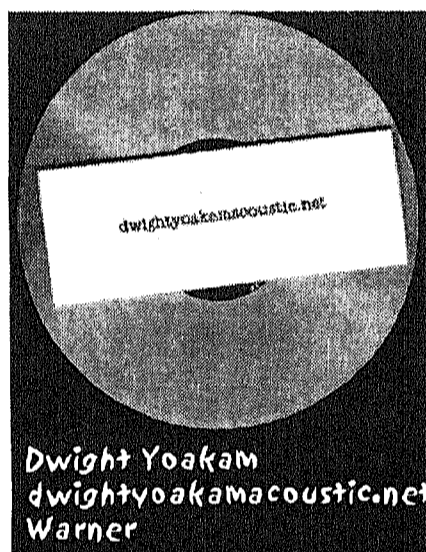
The album opens with a haunting and slightly strange prelude, filled with horns and cello, from here the album makes its way through some unique, predominantly acoustic sounds, beats, production styles, and appears to have been issued 'warts and all' with some slight errors in timing and tuning apparent on certain tracks. This sort of honesty should however be appreciated by the listener, no plastic super absorbent layer to this music, it just comes out gushing!

'Fall in the river', is a bloody great track with cool production qualities

and a gloriously take it or leave it sound, Morrissey would be proud of this one! The current single 'Another Pearl' is also a great track, however is quite typical of good Britpop and certainly a good choice for air play, however other tracks such as 'Camping next to water' could also sit comfortably on the airwaves. Predominantly, Damon Gough (his parents call him the Badly Drawn Boy) has an abstract lyrical approach, concentrating on the ultimate satisfactions of love and its inherent difficulties. It is his abstract allusion and symbolism that make it a much more rewarding listen than the usual standard folk-pop.

BDB, are all about doing something different, and after all that is really what music should be about, repeating the same ideas over and over is so terribly boring.

Case C. Sinclair



This is, as the title suggests, an acoustic set recorded by country music superstar, Yoakam. Interestingly the packaging is minimalist, with a simple disc and a sticker on the jewel case, no lyric booklet here for the fans. However they get 25 songs, and contrary to the claims of the promotional sticker, only 77.55 mins of music.

Country of this type, while a whole lot more interesting than boy band bullshit, is trying at times and tough to review succinctly. In the tradition of country music the songs detail the love lost, love won and the pain of being a country boy with no apparent future. The soul-searching lyrics are nice, but 25 songs of pain and lonesomeness, make the listener feel just plain sorry for the guy. The cover of Elvis's 'Little sister', is well, not all that interesting in fact its really quite hollow sounding. Overall a good record, just perhaps a little too long and a little too short of real highlights. As I said a helluva' better listen than most top-40 drivel.

Case C. Sinclair

## The Singles Bar

28 Days  
Goodbye  
Sputnik/Mushroom

Good song, but lacks the oomph of previous 28 Day tracks (such as 'Rip it Up', which also features as a live b-side on this single). 'Do You Agree', a Manson style mystery track is simply weird.

alternika

Watergate  
Heart of Asia  
Sony

Absolutely aimless and shallow techno with a sample of some vaguely-'traditional' Asian music. Three mixes of the same song sounding pretty much the same every time, plus one 'bonus track' (hoo-fucking-ray) which sounds nearly the same as the single plus remixes. Completely shite repetitive backbeat that any git with the right computer programme could produce. What a bunch of talentless fucks. Cover is pretty and that is the only nice thing I can say about it except that when I sell it I might have enough money for a beer, if I am lucky. Avoid. Avoid like the plague.

Jayne Lewis

Alex Lloyd  
My Way Home  
EM

Angsty wailing and all, you all probably know this song. Not entirely up my alley, but I give that the guy's got talent. The single itself is good value — two versions of the song itself, plus three b-sides and a damn fine acoustic version of 'Black the Sun'. Not bad.

alternika

Fuel  
Hemorrhage

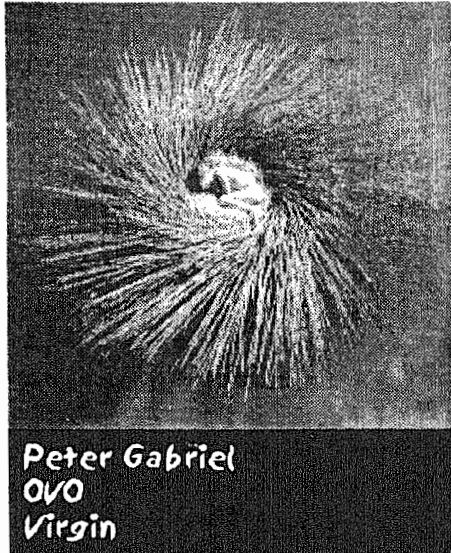
Fuel fans wouldn't be able to turn their back on this latest single, 'Hemorrhage(In My Hands)' from their forth coming album *Something Like Human*.

'Shimmer' and 'Jesus or a Gun' coming from Fuel's last album 'SunBurn' would be two amazing singles that they have already given us. 'Hemorrhage(In My Hands)' is no exception. I'll call it a rock ballad, I am guessing this is the next of kin from 'Shimmer' for the new album. A catchy chorus supplied by Brett Scallions on lead vocals that is backed up with placid guitar tunes.

Newj



# but she's got a brain

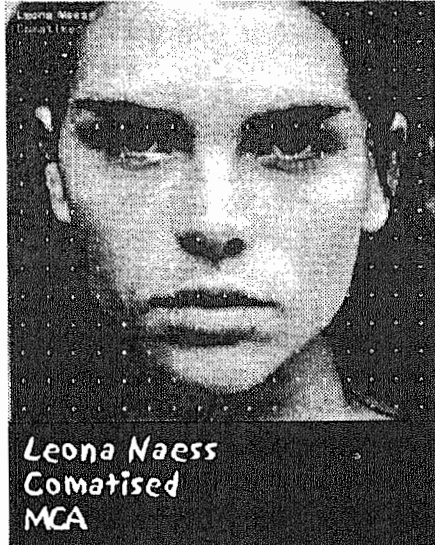


**Peter Gabriel**  
**OVO**  
Virgin

OVO is more a soundtrack than a Peter Gabriel record, to be distinguished from *Us*, *So* and previous self-titled albums. It was the musical element to a production presented at London's Millenium Dome. It was the fictional story of the evolution of mankind, flowing from agricultural origin through the industrial revolution and into the future where the world will turn 'Downside-up'. It involves intolerance, prejudice, forbidden love and dangerous dreams. A conception that could develop only from the mind of Peter Gabriel.

The album therefore contains a range of Asian, African, Caribbean, Middle Eastern, and European musical traditions. Having said this the obvious inclusion from our shores is the didgeridoo, which makes an appearance in 'The Man Who Loved The Earth/The Hand That Sold Shadows'. The album therefore contains a range of singers. Neneh Cherry and Rasco provide the rap ensemble to the opening highlight track 'The Story of OVO'. Larla O Lionaird provides the harmonious soulful sound to 'Low Light'. 'The Time Of The Turning' is certainly one to relax to and the range of string and piano arrangements perfectly enhance Richie Havens' lyrics. Many of the songs only have a small vocal contribution from PG similar to those who remember the one hit wonder 'Screaming Jets' by Johnny Warman, which had PG wailing in the background. However he does take the reigns in 'Father, Son' a track similar to 'Family Photograph'. Knowing the story behind the album helps understand the idea behind the music, if you throw the CD into your computer PG has provided an animated 'Story of OVO'. The industrial sound of 'The Tower That Ate People' is obvious even without the story, and is my personal highlight track. For fans of PG, you might be disappointed in this release, but if you are after a true musical experience from a master of the industry, have a listen.

Ashes to Ashes



**Leona Naess**  
**Comatised**  
MCA

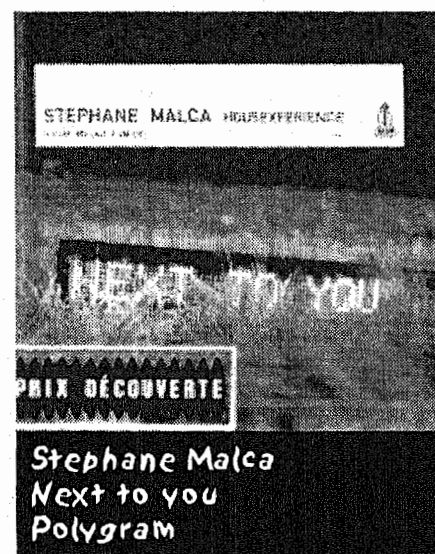
Leona Naess is an interesting-looking, befreckled chick with a pretty enough voice.

*Comatised* is a fairly *blah* collection of Soft Chick Rock(ish) songs, along the lines of Alanis Morissette (but Naess has a far less interesting voice), and quite frankly this album is really no different to any other solo female artist of similar genre.

I am very happy for Naess that she has been signed up and recorded and all the rest, but she is, well, a little boring. What I mean to say is that I have heard it all before and I am just plain sick of it.

Just in case you have no idea how to interpret *Comatised*, Naess has thoughtfully provided a little table on the inside cover which details, in symbol form, what each song is about, what emotion one should feel whilst listening to it, and even how one should listen to it for optimum effect and enjoyment. Hooray!

Jayne Lewis



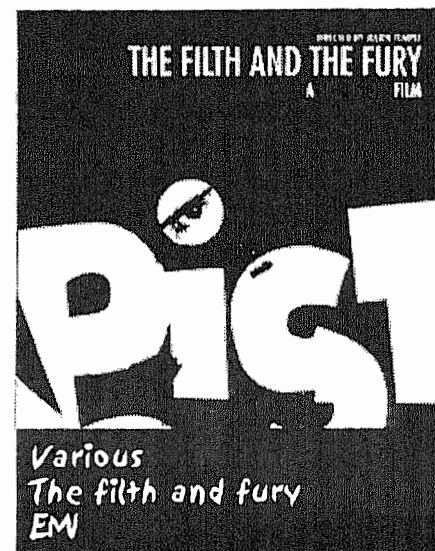
**Stephane Malca**  
**Next to you**  
Polygram

This French record of housey/loungy/jazzy dance music has some good moments and some unfortunate gobshite lyrics. Vocal loop after vocal loop becomes a little tiring when sober. The fact that this artist pontificate about 'the perennial equality', 'make laws against regret', this is something I would suggest is not a good idea, as regret will likely be the only emotion for Malca on hearing this disc in years to come. Who are these people? Why do they

think they have the answers? The rhymers' platitudes will likely thrill dance club sheep, but it certainly won't sway many wide-band thinkers.

There is little wrong with this musical genre, but there is little right with it. Please no more this is such a bore. There is no real evidence that Malca has shown his musical skills or genius here and the cringe factor is sky high. Sorry for this brief appraisal, but the vomit needs to be mopped up quickly to avoid staining the plush-pile.

Case C. Sinclair



**Various**  
**The filth and fury**  
EM

The movie was interesting and so is the soundtrack. This two-disc release is the perfect companion to the film incorporating songs from the era as the film did with images. In some respects this is annoying (as it was in the film). Of course, the Sex Pistols dominate but this is not the case for disc one. It seems obvious that the compilers intent was to choose 'non-punk' tracks in order to highlight the clash (pardon the pun) between what the 'innovators' of punk were doing in the context of what was going on around them both musically and socially. We get songs from the Bay City Rollers, Alice Cooper, Roxy Music and David Bowie - all relevant at the time the Pistols broke out and scared the shit out of the 'do-gooders' of the time. Attitude, pure and simple. They dared to be different and didn't care. Whether they were fake or not they were fun. So, why buy this compilation? Well, most of their sole official release is included along with a few lost gems. You get to hear early rehearsals in which Mr. Lydon forgets words and curses and rough cover versions including The Who's 'Substitute'. Hearing 'Anarchy In The U.K.', 'God Save The Queen', 'Pretty Vacant' and 'Submission' in clear digital CD quality is certainly worth it. Looking back at their music it seems absurd that it could draw the sort of reactions it did. It's thanks to people like them that we hold this view now.

Jorm

## The Singles Bar

**augie march**  
**The hole in your roof**  
BMG  
**Kent**  
**Music non stop**  
RCA/BMG

It's amazing how two bands from two different countries can sound so alike. Melbourners augie march have a folky sound reminiscent of Smashing Pumpkins and Ben Folds Five, but lacks the energy - the songs never seem to pick up and begin to blur into one another. Hugely similar is Sweden's Kent who picked up this colourful description from Melody Maker: 'they sound like Radiohead weeping into Mansun's hankies, while David Bowie plays Russian roulette with Suede in the shadows'. Yeah right. Like augie, Kent seems to spend most of their time down low, lacking oomph and the spark they need to have. I suppose if you listened to them enough, you might be able to differentiate each song from the other, but I can't see the point.

alternika

**Belle & Sebastian**  
**Legal Man**  
Spunk!

Oozing 60s charm and groove, this single from the Scottish group Belle and Sebastian is fantastic. Although obviously drawing influence from the sounds of forty years ago, Belle and Sebastian have managed to bring a certain refreshing vibrancy to their music. The B sides, 'Judy Is A Dick Slap' and 'Winter Wooskie' are equally commendable. 'Judy Is A Dick Slap', is an interesting, layered instrumental track whilst, 'Winter Wooskie' is melancholic, melodious and charming.

Jen

**Korn**  
**Somebody Someone**  
Epic/Sony

Yeah, well, its Korn. It's from *Issues*, which admittedly, was an above average album. There really isn't a hell of a lot I can say. It's good. Buy the album (not the advance copy of the single that I got).

alternika



# want to invite her home with me

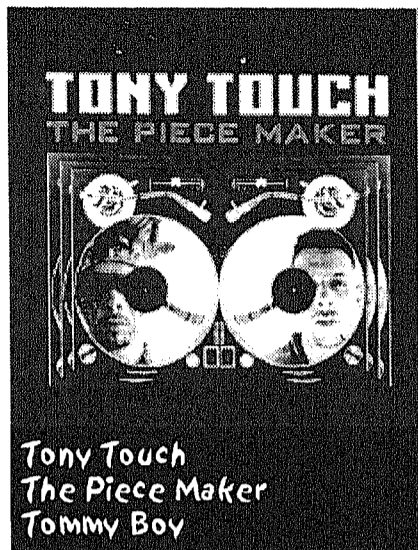


Various  
Where Joy Kills Sorrow  
W.Minc Productions/Virgin

Country anyone? *Where Joy Kills Sorrow* is an album of covers, but it's not a cover album. Are you with me so far? The set is comprised of old country and bluegrass tunes - some famous, some not-so-famous - sung by some of the most popular artists in Australia today. In spite of all that *Where Joy Kills Sorrow* actually makes for a pretty good set. Mick Harvey's turn on 'Just a Little Bit of Rain' kicks off the album, setting the mood with eloquent brevity. Uncle Bill appears three times, fronted by Paul Kelly ('Thanks a Lot') and Renee Geyer ('I Scare Myself'), and on their own with "The World and Everything In It". Dave Graney and Clare Moore, Matt Walker, Greg Perkins, Bruce Haymes and David McComb all bring their own spin to their chosen songs. For my money the best gear is Robert Forster's version of 'The Speed of the Sound of Loneliness' and Rob Snarski's take on 'If You Don't Want My Love'. Snarski is perhaps the best singer we've got in this country; he can take the most hackneyed, cliché-ridden lyric and sell it with all the passion and heart-felt honesty of a man in love. Something I only noticed after about the third listen is the absence of actual country singers. No Lee Kerrigan, no Trisha Yearwood, no Shandley Del. All the artists featured are more at home on university stations than Radio National. I think that this self-conscious omission by the producers makes for a better set; contemporary Australian country music bears so little relevance to the songs pulled together here as to be absurd. If Kerrigan did a song like 'The World and Everything In It', it would come off sounding like 'Achy, Breaky Heart'.

Either you like country or you don't. These days it seems to be a political decision as much as a question of taste. If you *do* like country then you'll probably like this; if you like your country music with less twang and more feeling, then no question.

Rusty Springfield



Tony Touch  
The Piece Maker  
Tommy Boy

Tony Touch ?! Given such a dodgy name and the overall look of this CD, you can understand it would immediately invoke fear and cynicism in anyone given the job of reviewing it, however, it was a pleasant surprise.

Tony Touch, states the bio, is 'a gifted rapper, producer and most notably, DJ ... the mix-tape king of the US hip-hop scene'. Tony has sold millions of mix-tapes throughout New York and is highly respected by many of the big names in hip-hop.

This is Tony Touch's first 'legit' mix-CD and the long list of rappers that contributed is perhaps indicative of his reputation: De La Soul, Wu-Tang Clan, Cypress Hill, KRS-One, Flipmode Squad, Gang Starr, just to mention a few.

The album features some good beats and some wicked scratching at times, as well as numerous Scarface references popping up from time to time (a la Ice Cube). Some awesome bilingual (Spanish and English) rapping can be heard from Touch in 'What's That? (Que Eso?)', with De La Soul in fine form for that track as well. Prodigy, of Mob Dep puts in a good effort in 'Basics', Busta Rhymes does his shit on 'Set it on fire', while the second and title track, featuring Gang Starr is a pretty damn good.

There's quite a few decent tracks to be found here (with 21 tracks in all, there should be!) and Touch's mixing and scratching are pretty fine. The Piece Maker is a good CD if you're into hip-hop, especially if you like the rappers featured.

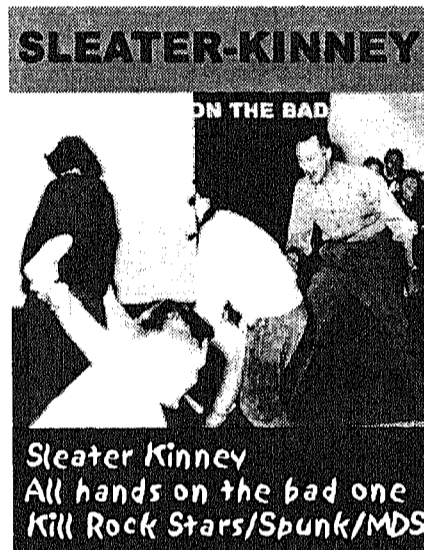
MP

78 Saab  
Picture a hum...  
Ivy League/Mushroom

As heard on Triple J, 78 Saab are one of those bands that you'd recognise the tracks but could never name the group. In general, the album is neatly made and well produced. The musical and lyrical

side of these songs are definitely promising a strong future in indie pop circles, but there is a slight let down in vocal quality - I'm sure vocalist Ben Nash is doing his best, but the lack of vocal talent is holding these guys behind. (Then again it never stopped The Cure or Hole.) Otherwise, this a pretty tight, nice album (the erratic title was the inspiration of Ben: 'It's a term I came up with to describe listening to a car on a dirt road about two kilometres away' - from the website bio). Of particular interest is JJJ high rotation track 'karma package deal' - gotta love ironic lyrics.

alternika



Sleater Kinney  
All hands on the bad one  
Kill Rock Stars/Spunk/MDS

Sleater Kinney are one of those bands that garner tremendous respect within the recording industry and musicians without ever actually getting airplay on any radio (community excepted). Fans of them are fans in the true sense and, even with knowing their history, one can see why when listening to *All hands on the bad one*.

Simply put, *All hands...* is an awesomely good album. It builds upon their previous releases such as *The Hot Rock* and *Dig Me Out* without ever losing their trademark verbal aggression and hostility towards the generic. Verbal and lyrical interplay mark *All hands...* and raise it above the level of the mundane and seemingly ubiquitous female singer songwriter material served by commercial radio.

*All hands...* is stripped back to basics: guitar, bass, drums and the occasional handclap but this simplicity reinforces the immediacy of the album while allowing the vocals and lyrics to be upfront. Sleater Kinney draw upon the foundations built upon by artists such as Exene Cervenka (X), Mary Lou Lord, Bikini Kill and Lydia Lunch without compromising their individuality. This is certainly one of the best releases of 2000. A should hear.

John Doe

## The Singles Bar

Millencolin

Fox

Burning Heart/Shock

'Fox' is the new single from the incredibly popular *Pennybridge Pioneers* album from these crazy Swedes. As expected, it is a blast of pure pop with that undeniably shoddy ESL handle that people can't help but like. The ep is rounded out with 'Kemp' (previously unreleased) and two cracker live versions of 'Penguins...' replete with the worst segue into any song ever and 'No Cigar'. Fun.

Milo Aukermann

Unwritten Law

Lonesome

Interscope/Rapido/MDS

Unwritten Law have often been described as one of the most 'punk' bands to come out of the melodic punk explosion of the last few years. My immediate reaction is one of disbelief, but then again I believe that this pigeonhole has been misnomered and powerpop is a much more apt term. I mean harmonies in live versions of songs, clean guitarwork and a handle upon traditional pop song structures - middle eights as far as the eye can see. 'Lonesome' is sweet in its guitar driven and quickish way and shows a band that could cross boundaries if only folk could get past labelling music. There are four live tracks recorded on their last Australian tour which show their live capabilities. This is good.

Jerry A

Bodyjar

Not the same

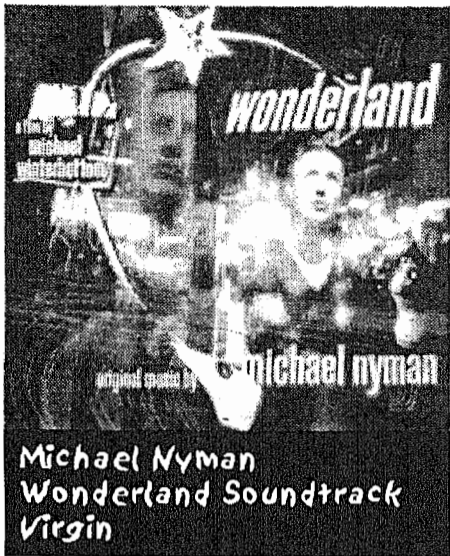
EM

Australia's first (arguably) powerpop band are still marching along and releasing fine fine stuff. Bodyjar have always been criminally neglected at home (another in a long line of Australian bands virtually ignored here but welcomed overseas: see Bloodloss, the Cosmic Psychos *et al*) but have continued on doing what they love. 'Not the same' starts off with a killer guitar hook and doesn't let go while 'Self inflicted' shows the lads in a slightly more reflective but no less pop-happy mood. Hopefully Bodyjar will get the attention they so richly deserve.

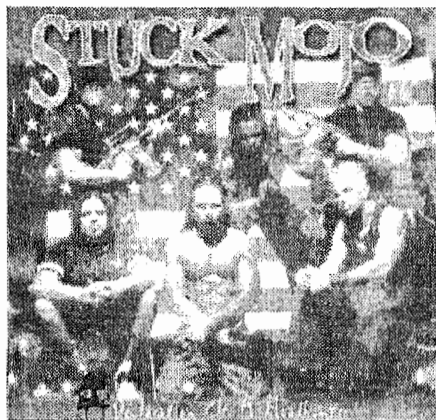
Danny Vapid



# and show her my library



Michael Nyman  
Wonderland Soundtrack  
Virgin



Stuck Mojo  
Declaration of a  
Headhunter  
Century Media/Shock

Nyman's soundtrack to the Michael Winterbottom film *Wonderland* is a collection of eleven lucid tracks, each titled with the first name of a character from the movie. These tracks work well individually, but the album is naturally far more enjoyable when listened to in its graceful entirety.

*Wonderland* is comprised of the soothing tones of violins, violas and cellos ... lovely orchestral music. Composed, conducted and produced by Nyman, this soundtrack is a very evocative and tranquil collection of sensational music. *Wonderland* is a fine example of emotionally engaging music, designed to stimulate the audience and amplify their viewing pleasure.

However, Nyman's *Wonderland* stands well on its own.

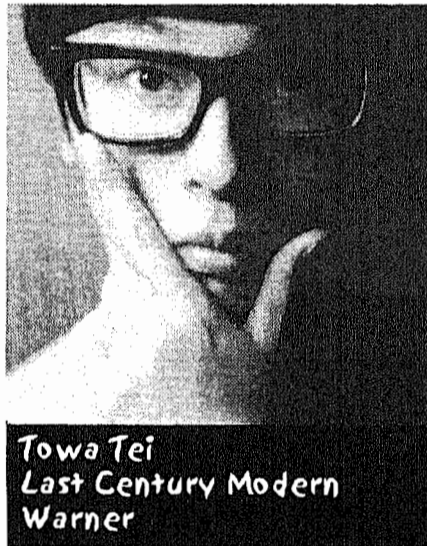
Jen

I don't usually use the music section as a soapbox to sound off about things that really shit me (hell, I've got a whole page of my own for that) but I think something has to be said, and seeing as it's about music, I'm hoping the guys won't mind a little grandstanding just this once. I've just been listening to the 'Southern-Fried rock' of Stuck Mojo. A competent enough band, kind of like a soft Rage Against the Machine. The problem I have with these guys is their lyric content.

Now, call me old fashioned, but I have always associated rock and roll with rebellion, with a challenging of the status quo. But here is an outfit who seem to pride themselves on their right-wing ideals and intolerance of reasoned benevolence. Every song is an advertisement for the NRA, promoting gun owner-

ship ('AR 15 and my Glock 40 cal / Converted Tech 9, now who's your favourite pal.' - 'Raise the Dead Man') and racial hatred ('Senorita, glad to met ya / We kill your people as we greet ya' - 'Give War a Chance') while warning against the dangers of (wait for it...) communism ('Collectivist mindset, a danger to our liberty / I feel the need to kill the seed' - 'Drawing Blood'). I don't believe in censorship. These good old boys can sing what they like, and it's up to label decisions and market forces as to whether they get released or not. But you don't have to listen to it. As the consumer you make the choice whether you're going to part with your hard-earned money for a copy of this crap. Choose wisely.

Sam Andreas-Fault



Towa Tei  
Last Century Modern  
Warner

Electronic music fans will immediately go right-royally orgasmic over

Towa Tei's considerable talent. *Last Century Modern* is an eclectic and experimental blend, hodgepodge really, of loops and samples, featuring a huge range of instruments - such as the accordion, harp, trumpet, guitar, sax, violin, cello, whistling, and even a speech synthesizer called CHATR. Yet it works.

Sung, rapped, and spoken in a variety of languages, *Last Century Modern* is sometimes poppy, sometimes ambient, occasionally jazzy, and with the odd foray into r&b, but it is always very cool.

This album is strictly for the electronica fans; diehard rock-puppies - I'm talking to you here, Luke - will not see the value in this album and are advised to stay away.

For my own part, *Last Century Modern* has been a kind of electronic awakening for me: anyone with the right equipment can mix samples together, but Tei does it *really bloody well*. Flicking through the tracks is likely to bring a few raised eyebrows, but listening to the album properly, from beginning to end, Tei's genius shines through.

It may take a couple of listens, but *Last Century Modern* really grows on you, and each song, in the context of the whole album, fits together so well. You know how gin doesn't taste so good on its own, and neither does tonic water, but when you combine them it is soooooo tasty? Well Tei as well must be taken as a whole.

Jayne Lewis

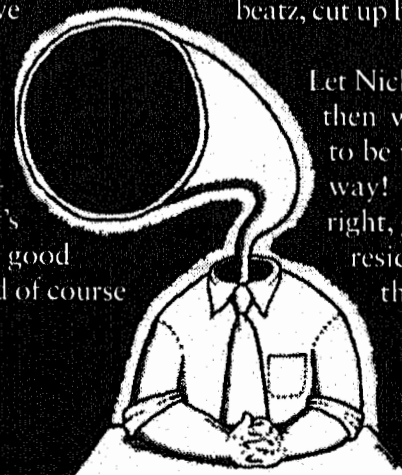
**STUDENT RADIO 531 AM STUDENT RADIO 531 AM  
STUDENT RADIO 531 AM STUDENT RADIO 531 AM  
STUDENT RADIO 531 AM STUDENT RADIO 531 AM**

G'day friends. We sincerely hope that you've had a splendid week, and that the coming week proceeds in such a fashion. We assume that everyone is looking forward to the forthcoming week, as (in case you hadn't realised) it is election week. Good luck avoiding all the student pollies. You'll need it. They're not that bad. Really. However, in a week taken up by those wretches who protest to care, you can (as always) find solace in the dulcet tones of AM radio. Student Radio to be precise. We're good, election week, post election week, and just about every other week of the year. We always love you. And we never pretend. Honestly.

Anyway, we'll just stick to what we're good at. Okay? And that is radio. Coming up in this week's broadcast we have an absolutely jam packed schedule, bursting and bristling with energy. (As always) If quirky current affairs is your style then tune in at 9pm on Monday and try not to laugh too hard as Alix and Jonno tell you things that you really didn't need to know about the world around us. (The show's called *Wait Til Dark*). Then if you don't wanna hear talkin' but just wanna feel like dancin' then Local Beatz is for you. Tune in at 11pm (monday) and let Graham 'techno' Wilson (actually, he's better known as dj tan) take you through till one, with live table wizards. (We've been reading *The Advertiser* too much!)

For a cosy saturday night in, then tune in to Student Radio at 9 for Cinemania. Best news in the film scene, although if Nick starts talking about Bond films, minutes, because his opinion on the aforementioned topic is most definitely not That's enough of the run of the mill stuff which you people should know any-biking championships which were held in Pt Pirie, South Australia. Yes, that's that the 'chips' have ever been held in this hallowed state, and my, did the good tricks Kate was there in all her dirty splendour, as well as Scabby knee Jone, and of course Freckle-faced Moe.

More next week  
The racetrack calls  
Joni & Elly  
Studnet Radio Directors



Let Nick and Charles tell you about the lat-then we suggest that you tune out for five to be trusted.

way! Now to the recent inter-varsity dirt right, good old S.A. It's the first time ever residents of Pirie put on a show! Dirty the two times regional champion



# Buy now, pay later

## Notice to Students

On Wednesday 4 October 2000 there will be an election of two undergraduate members and one post graduate member of the University Council, each for a one year term from 6 March 2001 to 5 March 2002. The following members retire from the Council on 5 March 2001:

Elysia Turcinovic (undergraduate); Alida Parente (undergraduate); Julia Pitcher (postgraduate).

They are not ineligible for re-election as members.

Nominations to the positions are invited. A nomination must be made on the appropriate prescribed form and must reach the Returning Officer at the University before 12 noon on Friday, 25 August 2000. Nomination forms and further information may be obtained from University Reception, Mitchell Building, North Terrace Campus or by phoning 830 33408.

Susan Graebner, Returning Officer

## Learn Deep Relaxation

When: Every Monday for Semester 2. 1.10 - 2.00pm. Where: Counselling Centre, Ground floor, Horace Lamb Building. Free. Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

## Relationships

When: Wednesday 23 August. 1.10 - 2.00pm. Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building. Free. Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

## German Club Play

The Adelaide Uni German Club presents its annual play *Und Alle Seine Mörder* (And all His Murderers ...), a tale of treachery, devious plots and passion set in the dark ages. Join us in The Little Theatre (next to the Mayo)! Performances: Thursday, Friday and Saturday, August 24th, 25th and 26th at 7.30pm. Matinee (1.00pm) performances on Thursday 24th and Friday 25th August. Tickets \$10 adults, \$6 students.

## Ski Mt Hotham

Ski Mt Hotham Packages available now. Sept 17th-23rd, includes coach transport, five nights accomodation at the Arlberg Apartments, five breakfasts, five dinners, ski hire, lift and lessons for five days.

Cost: \$699 under 18, \$750 over 18. Phone 8346 0936 (all hours) for more informtion or to book.

## Fem X

Fem X, Action and Planning Conference of NUS Women's Department, Melbourne University 2-3 September. Topic: Women Trade and Globalisation. For more info, email Helen Stitt: women@nus.asn.au or phone 0403 065 115.

## Labcoats and SafetyShoes

Cheap! Brand new labcoats. Only \$30 (buttons at front). All sizes. Safety Shoes only \$20. Phone 0427 997 775.

## Penfriends Wanted

By Mr Munawar Ali. Email munawar777@hotmail.com, post to A-17, 106 Depot Lines Karachi-74400, Pakistan.

## National Youth Roundtable

The Roundtable brings together 50 young people from diverse backgrounds to participate in a national forum. It means that young Australians can speak directly with Government and ensure that their views are taken into account in policy-making processes. The successful applicants will have links with their community and be able to consult with other young people about issues in their own communities. They will then have the opportunity to present their findings to Government at Roundtable meetings held in Canberra.

Applications have been sent to a number of educational institutions, youth organisations, community groups and agencies. Applications can also be found online at <http://www.thesource.gov.au/voy/roundtable.htm> or can be obtained by calling 1800 624 309 (freecall). To make Roundtable 2001 a success, applications are sought from a range of young people including young people aged 15 - 24 years from differing education and employment experiences, a variety of cultural backgrounds, people with disabilities, and young people from urban and regional and remote localities.

## Servant for a Day

Calling all students/staff who like to do unusual things for a good cause! As part of our aid project for 2000, the Islamic Students' Society will be hosting the 'Servant for a Day - Horn of Africa Appeal' on the Barr Smith Lawns on Tuesday 5 September from 12pm. Our main attraction for the event will be the

Servant Auction, where certain lecturers, tutors and students will be selling their services on the auction block to anyone who places the highest bid!

All money raised will be donated to Human Appeal International's Horn of Africa Account to aid those people suffering from drought and starvation in Africa. So far our volunteer servants include SAUA President Stephen Mullighan, AUU President Janak Mayer, Head of Commerce, Fred Bloch, CA President Stephen Oniszk, The Cunninghams Warehouse Guy and more ...

If you are willing to sell yourself for a worthy cause, become a servant for a day! Ring Melati on 8132 1743 or 0409 280 975, or email melati.lum@student.adelaide.edu.au.

## Youth Ambassadors

Would you like to experience different cultures? Work in one of the seven countries of the Asia Pacific region for up to a year? Receive up to \$19,000 assistance? Develop valuable personal and professional skills? Make a difference? Join the AIESEC Australian Youth Ambassadors for

Development Program. Information meeting: 6pm 22 Tuesday August, Union cinema. Food and drinks will be provided.

If you can't make the meeting but want to know more, contact Amanda on 8303 5909 or visit the AIESEC office (basement level, Security House, North Terrace).

## Be Published

Top new printed publication to go live in a couple of months called 'The Britpacker'. We are looking for regular contributors and freelancers for the following subjects. Entertainment, Travel, Current Affairs, Internet, Media, Music, World News, Student Issues. To register your interest in coming on board please email in the first instance to Blair Clark at: [thebritpacker@aol.com](mailto:thebritpacker@aol.com).

## Britpop vinyl

7" vinyl singles. Own classic pieces of Britpop memorabilia today. Direct from England. Joy Division 'Love will tear us apart', The Smiths 'This Charming Man' and the Sex Pistols 'God Save the Queen'. \$40 each or \$100 the lot. Phone Jane on 8355 3036.



... where they burn On  
Dit they will one day  
burn people ...

*On Dit* is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete and unfettered editorial control, but little over their parlous mental states. Nevertheless, the opinions expressed herein may not be their own.

### Editors

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### Typesetting

Fiona Dalton

### Printing

Cadillac Printing

### Thanks

Jayne 'I come bearing lollies' Lewis and Kate 'It's all good' Stryker, democracy for its wondrous workings, the Chardonnay Socialists, Sturt and Carlton football clubs, kittens, and blonde chicks with dreadlocks for making good jazz.



UNIVERSITY

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Upcoming Events

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Battle of the Bands

August 23

August 24

August 25

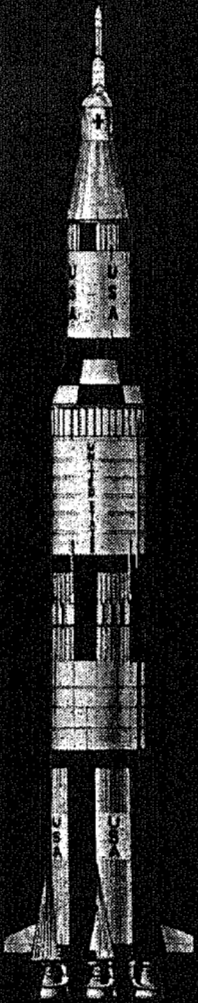
Resin Dogs

August 26

Free Pool Mondays

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Blast off with...



**\$1**

**Southwark White,  
Southwark Pale,  
West End Draught**

for 15 minutes after the bell  
until the end of term

*...the only place to meet on campus...*