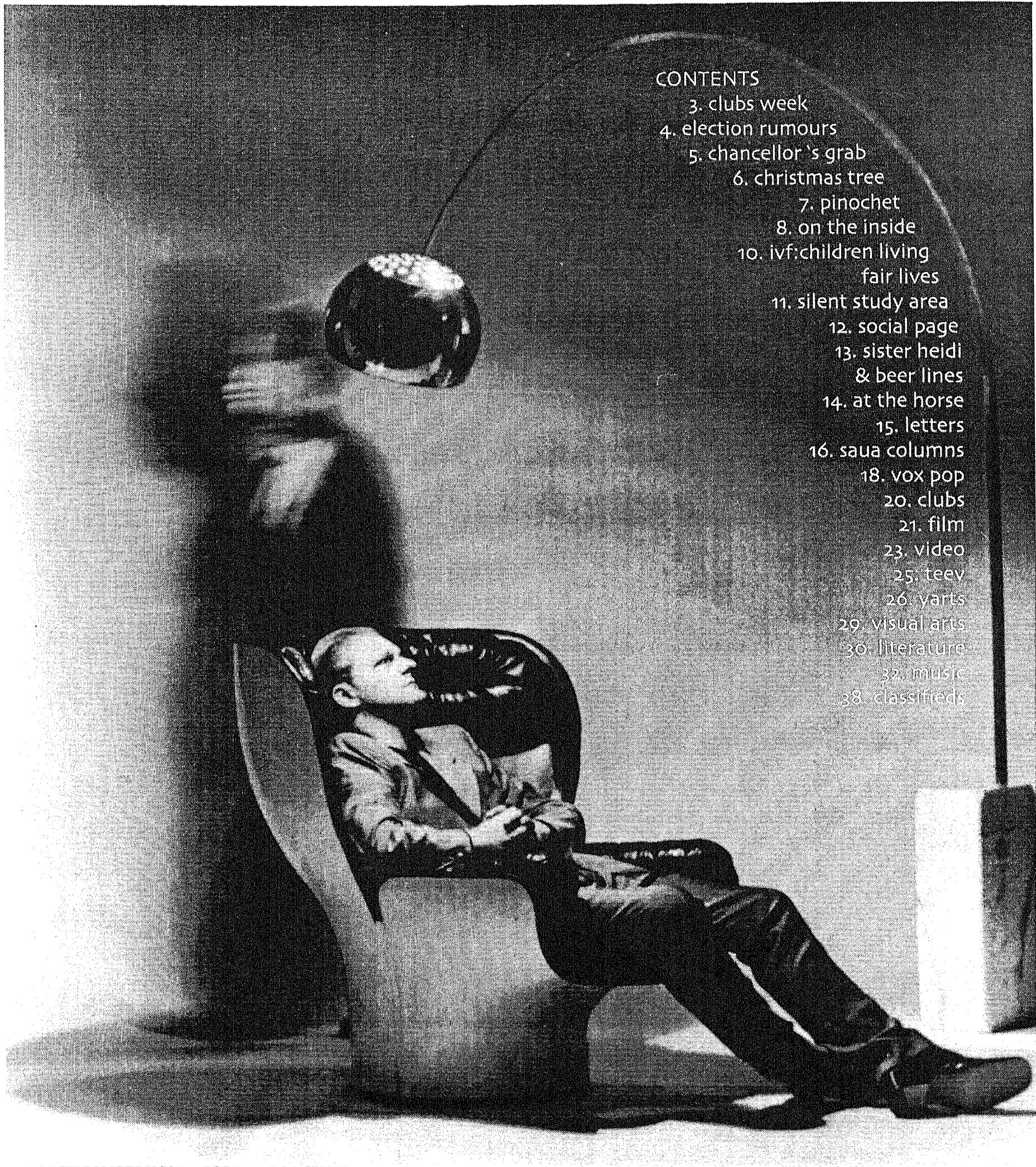


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## • EDITORIAL •

In this and last week's editions of *On Dit*, details have come to light regarding a proposal put forward by the new Chancellor of Adelaide University, Robert Champion de Crespigny. At the heart of this proposal was the formation of a new 'Chancellor's Committee', to which all powers of the University Council would be handed in between meetings. Because of the vagaries of the University Council, however, such a move results in all powers essentially being bestowed upon an individual: the Chancellor himself.

Whilst the formation of an 'executive' such as this is common in the private sector, it is not our intention to debate the pros and cons of such a move here. What is worrying is the manner in which the proposal was passed.

At last week's University Council meeting, the new Chancellor's first, the proposal was passed in a somewhat watered-down version. This was despite all staff and student representatives voting against it. It is saddening to see that the two major stakeholders in this process can be so thoroughly silenced in a matter such as this, given that it is these parties for whom such a move will have the greatest repercussions. It is for this reason that the decision of Council to pass the proposal should be decried by all students.

The course of action for both students and staff at Adelaide University is clear. Their positions on University Council smack of tokenism at present, and it is time for both bodies to lobby for greater representation.

The reality for most student representatives is that there is a very real limit upon what they can really achieve. But if the Union and its affiliates are prepared to place pressure on the University in this and other matters, that may well begin to change.

# Clubs Week to kick off

By Dale F Adams

The 2000 Coopers Clubs Week will be held on the Barr Smith Lawns from Wednesday to Friday of this week. Clubs Association President Stephen Oniszk described the week as 'the centrepiece of the year from the clubs' perspective,' when speaking to *On Dit* last Friday. Coopers Brewing have purchased naming rights for the week in a sponsorship deal that will see Coopers Pale Ale sold on the lawns for the price of \$1.20 a schooner.

'That's basically cost price,' said Mr Oniszk. 'The aim of the bar is not really to turn a profit - this is more about promotion of the clubs themselves. I know it sounds like a cliché, but we're hoping that people will come for the beer and stay for the clubs. Pepsi have also come to the party, so we'll have another bar set up for soft drinks and H2Go water as well.'

The week's primary focus is to rekindle people's interest in clubs that may have caught their eye during Orientation, but which they never got around to joining. 'A lot of people don't really get into the social side of university,' said Mr Oniszk. 'The first thing I did when I got here was to join

a club. We hope to get the clubs out there, so if people see something that interests them, they'll be more likely to get involved.'

As well as the bar running from 11am to 3pm each day, the week will feature stalls on the Barr Smith Lawns at which the clubs will advertise themselves, as well as demonstrations from some clubs.

'The demonstrations are a really important part of Clubs Week,' said Mr Oniszk. 'We have Universe, one of the big Christian Clubs on campus, setting up rockclimbing, which should be heaps of fun. We're also going to have bouncy castle boxing, and a lot of the bands from the Bands' Association will be playing on the Lawns. They seem to have had a bit of trouble getting spots on the lawns throughout the year, so it's a good opportunity for them to get some exposure.'

After Clubs Week, things quieten down appreciably for the Clubs' Association, with the remainder of the year primarily taken up with day-to-day administration. As a semi-autonomous affiliate of the Adelaide University Union, however, they will continue to monitor the fallout from the



*The Warnöster: loves Clubs Week.*

Union's Organisational Review closely.

'The most important factor to me is the grants that go to clubs,' said Mr Oniszk. 'It is imperative to me that the levels of funding do not fall. In addition, I wouldn't like to see the Clubs' Association lose its autonomy. There are some areas where I

think change would be good - a lot could be saved by cutting admin costs like photocopiers - but those two factors are the most important to me.'

In the meantime, the Clubs' Association will concentrate on pulling off a big week, whilst getting Coopers back on the lawns at the same time.

## Coopers Clubs Week

August 9 - 11



Bar open  
11am -  
3pm daily

### Wednesday

Bouncy Castle and Universe rockclimbing all day  
10am Film Soc showing *American Beauty*  
12pm Judo Club demo  
12.30 Kendo demo  
1pm Bands Assoc: Rogue  
2pm Sub Lumen  
2.30 Film Soc showing *American Beauty*  
Bouncy Castle boxing finale

### Thursday

Universe Rockclimbing all day  
10am Union Cinema - Japanese Animation Society  
Kiki's Delivery Service, Photon episode 1  
12pm Union Cinema - Japanese Animation Society  
Perfect Blue  
12.30 Adelaide University Choral Society demo  
1pm Bands Assoc: Jesta  
2pm Campus Christian Movement singing  
Union Cinema - Japanese Animation Society  
Blue Submarine 6, Cowboy Bebop Rurouni  
Kenshin OAV, Tenko no Escallowne  
2.30 Cross Cultural Dance Club demo  
Universe rockclimbing timed comp

### Friday

11.30 Sub Lumen  
12.30 Debating Society Demo  
1pm Bands Assoc: Requiem  
1.30 Bands Assoc: Bombscare  
2pm AUSCA FAAACing  
2.30 Club team's boat racing

# Election rumours begin

Provided by anyone who leaks stuff to us

Probably the most interesting rumours floating around at the moment pertain to the brand new kids on the block, the New Independents (aka the Nindies, aka the Undies). Seemingly an offshoot of last year's Engineering ticket, the smart money's on Heidi Ryan to run for President, barbecue maestro Mark Henderson for ACVP and Erin O'Donnell for EVP or Women's Officer.

Word has it that a new ticket from the ultra-Left is being organised. The name Students Subjugating Self for State and SAUA (or SSSSS) is being bandied about, which you have to admit is pretty catchy. Whether or not they can get Castro enrolled in time to nominate for Prez is the big question.

Strange rumblings in Liberal land, with the word that all of their energy will be thrown behind trying to get one candidate up for both Union Board and SAUA Council. If last year's vote is repeated, the numbers

on each should be pretty much split down the middle, so they could have the deciding vote.

Everyone's trying to work out whether or not current SAUA Prez Stephen Mullighan is willing to give it another go and run for the position with United Students (aka Unity, aka the Labor Right). Is there enough depth in the Unity ranks to offer up another candidate? Tom Radzevicius (current Male Sexuality Officer) would make a pretty electable candidate ...

If the number of student polities floating around the *On Dit* office sniffing for info is any indicator, everyone wants to know if this year's team are going to run again. Well, we're not going to tell you.

Just who the Independents (aka Students First, aka Impact!) are

going to run for President is a thorny one. Seb Henbest has served the classic apprenticeship as EVP, but will he run? Who knows. But one rumour doing the rounds is that if Seb doesn't go for it, Marissa Mellor-Harris

lately. And Environment Officer Zane Young has commented more than once that he'd be up for it.

Kate Stryker (*On Dit* sub-ed and candidate for Female Sexuality Officer last year) may well continue to challenge those dominant paradigms by running for Male Sexuality Officer.

Student Radio could see a loner run, with Luke Toop the popular choice.

It seems pretty likely that at least one of the Counter Calendar Eds will be running for Environment Officer with the Indies. But which one?

Oh, and apparently *On Dit* Ed Dale Adams is running for EVP with Unity. Everyone's told him so, so it must be true.



(SAUA Councillor) will fill the breach. Mind you, ACVP Adam Langman has been acting a lot like he's running for a major position

## 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

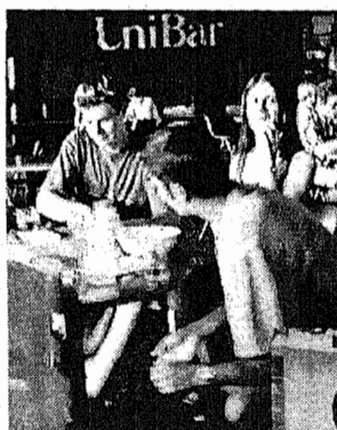
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\$2.50 Vodka

West End / Southwark / Coopers

Thurs 4.00 - 6.00pm

Fri 4.00 - 7.00pm



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competition ...



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# Council approve Chancellor's Committee

By Stephen Mullighan

Last week it was reported in *On Dit* that the new Chancellor of the University, Robert Champion de Crespigny, was to put a proposal to University Council last Monday to form a Chancellor's Committee. This was to be a committee of Council to effectively govern the University between Council meetings, with Council delegating its decision-making powers to the Chancellor as Convenor of the Committee.

Last week's article raised the concerns that many sectors of the University community held. These included divesting the Council of its powers and responsibilities in governing the University to the Chancellor, the structure of the Committee, the ability of the Chancellor to co-opt members of the Committee on his own volition, and potentially reducing the number of Council meetings a year.

For the second time this year students attended the Council meeting to personify their concerns on an issue to Council members. Also present at the meeting were journalists from *The Australian*, *The Advertiser*, and a news crew from ABC TV (the last was asked to leave in no uncertain terms by

the Chancellor himself). Students and the student organisations on campus were extremely worried that the new Chancellor, at first meeting, would seek from Council support for such a radical move. Our concerns were mirrored by other organisations around the country who represent the constituents of the higher education sector.

At the meeting the Chancellor tabled a paper containing various amendments to the initial paper. These amendments most notably placed a limit on the number of co-opted members to the Committee (2), ensured any decision made by the Committee was only 'provisional' and hence must be ratified by the Council, and removed the proposal to decrease the number of Council meetings per year. These amendments in part addressed three of the major concerns raised over the whole proposal. The revised paper was then put to the vote, and was endorsed by a majority of Council members. The vote seemed almost a clear split between student and staff representatives (dissent), and University 'management' and its appointees (assent). The debate over the paper lasted the best part

of an hour, though it became clear early that the paper seemed destined to be voted up. The amendments seem to have been made to ensure that the Chancellor gained the greatest amount of support for the proposal from key areas of Council.

Notable supporters of the paper included the Deputy Chancellor Brian Croser, external appointee, renowned South Australian wine maker, and Convenor of the selection committee for the new Chancellor. He was quick to throw his full support behind the proposal, as was Michael Abbott QC. Quick to applaud the Chancellor for such a bold move, he spoke of the benefits of expediency in conducting the University's business. Of all those who spoke in favour, the most considered was Justice Perry. He spoke of the initial fears that he had of the proposal, and that he was more comfortable in that the proposal had reduced the Committee to a 'filtration' committee. Such a committee's main role was to consider items to go to Council, dispose of the ones which did not require Council's attention, and consider the matters that would go to Council and

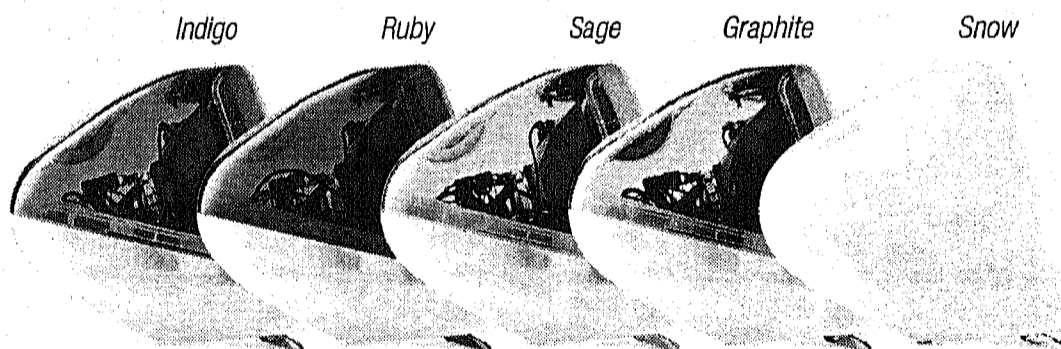
make recommendations on them. The motion was put, and was carried with the vote 11-7.

Those who spoke and voted against the motion were, as stated earlier, student and staff members of Council. It is disappointing to see that when such an alliance is formed, representing the two largest stakeholders of the University, the two groups do not have enough power to influence the other members of Council.

The issue received quite a lot of media attention, being reported in the *Advertiser* on Monday and Tuesday, and in the Higher Education supplement of *The Australian* on Wednesday. Deservedly so. The University is governed by a Council which draws representatives from as many sectors of its community as possible: to attempt to streamline the University Council with a committee which does not include even a single staff representative opposes the tenets of democratic and representative governance. The University community should feel compromised in that its new Chancellor has attempted to belittle the role of Council in such an overt manner.

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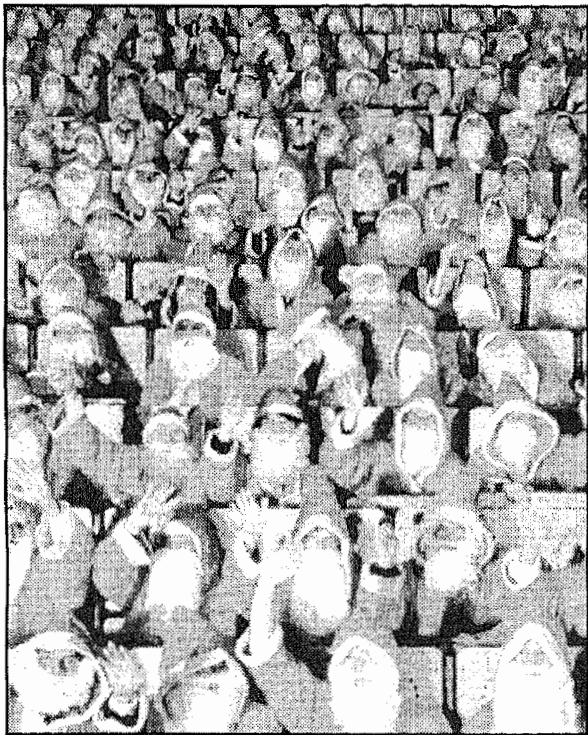
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 The winner will be drawn Monday 2nd October 2000.

# World's oldest Christmas tree in danger

By Zane Young



*The Santa Convention edged towards riot when the news was broadcast*

On December 20 a towering Eucalyptus regnans, 80 metres (262 ft) tall, became the tallest-ever Christmas tree in the world. With 3,000 solar-powered Christmas lights, The Wilderness Society transformed this massive tree into a powerful beacon of hope for Tasmania's threatened forests. The tree is adjacent to a logging road in the valley of the Styx River. It and

the surrounding forests are scheduled for destruction in 2000.

Last Christmas, it came to the attention of activists in Tasmania that the world's tallest hardwood trees and the tallest flowering plants in the world were under threat from logging. The Styx Forest is home to the tallest flowering plants on the planet, the mighty Eucalyptus regnans. These incredible trees tower up to 95 metres high. The Styx Forest is a stronghold of oldgrowth regnans. Here, 400-year-old giants up to six metres across at the base (that's a perimeter of 19 metres around!), soar above a rainforest canopy. They are full of native wildlife including owls, possums, gliders, bats, hawks, eagles and cockatoos. The Wilderness Society aims to see this forest protected in a conservation reserve that promotes its global significance. Forestry Tasmania plans to clearfell 46 hectares in the heart of the Styx Forest. This means they will chop down or bulldoze and then burn 46 hectares of precious oldgrowth forest.

Recent government reports and Forestry Tasmania's own figures clearly demonstrate that 90% of Tasmanian forests end up as woodchips.

'Two hundred years of logging and clearing have reduced oldgrowth regnans to only 13% of their original extent,' The Wilderness Society's Tasmanian Campaign Coordinator, Geoff Law, said. 'Yet these giants are still being destroyed by ruthless clearcutting.'

A team of climbers spent eight days braving wind, rain and sleet to scale and decorate the tree. The regnans was festooned with lights and lit up Monday to Friday of the week before Christmas. To add a further touch of Christmas, a light dusting of snow has fallen on the surrounding mountains. Three thousand fairy lights were put on this 80-metre-tall Eucalyptus regnans as well as a giant 4-metre fluorescent star and coloured balls. Despite the incredible apathy of local media (commercial stations eventually ran the story because they picked it up from CNN!), there has been extensive national and international media coverage of the Christmas Tree including CNN, BBC and parts of Asia. 1999's second-tallest Christmas tree is in Grace, Washington, USA, and only half the

height of the Tasmanian specimen at 37.2 metres (122 feet). The previous tallest Christmas tree was also in the USA in 1950. It measured 67 metres (221 feet). It was a dead tree, having been cut down and decorated in Seattle.

The Styx River valley is less than two hours' drive from Hobart, Tasmania's capital. These tall forests have been identified as worthy of World Heritage Listing. Despite this, the Tasmanian Government and the logging industry are destroying the forests in large-scale clearcutting operations, largely for export as woodchips to Japan.

David Bellamy, the internationally-renowned botanist, said of the tree: 'Congratulations to Tasmania on getting into the millennial book of records with the tallest Christmas tree in the world. Not removed to a shopping mall or woodchipped for export to Japan but still gracing the last 13% of old growth Eucalyptus regnans forest left intact. I beg the Tasmanian government to give a lasting present to all the children of the world by stopping the logging of these magnificent forests and setting Tasmania and the whole southern hemisphere on a new course of sustainability into the new millenium.'

## Weird world news

Collated By Dr Spock

Accomplished toy inventor Brian Walker, 44, told the Newhouse News Service in June that he would, by next summer, launch himself on the world's first homemade space shot (blasting off at 4,000 mph, to a height of 30 miles, using 10 tanks containing 7,000 pounds of hydrogen peroxide as fuel, at an overall expense of \$250,000). The spacecraft he built is 9 feet tall, will be propelled from a 30-foot-long trailer, and has a capsule that will return him to earth via parachutes. A jet-propulsion engineer at Cal Tech said Walker's plan was actually pretty sound, in theory.

Orthopedic surgeon Nicholas Cappello had his license lifted in April by the Arkansas Medical Board for as many as 20 botched surgeries featuring such errors as metal plates screwed to the wrong bones or screws missing the bone altogether. And patient Robert Banks sued the Earl K. Long Medical Center in Baton Rouge, LA, in March, complaining that he went in for a heart bypass in 1995 but came out merely circumcised, which doctors said was a necessary antecedent to the surgery because

he required kidney-monitoring equipment. The doctors decided after all that not to do the bypass.

Lean Times for La Cosa Nostra: Despite a massive federal, state and local law-enforcement operation against organized-crime gambling and loan-sharking in south Florida, capped by a six-count federal indictment in June, the evidence actually revealed rather dismal business prospects for the Colombo crime family in the area. According to the indictment, Colombo muscleman 'Joey Flowers' Rotunno and his crew earned gambling income of less than \$2,000 a day.

In February, Nova Scotia provincial judge John MacDougall ruled that a doctor who had masturbated two teen-age boys numerous times in his office had not violated the law because he had thought his unorthodox procedure was a valid medical treatment for the patients (one of whom had complained merely of blurred vision after a fall). Two weeks later, a prosecutor exercised a rare constitutional procedure and indicted the doctor directly before the Supreme Court.

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# An old codger's judgement day

By Georgie Hambrook

Several weeks ago that esteemed newspaper *Sunday Mail* ran an article about how easy it was to get a medical certificate from some suburban GPs (something the average uni student would be well versed in around exam time). On a similar vein, everyone marvels at - and wishes death upon - robber baron Christopher Skase who has been resurrected more times than Jesus Christ, and who currently mocks us from his beachfront in Dominica. Well, if the reports of 'sources close to ...' prove true, former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet will be after some good medicine as he attempts to avoid prosecution for human rights violations - including murders - committed during his 17-year dictatorship.

You see, Chile's Supreme Court has reportedly decided, in an 11-9 decision, to strip Pinochet of his immunity from prosecution and pave the way for the Senator to be put on trial for human rights violations committed during his 17-year military regime. If the vote to strip Pinochet of his immunity is confirmed, attention will then turn to Judge Juan Guzman, who is

responsible for investigating more than 150 criminal complaints that have been made against Pinochet. Most of the complaints revolve around Pinochet's involvement with the 'Caravan of Death'. These 70 executions of socialists sympathetic to the deposed government of Salvador Allende, committed in the immediate aftermath of the coup which Pinochet led, was the subject of another court decision a couple of months ago which found that there was a 'well-founded suspicion' that Pinochet was the ring-master of the 'Caravan of Death'. The remains of 54 of the Caravan victims have been recovered, but the immunity until now protected Pinochet from being prosecuted for conspiracy to murder. The unaccounted for victims expose Pinochet to prosecution for 'aggravated kidnapping' [missing presumed murdered]. Most analysts say Guzman's first move will be to seek medical examinations for Pinochet, because under Chilean law, the mental condition of all defendants must be established and a defendant can be excused from facing trial if they are 'demented'.

Pinochet family members and supporters, however, say they will not accept an order from Guzman subjecting Pinochet to medical examinations because it would violate his 'human rights' granted by the 1980 Constitution, in which Pinochet was made a Senator for life and as a result has immunity from prosecution. However, later statements by the Pinochet family were more bullish, asserting that if immunity is in fact revoked, Pinochet will fight the charges against him and not hide behind any doctor's finding of dementia.

If the rumours prove true, expect wild and perhaps even violent passions to spill onto the streets of



Gratis map of South America

Santiago, where Pinochet is either lionised as a national saviour or pilloried as an incarnation of the devil. Watch this space.

Source:  
*The Santiago Times*

Multicultural Edition

Submissions welcome

Deadline 16 August

# On the Inside

By Dave Sag

## A bit of History

Three years ago I found myself in the unfortunate position of being caught doing 75 kph down Anzac Highway, a well-known 60 zone. This was the first speeding ticket that I had ever received. The total fine was something to the order of \$50 or \$60, but, due to a total inability on my part to get my shit together when it comes to paying bills, the fine evolved into a much more menacing creature. First it grew court costs and after a certain amount of bemused apathy on my part, crawled out of the primordial court soup and became a walking, talking, living, breathing warrant for my arrest.

The steady progression from fine to warrant took 7 months, and in that time I had collected another speeding fine. Nasty hey! A kindly sounding Police Officer informed me by phone that unless I paid my fine within 5 days he would have no option but to come and arrest me. I did the right thing. I wandered into the court buildings in Victoria Square and, it being so close to the central markets, entered into a bit of a bargaining match. I walked out \$10 poorer, but with the calmness of someone who has just had their warrant suspended. They were kind enough to agree to payment by instalments of \$10 per week. Nice eh?

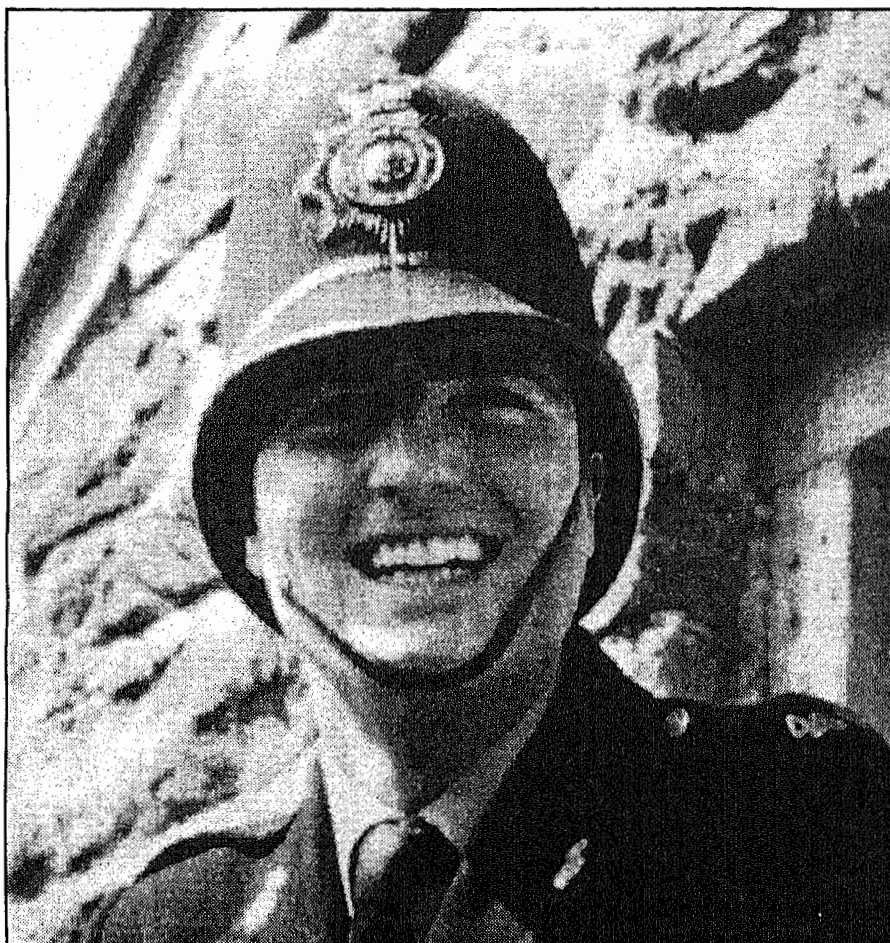
Naturally I made only the initial payment and then forgot all about it. During the course of my work as a courier over the next year or so I managed to clock up a few more traffic violations. I decided to let these run their natural course and see what happened. It took about another 6 months before the first warrant was reactivated and by then I had a few more to deal with. I went into the lion's den again and walked out, this time only \$5 poorer, but with an undertaking to pay all my fines, now totalling \$725 in \$5 weekly instalments.

Because I am crap at these things I naturally never went near the place again, and certainly did not pay them any more money. Then the Police started to arrive on my door. Fortunately I was never home when they arrived, so they could not hassle me. It became a matter of trying to second guess their appearances and then making myself vanish. I became quite good at it, but month after month they kept calling on me. I realised that I would be pushing my luck to head back into the court offices and try to bargain for more time. I had already shat well and truly in that nest. I considered doing community

service but it seemed like too much hard work. My options seemed limited.

## I'm nicked!

After a hard day's fishing for carp in the Torrens one Thursday, I returned home with my loyal house mates to have a few ales and generally relax after a bloody good day. No sooner had we pulled up into the driveway than a fawn coloured Magna pulled up behind us. I glanced around from the back seat where I had 3 monster carp precariously balanced on my lap in a specially fashioned holding



*Please orrificer, I'll be awfully good...*

environment. I saw the blue uniform, I saw the badge, it didn't register. I thought I'd imagined it. Very few things in this world have ever caused me great alarm. The discovery that Robert Heinlein (well known crap author and fascist) was the inventor of the waterbed was one such thing. The sight of Police Officer (I didn't catch his rank) Cooke in my driveway was another.

'Dave,' he said, calmly staring directly at me, making it very plain he knew to which of the three of us he was addressing. I turned and glanced at Dave Krantz (who happened to be with me), but then realised that this canny ruse would not fool him.

'Can I help you?' I replied. Calm calm calm. Bullshit bullshit bullshit. He politely asked me if I had any money on me, to which I laughed and replied (mumbled): 'Um, no, I

doubt it, no.'

'In that case you will have to come with me.' he responded with a big friendly smile, as if this was to be a trip to the free drugs and lager hut. 'Do I have a choice?'

'No'

'Can I take this stuff inside first and get some clothes?'

'Okay. Want a hand?'

I smiled. This guy was not so bad. Officer Cooke helped me into the house with deck chairs, and assorted casks of cheap red, and allowed me to get some clothes together. When all was in readiness I smoked one last cigarette and went out to the car. Ben Allen (who was

get locked up for 3 days) and, after the warrant has been issued, you turn yourself in at 7am, you will probably be out and about again by lunch time. Any warrants issued before that time become invalid. Therefore if you are a bit canny you can stack up your speeding fines and then just do a teensy amount of time and clear the lot. No record, no prints, no mugshot, no money. I was informed that I would be spending the night in a cell, on my own, at the Angas Street Police HQ. This seemed better than doing two million hours community service, or forking over the remaining \$920 that I owed in fines. I smiled to myself, how bad can it be?

## A few formalities

Police work to me seems to be mostly a waiting game, followed by a few quick rounds of 'shift the paperwork'. I was taken upstairs and sat and waited in a small dent in the wall for Officer Cooke to bring me some papers to sign. It is during waits like these that you do things like count cracks in the ceiling, and try to read small notices pinned to walls on the other sides of rooms. After this formality we caught the lift down to the basement and wandered over to the cell block.

I was asked to stand in front of a little window and empty my pockets. They carefully put my worldly belongings, two keys, one whistle, two foreign coins, and one address book into a small bag. I was then asked to remove my boots and take off my laces. The laces were added to the bag. It was while emptying my pockets that I remembered two things. 1) My side pockets had no bottom to them, and 2) I had no underwear on. I was then searched. This was swift, efficient, and a bit startling for Officer Cooke who reached well into my left hand trouser pocket before realising the awful truth. I had to laugh. He declined to search my other pocket. The funny thing about the search was it failed to find a whole shit load of stuff in my back pocket, and it also overlooked my belt. It came as a surprise that, when asked by another Officer if I was wearing a belt I said yes and removed it. Good search guys! I signed for my property and was led inside.

## First Impressions

I collected two blankets and was then directed to my cell. Three concrete walls, one wall of steel bars. Christ it was cold. The room

also with me at the time) gave me some muttered advice about soap and showers, Officer Cooke made a bum sex joke, and then we were off. Dave and Ben waved from the safety of the front lawn and then went into town, told all my friends I had been arrested, and then went to the pub. Fucking bastards.

## The quick release programme explained

On the way into town Officer Cooke explained to me the concept that is the 'Quick Release Programme'. Put simply, the powers that be would rather have criminals in prison, than scumbag fine defaulters like myself. As a consequence they apparently only force you to serve at most 20% of your actual sentence. Thus if you had a \$250 speeding fine - with 3 days default (ie if you don't pay you



# On the Inside

By Dave Sag

was dominated by the bed, and what at first seemed to be a canny hand basin with a broken tap. Upon closer examination I determined that the basin was a urinal. I could not work out how to flush it though. The concrete floor was wet. This was not a good sign and I wondered who the last person in my cell had been. Various graffiti adorned the walls. 'So and so rules' was a common theme, along variations on the almost obligatory 'For a good time phone ...' inscription. Some enterprising soul had managed to write in black text on a section of wall a good 3 feet beyond my reach 'Here I sit, Chained to these rocks, Three small words, Pigs suck cocks'. How someone managed to get up there with a texta, without being seen by the small video camera positioned outside the cell, is beyond me, but they did. I was impressed.

## Comfort is not a factor here

I decided that the best course of action was to sleep. I removed my boots and slid them under the bed. I lay down, unperturbed by the lack of a pillow, or sheets, and attempted to get comfortable. This was not so easy. The mattress was made out of some mildly flexible plastic which was not only icy cold to the touch, but a good ten centimetres shorter than my body. Using my jacket as a pillow, with one sleeve wrapped over my head to shut out the light, I attempted to sleep. Hah, who was I trying to kid!

## The magic urinal

From somewhere above me came the sounds of rushing water, almost like a pipe had burst. I was then treated to one of life's little treasures. All of the urinals in the cells began to flush themselves, not all at once, but one at a time, so that there was this progressive whish sound echoing down the corridor. Pretty soon it was my turn, and sure enough. Squirt - whish - spray, there she blows! Spray from the urinal formed an icy mist in the air above my head which then precipitated down upon me like dew. The room temperature dropped a further 10 degrees and my head was wet. Needless to say I was not too happy. Imagine my surprise when the whole process began again ten minutes later, and then again every ten minutes after that without fail. I counted the number of flushes between the start of *Sale of the Century* and the end to determine this fact. It was about now that I really wanted a cuppa.

## Dinner

I hid away in my little world for quite a while, and somehow lost all track of time. Every so often I could hear the NWS 9 theme play in another room, and so attempted to gauge the time from that. My head was telling me that it was about 7:30 pm. My stomach was telling me that the time was somewhere approaching midnight. I was hungry. Officer Cooke had told me that I would get dinner in my cell, and so I lay in wait for it.

After an eternity of nothing to do but get water on my head and cold toes, and with a gnawing hunger in



*Unchain my Sag. Baby, set him free.*

my belly, I heard hopeful sounds. The guy in the cell next to me had turned down his dinner and I felt sure that it would be offered to me. I was right. A large man in blue overalls offered me a small pie wrapped in a paper towel. I accepted it without hesitation and took a bite. The pie was hard, crusty, and a bit cold on the inside. I was so hungry however that I finished it regardless. I was a bit taken aback none the less that this comprised dinner. I sort of expected to get a choice, and to be able to have say a salad and some pasta. That would have been my choice, but, sadly, it was not to be. One flush later I heard the same man offer my neighbour a cup of coffee. I wondered instantly if they had any English Breakfast tea, but decided not to push the point. Officer Overalls, after having his wares rejected again by my fussy

neighbour, proffered them to me. I decided that I would have coffee after all, as tea was probably right out of the question. So I scored my neighbour's cuppa. Now I don't know about you, but one thing I can't stand is crap coffee with sugar in it. I was stuck however. I had accepted the foul brew in good faith, and could hardly call out for a stronger cup, freshly made, with no sugar and just a splash of milk. By the same token I was sitting right in front of a video camera and so felt a bit strange about the idea of just pouring it into the urinal. I decided to drink it. The combination of one crap pie and

this one with air. All this non-stop origami action kept me entertained for a good five or six flushes during which time I kept hoping that the lights would go off. Whatever happened to the concept of 'Lights Out'? Clint had it better on Alcatraz, at least he could sleep in the dark.

## Strangers in the night

The other cells began to fill up slowly. I wondered briefly what these other inmates were thinking, but I had no clear idea how many there were, or what they looked like so I just lay in bed listening to the sounds of other inmates. Distant television noises were punctuated by ribald farts from the cells and then occasional laughter from their neighbours. For a while I thought they had busted an engineering pub crawl. I smiled quietly to myself.

## Ya fuckin' cock suckers part 1

After more fart jokes there came a great clamouring which shut everybody up. An Aboriginal man was yelling something about respect and honour, while someone else was telling him to shut up. Cell doors clanged shut and he stared yelling out. 'Ya fuckin' cocksuckers. I got no respect for you. Ya fuckin' bastard pigs, ya fuckin' cocksuckers.'

He went on to describe how he did in fact have respect for most police, but not these two individuals who arrested him for pissing in an alleyway in town. Now I thought to myself, I piss in alleyways in town on occasion, and I never got arrested for it. I mean hey, if you have to piss, you have to piss. Fancy locking someone up for that. It's an injustice it is, it is.

He continued carrying on in this manner for quite a while. Quite too long if you ask me. Sure he had a point to make, but shouting abuse at a bunch of obviously unsympathetic Police was getting him nowhere. More to the point however, all his carry on was not helping me get any sleep. Some people can be so selfish. Other prisoners were obviously thinking along the same, or similar lines as me. Calls of 'Shut the fuck up' and 'I'm gonna kill you' were stubbornly ignored as Mr Piss-In-Public continued to espouse his opinions.

**Stay tuned, folks, for next week's thrilling installment of Dave vs The Establishment.**

one cup of crap, sweet coffee, rested none too well with my innards. I don't know if they expected me to shit in the urinal as well, but I'd be buggered if I was going to try. I thought about doing some exercise, but the cell floor had become no drier, so instead I decided to lie down again under two ridiculously inadequate blankets and get some shut eye.

## My, it sure is bright in here

They never turned the lights off, or even down a bit. I hate sleeping with the lights on. Light, water, noise, shitty food, and coffee all combined to make me restless and fidgety. I tried folding up the bits of paper towel my pie had come in to make an origami bird. I then made a paper plane and one of those water bomb things we used to make in primary school, except I had to fill

# IVF: Children living fair lives

By George Valiotis

'Hi, I'm a heterosexual paedophile, can I have a child?'

No worries, go and find a woman and breed.

'I am a heterosexual rapist and child abuser, can I have a child?'

Sure thing.

'I'm a 15-year-old crack-whore, I am going to get knocked up and have a kid, is that ok?'

Of course it is, off you go - have a couple.

'We are a lesbian couple living in a committed 10-year relationship. We have a close and supportive family network and are completely financially stable. Can we please have access to IVF technology so we can raise a child?'

NO.

In the Thursday August 3rd edition of *The Advertiser* there appeared a spread of articles, on page 3, about single mothers and lesbians accessing IVF treatment. The articles reported on the Government's stance in defending Cabinet's decision to amend sex discrimination laws to support state restrictions on IVF technology.

What they are basically saying is that only infertile heterosexuals should be allowed access to IVF technology. On page 19 of the same edition was a Yes and No response to the question 'Should single women have access to IVF programs?' Speaking for the Yes team were Roxxy Bent and Margie Fischer. They are speaking for single women because our government does not recognise that, in fact, they are in a 17-year-long lesbian relationship.

The first thing you notice looking at the picture of Margie, Roxxy and their bubbly daughter Ruth is that they are all smiling and are all very

happy. Looking at the Russell family's photo is a chilling experience - no one looks happy in that family.

Mr Paul Russell, a member of the Australian Family Association (what the fuck is that?) said 'While not denying that one-parent families can be effective, in general they don't start that way. They are usually the result of a loving relationship. That loving relationship augurs well for a child's future. IVF, without the loving relationship, starts a child out behind the eight-ball.' I'm not kidding, he really said that!

Reading the article about Roxxy and Margie makes it obvious that the question should have read: 'Should single women and lesbian women be allowed access to IVF technology?' In response to claims of homophobia, the guy whom we're forced to call Prime Minister said 'We don't seek in any way to discriminate against people who are homosexual. That's their business.' The trouble is that it is simply not true. 'That's their business' is not good enough. The reality is that it is almost as much your business as ours, especially when it comes to IVF access and child rearing. As long as homophobia and heteronormative attitudes are rife and people are persecuted and discriminated against for identifying as queer, then it is everyone's business.

Look at the statistics. One in ten. My own personal belief is 1 in 3 but hey. They say that one in ten persons are non-heterosexual. That means that if there is more than ten people in your family, chances are one is queer. If there are more than ten people in your tute, one of them



is most probably queer. Do you have more than ten mates? Chances are at least one of them is not as hetero as you may want him or her to be.

The reason that you don't realise exactly how many queer identifying persons are out there is because of chronic homophobic attitudes like the ones displayed by John Howard. People are forced into the closet out of sheer fear.

I cannot agree with Mr Russell's misconception that children are usually born as the result of a loving heterosexual relationship. The amount of children that suffer under abusive parents is disgusting. The torture that too many children face these days because of physically and mentally abusive parents is not policed at all. So long as you are heterosexual, you have a licence to breed. That is not good enough. For a same sex couple to have a child it takes a lot of planning. A homosexual couple do not have a child by accident. When a child comes into the home of a same sex couple, it

is planned for, wanted and loved.

This is not a competition of heterosexual homo families. It must simply be realised that homosexual families are just as capable of raising children as heterosexual ones. I have a lot of queer friends. I easily know at least 1000 queer-identifying people. Of them, 2 are the children of a queer parent. As for the rest of us, we all grew up with overtly hetero parents and yet turned out overtly queer. Children raised in queer families do not become queer because of their environment, just like queer kids growing up in hetero families.

For Prime Minister Howard to say that single mothers and lesbians are not being discriminated against by a Federal Government move to deny them access to IVF is one thing. However, it is not single mothers and lesbian women that are being denied. It is innocent children who are being denied access to the loving families and worlds of single mothers and lesbians that is the real issue.



## ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS

The Election Regulations printed in last week's *On Dit* have been rescinded by SAUA Council. The existing, un-amended regulations will now be used in the 2000 SAUA Elections. For a copy of these, regulations, or for further information, contact the Students' Association (George Murray Building).

# Silent Study Area ...

By Carla Caruso

Long gone are the winter holidays spent with cosy doonas, 5 minute noodles and *Jerry Springer*. It's back to study. Trudging down to the library for book after book, stamping out a beaten path.

Here I sit again, amongst the musty books and the crusty computers, hidden in the depths of the silent study area. Ah, my second home.

The silent study area has many unspoken rules. But like all rules, they are made to be broken. If one dares. If you're like me (and fortunately, for you, you're probably not) you won't be able to resist making yourself at home in such areas designated to words that start with 'Shh!'.

Along with the books that come out of your bag will be your lunch, fizzy Coke, walkman, mobile phone, tissues, things to fling at people with 'BO Number 5', and a sharp compass (for marking territory, like a dog cocking on a tree, with such niceties as 'Turtlenecks 4eva, 1978'). In all of this, study comes second. Dodging the 'secret library police' is top priority.

The 'secret police' come in all shapes and forms. The librarian who peers at you over owl-shaped glasses. The mature-age student, who's paying 30 bucks to keep her children in child care for some peace and quiet. The man in blue overalls climbing out of

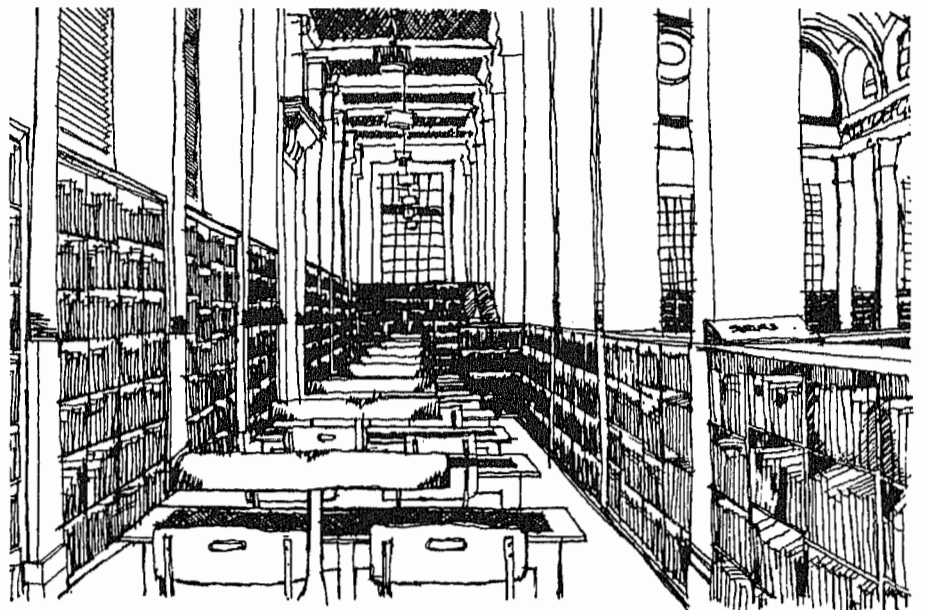
the ceiling, claiming to be fixing the air-conditioning. Dear students, be wary.

As soon as your mobile rings or banana's unpeeled, they will leap upon you, like flying pigs, reprimanding you in their best nasal voice. The secret police are known to point out the 'Silent Study Area' sign by stabbing a central finger in the general direction. In these situations, it is best to act dumb. 'Oh, I thought this was the Noisy-Raucous-Get-Comfortable-Uni-Bum Study Area. Silly me, I'll move,' is often a good comeback.

Sometimes your acts of defiance will not register disapproval with other patrons, but relief. Recently, I opened a packet of Cheese & Onion Potato Smith's Crisps I'd innocently bought from a downstairs vendor. BANG! Around me, people looked up like a shot had gone off. I kept my head down.

Waited as a few minutes crawled past, then let my fingers do the walking. Fingers tiptoe over to the packet, prise it open a fraction, fasten on a few chips. My hunger is now enormous. I look up, once, twice, before shoving the offending chips in my mouth. Now I just have to chew. Crunch, crunch, crunch. The noise is thunderous. I hear murmurs. Disapproval?

But, no. Suddenly, like the swelling



*Study must be silent here ...*

of an orchestra, I hear apples being bitten into, Cola cans popping open fizzily, the ripping of chocolate wrappers, the tearing of glad-wrap on a ham-and-cheese wholemeal sandwich ... (My hearing is very sharp). It is music to my ears. We, students, rise above the 'secret police' in a coup Gandhi would be proud of. (Or something like that). But harmony is short-lived. Whispered conversation with a friend-back-in-town about who did what to whom, when and where, meet with razor-sharp looks rife with murderous intent. I bury my nose again in a text on 'Woman and Labour in the New Age'. Oops, it's

upside down. My only options now are to a) sleep, b) write down the phone numbers carved on the desk of those who 'service the campus for a good time' or c) add my name to the list. I choose sleep. My litter and food scraps cushion my head.

It is 6pm before I am woken by a librarian, wearing owl-shaped glasses and blue overalls. 'Poor thing, exam anxiety, I s'pose', I hear her mutter, as she nudges me awake. Standing up sleepily, I grab the flat Mars Bar I slept on (and hope to salvage) and head for home.

All that study effort has me exhausted. I wonder what's on TV?

## Biology Final Exam

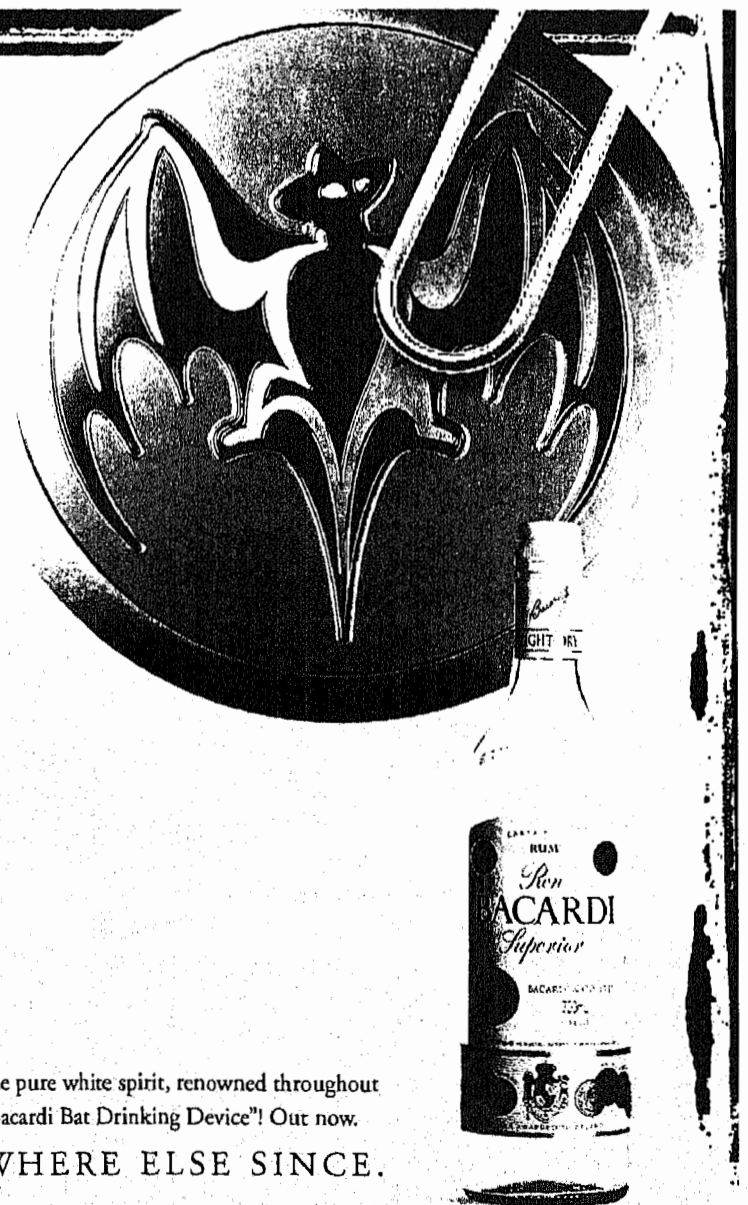
*multiple choice*

The name of the bat species shown is:

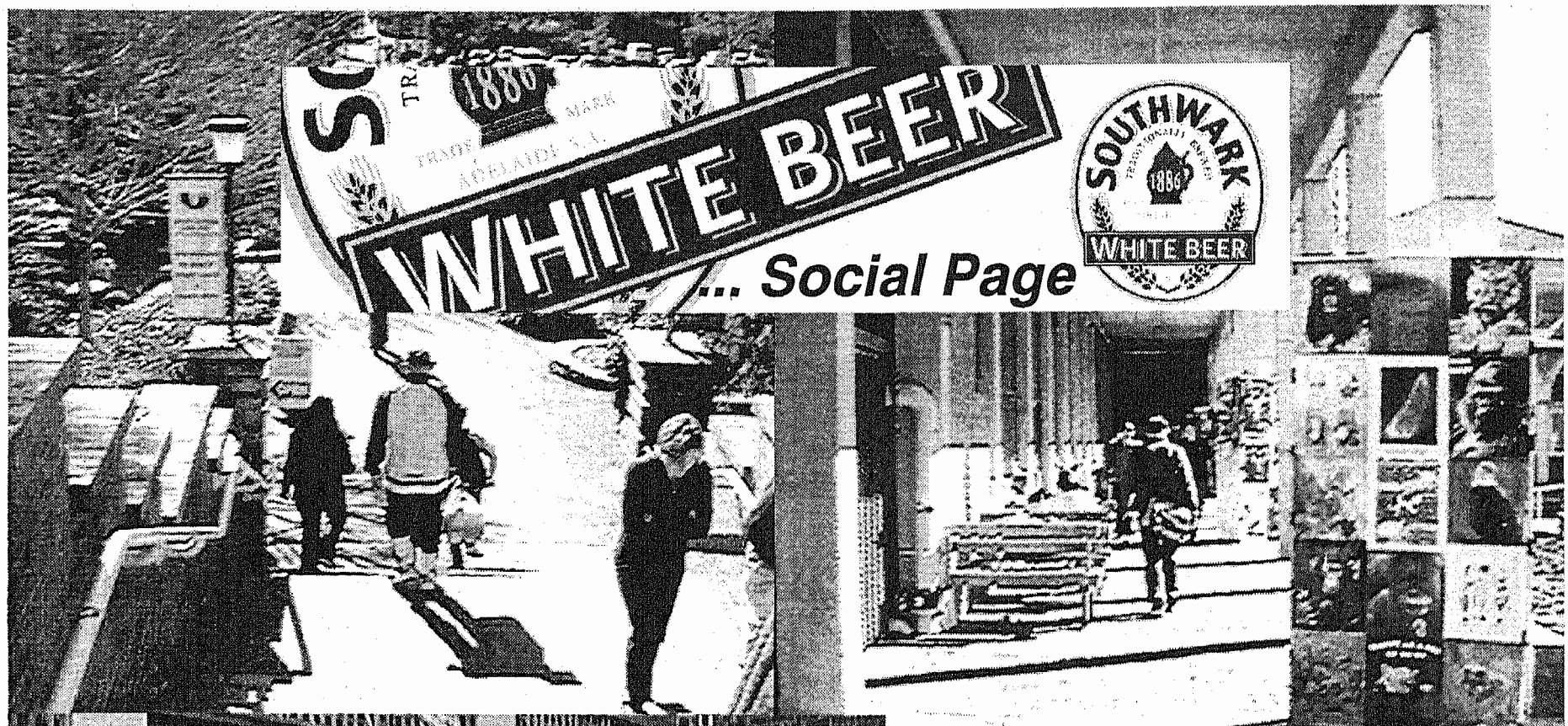
- (a) *Myotis cilioabrum*
- (b) *Bacardicus comehaveadrinkwithus*
- (c) *Lasiurius cinereus*
- (d) All of the above

For all the times when you'd rather be at the bar getting a taste of that other part of Uni life - Bacardi Rum, the pure white spirit, renowned throughout the world for its drinkability and smoothness. And look out around campus for the "All New Multi-purpose Bacardi Bat Drinking Device"! Out now.

BACARDI RUM. ESTD CUBA 1862. ENJOYED EVERYWHERE ELSE SINCE.



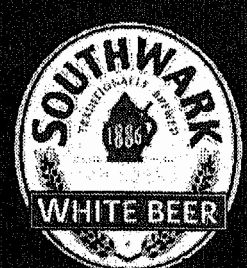
**WHITE BEER**  
... Social Page



• 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 •



# Sister Heidi's winter warmers

By Sister Heidi of the Van

## Chicken Roast

Did you all know that the greatest sign of intelligence is a perfectly roasted chicken? So here it is: the secret to ultra intelligence.

First, make your stuffing. Here are two different types to prepare:

## Bacon, lemon & garlic stuffing

Fry off 1 chopped brown onion, 2 slices of bacon and two garlic cloves. Cook over medium heat for 5 minutes. Place bacon mixture in bowl and add one tablespoon of chopped rosemary leaves, zest of 1/2 lemon, 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs and 1 egg. Combine.

## Asian stuffing

Mix together in a bowl, 1 cup of desiccated coconut, 1 bunch

chopped coriander, 1 teaspoon lime zest, 1 chopped birdseye red chili, 1 tablespoon grated ginger, 1/2 cup coconut milk and 1 cup of mixed rice. Finally stir in 2 teaspoons fish sauce.

## Cooking the chook

Now pre-heat your oven to 220°C. Rinse the chicken under cold water in and out. Pat dry with paper towels, place on board and cover with tea towel. You want the chicken to come to room temperature (it roasts better). Next, stuff the chicken with one of the stuffings you made, so that it's really full. Tying the legs (drumsticks) together helps to retain the shape. Place the chicken breast side down on a board. Tuck in his bum and fold the legs over each other, then tie with a piece of string. Put your chicken in a baking dish - don't squash him. Melt 3 tablespoons of butter all over and add salt and pepper. (If you don't

have a brush just use a small spoon). Put your chicken in oven for 20 mins. Take chicken out of the oven. Move him around so he doesn't stick. Get a large spoon and pour the juices in the pan over the chicken. Return to oven for 20 minutes then repeat the last process. Place in oven and cook for another 20 minutes. You know it's ready when a skewer is inserted into the thighs and the juice that runs out is clear. It is important to rest your chicken. Cover it with foil and have a stubbie of coopers (10 minutes). When you are carving the chicken make sure your



Sister Heidi can make you smart, too.

knife is sharp. Cut through wings and then slice away the breast meat. Spoon out the stuffing. Serve with roasted vegies and bread.

# Beerlines: Nitro-Beers and Widgets

By Tony Jones, Southwark Chief Brewer

These may sound like the boosted fuel that petrol heads are so familiar with, but in fact refers to the modern trend to relatively flat tasting beers with a thick, creamy, long-lasting head. Guinness is given the credit for having the ingenuity to replace the air or carbon dioxide top pressure applied to kegs with nitrogen. In so doing they created that fantastic dense and stable foam we so readily identify as the defining character of their stout. These efforts are said to have been inspired by a wish to consistently duplicate the action of the old hand-operated beer pumps, which were used throughout Britain and Ireland to draw beer from the cellar up to the bar. These days beer is pushed through the beer lines with carbon dioxide gas which also serves to keep the beer at the correct carbonation. Hand pumps forced air (which is about 70% nitrogen) into the beer and when this gas was released at the tap, it leapt out of the beer creating that characteristic dense creamy head. Unfortunately beer pumps also had some drawbacks. Beer freshness suffered because oxygen was also forced into the beer causing the beer to stale quickly. The keg beers tended to loose carbonation toward the end of the barrel, leading to a noticeable change in flavour. This is why most keg beers are today dispensed under gas pressure, not

via hand-drawn pumps. Not to be deterred, the Guinness brewers solved this problem by filling the kegs under nitrogen back at the brewery and using a low CO<sub>2</sub>, high nitrogen gas mix to dispense their beer at the pubs. The final trick is the insertion of a small, fine-meshed nozzle in the tap, which helps to liberate the gas on pouring. Lured by the visual appeal of these beers, many other UK brewers followed the lead. You can find many examples of these 'nitro' beers, (Boddingtons, Caffreys etc.) on tap in the Irish and English theme hotels around the city. The final challenge was to match the appearance of their draught stout in pack. To achieve this they patented a small plastic device, the 'widget', which fits into the base of a can. Beer is forced into this device under nitrogen gas pressure during the filling of the can. When the head pressure is released by opening the can the beer inside the widget is forced out through tiny holes. This causes a turbulence which quickly releases gas from the beer, replicating the surging fine, creamy head of the tap version. In brewing nothing stays a secret for long. Very soon other breweries had invented their own widgets and nitro beers in the can are now a common offering throughout the UK. If you are curious enough to conduct an autopsy on the empty

can you can put together an impressive collection of widgets, of all shapes and sizes. Some brewers will even devote space on the can to tell you about the benefits of their particular widget design. But the big question is, how does this benefit the taste of the beer? Because aroma is such a important part of the overall perceived taste, if anything, in my opinion it detracts from the beer flavour. Despite the fact that the brewers each use their own recipes, with widely differing malts and hops, much of this is masked by the reduced aroma. The nitrogen gas being so stable and trapped within the foam does not seem to aid the

release of the aroma as CO<sub>2</sub> does in normal beers. Nitro beers regardless of their origin, to my palate, have a certain flat-tasting, sameness. Without doubt these beers do offer a taste which is quite different from normally carbonated beers and are entitled to be considered a style in their own right. Much of this is to do with the smoothness of mouth feel, rather than true flavour. By far the biggest bonus, is the alluring appearance, that thick, creamy, inviting head. If, as they say, we drink with our eyes, then you may find these beers to your liking. Check them out and let me know what you think!



# That Crazy, Crazy Horse

By Kate

Many of you are aware, I'm sure, of the reputation of that fine establishment known worldwide as The Crazy Horse Revue. All of a sudden I have your attention. Anyway, I had the pleasure of my very first Crazy Horse experience recently, so I thought, in the interests of informing my adoring public of the highs and lows of public drunkenness, that I might share this story with you.

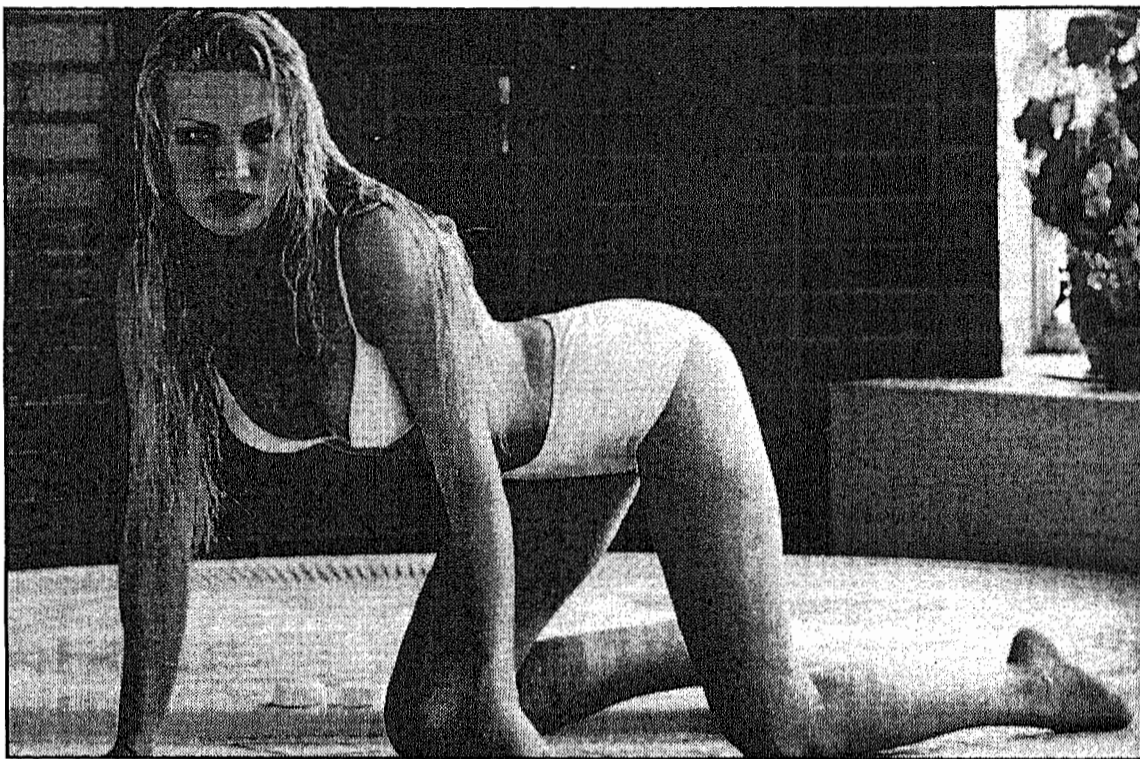
Unfortunately this story starts, as most do, with: I was out with a couple of mates one night, and we had been drinking steadily for several hours. Ipso facto: I was rat-faced. So it's three o'clock on a Saturday morning, and the Exeter has just closed the bar and kicked everyone out, and we were standing around on Rundle St wondering what the hell to do next as it was deemed far too early to go home. The couple that were present had told us all about a trip to the Crazy Horse the week before, so it was suggested we go there to see what all the fuss was

about. I loudly proclaimed that I'd never been there, a proclamation that was greeted with a bear hug from the friend I was with at the time, and a torrent of 'It's OK Katie, I'll take care of ya, c'mon little Katie'. And with that, we were off.

Upon being informed that we wished to go to the Crazy Horse, the cab driver looked at us and decided that it was best to just do what we said. We were four people in a group that consisted of two guys and two gals who had obviously had a bootful, and obviously had absolutely no idea what we were doing. We were all dressed fairly well as we'd been to a work dinner earlier that evening. In point of fact we looked positively respectable, like people with real jobs. So the cab driver muttered obscenities under his breath, said something about quitting his job, and drove us to our desired destination in record time.

Upon arrival we staggered up the stairs and were greeted with a very unhappy looking woman who told us that entry was going to cost us \$10 each. \$10 each, just for entry! This did not impress us at all, and I entered into a debate with her, asking exactly what our \$10 was going towards. Her response was rather short, sharp, and to the

point. Something along the lines of 'Fuck off, ten bucks or go home'. I gave her my ten bucks, although in retrospect, I'm not sure exactly why, and wandered off to find a table. All the while I was carrying on about how they didn't have to pay for costumes seeing as they were just going to take them off anyway, and pointing out that by the look of the clientele, no one would care less if the women just



*Happy birthday Big Chief!*

wandered out naked. I then got a number of nasty looks from the clientele, and an even nastier look from the door bitch when I decided to put my two cents worth in about the fact that the use of profanity was neither big nor clever. She told me to fuck off again, and not in a very big or clever way. Thus, feeling that I'd made my point, I settled down to watch my \$10 slip and slide all over the stage covered in baby oil.

A waitress came over to the table and asked us if we would like any drinks. We did. We did not however, want to pay the ridiculous prices they were asking for them. In the end of course, we did. Unfortunately though, this sent me into yet another diatribe about how absurd it was to charge like wounded bulls at the door, and then to do so again after you actually get inside. She told me to fuck off. I told her profanity was neither big nor clever. She said that neither was I. I said 'Touché'. She called me a hypocrite for swearing at her. I gave up.

While I do acknowledge the talent, not to mention flexibility required by the women who dance at these revues is great, there's something about wanton nakedness that just didn't do anything for me. In fact, we all got quite bored for a while. This, coupled with the fact that we

couldn't afford any more drinks, led us to discussion of the performances themselves. We became judges of sorts. The criteria the dancers were judged on were basically those of dance, things along the lines of movement, flexibility, strength, agility, and use of props. That got old pretty quick though. In no small part due to the fact that, as we were still all quite drunk at this stage, we were

talking rather loudly over the music. It rapidly became apparent that if we didn't shut up, if the clientele present didn't break our jaws, the dancers definitely would have. So we moved on to the next most annoying thing at a strip club. We sang along to the music.

It then became apparent even to us that there is some form of etiquette in these establishments, as there would be in any other place, and that we were completely unaware of what that etiquette was. We alternated between discussions on piercings and lap dancing technique, stopping only occasionally to inform the dancers that they'd make more money if they worked the other side of the runway because the old guy in the sunnies stopped putting out half-an-hour ago.

After getting another round of the evil eye, we stopped debating for anyone in earshot over the authenticity of the breasts that were being paraded before us, shut up, started to sober up, and proceeded with the inevitable final stage of drunkenness. We moped. By this stage of the night, the couple that had accompanied my friend and I just wanted to go home, but my friend and I were feeling particularly contemplative. Most probably, no doubt, due to the fact that we were sobering up.

Upon discussion, it occurred to us that the women dancing that night were really quite beautiful, and that it was quite sad that most if not all of the people there that night would never even get close to seeing such beautiful creatures in the outside world. They would have to pay \$10 just to see them in a club, \$20 if they actually wanted any contact with them in the form of a lap dance. It was then that he sobbed that not so long ago, he didn't have to pay ten bucks to see such a gorgeous woman. It was then that I too broke down sobbing that I knew how he felt. It was then that we joined sobs in a big hug, much to the bemusement of those around us.

One of the women walking around offering lap dances came over and asked if we were all right. We replied with some extra loud and pathetic unintelligible sobs. She gave us a hug. But not before calling over another of the lap dancers. In about two minutes, we had five of these women surrounding us, giving us

hugs, and encouraging us to talk about it. Which we did. For about half-an-hour, my friend and I discussed our feelings with these women. Much to the ire of the poor buggers that had paid \$10 to get in, just wanted a lap dance, and were waving around their twenties and fifties around in the air until their arms gave in to paralysis.

By the end of this bizarre episode, feeling much better for having talked about what was troubling us, we decided it was time to leave because the ladies had to go back to work. We got a free drink each, our \$10 back, and the lovely ladies told us to come back anytime and let us know how we went with our respective love lives. They even offered a free lap dance, but we decided that as nice as these ladies were, it just wasn't the same as being with the women we were pining over at the time.

We walked out just as the final act was finishing. We found ourselves on Hindley St just as dawn was breaking, with two dozen very angry, not to mention frustrated men storming down the stairs after us. Without any money for a cab, we were forced to do the bolt towards the nearest place that would take us.

That place was the Rosemont Hotel.

But that's another story.

# You wrote me a letter, just the other day

## Southwark respond

To the Editors of *On Dit*,

IN RESPONSE TO COMMENTS BY JO HARRISON CONCERNING SOUTHWARK WHITE ADVERTISING, IN THE JULY 24 EDITION OF ON DIT

On behalf of the Southwark Beer Company, I would like to express my sincere regret that you have taken offence to our advertising of Southwark White. It was never our intention to offend or be racist in any way.

On viewing the advertisement, it is very clear from the illustrations and settings that none of the Southwark White advertisements feature any indigenous Australians, nor do they feature any abuse towards indigenous peoples.

The advertising relies on satire - which is commonly used and accepted in today's society. Other examples include *The Far Side*, *South Park* and *Pulp Fiction*.

Prior to release of this advertising, all advertising executions were approved by the Alcohol Advertising Pre-Vetting System (AAPS).

Thank you for your feedback.

Yours sincerely,

Stuart Yorston  
Southwark Marketing Director

## Clubs and Coopers

Dear On Dit

West End shits me to tears. Good on the Clubs' Association for keeping the Coopers flowing.

The Coopers boy

## How about that Barr Smith, hey?

Dear Eds,

Recently I wrote this letter to Mr Ray Choate, the University Librarian. I would like to ask other students their thoughts on this issue: If you agree - if you own a red laser which had a flat battery the other night - please let them know at the library. If you can think of other ways this University should

be promoting safety on campus - write a letter to *On Dit* - or go to the SAUA and join Campus Watch! Cheers

pgsaprez

Mr Ray Choate  
University Librarian  
University of Adelaide

Dear Ray,  
re: safety on campus at night  
I am writing to you as a concerned member of the university community as well as the national postgraduate students Women's Officer. Last Wednesday evening a friend and I noticed a car parked on Victoria Drive with its headlights left on. Suspecting by its appearance that the car might belong to a female student, we tried to find its owner, going to the Equinox, Union Studio, Security Office and the Barr Smith Library. To no avail. My concern is the Library's rule, as told to us by an employee, of not broadcasting messages unless they are of a 'life or death' nature. Given the recent, and ongoing, attacks on campus it would seem reasonable to broaden the Library's policy to include announcing a message which had implications for personal safety. I'm sure that students would not object to this.

Perhaps the Library Committee could consider this proposal, possibly taking advice from the Security Office and the new Campus Watch group.

Sincerely

Helen  
cc: Phil Harrison - Campus Watch,  
On Dit

## No one likes a Student Pollie, it seems

Dear On Dit

About the letter from 'Names Withheld', about student reps - nice to think that they might all work together for some sort of common good, isn't it? Never going to happen. As long as there's room for factional bickering, the students will end up second best. And worse than that: the unbelievably incestuous nature of student politics counts

against it as well. These people work together, socialise together - Christ, they all live in the same fucken house leading up to and during elections, like some sort of fucked up cult. They stick together, and will stand up for the most ridiculous things (which they probably don't believe in) just as long as their mates do. It makes me sick. There has to be a better way.

Leonardo di Caprio  
(not my own name, in case you hadn't noticed)

## Not sacking the Prez

Dear Editors of *On Dit*,

I would like to clarify my position regarding last Wednesday's council meeting as I understand that there is some confusion surrounding my position. I did not move or second a motion to dismiss or reprimand the SAUA President, nor would such a motion have received my support. My concern in the meeting was the validity of the upcoming elections.

Yours Sincerely,

Heidi Ryan

## I want \$120, too

Dear *On Dit*,

Thanks to Linley Henzell for his feature in last week's *On Dit* (68.14 date 31-7-00). While I sympathise

with his plight in not receiving the \$120 centrelink payment all postgraduate students should be a little happier.

We would like all postgraduate students to be aware of this as the Government seem to be keeping it very hush hush. Centrelink staff also seem to be in the dark.

Yay for your student magazine, aye? I am far more likely to read *On Dit* than the *Sunday Mail* that's for sure. Student fees may be paying off after all.

:)

steph  
sally  
mark

Never underestimate The Sunday Mail. They'll fuck you up.  
Eds

## Love that Chancellor

Dear Eds

Re: Stephen Mullighan's article, p3 *On Dit* 68.14.

What's the fucken deal? How can this guy seriously try and centre the entire decision-making process for the University on himself? What a tool. And I thought O'Kane was bad.

And is it true that no student reps were part of the committee that chose him?

Shame, Chancellor, shame.

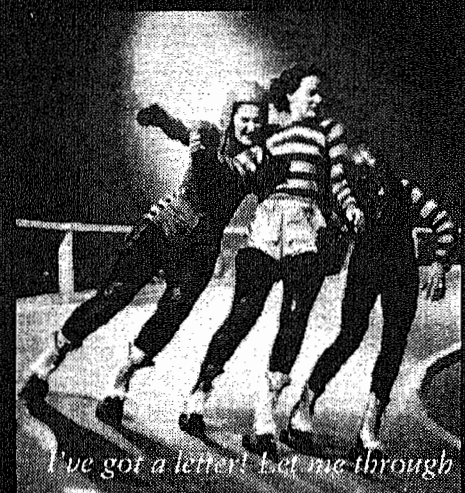
Aaron Hosking

We welcome letters from any student on any subject. Please try to keep them shortish (approx 250 words).

If people wish to remain anonymous, they can, provided their student number or full name is attached to the letter. These details, obviously, will not be published.

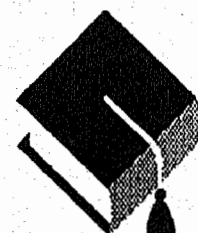
Letters can be e-mailed to [ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au) or posted to us *On Dit* c/- University of Adelaide SA 5005. They can even be dropped down to our office opposite the Barr Smith Lawns, near Unibooks and the boys' toilets in the George Murray Building. Get cracking.

## Letter Policy



# 12% cash discount

Unibooks is offering 12% cash discount (and 6% credit card discount) from 17th July until 26th August, so get into Unibooks and save money on your textbooks.

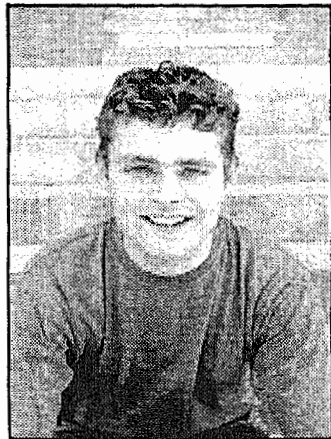


## Unibooks

Union Building  
phone 8223 4366

# Access, equity and accountability.

Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President



## Chancellor's Committee

For an update on what happened last Monday at the University Council meeting, see the article on page 5. Students will be heartened by the proposal being watered down to the extent that it can only make "provisional decisions", and that the Chancellor's influence over the make-up of the Committee has been curbed.

## Law Review

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. The SAUA will still be holding forums in the Law School to hear from students about their concerns, and collate these issues with the ones which have already been identified. For new and continuing Law students this is a vital issue, as the result of the review will shape your school for the future.

## Election Regulations

The SAUA Council resolved on Wednesday night to withdraw the proposed Election regulations, and has committed to reviewing them in time for next year's elections.

## Elections

Students' Association and indeed Union elections are approaching fast. Nominations for positions close this Friday. Forms are available from the SAUA and Union offices, respectively.

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



## Federal Election

Hmmm, elections ... As many of you will be aware a federal election is looming up on the political horizon. Maybe it'll be this year, maybe it'll even be next year - we don't know.

What we do know is that it is about time that the state of the education system became a priority for government. In Australia at the moment the state of education is fairly dismal. From primary to postgraduate, funding is the issue. What we need from government is a commitment of funds back into education.

Many people are assuming that the ALP will win this coming election. Some people think that the Liberal party will win. As far as I am concerned, I don't care who wins as long as they have good education policy. The Liberals have demonstrated most recently that higher education funding is not a high priority for them, but unless the ALP make some commitment to increased funding, in reality they will not be any better. We as students must not look through

rose coloured glasses at the ALP just because of a political ideology, nor should we do that with any other political group. What we must do is make politicians feel that the communities they represent want them to make education an issue. If the Liberals have policy to re-invest in education then we should support them, if the Democrats have this policy we should support them, if the ALP have this policy we should support them and the same goes for any independent politician. I was once told by someone I didn't like very much that the way to convince a politician was to first convince their electorate ... I still don't like her, but I never said she was stupid.

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



Hi again, I have a lot to write this week so I'll get straight to it:

## Fair-wear Campaign

Over the next week you will begin to see pink posters appearing around the university. Please take the time to stop and read them as they are about the Fair-wear campaign which NUS SA is about to launch in South Australia. The Fair-wear campaign involves the plight of women who work as out-workers in the garment industry. These women are sometimes paid as little as \$1- \$2 and number around 330 000 in Australia. NUS will be bringing speakers to Adelaide to explain the out-workers situation and educate us regarding what we can do to help...stay tuned for more information.

## Fem X

Every year the National Union of Students hosts a conference to review and update the policy of the Women's Department, this is called *Fem X*. This two day conference is a forum in which women can discuss feminist issues as they relate to their everyday lives. It is often from *Fem X* that the focus of the Women's Department is directed and, in particular, the campaigns which NUS runs in the coming year. This year the conference will be in Melbourne from the 2-3 September. If you would like more information about *Fem X* or would be interested in receiving sponsorship from the SAUA to attend please do not hesitate to contact me.

If Melbourne is too far away, there is an alternative. The NUS SA Women's Department will be hosting a day long conference, *Formula Fem*, at which it will be decided what South Australian women feel is important to take to *Fem X*. At present, it looks as though the date of *Formula Fem* will be August 19, however, this is still negotiable. This is an ideal way to become involved in the Women's Department and see what it is all about. I know of a number of highly intelligent and articulate women who will be attending the day and it would be worthwhile just going to listen to the debate.

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

Zane Young, Environment Officer



SAUA Environment Week will take place at the city campus on the 14th-18th August. It's all happening! We'll be having free bike repairs, free massages, free spas, aromatherapy demonstrations, yummy vegetarian food, a comedy night featuring Greg Fleet, and lots and lots of environmental info.

If you would like to be involved, just drop me a line. We'll put you in a spunky environment week t-shirt and put you to work!

The 'I'm With Ivy' anti-nuclear dumping rally, which you might have seen on *Today Tonight*, will be in the middle of Environment Week on Wednesday August 16th. We'll meet on the Barr Smith Lawns at 11am, hear some speakers, and then head off to Parliament House together.

Until then, please sign a petition! They are available in SAUA, RACSUC and WISA offices. If you would like information on the issue, or would like copies of the petition or poster to put in your office, just let me know.

For information about the campaign, visit the ENuFF website: <http://nuclear-waste.is-crazy.com>, or watch *Today Tonight* on Mondays, 6:30pm on channel 7.

The Environment Organising Group now meets on Wednesdays at 1-3 in the SAUA. All are welcome, or come into the SAUA and have a chat to me! zane... phone 8303 5182, e-mail [environment@sua.asn.au](mailto:environment@sua.asn.au)



### EQUINOX CAFE & BAR

Level 4, Union House, North Tce

Pizza, pasta, pool, piano & paintings! Diverse menu, breakfast, steak, seafood, cakes, coffees, eat in or take-away, indoors or alfresco. Friday Happy Hour. Fully licensed from noon. Bookings welcome. EFTPOS available. Open 10.00am 'til late, Monday - Friday. Phone: (08) 8303 5858 or 8223 5432.

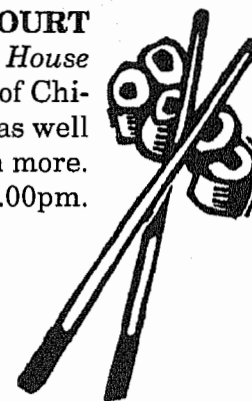


### INTERNATIONAL FOOD COURT

Upper Refectory, Level 4, Union House

Be amazed by the delicious range of Chinese, Thai, Indian & Mexican food, as well as stuffed potatoes, & much, much more.

Open 10.00am - 3.00pm.



### UNIBAR

Level 5, Union House, North Terrace

Anything can happen in your Unibar! Watch out for discounted drinks specials and Happy Hours. Munchies, video games, darts & pool - &, of course, bands, bands, bands! See top national touring bands and the best of Adelaide's own.

Open noon - 9.00pm Monday - Thursday and noon 'til late Fridays.

Also available for clubs on Saturday nights.



### THE WILLS

Ground Floor, Level 2, Union House

Chips, burgers, yiroses, steak sandwiches, veggie burgers, felafel rolls, pasta & more.

Open Monday - Friday.



### BACKSTAGE CAFE

Ground Floor, Schulz Building

A cool and pleasant retreat in the heart of the Performing arts School.

Have a light meal, rolls & sandwiches, munch on Scrumptious foccacias & croissants, great cappuccinos, cold drinks and giant milkshakes, as well as cakes, pies, pasties & confectionary.

Gourmet sandwiches & cheese & fruit platters to order. Open 8.00am - 6.00pm Monday - Thursday, 8.00am - 5.00pm Friday (term time)

Phone: (08) 8303 3662.

# food ... glorious food!

### LIRRA LIRRA CAFE & BAR

Waite Campus

Meals, wines, coffee, salad bar, sandwiches, rolls, cakes, etc.

Open Monday - Thursday 8.00am - 8.00pm for food.

Bar is open Monday - Wednesday

12 noon - 5.00pm, Thursday & Friday

12noon - 8.00pm. Phone: (08) 8303 7236.



### MAYO REFECTORY

Ground Floor, Level 2, Union House

Delicious hot egg and bacon muffins for breakfast ... Fresh salads, rolls or sandwiches for lunch ... Pies, pasties, hot-dogs, cakes, & icecream all day ... Open Monday - Friday.



### THE CANTEEN

North Wing, Roseworthy

Light meals, sandwiches, pies, chips, hamburgers, drinks & confectionary.

Open Monday - Friday

8.20am - 5.00pm (term time)

Monday - Friday 9.00am - 5.00pm & 3.00pm - 5.00pm (holidays).



### GALLERY COFFEE SHOP

Level 6, Union House, North Terrace

Eat amongst the art, read the paper & listen to good music. Gourmet foccacia, lepinja rolls, salads, cakes, gelati, milkshakes, the frothiest cappuccinos, plus lots more. We will prepare gourmet sandwiches & whole cakes for your function. Open at 8.00am for the best breakfasts: cereals, fresh fruit, bagels, croissants, toasts or muffins. Vegetarians are catered for. Check out our homemade soup in winter.

Open Monday - Friday 8.00am - 4.45 pm.

Phone: (08) 8303 5835.



### BRIEFS

Law School, Ground Floor, Ligertwood Building

With gourmet sandwiches, rolls & baguettes, as well as cappuccinos & a wide range of cool drinks & cakes, Briefs is an ideal place to stop for a snack. Open term time.



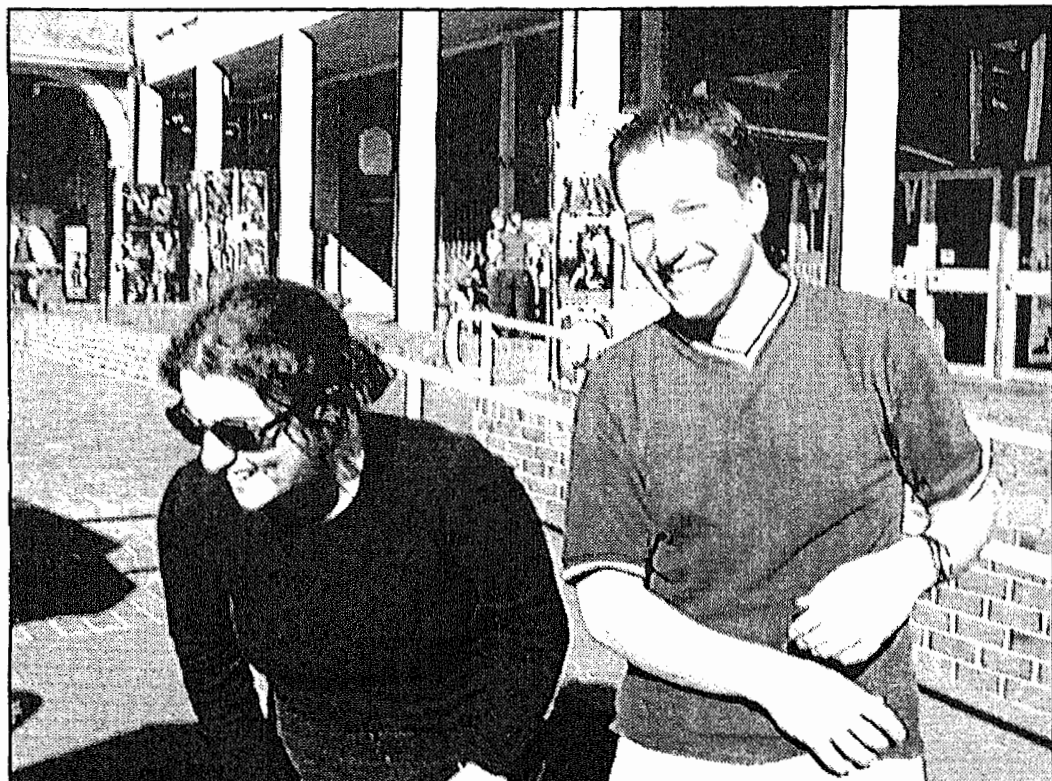
For daily specials and updates, check out the union website:

[www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU/](http://www.adelaide.edu.au/AUU/)

• Opening times may vary during vacations. •

QUESTIONS

1. It's just so wonderfully wonderful to live in Adelaide because ...
2. Even though Adelaide is unspeakably fantastic, I would maybe like to change ...
3. So, looking forward to elections?



Zoey and Andrew

*Basking in the sun in the Cloisters*

1. Zoey: Because it shits on Hobart.  
Andrew: Because we have Uzbekhistan versus Zaire playing in the Olympic Soccer.
2. Zoey: Move it to Sydney.  
Andrew: I would change the wardrobe of the gumboot guy in Rundle Mall.
3. Zoey: What elections?  
Andrew: I would rather have my eyes poked out with a big stick than get hassled in elections.

Mark and Alex

*Being rood on the Barr Smith Lawns*

1. Mark: Because the population is just right, there isn't too many dickheads, the people are friendly, and it is a very cheap place to live compared to the East Coast.  
Alex: Clean, friendly, positive, and that black legend that walks around town semi-naked.
2. Mark: People who give Adelaide shit, who 'diss it,' and those bloody 'sticker lickies,' and the three dollar beer in the Uni Bar.  
Alex: Lots of cunts that live in Adelaide and all of the negative people.
3. Mark: Of course I am so interested in student politics, and if you can't tell I am, being very sarcastic.  
Alex: My votes are always completely random, anyway, and therefore I don't give a shit.



Melita and Nat  
*Admiring Audrey*

1. Nat: because there are so many freaks in Rundle Mall.  
Melita: Because of that black guy running around in his jocks.
2. Nat: Can I talk about the lecturers?  
Melita: Library demerit points. I had 160 points and they suspended me for four weeks. That was really rude.
3. Nat: I didn't know that they were on. When are they?  
Melita: I don't even go to this uni.

Andre and Lem  
*so wonderful*

1. Lem: Everyone knows it's the centre of the known universe. Plus, Kylie Minogue came here once, and how many cities can say that?

Andre: You know absolutely everyone through three degrees of separation.

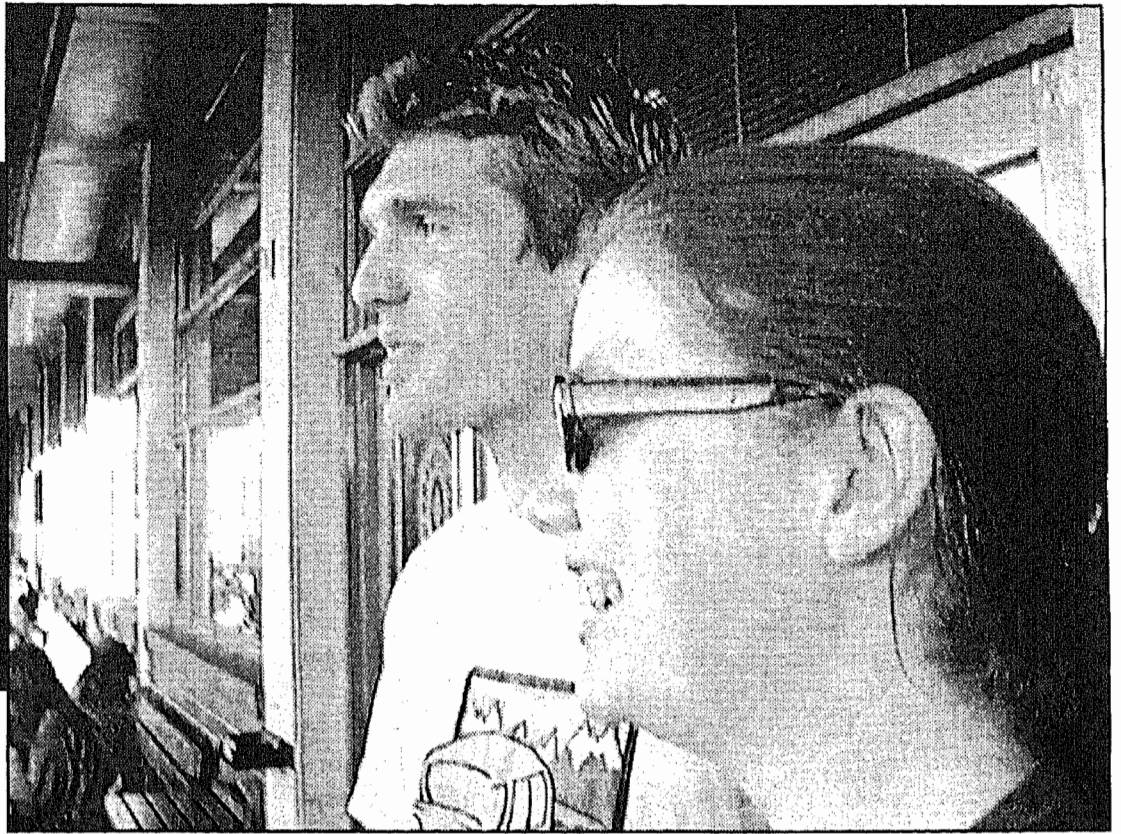
2. Lem: The fact that I really don't think there are enough pink pashminas and pedal pushers here. Really.

Andre: Maybe a few more Grandma-based festivals.

Lem: Oh yeah, and definitely more degenerate children begging on the train during school hours.

3. Lem: I would rather live in Adelaide.

Andre: Even more than the Olympics.



Peter

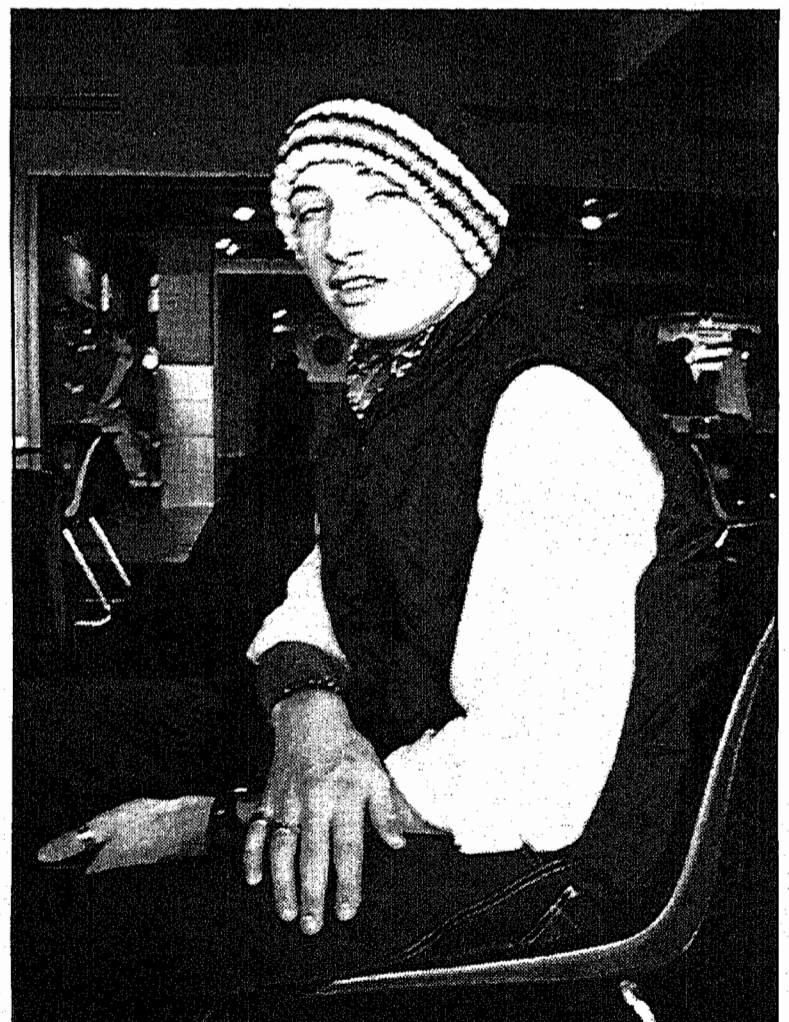
*Plugging some band or something*

1. Because there's heaps of night life?
2. Parking costs. I've paid more money in parking tickets than anything else this year.
3. You'll have to speak to my negotiators about that.

## VOX POP COMPETITION

So, can you discern the pair of discreetly (but audaciously) nude buttocks which has been cunningly hidden in the background (or perhaps the foreground) of one of this week's Vox Pop Snaps? If you can, you could be in the running to win a spectacular prize, proudly brought to you by Channel [V]. Yes, it's an exciting new cd rom game. Now you can 'bust your way on to the music scene' from the comfort and security of your own bedroom with SUPASTAR: the game.

All you have to do to win is be the first buttock-spotter to come down to the *On Dit* office (in the basement of the George Murray Building) at noon on Friday. Easy, isn't it?



Ryan

*Takin' it easy in the Uni Bar*

1. Everyone knows what you're doing.
2. Where I live ... move to Sydney.
3. No idea ... none.

# Clubs week: fun on a stick

## Clubs Week

Coopers Clubs Week is this week. It's on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. All clubs who have not booked a table and wish to do so should come to the CA office ASAP, we can take down any special needs you may have: power, pin-boards etc. Also we can book you in club demo times.

We need all clubs that have not done so to come to the CA office and book in plus talk to us about what club event you would like to run during the week. In the past this has been anything and everything ranging from computer games, Harley rides and dunking machines. We have a preference of course for club demos as it shows the normal activities that the clubs do, which is the best way to promote the club. The CA can give grants for these club events, so if you are interested come in to the CA office and see us to talk through your ideas about the event that you have always wanted to run.

The Clubs Association is also running a paint ball day with the OSA on the 19th of August; it's the Saturday after Clubs week starting at 8:00am on the the lawns. All persons will be bused to and from the event coming back to the Barr

Smith Lawns at 7:30pm. Each person will get a paintball gun, 200 paintballs, camouflaged coveralls, mask, BBQ (please tell us if you are a Vegetarian) and the chance to shoot me in the head. (This last bit should sell the day to all the people that know me). It costs only \$35 including the GST. There are only 50 places, anyone who is a member of any CA Club at Adelaide uni can go. Bookings are essential, so please come in to the CA book your place.

Stephen Oniszk, CA President

## Stella

IGM for new club, Italian STELLA Club, Margaret Murray Room Union House level 5. Contact Elena for further details and queries about this new club. email: italian\_stella@hotmail.com. I will be out on the Barr Smith Lawns during clubs week 9th 10th & 11th August so come and have a chat to me there.

## Philosophy Club

Philosophy Club first meeting to be held week 4 at 7.30-9.30pm 'The Philosophical Basis of Racism' by Dr George Djukic, Thursday 17th Hughes Building. Look for the posters which will provide

directions and room location. Contact Justine Lera from the Dept of Philosophy on email address jlera@arts.adelaide.edu.au. All welcome.

## Lawn Tennis Club

We've been hitting balls since 1885! ANYONE FOR TENNIS? For any budding Rafter's, Hingis', Sampras' or Williams' - the tennis season starts soon. Yes, we know it's the middle of winter, but the season starts in October and we need to register soon. If you'd like to play, competition will be on Saturday mornings and afternoons for men and Saturday afternoons for women. Beginners are most welcome! The cost of joining is around \$70. For more information please contact Johnno Matthew on 8269 2892 (H) or email him at johnno\_matthews@hotmail.com or Aidan Brooks at abrooks@physics.adelaide.edu.au or contact the Sports Association on 8303 5403 or email Pene at pene.bartlett@adelaide.edu.au.

## Engineering Society (EEESAU)

Coming soon - introductory course on Matlab, Tuesday 7 and thursday 10 August. Matlab is a popular tool

for computational mathematical processing, used by engineers, mathematicians and scientists world-wide. You must preregister for this course by Wednesday 2 August, unless you are an undergrad engineer. Time/Date: 5pm Tuesday 7 and 5pm Thursday 10 August Venue: CATS C, top floor Engineering South. Price: \$4 EEESAU members, \$7 others. To register: see Kiet To or mail payment to Sam Mickan, Elec and Elec Eng, Adelaide University 5005. Also 'A lifetime of Engineering' by Prof. Robert Bogner, Wednesday 30 August, Union Cinema. Pizza at 5.30 talk at 6pm.

## Japanese Animation Society

Check out the Japanese Animation Society's screenings during clubs week. All screenings are free, and will be held in the Union Cinema. Check out the Clubs Week timetable on page three for more info.

## Australian University Games 2000

Australian University Games: Ballarat, October 1st to 6th. If you are interested in attending or finding out more about the games, contact the Sports Association on 8303 5403.



# Coopers Clubs Week

August 9th to 11th

Wednesday to Friday, 11 to 3 Barr Smith Lawns

\$1.20 Coopers Pale Ale

plus \$1.40 Coopers Sparkling Ale

- Coopers Beer • AU Bands • Bouncy Castle • Computer Games Tournament • Club Demos & more

"It's your Clubs Association"



# My love for you is like a truck.

**American Psycho  
Opens August 10  
Selected Cinemas**

On its publication, Bret Easton Ellis' novel *American Psycho* caused one of the greatest furores in recent literary history. Unrelentingly unpleasant and utterly compelling, its graphic descriptions of cold-blooded violence visited primarily upon women brought censure from almost every corner, whilst seemingly simultaneously giving rise to claims that it was a work of genius. I've always lent a little on the side of the latter, but hell, what would I know?

Director Mary Harron has now brought the apparently unfilmable *American Psycho* to the screen, in a wonderful adaptation that remains remarkably true to its source - unlike, say, *Less Than Zero*.

*American Psycho* tells the story of Patrick Bateman, one of the faceless automatons working on Wall Street, astoundingly wealthy, popular and fashionable. But Bateman has one trait that sets him apart from his contemporaries: he likes to kill people. In a film essentially free of traditional narrative structure, we follow Bateman through a number of relatively random episodes in his life, as he dines out with friends, drops off his laundry, goes to work, and kills people in a terrifyingly haphazard and savage fashion.

Christian Bale offers a career-defining performance as Patrick Bateman. The absolute focal point of the film, he appears in virtually every scene, and rarely puts a foot wrong. He plays Bateman as alternatively cool and in control or twitching and paranoid, but never loses the feel of emptiness, the utter lack of humanity at the heart of the character. Without ever becoming overly mannered, he succeeds in capturing Bateman's inner tumult with as little as an obviously forced smile or a sudden facial tic. It really is a wonderful performance.

The other characters tend to get a little lost in Bateman's wake - although I fail to see how they could do anything else. Nevertheless, Willem Dafoe is certainly effective as Donald Kimball, the detective brought in to investigate the disappearance of one of Bateman's co-workers, and Jared Leto is

pleasantly repulsive as Paul Allen, Bateman's nemesis. But this is Bale's film, make no mistake.

The remarkable thing about this film is just how funny it is. Like the novel that is its source, it is essentially a satire of the crass consumerism of the pre-crash '80s, and in this respect it is most successful. Bateman is obsessed with having the right clothes, at getting a table in the right restaurant, at fitting in at all costs. As he catalogues his wardrobe, or goes into an extended monologue on why Whitney Houston is the pre-eminent recording artist of our times, or delights in the perfection of his business cards, one could be forgiven for finding his obsession with fashionable minutiae more repulsive than the fact that he is a serial killer. Harron and her co-writer, Guinevere Turner, strike the right note time and time again, leaving us with a film that is as funny as it is disturbing.

If this film has one fault, it would have to be the female characters, and whether this is the fault of the performances, the casting or the script, I am unsure. Neither Reese Witherspoon (Bateman's fiancé, Evelyn) or Samantha Mathis (his



'Huey Lewis' early work was little New Wave for my tastes ...'

mistress, Courtney) ever seem to come to terms with their roles, overplaying performances that require the complete opposite. The

notable exception is Chloe Sevigny, providing a well-judged performance as Bateman's secretary, Jean. She shares with Bale one of the film's most chilling and, at times, amusing scenes, an example of missed communication and mistaken motives on an epic scale. The names being bandied about when *American Psycho* was in pre-production - Oliver Stone to direct, Leonardo DiCaprio to star - did not bode at all well. Thankfully, rather than the disaster it could have been, this is an excellent film, without doubt one of the best I have seen for quite some time. Profoundly disturbing and coruscatingly funny, *American Psycho* is a triumph. And it afforded me the opportunity to laugh whilst watching a man dance to Huey Lewis and the News before cleaving someone's head in with an axe - something I certainly never thought I'd do.

Victor Ward

**The Muse  
Now showing  
Selected cinemas**

Written, directed by, and starring Albert Brooks, *The Muse* is a witty, funny, sharp comedy which reminded me a lot of *The Player* in its tone and aesthetic. Also a satirical glimpse into Hollywood culture and workings, *The Muse* features a veritable cornucopia of stars in cameo appearances, cutting one-liners, and a depressing insight into how movies are made.

The 'muse' in question is Sarah, played by the most gorgeous looking Sharon Stone I have seen to date. She is hired by Steven Phillips (Brooks) after his screen writing career takes a nosedive. She soon convinces even the sceptical Laura, Steven's wife (played by an only vaguely irritating Andie MacDowell), that she is the real thing: descended from Zeus himself and sent to Earth to stimulate creativity.

Sarah demands that her latest client (in this case, Steven) pick up all her expenses, and offerings from Tiffany's are a standard payment. In return she gives ideas, but does not write herself. Steven is in two minds about the entire thing

until directors like Martin Scorsese ('I'm thinking of doing a remake of *Raging Bull*, but with a skinny guy') and James Cameron ('I just don't

see you going back into the water') start showing up at his house with diamond necklaces and other such things.

The script, as I said, is very witty and full of one-liners. Brooks, however, suffers from an acute case of inflated self-importance (a quite typically Hollywood sin), and would have done well to have taken a leaf from his protagonist's book and written the script with a lead already in mind - and by this I mean someone *other* than himself. Brooks, like his character, seems annoyed when the attention isn't focused on him and himself alone, and this is reflected in his direction. *The Muse* is clearly *his* baby, and he is not letting anyone else steal the glory, which is a pity, because Stone is quite remarkable in this film.

Brooks delivers his lines as if doing a stand-up routine, and the result is (paradoxically) a flat delivery of some quite funny material. His comic timing seems to have hit the snooze button one too many times or something - it lags. It is as if, as writer/director/star, he is trying *too* hard to get it *just right*. Brooks appears, as writer, unable to relinquish his baby to a director, as director, unable to trust any other actor with the role, and as actor, unwilling to take direction from anybody; he lacks the necessary objectivity to give and elicit a good performance: one cannot be both in front of and behind the camera simultaneously.

A lovely film despite Brooks' failings, *The Muse* will warm you up on a chilly night.

Jayne Lewis

**Wonder Boys  
Now showing  
Selected Cinemas**

This film follows a few days in the life of Grady Tripp (Michael Douglas), a fifty-something academic lecturing in the English department of an American college. Seven years ago he stunned the literary world with his first novel, *Arsonist's Daughter*, but his second is still incomplete and looks as if it will never be finished. This qualifies him as a 'wonder boy', someone who has achieved great success early in a career and has had to live up to it forever after (apparently this only happens to males).

His flamboyant editor Crabtree (Robert Downey, Jr) has made an appearance at 'Wordfest', a writer's festival held at Tripp's college. Crabtree's own career is looking

# Would you like to making fuck?



'Hi. How old are you?'

shakey, as *Arsonist's Daughter* was his last major success as an editor, and he hopes to shore it up by extracting another novel from Tripp.

Tripp has other problems to deal with, however: his wife has just left him, he is having an affair with Sara Gaskell (Frances McDormand) - the college's chancellor whose husband is the head of the English department - and one of his writing students, played by Toby Maguire as a gifted but neurotic loner, seems to need his help. Meanwhile, another one of his students (Hannah, played by Katie Holmes of *Dawson's Creek*, who is inexplicably renting a room in his house) is flirting madly with him. His method of dealing with all of this is to spend ninety percent of the time stoned.

Parts of the film are quite funny. Crabtree provides constant amusement and Rip Torn is excellent as a pompous and self-important writer known by his pen name 'Q', while there are enough literary references to keep English students happy. Gaskell's dog Poe steals a few scenes, as does an odd fellow who thinks Tripp has stolen his car, and

the horrible pretentiousness of Wordfest frequently shines through (if you've never been to a literary festival you may not understand how truly awful they can be).

Humour isn't all that this film is about, however, and it does have its fair share of syrup. The ending, unfortunately, is textbook Hollywood Romantic Comedy, and in some scenes the sentiment is so corny you could put it on a cob and eat it. Is it just me, or does every single film of this type made in America just have to include, at the end, a scene where one of the main characters is applauded by a large group of people? Look for it, it's almost always there.

At times *Wonder Boys* is even reminiscent of the agonising *Mr Holland's Opus* (there are many common elements), although thankfully it takes itself rather less seriously and ends up about a hundred times better.

In the end, if you don't mind a bit of mostly predictable emotional manipulation and you like to see some intellectual content amongst it, this could be the film for you.

Linley

## Next Friday Now showing Selected cinemas

*Next Friday* is a sequel to the comedy *Friday*, a cult film that has done, and from all reports continues to do, extremely well in the video arena. This next installment is very much an Ice Cube production; he stars, writes, produces, and contributes a song to the soundtrack. The man works hard. A nice little summary at the film's beginning explains how four years ago, regular nice guy Craig (Ice Cube reprising his role from the original) and his boys had an unusually lively Friday which saw him getting bent for the first time, shot at by some guys, and finally trouncing the local bully Debo, who was then carted off to jail. Cut to the present, where Debo's breakout from jail and determination to settle the score with Craig, leads to him being sent away by his dad from their South Central LA home to stay with his lottery winning Uncle Elroy and cousin Day. From here on in you have your classic 'day-in-the-life' meets 'fish-out-of-water' scenario with a dash of the 'we-only-have-till-tomorrow-to-get-X-amount-of-\$\$-or-else-some-whack-shit-will-happen-man' situation. We watch as Craig kicks around with his manic cousin, gets high with his Uncle and fends off his horny girlfriend Suga, ruffles the feathers of the shonky Latino hoods next door and pursues their foxy sister at the same time. All of this (as one might expect) is set to contemporary hip-hop beats. There is barely any character development, but that hardly matters. Unlike other films like *La Haine* and *The Breakfast Club*, which examine characters during a few eventful hours of their lives and

where emotions and dialogue propel the film, here the emphasis is simply on the crazy shit these guys get up to. Meanwhile the gags fly freely on the usual topics: sex, drugs, bodily functions, stereotyped gangsters, playerz etc. Fortunately, most of them hit the mark, a few are embarrassingly unfunny, and nearly all raise issues of political correctness. In other words, your standard comedy, with a few quirks of its own.

That's not to say that *Next Friday* couldn't have benefited from some script editing. Maybe I have a few unresolved hang-ups, but the emphasis on Craig's dad falling in, releasing, and talking about all things fecal throughout the film made me uncomfortable rather than amused. I thought at first it might have been included to add a few minutes to the film. Or perhaps it is really a post-structuralist Foucauldian image designed by Cube to highlight the social positioning and power relations between those who live in the inner city 'ghettos' (i.e. Craig's dad) and those in the outer suburbs; the juxtaposition of Day-Day encouraging Craig to smell that fresh clean air that surrounds them in their picket fence, middle class existence, with the look of revulsion on a crowd of people as Craig's father leaves a public toilet. Hmm, maybe I'm the one getting anal.

Despite the formulaic nature of the film, the stereotyped characters and quite a few loose ends (what happened to the love interest? who called those cops?), *Next Friday* is good at what it is, but beware it's probably not to everyone's tastes. If you enjoyed the first film, or you're up for an entertaining comedy with plenty of gags about sex, dope, and rap & ho's, you'll love it.

dan V

### WONDER BOYS



## Spy Freebies!

Q: What do a rubber chicken and Michael Douglas have in common?

A: NOTHING! But if you don't believe us you can check for yourself by cruising down to the *On Dit* office at 3:15 Wednesday August 9th and asking politely for a double pass to see Douglas' new film, *Wonder Boys*.  
IT'S THAT SIMPLE!!

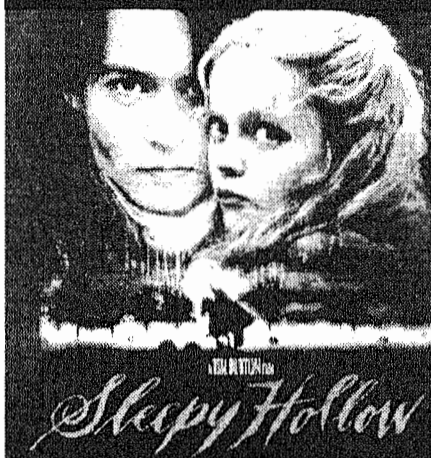
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## Apparently video

**Sleepy Hollow**  
1999. D: Tim Burton  
Roadshow  
Johnny Depp, Christina Ricci, Miranda Richardson



Washington Irving's classic tale *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* is brought vividly to life by director Tim Burton, who has crafted a sumptuous visual feast with lashings of gore.

Johnny Depp stars as the intrepid Constable Ichabod Crane, who is sent - in 1799 - to investigate a series of bizarre murders-decapitations to be precise - in the quaint little town of Sleepy Hollow, located in upstate New York. It is here that he meets and becomes enamored of the lovely Katrina (Christina Ricci), the daughter of local landowner Baltos Van Tassel (Michael Gambon). As Crane discovers, the decapita-

tions are the work of a sinister headless horseman (Christopher Walken), a fierce Hessian mercenary sent to America by German princes in order to keep Americans under English rule. In 1779, this fearless slayer of hundreds of terrified soldiers in battle - a man who filed his teeth down to sharp points in order to render his visage even more frightening - was finally brought down and beheaded with his own sword. And now, twenty years later, it seems that this bloodthirsty, relentless man has awoken from the dead and is on a murderous rampage which Crane must check. Tim Burton's loving tribute to the Hammer House of Horror films of the sixties and seventies he (and Depp) grew up watching and adoring is lots of fun. Burton's attention to detail is so sharp that he has even ensured that the blood which is spilled so liberally throughout is the same rather unreal shade of red that it was in those wonderfully tacky Hammer films of old. Burton's homage is greatly enhanced by the casting of Hammer stalwarts Christopher Lee and Michael Gough in the film. In fact, the cast of this eighteenth-century Gothic horror romp is quite impressive; also featured are Miranda Richardson, Casper Van Dien, Jeffrey Jones, Richard Griffiths, and Lisa Marie (Burton's girlfriend).

A most agreeable way to wile away two hours.

James Trevelyan

**Heaven**  
1998. D: Scott Reynolds  
Roadshow  
Martin Donovan, Joanna Going, Patrick Malahide

Yet another entry in the wide Sargasso Sea of direct-to-video dreck, *Heaven* is one of the bloodiest, most repellent films I have seen in quite a while. It features high level coarse language and graphic beatings galore, and a rape scene which - due to the film's fatuous attempt at narrative ambiguity - we are forced to watch several times. This is nasty, mean-spirited trash which should be avoided at all costs.

Martin Donovan stars as Robert Marling, a gambling addict entangled in a custody battle with his estranged wife Jennifer (Joanna Going) over their young son Sean (Michael Langley). Robert regularly plays high-stakes poker at a strip club owned by his exceedingly foul-mouthed friend Stanner (Richard Schiff). One of the 'exotic dancers' at the club is Heaven (Danny Edwards), a transvestite who is prone to prophetic visions.

One night while walking home after winning a substantial amount of money, Robert stumbles upon Heaven being raped by two young thugs. He intervenes and suffers a bloody beating as a result. Once again we see this several times. Having been rescued from his plight, Heaven feels indebted to Robert and uses his visions to help Robert to win money from Stanner in a game of poker.

The seedy Stanner, meanwhile, has a plan to have his club torched so that he can collect on the insurance. However, when the young ruffians he hires to do the arson job get a peek into the contents of his office safe, they hatch their own plan.

Despite *Heaven's* offensive nature, the performances are actually quite good. Donovan delivers a fairly competent performance. Patrick Malahide does some good work as the manipulative Melrose, a scheming psychologist whose patients include Heaven. And Danny Edwards is quite watchable as the film's titular character. Another plus is the soundtrack, featuring five songs by up-and-coming New Zealand hard rockers Shihad, and Filter's appropriately placed *Hey Man Nice Shot*. On the whole, though, this is definitely one to pass over. The film's title may be *Heaven*, but sitting through it is hell.

James Trevelyan

## GRATNOST: The Gratuitous Nostalgia Column

**The Texas Chainsaw Massacre**  
1974. Dir: Tobe Hooper  
Marilyn Burns, Gunnar Hansen

Ask any avid horror fan who the scariest film character of all time is, and they will reply: Jennifer Love Hewitt... but after her is of course Leatherface, the poor misunderstood gimp who wears a leather mask to hide his hideously deformed face from society. Played by cult actor Gunnar Hansen, Leatherface made his debut in Tobe Hooper's 1974 masterpiece - and more importantly this week's GratNost entry - *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. The story is centered around three college students taking a Kombi-Van road trip to an Uncle's property in rural Texas, USA.

You have the perfect mix of characters right from the beginning: the overweight disabled antagonist, the Swedish porn-a-like chick, and the big-man-on-campus guy (think Fred from *Scooby-Doo*). So as we know by now (students of the *Scream* saga should at least) the three get nowhere near the Uncle's place and instead end up staying with the most screwed up family in America. No, it's not the Cosbys, although that could be an interesting horror film concept, but rather a mob headed by 'Grandpa'. Grandpa, looking like a mummified corpse, is the family's patriarch, and grandfather to none other than Leatherface.

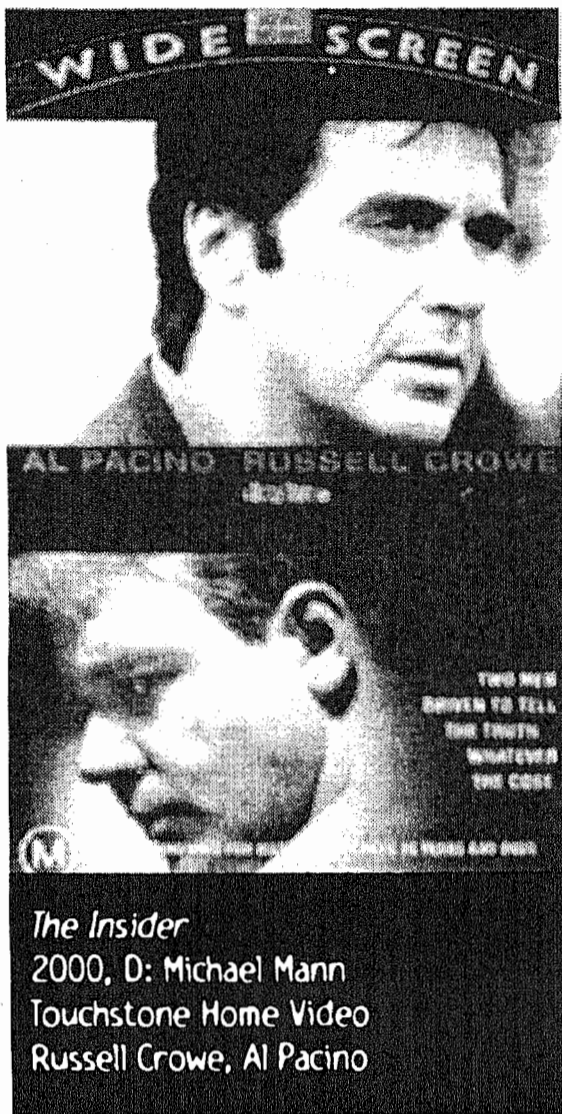
This is where the big man steps in, and the real gore splatters across the screen. We learn poor old Leatherface was fired from the local meat processing factory, and as a result has turned to mass murder to fuel his anger at the bureaucrats who took away his livelihood. Leatherface, not just a freaky-looking bastard, serves as an allegorical tool for the filmmakers: a symbol of the rising unrest among the unemployed, of those made redundant by profit-seeking big business, and a man tragically forgotten by a fast-globalizing world. I could keep on making wanky correlations but I think you get the picture.

From here it's only a matter of time before the college students are massacred by the chainsaw-wielding Leatherface. We learn that after people have been cut up by Leatherface, they end up being sold off as cuts of spicy jerky at the family's service station down the road. Mmmmmm, who's hungry for some of that (pause) 'beef' servo jerky now?

This *tour de force* is compulsory viewing for those horror fans out there who are sick of the current wash of shite horror movies such as *Halloween H20*, *Disturbing Behavior*, *Urban Legend* and, most recently, *Cut*. The gritty documentary shooting style creates an uneasy atmosphere throughout, accompanied by an equally unsettling musical score. Aptly chosen director Tobe Hooper knows his craft. Much like the recently hyped *The Blair Witch Project*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* came from relative obscurity and proved to be a huge commercial success, while still maintaining an indie fan approval. If you can think of no other reason, see this movie purely for the appearance of Leatherface. You will not be disappointed.

David Roberts

# killed some star.



*The Insider*  
2000, D: Michael Mann  
Touchstone Home Video  
Russell Crowe, Al Pacino

If you are impatient you will most likely not enjoy *The Insider*. This film is methodical and slow, but it does successfully represent the court action taken against a large tobacco company in the USA and the events surrounding it.

Jeffrey Wigand (Russell Crowe) is a senior research scientist, who gets shafted by his company, and then gets an offer to testify in a court case against the company about their illegal behavior. Wigand is backed up by a top-notch television journalist, played by Pacino.

*The Insider* features a great cast, with the likes of Christopher Plummer and Michael Gambon (he's the guy with the big noggin

from *Sleepy Hollow*). Gambon is terrifically ominous as the head of the ciggie company, while Plummer and Pacino are both excellent as journos. I was relieved to find that Pacino is not overbearing and shouting too much, as is sometimes his way in roles. Instead, there is a subtlety and freshness to his bleak desperation. This allows the emphasis and limelight to fall more squarely on Crowe which befits the story's nature. Intelligently, Mann allows Crowe and Pacino a few power struggles at times, and these are very effective and handled superbly.

The character construction, writing, acting, and direction is exemplary, although the score is a bit wayward at times. The sound editor seemed to feel left out occasionally, so periodically gave an aural barrage, making the background music loud, front, and center; background no

more! Was it meant to be a wake-up call, perhaps? I hadn't fallen asleep, but at 158 minutes, some of you might.

*The Insider* is long and slow - which is great for some things! - but bad for films. There's a great scene in a courtroom at one point, where much drama is unfolding as the prosecution pursues their line of questioning, and the defense lawyer keeps interrupting. What follows is one of the best 'Sit down and shut up' scenes of modern cinema. Almost worth renting this baby just for that scene!

Technically, the film is constrained by its desire to stick to the real-life facts on one hand, while still

making it concise, palatable and entertaining. In this regard it has been done remarkably well. As a gritty, down and dirty, and cerebral film, this is hard to beat.

Jeremy McGrath

*Fight Club*  
1999  
Twentieth Century Fox Home  
Entertainment  
Brad Pitt, Edward Norton  
Helena Bonham Carter

Dark, disturbing, provocative, violent... David Fincher's latest film is pure cinematic dynamite. Like Fincher's last film, the 1997 thriller *The Game*, *Fight Club* has a cabalistic theme. Edward Norton stars as an unnamed character referred to in the end credits simply as the Narrator. He is a disillusioned, overworked recall campaign coordinator depressed by the apparent futility of his job and modern life in general seeking excitement and a cure for his acute insomnia.

He finds this cure in the catharsis offered by support groups for people with various illnesses. It is whilst attending one of these groups that he meets the chain-smoking, suicidal Marla Singer (Helena Bonham Carter). Like the Narrator, Marla is a 'tourist' - neither of them are actually sick; they attend the support groups for their own personal reasons.

On one of his frequent work-related flights, the Narrator finds himself seated beside the enigmatic Tyler Durden (Brad Pitt), a self-employed soap manufacturer and part-time projectionist who is everything the timid, repressed Narrator wishes he could be. When an

explosion destroys his apartment, the Narrator moves in with the charming, mysterious Durden, and together they form the Fight Club, a secret society which provides an opportunity for disenfranchised men to rediscover the essence of their most primal selves via bare-knuckle fights which take place in dank, dimly-lit basements beneath seedy bars.

Definitely not for the squeamish, *Fight Club* is a riveting, electrifying film. Brad Pitt is very good as the wild, unpredictable Tyler; my only (minor) quibble is that he occasionally mumbles, which is a pity because Jim Uhls' script is razor-sharp and dotted with spots of dark humor. Edward Norton delivers the sort of flawless performance we have come to expect from the fine young actor, and Helena Bonham Carter is wonderful as the nihilistic Marla; this film is a far cry from the period pieces her name has become synonymous with. Meat Loaf also features as Bob, a testicular cancer sufferer forced to endure the indignity of what the Narrator refers to as 'bitch tits'.

Compelling and immensely thought-provoking, *Fight Club* should not be missed.

James Trevelyan



Brad Pitts pre cranial surgery.



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# 57 Channels (and there's nothing on)

Bill me

I caught up with the new look *The Bill* on Saturday night. I hadn't seen it for a few weeks, and actually didn't realise it had changed, but it's a substantially different look. Firstly, there's the camerawork. No longer looking like *Cop Shop* on a better Betamax, I could be wrong here, but it looks like *The Bill* is now being shot on film. It's a little hard to tell. A visit to the official website (at [www.thebill.com](http://www.thebill.com) – where else?) was unhelpful. The 'Behind the Scenes' section of the website is 'under construction'. It does show a picture of a camera crew, but it's unclear to me what type of a camera it is. Maybe someone could check that out and let me know. Anyway, the website, while aesthetically pleasing, is not surprisingly episodes ahead of what is screened on the ABC. Good for people who like to read the last page first, but our current episodes were seen in June last year in the UK. Consequently, there are characters we've never seen in the cast photographs (not to mention characters we miss fondly in the 'Old Bill' section – anyone remember D.I. Galloway, and did anyone know his first name was Roy?).

Back to Saturday night. Not only was the quality of the medium (because I now can't decide whether it was film or video) noticeably better, there's a whole lot of the kind of cameraman-on-amphetamine work that we know and love, made famous, in this genre at least, by *NYPD Blue*. Lots of facial close-ups, lots of jerky motion, though probably not to the nauseating extent of *NYPD Blue*. Everything seemed to be just a little darker and more mysterious – maybe the office lights were just on the blink. On the whole, the experience just seemed higher quality than the Constable Plod-biffs-villain scenarios that *The Bill* sometimes degenerated into in the past. A little more sophisticated now, perhaps.

The structure of the show has changed as well. The neatness of one-episode-one-crime with a few background plots occasionally leaking out between episodes has gone. Not to mention having two 25 minute episodes pasted into succession. Now there's a full sixty minutes of advertisement-free action, and the plots span multiple

episodes. This would presumably allow an increased complexity of plot, and from what I have seen so far, the producers have made good use of this. Last Saturday, we saw the return of two adversaries from the previous format – PC Eddie Santini (Michael Higgs), and DS Rosie Fox (Caroline Catz). (In fact, Fox may have returned a couple of episodes prior, but I missed them.) The plot is about as hard-core as it gets on *The Bill*. Fox comes off like a borderline nutcase for what seems like an obsession with bringing down Santini – readers may recall



*It's a fair cop guy, but society's to blame.*

the sexual harassment and attempted rape charges brought against Santini by Fox last season. Somewhat bizarrely, they're now working together on a case which looks like exposing Santini as not just a complete git, but a hardcore criminal. Stay tuned.

## Regulate me

If there's one thing that the Broadcasting Services Amendment (Online Services) Bill 1999 taught us, it's that the Federal Government, or perhaps Senator Richard Alston in particular, are not afraid to regulate something they don't understand.

That was the Bill that masqueraded as a way to make 'the Internet' (though, presumably, they meant the World Wide Web) safe for children's impressionable peepers, though was widely held as a rather ill-conceived concession to Senator Brian Harradine. According to *Australian Personal Computer (APC)* magazine (July 2000), during the first three months of the Bill's life,

a grand total of 124 complaints were received by the Australian Broadcasting Authority, leading to 31 'take-down notices' being sent to websites hosted in Australia. APC also reports that at least three of these sites simply moved their content overseas within a matter of hours. I guess it depends on your viewpoint, but unless your criteria for success is appeasing balance-of-power-holding Senators, the Bill was hardly a big winner.

This year's media convergence storm in a teacup is the issue of 'streaming audio and video'. While

and better brother – digital television. The controversy is over 'datacasting'. Because the pipe that delivers digital television is larger (whether that be a physical wire or radio waves), the broadcasters have room to move, and could conceivably deliver multiple channels each. The government has been keen to regulate this, I gather for reasons of ensuring fair competition, though it's by no means entirely clear.

The concession is datacasting – broadcasters will be able to deliver 'data' (whatever that means to a legislator), as long as it doesn't resemble anything like TV shows already offered by existing channels.

The legislation passed recently will allow the delivery of 'Internet content' (whatever that means to a legislator), as long as it, too, doesn't overlap with existing television genres. The plot thickened because the Internet Industry Association was keen to get a ruling on whether streaming video and audio would be considered broadcasting by the legislation, and hence be subject to laws regarding datacasting. For one thing, a lot of Internet-based video content is already lifted from the provider's television broadcast material. Would this become illegal?

In late July, Alston announced that streaming video and audio would not be considered broadcasting. It's not a surprising result – without a sufficiently fast connection, it barely resembles television.

The pipes will get fatter, though, and I wonder when the decision will be reconsidered. As a final observation, the datacasting laws are essentially a moot point at this time. No one's interested in datacasting. Not just watching it – no one's interested in *providing* it! Fairfax, News Limited and Telstra all withdrew from proposed datacasting trials. Although I wouldn't mind a cable connection to my PC, while the offerings are postage-stamp sized videobites from CNN or re-runs of *Seinfeld*, I won't be ditching my 68cm Sony just yet.

Reference for 'Regulate me': APC's Newswire service at [www.newswire.com.au](http://www.newswire.com.au).

Paul Hoadley

# One of the Boys Part II

Adelaide Conservatorium graduate Catriona Barr, now based in London, is currently back in her home town for the State Opera Company's production of Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*. Catriona graciously took time out of her busy rehearsal schedule to talk to Jonathon Dyer about the production, her career, and what it takes for an outsider to 'make it' in the tough European opera community.

**So what's the rehearsal schedule like for a production like *Romeo et Juliette*?**

Well, there's a long lead-up in terms of the long self-preparation time each singer undertakes to get the role learnt well - language-wise as well which is a big thing because *Romeo et Juliette* is in French and not all the singers have worked a lot in French. And also it's all contracted very early. All opera companies have a very long lead-up to productions, usually casting is done about eighteen months before, so they've known cast-wise who they've wanted for some time. A spanner was thrown into the works about five weeks ago when the Romeo they had planned to use pulled out. So they were left at the very last minute looking for a Romeo which is not exactly a small role.

**Where for art thou, Romeo...**  
[Laughs politely] Yeah, precisely. We found somebody who had done it before, and in fact had done it before with Kate Ladner, who sings Juliette, in the same production. So that's good, but unfortunately at such short notice he wasn't available for the whole rehearsal period, so we've had various people standing in for Romeo - which has been a bit tricky - but we'll get him soon. So we're all looking forward to that day when Romeo joins us. Usually for the actual rehearsal period you have... well, a nice period would be four weeks; you can do it in three. We've got three and a half, which is okay, but it takes a hell of a lot of work. Even with a production that's been done before by the director, most of the singers haven't done it before. And everybody does things slightly different, so even though Kate Ladner, our Juliette has done it before she's finding that people aren't where they were in the last production, and things just take a long time to set. So we'll spend two-

and-a-half of those weeks doing blocking, working out who stands where, and just getting the bare bones of it. With a cast this size it's a real headache, and there's a huge chorus as well, and you've got dancing and sword-fights - it's very physical, you have a lot of *business*. You've got lots of deaths and such; these things need to be dealt with realistically, but to work it up to the right speed it has to be done countless times. I mean, we'll get there, two-and-a-half weeks will be long enough. Then we'll go to the theatre and have stage orchestra calls. You have the conductor's call and



that's where you just sit down with the score and sing it through with the orchestra with no drama or acting. Then you're straight into the theatre and for the first time you've got your costumes and all the right props and the scenery and lighting, and the last week you spend ten hours in the dark all day while things get fine-tuned, basically, heading up for the last dress [rehearsal]. It's a hell of a lot of work for four shows because it really does take a lot of planning to get a whole opera together, as you say, with the orchestra. There's literally hundreds of people involved; there'd be at least three hundred people involved once you consider that the cast is at least fifty counting the chorus, and the orchestra's at least fifty, so that's a hundred before you even count the creative team who make the costumes and the sets and organise

it and the PR, it's a huge machine. It's a pity we're only doing four shows, but Adelaide can't really support more than four shows. It's quite an expensive night out, so four or five shows is pretty much tops for a city with a million people.

**Most [opera] productions have a conductor and a director, very few conductors will choose to direct as well. What's it like to have to deal with two people like that?**

It's always really interesting. The last show I did in London was unfortunate in that the conductor and the director hated each other. I mean, really, both of them have immense power and are very respected by the singers, and the singers are often caught in the middle.

The dynamic is the director says 'I want you to do a really realistic fight,' and so you run out of

breath, and the conductor says 'I want you to sing a long line beautifully softly and we're going to take it slowly, and you say 'I'm really sorry but I can't because I've just fallen over / been punched / rolled around the stage / whatever'. And then they come to loggerheads. Or the singer just gets caught in the middle and gets yelled at by both sides which is the worst angle.

Luckily in this production Stephen's only been here a couple of days but they seem to get along really well. It's fairly well established, you have the conductor's call where the director makes it in but doesn't really say anything unless she's asked (if she knows her job). The director has complete power over the drama, although the odd conductor throws in something, and that's where it can get messy. So it's the director's baby up until opening night, then it becomes the performers' - finally we get to own the piece. Only when you start to perform because usually what

happens is the director flies off to the next job, and then you finally feel 'it's mine'. The whole rehearsal process is people telling you constantly 'no, no, no, you're doing that wrong; do this, do this, do this.' So finally you get your costume, you get your audience, and it's just you on stage. But I think these guys get along really well and Stephen Barlow - I just can't rave about him enough. He's brilliant. He's been good for my CV in London because everybody's heard of Stephen Barlow and I was looking for a new agent and I wrote on my cover letter that I was going to Adelaide to do something with Stephen Barlow, and they wouldn't have cared much that I was going to Adelaide, but doing it with Stephen they said 'Ooh, wow. Okay'. People have actually called me back. And he's good; he's very easy to work with and I agree with all his ideas. And he gives you room to breathe. Some conductors forget that you need to breathe. He's sympathetic vocally.

**That brings us to something else I wanted to ask you: what's the work situation for a singer like yourself?**

In Australia it's quite tricky. I think things are changing, but there was a sad situation where the Australian Opera was very Sydney-centric. They'd hire Sydney people, New South Wales people for the chorus, and you'd rise up through the chorus. I actually rang them before I went overseas, I was interested in auditioning for their young artists program, and the woman [I spoke to] was obviously in an honest mood and said, 'Look, darling, don't waste your time. We know who we want for next two years. You could come and audition for the chorus and work your way up that way.' You'd be looking at three years of full-time chorus work which *wrecks* your voice, it's really tiring. So I thought that's ridiculous, I'll have to go overseas really. You see, the house we have here [the Festival Theatre] is a big house so for young voices it's not ideal. You need to have quite a few years of vocal training to be able to sing in this enormous house. We have some fantastic companies as well, like Co-opera doing regional work as well. But if you just want the sheer volume of work and the top-class talent and the top-class teaching you have to go overseas. So the result is you find masses of people from Australia, from Perth, Queensland and South Australia, in New York and

## One of the Boys Part II, Part II

London and all over the place, there's so many Australian singers in London, if they're lucky enough to have some kind of some sort of visa. If not it's really tough.

It's worked really well for me. I didn't have very much money, I only had about ten thousand dollars saved up when I went over and I knew I wanted to work with a particular teacher, Janice Chapman, who is herself an Australian. Her lessons are pretty expensive so I was just going to see how long the money lasted, but then I got into Glynebourne which is an opera house in Sussex which has a very prestigious chorus. You can go down there and do summer chorus which isn't as bad as doing the Sydney Opera House chorus because the season's only five months, and

you're working with world-class people, just fantastic talent. Glynebourne [performances] have a ninety-minute dinner intermission and people fly in by helicopter and have picnics on the lawns and there are sheep just over there; it's just a magic place.

So I was lucky. Not so far in that I had to sing chorus for five months, but I made a huge number of contacts being there. Singing contacts, I know lots of people in the industry now but also I met some conductors and people who have got me some more work, the chorus-master got me some more work, very well-paid chorus work. And also in England there's a snobbishness associated with Glynebourne, it's a great thing to have on your CV. So I picked up

and agent on the strength of having been picked up for the Glynebourne chorus. That in turn got me my first solo work. It took me about a year to get my first solo break. That was with Holland Park who do a summer festival. Everyone in England does a summer festival and everyone tries to be Glynebourne and nobody quite pulls it off. But [Holland Park is] a good company, and they have a full-sized orchestra. I had a break with them last year, and in fact I've ended up working with them again since which isn't typical, because they hire different creative teams [for each festival], and that's lead to more work because it's a co-production with Portugal, the Portugese really seemed to like me so I'm going to Portugal later this

year to do some concerts and things. It's a fairly hand-to-mouth existence, a freelancer as well you're sometimes left for months at a time with no income, and then months when you earn large amounts of money, and if you're anything like me you can't save so you end up having to do secretarial work in the middle to make ends meet. But it is getting easier. There was a dead period when I came back from *Butterfly* last year where I didn't have any work coming in and I got but then I did the rounds and luckily got offered quite a few things at once and cheered up. I'm alright if I can look forward to something but I'm definitely not wealthy and affording London can be tough, but it's an exciting place to be.

## Arts On, Dude

**'There are more people in pursuit of knowledge than the accountants will admit.'**  
Howard Barker

Adelaide University's Theatre Guild are performing Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* this week and next in the Little Theatre (Tues 8 - Sat 12, & Tues 15 - Sat 19). Rarely performed, the play revolves around the typically Shakespearean topics of sex, power and politics. The Duke of Vienna unleashes a judicial and moral anarchy when he seeks to avoid enforcing the strict laws of the state, one of which makes extra-marital sex a capital offence. Director Michael Baldwin has re-set the play in the repressed and degenerate late 19th/early 20th century Vienna, a Vienna that the young Hitler visited and recognised, a world going through both political and social change. Designer Susan Ward is giving the set the richness and colour of a

Gustav Klimt painting. \$15/\$10, @ Bass.

Peter Shaffer's *Equus* opens at the Playhouse on Tuesday and runs until the 26th. One of the most important plays of the twentieth century *Equus* probes into modern society at odds with its own dark side. Based on a true story this is an epic conflict between human savagery and controlling force. Psychiatrist Martin Dysart must solve the riddle of what drives a sensitive seventeen-year-old boy to commit an act of unspeakable violence upon six horses. Sex, class, family, education, psychiatry: both the impulsive sub-strata and the conservative veneers of contemporary society are examined and laid bare in a theatrical fusion of Freudian and Jungian descriptions of the human psyche. *Equus* explores how materialism, convenience and religion have killed our instinct for worship and passion along with our capacity for

pain. It also deals with one of the more disturbing questions of this century: has an era of psychiatry seduced us by yet another method of control and ultimately led us to greater spiritual and mental decay? This is must see theatre, excuse the pun. Book at Bass and don't forget the reduced prices available to under-twentysix-year-olds. And you're hereby advised that *Equus* contains nudity.

**'You emerge from tragedy equipped against lies. After the musical, you are anyone's fool.'**  
Howard Barker

PANIC! You have until 5pm this Friday to get your application in for the second round of Helpmann Academy arts grants. Grants cover any project that will enhance the applicant's study and career development. Over \$41,000 worth of grants were given out in the March grants round. Contact the Academy on 8303 3250.

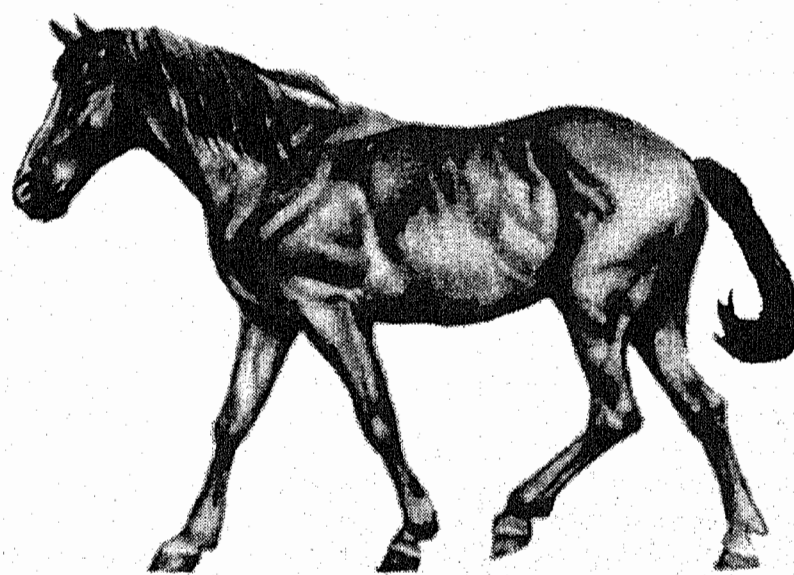
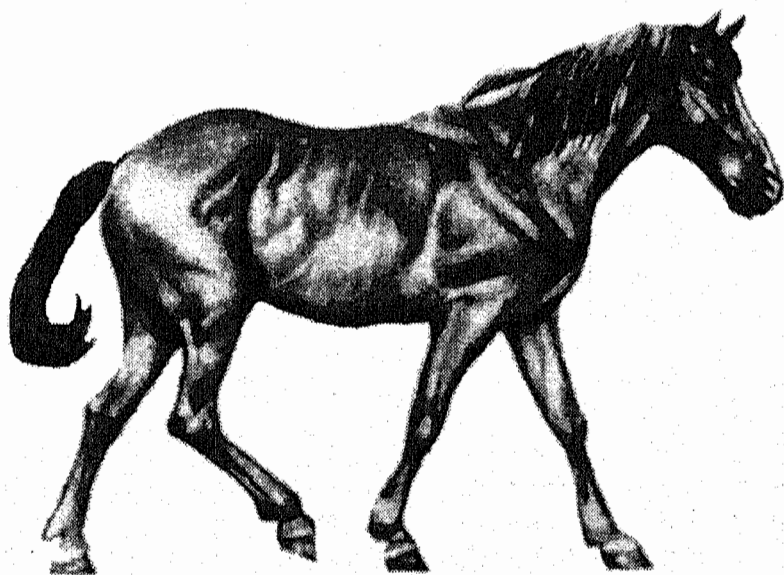
Adelaide's Brink Productions are performing Dennis Potter's *Blue Remembered Hills* at the Space Theatre. The play follows an afternoon in the lives of seven children as they explore a magical forest- but it's not all innocence:

Into my heart, an air that kills  
From yon far country blows  
What are those blue remembered hills?

What spires, what farms are those?  
That is the land of lost content,  
I see it shining plain.  
The happy highways where I went  
And cannot come again.  
A.E. Housman

Opens Saturday August 12 @ 8pm.

**'Because they have bled life out of the word freedom, the word justice attains a new significance. Only tragedy makes justice its preoccupation.'**  
Howard Barker



# Trees I'm Climbing

An interview with director Ingrid Voorendt.

The dance theatre piece *Trees I'm Climbing* ran for two seasons in Adelaide last year. Director Ingrid Voorendt and the ensemble cast have reworked the piece and this week is probably your last chance to see this startlingly beautiful production. A graduate of Adelaide Uni's now defunct dance course, Ingrid was a pleasure to interview. Nervous energy bursting forth, she was generously open about the company's creative process.

**How has *Trees I'm Climbing* come about?**

It's from a story that my sister (Anja) wrote. The production is about the journey through to being eighteen years old, a coming-of-age type of piece. It's the same cast but one from the previous performances and we've spent the last four days going 'this happened, and then this happened' whilst at the same time creating new material. It feels like a really nice ensemble... and they're all amazing people.

**Are the cast all dancers?**

Three of the performers trained as dancers, one is nineteen and has no formal training in either theatre or dance but is an amazing performer, and there are four people who have a more theatre background, but one, Steve Noonan, who has a lot of dance experience is moving more into that area. So it's a mixed cast made up of such multi-dimensional people...like Astrid Pill (the central character) who sings, acts, dances...all that.

**One of the things I found truly impressive about the production I saw at Tandanya was how tightly connected its constituent elements are: the movement, the music and the narrative are all so intimately entwined.**

I had pretty strong ideas to do with movement and once I'd choreographed this piece I couldn't work out what music to put it to. I then thought 'look where it's coming in the story' and there's this line I need from *The Seekers* 'To go to sleep', and so I thought I'd see what happens. Everybody went 'Oh my God, you're kidding' but it works. The whole idea has gone a bit

further now because I was wanting to expand the work, and not having a composer on board I had to either choose a theme for the music myself or we'd have no music (we can't do that) so I thought 'I'll ring my sister up' and we talked a lot about the music that we remember from our childhood. You know how you've got music that triggers off all sorts of memories and feelings- we thought we'd make a bit of a music patchwork form all of those evocative pieces, the music that both of us remember, so there's a bit more of *The Seekers* in there

everywhere and that's where the apples come from. Throughout the story the trees get smaller and smaller as she constantly moves house. The trees become more and more like sticks that break and won't support her weight. She climbs her last tree on her eighteenth birthday and feels good again, like she's found her own...., It's truly beautifully written...that's where all those images come from. The simplicity of it...it's very honest.

**The original stage set was quite**



now, and a lot of Bach, and I play around with another classical piece as well, which has been really fun because I haven't previously choreographed to classical music. It's been a very workshop approach where images and movements come from the whole group. They put things together and sometimes it backfires and it's terrible and sometimes you just go 'wow'.

**It's interesting that you should use somebody as high-church as Bach because you've got some very classical images in there: trees, the apple, the journey motif. You achieve some amazingly powerful images. Are these derived from the group or more from Anja's original story?**

The story is structured in little sections with headings or phrases, and the trees are the link. When it begins the girl is tiny and she's up a rubber tree and she feels really safe in the world. There are orchards

**minimalist. Does that remain?**

We're still in the process of working that out with Gaele Mellis, our designer. The slides are really important, but you see so much work which has slides used as a big backdrop and that's it - click, click, click. When we were at home as kids we'd put a sheet up and look at slides and I'm thinking that we should go and play with that kind of idea; maybe have the slide projector on the stage and have someone, one of the performers, operate it, or they can take turns, so that it's treated as what it is, rather than trying to create a 'theatrical illusion'. We want to keep the set incredibly simple because simplicity is what works.

**...so as not detract from the intensity of the moments that are so well wrapped in the beauty of the meeting between performers and images. It's also quite emotionally intimate. I assume that**

there must be quite a lot of trust in the group, to be able to deal with, as well as find expression for, that kind of content.

I guess we talk, we talk a lot, and because of the way I work, it's very collaborative, so people are coming up with things and people are contributing thoughts and feelings and ideas and because it's like that I think people find the instinct for how far to go and when. Everyone has worked together before, pretty much, as well as having pre-established friendships. It feels really safe and these are all people that continually want to ask questions... none of them are people who want to be interested in just being physical. And Astrid, (who carries quite a central responsibility), and I talk constantly everyday.

**It's the best work that I've seen of Astrid's. She is so often the focus of this work but there's a constant eruption into ensemble movements which is so much a part of the performance. It's fantastic how you've brought all that together.**

I remember freaking out thinking 'oh my God, am I trying to do montage?' (which is a technique of assembling material), and I was thinking 'will people get confused, will they think that Astrid's a character and then get confused' but I don't think so. I think Astrid really connects with the whole thing because she's a woman and she's grown up - I mean everyone's grown up, and you don't have to be female, but...

**Why should people come to see *Trees I'm Climbing*?**

I think it's a piece that people will be able to find something in that they can connect with. I think you can identify with it because everyone's growing up, everyone knows what it's like, and I think there are some really beautiful moments, I think the music is amusing (laughter), and there are seven really amazing performers who draw you in and you can see their personalities and who they are and that's really good.

Three performances only @ The Madley Dance Space, August 10/11/12 @ 8pm. Tickets \$12/\$8 @ the door or phone 0414 826 340.

# It's a Boyd, it's a plane...

**ARTHUR BOYD**  
1920 - 1999  
ART GALLERY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Recently the Art Gallery of South Australia held a stunning exhibition of selected works by Arthur Boyd. Boyd passed away last year, but his vision of the Australian landscape and his penchant for social commentary remains potent.

This latest exhibition of drawings, paintings, prints, sculpture and ceramics revealed Boyd's importance to the people of South Australia. The works exhibited were gathered from public and private collections across the state, and together spanned six decades.

Boyd's familiar iconography originated with his drawings from the time he was conscripted into the army in 1941. The images of war shook Boyd's previously tranquil existence. Born in Melbourne in 1920, Boyd enjoyed life within his ardently artistic family. The terrible atrocities he witnessed during his service formed the basis of many surrealist sketches. These integral drawings, which explored the incomprehensible horror, despair and repugnance of war, were to form the basis of Boyd's constantly burgeoning variety of symbols.

Images such as the woman pushing her disfigured dog as though it were a wheelbarrow and those strange composite creatures which are so often repeated throughout

Boyd's work, had their gestation in this agonising period. This section of the exhibition was incredibly powerful - those simple lead and ink lines which Boyd masterfully whipped into thought provoking sketches, dominated a room full of early landscapes. Indeed, 'Woman holding back leg of dog with tree (1941-43)', for all of its plainness proved far more insightful than the careful, 'Cyanide tanks, Bendigo (1950)'. Also notable in this exhibition were the various gentle sketches of members of the Boyd family. The intimacy expressed within these pieces contrasted well with the heavily detailed studies for paintings.

The variety of works gathered from this state alone reveals something of Boyd's artistic experimentation. His willingness and ability to turn from one medium to the next, with an ever-increasing proficiency was always apparent to the viewer. Boyd's skill as an artist knew no bounds. This is obvious when observing every piece that the exhibition offered, from his Picasso influenced ceramic tiles, to his extraordinary prints.

Each room within the space allocated for the exhibition held a new treasure for the viewer. Initially, 'Self-Portrait (1962-63)' stunned the viewer with Boyd's inky black stare; his challenging eyes somehow more confrontational than his darkest pieces. 'The Sisters (1962-53)', was a particularly enthralling ceramic sculpture with

boldly entwined forms. However, it was the array of paintings which I found most engaging.

Not many Australians remain unfamiliar with Boyd's style of painting. His quick marks and evocative use of colour when painting the Australian landscape have revolutionised the way Australians view their own panorama. From his self-imposed exile in London, Boyd somehow continued to create timeless images of outback Australia. The cool tones of 'Swooping Bird, Wimmera (1969)', and the eerie vision of the Melbourne lights over the water in 'Shell Skate, Evening Port Phillip Bay (1988)', are two examples of Boyd's proficiency as a landscape artist.

This exhibition (thankfully) included many paintings from three of Boyd's most important series'. The gloriously poignant and grim series 'Love, Marriage and Death of a Half Caste (1957-58)', doubtlessly formed the centrepiece of the exhibition. These paintings were completed after Boyd journeyed to the Simpson Desert and observed the poor treatment of the Aboriginal people. He said, 'I was quite unprepared for the Simpson Desert and seeing people living like that...I was amazed that in 1957, no one seemed concerned.'

So celebrated across the country, these paintings form what is perhaps the most recognisable

series in Boyd's life's work. 'Persecuted Lovers (1957-58)' is one of the finest paintings in the history of Australian art. The delicate brutality of this piece exhibits Boyd's tremendous ability as an artist, and his concern with the treatment of Aborigines in this country.

Similarly, the Nebudchadnezzar and the Judges series featured strongly in the exhibition. The parallels between the two were obvious - thick paint and bold colours that somehow manage to elicit strong emotions from the viewer. 'The Judges' series, on loan from Adelaide University's Equinox Cafe, was a powerful reminder of Boyd's ability to evoke reflection on social issues relevant to everyday Australians. Boyd's commitment to a form of social inquiry and his desire for equality, continues to illuminate his exquisite paintings.

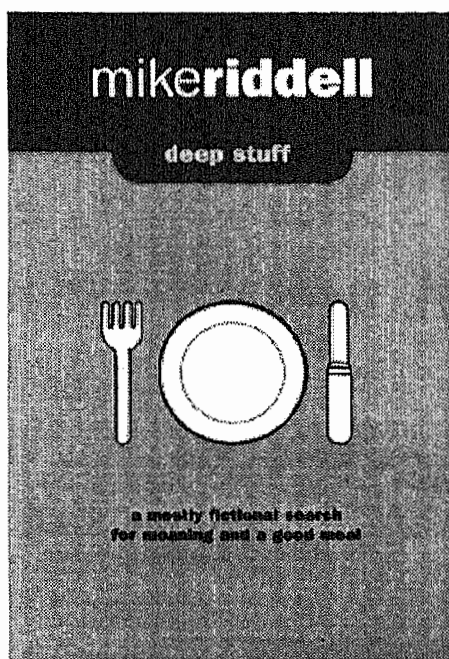
This recent exhibition of selected works by Arthur Boyd held special relevance for South Australians, consolidating Boyd's importance to this state and his position as one of the most important artists of the twentieth century.

Jen

"His quick marks and evocative use of colour when painting the Australian landscape have revolutionised the way Australians view their own panorama."



# Soulseekers.com



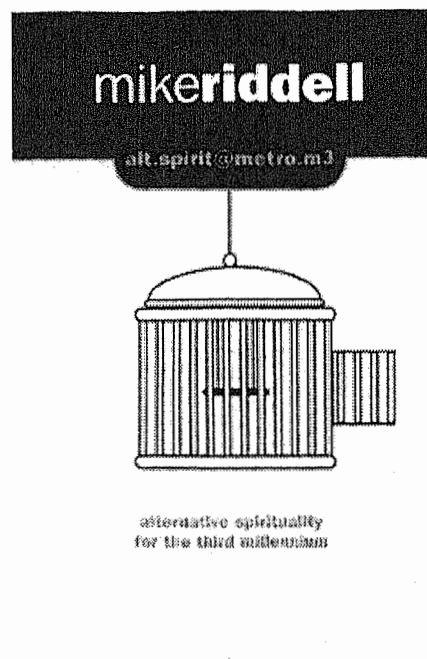
Deep Stuff  
Mike Riddell  
Hodder Headline  
\$17.95

This is the best-crafted and most memorable of Mike Riddell's forays into the contemporary soul and the meaning of life. In a highly readable fiction, the reader is introduced to five characters that share a house, a life, and several Friday evening meals. The deal is that the cook gets to choose the topic of discussion. And so the group discuss family, sexuality, death. The reader takes a sixth seat at the table. In between drugs, commitment and psychiatric illness the reader is engaged in the lives of five flatmates from widely varying backgrounds. And there are a few surprises thrown in near the end regarding those

backgrounds. The conversational tone and style is well applied to delivering guidelines for serious thought without pushing anything except a delicious quagmire of religion, philosophy and just a hint of a possible meaning to life. Or at least a guidebook to finding it. Or a taste of the question. Rather than telling the reader to take a journey and discover things, in *Deep Stuff* the author takes the reader on a journey, leaving the reader to take the photographs. Which suited me quite well. This novel impressed me so much because it was simply so easy to read and completely absorbing. As the characters themselves argue, all sides of any issue are broached with the enrichment of many varied experiences. Unlike some of his other work, the author takes no opportunity to avail himself of the moral high ground. To complement the main meal, a series of quotes and reflections are placed in the margins, giving the reader an expanding breadth and depth of insight. The informality of the book facilitates and prompts the desired reflection, from there, it is entirely the choice of the reader where to go.

I can heartily recommend that you become completely immersed in it next Sunday morning. Ask and answer the questions raised at the dinner table and by the characters themselves and then seek out your own deep and meaningful conversation over one of the suggested recipes.

M



Alternative Spirituality  
Mike Riddell  
Hodder Headline  
\$17.95

Although *Alternative Spirituality* initially seems quite challenging, with apparently disorganised pages and Beatles lyrics leaping out at you in 48-point font, Mike Riddell has, with this book, crafted an interesting thought map of contemporary spirituality. In hard-hitting large fonts, boxes and shading are tid-bits of wisdom, developed to varying degrees, on subjects as diverse as music, resistance and partying, surfing, love, and subversion. Apparently random, minimal words impact on the psyche as instant wisdom. Showing the reader how it should all happen, or perhaps how it should not happen are Vincent and

Marilyn, along with their life luggage. If one pauses in the narrative for a while, one should be able to recognise the character as someone familiar, the experience as common in some way.

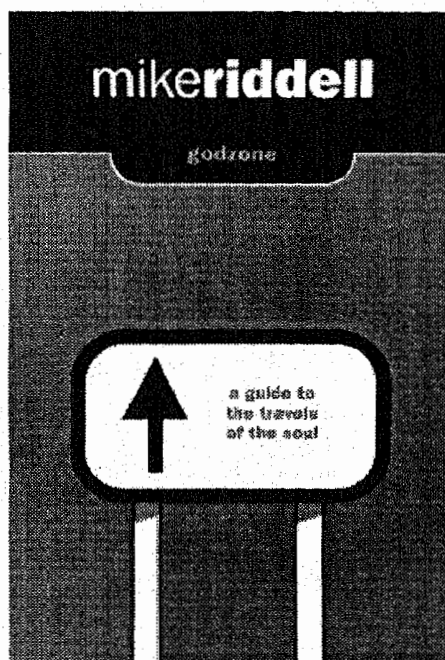
Intermixed with glaring word images is the author's own discourse on each topic. While the language is somewhat unrefined, it does not detract from the message being offered. The message, the alternate spirituality comes across as a lot of common sense, merely packaged. The author thus presents a way of integrating a general kind of faith in a better kind of life with the life around us as he sees it.

Through these three elements a picture is drawn up, though what one sees will differ with the way in which one approaches the book. The pages are clearly demarcated meaning a choice for the reader about which path to follow through the book. The option is there to try to follow all paths simultaneously but this risks confusion as the top and bottom elements of each page never seem quite in sync are downright tangential with regard to each other. Personally I find it frustrating to turn a page thinking that I have missed information.

This is perhaps a book thus read in bits, with the total picture being built up over many readings. Or even taken as a life ready-reference, though it is regrettably not arranged in alphabetical order. But then again neither is life.

M

## And now ... Entering the Godzone



Godzone  
Mike Riddell  
Hodder Headline  
\$14.95

Filled with oddball analogies, often bordering on the crude, this thought-provoking book would be adequately referred to as a hitchhikers' guide to getting to heaven. The references and stories which serve to illustrate various points are sometimes Biblical but often not: Mike Riddell adopts and adapts everything from popular wisdom (the three blind men discovering the elephant; the fisherman and the capitalist) to skimming the philosophy of Albert Camus. All

this is interwoven with stories of everyday life, travelling yarns and narrative illustrations. It serves to explain and perhaps drive home concepts such as Godbank and remind the reader of the value of dingbats and deadheads. So what is *Godzone*? The one annoying aspect of this do-it-yourself guide is that it spells out too much, and the end feeling is the dissatisfying taste of having the emperor's nakedness pointed out. For the reader who wants to be walked through how to get to heaven without being religious and missing out on Sunday morning sleep-ins, this is the recommended textbook. Without revealing too much, the keyword is 'journey.'

Mike Riddell has crafted a life

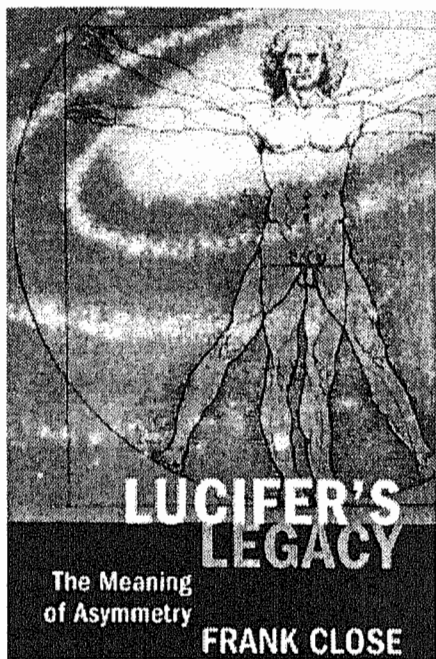
travlogue. Regardless of any emotional reaction to the book, the reader who is prepared to weave in and out of lives and parables and infuse the narrative with one's own experience will come away enriched - or at least with one's head spinning. Ideas and ideals are introduced and explained in smooth but confronting narrative. Whatever you take from the experience, ensure you put it in dot form and carry it with you always. Make certain that you could explain it to anyone who asks you - and then be on your guard so that you tell no-one. Then, when you swap stories, give it away in your heart.

M

## Book of the Week: *American Psycho* by Bret Easton Ellis

Remorselessly disturbing, utterly compelling and frequently laugh-out-loud funny. A triumph.

# Books: food of champions



**Lucifer's Legacy**  
 Frank Close  
 Oxford University Press  
 \$59.95

The best scientists retain a sense of wonder and awe at the universe and its workings, and the best science writers convey this wonder and joy in their work. Close is one of the best that I have read.

A sense of mysticism is as important in science as logic, cynicism, and rationality: great ideas often seem to spring out of nowhere, as if delivered by a muse. A quite famous example is that of Kekulé, the man who discovered the structure of benzene rings - the story goes that he fell asleep in front of the fire one night and dreamt about snakes biting their own tails. When he awoke he knew that the structure that had been alluding him all that time was that of a ring of atoms.

I read once of another scientist who had been working on a difficult problem for 5 years with no result. One day he stepped off a bus in

London and the solution suddenly hit him. He had to rush off and write it down before he forgot it. Einstein went downstairs one morning and said to his wife, 'Darling, I have a wonderful idea.' He played the piano; stopped to make notes, and exclaimed every so often 'I've got a wonderful idea, a marvellous idea.' When his wife asked what it was he said he had to work on it, and did not want to be disturbed. Two weeks later he handed her two sheets of paper which detailed his theory of relativity.

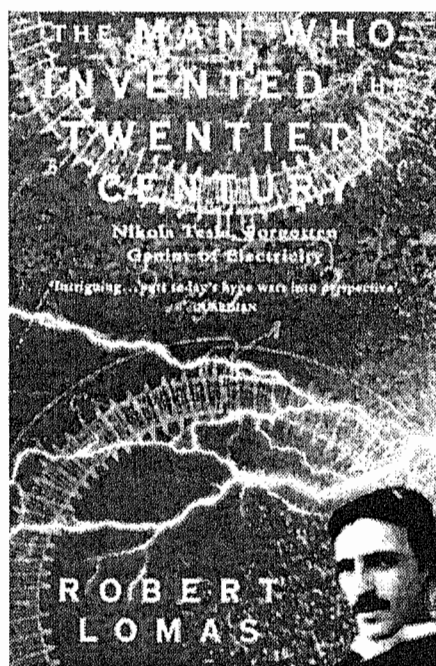
The point of these examples is to illustrate that sometimes ideas come from the strangest of places. Frank Close got the idea of writing *Lucifer's Legacy* after seeing a headless statue of Lucifer in a symmetrical garden in France: an 'encounter with the Devil'.

Close details asymmetry in the

universe: how it arises, what it means, why it is necessary. He leaps deftly from the macro of the universe (the structure of galaxies and the Big Bang) to the micro (individual elements, atoms and molecules coursing around each of our bodies, and making up the structure of everything in the universe) in a manner which is sometimes dizzying.

*Lucifer's Legacy* is one of those books that cause you to frequently exclaim out loud 'How very fascinating!' before putting it down so you can think about it for a few minutes before continuing on. It is beautifully presented (hmmm ... haaaaaaardback), and absolutely chock-full of delightful nuggets of information which will keep you in conversational titbits for months to come.

Jayne Lewis



**The Man Who Invented the 20th Century**  
 Robert Lomas  
 Hodder Headline  
 \$19.95 (Pre-GST)

I hear you say. How can any individual be held up as being responsible for the advancement of into the Modern era? If anyone deserved the mantle it would be Tesla. A brilliant theoretician, he designed the first practical applications for alternating current [AC] power, invented reliable generators for use on ocean-going vessels, developed methods for transmitting electrical energy over ever greater distances and preempted electro-shock therapy, radar and lasers. A man of extraordinary vision, Tesla spent his whole life being taken for a ride by men like Thomas Edison and JP Morgan, more grounded in the mundane world of business and finance. The life of Nikola Tesla makes for an interesting study in character. Unfortunately Lomas is not quite up to the challenge. At the beginning of the book he tells us that he's been a Tesla enthusiast (lovely word, that - enthusiast) since his childhood. This can be a bad thing; Lomas's Tesla is more caricature than character against a broadly painted backdrop of late Nineteenth- and early Twentieth-century Paris and New York. Lomas uses Tesla in his lectures as an example of how not to conduct business, and it is this familiarity that reduces his subject to a two-dimensional figure, a brilliant dupe motivated by the need for paternal compensation. No life is that simple.

Lomas has, however, produced an interesting sketch of this important figure. *The Man Who Invented the Twentieth Century* is an easy, am using read, full of delightful anecdotes and a little history, if one can divorce Lomas's pop psychology from the truth of the man.

Jonathon Dyer

Born in a small town in Croatia, Nikola Tesla should by rights be the Serbian people's most famous son. Instead the inventions he contributed to the world of electrical engineering - and by extension, to the world at large - have been to an item attributed to others. The past is littered with forgotten heroes in every field of endeavour. In the last few years books like Dava Sorbel's *Longitude*, Simon Winchester's *The Surgeon of Crowthorne* and Michael Leapman's *The Ingenious Mr Fairchild*, to name but a few, have tried to save some of these obscure figures from the backwash of history. The latest addition to the burgeoning plethora is Robert Lomas's biography of Nikola Tesla, *The Man Who Created the Twentieth Century*. Too grandiose a claim,

**Condensed Fiction Feature:**  
 The collected works of Jane Austen

**Female Lead:** I secretly love Male Lead. He must never know.  
**Male Lead:** I secretly love Female Lead. She must never know.  
 (They find out.)

**THE END**

**greg fleet**

**Show:** *Greg Fleet Comedy Night*  
**Artists:** *Supported by Justin Hamilton & Mick Ballac*  
**Venue:** *Adelaide UniBar, Level 5 Union Building*  
**Date:** *17th August 2000*  
**Time:** *7:30 pm (doors open at 7:00 pm)*  
**Cost:** *\$5 Uni students, General Public \$6 (+ outlet fee if booking through VenueTix)*

Buy tickets through the Students' Association or at any VenueTix outlet

# So Custardo

OD: What question would you most like to be asked?

I've never been asked that question! That's the question I'd most like to be asked...I'm not one of those people who loves to offer up information.

OD: What is your favourite flavour custard?

Vanilla and banana. Yeah, vanilla's best - it comes from a bean. I like vanilla. I hate strawberry. I like strawberries, but I don't like the artificial strawberry flavour that they invented back in the days when they came up with all those flavours...they can't quite get it right.

OD: Who/Whom or what has been your greatest inspiration?

Oh, many things, many people ... people like Sean Kelly ... David Mason ... all those kinds of people who did things that I thought were, musically, good and brave.

OD: Who do you continue to be inspired by?

I don't know....it's starting to get older and more self centered, so...just me. I love my work.

OD: What do you think would be the ultimate cover song?

In Custard we always covered songs that weren't necessarily my favourite songs. We covered songs that we'd think people would be surprised to hear us play. Like when we did Dire Straits' Money For Nothing, and it worked like a charm! We'd start playing that song at the end of a set or as the first song in an encore or something and...the looks on people's faces! Some would just throw their heads back in disgust and others would just punch the air and yell, 'You beauty!'. It was great.

OD: What was working on the Sample People soundtrack like?

It was good, because we got to do it all at home.

OD: Do you like the song, Howzat? Nup.

OD: If you were going to cover a song, which one would it be?

I was just saying this morning....that we should do a cover (I was at a practice with my new band) of Some Like It Hot by Powerstation. It's got a great drum track - whack whack - you know, it's kind of sledgehammer drums. Any of his songs.....they're all great.

OD: Tell me about your new band. The new band I'm in is called The Titanics, and David McCormack from Custard is also in The Titanics and so is his wife, Emma Tom. She plays bass and we have a female drummer as well, called Tina. I'm playing the guitar. David and I are on guitar and singing and, Emma's on bass and singing and, Tina is on

the drums.

OD: Which instrument do you prefer - drums or guitar?

I must say that I am really enjoying playing the guitar and I'm not missing playing the drums. It's been ...you know the drums have had a good innings with me. I've been playing drums since I was nine years old. I've surprised myself, with how much I'm loving playing guitar.

OD: Is there any instrument that you have not played yet and would love



to play?

All of them. Maybe.....except the flute.

OD: Why not?

Well, it seems like a silly instrument. Doesn't sound so great.

OD: When you were about eight, who or what did you most want to be when you grew up?

I wanted to be.... um, there's two things.... I wanted to be a racing car driver - I kept a scrapbook of every picture of a racecar that I ever found in a newspaper, and I wanted to be Alan Moffat the racing car driver. I was so keen on that! But I was also always so keen on being a rock n' roller as well.

OD: Are you happy with the rock star over the racing car driver?

You know, it'd be interesting being a racing car driver, it really would. Actually, a guy who was a neighbour of mine when I was a boy in Albury, where I spent my childhood years, is actually an Australian champion racing car driver.

OD: Well you could always do the George Harrison thing...

No, then I'd be the celebrity driver. People would always be so scared that you're just going to knock them off the track.

OD: What is your favourite drink and, who would you most like to drink it with?

Ooooohhh... favoutite drink would have to be Long Island Iced Tea. Nice pacifier...you only need two and that's it, you're done! Ah, who would I like to drink it with? I'd like to drink it with my partner, who I've been with for eleven years now. But it'd be nice if we weren't in our house...if we were

on holiday somewhere we'd never been before, and with nothing to do. That'd be good.

OD: What was your favourite song to play live?

I know the answer to this...um, I know this one.....see, most of these questions I never have an answer to....but I remember there was always one song - ah, yes! I used to love playing Leisuremaster! Yep. It was always a little bit of a break from all the fast ones and I love the way it sounds. I was kind of part of the audience as well as being in the band for that song.

OD: Why are you known as 'Boss'?

I never actually really knew, it came out of being on tour. When you're on tour you start calling each other all sorts of things, and then everyone calls each other the same thing for a while, but it seems to stick to one person more than anyone else. There was a stage where we were just calling each other 'Boss' all the time. It's funny, the words like 'Boss' and 'Captain' and 'Admiral', all of those people-in-charge kinds of words, it's funny how they get used so often. Like, The Chief who used to be the manager of Custard. It's really weird.

OD: What would you say was going through your mind when you sang, 'Piece of Shit'?

Just one of those silly arguments ... that sort of thing. It's an extremely described true story. It was all a little bit more moderate than that.

OD: Cervantes once said, 'Where there's music there can be no evil'. Do you agree?

Wow. What about all that music where those people sound like the devil when they're singing? (Glenn demonstrates a devil voice) yeah ... I don't know about that.

OD: Has anything really extraordinary thing happened to you in the last week?

Well, I managed to arrange more

things than is humanly possible. New band, two new jobs... um....promotions for the old band, promotions for the new band, practice for the new band, doing artwork for the old band - for the promo ads, artwork for the new band. You know, I'm not very good at keeping diaries, but very good at saying yes.

OD: Is it all a bit sad, wrapping up Custard?

I think it would be sad if the circumstances were different, if there was someone saying, 'Okay, you have to stop now', and we said 'Oh, No - we don't want to stop!'. Then it would be sad but, we decided to stop and we've got other things to do, so it's not sad. We'd didn't want to flog it to death...we were very afraid of doing that.

OD: What's in store for The Titanics? We've got a pretty similar style to Custard, but a little more eclectic. We've recorded and released one album already, called 'Size Isn't Everything', which is available on the internet. We've recorded another one which should be released in August and the single from that album which they're playing on Triple J at the moment....and the big difference is that we're doing everything. Ourselves and good friends of ours and our partners are doing absolutely everything, so there's no outside interest which is great. It's a hell of a lot of work though...you suddenly realise what all those people at record companies do, and how much work your manager does.

We've done one brief tour up to Brisbane and we're touring down to Melbourne and Canberra at the end of this month, but unfortunately we're not making it to Adelaide, but we will before the end of the year...we'll get there! We won't be touring as extensively as Custard, though.

Jen

## Resin Dogs Adelaide UniBar

If you opted to go see the technically dysfunctional Blink 182 set at the Big Day Out this year you surely missed one of the best live acts of the day and the best Australian live act on the flourishing line up. Therefore, you should be kicking yourself.....HARD if you didn't catch the Resin Dogs' last gig in good ol' Adelaide.

Playing all the faves off past EP's and the latest Triple J hits off their totally funkign new album *Anti Theft Device*. Live drumming makes the Resin Dogs set absolutely powerhouse and dancible (ban the drum machine!). Standouts were 'Cucumbers', 'Rock The Record' and 'Freak The Funk'. Sorry. I forgot that other hit 'Rafter Beating Agassi' (how rude crowd!)

So many have found out that the Resin Dogs are a completely moving live act that this show was completely sold out with many turned away from the door. So the tip is get in early for their next visit to the UniBar on Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> August in order to keep 'rockin the rekid'!

Prof Booty



# Goin' orf at yo' local



Various  
Radio Raw Vol 1  
Digitalone

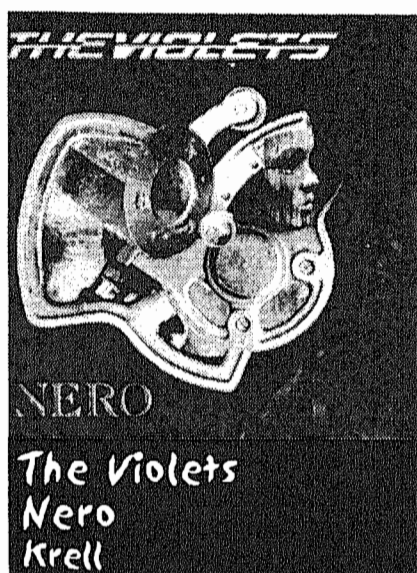
If you're a fan of unsigned bands, then this CD compilation is definitely for you. Digitalone Pty Ltd is a web site that produces a series of radio stations with highly specific formats. Some of these are RadioRock, RadioCool, RadioReggae, and of course, RadioRaw. Over the past few months, Digitalone have been putting out a series of CD's showcasing some of the playlists on the stations. This particular one, RadioRaw, has a huge 19 tracks from unsigned artists around Australia.

From what I can gather, none of the bands on the disc are from Adelaide, unfortunately. Most of them hail from Sydney, with a couple from Melbourne. However, all is not lost. There are quite a few good songs contained, and I'm definitely interested in hearing more. I don't think that I've seen any of the bands, but for at least a few, I'd be keen to change this. Some of the standouts are from a Testeagles and Tool style band called Cheezcake, with a song called 'Play', an 80's rock style Alan Sane with 'Please Love Me', a poppy Urban Guerillas with 'Valley Of Waste' (they reminded me a little of our own Gut Fool), a band called Nodscene with 'Oh Soul', a song that sounds reminiscent of the Chili's 'Warped', and the best song out of them all, a band called The Modernists with a wild funky song about Mr AK-47 Himself, 'Samuel L. Jackson Is The Man'.

Overall, it is quite a good CD with a very wide range of styles, from world to dance, from groove to rock, from pop to metal. I'm sure it'll get plenty of air time at my house, and hopefully I'll actually see some of the bands in the not to distant future.

For anyone who is interested, Digitalone's web site is [www.digitalone.org](http://www.digitalone.org).

L.A.



The Violets  
Nero  
Krell

For anyone who hasn't heard of the Violets, they are a local band who have recently been signed to SA's Krell records. They have played at two Big Day Out's, as well as having won awards for their first album, *Leased Regret*. Now, they are working on an upcoming album, with the first single being 'Nero'.

The Violets can best be described as grungey rock, including some rock into their somewhat experimental sounding music. Their new single, 'Nero' has all of this, and is a pretty good song, sure to get a bit of airplay in upcoming months. Also included on the single are the intergalactic sounding 'Tripta Victa', the slower 'Tokyo Airport' and 'CUC Me', the latter sounding a lot like Ben Harper's magnificent 'Alone'.

A well varied release by a talented local band. Their new album, *Unwelcome Digital Visitor*, will be out soon, and will hopefully launch this band onto the national circuit.

L.A.



Jed Low  
Smokin' Dope  
Krell

To any fans of singer-song writers of a folksy genre, make sure you keep your eyes fixed on Jed Low. He has recently been signed to Krell Records, and has just released his first EP. I hadn't heard of Jed previously to receiving this CD, but after a couple of listens, it's pretty obvious that he'll gain a bit of popularity in the months to come. With his acoustic guitar and husky voice, Jed is sure to win over quite a few fans.

The EP contains four songs, each similar in style. They all are relatively soft somewhat poppy songs, but have a rock edge. The lead song is called 'Smokin Dope', and is the first single. It's all about having fun and mellowing out with a puff of the green leaf and a fine drop of alcoholic beverage. The second song, 'Life Is Beautiful' is quite catchy and groovy (think Alex Lloyd with a rougher voice). Track 3 and 4 are Jed with his acoustic guitar, and aren't bad either.

Jed is currently working on an album, to be released in the near future. If this single is anything to go by, then this very Australian sounding singer-songwriter is sure to be big sometime very soon!

L.A.

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

Hello darlings. And how are we all this week? Probably not much better than last week, but don't worry, don't fret, life does get better. Unfortunately, this doesn't happen until the end of November. But, if you can't wait that long, then there are probably only two things that we can suggest to cure your ills. The first would be to go see a shrink, but since we don't live in America, then you'll probably be better off trying the second suggestion, which is listen to student radio. It is really really good.

And guess what? You will get to actually see the guys and gals from Adelaide Uni Student Radio on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week, 'coz we're doing LIVE outside broadcasts for clubs week. YAY!

That will definitely be something to look forward to, won't it? So, if you have any requests, or you just wanna come and have a chat, come down and say hi, down on the Barr Smith Lawns.

As far as general housekeeping is concerned, you can still (of course) listen to student radio. We know that you haven't forgotten that we broadcast on SUV Radio Adelaide (531AM) seven nights a week. (But Adelaide Uni only broadcasts on Monday, Tuesday and Saturday nights)

There are stacks of great action-packed shows to listen to this week, so don't forget to listen. Monday night has the latino sounds of KulChaChaCha (you will have to excuse them, as they've been known to play Ricky Martin now and then) at 10pm sharp. Then directly after, at 11pm stay tuned in for the best in Adelaide's (live) techno repertoire with Local Beatz.

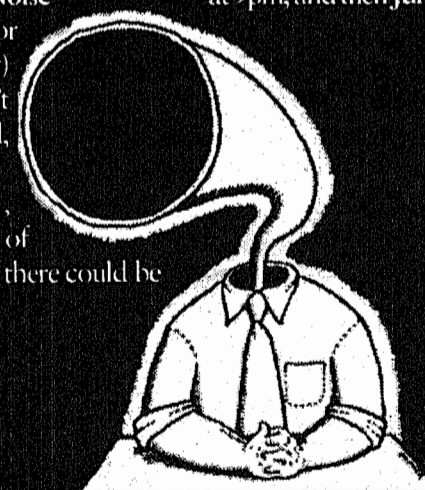
Skipping to Tuesday night, we would personally like to recommend Local Noise at 9pm, and then Junkology at 11pm. The lads from Junkology have certainly begun to make a name for themselves in Adelaide over the past six months (yeh, and it's Chris and Nat) and their star is set to only get brighter over the next six. In case you haven't heard the word on the street, the word is science (closely followed by weird, funny, weird and Junkology)

Stay tuned for the next instalment of all things radio in next week's *On Dit*, as we will be bringing you the new schedule for Student Radio for the rest of the year. Things will be shaken up, moved around and twisted about, and there could be tears, but we're doing it all for you, so that's okay.

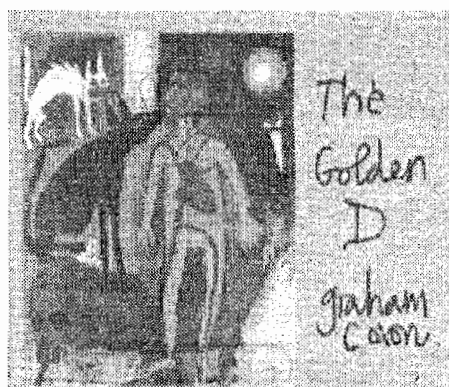
Things might never be the same again.

Lots of love (as always). See ya at clubs week!

Your directors of radio,  
Joni Queen & Elly Wright



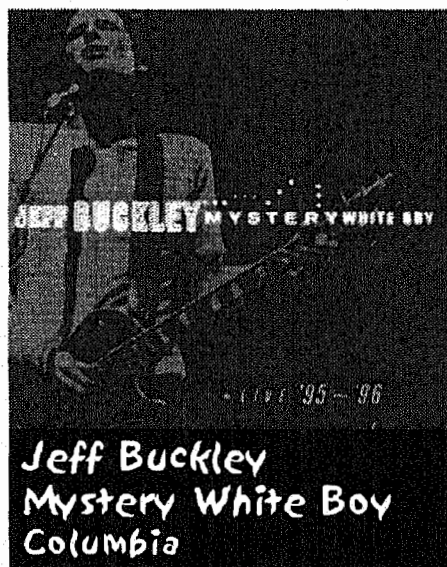
# What an arsehole



**Graham Coxon  
The Golden D  
Transcopic**

Graham Coxon's second solo release *The Golden D*, may surprise a few people. Dragging his punk angst from those art school days into the present, and slamming his own aggressive style onto a couple of classics, Coxon is finding ample release from the binds of pop music. Not since his involvement in Seymour and more recently on *13*, has Coxon sounded so unrestrained. Violently exorcising his inner punk child through the tracks, 'Jamie Thomas', 'Satan i Gatan' and 'Fags and Failure', Coxon has released a refreshing new album. 'Jamie Thomas', and 'My Idea Of Hell', are certainly standout tracks. Not surprisingly, the weaker moments of this album occur when Coxon covers 'Fame and Fortune', and 'That's When I Reach For My Revolver'. Otherwise, *The Golden D*, is a highly energetic and exciting release from Graham Coxon.

Jen

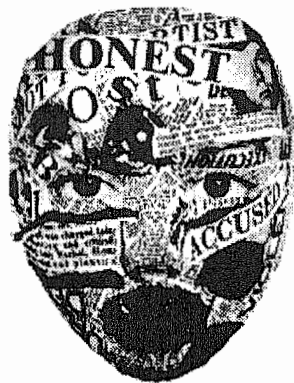


**Jeff Buckley  
Mystery White Boy  
Columbia**

Too much has been said about Jeff; too much has been written about his music. There have been too many people pronouncing his genius, in discussions about his music's posthumous merit. *Mystery White Boy* should serve as the final word on Mr. Jeff Buckley's music. Finally, an album for all those unhappy souls who never glimpsed his live performance for themselves.

The full, rich live ambience; the coalescence of the band members ... *Mystery White Boy* puts the finishing touches to the memory of Jeff Buckley the artist.

Jen



**Various  
Honest  
Island**

Hey brother, you been looking for a groovy soul elixir for you to mellow out to on a cool Saturday night? Well man, this here disc be for you brother. Soundtrack to a new movie what's called *Honest*, this contains some of the sexiest, funkier songs ever laid down. Starting out with The Temptations 'Take a Stroll Thru Your Mind', the CD winds it's way through some ultra groovy tracks from all the greats, including Marvin Gaye, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, The Isley Brothers, Diana Ross and The Supremes, The Temptations, and even a special appearance from the funkier bass player of all time, Bootsy Collins. In between all these classics are bits and pieces of dialogue from the movie, some of which are quite funny in the context of the music around them. Absolute classics included on the CD are 'Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing' from Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell, 'Runaway Child, Running Wild' by The Temptations, 'This Old Heart Of Mine (Is Weak For You)' by the Isley Brothers, 'Stop! In The Name Of Love' from Diana Ross, and the greatest soul song ever, 'You Really Got A Hold On Me', by the Miracles. Usually, soundtracks are just a hap-hazard collection of songs, but I think they've struck gold for this one! If you don't know much about soul music, then this CD is essential listening, or if you're like me and only have most of the music on vinyl, then the CD comes in very handy. Now we'll just have to see if the movie is as good as the music!

L.A.



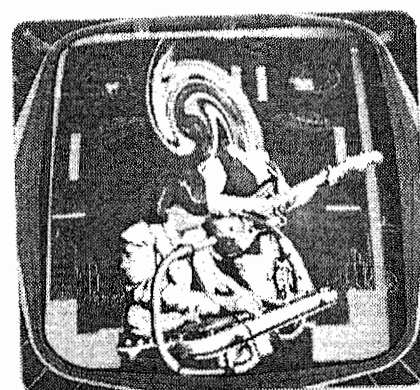
**Jimmy Page & the  
Black Crowes  
Live at the Greek  
TVT/Festival**

What a great idea it was. Putting one of the 90's greatest bands behind the guitarist from the greatest band of all time and stage one magnificent concert. The sensational Black Crowes teamed up with Jimmy Page at LA's famous Greek Theatre and recorded a concert of Zeppelin and other classics. They released the recording on the 'net, but since it was popular, they decided to release it on a double CD to the public. And what a CD it is!

Disc one starts out with the pumping 'Celebration Day', and then flies into 'Custard Pie', 'Sick Again', and the fantastic slow 'What Is And What Should Never Be'. After that, they cruise into the classic rock standards 'Woke Up This Morning', 'Shapes Of Things To Come', and 'Sloppy Drunk', before returning to the Zeppelin stuff with the masterpiece 'Ten Years Gone'. Disc one then closes with the two classic blues jams 'In My Time Of Dying', and 'Your Time Is Gonna Come'. On to disc two, and we begin with the amazing 'Lemon Song', containing perhaps some of the greatest bass playing ever. Then on to 'Nobody's Fault But Mine', hard rocking song from the much underrated *Presence* album. 'Heartbreaker' follows, before one of Zeppelins only non-album b-sides, 'Hey Hey What Can I Do', from the *Immigrant Song* EP. Then it's back into the classic rock'n'roll with 'Mellow Down Easy', Fleetwood Mac's classic 'Oh Well', and 'Shake Your Money Maker'. More Zeppelin follows in the form of the blues work 'You Shook Me', the Bonham penned 'Out On The Tiles', and finally a wild jam of Zeppelins' 'Whole Lotta Love'. All the way through, Chris from the Black Crowes does an excellent Robert Plant styled voice, while the rest of the band also put in a great effort. Jimmy, despite getting on in years now, also does a fine job and plays as if he were back in the Zeppelin days. Also, as if the music wasn't enough to make you buy the

CD, included is an enhanced CD-ROM section which contains some pictures from the concert, as well as a video compiled from the concert. Certainly a great album, this one is a must for any fan of rock music, and definitely for the fans of both Zep and the Black Crowes. And if you can't get enough of the Black Crowes, then look out for their best of CD just recently released too.

L.A.



**Bentley Rhythm Ace  
For your ears only  
Bra/Parlaphone/EM**

When I first received this CD, I had no idea who Bentley Rhythm Ace were. However, after a few listens, I grew to liking the CD. A huge mix of funky rhythms with all sorts of sounds and samples over the top, Bentley Rhythm Ace have certainly succeeded in producing a catchy little album.

Bentley Rhythm Ace play what is best described as funky dance style songs. Generally I'm not into that sort of stuff, preferring the hard rock side of the music spectrum, but this disc just kinda grew on me. I suppose it's the irresistible funky grooves that drive all the music that got me hooked. Starting out with a song full of all sorts of sounds, the funk gets turned on in track two, and doesn't let up for the rest of the fourteen songs. The best songs are the groovy 'A Lot of Stick (But Not Much Carrot)', the cartoonish 'Summer Song Blue', and the wild funky groovy 'Jim'll Twist It'. As a whole the album doesn't contain any dooffa crap that is evident on so much other dance style music, but does contain loads of strange sounds and sampling. There's plenty of grooves to get funky to, and lots of cartoon style sounds to keep you entertained. Dance fans will probably like this, but so will a lot of others too. If there's only one dance record in your collection, then make sure this is it; it's the only one that I've come across that I can stand!

L.A.

# What a fucking wanker



**Billy Bragg & Wilco**  
**Mermaid Avenue II**  
**Elektra**

After the landmark first instalment in this series of songs composed to the legendary Woodie Guthrie's lyrics there was a great deal of anticipation about this album.

There is no doubt that this album has a different sound and tone in comparison to the previous volume, but this has not necessarily detracted from the effect of this album.

One of the great things about the earlier edition was the fact that the tracks seemed to have a somewhat of an innocent, take-it-or-leave-it sound about them. This record however finds the band in a more confident vein, which is probably not surprising given the success of the earlier record and the sell out world tour to support it.

It is still surprising for many, the way in which Guthrie's lyrics, some penned almost 70 years ago, can be so topical and surprising, and it is for this reason that the real star of these records is the words of Guthrie, bless him. Bragg perfectly outlines Guthrie's work as that of 'the first alternative musician'.

Bragg's roots in politically driven semi-folk music seem to endear him to airing Guthrie's near-forgotten words, which is strange as Guthrie was of course not British. It is for this reason that the use of a range of vocalists, including some Yankee talent, does wonders for the songs. It is not possible to discuss the wonders of this album in a short review, and as such the exclamation that this album has both tear jerking songs of battlers along with off the cuff songs of love and longing for extraterrestrial deportation should help people realise that this is at least as good as the first volume of these songs.

These are excellent songs that both sound great and have amazing lyrics, performed by legendary talent. Buy this record as it may change your attitudes and even our country.

Case C. Sinclair

**BOSS HOG**  
WHITEOUT

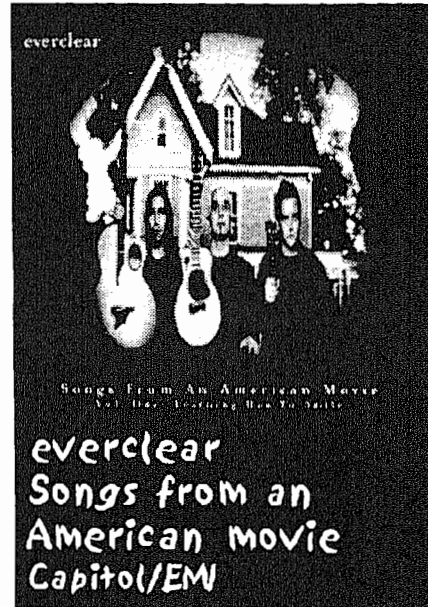


**Boss Hog**  
**Whiteout**  
**EMI**

I knew before I started listening that Jon Spencer (he of the Blues Explosion) was a part of this band and that his wife was the lead singer. I expected something with the same sort of energy levels as the Blues Explosion but this is a much more mellow effort than even the JSBX's last album, *Acme*. Christina Martinez's vocals seem to give the impression that she has control of the situation. This is her band rather than a Jon Spencer side project; he is the guitarist instead of the centre of the band. Jon does get the chance for joint lead vocals on 'Chocolate' with his wife and even gets the chance for some of his trademark egotistical lyrics such as 'you know what I'm talking about!'. But there is something really wrong with the reply of 'oh yeah baby!'. She seems dwarfed by his powerful voice. The better songs on the album are those that omit Spencer from the vocal duties and allow Martinez to carry the vocals by herself. 'Fear for You' is an example which is about as far from a Blues Explosion release as you can get. His presence on backing vocals (rarely uttering anything of any significance) seems to be a waste of his unique vocal style and keeps reminding the listener that this is not the Blues Explosion rather than letting the listener appreciate the music for what it is. Rarely does Martinez really let rip with her vocals but she does have a good voice and on the title track and opener she does sing with a bit of gusto in parts. Only on 'Nursery Rhyme' does she sing with any anger. 'Get it While You Wait' is a definite highlight while 'Jaguar' is also a good song with her mellow verse and Spencer's frantic chorus of 'yeah', 'come on' and 'let's do it' etc. If you can listen to this album forgetting about the name of the guitarist and ignore his scattered vocals that hint at something more powerful and energetic then you will probably be happy with a release that, while not of the same energy levels as JSBX, is a good

addition to the collection for those times you don't feel like being grabbed by the kiwis.

Schnapps



After a huge success with their last album *So Much For The After Glow* Everclear have finally returned to the fray. Their new album *Songs From An American Movie Vol. 1: Learning How To Smile* shows a more matured band (the new album is more radio friendly), but they still retain their classic sound.

The album has twelve tracks, and even on my first listen, I was pretty happy with what I heard. The songs range from the riff based sounds from their hit 'Santa Monica', all the way through to acoustic ballads. The first track is a short soft acoustic intro to the album, and is followed by a more familiar rock sounding 'Here We Go Again'. Track three, 'AM Radio', is my favourite. It has a chord structure similar to Bob Marley's 'Stir It Up', and is all about the good old days of AM radio. A cover of Van Morrison's 'Brown Eyed Girl' follows that, and is a pretty good version, but still fails to hit the highs of the Black Sorrows version. The next few songs are great softer rock guitar songs that are all very Everclear. Track seven, 'Now That It's Over', is a harder rock song which uses a (uncredited) sample of John Bonham's drum intro to 'When The Levee Breaks', arguably one of the best drum sounds ever recorded. After that, it's back to the softer guitar songs for the next few.

Track ten 'Unemployed Boyfriend' is another standout, all about finding Mr/Miss right. The first single, 'Wonderful' is in track eleven, and is followed by an orchestral influenced final

track.

Overall, I was pretty pleased with Everclear's comeback (I guess that description's fair) album. Fans of them should also like this, and they're sure to win over a whole batch of new fans too. A good effort guys.

L.A.



As always with De La there are skits that are annoying after you hear them twice. If you can be bothered pressing the skip button this album improves immensely. You can't program them out because they are not separate tracks, they are just tacked on the end of songs.

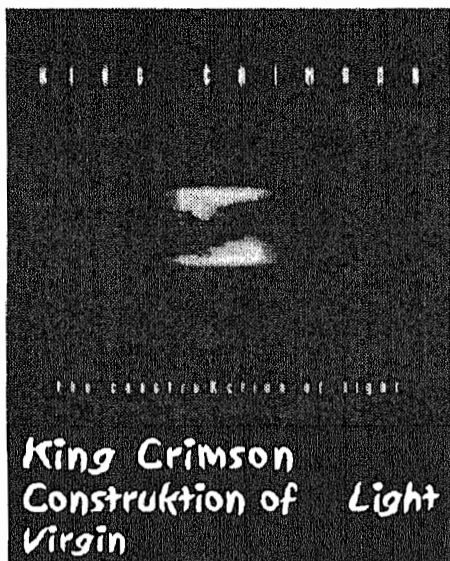
About half the tracks are collaborations with people like Redman, Chaka Kahn, and Mike D and Ad Rock from the Beastie Boys. The most curious guest appearance is that of Busta Rhymes. I thought De La Soul proclaimed they 'hated a Butsa, that is a Busta Rhymes' in 'Stakes is High' but maybe I misheard.

I guess the number and quality of guests on the album shows respect for De La Soul, but I prefer De La alone in tracks like 'Copa (Cabanga)' and 'The Art of Getting Jumped' because their sound is easily lost under their collaborators'.

This album doesn't push the same 'have a good time, but not with drugs, and stop hitting people so much while your at it' attitude that made De La Soul. AOI: Mosaic Thump is not De La Soul is Dead with updated beats. There is no 'Ring Ring Ring' here. Prince Paul is no longer their producer so maybe that is the reason behind the change. Maybe they're just older. De La Soul hasn't gone gangsta of course...but it is hard to see who this album is aimed at. It is a good CD with four or five stand out tracks, but I don't think it will quite satisfy their old fans, or get many new ones.

PM

# What a tosspot, a toe rag

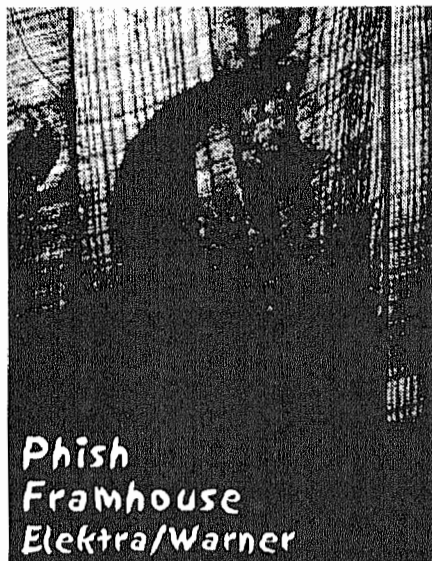


King Crimson  
Konstruktion of Light  
Virgin

Where does one start with a band like King Crimson? Having been around since the 60's, they are one of the few progressive rock bands still with us today. In the modern music world, progressive rock is all but dead, with hardly anyone knowing what the genre is. Made famous by bands like Dream Theatre, Free, and King Crimson, progressive rock involves excessively complex songs, built up on many themes within one song. In a single song, a progressive rock artist can go from a soft sounding theme to a section so heavy that it makes Metallica sound soft. In that way, progressive rock is quite similar to classical music. Keeping the progressive rock thread alive, King Crimson have just released a brand new album of songs.

The album begins with a blues rock song called 'Prozack Blues', which has interesting timing, before winding its way through nearly an hour of non-stop music. From slow blues, the album goes into a hard rock song with a very strong bass line, with all sorts of intervals being played by the guitars. This is followed by singing of all these harmonic intervals, and then a Beatles style song. Some great sounding strings then bridge this song to the next, which has a heavy sound, before breaking into a ballad theme. Track six has a very grungy feel, which carries over into the next song, full of all sorts of sounds and intervals all over the place. This pace then slows to a softer rock and then moves into a crazy timing with a descending chord structure, bridging into the final track, which has a bit of everything.

For those who are a bit bewildered by the description that I have given, that's totally normal. This isn't the sort of album that you just chuck on carelessly. If you're really into your music, then this type of stuff has everything, and is played by very talented musicians. It'll take a few listenings to get used to, but when you do get used to it, I guarantee that you'll like it. Great stuff!



Phish  
Farmhouse  
Elektra/Warner

There are so many talentless artists floating around these days. Just take a look at the top 40 charts, and you'll see exactly what I mean. It's depressing. Useless wanna be musos getting backed by huge marketing campaigns, brain washing all the little kiddies into buying the latest 'all new pop sensation', shifting massive units on the charts, and then dropping the artist as soon as they don't sell a million records in a day. It really sucks. If talentless artists can do that well on the charts, then just imagine what real, talented bands would do if only people knew about them! One of these talented bands that I'm speaking of is Phish, a four piece from Vermont. Their latest offering, *Farmhouse*, is easily the best CD that I've got all year, and is one of the best ones in my collection.

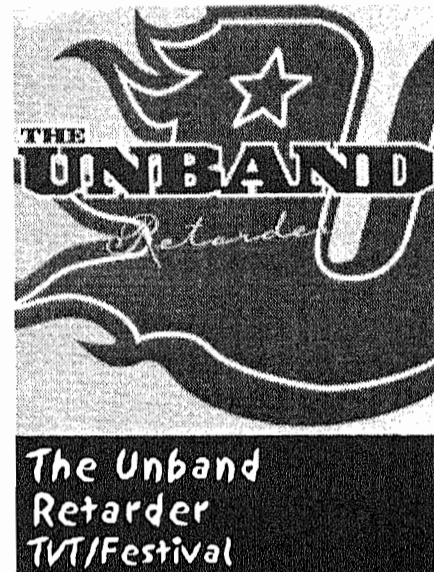
The CD opens with the tittle track, 'Farmhouse', a catchy little ballad style of song. A mix of modern rock and 50's rock'n'roll with a slide guitar thrown in for good measure, this song is sensational! Great guitar solos manifest all throughout this track, and the excellent chorus makes for one of the best songs I've heard all year. Following that is 'Twist', another catchy rock track which never fails to get me rocking along to the beat. A slower ballad 'Bug', is next, followed by a country rock influenced 'Back On The Train'. Track five 'Heavy Things', would be my favourite on the album. It's a quick moving soft rock song all about life's changes.

The next song, 'Gotta Jibboo', has a resemblance to Bowie's 'Golden Years', but is about ten times as good. Another softer ballad follows that, and then comes a live recording of a rock jam session. Back to the slower stuff for tracks nine and ten, with ten, 'The Inlaw Josie Wales', being an acoustic jam. 'Sand' comes in at track eleven, and is a funky little number, before the rocky final track, 'First Tube'.

To anyone who hasn't heard of Phish before, I strongly urge that you get a hold of this album very quickly. It is

easily one of the best albums I've had for quite a while, and I'm sure plenty of others will like it too, despite the radio's not playing it (I always said that the radio's had no taste anyway!). And plus if you buy this, you're actually putting money into the real hard workers in the music business - the original rock musicians.

L.A.



The Unband  
Retarder  
TVT/Festival

On first listen of this CD, it is clear to hear that when cock-rock died, someone forgot to tell these guys! Cranking this CD up reminds me of my younger days in the 80's, when me and all the guys used to go off to all the greats, like Jon Bon, Poison, and the Gunners. Ah yes, the good old days of big hair, bare chests, and way out fashions come rushing back as I listen to this CD. And, as track two on the disc points out, you can never have too much! The three guys in this band sure know how to rock; they don't let up for the entire 14 tracks. Right from track one, it's screaming guitars, screaming husky vocals and classic cock rock all over! In true cock rock tradition, all the songs start out with a riff played on guitar, which is then repeated with bass and distortion, before drums and vocals hit off. The stand out tracks are 'Ski Trip', 'Pink Slip', 'Too Much is Never Enough', and the strange sounding Beatles-esque 'Cocaine Whore'. To add to those great song titles, there are also songs called 'Rock Hard', 'Drink and Rock', 'Dope', and '\$#@?!'. Plenty of hard pumping rock all the way through!

I strongly recommend this CD to any one who can still remember themselves rocking out to a bit of cock in the 80's, cos no matter how much you deny it now, you still love a bit of cock! And not only that, there's a great fold out cartoon poster of the band inside the cover! Wicked, man!

L.A.

## The Singles Bar

No Doubt  
Simple Kind of Life  
Trauma/Interscope

With one hit single already, No Doubt have just released a second single from their great album *Return Of Saturn*. 'Simple Kind Of Life' is a soft ballad all about trying to find Mr/Miss right and settle down into a simple life. Quite a nice song, and a change in pace from the last single, 'Ex-Girlfriend'. Also included on the disc are an acoustic version, and a very good b-side 'Beauty Contest', as well as a video of 'Simple Kind Of Life', and an iron on transfer!

L.A.

Red Hot Chili Peppers  
Californication  
Warner

After three hit singles from the sensational latest album, *Californication*, the Chili Peppers have just released a fourth song, 'Californication', which is already doing well. The tittle track to the album is a softer song, but is easily one of the best on the album, and has a great message to it, as well as a wild video clip. The single also has three b-sides; a wild live version of 'I Could Have Lied', and two live 'End Of Show' jams, one in Brisbane, the other in State College, PA. Also included is a poster of the inside slick of the album (the band in a huddle). A must for any fan!

L.A.

Len  
Feelin' Alright  
Columbia

This triple A-side single, is an unusual melding of a number of styles, including 80's soft metal, tinny drumbeats, and duelling vocals. The semi-rapped lyrics are nothing special, telling the story of someone who despite the odds is "feelin' all right". The remixes by the Dust Brothers and The Wise guys are no reason to purchase. This is nothing more than alternative radio filler. The fact that the "S-word" is censored on this disc is laughable.

Case C Sinclair

## a fart in a jar



**BB King & Eric Clapton**  
*Riding with the King*  
Reprise

'I heard about other English groups like John Mayall's Bluesbreakers and felt that blues might be coming back in a new way. John Mayall could play the blues and so could a kid who played with him called Eric Clapton.

Eric was always saying good things about me in the press, so I knew I mattered to some young musicians. That gave me hope.' (B.B. King, *Blues All Around Me*).

While a lot of guitarists will talk about their 'influences', Eric Clapton has always fervently acknowledged the debt owed by his generation to the bluesmen who came before, Howard Johnson, Charlie Christian, Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley, B.B. King, and a host of others.

Most of those guys were dead by the time Clapton was playing with Mayall's outfit and Derek and the Dominoes. Today King and Diddley are still with us, still playing.

It was probably inevitable that Eric Clapton and Riley B. King would some day work together on an album. Both are blues legends, both are inductees in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, and they've been friends for decades.

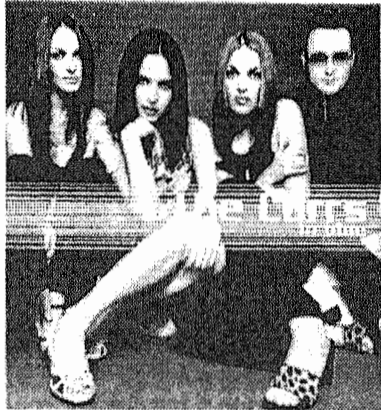
For all its inevitability, *Riding with the King* is a fine album. Clapton has been accused of going soft in his old age, and some music historians lately have questioned the importance of King's contribution to popular music. This album should shut the nay-sayers on both sides; Eric puts his heart and soul into his performance, while - by my reckoning - *Riding* should be album number eighty, an impressive output on anyone's standard.

The songs are classics, from Maceo Merriweather's 'Worried Life Blues' to Broonzy and Seger's 'Key to the Highway', from the Johnny Mercer/Harold Arlen classic 'Come Rain or Come Shine' to the title track by John Hiatt. The production on *Riding* is slick, pol-

ished, but that doesn't take away from the energy of the performances.

*Riding with the King* is a celebration of the blues, infused with the sheer, child-like joy that comes from making music.

Jonathon Dyer



**The Corrs**  
*In Blue*  
Atlantic

It's been three long years since this excellent Irish family quartet have released a studio album.

In that time they have done loads of touring, including Australia, cut their teeth in America, exploded in Europe, had their own *MTV Unplugged* session, covered a Fleetwood Mac song for the tribute album, and played a sell out concert at the famous Royal Albert Hall on St. Patrick's day. Somewhere in amongst all that, the siblings have found time to return home to Ireland to write, record, and produce their third studio album, *In Blue* (ironically, the album doesn't have any blue anywhere in the booklet or on the cover - it's all pink!).

This new album is a continuation of the great sounds that The Corrs had created on their first two studio albums and on their *MTV Unplugged* album. There is the whole pop/rock sound, but there is also the influence of Ireland included. The Corrs sound is truly unique, and *In Blue* clearly expresses this fact.

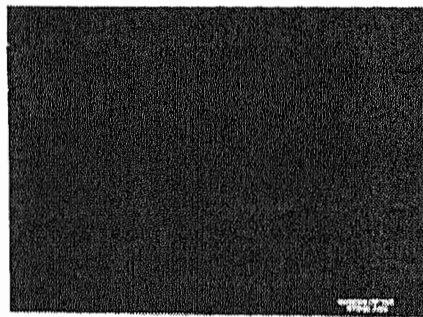
The album begins with the first single, 'Breathless', which is already doing well. Other standouts on the album are the groovy rock 'Somebody For Someone', the beautiful soft ballad 'All The Love In The World', the fast paced 'No More Cry', the funky 'Give It Up', and the traditional sounding instrumental 'Rebel Heart'. Also on the album are 'Radio' and 'At Your Side', both off the *MTV Unplugged* album.

Well, I'm certainly happy with this album. As a huge rock/heavy metal fan, this album, along with the rest

of The Corrs albums, has succeeded in softening me up! In a world where pop music is being dominated by fake, talentless little kids who are only around to make money, it's nice to know that there is still at least one group on the pop chart who can actually play real musical instruments.

And look at that; a whole review on The Corrs without even mentioning how sensationally beautiful they are!!

L.A.



**Queens of the Stone Age**  
*R*  
Interscope/Universal

Good rock'n'roll music is getting harder and harder to find these days. It seems that everyone is busy making all sorts of musical cross overs, and no-one wants to play straight rock music. Well, if you're a fan of the old fashioned stuff, then Queens of the Stone Age is a band for you. Having recently had a track on the *3 Hours of Power* compilation, they've just released a brand new album, *R* (*Restricted to everyone, everywhere, all the time*).

The album begins with a groovy little song that is sure to get you in the right frame of mind for the end of year holidays; 'Feel Good Hit Of The Summer' is all about getting stoned during the summer hols. After that, the classic rock'n'roll sounds begin as the album wind it's way through the 11 tracks. Some of the songs have a heavier sound, some a lighter sound, some fun, some serious. The better songs are the hippie influenced 'Auto Pilot', and 'Better Living Through Chemistry', the *Grease* style 'Quick and to the Pointless', and the heavier 'Tension Head'. Also worthy of noting is the cool brass driven bonus track. With plenty of trumpet squealing and saxophone moaning going on, it's a great way to end the album.

Overall, a very good album that I'm sure will get loads of play time at my house!

L.A.

## The Singles Bar

**Elwood**  
*Sundown*  
Palm/Festival

This fun track has all the makings of a 'summer hit'. Think of a style similar to Cake mixed with the Fun Lovin' Criminals. White rapped verses with half sung (a-la Sugar Ray) choruses. The constant beat has a looped bass line similar to a laid-back 'Jump Around' (House of Pain). The outro vocals are reminiscent of Bono. An instrumental is supplied along with an 'alternative mix'. One true B-side called 'Ohio Sugar' continues in the same style (ie. pop/rap) though slightly more laid-back. It's a pity it's not actually summertime.

Jorm

**Sneak**  
*and another thing*  
Mushroom

Never heard of Sneak, well me neither until a week ago. Their latest single 'and another thing' will be a winner I'm sure with some teenage audiences but not with me. There is a feel-good sound to the music which if you're a fan of bands such as Taxi Ride will suit your taste. B-side 'Isolation' shows that the band are prepared to experiment putting some variety into their music. I'm no Taxiride fan but if you like positive and easy going music you might like this.

Newj

**Supreme beings**  
*of leisure*  
**Strange love**  
*addiction*  
Festival

This song is repetitive and prosaic, and the four remixes which accompany the single are similarly disappointing. Contrary to band member Rick Torres assertion, the Supreme Beings of Leisure's sound is not orgasmic nor is it 'delirious'. 'Strangelove Addiction' begins with an interesting eastern feel, but soon moves into saccharine pop. The vocals are smooth and syrupy and possibly the only redeeming highlight within the song. 'Strangelove Addiction' is receiving high rotation on certain radio stations however, I feel that the foursome have produced a mediocre single. The bottom line is: it's shite.

Jen

# Classifieds: first in best dressed

## Contributions Please

The due date is near ... *Belly* is an innovative and original Australian-made diary for women, showcasing contemporary literature and visual arts from around the country on the themes of pregnancy, birth and early motherhood. Contemporary visual art (including drawing, painting, sculpture and photography), short creative prose pieces and poetry are now being considered for inclusion. Submission deadline is September 15. Send to to *Belly*, PO Box 1663 Byron 2481, email bellyjournal@hotmail.com.

## For Regretful Sale

My beautiful '76 Toyota Corolla. Runs very well, 2 new tyres, registered until Dec. Front passenger door mechanism needs work. \$600 ono. Phone Rob or Nel on 8340 9405 or email nelfredericks@hotmail.com.

## Learn Deep Relaxation

Every Monday for Semester 2. 1.10 - 2.00pm, Counselling Centre (ground floor, Horace Lamb Building). Free. Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

## Managing Your Emotions II

Tuesday 8 August. 1.10 - 2.00pm, Counselling Centre (ground floor, Horace Lamb Building). Free. Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

## Reduce Stress and Worry

Wednesday 9 August. 1.10 - 2.00pm, Counselling centre (ground floor, Horace Lamb Building). Free. Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

## 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'. Great gifts or personal acquisitions. \$40 each or \$100 the lot. Phone Jane on 8355 3036.

## Project & Development Grants

The SA government through the South Australian Youth Arts Board (SAYAB) invites applications for Project and Development Grants. These grants are available for assistance in short term projects, in all art forms, and may be utilised

to promote experimentation in new art forms. Successful applicants must include the participation of children and young people as planners creators and performers, and/or audience. Applicants must be residents of SA and 26 years or under at the closing date of application. Information seminar: Tuesday 5 September or Monday 18 September from 6pm @ Carclew Youth Arts Centre. Applications close Friday 29 September. For more info/relevant paperwork call SAYAB on 8361 9777.

## Child Abuse Seminar

Breaking the Silence: two day seminar, 9am to 5pm, Friday August 18, Saturday August 19, lecture theatre, Queen Victoria Building, Women's and Children's Hospital. Registration for one day costs \$50 for health professionals, \$35 for private individuals and \$15 for ASCA members and survivors. Registration for two days costs \$80 for health professionals, \$60 for private individuals and \$25 for ASCA members and survivors. Enquiries, phone ASCA on 8411 6255.

## Live and Work Overseas

Would you like to live and work overseas as a volunteer? Have the chance to really make a difference to the lives of so many? World Youth International are looking for volunteers to teach in Kenya, Nepal or China, or volunteers who would like to work alongside locals on various community development projects in Kenya or Nepal. We run two programs which vary from a three-month experience to a year-long adventure. If this sounds like a great opportunity to you, give World Youth International a call on 8340 1266 for a brochure. Formal qualifications are not required. World Youth International are a registered not-for-profit organisation.

## Skirmish War Games

Sign up at the OSA or the Clubs Association. The venue will be Wirrina Cove, the date and time 19 August 0800 hours (Barr Smith Lawns). Price only \$35, includes transport, lunch and 200 ammo. Only 100 places, sign up now! For more info call 8303 5852 or 8303 3410.

## Studio Space for Visual Artists

The South Australian Youth Arts Board (SAYAB) invites young visual

artists 26 years and under to apply for subsidised studio space in 2001. Participating studios are the Experimental Art Foundation, the Gray Street Workshop and the Adelaide Central School of Art. Applicants must be able to demonstrate a strong commitment to their art practice through training and skill development. Applications close 5pm Fri Sept 29 for next year. For more info contact SAYAB, 11 Jeffcott St North Adelaide, phone 8361 9777.

## Amnesty Soup Sale

Amnesty International is an organisation dedicated to the freedom of political prisoners and the upholding of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights around the globe. Our worldwide membership of around one million campaign on such issues as torture, the death penalty, and the right to a fair trial through letter-writing, demonstrations, and other forms of protest and education. The Adelaide Uni Amnesty International Club will be selling soup and bread rolls on the Lawns from 12-2 during Clubs Week. Come and support us by buying soup (vegetarian available), taking some Amnesty literature, or perhaps joining us.

## Fem X

This year Fem X, the action and planning conference of the Women's Department of NUS, will be held on the 2nd and 3rd of September in Melbourne. The theme will be Women, Trade and Globalisation. For more information, email Helen Stitt: women@nus.asn.au, subscribe to femx2000@egroups.com, look up the fem x website at www.unistudent.com.au, or phone 0403 065 115 or (09) 347 7744.

## 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 Entertainment, Travel, Current Affairs, Internet, Media, Music, World News, Student Issues. To register interest email Blair Clark at: thebritpacker@aol.com.

## Typing

Do you need something typed? I offer next day delivery (depending on the length of the document) and very competitive rates. Telephone Kym on (08) 844 99905 to discuss your requirements.

**on  
dit**

*... 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. While only having one good eye between them, the editors have complete editorial control. The opinions expressed herein, however, may well not be their own.

### Editors

Dale F Adams  
Eva O'Driscoll  
Darren O'Reilly

### Photographers

Paul Bulley  
Jena Woodburn

### All-round nice guy

Fiona Dalton

### Printing

Cadillac Printing

### Thanks

Penelope Fredericks, our indispensable friend, Kate, Marissa for great freight, Jayne, Rob and Stella, and (good) old Dave Sag.

# ***Kuddly Kleetus.***<sup>©</sup>

*For the tiniest members of your klan.*

**\$66.60**  
plus \$8.946 p&h



**Yes!**

Please rush me a genuine rawhide

***Kuddly Kleetus.***<sup>©</sup>

I understand that the good received may not match the goods pictured. In fact, I am pretty much expecting an interestingly shaped (or otherwise) piece of driftwood with a bit of ripped (and possibly unhygienically stained) sheet caught on a splinter. I am under eighteen and so is my IQ.

Name.....  
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City.....  
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Signature.....

Please make all cheques payable to Turd Herder Enterprises @ Hicksville, Good Ole US of A

# elections

notice of 2000

## annual student elections

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE AND THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

Election week for the 2000 Annual SAUA and AUU Elections shall be:

Monday, 28th August until Friday, 1st September 2000.

Union Nominations open: 9.00 am, Monday 31st July 2000.

SAUA Nominations open: 9.00am, Thursday 3rd August, 2000

All Nominations close: 4.00 pm, Friday 11th August 2000

### NOMINATION FORMS SHALL BE AVAILABLE FROM AND LODGED WITH:

- Students' Association Office, Level 2, George Murray Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- Union Administration Office, Level 3, Lady Symon Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- RACSUC Office, Union Building, Roseworthy Campus (8.30 am - 3.00 pm)
- WISA Office, Waite Campus (9.00 am - 3.30 pm)

Please Note: Nominations close at RACSUC and WISA offices at close of business, Thursday 10th August.

Nominations from Roseworthy & Waite Campuses can be forwarded to North Terrace until 4pm, Friday 11th August.

### ABOUT NOMINATIONS

Nomination forms shall be available from the opening of nominations at the above locations. Completed nomination forms (including 200 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for SAUA paid positions, Union Board and Union Activities, and a 100 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for all other positions) shall be lodged at the above locations by the close of nominations. Upon lodging a nomination form a receipt shall be issued, and candidates shall receive:- SAUA ... a general guide for the conduct of the election and the SAUA Election Regulations; AUU ... a general guide for the conduct of the election and the Union's Election Regulations.

Students who cannot get to the above locations during those hours may receive and/or lodge their nomination form by contacting the Students' Association office by telephone on (08) 8303 5406 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Students' Association, University of Adelaide, 5005) or by contacting the Union Administration Office by telephone on (08) 8303 5401 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Adelaide University Union, University of Adelaide, 5005). Nomination forms by post MUST BE RECEIVED by the respective offices by close of nomination.

### POSITIONS AVAILABLE FOR ELECTION:

**SAUA PRESIDENT** (1 position, paid, full time) Responsible for the overall co-ordination of SAUA's activities, chief spokesperson for the SAUA and Chair of SAUA Council.

**SAUA EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT** (1 position, paid, half time) Chief student advocate in academic matters and assists students who are having problems with the University's academic procedure.

**SAUA ACTIVITIES/CAMPAIGNS VICE-PRESIDENT** (1 position, paid, half time) Co-ordinator and facilitator of SAUA's activities for students and campaigns to promote student interests during the year.

**SAUA WOMEN'S OFFICER** (1 position, paid, half time, candidates must be female) Responsible for promoting a positive role for women within the University and the community at large, an advocate for women's interests, co-ordinator of women's action on campus and assists student with problems such as sexual harassment and discrimination.

**SAUA ENVIRONMENT OFFICER** (1 position, paid, quarter time) Responsible for co-ordinating SAUA and student projects designed to promote, protect and/or regenerate a sustainable environment in Adelaide, Australia and/or the world.

**SAUA SEXUALITY OFFICERS** (2 positions [1 female, 1 male], paid, each position quarter time,) Responsible for creating awareness of sexuality issues, and to act as a referral service to assist students in locating appropriate organisations, persons & social groups.

**SAUA ORIENTATION CO-ORDINATOR** (1 position, paid, requires a great deal of time in summer holidays, position until mid-March 2001) Responsible for SAUA's 2001 Orientation Programme which includes O'Week, O'Campus, O'Tours, O'Ball and O'Guide.

**ON DIT EDITOR(S)** (1 position, paid, requires many weekends during 2001, up to three students may nominate together to be joint editors) Responsible for the publication of SAUA's student newspaper which is published most weeks during academic term. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have some knowledge of producing a student newspaper (if you are considering nominating please find out what is involved).

**STUDENT RADIO DIRECTOR(S)** (1 position, paid, up to two students may nominate to be joint-directors) Responsible for the co-ordination of the Student Radio programs on 5UV, the co-ordination and training of students involved in producing programs. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have knowledge of producing radio programs.

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA COUNCIL** (8 positions, meets fortnightly) The group responsible for determining SAUA policy and the watchdog of SAUA Office Bearers.

Members are expected to contribute to the activities of SAUA.

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA EDUCATION/SERVICES STANDING COMMITTEE** (6 positions)

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ACTIVITIES STANDING COMMITTEE** (6 positions)

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA WOMEN'S STANDING COMMITTEE** (6 positions)

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ENVIRONMENT STANDING COMMITTEE** (6 positions)

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA SEXUALITY STANDING COMMITTEE** (6 positions: 3 female, 3 male)

Standing Committees meet monthly, or more often if a special need arises, and are charged with the responsibility of developing action in the respective fields in co-operation with the responsible SAUA office bearer. Members are expected to contribute towards these activities.

**NUS DELEGATES** (6 positions) The National Union of Students is the body that is charged with the responsibility of representing student interests. Delegates are expected to attend State and National conferences of NUS and contribute to the development of policy and action at a State and National Level.

**GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION BOARD** (18 positions) Union board is the governing body of the Union. Board is directly responsible for the Union Complex.

The Union also provides funding for affiliate bodies of the organisation. The Board meets monthly and has various sub-committees in which Board members are expected to participate. Any members wishing to stand for this position must be over 18.

**GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE** (5 positions) The Union Activities Committee is responsible for organising Union activities for students. The Committee meets monthly and members are expected to help in creating Union activities projects.

### NOMINATIONS RECEIVED AFTER THE CLOSE OF NOMINATIONS SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

Only students of the University of Adelaide may nominate. A student may only nominate for one paid position.

For time and place of voting, please see the forthcoming notice that details polling places.

For further information contact the respective office bearer, Stephen Mullighan - SAUA President,

Jane Kelsall - SAUA Office Manager, Jo England - Executive Assistant or the Returning Officer.

Telephone (08) 8303 5406 / (08) 8303 5401



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