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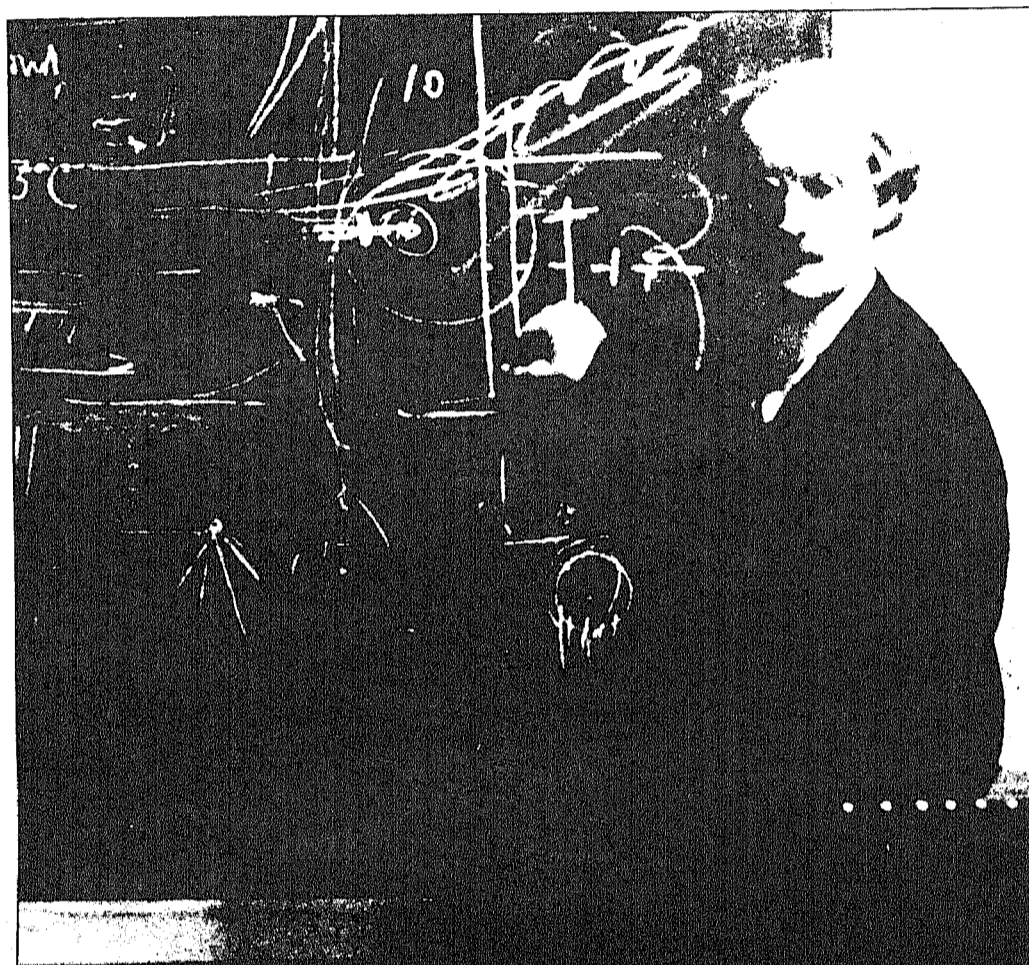
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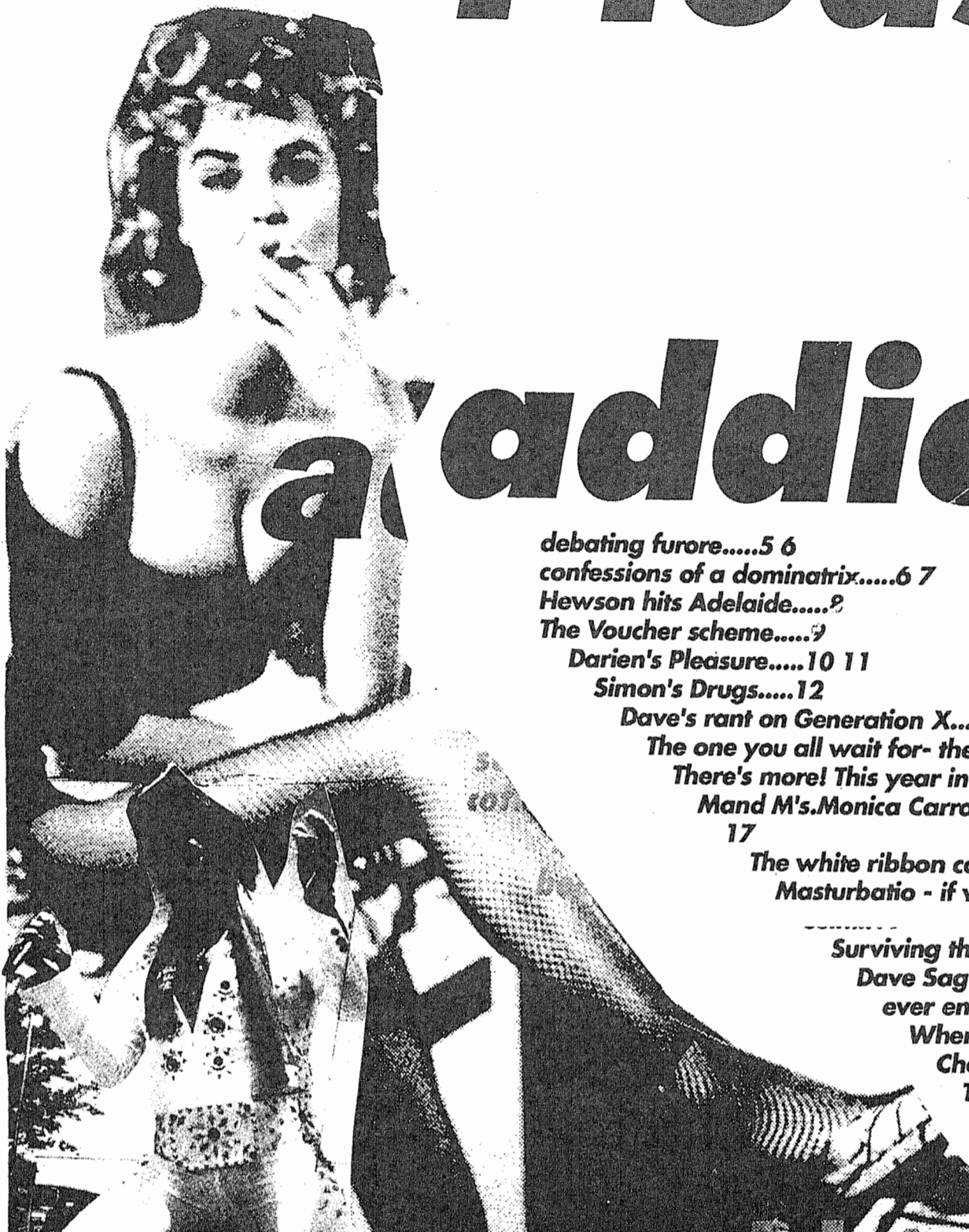
HEATHER QUICK, MANAGER (Ph. 232 0244)

Pleasure



and

addiction



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BOB 'ELVIS' McVAY
Membership: 105

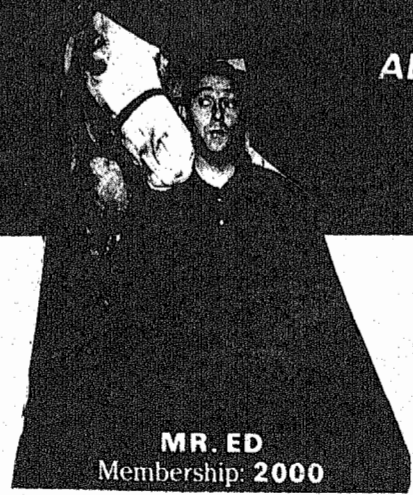
the great big final SPECIAL ISSUE

11-11-1992
Sam and Goodnight JXX

Thanks to Alex Castles, Monica Caroll, Darien O'Reilly, Annabel Crabb, Andrew Joyner, Richard Vowles, Georgina Safe, Sonja Jade Tomas, Fiona Dalton, Dave Sag, Daniel Kearney, Tim Neill, Chris Joyner, Nadine Lambert, Nina, Kerry Scott, Simon Healy, Susie O'Brien, Ann, Sharon and Cathrene, Mel Sander, David Mills, Nick Smith

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Production notes
EDITORS sam maiden and vanessa almeida
FREIGHT annabel crabb
ADVERTISING MANAGER dean page



MR. ED
Membership: 2000



PRINCESS KITTY
Membership: 70

Debating club furore

A number of students have approached Union President Erik Chimelewski expressing concern on funding for the Debating society in 1992. A series of documents since obtained by On Dit indicate uncertainties on the Debating Societies entitlement to grants received from the Clubs Association.

The inquiries were made by On Dit after a meeting of the Clubs Association last Thursday took the tally of monies received by the club since July to \$4462.50 with a further \$1000 pending. The Clubs Association had spent just over \$16 000 on all 94 clubs as of September 30. Last year the Debating Society had received only \$190. Understandably there was some interest in the Union as to why the club had been granted such a large proportion of the budget, indeed far more than any club recently.

The meeting on Thursday granted four debaters - Maria O'Brien, a final year Law student, Jo Dyer, a 4th year Law, George Selvanera, 3rd year Law (President, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Debating Society respectively) and George Karzis, \$2000 to attend a debating championship in Oxford, England from January 3-10, 1993. There is also a further \$1000 which will be granted if the club is unable to find sponsors.

In a letter to the Clubs President on Friday Maria O'Brien and Jo Dyer stated "Along with the administration of debating competitions on campus, participation in such events is the raison d'etre of our organisation. Given the sole aim of the Clubs is to assist its affiliates both financially and

administratively to fulfil its objectives and service their members it is a mystery to the Debating Society as to the reason and motivation for the anonymous attacks being directed against it simply because they are seeking to make use of the available resources"

Previously, the Clubs Association has had a policy of not giving money for overseas travel, in fact grant forms clearly stated that "Grants for international travel will not be awarded."

However at one o'clock last Thursday a Clubs Association Council Meeting changed this provision to allow overseas travel. At two o'clock on the same day the executive passed the \$2 to \$3000 for the Oxford trip.

Maria O'Brien, Jo Dyer and George Selvanera are also members of the 1992/93 Clubs Association Executive, but have made clear that "where there exists any potential or conflict of interest, those members of the Clubs executive also on the AUDES executive have refrained from voting." Indeed they left the room during the vote. Remaining Executive members Kate Jullner, Alan Merrit, Ben Jackson, and Adrian Check voted to grant the money.

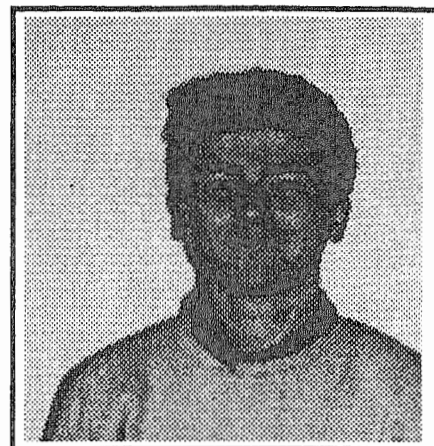
When On Dit interviewed Maria O'Brien on Friday she had this to say on the new regulations allowing overseas travel:

"Well obviously they were only passed at the Clubs Council on Thursday. Because we were on the Clubs Exec we were obviously privy to Adrian's papers, so we were aware of them, obviously placing us at some advantage due to our involvement... but I don't concede ... like that is obviously... you cannot detach that from our present involvement with the clubs, so we were obviously aware of the decision."

In researching this article On Dit was



Maria O'Brien



George Selvanera

given access to the clubs file on the Debating Society which contained all the grant applications lodged over the last couple of years. The file included an application to the previous CA Executive in July of this year for \$2174.50 to send seven unnamed debaters to the Australasian Intersarsity Championships.

The top of the grant form clearly states that no grants will be considered unless minutes of the club meeting at which nominees were selected and travelling receipts are attached. The Debating application does not include this.

At the time of the application the Debating Society stated it was "uncertain" of its nominees, but there would be two teams of 3 together with an adjudicator. The form requested \$924 for seven return train fares, \$1225 for registration and \$25.50 "administration charges"

Club regulations state that grants for travel and registration will only cover a maximum of 70% of the cheapest available transport, i.e. train. The Debating application form indicates that the full \$2174.50 was granted, without showing any reduction of the normal

30%. This form was signed by George Selvanera as Treasurer of the Debating Society.

Again O'Brien and Selvanera stress they did not vote on the grant. As Executive members however they had a full knowledge of the rules. The form requests 100% of the costs.

Late on Friday afternoon we discovered that seven delegates did not in fact attend.

Although the application is for seven participants Tim Gow, who was part of the team sent to Sydney, told On Dit that only four debaters attended the conference. The four were Maria O'Brien, George Selvanera, Nick Ryan and Tim Gow. Jo Dyer was attending a conference of Law students in Canberra at the time and she travelled down to Sydney to meet up with the group. According to Tim Gow she was not part of the official party and received no Debating funding.

Had the Debating Society received funding for four debaters at 70% of costs, the amount would have come to \$859.60 as opposed to \$2174.50, which they were granted. No money has been returned to the Clubs

Sydney Australasian IV

this report is taken from the official debating club newsletter'sophistry



from left: Maria O'Brien, Julian Beachel, Jo Dyer and Nick Ryan

Sydney Australasian IV

The Adelaide contingent are now back from representing you at the Sydney intersarsity in early July. We didn't set the world on fire with our debating, but we certainly milked the event for all it was worth. Here's a summary of the itinerary for your information and envy:

Sunday 5 July

I represented you in the demonstration debate "That we should talk to the animals" held at the Taronga park Zoo. While enjoyed by all who participated this event was proof that exhibition debates should not be held in open air.

Monday 6 July

We scraped through the first debate "That University education should be free" against Monash 3, then we moved onto the official welcome by Justice Kirby and the Karaoke evening in which George Selvanera, starred needless to say.

Tuesday 7 June

Round 2 was "That environmentalism will not succeed" successfully argued against Hong Kong 2. Round 3 was a victory over Macquarie 4 on the topic "That all men are bastards". Round 3 was perhaps the most gruelling of the tournament, "That capital punishment cannot be justified" narrowly won over Macquarie 3. On Tuesday evening I attended an AIDA Council meeting on your behalf and then the Women's council meeting. At that meeting I raised the issue of the company director's exhibition debate to be held the next year being an all boys affair. This was followed by expressions of outrage, and action which resulted in Liz King from Monash and Kath Cummins from ANU being included. Port and chocolate in the very picturesque Sydney Uni Quad followed.

Wednesday 8 July

A sad day for Adelaide. We went down to Monash 2 debating "That heroin should be decriminalized, swiftly followed by a loss to Macquarie 2 on the topic "That the UN gives nice dinner parties, but that's all"

Association, nor has the file ever been furnished with the names of those who were sent to Sydney on the \$2174.50 granted.

Tim Gow told On Dit that members of the team did not travel by train. Instead they flew. Gow was unaware that Clubs normally only pay for a portion of the travel and has not been asked to pay for the transport which was more than that on the form.

Jo Dyer, who was not on the Clubs Association Executive in July, told On Dit that the Debating Society had done nothing wrong:

"What we have done was in order subsidise debaters to go interstate and to compete overseas. We have filled out grant forms. Everything that we have asked for has been well within the guidelines. In terms of whether it is appropriate to send debaters to intervarsities, it seems to me to be a kind of ridiculous notion."

In contrast O'Brien had this to say on July application

"That grant was an upfront one before we actually selected the delegates. That is why there are no names on the grant form. Now historically, and I don't want to mention any names, Clubs Association with regards to grants has not been as accountable as they now are. Adrian has really tightened up on that and extra documentation and what have you. At that particular meeting quite a few grants got through without adequate documentation. I concede entirely that we had not collected the tickets and did not have adequate names on that grant and can only suggest that the grant we received was like the other grants on that day and was over regulation and technically in breach. We, with regard to that grant, obviously did not vote on it. This led to a technical irregularity...and that was tightened up. It doesn't happen anymore"

On Dit is also puzzled about one particular member of the team, Nick Ryan. He is listed in Debating Society membership lists as having a pigeonhole in "miscellaneous" On Dit could not find his name on student

"On Dit believes that the central issue is that the Clubs Association did not grant money to employ PR consultants. The money was granted for travel, and when it was not used, should surely have been returned. In writing this article we were constantly puzzled by the assertion that a diversion of money granted for one purpose, to be used for an entirely different purpose, was in anyway 'O.K'"

records or a pigeonhole. When asked if all the debaters were enrolled O'Brien said that she "believed" all members of the team were enrolled students as she was told that "they were"

Ryan also attended the Sydney Freehills challenge in October of this year, however he did not apply for the grant for this trip which both O'Brien and Dyer received. For this trip Dyer and O'Brien received a sum total of \$288 as a contribution to their costs from Clubs Association.

When asked if there was any surplus from the July grant O'Brien stated that a sum was used to employ a 'professional public relations officer' to promote corporate sponsorship of the planned Oxford trip.

None of the Debating Society members On Dit spoke to could tell us of what exactly this 'professional public relations person' had done so On Dit once again contacted O'Brien on Saturday 31st of October. When asked for the name of the person hired O'Brien referred to a the PR consultant called Jenny Carbins, who works for the Festival of Sydney. O'Brien described the woman as a "close personal friend". She could not provide receipts, or a contract, but informed us she had "stubs". When Dyer and Selvanera visited the On Dit office on Saturday they presented some rough drafts of funding proposals and final drafts prepared by Jenny Carbins.

On Dit believes that the central issue is that the Clubs Association did not grant

money to employ PR consultants. The money was granted for travel, and when it was not used, should surely have been returned. In writing this article we were constantly puzzled by the assertion that a diversion of money granted for one purpose, to be used for an entirely different purpose, was in anyway 'O.K'.

During their uninvited visit to the office Dyer and Selvanera personally attacked Vanessa Almeida for "ringing Maria at home and calling her a liar." They refuted On Dit's explanation that checking facts was part of the editors' job. During the ten minutes in which they screamed personal abuse at both editors they also threatened an injunction to stop the paper and a law suit if the article was 'defamatory'. They refused repeated requests to hand over the documents which they stated was the reason for their visit. Both Dyer and Selvanera were given several warnings that security would be called if they refused to leave. They were also

warned that the event would go into the article if they refused to leave. Eventually security was called, and both debaters left the office with a torrent of personal abuse. Five witnesses were present in the back section of the On Dit offices during the entire intimidating event.

The documents the pair eventually gave to On Dit were largely sponsorship proposals and membership lists already in our possession.

The sponsorship proposals also make interesting reading. On page 4 the document refers to the Debating Society having "a current active membership of over one hundred." The document is signed by Maria O'Brien. When O'Brien was asked how many members the society had she told On Dit there were around "40 members, twenty of whom are active." They offer Qantas various reasons for sponsoring their trip. The reasons include

"To promote Qantas as an caring and astute corporate citizen, aligning itself with internationally elite youth" p6 On Dit has been informed by two Clubs Association delegates that they will move to have Maria O'Brien and George Selvanera removed from the executive under section 5.11.3. They will also be asking for an examination of the precise circumstances surrounding the nature and purpose of the grants paid to the Debating Society in July.

Sam Maiden and Vanessa Almeida

* the 1993 editors Richard Vowles, Georgina Safe, and Fiona Dalton will bring you more news on this matter in their first edition.

"We didn't set the world on fire with our debating, but we certainly milked the event for all it was worth."

Maria O'Brien AUDA President report on the Sydney IV in Sophistry



To cap off our humiliation, our final, and entirely undeserved loss was to University of New South Wales 2 debating "That truth and justice are not the American way." Wednesday evening consisted of a dinner at the Sheridan Wentworth, involving an exhibition debate, "That Australia's future lies in South East Asia." For my efforts in having women involved (belatedly) in the debate, I was made Clerk of the House (ultimate tokenism?) to the Hon. Leo McLeay's Speaker of the House. This involved announcing the motion for debate, and consequently the result, and involved me drinking lots of red before a crowd of several hundred. This (the red drinking) was something of a recurring motif for the Adelaide contingent after they were put out, which event happened when the octo-finalists were announced at this august event. Thursday 9 July

The free day which for us involved a picnic at Lady Macquarie's Chair and shopping. I bought 20 stamps, George bought out David Jones.

Thursday evening was spent cruising Sydney Harbour; again, your representatives did you proud in their loud refusal to skimp on pleasure.

Friday 10 July

It is fair to say that we slept through the Octo finals, lunched through the Octo finals, lunched through the quarter finals, and when we turned up for the semis, were whisked away by the New South people for an afternoon soiree at Watson's Bay, which very pleasant event was followed by the tournament dinner at Sydney Uni. I've included some snaps of this evening for you; later things got messy at Bobby McGees in Darling Harbour. We finally managed to extricate ourselves at about 3am from the black hole that is Darling Harbour to endure a (retrospectively) very entertaining attempt to find a cab.

Saturday 11 July

To my external credit, I rose early and proceeded on your behalf to the AIDA meeting at 10am. This went on for some 3 hours and the following was achieved:

- 1993 Australasian Intersivity will be held in Malaysia, so start saving now. It is

my hope that we can send a full contingent this year.

- 1994 Australasians will potentially be held for the first time in Tasmania, with ANU as contingent host.

- A motion to exclude prepared topics from IV failed.

- Perhaps more significantly, the Affirmative Action motion put up by Fenja Burgland (Macquarie), Kath Cummins (ANU) and the now President of AIDA, Catherine Dunlop of Monash was successful. This requires that for each term sent by a University to IV, they must send at least one woman, or they will be ineligible for the finals. The point of this motion is to address the glaring problem of female participation at IV which seems, if anything, to be on the decline. The motion was passed overwhelmingly, and as your AIDA delegate I voted in favour. The obvious targets of the motion are the traditionally prominent universities who offend in this regard - Sydney, Melbourne, Monash - and it's less of a problem here where we have a strong history of women's debating. In fact, the Women's Debating Club on this was active from as early as 1918, some ten years before any general Debating Club was formed...

On Saturday afternoon the final was held between Monash 1 and Sydney 1 in the Legislative Council Chamber of NSW Parliament House on the topic "That independents hinder the parliamentary process." This very high quality final was won by Monash 1, 4:3. Saturday evening was the farewell party at manning House, Sydney Uni, and you'll be relieved to hear that we threw ourselves into the celebrations, on your behalf.

Sunday 12 July

The festivities being over, we spent the greater part of the day recovering in the Reasonably Good Cafe in Redfern.

Monday 13 July

The tragic day of our (unwilling) return to Adelaide.

Maria O'Brien President of AUDA

HELEN portr

Helen Vicqua, secretary of the Prostitutes' Association of South Australia and trained dominatrix, is an incredibly charismatic and charming woman. Rachel Healy and I popped around to her house on Sunday to talk to her about pleasure and addiction, judging (rightly) that she would have some interesting things to say on the subject.

As we settled back into chairs in her living room and surveyed our surroundings (lots of books, art, family photos, an extraordinarily promiscuous cat, Madonna's *Sex*) maybe we were surprised at the outright normalcy of the surroundings. What were we expecting? Whips? Chains? The newly branded bodies of screaming patrons? I don't know. In any event, the most remarkable aspect of the situation was the unusual charisma of the woman herself. Her speech is liberally interspersed with gusts of raucous laughter, sarcasm and mimicry. Her manner is powerful and articulate and assured and sexy, and her insights on life, love, politics, fruit and fingers based on a life full of experience and experimentation.

When was the first time that you can remember feeling completely powerful in a sexual situation?

After I'd learned a lot from what the prostitutes had to teach me, and had been with the prostitutes in their working environment - and it's really a simple thing, you know? You stand up straight, you have dignity, and if you don't like it, then you don't have it. The prostitutes are so marvellous with that stuff, about saying Don't! or No! or slapping their hands away - they're very powerful, and the clients totally go along with it. They always do what they're told. Interesting, isn't it?

Anyway, I put this into practice when I went travelling - I was, you know, bold and adventurous and promiscuous, which I'd never been before. I used to be a bit like that when I got drunk, but to do it when I knew fully what I was doing - I tried that when I was travelling.

And you felt that was the way you were meant to be?

Yeah! Because I didn't feel scared. The other thing about being powerful is not to be ashamed. If you've got shame, and guilt, then you're more likely to be less assertive. So of course that's how women suffer, from being sexual and from being shamed about being sexual; it takes away a lot of their power.

So is being a dominatrix the natural conclusion of this feeling of power?

The thing about dominatrix is that missive, partly a sexual encounter, partly a sexual negotiation; it has done is add repertoire; I didn't want before. I was; but the whole being dominant I stand. Not until I cling the sex industry.

Do you feel are times you're neither Dominant nor submissive?

Yes! (laughs raucously) Especially when you're in love! That's pretty good, isn't it! You know, everything so flowing and divine... But, you know, I don't want to do this thing all the time, falling in and out of love just to make it happen. because it's just so exhausting. And expensive! (more laughter) No, really! In both time and resources! So my relationship is, you know, people living together and every now and then we set time aside to be in love.

Have you been in love many times?

Oh no, not a lot. About three times.

Have you ever been in love with a boy?

Oh, yeah! I had a husband and all! I did the whole middle class trip - Mercedes Benz, tennis court, two children, Dalmatian - the works! When I first got married, it was exciting (I was twenty seven) it was different so, you know, I enjoyed that, dinners out, trips and sports cars. Then the kids came along, and that was entertaining for a while, too. But I lost respect for my husband, because he didn't do anything! I had to do fucking everything! He justified it all by saying, "well, I didn't want kids anyway". And I was working, completing my degree. He was an asshole!

When you left him, was it a turning point in your life?

Absolutely! I didn't want things to be the same for my daughter, Psyche - so I thought I'd find out about feminism. Sounded like a good idea. I did a bit of reading, and ... far out! I learned amazingly quickly. So then I started to get powerful, you see? Well, he didn't like it and was totally threatened - the relationship disintegrated. And I got bored with men. That was the other thing. I found them banal, they interrupt, they don't listen, they want to dominate, they want to tell you what's wrong with you all the time, you know, they downgrade your achievements. So I thought, hmmm, I'll take a lady lover for a while. I didn't think, wow, I have now FOUND my lesbianism, you know, (more laughter) but I knew straight away, that's for me! It gave me incredible freedom. I mean, I'd already tried affairs with other men; young men, older men, they were all VILE !!

So what's your view of men now?

Well ..., um..., I'm a confirmed man hater, and there is no doubt about it. (giggles deliciously) But I'm open, all the time, to hope. That maybe, they can learn. Which is one of the most marvellous things about a dominatrix. She teaches them that stuff - you know, how to be humble, how to listen, how to ask graciously for what they want. All hookers are teachers; they all have to teach men how to behave. Men are fucked up as much as women, but in a totally different way - you know about all that stuff.

Some men don't even know what they want, when they go to a dominatrix. They're just looking for some experience - they don't know, but it's about experiencing themselves as grateful, humble, loving, caring.

Let's stop talking about boys. What do you think of women?

Well, one of the best parts of being a lesbian is about sharing those parts of yourself which are not mirrored in men. Tenderness, affection, comfort... Those are the things that you enjoy with women. I want to live like that, so of course a lesbian arrangement is the best.

I have a more detached view of the world now, especially since my mother died. I don't have to prove anything anymore - my mother's dead, she loved me and was proud of me and you know, thought I was weird for a while. You may as well be dead if your mother's dead, I adored my mother.

".. the most remarkable aspect of the situation was the unusual charisma of the woman herself. Her manner is powerful and articulate and assured and sexy."

being a it's partly sub-dominant. In ter, you don't one, it alter- arrange it and partner. What to my sexual have a domi- certainly a flirt thing about didn't under- started chroni- try. that there when ther?

ait of a dominatrix



experiment with the whips, then Helen plucks a cane from a vase and gives it to us to take home.) Buy a ten dollar sex shop whip and have fun!

It is really difficult to overcome the inculturation you have had ever since you were born. How can you believe that it is okay to be sexual, okay to want what you want sexually, that any expression of your sexuality is okay? It's also difficult to come to the realisation that it doesn't matter what the fuck everyone else thinks. Being forty helps you overcome the culture. You know, I've done everything they wanted me to do. Married, the works. Now I can do it my way.

Do you think that many men tend to fall in love with their dominatrix?

Well, I slap them when they get romantic! You know, "Don't get romantic with the mistress, boy!" (in commanding tones) Anyway, I'm so bloody bossy! Why would anyone ever want to have a romance with such a bossy bitch?!

It's funny, confuse mistress,

called in the Victo- mistress - lovely and, oh, it's so gar- y o u You can surprise out!

Th e the ulti- she's improvising all the time. Improvising an erotic experience.

Do you have any vices, or addictions?

Oh yes, I smoke and I drink coffee.

What's your favourite fruit?

Ooohh, something luscious, let me see ... raspberries!

What's your favourite body part?

My favourite body part? Hands. Tongues are good! But hands, hands give the most pleasure. If I start to get interested in people, I start to look at their hands.

What were you like at school?

Oh! Very clever, very naughty, but mostly compliant.

So what would you suggest to women in the position you were in before you left your husband? How do women seize sexual power?

Buy a whip. No, seriously! Just buy a whip and practice strutting with it in front of a mirror. It really works! Here, try it (at this point Helen disappears and returns with a riding crop for each of us.) See? Now just strut around for a few minutes and practice. Does it make you feel powerful? (five minutes ensue in which Rachel and I

Do you have any childhood friends?

Well, I did have one, but she could never come to terms with my political stance on prostitution. But I knew that I was onto the right thing, because... I'm not just fighting here for the rights of a few hookers, you know? I'm fighting for the rights of all women to explore and enjoy their own sexuality. If all women were free to do this the world would be a far better place. And I've believed this for years; that liberation is about sexuality. The criminalisation of prostitution is a public exclamation of the degradation of women. So we have to get rid of the criminal code from women's sexuality.

A lot of feminists would argue that prostitution isn't about sexuality. How would you respond to that?

Well, I guess prostitution is also about women's right to work, about the power of choice over their own bodies, about women's right to have their own resources, and also to be independent from men. I guess this is kind of funny, because you still have to fuck them, but actually prostitutes are much more likely to be free from men. For example, there is a much higher proportion of lesbians in the sex industry than in the general community. That's interesting, isn't it? At least 25% of hookers are lesbians.

Do you have any more major ambitions?

Yes, I do, I want to write a play called "Learning to Tango", about older women, menopause, and sexuality. I want to write an opera, and in my seventies I want to learn the cello, play in a chamber group and write poetry.

What's the most pleasurable situation you can imagine?

Well, being in the suite of a large hotel, overlooking the ocean, and making love on a big bed. Lots of stroking, and a little sniff of cocaine...

...and a punnet of raspberries?

(laughs) Yes, and raspberries! But, you know, there's enormous pleasure in walking through the rose gardens. And if you can't get joy and pleasure from those things, seeing the crescent moon and walking through rose gardens, then the fucking Hyatt's wasted on you. Totally wasted. I think that pleasure comes from within, the ability and the openness to it, and it's an attitude, the 'yes' attitude; yes, yes, YES, oh yes. It's that attitude to life that gives pleasure.

...and love your lilies?

Yes! Love your lilies! Love the goddess!

The interview ended here, and we wandered off with Helen to see her impressive range of whips, chains, handcuffs, masks, gauntlets and spurs which were all housed demurely in a pink room.

Some chick!

Annabel Crabb



Hewson hits Adelaide

The Leader of the Opposition came to Adelaide University campus last Monday and further demonstrated what we can expect from a coalition government.

Dr Hewson was the guest speaker at the Milne Memorial Lecture held in the Bonython Hall. The lecture was organised by the Milne Memorial Society who are a non party-political organisation; the first of such lectures was given by Robert Menzies and the last one was held in 1981.

A group of protesters met Hewson on arrival shouting anti-GST slogans, but he seemed unfazed, as such a reception no doubt awaits him all over the country. Inside he received a standing ovation from the small elderly Liberal audience.

Dr Hewson's speech was *bloody boring*. Even the die-hard Liberals must have been disappointed with his dribble that

lasted almost an hour. He repeatedly used such phrases as "bilateral and proactive foreign policy", which sound nice but means very little. What he did reveal in his discussion of the coalition's foreign policy was that the Liberal's policy is very much the same as the current government's, except that the Liberal's have even less

regard for human rights than Labor does. In what he described as a revolution in trade and foreign policy, Dr J showed that the coalition is capable of very little original thought.

So, what is this revolution in Australian foreign policy that we can all vote for next year? First of all, Hewson aims to increase ties with Asia. Sound familiar? He wants to increase exports to Asia to improve Australia's external position. He also aims to increase our defence links with our neighbours and develop our industrial military complex by exporting more arms. None of these goals are different from the present Labor Government's, so it is strange that the Liberals think they can succeed where the ALP cannot. Currently, Asian countries are involved as much as they

"Dr Hewson's speech was bloody boring. Even the die-hard Liberals must have been disappointed with his dribble that lasted almost an hour."

want with Australia, especially in the defence area, and Australian arms exports have not turned out to be the money spinner that the Government had hoped they would be. How Hewson aims to turn this around is not exactly clear, but in his speech he proposed the

innovative idea of Ministers holding trade delegations when overseas. This will make a huge difference, I'm sure.

Despite the obvious false hopes of the Opposition Leader, the most frightening aspect of the proposed foreign policy is its stand on human rights. Dr Hewson said that the coalition would respect that other



countries and cultures have different standards of human rights. So much for the United Nations Universal Declaration on Human Rights. (At this point in the lecture came the only interjection - "That's bullshit, John!") Whose view on human rights in other countries will the coalition consider - the government's or the people's?

A coalition government would also not break off political and business ties with countries for human rights abuses. Hewson cited his visit to China in September 1990, where he explained the Liberal's human rights policy directly to the Chinese administration. They must have been

shaking in their boots.

Ultimately the coalition would retain ties with such countries if it is good for business and development would be preferred to human rights. To Dr John human rights are likely to be improved through trade.

So, what can we expect from a coalition foreign policy? Much of the same; more rhetoric about human rights, but even less action. Dr Hewson's foreign policy is not a revolution, but more a policy of self interest. Andrew Wait.

Union Activities for Week beginning Monday, 2nd November, 1992

Monday, 2nd November

10 am - 5 pm Architecture Students final year projects exhibition in Union Gallery. Continues until Friday, 6th November.

Tuesday, 3rd November

12 noon - 3 pm Melbourne Cup Luncheon in Union Bistro. Three-course buffet and glass of champagne for \$12. See the big race on the big screen. Prizes for the best dressed, bring your hats.

Wednesday, 4th November

6 - 9 pm "Marketing Yourself for Employment". A short seminar that you can't afford to miss in the Craft Studio for only \$20. Ring 228 5857 for more information. Course includes: Managing your career path; Researching your preferred employer; Communications and marketing yourself; Preparing your CV; Preparing for your interview; Confidence at the interview; Feedback from the interview.

UniBar Tooheys Special

All stubbies of Tooheys Red, Blue and Old are on sale at \$1.80 instead of \$2.50 in UniBar after 2.30 pm until closing each day until end of semester.

Coming Soon - "A Big Day Out" - Australia Day, 1st February 1993 at Adelaide Uni. 11 am - 10.30 pm. Outdoor gig with "Iggy Pop", "Sonic Youth", "Disposable Heroes of Hiphocrisy" and lots more, details soon. Student tickets \$35 available only from Uni Record Shop from Monday, 2nd November. Regular price will be \$42 presold, or \$50 on day. Student tickets on sale until 18th December, 1992. Buy before Christmas!

Craft Studio Summer Schools

24th January - 20th February, 1993: Courses include pottery, home brewing, lingerie, silk painting, Tai Chi, drawing, floral.

Thanks to On Dit and your readership for your support of Union Activities all throughout the year!
Sherry, Paul, Gary and Barry
Union Activities

THE VOUCHER SCHEME

why free market economics won't work in education

Susie O'Brien looks at the Liberal/National Coalition's plan to throw higher education institutions and students into the marketplace.

The Essential Concept

The essential concept of a voucher system is to "empower purchasers of educational services with the financial resources to buy the education each purchaser would prefer from the provider each would choose." (David Lundberg, *Vouchers*, p1) The higher education system would become market-controlled, with private and public institutions competing for students, replacing the present system which is primarily shaped by central government resource allocations.

The state would provide the voucher to the student who would then hand it over to the public or private education institution of their choice, which would then receive funding from the state for each voucher. Universities could offer any course they wished, and would be able to charge additional fees and levy full fees to Australian students unable to obtain vouchers.

How Would the Voucher Scheme Work?

One of the major proponents of the voucher scheme in Australia is Professor Peter Karmel, who to date has provided the most detailed picture of how the voucher scheme may operate, so I will refer to the ideas outlined by him in his John Curtin Memorial Lecture, December 1991.

Institutions will be free to fix the fees in each course according to such criteria as they may wish to use, including demand, costs associated with the course, perceived market value, and so on. There would need to be some cross-subsidisation of courses. Professor Karmel has estimated that for a "cheap" degree like Arts the cost may be \$5,000 per year, and for degrees like Medicine and Dentistry the cost may be around \$13,000 per year. A postgraduate research degree may be as much as \$23,000. (*The Australian*, 21/8/92) The institutions are already perceiving enormous difficulties in calculating the cost of each course.

The Commonwealth will then provide vouchers to students allowing them a partial rebate on the fees. Dr David Kemp suggests that the vouchers may cover about 75% of the fee. (*The Australian*, 14/10/92) The balance of the fee would be paid by the student either upfront (presumably with a 25% discount), or deferred and paid back through the tax system in same way as the Higher Education Contribution Scheme. Dr Kemp has indicated that students would also be able to take out a loan. His statements on this issue support one of the claims that students made about the Chapman loans proposal: the Labor Government has introduced a scheme which the Opposition will be keen to adopt and extend.

The Commonwealth will set the number of vouchers available, and may also intervene in their distribution. Professor Karmel suggests that the Commonwealth may wish to allocate 50% of vouchers to school leavers and allow the institutions themselves to allocate the other places. By allowing the institutions this level of freedom, provision which the Commonwealth at present expects institutions to make for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander students, mature-aged and special entry students, and those from disadvantaged backgrounds would no longer be guaranteed.

Student Concerns with the Scheme

1. The assumption that consumers would be making an informed choice, resulting in a high quality education system. I would question firstly the assumption underpinning the application of free market theories to higher education. The essential element of this market-based voucher scheme is that the consumer in choosing an institution will be in the position to make the most informed decision; logically weighing up the various offers and choosing an institution on the basis of the quality of the educational services offered. I would argue that students would not see this as an important or decisive element of their reasoning. Students choose institutions on the basis of such considerations as prestige, location, ease of access, facilities, course offerings, the

level of informal activity on the campus and the student life. Even if students were keen to assess the quality of the courses, there are very few mechanisms to facilitate this effectively. Self help books such as *The Independent's "Good Universities Guide to Australian Universities"* (by Dean Ashenden and Sandra Milligan, published by Mandarin, Australia) although interesting and useful to a point, is superficial and misleading in some areas. The universities themselves seem to find it difficult enough to arrive at a genuine evaluation of the quality of their facilities and courses; a student new to the system would find it impossible. I would argue that the competition between institutions would lead to a proliferation of information with only a positive focus and, in many cases, would be misleading. The following excerpt from the *University of Adelaide Undergraduate Prospectus* is an example of the kind of statements students would be bombarded with:

"the values and qualities which it (Adelaide University) promotes are those which contribute to the development of a cultivated and humane society, and encourage independence of thought and a spirit of critical inquiry and prepare students for leadership within a society experiencing significant and rapid change." (p7)

The point being made here is not that the University of Adelaide may provide only positive information; rather that this kind of (mostly unhelpful) information would be available to prospective students, rather than that which genuinely gives them the opportunity to make an informed decision based upon facts.

There is also likely to be a proliferation of private courses, private colleges, and industry-based training schemes. The same concerns apply; it is likely to be those with huge advertising budgets and prestigious industry links that will attract students. There must also be a regulatory mechanism operating, such as a Higher Education Trade Practices Commission, to set some standards for new private operators.

2. Institutions would be competing on an equal basis.

One of the fundamental flaws in this scheme is that the larger, more prestigious institutions such as Melbourne University or the University of Western Australia, because of their inner city locations, beautiful campuses, eminent alumni, and well established student unions will be able to charge higher fees than some of the smaller, newer, less prestigious universities, particularly those who were former Colleges of Advanced Education. It is in general the smaller, possibly rural universities that will actually need to charge higher fees because of their more limited investment and entrepreneurial opportunities, yet it is likely to be these institutions who will be forced to keep their fees down to attract students. In this way, such institutions which students will choose only because of the lower fees, will be relegated to second best in what would be a downward spiral. The Vice-Chancellor of the Victoria University of Technology has stated that his university would not be able to afford to cut fees to attract students. (*The Australian*, 21/10/92) This institution, specifically designed to provide educational opportunities for students from the western suburbs of Melbourne, is particularly likely to suffer under a voucher scheme as the fees it may have to charge in order to continue to produce quality courses, may price it out of the market.

3. Institutions will be able to charge full upfront fees to domestic students

Another concern is that institutions will be free to offer full upfront fee places to domestic students who do not meet the standards required to obtain a voucher. This means that students who have money, but not necessarily the academic capability, will form a second tier in educational standards. I do not accept the argument that the current practice of admitting full upfront fee paying overseas students discriminates against Australian students. The overseas student presence in Australian universities fosters goodwill and understanding between Australia and Asian/Pacific/African countries, and has economic advantages for the Australian economy, both while overseas students are studying and when they are graduates. I do not think the 'freedom' to pay full upfront fees at university or TAFE would

be a particularly liberating experience for most Australian students.

There is also the fear that the voucher scheme may initiate the end of any real government provision of subsidised places, and may simply be the precursor of full upfront fees. As HECS increases beyond the CPI have shown, once mechanisms are in place for reducing government outlays on higher education, it is easier to bring in fuller privatisation measures.

4. Can the universities manage the increased financial responsibility?

Another question which must be raised is whether the institutions are ready for the increased financial responsibility that is an inevitable consequence of the voucher scheme? The University of Adelaide, among others in the last year, suffered a multi-million dollar budget blow-out, and it seems that the University of Sydney is the latest victim of internal financial mismanagement.

5. Some of the finer details are yet to be established.

Some of the most fundamental details of the voucher system are still to be established. One of concern is that once students are allocated their voucher on the basis of their year 12 mark or equivalent, does the voucher allow them a place in the course they nominate or does it automatically calculate it according to the mark obtained? Further, how will the scheme deal with students studying jointly at more than one institution? Will the voucher be valid for just the minimum length of the course or will it be deferrable or available for part-time study?

The supply issue also must be explored. Some arrangements will have to be made for when demand exceeds supply. The proposal for overseas students is that access would be allocated by a ballot draw; for Australian students one suggestion is allowing fees or charges in addition to the value of the voucher to regulate access. (Lundberg, p9) However, the idea seems to be that the vouchers will allow for the expansion in areas of high demand.

The question of oversupply should also be looked at: should institutions continue to provide a course just because of the high demand, regardless of labour market needs, and social needs? The effect on the market value of the educational attainments being conditioned by individual choice could mean that the value of the qualifications vary according to shortage, oversupply and so on.

As *Modern Times* stated, the voucher scheme contains "old and unworkable policies, some of which have been debated for more than a generation." (March 1992) The voucher scheme is being touted as a dynamic means of dealing with increased higher education demand while curbing government expenditure. The reality is that the main features of the scheme are inequity and instability.



In the Sun, Summer Fun

Summer is coming as well we all know. Glancing nervously over our shoulders we can all see the exams and essays heading towards us in a hurry. These harbingers of doom or the two horsethings of the tertiary apocalypse also bring with them the return of your friend and mine-summer.

Summer assumes many different faces to people but scratch the surface of us all and the lowest (highest?) common denominator will be found. The LCD is pleasure.

There is something special about summer that tilts the pleasure to pain ratio in favour of pleasure. We're not sure what this mysterious force is, so in order to find out about the certain indefinable something that arrives with the international touring cricket team we decided to canvass you, gather your opinions on summer, summer pleasures and fantasies, collate the answers and then release them.

Summer is the time for hedonism. Summer is the time to relax, summer is the time to forget about responsibilities to anything or anyone and concentrate on exploring the realm of self-indulgence to see how far it goes. The realm is as large as you want it to be. Allied to a healthy dose of self-indulgence is imagination; the larger one, the larger the other. To understand how to please yourself, it helps to understand how to please others. The wise listen to advice and the fool lives it. - (Sorry 4 am is beckoning and I'm a tad overtired.) This summer listen to your urges, follow your cravings, indulge your neighbours and stride confidently down the path of pleasure.

The Adelaide University Student Body Summer Pleasure List.

Wandering around the cloisters, the Barr-Smith lawns and circle, the Maths-Science lawns, refecs etc. one gets a good opportunity to witness firsthand the differing pleasures that are available. Christians dry humping, ravers grooving and out cooling each other, mature aged students chatting socially to their younger lecturer and gaffers gaffing just to name a few. Naturally(?) some people were a little shy with talking about their pleasures but more than enough people were available to make up the several studio audiences needed for this list of summer pleasures to be.

The main winners in the pleasurable things about summer category were the traditional 3 of beer, beach and bonking as well as Mrs J Rawlinson of 23 Ettington Ave Ethelton. For those of you wondering if the numbers and the answers support patriarchy- fear not. The survey was politically correct (pc). So there or so long see you honey.

51% of respondents were female and no correspondence shall be entered into unless you rooly rooly like the judges.

"I really like Choc Blocks. No, I mean I really fucking like my Choc Blocks- They're cheap, they're creamy and they've chocolate on the outside. Hard yet soft and creamy. Yep, they're great." Ice creams and ice blocks met with rapturous acclaim and were hailed as a sign that good good things are coming. SNIPS and Paddle Pops captured the runner up spots and wouldn't be at all disappointed with their form.

"Lager, God bless its little heart" Beer seems to meet with widespread approval and has the uncanny ability to transcend cultural and age boundaries. "Beer cold, beer chilled or beer tepid," could almost be the catchcry of Generation X if they could be bothered. Make mine a lager as well.

"The sand, the surf, the waves, the wind. How can you beat the beach?" If you can forgive the tautology, this quote aptly sums the love/lust affair that Uni bods seem to have with the beach. Get down there anytime, miss squelching the jellyfish between your toes and have a blast man. Add the general love we zany undergraduates have for suntanning and applying sunscreen and the beach is the place to go if you like folk rubbing your back and you can't convince them to give you a massage at home.

"I love warm nights with a cool breeze because the breeze makes your skin go goose bumpy. This feels really fine, sensual but best of all feels like a really good, potent amphetamine blast" This quote placed several pleasures and combined them all. Warm nights, cool breezes and drugs were all high on the list of summer pleasures with a canny mixture of all being some folks preferred option.

"The feel of cool sheets under my naked body as I bonk." Unsurprisingly sex was a large favourite with practically everybody mentioning it. A little bit more surprising to some would be the high pleasure rating of masturbation. No rejection coupled



Where's my Choc Block then, you old cow?

theme as was the popularity of bikinis amongst the males interviewed. Face it, voyeurism can lead to flirting and everybody knows that flirting is FUN. This coupled with the widespread approval of beer gardens, going out late and warm evenings has probably resulted in more public transport stiffies than any bus anywhere. A public transport stiffy is also known as a Humby or a Hollywood Loaf. Just more shit that I know.

The general atmosphere was mentioned frequently but was the Loch Ness Monster of the interviews with most people responding first with a "you know". Of course you know what they mean but try to define that elusive quality that separates summer from the rest of the seasons. I can't. I can only assume that it is a heady mixture of all summers' pleasures and the onslaught of holidays plus leave loading for the lucky few.

"Everybody is happy- like its a sharing and caring time. Gregarious, relaxed, friendly and fun. Summer is cool."

The list of why is summer is best, and, summer pleasures, should be kept, pinned to the fridge under an Adelaide University Union fridge magnet and adhered to. Try to tick off at least one or two a day and your summer will shit on mine as I'll be earning approximately 3 cents an hour in the SAUA working as a photocopier.

Things to do, games to play and stories to tell.

- Frisbee
- Pinball
- Chance to complain about heat instead of cold.
- Chance to wear shorts and freedog on the cloisters.
- More money spent at the pub

- Sweat
- Tennis
- Watching the heat haze off of bitumen
- Sailing
- Fucking on the banks of the Torrens
- Sitting on the banks of the Torrens
- Smoking Stuyvies on the banks of the Torrens
- Anything on the banks of the Torrens
- Creeks
- Sitting in the sun and shooting the breeze
- Spending money
- Scoring lots of boys/girls
- Bucketing into a shabby mess
- Drinking huge amounts of coffee
- Drinking Sangria with lots of fruit in it
- Iced coffee
- Beach Volleyball
- Dark Oakley Sunglasses. We've got a live one here
- Golf- Beam me up Scotty
- Pocket Pinball. The only game where it truly matters that you beat yourself and get the high scores.
- Wading at the beach. Keep clear of coke cans and tins in the water.
- Fizzy drinks
- Skinnydipping anywhere. The more public or more chance to get seen the more exciting and challenging. Try the PAC pools or Urrbrae or the Aquatic Centre.
- Salads
- Darts
- Forgetting about responsibilities to anything or anyone
- Going overseas
- Rollerblading. The kids love it. They want to see the O'Week Directors on them. Then again who doesn't?
- Parties. Quintessential summer fun. Music, lager, fine friends, witty banter, drugs, pool, lighted matches, inflammable material and stiff little fingers to your neighbours and fun is headed your way.

Come on Baby

- Enjoying the extra hour of daylight saving. Make this park or beach time.
- Watching the young birds learn to fly.
- Watching soaring birds
- Twilight. Great colours when cloud is around and the northerly has brought in a bit of dust.
- Water pistols. For untold grown up fun.
- Running barefoot on grass. Watch out for the prickles and this is a good one.
- Tripping. See Simon Healy's article. Take a whole. Go on I dare ya!

- Walking late at night
- Watching the sunrise. "Sunrises are beautiful because you can get up watch it and think to yourself-Hot damn another day to do nothing in"
- Skating
- Chatting with friends in the sun.
- Wearing new bathers
- Waking up late and knowing that you can nap again for no reason
- Crabbing
- Fishing. "Fishing is better in the summer because you don't freeze your nuts off"
- Wearing shorts and silly hats
- Bike riding
- Bubble blowing in the sun

- Nadine Lambert
- Jack Daniels
- Salami
- Cussing- "fark etc etc"
- Scratching
- Xmas
- Building sand castles
- Going to Grandma's house for lunch
- Enrolling

Of course there were some folk who didn't like summer. You and I, we dance to the beat of a different drum. "I didn't have any pleasure last summer as I'm married" should be a warning to everybody. "I've

been studying too hard to think about summer pleasures" should remind people that all work and no pleasure turns Jill/Jack into a gug. "Summer gives you cancer" Well there goes the theory about cigarettes and radiation. Luckily only a few people objected to summer leaving them in a small minority that needs our understanding, help, love and money to make them summer keen. This can be achieved with patience.

Be my Summer Girl

What summer would be complete without a bit of your favourite raunch? Summer is the ideal time to take the bull by the horns and indulge in all those outdoor fantasies that you have had. If no outdoor scenes, then summer is still the ideal time to caste caution to the wind, grab a partner, go crazy and head for the West Coast. In the same vein as summer pleasures, favourite fantasies (both sexual and non-sexual) were asked of the people lucky enough to not say no to our questioning. The diversity of fantasies reflected the diversity of sexual opinions and desires that are on campus. Unfortunately the people who chose to not remember even their grade 6 fantasy of the teacher (usually Art, Music or Sport) showed a marked lack of caring for my dwindling reservoirs of fantasies. Ah well, there is always Chances.

Adelaide University Fantasy Island.

Da Plane is called and Rob "Ricardo" Montalban-Brice springs off down Victoria Drive in VGR 182 aka Moms Taxi to pick up the next lot of lucky people who will get their alltime favourite non-sexual fantasy filled. The maroon ghost cruises as Barry "Tattoo" Salter picks the pockets of the guests and away they go to have their fantasy fulfilled. A poor shelfpacker wants underwear that doesn't ride up the bottom cleavage. "Done," cries the L'il Tacker as T?? starts swimming through a room completely filled with money. The Union buys another lucky guest a ski resort in Austria as a queue starts to develop, with the staff at the front, at a window. Money for nothing and chicks for free blares the sign. The motorbike ride around Australia with no destination in mind leaves in 3 hours but there's plenty of time to

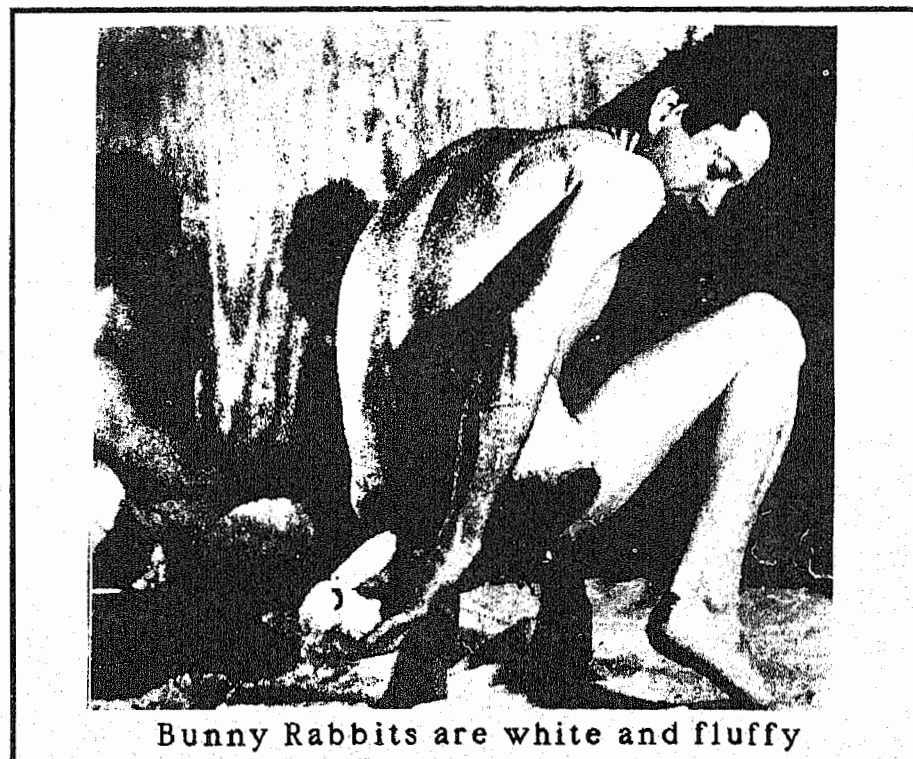
play cricket for Australia, become the best bass player in the world, set a new water-skiing record, spend forever in a room full of buds with a water bong and my perfect match, live in the country and become self-sufficient, sail around the world and change the special powers of the Westminster Parliament over Northern Ireland. Anne "Sex kitten" McEwen takes over from as sexual fantasies are recorded and acted upon; even if only in dreams. "How do you explain your sexual fantasy without sounding like a Barbara Cartland Novel?" was a question bandied about frequently when asked about fantasies. The bare bones were asked for and received. Some people opted for the easy option and responded that to be *incredibly rich would be a sexual fantasy for them because then they could screw who they wanted*. Others were slightly cynical about teen stars: "Teenage boy fantasies such as bonking Luke Perry are just boring." Fucking/bonking/rooting in public were big hits with the Barr-Smith Lawns and Library proving very popular with both sexes. "In the 900's with ? and do what we do best." Sex in the Cargo Club female toilets received a guernsey as did sex in a sauna with Brett from Home and Away. STA buses and aeroplanes cropped up as did ? who wants to score a century in the nude then run off the ground and make love to any woman. "Bonking my brains out on the altar of a church would be fun." The PM should visit campus- he could get lucky publicly. Waterbound sex was also popular with underwater experimentation, sex in cool waterfalls (Mannum maybe) and beach sex foremost. "I love licking the salt off a womans body as they exit the sea." "There is

a perverse pleasure knowing that metres away little kids are paddling around whilst I'm bonking my boyfriend" Ah the sand and surf again. Masturbation was high with someone wanting to shoot from the top of the Napier to see whether he could hit anybody. Auto-fellatio and cunnilingus would be okay as would public masturbation anywhere. Star gazing was extremely popular with Erica from Baywatch being a prime target. Kelly from 90210 also raised a few smiles- why not Andrea I'll never know. Sharyn Stone, Kate Cerebrano, Mickey from Lush would also get coy glances thrown their way if they visited the hallowed halls of Adelaide. Gillian and Gayle from Neighbours would join a line before going horizontal folk dancing. Elle Macpherson would be anywhere. Bondage was mentioned, usually in tandem with a dungeon. Homosexuality trials got a bi-

partisan thumbs up as long as it was comfortable and warm. "I would like to fuck 2 uniformed men in the back of a taxi" "The 2 women syndrome would suit me fine" "I would like to be paid to have sex with famous male personalities whilst covered in oil on a black plastic sheet." "I would like to root 2 women in Antarctica." "I would like to go all night and not be so tired that I want to go to sleep." Wouldn't we all so metimes.

"I don't have fantasies, I alternately create and live realities"

Darien O'Reilly



Bunny Rabbits are white and fluffy

Taking Your Life in Your Hands

A warm glow of positivity starts to creep up your shoulders. The horrendously dull person on the other side of the table starts to become more interesting. People whom you like become positively scrumptious. You laugh heartily at a joke which, in retrospect, might not have been that funny. Remembering how you laughed at an unfunny joke is, in itself, amusing enough to start you giggling. The fact that you are now giggling apropos of nothing becomes positively hilarious. You're on the way.

Technical Stuff

Books about the '60s and scientists call it LSD, although I honestly wouldn't have a clue whether the modern ones have any Lysergic Acid Diethylamide in them. (Incidentally, shouldn't its acronym actually be LAD? It would certainly make the drug more popular with ex-Pembroke boys who frequent the Marrayatville.)

It is universally known as a trip. I wouldn't recommend that everyone should try a trip at least once, any more than I'd say that no one should die without having had sex. Both of them can be heaps of fun, however ...

An American Encyclopedia in Manchester

The World Book says that "A person who takes LSD may see shifting patterns of light and 'hear' colours. The sensory reactions become exaggerated and moods may alter rapidly from intense happiness to deep depression," which makes it all sound about as much fun as putting on a kaftan and listening to some Jefferson Airplane records.

Listen, this is a special drug; you should be able to have some of the truly great conversations of your life while tripping, and (this is the important bit) *at no point* should you feel tempted to say "The pink frog in the corner is melting my eyeball" and run away screaming. Unless you're the sort of person who does that kind of thing while straight.

Drugs and High School Socials

It scarcely needs to be said that the popular demonisation of recreational drugs suffers from horrendous hypocrisy, but it's worth going back to basic principles so that we approach this whole topic from a sensible angle.

When you're lying on your parents' lounge room floor dry retching at the wild hour of 7 pm, having slightly misjudged the pep-up required before the Year 11 Kildare social, you feel:

- 1) Ill;
- 2) Foolish.

When most people wake up the morning after this experience, however, they don't think 'The alcohol is to blame. It made me vom over my attractive stripy tie and reduced me to paralysis. It's obviously poisonous, and I'm never touching the stuff again.' I wouldn't criticise someone for thinking this way, but a more popular thought is 'I acted like a dickhead,' from which it's not difficult to draw the conclusion that the alcohol, a substance which is notorious for sitting politely in bottles until it's called into the middle to bat, is not the problem. Precisely, the same can be said of trips. If you try one and have a bad experience, you don't need me to tell you that you're either not going to be first in the tuck-shop line next time, or you're

going to use a smaller amount.

Lying on the Bathmat... Thinking

I don't want to come over all like a wishy-washy type, but the golden rule is to use your discretion, be moderate until you're sure of your footing and no one will get hurt. You'd have to be a bit of a fool not to take account of your previous experience with a drug when you take it the next time. That said, the number of people who become stupid or annoying or violent when drunk and then continue to drink to excess on a regular basis is truly frightening, and a far bigger social problem than the prospect of dozens of Happy Mondays cover bands suddenly springing up all over Adelaide.

something about hallucinogenic drugs, don't believe a word they're saying. Particularly, if they're standing in a pub holding a beer at the time.

There is a Wait So Long

Buying trips can be a bit of a hassle. It basically involves the old routine of asking around your friends and acquaintances if they know anyone who knows anyone who might be able to put you in touch with someone, etc. etc. There are two pretty much common sense rules to follow.

Firstly, use your discretion as to whom you ask. The person who has just provided you with an entire semester's meticulously-typed notes for a subject where you couldn't be bothered going to



Gold is, in fact, just around the corner...

Ignore the Criminal Codes (The Police Do)

But this article isn't about problems. It's about fun and particularly drug-induced fun. Once you get your head around the incredibly obvious fact that there is absolutely no intrinsic difference between a drug which is designated legal and one which is called illegal, a far bigger world of enjoyment opens up.

A brief instruction manual on tripping follows, but obviously it's based on personal experiences and prejudices. If someone tells you to do something completely different, make your own choice based on whatever you feel like doing. What am I, your mother or something?

'Honest, It Turns You into an Accountant...'

The only golden rule I will add to this: If someone tries to tell you about a scientific study 'I read somewhere' (or, even worse, 'I heard about from someone') which 'completely proves'

the 9 am lecture is *not* likely to be the same person who has the phone number of the Plenny'n'Cheep Drug Emporium.

Secondly, don't be annoyingly coy. 'Do you know where I can get a trip?' is an infinitely better question than, 'Hey ... I was going to ask ... y'know ... oh nothing ... no cops hang around here do they? Oh good. There's this party Satdy night and ... well ... (ad lib for about 20 minutes to fade)'. Needless to say, also don't annoy your friends with obsessive drug talk, which is strictly for nerds. Happily, there is no trippers' equivalent of the dreaded saying 'I got amAAAazingly stoned and ate a whole box of Tim Tams'. Let's keep it that way.

You should be able to get a trip for about \$25. this is deceptively cheap, because there's more than one night's fun in there. They come in Bart Simpsons and Strawberries and all kinds of bizzo, but I really can't tell the different and they don't sell them at The Cartoon Connection anyway.

Do a Little Dance / Make a Little Love

Take trips when you're going into a social situation which will be reasonably vibrant and where you'll know at least a few people. While your tripping, you soak up experiences, sights and sounds as fast as they can come at you, so the more that's happening the better. Lying on your own in a darkened room, feeling like your bed is at the top of a cliff and you're about to roll off it, is not what this is all about, so the solution is obvious: don't go into a darkened room by yourself and lie down while you're still tripping. Find people you want to know better and engage in genial yet intimate conversation with them. Trips, however, will not turn you into a sleaze. So bad luck.

You don't need instructions on how to behave while tripping. Do whatever you want. Smiling broadly at everyone and giggling a lot seems almost mandatory. Because of this, it's a very good idea to go tripping with a friend, because sharing the non-existent joke can be a profound and beautiful bonding experience. You will have heaps of energy, and so dancing with obscene enthusiasm should come easily.

Saving for a Rainy Day

Drinking heavily is also an option you should consider seriously. Speed is the best 'Drinking Heavily and Feeling No Ill-Effects' drug, but the act of consuming speed can make you feel like you're in less than Zero, and that's enough to put anyone off.

Most trips are cut with some speed anyway.

There are no prizes for macho behaviour when consuming trips and so I'd recommend that at first you don't have a full tab in one go. If you split it into halves or even thirds and keep the remainder in the freezer (not your parents' freezer if you want to avoid having to waste 12 hours explaining Yoof Culture to them), you will have a fun night, probably not hallucinate at all, and you won't still be wide-eyed when the sun rises the next day. Trips will not make you have horrid nightmares, because by the time you get to sleep it will have worn off anyway.

Marx and the Bourgeoisie

There is also a lot of hype around about Ecstasy, which I'm sure is wonderful. However, it costs \$60 a tab (which is not sub-divisible). This presents two problems:

1) Any drug which is overpriced such as to appeal to a strictly upper-middle class clientele is obviously an agent of class warfare and so should be boycotted as ideologically unsound.

2) I can't afford it.

Last Train to Party Central

Recreational drugs exist to enable us to enjoy happier lives and help other people to do the same thing. Use them for that purpose.

Now there's a summer of fun waiting. Just reach out and grab it.

Simon Healy

Generation X or Y Bother

A few weeks back, the Advertiser decided to direct its starkly critical focus at 'today's generation'. The article smacked of all the authority of a journalist who talks about 'crazy kids' smoking too much pot, and complaining about the lack of melody in popular music.

The central claim of the piece was simply that the present generation lacked any real identity of its own (hence the unbound variable of the title), preferring rather to borrow indiscriminately from previous decades. My view is that the article failed to see, because it failed to understand. Don't get me wrong, I am no 'Crusader For The Kids' - as you will come to see, this is not an appropriate attitude for a member of this generation to hold. The purpose of this article is rather an effort to forge a sturdy distinction (of Berlin Wall proportions) between us, and the earlier generations. After all, you don't want to be associated with those you feel pity and disdain for.

It seems that the main source of confusion arises from stubborn re-emergence of '60s and '70s music and fashion that we have been afflicted with. Some redemption may be granted for not actually having conceived of these horrors off our own bat, but not much. It is the diversity of appearance that really flummoxed the author of the Advertiser article. Apparently, in order to possess a coherent identity, it is necessary for a generation to all look the same. Having probably spent their early twenties in these eras, the authors made the mistake of thinking (ha!) that appearance itself constituted an intrinsic element to the notion of a generation, as opposed to the '60s and '70s in particular, whose fashions have in many cases simply been appropriated.

If we cast a more general eye over the preferred apparel of today's youth, it is obvious that the appearance of today's Xer is composed of disparate elements that range over a great number of sources. Whatever the influence, it could just as easily be derived from the '40s or '50s as anything else. The sense of anonymity spuriously observed by the old fogies is created purely by the case that for the generation of today, appearance has been dislocated from any simple, immediate identification of attitudes. When considering the '60s and '70s, we are confronted by an eager bunch of individuals, bravely clutching on to their heartfelt concerns which were pretty clearly reflected in their chosen attire. As George Melly noted, the members of these decades were characterised by the way that their anti-authoritarian 'ideals' culminated in the grand nature of their appearance: Revolt into Style.

Does the absence of this connection between dissent and style imply the absence of a generation? No. The idea that a generation should be understood simply according to how it chooses to air

its social grievances is abhorrent. We've got better things to do.

"But", we hear the oldies ask, "if not values, then what guides and informs the thoughts and actions of these shining stars of the future?" - nothing more than the wholehearted devotion to style. It's not what you do, it's how you look when you do it. No doubt this modern spirit does not meet with much sympathy. After all, who would want to be a member of such a ghastly, self-effacious group? There are two obvious responses to such condemnation. The first, and most satisfying is "Why not?". The second is to confront the stance of moral indignation head on, by pointing out that the charge relies on a single-handedly ridiculous commitment to the belief in, what it feels are, values that are being unceremoniously dethroned.

All Generation Xers know that all such values are pure hokum. The idea of entertaining faith in these 'values' is at turns both hilarious and obscene. The only value which resides in the hearts and minds of these noble children is the implicit devotion to the fact that values per sé are empty, dead, hollow relics of a forgettable past. This holy revelation comes with its own reward - No values, no guilt. In other words, the lesson to be learned from past generations is "Enjoy the fruit, avoid the root". Note, if you caught yourself sniggering at the rather rude reading of this beautiful metaphor, don't worry, go for your life. In this age, all forms of humour - no matter how childish or base - are equal under the sun. The once cherished separation of high art from low art has, over the years, deteriorated so successfully that the only thing to remember is "No Art". However, an Xer will never explicitly announce this principle. The secret is to talk of suitably stylish candidates as if they were the absolute pillars of artistic achievement.

This observation draws us a little closer to revealing the character and beliefs of this generation. In a strong sense, the comprehensive rejection of values would seem to imply that this generation is constituted of seriously autonomous and strong-willed individuals, and they certainly attempt to give the impression of fierce independence. The Xer's verbal behaviour is characterised by a real



commitment to savage irony and self-parody. In an effort to appear self-assured, such an individual will exaggerate pretensions and affectations to such an extent that they are at the same time pointing out the ridiculous nature of such behaviour. But are these youngsters really as strong as they would like to appear? I very much doubt it. The personality of an Xer is fairly well defined as being intensely self-conscious. A great number of their waking hours is spent trying to look nonchalant and free of concern.

Manners dictate ethics. While it would be foolish to claim that any degree of political or social comment has been completely eradicated, it is nonetheless true that all thought on these topics is constrained within the limits of manners. For instance, it may be acceptable to purchase a copy of Green Left Weekly, and get enraged on some topic, for the length of time it takes to consume a cafe laté. Note, however, that it is not permissible to continue a session of untempered vitriol into the lurching period characterised by the ubiquitous focaccia - there is no better way to spoil the meal!

Things are looking pretty grim. Maybe life was more fun in the '80s. After all, it produced some of the finest entertainment in music and films that the world has yet witnessed. It was also a regular goldmine of unmitigated style and sophistication. However, the essential fabric of the '80s society was identified with elements that are in complete opposition to the best that generation X has to offer. Rather than being understood in terms of its gaudy yet naive physical appearance, the previous decade is distinguished by the dominant role afforded to the ethos of ambition. It may have appeared that progress was being made when stultifying values and principles were being rejected in favour of the self-determination of the individual. Sadly, this was not to be the case. Ambition, success, extravagance, indulgence, etc., were the name of the game. What's wrong with this, you ask. Well, if you haven't worked it out yet, the problem lies in the fact that self-denying values have not been rejected at all. The culprit is the belief (ghasp) that 'you have to make something of yourself'. The way in which such a heinous principle ever got off the ground is that obedience to the Protestant Work Ethic was rewarded with indulgence and extravagance. Of course, to us folk, the idea of denigrating the activities of eating and drinking to ridiculous excess by using them as a reward for 'a job well done' is pure heresy. What makes our situation better than that of the '80s is that we feel free to enjoy ourselves whenever we damn well like, because we have no faith in the future. Consequently, none of us are in any rush to obtain full-time employment, as a job is only of instrumental value. Work is only of interest in as much as it can be used to improve our leisure time. David Joyner 1992.

Why it's good to belong to generation X.

1. When the going gets tough, the Xer yawns. Now that we are almost free of the shackles of ambition, failure is not such a bad thing. Quite the contrary. Sometimes the pure spectacle of weakness and failure can be of enormous utility, in providing a great source of amusement for your friends.

2. Although we are surrounded by limitless sources of entertainment, our leisure time can be greatly extended, due to our deep commitment to apathy. We'd sooner do lunch at Jolleys than care about injustice.

3. We are an infinitely relaxed and comfortable generation, safe in the knowledge that everything is going to be taken care of by someone else, we don't care who.

4. We are likely to live longer than anyone else, given that we are free of the burden of getting worked up over trivial concerns like the environment and politics.

5. Our impenetrable armour of cynicism means that we can avoid getting bored by people who are not like us.

a higher
education
roundup
SUSIE O'BRIEN
1992 SAUA
PRESIDENT

Higher Education 1993 ...
The Year Summed up

- Extract from external student letter (upon receiving a copy of Elle Dit) ...
"Do not send any more articles or magazines on feminism, lesbianism, homosexuality or any other variation of sexual deviance."
Since when has feminism been a sexual deviance?
- Dame Leonie Kramer described the following people, Di Yerbury (who receives \$156,000 salary as Vice Chancellor of Macquarie Uni), Peter Karmel (the voucher scheme man advocating that rich dumb students to bury their way into Higher Education) and others speaking at a Higher Education Conference costing \$1,500 for two days ...
"To represent them as elitist, predatory capitalists interested in making money out of other people's penury is absurd ... I do not know one of these people who is not concerned, first of all with the welfare of students."

Di Yerbury recently voted against dropping Supreme Court charges against students who protested about her recent \$50,000 pay rise.

- Mr Baldwin, Federal Minister for Higher Education, described student leaders who opposed the Chapman Loans Proposal (bringing student debt at the end of a 3-year degree to \$20,000) ...
"They're really pushing some half-baked ideological agenda ..."
After receiving 16 documents from student organisations, meeting with at least 20 student organisations regarding student concerns over the loans scheme, he still had the audacity to say ...
"The student leaders are ... unable to describe a student who's not going to be better off."
- The University of Technology in Sydney drug guide was banned following the former NSW Premier's son bringing home a copy and turning to a very tame article on drugs, containing vital information such as ...

"Marijuana's responsible for more bad t-shirts, stupid expressions and brainless youth culture than any other drug."
LSD - "... everyone should try it once."
Speed - "... Good for dancing but not for sex."
Ephedrine - "... At least your sinuses will get clear. And the essay will get done."
A caller on 5AD following an On Dit article in a similar vein, stated ...
"You are trying to corrupt poor 17 year old boys and girls into trying drugs. They'll all end up drug addicts."
I had to reply that over 50% of Adelaide Uni students are over 25, and that we were only writing about drugs, not selling them.

- Our Vice Chancellor, Professor Kevin Marjoribanks, in the Adelaide Uni annual report described the University's \$16 million budget blow out ...
"... (the) allocation of resources has generated some difficulties."

education
vice
president
**Rebecca
Schinnick**

Just a quick hello. This week has been busy with the AUSTUDY Survey. We have had some great responses, however, the government might not be quite so happy with them! Having a glance through them students said the AUSTUDY system was unjust and inequitable and were not in favour of a loans scheme. The majority of those who said they would take out the loan answered yes to this being due to sheer financial necessity. These are just prelimi-

nary findings but seem indicative of general student feeling. Next week, Peter Baldwin, the Minister for Higher Education, will be presenting the loans legislation to Parliament. He has been advocating that students think it's a great idea so I'll send him a letter that I think he is definitely wrong with the majority of students at Adelaide Uni, as the survey shows.
If you haven't filled a survey out please do,

there is a copy in this week's On Dit. After exams, Monica and I will put the data together and get some results that we will use to lobby with.
Good luck with your exams.
Rebecca Schinnick
Education Vice President

environment
officers
**Tania Jo and
Goose**

Is this our last column to the saved few? We hope so as life is entering the fast lane of study and more study.
Tania has been her usual busy self, organising, making contacts and even passing her subjects! The survey on waste management has been prepared and is in the process of being distributed to every faculty, administration area and departments on all campuses.
Both Tania and Jo were fortunate enough to attend a discussion on the situation of indigenous people in Chile. Importantly, this talk was given by an indigenous person, Domingo Colicoi, who is a member of the All Lands Council. He spoke of the need for the environment movement to extend its activities, to actively include indigenous issues. When a race is facing cultural annihilation, this becomes an issue not just for environmentalists but for all people. We have so much to learn from people who have managed to live in harmony with their environment (you're a bloody hippie Jo! - Goose). I guess if I had not been there, I would have thought the same thing. But listening to this person talking about his people's culture and knowledge makes me feel differently.
Anyway, back to un-hippy-land (whatever you reckon - Tania). Events we want you to go to include;
Fire away ... Tan! (yep folks, you get the privilege of reading a column written in part by all three of your elected E.O's - who says you don't get your \$5.41 cents (after tax) worth!
1. Remember that super ecologically sound and environmentally friendly group on campus **Friends Of The Earth** is having its Annual General Meeting on the **2nd of November** at 1.00 pm in the club room,

level 5 Union Bldg, this cosmos (if you were not already taken to a higher plane!)
2. Also on the **2nd of November** at 4.00 pm a **JUST ARTS** meeting will be held in the SAUA, so if anyone is interested in being involved in organising/ participating in this festival that our very own Jo extraordinaire EO and generally amazing person has been extremely busy organising... please come!
3. On the **14th of November** there will be a **Threatened Species Network Conference** to facilitate community efforts in preservation of threatened species and their habitats. It goes from 9am - 5pm and will be in our very own Union Cinema, level 5 Union Bldg, and costs for students \$7.00 (including lunch!) There will be an interesting array of speakers and could be a worthwhile break from those study blues or early morning /late night cram sessions, if you are anything like me! For more info chase us up at the SAUA or ring Soom Poh Tay on 223 5155 Well, chow for now stressed students, Best of luck with essays and exams and have a good holiday ... we have heaps of things planned for next year, and in particular start saving all your paper, newspapers, aluminium cans, milk cartons, plastic bottles right now!! For our recycle extravaganza!
Lots of love and green fuzzy hugs,
JO
GOOSE
TANIA



Student's Association.

this year in the

Welcome to the final edition of On Dit!
On Dit is just one of the things that the Students' Association provides, so I'll give a quick run down of some of the other things the SAUA has done this year.

University Issues

On a University level, we've represented students on a huge range of issues, including:-

- Protecting **swot vac** and the common week from exams - for the next five years;
- Doing a survey for arts students to discover the **quota system** that most preferred (academic merit);
- Lobbied our **illegal fees** - an issue that is just starting to heat up;
- Established (finally) and co-ordinated **Faculty Elections** for students in Faculties;
- Co-ordinated the students and provided advice for the **University's Teaching and Learning Quality Report**.
- We got you some more **bike racks**;
- We tried to find the **missing economics exams** - and failed;
- Attempted to get all academic staff to be more **accessible** to students;
- Got the **Student Affairs Committee** up and running - thanks to the help of Prof Falconer;
- Made big noise in the media about the University's **budget blow out** - as of 31st December, 1991 it was nearly **\$10,000,000!!**;
- Started a prolonged and disappointing battle to allow women the chance to study engineering free of sexist publications (you queried it - **Cyclops!**);
- I presented the **Occasional Address** to the University's second Graduation Committee;
- Commenting on our University's disgusting record of appointing **women** to top positions;
- Trying to exempt the **Barr Smith Library** from funding cuts in the latest round of University budget slashes;
- Lobbying for better uni facilities and **building refurbishment**, focusing mainly on the Badger building and Chem labs;
- Protesting about rot **higher education conferences** (just \$1,500 for two days) which *your* HECS funds our administrators to go on!;
- Lobbied departments to use **recycled paper** and Union Catering to use only **environment friendly products**;
- Attempted to get the Uni to do something about the atrocious **enrolment** process;
- We produced an **external students' pack** - complete with))) condom and heaps more!;
- Lobbying to get student representation at **Higher Education Conferences**;

Student Radio 1993

Do you have a passion for the waves?

If so, you may be interested in becoming involved with student radio next year. Possible areas include:

- involvement in presenting (announcing)
- production (both live and recorded)
- promotion
- live recording of bands, etc.

Don't worry if you've had no experience in radio, experience is not necessary as we run a training course.

So if you want to get stuck into some burning issues, waffle on about arty stuff, chat with superstars, record your favourite band, play around with lots of pretty knobs and dials, or just play your own distorted choice of music, go and fill out an application form NOW!

Application forms are available in the Students Association office, or similar landmark on your campus. Applications must be returned by the 10th of December.

Higher Education Issues

- We wrote letters, faxes, submissions, rallied against the **Chapman Loans Proposal**;
 - Lobbied also on many **AUSTUDY** issues including trying to at least get the Independent payments equal to the dole. A survey is currently being circulated to discover students' views on AUSTUDY - come in and grab one;
 - Discussed the **Open Learning Initiative** issues and promoted student concerns;
 - Produced a discussion paper and spoke to the media on the Coalition's **Voucher Scheme** Proposal (poisonous!);
 - Assisted in the preparation of Adelaide Uni's **Quality Report** and met with the Higher Education Council;
 - Presenting reports and discussing issues with others across Australia on the new **competency based education** proposals;
 - Defended the right of students to write whatever they like in our **student publications**;
 - Protesting generally (to anyone who would listen) about **underfunding, overcrowding**, poor facilities and so on;
 - Campaigned generally against the Coalition's **Frightpack!**;
 - Assisted the **Overseas Students** in lobbying for a bill of rights, language support and a quality standard for courses;
 - Helped organise a **STA Transport Rally** to protect the state transport system
- ... and heaps more ...

Activities

- Hosted the national **NOWSA** Women's Conference to universal acclaim;
- Many successful **women's parties** were held, including wine and cheese at Waite Campus;
- Many **Bike 'n Breakfasts** were also held - a great incentive to ride in!;
- Funded a very successful **CASM Guitar workshop**;
- Ran an excellent **Blue Stocking Week** to celebrate women in universities;
- Presented a range of **environmental speakers**, including Paolo Efraime, a Filipino student activist;
- Ran very popular **self defence classes** for women;
- We hosted a **Women's Day Off**;
- Produced an excellent **Elle Dit**;
- Held a **great green week** with a groovy raffle.

Susie O'Brien
SAUA President 1992

as erotic as a doily?

madonna

The increasingly surreal saga of Madonna takes another turn: the femme fatale of popular music has made it to academia. Institutions of higher education in the United States of America are offering Madonna Studies which could be aptly sub-titled 'Like a Thesis'. While this elevation of Madonna to the academic curriculum attests to her phenomenal success at grabbing not only her nether regions but serious attention in the least likely of places, it also poses the question of how Madonna's significance in our culture should be defined, if indeed it warrants any

definition other than that of a product for mass consumption.

Some of those who believe that Madonna studies are required as much as an igloo in the Sahara Desert are steadfast in their conviction that higher education is the preserve of traditional scholarly pursuits. However, others with reservations stress the banality of much of the Madonna analysis. In an article in the publication *Harper's*, reprinted from *Nation*, (both are published in the United States), the writer Harris says, "Madonna has been drafted into the staggeringly implausible role of spokeswoman of the values and professional interests of university instructors."¹ He considers those academics who are pursuing the Madonna phenomenon via postmodernist methods to be motivated by self-aggrandisement, and holds that they fail in their attempt to apply postmodern criticism to "lowbrow entertainment."² It is not difficult to appreciate Harris' perspective when confronted with the Freudian analysis of Barbara Bradley who discerns in the lines dealing with boys who save their pennies and thus make Madonna's rainy day (*Material Girl*), "the mother's approval of the boy who has learnt to pee in the appropriate situation."³ Melanie Morton waxes eloquent when referring to *Express Yourself*, declaring that the video clip "takes as its object the general logic and various practices of domination most prevalent in Western culture,"⁴ and analyses the singing of the word "self" in the song with a compulsive-obsessive's flair. Under this kind of scrutiny, Madonna is metamorphosed into a subversive of astonishing magnitude. If the above instances whet the appetite for further rites of postmodern criticism, then one can choose from Baudrillardian, Lacanian, Postfeminist and Poststructuralist interpretations, among others.

Harris maintains that Madonna simply does not possess the radical attributes with which her devotees in academia endow her. Madonna represents the dominant paradigm,

with all its conformity and superficiality. Those academics who have assumed the mantle of Madonna specialists find the singer useful owing to her perceived malleability in relation to their pet theories and projects. Harris says that Madonna "becomes the ultimate realisation of many postmodernists' most cherished tenet - that words have only an arbitrary relationship with the things they signify, and that there is no stable and empirically verifiable 'reality' behind the vagaries and impermanence of language. As E. Deirdre Pribram put it in her analysis of last year's documentary *Truth or Dare*, "Madonna, this chameleon of appearance ... refuses all fixed meanings ... there is no definitive 'real', no authentic Madonna beyond the person (a) we already know through the various incarnations."⁵

However, the jurisdiction exerted by the person and personae of Madonna in our popular culture is not one that can be so readily dismissed. While Madonna may be more the embodiment of the pleasures of the

flesh rather than the pleasure of the text, her evolution from the Boy Toy expected to have a short career span to probably the most famous person on terra firma and cultural icon to boot demonstrates not only her un-

erring instinct for self-promotion but her appreciation of the possibilities of popular culture. Camille Paglia, maverick scholar, approaches this realm with greater intelligence than ersatz postmodernist academics. As Paglia points out, "We are born into an imagistic and pagan culture ruled by TV."⁶

The fluidity of identity that Madonna has so assiduously cultivated, and her ability to convey her idiosyncracies as universals render *The Immaculate Collection's* video clips intriguing viewing. While some of the clips dole out standard pop fare, including conventional sexual content, others such as

Those academics who have assumed the mantle of Madonna specialists find the singer useful owing to her perceived malleability in relation to their pet theories and projects.





Open Your Heart, La Isla Bonita, Like A Prayer, O Father, and Vogue convey a stunning visual power. They project the sense of quest for a multiplicity of experiences, and confidently assert themselves through unusual perspectives and imagery. Their essential quality is a blend of both the spontaneous and the schematic, a Madonna trademark. The best Madonna offerings rebut the notion that popular music is disposable, and nothing else.

Madonna's pervasive self-awareness encompasses the role of social commentator. She has promoted safe sex, pleaded for compassion for AIDS victims, urged acceptance of alternative lifestyles, damned censorship of artistic expression, and trenchantly criticised the Roman Catholic Church. Her 1991 documentary *Truth Or Dare*, which was presented as a stark insight to her psyche and daily life, and a manifestation of artistic integrity, encapsulated these concerns. Not everyone was grateful for *Truth Or Dare's* wisdom. The United States publication *National Review*, ran a less than smitten appraisal of the documentary. One of the numerous sardonic observations made was:

"When we watch Madonna doing 'Like a Virgin', clutching her private parts (if they can be called private

any more), simulating ecstatic convulsions, we're seeing her having sex, as it were, with someone she loves, all right - maybe the only one she can love."⁷

Recently Madonna did not hesitate to sally forth when controversy in the form of Sinéad O'Connor's televised destruction of a picture of Pope John Paul II beckoned. Madonna said the Irish singer should have been more careful in her actions, and advised

her to discuss, rather than denigrate, symbols. O'Connor does have a tendency to rush lemming-like over the cliff of reason

when communicating her views on broader issues, whereas Madonna's moves are far more calculating; on her *Who's That Girl?* tour she performed *Papa Don't Preach* against a backdrop of the papal visage. Nevertheless, Madonna is capable of unconvincing rationalisation:

"My idea is to take these iconographic symbols that are held away from everybody in glass cases and

say, 'Here is another way of looking at it. I can hang this around my neck. I can have this somehow coming out of my crotch if I want. The idea is to somehow bring it down to a level that everyone can relate to.'"⁸

The act of adorning oneself with revered objects such as crosses/crucifixes in order to debase them, is portrayed by Madonna as some kind of feat. She breezily ignores the fact that the potency of such iconographic symbols lies in their very transcendence of the mundane.

Censorship is another matter that is far more complex than Madonna would have others believe. She expressed surprise but no resentment when MTV's decided to ban *Justify My Love*, yet it is difficult to countenance that the video clip with its explicit and ambiguous sexuality was not made with precisely that end in mind. Madonna thrives on censorious social attitudes, for they validate her claim to be the most notable transgressor of conventional mores. Without the existence of taboos, her aberrations would have little impact. Of late Madonna has been traversing darker terrain. The *Erotic* video clip where she dallies with S&M and the *Sexbook* of photographs in which she enacts various fantasies, some of which have associations of violence or other disturbing elements, may seem her most formidable challenge to the puritanism she finds in our society. It will be interesting to hear what feminists have to say about the photographs, as there has been a

tendency in some feminist circles to regard Madonna as a woman

in control of her sexuality, and therefore a kind of role model. The shock value of *Erotic* and *Sex* has succeeded in arousing mass voyeuristic interest, but both video clip and book are clinical, depicting sex as a cerebral exercise. In leaving less and less to the imagination, Madonna is discarding the suggestiveness that has been one of her strengths.

While academic studies of the Madonna Phenomenon may be a somewhat dubious development, their existence signifies more than our society's penchant for fads. Madonna has imprinted herself on the public consciousness through a blend of audacity, innovation, intelligence - and sheer manipulative skills surpassed by none. But she is in danger of fulfilling the aspiration in one of *Erotic's* lines: "I'd like to put you in a trance."

Endnotes

1 - Page 30, "Blonde Ambitions: The Rise of Madonna Studies." *Harper's*, August 1992.

2 - Ibid.

3 - Page 31, Ibid.

4 - Page 33, Ibid.

5 - Ibid.

6 - Page 55, "She Wants Her TV! He Wants His Book." *Harper's*, March 1991.

7 - Page 35, "Single Sex And The Girl." *National Review*, August 12, 1991.

8 - Page 56, "Madonna in Bloom: Circe at Her Loom." *Time*, May 6, 1991.

Monica Carroll

if you can get

nice work!

WHITE RIBBON CAMPAIGN

December 1-6

In Canada, December 6 marks a day to remember the fourteen women who were killed in Montreal for being 'just a bunch of women.' A gunman entered a University lecture theatre brandishing an automatic weapon. He forced all the men out of the theatre and then slaughtered the women.

In response to this crime, one isolated incident in a world-wide epidemic of violence against women and children, the White Ribbon Campaign emerged.

At the end of 1991, men across Canada made history. The idea was simple: from December 1 to 6 they wore white ribbons to show their opposition to men's violence against women. It was the first time, anywhere in the world, that men developed a large initiative on an issue that had been considered by men as a feminist or women's issue. Men were saying loudly and clearly that they were not just part of the problem of violence, they were an important part of the solution.

The Canadian White Ribbon Campaign

The Canadian White Ribbon Campaign believes that most men are not physically violent against women, though it recognises that at least 20-25 percent of men are violent at some time in their lives. More importantly, it recognises that the majority of men, whether violent themselves or not, have contributed to violence by remaining silent on the issue. By tacit acceptance, the government, the police force and the legal system, all controlled by men, have allowed this violence to continue. On a more subtle level, it acknowledges forms of behaviour engaged in by many men - from sexist joking to sexual harassment - reinforce a climate where violence against women has been accepted and gone unchallenged.

This inaugural Campaign was a resounding

success. Organised in a little over six weeks, it encouraged tens of thousands of men across the country to wear a white ribbon and declare their opposition. The campaign was supported by men of all ages and was politically non-partisan. The impact of the Campaign went far beyond those who actually wore white ribbons. It was the focus of considerable debate in private, in schools and universities, and in the media. Their overall objective was to break the silence on the issue and in this they had considerable success.

The Canadian White Ribbon Campaign has since become well organised, with hundreds of branches set up around the nation. Operating legally as the White Ribbon Foundation, it has secured tax deductibility and milks unions and other institutions for funds. The official posture of the organisation is decidedly bourgeois. The

The Campaign attempts to walk the fine line between a male alienating political correctness and a more moderate position that would encourage more men to participate but risk losing the support of women's groups.

Campaign attempts to walk the fine line between a male alienating political correctness and a more moderate position that would encourage more men to participate but risk losing the support of women's groups. It will almost certainly be seen by some women's groups and individuals as appropriating or colonising the issue, perhaps with the suggestion of sinister motives. Such criticisms are welcomed by the Campaign, which actively seeks ratification of approach and ideas from women's groups. The Campaign is about men showing their awareness and opposition to violence, so it must court men into its ranks. It does this by declaring that men

"aren't biologically predisposed to be violent against women. And so, our basic message is very much

affirmative and caring about men." It views feminism as "a positive movement towards women's equality and for redefining relations between men and women in a way that will enhance and improve all of our lives." They show their solidarity and support for women's groups by refusing to seek government funding. "We don't want to take money away from women's programs and women's shelters," and so look for funding direct from other organisations and small scale fund-raising events at the community branch level. They advertise that "a large proportion of all money raised by local groups will go to shelters, rape crisis centres, and other programs for women who are the victims of violence, as well as advocacy programs."

It would seem that the Campaign, whilst promoting ideas that may be viewed as very liberal feminism in some quarters, is moderate only with regard to its alignment toward men, a predictable approach given its need (a very real need) to attract them rather than alienate them. In making rape and other acts of sexual assault and violence men's issues as well as women's issues they will attract considerable ire. Hopefully, this response will not be justified. It will be important for the Campaign to maintain strong links with women's groups and remain highly self analytical.

The Campaign In Australia

1991 was the beginning of the White Ribbon Campaign in Canada, but also in the world. Since its inception, the idea has been spread to other countries though men's contact groups. The group Men Against Sexual Assault, will this year be running the White Ribbon Campaign in Australia. The campaign will be launched in Melbourne, with a modicum of theatrical fanfare. An enormous white ribbon is to be unfurled from a building and a few well chosen personalities will give appropriate speeches of support. In Adelaide, things will be a little more low key, with most of the 'action' being the selling of white ribbons in the streets of Adelaide on Tuesday the 1st. The Campaign already has the unofficial support of the Liberal and Democrat parties and it is hoped that all male parliamentarians will be wearing white ribbons for those six days, whether parliament is sitting or not. It is hoped that news readers and other local television personalities will show their support as well.

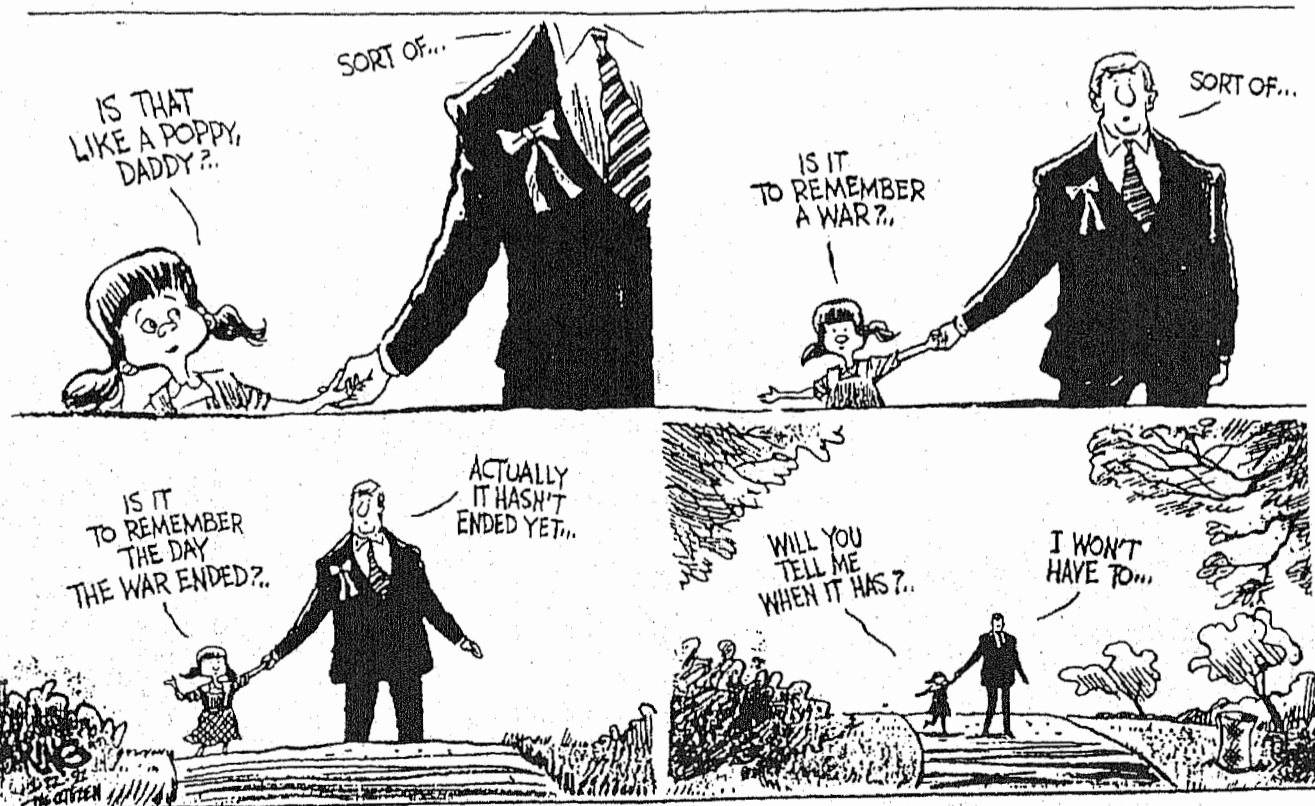
Calling Sensitive New Age Guys

The White Ribbon Campaign is **men** wearing white ribbons. **Men** declaring their position, letting their community know that it is their sex who have been the principal perpetrators of violence. **Men** letting women and other men know that they themselves have contributed to the violence in our culture. **Men** saying that they refuse to accept that it should continue. It is an act that is supportive of change in men and supportive of women who have taken, and continue to take, the leading role in social change.

So, the White Ribbon Campaign is the opportunity for all you budding Sensitive New Age Guys that considered yourselves expert feminists to actually do something other than talk about over a herbal tea in the Gallery. At the very least you can wear a white ribbon between **December 1 to 6**. If you also feel that you can spare two hours on Tuesday December 1st to stand on a street corner and sell white ribbons, all the better. We need volunteers. Lots of them. Don't be shame, be game.

For more information about the White Ribbon Campaign, we will be having table out in front of the Union building on **Tuesday November 4th**. Alternatively, you could put a note in the author's pigeon hole in Environmental Studies (off the Hughes Plaza). Failing these two methods, Men Against Sexual Assault can be reached through the Men's Contact and Resource Centre, PO Box 8036 Hindley St., Adelaide 5000. Telephone 410 2552.

Mathew Gibson



MASTURBATION

sex with someone you love

At the age of nine, I discovered that rubbing up and down on the schoolyard climbing frame gave me a rather pleasant sensation in (what I thought was) my tummy. It was a bit like doing a no-hands flip off the monkey bars, where your stomach jumped first, but somehow this new trick was more satisfying. It easier, and end up with stains all over Pantz jeans.

Thus, I discovered become a life-long masturbation, several years before I was indeed what I Unlike the guys, who their group jerk-off of porno films in Year sadly didn't about this type of However, I never the only one who did it this wasn't true as my to have competitions could do it the longest. stayed there all lunch. the yard-duty teacher That's the joy about masturbation, too-you

for hours, come several times in a row and not fall asleep on yourself after the first time. But it can also be quick - sometimes I've flung myself against a staircase bannister and came in fifteen seconds. Other times, I've lain in the bath, candles glimmering and Enya playing, and idly played with myself for an hour. I reluctantly get out because my skin is prune-like, not 'cos my clit has given up.

Masturbation is the best study-break I know (actually, slight lie. I do it whilst I'm studying; right hand on the pen, left in the undies). Why make a coffee or have a cigarette - fucking

Masturbation is the best study-break I know (actually, slight lie. I do it whilst I'm studying; right hand on the pen, left in the undies). Why make a coffee or have a cigarette - fucking yourself is quicker, cheaper and better for your health.

sure was you didn't grasp your Antz

what was to pleasure: although it was figured out this was doing. bragged about sessions in front 9, we gals communicate thing. thought I was - in fact, I knew friends and I use to see who Once we I wonder what thought.

f e m a l e

can make it last



yourself is quicker, cheaper and better for your health. There is any interesting correlation between masturbation and grades too: my orgasm-laden essays invariably score distinctions. Perhaps they should put this tip in study guides.

Masturbation is a further pleasure of mine because it's a literary pursuit. This means I love getting off whilst I'm reading (and not only sexy stuff - there's a wicked pleasure in masturbating to your shopping list or the hand writing of a person you lust after), and I love reading about getting off. There's a wonderful story about a woman masturbating on the 'phone whilst her husband watches in the anthology *Pleasures: Erotic Fiction* by Women and Tee Corinne exhausts the topic in *The Woman Who Dreamed of Sex*. The recent *Elle* Dit had a great article, the trashy *Palm Beach* by Pat Booth is fun for light relief and Collette's *Cheri* good for the classicists.

But the final words on this delight have to go to Woody Allen, politically incorrect as he may be:

"Don't knock it, it's sex with someone you love."

Madeleine

In 1992 this was the scene outside the On Dit office as hundreds of people missed out on their chance to contribute to the paper.

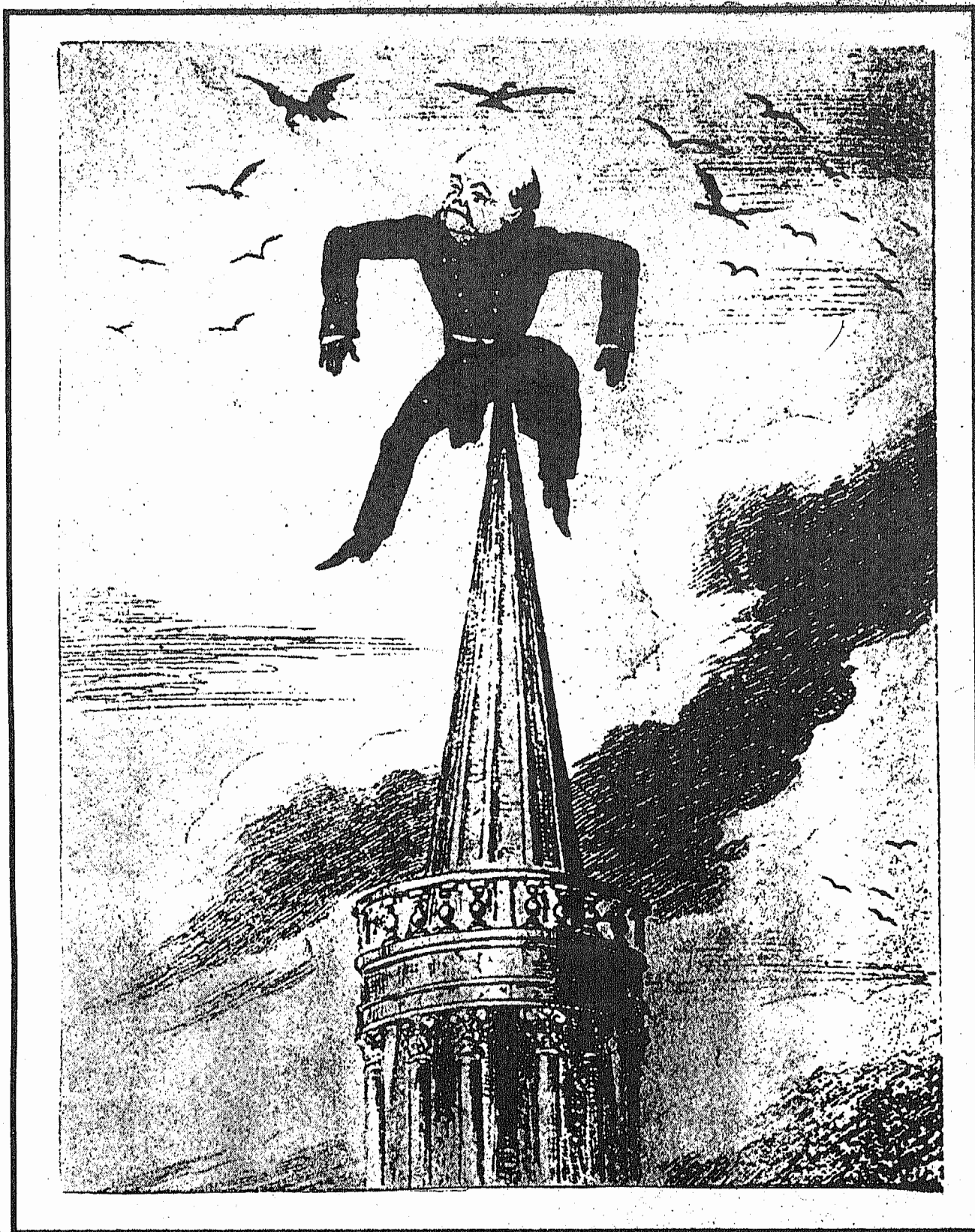


Don't let this be you in 1993

We want -News writers, feature writers, reviewers, photographers, creative writers, people with new ideas. We will be in the office from January next year, so make us feel all warm and fuzzy by coming in and talking to us.

Love Fiona, George and Richard

**ARE YOUR SUBJECTS A
PAIN IN THE ARSE**



OR ARE THEY ECSTASY?!?

Here's your chance. We want your uncensored comments and opinions for the ...

1993 COUNTER CALENDAR

Get inSPIREd - fill in a survey!

Surveys and Drop Boxes are available at the Students' Association, the Barr Smith Library and various other locations around campus - until December.

handy tips for the GRAND PRIX

Here Comes Another One, Here it Comes Again!

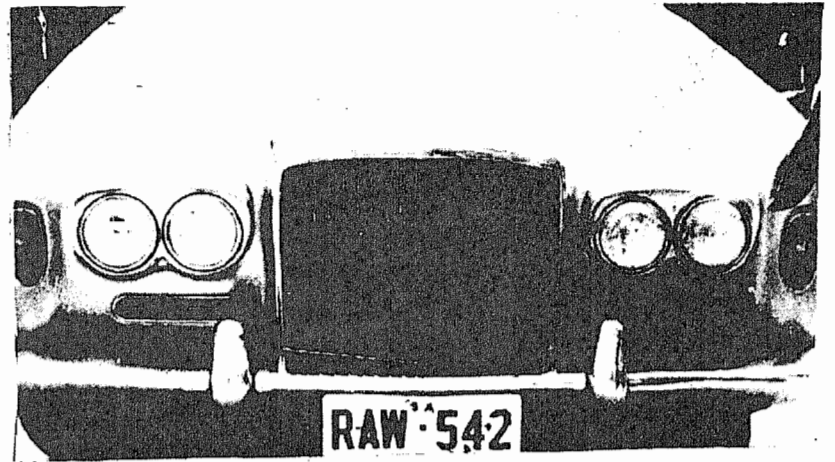
Once again the highlight of an otherwise boring year in Adelaide is approaching: the Grand Prix. For the eighth time, we will be subjected to the pleasures that are associated with it; traffic delays, an influx of tourists, a glut of people carrying all sorts of expensive photographic equipment, not to mention the rush of even more expensive equipment of the four-wheeled variety, and the wonderful music they produce.

Don't be mistaken. I love the Foster's Australian Formula One Grand Prix and I'm doing everything possible to try to attend again without having to pay. Not a single grand prix passes by without the avid fascination of this petrol head. There is no doubt that apart from being the most expensive sport on the planet, it is also one of the, if not the, most exciting. I pity those motor racing atheists who claim that all racing drivers doing is drive around in circles and kill themselves, for they are missing one of the pleasures of this life. I am fully acquainted their point of view, for my girlfriend is, alas, amongst their ranks and is one of their staunchest believers. In what other sport does one get a level of

politics which puts most governments to shame? Only in Formula One. A recent example, at present still a very strong rumour, involves the transfer of a very successful French engine supplier's support from a less successful French team to a very successful British one, entwined the French and Saudi Arabian governments, a Saudi Arabian billionaire, a French fighter plane manufacturer, an American motor corporation and the exchange of a lot of money and dozens of French fighter planes, yet may still collapse because of two Dutch and French petroleum giants. Such exploits put ball tampering and eye gouging to shame. On a more personal level, this political wrangling takes a new, even more vicious, face. Where else do you see a certain Brazilian attempting to

"In what other sport does one get a level of politics which puts most governments to shame? Only in Formula One."

do everything physically (and spiritually) possible to attack, both verbally and physically, a particular Frenchman? Mind you, they were "teammates" when the fun and games began. Where else do you see a world champion, supposedly the best in the world (although not always the case), leaving his team because he demanded wages higher than the budgets of over half the other teams, when other drivers (of greater talent) were willing to drive for the team for free (even when his demands were met, he backed out of the deal)? Only Formula One Racing. The 1992 season has been dominated by one name: Williams. The Williams team has shown everybody involved with the sport the meaning of domination. The irony



of this is that the cars they produced could be driven by anyone with an inkling of talent. Nigel Mansell, who just happens to have a little more talent, duly went on to win the world championship and break virtually all records for a single season, to leave the category at the end of the season. As long as this man lives, the term "whinging Pom" will not leave the English language. The greatest driver of the last twenty years, Alain Prost, was little more than an interested spectator (thanks to politics) and political heavyweight for the season, and will be deservedly replacing

Mansell in 1993. Prost's great rival/enemy, Ayrton Senna, spent the entire season languishing in "only" the second-best car, and made certain everybody knew although one would have had to have been on the far side of the Moon, with their head down a lavatory not to notice, such was the domination of the Williams team. Mansell's

Where else do you see a certain Brazilian attempting to do everything physically (and spiritually) possible to attack, both verbally and physically, a particular Frenchman?

just before last year's Australian Grand Prix, the Prancing Horse is struggling to even look remotely respectable, considering their budget (reputably into nine figures). However, they have kept to their principles, laid down by their founder, Enzo Ferrari: if Ferrari wins, it is due to the car; if Ferrari loses, the drivers are responsible. If they continuously lose, sack the drivers. Second place for failure has to go Formula One's effort for 1992 at equal opportunity, Giovanna Amati. As the first woman in the sport since 1976, she did nothing to further the cause for female racing drivers and

demonstrated what a huge bank balance can buy: a seat in Formula One. There are many better drivers (both male and female) waiting to join the F1 ranks and, thankfully, one did, at Amati's expense. To be fair to her, the car was terrible but her replacement was much faster and even managed to qualify the Brabham twice, before the team went bankrupt. With the Grand Prix Circus already in

Adelaide, make certain your preparation has begun. The most important part is the ticket. Do what you can to obtain one (even resort to paying if you must). Secondly, the camera: a decent one should include a lens of at least 300 mm. Next: the video recorder, so you can see what you missed, and can show everybody where you were ("Look, there I am!"). Also vitally important, the motor racing t-shirt, so everybody will know who you support. If you can't find a suitable one, design your own: slogans such as "f**k you, Senna" or "Ayrton Senna is in league with the Devil" are some popular suggestions. Finally, the earplugs. Although the cars produce wonderful music (seriously!), they all lack one piece of equipment, namely a volume control! By the way, I'm still requiring a free ticket, if anybody can help

Anthony Long



Television in 1992 - breeding ignorance ...

1992: The year of the LA riots; civil war in Yugoslavia; the US Presidential Elections; Denmark's refusal to sign the Maastrich Treaty; Ireland's restriction of a 14 year old rape victim to leave the country for an abortion; John Bannon's resignation; the Liberal's announcement of a \$3 youth wage; the release of the One National package; Madonna's 'Erotica' and the release of her coffee table 'Sex' album; Nick Greiner's resignation amidst corruption claims; the release of the WA Inc findings ... and, of course, there was television.

Early on in 1992, *Studs* was all the rage. Mark 'How many octaves can I go in one breath?' De Carlo hosted this ridiculously predictable dating show. It was hailed, however, as the BIG show of '92. Needless to say, it eventually moved to an eleven o'clock time slot and has subsequently been taken off the air It says something about hype, I think. *Late For School* on the Entertainment Network was hailed as the to be comedy tour-de-force of Australian television. *Late For School* was as funny as Tim Fisher and as entertaining as the prospect of an enema. Although, I'd pick the enema over Tim Fisher any day

Also at the year's beginning began the monster that has been *Beverly Hills 90210* 57685463215. *Beverly Hills* was enjoyed by a devoted audience committed to their 'Hit Songwords' and 'Dolly' to learn every information microbit pertaining to Luke Perry and Jason Priestly. Now, of course, dolls of the cast are available. Handy! It would probably be more reasonable given some people's religious-like fanaticism to the show that life size blow-ups be available. After all, hot air has characterised this schmaltzarama

On the issue of schmaltz, American sitcoms have continued to have places in our hearts. The sadistically boring *Growing Pains* continued to prove the two professional working parents, four children formula has an audience. *The Crosby Crap*, however, proved that two professional working parents and about eighty five children no longer had an audience. *The Golden Girls*, often good for a laugh, said a teary farewell, although the

Fast Forward continued on like the National Party cocktail party that it has become. This is not comedy. I repeat, this is NOT comedy. Fast Forward's overt reactionary stances in a package as predictable as Whitney Houston ballads has been a vulgar affront to our minds, bodies and souls

chronologically gifted icons less Bea Arthur will be returning in a new format. *Roseanne*, which never had a strong following in Australia began to turn that around through a surprisingly novel and innovative approach to American comedy, i.e. actually being funny.

Finally, the *Murphy Brown* phenomenon continued to expand. Buoyed by Murphys causing of the LA riots in mid 1992, the

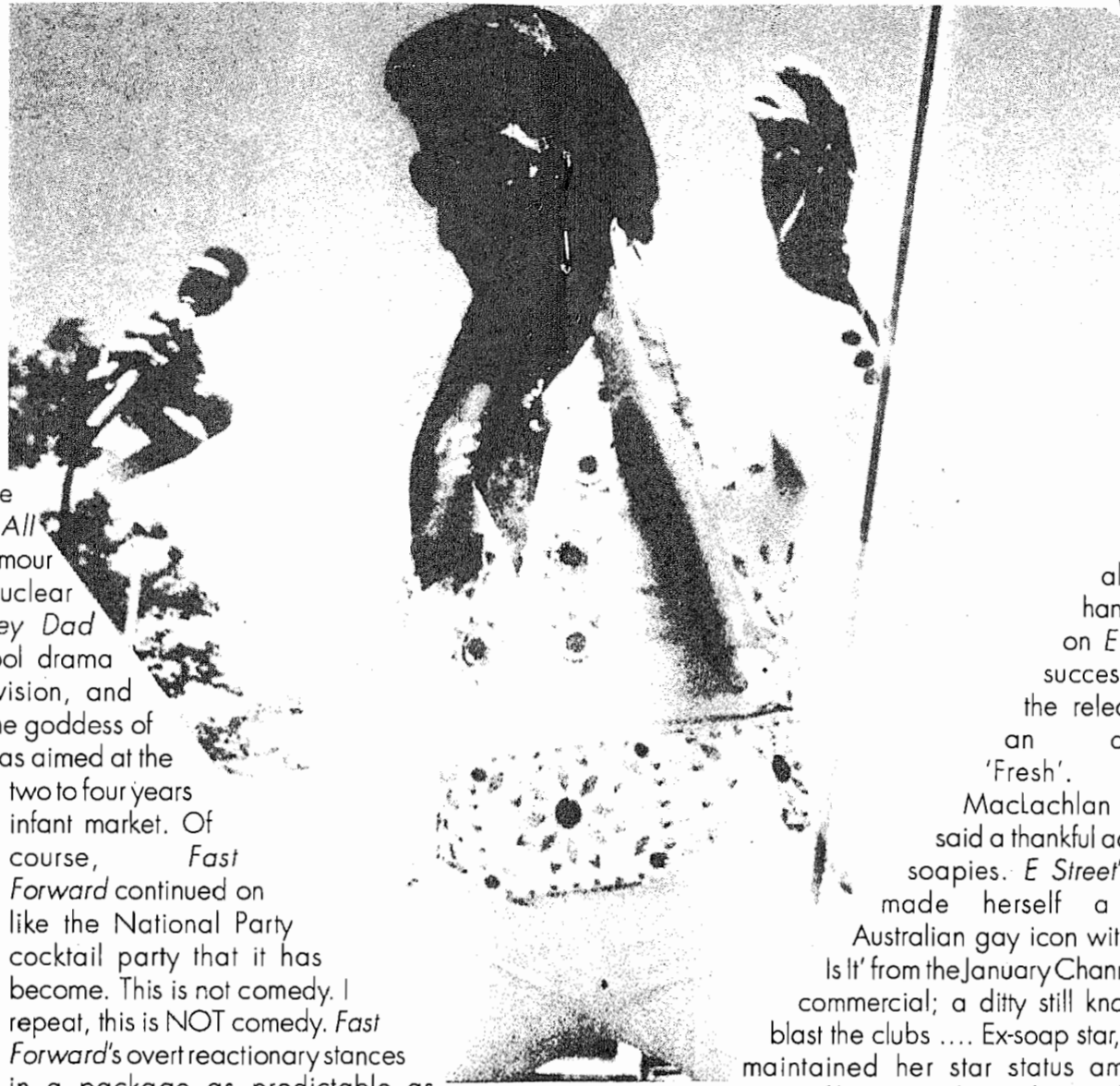


went from strength to strength, showing that intelligent humour and political criticism has its place. I know for a fact at least one person who cried in the Murphy child birth episode

Speaking of crying, we move to Australian comedy. *All Together Now* relied on humour as funny as the issue of nuclear testing in the Pacific, *Hey Dad* illustrated that primary school drama class has a place on television, and *Acropolis Now* made Effie the goddess of the '90s, even if its humour was aimed at the two to four years infant market. Of course, *Fast Forward* continued on like the National Party cocktail party that it has become. This is not comedy. I repeat, this is NOT comedy. *Fast Forward's* overt reactionary stances in a package as predictable as Whitney Houston ballads has been a vulgar affront to our minds, bodies and souls

The ABC, however, showed that decent Australian comedy was still a viable alternative. *The Late Show* recently instituted in programming has been vastly successful and, of course, Andrew Denton's *Live and Sweaty* has proved that sport need not only be enjoyed by a few men who drink beer and prematurely ejaculate. The season of

Kittson and Fahey had high points (occasionally), albeit that the English *Girls on Top* series provided more consistently pro-womyn comedy As for English comedy, *The Good Life* graced our television for the eight hundredth time; *Keeping Up Appearances* proved a comic gem; *Surgical Spirits* provided malevolent bitchiness a new forum and there was Australia's embracing of self-proclaimed 'mincing machine', Julian Clary. The outrageous high-camp humour of *Sticky Moments* was only outdone by the return of *Bewitched* and *I Dream of Jeannie* in this department Australian soap continued to meander on deliriously. *Neighbours* wins death of the year for its gripping slaying of Todd Landers. He was run over while running to the hospital to prevent his girlfriend having an abortion. This was entertainment with capital E (for excrement). *Home and Away* became the ratings overlord entrancing viewers with monotony, second only to the State Bank Royal Commission. Similarly, *The Flying Doctors* level of watchability mirrors the enjoyment gained from drowning. *Chances* sizzled screens in the earlier part of the year when people were still prepared to look at the not insubstantial rear end of Jeremy Sims. Now it's getting chopped, so to speak. ABC's *Embassy* also was axed, after sparking a Malaysia/Australia conflict. Conflict also followed the hard hitting *Phoenix* after allegations of over racist and homophobic content. These issues were both picked up by the stylish *GP*. *GP* did say a sad goodbye to Dr. Robert (John McTernan) in



complicated episodes in the early part of '92, while continue to present issues informatively and realistically. Of course, there was also *E Street* which eventually killed off Mr Bad along with half of the boring cast One cast member to leave was Melissa, although not at the merciless hand of Mr Bad, who cashed in

on *E Street* success with the release of an album, 'Fresh'. Craig Maclachlan also said a thankful adieu to soapies. *E Street's* Toni made herself a new Australian gay icon with 'This Is It' from the January Channel Ten commercial; a ditty still known to blast the clubs Ex-soap star, Kylie, maintained her star status amongst rumours of breast implants, drug problems, relationship breakdowns and therapy after appearing on *Tonight Live*. Former compatriot,

Jason, gained international coverage over his successful suing of 'The Face' magazine for alleged lying of his alleged homosexuality. This was an exercise that was costly and arguably destroyed any remote credibility of the ABBA fan. It led to 'The Face', in an effort to raise money, establishing the ironically named 'Lemon Fund'. Giant lemon of the year, however, was the over-exposed Noelene of *Sylvania Waters*. The dreariness of this series will never be surpassed in its strained attempts at presenting the 'typical Australian family'. Let me restrict myself to saying that if these persons were at all reflective of the typical Australian family, there is a legitimate case for human genetic engineering

Current affairs supremo, Kerry O'Brien, even devoted his time to discussion of 'Stupidia Waters' on the best current affairs program, *Lateline*. *Lateline* makes for a chalk and cheese comparison against the sluggishly incompetent *Real Life*, the hard right conservative, *A Current Affair*, and the only television that leads one to the belief that all men are paedophiles, the grotesquely self aggrandising and irresponsible, *Hinch*. SBS's *Dateline* and *Vox Populi* are watch worthy in this arena, together with their best internationally conscious news service, under the helm of Mary Kostakidos. The 'n' news boasts the best local coverage with *The 7.30 Report* also deft in the local interest area. And what of poor George Donikian's Ten news service? ...

Channel Ten's slavish determination to program infotainment of the calibre of breasts and bums *Hard Copy* was a truly sad indictment. There was no shortage, however, of such facile television mucus. *Inside Edition* and *The Friday Files* were also at Ten's forefront of parading HIV positive, preoperative transsexual, lesbian sex worker, goat herders who transformed themselves from the nice girls next door to serial killers. Please! ... Channel 9's *Sex* was probably the most controversial program unleashed on audiences in 1992. Sophie Lee's

"Let me restrict myself to saying that if these persons were at all reflective of the typical Australian family, there is a legitimate case for human genetic engineering."

apparent view that one should inform people in a value free way based on reality was too hot to handle for some, despite ensuring vast rating points. How dare television promote safer sex! How dare television suggest there is a problem with people exploring their own sexuality and feeling comfortable with personal acceptance! How dare television show the naked body educationally rather than as titillation in the 'Basic Insights' of this world. Quite frankly, Fred Bile can take a running jump or alternatively, release a record along the lines of the 'Ruxton Rap' to promote his views. Interestingly, cultural messages gained a tiny step forward in 1992. ABC's *Review* rapidly became the conversation piece of any pretentious, self obsessed 'arty' type. Better that, I suppose, than listening to their discussions about their own performances or pieces of art. *Sunday Afternoons* with Peter Ross extend on the *Review* theme and the increased appreciation of SBS were all positive.

Not so positive was Hollywood's domination with moralistic one hour prime timers: *Baywatch* proved as digestible as the return of Bert Newton to our screens; *Quantum Leap* highlighted the obvious belief of US television makers that the public are absolutely brain dead; *Murder She Wrote* was back again, trotting out the same storylines week after tiresome week with painfully tedious matriarch, Angela Lansbury, presiding in residence; *Columbo* did exactly the same, except with a painfully tedious patriarch in presiding residence; and *Jake and the Fatman* did exactly the same, except with two painfully tedious patriarchs in presiding residence

LA Law continued on, although fans take note that Susan Dey and Amanda Renshaw have left the series, even though A. Martinez of *Santa Barbara* fame has joined the collective of political correctness On the subject of farewells, *Thirty Something* ended production and stopped screening in early 1992 and *Supermarket Sweep*, part of the game show onslaught, said auf weidersein thankfully. I must admit watching

effectively a half hour Coles Supermarket advertisement is as fascinating as new Elvis sightings. After all, everyone knows that Elvis works as the bar person at the Circuit.

All in all, it really wasn't a year that took television to that cutting edge. Occasionally, there was a flash on SBS at four o'clock in the morning, but nothing really shone as original. The sad fact is in stating this rather melancholic reality of the last television year, we are about to enter the television twilight zone: the non-ratings period.

Therefore, as my parting advice for the year, remain so inebriated all holidays that you never feel the need to flick that television on.

George Selvanera



An Edwardian Woman Abroad

Saturday, 3rd August

France at this time of year is astoundingly picturesque and fortunately the train ride did not cause me the slightest discomfort. I was overcome by the excitement of travelling unchaperoned, my family far removed from my destination and unable to disagree and disapprove. The hotel room is small but pretty with faded rose wall paper, a large bed and a window seat which looks out onto a busy plaza and a larger, grander hotel with balconies and shuttered windows.

I feel too hot and exhausted from the trip to unpack my trunks and cases and although it would seem a small task, I have already discovered something far more interesting to turn my thoughts to. Upon my arrival, I met a man in the hallway who offered to carry my luggage to my room. He introduced himself as Julian, he too being from England and at a guess no more than twenty one years of age. As he took the cases from me, his hand brushed against my arm and I cannot quite explain the feeling of pleasure this gave me. I was delighted to find his room is across the hallway from my own and I truly hope we shall encounter each other again.

Sunday, 4th August

This afternoon, after taking a parasol and walking through the plaza, I returned to my room and sat upon my window seat with the intent of admiring the view. I could not help but glance at the windows of the Grande Hotel opposite and as I did so I noticed a couple embracing inside one of the rooms. Instinctively, I turned my eyes away yet soon continued watching fascinated by the passionate scene. I watched as the man unbuttoned the woman's blouse and removed her corset. I could see quite clearly as he caressed her breasts first with his hands and then with his mouth. I felt my stomach turn and realised that my hands were on my own bosom fondling and stroking, following their rhythm and movements. Both were undressed and my hands worked steadily between my legs as the woman took his penis in her mouth, his hands pulling her head closer toward his groin.

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Early this morning, I watched from my casement as a group of young school girls hurried through the plaza, no doubt on their way to the convent school I had noticed on one of my late afternoon walks. I smiled to myself as I saw their neatly tied plaits, grey pinafores and little black shoes. They brought back fond memories of the time I passed in boarding school whilst my parents had travelled around Europe. The nuns had been kind but extremely stern and there had never been quite enough time to play. Until I met Jacinta, a pretty girl a year older than I with a continual

Monday, 5th August

Last night I dreamt about Julian. I dreamt he had been sitting in the corner of my room, unbeknown to me, as I had



watched the couple in the Grande Hotel and pleased myself. I had expressed surprise at discovering his presence, yet he was smiling at me from beneath his blond hair and told me not to stop. He picked me up and lay me naked upon my bed and began tying my hands and feet to the wooden bed posts. My body writhed in excitement and I pleaded for him to touch me. I felt Julian's mouth kissing my stomach, his tongue leaving a wet trail as it travelled down toward my thighs. I cried out as Julian's fingers explored me and pushed their way inside. He withdrew his fingers and I expressed my disappointment only to feel the wetness of his tongue where his fingers had been. I had never felt such amazing pleasure as this and wondered if this happened to everyone or whether it was uniquely my own fantasy.

I wanted to Julian's penis in my mouth as I had seen the woman do, yet he would not let me and continued to lick my flesh. I, unable to move, yet not wanting to awaken from this incredible dream.

Tuesday, 6th August

The heat was scorching today and my arms are an unfortunate, glowing red, the result of having neglected to take my parasol. I also, deliberately, did not wear my corset, as I hear many women these days are choosing to discard the horrid garment. I know mother would express severe disapproval yet the feeling of a cotton blouse rubbing gently against one's nipples is absolutely gorgeous.

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mischievous grin and a very hedonistic approach to life for one so young.

Jacinta would sneak beneath the covers of my bed each night and teach me the joys of my own body. She would rub her fingers between my legs and ask me if it felt nice and kiss me softly upon my mouth. I remember feeling beneath her nightdress and remember my fascination at discovering the soft down hair which had begun to grow along her womanly parts. Her breasts were also a lot larger than my own nubile bosom and Jacinta like me to suck them, pretending I was a baby while stroking her down hair until we both fell asleep.

Our friendship, strong though it had been, was sadly also short-lived. The winters in that part of England were painfully cold. After a drenching in the rain, Jacinta took the fever and within three weeks had died of pneumonia. I missed her but soon found other things to preoccupy my mind.

Wednesday, 7th August

During my walk through the park this evening, I decided to sit a while beneath a huge old tree toward the southern end. Whilst I sat reading in the last of the day's light, a small fluffy white dog, seemingly lost, approached me, I petted it and it seemed to need a companion as it cuddled up to me, whining and whimpering.

I had removed my shoes and it took great delight in licking between my toes and sniffing around my ankles. Unexpectedly, the small nuisance scurried beneath my skirts and began sniffing my legs. My initial instinct was to remove the creature but the feeling was unusually pleasant so I allowed it to continue. It sniffed between my thighs and I felt its wet nose through my silk panties. Its rough tongue created quite a sensation as it worked steadily between my legs. I thought of Julian. Suddenly the animal's owner began calling and in response it scurried away. It had become too dark to read so I returned to my hotel.

Thursday, 8th August

This morning, as I returned from the emporium, I ran into Julian outside my door and could scarcely hide my delight, and disappointment as I informed him of my departure the next day. He asked if I would allow him to share tea in my room and I obliged without hesitation. The moment my door was shut and my parcels were placed on the table, Julian's hands were upon my waist. I turned to

face him and we kissed, my first real kiss, long and deep. The feeling of his tongue in my mouth made me wish for more of him inside me but that was yet to come. Julian unbuttoned my dress and I removed his shirt and pants. We stood together, naked, beside the open window and I hoped that the couple I had watched in the Grande Hotel were now watching us.

my breast in his mouth and sucked my nipples which had darkened in colour and were standing out like his penis which I could feel against my stomach. I knelt before him and began licking and using my mouth as I had seen the woman do. Julian's breath was heavy and his fingers were in my hair. We lay on the floor and whilst I sucked Julian he licked between my legs and pushed his tongue into the small opening as he had in my dream. He pulled me on top of him and pushed me down upon his hard, wet penis. I felt a sharp pain yet did not wish to stop and implored Julian to continue. He pushed himself inside me and we moved

together, his hands upon my breasts until I was numb with pleasure and I came. We lay together for three hours, talking and enjoying each other before Julian left and I proceeded to pack.

Friday, 9th August

Today, as I left the hotel, I felt a tinge of sadness that I may never encounter this place again. The sunny plaza and the beautiful park all hold fond memories for me as does the book Julian gave me which I hold tightly during my train ride home. Upon my return, I shall be married to my fiancé, Edward Lynton, a barrister in my father's legal firm - a choice made by them, without my consent. Memories of summer are always lavish yet like all beautiful things which promise pleasure they fade to an out of reach place, much like Jacinta did. And much, no doubt, like Julian and the France of 1923 eventually will.



Yo bum rush the show

Yo! Drop The Posse!

You may remember a three piece hip-hop outfit from Sydney called Sound Unlimited Posse who sang (whoops, rapped) charming little ditties like "Kicking To The Undersound" and "Peace By Piece". Well, they're back - and they're hipper and hoppier than ever with a new album called "A Postcard From The Edge Of The Underside" and a just-released single "Saturday Night". And along the way they seemed to have dropped the word "Posse".

In Adelaide recently on a whirlwind promotional tour, we chatted with two members of the band, El Assassin (real name Rosano) and Kode Blue (the third member, T-Na, was absent). We talked about lots and lots of things, but what we wanted to know most of all was what happened to the posse bit.

They explained that in the foundering early days of hip-hop in Australia, the word "posse" was useful in that people easily identified them as a hip-hop act. When they built up enough popularity in their own right the word became an anachronism. They added that their music has far more influences than just hip-hop alone, and the word "posse" didn't recognise the diversity of these influences and limited them in their appeal.

Influences such as rhythm and blues, rock, hardcore as well as jazz crop up on their album. They said the record contained "all the different hip-hop that we like. It's more directional...it's more of our particular sound". Recorded mainly in Boston, the album contains work that emerged from some of their recent collaborations. They have gathered some pretty strange bedfellows, working with street level rap groups in the U.S., Chuck D and Flavor Flav of Public Enemy, as well as the drummer and keyboardist from New Kids On The Block (!)

Not that Sound Unlimited are in a tearing hurry to do the Kylie Minogue trick of conquering the U.S. and the U.K., however. They've got their feet planted firmly in Australia: "We want to concentrate on our own area - our own backyard. We're not in any rush to make a million dollars".

Sound Unlimited see themselves as breaking new ground in popularising Australian hip-hop, being the first band to be signed to a major label, the first Australian hip-hop outfit to break into the Top 20. As they say, "When we started, there was no one else for us to look up to".

This tour was strictly for promotional purposes; doing "freestyle rap" in nightclubs (we think this is a term for taking a mike and saying "Yo people are you ready for some hard core?" - or something like that), visiting shopping centres, getting their smiley mugs on Video Smash Hits and dropping in on the odd campus newspaper...

Sound Unlimited will be back in Adelaide for a concert tour in late November/early December, with another Sydney hip-hop act in tow (possibly the D-Man). So if you dig their scene, catch them then!

We explained that this article will be featured in the "Pleasure and Addiction" edition of On Dit. At this, Rosano responded by saying "Pleasure and addiction - yeah, we're a bit of both". He went on to talk about his love of hip-hop: "I love the culture - I love the dancing - I love the graffiti. I rap all the time. I rap when I'm walking, I rap when I'm talking, I rap when I'm sitting down, I rap when I'm rapping. I do it because I love it".

So if YOU love it just as much as they do, then check 'em out!

David Mills
Joanne Daniell

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STUDENT CONCESSIONS AVAILABLE

DANCE ACTION

where to get noticed this Summer

OK, the exams will be over soon, so here's some hints about where to find the hottest dance sounds for your all week partying! (Warning: this is definitely not for you if your idea of fun is going to the local pub and getting drunk. However, if you want to go out and dance wildly all night, drinking lots of energetic Lucozade along the way, then read on ...)

OK, your exam probably finishes on a Thursday - great this is a huge night, there's Control System Ad, the fast (hard house rior is basically like of smoke ma-lighting effects are specials 10 - 12 10.30pm (opens until Friday morn-after 12am (and music world!). eter chill out zone as yet unknown ball machine

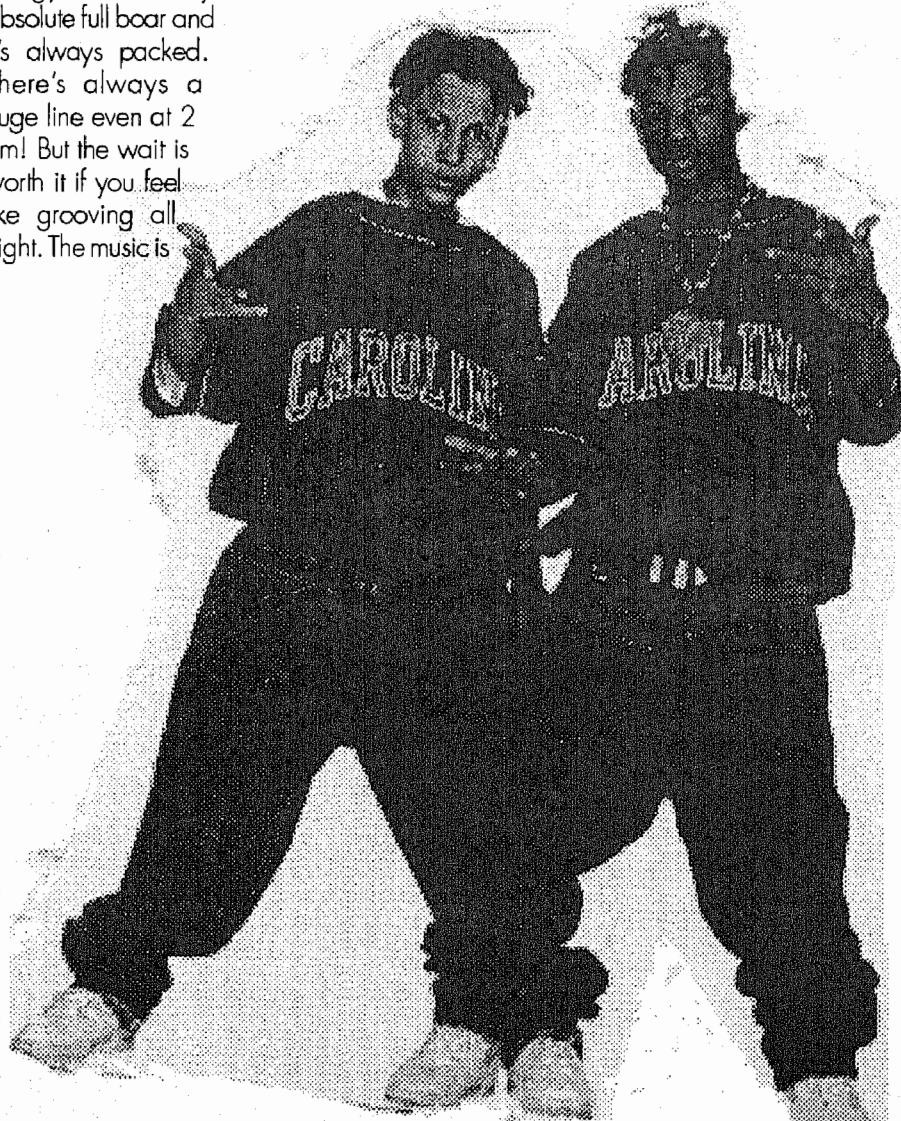
"Get some sleep Friday, then either go out with a few friends to Al Fresco's and have a great chat about life or go rollerblading down Rundle Street with your friends."

OK, get some sleep Fri-out with a few friends to have a great chat about rollerblading down your friends. Friday night is pretty quiet in the dance scene (all the Bogans are out) but if you want to try ...

The Big Ticket - Forbidden Planet with Hugh-Z, Phd, Brendon, X-Citement and System Ad. It's been pretty quiet here lately and by the time exams are over it just may well be closed. But you never know, well, there are heaps of pool tables you can play on.

OK, now the big one - no sleep tonight, it's Saturday.

If you want to party at a rave like club with thousands of fellow clubbers, then don't miss Le Rox. The energy here is always absolute full boar and it's always packed. There's always a huge line even at 2 am! But the wait is worth it if you feel like grooving all night. The music is



day, then either go Al Fresco's and life or go Rundle Street with

Rave Style (no techno). The lighting effects are top notch with lots of intelligent lighting. Interior is nothing special but it's large and there's lots of pinball machines to play on and a few 8 ball tables.

However, if you like the harder edge of dance then at about 4 am there is only one place to go - The Big Ticket. Here you will see the greatest DJ in Adelaide, HMC, in one of his now rare weekly appearances. The most exciting, cutting edge hardcore sounds mixed with perfection are played by HMC. There's lots of Detroit techno mixed in and always something new. OK, so there's not many people, but there is definitely all the techno space cadets there. You will be moved by the music!

OK, now it's Sunday, if you haven't turned into a dribbling crashed out sleepless jelly by now then you either have a lot of energy or you have something seriously wrong with you. If you really must go out then try the BB Club with Groove Terminator playing the Decks. Monday - just stay home and play your Nintendo.

Tuesday - make sure you don't miss Dreaming Daisies on MWM FM 10 pm - 12 am. The best radio show in town, Georgie plays the latest techno sounds. A good night to go out to a restaurant for dinner.

Wednesday - my recommendation is the Cargo with Groove Terminator and JK with MC Scott T. An older, quieter crowd but what the heck, if you want to dance every night of the week you could go on a holiday to Belgium!

Thursday - Start again! See the top of this article and watch out for all the big shows put on during the summer. Read the Core every Wednesday!

Adrian Cheek



Toxic Wasteland

For those in the know, you would already have heard that two of the world's finest remixers exploit their live remixing styles this Saturday, 7th November - namely Belgium's CJ Bolana (R & S Records) and Detroit's 2120 (430 West, Hardwax). Your going to hear hard core sounds never heard before in Adelaide Clubs. As well, you'll hear killer techno from Adelaide's finest HMC.

The event is Toxic, taking place in the huge chamber beneath Le Rox - once known as Vultrek. The theme will be a toxic wasteland with an enormous intelligent lighting rig, Rocket strobes and Terra strobes and more.

As well, Le Rox will be fully functioning upstairs as Paradise featuring the soothing sounds of Club classics, garage and house in more environmentally friendly surroundings.

On Dit and **Urban Rhythm Syndicate** bring you an amazing offer. Instead of paying \$22 you get in for free. That's right, 5 free tickets to the people who bring in something toxic to the On Dit office on Wednesday at 11.

The events last 12 hours, 9 pm - 9 am, so make sure you're hyped up with energy for this toxic experience.

Why My Friends SUCK

*"When you've got problems you can't solve
It's enough to make you want to hate your friends.
Go go to the shows, stare at the faces,
don't you know you hate your friends.
Hate your friends."
-Hate Your Friends by The Lemonheads.*

Most people I know would dispute that they suck. They would argue that they all have qualities which exempt them from the class 'people who suck'. They are all wrong.

My friends fall into various categories. I have liars, thieves, cheats, frauds, people who abuse positions of trust, friends who hate themselves, friends who fit into the general categories of dickheads and arseholes and of course there are friends who are really not friends at all.

My friends as a general rule don't mind flaunting their 'superior' intelligence and educations. Almost all pay some degree of lip service to the idea of 'political correctness' while at the same time not letting it get in the way of their own lives. The term hypocrite quite adequately describes most of them.

I'm not one to preach though and I don't seek to. My main motivation in writing this article was to see if I could detail a few amusing anecdotes, highlighting why my

friends suck. The idea was to use first names so that the people I was talking about would recognise themselves and each other, but at the same time to write something which was still amusing to the vast sea of students who don't give a shit about what me or my friends do.

Some of my friends, however, felt very guilty about some of their more controversial indiscretions and felt that they could not cope with what I may or may not have wanted to reveal. For this they suck. I have been telephoned, harassed in the pub, ostracised from gatherings of friends and it has been intimated that, should I proceed, I could face libel suits. All this before anyone had read one word of what I was to print. All this before I had indeed written one word. All this while the story was nothing but a few ideas in my head. You know who you are and you suck.

I sat down the other night and wrote up about three thousand words on why my friends suck. I named names and went into detail. The only problem was that the article I had written was dull as shit. Not much that my friends do - specifically the things for which they suck - is really that amusing. Sure there are amusing anecdotes which get dragged up and passed about from time to time, but they do not really fall into the category of things that determine whether someone sucks or not.

I erased the article and decided to write a short story instead. What follows is something which I hope is at least a bit amusing.

Enjoy - Dave Sag.

The Second Worst Place I Have Ever Lived

The New Flat; a first impression.

Moving from my luxurious Queenslander style two storey house in Paddington to a cheaper top floor apartment in Red Hill seemed like a good idea at the time. My former house-mates, also work-mates and by coincidence also called Dave, had decided that living together and working together was simply too much for the human condition to put up with. As for myself, I couldn't give a damn; as I was to discover, I could put up with almost anything, but so be it. Also the owner of the house we were renting had decided that years of having us as late paying tenants was enough and she was putting the house on the market.

I relocated easily enough, moving in with a friend and work-mate called Laurie who had recently split up with his wife and had been staying with us anyway. The apartment itself was quite small, but had two decent sized bedrooms, a small kitchen which included a fridge, and a lounge room. There was the added bonus of a tiny concrete and steel balcony which afforded a spectacular view of the car-park and some of Queensland's ever present jacaranda and mango trees. There was a small bathroom/laundry/toilet as well but the less said about that room the better.

Outside the front door there existed a labyrinth of stairs, passage ways, and, at the centre of it all, a huge great pit descending four floors to hell. Near this pit, somehow a part of the whole structure, were embedded solid steel doors, somewhat similar to furnace doors. When we opened one up a foul, some would say diabolical, stench assaulted us. We concluded that these furnace doors were provided so that weary souls on the top floors could simply dump their household garbage into them, rather than lug it all the way to the ground floor. It made perfect sense to me, and Laurie and I were relieved that things could go so well.

Then things went horribly wrong.

Things continued to go well for a while. Laurie's parents gave us an old washing machine. This however was not the modern miracle of cleaning that I had been used to in the past. This thing had two drums, neither of which I could figure out how to set to wash. My only attempt at washing clothes in the next few months ended up in total disaster.

But at least we both had jobs and the bills were being paid. That is until Laurie was fired. Now technically I was Laurie's boss, but we had brought in these two 'management consultants' who were determined to make our struggling little company a success, no matter if we died in the process. They had determined that Laurie - the only fully qualified artist in the place - was in fact redundant. As it turned out, Laurie was not eligible for unemployment benefits as his wife was still working so I agreed to cover his rent for a while.

Life went on in happy bliss for a few weeks until I started to go a bit stir crazy. This began to manifest itself in the usual ways. I would take the company car up to the North Coast with a friend of mine called Robyn, where she and I would swallow far too many pseudoephedrine pills (just like speed only nastier), drink too much, and stay up all night in a cute little A-frame house owned by a friend's aunt, until I had to return to Brisbane for my 7 am management meeting. This behaviour went on for a week or so, until one day, in a fit of speed-induced psychosis and pure hatred for everyone I worked with (especially the two smarmy management consultants without whose interference I could still have been happily drowsing on a beach) I gave everyone in the meeting a piece of my admittedly addled mind, and stormed out of the building with the keys to the company car.

I raced up to the apartment building and fuelled by anger, adrenalin and speed, tore up the stairs and into the flat.

The phone was ringing and I made the lounge just as Laurie answered it. Frantically I waved my arms pointing at myself and generally trying to convey the impression that Laurie had not seen me yet. Laurie must have picked up on my wild eyed charades because he indicated to the caller that he had not seen me, had no idea where I was, and, yes, he would call if or when he did see me.

Laurie laughed when I told him what I had done as we drove madly over to visit Mick, a mutual friend. I pulled up in his driveway with a screech, stepped out of the car and walked through the gate leading to the pool, where Mick and a few friends were lounging on deck chairs, enjoying the warmth of the Brisbane sun. I walked straight past them and dove into the pool, swam a lap and clambered out. They looked at me with slightly stunned, slightly bemused expressions as I unfolded a deck chair and reclined, my nice Italian suit a dripping mess.

That night I went out to dinner with Laurie, Mick and his girlfriend. We ate, we drank, then we went for a long slow drive while I listened to an old Neil Diamond tape and thought heavy thoughts.

"I have decided to resign," I said to the sleeping occupants of the car. They either ignored me or expressed their disbelief. We stopped at the top of a mountain and took a piss. There is nothing quite like the feeling of pissing off the top of a mountain at sunrise. Laurie and Mick joined me. There is much to be said for the silent strength of male bonding in a trying time.

"I'm resigning," I told them. They still didn't believe me for some strange reason. I dropped everyone home and went to work.

At 7 am I left my letter of resignation bluetacked to my computer. This, in later years, turned out to be the smartest move I could have made. I then went into town, bought a new suit and went to the movies. I felt better than I had in some time. I felt a new sense of freedom. I registered for the dole.

There's no such thing as a free lunch on credit.

My dole payments came to \$110.00 per week, as did the rent on our flat. We had a choice, pay no rent or buy no food. We decided to make sure that the rent was paid up and scrounge the rest. Our food began to run out and we began to get desperate. When the going gets tough, the not so tough get credit. I decided that the only way out of this, surely short-term, cash flow problem was to obtain some sort of credit.

Now banks hate lending money to people who need it. They would much rather lend huge amounts of money to corrupt business enterprises and then get the government to bail them out when it all goes bad.

Banks are also not too keen on giving credit cards to people unless the people can prove that they have decent incomes. My dole payments were not quite what they were looking for. It occurred to me, however, that department stores are not like banks. They delight in the giving of credit cards because they know that you can only spend your money in their store. A store card is like a consumer handcuff. Now, naturally I knew that no store would ever give a credit card to a recipient of unemployment benefits - oh alright, a dole bludger - like me. I hit upon a plan.

I showered, shaved, ironed my best shirt and put on my new suit. I chose a conservative, yet interesting tie and sauntered off into town, leaving Laurie well briefed. My only means of transport was walking and so by the time I arrived in town I was more than a bit hot and sweaty. I cooled myself down by sitting in the furniture department of a very big department store for a while and then I took the plunge.

I marched into the credit office and walked directly up to the reception.

"How do I go about obtaining a store

The Second Worst Place I Ever Lived (Cont...)

credit card?" I inquired.

The receptionist passed me an application for credit and informed me that I need only fill in the details and they would process it in due course.

"I don't have the time to wait for that," I replied with a sense of urgency in my voice. "I need a card as fast as possible - it's for a gift," I offered as some sort of reasoning. I was quite used to getting around canny receptionists, and this one was going to provide no challenge.

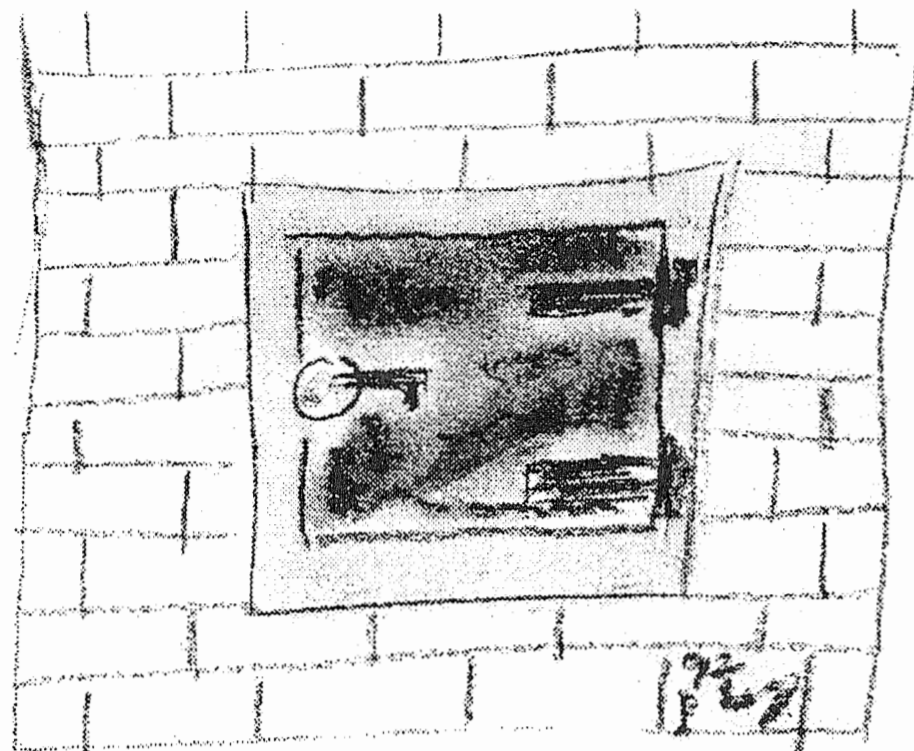
"May I speak to the manager... I'm sure he will understand," I suggested. She seemed uncertain, but her hands automatically moved for the PABX controls. "I'm in," I thought triumphantly - just a little more pressure. I glanced at my watch. "I won't take long and I am in a hurry."

She offered to check to see if he was in, but her body language suggested that he was not only in, but would probably see me. Sure enough she soon reported that the manager would see me and did I mind waiting a few minutes. There are two kinds of management. One kind sits at the top of a large bureaucracy, which is in turn part of larger bureaucracy; the other runs either a very small, or very tight organisation. The bureaucrat in power will always make someone wait in their reception, simply to make the power relationships obvious. The type 2 manager will sometimes keep people waiting, but only if it is someone who has annoyed them in the past. By and large, bureaucrats are fairly simple beasts to deal with. They operate within a fixed system, and like most systems, there are shortcuts through everything. These shortcuts usually were as simple as appealing to a higher source. Consequently, the higher the source being appealed to, the more perceived importance is attached to the inquiry. Thus, because the manager has no idea what, or who is about to bother his or her peace, this strange creature will often stall, while at the same time sending subliminal messages to the caller along the lines of "I know your inquiry is important, but I am busy doing a million things and you are a lesser being than me." The canny visitor will of course know that this facade is bullshit. The higher up you get, the less qualified you are for the job; it stands to reason, doesn't it? Within a bureaucracy, if you are good at your job you will usually get promoted. If you are bad at it you will, depending on the size of the bureaucracy, either get demoted (that should read 'downwards promoted'), or 'sideways promoted'; i.e. maintained at the same level but with differing duties. Smaller bureaucracies tend to downwards promote more than larger ones. It is a phenomenon almost unheard of within the public service.

I quickly perused a copy of their annual report which had been left in a pile of annual reports sitting on the coffee table near my feet to determine how long this particular manager had been in his job - 5 years. I smiled to myself as I now had a fair idea that the manager I was about to meet fit well into the mould of middle-aged, male, white, slightly disinterested and slightly shithouse at his job. A man frustrated and egotistical enough to still remain keen to impress upon people how much power he could wield.

The man who came out to meet me in the reception area was almost exactly the man I envisioned, right down to the bald patch. I stood up and shook his limp hand firmly with what I hoped was a predatory grin on my face.

"Come in," he said and we walked through a door into a hall. I opened the door to his office, let myself in and sat in a visitor's chair at his desk. He followed and sat behind his desk. Sunlight poured through the window behind him and I moved from my chair to a standing position. This put him in somewhat of a bind. He could either stand up and feel awkward, or remain seated and have to look up at me.



He politely requested that I sit down as he swept his arm towards the chair. I declined to sit, claiming that the sun was irritating my eyes, and that I'd been sitting down all day. I then explained the reason for my visit. I kept it short and conclusive. I knew he would give me a card.

He barely objected. I gave him the number of my flat and he rang to confirm my details. Laurie answered the phone, and as planned he answered as my personal secretary. The manager asked for details such as how long had I worked there, what my position was and roughly what my salary was. Laurie told him, five years, General Manager and Director of Special Projects/Marketing, and I'm sorry but we can't release that information over the phone. He then asked when I had come in as there was an urgent, and unexpected, teleconference about to happen and his presence was required. The manager passed the phone to me.

"What is the matter," I asked, all concern. Laurie asked how it was going and was I going to get the card.

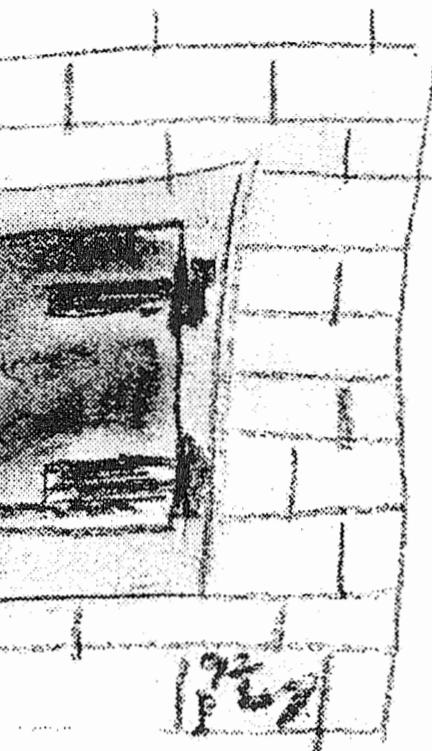
"Not a problem - we've got 'em by the balls on this thing," I laughed. I winked at the manager. He smiled knowingly - if only he knew!

"Ciao," I said and hung up. "Hard to take a piss these days, eh?" I exclaimed in a resigned tone at the manager. He agreed although I doubt he had any idea of what I was saying. Fuck knows I didn't, I'd probably heard the line in a film somewhere. The manager and I chatted for a bit while I put my hand in my pocket and jangled my keys softly. The sound of jangling keys is almost guaranteed to bring a meeting to a close. It is an exceptionally useful tool for getting rid of guests who have overstayed their welcome.

Sure enough, the manager assured me that he saw no problems while he filled in the application form for me, and my card

would be on its way in a week. I signed on the line with his pen and thanked him. I then left the building feeling as high as a kite.

For the next week I waited in anticipation of the fun I could have with a credit card and sure enough on the seventh day, as I was resting, there was a special letter for me in my letter box. It was from, you guessed it, my new friends at the department store. I tore it open and to my delight it was a credit card - my very own credit card. There was a letter welcoming me and thanking me for my wise decision



to shop at their store, a colour brochure displaying some of the delicacies I could purchase and thereby go straight over my limit. They were begging me to spend - and I gave until I could give no more.

Laurie and I marched like men possessed, driven by hunger and thirst, into the store's food hall. We sat, we ordered, we ate, we charged it.

Debts and filth gather like flies.

The novelty of credit was in no danger of wearing off. As long as we could go into town every day and eat or buy food to cook at home, we were more than satisfied. So what if we were adding \$100 per week to my card. By now we had the bug. We decided that just because we were poor as shite, didn't mean we had to live as though we were poor.

I phoned a TV rental place and made an appointment for a sales rep to come over and sell us something, or to be more precise, rent us something. That something was a state of the art CD player/turntable/tuner/etc. A flat without music is no flat at all. This little gem was to cost us a mere \$35 per month. We used part of our rent money to pay for the first month in advance, I gave the rest of the rent money to my credit card.

The flat was beginning to smell. In the corner of the kitchen we had a huge cardboard moving box which we used to throw rubbish in. Every so often we would take this box out to the steel pit doors and hurl rubbish down the chute. We referred to this as "placating the pit demon". After a while however, the building manager taped the doors shut with gaffer tape and attached a note saying "Do Not Use".

Being somewhat lazy creatures, we simply allowed the rubbish in our house - most of it generated by visitors who would come over with Coke and order

evenings doing nothing but sit and get stoned - to pile up in the big rubbish box.

The cockroach population was increasing exponentially. If you've ever seen Queensland cockroaches you will have an idea of how truly nasty it can be to have hundreds of them share a flat with you. They grow to about 5 cm in length and they fly. Jumping on them from a height will not kill them. They can pick locks without breaking stride, fight their way out of microwave ovens and hurl bricks at unsuspecting passers-by.

All cockroaches like a stable home environment, just as much as humans. The secret to annoying roaches is to find their home base and destroy it. In our flat it was not hard to figure out where they were living. Judging by the fact that they were concentrated in the kitchen, (they would scurry about in the grill, even when you were grilling food - once I made some cheese on toast and when I brought it out from the grill there was a live cockroach embedded in the melted cheese), it seemed likely that the rubbish box was their little slice of heaven.

We moved the box. A thousand black shapes scurried in all directions. Up walls, across the floor, some flew straight for us causing us to duck and shield our eyes. Pretty soon there were more of the little bastards than we could count, all over the damn flat. Bravely we tried to carry the box out of the flat towards the recently sealed rubbish chute. As we were half way down the hall the base of the box gave way, divesting itself of the remains of about fifty home cooked meals and other assorted crap. It smelt bad. Another million or so cockroaches came tumbling out as well, and proceeded to whirl about like dervishes. The collection of old bits of meat, egg shells, soggy bits of vegetation, blood encrusted bandages, cigarette ash; cigarette butts by the ton, damp paper and the rest was quite stable when contained within the confines of a large cardboard box, but on the floor it looked and smelt revolting. There was quite a large maggot collection in there as well, but that was the least of the horrors; we were used to them.

Using a couple of plates we scooped most of the sloppy mess back into the box, which we held on its side. Carefully, and with a delicacy that would have impressed the judges of any ice dancing competition, we moved the box outside. We untaped the iron door and started throwing all the stuff down the chute, cackling demonically while doing so. We then hit upon the idea of killing the many roaches which had tagged along for the ride by rolling a Fanta bottle over them. This was surprisingly effective, if a trifle messy. When all the roaches were dead, a process that took several hours, we tore the box into manageable pieces and set fire to them as we threw them down the chute. After the last piece had fallen we re-gaffertaped the door and went back inside.

There was a slimy, sticky, brown trail leading from the kitchen to the front door. The smell from the remaining blobs of filth was overpowering. We lit up some incense and put a CD on the player.

When we find money we spend it on crap!

By now we were experiencing what can only be described as third world conditions. Our friends began to stop visiting, and after a while even we preferred to sleep somewhere else. After a week or so of no food, Laurie and I decided to do "The Deed". We began

tidying the flat. Out went more garbage, washed were the dishes, restacked became the bookshelves. The scraps of paper, food, rubbish that littered the lounge room floor went over the balcony. The vacuum cleaner arrived from Laurie's mom's house and we went crazy. It was a non-stop cleaning orgy. In the process of cleaning we found just over five dollars in loose change. This was to be our reward for being good boys. With five dollars we could buy real food.

So off we went. The flat was clean! We entered the convenience store with pride in our hearts. Confidently we purchased the following yummy goods. One box Australian camembert cheese (always buy Australian), one two litre bottle of Coke (never buy Pepsi), a small box of water crackers and some liqueur chocolates. We had been back in the flat for less than five minutes before the whole lot was gone. The beginnings of a new sea of filth had formed in the lounge.

There go the lights.

I woke up one morning and realised in a daze that for about a week all I'd eaten was a bowl of rice with a few, about ten, frozen peas drowned in it, topped with slices of mango stolen from the neighbour's tree. I clambered out of bed and manoeuvred towards the lounge, making

careful note to avoid the shiny black slick mark on the floor which, funny enough, connected the front door to the kitchen.

The lounge was not too pretty. Laurie was asleep, sprawled on the floor looking as though he had recently been shot. He was using his favourite grey jumper as a pillow, wearing his favourite white shirt with grey tie, his black shoes and his grey briefcase was not far from his hand, on the floor. He looked for all the world like a black and white photo of a Mafia hit; lying as he was between a brown beanbag (which if it could have talked, would have screamed) and a scattered CD collection.

"Wow, Laurie's dead on the living room floor," I instantly deduced. (Working with computers for a few years does funny things to your sense of logic. You begin to forget that just because the fuel meter is broken, doesn't mean that the car has some kind of bug inherent within its design that means that it is now no longer consuming petrol. I made that mistake once, to my eternal regret!)

After spending a delirious moment convinced that I was looking at an artist's impression of the murder of my flatmate, I came to my senses and Laurie came to. He looked a bit the worse for wear. This, I became convinced, was due to an extraordinary quantity of dope and lager

that had made its weary way through his internals. I'm glad I didn't see him the night before, let me tell you.

Laurie looked dejected. The strain of having an income of \$0.00 was beginning to show on his whole body. We needed food and damn fast. Damn the bills, fuck the rent and swing the credit card around like an insanely curious person tests the size of a room.

We summoned the energy to walk into town, walked into town then into the food hall and into pig out heaven. Twenty minutes later, our appetites sated, we sauntered out, doggie bags full to the brim with some not bad at all tucker. This particular food hall is situated, strangely enough, right near the CD and record section. I could barely resist the urge to splash out in a fit of credit abuse. In fact I didn't resist, let's be frank. I bought ten CDs and we went home, feeling pretty pleased with ourselves.

As I approached the building I was overcome with excitement. I could not wait to get up the stairs and bung a CD in our brand new CD player. We bolted through the door. We ripped into the lounge, I flipped on the power, pressed the CD OPEN button, whipped a CD out of its case and whopped it in. I hit play and the CD ensemble slid gracefully into the player. The little blue/green LCD



screen lit up with a few irrelevant numbers. The player made a skip skip skip and then the music poured out.

All the lights went out and the music died. There was an awful stillness from the fridge. Somewhere in the distance I could hear the sounds of a truck's brakes as it pulled up at the traffic lights... about three kilometres away. I felt sad and alone.

"Fuck," was Laurie's only response.

Solitary confinement

Now I was really pissed off. There was very little to do so I began to write, read and make stupidly long phone calls. Friends still dropped in to visit but Laurie started staying out more at friends' houses. After a few days I found myself reading through most of the night - I remember wading through a vast collection of pulp horror and sci fi/fantasy books, as well as spending my last ten dollars on a copy of *Withering Heights* - what a cool book - and finally falling asleep for a few hours before the heat and humidity woke me up.

It was Wednesday. This is significant because Wednesday meant two things to me. Number one was dole form day. I was off to put in a dole form and I was going to see my mother. She offered to pay my outstanding electricity bill if I agreed to repay her on Thursday where, all things being equal, my \$110 gift of life would appear as if by magic in my account.

Oh well, that's my money gone for the next fortnight and fuck knows where the rent is coming from. I tried to explain this to my mom but she was fairly adamant that I could either sort out my own life or... well, usually the alternative was a demand to move home, but mom had rented my old room out to a boarder so moving home was out of the question.

I gave in, my need for electricity overcoming any other desire. If you put your mind to it I'm sure you can almost taste the fetid odour that a cramped flat develops after a few days of hot, wet Brisbane summer, with food scraps and a pile of empty soft drink bottles in the corner of the kitchen. The roaches were back needless to say. No power had meant that the place was in an almost perpetual state of damp darkness and the old half cabbage that once lay preserved in ice at the back of the freezer returned to life and promptly dissolved ala that really cool scene at the end of the film *The Evil Dead*, releasing a stink that the words derived from a thousand pictures could not even begin to describe. I suppose that 'bad' pretty well sums it up though.

Mom came with me to the closest 'lectrickery office where she paid the bill for me. "Shit," I thought, \$90 just to hear CDs I just paid over \$100 for, and am of course paying massive interest on. Eventually she dropped me home and gave me an emergency food parcel of one tomato, a block of cheese and a loaf of bread. She also bought me a bag of mangoes to prevent the onset of scurvy. I felt curiously ungrateful as I accepted the food without comment.

Walking into my flat felt repulsive. One look into the bathroom convinced me that I had to escape. I picked up the phone and discovered the other significant thing about Wednesdays. Telecom always choose Wednesdays to cut people's phones off. Their rationale, I assume, is to give people an optimum length of time to discover that they are not able to use their phones and rush in to pay their bills. I bet an army of statisticians worked that out. And guess what, we paid for it.

The Second Worst Place I Ever Lived (Cont...)

Wednesday, I am sure, has been proved to be the most annoying day of the week. What better time to add insult to injury by cutting someone off from the world - totally.

At least I'm losing weight!

I really felt shitty. I hadn't showered in days and was beginning to feel as though my life had collapsed around me. Laurie had vanished completely and I resorted to laying about in bed reading for periods of twenty odd hours at a stretch. I subsisted by stealing mangoes from the neighbours garden and frying them with small bits of chopped up tomato and eating them between bits of bread. I thought about ringing my mother and begging her to lend me the money to pay my phone bill but realised the futility and plain stupidity of such a thought immediately. "I'm really fucked now," was all that really occurred to me. Every so often I would pick up the phone hopefully. I stopped when this became too depressing.

I escaped from the house and took solace in long walks, a habit that remains with me to this day. I also started staying over at my friends' houses, not showering or changing clothes. I was getting scuzzier and scuzzier. After a week or so I returned home to find a mountain of evil looking bills. There was the CD rental, a final demand on the flat rent and the credit card bill from beyond hell. Dutifully I took them upstairs and put them in the rather full bill drawer.

In the last two weeks I had lost two kilograms. This even I deemed unhealthy.

Not to mention my mind.

I woke up at 9 am with the most dreadful headache I could possibly imagine. I had been up 'til 7 am reading and now felt like there were two creatures fucking inside my brain, but one of them didn't want to. I made a very weird decision that morning. I decided to become a real estate broker.

My suit was not in the best of nick, but I peeled it up off the floor of my room anyway. Man, did it pong. Rain had come in through the window and for the last few weeks I had left my suit lying in the corner of my room, soaking wet. In one of the pockets there was, for some odd reason, a bread crust which had by now developed a mind and personality of its own. The roaches and ants were having a field day with it in fact.

I rinsed the suit out under the shower and used Laurie's old hairdryer to dry it. I dressed up as well as I could manage without either showering or shaving. I must have looked as mad as a cut snake. I walked into town and wandered straight into the offices of the first large real estate firm I found. I addressed the reception and explained that I had come about a job and that I would like to become a real estate sales person.

Now either I didn't look and smell so bad after all, or the receptionist was completely daft, but either way she tapped a few buttons, spoke to someone and asked me to wait on the sofa. I did and pretty soon a woman came out and introduced herself to me. I shook her hand and we went into her office. She asked me all sorts of questions about why did I want to sell real estate, what had I been doing in the past and what was I

doing now. I crapped on about how I had always loved real estate sales and knew some fine real estate agents etc. I pointed out that I had some theatre experience, some writing experience, some business experience and that I needed to work.

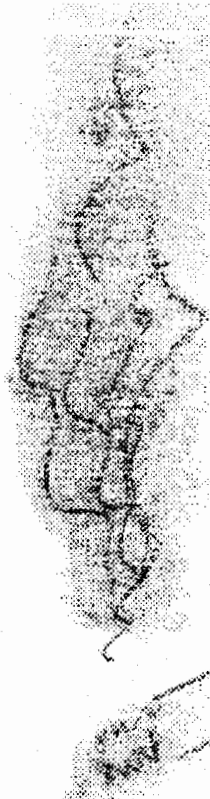
She explained the many and various methods of memorising details of houses and buildings; she also explained that I could earn heaps of money really fast. This thought appealed to me. Then she went on to advise me that I needed to have a few thousand dollars saved up to survive for the first few months when commissions would be really low - I paused - and that I should have my own car.

I left the building somewhat relieved and yet a bit sad. In retrospect, not having a car or any money just saved my life. My father's office was just down the road so I thought I would stop in and say hi. Dad was on the phone as usual and waived me to a seat. I waited 'til he finished his conversation and then explained that my phone had been cut off and that I had tried to get a job as a real estate sales person.

Dad had a fit.

"From now on, I'll look in the papers for a job for you. Get your phone back on," he urged. Then he looked up a vocational guidance councillor in the phone book, rang them up and made an appointment for me for the following day. He gave me a few dollars for the bus and sent me home.

The next day I caught a strange bus that went out to suburbs that, in all my time living in and around Brisbane, I had only ever associated with the world's largest hypermarket and other such crap. But out there in the mortgage belt there thrived a nest of social workers, all keen to tell me what occupation I was



best suited for. I didn't really mind this idea as, sure as fuck, I had no idea.

These people, when I finally got to meet them, were in fact one well meaning woman who came across more like a wise old granny than a social worker. She determined by means of her arcane arts that I should move to Canberra and study (what! I never even mentioned Canberra once and here you are telling me to live there! I wouldn't know Canberra from a bar of soap), or I should get a job working with computers (fuckin' yeah, tell me something I don't know).

I left, hoping that someone just got paid by the Government to tell me that the sky is blue and the grass is green and you and I stand in between, kind of at the crossroads but more something to do with where the waves touch the shore or is it the horizon. Her grasp on metaphor was

outstanding.

My headaches became worse and worse until one day my mother came over, took one look at me and dragged me to the doctor. The doctor's eventual conclusion was that I was suffering from stress and I should try and get regular good food and exercise. He prescribed some medicine I could not afford and I went home.

The phone rang.

Escape!

You can barely imagine what joy the sound of a ringing phone caused. I answered it and to my surprise it was my dad.

"I think I've found you a job, son," he explained. He asked me if I had the weekend papers, which of course I didn't. He then offered to drive over and show me the ad. He read it out. Basically it was a computer programming job, something I could do, and it was in Adelaide. I suddenly came over all still. I thought about how cool it would be to move to Adelaide, the place of my birth, and get a job.

The next day I went into town and bludged some computer time from a store in town. I sorted out some references and wrote a long letter of application for the job. Nothing happened, then a few days later, after I had given up hope, the phone rang. It was them and we conducted an informal phone interview.

I had applied to one of the few companies in the world which somehow was stupid enough to short-list me down to three applicants and offer to fly me to Adelaide for a final "person to person" interview. Boy, did I feel cool or what. So they flew me to Adelaide, interviewed me and only then did they think to ask me if I could read music, a skill as significant to the project as computer programming was.

Fortunately I still had my return ticket home. I was about to book my return flight when someone contacted me about another job.

After a few days spent stuffing around, organizing an interview with a man by the name of Chris, I took

time to renew a few old friendships with people I had not for the most part seen in many years. I was startled by how dull and straight most of them were, with a few exceptions. Finally, dressed up as well as was possible with my new briefcase and red power tie, I went to meet Chris. He was one of those people who look older than they really are. Chris relaxed deep into his chair, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt and lit a cigarette. He offered me one, I took it. He was a chronic smoker and ran his office out of the back of his house. Less than ten minutes into the interview Chris started rolling a joint. It was not the biggest joint I had ever seen, but it certainly smelt strong. He lit it up, toked on it and passed it to me.

I was no stranger to the demon weed but, having lived all of my smoking life in Queensland, had never seen dope smoked so casually, without all the blinds being drawn, the windows closed and the lights turned off. I was used to the idea that the way to fool people into thinking you were not smoking dope was by making people think you weren't home. Only in retrospect did this idea

seem daft.

Chris passed the joint to me and, always keen for a smoke, I accepted. I toked and then, as good smoking etiquette dictates, passed it back. What I was not prepared for however was Chris rolling another joint. He bade me finish the one I had on my hand as he assembled another three paper masterpiece. Chris only ever rolled three paper joints. He only ever smoked heads. He smoked these joints constantly.

Soon the interview was lost in a mist of stoned enthusiasm. I knew that I had the job and I knew I would enjoy working here. I started to feel really pale. I could feel the slightest breeze on my cheek and I felt the blood in my lips moving. I was familiar with these warning signs. My head was whispering to me "You've smoked too much dope and then had a cigarette haven't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't mean to" I mumbled to myself.

"What?" asked Chris.

"Can I use your bathroom?" I replied and staggered to my feet. I made it to the bathroom and vomited noisily for about ten minutes into first the hand basin and then the toilet. In a stoned haze I attempted to shove bits of vomit down through the gaps in the plug hole with my fingers. This kept me occupied for quite a while. I washed my face, flushed the toilet and washed the sink. I rinsed my mouth out with water a few times, blew my nose and walked back out to talk to Chris.

"Sorry" I mumbled.

"What?" replied Chris dreamily.

"Nothing" I replied.

I flew back to Brisbane and prepared to move. Laurie and I vacated the flat and I moved back into my parents' house. Laurie moved in with Mick. Dad and I, mostly dad however, cleaned the flat. All of our bond went to pay back rent.

Things suddenly started happening at a frantic pace. I broke my foot by falling from the bottom step of a flight of stairs. This delayed my departure for a week while I watched the Winter Olympics on TV. I still had the CD player and I spent a lot of time in my room listening to music. I was so pleased to be

going that nothing, no matter what disaster befell me, could wipe the smile from my face.

The day came, my bags were packed, I was booked onto the plane. I arrived at the airport, I met some friends who gave me a card and my dad who bought a round of gin and tonics. I promised to write then picked up my stuff and boarded the plane. They gave me a groovy window seat, next to a kindly looking woman. I opened the card - it was a cute drawing of a smiley teddy bear. Inside amongst a sea of words of wisdom and signatures was the same bear, a tear in its eye as it waved to a fading plane. Underneath this illustration originally were the words "We hate to see you go". They had however been doctored with a hefty amount of pen scribbled in cannily over it.

I could not help but notice the appalled look on my neighbouring passenger's face when she read the final words of well wishing over my shoulder.

"We hate you," the card had been converted to read, "You suck."

You gotta laugh but eh?

Dave Sag
1992.

A Guide to God's Herbs

"And God gave to all people the herbs of the Earth" - somewhere in Genesis. God's herbs are many and varied things, some are best for his flock in a drinkable form. Some are best in an edible form. But today we should consider those herbs consumed in a smokable form.

I am pleased to report the latest sensory evaluation that covers produce from many different regions in South Australia, the state of the on-the-spot fine.

Equipment - potato, one Personnel - proclaimed particular evaluation. hard to

The results - region Barossa Vintage : bodied throat and b u t effects on body. The themselves ' D a m p ' Grass ' Eden Valley amazing

aroma and similar delicate, light bodied flavour. Just like the āīrēā. Just as potent in its overall effects as well.

Southern Vales - 1992 Vintage: open, sparse stringy appearance, very modest expectations were made of this one, but we were all wrong. This had a very earthy, full bodied flavour. Harsh, uncomfortable effects were felt around the

the Lenswood magic mushrooms had the far out wild tripping effects. All the vertical lines in sight would tend to wave and ripple whereas with Second Valley magic mushrooms the vertical lines would remain straight, but they would multiply.

one customised box of matches. four self experts in this field of sensory Identities were come by.

on a region by analysis:

Valley - 1992 surprisingly light effect on the lungs and mild deceptive the rest of the h e r b s had the usual Rags' and Aromas.

- 1992 Vintage: floral, perfumed

riestlings from this

sensory panel as the expectorant aspects of this particular sample were literally taken to (and around) the heard. Was this sample pure?

Coonawarra - 1992 Vintage: very brown appearance of both the reproductive and vegetative parts, similar earthy full bodied flavour. This sample really clung to the ribs and would not let go. The overall effects were considerable.

Adelaide Metropolitan - 1992 Vintage: mainly vegetative sample but still effective in its overall physiological actions. Grassy, herbaceous aroma before incineration and medium bodied, raw flavour during incineration. Overall quite effective.

Adelaide City - 1992 Vintage: No-one would believe me if I told them where this was grown. Open loose stringy heads but strong aromatic aroma. Very full bodied flavour and very effective action.

Gawler - 1992 Vintage: Everyone would believe me if I said where this was grown. A purely vegetative sample from a winter crop. Yet to come is its reproductive growth stage. Light bodied, and light effects but definitely worthwhile and a worthy tribute to some clever horticultural practice.

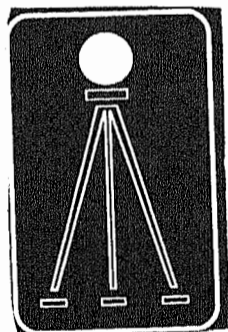
At this stage of the investigation, all the panel members were suffering motivational difficulties, even though we had been diligently exhaling all the samples out. The effects were still sustained. Funny about that. The potato was looking a little worse for war also.

When it was first suggested to me that different regions produced different flavours from the same type of grape vines. I had no trouble relating to that.

My past experience was, for example, the lenswood magic mushrooms had the far out wild tripping effects. All the vertical lines in sight would tend to wave and ripple whereas with Second Valley magic mushrooms the vertical lines would remain straight, but they would multiply. Also the Second Valley magic mushrooms would be of a more sedative, introverted and 'stoned' downer unlike lenswood mushrooms which were extrovert and gregarious in their effect. Torrens Gorge mushrooms were different again. It's all by God's design:

In future, we will not need to address ourselves as being stoned or hallucinating. Instead we will all be blessed, blessed by God's gifts to all people. Blessings to you all.

Written by Won't Say.



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- Business, Accounting, Law

THE PERFECT BODY

a fashion accessory worth dying for?

Food. It's one of life's basic pleasures. For most women however, this pleasure, or the act of eating, is associated with guilt and shame - and for many women food is not a pleasure but an addiction and an obsession.

What I'm talking about is eating 'disorders'. No-one knows exactly what the statistics are but the problem is widespread and growing fast, especially for young women. Studies in Sydney recently have shown that approximately 15 percent of women in school and university have at some time been anorexic. Other studies suggest that the vast majority of Australian women consider themselves overweight and at any one time over half of the female population are on a diet. Compare this to the fact that in reality 29 percent of women aged 20 - 24 are actually underweight and we see that something is very wrong with the way we are made to feel about and treat our bodies.

Some eating 'disorders', such as anorexia nervosa are easily recognised and diagnosed. Others can be and are suffered by women for months and years without anyone else knowing. Included in this group are eating 'disorders' such as bulimia nervosa, but some would also include a range of other behaviour patterns such as common dieting. Forms of dieting may not be medically recognised as eating disorders but are based in exactly the same ideological premise (that is the socially enforced concept that female perfection equals thinness) and are only different from life-threatening or clinical 'disorders' by the extent to which they are taken.

I have put the word 'disorder' in quotation marks. This word and also 'disease', which is also applied to conditions such as anorexia and bulimia, each have very specific connotations which work to hide the real nature of these phenomena. Disorders and diseases are abnormalities and illnesses which are developed either through some inherent fault of the "diseased" person or through "bad luck". The reality of eating disorders is that they are neither abnormal nor are they the result of mental or physical defect on the part of the sufferer but are caused by a society which imposes a strict set of values about women on both women and men.

These values, shared by every woman deciding to go on a diet and every woman whose dieting has become "successful" / obsessive enough for it to be termed a 'disorder', are values shared by our entire society. They are ingrained in us from birth and throughout our lives we are bombarded with

images and attitudes telling us that thin is beautiful and that beauty for women is what must be striven for and achieved at any cost.

Women diet and women develop so called 'disorders' for a great number of reasons and causes, but behind each must lie this premise that thin is an ideal. For some it represents happiness, popularity, self confidence ("I'm not dieting for anyone else, I just want to about myself") represents self-will-power ("I lose weight, I just that I have this these are all fundamental perfection for certain body unnaturally low unachievable that. affected by this. rare who has grow up feeling her body size Even women comfortable shape are under pressure and their body shape point is that the pervades our consciousness, self and our arbitrary. If we throughout 'ideal' body imposed we find greatly from period. For compare the Renaissance today's 'ideal'. are taught is the female perfection fashion - a forces women to starve or worry states of health and even

I have put the word 'disorder' in quotation marks. This word and also 'disease', which is also applied to conditions such as anorexia and bulimia, each have very specific connotations which work to hide the real nature of these phenomena. Disorders and diseases are abnormalities and illnesses which are developed either through some inherent fault of the "diseased" person or through "bad luck".

our sense of culture is purely look back history at the shapes that they differ period to example, ideal figure to So, what we epitome of is nothing but a fashion which diet, binge, themselves into obsession, ill into death.

Following are accounts of the

being the sufferer of an eating 'disorder'. The women telling their stories are not unusual, nor are they strange or unstable or weird. Their "diseases" are simply an extension of the weight anxiety, distorted body image and preoccupation with body shape and food, that many, if not most women have experienced.

If you can relate to anything I have written here or anything written below, or if you're worried about your eating patterns and attitudes to weight, food and body image, then there are things that you can do about it. If you just want to talk to someone close by on campus you can come and see me in my office in the SAUA. If you think you would like to have some counselling there are a number of places that you can go to. Supportive, sound and understanding counselling is available at the Eastern Community Health Service (ph. 207 8933), or at any of the women's community health centres (Adelaide Women's Health Centre ph. 267 5366). Alternatively, you can contact the Anorexia and Bulimia Nervosa Association on 362 6772.

Next year, I will be running a campaign around the issues of eating disorders and body image and will be setting up at least one on-going support group on campus, so look out for that. In the meantime think about the issues, examine your own attitudes to both your own and other people's weight, scorn and reject the images of women that are forced down our throats, burn those fashion magazines and challenge (if not hit...) anyone you hear making derogatory remarks about size, fat or weight. This stuff is harming women and we have to fight it. Now.

**Lizanna Buchanan
SAUA Women's Officer**



Bulimia - a personal account

"I'm on a diet." "I just want to lose some weight." "I'm too fat."

When I hear them I cringe and feel sick and sad inside. I feel sick because I've been there. I've said these things and I've believed them. And I know what pain and self-disgust lies behind the harmless sounding words and I know what may lie ahead for the women speaking them - the cycles of dieting, failing, binging and guilt. I know because I've been there too.

This is my story and I tell it as my story - nothing more. But I do believe, from speaking to and listening to and watching other women that my story is not unique but is one experienced, albeit with many variations, by many, many others. This doesn't surprise me because I know just how hard it is to escape the pressures and conditioning which underlie my story and I know that few women do.

As a child, I was naturally skinny and throughout my childhood and teenage years, comments and compliments about my skinniness, combined with film, book, etc., constantly reinforced the ideal of being thin and that beautiful and loved. Girls conforming to that ideal were worthless, pitiable and lacking in willpower. These messages are given to us at subconscious levels from every direction and we many sink in to thinking.

The messages through to me. At was one of the who "didn't have weight". (Note that all women drastically must "worry" and about it.) This when my body to change, as bodies generally do when we grow up, I reacted very strongly against it. I was firmly imbued with values that caused me to see any, even healthy, weight increase as profoundly negative. The tiniest change meant that I was getting "fat" - and there was nothing worse.

From there to bulimia was a gradual but strangely logical journey. Anxiety about my figure turned into certainty that I was overweight and that people looking at me could not see a "normal" person. Being conscious of what I was eating became obsession and a constant battle within me between the desire to eat and desperate attempts not to, inevitably ending with overwhelming feelings of guilt whenever I did put food in my mouth. And each burden of guilt brought another drop in self esteem which in turn led to renewed determination to lose weight (since thin women feel happy with themselves and confident!) which led to stronger guilt when I couldn't keep my resolution of self-starvation. And so on, and on, and on.

Once trapped in this cycle the step to bulimia, the idea of which had once repulsed me, seemed logical and almost the ideal solution. By throwing up after eating you can purge yourself of the calorie-laden food you have consumed as well as the guilt that you felt while eating it. Except, of course, that now you feel doubly guilty and ashamed for what you know are two socially unacceptable acts: overeating and making yourself vomit. So, the guilt continues and the rest of the cycle, but now it included the rituals of being sick to rid my body of any food that I did not have the willpower to reject.

At the time I felt in control. I knew that my behaviour was that of a bulimic, but bulimics were out of control. I, on the other hand, knew what I was doing to

myself and was doing it anyway. I knew that when I looked in the mirror and saw someone huge and overweight that I was suffering from "distorted body image". I knew that every time I ate and went straight to the toilet to stick my fingers down my throat that I was damaging my body. I knew all the theory, I was a feminist for God's sake, and I should have known better, so, I felt even more to blame.

But the fact was that I wasn't in control. Social stereotypes, media images, the messages I mentioned before - they all had control of me. As I said, they are hard to escape and just as hard to exorcise. My bulimia became worse. I would force myself to concentrate on other things for a while and it would subside for a few months. Then something (a joke about weight or a patch of feeling love or loved, for example) would trigger my conviction that I was too fat and my determination to do something about it would turn dieting back into the cycle of self-denial, binging and purging.

I don't think anyone else knew. I remember hinting to a few friends but if they got the hint they did not acknowledge it. Family noticed but were silenced with assurances. "No, it's under control." "No, I just feel ill tonight - that's why I'm sick." "No, of course I don't need to go to counselling." Of course not. And all along the conflict between wanting to be thin and the shame and self-punishment of not being able to lose weight and the shame and self-scorn at what I was doing to myself was tearing me apart and destroying any sense of self worth or confidence I had had. For me, that was the part - that constant consciousness that I was a failure and victim to this obsession and the accompanying feeling that I was worthless and disgusting.

For some months now, I have controlled my behaviour and have deliberately not dieted, binged or made myself vomit. Generally, I feel OK about my body and I am happy with my eating habits, just eating when I am hungry. I still have days when I return to the old, ingrained mindframe and wish I were thinner. I still grapple, sometimes, with shadows of guilt when I eat. But I fight and I banish these feelings and the old way of thinking whenever they threaten to return. And I fight the values which are forced on me and reinforced in every peer group, from every screen and page and billboard. I can fight them now because now I am armed with Anger. And I believe that if anything can help women overcome dieting, compulsive eating, anorexia, bulimia and all the accompanying attitudes, then it is this Anger. Anger that we, as women in a "civilized" world, are being conditioned to sacrifice our time, energy and lives on such a meaningless thing as body size and that our sisters, daughters, mothers and ourselves are starving or binging ourselves to death.

"Being conscious of what I was eating became obsession and a constant battle within me between the desire to eat and desperate attempts not to, inevitably ending with overwhelming feelings of guilt whenever I did put food in my mouth."

obviously got one stage I "lucky" females to worry about the implication who are not underweight feel upset meant that shape began



Bulimia Nervosa - another woman's story

Bulimia Nervosa is an eating disorder, its main characteristics are dieting, then binge eating and the purging of the food consumed, either through use of laxatives or by vomiting. Personally I never used laxatives, but I did vomit, a lot.

I've chosen to give you a personal account of what it's like being bulimic because it's a very private thing, myself and no-one else and it up in seem unreal. fill it. words like guilt, adequately like. They simple, little it's not. became my

"Bulimia isn't only about weight loss, it's about self hate, power and identity. It's about pain, anger and a host of negative emotions and these are what have to be dealt with before a bulimic can stop. I believe bulimia isn't a cause, for me it felt like a symptom."

life.

I recall the day I in January 1989 been trying to diet of days, when all of an incredible urge cakes. Tip Top fairy little bit of jam in the what to do? I was then I though could vomit it up wouldn't matter. So, and bought a pack, and hopeful. work? Somehow

cakes didn't really matter anymore. I was on the verge of discovering something wonderful; something that would change my life for the better, or so I thought.

Now the ironic thing is I knew what I was doing, I knew if it worked that I might end up bulimic, and strangely enough, I wanted to. However, I pushed this thought down and made myself believe I was doing it to become thin. And after a while, I did start to lose weight and people all said how lovely I looked, so I took to it harder. I'd starve myself all day then binge at night, consuming large quantities of food and throwing them up. I'd count calories all the time. If it entered my mouth I'd weigh it up. If it was worth under 500 kJ I'd be okay. If more than that I'd go on a binge and vomit, sometimes consuming ten times what I originally ate just so I could throw it up and not feel fat and guilty for eating. I make jokes about it and say thing like, "I've seen more vomit in my life than most people ever will," but the thing is it's not funny, it's actually very sad.

I lost three stones in 18 months and suddenly I became everybody's little darling. I wasn't fat anymore, people said I looked attractive but I felt fat and ugly, I guess I still do. Part of me thinks they lied. I can't see any difference, the scales say so but I still look fat. I'm terrified one day I'll wake up and I will have put the weight back on. I

imagine trying to hide it, hoping people won't notice. An irrational fear maybe, but it's valid to me.

I always thought I was so secretive and nobody knew. And although I never got caught people began to question my normal intake of food and the subsequent weight loss. I don't know if I hurt them I assumed I did but they never said anything to me about it, they still don't. They whispered amongst themselves but let me handle it. It probably was not the reaction I was after but they were right, it was my problem.

I did tell one person, my lover, and it had a profound impact on her. She used to cry that I was killing myself but it didn't feel that way to me, she tried everything in her power to stop me, but she really couldn't help me, only I could help myself. The thing was it's so internalised you don't think about other people. It's all you and the demons in your mind - everyone else is irrelevant. But maybe they did have an impact for I managed to stop. Three things drove me to this. Firstly, I was wrecking my body, I had a chronic sore throat and stomach cramps. I was always getting sick and feeling tired and irritable. Secondly, I was messing up my life; I couldn't study, I couldn't work, I was so obsessed by food I spent every moment planning binges or enacting them. I realised I had to get on with my life. Finally, I stopped for my lover - I couldn't stand the pain it was causing her and more than anything I wanted her to be happy.

It would be nice to end on such a positive note but life just isn't like that and three months after stopping, I started again, no memorable reason stands out in my mind, it just happened. I was going through a stressful time, love had turned sour and it was so easy to slip back into an old and familiar pattern.

The problem was I had one of my reasons for stopping all wrong. I shouldn't have stopped for my lover. I should have stopped for myself. You see bulimia isn't only about weight loss, it's about self hate, power and identity. It's about pain, anger and a host of negative emotions and these are what have to be dealt with before a bulimic can stop. I believe bulimia isn't a cause, for me it felt like a symptom. A totally well adjusted person would not choose bulimia as a form of weight control. They would eat sensibly and exercise regularly. But for me, I chose the most destructive weight-loss technique I could, it helped me cover my emotions.

I am bulimic and I think I will always be bulimic. Like an alcoholic I have an addiction and even if I don't give in to it for years it's there and the weakness is there. I hope to stop being a practising bulimic but it will take time. A lot of counselling and strength are certainly needed. But most of all I need to trust myself again, I need to learn to trust that I know what's best for me and that means learning to be comfortable, just being me.

A.R.

Taken from "Rebellious" the women's paper from La Trobe University.



Women's Suffrage Centenary South Australia - 1894 - 1994

Expression of Interest

South Australia was among the first states in the world, and the first in Australia, to extend the vote to women and the first in the world to qualify them for education to parliament. The Steering Committee appointed by the Premier of South Australia to promote and coordinate the celebration in 1994 of the centenary of these historically important advances invites expressions of interest from individuals and groups wishing to stage events or to initiate projects as an accredited part of the celebrations.

The events and projects must be relevant to the involvement of women in South Australia's history or relate that history to matters of current concern to Australian women. They may take a variety of forms including academic texts, photographic, theatrical and media presentations, displays, biographies, retrospectives, etc.

Limited financial assistance is available to assist some proposals. Projects approved by the Committee which it is not able financially to assist may officially be accredited as part of the celebrations.

Initial expressions of interest should be addressed to:-

The Executive Officer, Centenary Suffrage Committee, Department of the Premier and Cabinet, GPO Box 2343, Adelaide, S.A., 5001.

Closing date for the first call for applications is 31st March, 1993.

Was It a Wet Dream ?

It seems that the Cargo Club has achieved heavenly status. A couple of Sunday nights ago, after a Jesus Christ Superstar performance, a certain Messiah, betrayer, prostitute, Zealote and a few handy musicians turned up at Cargo for a jam session. The result was unforgettable.

On Sunday night, 18th October, a small number of people witnessed something special. A thing so special that I am now unsure whether it really happened.

Each day I have asked myself the same question, "Was it a dream?" You know, one of those dreams so vivid that it makes you perspire, makes you laugh or cry, makes you jump so that when you wake, you remember everything.

The kind of dream that you don't forget.

Ever.

Why does this doubt seep through my mind, so that I no longer trust what my eyes saw and what my ears heard?

Perhaps it is because some things are so good, so extraordinary, so precious, that when they occur, we simply refuse to believe.

Anyway, this is what I saw, or perhaps what I dreamed, that Sunday.

A whisper escaped that Kate Ceberano going to be doing Christ Superstar go Club.

Might as well check

So, I was standing

friends, enjoying an

what might be

A drum kit, key-

few microphones

stage. I turned

was Russell Morris.

I felt a huge rush

My hand was pro-

and I introduced

blabbed something

of a legend he is

liant job he did as

in Superstar. While

few musicians wan-

stage. I recognised

schfelder, Virgil Do-

Smith and realised that everyone on that tiny stage was a member of the Superstar band.

And who might be on lead guitar? Philip Ceberano. Anyone who has seen this man play live will understand why I suddenly left Russell Morris and hustled my way closer to the stage.

After an instrumental song to start the show off, Kate Ceberano moved onstage to take the mike. It is startling, when one is so close to her, to witness how beautiful she really is.

Not to mention her voice.

The band proceeded to play some of Kate's favourite numbers from over the years. These

included Joni Mitchell's "Parking Lot", the jazz/blues classic "Tryin' Times", blues num-

bers "A Woman Left Lonely" and "Use Me" and Curtis Mayfield's soul classic "Out of

Bounds". This was soul music at its best, yet some of the players had only learnt the songs

the day before.

The 100 people in the audience showed their appreciation for these enormously

talented musicians, who were being led by a woman whose musical prowess seems

boundless. Perhaps her greatest gift, however, is her ability to completely spellbind an

audience, drawing them into the journey on every song. Caressing them, teasing them,

begging them, loving them.

After eight or nine songs, Kate invited my mate Russell Morris onstage. I started to lose

control. He's not going to do The Real Thing, they can't do The Real Thing, there is no

way in the world that they will be able to do The Real Thing.

They did The Real Thing.

It was at this point that the people present in that room ceased to be in that room, but

floated into some dream-like musical utopia.

Morris then did another of his classics, "Hush", with Kate and Philip Ceberano providing

backing vocals.

Around this time, Jon Stevens came and stood next to me and I saw John Farnham a few

bodies away. Oh dear, I thought.

Where to now? "Let's do 'Hold On, I'm Comin'," said Russell, as he told everyone in the

band what the chords were and sang the horn bit to the horn section. Needless to say,

they did it perfectly. Russell and Kate were Sam and Dave, and never were they blacker.

Russell then moved off to a backing microphone, while Kate invited Jon Stevens onstage

and they burned the stage up on "Take You Higher", the old Sly and the Family Stone (and

recently, Noiseworks) number.

" Perhaps her greatest gift, however, is her ability to completely spellbind an audience, drawing them into the journey on every song. Caressing them, teasing them, begging them, loving them."

during that week and friends were a late, post-Jesus show at the Car-

it out, I thought.

there with a few

ale, wondering

about to happen.

boards and a

were set up on

around and there

The real thing.

through my body.

pelled forward

myself and

about how much

and what a bril-

Simon Zealotes

we chatted, a

dered onto the

David Hir-

nati and Russell

Frenzy. Madness.

Kate invited John Farnham on stage.

Heaven.

With Stevens, Morris and Ceberano on backing vocals and Farnham on lead, the band did Joe Cocker's version of "With A Little Help From My Friends". And let me tell you, Jack wasn't whispering.

It was indeed an awesome performance. This "jam session" was truly one of the greatest moments in the history of Australian rock'n'roll.

In reality, I thought this kind of thing only happened in America. Countless times I've heard or read of impromptu jam sessions in nightclubs, where Dylan and Springsteen just stroll onstage, or Bowie joins Sting to sing a few old favourites. Perhaps it would be a bit like Oppenheimer and Einstein mucking around with chemicals in the lab after hours, seeing who can make the biggest explosion. Or perhaps a bit like Maradona and Pele going down to the beach to kick the soccer ball around after lunch one arvo.

But never, ever, did I think that such a thing could happen in Australia.

Now do you understand why I feel like it was all a dream? Wouldn't you?

Adrian Tisato



Top Ten (and a bit) Music Picks for 1992

Releases of 1992

1. Ride - Twisterella (EP)
2. P! - Cruel (Single)
3. Frente! - Clunk (EP)
4. Club Hoy - Walk Away (EP)
5. Clouds - Octopus
6. Wonderstuff - Welcome to the Cheap Seats (Video)
7. Carter USM 1992 - the Love Album
8. Morrissey - You're the One for Me, Fatty (Single)
9. Smiths the best of, Vol I
10. Cure - Wish
11. The Hummingbirds - Know My Mind (EP)
12. They Might Be Giants - Apollo 18
13. REM - Drive (Single)

Dale F. Adams

Georgina Safe's Top Ten Picks

1. Sonic Youth - Dirty
2. Buffalo Tom - Let Me Come Over
3. Boo Radleys - Everything's Alright Forever
4. Lemonheads - It's A Shame About Ray
5. Pavement - Slanted and Enchanted
6. Sugar - Copper Blue
7. Blindside - Endless (EP)
8. Dimstars - Dimstars
9. Pale Saints - In Ribbons
10. Juliana Hatfield - Hey Babe

The Richard Vowles' "Rock Classics"

1. Dirty - Sonic Youth
2. Slanted and Enchanted - Pavement
3. Generator - Bad Religion
4. Let Me Come Over - Buffalo Tom
5. Dim Stars - Dim Stars
6. It's a Shame About Ray - Lemonheads
7. Copper Blue - Sugar
8. Get Yer Wah Wahs Out - Lizard Train
9. Blind - Sundays
10. Postgreatness EP - Velvet Crush

My top 10 releases

1. "Archeipelago" - Bundman's Holiday
2. "Dry" - P.J. Harvey
3. "Little Earthquakes" - Tori Amos
4. "Going Blank Again" - Ride
- "Honey Steels Gold" - Ed Kuepper
6. "Us" - Peter Gabriel
7. "Nothing But a Burning Light" - Bruce Cockburn
8. "Surround Me" - G.W. McGlennan
9. "Uh-oh" - David Byrne

Matt Gibson

1,2,3 repeter-barry-psaltis Top 7 ... Albums

1. Dirty - Sonic Youth
2. Let Me Come Over - Buffalo Tom
3. Check Your Head - Beastie Boys
4. Slanted & Enchanted - Pavement
5. It's a Shame about Ray - Lemonheads
6. Bueno - Cerveza y Putas
7. Hit Parade 1 - The Wedding Present

Shows

1. Buffalo Tom - Le Rox 23/10/92
2. Beastie Boys - Old Lion 1/10/92
3. The Mark of Cain - Tivoli 29/8/92
4. Nirvana - Thebarton Theatre 30/1/92
5. Rollins Band - Old Lion 22/9/92
6. Cerveza y Putas - Exeter 12/3/92
7. Hard Ons, Celibate Rifles, MLP - Le Rox 28/2/92

Peter Psaltis

Top 10 releases 1992

1. Safari (EP) - The Breeders (4AD)
2. Blue Day (Compilation) - Slowdive (Creation)
3. Peng! (LP) - Stereolab (Too Pure)
4. Delaware (LP) - Drop Nineteens (Caroline)
5. Love Your Money (EP) - Daisy Chainsaw (One Little Indian)
6. Going Blank Again (LP) - Ride (Creation)
7. Blow (LP) - Swallow (4AD)
8. Lazer Guided Melodies (LP) - Spiritualized (Dedicated)
9. Spooky (LP) - Lush (4AD)
10. Between 10th and 11th (LP) - The Charlatans (Situation Two)
11. Slow Dust (EP) - Belly (4AD)
12. Red Heaven (LP) - Throwing Muses (4AD)

Sean Humphries

Best since last November... (no particular order)

- Lizard Train - 'Get yer wah wahs out' LP, and Live.
 Hoss - 'You Get Nothing' LP
 Kim Salmon and the Surrealists - Live
 Jenny Crowley from Shock!
 Rollins Band - Live
 Bad Religion - 'Generator' LP
 Seaweed - 'Weak' LP
 Bo-Weevils - 'Weevils to go' box, and Live.
 Muff - Triple M live to air
 Cosmic Psychos/L7 - Live
 Exploding White Mice - 'Collateral Damage' LP
 Monomen - 'Wrecker' LP
 Poppin' Mommas, Meanies and Affected - Live
 Clawhammer - 'Ramwhale' LP
 Screeching Weasel - 'My Brain Hurts' LP
- DJK

Top 10 recent releases

1. Slayer - Decade of Aggression
2. Slayer - Decade of Aggression
 I know that technically this is only one recent release, but I thought it was so good that I should mention it twice.
3. Armoured Angel - Stigmartyr
4. My Dying Bride - As the Flower Withers
5. WASP - The Crimson Idol
6. Testament - The Ritual
7. Body Count - Body Count
8. Iron Maiden - Fear of the Dark
9. Ministry - Psalm 69
10. Black Sabbath - Dehumanizer

Bastard Regiment

Fiona Dalton - Top Thirteen

1. Pavement - Slanted and Enchanted
2. Sonic Youth - Dirty
3. Drop Nineteens - Delaware
4. Stereolab - Switched On
5. Seam - Headsparks
6. PJ Harvey - Dry
7. Wedding Present - Hit Parade 1
8. Sugar - Copper Blue
9. Buffalo Tom - Let Me Come Over
10. Lemonheads - It's a Shame About Ray
11. Boo Radleys - Everything's Alright Forever
12. Juliana Hatfield - Hey Babe
13. Th' Faith Healers - Lido

Josh Watkins' Top Ten

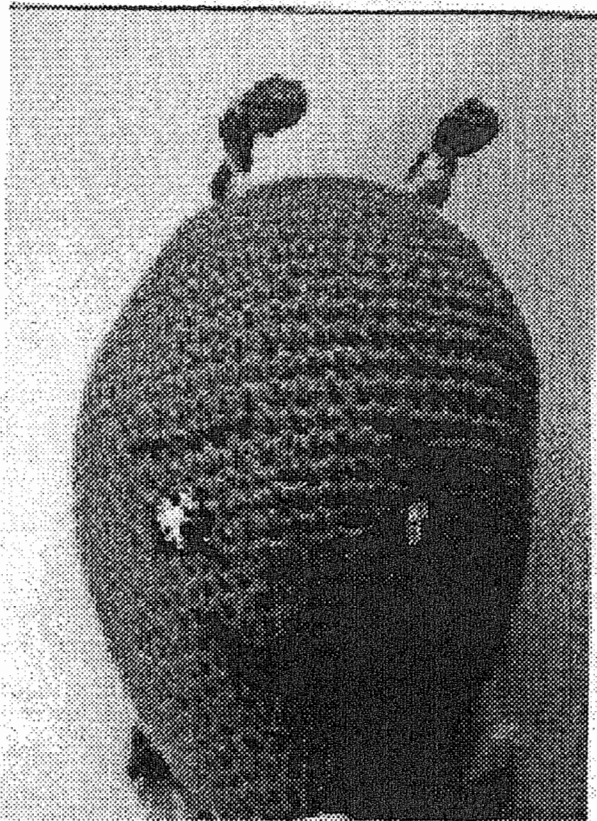
1. Beastie Boys - Check Your Head
2. Praxis - (Bootsy Collins) - Transmutation
3. Faith No More - Angel Dust
4. Sly and the Family Stone - Best Collection (Re-release)
5. MC 900 Jesus
6. Brand New Heavies - Heavy Rhythm Experience
7. Good Thoughts, Bad Thoughts - Red Hot Chilli Peppers Bootleg
8. Ryuchi Sakamoto -
9. Pearl Ten - Ten
10. Prince - ♪

Jeremy McKinnon

1. Sonic Youth - Dirty
2. Pavement - Slanted and Enchanted
3. Superchunk - Tossing Seeds
4. Buffalo Tom - Let Me Come Over
5. Lemonheads - It's A Shame About Ray
6. 3-D's - Hellzapoppin
7. Wedding Present - Hit Parade
8. Sugar - Copper Blue
9. Smudge - Don't Wanna be Grant McLennan
10. Beastie Boys - Check Your Head



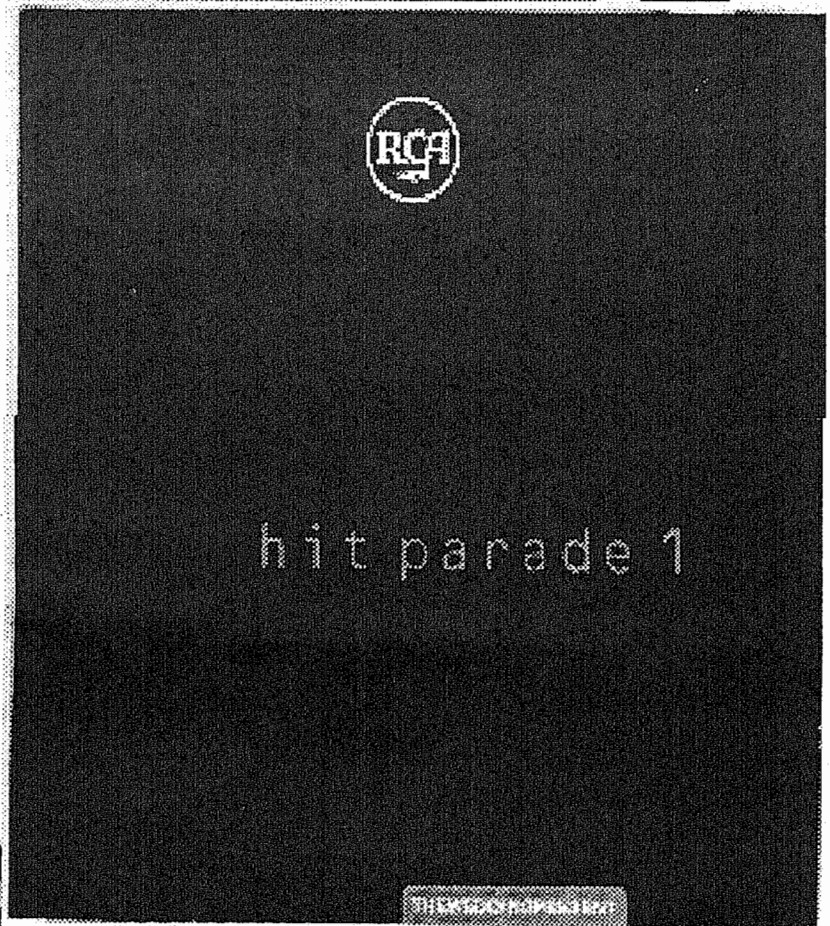
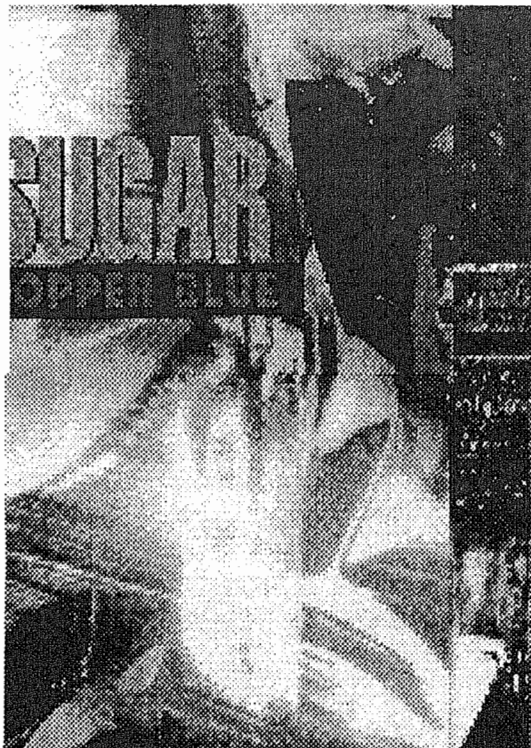
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**Top Ten Compilation -
THE best of 1992**

1. Sonic Youth - Dirty
2. Pavement - Slanted and Enchanted
3. Buffalo Tom - Let Me Come Over
4. Lemonheads - It's a Shame about Ray
5. Sugar - Copper Blue
6. Beastie Boys - Check Your Head
7. Wedding Present - Hit Parade 1
8. Ride - Going Blank Again
9. Lizard Train - Get Yer Wah Wahs Out
10. Julianna Hatfield - Hey Babe



Red Noses

Red Noses
Theatre Guild
November 4-7
Union Hall

Red Noses by Peter Barnes is the latest offering from the Theatre Guild. Set in France during the fourteenth century, at the time of the Black Death, the plot revolves around Father Flote, a monk who aims to use laughter as medicine.

By gathering a group of performers who wear red noses and travel through Europe, the "Floties" are approved by the Pope. All goes well (despite the audience killing themselves laughing) until the end when the "Floties" pose a threat to the Pope.

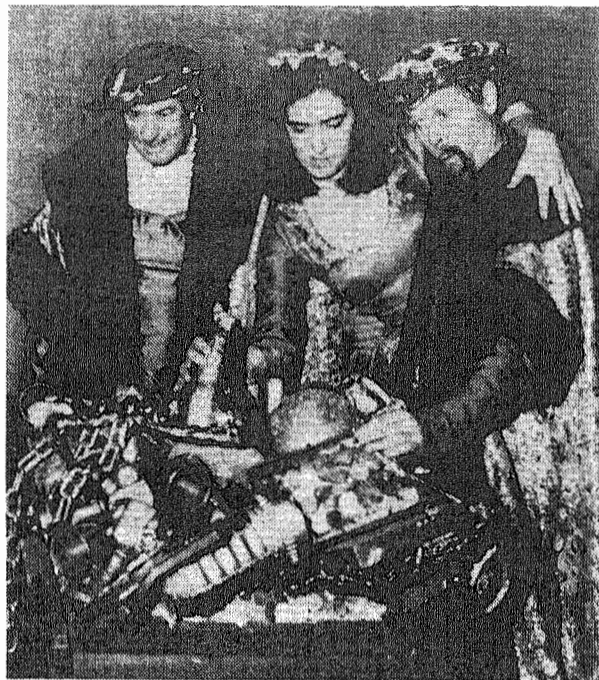
Directed by Robert Kimber, Red Noses is a comedy with a serious message. Whilst some characters choose to seek redemption by flogging themselves with whips and preaching fire and brimstone, the Floties choose to use laughter as their instrument and the result is a very funny black comedy.

John Mildren who played Father Flote, and Geoff Pullan, in the role of Father Toulon, were convincing clergymen, as was Jim Morrissey who played the Pope. Amanda Finniss was well cast in the humorous role of Sister Marguerite, the nun who complained because she wasn't a victim of rape and pillage. Anke Williams, as Sonnerie, gave an excellent performance as the bell ringing jester.

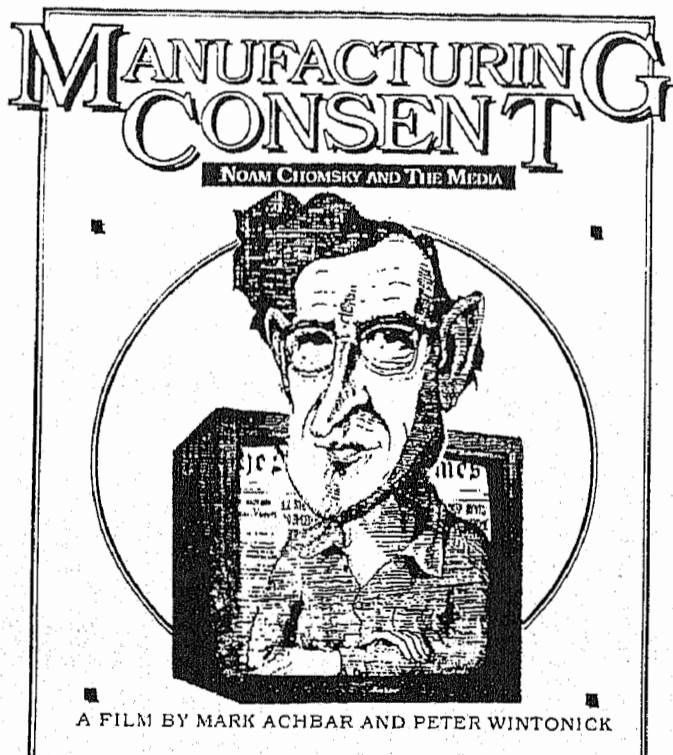
This production features imaginative props and sets and displays an effective use of lighting. The costumes designed by Melinda Boston, were particularly impressive, from the clergy's vestments to the jesters bell outfit.

Red Noses is an interesting view of life in Europe in 1384. It is a humorous glimpse into an epoch when the Catholic Church had an enormous impact on the political, social and religious situation throughout Europe. It depicts the lives of the clergy, the nobility, the poor and the sick and, therefore, provides an inter-relationship of contrasts in a much divided society. Red Noses is an entertaining production, of the high standard to be expected from the Theatre Guild.

Tickets \$8/\$12. Bookings; 228 5999 or BASS



Adelaide Symphony Orchestra



Manufacturing Consent introduces Noam Chomsky and his richly documented analysis of mass media. This film shows an independent mind challenging a society that rewards conformity.

"Judged in terms of the power, range, novelty and influence of his thought, Noam Chomsky is arguably the most important intellectual alive."

New York times

December 3 - 9

MERCURY CINEMA
13 Morphett Adelaide Ph 410 1934

Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Adelaide Town Hall
Conductor: David Shallon
Soloist: David Nuttall

If I was stuck on a desert island with a symphony orchestra and they only knew one piece from the nineteenth century, I think after hearing the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra last Wednesday, that that piece would be Hector Berlioz's "Symphony Fantastique". This is not because it was played so poorly that I want to hear it a million times to erase my memory of the performance; on the contrary, the performance was so good that it ceased to be an issue - one became conscious only of the piece itself. Of course, this is also a sign of a good piece of music - if the music is second-rate, one's attention may be forced to switch to the proficiency of the players. "Symphony Fantastique" completed the program and a few minutes were added on the end with an improvised clapping rendition by the audience.

The first half of the concert, gave "Earth Cry" by Peter Scutthorpe a hearing but compared to recordings I've heard, sounded very flat. The balance seemed all wrong and perhaps the conductor didn't really understand the piece.

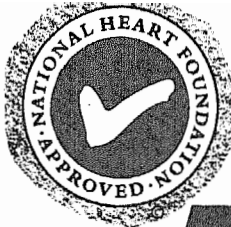
The oboist in Ralph Vaughan-Williams' "Oboe Concerto" had a thin but well-centred tone; the same qualities as a harpsichord. The piece had a really good to it and the strings were having a great time but it seemed to go on and on, making it a perfect piece for late-night radio, but not to keep awake a paying audience.

The conductor had his good and bad points but his dynamism in the Symphony far outweighed the frequent balance problems and indeed brought a piece by a dead man, back to life.

Shane Doohan



FLY OLYMPIC



Walties Means good food



Cannes Ad Festival

NEW



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Have a break, have a

Cannes International Advertising Film Lions Awards

And so it came to be that last Wednesday night, after receiving a colourful invitation featuring a lion leaping out of a reel of film, with gay abandon we arrived at Hoyts cinema for the amazing Cannes International Advertising Film Awards. We arrived in time for a drink in the foyer, mingling with advertising moguls and those "in the biz". After a short speech by a man whose name escapes us, the winning entries of the Festival were screened. One and a half hours of non stop commercials may seem like a tedious and boring way to spend an evening, but it was surprisingly entertaining. Another surprise was the lack of prize winning commercials involving amusing chimpanzees.

The more serious ads included those aimed at deterring drink driving, and stopping child abuse. The more light hearted featured Pepsi, Jello, and house paint, amongst other subjects.

And there were beer ads, more beer ads and still more beer ads. A disproportionate number featured scantily clad women in fast cars/ Harleys on American highways, muscly men in levis, or all of the above. However, overall we were surprised at the quality and variety of the ads screened.

The award for the most prolific advertiser was Pepsi, with their multi - million dollar advertising spree featuring pop stars, more stars and bloody expensive looking rocket ships. Amazingly, no Coke ads appeared in these awards which is a refreshing change, we think.

Australian Ads did very well in the awards including Telecom's "go go mobile" and "pink lady" ads, and the "Yoplait" ads.

Overall the screening was more entertaining and enjoyable than many films we have seen. For this reason perhaps extra screenings for the general public could be arranged for the next Awards since not everyone can afford to fork out the \$199.00 for the privilege to own this on video.

George Safe and Fiona Dalton

PLUS \$17,500 IN SUMMER GIFTS

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Five smokes ahead of the rest



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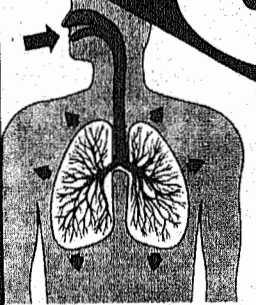
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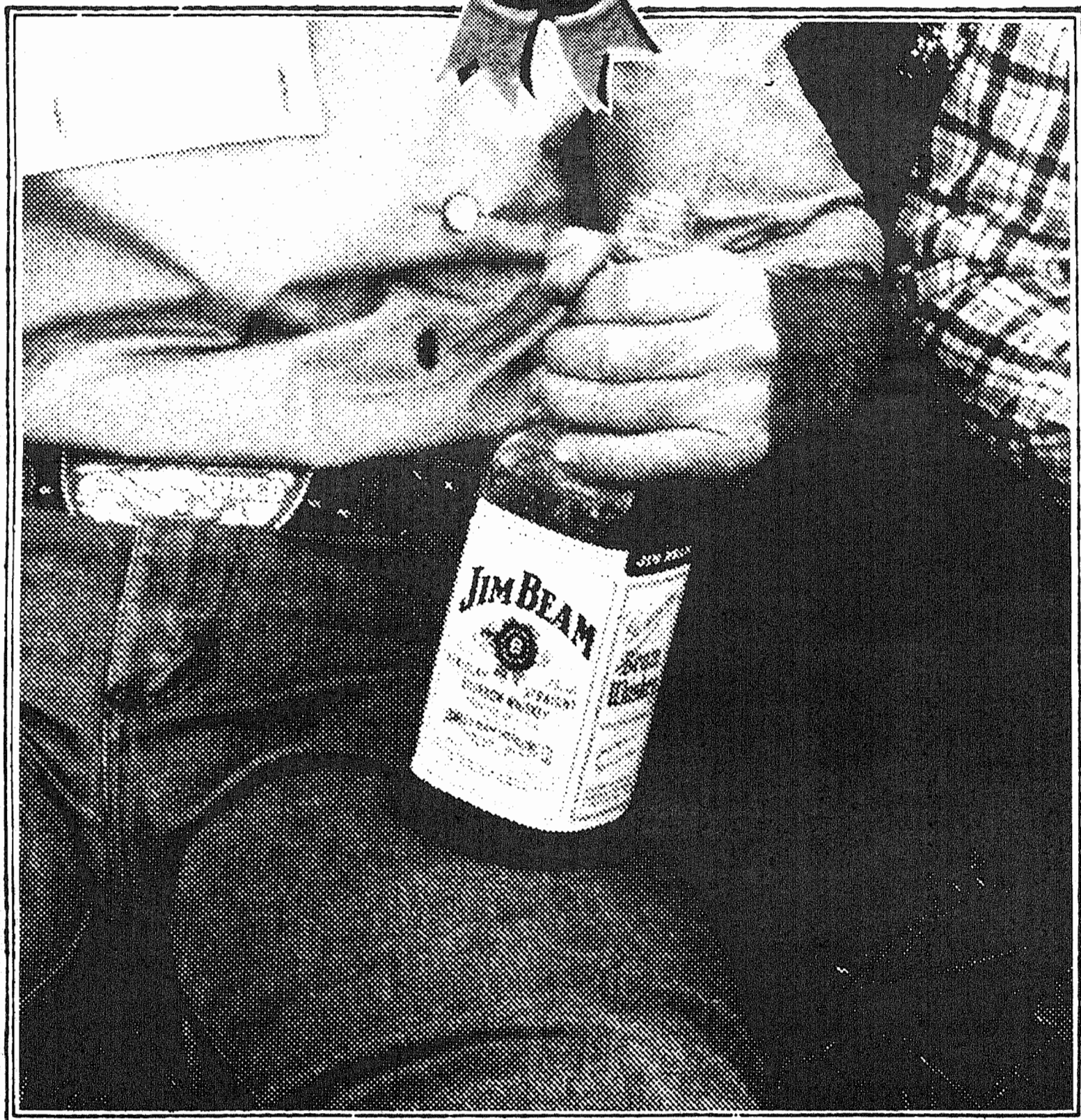
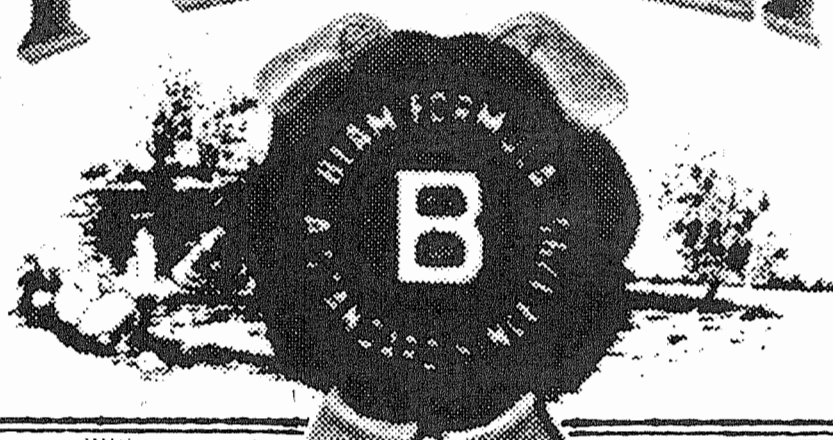


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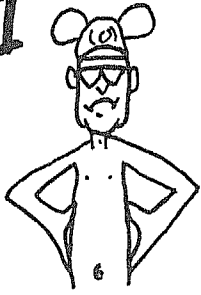
GARDEN PARTY OF

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THE DAY THAT MIKE DIED!



BY HEBURN 192

OUR HERO WAS LAST SEEN SAVING THE WORLD FROM THE FIENDISH HEWSON - WITH THE HELP OF A CIDER CONSUMER FROM THE PLANET KRAPTOID. HOWEVER, IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE WORLD'S LIBERATION, AN EVEN MORE EVIL BEAST ESCAPED STRAWBO FREDBERRY'S RAY-EMITTING EYES - KYLIE™. MIKE AND STRAWBO BOPPED THE NIGHT AWAY WITH HER BEFORE THEY REALISED. HOWEVER, IT WAS TOO LATE...

BETTER THE DEVIL YOU KNOW!

... THEY HAD BEEN KYLIED TO DEATH.

WHEN MIKE AND STRAWBO DIED THEIR SPIRITS WENT TO HEAVEN. IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL LAND OF MILK AND HONEY - NO YOUNG LIBS, NOR ANY COUNTRY ROAD SOCKS - IT WAS LOVELY. EXCEPT FOR THOSE FUCKING HARPS. THEY DIDN'T EVEN PLAY ONE POGUES COVER. AND THERE WAS NO CIDER - JUST NON-ALCOHOLIC GRAPE JUICE TO APPEASE THOSE OBNOXIOUS STILL-BORN CHRISTIANS...

KUMBYA MALORD

SO, OFF THE TWO WENT. BUT WHERE TO? THEY KNEW NOT. "FUCK IT," SAID STRAWBO, "LET'S FOLLOW THAT THAR YELLA BRICK ROAD, THAT LEADS TO THAT MYSTERIOUS CASTLE. I BET WE'LL HAVE A FEW ADVENTURES ON THE WAY!" ...

THEY SOON CAME UPON A HIPPIY, FLOATING IN MID-AIR...

HIS NAME WAS LENTIL LINT, AND HE WAS STILL TRIPPING FROM WOODSTOCK...

I TOLD HIM THAT I MOST WANTED TO GO HOME. STRAWBO MOST WANTED A CIDER, COULD HE HELP US? "NO MANNNN" HE SAID IN AN ANNOYING HIPPIY DRAWL "BUT I MOST WANT A MARS BAR..."

THEN OFF THE THREE OF US WENT. ON THE NEXT CORNER, WE SAW A PATHETIC LITTLE MAN, WITH A SILLY MO. IT WAS NOT CHARLIE CHAPLIN, IT WAS ^{THAT} CRAZY FUCKING NUTTER - HITLER...

I TOLD HIM THAT I MOST WANTED TO GO HOME. STRAWBO MOST WANTED A CIDER, AND LINT WANTED A MARS BAR - COULD HE HELP US?

"NINE! BUT I WANT A VILLY UND TOTAL WORLD DOMINATION." SO, OFF WE WENT - THE FOUR OF US. ON THE NEXT CORNER WE SAW A STRANGE SHAPE AHEAD OF US...

IT WAS IVAN, A NUCLEAR WORKER FROM CHERNOBYL. I TOLD HIM THAT I MOST WANTED TO GO HOME. STRAWBO WANTED A CIDER, LINT WANTED A MARS BAR, AND HITLER WANTED A WILLY AS WELL AS WORLD DOMINATION - COULD HE HELP US? ...

IT WAS IVAN, A NUCLEAR WORKER FROM CHERNOBYL. I TOLD HIM THAT I MOST WANTED TO GO HOME. STRAWBO WANTED A CIDER, LINT WANTED A MARS BAR, AND HITLER WANTED A WILLY AS WELL AS WORLD DOMINATION - COULD HE HELP US? ...

BAAH! NO. BUT ALL I WANT IS MY TWO FRONT TEETH. OINK!

IVAN EXPLAINED THAT THERE WAS A KING THAT LIVED IN THE CASTLE. HE HAD GREAT POWER, AND MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US. SO OFF WE WENT - THE FIVE OF US...

WE FINALLY FOUND...

... THE KING

HE WAS VERY WISE, AND WITH A DEXTEROUS SWIVEL OF HIS HIPS HE GRANTED US OUR WISHES. "EXCEPT FOR YOU HITLER, YOU NOBLESS LITTLE NAZI. FUCK OFF AND DIE" - THE KING ADDED, AS A CELESTIAL JUG BAND PLAYED US OUT...

WHEN WE GOT HOME WE HUNTED DOWN OUR FOE. STRAWBO THEN SLAYED HER WITH HIS RAY-EMITTING EYES. THE WORLD WAS AGAIN SAFE. UNTIL SOMETHING REALLY EXCITING HAPPENED...

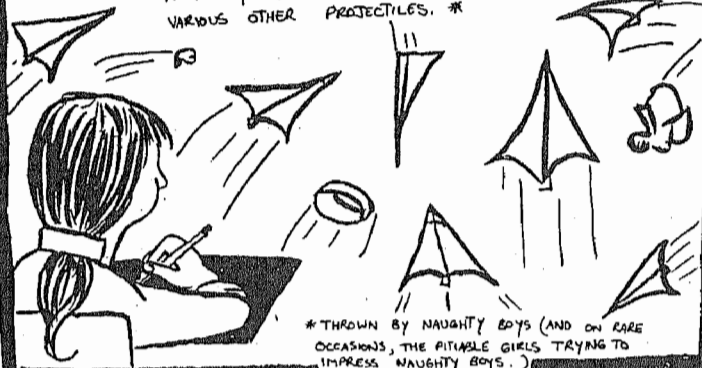
TO BE CONTINUED

AN HERSTORY OF ENGINEERING

Volume 1 : MATHEMATICS

CHAPTER 1

WOMAN ATTEMPTS TO READ THE BLACKBOARD THROUGH A FLURRY OF PAPER JETS, ORANGE PEEL AND VARIOUS OTHER PROJECTILES. *



*THROWN BY NAUGHTY BOYS (AND ON RARE OCCASIONS, THE PITIFUL GIRLS TRYING TO IMPRESS NAUGHTY BOYS.)

CHAPTER 2-7182818284..... WOMAN IS ABOUT TO REACH A TRANSCENDENTAL UNDERSTANDING WHEN SHE IS HIT BY A PAPER JET.



CHAPTER 3 PROSPECTIVE D.S.T.O. ENGINEER TEST LAUNCHES HIS LATEST PAPER JET DURING A MATHS LECTURE.....



..... BUT UNFORTUNATELY IT HAS BOOMERANG TENDENCIES AND RETURNS TO PIERCE HIS SKULL!



CHAPTER 4

OH! FOR AN ALL WOMEN MATHS LECTURE!

MATHS 10a.m

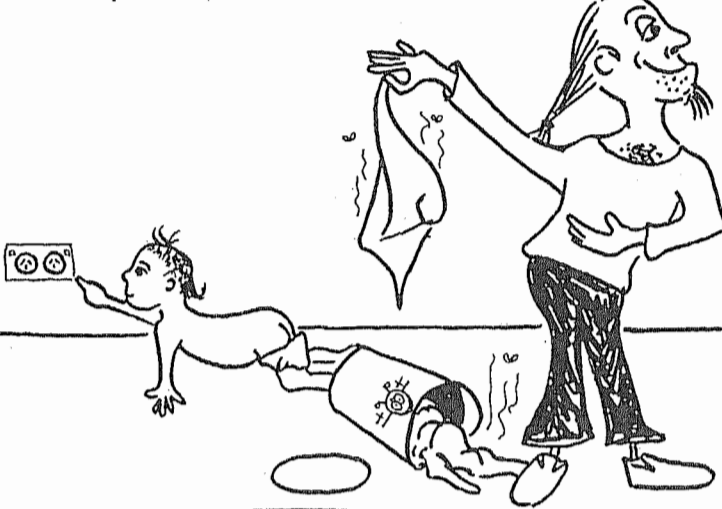
TO YOUR POSTS LADS! THEY'RE LETTING WOMEN THROUGH

I SAID QUIET!

SHE SUDDENLY UNDERSTANDS WHY WOMEN ARE UNDER-REPRESENTED IN THE ENGINEERING FACULTY.

CATHY SINCLAIR 27/10

NEW AGE PATRIARCH RECEIVES APPLAUSE FOR CHANGING A NAPPY :



CLAP! CLAP!
WHISTLE! CLAP!
CLAP! CLAP!
BRAVO!
WHAT SKILL!
CLAP! CLAP!
WELL DONE!
THANKYOU!
CLAP! CLAP!

ER...ENCORE?

CATHY SINCLAIR 17/9/12

NEW AGE PATRIARCH TAKES RESPONSIBILITY FOR CONTRACEPTION....



DON'T FORGET YOUR PILL CATE!

CATHY SINCLAIR 10/12

CLASSIFIEDS

Accommodation

Room available in large, furnished 3 bedroom house at Cumberland Park, to share with two down-to-earth friendly souls. Quiet, easy going, ideal study environment with all mod cons. Only \$55 per week and no bond! Call 267 4679 (Jane) or 298 2879 (Marc).

Adelaide University Catholic Community and Australian Catholic Relief

present: Mount Pinatubo, twelve months later. A member of the local ACR committee visited the region in the Philippines and saw first hand the plight of people still devastated by the volcano which caused the spectacular sunsets along Australia's east coast this year. Monday, 9th November, 8 pm, Union Cinema.

Gay and Lesbian Association

GALA meeting this week, Thursday, 5th November, 1.00 pm in the Conference Room, 5th Floor of the Union Building. This is a very important meeting as it is the last

for this year.

Tickets for our 21st Birthday Pre-Pit Stop Dinner will be on sale at \$16 and \$14 concession, includes 3 course meal, drinks and guest speaker. Dinner will be at Adelaide Uni on Saturday, 7th November. There are heaps of people coming so make sure you and your friends come along.

A Percussionist's Grand Prix

Tyson Muenchow presents percussion works by G. Gershwin, D. Friedman, G Stout and P. Sarcich. The Little Theatre, Adelaide University Refectory, Friday November 6th at 7:00 pm. Tickets at door, \$2 concession, \$4 adults.

Accident Kintore Avenue

Would the 2 female students who helped me after a car crash in Kintore Avenue at 8.15 am on Thursday, 15th October, please contact me - Paul Furbey on 382 9217.

20% Student Discount

Offered to all fellow students and families. Get your piano tuned ready for the Christmas singalong! Call Hans Amstel on 373 3313 (a/h).

Stressed, having to make choices, relationship difficulties! You can have your own Social Worker; cheaper than a therapist. Contact Denis on 267 1989 any time. Member of the Australian Association of Social Workers.

Surf Boat Rowing

Tired of flat-water rowing? Like the idea of cracking a wave - in a boat? Ring me and I promise to get you wet! (even if you've never rowed before and would like to). Telephone Peter B. on (H) 356 2968 or leave a note and I'll get back to you - Lower Napier Building.

For Sale

Mountain Bike - Shogun Trailbreaker. Excellent condition. \$250
Catamaran - Maricat - 14' on quality galv. trailer. \$1,200 o.n.o. 353 2018.

The University of Adelaide Notice to Undergraduates

Election of Members of the Council and Education Committee

1. Election of Members of Council. There were six candidates for the two vacancies for Undergraduate Members of the Council (each to serve a term of two years from 21st October, 1992). I declare that the election resulted in candidates being elected as follows:- **Sathish Kumar Dasan; Caroline Mary Knight.**

2. Election of Members of the Education Committee. There were three candidates for the two vacancies for Undergraduate Members of the Education Committee (each to serve a term of two years from 1st January 1993). I declare that the election resulted in candidates being elected as follows:- **Caroline Mary Knight; Rebecca Jane Shinnick.**

F.J. O'Neill

Returning Officer

"Let Your Lips Do the Walking"

...on National Oral Sex Day, 13th November, 1993.

SWIPE (Sex Workers' Industry Peer Education) presents the new and only dam made for oral sex - Glyde Dams - Get down and dam all you latex lip lovers. Vanilla in flavour, 6" x 8" in size, individually wrapped for your delight.

SWIPE Condoms and Lubricants.

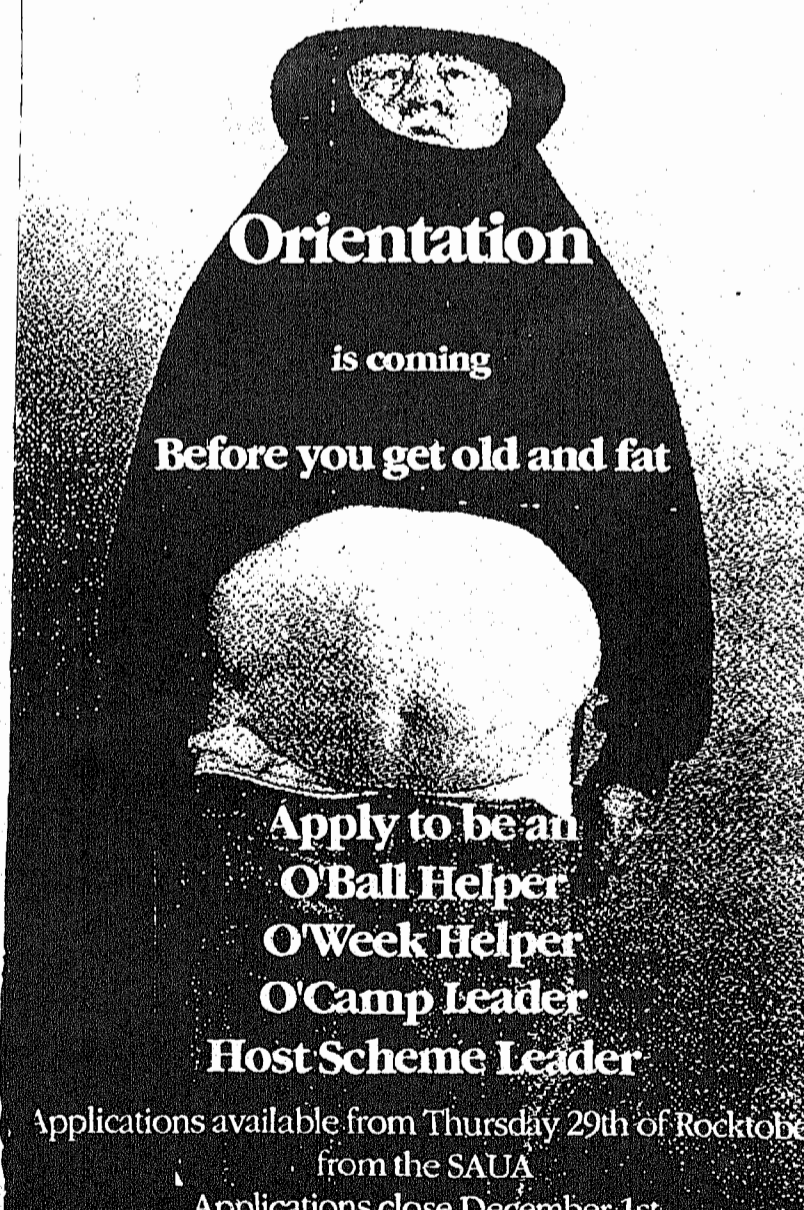
Condoms - \$3 per dozen or \$30 per 12 dozen (144);

Lubricants - Wetstuff Tubes \$3 (100g), Lubafax Tubes \$3

(60g); Glyde Dams - \$3 per 10.

Dam up Dam tight Dam all through the night.

Ring 362 5775 9.30 am - 5.30 pm weekdays.



Orientation
is coming
Before you get old and fat

Apply to be an
O'Ball Helper
O'Week Helper
O'Camp Leader
Host Scheme Leader

Applications available from Thursday 29th of October
from the SAUA
Applications close December 1st