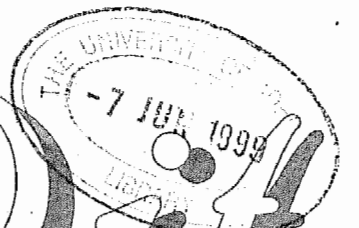


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SexualiDit!

volume 67 . number 8

Rainbow Dyke

Shock Interview:

*"My Clit Is My
Best Friend"*

567 Things

About Sodomy

You Couldn't Ask

Your Mum



Fuck-a-lot Bare

and

Root-me Bare

In Sordid

Slut

Scandal!



EDITORIAL

We didn't just set out to grab your attention by publishing an entire issue all about SEX, and in a perfect world, with all things equal and just, perhaps it wouldn't be necessary to do so.

Having decided that this world is far from perfect, *On Dit* assumed the not uncomplicated task of compiling an issue under a banner as amorphous and all encompassing as "sexuality".

We don't kid ourselves. You can't cover all the vagueries, complexities and possibilities of sexuality with all its attendant baggage in sixty pages, in one issue, for the entire year? Rather, look upon what follows as sifting through some of the aspects that are likely to go otherwise ignored. As celebrating some of the finer details you read the least about. And as examining those facets that we choose not to talk or read about.

It's not just some sort of cosmic synchronicity that this issue coincides with "Sexuality Week". Commencing on the 10th May, there will be various activities and events attempting to elevate and educate the various campus (or is that campi?) about SEX. If anything in the following pages or over the ensuing days inspire you, or compels you to talk out loud about SEX, there are female and male sexuality officers who will listen. (Contact the Students' Association or call 83035406)

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On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of The University of Adelaide. The Editors have complete editorial control, although the opinions expressed are not necessarily their own. This edition has the additional editorial input from our sexy Sex-Os, Amanda Campoeale and Daniel Marshall.

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Where we are:

The *On Dit* office is located on the North Terrace campus opposite the Barr Smith Lawns, in the basement of the George Murray Building, remarkably close to the men's toilets.

How to contribute / contact us:

You can drop off stuff at the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA office. Alternatively, you can write to us at *On Dit*, c/- The University of Adelaide, SA, 5005 or email us at ondit@smug.adelaide.edu.au although we are notoriously slack about reading our email.

About the cover:

It's got Care Bears on it.

Next Edition:

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Letter Is As A Letter Does

The Usual Subjects

Dear *On Dit*,

Congrats to all who graduated recently. You are lucky that your education wasn't bastardised. At a recent history lecture we were informed that subjects on offer would be slashed. History did offer four first year subjects but will next year offer just one. Likewise the nineteen second / third year subjects will be cut to ten. How fucked. Classes will be doubled / tripled, as will tutorials. The quality of education will drop and everyone will suffer. Frankly it's fucken disgusting. Lecture size will increase (approx.) by 130 - 350. Lectures may have to be delivered twice - that's fine - but why not run two subjects with the same time usage? But the Arts faculty says no. They prefer to waste money on a concrete piece of shit with "Napier" written on it. It reminds me of a piece of work I did in Year 3 Art Class made of macaroni and glue. Positive news: Senator Meg Lees informed our Australian Politics lecture that the VSU has Fuck all chance of getting through parliament. Yeah.

KB

Hugs and Kisses for Brentyn

Dear Readers,

In regards to Toby Richer's letter of last week, my conclusion was NOT therefore "the SAUA should cut funding to the Liberal Club" (not only is this not possible, it is an idea I would oppose). My point was simply that the pro-VSU arguments are fallacious since if they are applied to the federal government the conclusion reached would be that tax paying should be made voluntary. (Yes I

did add the QED to stir up shit). Hey people, is it just me or does the letter's section appear to be filled with deliberate misinformation regarding VSU? Either that or just plain ignorance. Every time I read the letters I shake my head as proponents of BOTH sides of the debate get it wrong. It's a very good example of reality being replaced by discourses. My advice to people out there is to read very critically (even of this letter (itself being part of the discourse)). Also note that letters beginning with the disclaimer "I don't like the Liberal club but..." are generally pro-VSU in disguise.

And, yes I do have a vested interest in opposing VSU. My motivation put simply is: I enjoy reading *On Dit* and contributing to it. *On Dit* is the only weekly student newspaper in Australia. It is a fantastic publication. We should all be proud (whether we be editors, contributors or readers) that we can be involved in the privilege that is *On Dit*. If you guard *On Dit* jealously like myself, then whether you like the union and its various downfalls or not is irrelevant. There's a lot more at stake than just political power and positions; an integral part of student culture is on the line. For this reason, if nothing else, we should oppose VSU to the very end.

Brentyn Ramm

P.S - I'm always amused by those poor sods writing into *On Dit* who cite their non-use of student services as an argument for Voluntary Student Unionism. These people appear to be suffering from a severe lack of irony, in that a student service (*On Dit*) is required for them to even say this.

Please Explain

Dear eds,

I have managed to make it to third year without writing to *On Dit*. I even thought that I might make it



"Just Give Me The Letters And We Can All Go Home"

all the way through uni without ever writing a letter, but sadly enough for folks I have failed. I have failed not because of some argument like VSU, HECS or any such thing but because of a comment that I heard come out of the abortion forum held last week. Firstly I would like to say that I actually couldn't attend this forum, advertised as "Abortion - let's talk about it," due to lecture commitments. For this reason I would simply ask for a clarification on some comments made by the guest speaker. When the guest speaker said "A woman can prevent herself from being raped," what exactly did she mean? Is this a view held by the organisers of this forum?

I ask for this clarification because I was not there and I hope that someone has got their wires crossed.

If it is in fact true that this comment was made then I would love someone tell me how this could be accomplished. To suggest that a woman can prevent herself from being raped is the most ridiculous and dangerous statement I have ever heard. This is akin to a judge deciding that a woman couldn't be raped because she was wearing jeans or the now infamous "no means yes" decision.

Part of my disdain for the Catholic Church, apart from liking my ability to think for myself, is its attitude towards women, contraception and the gay community. I will only say one thing about the gay community because that is not the focus of this letter. It is often said in defence of the Catholic Church's stand against homosexuals that it is okay to be a homosexual as long as you don't carry out homosexual acts. Well, if the

earlier comment was the most dangerous thing I have ever heard then that is certainly the second. This "defence," if followed to the letter, would result in people (because that is what they are after all) bottling and masking up emotions for the entirety of their lives. You don't need to be an honours student in psychology to work out the devastating psychological effects of this. I'll stop myself there before I get carried away with a condemnation of the ridiculous stand of the Catholic Church on the gay community.

Going back to women and the magic wand they use to prevent themselves from being raped: I ask that someone please give me an explanation of this comment. I don't want to get into the abortion debate because that is a legitimate debate with legitimate views on both sides, but, pro-lifers need to be held accountable for their statements.

Yours in anticipation,

Ross Mitchell
3rd year Economics

Sorry Mate

Dear Readers,

In response to the Editors' comments on last week's letter: Yeah well. Whoever.

Toby Richer
3rd Year Maths / Engineering

Ps. Sorry SAUA. My bad.

(Eds - Sorry Toby, they made us say it. You Good.)

Graeme Park *from the U.K.*

Saturday May 22nd

Graeme Park's DJing career started 15 years ago and over that time he has launched himself onto the international stage playing at every happening hot spot across the globe. His ten year stint at one of the UK's most famous clubs "The Hacienda" is legendary with a long list of remix credits to his name. Graeme is also known for his compilation CDs, which are well sought after by lovers of House worldwide. He is considered one of the top five DJs in the UK, alongside the likes of **Sasha, Paul Oakenfold and Carl Cox.**

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• *Loung Bar
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We've Got It Hot



"I think you've blown a seal"

Abortion

dear editors,

well. the abortion 'let's talk about it' disussion on tuesday turned out to be less on a discussion than was advertised. the group that organised the "discussion" decided to cut down on potential debate by establishing the speaker, Toni Turnbull (GP) as an expert on abortion and allow the rest of the participants to ask questions, instead of debate the issue.

as it turns out the pro-choice participants at this meeting substantially outnumbered the anti-choice participants by about 2:1. the pro-choice participants raised questions about the deaths that result from backyard abortions. the anti-choice "expert" responded with pseudo-scientific garbage about the foetus, referring to it as a "child", a "baby", and an "individual".

referring to a foetus as an "individual" is particularly ridiculous as a foetus is clearly not autonomous. a foetus is also clearly not a child, a baby or a human being. Human beings think, interact with other humans, in short they have consciousness. a foetus is a potential human being. it does not have to work out childcare around study or work commitments. it does not have to work out how it's going to feed itself.

it does not write poetry as propaganda from the anti-choice group implies. (one of the leaflets dis-

tributed at the discussion was written from the perspective of an "unborn child".)

virtually all the pro-choice participants at this meeting left when the "expert" speaker was asked about abortion in cases of rape. she said that it would only be further perpetuating the violence to 'kill the rapist's child', and when asked what she would think if her daughter was raped commented that she hoped that her daughter would not put herself in a situation where she would be raped.

this discussion shows that the far right-wing is continuing to further criminalise abortion. we must demand that abortion laws be repealed.

jo ellis
resistance

Safest Sex

Dear Eds,

Sex without regret, is there such a thing?

This debate is not new to the pages of this esteemed publication. Various correspondents have argued both for and against this issue. Personally, I believe that our Sexuality Officers, in advocating various sexualities, need also to promote celibacy and virginity. For what could be nobler in our per-

missive society? We see sex everywhere these days- television, magazines, this fine publication (did I already say that?) and now in the SAUA and on the lawns this week. I think that sex is something that should be saved until marriage - so that it does not lead to disaster. Not only is there the risk of pregnancy and disease, but also the high risk of feeling hurt, betrayed and used.

This is just my view, but as a minority (it seems) in this university, perhaps I deserve to be represented in the SAUA also? Just a thought.

Harold Richmond

Club-a-go-go...

Dear Editors,

In response to Toby Richer's letter in *On Dit*, Edition #7, I'd like

to explain that neither the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide nor the Adelaide University Union has cut funding to the Liberal Club on campus. In fact the Liberal Club is affiliated to the Clubs Association, and entitled to the same rights, privileges and responsibilities as apply to any other affiliated club on campus.

If Toby would like more info on the situation, he is more than welcome to contact me on 8303 5401.

Elysia Turcinovic
President
Adelaide University Union



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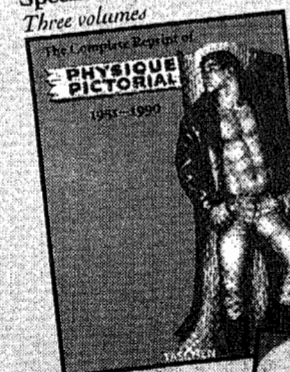
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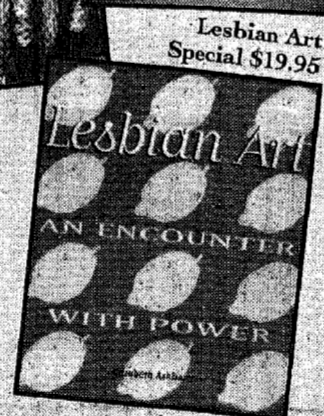
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And We've Got The Lot

...Go-go-a-club

Dear Editors and especially Readers,

Just a few points to correct some of the misinformation currently circulating- vis a vis the position of clubs.

a) The Liberal Club have not have their funding cut, nor are there any plans to do so. We're an autonomous affiliate in charge of club funding, and we have no such ideas.

b) Resistance is no longer a club on Adelaide Uni campus.

c) Clubs can't be held responsible for some of the opinions of their guest speakers diverting from the topic which they were brought in to discuss.

If anyone has any enquires about the Clubs Association, or clubs themselves, feel free to drop into our office in the Lady Symon building any time, or if you're in

a club, check your club pigeon-hole for regular updates. It's your Clubs Association.

Jane McDermott and Brad Kitschke
President and Secretary respectively of the Clubs Association - autonomous affiliate in charge of clubs.

Mullihugs

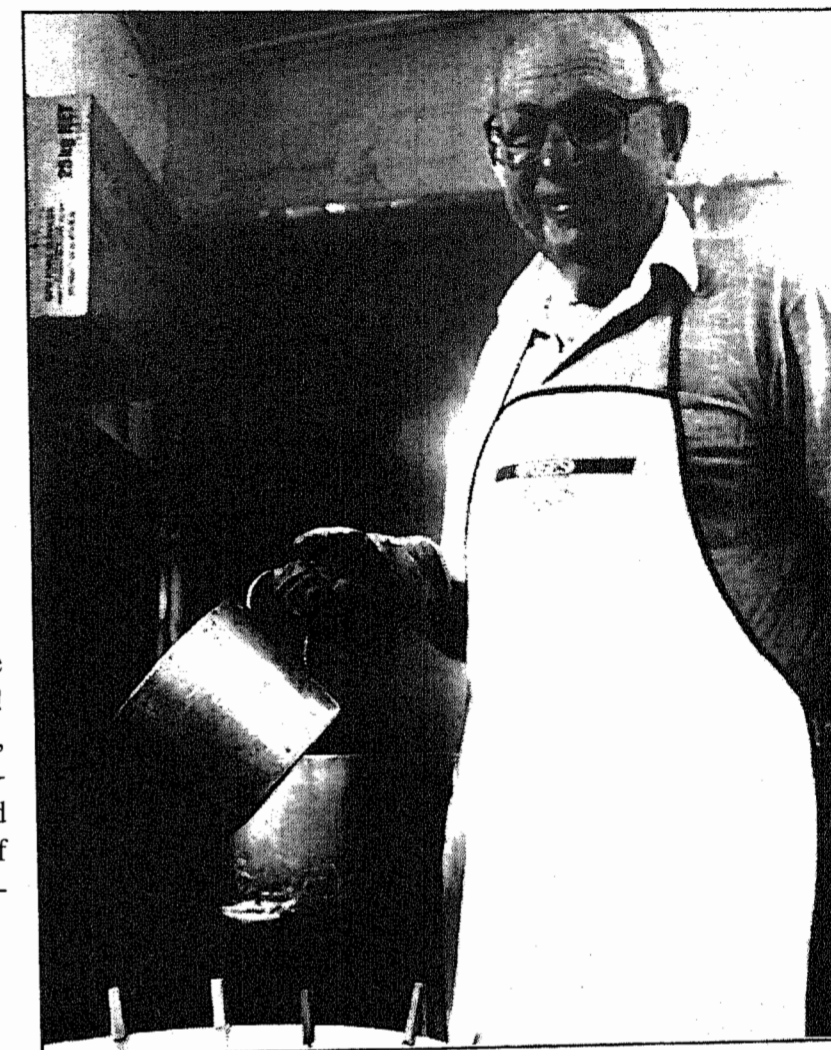
Dear *On Dit*,

Stephen Mullighan you should be a professional standup comic! Your article, in this weeks *On Dit*, outlining 'How to score the perfect park' was sheer brilliance and had me in embarrassing fits of laughter as I sat by myself reading your paper in the Mayo.

Keep the articles coming!

Regards

FT



"Do you want lips with that?"

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a variety of acoustic acts in the front bar

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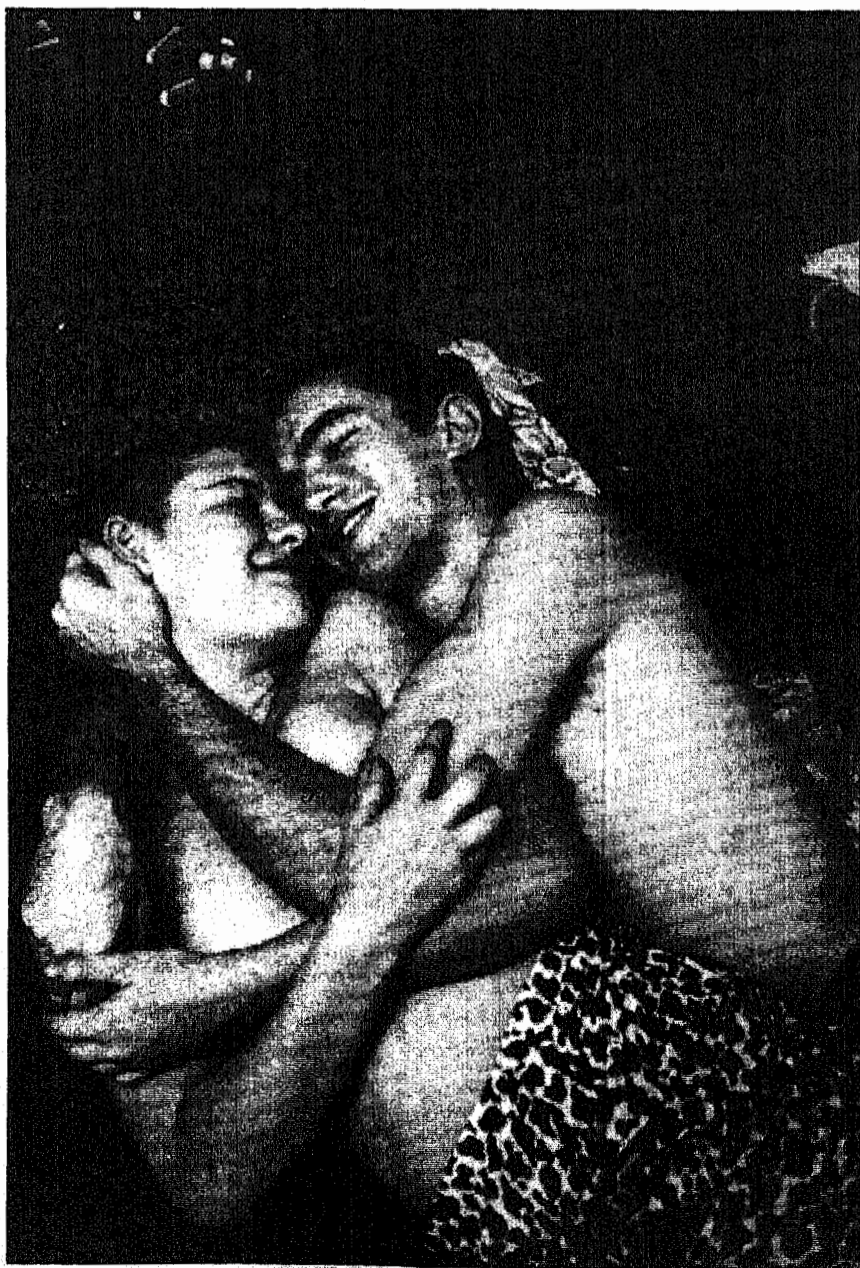
sexualiDit '99: question the definition.

Welcome to the 1999 sexuality edition of on dit, sexualiDit. This edition is an attempt to sweep the curtain, as it were, from those sexuality issues shrouded in social taboo. As sexuality officers, we identify the stigma of such taboo as the root of many of the issues that our department was inaugurated to address. A lack of understanding about sexual health, contraception and non-heterosexualities find their foundation in an absent or negative public discussion. It was with this intention of challenging dominant attitudes towards sex that we chose to use the words "cunt", "sodomy" and "slut."

We wanted to use "slut" because it is such a contentious term. People have opposed the use of this term in previous Sex department campaigns on the basis that it is offensive to women and therefore alienating. We use it precisely for this point: that "slut" has been used as a gendered and morally-

loaded term as part of the oppression of women. In our business, it is simple fact that STDs are transmitted by the promiscuity of both men and women, and that people often hesitate in accessing information as they feel embarrassed about their promiscuity or the association of STDs with such. If we can excavate "slut" as a term which does not specifically name women, and is not a term which can only be used derisively, then we start pushing back the social stigma attached to promiscuity, sluts and sexually transmitted diseases.

Similarly, "sodomy" or "buggery" are words which have been used in criminalising male homosexuality (buggery as a legislated offence) or in pathologising them (demonising and homogenising them as sodomites.) As the term for penetrative anal sex, "sodomy" carries a moralising tone - its etymology is biblical. So the reclaiming process is fairly obvi-



Sex Life Of An Electron

One night, when his charge was pretty high, Micro Farad decided to try to get a cute little coil to let him discharge. He picked up Millie Amp and took her for a ride on his megacycle. They rode across the Wheatstone Bridge, around by the sine wave, and stopped in a magnetic field by a flowing current.

Micro Farad, attracted by Millie's characteristic curves, soon had his resistance at a minimum and his field fully excited. He laid her on the ground potential, raised her frequency, lowered her capacitance, and pulled out his high voltage probe. He inserted it into her socket, connecting them in parallel, and began to short circuit her shunt. Fully excited, Millie Amp said "Mho, mho, give me mho!" With his tube operating at a maximum peak, and her coil vibrating from the current flow, she soon reached her maximum peak. The excess current flow had got her hot and Micro Farad was rapidly discharged and drained of every electron.

They fluxed all night, trying various connections and sockets until his bar magnet lost all it's field strength.

Afterwards, Mille Amp tried self induction and damaged her solenoid. With his battery fully discharged, Micro Farad was unable to excite his generator. So they ended up reversing polarity and blowing each other's fuses.

Written by a collective of electrical engineering students.

ous: you have to speak a word in your own context to make it relevant to the way you "know" something. That's why the front cover of this edition is so important, because any process of reclaiming terms relies on visibility. Without visibility how can we challenge people's assumptions? By putting "sodomy" on the cover we are saying: we name this, we are not ashamed to own it, and we speak it because when the dominant culture speaks it, it does so negatively.

And this brings us to "cunt." "Cunt" does not appear on the cover of sexualiDit because it was censored as the edition went to press, replaced by the term "clit." The problem with this censorship is that it re-enforces the stigmatising of, in this instance, female sexuality. "Cunt", it was decided, could only be mentioned within the covers of the newspaper. In this way, "cunt" - the most explicit referencing term for female genitalia - is still being treated as something which needs to be 'covered' and shrouded in taboo. The

problem with this is that it re-enforces the cultural sense that "cunt" is something nasty and offensive, which only supports the misogynist use of the term. Without being able to reclaim the word "cunt" and speak it in a positive way, we are failing to push the boundaries and question the definition.

Daniel Marshall



Front Page Visibility For My Cunt

Cunt. Cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt. Has a certain rhythm to it, hey? There's an unsettling trend on campus to censor not only the physical representation of cunts but also the word itself. The most unsettling aspect of this is that it happens every year. This year is no exception, and thus at the direction of the SAUA President, this little piece appears safely between the front and back covers

of *sexualiDit*. It's a recurring issue in student publications that have a feminist agenda - last year the ad for Totally Wimmin Powered Radio which featured a gloriously graphic picture of a cunt was forced onto the inside back cover of *Elle Dit*.

This act of censorship is disturbing not only for its feminist implications but also because cen-

sorship itself prevents the free exchange of ideas. Those who censor effectively make a value judgement about the thing they are censoring; either it's too offensive to be disseminated amongst the community or it's too dangerous. *The Oxford Dictionary* defines a censor as someone who is "authorised to suppress printed material on the grounds of obscenity or a threat to security". It

is further described as an "impulse which is said to prevent certain ideas and memories from emerging into consciousness"

The problem with censoring a word like cunt is that reinforces the historical belief that female sexuality is taboo. This taboo helps explain why women's health is so drastically underfunded and why women still die

CUNT

as a result. Cunt is a word that is loaded with negative implications of what femininity means. I want cunt on the front cover precisely *because* it challenges those who have coded the word in this way - those who have de-prioritised female sexuality. I want cunt on the front cover because language is so powerful and so are cunts and I'm

not gonna let anyone tell me that my cunt is too offensive or dangerous. We need to reclaim language that oppresses.

Student media is one of the last bastions of free speech that gives a voice to people denied one (queers, women, indigenous Australians, the poor) by mainstream

media. Student organisations should concern themselves with maintaining this principle and not with running a business. In censoring the word cunt, Alida Parente the SAUA President claimed to be protecting the majority who may be offended. To this I would ask "who is this silent majority?" and remind them

that if you say there's something wrong with the word there's something wrong with the thing. The thing is a cunt. Use it. Love it. Touch it. Reclaim it. Reclaim your sexuality for yourself.

Marian Prickett

How to Get Sex

Now this frank and honest discussion of our various sexualities is all well and good, but let's not lose sight of the most crucial sexual issue of them all.

How to get laid in the first place.

Or in softer words, relationships and dating.

We don't need Tarzan and Jane to tell us it's a jungle out there. In this very tertiary institution there are relationships going on every minute of the day. So what are the secrets of success?

The direct approach or Wanna root?

This approach generally requires a great deal of alcohol and/or prohibited substance to ensure its effectiveness. The chemicals not only enhance the appearance of the object of your desire, but also buttress your ego against rejection. If we're honest, most of us will admit to either having tried this one out in some form or another, or fallen for it hook line and sinker.

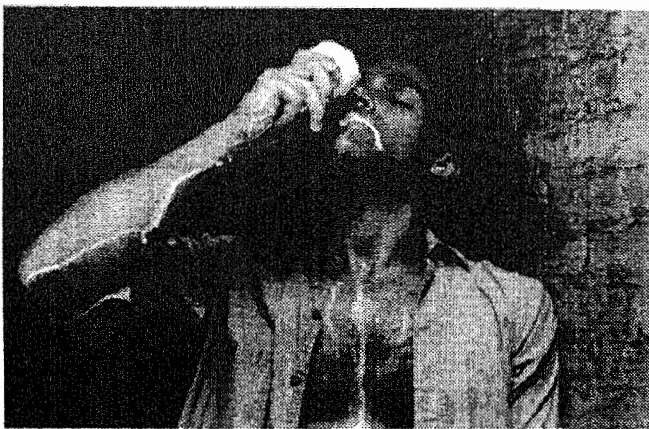
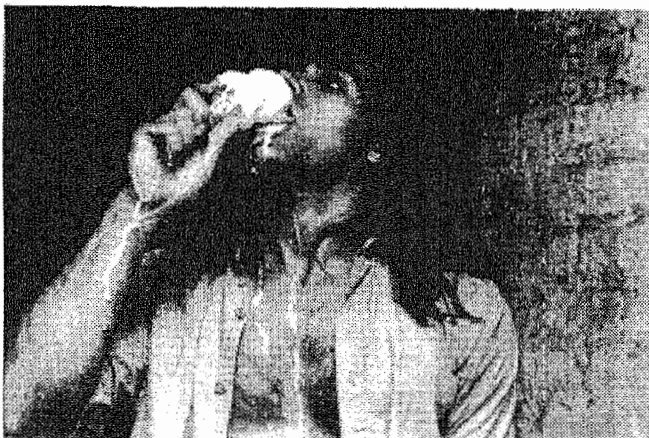
The drawbacks of this method are obvious - the immediate slap in the face, or the morning after also known as why did I do it - why? why? why?

The Subtle approach or Would you like to go for Coffee?

This approach is more tactful and of course, utterly soul destroying.

Do they like me? Do they really like me?

Or are they just being nice? Do they want a coffee or just a coffee? Could this be the Real Thing, or do they just want to use me for my lecture notes?



If all goes well, the object of your desire will casually brush your hand, laugh at all your jokes, and do the Eye Contact thing, to the extent that you at least feel confident that they will make the next move. If not, just remember that rejection and suffering builds character.

Yes, you risk crushing your ego and facing rejection, but this approach can be a good one if you've got the confidence to go with it. In fact, I would even risk saying that it takes more confidence to do your relationship thing this way than via the Direct Approach. I mean you can always use the alcohol thing on them later.

If your dream date is a clean living non-drinking type though, you're in trouble. This requires the Super Subtle Approach, which ends up with the pair of you standing nervously outside a cafe on Rundle St at 3am having talked about everything in the bloody world you could possibly talk about with Just One Thing on your mind, until a taxi pulls up and decisions must be made. At this point the best you can hope for is that you both get into the taxi and your dream babe firmly asks the driver to take you to (gulp) the babe's place.

From there on in you're on your own, although The Super Subtle Approach can be the most dangerous of all, it can lead

to all things beautiful! Well you have been warned. Happy dating! And remember if things don't work out in your dating you can always come and see your friendly Sexuality Officers.

The reason for this heart floating lightly now: that is what I think of when I count the cost of you -cause and effect of this strange and empty nausea, with this cold wind blowing through the corridors of my brain. And it is from your shadowed form and towards your sunlit face that the gale comes and goes. I feel scaled, subdued, giddied - I can still taste you in my memory: lips so full of promise-a scent, your virginity., the subtle, teenage smell of you- like pre-cum, like moistness, like innocence leaking. I am beholden to you, I will hold you: the erotics of these possibilities - fear and erection and bodies brought together by cold. I confuse my skin for yours, they feel enmeshed at some points, as we roll over on the bed; it's like natural progression, evolution, dance - movement working with movement, a common knowing of touch, a shared desire to arouse, warm, love. fingers on your face, so close, so close.

Can I kiss you/ can I kiss you? Yes.yes.yes.

yes

yesyes

yes

KISS

Daniel Marshall

Queer Collaborations

Queer Collaborations Needs Your Help

This year Queer Collaborations (QC) will be held in Adelaide for the first time. The week long conference, to be held at Flinders University from 5th - 9th July, is a forum for lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgendered students from around Australia to get together and discuss issues of relevance. QC also has a fairly heavy emphasis on entertainment, and as such, it blends celebration, protest, and the exchange of information together.

QC is so important because homophobia and heterosexism break down communities - it seeks to rebuild them. It's important because it gives queer people a visibility that society denies them. It's important to all students because activist movements can't exist in isolation from each other. Oppression occurs on many levels - race, class, gender, sexuality, nationality - and for progressive change to occur it has to be resisted on all fronts.

However, due to funding many interstate students can't afford to access QC. Accommodation for a week can be expensive so we are asking for people who live in a queer friendly house to billet host students for the duration of the conference. This can be very rewarding as you get to make some very cool interstate friends (and get to stay with them next time you're in Melbourne/Sydney/Perth/Brisbane/Hobart/Darwin)

If you are able to help just contact Marian 8352 1293. Simple.

and the beat goes on♦♦♦

Recently Channel 10 televised an interview with George Michael on the Michael Parkinson show. The "story" which precipitated the interview was Michael's arrest for 'lewd behaviour' after being entrapped by a cop in a public toilet. In Michael's own words he "responded to something", namely an attractive man 'waving his genitals about.' In the interview George Michael repeatedly characterises the "incident" as "a stupid moment," an expense of



recklessness: "it was there in front of me and I thought why not." Parkinson probes this risk-taking:

"why would you, as a public figure, take such an outrageous risk?"

"that's the point isn't it?"

"is it?"

"I think so."

And this is an interesting question. Why would someone who could afford to buy sex look for it in a toilet? Because of the risk, George Michael says. This challenges the popular association of beat sex with desperation. George Michael could have hired himself a male prostitute and saved himself the trouble of "procuring" trade. No, Michael went to the toilet not as a last resort to find sex, but because he liked the idea of picking a guy up in a toilet. This is important because the oppression of male homosexuality relies heavily on associating it with non-normative sexual practices such as beat sex which are constructed as things that people aren't happy doing, or are sick if they do. And while Michael does say that he has no regrets about trying to pick up the LAPD cop, he does use language which reflects the societal view of beat sex as sickness: "I wasn't in the best state of mind..."

George Michael refers to his entrapment as his "supposed shame." In Parkinson's introduction, he referred to Michael's as "the most public coming out in history." And if that has any truth at all, it must really be two "outings". First, Michael is outed as being gay, and then he is outed as engaging in beat sex. The story of his arrest was so popular as it showed Michael transgressing not one but two boundaries of normative sexuality. Queer-

ness is constructed as the negative antithesis of heterosexuality: it is dirty, it can only lead to disappointment and it has to be restricted. George Michael identifies the hypocrisy of criminally legislating against gay male desire by observing how ridiculous it would seem to entrap people engaging in consensual heterosexual sex:

"we put a section on the front of the video and I wanted to make the point that if the average straight man, if a good looking bird came into a toilet and you're standing there and she started playing with herself, basically I don't know any straight men who would stop and think: 'this is a public place.. it is against the law and I shall therefore not proceed...' you know, they'd go for it.. .And if you heard this about one of your friends and the woman turned out to be a copper you'd think: 'Christ, how could they do that to a guy?'"

Through this illustration George Michael manages to invert the power-relations commonly at play in entrapment scenarios - here, the heterosexual man is who is surveyed. With this inversion he challenges/satirises the puritanism which led to his arrest. In scenarios of entrapment, queer sex is named as that which should be hidden, obscured and a producer of shame. George Michael illustrates how straights can be as guilty of the promiscuous lasciviousness which is used to characterise, penalise and oppress male homosexuality.

The Pink Files

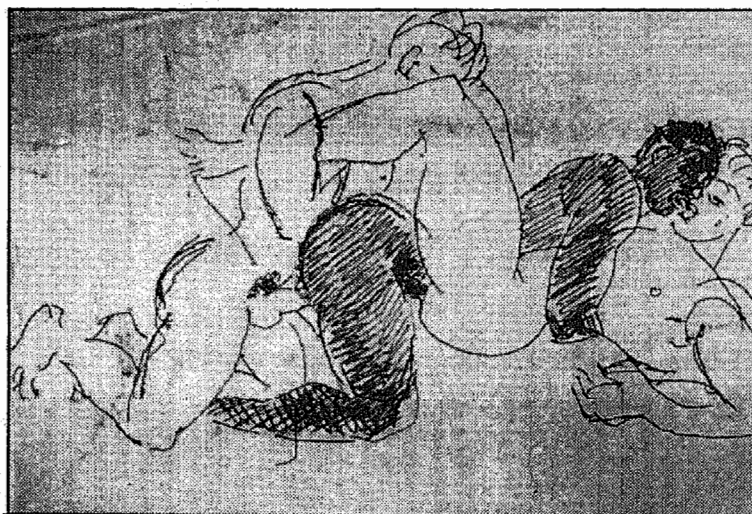
[This is the introduction to the Uranian Society presentation of "The Pink Files - a celebration of the lives of gay men from Adelaide's past" - on the 27th anniversary of the death of Adelaide University Lecturer in Law, Dr George Duncan. This performance is being hosted in the spirit of interrogating the notion of queer histories, the absence of queer women's stories and as a preface to the artshow launch where we seek to flesh out some individuals' queer histories through their personal narratives in art.]

If you were a gay man, or lesbian, living in Adelaide during the 1940s and 1950s, when consensual sex between men in private was an illegal act, and discovery could mean public disgrace, and a jail sentence, and when homosexuality was seen as an illness which could be cured by electro-convulsive shock therapy, I venture to say that it would have been impossible for you to imagine that, in 1999, there would be an Adelaide University Students' Association Sex Week - with Pride Day's programme - a focus on queer sexuality, in all its diversity.

We live in conservative times, but imagine how much more repressive the 40s and 50s must have been for homosexual men and women who were "in the life", who had to pass as straight through fear of being exposed, and who daily faced "the pillory column", as the Law Courts Page of *The Advertiser* was called in those days. It could mean loss of reputations, jobs, sometimes even, lives.

To begin with however, the war years were a period of social upheaval, and to some extent there was a relaxation of traditional values. Servicemen from all over Australia, and indeed from the United Kingdom and the United States, visited Adelaide. They were men on leave, looking for a good time. And despite what Bruce Ruxton says, there

were many gay servicemen and women. This enabled homosexual men to meet in ways that weren't really possible before the War. Certain hotels in the city became well-known, but discreet, meeting places, where you could go to pick up a soldier, sailor, or airforce man. These were The Hotel South Australia, The Gresham, The Exchange, The Red Lion, The Napoleon - all gone now. What emerged was the beginning of a more public gay male sub-culture, centred around these drinking places. So the war years, to some extent, were a liberating



An Act of Congress

time for homosexual men, compared with their lives previously in staid old Adelaide.

But of course, the war ended. And the authorities were concerned to make sure that the traditional ideas about family life, the role of women, and 'normal' sexual behaviour were reasserted. When the 1950s descended, we had the Menzies era nationally, and the Playford era locally. The big threats to Western Society (and even to Adelaide) were seen to be 'reds under the beds' (Communists), and sexual perverts (Homosexuals).

The organised social activity among homosexual men that had developed during the war years had become visible to the authorities and this posed a big problem. What was to be done about it? On June 12th, 1948, the *Adelaide Truth* ran a headline

story "Courts Cluttered With Sex Crimes", in which it was stated that "there are some high police officials who regard perversion as the city's number one social problem", and that the usual deterrents such as whipping, jail, and public disgrace were not working!

The *Adelaide Truth* continued to harass the Playford Government to conduct an inquiry, and the police stepped up their efforts to harass, entrap, arrest and imprison gay men. In 1950, 12 young men who partied regularly at Bert Hines' Lampshade

sexuality."

The Report went on to say that "the police are of the opinion that a good deal could be done to discourage homosexuality if these people could be dealt with in a way similar to that applied to reputed thieves". The Report recommended changes to the Police Act to enable this to happen.

The result of this inquiry was that for the next twenty years (between 1952 and 1972, which brought the death of Dr Duncan, and the social reforms of the Dunstan Government), the police were able to use repressive powers to deter male homosexuals, with the tacit approval of the Government. And so began "The Pink Files".

In the late 1970s, Adelaide gay historian, the late John Lee, interviewed between 40 and 50 older gay men about their lives. Four of those interviews form the basis of Pride Day's Readers Theatre Performance of "The Pink Files." Some names and other details have been changed to respect anonymity. From the transcripts, a series of interlocking monologues has been compiled, which re-create and celebrate the extraordinary stories of these ordinary men, who dared to be gay, at a time when being true to yourself meant to be a criminal, a social outcast and to be labelled as a sexual deviant. I think you'll agree their stories need to be told. They give us, as men who fuck other men, an historical perspective on our own lives - our sense of identity. And they remind us who don't fit into the heterosexual container of our history of oppression, why it is important to celebrate our achievements, and how far we have come from those dark days of the 1950s. They also remind us why we must not be complacent, because there are those in these conservative times who would like to take us back to the future.

Ian Purcell, 1999.

On the Bus

And it is kind of difficult to form an impression of you within my mind's eye: like I haven't seen you before, but the idea of you seems so familiar to me that I feel I must have met you before, but I know that you are strange to me because I feel that you are faceless like a stranger, not that strangers don't have faces, it's just that they are unfamiliar faces and so I don't notice them. But this is untrue because I see you now and then, like today I saw you on the bus and I stared intently at you waiting for you to look at me, but you never did. When you got on the bus you stood with your music case between your legs waiting by the ticket-machine, and I didn't know if you were waiting for me to move over to make space for you on my seat, but I couldn't because the woman - old woman with thick stockinged legs - was taking up too much room. And so I just sat there with you to the side of me, my mind whirring over insanely, contemplating my future bliss hinging on the notion that you were waiting dumbly for there to be



room on my seat. Then you went and sat down elsewhere. And I stared and stared. You stared back, and this took my breath away, but then you never looked at me again. Its like my dream 2 night ago - I thought I was in bed with damian, except he looked like james dean. I was looking up into his face - we were talking. I told him that I thought I might be gay; he said that's good, encouraged I leaned in and kissed his lips: as soon as my lips had touched his, he jumped out of bed and had to leave. In the market's food court today I cried while I watched the man put the blue tarpaulin covers over the benches of books on sale, there was something so final about it. Like a doctor pulling the sheet over a dead person, like cloth being laid over furniture prior to a house being shut up: emptying and emptiness that is

how my heart feels: the romance has been slain. Slain and now mocked before my eyes as I see these couples parade before me. Horrible, horrible.

Horrible, horrible.

Daniel Marshall



sexshow

It's SEXSHOW...

the sexweek band night.

Come and see Sam Lohs (from Fruit), Queen of Sheba and Dale March for only \$3!

Special Mappy Hour from 7-8pm. It's going to get sexy... 7pm start in the Unibar



Brought to you by SAUA sexuality department and USA SA

Dear Darling...

Worried and concerned? Need someone to help solve a serious problem? Write to Darling.

We pay \$50 to all letters published and \$100 to our star letter

Dear Darling, I am a thirty-four year old gay man and have been in a monogamous relationship with my partner for nearly twelve years. Although we have had our ups and downs we have always coped, but lately he has been acting very peculiar. He has been keeping company with several heterosexuals from work and has started listening to Jimmy Barnes and twice now I have caught him scratching himself in public. I know he loves me but I am truly worried that these heteros are a bad influence on him and may convert him, please help.

Worried.
Surrey Hills, NSW.

Dear Worried, It is always difficult when a loved one begins to act in a manner that you have described but rest assured that by simply keeping company with heterosexuals does not mean he will become one. If anything it is healthy to have a varied group of friends and you should be pleased that your partner is so open minded.



Dear Darling, My husband and I have a five year old son whom we have just enrolled into a new primary school. Although the school has a good reputation we have just learnt that his new teacher is a heterosexual male. With 95% of paedophiles being het males we are worried about the safety of our son.

A concerned mother.
Richmond, Vic.

Dear concerned mother, Although the figures you have given are in fact correct it does not mean that your son's teacher is in fact a paedophile. Those alarming figures do not mean that all straight men are paedophiles. I encourage you to stop judging him and instead get involved in your son's school. Help out in the canteen or with the children's reading. This behaviour will help the teacher more than your harsh judgements.

Dear Darling, My best friend and I have known each other for twenty years. We went to school together and joined the



same Lesbian theatre group at Uni. In the last few weeks my friend has started wearing lipstick and painting her nails. She even threw out her overalls and brought a skirt, all of which I can deal with but now she is planning on growing her hair long. I am really afraid that she may be straight and I don't know what to do.

Scared and alone.
Brisbane, QLD.

Dear Scared and alone, Sometime we find it difficult not to judge someone when they fit stereotypes so typically but it is important to remember that a stereotype is just that. Some straight girls do have short hair and some gay girls do wear skirts just as some straight men like Bette Midler and some gay men have poor personal hygiene. More importantly you need to remember that she is your friend regardless of her sexuality. If she is straight you may need to deal with it by talking to her for a start but if her sexuality makes you think you cannot be friends maybe you need to asses the sort of person you are.



Dear Darling, My partner and I have been in a lesbian relationship for twenty six years and had a child through an IVF programme in Amsterdam twenty two years ago. Although we love our son he has recently come out to us as heterosexual. We are a good Christian family and have always loved our son but we don't understand why he would do this to us. One of his uncles was heterosexual but we never included him in our family so we don't understand how he may have contracted this.

Concerned.
Malvern, SA.

Dear Concerned, You can give a kid all the love and attention humanly possible, but just because you are typically God-loving lesbians it does not mean that your son will be a good gay boy as well. Although children will learn a great deal from their environment, sexuality seems to be something that is just developed naturally or something one is born with. I even know straight couples who have had gay children. If your son is straight and obviously different he will need more support from you instead of being outcast like his uncle. I am sure he is not straight to hurt you, if he is comfortable enough with you to tell you it must mean you are good parents. If you need more help there is a group called POOH: Parents Of Openly Heterosexuals, who can give you more help.



Breeders Suk

Imagine if you will.....

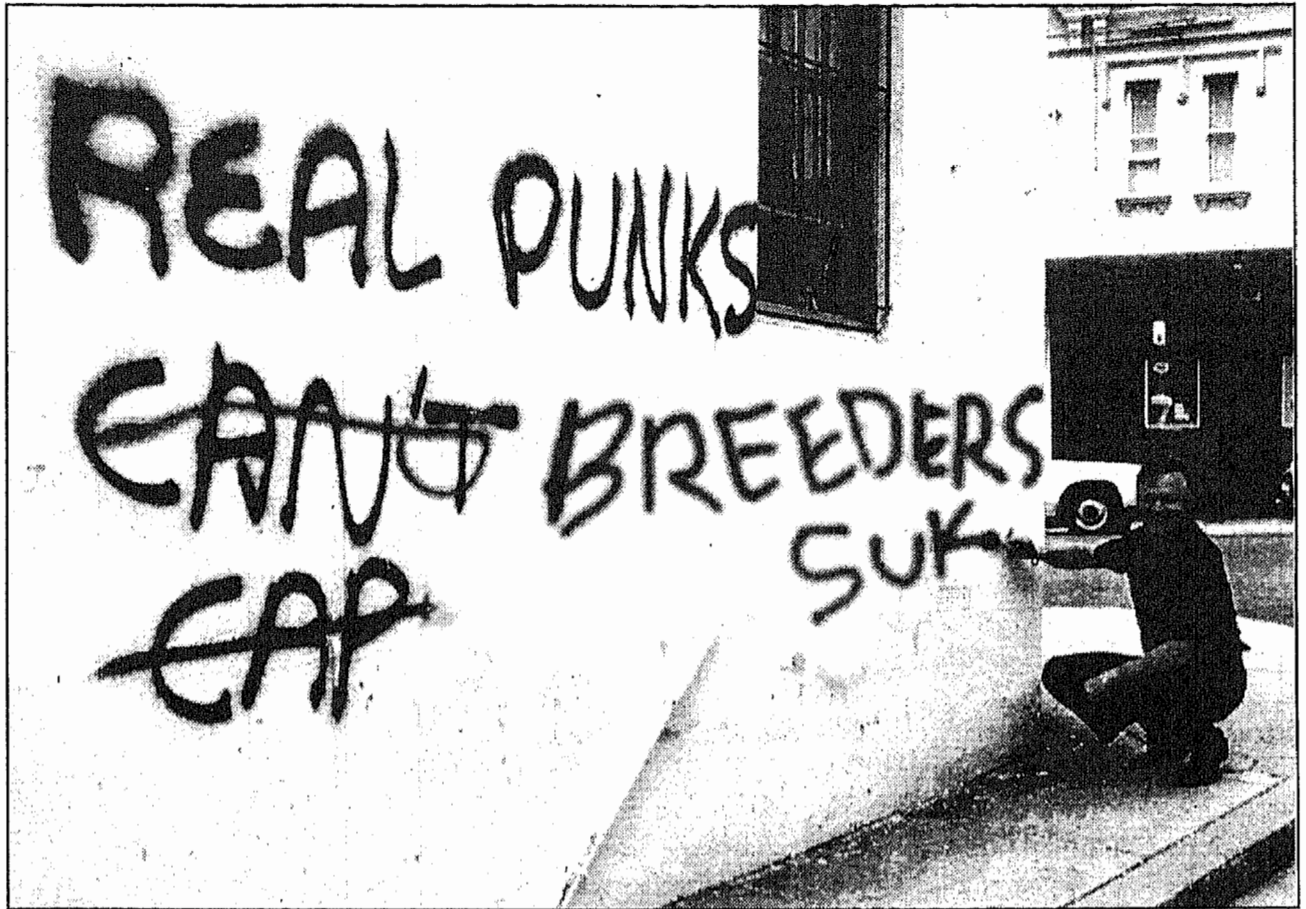
You arise from your peaceful slumber. Slowly leaning over you turn your radio-alarm down to a dull throb. You hear Boyfriend, that sickly sweet, new five boy teenybopper group crooning their love for some unfortunate muscle-mary. "God, I hate this song! They should put health warning labels on the CD's letting diabetics know that the contents could be dangerous to their health".

Still muttering about the inadequacies of the modern music market, you pour your cereal. You can hardly fail to notice the family beaming out at you from the box. The lovely mum couple and the three kids frolicking in a field of flowers proclaiming the wealth of natural goodies in the cereal you are about to consume.

"How stereotypical!" you think, in line with your newly acquired political correctness.

On the bus you catch every day, a nasty piece of graffiti greets you as you sit in your habitual seat. 'Breeders' is scrawled naughtily on the seat in front of you. "Breeders.....", my, does that take you back!/? Back to primary school when the bizarre sex acts of heterosexuals would spawn thousands of jokes and unending ridicule for the poor child labelled as 'straight'.

Your nephews and nieces go to that school now. The same children you baby-sat the other night while their



dads went to the theatre. You grimace to yourself as you remember how the youngest, Georgina, who is six now, asked you what a "hetrosekshul" was.

"You'll find out when your old enough", was your rather wimpy reply.

Later, you heard John, a very precocious eight-year-old, whispering that a "hetrosekshul" is a man who sexes a woman. Then the conspiratorial giggles as Georgina, who had no idea what he meant but knew it was so rude she had to laugh, chortled with ill-concealed mirth. You're sure you didn't know about such things when you were eight.

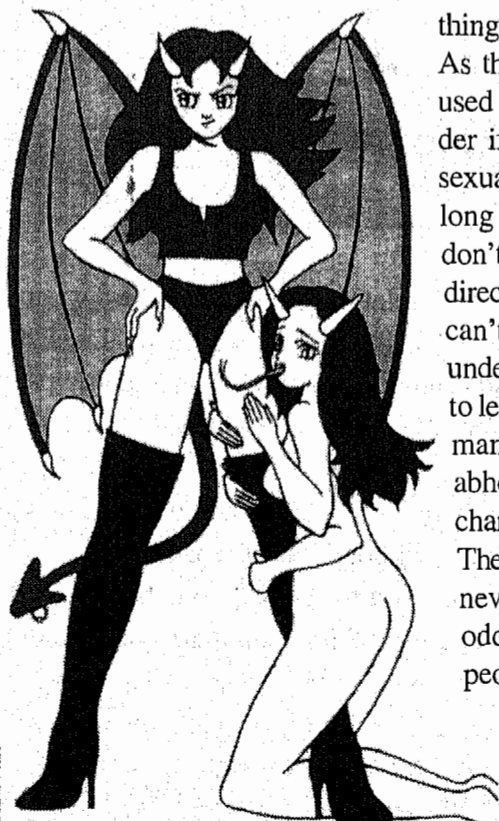
As the bus passes the church you used to attend regularly, you wonder if they still think that heterosexual sex is wrong. It's been so long since you've been that you don't know. Nothing was ever said directly, but long words, that you can't quite remember and didn't understand at the time, were used to let you know that sex between a man and a woman was beyond abhorrent. You assume it hasn't changed.

The daily drudgery of going to uni never seems to change. The only oddity on this day was the two people sitting in front of you on the train. Not only were they dressed in a distinctly "straight" style but the guy

actually kissed the girl. You felt really weird, you don't mind if they "do it", just not in front of you.

In your first lecture there is a heated argument about a new advertisement that shows a man and a woman holding hands while looking at a car. The main group was arguing that it was an offensive ad because it was promoting heterosexual as an acceptable part of society. The rest were saying it was stupid to ignore a group in society on a marketing basis because of moral scruples. You tended to agree with the latter. However you were silent, not wanting to be labelled in either group.

Later on that night you watch your favourite real-life comedy about the family in suburbia. You particularly liked this episode because they introduced a semi-permanent heterosexual character who has problems with her prolific and quite hilarious love life. Then you watch the news. All doom and gloom, including the human interest story about the little country town where straight sex is still against the law. You remember back to the train that morning and decide that you don't think it should be illegal but you wouldn't want it on the streets where the kids might see it, they might think it was natural.....



Shattered Dreams

It was all a big mistake
that night down at the lake
You told me that you loved me
But none of it was true
All you really wanted
Was for me to give myself to you
When I hesitated
You ignored my cries
You forced yourself upon me
It makes me want to die
Thank-you for the broken heart and
for the shattered dreams
Thank you for stealing my innocence and
my right to be me.

Amanda Camporeale
Sexuality Officer

Labels

are for filing, Labels are for clothing, Labels are not for people.

There should not be a strict analytical style dictionary meaning for sexuality because it means different things to different people. Yet there will always be those who will seek to characterise and stereotype different sexualities. The problem with clarifying your sexuality is that it is very hard to be objective about something as emotional and traumatic as such things inevitably are. When do we truly understand the differences that are black and white for some and yet all grey and fuzzy for the rest of us?

Anyway you approach the question of sexuality your opinion will vary dependent upon such factors as your upbringing, politics, religion, your own sexuality, etc. As our society assumes heterosexuality as normal, to admit you have had an opposing sexual experience is to openly question your own sexuality and normality.

I don't believe in labelling your sexuality. I'm also really sick of having to continually justify to people why I am the way I am.

I'm sick of being asked to explain my sexuality. I'm sick of being told the reason I won't label my sexuality is because 'I'm confused', 'I don't know what I am', 'I'm scared to 'come out', 'I just 'do' anything', or 'I just don't want to be seen as straight'. I mean what is that?!

My identity is not based solely on my sexuality, or the fact that I choose to fuck both men and women, it's based on the choices I've made.

I have a real problem with labels and identification. For some reason it makes people feel better to know they have everyone in neat little categories, but maybe it doesn't make the people you are trying to categorise feel better. Maybe not everyone fits into your

fucking categories. For example: where do you place the married housewife who has lesbian fantasies, or the gay male who has slept with more chicks than guys, or the straight girl who has slept with chicks, or the lesbian girl who has slept with guys.

WHERE DOES THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN EXPERIMENTATION AND IDENTIFICATION TAKE FORM and why is it so hard to distinguish???

There are quite a few reasons why I choose not to proclaim myself by using labels. Whenever you label your sexuality you are limiting it. For example, 'Bi' means two - which assumes that there are only two genders. This excludes those who are neither totally feminine or totally masculine. Also, you may prefer to use a more crea-

tive term like, Ambisexual, pansexual, polysexual, heterosexually challenged, queer etc.

In the end, we have to ask ourselves if it matters what we call ourselves any more than who we fuck. We need to work more on acknowledging and respecting the labels and orientations of people around us, without insisting that they necessarily use a label at all. "Liberation is (at least in part) about freeing ourselves from unnecessary restriction, whether they be imposed by others or ourselves." Labels can be useful tools if we choose to adopt them, however it is important that we do not maintain them beyond their point of usefulness.

Although my sexuality is important to me, I feel it cannot be labelled. If you are thinking then what the fuck does she want us to call her, you can "just call me by my name for it is the only label I trust" and the only label for me.

Amanda Camporeale
Sexuality Officer



Pride

Adelaide University Pride is a political support network group designed for non-heterosexual-identifying people. We also have an associate membership program designed for heterosexual folk who wish to show their support for our group.

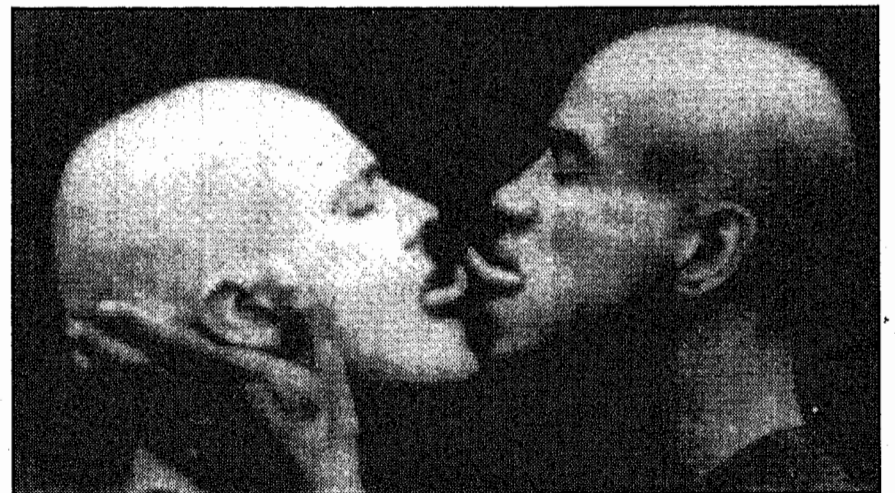
More importantly however, Pride is all about, in the words of its members: "diversity, chatting, alcohol, skipping lectures, cheap pick-ups, mateship, bitchiness and occasional spankings."

Every Monday at 1:00pm, our incredibly attractive ensemble gathers in the Rainbow Room (6th floor of the Union Building, opposite The Gallery) to discuss weekend soirees, relationship wows and woes, smile fondly as we plot the downfall of John Howard... oh yes, and occasionally we plan group activities which help us all get well-acquainted, and create the kind of sexual tension that makes Mulder and Scully look like Donny and Marie Osmond. Thus far, some of us have participated in a Quiz Night to help raise funds for the annual Feast Festival, whilst the wine tour to McLaren Vale and our Pride Day draw closer (although by date of publication, both these events will have come and gone.)

Unfortunately, the malevolent, three-eyed, neutered heterosexism monster continues to unleash its wrath on society, and our group is all about taking a stand for individuality, each other, and freedom to express ourselves and our sexualities, without fear of reprisal.

If this ideology appeals to you at all and you would like to join, we would love to have you. We will ask you for \$4 but we will try our best to ensure you get your money's worth. Please contact either Aislin (aislin.baker@student.adelaide.edu.au) or Sam (sj_butler@yahoo.com), and don't worry - complete confidentiality is assured.

Cheers,
Adelaide University Pride



Assumptions, Assumptions, Assumptions!

Assumptions can hurt and sexuality is one place where assumptions are a plenty! Wouldn't it be great to live in a world where people did not assume things about others?

Along with the common underlying assumption that everyone you meet is heterosexual, there are also other common assumptions like that all people are sexually active (over a certain age). **SO WHAT IF I'M A VIRGIN?** These days pressure is placed on people to lose their virginity, and often it can be hard to admit if you are a virgin.



Coming out as a virgin can be hard for some, as nowadays it is often classified as a bad thing. Who makes these distinctions and who benefits from these divisions. Assumptions hurt, but unfortunately continue to exist. Just remember that it is no-one's fucking business what you do (or don't do) in bed! So be proud of who you are and accept others....whoever they are.

Amanda Camporeale
Sexuality Officer

Hey Butch, Read This!

It has been clear throughout all of history that faggots and dykes have been annoying people for years. Today you see them parading the streets like they own it even holding hands in public. They are allowed to be on television and in some countries they are now even being given marriage rights. Are we all going to sit back and let things continue the way they are or are we going to do something about it?

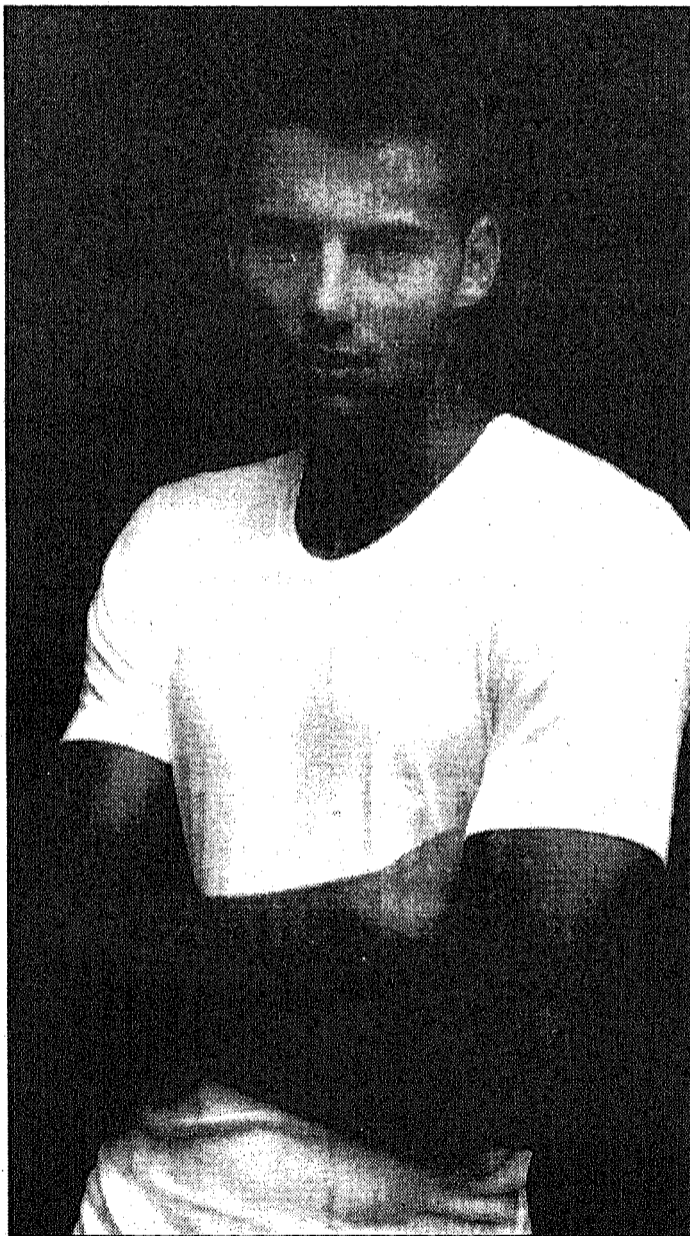
If homos make you feel ill just thinking about them then it seems we are left with one option. **DON'T THINK ABOUT THEM!!!** The best way to deal with the Queer Community is to deal with yourself. For example if you fall into the category of white, football playing, FHM reading, male who possibly answers to the name Bubba and you are still reading this very sentence then you are doing well with dealing with homophobia.

Similarly if you're a married female with an extensive collection of tupperware and a 1980's housing trust home in Elizabeth. If you also have Woman's day, Woman's Weekly and No idea and a husband named Bubba then chances are you are a homophobic too but that you are still reading means there is hope yet.

Homophobia has several definitions. Since the word itself is funnily missing from the five dictionaries I happen to own I will make the meaning up. Lucky for you my interpretation of the word will be true. It is the harassment of people on the grounds of their sexuality through verbal or physical form. It is also the holding of anti-queer attitudes and beliefs. Just as I ignorantly stereotyped the above cases people stereotype the queer community.

Exactly as the word says it is a fear, a phobia. So if you are homophobic what are you afraid of?

Can you remember the last time you saw a film where two people of the same sex kissed or made love? If you can remember thinking how disgusting and repulsive you thought it was then why do you think



people are like that? Because they like doing repulsive things or because just like you find it natural to be attracted to people of the opposite sex they are naturally attracted to people of the same sex. If you agree with the former part you are an idiot.

I would love to eliminate homophobia simply by having people read this article but I realise that won't happen. What I at least do hope to do is make you realise how stupid and illogical homophobia is.

Some people are homophobic because they are queer and hence use their homophobia as a mask. Others are just afraid because queer issues are so completely foreign to them that instead of learning about the issues they battle them. Peer group pressure can also be responsible as can religious beliefs. Internalised-homophobia also exists which is the homophobia expressed by the queer community itself. This is normally because an individual although 'out' cannot accept themselves so they harass their community.

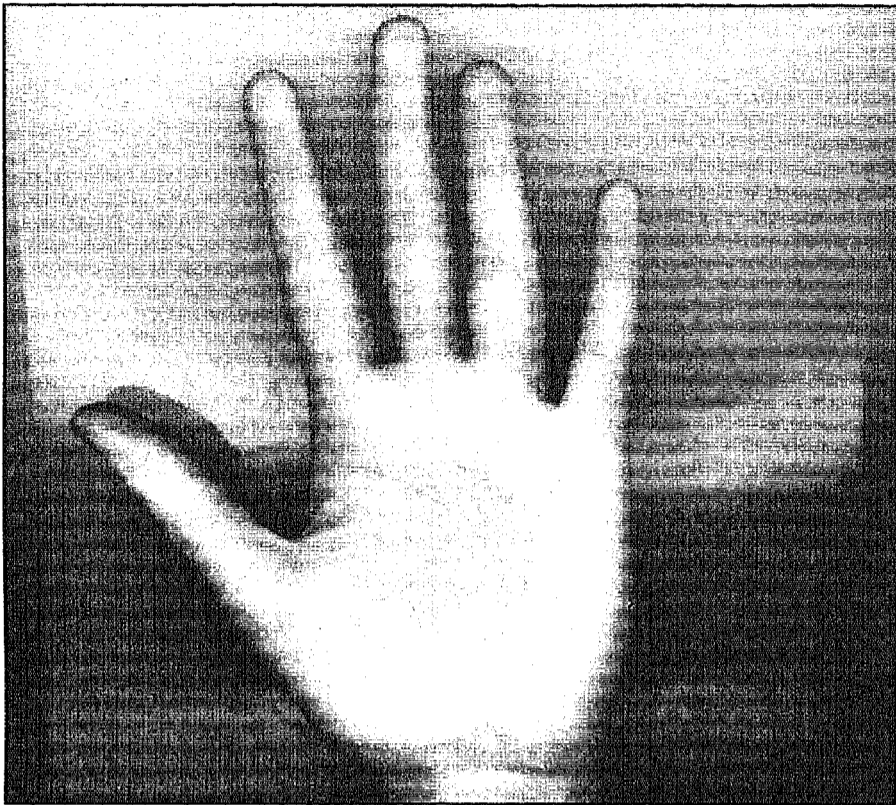
Homophobia can also come in the form of people being heteronormative. This means that people assume that everyone and everything is heterosexual. "Do you have a girlfriend?" or "Why aren't you married yet?", always assuming that the

whole world is heterosexual.

Several of the explanations do indeed sound ridiculous and a joke. This is because they are ridiculous. Homophobia has no justification. In the past few years people have even tried using 'homosexual panic' as their defence in murder or violence charges. Sorry your honour but he was coming on to me and I'm not a fag so I didn't know what else to do. Like "Sorry mate I'm not interested" would not have worked? I can assure you that if a girl tries to pick me up I won't kill her.

George Valiotis

Stand By Your Hand



I had seen myself around and finally got the courage to ask me out to dinner. I didn't want myself to know that I was desperate so I leafed through my blank diary and said that funny enough I happened to be free that night. I was reluctant to give myself my address since that was the first day I had ever really spoken to myself. I seemed like a nice guy and all but you can never be too careful especially when I realised that I didn't really know me.

I went home and spent hours choosing what shoes to wear with which outfit and what fragrance would best complement my whole look. It had been years since I had been that fussed with my appearance but I really wanted to impress me.

My heart was racing when I arrived to take me out. However my nerves were calmed immediately when I saw the look on my face. I fully checked me out from head to toe, and rather obviously I must add which turned me on infinitely I'm sure I need not add!

I took me to a simple dinner which I barely noticed as I was totally enthralled in myself. I already found myself incredibly attractive but after talking to myself all night I knew I

was someone special. I lost my appetite because I was too busy filling up on my beauty which by this stage had totally engulfed me. I walked several blocks just holding my hand but at one stage I slid my hand behind me and slipped it into my back pocket. I didn't want the night to end and I bravely asked me back to my apartment. I accepted cautious not to seem too keen or to make it known exactly how horny I was becoming as the night progressed.

However as I took a taxi with myself to the apartment we both knew what was lying ahead. By the look on the taxi driver's face as he snuck looks in his rear-view mirror at myself slowly caressing me he also seemed to realise what our plans were.

I was shocked with how romantic I was. The foreplay went on for hours. Stroking, caressing, undressing, heavy-petting - I was in heaven! However the sex was even better than I imagined and trust me I imagined. I seemed to know exactly what I wanted. I was gentle when I needed it and an animal when I wanted it. The best part was I always respected my boundaries, never forcing anything on myself

When all the action got me tired I was cool and just cuddled myself until I was ready again. I was also really impressed that I didn't just roll over and fall asleep after I came but instead persisted with the foreplay, midplay, afterplay, whateverplay....

After the fourth round I was too tired to go on but still sat up and just talked until I fell asleep and then I too went to bed.

In the morning I had to rush out but I was comfortable in the knowledge that I would be back and that this was no one night stand. I momentarily felt lonely but quickly shed my insecurities and busied my mind with other thoughts.

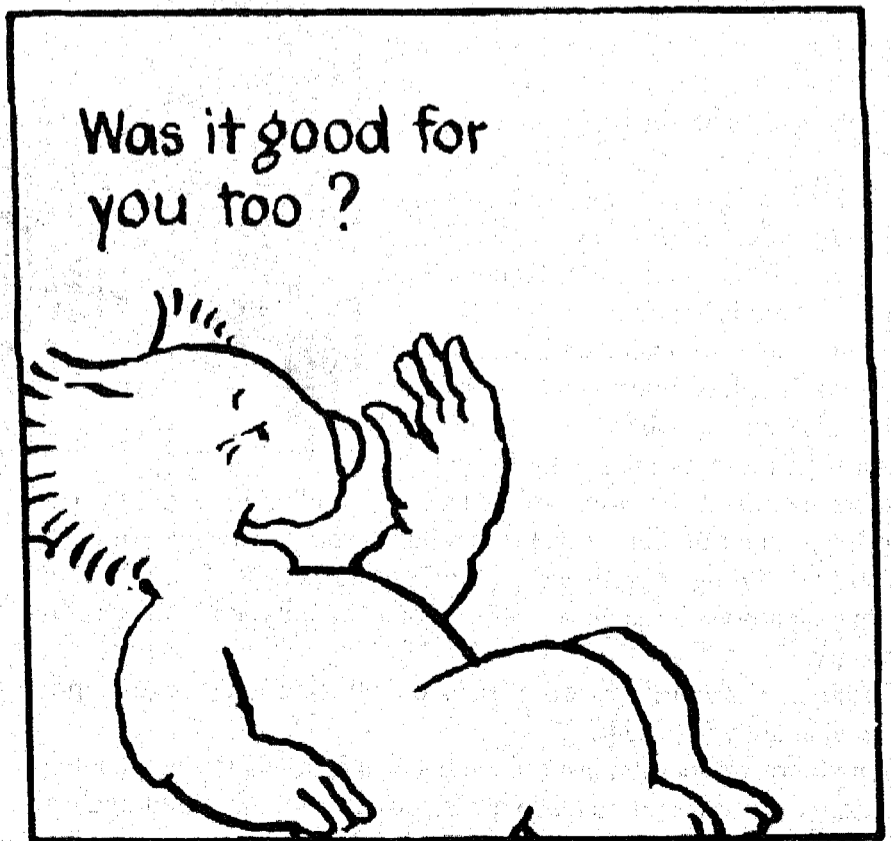
I have been in a committed relationship with myself for quite a long while now and although its not monogamous it still works well. My main fears are of course STDs and the like so I insist on protection whenever I have sex with anyone except myself. Because I really love me I don't want to bring home anything that could affect my health. I even practice safe-sex methods with myself even though I know I

am safe with me but it helps to get it right when I'm with others.

People often marvel at how committed I am to me and how strong my relationship is. I tell them it is because I am honest with myself and I tell me all about my concerns, fantasies and fears therefore I trust myself. Trust is so important in a relationship and after being tested it means that in a trusted relationship like mine you don't have to fiddle with things like condoms. But like I tell myself all the time, when I'm having sex with anyone else "if it's not on it's not on".

When it all gets too much I am always safe in the knowledge that I am a good shag and that I will always be a willing partner in all my fantasies. Therefore if you're unsure about safe sex practices or feel you just can't trust others remember to touch yourself. Even if you do fall asleep after or even during the act or if you can't get it up or you get a headache or if you're just feeling a little frigid you will still be just as horny the next time you feel like having sex with yourself.

Wayne King and Mazz Turbate



Bisexuality - End Monosexism

Bisexuality is a valid form of sexual expression in the lesbian, gay and mainstream communities. It is generally accepted that there are more Bisexually active people than there are self-identifying Bisexuals. Why are people so reluctant to use the dreaded 'B' word? Well, for starters it can make you stand out in the crowd. It takes a brave person to risk rejection from the mainstream, or from the Lesbian and Gay community - without an established Bisexual community, it can feel very isolating.

Also many people, if not '3' on the Kinsey scale, a 50/50 Bisexual, attracted equally to men and women, don't feel themselves to be 'really' Bi. There are some benefits to identifying openly as Bisexual. The more people in general are aware of Bisexuals as a group, the more we will be catered for, by Bi-specific resources and facilities, and the easier it will be for others to acknowledge their own feelings of Bisexuality.

Bisexuality is the ability to love a person freely without regards to gender or sexuality. It involves a greater level of self-knowledge and awareness than other



sexualities and for many people it is self-defined based on personal experiences and emotions.

The best alternative is to idealise a person who embodies the best parts of human sexuality and who can share their love and understanding to all. This isn't easy because people still have huge prejudices to Bisexuality. This is mainly because the change from Heterosexual to Homosexual or vice versa is basically a complete change, a cancellation of all that was and assumed new sexual identity. Bisexuality is more, it is an extension of human sexuality that can change and grow as the people grow and develop their own self awareness. Also Bisexuality is not nearly as foreign to people as the opposite sexuality is and is therefore a much greater thought of option than most would believe.

However to develop a Bisexual identity is very hard in our straight/gay world so if you wonder where all the Bisexual people are, well they're probably that gay/straight friend you have had since primary school. Basically you never know, and that, my friends, is half the fun of being Bisexual.

Telling Stories

I want to say that it is beautiful. I know, of course that it is also ugly: the violation of sodomy, the bodies which don't hold themselves quite so in the morning light, the squalor of promiscuity, the eternal expectation of loss. these are the daily terrors.

but I want to say that it is beautiful too; just like that look in your eyes when I catch you watching me trying to decipher Judith Butler. the way you hold me which makes some strong fibre inside of me ache and spasm because I can't believe that, even as it is only in that instant, that I could possibly be promised so much in



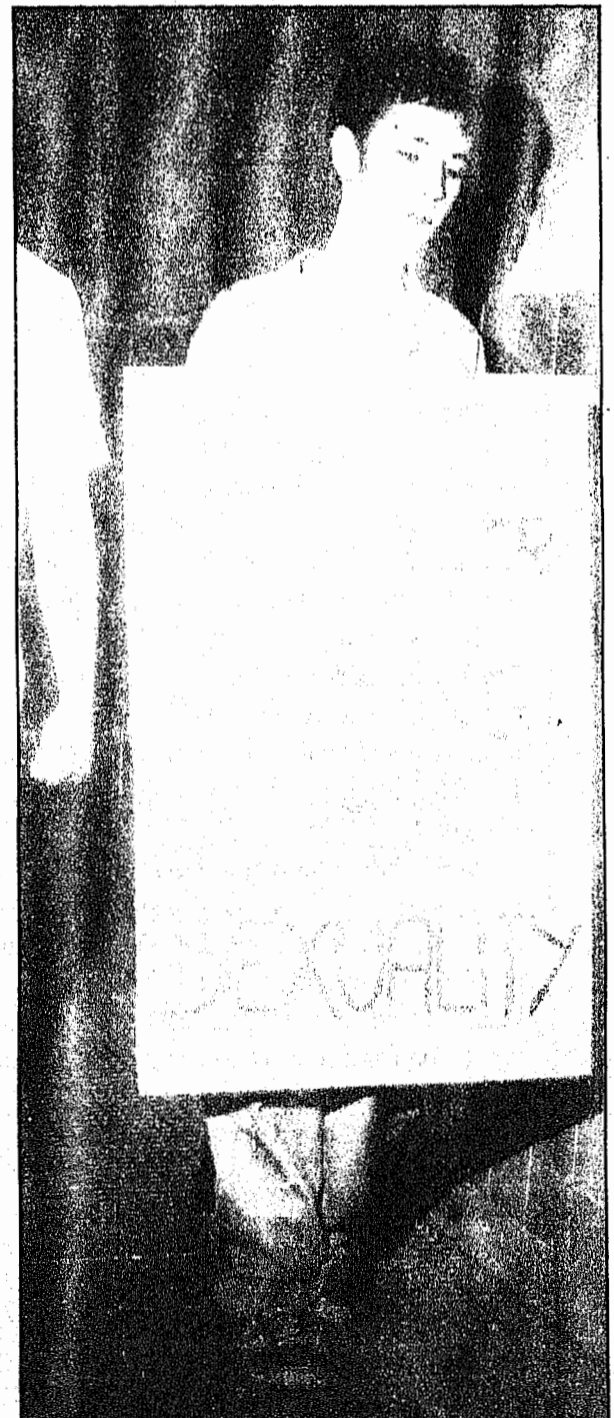
spite of, in the face of life's continuing war against my desire. you make me desire, you assure me that I am sure about this, about myself. you birth within me an utter need to continue desiring. wholeness, completeness, love, union": it is not the privileges of straights which I envy; it is their access to mass-produced guarantees. I want to play pretend that love can be beautiful too.

I want to say that it is beautiful. I know

that it is ugly, that I am ugly: my sex, my sodomy, my disappointment in the face of a fleeting love. I understand how I must look disgusting, you have taken much pain in always telling me this. But I want to speak,

too, of the beauty I have seen. The look in his eyes when he holds me is a tender emotion too incandescent to pin-down with words. My anxiety to see him again, to find him sharing the same anticipation to see me. The in-violate union between us as bodies with our skin pushed hard together: we shut your hate out with our giving to one another. Oxygen, sunlight, water, you - what place me, nourish me, colour me. The sexrealm is messy and can be mean, but there are other ways of telling my story that I can access too.

Daniel Marshall



Are You?

SAUA President

SAFETY ON CAMPUS BE AWARE - TAKE CARE.

There have been numerous incidents occurring on and around campus which are detrimental to you, both in terms of thieving and attacks. These incidents are not exclusive to females. Some important things to remember when on the campus.

1. Be aware.
2. Use security. Security is located on the Hughes Plaza and is open 24 hrs. They are more than happy to walk/drive you to your car, bus or train. Their phone number is 8303 5990. If you do not know where security is do not hesitate to see me in the SAUA, I am more than happy to personally show you where it is.
3. Report any incident, no matter how small you think it is. If someone is making you feel uncomfortable or acting suspicious or if something has occurred there are many people to see. You can either see Security, the EWO's in the Union or come to the SAUA.
4. If you do not wish to report an incident, please see the support services on campus such as the EWO's, Counselling and SAUA. We are all more than willing to help and listen to you.

CAREERS FAIR

As mentioned previously the Careers Fair is only 3 weeks away. It is being held on May 26th from 12.00 pm to 4.00 pm in the Games Room. The Games Room is located in the Union Building on Level 5. Just some of the companies include, Arthur Anderson, ABS, Department of Defence and many more. We will produce a full list of the companies coming in the next edition of ON DIT.

Keep your eyes open for posters and banners. If you have any queries or wish to be involved in some way do not hesitate to see me in the SAUA or call me on 8303 5406.

BAGS IN THE LIBRARY

I mentioned last week that the SAUA will be advocating that bags be taken into the library. I am still in negotiations with University and library administration.

However, we are making progress and hope to have bags in the library very shortly. We will keep you informed of when this occurs.

Alida Parente
SAUA President
Working for you!



Activities Vice President

Well what a week! To start with we are currently enjoying the ever challenging sex week. A big congrats must be given to the two sexuality officers, for organising the week of entertainment. I hope that you can get involved in the week especially the great band night on Thursday which is only 3 dollars! For more information head down to the lawns at lunch time and talk to the people in the sexy red shirts.

The National day of action against voluntary student unionism will be held on the lawns on the 19th of May. If you have any quires about the day feel free to head into the Student's Association of the University of Adelaide and ask some questions. Otherwise have a chat to Sam the Union Voluntary Student Unionism man or Paul the National Union of Students State Prez. I hope you look on me kindly as I have not used one acronym in this paragraph.

Prosh99 - Semester two week one!

Prosh is coming so its time you signed up to be a Prosh helper. We need your help, wisdom, general ability, brains and body to make Prosh99 great. So please come on in and sign up.

Raffle: Head up to the uni bar this Friday night and buy lots of raffle tickets for a great chance to win great drinkable prizes.

Free BBQ: Put it in your diary now!

The SAUA activities department will be cooking a free, yes, a free BBQ around the Napier area in week 10. I feel that any further indulgence on my behalf would be superfluous as I have been adequately satisfied with the perplexing theory of subsidised snags. cheers matt sykes



Women's Officer

Women's Rights Action Network

On May 21, 1999, the Women's Rights Action Network Australia will hold the First Australian Tribunal on Women's Human Rights. The Women's Rights Action Network Australia (WRANA) is a national human rights organisation comprising various non-governmental human rights and women's rights groups, which was established in June 1998 to foster effective partnerships between women's and human rights sectors.

At the Tribunal, ten to twelve women living in Australia will testify about their experiences, whether as indigenous women, women outworkers, homeless women, older women, lesbian women, women who have experienced violence or women who have experienced prison life. At the conclusion a report will be formulated and submitted to the Government and the community.

NOWSA

NOWSA (Network of Women Students in Australia) is on again, and this year it's being held at the University of Melbourne and RMIT from the 16th to the 20th of July. This conference is a great opportunity to attend plenaries and workshops with other women students from around the country, and have discussions about the issues affecting women.

If anyone is interested in attending either of these conferences, you can either contact me on 8303 5406 or come in and see me in the SAUA

Eileen Fisher.



Environment Officer

Bike shed

The SAUA bike lock-up system is currently under review. It seems that although membership of the bike shed has far exceeded our expectations and limits, its level of usage is not very high. Plus, there is an epidemic (yes, I say epidemic) of bike thefts taking place. We are looking into the way the bike shed runs and I will keep you informed.

Rally and what else is happening

Thanks again to all who participated in the Jabiluka National Day of Action last Thursday. You may not have seen yourself on TV, but you made yourself heard! As you can imagine, a lot of people are coming out of the woodwork, supporting environmental campaigns.

You can help at anytime by giving me your details or coming to an Environment Collective meeting. The Collective also serves as a Jabiluka Action Group and the Food Co-operative.

I can eat good organic food and save money???

Speaking of which, if you'd like to save money, eat healthy, and meet great people, you should look into the Food Co-op. In its early stages, the Food Co-op will simply be a place to buy food like honey, beans, rice and flour at really really low prices, also saving on packaging. Plus you don't have to subsidise the big food companies for their advertising. How stupid is it that we pay people to convince us to spend our money?

Only this stuff is worth eating out of

The black plastic plates and bowls, and the white plastic cups with black holders, are all made of ROMAX. This stuff is great. Please use it rather than cardboard or styrofoam!! When you're done, just leave it on a table or in one of the white plastic bins. This is really important, cos we want to reduce our waste and recycle this 'fantastic plastic'. You can even look up Romax at www.romax.com.au. They rock big time, so please, if you use the refectories, ask for Romax and you'll be recycling already!!

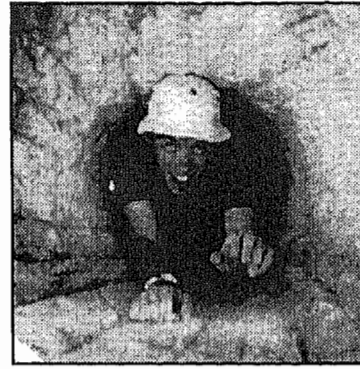
Networking

I'm trying to set up a network of green people from all campuses. Our first meeting is on Wednesday May 26, National Sorry Day. Put it in your diary.

You wanna talk?

As always, if there's something green on your mind, give me a hoy.

zane, <greenguy@smug.adelaide.edu.au>, Ph. 83035182



Stunningly



SAUA



Education Vice President

EDUCATION CONFERENCE

NUS National Education Conference is being held at Adelaide University on July 10th and 11th. This conference will give students across the nations the ability to network and discuss educational issues with other students. Some of the issues that will be discussed at the conference are information technology and the and it's impact on the education system, the direction that we envision of the higher education sector, indigenous issues and VSU.

Having the conference held at our campus is a fantastic opportunity for all Adelaide University students to attend who otherwise would not have been able to. The registration cost is \$20.

NDA

As most of you would be aware the National Day of Action will be held on the Barr Smith Lawns on May 19th. The objective of the day is so students across then country can voice their dissent to the prosed bill concerning VSU. The NDA will be held on the Barr Smith Lawns at 1.00 pm and is our opportunity to stand up and be heard. Many people have discussed the loss of the services provide to you by your student organisation if VSU is implemented, but it is also the representation aspect that will be lost. It is the ability to organise as a group and to fight for the rights and welfare of students. So come out and have your voice heard.

EDUCATION STANDING COMMITTEE MEETINGS

The will be an ESC meeting held this Wednesday 3.00 pm in the cloisters and fortnightly from then on. It is open to every one to attend so please feel free to attend.

Janak Mayer: (evp@smug.adelaide.edu.au)



Adelaide University Union President

Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU)

Submissions to the Senate Inquiry were considered along with Oral Hearings on Friday May 7, 1999, by the Senate's Committee for Employment, Workplace Relations, Small Business and Education Legislation.

The University of Adelaide together with the Adelaide University Union presented a joint submission. Thankyou to Susan Close and Sam Dighton who researched and prepared the submission that the Vice- Chancellor and myself signed on behalf of our respective organisations.

Our joint submission considered the many services at the University of Adelaide threatened by this legislation, the arguments for Universal Student Unionism, the experience of WA universities under VSU, the need for universal student representation, Equity issues, the potential insolvency of student unions at the proclamation of this legislation, the constitutionality of the Legislation, and the effect on University funding at Adelaide if the University is forced to choose between funding what it considers essential services (currently operated by the Adelaide University Union) and its core activities of teaching and research.

Submissions were also sent by the AUU affiliates emphasising the effect on the provision of services by each organisation if the legislation was to be passed.

Mature Students' Association (MSA) Meeting Area

There was some discussion at the Open Administrators' Meeting of May 3, 1999, about the MSA Meeting Area on Level 5 of the Union Building (adjacent to UniBar Balcony). After some concern about the use of the space, the AUU Administrators resolved that it would be open to Union Members between the hours of 8am and 6pm, and that the MSA would take responsibility for the cleanliness of the area and ensure that behaviour was appropriate for a licensed area. More information about the specific motion that was passed unanimously by the Administrators can be obtained from David Warner, President, MSA, or myself.

If you've any queries, you can call me on 8303 5401.

Elysia Turcinovic
President
Adelaide University Union

ABORTION - A WOMAN'S RIGHT TO CHOOSE

One of the most controversial issues still being raised in the course for women's right for equality is that of abortion. The struggle for free accessible abortion has been and is still being distorted by many sectors of society.

To examine this question properly, we must look at the issue in its social context. That is, that the denial of the right to an abortion means denial to women of their right to choose, which is a denial of control over their own lives. Contraception is neither 100% safe, free or accessible to all women. Therefore to deny women access to a safe abortion means removing their control over their own fertility, their choices and often access to future employment, education and training. Removing women's access to abortion is a removal of women's fundamental right to make decisions about her life.

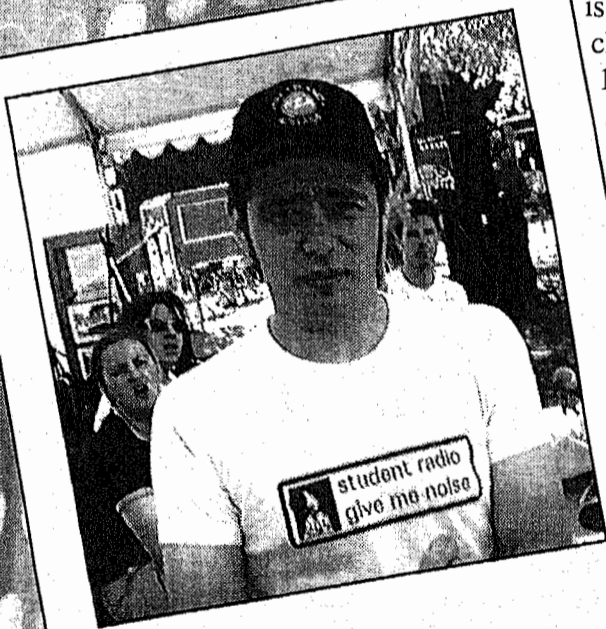
The arguments put forward by anti-abortionists include: the operation is dangerous, women suffer irreparable psychological damage from it, that it causes infertility and a myriad of statements around their conceptions of ethics and morality. They focus on what they call protecting the foetus and prioritising its life over the rights of the pregnant woman. This is a highly contentious point as there is much debate over the question of when life begins. However, what they fail to realise is the rights of the woman to make decisions about her body and her life, as well as her own beliefs about ethics and morality.

In response to the argument of abortion being dangerous, medical evidence has shown that an abortion when performed in safe, sanitary conditions in the first 12 - 15 weeks of pregnancy by a doctor, is a safe operation. It is however, an abortion that is performed illegally and in unsanitary conditions; backyard abortions; when problems can occur.

Further, women are made to endure psychologically manipulative arguments like "You are selfish if you are not prepared to take responsibility for your life." What this implies is that if a woman gets pregnant it's her fault. Many women who get pregnant do so because of the failure of their contraception, so how can this be their fault.

To call a woman selfish for demanding control over her own body is absurd. Women who are forced to have children are forced to forfeit their basic human right of self determination. What about the child once it is born? Those who oppose abortion are often less interested in what happens to the child after it has been born.

Women are having abortions, always have and always will as long as unwanted pregnancies occur. So, to prevent women from dying from backyard abortions, becoming infertile or suffering psychological and physical trauma, we need legal safe and accessible abortions for women. Abortion is an issue which cannot be separated from the greater issue of women struggling to gain control over their own fertility, and their fight for equality.



Wish you were here

O'Ball 1999

What Went Wrong & How We Are Going To Fix It



As mentioned in a previous issue of *On Dit*, a report was commissioned by the SAUA and AUU into the 1999 O'Ball. The purpose of the report was to investigate the causes of the loss made on the O'Ball and to suggest ways of ensuring that student money is not placed at risk again.

Commercial Ventures - The reality is that the O'Ball is a commercial venture, and so this will always incur some elements of risk. While this risk cannot be eliminated, it can be managed so that a quality concert for students can be run without the sort of risk that the SAUA was exposed to this year.

What Went Wrong? - O'Ball 1999 lost money because of the interaction of a number of factors. First and foremost, The Cruel Sea was obviously not a band that enticed students to the O'Ball. This criticism has been taken on board, and the SAUA and AUU are committed to ensuring that in the future great attention will be paid to the tastes of the student market. We will never be able to please everyone, and getting bands this year was a very difficult task due to the fact that the O'Ball is at the tail end of the festival season, but we will certainly give it a go.

The next problem was the rise in ticket prices to \$20. The costs of bands has soared in the last few years, and so it is hard to keep concert prices down. The decision to raise ticket prices was an unavoidable one, due to the cost of bands that were available. It has been noted though, that the tickets were priced too highly, and next year all effort will be made to keep the ticket prices affordable and good value for students.

The third major problem was that the O'Ball was not promoted well enough. This was due to a number of factors, but next year particular attention will be paid to the promotion of the O'Ball. With less and less people enrolling in January, meaning less people on campus prior to O'Week, and the ever increasing competition for your student dollar, we will have to make sure that you know the O'Ball is on so that you have time to plan to come.

The Solution - As far as the O'Ball goes, the solution has been stated above. Find an appropriate band, keep the tickets affordable, and promote, promote, promote. But suggestions have been made as to new risk management procedures to ensure that the risk that was accepted this year is never accepted again.

To begin with, the AUU Activities Officer will have a more defined role in organising the O'Ball, reporting to SAUA Council on the budget and having a seat on the Orientation Standing Committee. Next, new training procedures are being initiated to ensure that all Orientation directors know better what is expected of them, pit falls to avoid, and the hints from previous years to ensure that their events are a success. What's more, director positions will be advertised earlier this year, to give more people the chance to apply, thereby increasing the choice that SAUA Council has when appointing directors.

Conclusion - There is no single cause for the result of the O'Ball and there is no single solution. But contrary to the unconstructive letters in *On Dit* for the last few weeks, the SAUA and the AUU have taken quick and constructive action to ensure that your student dollar is protected and that you get a fantastic O'Ball in the year 2000.

Eileen Fisher and Ben Allgrove

Adelaide University Student Card.

Now your everyday buying card.

Now your Adelaide University Student Card can pay for a whole lot more. At the moment you can use it for loads of things. Make a purchase at a campus shop, use it as a library card, even pay for calls at a Telstra Smart Payphone. If you thought that was great, wait until you see what your student card can now do around the city.

Throughout the Adelaide CBD it can now get you "in and out" of a busy retail store, it can assist you in making a "fast getaway" from a parking station and very soon it will even be able to get you "quick refreshment" from a nearby vending machine. Use it as your everyday buying card, wherever you see This Red Arrow sign displayed.

It's simple to use, it's quick and best of all you can forget about the hassles of loose notes and coins. Now you can purchase what you want with all the speed and convenience you need to support a busy lifestyle. Easy. What a way to buy.

For more information please call the Telstra Smart Phonenumber Helpline on FREECALL™ 1800 676 638†

Adelaide University Student Card. Now your everyday buying card.

Telstra
Making life easier™

Telstra is piloting this programme in the Adelaide CBD. †A freecall except from a mobile phone which will be charged at the applicable mobile rate. ™Trade mark of Telstra Corporation Ltd. A.C.N. 051 775 556. SOM TPP 0499

Postgraduate Students Association



Why students can't afford VSU

Postgraduate students cannot afford NOT to have the advocacy services that the PGSA provides to its members. The PGSA protects the economic and academic rights of students. Through advocacy and representation all PGSA's maintain the educational standards of the Tertiary Sector - a leading export industry.

The University still handles student complaints in a bureaucratic rather than a businesslike manner. As there are no guarantees or refund policies for unsatisfactory delivery the PGSA acts as a student advocate to ensure problems are followed up by the University.

Students need the PGSA to be fully funded and able to lobby the University to maintain standards and levels of facilities and teaching/supervision.

Newly enrolled students are unaware of historical gains made by the PGSA

Newly enrolled students are unlikely to voluntarily join their postgraduate association as they are unaware that they will benefit from gains already won by the PGSA. For example at Adelaide University:

1995: 24 hour accident insurance for all postgrad students

1994: Increase of Adelaide University Scholarships in line with Australian Postgraduate Awards

1990: The Postgraduate Code of Practice (used as a benchmark Australia-wide)

1988: Introduction of University Sexual Harassment Procedures [adopted by the Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations (CAPA) as national policy.]

The PGSA lobbies the University:

to improve teaching/supervision. For example to introduce compulsory supervisor training to have minimum levels of computer, email and internet access as student/teacher/supervisor interactions and course requirements move online to implement effective complaints resolution processes so that student problems are resolved rather than dismissed as vexatious to ensure fee waivers to students who have not received supervision etc to deal with staff who bully and victimise students who raise complaints to ensure educational services are provided evenly to all students and with due care and skill to recompense students who experience serious health problems through their research etc

Fee-paying Students

Fee-paying students are covered by consumer protection provisions under the Trade Practices Act. However as this protection has not yet been triggered, the PGSA acts as a consumer watchdog on behalf of students whether they are fee-paying, HECS paying, or even HECS exempt, as all students experience loss of income while studying.

The PGSA and the ACCC

A spokesperson from the ACCC (Australian Competition and Consumer Commission) addressed a CAPA conference in May 1998 on the applicability of the Trade Practices Act to the Tertiary Sector. Since then the ACCC Chairman, Allan Fels, has advised us that as universities are engaged, through the charging of fees, in trade or commerce they are required to be compliant to the Act. The PGSA will be instrumental in bringing the economic rights of students to the attention of the ACCC.

International Students

International students are sometimes shy of raising problems (eg. poor supervision, lack of computer access etc), particularly those from undemocratic political systems. Such students are not used to exercising their rights or expecting a fair deal by staff. The PGSA (as well as the Overseas Students Association) acts to ensure the rights of ALL students are maintained.

Misleading Marketing

We lobby the University to ensure international students, in particular, have not been subject to misleading marketing eg. many students enrol without knowing complete course details. They also enrol on the basis of brochures with pictures of campuses at which they may or may not be located (ie they see pictures of Adelaide University's City Campus yet they will be located at a rural campus), or they see pictures of students sitting in front of computers yet they will not have access to one.

The government, universities and students cannot afford for the PGSA to lose its current funding base through Anti Student Organisation Legislation.

See you at the National Day of Action - Wednesday 19th May. Or call in at any time during office hours and make sure you are getting your money's worth out of your PGSA.

No Excuses!! AUTC's President's Keg!!

Happy Hour Drinks All Night!
 \$1.50 schooners
 \$2.50 pints
 \$3.00 spirits
 \$1.00 softies
 Plus heaps of bar snacks!!



WHEN: Sunday May 16 @ 7pm till late (the next day is a public holiday)

WHERE: Worldsend Hotel, Hindley St

WHY: Pardon?

COST: \$2 members
 \$5 non members

ALL WELCOME

The revolution will not be televised

The revolution will not be televised and the campaign against "Voluntary" Student Unionism will not be won on Channel 7. Nor will it be won in Parliament. VSU can only be defeated by a mass campaign of students uniting in clear opposition to this attack on students' freedom to organise.

John Howard wants to destroy the means for students to organise against government policies such as increases in higher education fees, cuts to university funding, uranium mining and the GST. This legislation is a political attack and must be fought as such. The mistake that student organisations are making, portraying themselves as apolitical service-providers, only serves to mask the political nature of the Liberal Government's attack.

Student organisations have a right to be political and must be if they are to defend students' interests. Students need to defeat legislation that threatens their right to study, their right to a livable income and their right to a sustainable environment.

On the first National Day of Action (NDA) on March 31, students around the country demonstrated against VSU. In Melbourne, 3000 students took part in the rally. In Adelaide, the National Union of Students (NUS) failed to call a rally or any form of action on this date.

For the next NDA on May 19, NUS have blocked arguments for a rally and march. They are planning to organise a cross-campus "action" on the Barr Smith Lawns with speakers and bands. Students who oppose VSU will be able to show only passive support for the campaign. The decision not to organise a rally and march was rammed through at the last Cross Campus Education Network (CCEN) meeting. There had been less than five minutes of discussion about what to do for the May 19 NDA when Paul Sykes, President of NUS in SA, put up a procedural motion to vote on a motion to have a gathering on the Barr Smith Lawns rather than an off-campus march and rally. This procedural motion was passed by the Labor-dominated CCEN which then voted for an on-campus "action".

Paul Sykes also argued to invite a Liberal MP, Bob Such to address the NDA but, fortunately, this was defeated.

The decision not to hold a rally and march comes from a campaigning strategy which centres around doing media work and lobbying politicians. At a VSU training day in March the Student Association of the University of Adelaide (SAUA) and the University of South Australia Student Association (USASA) informed participants that they were meeting Liberal MPs to inform them of the services that student organisations provide to students and encourage them to support student organisations. This overlooks the fact that the Liberal Government has an objective interest in introducing VSU - silencing student opposition to key government policies in the same way that they have tried to silence trade unions. In arguing against a rally NUS and others involved in the campaign argue that the media will make a rally look bad. By subordinating the campaign to its representation in the capitalist media, they cut across the chances of organising a mass campaign against VSU.

NUS have failed to build a cross-campus network that tries to involve as many students as possible in the fight against VSU. They have not advertised meetings widely and have not managed to convene more than three meetings.



Jo Ellis and Kieren Nanasi
the resistance club

Clubs Association

Tuesday 11th May Democrats on
Campus AGM
Margaret Murray Room

New Club "SHOE" IGM
Margaret Murray 1pm Wednesday
12th May

Special General Meeting Society
for Creative Anachronism
WP Rogers room 12 noon

KOSOVO REFUGEE APPEAL
\$1 Sausage Sizzle
While helping to provide essential
food & medical supplies for
Kosovan refugees who have been

victims of Ethnic Cleansing
THURSDAY 13th May 1999
Barr Smith Lawns 1.00pm
All proceeds go directly to the
Kosvan refugees brought to you
by the Islamic Students Society
of University of Adelaide
(ISSUA) more information call
Imran 8333 2253

Chemical Engineering Society
Wednesday 19th May
Industry night, members only
Cost \$10 Contact details,
amanda.fidler@student.adelaide.edu.au

JOURNEY OF HEALING -
Wednesday 26th May 1999
Meeting at the Peace Pole (Wills
Court) 12 noon
Journeying to the Barr Smith
Lawns
Featuring Music from CASM
(Centre for Aboriginal Studies),
Dr Jane Lomax-Smith, Che
Cockatoo-Collins, Roger Thomas
(Director - Wilto Yerlo) and
BBQ



I'm a member of the "No-Singlet" Club

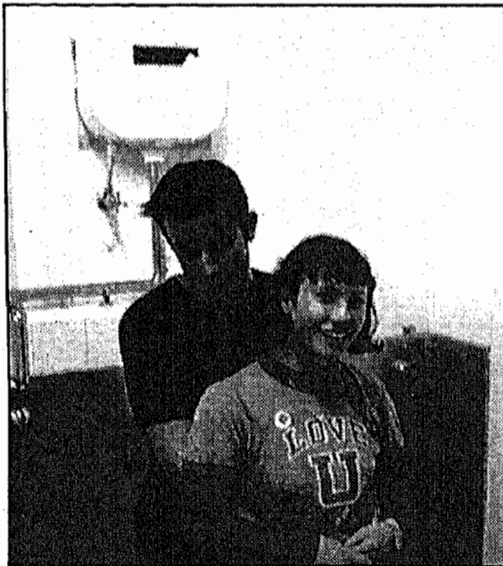
The Next Generation

As you can see from this edition of *On Dit*, this week is SexWeek. Among other things, the week is aimed at gaining a higher profile for all issues related to sex and sexuality, as well as the new SAUA Sexuality Department. Last week I caught up with the SAUA's two Sexuality Officers, Amanda Camporeale and Daniel Marshall, to ask them what it's like heading the newest department in the SAUA, what they're aiming to achieve this year, and the pressures of working against widespread cynicism and VSU.

Amanda and Daniel have an easy-going partnership running the department, and it seems to be a main reason behind its success. From the outset the department has faced criticism; at its inception many saw it as a poor political response to the misogynistic condemnation of the Women's Department. Perhaps stemming from that people saw it as overlapping the Women's Department, without addressing the issues of equity lacking in the roles of the two departments.

Yet the new department has achieved its pre-defined goals, as well as undertaking roles that those with the highest expectations did not expect. The reason for this, according to Amanda and Daniel, is the freedom of being the first to work at the job. Without precedent, they can attempt what they see as relevant and helpful to the students, and not be expected to reiterate a predecessor's every move. Submission to precedence has been the reason for the SAUA's recent decline into obscurity, and it is encouraging to see these two Office-Bearers finally begin to turn the tide.

The role of the Sexuality Department, as far as Amanda and Daniel see it, is to promote issues of sex and sexuality, as well as providing access to counselling, guidance, and health services. These issues, including relationship problems, contraception, sexual health, STDs, queer issues, out-ing, and acceptance, are too often taboo, and one of their main aims this year is to encourage and initiate discussion, and circulate information on them. Once information is widely available, says Amanda, then the issues will be de-stigmatised, and hence easier to deal with.



Working in the SAUA

One of the most successful initiatives of the Department has been the e-mail counselling, where students can e-mail Amanda or Daniel and ask them questions on, well, just about anything to do with the Department or its services. Questions regarding matters which students may be less than confident in asking in person or on the phone can be asked whilst maintaining a degree of anonymity. This, says Daniel, is



The sex o's are not in right now, but leave a message after the tone.



a major concern to a lot of students. Of course both Amanda and Daniel are available for consultation either in person, by phone or e-mail most academic days or by appointment through the SAUA office.

Most common is the use of the Department as a referral service. Amanda and Daniel are not trained counsellors or sexual health experts, and so they are frequently referring students to other groups for help. These include the Union's Education and Welfare Officers, the University counsellors, Clinic 275 and Second Story. Apart from Sex Week, other projects under way include giving input into the review of ACSA, and helping with the "School's Out" program. In the past ACSA has predominantly dealt with men, and proposed changes include directing the Council more towards women's needs. School's Out is a program aiming at helping queer secondary students and teachers, both in terms of coming out and support. The Education Department has been reluctant in the past to take up its responsibility towards queer students and Amanda and Daniel hope that, via School's Out, these issues can further be forced onto the agenda.

Getting so much done in the Department's first year has and will not be easy. The spectre of the introduction of VSU has, says Daniel, scared most of the SAUA into economic rationalism. Events and campaigns are encouraged to be financially self-sufficient, and cost-recovery has been a major concern for the SAUA hierarchy. Yet both Amanda and Daniel have no problem spending their allocated budget on events and campaigns to achieve their goals. They both believe that the SAUA should never be run as such, and so their department isn't either.

The other major problem has been lack of acceptance from the students. The reason for this (we hope) is that the department looks to tackle issues and promote ideas that are foreign to a lot of students. Fear of these issues seems to be great, but gradually eroding. "Once interest is achieved, it is quickly galvanised when people realise what we are trying to do," says Amanda.

So what is it like working with each other? "It's good," they both agree; "Initially it was difficult," Daniel hastily adds. This wasn't because of a personality clash, but, "Because so many wanted us and the Department to fail," Amanda says. They came from the two opposing major tickets in last year's elections, and due to the allegations of cheating and the fracas with the election count, Amanda and Daniel were often caught in the middle of the political cross fire.

The decision to work together instead of a split department has been a major contributing factor towards its success. If the circumstances were right, they both believe they would like to do the job again, but not because of the money or the working environment. It is the work which they both love so much (I don't think any sane person would run for a position in the SAUA for the money or the conditions).

The department so far has been a success. This week will, hopefully, prove this. What is even more encouraging is seeing a SAUA department tackle the VSU issue by improving its services, pursuing new ideas, and reversing the tide of student apathy. This is something we have not seen for, perhaps, years; it is far more useful than grandstanding, or even worse, incompetence. Both Amanda and Daniel represent what the SAUA needs to become to survive and remain relevant, regardless of VSU.

Stephen Mullighan

Puzzle Mania

Arm yourself with a highlighter and find 20 naughty, sexy words. They run vertically, horizontally, diagonally, and adverbally.



- The words:
 Sodomy
 Cunnilingus
 Lubricant
 Liberal
 Cunt
 Felch
 Schlong
 Fisting
 Dyke
 Fellatio
 Prostitute
 Slut
 Flange
 Haberdashery
 Oral
 Kennet
 Masturbation

Find-A-Word

H	P	X	L	U	B	R	I	C	A	N	T	B
G	A	F	I	J	O	S	O	D	O	M	Y	K
P	E	B	B	H	N	R	R	T	W	F	Z	M
C	D	B	E	P	I	L	A	Q	E	D	A	X
U	R	D	R	R	B	J	L	P	S	L	U	T
N	W	A	A	O	D	F	I	S	T	I	N	G
N	G	D	L	S	W	A	F	E	L	C	H	R
I	I	Y	F	T	O	R	S	H	Q	V	B	Y
L	I	K	R	I	N	S	C	H	L	O	N	G
I	L	E	T	T	C	U	M	D	E	T	J	W
N	Y	Z	F	U	J	B	C	K	M	R	N	F
G	K	H	C	T	F	L	A	N	G	E	Y	S
U	Q	P	K	E	N	N	E	T	S	W	L	I
S	M	F	E	L	L	A	T	I	O	D	C	A
R	M	A	S	T	U	R	B	A	T	I	O	N

Bubble Words

Write the answers to the clue in the corresponding bubbles to discover nature's most powerful aphrodisiac.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

- Coffee with ___ and sugar.
- ___ But The Girl.
- The ___ album, *Boys Don't Cry*.
- The ___ Boys.
- The ___ Seduction.
- ___ Welsh wrote *Trainspotting*.
- The ___-Eyed Susans.

Word Puzzle

See how many words you can make out of the word:

Copraphilia

If you can make 10 words, keep working.

If you can make 15 words, well, good.

If you can make 20 words, you must be an English PhD.

If you can make 25 words or more, you disgust me.

QUESTIONS:

- 1) Have you ever had sex on campus? If so, where? If not, where would you, if you did?
- 2) What's the funniest or most embarrassing thing that has ever happened to you during sex?
- 3) Describe your ideal raunchy evening.

SEX

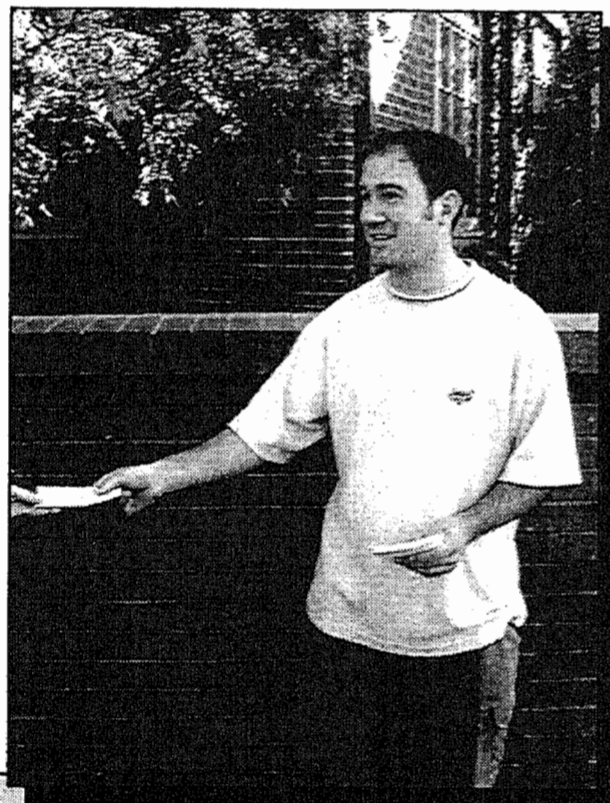
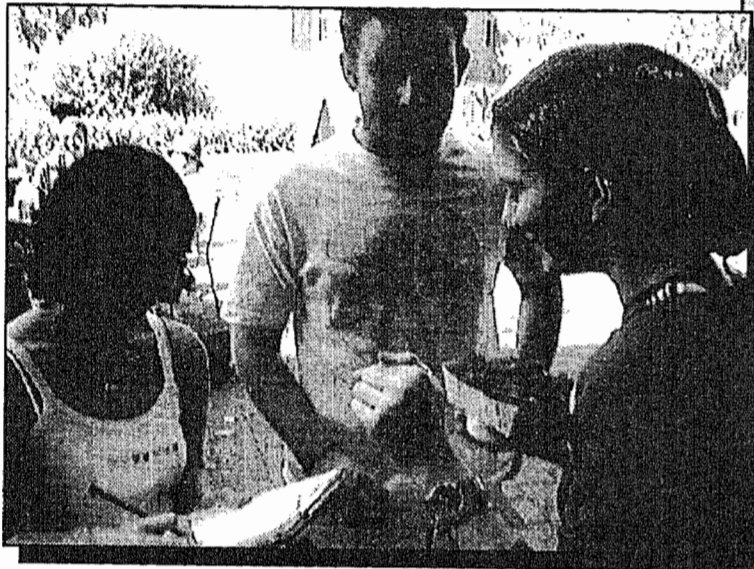
In honour of the fact that this is *On Dit's* annual Sexuality edition, this week's Vox Pop is brought to you with the help of the SAUA Sexuality Officers, Daniel and Amanda. These two intrepid Sex-Os turned AU upside down in their quest to find folk who would be prepared to answer questions about sex, and then allow us to take their photos. And, in the name of equity, they even volunteered to be the first to answer said questions. So here they are - Daniel and Amanda.

- 1) Daniel: No, I've never had sex on campus, but the Chapel would be a nice place for it - if there were stained glass windows. Amanda: No, but if I was to it would be in the old part of the library - it's so beautiful there.
- 2) Daniel: It hurting too much. Amanda: We were having sex in somebody's front-garden bushes when their dog came and interrupted us and started licking us all over. For another embarrassing moment, which isn't actually mine, someone just told me she had cum come out her nose once while attempting deep-throat.
- 3) Daniel: My ideal raunchy evening would be with someone sweet in a shack or something - somewhere far away from all my work and stuff. Mazzy Star records, candles, wine and quiet talking. Amanda: A hot date with lots of SEX, SEX and more SEX!

Dale

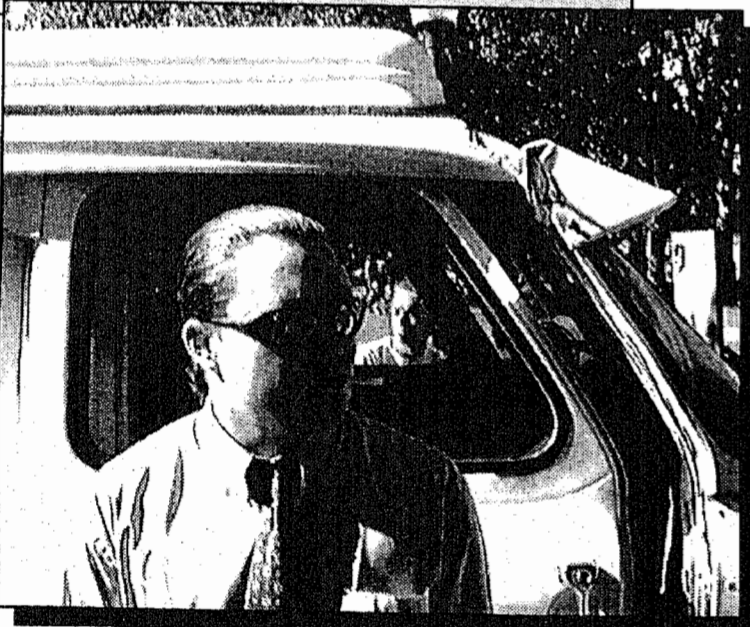
Enjoying a fag by the Van

- 1) Yes, I have. May I just say that the Barr Smith study rooms are a fantastic place to work out pre-exam stress.
- 2) I don't think anything particularly funny or embarrassing has ever happened to me during sex. My sex life has seemed to be a constant stream of people getting cramp. And I did used to think I was good in bed, which is both funny and embarrassing.
- 3) I think that the ideal raunchy evening is impossible to define and if I tried to do so I would probably leave something out, but I think that it would probably involve "rooting". Yes. Definitely "rooting".

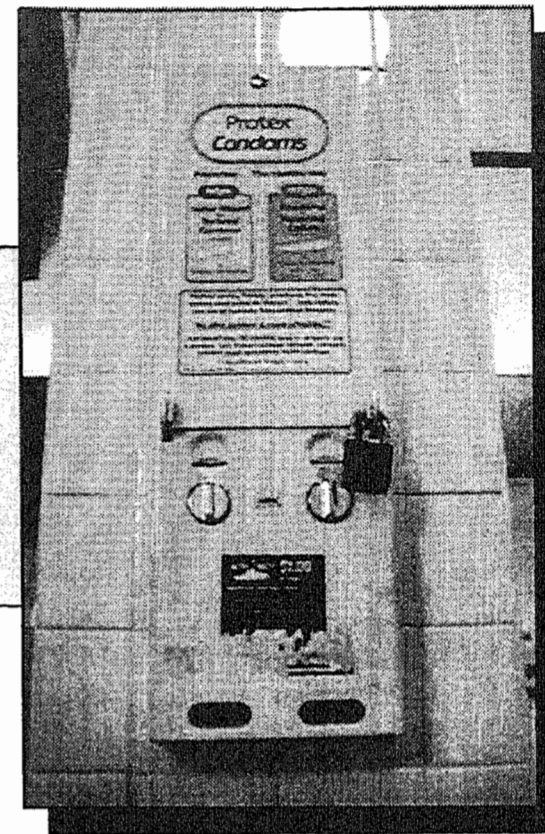


Pamphlet Man
Handing out pamphlets for the man

- 1) No. Not on this campus.
- 2) What? What's the time? I can't believe ... You can't ask me that. A friend once told me he got slapped by his girlfriend when he lost the condoms.
- 3) That's very ... I work in a management position with these students ... Raunchy evening? I guess a night away in a scenic environment ... romantic dinner ... a shack, you know, out in the bush ...



POP



Cecil

Waiting to pick up in the Men's Room

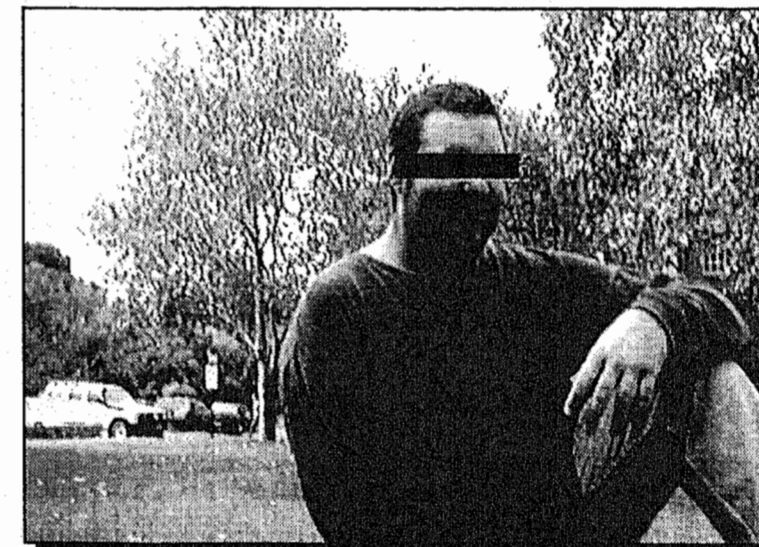
- 1) I'm a lover, not a fighter.
- 2) I'm a giver, not a taker.
- 3) I prefer to be seen, not heard.



Helen

Reading Cosmo and not having sex in the Unibar

- 1) No, I've never had sex on campus. By the River Torrens, perhaps?
- 2) Saying "Is it in yet?"
- 3) This is a really bad question. I'm getting married on Saturday, so ... a quiet night at home, in front of the TV with a few drinks.



Travis

Slackin' it up and cockin' a leg by the Lawns

- 1) Yes: on the Barr Smith Lawns, near the pond that's by the Conservatorium, under the stairs leading up to the Law school, and the *On Dit* office - the old one, which was good, not the new one, which is shit.
- 2) I lost a strawberry once. And once I dropped a condom and spilt semen all over my feet and just ran around because I can't stand the feel of semen. I also once had a drunk flatmate walk in on me during sex - she started talking and stayed for about 20 minutes. We weren't paying much attention to her, however, and she ended up throwing a full can of petrol at us.
- 3) I don't really have one. Sex is such a unique thing - I don't think that it should be reduced to one location, one set of rules.



WHERE'S ZANE?

Yes, for the second week we bring the Vox Pop Comp known only as "Where's Zane".

It's crazy
It's wacky
It's zany

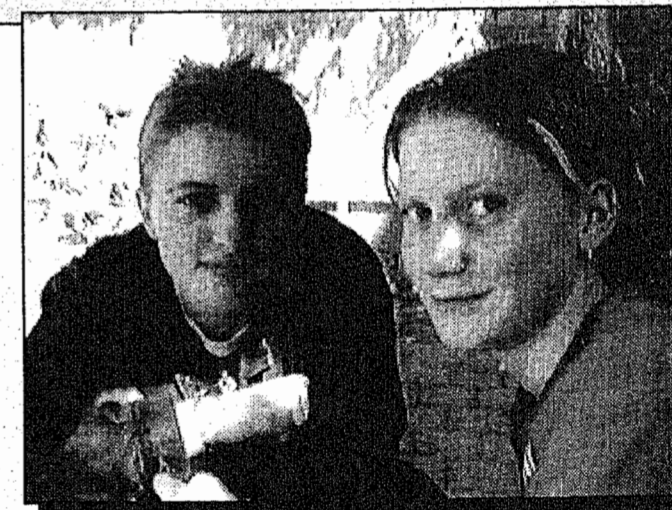
It involves a novelty prize
What more could you ask?

All we ask is that you take a long hard look at Zane here, and then see if you can spot him in one of the Vox Pop snaps. You know, like "Where's Wally?". But without the stripey shirt. If you find Zane in Vox Pop, come down to the *On Dit* office on Friday at 2.00 and claim your amazing novelty prize. If you find Zane himself, please call the number on his wrist. And don't send any money.

Elise and Lauren

Sitting outside Uni Records

- 1) Elise: No, but if I did it would probably be in the back of a lecture theatre. What's a boring lecture? Lauren: No, but there are heaps of places you probably could have sex in the Con, and the rooms are soundproof.
- 2) Elise: There was a time in the park when people kept walking past. You don't need details, Daniel! Lauren: Elise's mum walked in once and suggested we fix the squeak in the bed.
- 3) Elise: Saturday nights at three in the morning, watching *Rage* with a granny rug over us. Lauren: I don't know. Is this going in the magazine?



6 months, 4 days and 7 hours in the life of the SAUA Sexuality Department

Ours was a protracted birth. Taking years of lobbying for our Department to be created, we had to get over the further hurdle of last year's election debacle before we could take inaugural office. Since December, it has been a curious road to establishing the Sexuality Department as a respected and visible office for student service and representation.

It has not been easy squeezing two more rabid student politicians into the already cramped SAUA office space, but it probably helps us work more closely. We have seen our job as requiring us to work on different levels to manifest our goals of assistance, education and representation. We feel that every aspect of our work is founded on the notion that increased visibility of taboo or sensitive issues can encourage public discussion, and through this we can work towards a better understanding in order to eliminate things like homophobia, sexism and poor sexual health. On a personal level, we feel that we carry this philosophy through by being visible ourselves as people who put stigmatised issues on the agenda. Our engagement with our standing Committee is less about turning sausages and more about us etching out an identifiable space of non-judgementalism. It is an education

process in and of itself. In terms of our on-on-one consultation, we have mainly been approached by people who wanted information regarding queer support services, sexual health or they just wanted



someone to talk to. We also have a job to do in terms of representing students on a larger level. We have been involved with a review of the AIDS Council of South Australia, lobbying for more funding for queer support and less for AIDS simply because AIDS money runs services for gay men, while queer women lack the same level of support and visibility. Additionally we have helped to start up the "School's Out" Collective which

is looking to address some of the issues of queer students and teachers in secondary schools. On campus we have worked with the Equal Opportunity office to provide inclusivity training for 300



first year engineering students, and we are also on the QC collective. QC, or Queer Collaborations, is a national conference for queer tertiary students. In terms of campus campaigns, Orientation was our first Big Thing. We knew that as the first office bearers of our department we would have to be out there, and look professional. It was a good kick-start for the department. Our t-shirts, drag performers, band and stall drew much attention to our

department and we promptly sold out of t-shirts, signing up over 20 people interested in being involved with our work. We have carried this attitude of prioritising visibility and accessibility throughout our other campaigns. Our term one "sex without regret day" saw massive input from our standing committee as we managed to highlight drug and alcohol intoxication as a factor in having sex that one may regret. And we even made a profit! Wonders will never cease...

As for Sex Week, we have integrated elements of politics, art, theatre, music and community/campus services to reflect the potency of sex in people's lives, and the array of modes of expressing that sexuality. We hope that it learns you some, and that you take advantage of the week's activities: bands, art show, films, politicians, service expo...it's going to be big. It has been a long 6 months. We have started compiling a resource library, and a SAUA sexuality policy is on the agenda for Semester 2. We have had to make up the rules as we proceeded, but I think we have succeeded in getting the word out that SAUA Sexuality is finally here.

Daniel Marshall
Sexuality Officer

The Animal with the Weirdest Sex Life

If your dog had your brain and could speak, and if you asked it what it thought of your sex life, you might be surprised by its response. It would be something like this:

Those disgusting humans have sex any day of the month! Barbara proposes sex even when they know perfectly well that she isn't fertile - like just after her period. John is eager for sex all the time, without caring whether his efforts could result in a baby or not. But if you want to hear something really gross - Barbara and John kept on having sex while she was



pregnant! That's as bad as all the times when John's parents come for a visit, and I can hear them having sex too, although John's mother went through this thing they call menopause years ago. Now she can't have babies anymore, but she still wants sex, and John's father obliges her. What a waste of effort! Here's the weirdest thing of all: Barbara and John, and John's parents, close the bedroom door and have sex in private, instead of doing it in front of their friends like any self-respecting dog!

Jared Diamond

SEX WEEK

10-14 MAY 1999

Welcome to Sexweek '99, here is your lift-out guide for the week's activities and entertainment. We hope to see you out having a good time, as brought to you by your Students' Association and Union.

PRIDE DAY

Monday 10 May:

[Today we look at queer histories through the play-reading and the artshow launch as we commemorate the anniversary of the murder of gay Adelaide Uni academic Dr. George Duncan. Figuring new sanctioned ways of being sexual in our society can only be devised by understanding the histories into which we fall. Organised by the Adelaide Uni Pride Collective with the SAUA Sexuality Department.]

*sextalk @ 12:30, Barr Smith lawns: an informal forum about queer platforms of political parties.

*bbq&beer @ 1pm, Barr Smith lawns. music: queen of sheba and student radio.

*sexweek happy-hour @ 4:30 - 5:30, UniBar.

*"pink files" play-reading@6pm, little theatre, union building.

*queer artshow launch @7:30 pm, Gallery, Union Building. entertainment: professor Lillian Lust and Merri May. refreshments provided. free.

SERVICE DAY

Tuesday 11 May:

[Today we host a mini-expo of services in the community and on campus which have a sexuality focus. this is an excellent opportunity to come to the cloisters and check out what services are available for sexual health testing, queer support and sex information. also it is the launch of the new SAUA Sexuality department as one of these services.]

*bbq&beer @ 1pm, cloisters. music: snap to zero and student radio.

*service expo @ cloisters: campus and community sexuality services hold stalls to show off their wares.

*Sexuality Department launch by vice-chancellor mary o'kane@ 2:15, cloisters.

*sexweek happy-hour @ 4:30 - 5:30, UniBar.

SEXPLOITS

Wednesday 12 May:

[today we get us some education in the practice of sado-masochism, queer the UniBar with some video-screenings and get sexy generally...]

*sexploits @ 12:30, Barr Smith lawns: be educated by professor Lasche and her special guests in the realm of s&m and hear her safer sex hints...

*bbq & beer @ 1pm, Barr Smith lawns. music: *just cordial* and student radio.

*sexweek happy-hour @ 4:30 - 5:30 UniBar.

*sexscreenings @ 6pm, UniBar: come to see "All Over Me" and "Beautiful Thing," two cool films, for free!

SEXSHOW

Thursday 13 May:

[tonight we put on some of adelaide's best talent for a fun bandnight at the UniBar. sexy.]

*sexshow is the sexweek band-night @ 7pm, UniBar. Featuring Dale March, Queen of Sheba and Sam Lohs (Fruit). \$3 entry! And with two happy hours : 4:30 - 5:30 and 7 - 8 - it is definitely going to get sexy indeed! be there for a fine time before all your deadlines hit...

SEXPEDITIONS

Thursday 13 May/Friday 14 May:

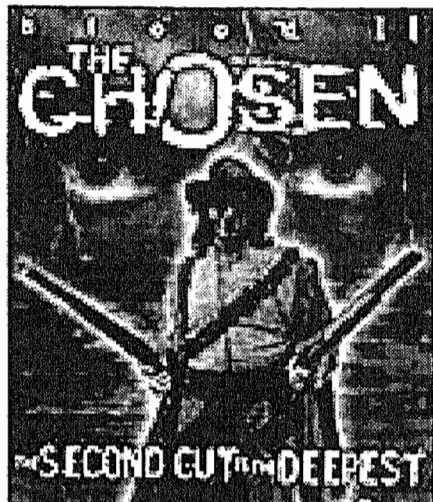
[over these two days the Sexuality Department with student radio hits the road and cruises the satellite campuses. sex happens there too!]

*Thursday 1pm @ Waite campus / Friday 1pm @ Roseworthy campus : beer + bbq + student radio + sex dept = fun and education.

See you in sexweek!

It's okay to fall in love with another boy, with another girl. "Normal", "natural" are inherited as ideas largely harder and harder to substantiate. These are the last refuges of dogmatics, fundamentalists and dishonest people. We are so condemned because we point to their inherent misguidance.

I Want To Suck Your . . .



Blood II
By: J. Wills.
System: PC.
Category: Action
Published by: Monolith

Hey Caleb, you've just defeated the dark god Tchernobog, what are you planning to do now? No silly, you're not going to Disneyworld, you're going to wait a hundred years and smack around the Cabal who worships the dark god. Apparently besides being really irate with you for destroying their god they want to bring the ol' bad boy back and that means destroying you. Thus begins *Blood 2: The Chosen*, the sequel to Monolith's FPS *Blood*, and the second game to use the Lithtech engine.

In *Blood 2* you play as Caleb, the undead

protagonist of the first game, or as any of the three other Chosen, fellow rebels against the Cabal. While the game plays out the same if you choose someone besides Caleb, the one liners your character cracks along with the ability to use certain weapons varies. Speaking of weaponry, *Blood 2* has a wonderfully huge list of tools of destruction, ranging from the mundane 9mm pistol, to the magical flying sphere that drills into a target's head. An interesting touch is that there are actually more weapons in the game than your character can carry. You can drop weapons though and fill the empty slot with a new one. If you thought shopping for your parents was rough with all the possible decisions, wait until you try to make a decision of what weapon you want to drop so you can get the napalm gun or mini-cannon.

There's a plot to *Blood 2* but it's a pretty lame one. You want to kill the head of the Cabal, Gideon. Gideon wants to kill you. Not exactly Pulitzer prize winning material but it does serve the purpose as you chase Gideon through the game, battling his minions and various bosses. *Blood 2* is powered by the Lithtech engine and shows that you don't need to have a *Quake 2* or *Unreal* license to make a hot looking first person shooter. The levels look great, the animation on the models is top notch, and there's enough gibbage and colored lighting ef-

fects for several first person shooters. Unfortunately while from a technical standpoint the levels are good, from an aesthetic view they leave a lot to be desired.

For starters the game might take place in 2028 but the world sure looks like it's 1999, or even 1989. The vast majority of the game takes place on Earth, with levels consisting of trains (someone at Monolith obviously has a fetish for trains — you'll play train levels repeatedly), sewer systems, and office buildings. Except for one level that takes place on a giant hovership, there is absolutely nothing that screams futuristic. On top of this is the fact that the levels themselves are fairly ho-hum. While there are a few which shine (the hovership, the cathedral, the drawbridge) most are uninteresting environments, played out in a linear fashion that include a couple find the key segments.

The biggest error made in *Blood 2* has to be the complete and utter lack of horror. Remember in *Unreal* that section where the doors close, the lights go out, and then a minute later you got a big bad ugly on your case? Well, that thirty-second segment in *Unreal* has more suspense than the entire game of *Blood 2*. Sure, there's a couple of places with a bit of gore, but a dead body in a washer doesn't really create a mood of terror. What happened to the fantastically

frightening levels of the first *Blood*? There were some genuinely blood-curling moments in the *Shining* inspired hotel of *Blood* or the logging camp in the north. Forget about fear in *Blood 2*. When you're blasting away, a 9mm in each hand, at a group of sharply dressed men armed with machine guns, you won't be thinking John Carpenter but rather John Woo.

Blood 2 proves that looks aren't everything. Sure, the Lithtech engine delivers a nice experience, and there are plenty of interesting weapons and things to kill, but in the end *Blood 2* plays too much like something from before the *Age of Half-Life*. The puzzles are simply the locked door type in which you need to find the key or switch, the plot is pointless, and the game feels more like a game and not an experience a la *Thief*. Worth mentioning is also the fact that like most post *Quake 2* games, multiplayer is a shaky affair. All in all *Blood 2* isn't a bad game, its just not really that memorable or exciting. That's a shame because the tension of the first *Blood* mixed with the graphics of the second would have been a real winner.

System Specs: P166, 32MB RAM, 200 MB HD space, 4x CD ROM, 100% Soundblaster compatible sound card, W95/98

Get Down With The X Funk

FzeroX
By: Caesar Wong.
Format: Nintendo 64
Players: 1-4
Type: Racing
Supports: Rumble Pak
Price: \$59.95
Internet: <http://www.fzerox.com>

Ever wondered why your car's speedo only goes up to, say... 180kph? Better still, have you ever wanted to see what would happen if you tried to go faster than that? I don't recommend that you try it, but fast is - for lack of a better term - fast. After all, speed is what it's all about isn't it? For us mundanes though, the best we'll ever (legally) get is 110kph out on the freeway.

The cars in *FzeroX* shift at an incredible rate. When you're going 1124kph around an inverted loop and somebody OVERTAKES, you know that there is some serious speeding going on. Even at such speeds, controlling the cars is not a problem - the analogue controller is just The Business.

There are four different single player modes: Championship, Time Trial,

Practice and Death-Race. Championship mode sees you racing against TWENTY-NINE opponents, which gives it a true feeling of rivalry. Time Trial records your best times and saves ghosts of your fastest races so that you can race yourself! Practice lets you spend some quality time with those impossible hairpins and jumps. Lastly, Death-Race is where you drive around a loop track trying to off everyone else in minimum time.

With the exception of Death Race, this mayhem is conducted around 18 normal tracks and 12 secret tracks. Six of these form the secret X cup, which randomly selects tracks with randomly generated layouts! For anyone else designing a racing game for a console: THIS IS A GOOD IDEA. All of the tracks are set "high up in the atmosphere", which makes for good fun trying to knock your opponents off the track.

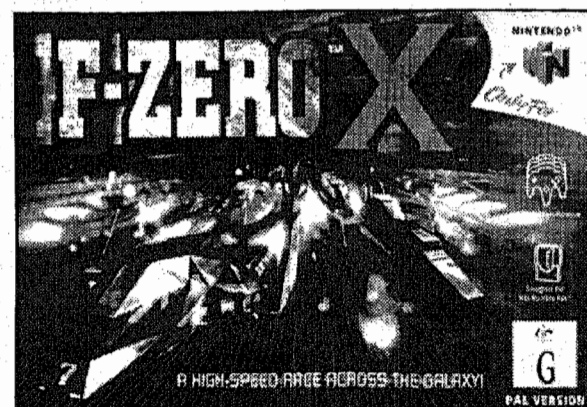
With all the secrets enabled, you can select from 30 cars. Before a race, you can select whether your car has greater acceleration or a higher maximum speed - either you leave everyone else

eating your dust at the beginning of a race and get an early lead, or watch everyone zoom off into the distance at the beginning and yell cliches like "so-long, sucker" as you overtake them later. You have an energy bar which decreases as you use your booster or crash into a barrier. When this empties, your car explodes and you are out of the race. Also, you have two attacks at your disposal, the side-attack, which just gives your opponent a good shove or the spin-attack, which sends your vehicle into a spinning frenzy and takes out anyone nearby.

Unfortunately, like most of the "good-gameplay-but-not-quite-excellent" games out there, the graphics and sound are a wee bit disappointing. In order to keep all the cars and tracks moving at the incredible pace that it does, background and car detail are sorely lacking. Each car is only made up of a few polygons with very simple textures. Similarly, the

audio is unspectacularly adequate. Up to four people can go head to head on any of the tracks available in the single player mode. There's a nifty feature where once you knock your friends off the track or cause them to crash, they can play a pokie type game which affects the remaining players, for instance causing one of the other players to suddenly lose all of their energy (and consequently crashing almost immediately).

For only a bit more than half the price of most other Nintendo 64 games, *FzeroX* is a must buy if you want some hi-speed hijinks.



A Clown Like Alice

Many of you will of heard of the Darwin awards already, either through forwarded e-mail or because you had nothing better to do with yourself than surf the web in search of something funny. Well are they funny? Are the Kennedys gun shy? Does the Pope like tarmac? Is vitamin C good for you? Does fluff, in fact, actually come out of your belly button? Damn straight! – Except the bit about the fluff. Well enough of the hoo-ha (no, I'm not going to sell you some crappy jewelry), lets get on with an explanation of the Darwin awards - as quoted from their official home page

(<http://www.DarwinAwards.com/stupid99.html>).

"Following the ideas of Charles Darwin, the Darwin Awards are given, usually posthumously, to the individual who removes themselves from the gene pool. However there is an exception to the requirement to die. If said individual does not die, however does render him/her self incapable of producing any children- they may be eligible for the dubious honor of receiving the award while still alive."

man and mauled another at the Calcutta zoo yesterday when they tried to put a marigold garland around its neck in a New Year's greeting. Prakesh Tiwari, the dead man, and Suresh Rai had been drinking before they bought the floral garlands and crossed the moat around the tiger's enclosure, authorities said. "I was shocked to see the two young men weaving about in front of a tiger with garlands in their hands," said Rakesh Banerjee, who witnessed the attack that triggered panic and a near stampede in the zoo. The men, both in their 20's, were trying to put the garland on a 13-year old male Royal Bengal tiger named "Shiva" after the Hindu god of destruction. When Rai threw the garland around Shiva's neck, the tiger attacked him. His friend Tiwari intervened, kicking the tiger in the face. The tiger released Rai, and attacked and killed Tiwari. "I saw it all; the tiger turned and jumped on the other young man and put its head on the man's neck, and within moments, the man was apparently dead, his head dangling," Banerjee said.

1996 mentions. Title: "Macho men?"

Some men will got to extraordinary lengths to prove how macho they are. Witness Frenchman Pierre Pumpille, of Lyon, who recently

1997 Winners. Fort-Worth Star Telegram 1/2/96 Title: "Here kitty kitty".

Calcutta, India - A tiger killed one



shunted a stationary car two feet by headbutting, it. "Women thought I was a god," he explained from his hospital bed. Deity or not, however, Pumpille is a veritable girl's blouse compared to Polish farmer Krystof Azninski, who staked a strong claim to being Europe's most macho man by cutting off his own head. Azninski, 30, had been drinking with friends when it was suggested they strip naked and play some "men's games". Initially they hit each other over the head with frozen icicles, but then one man seized a chainsaw and cut off the end of his foot. Not to be outdone, Azninski grabbed the saw and crying "Watch this then!" swung at his own head and chopped it off. "It's funny," said one companion, "Cos when he was young he put on his sister's underwear. But he died like a man."

30 December 1997, Mexico

A security guard intending to impress female friends took a deadly gamble, losing his game of Russian roulette at a La Paz fast-food restaurant. Police say Victor Alba, 21, died instantly

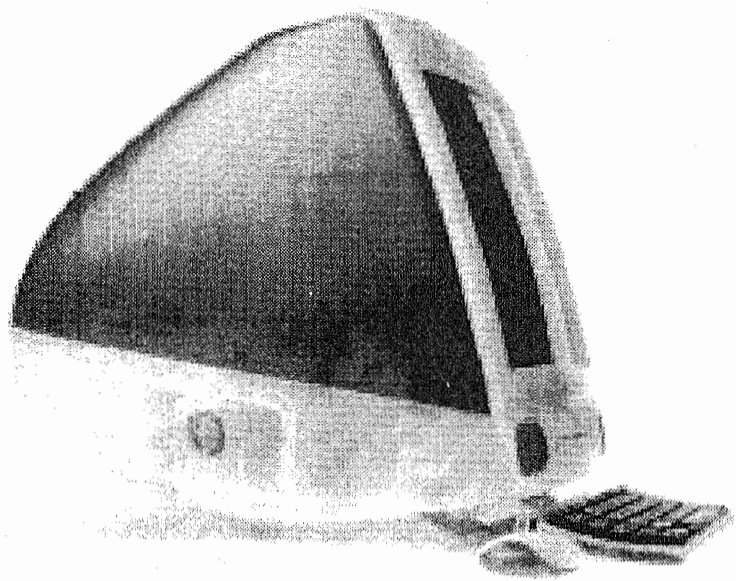
Saturday when he put his .38-caliber revolver to his head and pulled the trigger at a suburban hamburger outlet. Alba was trying to "impress some female friends," according to the newspaper Hoy de La Paz.

1997- honourable mention goes to: California

Wayne Roberts was to be inducted into a local fishing club that had a bizarre form of initiation. After a few hours of fishing (during which copious amounts of beer was consumed) the group decided Wayne was now ready to become a "fully fledged member". To do this, an empty beer can was placed on his head whilst another member attempted to shoot it off with a cross-bow. Needless to say that he missed, hitting Wayne in the head. Incredibly Wayne survived the ordeal despite losing one eye through the injury. It is reported that he said "Yeah, that was the dumbest thing I've ever done". Although Wayne does not qualify for the Darwin Awards due to his survival, we still think it's worth a mention.

Matt O'Leary





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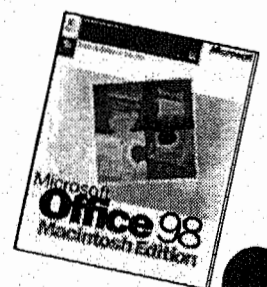
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Let's talk about sex...

It may seem like a fair stretch in anyone's imagination to think that *Future Tense* can adequately tackle the subject of sex and sexuality. This commentary is not about justifying whether we can or not - it is simply about highlighting some of the issues that may be present now, and possibly in the future as well.

Will there ever be a time when sexuality is no longer an issue?

As you would be well aware, this week is "Sex Week"; the week where sex and sexuality is celebrated. And why not. Last year was the first year that we, the students of the University of Adelaide, were called to vote for the debut positions of Sexuality Officers. "Bringing the issues of sexuality to the fore-front" was the catch-cry. Much debate went on surrounding the new positions. One argument

followed the lines of "how far do we have to take it in supporting minority groups?" Not far enough, I say. Of course, much like modern feminism hopes that someday there will no longer be a need for a Women's Officer, there is the hope that in the future we will no longer need Sexuality Officers.

However, every year the same blind complaint is made about sexuality week: "this is just a week for 'those' people...why can't we also have a week for heterosexuals?". What people don't realise is that that very comment is the reason for still needing to have such a celebratory week.

While some argue that sexuality is becoming less of an impending issue (more general acceptance etc)

there is also this underlying fact: non-heterosexuals are still a minority. Yes, perhaps a more acknowledged minority, but a minority all the same.

When people of varying sexualities no longer have to worry about the raised eyebrows, the phobias, the prejudice, the violence; that's when sexuality may be viewed as a 'less impending issue'. But will there ever be a time when sexuality is no longer an issue? That's the question for the future.

And yet that is no reason for not celebrating it any more. Sexuality, regardless of what version makes you smile, is worth celebrating.

NB What follows is something I first read in the O'Guide in my first

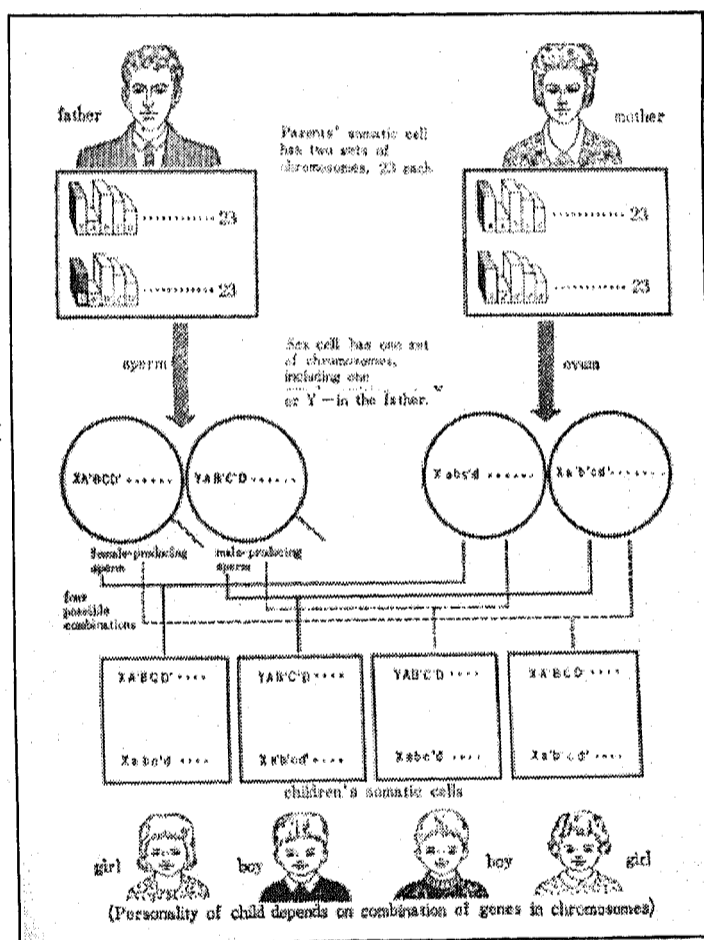
year at Uni. I don't expect that everyone will agree with the opinions expressed below...I just ask that you read it and then start asking your own questions...

Susie Bate

Future Tense with Susie and Anthony is on next Monday night, at 11pm, on Student Radio 5UV 531 AM. If you have any opinion about sexuality issues, especially ones concerning the 'future of sex', please call us on 8303 5000.

What you can do to stop discrimination on the grounds of sexuality...

- Don't assume that everyone is heterosexual (this is heterosexism!).
- Use non-gender-exclusive language when talking generally about people's partners, lovers or objects of lust.
- Remember when talking about safer sex that condoms are not necessarily apt for all people's sexual activity.
- Even if you have seen a person with an opposite sex partner, they may in fact be bisexual or choose not to label themselves.
- Do not assume people are homosexual, regardless of what they wear or whether they are in a same sex relationship.
- Stop offensive behaviour
- Do not tolerate offensive 'jokes' or comments about lesbian, bi or gay people. If you hear them, inform the person who made the 'joke' or comment that you think is unacceptable.
- If you are heterosexual and someone assumes that you are gay or bi, do not feel obliged to correct them. (If you are offended, perhaps you should ask yourself why.)
- If you are non-heterosexual and someone assumes that you are straight, let them know that they are mistaken. (If you are bi and someone assumes that you are monosexual, ditto!)
- Support the efforts of non-heterosexual groups.
- If you are unsure of the issues concerning non-heterosexual people, ask around. (Of course opinions differ, and not all lesbians, gays and bisexuals are experts on all areas of lesbianism, gayness and bisexuality, so research widely - this includes not taking everything written here as given fact.)
- Most importantly, just keep an open mind. Try and reduce the amount of harm you cause, and try to refrain from classifying different sexualities as 'weird'. After all, every time a serial killer is captured by police, neighbours are always heard to remark what 'nice normal people' they were.



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Thank you.

Want \$60?

The exercise physiology laboratory is urgently looking for healthy male and female subjects to participate in an important study involving cycling to help those with chronic fatigue syndrome. If you fit the following categories:

1. do not exercise at all
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Thanks.

Ooohh Baby Baby

Do you need a Babysitter or child's companion? References + Experience, Reliable, Own Transport. Call Bec 8262 5134: answering machine, please leave clear reply, name, and phone number. Thanks

Housemates on Tar

Accommodation Needed

There will be a large number of North American and European students coming to the University in July to study for Semester II. They are coming to study as Exchange or Study Abroad students, and will be here for one or two semesters. Many students would like to share a house or flat with Australian students, so if you have a room or two in your house or flat, let us know! If you would like more information, or would like to leave your details with us, then either

Ring : 8303 4379

or Email:

paula.ritchie@adelaide.edu.au

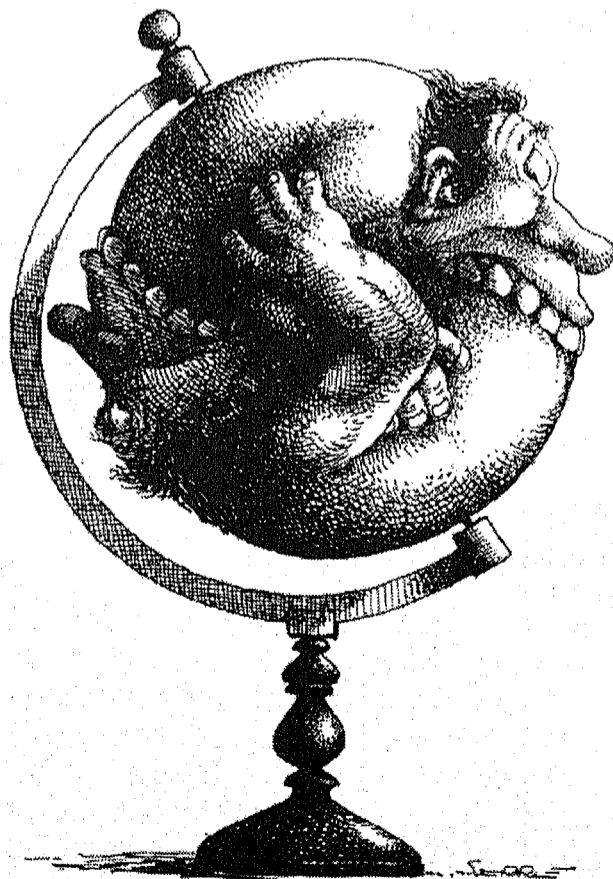
or call into The Study Abroad Office, Ground Floor, Old Classics Wing (at the top of the waterfall in the Wills Court)

Want to Save the World?

Heck, who doesn't?

Then I guess that you, like everyone else who's even mildly gnarly, will be submitting articles for on Dit's

Environment Edition



The deadline's May 27th, and you can drop your stuff down in the on Dit office, or to Zany Zane the Zany Environmental officer.

THE FUTURE IS FOREVER

Brought to you by Ectoplasmic Elanor,
a popular cola-flavoured beverage and the letter

"K"

As there is no On Dit next week because of the Adelaide Cup, these stars will last for a fortnight. Sorry.

Aries

Just for this week you can have your cake and eat it too.

Aquarius

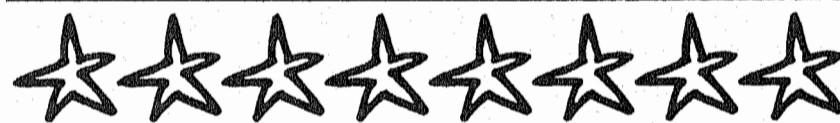
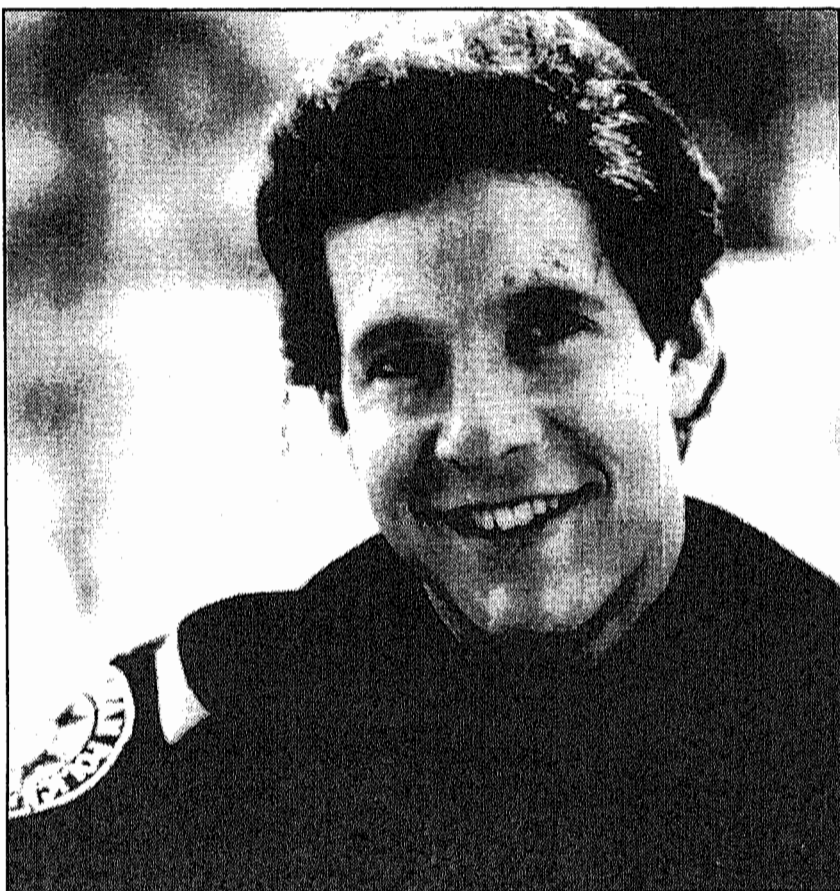
When you've had that strange smell fixed (yes, it is you) then your chances of picking up will markedly increase. We'll talk about your obsessive compulsive disorder next week. Until then just work on the odour.

Leonardo

You were truly blessed with compassion, intelligence and an annoying drone that makes most people want to beat the sweet shit out of you. Being as stubborn as you are you will not take anyone's advice and change your tone of address. This will, sadly, lead to you copping the Eugening of your life when all your freinds eventually snap in frustration.

Virgo

The time has come to start padding your underclothing. Fellas, I suggest a largish root vegetable, and for the ladies, it's always been hard to beat half a packet of tissues in each bra cup. If anyone of either sex can get their hands on a pair of those butt-padding undies like in the Beastie Boys' "Hey, Ladies" filmclip, that's never going to hurt. Big butts are in in in for the month of May.



Minogue

If you learn to play the 'Do-Ray-Me...' thing from *The Sound of Music* on the piccolo you will come to a new understanding of life and its associated activities.

Sagittarius

Smile coz God loves you. (Another Message proudly sponsored by the Christian Television Association - ©1978)

Scorpio

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Mary who eventually died of natural causes. The End.

Trojan

You will be mistsaken for someone important this week. Don't worry as it won't last long and no-one will really care but you. Be ready and don't waste time sleeping - they're coming.

Taurus

This week you will have to have a good look at yourself. Sit in front of the mirror, stare into the water of the Torrens or just catch yourself in the reflection in the window of the person you're stalking. And think hard about the type of Mayonnaise that you buy while you're at it.

Monaro GTI

You need to whisk that hollandaise or it's going to stay lumpy.

Libra

Take up the habit of playing *The Legend of Zelda - Occarina of Time* until three in the morning everyday. There's something in it for everyone. You can do that or commit yourself to filing your finger nails at every opportunity. Both will see you prosper.

Cancer

Reading books backwards for the last three weeks has decreased your memory. The only way to charge it up (seeing as you missed the alignment of the planets on the weekend) is to smear yourself in marmalade and watch 3 episodes of *The Wonder Years*.

Any fringe group wishing to purchase advertising space in the Star Signs may contact the Advertising Manager.

twelve dead toads

Vocab equipped, we follow Fergus (Jimeoin) and Wesley (Alan McKee) from the dark streets of Dublin during the Troubles, to the white sandy of Bondi to the red sandy of the Outback. Once again a movie uses the visual texture of the Australian countryside as a key pointer, a way-station for the simple. **HERE BE SUBTEXT**

This movie is different in that *The Craic* uses subtle and insightful digs at Oz-ism to flesh the contrasts. There is no mistaking the violent streets of Ireland with the basking sunshine of Sydney. The boys flee halfway around the world because of a local Dublin heavy Bob (Bob Franklin), who then chases them halfway around Australia. What ensues is a romping cackle along the roads of life.

The security won't let me into the plush interior of the hotel. I've got a ball of nervous tension the size of the Moon pressing on my bladder, and upstairs waiting for a bombardment of identical inane media questions, mine will be some, is Jimeoin, one of the comic success stories of the '90s.

His entourage snaps professionally through their paces and the conveyor belt of interviewers has been streaming through the suite since 7:30 that morning. Jimeoin McKeown, a slight and unassuming man commands those in this luxury suite with his eyes and musical Irish tones.

S: You wrote, produced and starred in *The Craic*, looking back, which role would you not take on again, in combination with the others?

J: No, I wouldn't really like to be in a film where I wasn't in those three roles at the same time. When you put your name to something, you want to be in control of your own destiny. If it is fucked up, well, it was me that fucked up and nobody else. No, overall, a very good position to be in. Once I did the writing, that was over and done, that was it, just tweak tweak. That was a job I was very confident I could do; all I had to do was just take the piss. I let the Director direct.

S: You didn't suggest point-of-views, like the upside down closing scene.

J: Yeah yeah yeah, that's in editing, on a few occasions, it was little things, like, I think we should give this moment just a little more space because it is quite an important moment, but that is nothing when compared to Ted's [Director Ted Emery, from D-Gen. and other TV comedy classics] understanding of it. You go through all of that in advance, you sit down and have a really good chat about what you mean there, you know, like he would come up to me and go "I don't understand what the importance of this is? What is the point here, I missed that."

S: You rely on your comic timing?

J: Oh, but he [Ted] knows a gag!
S: Ann Phelan and Bug Tingwell, the truck driver and the station-owner are pretty minor characters. What I found most amusing was their incisive use of casual swearing. Is that something you deliberately picked up on and expanded?

J: I think a lot of the performances are very very real. There is no one really hamming it in this film, and there are some extreme characters, but they are real. I basically took

some things that actually happened from a guy, he was a truck-driver in Western Australia, and he just said it like that. He said, [laconic Aussie truckie accent] 'Hit a cow, fucking thing exploded!' He just said like that, without really missing a beat

S: It's got that element about it...

J: He didn't give a shit about the cow, it was the surprise.

S: The old series of *Jimeoin*, which screened in '93-'94, you sur-

prised me with the segment on Detachable Toe, a flying super-hero toe that lives with the other toes in a rubber thong, I saw that the first time and went 'You are kidding me'!

J: Yeah, so did the network when I told them about the idea, 'You're kidding me aren't you?' and I'm like, no... Australian humour has a very good understanding of the sense of nonsense.

S: Are you going to chase overseas distribution of *The Craic*?

J: The film goes to Cannes in May. We've already had interest in America without it even being released here, and they've already begun marketing it.

S: Any cane toads harmed in the making of this movie?

J: Yeah yeah, all those cane-toads were killed the next day. There were twelve, and they were all killed, yeah. The shots of the cane-toads were all shot in Melbourne. But you can't get cane-toads in Melbourne, so we had to go to Monash University, and they had a licence for twelve, which they were going to dissect. They were being killed the

day after, so we had them for a day, so we took them out, showed them a good time, a lovely time, and then they were killed.

S: There was a little segment in the Logies where Darryl Sommers got his *Hey Hey* Logie and he sounded quite bitter and vitriolic against *The Panel* and *Good News Week* and



that style of humour, and having worked in television comedy extensively yourself, I was just wondering what your

take on the next cynical, Panel-style humour or the more old-fashioned Darryl and a funny duck...

J: Is *The Panel* cynical? I find them quite appraisive, they're not so hard, they encourage a lot of shows. They'll review things, and they discuss as much as review. *Good News Week* is very cynical, I don't enjoy those shows very much, not my cup of tea.

S: So you're not appearing in the near future?

J: Oh no. I would never appear on *Good News Week* simply because it is not an original show, it is a direct rip-off of *Have I got News For You* in the UK. *The Panel* is a great show.

S: Pretty hard to come up with an original concept.

J: But at least pay the people who thought the show up some money, and some credit for thinking the show up. There is just a bit too much of that going on at the ABC. *The Big Gig* was another one, that was a direct lift of *Saturday Night Live*, the same way that *Tonight Live* was a rip-off of *Letterman*. I think *The Panel* is a great show; anyway, isn't

Red Faces a bit cynical?

S: What's next? CD, writing poetry?

J: Nah, I go back to my job as a stand-up comedian. Three weeks in New Zealand, two weeks in Ireland, Stockholm, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, we do a season in New York, probably tour here again. The film was just an idea I had, and I did it, now I go back to doing stand-up.

S: Which would you pick as a career, longer term?

J: [Without hesitation] Stand-up.

S: Stand-up is more fun?

J: Oh yeah. It's just such a buzz to do. I did that film a year ago, you can't get excited for a year!

S: Trying to remember what happened!

J: Yeah. Stand-up is brilliant. Although, in Sydney, all these Immigration officers came to the film, they all took their badges and showed them around, and they startled those who were illegals. They loved it, they thought it was hilarious.

S: With Cannes and the tour, you spend all of your time on the road?

J: Yeah, ten months a year.

S: As a star, do you enjoy all this personal attention?

J: I find it hilarious! I love it! You'd snap and get really shitty if you had that workload and had to do radio and whatnot, but thankfully now, someone opens the door for you, hahaha! I don't do anything now! You can't tell anyone about it either, because you sound like an asshole, but it is very funny.

S: It is the primary goal of my aims of fame and fortune...

J: Opening doors has got to be the funniest one, so it takes the biscuit!

S: You were born into the wrong job, you should have been Queen or something?

J: She probably doesn't know what a door-handle looks like!

Scott Hopkins

tranny sheriff's in town

The Rocky Horror Picture Show was once a great break in tradition, but has since become a wily tradition all its own. Now, with the introduction of *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*, is *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* a tradition in jeopardy? You be the judge!

The Rocky Horror Picture Show came to life in the fine tradition of low budget Broadway productions, before it was made into a low-budget film production. The ultimate B-grade movie producer's bargain, it has hung around in Friday night cinemas for over twenty years, attracting a huge following of toast-throwing transvestites. It is hard to imagine that anything involving toast-throwing transvestites could ever get ho-hum, but after all, it has been over twenty years since *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* first screened to well-behaved audiences, and now with the competition of *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*, (and that is the last time I will type that title in full in this article), there is a competition to survive this ho-hum danger, featuring two exciting transvestite rival factions. Because of the rival nature of these groups, and to avoid typing out those long titles again, I shall call them "Rockies" and "Priscillians".

The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen

of the Desert (Ok, so it was the second-last time) could take over just on account of its name being so exemplary. Nicknamed "Priscilla" by its own army of feather-chapeaued fans, it is not to be confused with the biblical Priscilla, who with hubby Aquila was an expert tent-maker, having fled from Rome to Corinth when the emperor Claudius had commanded all Jews to leave that city. In fact, I am very confident that *Priscilla*, the film, has virtually nothing to do with tent making, or Romans, whatsoever. For example, I doubt that the biblical Priscilla, in the midst of the wilds, ever had her entire stock of condoms disappear, causing unforeseen problems in creating bosoms, which is what happened during the filming of *The Adventures of Priscilla*. And as some readers gather pitchforks and torches and begin plans for burning me at the stake, I should add that I have yet to find a single instance in the bible where bosom assembly is even mentioned.

But back to the issue at stake, which has something to do with "Rockies" and "Priscillians". Before jumping to any conclusions, it is important to consider perhaps the most intriguing element of comparison between the two films, which has everything to do with aliens. In *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, it is

revealed in the end that aliens are to blame for all the transvestite madness. In *Priscilla*, according to producer Al Clark, "The basic comic premise is: three people, who may as well be Martians, are stuck in the middle of this enormous country". Another producer, Michael Hamlyn, decided to say, "What this film does for the drag scene is what Sean Connery did for the secret service, it glamorises it." But in all honesty, I personally can't see how Sean Connery, alien or not, has anything to do with it.

I can honestly say what it did do, which neither producer is likely to admit, which is the fact that *Priscilla* made the transvestite film mainstream in Australian culture. Not so mainstream that you might find yourself in the company of high heeled males in the lady's undergarments section of Target, (although it seems that the further you head down Rundle Street the more likely it is that such a scene will take place), but it is no coincidence that channel 7 would carry a film like *Priscilla*, and tout it so highly. Channel 7? So much for the underground.

"Priscillians" might argue that bringing the issue to the forefront of Australian attention was an achievement in itself, but I, for one, would prefer not giving Channel 7 credit for anything, especially after

they stole Channel 9's idea for a million dollar giveaway game show, which was in fact a rip-off of a British game show anyway. Any channel that models its programming after other channels who model THEIR programming after British game shows has not yet earned my respect.

"Rockies" might recall what made *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* so special, which was places like Berkeley, San Francisco, where long lines of Franks, Brads and Janets were pelted with eggs by defying crowds of jeering malcontent and very ornery citizens. Not that the egg-throwing was nice, but it went very well with the toast that they had already brought along for the show.

In the end, only one of these films is featured on the web in the interactive Gates-0-Matic, which can be found at www.vegasdeluxe.com/comdex/gatesomatic.html. Go to the site, dress Bill, and learn just which film it is that is wasting your valuable Internet time.

As for which film is better, well, isn't it obvious? If you don't agree, make a point of it by dressing up in the costumes of your favourite characters, and hit those streets and make yourself heard! And oh yeah, you didn't hear that from me.

Jessie Joe Halleday

i know you are

Still Crazy
Now Showing
Academy Cinema City and
selected suburban cinemas

Europe white-lining past the sleepless nights of the tour bus, your name black lettered and billboarded, lack of, excess of, aching familiar twinge of adrenalin re-released after twenty years, and somehow it all clicks just right and searing the crowd rocks, surprising their own cool selves, the band as one in singer's arm around guitarist's neck boy-bonding, too real for the cliches, too now and hot and rock'n'roll and glorious pounding beat. It's on.

Still Crazy. Directed by Brian

Gibson. UK production. Screenplay by the Commitments people. Actors you've seen in everything British. And Billy Connolly. It's about Strange Fruit, seventies megastars. It's about twenty years later. It could have been Spinal Tap, but it aims for different bits of you, and it's uncomfortable to watch, twisting you between belly laugh farce and the pathetically real.

These people became Gods, then had to suffer through mundanity, but do we care as they try to get it back, or do we laugh at them? Do we laugh at the spectacle of a fifty year old lead singer in rock opera drag, trying to be twenty something again, or do we twinge a little in sympathy/empathy? Do we laugh

at yet another beer swilling drummer, or with him? Will rock'n'roll really save the world?

Complex questions, and the film makers have been quite clever in the non-directional stance they take on it all. In the end you have to decide for yourself. Always a tricky one. Do not see this film if you have an aversion to extremely large seventies arena rock. Especially if it was written for the film by members of Squeeze and Foreigner. Do, however, if you've ever wanted to be long haired and tripping among the standing stones at Avebury, in love with the world and beautiful.

I think you could enjoy this film. I think I did. I'd like somebody out there to see it and tell me if the end-

ing is the culmination of some extremely clever iconoclastic film making, or a horribly formulaic cop out.

Tim Sinclair

Magical Movie Moments

In *Idiot Bocks* when the geezer going the growl glistens. At last a movie that recognises grrr's goop as an entity with reflective properties.

I Think I'm

J.R.'s SHORT GUIDE TO DRUGS

The best thing about drugs is the new perspective on the world that you are granted just by drinking this, eating that or ingesting/injecting the other. I love the way that you can escape from your normal existence for a while and look at an entirely different world. The worst thing about drugs is that it's almost impossible to recall that world, truly, properly, when you straighten up... and then you enter it again each time you take the drug, thinking "Oh yeah... I remember what its really like," and try not to forget but each time it slips away from you... that and the hangovers.

But drugs, pretty much by definition, change this perception of the world by poisoning you. The distorted perspective, the head spins, the vapour trails, the feel-good glow, are all just symptoms of physical disequilibrium and your body's desperate struggle to return to some homeostatically more favourable state. However, I think we can all agree that in moderation (or not, as the case may be) this is a good thing. Many people have used drugs to inspire or inform their artistic and creative endeavours (think: countless writers, artists and musicians (and students!) since time began); its only when the drug begins to be necessary to inspire or inform actually *waking up in the morning* that things become a little problematic. What follows are purely my opinions on the small number of drugs whose poison I have experienced recovering from.

"...cigarettes are just something to breathe against"

My cousins and I were each promised \$1000 on our 21st birthdays if we had not started smoking by then - I remember the conversations we'd have at age 10: "Well, if we do want to smoke, we'll just wait 'til AFTER we turn 21!" The logic was inescapable at the time - but only one out of the four actually does smoke now.

Since then I have watched as my friends took up 'social smoking' (yeah right) which soon became rather more than that. The one cigarette I smoked (well, shared) was FANTASTIC - I loved it, head spins and a sort of rush along the blood vessels that left me thinking "Oh right, *this* is why!" Sadly, about 30 seconds after I finished the thing, I could smell the smoke all over me and actually had to have a shower because I couldn't handle it. An oversensitive nose was my downfall in

the quest to begin a serious nicotine addiction. I did, briefly, consider just getting hooked on the patches but they made my skin itch and I got too anxious.

"Marijuana lets you know what you really feel..."



"Then by way of light relief

sit down and shut my eyes, and by tipping my head forward I could make my mind spin forward-somersaults through the universe (actually, that was fun - no wonder no-one ever talked at my mum's parties!); that, and the guilt-free eating: "Oh, I've really got the munchies tonight." Gave up dope because it was murdering my vocal cords - singers beware! And another tip: never make your dope cookies taste too good, because you'll eat them like biscuits and get too stoned to move (or breathe).

there's my own favourite, alcohol"

It's pretty hard to overdose on alcohol, so from the "instant death" perspective, it could be seen as one of the safer drugs. However, from its ability to make you do absolutely fucking stupid things - sleeping with HIM(?!?!?!); dancing

As the archetypal "straight girl" at high school, I remember my friend's response when I confessed that I would like to "try it - just to see what it was like". Surprise and then delight at being able to lead me, however willingly, astray. I'd had my mother suggesting it was just a very bloody boring drug for years: "You're at a great party, then someone brings out a pipe and everyone just sort of sits there, not talking, for the rest of the night - and you ask why they call it dope."

So I tried it, and got high, and had fun, and got the munchies and... well that was about it. Numerous friends have extolled the creative benefits of marijuana for music, art and philosophy, but all I ever really liked about dope was being able to

on tables; beer fights (yes James, I do mean you); broken confessions of love to ex-boyfriends; challenging decent players to very bad pool; kissing people you *really* shouldn't; throwing up in other people's lunch boxes (sorry, B!), and just generally making a bit of a fool of yourself - I personally rank it as one of the most dangerous drugs known to woman. The combination of perceived invincibility and actual physical and mental complete bugged-up-ness means that whenever you reach your limits you should stop, or I should, anyway. The good thing about having a low tolerance for alcohol is that its very difficult to get a hangover. Three drinks is not enough to seriously poison me and four drinks just makes me

throw up, removing any excess alcohol from my system, and I feel (physically) fine the next morning. But I love the spin of light-headedness from the first drink, and the way you suddenly feel cleverer and sexier and better at pool than you actually are. Still on my current list of drugs to do.

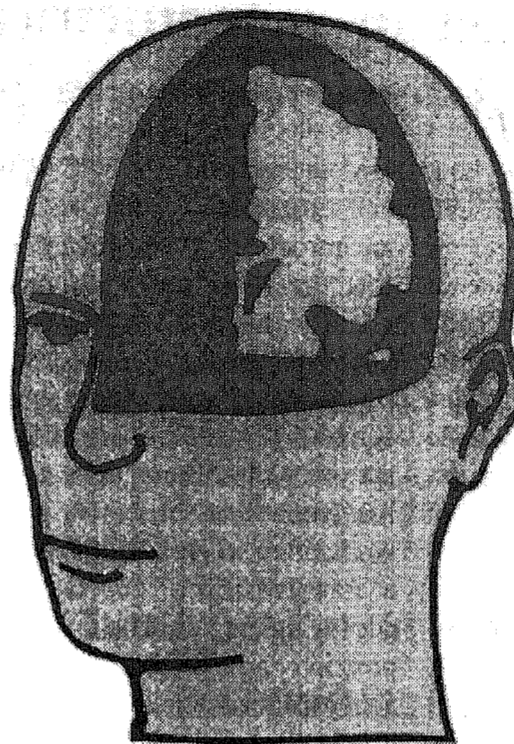
"Even hippies will, reluctantly, get pissed and talk about tripping. I won't because real acid is a thing of the past..."

Acid - LSD - trips - Oh, to have been alive in the sixties and taking that 'real acid' they all keep raving on about, and being chased by giant bats while driving along the highway. But there's no use wanting what has gone and will never come again. Acid today comes in several varieties - I don't claim to be a gourmet, I've just tried what I've tried and mostly enjoyed it. The one microdot I've had was very clean, but not quite the hallucinogenic experience of other trips... which caused various walls to bend and faces to distort (I always look like an anime cartoon girl in the mirror) and the world to seem sort of brighter and more colourful - but I wake up the next afternoon feeling like I want to peel off the top layer of my skin with a razor blade, or an industrial scrubbing brush... DIRTY DIRTY DIRTY. Proof, I think, that you've put your body through something it didn't appreciate very much, even though your mind was having a good time.

One of my best trips was Australia Day 1996, when my boyfriend and I went away and took a trip each and watched "Return of the Living Dead 3" and I found a feminist 'eating-disorder' metaphor/subtext running through the film. I don't know - it made so much sense at the time, but I can hardly understand it now. Always the way with drug experiences, I've found. So real and so clear and you feel like you've finally understood the world the way it was meant to be, and then it fades, and fades, and then all you have left is the memory of the story you tell about the time you...

Having glasses makes a qualitative difference to the tripping experience, too. John Lennon noted this and I've found that I can have "two trips" - with glasses on or off - two totally different experiences depending on whether the world is warm and fuzzy or clear and sparkly. Night time tripping is also completely different to day time tripping - I've only melded the two once and it was too disjointed, too unsettling, although the sunset was pretty spectacular. What I really love about acid though is - it allows you to find connections in the world that your brain is not usually sensitive enough to

Freaking Out



don't mean you!"

Never tried it. Those I know who have say it was too good to try again. Sounds like a warning to me.

"But the best of all is heroin. One day."

Ditto - plus Trainspotting plus a friend's daughter who died of an overdose. No day, no way, no how.

Final episode of mind-bending experiences (not quite a drug, and it has only happened to me once, but oh well...); Yoga. In the middle of holding an asana and focussing on my breathing just right, I got a rush of

"high" through my brain that left me wide-eyed and amazed. Vowed I'd give up all drugs there and then and focus on getting that feeling back as much as I could.

Sad, really, how will-power fades in the face of laziness...

notice. The alteration of serotonin levels in your brain really sensitises your synapses and lets them fire at a lower threshold, so you create relationships in places, between things, that you wouldn't ordinarily make. Its also very good for music - but don't listen to anything too scary.

On a related note, organic hallucinogens - yes I mean mushrooms - give twice the mind bending experience with none of the toxic morning-after effects. No hallucinations, as such, but the world goes softer and meltier and more accommodating to your personal reality, and you can watch the clouds and have interesting conversations about why Shakespeare should be required reading on all Year 10 English syllabi. During the day, mushies make you feel like a little kid again, and at night it's like you've stayed up late without permission. You also understand (for the first time in my case) why psychedelic music was invented and why hippies in all those acid movies stand around gazing in wonderment at their arms and hands as they drift them through the air in front of their faces.

"while speed wraps itself around you the way a speeding car wraps itself around a telegraph pole"

Speed - yes - this drug just makes me more me. The energy, the hype, the thoughts at the speed of light, the golf at eleven am after no sleep and a pool party. I understand why people do it, but it's a bit too attractive to do a lot of, safely. I'd love a life where I didn't have to waste time sleeping, but I just don't trust myself not to lose 15 kilos and turn into a speed freak.

"...why bother with coke? Rock Stars I

One day I'll try ecstasy, one day I'll try ether, one day I'll try peyote, but for now that about wraps it up for my tour of the drug world... writing about it makes it lose so much of its colour and shape - even the best drug writers, Burroughs, Thompson, can't quite convey in words the feeling that you get from the drugs you take. I'll just having to keep taking them and forgetting about them and taking them again (and, you know, I'm really annoyed about that...)

J. R.

(All section-heading quotes are from "Drugs" by John Forbes)

MATHEMATICS AND ECSTASY

I recently had a very interesting experience studying mathematics whilst under the influence of the drug 'ecstasy' also known as MDMA. I tried this experiment because I thought it might help me focus on the task at hand, this turned out to be very true. I had already been studying for about an hour before I took the drug. Not long afterwards I started to feel the effects and felt a nice warm fuzzy

feeling and also quite self confident. I went to the bathroom and then I came back and started reading. I found myself to be very absorbed in what I was studying and it was quite fun too. I also found that I was visualising what I was reading about quite clearly. Visualisation is something I normally do when studying mathematics anyway, but the enhanced visualisation I was experiencing was quite a pleasant surprise. It was quite fun imagining the various algebras and spaces and mappings between them.

The MDMA started to wear off after a while but by then I was totally absorbed in the mathematics anyway. I felt like my brain was creating new connections as I was learning about new things. This is of course something the brain does anyway but I seemed more aware of this at the time. Later on in the evening I felt a wave of nausea and ran outside to vomit. The vomiting was a very intense experience but was not unpleasant. After that I returned to work. Later on I smoked a very small amount of pot and continued working. I made some progress and was overwhelmed by a sense of excitement of scientific discovery. I worked for an hour or two longer and then went to bed. It took

me a couple of hours to get to sleep due to the excitement I was experiencing. This experience was a couple of weeks ago and since then I have been more focused on what I have been studying. I think that while the MDMA helped me focus etc., it was in many ways merely a tool to help me find something in myself to help me focus. I also think that the experience would not have been the same if I had been studying something less interesting. A lot of what is sold as 'ecstasy' is not MDMA, ecstasy tablets often contain MDEA (a substance similar to MDMA which doesn't last as long), amphetamine, pseudoephedrine, caffeine, ketamine (a dissociative hallucinogen) and other chemicals. If MDMA was legal there wouldn't be this problem. I am pretty sure that the tablet I had was either MDMA or a mixture of MDMA and MDEA (I also had a tablet which looked the same a week before). It is also possible to taste the difference between MDMA and amphetamine; they both taste very bitter, but amphetamine has a sweet/sour bitter taste, while MDMA and MDEA have a more 'savory' bitter taste.

Anonymous.

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That Big Ole Hornbag Picasso

Pablo Picasso (1881-1973)
 The Vollard Suite
 Art Gallery of South Australia
 On show until June 27
 curator, Dr Jane Kinsman



Rembrandt in Canberra and Melbourne. The Vollard Suite on generous loan from the NGA will lessen this problem for a while. Commonly used by historians as examples of Picasso's best graphic work, these 100 etching, engraving and aquatint works from the 1930's are free to see until June 27. With a walk or two around the gallery it is easy

Genuine artistic genius is hard to find, very hard to find if you live in Adelaide. One negative effect of a small population is that audience numbers are low, thus making sponsorship unattractive, leaving Cezanne in Sydney and

to appreciate why Picasso is often said to be the greatest artist of the 20th century.

The Vollard Suite, named after the art dealer-publisher who commissioned it, has been organised roughly into thematic groups by

the curator. The exhibition begins with a simple, flat and confident description of a meditative, contemplative nude - quickly however the other prints fill the gallery with much more difficult styles and subjects.

Firstly Picasso makes use of Ovid's poetry, using the Pygmalion myth of the King/sculptor who falls in love with a beautiful statue he creates. In an idyllic Mediterranean setting, under the influence of ancient Greco-Roman art and Neo-classical artist Ingres, Picasso describes the concentration and consideration of an artist at work. A gentle exploration of sexuality develops by variations of lovers' interactions through body language. Distortion is used with great sensual success. Voyeurism is also introduced, the sculptor's model occasionally meeting our gaze, or the sculptor and model watching others - human being or beast. "Sculptor and standing model" subtly refers to more common voyeuristic pleasures through the angling of the sculptor's 'implement'. Surreal-cubist techniques are occasionally used, beginning a complex and imaginative contrast of styles within the suite.

The Minotaur, also present under

the influence of Ovid's work, then enters the series. Initially, the minotaur is a merry presence, drinking wine and grandly gesturing, but this mood soon changes as themes of bestiality and rape are introduced. It should be noted that the Minotaur and consequently the bestiality is metaphorical for Picasso and his lust. It is a kind of auto-biographical symbol. The style changes from here on, with a strong use of heavy line, sometimes obsessive hatch work, often severe use of tone and a compression of the figures' curves and angles. The facial expressions now denote a fear and anxiety. Picasso becomes experimental. Paradise is destroyed by passions run wild.

Rembrandt has four etchings devoted to him, Picasso playing in good humour with the master's appearance in a way very similar to how he would render himself in 30 years time. There are also three respectful portraits of stern and a reserved Ambroise Vollard. Bullfights and the circus and other subjects are also explored, though to a lesser extent. Photographs of Picasso by Yousuf Karsh, Brassai, Jacques Henri Lartigue and Andre Ostier are also included in the exhibition.

Nearly all these works can also be considered in specific relation to Picasso's life with his adored, very much younger 17 year old mistress Marie-Therese Walter and his wife who threatened this relationship, Olga Khokhlova. One's appreciation of the four masterworks under the title of "Blind minotaur led by a little girl" are somewhat enriched by awareness of this dynamic.

On first encounter the suite may seem repetitive, but look closer. Follow Picasso's line, its fluency and versatility, adaptable to any emotion he may choose to describe. Watch the suggestion of volume through the perfect combinations of angles and curves. Consider the smaller details of each scene, the faces, poses, the rooms they inhabit. Discover the subtleties and explore Picasso's genius.



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Peter McKay

Love and Pain in a Plague Year

Leith Semmens exhibition -
 "St Sebastian + Gay + HIV/AIDS = ?"
 112 Hindley St

The Japanese novelist, Yukio Mishima, in his "Confessions of a Mask," tells of his first glimpse of a representation of St Sebastian. "I began turning a page toward the end of the volume. Suddenly there came into view from one corner of the next page a picture that I had to believe had been lying in wait there for me, for my sake.

It was a reproduction of Guido Reni's St Sebastian, which hangs in the collection of the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa....A remarkably handsome youth was bound naked to the trunk of the tree. His crossed hands were raised high, and the thongs binding his wrists were tied to the tree. No other bonds were visible, and the only covering for the youth's nakedness was a coarse white cloth knotted loosely about his loins.

I guessed it must be the depiction of a Christian martyrdom.... His white and matchless nudity gleams against a background of dusk. His muscular arms, the arms of a praetorian guard accustomed to bending a bow and wielding a sword, are raised at a graceful angle, and his bound wrists are crossed directly over his head....It is not pain that hovers about his straining chest, his tense abdomen, his slightly contorted hips, but some flicker of melancholy pleasure like music. Were it not for the arrows with their shafts deeply sunk into his left armpit and right side, he would seem more a Roman athlete resting from fatigue, leaning against a dusky tree in the garden." Mishima goes on to describe how the arrows are about to consume the youth's body "with flames of supreme agony and ecstasy."

It was while Mishima looked at this picture, in one of his father's forbidden art books (forbidden to children in case of dirty fingerprints and pictures of naked

women) that he began to tremble "in his whole being" and he experiences his first ejaculation. Needless to say, not only is St Sebastian a part of the canon of the Catholic church, but also a figure in the visual and literary gay canon - as Mishima is himself.

.....

The exhibition comprises 'Saint Sebastian Torsos', rendered in cement and mixed media, 'Sperm Bottles' of clay and glass and 'Plaques' in cold worked glass. There is also a magnificent clock which will become the HIV and AIDS Memorial and permanently installed in the foyer of the Royal Adelaide Hospital.

The 'Saint Sebastian Torsos' with their sheathed erections (an ironic, but erotic, jibe at safe sex?) are, like all torsos, limbless, but in this context, of plague years, this form of representation has a special resonance. They are also quite eerie, reminding me of corpses with severed limbs. Missing body parts, and the decay of the body, are not alien symbols to people living with HIV and AIDS.

The 'Sperm Bottles' (because "every sperm is sacred," a quote from Monty Python's "The Meaning of Life", included as a catalogue epigraph by Leith Semmens) are huge pottery balls with a lid and handle of glass, the handle looking like a 'frozen moment' of ejaculating sperm. In some ways they are the most satisfying artefacts of the entire exhibition. Semmens demonstrated to me how the lid could be removed using the glass sperm handle, to reveal...a hole or puncture, an asshole perhaps, or because of the balls womb-like shape, a feminine opening.

Ink drawings are another highlight of this exhibition, rendered

using gold ink and using a mixture of Christian orthodox or Catholic iconography, with that of postmodern AIDS representation and iconography, such as the leather jacket and harnesses. Particularly successful, I thought, was the leatherman screwing, his face obliterated, or branded, by the red ribbon symbol, of HIV and AIDS awareness and charity. Some titles of these ink drawings are revealing: Saint Sebastian, Patron of Bondage; Patron Saint of Sadomasochism; Saint Sebastian, Patron Saint of Gays; Saint Sebastian and Yukio Mishima; Saint Sebastian and the Gay Body Fascist; Saint Sebastian in the Age of HIV; Saint Sebastian and the Arrows of Plague; The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian. Walking around each drawing, beautifully framed in silver, one couldn't help feeling one was making a metaphoric pilgrimage, akin to the stations of the Cross.

The cold worked glass platters or 'Plaques' are attractive artefacts, but I thought they were perhaps the least successful objects in the exhibition. The homoerotic clock, with its bio-hazard symbols, will be a source of comfort and amusement to those affected by HIV/AIDS and it will make a fine and appropriate memorial when it is located at the Royal Adelaide Hospital. In this exhibition, Leith Semmens has showed himself to be an astute and imaginative artist, who is not afraid to tackle difficult, dangerous and controversial subjects.

His cultural commitment, the intensity of his vision, although at times shocking, can only be applauded.

Rikki Wilde



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I Want My Queer TV

It is a typical stereotype that men in theatre are gay. Unfortunately this is incorrect, but even more peculiar is that the majority of people that play queer roles are heterosexual. I am hardly a television addict and have not seen every episode of every programme that has dealt with queer themes, but I have watched enough to make a few significant observations.

Melrose Place received a lot of attention for dealing with queer themes by having a gay character (played by some straight guy whose name I don't know but you can fill in the blank: _____). Matt was a mature and attractive man who seemed as stable as characters on *Melrose* can be, but his major problem was relationships. Amongst Matt's few lovers was one who was married and tried to frame him for his wife's murder. Yet another one would beat him. Sure it's a soapie, but in comparison to Matt's heterosexual counterparts' typical relationships this *did* seem excessive. Ellen Degeneres' character Ellen was part of a sitcom which featured comedy very heavily. Ellen's character was not "outed" until late in the series; however once she did the show was axed. Her television network argued that they axed it because it was no longer a comedy, but rather a show too reliant on the lesbian theme. Sitcoms like *Ned and Stacey*, *Caroline in the City* and *Friends* are all shows whose entire content revolves around heterosexual relationships. Ellen is renowned for her success in comedy from stand-up to sitcoms. She had successful ratings, but yet again it seems mainstream media were too homophobic to digest a queer theme.

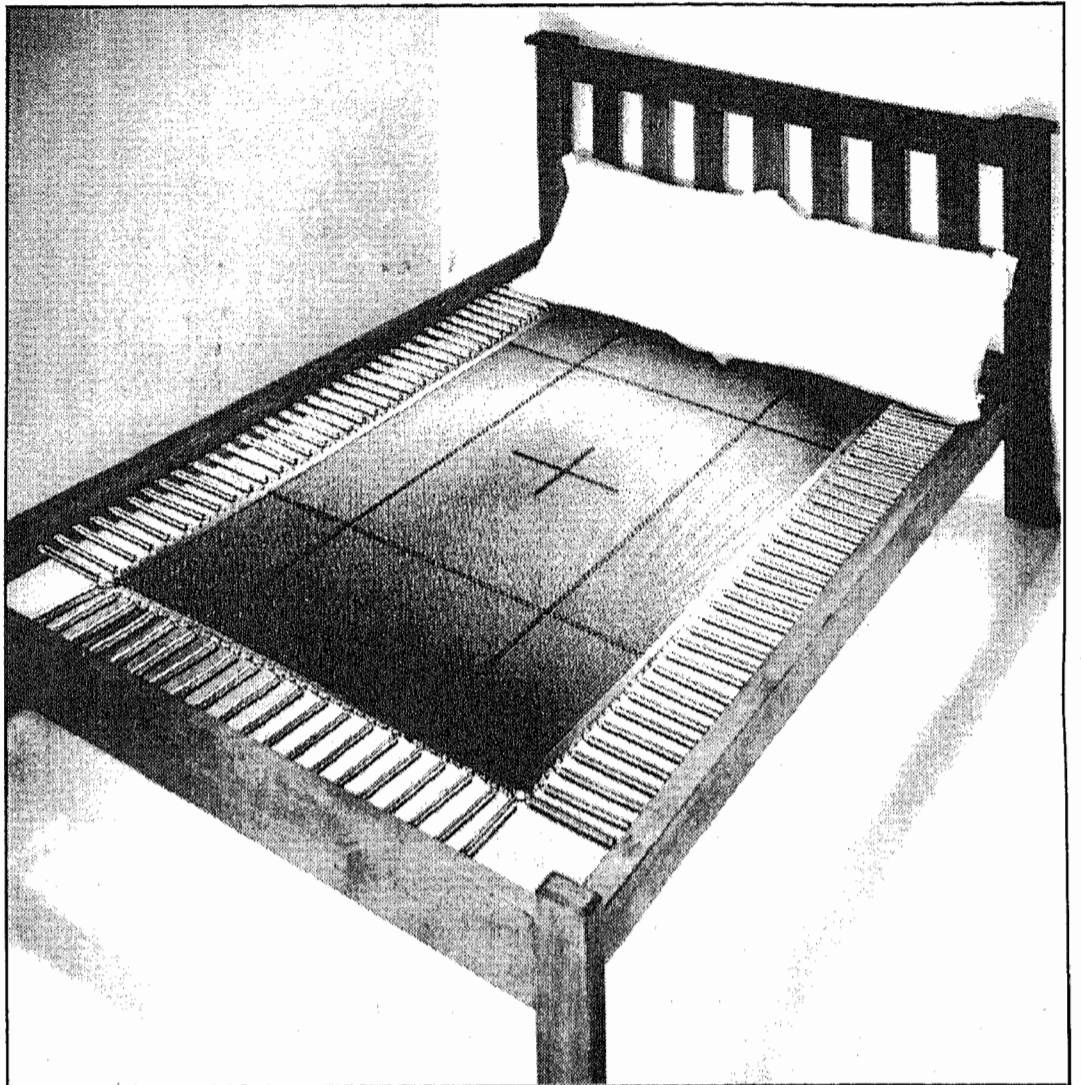
In the Australian Drama *Breakers* Simon Munro plays Vince, a young homosexual. The series has seen Vince come out in a fashion which I found both touching and typical. His mother kicked him out of home and he has faced homophobia

from peers and strangers. All seemed almost acceptable until Vince's love interest came along. I believe his name was Bruno, who is a South Australian actor, so things were getting even better. Bruno was a successful salesman by day and enjoyed dancing, martial arts and women. The later part of Bruno's interests is what is interesting, because it was women, *and women only*, that Bruno was into.

Vince's only ever love interest is a straight boy. Even though this is something that many queer people can identify with, it is still an avoidance of direct confrontation of queer issues. Bruno left the series after he got very violent with a guy who was harassing Vince. Later, however, Vince received an admirer, Sherry. Yes, that is a girls name, and yes, she is a girl, and no, nothing happened - thank fairy godmothers.

It seems that the writers of *Breakers* don't understand that one of the key elements to being queer is same-sex relations. Sure, if the characters were bisexual all would be well, but when are we going to see some serious homoeroticism on prime time television? Well then Lucy, the failed heterosexual comes along. She has a jaded history with men and can't seem to hold a relationship. The *Breakers* writers still have not learnt the recipe for same-sex relations, and suddenly a lesbian character comes along. We will have to call her Linda because she has not been in the series long enough for me to learn her name.

Linda (who only has a guest



Where, like as not, precious few queer characters in mainstream TV will end up this year.

spot) deals with a bit of homophobia from other characters and this appears realistic. Lucy then pursues Linda only to be told that Linda has recently broken up with a woman who was questioning her sexuality in the same manner that Lucy is now. Nonetheless they begin an affair and even kiss in a manner which look like they went for a peck on the lips and held it for about four seconds. *Paradise Beach* had a lesbian character, but she had to get married to a guy for some sort of facade - be it her parents or for a visa or who cares what. Sure that sort of thing sadly happens too often but, more often you see queers in normal relationships. When will we see this? I'm sorry, stupid question.

The words queer, gay, lesbian, bisexual and any sexuality not heterosexual are not even in the vocabulary of the writers for *Neighbours* and *Home and Away*, which is OK because nobody watches them anyway.

Having distinct 'out' queer characters involved in same

sex relations is still avoided. Progress is made with lesbian relationships because they seem more acceptable. Perhaps many men's fantasies are filled with them, so hey, its cool; however it seems two men would just be perverted.

It is important that positive and more realistic queer role models are seen on prime time television. There is such a high suicide rate amongst the young queer community, which is largely attributed to the fact that there are no such role models to indicate to people that what they are is OK and normal.

You will never see a heterosexual involved with someone who is unsure about their heterosexuality. Just as you will never see Lucy and Linda's relationship last, Matt settle down with a normal guy or Vince ever even meet another gay man. Seeing a bisexual, a transvestite or a transsexual even in a cameo role would be a miracle.

George Valiotis

ABBA: Sexy Like Plastic

Forgive this tired old hack his reminiscent ramblings (and the tired burblings of one my vintage are inevitably tepid and tedious to the extreme, although I digress), but one instance of televisual delight this week warmed the cockles of even this hardened scribe's heart. But first let me transport you back in time many years, to a time when precious few of you were even born.

The year was 1974. A much younger Harrington-Blythe than the one you see before you now had tired of the music of the day. The insipid geetar noodling so all pervasive at the time had truly worn thin. Imagine my surprise, and even delight, when a young Swedish combo hit the stage of the almighty Eurovision Song Contest and stole my heart away. Those rakish, daring outfits, the

impeccably fuzzy facial hair, the pop sensibilities *in excelsius*. 'Twas a moment that fair took my heart away.

I followed those delightful young darlings throughout their all too short careers. For mine, they were sex on a stick. It was almost the absence of any discernible sexuality, the fact that they were so goddamned *plastic* that hooked me then, and hooked me ever since. And the dramatic tension, evident throughout their work - how could one not be wooed by the marriages, the divorces, the intrigue, the unending cheerfulness?

I was crushed when ABBA pulled stumps in '82, and I know that I am not alone. So I know too that I was not alone come Wednesday night when those delightful young creatures at the ABC screened

ABBA: The Winner Takes It All.

To see the very face of sex as I have known it since that fateful day in 1974, once again in all of their apparent glory ... you will forgive this old Brit his shameless display of emotion. And a tremendous piece of documentary film making it was too, blending the flawless live performance, archive footage and new interviews with a skill not witnessed in this quarter for some time.

But even the most sublime of moments must be crushed underfoot, and last Wednesday evening was no exception. To see Benny and Bjorn, Agnetha and Anni-Frid as they are today - well, to say that the illusion was destroyed is understatement at its finest.

I look now, and I suspect in vain, for a fresh definition of sex on a stick. Truly, 'tis not an



ABBA: Sex on a stick. In a box.

easy thing to do, particularly when the first flush of youth has passed one by. I dream that one day it will come. Can contemporary music give it to me? Here's hoping.

Skelton G Harrington-Blythe

"I'd have to say that episode of *Hot Streak*. You know, when they all dressed up like Thunderbirds. That was excellent"

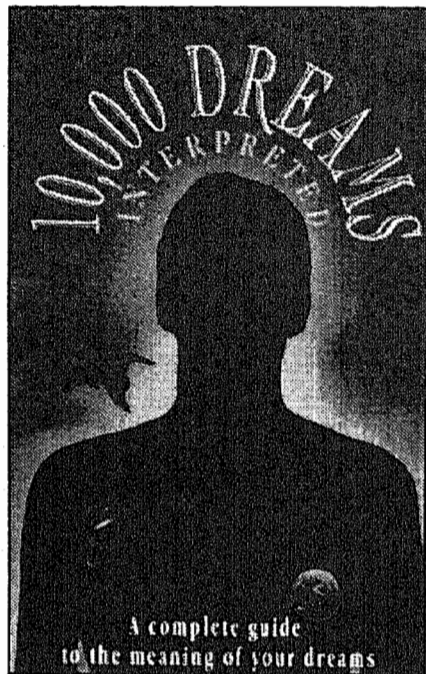
- Allan, public servant from Adelaide

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I Dreamt About a Squirrel



10,000 Dreams Interpreted: A Complete Guide to the Meaning of Your Dreams
Lothian Books

Do not be fooled. This is not a spanky New Age book. This is an old book which has been dug out, dusted off and re-published with nary a change - a facsimile of a book first published over ninety years ago.

To declare my bias, I'm not much of a fan of dream dictionaries (which is what this book essentially is) at the best of times. I mean really. You have this dream, right, with all this stuff in it. And you single something out from it - the fact that at one point you were trying to catch a grasshopper, perhaps. And this book that someone else wrote tells you that grasshoppers represent sexual dissatisfaction (or something), leading you to conclude that your sex life isn't what you thought it was. Because someone else says so. Kinda stupid, really, isn't it?

There's something ridiculous about simplifying dreams - complex, personal and individual in meaning as they are - to the point at which they are translatable by dictionary.

However, even a jaded cynic such as myself will admit that there is something to some of the dream books out there, even if at their best they are only spelling out what is sheer common sense (for example, dreaming that you are in a car driven by someone else is supposed to indicate that you feel that you are not in control of your life).

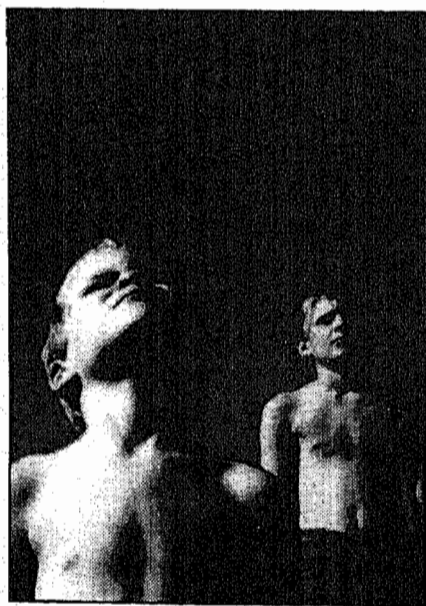
This is not, however, a dream book that has anything to do with common sense, or in fact with psychology or the subconscious. Its interpretations are simplistic, sexist and thoroughly outdated - inappropriate for any era other

than the one for which they were written. Belonging in the same realm as the belief that if a woman sleeps with rose petals under her pillow she will dream of the man she is to marry, the meanings given to objects and actions in dreams sound like superstition, but make less sense. Dreams are treated not as expressions of a person's feelings, hopes and anxieties but as omens of things to come: fortune cookies predicting wealth or penury, loyalty or betrayal, trouble or success. I'll leave you with this thought:

To dream of a ramrod denotes unfortunate adventures ... For a young woman to see one bent or broken foretells that a dear friend or lover will fail her. (p 471)

Eva O'Driscoll

(Please call me) Navel Gazing



Desirelines
Peter Wherrett & Richard Wherrett
Sceptre
\$17.95

The best thing about *Desirelines* is the quote at the beginning:

In buildings and parks, but particularly in parks, there are paths that the designers have decided are the best way to move people around. But there are also other paths - the brown, trodden-down ones that people actually use. They have a name, these trodden-

down paths. They're called desirelines. They're the way people want to go, not the way they have been told to. The thing about the desireline is that it's actually the shortest path between two points. Between the beach and the carpark. The swing and the slide. Between judgement and understanding. People are very clever, they're very good at finding the desireline when they want to. But only when they want to.

(from *Desirelines*, a play by Michael Gurr).

Now I've saved you the trouble of reading the book.

Desirelines is the autobiographical story of the two Wherrett brothers: Peter, who had a couple of motoring programs and still appears in car ads occasionally, and Richard, a theatre director. The brothers grew up in Sydney's western suburbs in the 1950s, triumphed over adversity in the form of a truly fucked-up family (an abusive, alcoholic, epileptic, guilt-ridden cross-dressing father and a saintly beaten-doormat of a mother) and went on to lead full and successful lives.

If writing is an act of ego, writing

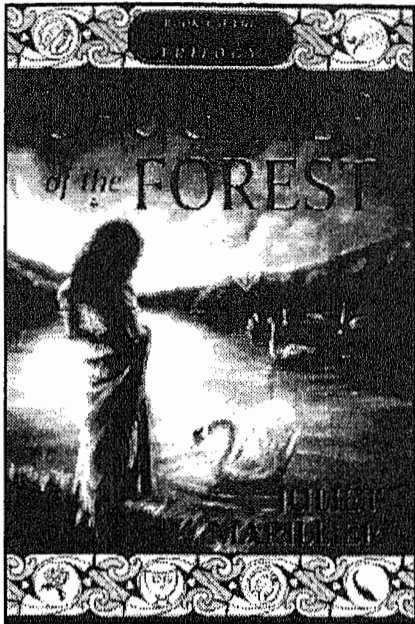
an autobiography is even more of one, and the only excuse for inflicting an act of such self-indulgence on the general public is to have either led an exceptionally interesting life or to be able to write about your life exceptionally. Neither is true of the Wherrett brothers. Although they are obviously literate, articulate men, although they are doubtless talented in their respective areas, they are emphatically *not* writers, and had they not been reasonably well-known Australian personages, this book would never have been published. As snippets in television interviews, what the Wherretts have to say could well be interesting. If you were a Wherrett, hearing this story from Uncle Peter or Uncle Richard over a mug of Milo at the kitchen table, it would be interesting. It might even be interesting if, like the Wherretts, you were part of the scene in Australia during the sixties and seventies, in which case you might actually recognise some of the names being dropped and appreciate the gossip. Otherwise, there is not much to recommend it.

Despite being real, the characters

are largely two-dimensional, and despite a plot that has the stuff of high drama, for the most part the narratives skim over the surface, failing to engage. Yes, Richard talks about being gay and, yes, Peter talks about his cross-dressing, but there's no blood, no passion. Just dry fact, self-indulgent waffle, occasional didacticism, superficial introspection and noble intentions. I say 'noble intentions' because the Wherretts cite altruistic motives for telling their story: they hope that their tale of struggle will be a source of hope, courage and enlightenment. They certainly must be commended for their courage in writing of their personal lives with such candour. However, *Desirelines* can still only be described as an immense act of joint ego. You may wish to read it for the voyeuristic kick of reading about other people's private lives; you may wish to read it for the insight it provides into an era; you may wish to read it to see how the same people and events can be viewed differently through different eyes. But I recommend that you give it a miss.

Eva O'Driscoll

Plastic Fantastic



Daughter of the Forest
Sevenwaters Trilogy
Juliet Marillier

It seems to go without saying that you can't have a fantasy novel that isn't part of a trilogy. *Daughter of the Forest* is only Book 1 of the *Sevenwaters Trilogy*, despite involving a narrative which has a

beginning, middle and end in the one volume, and arguably can stand on its own. Marillier has been able to live up to the great Fantasy Trilogy Law, while crafting a tale which finishes satisfactorily - if a little predictably. She certainly lives up to the other rules of the genre, so *Daughter of the Forest* begins not only with a map of the realm, but a pronunciation guide for Celtic names.

Daughter of the Forest is styled after traditional Celtic fairytales, replete with curses and spells, mortal lords and fairy queens. Sorcha is the only daughter to Lord Colum of Sevenwaters; she lives with her estranged and obsessive father and her six brothers.

Each brother has a special gift: Liam, a natural leader; Finbar, the gift of Sight; etc. One day the father remarries; his new wife is the sorcerous Lady Oonagh (an unfortunate name if I've ever heard

one). Daily life at Sevenwaters begins to go awry.

Eventually, in an attempt to stop Lady Oonagh, the six brothers are caught in a spell which only Sorcha can break. She is given an arduous, seemingly impossible task, which must be completed under certain conditions, to ensure her brothers return to mortal form. I can't say that Marillier's style particularly caught my imagination, but her story soon did. That is, after I suspended my disbelief that Sorcha is a practicing vegetarian in medieval Ireland. How she finds bean curd when everyone else is wolfing down beef stew or devouring chickens, I don't know. Despite this unlikely difference, her character is not unusual for fantasy novels: a girl who fights for what she loves, against the odds, showing superhuman displays of emotional strength and a fierce will. Well, this is how she is often described, although she

tends to let men do most of her talking, and is constantly aggrieved at men for not coming to her aid when she 'needs' them.

Characters such as Conor, Red and Finbar are fleshed out rather well, although I fear this is at the expense of other characters, who are two-dimensional and therefore not a little irritating. Marillier's writing style is consistent, and occasionally she manages a turn of phrase that will surprise a laugh from you. The story is finished with enough loose ends with which to fashion Book 2 of the trilogy, but without leaving the reader dissatisfied.

Fantasy and fairytale fans: you'll enjoy *Daughter of the Forest* not only because it's a ripping yarn, but because you'll have that lovely smug feeling that you get when you know exactly how things are going to turn out. Nice.

Alethea Reid

Go the Crows!

These are not the only pieces worth pointing out, nor are they the only examples of work that impressed, and a collection such as this will no doubt fall into the hands of readers with contrasting and arguable opinions, so it's

worth finding a view of your own. The preface states that "the two major impulses that drive the writer are the desire to express oneself and the wish to communicate with others". This, they have fulfilled.



Fertile Ground - An Anthology of South Australian Writing
Wakefield Press

The cover looks like an agricultural science text book but don't let that put you off because *Fertile Ground* is a highly enjoyable collection of short stories and poems by 22 writers who met during a Flinders University creative writing course.

Covering a range of topics and styles, *Fertile Ground* demonstrates how much potential exists

within writers currently emerging from South Australia, all, except one within this anthology, previously unpublished. As some of the stories and poems are raw and unpolished and others are well refined and carefully shaped, it is difficult to give an overall opinion of the anthology. The simple fact is that some examples of work are excellent, and some are not.

Tony Bugeja opens with a telling description of his father in *Metamorphosis in Suburbia*, Michael Deves closes with the reflective and moody *Broken Spar* and sandwiched between are examples of such highly promising work as Kristy Rebbeck's *Black Veins*, Brooke Thomas's *The Company Jetty* (reminiscent of Dorothy Parker's classic *A Telephone Call*) and D. Stuart Gravestock's extract from a work in progress, *One In Seventeen Million*.

The poems featured in *Fertile Ground* range from the ardently powerful to the sluggish. Maureen Sexton's seven distinct and charged poems are a highlight, as are Peter Manthorpe's *Tern* and the short and simple *Today, in the Mail*.

North Terrace

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Bound (1996)

Director: Larry and Andy Wachowski

Jennifer Tilly, Gina Gershon, Joe Pantoliano

Larry and Andy Wachowski (*The Matrix*) hit the big-time in 1996 with their debut film *Bound*, which they wrote and directed together. A dazzlingly stylish thriller, it combines the gangster movie with film noir, adding a thread of lesbian love-boating to an already potent combination. The syrup-voiced Jennifer Tilly (*Bullets Over Broadway*) plays

Violet, a sultry seductress unhappily married to Caesar, a small time crook. She takes a shine to her new neighbour Corky, played by Gina Gershon (*Show Girls*), an ex-con turned handy-woman, and pretty soon they are sharing coffee and exchanging body fluids. With a couple million of the Mafia's money stashed in the apartment, and with only a few hours to do something about it, Violet and Corky hatch a devious plan to escape with the money and frame Caesar. The rat-faced Joe Pantoliano (*The Fugitive*) portrays Caesar as a manic, pathetic

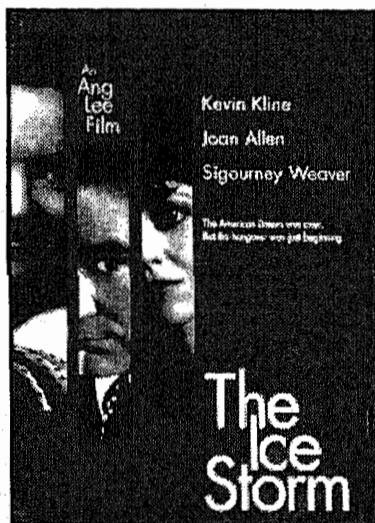
loser, as he becomes increasingly exasperated trying to find the money before his boss shows up to collect. *Bound* is infused with a bold and knowing visual style. The violence is thrust upon the viewer with an immediacy common in contemporary films, and the plot twists and turns in the volatile manner of the Coen brothers, another pair of consummate visual stylists, although more experienced. Even the romantic thread and engagingly steamy sex scenes between the female leads are given extra weight by the presence of a lesbian writer posing as

a technical adviser for the film. Even so, there are obvious reasons why Violet would gravitate towards Corky rather than her husband.

Sandwiched between their screenplay for the Sylvester Stallone/Antonio Banderas action flick *Assassins*, and the action/sci-fi extravaganza *The Matrix*, *Bound* marks the point where the Wachowski brothers came into their own as accomplished filmmakers, putting a new spin on an old generic form.

Daniel Gear

Phallusy



The Ice Storm (1996)

Director: Ang Lee

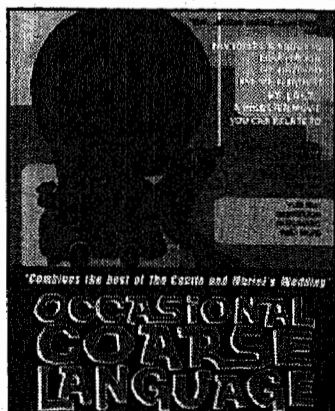
Roadshow Entertainment

I have one word for *The Ice Storm* (actually it's two)..pathetic fallacy, a phrase I learnt in Year Ten and have since tried to use at least once in all my essays. The film is a sensitive and at times, disturbing portrayal of family meltdown. The Carvers and the Hoods are neighbours in New Jersey 1960's style. Ben Hood (in a different role for Kevin Kline) is carrying on a secret affair with Janie Carver (Sigourney Weaver). Both families are dealing with sexuality issues along parallel lines. Their kids are playing a constant game of "I'll show you mine if you show me yours", Ben isn't getting any

from his wife Ellen (Joan Allen - seen recently in much the same role in *Pleasantville*), youngster Paul Hood - Toby Maguire from *Pleasantville*, is trying to seduce some random girl from school (played with tenacity by Katie Holmes from everyone's favourite Tuesday night in - *Dawsons Creek*.) Basically everyone is dealing with a sexual issue and it all comes to a head (no pun intended) during the ice storm. The cinematography of the ice storm doesn't leave much to be desired, and hence the superb impact of pathetic fallacy. I'm rarely happy with the endings of Hollywood

films, but this one was both complex and a little disturbing, and therefore refreshing. I was also pleasantly surprised by a lack of plastic performances despite a star studded cast. I would have liked to have seen more emphasis on character development and a little more depth. However, Christinna Ricci was great as always, Elijah Wood gave a solid performance as the vaage Mikey Carver and Sigourney Weaver was deservedly nominated for a Best Supporting Actress Oscar for her role. A movie to make you think (a bit.)

Tits



Occasional Coarse Language (1998) Director: Brad Hayward

Village Roadshow

Sara Browne, Astrid Grant, Nicholas Bishop, Michael Walker

What do you do when you lose your job, your boyfriend, and a place to live all in the one week? Why, find new ones of course! Unfortunately there is no nice way to find out that your housemate (bitch!) is fucking your (now ex) boyfriend (asshole!), and in the back of your car, too (how bloody rude!) *Occasional Coarse Language* follows the fortunes of Mim Rogers (Sara Browne) over the time it takes for her to piece her life back together.

The film is fun. Fun without the camp kitsch of a film such as *Muriel's Wedding* - not that I

didn't love *Muriel*, but *Occasional Coarse Language* is much more real, more believable, and more down to earth. It could be any of us - we have all had these experiences, and this is what makes the film so appealing.

Occasional Coarse Language is a snappy, dialogue-driven film with the most effective use of stills and narration I have ever seen. The editing is fantastic and fast-paced, and Brad Hayward (writer and director) has created what is sure to become a Australian cult film (I loved it *that much!*)

The characters are mostly strong

and well developed, with the slight exception being Astrid Grant as Jaz, Mim's best friend. I found her performance a little wooden, but am willing to let it go because the dialogue was so damned funny: "What's eating you?" "No-one-that's just the point, isn't it?" (!!!!)

Occasional Coarse Language is recommended if you want something fun and light, without being lame, superficial, or just plain stupid. In fact, it is worth hiring just for the hilarious 'snooping' scene!

Jayne Lewis

Desire and Impotency



What Have I Done To Deserve This? (1984)

Director: Pedro Almodovar
Siren Entertainment

Carmen Maura, Angel de Andres-Lopez, Veronica Forqué, Juan Martinez

This film is ostensibly the pivotal work in Almodovar's complex

oeuvre. The film begins with a highly charged scene of desire and impotency. Almodovar starts the film with an awkward and failed attempt at adultery. The spontaneous act is abandoned because of inability to perform and we are left with the depressed reactions of the unsuccessful lovers.

From here the narrative focuses on Gloria, played by Carmen Maura in an unforgettable performance. Gloria is a struggling housewife burdened by a serious drug addiction, a misogynist husband, an insane mother-in-law and Tony, her drug dealing son. Her youngest son, Miguel, is pimping himself off to his friends'

fathers. Because of the family's lack of income Miguel is eventually sent off to a perverted dentist who agrees to adopt the boy and send him through Art School. Things get worse however, and the cards are marked for her family. The pressure, tension and anger builds in Gloria culminating in an eventually powerful release.

What Have I Done To Deserve This? is arguably Almodovar's strongest work to date. Although this film contains the irrepressible wit of the director's flippancy it lacks the ludicrous pastel reality of *Women On The Verge Of A Nervous Breakdown*. Unlike *Dark Habits* Almodovar maintains his fixated gaze on domestic relationships (it seems to be the only

theme that our truly great directors want to discuss). His return to this topic with his *Live Flesh* (an adaptation of a Ruth Rendell novel) signals how important the subject is to this genius of the Spanish screen.

This film is everything that good cinema should be. It's shocking; it's engaging; it's funny and somehow despite all that it's almost real. Almodovar's singularly greatest achievement is his expression of the sublime through the ridiculous. This film has everything; whips, frauds, murder, kendo and don't miss the wonderful performance of Cash, the pet lizard.

Lil' Vince

Following what was written last week, Roadshow Entertainment have kindly given us some copies of *The Ice Storm* to giveaway. To win one, just pop your name and phone number into the *On Dit* office by Friday.



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LOCAL NOISE

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playing live to air on the

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winner's of the TRIPLE M "BATTLE OF ROCK",
so lock up your daughters.

i like it cold and furry

In the sexuality edition of *On Dit* it is usual to find nothing but references to the two most common forms - heterosexuality and homosexuality - and their bastard offspring, bisexuality. It's time someone discussed, in a serious, matter-of-fact way, a fourth and very valid form of sexual expression. It isn't bestiality or necrophilia but something quite different and deceptively alluring.

Bestiality is illegal, and for good reason. Rooting an animal can be very enjoyable and some people do derive a great deal of pleasure from this practice. But it's hardly fair on the animal, for whom sex or buggery with a human can be a bewildering or painful experience; this is especially true for small creatures, such as rats, lizards or worms, who are physiologically maladapted for inter-species copulation. For animal welfare concerns, if for no other reason, bestiality is illegal in South Australia.

Necrophilia is another outlawed way of fun. Dead people can feel no pain or bewilderment, but there are quite well-justified arguments for prohibition based on the sanctity of the dead and their right to rest in peace. After all,



would you feel comfortable knowing that after your death somebody you may not have ever met could end up having intimate sexual encounters with your corpse? Some people might get a kick out of this, but for good cultural and moral reasons necrophilia is frowned upon.

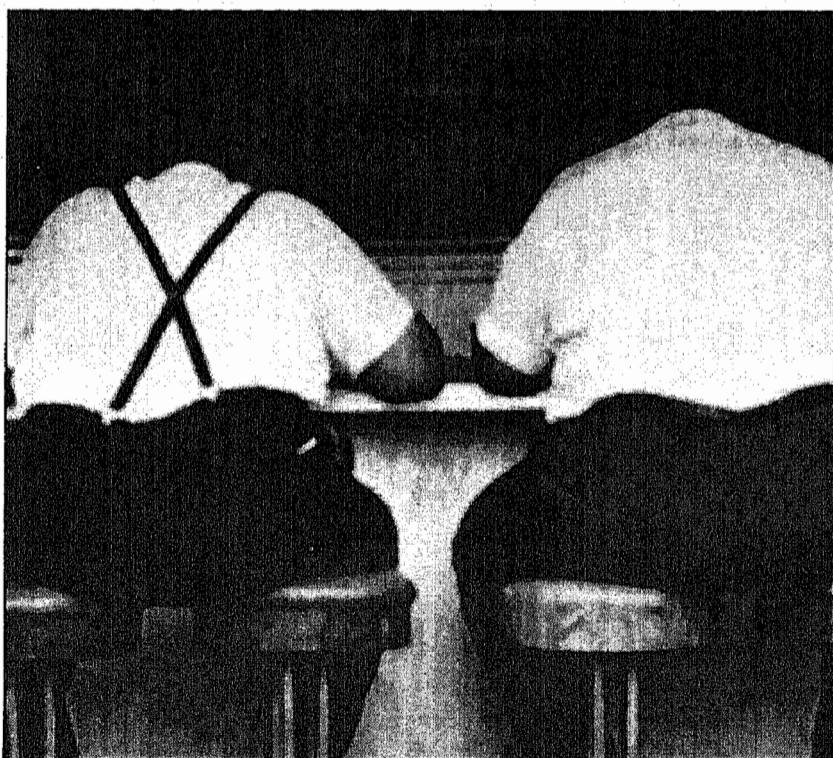
There is, however, a case to be made for the combination of the two practices - sex with dead animals. Call it what you like: necrophilic bestiality or bestial necrophilia; under any name it has a certain appeal.

Dead animals, like dead humans, feel nothing, so there are no welfare issues involved. And I see no arguments based on the sanctity of the dead this way: if you're willing to eat it, why not make sweet love to it? This practice has several advantages over more conventional means of attaining sexual satisfaction. For example:

- There is no need for a commitment
- You save money on contraceptives and prophylaxis

- You are unlikely to catch any diseases (just don't try giving your partner oral sex)
- Animals come in all shapes, sizes and textures (both internal and external)
- If you like it rough they won't take out a restraining order against you, and
- they never complain if you won't go down on them

So open your mind, and the next time someone admits to liking it dead and liking it in-human don't ridicule them, accept them for what they are.



get up off your arse...

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SAUA A/CVP on 8303 5406,
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we just like it



sexuality can be about learning
to enjoy your body.
sometimes by yourself.
some time with me?



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Alida Parente
SAUA President



News That's Hard To Swallow

TOO MUCH PETROL?

A poorly timed nap by a Spanish petrol station attendant has proved costly. When customers saw the attendant was snoozing they decided to not only fill up their cars for free but call their friends to do the same. The fuelling frenzy rang up one thousand dollars before a police patrol car pulled in for a refill and noticed the sleeping attendant. To add insult to injury the attendant was then arrested as he was wanted by police over a separate incident.

IS BLINKY BILL

- a) A KOALA
- b) A RABBIT
- c) A KANGAROO
- d) AN ECHIDNA

(actual question)

The new wave of big buck TV game shows have spawned a new form of violence...."game show rage". Queensland police say they attended an incident where a man was so incensed by a contestant's stupidity he began throwing furniture around his flat. The man explained he was watching Who Wants to be a Millionaire when the contestant was asked 'Which Steve McQueen movie involves him escaping from a prison on Devil's Island? Her answer of *The Great Escape* set him off screaming, yelling and throwing furniture. *Papillon* is the correct answer. You silly bitch! Police told him to calm down....he did....and won't be charged.

WITH A NAME LIKE SUPACHAI, WHERE'S THE COMPETITION?

Departing Director General Renato Ruggiero says he's disappointed the World Trade Organisation has still to appoint his successor. Mr Ruggiero's term officially ended this morning and he says there's no reason why a decision can't be reached by consensus quickly. Talks continue as members consider whether to choose Mike Moore or Supachai Panitchpakdi. Mr Ruggiero says a new Director General is needed as soon as possible with the WTO Ministerial Conference in Seattle due to start shortly.

STICK THAT PHONE UP YOUR ARSE

The reign of an habitual obscene telephone caller has come to a abrupt

end. The Austrian man tormented women with over 36 obscene telephone calls a day. However, one of his victims caught him out when she told him she was busy and asked him to leave his number so that she could get back to him later. The man has admitted to making more than forty thousand calls in the Vienna area over the last three years.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MR TONY BLAIR, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

Officials of the London Underground transit system are employing the dulcet tones of Marilyn Monroe to soothe stressed passengers. Clients and personnel are reported to be tired of the current batch of recordings used to announce stations or ask people to "mind the gap" as they board trains. After testing several voices on a group of passengers, the company says the digitally recreated tone of Hollywood's ultimate sensual icon was given the thumbs up.

IN KOSOVO

Kosovo's ethnic Albanian leader Ibrahim Rugova has arrived in Italy in what may be the start of a new peace initiative. The moderate Albanian leader is having a series of meetings with Italian officials after being allowed to leave Yugoslavia. There is speculation Mr Rugova met with top Yugoslav government officials before leaving Belgrade, and may be relaying new proposals to end the NATO air bombardment of Yugoslavia. In more news from Kosovo, NATO has suffered its first fatalities in the war against Yugoslavia. Two US army personnel died when their Apache combat helicopter crashed in Albania. NATO supreme commander General Wesley Clark says the chopper went down during a training exercise at night and wasn't the result of hostile fire. It's the second Apache lost in the Balkans during training....in the earlier incident both crew survived.

FUNNIEST HOME VIDEO

A German couple has been killed by tigers at a safari park in Spain after venturing out of their car. The pair were attacked by three cats at El Vergel park. Park manager Rosario Montaner says the man and woman were very

reckless and there are numerous warnings against getting out of your car, winding down the windows, or even stopping too long.

WHY DON'T WE JUST NUKE THE WHOLE OF EAST GOD-DAMN EUROPE, POP?

An outgoing NATO military chief has taken a swipe at the rules they're being forced to follow in the war against Yugoslavia. General Klaus Nauman says their campaign has been weakened by having to avoid any possibility of hitting civilian targets. He says the Serbs know this and hide their weapons and troops close to civilian buildings. If they did not know this however, Klaus reckons that they will now. General Nauman says they may not have been able to stop the ethnic-cleansing but they have definitely slowed it down.

DON'T DRINK AND DIE

Oliver Reed was having one hell of a party on the afternoon he died, if his bar tab is anything to go by. The British tabloids have had their calculators out and reckon the 61 year old ran up a bill of 843 dollars in a Malta bar. The Daily Star says Reed knocked back 10 pints and 12 rums, and possibly a whisky or two before nodding off on a bench. Apparently he didn't pay the bill before dying of a suspected

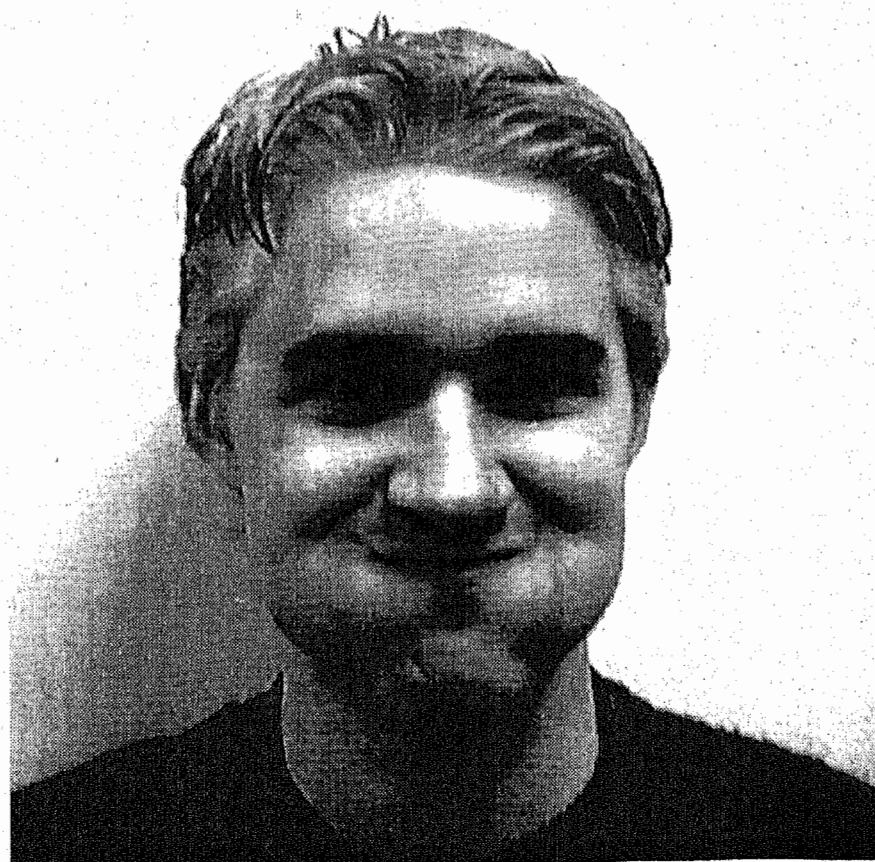
heart attack but ultimately he did pay the price.

ALL THIS FLYING HAS MADE ME...

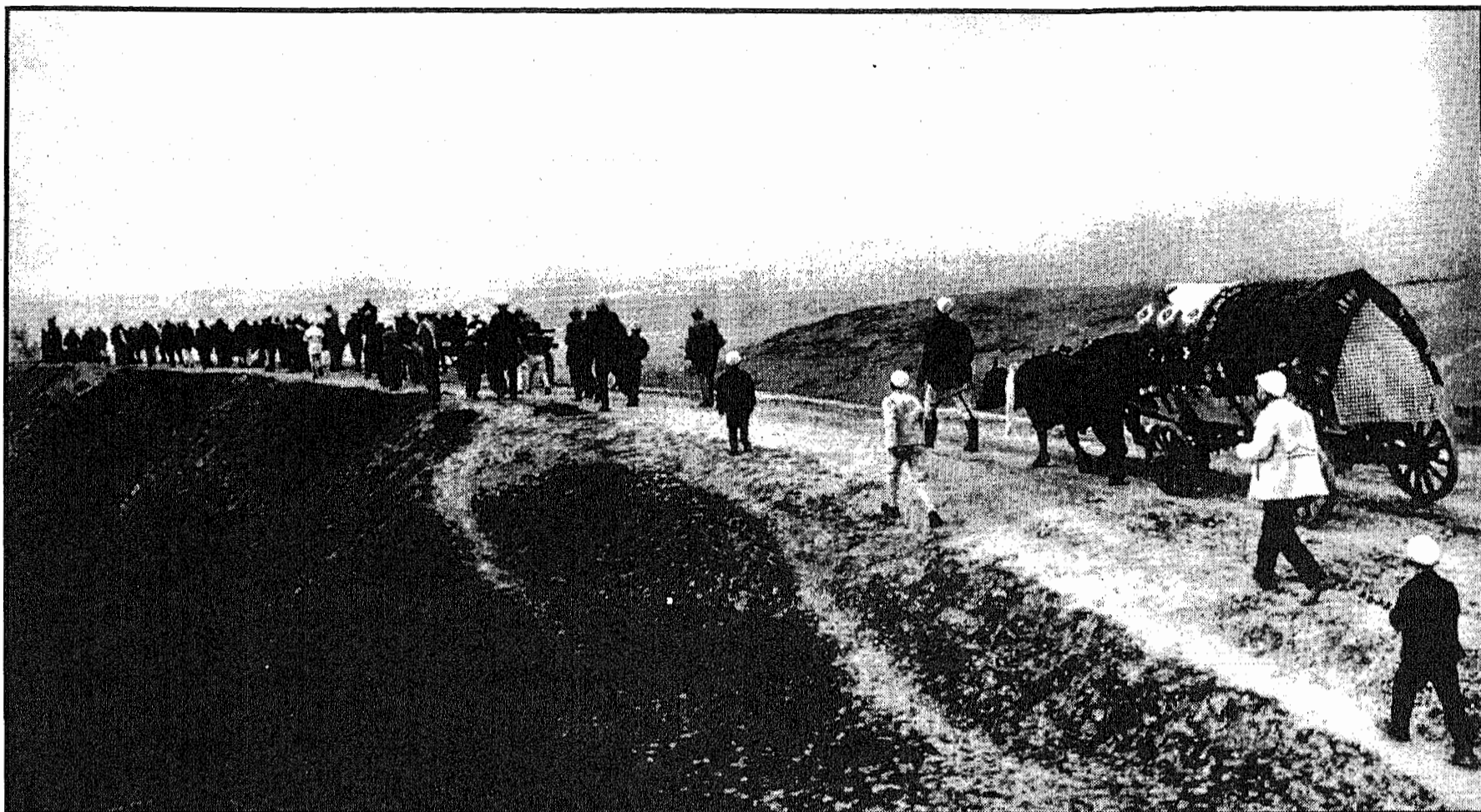
'Flight attendant loses bet with captain'. British Airways won't be taking any action against a flight attendant who stripped to her underwear and ran around the outside of a plane. I'm sure that the captain will providing he's got any brains, or wasn't a Qantas steward prior to becoming a pilot. Andrea O'Neill performed the stunt after losing a bet with the captain of her flight that they couldn't arrive on time in Genoa. Fortunately the flight arrived 10 minutes early. So she promptly stripped to her underwear and wearing the captain's hat and a yellow flight vest ran around the plane. No passengers were on the plane at the time but I bet that they all wish that they had been.

FAT-CAT DRUG COMPANY TAKES BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO COURT

The drug company that produces Viagra is taking the British government to court. U.S. company Pfizer is unhappy about advice from Britain's Department of Health telling doctors not to prescribe the anti-impotence pill. A spokesman says the company wants the advice declared illegal.



Religion: The Balkan Evil



A return to Exodus: Kosovo refugees are forced across the border to find temporary safety and temporary relief.

Serbia's savagery in Kosova has finally exposed one of Europe's darkest and dirtiest secrets: the long racial and religious war against the Muslims of the Balkans.

Hatred of Muslims is the 1990s version of the anti-Semitism of the 1930s that led to the extermination of Europe's Jews. Just as many Europeans were overtly or secretly happy during the Nazi era to be rid of the Jews, so today, some modern Europeans actively or tacitly support the latest campaign by Serbia's Muslim-hating racist regime to impose a 'final solution' to the 'problem' of the Balkan Muslims.

After the Ottoman Empire in Eastern Europe collapsed in 1912, hundreds of thousands of Muslim Turks were slaughtered or driven out. At the end of the Turkish-Greek war 1920-28, large numbers of Slav and Albanian Muslims were expelled from Bosnia, Kosova and Serbia. Today, there are almost 2 million people of Bosnian descent and some 1 million of Albanian origin living in Turkey.

These vast expulsions still left

some Turks, and millions of native Balkan Muslims, the descendants of Serbs, Albanians, Greeks and Bulgarians who had voluntarily converted to Islam in the 15-16th Centuries to escape fierce religious persecution from the Catholic or Orthodox Churches, or to avoid a head tax on Christians levied by the Ottomans.

Today, there are some 10 million Muslims in the Balkans: nearly 3 million nominal Muslims in Albania; 2.3 million in Kosova and Sanjak; 2 million in Bosnia; 2 million in Bulgaria; 180,000 in Greece; and 600-700,000 Muslim Albanians in Macedonia.

In the 1980s, Bulgaria expelled 300,000 Muslim citizens and forced the remaining Muslims to Slavise their names and adopt Orthodox Christianity. A few years later, Serbia began attempts to exterminate or drive out Bosnia's Muslims.

France and Britain, nervous over their own large Muslim minorities, and traditionally anti-Muslim because of their colonial past, thwarted US efforts to halt ethnic warfare against Bosnia's Muslims. Greece, Bulgaria and

Macedonia gave the Serbs economic and diplomatic support. The West's tacit approval, or ineffectual opposition, to this ethnic-religious warfare opened the way for Serbia's 'final solution' in Kosova.

Today, there is wide support among Orthodox nations of Eastern Europe for Serbia's merciless campaign to eradicate its Muslim and Catholic Albanian minority. What we are seeing is not just a war over land, it is an eruption of the most vicious medieval hatred against non-Slavs and non-Orthodox people, encouraged and inflamed by demagogue Slobodan Milosevic and some extremist elements of the Orthodox clergy. Slavs in Bulgaria, Macedonia and Russia, and, sadly, some Greeks, are cheering on this massive programme, just as Europe's Catholic right applauded Germany's 'purification' of Jews from their midst.

Serb propaganda paints Albanians and Muslims as 'dirty, violent Turks' who 'breed like rabbits', 'run drugs' and flood Slav lands with their alien offspring, the vanguard of a vast 'Islamic

horde about to invade Christian Europe'. Orthodox priests preach revenge for events 500 years past, even urging a new crusade to 'liberate Constantinople (modern Istanbul) from the Turks'. Milosevic began the horrors of ethnic warfare, vowing, a decade ago, 'we will send all the Muslims back to Mecca'.

Ironically, Albania was always renowned for religious tolerance. Muslims drank and celebrated Christmas and Easter; Catholics often observed Ramadan; Muslim, Orthodox and Catholic Albanians mixed freely and without the slightest rancour. Every member of Albania's small Jewish community was hidden from the Nazis and Italian fascists.

Yet the easy-going, unreligious Albanians and other Balkan Muslims now are paying a terrible price for long-past centuries of religious and racial hatred. They have become scapegoats for the frustrations, economic ruin and low self-esteem of the failed, only semi-Europeanised nations of the darkest Balkans.

Eric Margolis

SONGS YOU CAN



Innervision
"Innervision"
Innervision

The first thing that strikes me about Innervision isn't even their music. According to their biography (which is good in itself.....this band has great promotional skills) it seems that the band members haven't been playing their respective instruments for very long (ie. a few years / self-taught). You would be forgiven at times whilst listening to this self-produced E.P. that they had been playing for a little longer. In part this is because of some decent song writing skills and also due to the dominant playing by the lead guitarist, James Blencowe (who has a few more years experience under his belt). O.K....now to the music. Luke Ashby (vocals, rhythm guitar) can actually sing (unlike the majority of today's bands) and has a pleasant voice that compliments the songs. His style is ideally suited to this type of music (guitar driven, pop / rock / blues). 'Distant Star', the opening track, is the most obvious choice for radio play. It is short, sharp and, on the whole, catchy (but not too catchy as to become annoying). The second track, 'Spirit', is very good....musically. I say "musically" because I still can't tell whether the vocals are a joke or not (this is obviously NOT Luke singing). It is almost a shame because this song would have been one of the better songs on the E.P. if either Luke had a go singing it or if the current vocalist "toned down" his current style a little. (Just a note....a few people I know...without naming names.... made the same observations about this track and thought it should be known to the band.) 'In The Picture' has a quicker tempo than the previous two tracks. It is also a good song...but never seems to go anywhere. Still, it has potential to be a good live song. Track four, 'Ascendance', is the highlight of the E.P. for my money. It is a slow, dreamy and interesting instrumental with some fitting guitar work. Instrumentals have a habit of trying to do too much....you know, the huge wanky guitar solos, etc. This one, however, is perfect. At one point I was reminded somewhat of Jimi Hendrix's "Little Wing" in the chord progression and overall feel of the song. Interesting, but brief, experimentation in production towards the end of the song using compression on the drums. Great song. 'Each Other's Eyes' closes the E.P.. This song is complete with a trumpet in the intro and chorus courtesy of bassist Darren Van Dam. Just for equality, the drummer's name is Shane Forster. He puts in a solid performance on the drums....sorry Shane if you felt left out!. Another well constructed song. This is the track with the "big chorus" which everybody can sing along to. All in all, a good introduction to a local band with a lot of potential. Well worth a listen.

Jorm

Technique
"Sun is Shining" Single
Sony

Techno song with female voice backing. Not very good. And the b-side remixes are TERRIBLE. Sorry, but there it is.

Chris

Various Artists
"Sunday Morning Coming Down"
Universal



There has been one thing that I have failed to understand for the past few years - Why in God's name is *Recovery* on Saturday morning instead of a Sunday morning? Who needs to recover from a Friday night? Isn't Saturday night the painful ritual of consumption that leads to a martyrdom of pain from excess? To my confused rescue comes this new winner from Universal. 'Sunday Morning, Coming Down' is a compilation of cool, soothing music for that morning when your body feels like it's trying to pass somebody else's gall stones. (By the way, you can also listen to this album whenever you want. It doesn't have to be a Sunday morning).

Every track on this album is phat. From Paul Weller's soulful "Blue Cafe" to the sublime brilliance of

Sonic Animation
"love lies bleeding" Single
Global Recordings

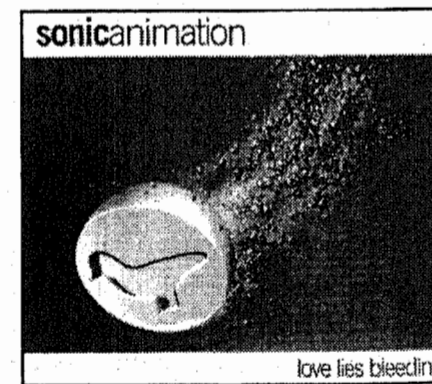
This incredibly dancy hit anthem has been thrashed to death on the airwaves recently. If you really like the song then you'll only be able to dust yourself off and hope that the ride can last. The good news is that it should. This is only the extended single of "love lies bleeding" but it feels more like an extended experimental ambient ep. Seeing these boys live at Offshore probably doesn't help with the attraction. These

Ronny Jordan's guitar on the seminal "Vanston Place (00 AM)". This album has all of those dirge ballads that you can longingly tap your heart to. Lou Reed's "Perfect Day" (most famous for its place on the *Trainspotting* soundtrack) and Marvin Gaye's "Mercy Mercy Me" are inspired choices even if they are 25 years old.

Some of the choices seem a little dated or is that just because the songs were thrashed when they were released? "Falling" by Julee Cruise and Beats International's "Dub Be Good To Me" are both so 1990. Back then we didn't even know that name of Iraq's Head of State. Vangelis even gets a guernsey with his "Love Theme from *Bladerunner*". Well you might be thinking this album sounds like a bunch of beatless ambient tosh. Well, the soothing is contrasted with the cool. MC Solaar has been included with his funkier-than-thou "Nouveau Western". If there's French Funk in Heaven then Solaar is doing it with the Lord.

This album is a totalising experience in perfect groove floatation. By it and get serene.

Lil' Vince



guys went off. Some criticisms I've heard of Sonic Animation is that they are a bit derivative. I thought that the art of synthesizers was about the art of Synthesis. (Or is that just me?)

Lil' Vince

SUCK FACE TO

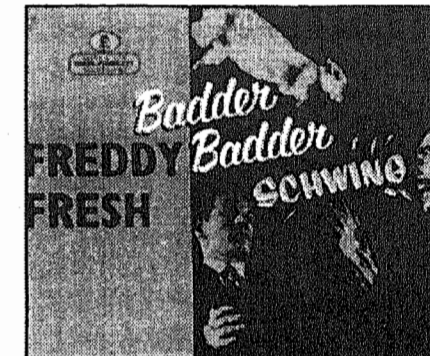


Moby
"Run On" Single
Mute / Mushroom

Having experimented with rave, heavy metal and movie soundtracks, animal rights activist/religious devotee/musical genius Moby turns his hand to something typically obtuse- the spiritual. And it's quite good actually. Basically an interpretation of "Run On For A Long Time" by Bill Landford and the Landfordaires, "Run On" smacks of an Afro-American barbershop quartet with minimalist high tech backing. Bound to get stuck in your head for days, as it infiltrates the JJJ play list. The two B sides "Sunday" and "Down Slow" on the other hand, are growers rather than grabbers. Both are gorgeous chill out tunes, the former sun-drenched, the latter eerie and empty.

Steve Finney

Freddy Fresh (featuring Fatboy Slim)
"Badder Badder Schwing"
Sony / Independiente



Having guested recently with both the Freestylers and Fatboy Slim (the vocal for "F---ing in Heaven" would you believe...), old school DJ/MC Freddy Fresh make a comeback to the recording scene. The title track is a tasty slice of big beat, very much in the style of The Wiseguy's "Start the Commotion". Compadre Fatboy Slim's influence is evident in the vocal builds which feature his trademark progressions. The first of the two B sides is more big beat with a very repetitive Spanish lyric. Amusing for about 5 minutes but then just annoying. The second track, "The Dream", a more subtle, moody, laid-back piece is the unexpected star.

Fatboy Fish

Student Radio

Do you want some lovin' in your earhole? Do you need some 'mood music' to keep your night alright? Student Radio has the sweet, soulful, sounds to enhance your nightlife and to rubdown your aural senses.

This very **Tuesday**, at **11pm**, **The Gina-a-Genda** takes to the air waves. The agenda is: telling it like it is to the kids. Women's/wimmin's/womyn's/wyrmen's issues, other people's issues, my issues, other people's issues and most especially YOUR issues. **The Gina-a-Genda** is proud to tackle the tough chewy bits that the mainstream media leaves out. They also play some nice music.

Not only that, Student Radio is also proud to present **Perverts**, at the same time (that's **11pm**, for the attention deficient) on every other **Tuesday**. Ana and Daniel present the best possible listening for all of the perverse little people out in the world. And hey, let's face it, we're all a little perverse somewhere on the inside. Yes, even you. And your mum. **Perverts** gives you all of the sordid and informative things that you need to know, but were afraid to ask. So what more reason do you need to listen to Student Radio over the upcoming weeks? It's sexy.

This week on LOCAL NOISE

Lube up your earhole, Student Radio is in the house for some aural sex.

Peter 'Raunch-Bag' Adams and Christian 'Spunkrat' Haebich.

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Check out Temporal Lobe's new EP
'Human Flesh and Sound Waves'
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poets who know it

St Valentine's Day

Lonely as a tombstone
don't despair
the stars are eyes watching you

Sappho's cloud island
fell into my arms like lightning bolts
splitting night into a flood of light
flowing into a stream of dreams
riveting me in Pre-Rapaelite raptures
ripping open the universe
the sky no limit
as goddess sex priestess
Lady Madonna of the moon
elevated me through heaven
relishing revelry reverie
gushing luscious lust
orgiastic orgasmic cosmic
psychic sex seduction
splashing psychedelic passion
blood red roses in my womb
swallowing whole your soul
my crutch clutching you
my vagina a talking mouth
singing prima donna opera
a soprano shattering glass teardrops
in primal primeval screams
I have eyes for nipples
to ripple the air's stare.

Julie Thompson

When I Wake

The cold it chills my skin and bones,
My body starts to shiver.
I try to think warm, happy thoughts
And call memories of you hither.

I think of you and start to smile,
The pain it fades away.
And thanks to you, inside my head
It's another sunny day.

Flip

I feel music

I feel music,
But I'm not making it;
Just listening,
Hips glistening,
Eyes sparkling,
'Cause I see you:
You're in my mind
And my heart
And my soul
And even though I know it's not true,
Without you,
I'm not whole.

Emma Thrussell

Breathe

The stench of scented flesh
A merciless, strong, empty light flashes
Power without a heart, like a void inside me
Looking for a saviour in a place
Where the knight's armour doesn't shine
Salvation found behind false smiles, false faces,
False true love.

A ritual kept in time to a savage beat
Predator looking for a feast that will not end his famine
Prey offering little resistance to the kill
Stumbling blindly, madly down steps to Hades
Fat Cerberus a doubtful guardian
Breathe the dry ice and choke and laugh
All at once.

Dress me up in fuck-me clothes
Take me home and be my knight, if only for a few hours
I feed on my deprecation; I am what I loathe
I ache for your silent contempt.
But you cannot have my fear, my passion, my insanity
Intimacy, chivalry was left behind in the real world
Miles away, in a few stumbling steps.


You're in my head

You're in my head
And I can't get you out;
No matter how loud I scream & shout,
Even though I know what you're about.
I still want you,
I still want to...
I want you in my bed
And out of my head.
I want to wake up in your arms,
And kiss your palms.
I want to feel your skin so smooth
And hear your voice sooth
My aching heart,
Which you tear apart.
You cause me pain
But I love you all the same.
Silent and icy cold,
Beautiful to behold.
I thought your brown eyes
Could tell no lies.
I felt your touch,
It said so much.
Did you fake the feeling,
Or is your mind reeling,
Just like mine?
It's hard to define
What this is
And you're staying so far
That I'll never know
What your true feelings are.

E. Thrussell



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it's our game, too

They almost expected to hear the distant sound of a rattlesnake and the synthesised showdown music of any B-grade western, when Brett and Ben, both nineteen, entered the Rougeville hotel together for the first time. On this balmy spring day, without a breath of wind, the tavern was inhabited solely by locals. Brett and Ben were both intruders. A light haze from the smoke of sixteen milligram cigarettes gave the bar an almost dreamy, surreal facade. Indeed, the immediate glares and scrutiny directed at these intruders, was suggestive of the sub-conscious imagery of an insecure boy; one who stands naked in the middle of the Melbourne Cricket Ground, laughed at and ridiculed by ninety thousand screaming fans. Coincidentally, in the corner of the bar, a small television with a poor, snowy reception was broadcasting a football match between a Melbourne-based team and its opponent, the team of the state of which Rougeville was a bankrupt, dying country town. Scores were tied three minutes into the final quarter. Ben, who had mastered the art of surreptitious glances, was able to determine within a matter of seconds that there were about thirteen men, women, and children assorted inside- and every single pair of eyes were trained on him. He had dressed for the occasion, or so he thought, by picking from his wardrobe his most conservative, least urban ensemble. Yet still they stared. He wondered for the umpteenth time how they - everybody - were able to tell. Brett, however, seemed far less concerned with such trivial self-consciousness, and strode up to the bar as though he were as comfort-

able here as he would be at any city pub. After all, even back home he turned plenty of heads there, too, albeit for vastly different reasons. Ben followed, a little reluctantly, but secretly in admiration of Brett's show of confidence. His was the example to follow.

Seated at the bar were two elderly gentlemen, with the grizzled, wizened faces that one might associate with the rustic farmer cliché. As though they had the harsh, ruthless elements of rural Australia chiselled into their faces, and were mean and irascible accordingly. At least, this is what Ben thought, before scolding himself internally for applying the same stereotyping to which he was subjected on a daily basis. Both men looked at their past youth with an understandable amount of incredulity, wondering why two intruders like these would deign to make an appearance at their pub. The barmaid, too, stared at the boys after having deprived a noisy blowfly of its life with her deadly swatter. Ben interpreted the warmth in her eyes to be patronising sympathy. Again, Brett seemed quite oblivious to all this face-value surmising as he held his head high and asked for two Victorian Bitters. The woman seemed to be more impressed with Brett than Ben, perhaps because she'd seen him here once or twice before, and obliged him without any comment or raised eyebrows. Both boys absorbed the silence in the room, felt the daggers jabbing their backs, heard one of the gentleman seated next to them mumble something to his mate they could not discern. Ben moved to say something to Brett, but was silenced by the latter's upheld palm in his face, as sec-

onds later, the beers arrived.

"Thought you kids might ask me for one of those alcoholic lemonades!" the barmaid presumed. Brett laughed off the implication.

"No way. Only chicks drink that shit." The barmaid nodded a silent "touche", before moving off to resume her conversation with a female local. The boys drank silently, Ben pretending he could tolerate the bitterness of his beer, when in fact his palate was far more accustomed to the designer drinks and ciders to which the woman had referred. A low murmur of conversation had returned to the room, and as the opposition football team kicked a goal to give them the vital final quarter lead, a few voices rose in disgust, including the gent seated next to Brett.

"Jesus, that McKinley is hopeless! Why doesn't Rogers drag him?"

"Because he knows he's the best full-back in the AFL!" The contrary response to the old man's otherwise rhetorical question came not from his mate, but from Brett. The old man turned, slowly, as Ben prepared himself for a barrage of insults. Instead, he just stared at the two of them. And stared. Finally:

"You follow football?"

"Yup. My brother plays for the local league." Casually, he added, pointing to Ben: "So did his dad."

"Yeah? What're your names?" Brett answered this question, and immediately, the old man knew who

Brett's brother and Ben's father were. He was impressed, and after a while of qualifying his admiration for both players (yet concurrently pointing out their foibles), said: "You two aren't brothers, then?"

"No. We're... we're just friends." Now was the moment for a raised eyebrow. Ben, helpfully piped in:

"Umm. . . It's the half-back line where they're falling apart. Their disposal's shocking, has been all year. Dawson can't win a trick with his handpassing." The old man considered, and nodded.

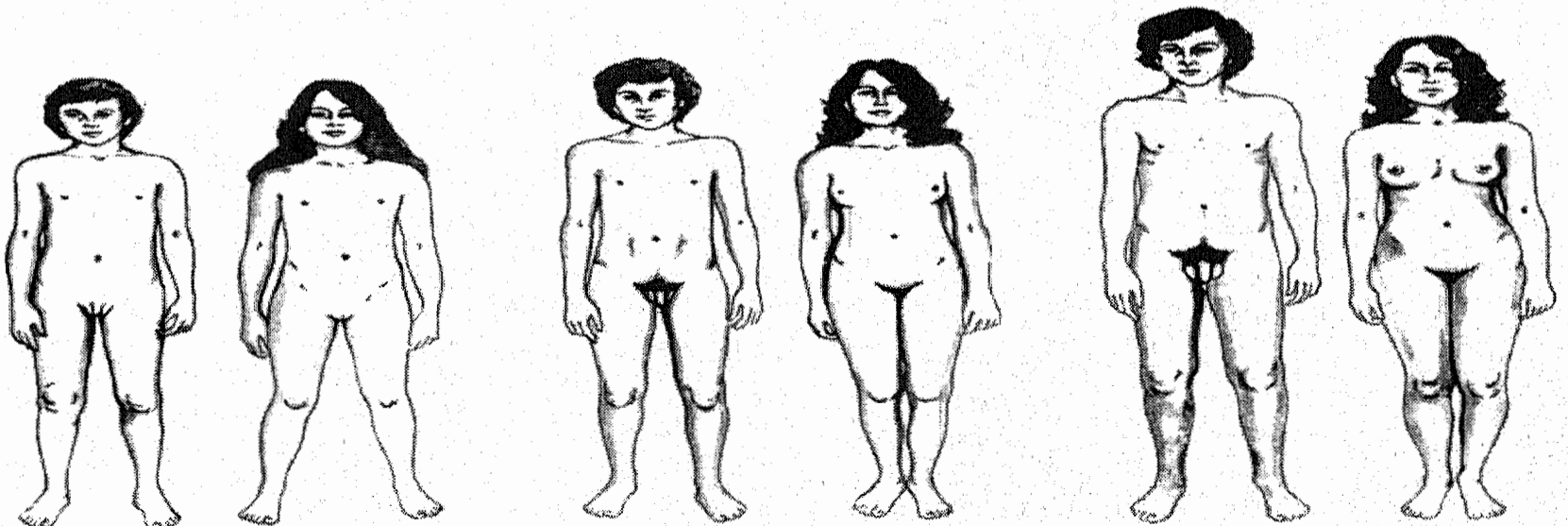
"I didn't think you guys would be into footy."

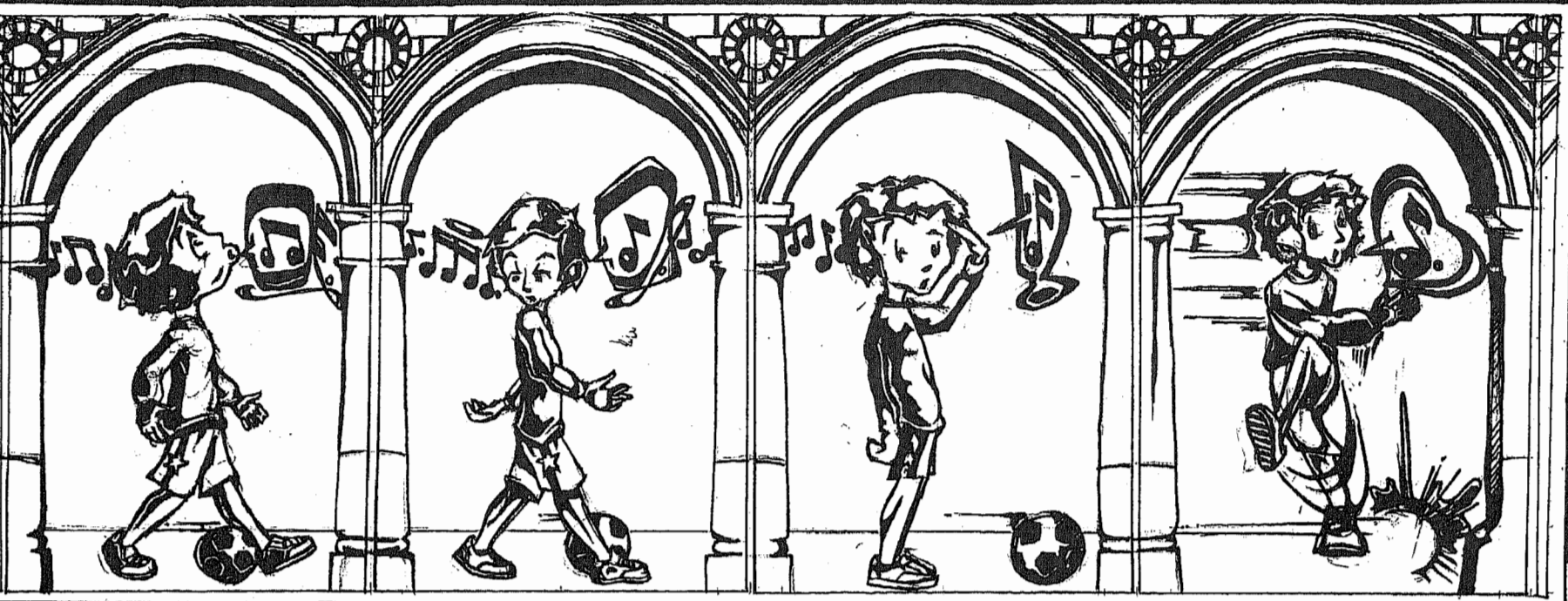
"Hey - it's our game, too." Brett said this with a chuckle, and Ben smiled awkwardly, but the old man just stared at them a little longer, before getting back to coach Rogers' faults and how the team was doomed to miss the finals. Brett humoured him with nods and frequent mumbles of "for sure", as Ben ordered the next round of beers - three VBs. Another goal was kicked, again by the opposition.

"Bugger me gently, they're all playing like a bunch of fairies..." The old man trailed off and reddened a little. Both Ben and Brett laughed in agreement.

"Tell that to their girlfriends!" Brett suggested. Ben was able to swallow his beer now.

On the drive back to the caravan park where they were staying for their weekend retreat, both boys held each other's hand tightly. Neither of them could help grinning.





Bob Neil: Legend or just a man in tight shorts.

Delving deep into the dark regions of the Adelaide University Football Club archives one always (and I mean *always!*) comes across the name Bob Neil - Legend, and not far behind this comes the exploits of this MAN/LEGEND/GOD. The name Bob Neil has been sighted from the MCG to the Berlin Wall to the Eiffel Tower and even The Oval in London - and there are pictures to prove this! But who *is* Bob Neil, how did the legend of Bob Neil evolve and why the bloody hell is there an entire songbook dedicated to Bob Neil!

So, just who is Bob Neil anyway?

Robert H Neil joined the Adelaide University Football Club in 1974 after first playing for the New South Wales South Coast League. He played either wingman or half-back in the A1 Reserves and the A5's in his first season with the AUFC.

From 1975 Bob moved through the ranks (downwards) and played for the so-called 'social teams' of the AUFC. The selectors (in a moment of wisdom I believe) decided to play him on the half-back flank instead of his usual half-forward flank, entrusting him to handpass the ball at every possible opportunity. This timely

The Blacks

Lacrosse

Men's B Grade lost to North Adelaide 12 - 9.

Goals	Assists
A Fast - 0	1
D Gleeson - 1	
W Hill - 5	1
A Hoye - 3	
B Parker - 1	
K Nayda - 0	3

Best Players
1 A Hoye, 2 W Hill, 3 N Crouch, 4 B Parker, 5 J Kreig.

(and vital) move apparently also enhanced Bob's dashes to the Bar after matches and improved his moves on any beer keg around at the time.

Bob Neil not only played football for the AUFC: he also coached. In 1978 he coached the A4 Reserves and in 1979 he coached the A7's before leaving the hallowed grounds of University Oval to journey overseas.

Obviously Bob could play football because in 1975 he won the Best Team Trophy for the A8 'Whites' and was awarded Best and Fairest in 1977 for the A7 'Blacks' for the AUFC.

Sounds just like your everyday uni football player.....so what makes Bob Neil the legend that he is today and how did it all come about?

Bob Neil, the Legend

Many different stories are bandied around regarding the actual birth of the legend of Bob Neil, cult hero, but the most common (and believable) one comes from the 1986 A1 grand final of AUFC in which Bob Neil wearing No. 130 Guernsey (a number that Bob personally selected or so the rumour goes...) was playing. The Blacks were down and struggling

Women's A Grade defeated Burnside 13 - 3

Goals

J Carriri - 1
L Craddock - 2
D Phillips - 3
J Phillips - 1
T Varga - 3
Knocked in by Burnside - 1

Best Players
1 J Grant Allen, 2 T Vargo, 3 L Craddock, 4 K Colbert, 5 M Doyle.

Women's Reserve lost to Sturt

Goals
M Gorroick - 1
M Garner - 1

when a chant from the crowd started to rise above the grunts and groans coming from the football oval - "Bob Neil (clap, clap, clap)...Bob Neil (clap, clap, clap)..."

To cut a long story short, the Adelaide Uni Blacks won the football that day and in honour of the name that had pulled the Blacks from the depths of despair and lifted them to grand final winners for 1986, fans plastered Bob's name on stobie pole, fences, roads,...

And thus, the legend of Bob Neil was born.

Now surely this legend could go no further or higher, but he did. In 1989 (according to local folklore) in the Queen's Head Hotel late one night, it is said that due to a lack of funds for the purchase of a six-pack of West End beer, Bob pleaded with a total stranger that he would swap his Ford Cortina for a six-pack....

And so to this very day the name of Bob Neil has been bandied around the world on banners, on television, on T shirts and badges, reported to great extent in numerous newspaper articles and even been spoken over loud speakers at the Sydney Cricket Grounds.

But perhaps the last word should

Best Players
1 M Gorroick. 2 A McPherson

Sports Association AGM

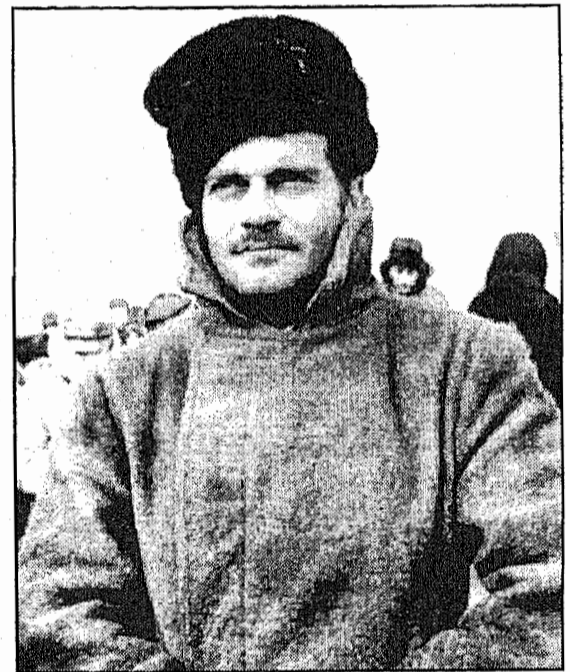
Nominations are called for the positions of President*, Deputy President*, Honorary Treasurer**, and Honorary Secretary**.

Nomination forms are available from the Sports Association Office, Lady Symon Building. Nominations close 5pm Tuesday 18th May, 1999.

Voting takes place at the Sports Association Office during normal working hours (9am - 5pm) from the 19th to 21st May 1999.

go to Fred "Chocka" Bloch, AUFC's tower of strength, inspiration and walking encyclopedia on the Adelaide University Football Club who knows the REAL Bob Neil:

"Bob still makes the occasional appearance as a guest player in "The Scum" (the A6 Reserves) wearing the famous 130, is called on to boundary umpire, fill in as coach, and especially to tap the keg at match BBQs. He tries to avoid the hoo-hah associated



Bob Neil in his younger days as a stunt double for Omar Shariff

with Legend Worship but has to face the inevitable - he is an icon of the AUFC and always will be."

Sports Association Board of Management.

Nominations are called for three board positions* for a 2 year term. Nomination forms are available from the Sports Association Office, Lady Symon Building. Nominations close 5pm, Tuesday 5th of May, 1999. Election is by ballot of Sports Association Council Members on Tuesday, 25th of May at 1pm in the WP Rogers Room, Union House.

*Open to all Sports Association members
** Open to ordinary Sports Association members only

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