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12 MAY 1997
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VOLUME 058
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PROSH

What does it mean? Fuck knows. What is it for? CHARITY. To be a part of it, contribute to next week's early Prosh edition of ON DIT. The deadline is 5pm on Wednesday afternoon. Any and all funny gear would be mucho appreciated. Otherwise you'll get a kick up the arse from the Nasty Fairy

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 in the paper are not necessarily their own. Don't bother suing us, we're penniless and pathetic.

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Where we are:
The On Dit office is located on the Nth. Tce. campus opposite the Barr Smith lawns, in the basement of the George Murray Building, far too close to the toilets and the drains.

How to contribute/contact us:
You can drop off your copy at the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA office. Email to: ondit@student.adelaide.edu.au
Alternatively, you can drop us a line at On Dit c/o Adelaide University, SA, 5005, phone us on (08) 8223 2685 or 8303 5404 or fax us on (08) 8223 2412.

About the cover:
Sexuality Edition cover designed by Fiona Sproles

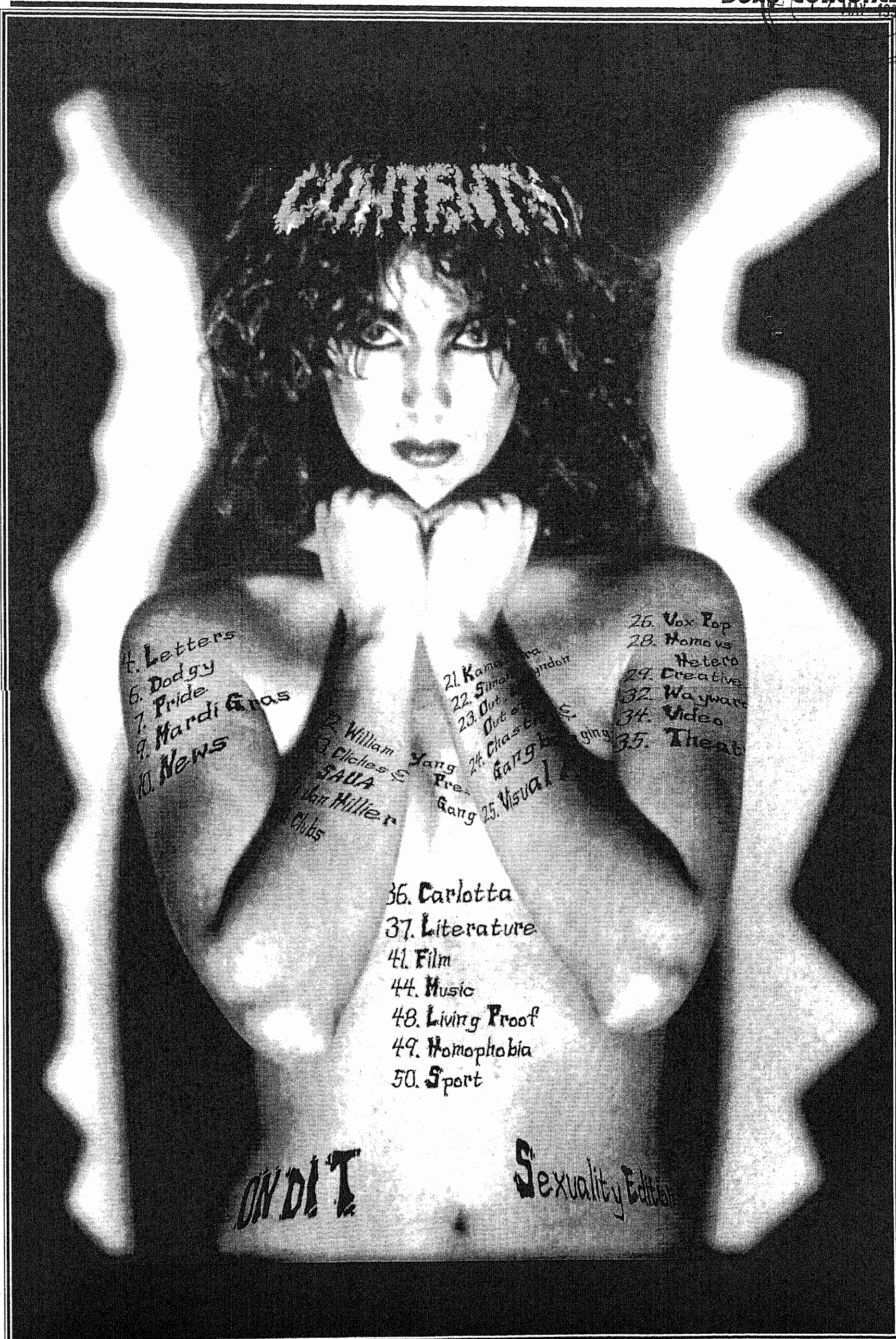
EDITORIAL

poofers queers faggots gays straights
bis lesboes dykes pillow-biters plate-lickers
muff-divers doughnut-punchers heteroes
homoes breeders trannies queens Camps
frigids gangbangers fairies sluts easy
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lavender-boys nancy-boys Marys Fred
Nile dominatrixes submissives butch
infantilists fetishists homophobes
coprophiliac necrophiliac wanker Mrs-
Palmer-and-her-five-daughters genital-herpes-sufferers
cast-members-of-David-Cronenberg's-Crash
gaspers blowers hookers snowjobbers rentboys narcissists

Forget the labels, open your mind and go to the next page, and the one after that, and the one after that...

DISCLAIMER

The Sexuality Edition of On Dit is designed to give the average Adelaide Uni student a broad range of views on different aspects of sexuality. Not everything here is recommended for everyone. Nothing in here is intended to encourage people to do things that they are not comfortable doing. All we want to do is to publish material that represents as broad a cross-section as possible of the multitude of sexual philosophies and activities that are out there in the real world, from chastity to group sex. Read with interest, and let us know what you think. But please try to be tolerant. These things are going on out there all the time.



4. Letters
6. Dodgy
7. Pride
9. Mardi Gras
10. News

12. William S. Burroughs
13. Cliches & S.A.U.A.
14. Ian Miller
15. Clubs

36. Carlotta
37. Literature
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48. Living Proof
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21. Kamonah
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24. Chastity
25. Visual

26. Vox Pop
28. Homo vs Hetero
29. Creative
32. Wayward
34. Video
35. Theatre

ON DIT

Sexuality Edition

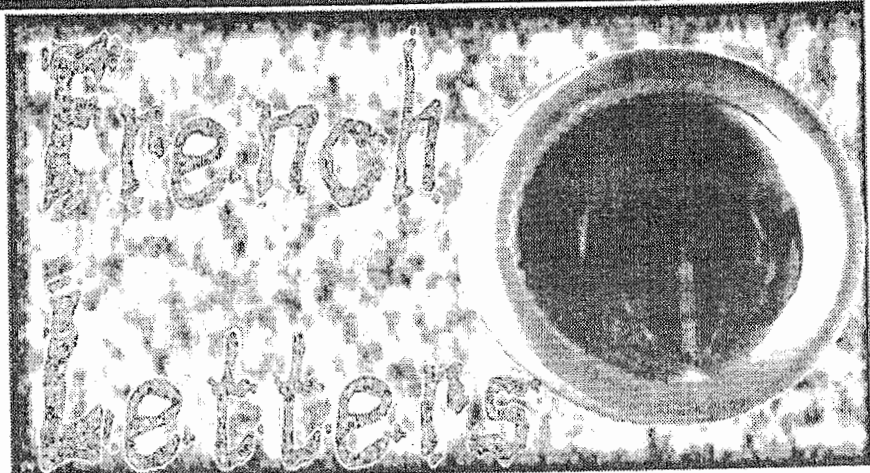
Badger's Hole

S'N'M (Hmm interesting name. I wonder what it means?)
Just a quick note (now that I can write from the comfort of my office and not have to walk all the way down to the On Dit office to deliver my mail) about the the column written (I assume) by the Activities CVP (whose name was not provided so I will refer to him as CVP (I know he is a him because there was a photo at the top of the column (assuming that the photo is of the CVP (Boy I make a lot of assumptions, don't I, must be something to do with what I study (Honours Physics in case you were interested (if you are not, it is too late because I have already told you (I also seem to be writing with a lot of nested brackets - I am sure my high school English teachers wouldn't approve, so I will stop)))))))).

Anyway I was reading this column, written by the aforementioned CVP (whatever that means - I assume it means some sort of organiser) and the first sentence caught my eye, and I quote: "Well I hope you all enjoyed Beer & BBQ Week last week!" (for the rest of the column you will have to look in last weeks On Dit, as I have already taken up too much room with these parenthetical comments). My immediate reaction was "What Beer and BBQ Week? I knew nothing about it!" Some may accuse me of never leaving the Physics Building and therefore having no chance to find out, but I do actually leave and wander around the Uni quite frequently, and I always read On Dit, and in addition, none of the people I asked had heard anything about this Beer & BBQ Week either. I know that I (and my friends) who are members of the Union are allowed to enjoy these student services, but does this mean I have to go down to the SAUA every day and ask "Are you doing anything this week I may be interested in?" I am not trying to have a go at the unnamed CVP or anyone else who is probably doing a great job, and I imagine that the non publication of On Dit last week didn't help (I don't know why not - I was at uni for over 8 hours on that Monday, and plenty more on Fri to Sun), but it always seems to happen that I hear about things that I would have liked to attend a day or two after it had happened. Is there anything that can be done?

Cheers
Daniel Badger
PS S'N'M if I's dun eni spelin mistakes can ewe just ficks then up insted of riting "sic" necks to them? Fanks.

Eds Respond: The reasons On Dit doesn't come out in weeks when there is a public holiday Monday are twofold. Firstly, the printers are closed, making the rapid production of several thousand newspapers somewhat tricky. Secondly, advertisers refuse to put ads in if the paper comes out late on a Tuesday (as opposed to the usual Monday), isn't distributed until Wednesday, and then vanishes after Friday. Since this paper increasingly depends on advertising, what with the budget cuts we suffer each year,



we cannot afford that. We put out as many papers as we can afford to, and every week when we do we work seven days in that week. If you'd like to see On Dit more often, send your \$3000 cheque to us ASAP, and we'll get an extra edition out for you.. And now for your next letter...

Deeper Into Said Hole (or "Set")

S'N'M (ha ha ha - sorry private joke) It was with great trepidation and beating heart that I approached the Hughes's plaza security office today, to see if the first letter which I have written to On Dit (even though this is my fourth year here - thanks to the ease and laziness of email! Woo Hoo!!!!) had been printed. Imagine my disguise (mixture of disgust and surprise?) to find it wasn't there, and instead the letter pages were filled with long boring letters about politics! Especially since I had to wait two weeks for the next edition of On Dit after I wrote the letter, while you lot were on holidays. As I travelled home from Uni, despondent, I pondered the reasons why. Why?

Here are my top ten reasons:

1. I used the word "Physics" which automatically rendered it incomprehensible.
2. My letter didn't contain any reference to the 'Left' or 'Right'.
3. Letters to On Dit are so popular that there is a queue.
4. My letters didn't contain any expletives (look it up, kiddies), and therefore was not fit to print.
5. Ha ha this is a joke reason.
7. This is too - missed number!
8. On Dit only reads its email every three weeks.
9. I didn't make any slanderous or exciting comments about anyone - and thus will not generate any replies.
10. Beer and BBQ week didn't actually happen, so my letter was about nothing. I noticed in this week's issue that you have corrected my two points - in the SAUA page the various people now have names, and the activities CVP told us all about an event to come - coincidence? I think not.

In any case, this week I am going to make the effort to walk all the way down to the On Dit office and I have enclosed a bribe to ensure publication.
Kindest regards
Daniel Badger
Honours Physics

mit it, I am just a student, not the leader of some gang of political thugs enforcing the will of my masters.
your in Jovial Amusement,
A. Bristow
Finance.
P.S. B. Will, next time you see the agents of darkness gathering I suggest you take a couple of Valium and lie down for a few hours.

Big Mandy Mentioned! Alert Fanchub!

Dear Editors,
Having recently attended the so-called "passive" protest I was shocked by the lack of sensitivity exhibited by various student leaders. A disgraceful bunch of thirty or so people joined in the chant of "shame, Amanda, shame". Supposedly this is an issue that all students feel passionately about and that everyone believes should be campaigned upon. This also includes the law graduates on the day (more than half of whom were not wearing the blue ribbons of support), who really did want Amanda shouted down during their ceremony. To think that these people spent at least five hard years of studying and living in the abject poverty (so well described by our student pollies) and then to have their family see the solidarity of a few rabble rousers to ruin the ceremonies. Why are people elected to paid positions in the Student's Associations and Student Union? I certainly hope the \$260 I will pay next year will not be used to ruin my graduation and culmination of years of hard work. While it is clear that certain student issues have not properly been heard by the current government, it is also clear that attempts to make themselves heard should not be to the detriment of students. Finally congratulations to all graduating on the day.
Jack Gaffey

Eds Respond: No.3 is the main reason but we also forgot. Shame! Shame! Lots of post, that's our excuse. So sue us. The bribe was lovely but we question your real motive, son, and we question our sanity for contemplating the bribe. By the way, congrats on your prize - we saw you at the graduation ceremony last Thursday, and now we know what you look like.

Trivia Time

To On Dit Letters,
re: Carmel Pasquale's (sic) review of "Hellraiser: Bloodline".
I just thought it might interest you to know that 'Alan Smithee' is actually a pseudonym widely used in Hollywood by directors who are too EMBARRASSED by the films they have made to put their real names to them. This tradition began in the late 40s, if I remember correctly, and so it is no surprise to find that Mr Smithee has more directing credits to his name than Messrs Hitchcock & Spielberg. Also no surprise to find that Ms Pasquale found his directing "uninspired"!
Ms Jordan Roberts
2nd Year Arts

Perhaps Just As Trivial?

Dear S'N'M
As usual I recently took time out to read On Dit, and as usual I started at the letters to the editor section. Therein was contained this highly amusing letter from B. Will (April 7th edition). It began as your typical Alan Anderson lynching letter so I just skimmed over it until I noticed my name. Naturally I read in more detail. B. Will seemed to be inferring that I was some off campus enforcer in the great Liberal conspiracy responsible for atrocities against democratic process. Well I must say that my ego hasn't had such a boost since a Hen's party mistook me for a male stripper (okay so they were drunk).
However in the interest of student calm I must make you all aware that when I appear on-campus it isn't because some dastardly deed is about to be done, it is because I am in fact going to my lectures. That's right, B. Will, I am actually a student with a student card and everything. Add to this the fact that I am more or less a normal person and I am left thinking, "Just what is this person on?"
There, my humility has forced me to ad-

Yeah, here we go, it worked for one bloke last year so now they're all doing it, and we encourage the plagiarists by printing them, Why Oh Why and so forth...

Dear Egg, Jar & Sofa & anybody else who happens to be reading,
Why Oh Why Oh Why were my library privileges suspended and I know those books are overdue and I did mean to return them and they are so crusty that no-one else would want them and I really miss Shotgun and foolish 1st years have missed out on a critical piece of culture and the grill bars yiros are really bad and I'm sorry but it's true and the letters these days are growing longer and I'm lazy so I never finish a single letter and why do

we graduate and if we didn't Shotgun would still be here I guess and I have no hope of really studying for the exams cos there is too much other stuff to be doing and why is the train station so far away and they should extend the line straight down the Torrens and end up in the Grill Bar and if this gets printed and someone attacks me then I shall attempt to write a 20pg epic rubbishing them for no reason cos that's what everyone else does and I really miss Shotgun Jim and I'm just trying to fill a void ok?
Love from Poppun Ben
alias the tryhard gothic
oh and hi to Jayne and Sarah and Kev and Susie and Mike and Susan and...

Catering Complaints (so what else is new?)

RE: Who shot Shotgun Jim?
Dear Jimmy,
Where are you? Are you no longer doing an Arts student at Adelaide Uni? (sic - Freudian slip?) What a shame... I've been missing your letters. On Dit is not the same anymore.
By the way, why do you think they charge \$0.50 for a cup of hot water at the cafeteria? Minus the cost price of say the water (\$0.05) and the detergent and water needed to wash the cup, (\$0.06), that means they are making a profit of \$0.39 on 2 seconds worth of labour. Multiply that by 30, that makes \$11.70 a minute, \$702.00 an hour and \$5616.00 a day! (You can calculate the rest) Ha, I would rather sell hot water for the rest of my life.
Anyway, uni can get pretty boring sometimes especially without naked people running across the Barr Smith Lawns like they did in the 70s (shown on TV last week). Please don't make it worse by not writing.
Best Regards,
Bluebird.

Yeah. Sure.

Dear Lefties,
I wrote my original letter to stir up some debate and inject some life into the Letters page. Sucked in for all those who bothered to reply. The left/right argument

is an unwinnable debate, but I knew you wankers would not hesitate to take the bait. Thank you for providing me with several weeks' anticipation and laughs. However, all good things (!) must come to an end, and this correspondent is signing off on the issue, and letting all bored souls beat each other into oblivion until the realisation strikes that academic work has to be done, or some juicy issue comes up. Keep sledging them student pollies Ron, Simmering Hypocrite, and friends! Sucked in and Ha Ha
Felix Riley
History

Eds Response: This has the hallmarks of a man in the old can't stand the heat/getting out of the kitchen situation. If your aim was to stir up debate, why are you now crying "sucked in" to those who responded? You responded yourself last week, you fool!

Yeah, but she is a white trash fuckwit, isn't she?

Dear S'N'M
I am continually amazed at how some individuals are so quick to judge Pauline Hanson. Over the past few months she has been labelled with almost every derogatory term at her critic's disposal. Racist, bigot, fascist, Nazi, illiterate fish and chip shop owner. Yet, Pauline Hanson and her One Nation party have grown from strength to strength. The recently released results of an electoral survey showed that the Democrats are lagging behind with only 7% of electoral support, while Pauline Hanson has an incredible 10% of the Nation's support. Poor Natasha. I hope she's holding up alright in the big world of politics. It's not the same as being in the SAUA, is it Ms. Despoja?
The thing that *really* makes me laugh however, is the unruly mob of Pauline Hanson's critics. Do I sense you asking "Please explain?", dear S'N'M? Alright, I will. As our more respectful politicians keep reminding us, Pauline Hanson's support is sure to die down because it is fuelled by topical emotion and hatred. Unfortunately, a lot of the blame for her rise in popularity must be accepted by her critics. Pauline Hanson represents an

extreme right wing perspective of political thought. The majority of right wingers are reasonable people, not racists, fascists, bigots. However, those people who represent political thought at the opposite end of the spectrum are just as bad. So too, are their responses fuelled by emotions and hatred. It is not acceptable to simply scream that Pauline Hanson is a racist and should not be listened to, because her supporters are listening. Behind everything that is said is a political message, and it might be worth listening in order to know what you are protesting against. Mindless protests only serve to make left extremists look like incompetent fools, increasing the legitimacy of Pauline Hanson's arguments. Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that I'm supporting One Nation and the views that party espouses. All I'm saying is to think a bit before opening your mouths. The Democrats may not be the best thing since sliced bread, but neither is Pauline Hanson.
May your days be filled with sunshine,
Kate Sowerby
Arts

Rotunda Go Bye-Bye

On the weekend of 10-11 May the Rotunda on the Barr Smith lawns will be dismantled (not demolished) and stored for a period.
The reason for this is that the Indyfest Music Festival will be held in the Cloisters and the Barr Smith lawns on the following weekend (Sunday May 18) and the Rotunda blocks the view of the stage position.
I appreciate that the Rotunda is used for a variety of purposes and it is intended that it be returned to the lawns. The contractor engaged to dismantle it has been asked to modify its construction so that it can easily be removed and re-instated as required.
I apologise for any inconvenience caused.
Student Services Director Chief Executive Officer

People are People So Why Should It Be That You And I Should Get Along So Awfully?

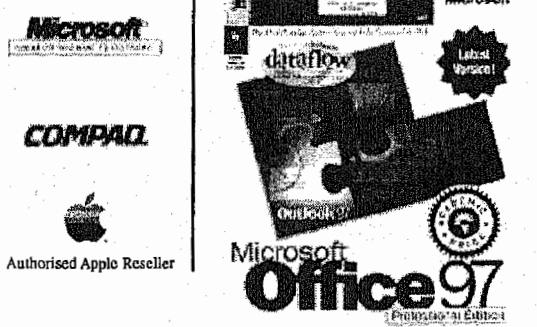
Dear Editors,
Please send my apologies to Planet Cardigan for writing yet another friggin' student political letter, but, being myself a card carrying brown cardigan associate from way back, I reckon I have a right. Especially as I've got some dirty laundry to air. Perhaps Mr Cardigan will understand. Perhaps he's pissed.
Scene set; Graduation ceremony on April 30, back door of Bonython Hall. Silent student (me) holding placard- STOP STUDENT POVERTY NOW- waiting for Vanstone to read it. Soon to be graduates filing past, those that notice me nodding approval. Academics smile acknowledgment. Seems most of them wanted to tell Vanstone to bugger off. All was going well & no-one was disturbed.
That is, until Jumping Jack (HOW HIGH?) Gaffey comes up & starts trying to frighten me away. Liberal bugaboos don't like "reds" upsetting Ms Vanstone. Might upset the graduates. So he gives me shit. Quite a little scene. Cameras loved it. Jack departs when the cameras leave. Looking for lone lefties to harass? - doubtful. I'd feel sorry for him if it weren't for the fact he's on our Union Board & should know better than what the inanities he was spouting would otherwise lead us to believe.
(Sorry Jack, but if your Liberal/Reform sympathies lead you to start a shouting match in front of nervous graduates, then maybe you'd better wait until you too have to stand in line before attending another ceremony). Even Vanstone wasn't as upset as Jack, though the student her car hit during the getaway is probably more pissed than most.
Have a beer for me Mr Cardigan & I'll see you on the third stone.
Red Dread
aka; Mark Kernich

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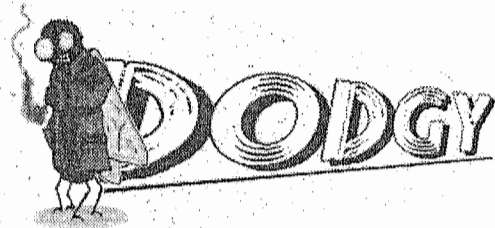
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Dodgy

For some reason (which will shortly be explained, and is probably pretty bloody obvious anyway), the word "sexuality", especially when applied to a week (as it is here, in case you hadn't noticed), lends itself more to homosexuality and bisexuality than it does heterosexuality. Try saying that ten times when you're drunk. Or orgasmic. Obviously (you see!), this is a by-product of the discrimination faced by homosexuals around the place and the fact that the week is mostly intended in a liberation sort of vein. It occurs to me, as most things do, that complete sexual liberation (ie the freedom and choice to boff whoever you want) has a number of serious (well, actually pretty frivolous, when you look at it) consequences. The vast number of consequences this leads to is in proportion to the importance sexuality plays in our everyday lives, yadda yadda yadda, sex is big. Everyone does it. Except nuns. And monks. And even that's not always true. You get it.

I think the most important result of the increased awareness of homosexuality in society (and I may be a little biased here) is that it obviates the need for single sex toilets. Think about it. Presumably, the whole concept of the segregation of the sexes at the moment of urinary or fecal excretion is to prevent any individual of one gender catching a glimpse of the private parts of any individual of the other gender and thusly getting a bit of a sexual buzz out of it. Fair enough. Works well enough in a heterosexual society, and, given that we don't want people walking around getting sexual buzzes willy-nilly, is a highly commendable notion. However, if you throw homosexuals into the equation, it is easy to see that, to avoid any sexual

buzzes on anyone's part, we would need to create a separate public toilet for every individual. Clearly impractical. Unworkable. And so I suggest that we say what the hell, that we throw caution to the wind, and allow everyone into the same public toilets. It's not that radical. What do you do in the privacy of your homes (an ironically rude question, when the whole point of sexual liberation is that what you do in your own homes is none of my business, but irony is a good friend of mine and I think I'll get away with it)? You're urinating, you're defecating, and everyone's doing it in the same place. Not so bad, is it? Sure, it's far from pleasant sometimes, but this is, for the most part (except when we're talking about my mate StinkBugBoy, but this is for another time), a gender-independent variable. Sure, you have the room to yourself at the moment of excretion, but how is that really any different to the privacy afforded by a cubicle? No gaps below the door? Big deal. It would not be so bad. And it would greatly relieve (pun) the female On Dit staff, I can tell you that (what with the On Dit office being so close to the male toilets and all, you see (not that that stops them using them most of the time anyway, the rude little buggers (although perhaps, in so doing, they are simply promoting the very notion of sexual liberation, which



FlyGuy

would be totally capital and should not be criticised in the least (go get 'em, girls!)). I should point out, of course, that the practice of the genderless toilet is not unknown in the universe; why, I even have an amusing story or two regarding them. Story one takes place on a foreign university campus, where I was (hence, this is the setting for the story) and I was staying in dorms that were unisex. Thusly, the toilets (and showers, too, but we really don't want to hear that story, do we?) were also unisex. However, for the duration of my stay (and it wasn't because I was staying there, it was just a coincidence, I swear), the dorms were entirely male-occupied. This being the case, I figured I would be reasonably safe leaving the door open while I did my business. (Too much detail, I know, but, what, do you want me to lie? It was number ones, anyway.) Unfortunately, I had not taken into account the presence of the female cleaning staff, and was somewhat surprised when I turned and saw one such individual replacing the soap. We exchanged pleasantries, and I left. Story two takes place right here in an Adelaide restaurant which shall remain nameless; I'd had a bit much to drink (I'm not a big drinker, but I still pay for it; insects have a low tolerance) and, as such, hastened to locate the nearest facilities. Disgruntled was I to find

that, as, for some reason, always happens, the female toilet was overpopulated, and that the surplus had spilled over into the male toilet. Well. Let's just say that I was in no fit state to let this stop me. I did hear chuckling from over my shoulder, but I was undeterred and eventually left feeling much better for the exchange. I think everyone was okay with it.

Another, more wholesome, outcome of the sexual liberation boat is as follows. There is a dynamic in everyday society; a pre-existing understanding between any set of two people that haven't met. Assumptions that you can make about a person before you actually know them at all, and these are things that most of us were brought up with. To put it simply, members of the opposite sex are potential sexual partners and, more so and generally later down the track (although sometimes earlier on in the temporal relation of things; again, it depends on your guiding influences), life partners. Members of the same sex are the friends, the platonic ones. Not always true, well, actually, generally never true, but it is a rough guide to meeting people that used to work. Instant categorisation as soon as you meet someone; potential sex partner/not potential sex partner. Now, if we abandon these preconceptions and think about it for just a second, it will rapidly become apparent that everyone you meet is a potential sexual partner. True. Even if you don't consider someone else that way, you never know how they might be looking at you. And if you are thinking about them that way, they might not be interested. Or they could be. Interesting, isn't it? Lots of fun, really. Like a minefield.

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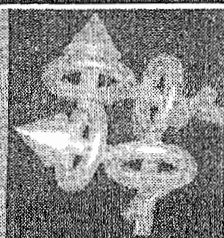
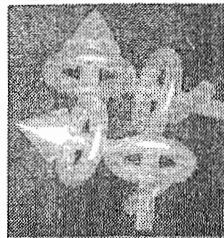
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PROSH LACKING CLASS



PROSH! What more can we say? How about BRING US FUNNY GEAR by WEDNESDAY, 5 PM. And, may we add, PLEASE! No Prize for anybody who can spot and name the 3 extra persons in the above graphic.

IF You're going to be OUT, then have PRIDE in yourself!



Adelaide University PRIDE is a club for lesbians, gay men, bisexuals, their friends and supporters. AU PRIDE offers support and encouragement to all its members and aims to create a safe and supportive space on the Adelaide University Campuses.

PRIDE believes that all students are entitled to explore and express their sexuality in a friendly, positive environment. Unfortunately, this isn't always possible as there are still many hostile attitudes towards any sexuality that isn't ardently heterosexual. This homophobia is clearly and undeniably based on fear and ignorance, you'll find that most supporters of queers that are heterosexual are quite confident in their own sexuality, or are questioning their

own and aren't scared of the prospects.

PRIDE is open to everyone, and is completely confidential. If you're 'out' then that's cool, if you're not, then that's cool too. We'll respect that and we won't "out" you, PRIDE has a very strong support network.

This week (May 5th - 10th) is PRIDE WEEK, a celebration of solidarity in diversity. The aim is to raise the consciousness of the general and university community regarding the issues we face, and attacking attitudes constructed by homophobic myths created by the ignorant. We want to show everyone what we're all about, we want to teach everyone the facts, we want you to see that we are no different from non-homosexuals. Our ho-

mosexuality is not just about who we have sex with, it's about who we love, how we feel, our politics, our experiences, our place in society, our friends, our parents..... it's not as simple (and de-praved) as some people try to make it out to be!

Our activities don't stop in PRIDE WEEK though, activities go on throughout the year, and it's a hell of a lot of fun. Back to PRIDE WEEK, if you flick through this copy of On Dit, you'll find the timetable of events, we hope to see you at some, if not nearly all of them.

PRIDE has a special meeting room for its members, and those who want to meet other members of PRIDE. It's called the Rainbow Room.

The R.R. is a phobia free zone, a space where people of any sexu-

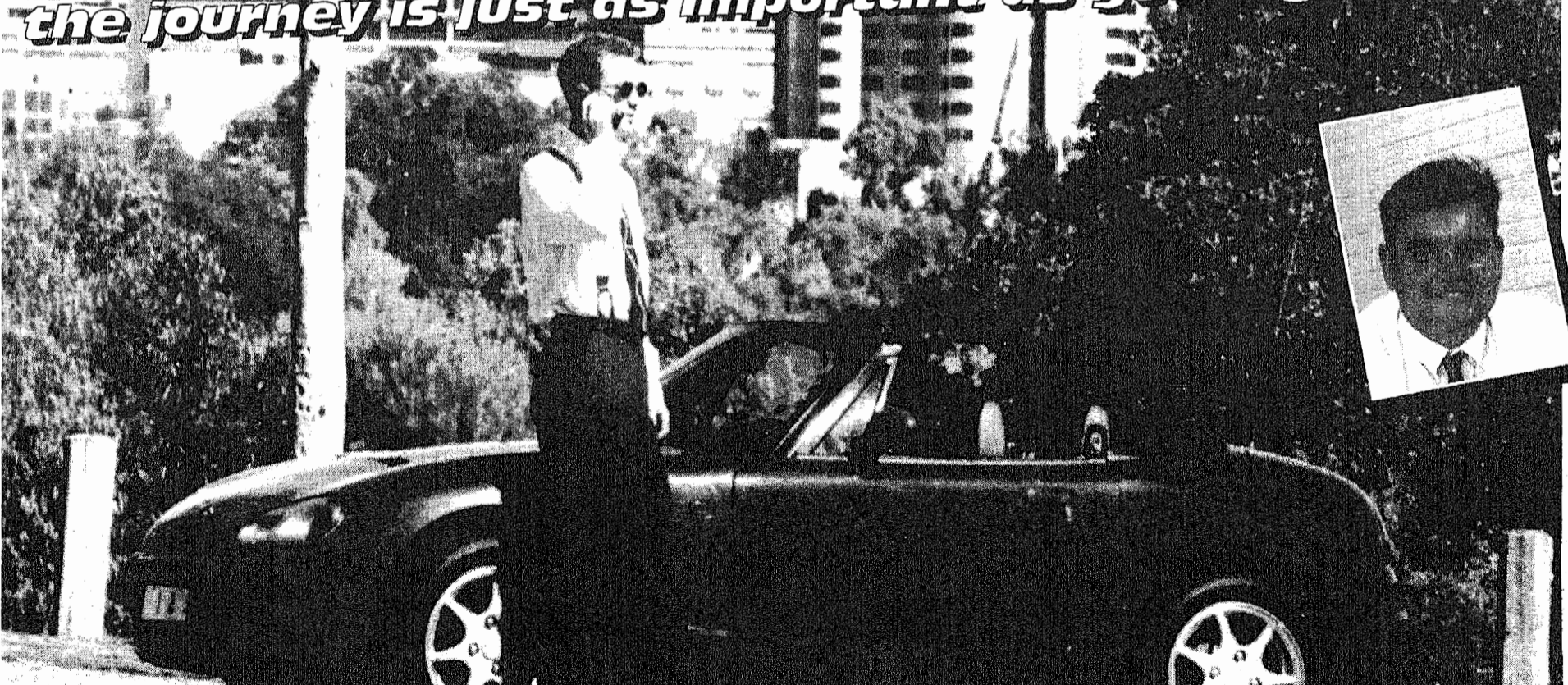
ality can come and get information of safe sex and local and interstate events. It's bright, it's comfortable and the natives are incredibly friendly. So where is it? The R.R. is located in the same building as the Sports Association and the Women's Room (Opposite the Mayo refectory and at the western end of the Cloisters). Just walk up the first flight of stairs by the entrance doors, turn right, walk through to where the pigeon holes are, and on your left is the door to the R.R.

PRIDE has weekly meetings on Thursdays at 1:00pm, and social lunches on Fridays at 1:00pm, both in the Rainbow Room.

In the meantime, join yourself in the PRIDE WEEK activities, for a queery fantastic time.

That's the thing about *SUCCESS*:

the journey is just as important as getting there!



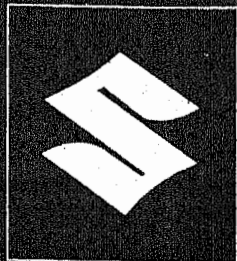
SUZUKI-CAPPUCCINO

Ian's got one now at SUZUKI IN THE CITY

Proudly serving Adelaide's Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual community.

SUZUKI IN THE CITY

Ph: 8231 0733 / Ah: 0418 836 724 See Ian at 185 Waymouth St. Adelaide.



What's Happening in Pride Week ?

MONDAY 5th May.

- 1:00 : Launch with 'Breathe' and ROBYN ARCHER
Variety of Stalls.
Where: Adelaide Uni Cloisters.
- 5:00: Queer Art Show Opening.
Performance by Solo Flautist, Kylee Smith "Madame Ovary"
Where: Adelaide Uni Gallery Coffee Shop
- 6:30: Anniversary Drinks in Rainbow Room.
Where: Rainbow Room, just off Cloister

TUESDAY 6th May

"FETISH DAY"

- 1:00: Gorgons Blood present "Deep Throat"
All queer, all glam performance art extravaganza , celebrating oral fixation.
Where: Adelaide Uni Cloisters.
- 2:30: "Erotic Senses" Men Only Forum
Where: contact Paul on 82320233 for info.
- 3:00: Queer Girls Cruise organised by SAUA womens' dept.
Women only, \$3 tickets at the SAUA.
Where: Jolly's boat house on the Torrens.
- 7:00: Film Night. Two short films - "Franks' Cock" and "Home Movie"
Main Feature - "The Conformist"
Where: Union Cinema. Thanks to the Film Society.

WEDNESDAY 7th May

- 1:00: Forum " Gay & Lesbian activism"
Where: WP Rogers Room
- 4:00: Women's Singing Workshop - Women only with Nicki Martier.
Where: Women's Room (Gold Coin Donation)
- 10:00: Le Girls
Where: Adelaide Uni Bar. Contact Adelaide Uni. Union for more

THURSDAY 8th May

"BLUE JEANS DAY"

wear Blue Jeans as an act of Queer friendliness and visibility.

- 7:30: Quiz Night organised by Flinders University.
Where: North South Dining Room, Adelaide Uni. Union Bldg.

FRIDAY 9th May

- 1:00: Band Performance "Couch Dwellers"
Where: The Adelaide Uni. Cloisters.

SATURDAY 10th May

- 10:00: QUEER EROTICA: Pride Dance Party.
Prices: \$9 general/ \$6 conc. / \$5 members.
Tickets available from SAUA / Beans / The ED / Pride.
Where: Adelaide University Bar.

WANT TO BE PART OF HISTORY? THEN FILL THIS OUT!

1998

**GAY & LESBIAN
MARDI GRAS**

The Adelaide United Mardi Gras wants YOUR help in deciding what Adelaides float for the Mardi Gras should be. There have been a few suggestions, which are listed below. If you like them, give them a tick. If you think you can do better, then write your idea down for us!! If you want to be part of the Mardi Gras, and want to do more than just fill in the questionnaire, then join us for our next meeting at Beans Bar at 7:00 on Monday May 19th.

- CITY OF FALLEN ANGELS ie Devilish side of City of Churches.
- DON DUNSTAN THEME
- SA: GOING ALL THE WAY - the depraved version of our wanky state logo!

YOUR IDEAS

.....

.....

Drop your ideas into the On Dit office, or any contribution boxes & address it to Fi. Very Easy.

after dark...

in YOUR catering



equinox

level four...union house

- monday** all day \$5 schnitzel & sauce
- tuesday** 4pm til late \$1 off your choice of Pizza
- wednesday** 6-7pm...come and hear some Jazz
- thursday** 4pm till late.....\$5 Pasta
- friday** Happy hour 4-6pm
\$1 beer, wine & champagne
From 4pm get 10% off your food bill



uniBar

level five...union house

*come and see your favourites
on the big screen*

- tuesday** 90210 & Melrose Place
- wednesday** Xfiles
- thursday** Men behaving badly & W.E. Draw
- friday** Happy hour 5-6 pm

**another
Union catering announcement**



SEXUALITY AND THE MEDIA

The media attempts to present us an image of itself as being politically correct and unbiased. However when an advertisement appears in a newspaper that is a little bit provocative - out come the double standards! Let's look at an exam-

ple: for the opening of the 1997 Queer Film Festival - "Wigstock - the movie appeared in The Advertiser's Guide, with a rather provocative photo on it - subsequent bans followed on all Palace ads until The Advertiser received a

full apology for it. The question I pose to you dear readers is: does this photo in any way challenge your "ideas" of sexuality. Let's examine the photo a little more closely. It's a pretty standard advertisement - it tells us what is being advertised - a movie, where we can view it, how much the tickets are, who the sponsors are, and it also provides a photo so that we get a "taste" of what the movie is about. Could it be this photo that is perhaps so "inappropriate?" Are the readers of The Advertiser so passive that they cannot avert their eyes if they see an image that is displeasing? This image could perhaps be suggestive of a certain act that is "inappropriate" to the readers of our daily newspaper. It could be suggestive of any amount of things from eating to sexual pleasure.

This in no way suggests that The Advertiser's actions were wrong, they do after all have to

protect the interests of their readers. It is the readers that I am also particularly concerned with. This philosophy is an indicator of the dominant ideology of our society - a definite intolerance of another way of life. What happened when Mr X (the position is ambiguous) who was a representative of advertising in the entertainment section was approached for comment? A denial of knowledge - Palace has assumed all responsibility for this "suggestive" ad. Perhaps a grandmother was planning to take her grand-kiddies to see a movie on a Thursday, (this of course is hypothetical) and opens up the Guide to check out the movies. After seeing the add for Wigstock - the movie, the grand-kiddies think what a cool movie! How does grandma explain that the movie isn't appropriate? Or would she think that it wasn't inappropriate and proceeded to take the kiddies into the city for a "frockumentary" movie experience.... At least we know what is available for us to see. Isn't it for the readers to decide whether the advertisement was inappropriate or not?

The letter of apology which appeared in last week's paper - which poses the question: doesn't The Advertiser check its ads before printing them?

PALACE
28th April, 1997.
Mr Peter Wylie,
Managing Director,
Advertiser Newspapers Limited,
G.P.O. Box 339,
ADELAIDE, S.A. 5001.
By Facsimile: (08) 8206 3620

Dear Sir,
Advertisement - Thursday 24 April, 1997.
Further to our recent discussion, I write to provide a personal apology to The Advertiser and your readers on behalf of Palace Cinemas in respect of an advertisement published in The Advertiser on Thursday 24 April 1997.
I wish to state publicly our acknowledgement that that advertisement was totally inappropriate. There will be no repetition.
I also advise that our organisation accepts full responsibility for the preparation of the advertisement, and completely absolves The Advertiser.
We will co-operate fully with The Advertiser in respect of any complaints which may arise out of the advertisement.
I also wish to assure you and your readers that our organisation has taken prompt and decisive internal action in respect of the matter.
Yours faithfully,

SAM DIPIETRO,
GENERAL MANAGER,
PALACE CINEMA GROUP.

100 Flinders Street, 274 Rundle Street, Adelaide S.A. 5000. Telephone: 08 8222 3433 Facsimile: 08 8232 4300

Jocelyn Milbank



NOT COMING TO A SCREEN NEAR YOU

Movies — I love 'em. But I was quite disturbed to discover just how much they are controlled by censors and by a few large corporations. Censorship of the Internet has been a hotly contested topic of debate in recent months. Whilst it seems that it is almost impossible to censor the Net, films are increasingly being cut and banned by censors. Aren't we grown-up enough yet not to allow a handful of people to decide what we can watch? Censors, our "guardian angels", have gained a lot of fans recently due to the number of reports suggesting that film and television violence induces people, especially children, to commit violent acts. For example, a four-year-old boy who suffered a split kidney after being kicked said that he and his friends had been copying the antics of the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers. Oh yeah! The two young boys who murdered toddler James Bulger in Britain in 1993 claimed that they were inspired by the horror movie *Child's Play*. Oliver Stone's film *Natural Born Killers* has produced a number of copy-cat killings in America and France. In one case, a 14-year-old boy from Texas, accused of decapitating a 13-year-old girl, told friends he "wanted to be famous like the *Natural Born Killers*". Pretty damn scary. . . . Although there is no concrete evidence to prove that these murders were caused by film violence, they have put pressure on film companies, directors, producers and censors to curb the amount of violence in films.

Even though these studies suggest that censorship is not a bad idea, we are still left with the question of whether we should allow a select group of people to enforce on us their opinions of what is "morally acceptable" viewing. Censors claim to judge films by the standards of a mature adult: they insist they judge each film on its own merits and allow their judgment to be influenced by the style, as well as the content, of the film. Censors claim that they modify the type of crime, sex or horror they allow on the screen in response to public opinion. But as details of cuts and bans are not made known to the public, censors are only able to judge public opinion by complaints made about films. Inevitably these complaints will be from people who think that the censors have been too lenient.

It appears that the trend of most cuts and bans in films is more related to the careers of the censors than to the content of the films. Each censor's personal attitudes, beliefs and values differs, and so too does their assessment of films. Why should one person have the power to prevent the release of a highly-acclaimed film just because she or he didn't like it?

This almost happened in the United States when media boss, Ted Turner, attempted to block the release of the film *Crash* about the bizarre eroticism of car crashes. This came after the film had won a jury prize at the Cannes Film Festival and reached number one at the French and Canadian box offices. But Turner still decided that it was not suitable for American audiences. He declared: "I personally was appalled and am appalled by it." Are we not limiting our intellectual horizons if we only watch what others deem safe?

Today, a good deal of the censors' power comes from the increasing concentration of the entertainment business. A few multi-national companies are completely monopolising the industry. The United States' First Amendment, which dictates the right to freedom of expression, only allows the government to place restraints on this freedom, and says nothing about decisions made by private media companies. Thus private companies are not prohibited from choosing which films or songs they wish to promote. In the United States, Blockbuster rents twenty-five per cent of all videos, and Wal-Mart sells about eight per cent of all CDs. Blockbuster refuses to stock videos bearing the rating NC-17, which are not allowed to be viewed by those under the age of seventeen. This worries the director of *Crash*, David Cronenberg. He said, "The assumption now seems to be that every movie made should be watchable by a kid. . . so the pressure on anyone who wants to make a grown-up movie is enormous". Many filmmakers have to think twice before producing adult movies with adult concepts. Wal-Mart refuses to place warning labels on any of its music products, forcing bands to delete or change anything "offensive" in their songs and even airbrush details off their album covers. Soon all films and music will have to fit a certain mould, inevitably dictated by America, if they want to be successful. Although the levels of crime in today's society are disturbing, I don't think that the censoring of films and television is likely to drastically improve the situation. Instead, by preventing free speech and the expression of ideas we risk creating a homogeneous society. It'll be interesting to see whether we will suffer any long-term negative effects from the "uncensored" Internet. Personally I can't see the Internet seducing ordinary people into lives of sex crimes and murder, but you never can tell.

ANNABEL DAVIES

GAY MEN'S HEALTH


A Program of the AIDS Council of South Australia

Services for Gay and Bisexual Men include:

- ⇒ information
- ⇒ support
- ⇒ counselling
- ⇒ peer education
- ⇒ beat & venue outreach
- ⇒ condom & lube distribution

For further information contact:

Gay Men's Health 8362 1617 or
ACSA Reception 8362 1611
Country Men's 1800 671 582
TTY (hearing impaired) 8362 0306



Gay Men's Health
ACSA

HUMAN RIGHTS CONFERENCE

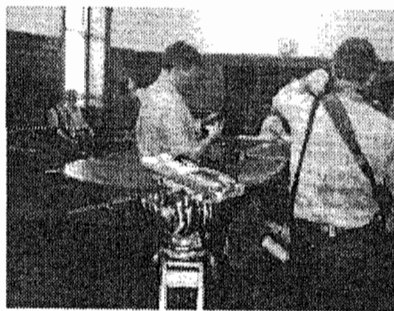
Ambiguous, vague, idealistic. These are three words that immediately come to mind when considering the possibility of a universal code of human rights existing outside the Western World.

(enough of my cynicism) The issue of achieving this on an international level has been debated ever since the formation of the United Nations in



1945; but still we have no clear cut answers. After sitting through a year of International Politics (an Arts subject) - and educating myself (can't forget the education) of the importance of achieving human rights on an international level - it is understandable why my view on this subject is cynical. Why? Because all we really discovered was how the powerful nations manipulated situations - such as violations of human rights - for their own ends.

Do not think Australia is completely guilt free, because we are definitely not. As a student journalist (hal) I know I am supposed to be unbiased and objective, but unfortunately I could not ignore these facts. This most definitely swayed my judgement whilst attending the Australian Democrats Human Rights Function at Parliament House.



The guest speaker at this function was Foreign Affairs and Human Rights Spokesperson for the Democrats: Senator Vicki Bourne. Who is this lady? She is the Party Whip! And she has had a considerable role in the shaping of international politics - she was a member of the Human Rights Delegations to China of July 1991 and November 1992. She was also a member of the United Nations World Conference on Human Rights in Vienna of June 1993. Most recently Vicki was a member of the Parliamentary Delegation to Germany, Belgium, the UK, France, Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden and Austria in September of 1995.



There were also many delegates from other institutions such as the friends of the ABC, Amnesty International, Free East Timor, Burma, Nyganda, Buddha House, Prevention of Land Mines, 5UV and 3D Radio, Bougainville Support Group, and independence for Northern Ireland. The agenda for this luncheon

(sounds great doesn't it?) was the possible issues that Senator Bourne could raise when meeting with the federal government. These issues included human rights, and Australia's role in protecting it for areas such as East Timor, Nyganda, and indeed Northern Ireland.

The largest concern of this luncheon was the federal government's response to human rights. As Senator Bourne stated in her address to us: "When it comes to the crunch it seems that this Government is inclined to place economic interests ahead of human rights considerations." But what has the government refused to do in way of international human rights?

- Σ refusal to sign the human rights clause of the proposed European Community treaty
- Σ reduction of funding of overseas aid
- Σ reduction in contributions to human-rights related agencies - eg. UNICEF
- Σ refusal to fund Radio Australia and Australia Television

- Σ refusal to link human rights with trade
- Σ dramatic cuts to legal aid funding
- Σ attempt to re-structure the

Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission

- Σ attempt to eliminate ILO standards in their industrial relations legislations.

What are the consequences then for the internal state of Australian Human Rights? Firstly, on an international level the reputation of our commitment to such issues is severely damaged. This could result in reduction of trade, economic tariffs, the list is endless. Secondly, it indicates that the Federal Coalition government's concerns are purely on a economic level. This could prove to be detrimental to our society because human rights should be nurtured. Finally, "it is very clear that human rights is a depressingly low priority for the Federal Government."

So why was the Australian Democrat's Human Rights Function so important in shaping the future of international affairs? It has provided an opportunity for the development of a coordinated approach by concerned groups so that abuse of human rights are well publicised and condemned. It also made us realise the importance of upholding human rights - and what we stand to lose if this economic rationalism persists.

Jocelyn and Annabel Davies



774
Rundle Street
8752 3454

PALACE

EASTEND CINEMAS

Every Day a
Special Day
with the Palace
Movie Club
Book at the Office

MERYL STREEP LEONARDO DICAPRIO JAMES CAAN and ROBERT DE NIRO

A story about the secret
that keeps us quiet.
And the love that
that brings us together.

MARVIN'S ROOM

NOW PLAYING



WILLIAM YANG



Friends of Dorothy is a collection of memories and photos taken by William Yang. I reviewed his book a couple of months ago, and I loved it so much that I requested an interview with him, and this is it, so read on.

companied by a commentary, which was at many times intensely personal. Did you ever feel tentative, in that you were over exposing yourself or have you always been completely comfortable with the revelation and discussion of yourself, your loves and your losses in front of everyone?

I started off taking pictures for actors portfolios, because that was who I was always around. From then, I decided to become a freelance photographer, which meant that I did whatever people wanted me to do. I soon found out though that I was best at taking photos of social events, and interaction, so I made that my main genre, because it's lively, it's my favourite. I like taking photos of sex, and the way people behave at parties, I suppose as an extension of that, I also photograph my own sex life, but I don't do this obsessively. It's whenever the opportunity arises. They are my best photographs, in fact the earlier photographs in the 80s are my favourite, I will never be able to repeat them. I just don't have the same lifestyle, I don't come into contact with sex as much as I did then. I do consciously take erotic photographs, I like that, but it doesn't mean I have sex with the people, whereas I did earlier on, because that was my initial involvement.

times of a reckless lifestyle, however nearing the end of the book, we are shown the AIDS vigils, and the Safe Sex



W.Y: No, I'm quite a private person in many ways, but I also have an artistic vehicle and I can sort of develop and expose myself through that. I'm not really what you would call a 'bold exhibitionist' type of person, but as an artist I can expose myself within that type of framework.

Fi: Everyone takes photos for personal memorabilia, was this your intention when you started photographing your friends, lovers and your community, or was it your intention to eventually bring all of the photos together for *Friends of Dorothy*?

Fi: What responses have you received from those who have experience *F.O.D.*? Do you find that people feel closer to you and more prepared to confide in you? If so, is this the response you expected and/or wanted?

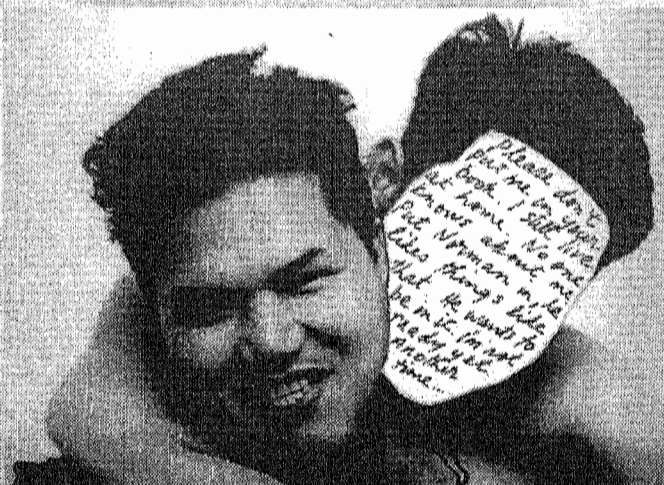
W.Y: Well it 'happens', I don't think that one has a fixed intention because there are always various possibilities, but I had a collection of photographs as a starting point.

W.Y: I have actually received more response from the book and performance of *Sadness*, because it's a stronger piece and it's not as viable commercially.

Fi: At what point then did you decide that you had enough photos to comprise a book?

Fi: To ask a somewhat mundane, but necessary question, how did your passion for photography evolve? You must have started when you were quite young since you seem to have been recognised as a respected photographer prior to *Sad-*

W.Y: I think I had enough photos about six years ago, I had just been too busy to put a book together, because I have been working on other projects. In fact, I had too many photographs, I had enough for two or three books.



Fi: *Friends of Dorothy* has provided a window into the past for the contemporary Gay and Lesbian community. However, things keep on changing and the essence of the community also develops. Do you intend to follow this up by creating a sequel to *F.O.D.*, or does it end here to be picked up by someone else?

ness and *F.O.D.*?

W.Y: Oh no, it's just an ongoing thing, I can form different stories out of my collection. I pulled out an AIDS story out of the collection which was *Sadness*, which I did before *F.O.D.*. For example, it would be possible for me to pull a Mardi Gras book out, but I don't think that I would want to do a Mardi Gras book actually. *Sadness* was a performance piece with slide projection and it was also a book, which is still out.

W.Y: I suppose I did have various cameras when I was a child, but they didn't work for me until I got a telephoto lens when I was at University. I would have been about 20. All the other cameras had wide angle lenses, but the telephoto lens allowing me to focus or hone in a certain subject, I could get closer. That was the time when I started to like taking photos, because previously the end product never looked like the photo I had imagined or wanted. When I got the telephoto lens, they started to come out the way that I wanted them too. I had actually graduated from architecture, so I took photos for that, but then I went into theatre, where I also took photographs. But then there was a point when I thought I actually wanted to be a photographer, so

Fi: What are you doing now? Do you have a studio? The reason I ask is because some of your photos, including the series of the male couple seemed to have been taken on a commission - type basis.

W.Y: Sort of, in fact, I don't even do that now because my creativity has gone into other directions, mainly being my monologues and slide projection performances. I would turn *F.O.D.* into a monologue performance piece, but it's just a little bit too tricky. It wouldn't be the same as the book. I would need a grant for that to do it properly, I would want to commission someone to do a soundtrack. I will eventually get to do the slide show of *F.O.D.*. I'm actually doing my fourth performance pieces which is now touring, it's called *The North* and that has been the most successful one for me. That is the medium that people want, they have taken me overseas. No one has asked me to take over their exhibitions, but they have asked me to take over their performances, so it's just a case of going with what people want.

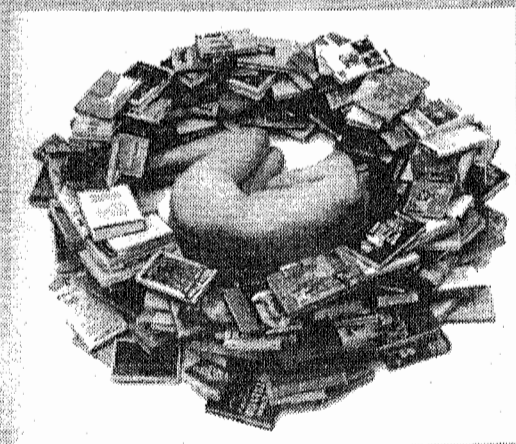
Fi: Would you be bringing your latest piece to Adelaide?

W.Y: Yes, I will be bringing *The North* over in August.

Fi: What are your feelings about the contemporary Gay community, which you are obviously a part of? Do you feel that they, or we to be exact, have or even need the strength of those who fought the battles for equality that have paved the way to today's current standing? For example, in the beginning of *F.O.D.* you portray the free sex and wild

Speedo party. You mentioned that we still celebrate our sexuality, but we are also quite careful and more sober in our celebrations. You have shown the progression of our community, and the fear which imbedded itself overnight (or so it seemed). Do you feel that if you released another book, that you would be able to capture this progression which was so glaringly prevalent and hard to ignore even while it was happening? Do you think that things have settled a bit?

W.Y: Oh no, things have not settled. The story still goes on, you just take the photographs, and the story evolves. I don't try to predict the story, although there are definitely certain pointers to the story because of the events that happened. No, the whole thing changes, nothing stays the same. I'll just continue to take photographs, and in another ten years I'll probably have another look. I do feel that I have done this fairly thoroughly in *F.O.D.*, and I don't think that I need to repeat it. In fact *F.O.D.* has several thematic books in it that have been clumped together. One of them is a social, documentary history and another is a matching erotic version, while the other is my personal diary and documentary of friends who also fit into the social documentary. I've just mixed it all up. I think that is what the Gay community in Sydney is all about, you can't isolate one aspect from another.



Fiona Sproles

SEXUAL CLICHÉS IN THE MOVIES

There is a fine site on the Web, dedicated to cataloguing all of the common cinematic clichés that pop up in Hollywood movie after Hollywood cliché. The clichés are arranged helpfully by category, such as:

BIOLOGY: At least one of a pair of identical twins is born evil.

VILLAINS: No matter how dead you think you've killed a bad guy, he can still get up at least 3 more times. Therefore, always make sure to leave his gun in or near his hand after you've killed him and you turn away to comfort the girl.

WAR: You're very likely to survive any battle in any war, unless you show someone a picture of your sweetheart back home. Every army platoon has at least one, usually black, member who can play the harmonica.

For this issue's purposes, however, we click straight to the SEX category, and, to our delight, find the following:

- All beds have a special L-shaped top sheet, which reaches up to armpit level on women but only to waist level on men.

- No-one ever needs a Kleenex after sex.

- If you're a woman in a film and have just finished a steamy lovemaking session, make sure to lay back and pull the sheets up to your neck, just like in real life.

- All women moon during sex, but none sweat.

- Women (and men less often) either make love with their underclothes on or have put them back on in the immediate aftermath.

- Two total strangers, upon falling into bed together, will always reach an incredibly intense, mutual, and SIMULTANEOUS orgasm on the first try.

The Movie Clichés List can be found at: <http://www.like.it/vertigo/cliches.html>

Randy Saucebacks



PRESS GANG & THE KENNY SEQUEL

Once upon a time my life revolved around a 5:30pm ritual: Press Gang! Spike! Lynda! Colin! Unfortunately not everyone shared my enthusiasm for withdrawal provoked monologues about the merits of Colin vs Spike. (For the record, this approaches the John Lennon vs Paul McCartney debate, though far less clear cut. Spike, aka Dexter Fletcher is the Bono-esque first choice, whilst Colin (Paul Reynolds, spotted in an Absolutely Fabulous episode) wins it for the Larry Mullens Jr appreciators.) For a brief time compensation could be sought by watching a friends entire collection of PG episodes, until he replaced them with the Golden Girls... (another story).

What is the attraction of Press Gang, that inspires it's cult following? It's not just the great acting, sharp storylines and the Spike and Lynda dynamic, (they enjoy about half a minute of domestic bliss before Spike nearly dies, and reconemplates his life), which had me addicted. It's charm was slightly more elusive, something to do with the quasi-real, mostly implausible characters and action that dotted the newspaper room. They were the friends I never had...

Unlike Morrissey, Blur, The Face and other examples of English fare that make my like list, Press Gang was not

selfconscious or stylised in it's nature. Without providing any class commentary or social observations, it was still a microcosm of contemporary culture, and egalitarian to boot. Kenny might have lived in a Housing Commission flat, Lynda in a semi-detached and Spike in an apartment largely absent of his jet-setting father, but they all went to the same school. Music is largely absent from the series, so it can only



Lynda, Spike and Sexual Tension pictured

ever be speculated that Kenny was a big time Smiths fan, and that Tiddler went to the Kylie concert. Spike's near death experience takes place in a record shop, but his purchase is unstated; Sugs from Madness makes a cameo experience as a fictional famous actor-type, rather than himself (background extra in *The Young Ones* and all). Sightings of Union Jack badges, black duffel coats, rolled jeans hitched

above doc boots, punk hair, fishnet stockings, safety pins, black lipstick and other staples of late eighties/early nineties British culture that hold a place in our collective subconscious are largely rare. Clothes are used in a far more literal manner. Lynda (Julia Sawalha of *Absolutely Fabulous* fame) is The Suit. Spike is hot, so he wears sunglasses all the time, despite the English summer being apparently rather cold. Colin is the con artist: power suits, brief cases, ping pong shells (that he's trying to market) and loud ties, relatively odd attire by school boy standards. Frazz, the horoscope writer, is spacey. When



reinvented by Colin as a chess whiz, a scarf (all black and white check) is

added to intellectualise him.

Despite many fond memories of Press Gang, there are still some unanswered questions: was the final series (circa 1993) ever aired in Australia? When, why, how could I have missed it? When Kenny was written out of Press Gang, and conveniently described as having emigrated to Australia, why did their budget not permit an antipodean sequel? Where was the Kenny spinoff, with it's gratuitous footage of the Opera House and the Harbour Bridge, and Kenny's forays into the Australian gothic scene, as a more robust contrast to Noah Taylor's eternal adolescent. Finally Kenny's nice guy personality could have found appreciation in a nice Aussie lass: he could have taken her home to his Newtown squat, decorated in black, with his CD's randomly, (but carefully), ordered to show what a laidback kind of guy he was. Kenny would have played bass guitar...he would have listened to Pulp, and The GoBetweens. Kenny was the housemate that would have done the dishes, and cleaned the shower drain (and he wouldn't have complained much either). He probably would have had a goatee. He'd have known a good bottle of wine under \$10 to buy, and a couple of cheap restaurants as well. He would have been banned from the uni library, and suffered guilt over the fact. Kenny may have lacked the charisma of Spike and Colin, but his post series evolution was far more intriguing...

Georgina Neill

SAUA PRESIDENT

Amrita Dasvarma



Hope everyone's first week back since term break has been productive - winter is settling in; don't forget to bring your umbrellas with you!

Pride Week...Queer Invasion...

Get into the spirit of celebrating sexuality and participate in all the events organised for Pride Week! The Queer Girls Cruise, Les Girls in the Unibar, Pride Dance Party which the SAUA is part sponsoring, and much more! Get out there!

Blue Ribbon Protest

Congratulations to the law and performing arts graduands who successfully expressed their opposition to the invitation extended by the VC to Senator Vanstone to speak at their graduation ceremony. The opposition was based on the fact that Senator Vanstone is the individual directly responsible for the cuts to higher education which resulted in cuts to performing arts at this Uni; the introduction of differential HECS which sees law students, in the top tier, paying 80% of their course costs, and the

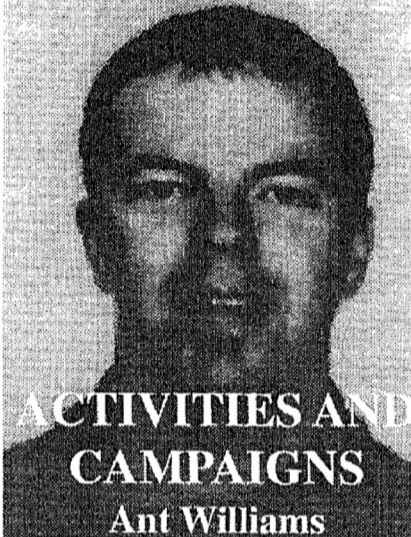
possibility of 25% up front fee paying students coming into the law school in 1998 despite the staff cuts that faculty has faced. The graduands wore blue ribbons with their commemoration gowns and refused to clap after the Senator's address.

The blue ribbon protest was supplemented by a vocal protest outside the ceremony during Vanstone's rather bizarre address (she made references to the Simpsons, Tarzan, and Crash Test Dummies in an attempt to be trendy), and a display of a University of Adelaide One-Stop Degree Shop, a possible scenario with the introduction of up front fees for undergraduate Australian students, allowing for the purchasing of degrees. The Adelaide University Union also supported the protest by declaring the Union premises a "Vanstone Free Zone" for the day. The ceremony itself was not disrupted; the protest was choreographed by Olivia (EVP), Sophie (Women's Officer), Gin (SAUA Greenie), Rosslyn Cox (Union Prez) and myself

in conjunction with the graduands and other interested students.

National Day of Action: Student Control of Student Affairs...Student Control of Our Education! Come out to the National Day of Action happening on campus this Thursday. The SAUA and the Union, with other affiliates, clubs and student groups will be promoting information and discussion about how we can and should be in control of our education through a fair day, with bands, barbecues, speakers...culminating in an NDA Bar Night up in the Unibar with USA and Flinders Students, and a tent city next to the Chancellery in protest of up front fees at Adelaide Uni in 1998. Come out and demand a quality education, come out and support your student organisations on Thursday, May 8!

Cheers,
Amrita Dasvarma
SAUA President



ACTIVITIES AND CAMPAIGNS
Ant Williams

PROSH PROSH PROSH PROSH PROSH PROSH PROSH PROSH PROSH PROSH PROSH PROSH

Gee! Let's guess what I'm going to talk about today. Oh! I know. PROSH.

Yes, PROSH. I know this is the Sexuality Edition of On Dit but Prosh can be a sexual experience if you want.

The week starts off with a quiet romantic few days on the Barr Smith Lawns with a few hundred or so of your fellow students going nuts to all the entertainment organised by SAUA Activities and Student Radio. Perhaps a few quiet drinks, to relax you, in the Boat Races featuring the one and only Mr Cup.

As the encounter progresses into the can-

dle-lit twilight of the week, Friday, you are aware of a relaxed and 'in control' feeling as the stresses drain away from your body. By now the good times and alcohol may be contributing to this effect but hey!, what the hell!

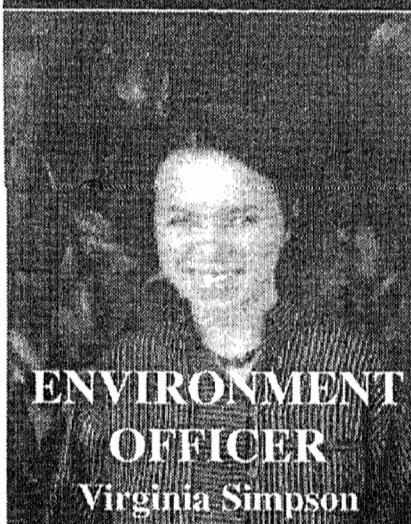
The Prosh Parade is just what the Doctor ordered and provides the ideal foreplay to take away any last thoughts of study and to increase the overall stimulation of the Prosh experience.

By now you are aching for more and the tease of having to wait until Saturday evening for 'the real thing' is almost killing you. It's almost an insult. You know you can handle it. You've been down this road before and this is just another fix,

or is it? Saturday night comes, (yes COMES), this is more, much more than you expected. This 'Show' is big but still all fits inside, (The Union Complex that is). There is so much going on, the decision on what position to take is by now a major dilemma. Front, back, in the pit it's all too difficult as the HEADliner explodes onto the stage in a climax of sweet, sweet music and sweat.

You fall back, it's finally over and you are already looking to next year for another experience like this mad spontaneous encounter.

But just remember Prosh is like so many things, it's only what you make it.



ENVIRONMENT OFFICER
Virginia Simpson

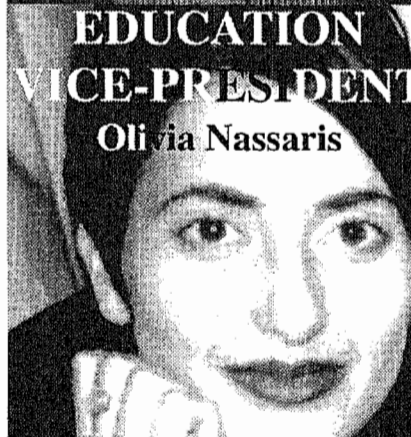
Hey (-: This week the Environmental Collective will be running a campaign to alert students to the existence of a new recycling system on campus. The paper recycling system has actually been running for several weeks now, but it would appear that not too many students know about it. The system is being facilitated by "Paperchase" of "Australian Paper", and basically it runs like this.... You put your used (on both sides) paper into one of the recycling bins in your department. This could either be one of the blue and white cardboard boxes with "Paperchase" written on it, or one of the big blue wheelie bins with the yellow top. Only "first grade" paper can go into these bins. This means white office paper, envelopes (minus any plastic windows),

very light pastel coloured paper and notepad paper - and no, you don't need to remove staples. Save your newspapers, magazines, dark colours and cardboard for when we set up a system for collecting "second grade" paper (it won't be too long). If you see a cardboard paper bin overflowing, let the caretakers know, and they will empty it into a wheelie bin (which they will be doing regularly anyway). From there, the paper is collected by Paperchase who compact it on the spot and then haul it off to Australian Paper, where it is recycled into new paper products. And another little patch of forest and its inhabitants breathe a sigh of relief for super-cool, eco-friendly Adelaide uni students. So! That's the plan..... If you feel that you don't have enough bins in places where you need them,

please let me know and I'll get you one. The success of this system is dependant entirely on you. If we can get it off the ground and keep it together, it will be a huge jump in the environmental standard of the running of this university. But me grovelling isn't going to make much difference, you'll have to decide for yourselves that its worthwhile using the right bins to save a bit of forest. So I'll just settle for a strong recommendation that you do. Please?

"Bin Man" and "Bin Girl" will be around the lawns for the launch on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, so come down to say hi or to laugh at them or something....

And lastly....Happy Pride Week!!
Gin (ph. 8303 5182)



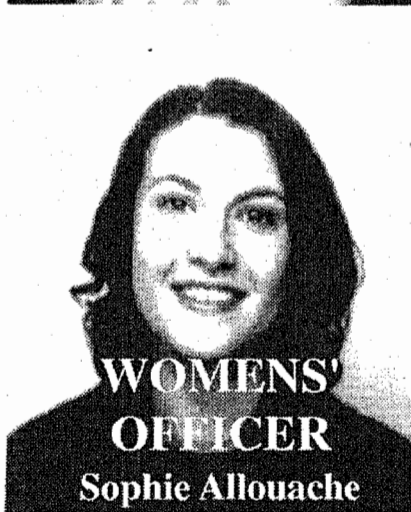
EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT
Olivia Nassaris

The protest at the Law and Performing Arts students graduating ceremonies was very succesful and the students graduating were as pleased with the protest as much as we were proud of them graduating. This THURSDAY is the National Day of Action. It is at 1:00pm on May 8. It is being held on the Barr Smith Lawns during the day time, moving to the Unibar at night and then staying in the tent city with Flinders and USA students. The on-campus action is so that you can come out and hear about how last years edu-

cation budget cuts are affecting your education.

- Why have faculties been cut?
 - Why are student services being cut on each campus?
 - Why are library resources being cut?
 - Why are lectures and tutes overcrowded?
- These are all issues that affect the quality of your education. Protest the implementation of upfront fees by university senior management. Come and join faculty groups and affiliates with the support of the academics and their union, the*

National Tertiary Education Union. Come to the campus action, the NDA and Student Radio night in the Unibar and the tent city - REMEMBER to bring your sleeping gear. Listen to the funky sounds of Crisp and musicians from CASM, fight for your education and support your National Union. Get Active - Get Involved. Remember that Education Action Group will be meeting every Tuesday at 3pm in the cloisters next to the Union Building. Remember to participate in PRIDE week events. Happy good times had and to have by all - Liv.



WOMENS' OFFICER
Sophie Allouache

Well this week is Pride Week which is a celebration of sexual diversity on campus and within the wider community. This year Pride Week will be taking over the cloister area of the University where there will be several events happening throughout the week. For all you queer and queer friendly women out there don't forget the **Queer Girls' Cruise** which is happening on Tuesday at 3 pm. Tickets are \$3 and are available from the Students' Association. This includes the cruise, some yummy food and some yummy drinks as well so make sure you come

along. This week also marks the start of the **Women's Self Defence Course** which will be happening every Monday for the next 6 weeks in the Irene Watson Room. The course will focus not only on self defence techniques but there will also be a discussion about self defence, looking at the common myths about self defence, extra precautions that you can take and lots of other things. The cost of the course is \$20 for the whole six weeks or \$4 for each session. If you would like any further information please contact me in the

SAUA on 8303 5406 or just come in and see me.

On Wednesday there will be a **Red Alert Day for Child Care**. It has been rumoured that the Federal Government is planning to slash \$400 million from Child Care funding in this year's federal budget. If you want to make sure the government keeps child care a priority then make sure you show your support by signing a petition, wear a badge or simply wear red.

SELF DEFENCE

As women are commonly the victims of violence the importance of learning to defend ourselves is ever increasing. We hear daily of situations where women have been harassed, abused, beaten, raped or even killed. The choices for women are either to accept the fear of male violence and lose our independence or we can refuse to accept it and as women come together to deal with the problem. This is why there is growing need to have self defence courses for women, especially self defence courses that are run by women. It is important for women to feel comfortable and empowered in a class and have the opportunity to talk freely about their fears and experiences. For most women having a man present in a class does inhibit this as they can feel intimidated and come away feeling demoralised.

Self defence classes for women need to incorporate more than just learning how to kick or punch. For women it's also about having confidence; being more assertive, refusing to be intimidated and getting to know our strengths and weaknesses. It is only through learning how we can defend ourselves with our bodies that this confidence will grow.

It is for all these reasons that the Students' Association Women's Department has decided to run a Women's Self Defence Course. The course will be taken by a woman and will focus not only on the self defence techniques but there will also be discussion about the importance of self defence, common myths about self defence, and extra precautions that you can take. The course will be running for six weeks and costs \$20 for the whole six weeks or \$4 a session. It will be starting on Monday the 5th of May in the Irene Watson Room, situated on level 5 of the Union Building. If you have any questions or would like more information please come and see the Women's Officer in the SAUA office or you can call her on 8303 5406.

Sophie Allouache
SAUA Women's Officer

SEXUALITY OFFICERS IN THE SAUA IN 1998

The following excerpt is from an article written by Stephen Kerry, Queer Convenor at Newcastle University:

"Mardi Gras is over, the glitter is slowly being washed out and vacuumed from our lives, however this doesn't end the celebration, the battle or awareness of 'queer' agenda. Three major events have kept the queer agenda in the forefront past Mardi Gras.

- Chris Tsakalos (a 14 year old gay High School student) lobbies the secondary education system to study free of discrimination.

- A representative from PFLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays) attends an International Conference on Suicide Prevention in Adelaide.

- and thousands of Queer University students rally around the country with their less than bent brothers and sisters, to stop the cuts to the education and employment sectors.

As queers, we demand the acknowledgment of our individuality and freedom of expression, and as students we desire the access to an education free of unnecessary stresses and discrimination. The above three actions celebrate our ability to be proud of who we are, our ability to be loved and our ability to stand as one with other Australians...."

During the elections last year, a referendum instating two quarter time sexuality officers, one female and one male, in the SAUA, was passed by a majority of students at the University of Adelaide. The sexuality officers will be voted into their positions in the 1997 elections and assume their positions in 1998.

The role of the sexuality officers will be similar to that of the other office bearers in the SAUA: to advocate and represent on behalf of University of Adelaide students. Of course, their portfolio will be specialised in the area of sexuality issues, dealing with everything from sexual orientation, to sexual health, to the culture and expression of sexuality. They will work in conjunction with other SAUA office bearers and on their own to run awareness-raising and educational campaigns and champion issues dealing with sexuality.

At a university as diverse and varied

as the University of Adelaide, it is important that sexuality issues are recognised and made accessible. Students must feel that their rights as lesbians, gays, bisexuals, transsexuals, heterosexuals, are being looked after; students need to know that they can easily access information and referral help about sexuality issues. The SAUA is currently researching and structuring the role of these two new office bearers who will be in office in 1998. If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to come in and see Amrita Dasvarma, the President, or Paul Fogarty, the Project/Research Officer.

ADELAIDE UNIS STUDENTS SAY NO TO UP FRONT FEES

The National Day of Action on Thursday May 8 is to be held on campus which symbolises how the budget cuts to higher education impact directly on the students of Adelaide University.

Crisp will be playing on the lawns for the National Day of Action with musicians from Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music, student speakers and speakers from the National Tertiary Education Union.

It is important that students are aware of the debate that surrounds the issues of higher education so that we gain community support.

Three Universities (Melbourne, Sydney, Deakin) have already brought in full up front fees for undergraduate students. We want to stop up front fees from spreading into South Australia.

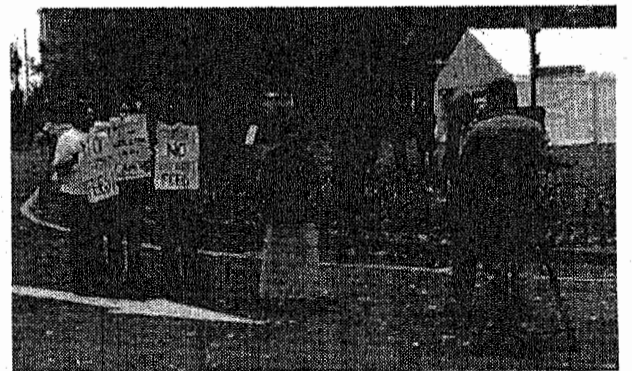
The introduction of up front fee paying undergraduate Australian students into universities is fraught with problems, one of most alarming of which is that up front fee paying students will be able to jump the queue to get into uni: after they complete their first year they might be able to transfer into a HECS-liable place (a government place with a deferred payment). By doing this they can reduce the chance of other students who cannot afford up front fees entering university. With this system it would be

the size of your wallet and not merit that would count.

The University of Adelaide Council will be deciding in June whether to bring in up front fees here and this could have devastating affects on the quality of our education and the students services here at AU. There will be more students and this will stretch the resources of student services, like academic and welfare support, which are so important because they assist you in getting the most out of your time here at uni. We must let the University management know how we feel: we don't want this university to allow for the commodification of higher education; we don't want this university to turn into a "one Stop Degree Shop"; we don't want this university to decrease community access to education. We demand quality education; it is our education!

By participating in the National Day of Action you will be taking action and campaigning for change - which is a lot more gratifying than fuming privately. Collective action means getting together with people who have similar concerns that you have about the future of education and together doing something about it. If the overall picture looks bleak, ie: you can't see Vanstone implementing free education, then start with something smaller like coming along to Education Action Group meetings (every Tuesday 3pm in the cloisters). From there we can organise ways to gain more community support. We need to think of new ideas to highlight to students, the wider community and to the government how anti-student legislation affects everyone.

Support Student Control of Student Affairs-Support your National Day of Action on Thursday May 8



for an afternoon of debate, music, food and collective action with staff and students across Australia.

Cafe Slaves

SURVEY

For Past & Present Cafe/Restaurant Workers



Liquor, Hospitality & Miscellaneous Workers Union



Students' Association of the University of Adelaide



University of South Australia

Students' Association of Flinders University

We don't need your name or address because we want to maintain your privacy, but if you want some specific information about your industrial rights, please contact Rachael Tanti at the Union office on 8352-3511

1. Where did you or do you work? (Cafe/Restaurant)

Establishment Name:

Address:

What year(s):

2. Were you paid the Award Rate? (See Over) YES NO

YES NO

3. Were you paid on a * Cash-in-Hand basis? YES NO

YES NO

4. Did/do you get a payslip? YES NO

YES NO

5. Did you/do you keep any of your wage slips and a time book for the hours you worked? YES NO

YES NO

We may be able to calculate a back payment of wages for you ☺

Because you may not know what you are/were entitled to, refer over page for current *casual rates* in the Cafe/Restaurants Award only. If your wage rates are not covered here & you want to know more about how to join the Union please call the office on 8352-3511 & ask for Rachael.

Therefore were/are you being Ripped Off or underpaid? YES NO

YES NO

Cash-in-hand - normally describes payments where no records are maintained and no tax is deducted

Please return this survey to your Student Association ASAP.
The survey will run until September 1, 1997

CAFES & RESTAURANTS (SA) AWARD

On the 24 August 1990 the Industrial Relations Commission awarded the Union's application for the 38.00 per week safety net adjustment
The operative date for the increase in the first pay period to commence on or after 24 August 1990.

CLASSIFICATION (See over for Definitions)	MONDAY TO FRIDAY		WEEKEND RATES			
	HOURLY RATE Before 6pm	HOURLY RATE Commencing After 6pm	HOURLY RATE SATURDAY Before 1pm	HOURLY RATE SATURDAY After 1pm	HOURLY RATE SUNDAY	HOURLY RATE PUBLIC HOLS
ADULTS						
Cooks (Tradesman)	\$13.9326	\$15.0937	\$16.8353	\$19.7379	\$25.5432	\$23.2211
Senior Cook	\$12.9316	\$14.0092	\$15.6257	\$18.3197	\$23.7079	\$21.5526
General Cook	\$12.2716	\$13.2942	\$14.8282	\$17.3647	\$22.4979	\$20.4526
Counter Assist./Cashier	\$12.8968	\$13.9716	\$15.5837	\$18.2705	\$23.6442	\$21.4947
Food & Beverage Assist.						
Level 1	\$11.8137	\$12.7982	\$14.2749	\$16.7361	\$21.6584	\$19.6895
Level 2	\$12.5242	\$13.5679	\$15.1334	\$17.7426	\$22.9611	\$20.8737
Employee in Charge	\$12.9442	\$14.0229	\$15.6409	\$18.3376	\$23.7311	\$21.5737
Kitchen Hand	\$11.6716	\$12.6442	\$14.1032	\$16.5347	\$21.3979	\$19.4526

JUNIORS

The minimum weekly rates for work in ordinary time shall be in accordance with the percentages set out hereunder of the adult rate for the appropriate level/classification of work being performed
Under 17 years of age - 50% At 17 years of age - 60% At 18 years of age - 70%
At 19 years of age - 85% At 20 years of age - 90%

SUPERVISORY RATES

With the exception of Chef or Chief Cook
Supervising 1 to 5 employees \$13.90
Supervising 6 to 10 employees \$19.00
Supervising 11 or more employees \$23.20

DEFINITIONS

CARRIER is a person appointed by the employer to remain at a cash register for the purpose of accepting payment for meals

COOK (TRADEPERSON) Shall mean a qualified or recognised chef or cook who has completed an apprenticeship or who has passed the appropriate trade test and who is engaged in cooking, baking, pastry cooking or butchering.

FOOD AND BEVERAGE ATTENDANT (LEVEL 1) Shall mean an employee who is engaged in supplying, dispensing, or mixing of liquor including the sale of liquor from the bottle department, assisting in the cellar or bottle department, undertaking general waiting duties of both food and/or beverage including cleaning of tables, receipt of monies and/or attending a snack bar

FOOD AND BEVERAGE ATTENDANT (LEVEL 2) Shall mean an employee who has the appropriate level of training and/or who currently holds approval pursuant to the Gaming Machines Act 1992, as a Gaming Machine Employee and is engaged in supplying, dispensing, or mixing of liquor including the sale of liquor from the bottle department, mixing a range of sophisticated drinks, assisting in the cellar or bottle department (where duties could include working up to four hours per day in the cellar without supervision), undertaking general waiting duties of both food and liquor including cleaning of tables, receipt of monies, taking reservations, greeting and seating guests, supervising Food and Beverage Attendants of a lower grade, engaged on delivery duties, attending a TAB and/or Lotteries Commission Terminal, undertaking duties as an Approved Gaming Machine Employee. All employees in the industry shall be deemed as having the appropriate level of training if they perform 1 or more duties described in Level 1 and have accumulated 2 years experience with the same employer

GENERAL COOK is a person employed to perform the cooking of food other than a Cook (Tradesperson) or Senior Cook (as defined)

KITCHEN HAND is a person employed in a kitchen to assist cooks in the preparation of food for cooking the serving of food (other than carving), the cleaning of cooking utensils, cutlery, crockery and glassware and the maintaining of the working area at a standard of cleanliness determined by the management

SENIOR COOK Shall mean an employee, other than a Cook (Tradesperson) or General Cook who carried out a wide range of cooking duties, such as a la carte cooking, baking, pastry cooking and butchering (a Senior Cook may be the only cook employed in an establishment)

THE ABOVE INFORMATION SHOULD BE READ IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE AWARD.
SHOULD YOU REQUIRE FURTHER INFORMATION, PLEASE CONTACT YOUR UNION ORGANISER OR THE UNION OFFICE
CAFES2.DOC

OK, this is our opportunity to set the record straight once and for all and let students and young people in general know more about the labour market. (You know that place we are all destined to be some day). Well, more specifically, I'm talking about the workforce of Cafes and Restaurants.

The rorts in this area are **HUGE**, many of us have a story to tell. A good friend of mine used to work for \$9.00 an hour, cash-in-hand, mostly on her Friday and Saturday nights for at least 7-8 hours, and up to 13 hours straight without a break, or even a 5 minute sit-down, in a place that pumped at triple speed.

She wasn't aware of her rights and even began to think that she really was insignificant and that she had better 'behave' herself because there was at least (to quote the reality of employer flexibility) "a thousand people who wanted her job, but not a thousand jobs out there for her". Apart from the physical injury she did eventually suffer, as well as the constant tiredness which affected her study concentration levels, she became unwittingly liable for *defrauding AUSTUDY and the Tax Department*

Anecdotal evidence suggests that a good number of employers are risking your health by breaching occupational health and safety standards by over working you, as well as ripping off the community by underpaying you. Past experience has taught us that there is very little chance of your new employer in a Cafe or Restaurant informing you of your rights and encouraging you to seek out your union to help advise you in the future. What's worse, *(next to having seriously injured yourself at work without any protection from Workcover)* is that you end up being implicated in their lawlessness.

We want to do something to stop this exploitation but we need hard data to substantiate our 'guesstimates' before we can act effectively, even if it means modifying the award that covers employees in Cafes and Restaurants. The Liquor, Hospitality & Miscellaneous Workers Union (LH & MWU), and the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide (SAUA), Flinders University and University of South Australia are conducting **A SURVEY** over the next few months to get the information we need to take action against rorting employers and educate young people and students about their rights.

Please fill one out, you can find them in the SAUA at the Front Counter or ring Amrita Dasvarma, the SAUA President, Sophie Allouache, the SAUA Women's Officer or Paul Fogarty, the SAUA Project/Research Officer on 8303-5406, or me, Rachael Tanti at the Union Office on 8352-3511.

Oh yeah, I need to mention that there is a booklet that calculates AUSTUDY and your casual job and shows that you are better off financially when you get Award rates of pay as opposed to cash-in-hand. Also, it shows the amount and the nature of the penalties you can incur if your employer pays you cash-in-hand.

Two more things, the NUS and the ACTU youth committee are working together to prevent the implementation of the 'Common Youth Allowance' and to abolish Junior Rates of pay. Our survey may help them in further proving that young people deserve fairer and better treatment, simply because there aren't Junior rates of food, rent or clothes etc, etc... is there??!! This is another way we can increase the volume of the voice of young people.

ARE YOU A "CAFE SLAVE"?

YOUR AUSTUDY IS OK... YOU MUST INSIST UPON AWARD RATES OF PAY.

You have rights.....Award rates of pay are only minimum rates that reflect a minimum standard of living.

You've earned it, don't accept anything less.

The Hospitality Industry enjoyed operating profits of around \$687.3 Million dollars at the end of June 1995. (ABS 8687.0)

This represents a significant increase of 6.2% in the operating profit margin since it was last recorded in 1991-1992. (ABS 8687.0)

Despite this substantial margin, employment in this industry has virtually remained unchanged since it was last recorded in 1991-1992, and has only increased by 2% on that recorded in 1986-87. (ABS 8687.0)

A RESPONSIBLE INDUSTRY & GOVERNMENT SHOULD ENSURE THAT ITS COMMUNITY RECEIVES FAIR BENEFITS FOR ITS LABOUR.

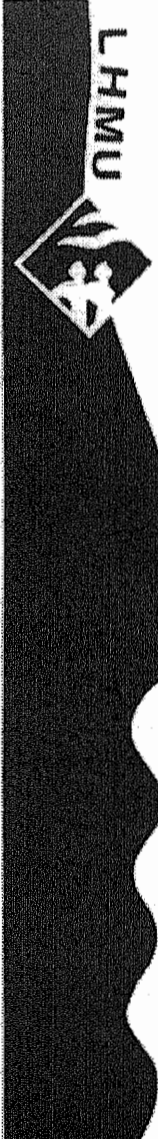
THERE IS AN EASIER AND LESS RISKY WAY TO EARN MONEY WHILE YOU STUDY. THE FINANCIAL & OTHER PENALTIES RELATED TO ACCEPTING CASH-IN-HAND PAYMENTS ARE HUGE

DON'T RISK IT!!!

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN LIQUOR, HOSPITALITY & MISCELLANEOUS WORKERS UNION

working for **THE**

SERVICE PROTECTION STRENGTH



UNION UPDATE

Senator the Hon. Amanda Vanstone

As the Minister for Employment, Education, Training and Youth Affairs, Senator Vanstone is the spokesperson for the Liberal Party on issues affecting, amongst other things, higher education. Despite the Vice Chancellor blaming the 'necessary' closure of the Performing Arts Faculty on the cuts to higher education, she felt it appropriate to invite the Senator to present the opening speech at the graduation ceremony for the Faculties of Law and Performing Arts.

Let us for one minute accept that Howard and Costello are as much, if not more, to blame as Vanstone for the cuts. The Senators's "you should be happy with what you've got, so deal with it" attitude is both offensive and deplorable to all students, even more so, those students who have been directly affected by the cuts.

So again, we must ask the question of the Vice-Chancellor Mary O'Kane, why?

How could you insult those graduands on one of their most memorable days?

Action

The Student's Association carried out a very clever and effective protest outside of Bonython Hall where the ceremony was taking place. The Protest included a 'one stop degree shop', chanting during the Senator's speech and the provision of blue ribbons for those graduates and families who wanted to participate in the protest against cuts to higher education. Graduands were also encouraged not to clap after the Senator's speech.. and none did. As the mace bearer of the ceremony, I was adorned with stickers proclaiming "Shame, O'Kane Shame", "Senator Vanstone, you are not welcome at our graduation" etc. throughout the ceremony.

It must be pointed out that as many graduands as possible were consulted about the actions.

Union Newsletter

The first edition of *Union News* has been printed and distributed. It is an A3 folder publication. *Union News* is your one stop publication for all information you need about YOUR union. The publication will include information on:

- > all catering specials and, meal deals for the month
- > all Union activities like bands and BBQs for the month
- > news on upcoming events for affiliates like the SAUA and the PGSA
- > special deals/offers and general advertisements of the Union's student services like the Resource Centre and the Union Studio

At the moment, *Union News* has been distributed in all the same areas as *On Dit*, I have also written to Faculty Presidents as to their opinions of where they believe the best place for distribution would be. So if you have any great ideas, contact your relevant rep, or please feel free to come and see me.

Oral Blitzing

As a part of the union's campaign to get the Union out to you, we will be implementing a lecture bashing programme in the next few weeks. The volunteer students will be letting you know about the weekly catering specials, upcoming bands and any other relevant activities. They'll be wearing bright yellow T-shirts, so you won't miss them!

So look out for the Blitzers coming soon to a lecture theatre near you!

PS If you would like to become involved with the programme or would simply like to know more about your Union please come and see me on the first floor of the Lady Symon Building.

Student Card Expiry date

As one of my major election promises, I have been working with the University to lobby the Passenger Transport Board to change the expiry date of the full-time student concession sticker. Currently the full-time student concession sticker expires at the end of February. The inconsistency lies in that in order to be eligible for a new sticker, you must pay your Union fees. The Union fee is due by the 15th of March.. so unless you pay your fees 'early', you go without travel/movie etc concessions for 15 days. By changing the expiry date on the sticker from the end of February to the middle/end March, it would bring the expiry date in line with the expiry date for the payment of Union fees. In previous months, I have faxed the Passenger Transport Board and have recently sent them a proposal. I will be following up with them and will keep you in touch.

Union Board Meetings for 1997: please put these details in your diary now..

below are the dates, times and venues for the year's remaining Board meetings. All members of the Adelaide University Union are welcome at all meetings of the Union. A full run-down of dates, times and venues for all Union committee meetings are posted on the front glass of the Union Admin. office, 1st Floor, Lady Symon Building.

Date	Time	Place
Monday 5th May	6pm	WP Rogers Room (Level 5, Union Building)
Monday 2nd June	6pm	WP Rogers Room
Monday 4th August	6pm	WP Rogers Room
Monday 8th September	6pm	WP Rogers Room
Monday 13th October	6pm	WP Rogers Room
Monday 10th November	6pm	WP Rogers Room
Monday 1st December	6pm	WP Rogers Room

Yours in Union
 Rosslyn Cox
 President
 Adelaide University Union

DON'T MAKE THAT LITTLE GREENIE INSIDE YOU SHOUT UNTIL THEY'RE HOARSE.

Dear Student population and potential environmental activists,

Do you suspect there may be a wild and woolly greenie residing somewhere deep inside you? But you don't ever have time to let him/her out to play? Wishing there was something you could do to help the green movement (other than stuffing money in an envelope) and make the world a better place with almost no time commitment? Well..... there are plenty of issues in SA that need desperate attention- and a part of this is "Direct Action" (meaning protests, rallies, sit-ins, media stunts... anything that will be effective in bringing issues to public attention (and hopefully media attention too!)). I am therefore pulling together a "Green Action Squad" and am hoping that you might be interested in enlisting.

The Green Action Squad will be a group of people who I can call whenever it looks as though some visual (maybe rowdy, maybe subtle, depending on what seems appropriate) protest is needed. Of course signing up doesn't mean you have to be in on every protest- it just means that you're at least interested in hearing about actions that are happening in Adelaide. I will make sure that we have a briefing meeting before any action so that all involved are well informed about the issue.

Rabble-rousers at the forefront, quiet support lingering behind, both type of participant are essential. It's a small time commitment. But it is such an important part of publicity and making governments hesitant about ripping into our wilderness. So if you want to get into some serious (or silly) green activism, or if you just want more info... get in contact!

Gr: Wk 83035182 Hm 82695963
 Email - vsimpson@student.adelaide.edu.au
 or drop the attached slip into the SAUA (if I'm not there, Deb, the secretary, will put it into my pigeon hole for you)
 Cut it out and send it in!

Green Action Squad contact:
 Name: _____
 Phone number: _____
 E-mail (where applicable): _____

FUTURE HEALTH

NATUROPATHIC

CLINIC

HERBAL MEDICINE
 HOMOEOPATHY
 REFLEXOLOGY
 NUTRITION
 IRIDIOLOGY
 MASSAGE

MARTEN JOHNS ND BA (PSYCH)
(Health Practitioner)

8267 5428 - 041 224 3839

Clubs...what the cavemen used.

In recent weeks Iran has once more been thrust to the forefront of international attention by the finding of a German court that the murder of Kurdish activists in Berlin was carried out under the direction of the Iranian government. This continues the two decade old trend of much of the international community in highlighting the alleged role of Iran in supporting terrorist activities and ordering the persecution of murder of ant-Iranian activists on foreign soil. It is important to remember, however, that such activities are carried out far more commonly on Iranian soil than abroad. While world attention wavers from Iran, for Iranian citizens gender and religious discrimination, political persecution and extra-judicial killings are an everyday fact of life. One recent example of this is the



death of Iranian journalist Ebrahim Zalzadeh. Ebrahim, whose journal *Me'yar* published an article critical of the Iranian government and was forced to close, was reported by his family as having 'disappeared' on 23 February 1997. His body was later found in a mortuary, apparently stabbed to death. His body has not been released to his family for burial. Amnesty International is concerned at the circumstances of this death, which follows a pattern of disappearances and deaths of Iranian writers, journalists and publishers. In addition to these unexplained killings, several Iranian

writers languish in Iranian jails. The editors Abbas Maroufi and Mahammad Sadeq Javadi Hessari have been jailed and flogged for activities related to their work, while Fraj Sarkouhi, after having survived one alleged 'disappearance', torture and jailing, was recently rearrested and lies in jail without charge. Amnesty International urges the Iranian government to conduct impartial investigations into the death of Ebrahim Zalzadeh and the violation of the human rights of other writers in Iran. Further, Amnesty calls for a guarantee from the Iranian government of the safety of other writers in Iran. You can

support this appeal by writing on your own behalf to the Iranian government or its embassy. The address of the President of the Islamic Republic of Iran is: His Excellency Hojjatoleslam Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, The Presidency, Palestine Avenue, Azerbaijan Intersection, Tehran, The Islamic Republic of Iran. Amnesty International is an independent non-political organisation that campaigns for human rights on a global basis. Adelaide University has an active Amnesty Group which meets on Thursday at 1pm, or can be contacted through the Clubs Association. For more information about Amnesty International please contact the State Office on 8232 0066 or email saaia@ozemail.cdm.au. Come along and help make a difference - remember **Amnesty works!**

Kinky Clubs Association Council Meeting

to be held on Wednesday 7th May 1997 in the Irene Watson Room Level 5, Union House at 1:10pm

Frolicking Film Club

There never was a man like SHANE!
There never was a film like SHANE!
"I'm through fooling. From now on, when we fight with them, the air is going to be filled with gun smoke." This classic line is from the timeless Western SHANE which the Film Society is presenting next Tuesday at 7.30pm in the Union Cinema. The story of a lone gunslinger who only wants to forget his past but can't escape trouble. Filled with shoot outs, an evil rancher and bad guys. Filmed in 1953, it is one of the original Westerns from which many copied. It is FREE for members and \$2 non-members.

The name is Paddy, wink, wink, noodge, noodge

Irish Club Quiz Night
Friday May 9th 6pm
Upper Refectory
Free Entry
General Meeting at 5.30

Sexy Sub LUMen sizzle.

The SUB LUMen BBQ
Thursday the 8th Of May
1200-1700 Barr Smith Lawns
\$2 for members

Sub LUMen presentz...

The Factory
DJs Nigel, T-com, Simon Little, Royal, Jason
Martini Chris V. & guests
2100>>>
@ the Proscenium (Blyth St., off Hindley St.)
\$4 entry
\$2 for members

SPORT

...the only activity where you can make a pass and no one will slap you in the face in disgust!

Notice of AGM

The Adelaide University Sports Association Inc AGM will be held on Tuesday 27 May 1997 at 1:10 pm in the WP Rogers Room, Level 5, Union Building followed by Sports Association Council.

Nominations are now being called for:
President

Deputy President

Hon. Treasurer

Hon. Secretary
which are one (1) year terms.

The Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary must be University of Adelaide Students.
3 positions are called for general Board of Management positions which are two (2) year terms.

Nominations close Tuesday 20 May 1997, 5 pm.

Application forms are available from the Sports Association Office.

Female Single Parent.

My daughter Claire recently came out to me as gay. After the initial shock and lots of tears with her, I phoned the local youth service who referred me to a parent support group... as well as the Out LBW project. I've always had a good & open relationship with Claire, after all it's been just us really. However I'm concerned that she will get a hard time, harassed, won't have children, etc. I know this may not be rational but I can't help thinking it. I can't be much help if I'm stressed. We both need support.

Family Support/ Referral: 2nd Storey Youth Health Service. Ph: 8232 0233/ 8236 6053

READ ME NOW I AM VERY IMPORTANT. I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE LAST WEEK, BUT THE EDS STUFFED UP.

The Adelaide University Photography Club has died. Help us get it going again! Why? Free use of Dark Room facilities & chemicals Get to know others interested in photography Come with us on visits to exhibitions and photography tips So come and join up as the AGM EVERYONE WELCOME! When? 12 May Where? Margaret Murray Room (meet first at UniBar) Time? 5pm

For any questions or just to express your interest Please ring Linda (82673809) Kendell (8271 6443), or contact the Sports Association.

POST GRADUATE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

More information for you to absorb.

We have presented a submission to the West Review into Tertiary Education. It is up on the Web and will be on our Home Page shortly. Also showing will be the covering letter, which is self-explanatory. A hard copy is available for you to read in the PGSA Room.

JUNE 4 A reminder again about the Terry

Grimmond Workshop. It will cost you \$15 for a four hour session developing your presentation skills. For this you also get a handbook and a delectable afternoon tea prepared by your Executive.

Please start thinking about the Supervisor of the Year award - there must be someone out there deserving of adulation!!!

The three weeks upcoming are designated for the following:

May 5-9	PRIDE
May 12-16	ANTI-RACISM
May 19-23	PROSH

During ANTI-RACISM week we will be hosting a BBQ and refreshment luncheon on the Barr-Smith lawns. Music will be courtesy of CASM.

We will also be actively participating in PROSH this year. The charities are The Florey Institute and Club Friday, a section of the Hampstead Centre. Club Friday supports those who have suffered head injury or brain trauma through accident, illness or stroke. As a victim of a cerebral haemorrhage several years ago, I fully appreciate the necessity for such a resource, although I am aware my degree of recovery is openly questioned by some.

Club Friday has had its minimal amount of State Government funding withdrawn, so we are in a position to make a significant contribution to their survival. All donations over \$2 are tax deductible and we have developed a painless method to extract money from the University community.

A final reminder that there is a large Club Room available during the day upstairs in the Lady Symon building and that you can make tea or coffee for 20c.

Come up and see us some time.

Your President & RESSO

KAMASUTRA

AGE-OLD ADVICE IS SOMETIMES BAD ADVICE or

THE BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO AVOIDING CASUALTY DEPARTMENT WITH THE KAMASUTRA

My first exposure to Vatsyayana's *Kamasutra* ('The Hindu Art of Love') came when, as a six year old, I found the decidedly alarming *Pop-Up Kamasutra* in a friend's mother's bookshelves. Here could be seen the results of practical application of these sexual tricks in full cardboard, three-dimensional glory. To a young and impressionable fellow it was somewhat mind-boggling, to say the least.

The *Kamasutra* was written roughly 1500 years ago by the sagacious and apparently somewhat randy Maharshi Vatsyayana. While much of it is obviously helpful and enlightened, there is one section (hidden away at the back, lurking like an unexploded grenade) which has the potential to cause much pain and grief to the un-

wary and low in self-esteem. Yes. The "Recipes for Increasing the Size of the Phallus".

"Remove the hairs on the bodies of insects that are born on trees and rub the phallus with them. It will cause swelling. The phallus is then rubbed with oil before rubbing it with the hair once again. This should be repeated for ten days. When in this process the phallus gets considerably swelled, it should be allowed to hang downwards through a hole in the bed-

stead. After that irritation should be assuaged with medicines. In this way the phallus acquires permanent increase in size and circumference.

Take winter cherry, roots of lodh, jaluska plant, vrihati fruit, butter from buffalo's milk, hasti-charma plant, and

the juice of vajraballi plant, and with these rub the phallus turn by turn for one month. It helps in enlarging the phallus. If all these ingredients are boiled in oil and with the resultant paste the phallus is massaged, the swelling lasts for six months."

These are not the only uses for the sorts of things you might normally consign with all speed to the waste disposal device in the sink. For example...

"Take the pulverised stalk of snuhi, punernava plant, the excrement of a monkey, and the powdered root of kalihari plant. If all these powders mixed together are sprayed on the head of a woman, she will be enslaved."

But perhaps the most sage piece of advice should be left for last.

"Smearing the body with kadamba, ambara and jambu flowers mixed with sandal causes one to be disliked in love."

So next time you're going out for a night on the town, remember to slap on the monkey shit and insect hairs, and leave that sandal wood at home. True sexual fulfilment awaits - and even if you contract some sort of horrific STD, the symptoms can hardly be more painful than what you've already done to yourself in the quest for lurve.



The Epileptic Locust Position



The Dancing Bird Septic Discharge Position

Randy Saucebacks

Black Rock

Simon Lyndon is one of the stars of the new Australian film *Blackrock*. I spoke to him, over a bad phone connection to Sydney about *Blackrock* and his career. The one thing that stood out about him the most was his love for his craft and his need to explore all the possibilities within it.

CB: Is *Blackrock* your first major role in a feature (film)?

SL: Yeah, it is.

CB: You were originally in the stage play of *Blackrock*...



"No, actually that's a misprint." The joys of print.

SL: Yeah ...

CB: Was that *The Property of the Clan*?

SL: No, the first play, a theatre-in-education play is a one-act play called *The Property of the Clan* (and) was done before ... and travelled around the coast. *Blackrock* was the full-length version that was written after that which premiered at the Sydney Theatre Company. And I was in the first season of that and there was another season of that the next year, which I didn't do because I was doing the film.

CB: And you actually played Jared in that.

SL: Yeah, I played Jared.

CB: Was that (the experience) useful when making the film?

SL: Oh for sure, yeah because I knew the story backwards... I was still finding out stuff about it of course, even at the end of filming but yeah it was really useful being so familiar with the story and the characters. I loved playing Jared, I related a lot to Jared and it was fantastic and then being ... they were casting for age in the film ... and being a bit old to play Jared it was great to have a chance to play the other part (Ricko).

CB: In the production notes it says that you and some of the other cast members went out in character ...

SL: Yeah.

CB: ... and you found it difficult to sustain the character of Ricko.

SL: No, actually that's a misprint.

CB: Oh, right.

SL: It annoys me a little bit actually... there is a certain amount of truth in it actually but it is a misprint. What I found was that, it became ... it became annoying after a while because ... you know, it was good for half an hour, forty minutes if you get out there ... but you discover a lot when you do that sort of thing. Like when we bumped into some women,

Ricko found it very difficult to relate to women and he (Ricko) laughs and you know you just get a bit sick of doing all that. You got sick of being like that. It had its fun moments and all that ... and a few funny things happened but you just want to get back to yourself after a while, that was all.

CB: What happened at the bar? The production notes said something about they wouldn't let Laurence (Laurence Breuls plays Jared in the film) in.

SL: It wasn't actually Laurence. It was a guy called Jared, he looks about 14 and

he is actually about 19.

CB: Right. (At this point I have decided never to trust production notes again.)

SL: They let him in but they wouldn't serve him alcohol. Ricko would have got really agro about it and abused the shit out of him or what ever. But because ... you know, I didn't want to abuse the shit out of the barman, I sort of personalised in my head that the barman was a friend of Ricko's dad and I better not cause any trouble and let's just get out of here.

CB: So you're totally different from Ricko? Can you sympathise with him at all?

SL: Well, I'm a lot closer to Jared with who I am and where I've been. But Ricko is a collection of people I've met and people I kind of half know from surfer crews (and) living in Fremantle and stuff. There is a bit of me in there but he is basically a collection of a couple of guys I know.

CB: So car bonnet surfing isn't a favourite past time of yours?

SL: (laughter) No I've never done that before but it was kind of fun actually.

CB: You surf though, don't you.

SL: Yeah, I've been surfing since I was about thirteen. I did a lot of surfing and a lot of theatre (I was unable to decipher the last part of the sentence).

CB: The film deals with some important issues like rape and the inaction of people who witness crimes and could prevent them or do something. Do you think that the film will provoke people into thinking more carefully if they are ever put into that situation?

SL: Well that's what I hope. One of the great things about being involved in a

film like *Blackrock* is that, it is actually something that can make a difference, that matters, it means something and it's not just a bit of a story for a bit of fun, if you know what I mean. That's what I like about it, I think it does have a really honest reflection of the world out there and I think it definitely can do something to help. Even if a few people see a bit of this and that of themselves in it or something, it sort of stays with them and you know, it could do something.

CB: With the seriousness of the script and I believe there was a hectic filming schedule, was there a light-hearted mood (on the set) or did people get a bit depressed and serious?

SL: No, everyone was pretty much enjoying themselves and it went very quickly. We all got on really well, it was fantastic, all that sort of stuff was good ... I know for myself because I played a darker character, so to speak, I found I was expelling his head space all the time and ... only shooting here and there for a few minutes, so it became a bit weird and it spun me out a little bit. Especially at the end of filming, trying to let go of it all and not be in that dark head space all the time.

CB: So would you like to work with Steve Vidler again?

SL: Yeah, I'd love to ... it is great having an actor/director and someone who has got so much patience and generosity as him. He really guided us well and I'd work with him anytime on anything.

CB: What are you working on at the moment?

SL: I'm doing a play at the moment in Sydney and there's a few things in the pipeline but nothing is confirmed so there is not much point talking about them.

CB: In the production notes (keeping my fingers crossed that they are right this time), it said that you have two upcoming films, *The Well* and *Dust Off The Wings* with Kate Ceberano and director Lee Rogers.

SL: Yeah.

CB: Do you know when they will be coming out?

SL: *Dust Off The Wings* comes out in September I think, it has just been picked up by United International Pictures for international distribution

Blackrock
Simon Lyndon

which is good and

The Well has just been picked up for the Cannes competition.

CB: Great.

SL: I've only got a very, very minute,

tiny dot sized part in *The Well* ... sure I was in it, I was there for a few weeks on set but I'm hardly in it but yeah, it was great.

CB: Do you have a lead or a supporting character in *Dust Off The Wings*?

SL: No, I have two scenes, they are pretty full-on scenes. They make a bit of an impression but no, Lee Rogers who directed it is the lead in that film and his mate Ward. That was quite a bizarre experience because Lee just rang me up and he had seen *Blackrock* and he just asked me. Ben Mendel son apparently was going to be playing the role and he was out of town And he (Lee Rogers) rang me up and said look I want you to play a friend of mine basically, I'll tell you what he is like, "He is this he is that, he does this he does that, can you do it?" I said yeah, ok and we shot it and then I came back and we shot a bit more and that was it. I didn't even know it was a feature film when I did it, I thought it was a short film. It was a very low budget film ... they sort of started this thing as a co-op... and they got involved in it and it turned out to be a very honest portrayal of Bondi hedonism and (now) it's doing well.

CB: Which do you enjoy more film or stage, or television?

SL: I haven't really done much television. I've only done one episode on this and that. I found television much too fast to be creative. I think it takes a lot of skill and experience in many ways and you've got to be lucky to get a good role with decent writing as well. I supposed everyone knows that but... I love theatre and I love film and I just want to get better and explore it and hopefully get on both sides of the camera. I'm directing this play at the moment actually which I have never done before, so that's a bit kind of crazy but yeah, it's good.

CB: Its based in Sydney is it?

SL: Yeah.

CB: Are you hoping to tour at all? Or ...

SL: No, basically we didn't have anything on for a couple of months and it is a play I have always wanted to put on. I wouldn't have directed any old play, this is one I just happen to have a connection with and there was a whole lot of incredible, talented people I knew, who didn't have anything on for a couple of months, and we said let's put it on. We have to open next Sunday week (I think that is about the 4th May) and hopefully it will do well.

CB: Can you give us the name of play in case anyone is heading that way.

SL: It's called *Road*, by Jim Cartwright. It's a winner. (Laughter)

CB: Well, good luck with the play and thanks for the interview.

SL: No worries mate. Take it easy.

CB: Thanks, Bye.

Chris Bolland

Spunky Sisters with a Serious Message

OUT not OUT OF IT!

If you've been walking around town with your eyes open over the past few months, you would have noticed quite a few postcards placed here and there with quite a few attractive lesbians on them! (My favourite card is the one with all the motorbikes with leather dykes aboard - my little fantasy.) Well, these postcards serve more than the purpose of a perve, they are in fact quite serious cards as they carry a very important message which had been ignored for quite a while, until a lass from SLADE (Southern Lesbians Are Discussing Everything) decided to do something about it, and in the process she enlisted the invaluable contributions of quite a few wonderful women,) from SLADE among a whole group of eager lesbians who were keen to help their sisters out there. So what was their message? If you're going to come out of the closet, or if you are already out, then for Gods sake, don't be out of it ie. stay sober girls!

The messages on the back of the cards vary. Here is an example:

"Come out, Don't get out of it - Drink in Moderation"

Drinking too much may:

Lessen your ability to keep yourself safe
Make you forget what you did the night before. This could be embarrassing.

Harm relationships with lovers and friends.

COME OUT SOBER! BE PROUD OF WHO YOU ARE!

If you need more information and support with alcohol issues contact Alcohol & Drug

Information Service (ADIS) on 13 1340."

Being the inquisitive lass that I am, I hopped on down to the Noarlunga Women's Community Health Centre and after getting thoroughly lost, making myself an hour (or two) late, I sat down with the organisers of the project and asked them some questions about the campaign and about life as a lesso in the south over a block of chocolate. The following is a collaboration of voices, as I was unable to define who said what!

"OUT not OUT OF IT, came up as an idea after talking to the Mental Health Service, the AIDS council, and Bfriend, lots of lots of groups that deal with lesbians really. We just talked about what

could we actually do with this, and for the women. Well, for SLADE (some of the women are featured on the postcards), being 'out' was really important, and so our message was important. If you're going to be 'out', you should be proud of it, and so from that came the OUT not OUT OF IT idea.

We also wanted to take *positive* images of lesbians, and combine that with the message. We took women from the community who were very 'out', and they were really images, which gave us a positive response, because women were identifying friends who weren't actually on the cards... they just look like you and me basically.

We organised a dance for SLADE, which had an attendance of 200 women, where we asked for lesbians who were proud to be 'out' and who wanted to be on the postcards.

We have had an absolutely huge response from the cards. The postcards have gone all over the world and we still keep getting enquiries, they've gone everywhere. We've received an award for it which is the

Commonwealth Heads of Government Award for Excellence for Good Practice in Women's Health, and that comes from all the consultation process that happened and all the energy that was put into the postcards from all the women, even those not pictured on the cards. They did all the work, setting it up, deciding what images to use, they owned the project, they owned it from the beginning and they still do. It wasn't as if someone came in and said "You must do this", it arose from the community. It's pretty specky! Some of the girls wanted to put their phone numbers on their t-shirts! We thought it wouldn't be wise, that's a major regret now though!

We also ran a number of forums. One was for workers, and the others were for the general community, to get their ideas. One of the most common complaints is that there aren't any services that are specifically lesbian let alone lesbian friendly or aware, so women were talking about going into drug and alcohol services and getting more emphasis put on their lesbian status, than their actual drug or alcohol problem. Having to talk to some one about your life, and having to watch everything you say because of homophobia, is

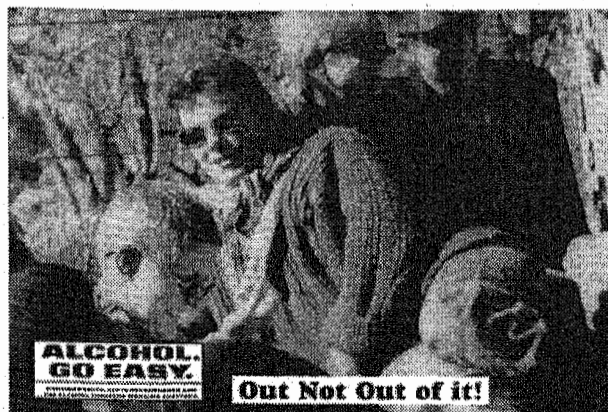
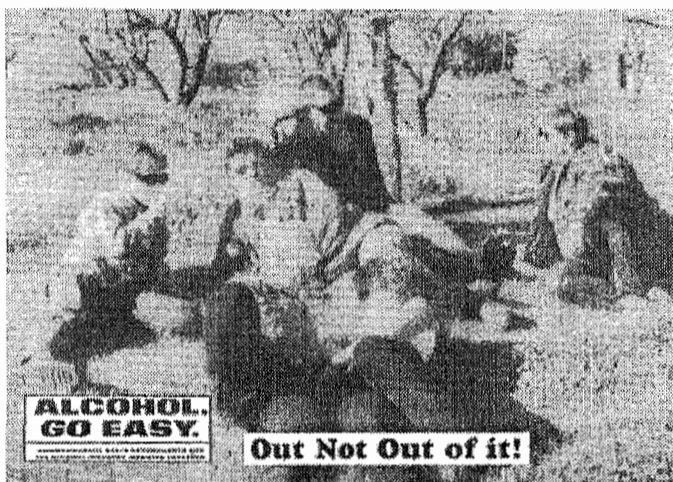
not constructive. One of the ideas was that we would fund a formal referral list for lesbians. A lot of the drug and alcohol workers think that being a lesbian makes no difference to their situation, they basically don't have a clue. So we had a lot of consultation with lesbians, we wanted a lesbian specific service that gave them what they want. If it's not a lesbian who counsels another lesbian, then they should at least be trained in the issues, especially homophobia.

When lesbians go out, and try to initiate their own relationships, they are put into

an alcohol orientated environment, like a bar, and they need that extra drink to pluck up the courage to make moves, or just to talk to another lesbian they like. I wouldn't say that 'coming out' causes someone to drink, it's the places you socialise. Lesbians can really only meet other lesbians at bars. If you're not into drinking, there really isn't anywhere to 'come out'. There are support groups, but a minimum of just 'social' places to go. We need other places to go, excluding the bars, this is particularly so living in the south. Travelling anywhere socially is just a drama. Another thing is that lesbians are four times more likely to be attacked than other women, and a lot of the attacks happen around the bars.

We're relaxing a bit now. We just finished our conference on violence in lesbian relationships, which was an international conference. Everyone was pretty exhausted after it. I think it was the first time, anywhere in the world that lesbians got together only to speak on one topic. It was exhausting, because it is an issue of such importance to lesbians. We always dreamed that our relationships would be utopian, but then you look at the prevalence of violence, and how we deal with that, how we deal with the perpetrators. It took a lot of emotional gut-wrenching.

At SLADE we literally discuss everything; family, culture, friends, relationships, anger, happiness. The women who



join us us span a wide spectrum, from women who are really out, to those who are nearly out, and then those who are exploring if they 'might be'. We're looking for a cafe where we can socialise, we might sometimes go down to the beach, go out together. There's a lot of talk, hopefully stuff will happen out of it. We are also getting some well known lesbians to talk to us.

There's not a hell of a lot of lesbian support services down South, especially with National Action nearby. It's a dilemma, there's this conservative thing spreading. Not naming names, but some idiots voted them in! We're working under a very conservative regime, and atmosphere, but at the same time, we have a very active support group down here. I've (?)been invited interstate to help set up a lesbian health program, which is good because in the sphere of things I wouldn't consider myself a public figure. However SLADE is getting all this attention from all around Australia! It's not hard to be out if you have support, but some cannot be out at work, the consequences can be quite drastic. I can cope with that though, I have my support from friends. I like living down here, it's quite grounding. Being a lesbian at work can be very hard, coming to SLADE has been wonderful, it's such a relief having their support. There is a very strong code of ethics about not outing in our group. If someone is very out and you can see it by looking at her, and she saw one of us in the shopping centre that wasn't out, she wouldn't come up and hug that person, because they would be left to explain the connection with a person who doesn't know they're lesbian! Most Gay and Lesbian oriented groups tend to die their death out here, except our group, which has been going for a few years now. You get a lot of dykes down here that are into sport, like the dyke surfing club, walking groups. The average group attendance is 19, but if everyone came at once, we would have a group of approx.35 "

For more information, ring the Southern Women's Community Health Centre, Noarlunga, SA. Ph (08) 8384 9555. Well Done Gals, it's good to see that there are a group of women who do more than talk!

Fiona Sproles

Virginity and Gangbang. Oer. Be Warned...

Please note both articles were edited for length ...not content as you might think. Before you start screaming abuse at us and so forth please read disclaimer on Page 2. Ta. - Eds.

Virginity: Coming Out of the Closet (or The Joy of Chastity)

Tim Kleinig (Medicine/Arts)

"... at first my parents thought they were to blame. - Surely, they thought, we must be somehow at fault. Why can't he just be normal like everyone else? Doesn't he know he's making life difficult for us and others, being so - well - different? Why can't he just find a girl, sleep with her, break up with her, find someone else, sleep with her, maybe have a casual snag or two? Surely it would be easier for everyone? - But it wasn't easier for me: and, thankfully, mum and dad gradually came to accept me for who I am.

Telling my friends was the hardest - I encountered a shocked silence - followed by an incredulous "you what?!" And everytime I saw them thereafter, I got the distinct feeling that I was making them uncomfortable. I soon came to find out who my real friends are..."

The satire, I admit, is a little heavy-handed (and I apologise if anyone feels that I am trivialising their own "coming out"), but I hope the point was sufficiently laboured as to become clear: that what society once regarded as a virtue is now viewed with contempt; what was seen as a strength is now seen as impotence; what was once the gold standard of behaviour is now something to be avoided at all costs; a source of pride has become a source of shame.

Yes, I am a virgin. And no, I am not making virtue out of necessity - valuing something thrust upon me by my own lack of physical attractiveness or

social ineptitude. I have chosen virginity until marriage, if I should marry, because I believe it to be the most satisfying and fulfilling way of living with the ambivalent (but fundamentally good) force of sex. Furthermore, I believe that our society in its sexual freedom has become enslaved; that it has set up sexuality, particularly in the form of love espoused by most films and by 95% of Cleo magazines - the irresistible, all-consuming fire - as an idol, and has been mastered by what it should control. Look at the sad characters in *The River Ophelia* - possessed by a desire which can no longer be satisfied, but which demeans both them and their partners. Eros is a delightful playmate, but a destructive and demeaning master.

Sexuality is, of course, a given, a fact, one of the Facts Of Life. Our other urges - thirst, hunger - are strong, but are rarely so all-consuming. If we do not eat, we know we will die, and hence we eat. Hunger is a reminder. But the sexual urge is different. If it is not satisfied, we will not die, or suffer any physical harm. Therefore, for our species to propagate, the urge must be stronger, and the reward for its satisfaction far greater. Hence the intensity of that feeling we call orgasm.

So much for the biological. Now for the spiritual. Cultures in all times and in all places have sensed something bigger in sex than sex itself - Tantric Hinduism is one example, the worship of Aphrodite is another. Indeed in our own secularised culture, sex is one of the few things that people still regard as holy - take, for example the video "Sacred Sex". In sex, we feel, we lose ourself

(not quite as we'd like) in the Other, in that strange adumbration of what mystics see as the union of the individual with the divine. In the language of Genesis (remember sex predated that Fall) "the two shall become one flesh".

We have, then, the two main aspects of sex: the biological and the spiritual. Fortunately our generation has become somewhat wiser than its predecessor, which thought any barrier to free and casual love unnecessary. We have discovered that removing all ethical barriers in the sexual realm both diminishes the spiritual aspect and decreases physical pleasure. We have recognised that the position "Sex is an itch. I itch, I scratch" cheapens sex and depersonalises, and we acknowledge that sex without love is meaningless. Encouraged by authors such as Margaret Mead, we have moved toward serial monogamy. However, I submit, our present attachment to this idea is selfish and destructive, and it is a shadow, of which lifelong monogamy is the reality.

For what Christian sexual morality seeks to do is join two people together on all their levels of being - sexual, emotional and spiritual. From Christianity we have inherited the idea of companionate marriage - it is the true source of our notion of romantic love. Unfortunately we want to have our cake and eat it too. We want all the glories of emotional union and none of the costs.

Relationships are a game in which to win anything at all, one has to stake everything. And the joker - sex - can only be played once. Or that is not quite true - the more often it is played, the less it is

worth. No one could seriously say that Magic Johnson with his reputed 3000+ lovers, is more generous with his sexuality than the person who gives their whole sexuality to their spouse for life. Eros (sexual love), unlike agape (self-sacrificial love), is a limited resource - spread it thinly and it almost vanishes.

But in the Christian ideal, agape governs eros. It dispenses with the childish morality (I want it all, I want it now) for mature morality (the greatest good). So let us not label Christian sexual morality anachronistic and today's morality progressive. As Chesterton remarked, unchastity is far older than chastity, and selfishness (the biologists tell us) far older than selflessness. Virginity unless married, faithfulness otherwise, is a no-lose bet - the greatest joy for the greatest number for the greatest period.

The paradox in this, as in all areas of life, is that self-fulfilment is found in self-sacrifice, not self-indulgence. Those who try to keep their life will lose it, those who lose it will find it. Treat your sexual impulse as heaven and it will turn into hell - channel it so it can be given to one person for life and it will be a source of great joy.

The selfish approach to sex. The selfless approach to sex. Lord Samuel once wrote "in between these two schools there will be many gradations, but fundamentally there are those opposite philosophies, and the world must choose between them." The Western world, in keeping with its individualistic, materialistic approach to life, has chosen the former. I believe it has chosen falsely.

Though I hope I am wrong, in this issue of On Dit I expect a plethora of "I'm gay and want the world to know", "The trouble being gay", "Trials of a female in a male-dominated world", etc type stories. Not that these are not important stories, but they do seem to be the only ones that ever come out. These stories seem to crowd out the many other sexuality issues. They are also "safe". Whilst seemingly daring and "on the edge", they do not cover the more dangerous ground of the sexual heretic.

If at any time you are disgusted or offended while reading this, just remember that there is still a large number of people out there disgusted by two people of the same sex kissing.

Human sexuality is both hidden and exposed. What we are sexually is such an intimate part of us. There is so much research, both academic and popular, as to what is sexuality, how it affects us, politics, physiology etc. There are many different views about sexuality. Often these views are examining power structures within sexuality. The breaking down or justification of current concepts all seem to stem from moral points of view. What I am presenting is intended to provoke debate. It will I hope provide a different way to look at one aspect of sexuality.

I am looking at only one aspect of sexuality, namely that of the male viewing of pornography with a single female with two or more male partners, or watching their lover with several other males. To put it in the vernacular - a gangbang. It is an area that is extremely taboo amongst 'correct thinking' people, be they religious, left, right, etc. Yet it is an area of sexuality that is more popular than people care to admit. How many women would admit to either their friends or lovers that they have fantasised about having more than one lover at the same time. The fear of being labelled a slut or gender traitor is great. And for a male to express the same sort of fantasy, they usually are aimed at

anonymous women 'who do that sort of thing' because of the need to conform. It is more than a little scary to think of one's lover in that position lest others call her a slut etc. Social pressures are great to conform to what the sexual fascists want.

One of the biggest jokes is that it is seen as traditional that men have more than one wife to impregnate the most women possible and have shit loads of kids. Human society - only a few thousand years old really - seems to be based on this. Men root around and have as many kids as possible, women select mates that will look after them. Seems to have worked. Humans are now all over the bloody planet. Successful. But what happens in 200,000 years when we are no longer here - breeding into extinction? Seems as if the successful way of breeding is not successful. But lets look at human families in a different way, and at the same time perhaps explain pornography.

Why does pornography seem to appeal to men?

Women take longer to reach orgasm. Orgasm assists sperm to the egg, or at least to where it would be during oestrus. Men on the other hand orgasm quickly. Seems a mismatch. Until one observes some species of primates.

Traditionally it is seen as the stronger of the males who decides with whom they are going to mate. They can force the female, and beat the weaker male out of the way. This is often used as justification of stronger males 'getting' women. However, not only in simian species, but in many other species (meerkats for instance), the female 'sneaks' in sex with non-dominant males.

The smaller male monkey lives outside the general group. The stronger males chase it away. The females are not worried about this male and often groom it. One of the females is in heat and wants to mate. She starts to make her intentions known to the smaller monkey who reciprocates. The 'dominant' monkey sees this

and runs over to the paid chasing off the smaller monkey 'claiming' the female for his own. Copulation over, he wanders away happy with the monkey though "I was first". (Just the way human males wander off to the fridge avoiding post-coital intimacy!) The female then chooses to mate with the rest of the male hierarchy to keep them happy and away from the bottom rung monkey. He is watching, waiting, with a hard-on throbbing. By this time the female monkey is now getting to her turn to come, and enter, literally, the little monkey, and bingo.

So looking at watching a female have sex with other males is a turn on. (Duh!) Looking at pornography echoes back to when our male ancestors watched a female mate with several other males within the group. The male becomes more and more excited, and so will fuck with passion, forcing out the other monkey's sperm. The female worked up can now orgasm thus assisting the smaller monkey's sperm travel to where needed.

The same data can be viewed in different ways. What at one time seemed obvious to male anthropologists is now flipped 180 degrees. For instance, a pride of lions was seen as a male lion ruling over several females, as if the male lion actually controls these lionesses. But looking at the same data one can draw the following conclusion: The lionesses decide where to go, they do most of the hunting. The male 'tags' along and bullies food out of them. The only reason lionesses need a lion is to mate. And from their point of view, they do not care who comes along, because they know it will be the stronger of the available lions². In other words, the male lion is along for the ride, and that's it.

Human families may well be the same 'originally'. A collection of females that live together and assist in the raising of one another's children, the providing of food, protection, etc. The males that hang around the edges of the group are really superfluous to the family. They are there

for breeding only.

From erroneous interpretations, well from my point of view, of animal families, words such as dominant come to mean more than they are. Just because an animal is 'dominant' in one area does not mean that it is the be all and end all. A male may be just dominant as far as sex goes, but that does not mean that the animal is dominant in every area. No matter what some people would like to think. And in most cases, it is the female that decides with whom she mates.

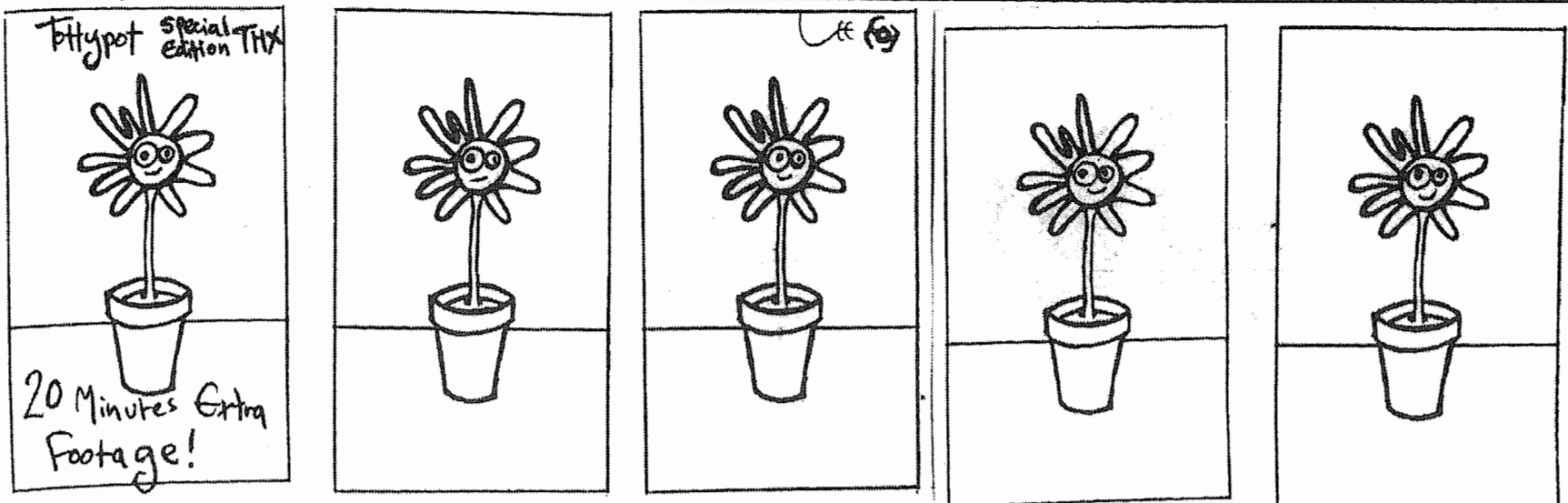
This article is not meant to explain all aspects of pornography or gangbangs. It is a stimulus to further debate. And one that I hope will start people thinking that there are different sexualities that are out there and are not to be criticised. Many people would say that there are only certain correct ways to express one's sexuality. And because sexuality is hidden and kept hidden, people who want to express themselves differently are either labelled deviants and perverts, or laughed at.

Promiscuity may be viewed as safer both physically and emotionally. There is an increase in the number of 'protectors', and therefore greater overall protection.

Some women, and the number is higher than many women admit for fear of ridicule, humiliation, abuse, etc, like to have more than one partner at once. And in the context of a loving relationship. They enjoy fucking several men at once for both themselves and their partner.

Another way to look at gangbangs, is that the males, other than the primary partner, are objects, part of the greater whole. For some men there can be nothing more beautiful than watching their lover fuck three or four other men, and then to make love with them afterward. I do differentiate between fucking and making love too. Within some relationships the male 'reciprocates' for the female, engaging in sex

Continued overleaf



**I've got Rhythm
rhythm makes form
Jacek Limanowka
Kensington Gallery
Until May 11**

"God made rhythm. Rhythm makes form."

There is the central idea in the work of Jacek, currently exhibiting at the Kensington Gallery. The philosophy is RHYTHM. The Universe and everything within it has a rhythm. Jacek has attempted to translate this rhythm to canvas, thus creating form. This exhibition is both exceptional and inspiring...but first some 'primal' philosophy of existence.

Everything has a rhythm which is perpetually in flux, never static. This rhythm may be also thought to have a cyclical nature. Representations of this cycle and rhythm are given as certain frequencies.

"Two ideas. Idea is a frequency. frequency is an idea."

Rhythm Makes Form, paintings by Jacek Limanowka is a remarkable exhibition. To propose this claim one must understand where Jacek has come from. Jacek experienced a near fatal car accident which inflicted horrific burns and nearly cost an arm. Now, nine years later Jacek has only just begun to paint full time. These experiences considered, one can truly appreciate Jacek's work and the significance of his religious discovery of rhythm.

The concept of rhythm can be encountered in some eastern philosophies and religions, although no eastern influence is evident in Jacek's work. The notion of rhythm

in art is not new. It is perhaps represented best by the primal abstract expressionism of Jackson Pollock (or Pollack, as the Kensington Gallery media release would have us believe). Other artists which have attempted to depict rhythm include the Futurists, Picasso, Klee and Van Gogh (or Van Gough, as the Kensington Gallery media release would have us believe...I'm beginning to sound like Stuart Littlemore now, aren't I?).

According to *The Advertiser*, 28/4/97, Jacek is an ardent follower of the Stock Market. However in some of his large paintings such as *The Snowman* and *Tokyo Midday Dollar Down*, I cannot help but detect a hint of irony and sarcasm. Perhaps this is my own biases?

Defining the style of Jacek is not a simple task. Picasso-like abstraction, Haring-like primitive pop depictions, and surrealism can all be detected. However, there is no distinct pragmatic constant. The only constant is the philosophy. Rhythm. Rhythm is infinite.

An exponent of Jacek's ideology is *Suspended at Morialta Falls*. This combines a landscape and a depiction of the human condition. A 'nobody' figure remains in limbo, with its rhythm or cycle plotted on an x-



y axis in the background. *Body Filler - Pethedine* seems to depict the result of such a narcotic on the body and its rhythm. This has obviously been actualised via personal experience. The pictured work *God made Rhythm, Rhythm makes form*, whilst consistent with the quality and ideology of the works, does not adequately represent Jacek's style. One of the last paintings in the exhibition may be the most humorous and triumphant. *God is a Drummer, Rhythm Makes Form*, illustrates 'the big' entity playing the heavenly drum-kit, belting out the rhythm of the universe (Midnight Oil, no doubt?!).

Whilst walking through this exhibition at the Kensington Gallery, I was prompted into considering the curious relationship between the art dealer and the artist. This was brought about by observing the lovely employees of the Kensington Gallery, (who were nothing if not amicable), and the last line of the accompanying media release. This cited Jacek's exhibition as a 'first' for the gallery.... "As a gallery we are seen to have an investor/ collector image. This is something very, very different." Although this may be perfectly valid and true, it seems a rather curious remark to sum up an exhibition or conclude a

media release. Perhaps the Co-director has the gallery's interests in mind, before that of the artist. I am not trying to discredit this because we all know that money is the most important thing in the world? (In the words of that 'bitch' Bernard King "poverty is so unfashionable") However, is it not the actual 'art' which is the 'thing'?

Art dealers and collectors, whilst obviously having a substantial knowledge and appreciation for art sometimes seem more concerned about how high they might climb up the social hierarchy, or how much cash they'll make from their next sale. This cannot be said for all art dealers and collectors however. I should not gripe though, because it is these people and their money which keeps art alive. Notable American Film Director, Robert Altman once said "The problem with the movie is the business, and the problem with the business is the movie." In today's modern consumer world it is a necessary symbiotic relationship which is in constant conflict. Right! Enough soap-box standing! I guess I'm just an artist at heart.

Jacek celebrates painting as the medium and expression which brought him out of 'the valley'. His work is the translation of his rhythm. This is what makes this exhibition inspiring. Although the paintings often depict a soul in limbo, there is always the sense that the soul will be ultimately liberated. Perhaps there is hope for us all?

Martin Polkinghorne

with other men.

There are many ways men and women can experience this sexuality safely.

Pornography is actually the most accessible for many women, and it allows them to indulge in their sexuality without the usual pressures from friends, family, etc. though many feminists would stifle this form of expression imposing their own form of fascism by saying what is right and wrong. By disallowing pornography as an acceptable form of expression, these women are further alienated. I wonder too if the same people who would complain of this would complain of a lesbian porno of the same ilk?? From past examples it seems not.

There are other forms of relationships that cater for women and men who are not

monogamous.

SWINGING - where you share one another sexually with others. Many people find this helps their primary relationships.

POLYAMOURY - rather than brief affairs like swinging couples, polyamory usually means multi-simultaneous relationships. These relationships need not always include sex. They are often long term, and sometimes involve outside people.

POLYFIDELITY - This is a closed group of people that form a close relationship. An extended family is one way of looking at it. This is more than just a sexual relationship within a group. Polyfidelity relationships are not just a simple extension of a family. They require deep emotional commitment.

This is a very brief (*really?!-Eds*) article

on gangbangs. It covers a few points only, and in a very casual way. Chase up articles on the Bonobos chimps, fascinating critters, anything by the primatologist Meredith Small, and the book "The End of Marriage". Try out the following web sites: <http://gloria-brame.com/subbook.htm> & <http://www.polyamory.org/polyamory>. Check out male submissives, S&M, etc. And the surprising thing is, these sexualities do not conflict with being a feminist. I have been lectured enough by feminist friends of different sexualities to realise this.

I could have written this very drily and with references, but that doesn't convey the emotions of kissing one's lover's semen covered face after watching her in rapture as she was gangbanged and sand-

wiched. (Double penetration hits the G-spot like you wouldn't believe).

This extremely brief article is only to provoke discussion, and perhaps allow others out there to realise that there is nothing wrong with them if they fantasise about gangbangs. One of the best ways to explore gangbangs or other forms of unconventional sex is by fantasy. In fantasy, with a lover whom you can trust ABSOLUTELY, everything is allowed. But the main thing to remember is that it stays between yourselves. It is NEVER to be used in arguments, when talking with others. It is between yourselves. Absolute trust is one of the most erotic things a couple, triplet, etc. can do/have.

MACOUTE



Sexuality. We here at Vox Pop love sex of all types and so we are very pleased to bring you a selection of interviews including important questions directed to the sexually active youth of Adelaide University.

Questions

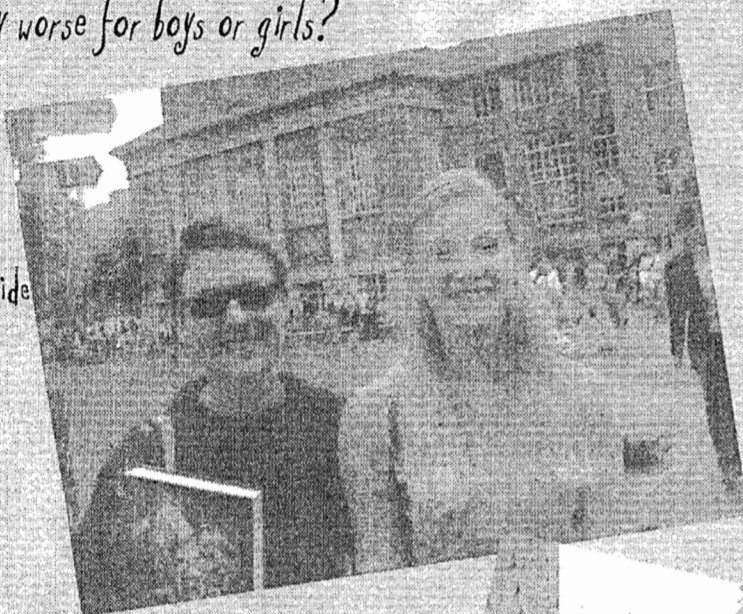
1. Why do they use blue liquid in the lady's pad adverts?
2. What would you rather be doing than having sex?
3. Is puberty worse for boys or girls?

Jane

1. (very funny, but indecipherable)
2. Travelling to get out of Adelaide
3. Dad for both

Cath

1. (the same as above)
2. Eating chocolate
3. Yeah, bad for both



Christan

1. Because the real thing wasn't available
2. Listening to Oasis
3. I dunno

Elk

1. (she wants to share the same answer)
2. Reading Dolly Doctor
3. Can we go back to this question later (but we never did)



Damien

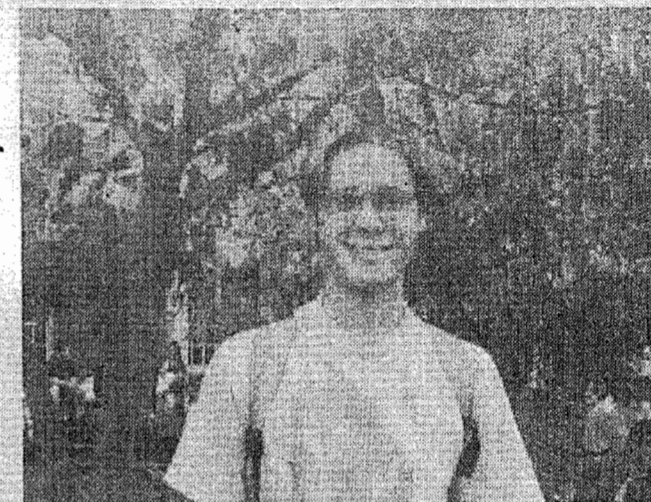
1. Left over from the days when they dipped chalk into it (like liquid gets into chalk advert)
2. Eating
3. I think two things. It's changed in the past twenty years. It's probably worse for women, but now men are just as concern about looks and all those things that women have to go through during puberty.....



Vox Pop

Heath

1. Because it was on special at K-Mart.
2. Something that requires more energy - building a city.
3. It's even.



Irene

1. It's a mutual colour. Outrage people, you know, red and danger. (What? - Eds)
2. Sleeping
3. Definitely women

Kris

1. Trying not to be offensive.
2. Having a good time with friends.
3. All the physical and mental changes that women have to put up with.



Sam

1. Because red would be rather distasteful
2. Be in a coffin
3. Men

Differences

What are the Differences Between Heterosexual and Homosexual Relationships?

Having asked this question to my homosexual and heterosexual friends, most tend towards the opinion that there is no or little difference between the two and I suspect that at face value this may seem so.

There are the initial obvious differences which include heterosexual relationships which require one man and one woman and a lot of love, car, blah, blah, blah. Homosexual relationships require either two men or two women. The above, however, is based on the traditional recipe, but nowadays people have found that there is no need to limit the proportion to one - on - one.

There also exists bisexual-heterosexual relationships; bisexual - homosexual; bisexual-bisexual; heterosexual- transsexual and transsexual - transsexual relationships. It is also well known to happen, that in the early hours of many a morning, the occurrence of heterosexual - homosexual relationships (*The hell you say? - Eds*). This is where the butch bloke with three kids and the lovely wife can be found at the local beat getting in touch with his own and someone else's masculine self while his feminine self is sound asleep at home.

So with that introduction, I bring you my article. Being a strict homosexual and having gone through a heterosexual phase as a younger teen I can only speak of the two, apologies to all bisexual and transsexual friends.

One of the main differences is that heterosexuals can eas-

ily be blatant about their sexuality. They will kiss and fondle each other in public and people will rarely be disturbed by their behaviour. If a homosexual couple choose to even hold hands while walking down the street, they are likely to be harassed. Although homophobia is becoming less popular, the majority of homosexuals that I have spoken to believe that holding their partner's hand in public is not worth the trouble it causes.

Homosexual relationships are only recently being acknowledged legally and certain countries are starting a legal homosexual relationship registry for couples to formally show their commitment. They cannot adopt or be legally married, most companies will not acknowledge

edge
The stereotype will tell you that gay men are weak and girlie and lesbians are butch and tough. This is true. It is also false! Homosexuals are as varied as heterosexuals, so when it comes to relationships, there may be some trouble in who assumes the traditional masculine role and who will adopt the feminine role. In most cases the gay and lesbian couple have to completely invent their own roles.

I have heard an interesting theory that says 'homosexuals have better sex and relationships because being with a partner the same sex as you, one can understand their behaviour and their body better, and hence pleasure and understand them better since they know what they like themselves, having the same body.' However I have seen too many dykes and poofs totally screw up a relationship or thirty to make that theory true.

Basically, all relationships come down to understanding each other and your limits, feeling secure about your own sexuality, be it straight or gay, and having love and trust with your partner.

George Houridis

Another interesting difference which came to my attention is the masculine and feminine roles. Although nowadays, the man doesn't always bring the bacon home, while the woman bears and rears the children, cooks and cleans, the masculine and feminine roles still exist, although in

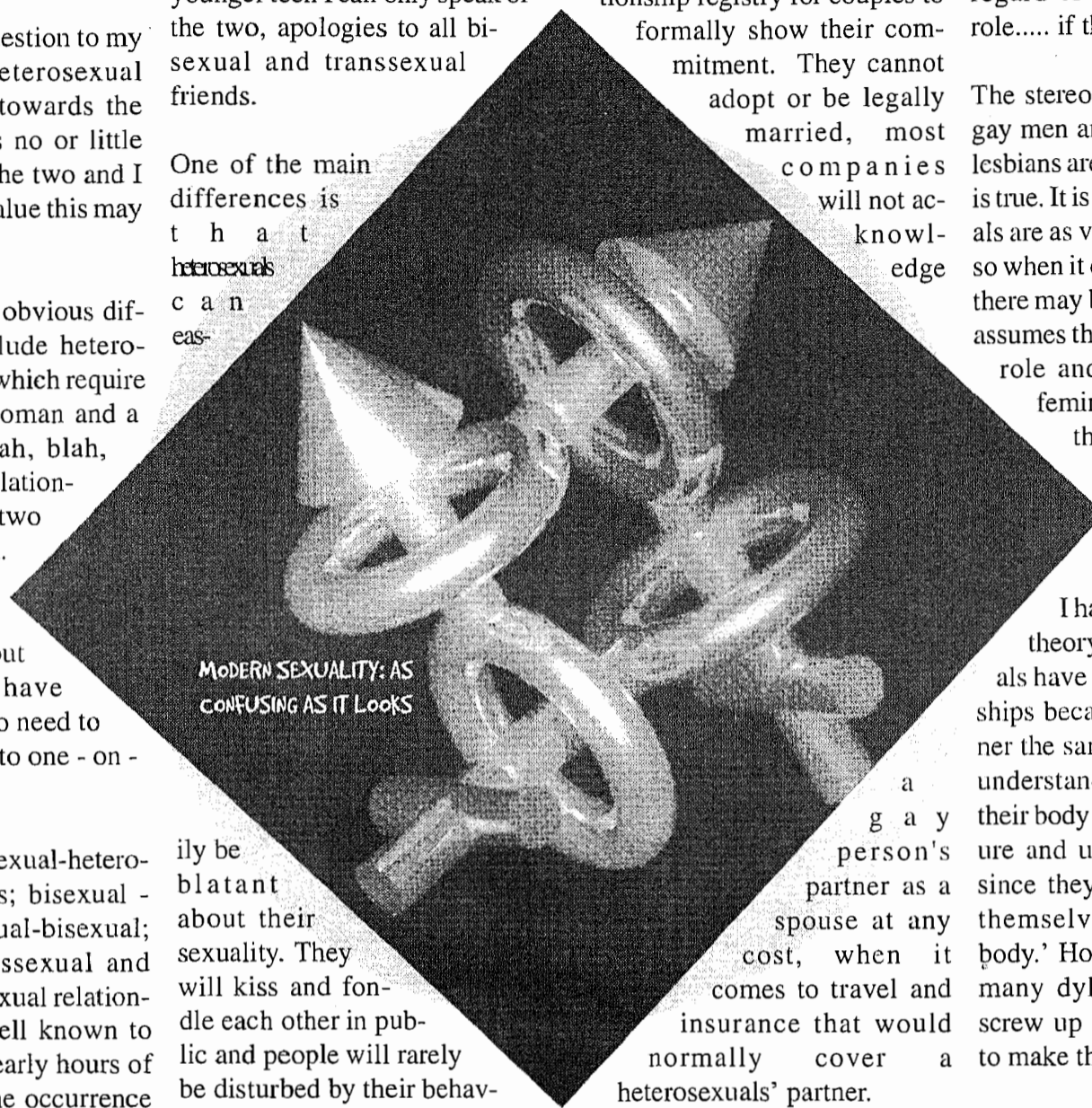
our generation the two roles have been manipulated to suit our modern living. In a homosexual relationship, there are difficulties in regard to who will play what role..... if they should at all.

The stereotype will tell you that gay men are weak and girlie and lesbians are butch and tough. This is true. It is also false! Homosexuals are as varied as heterosexuals, so when it comes to relationships, there may be some trouble in who assumes the traditional masculine role and who will adopt the feminine role. In most cases the gay and lesbian couple have to completely invent their own roles.

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Basically, all relationships come down to understanding each other and your limits, feeling secure about your own sexuality, be it straight or gay, and having love and trust with your partner.

George Houridis



TOP 10

Compiled by GTB

1. Disco Blu - DISCO BLU
2. Real Vibration - E.O.S.
3. Encore Une Fois - SASH
4. Da Funk - DAFT PUNK
5. So In Love With You - DUKE
6. Groove Bird - NATURAL BORN GROOVES
7. Nightmare - BRAINBUG
8. Footprint - DISCO CITIZENS
9. Make The World Go Round - SANDY B
10. Funk Phenomena - ARMAND VANHELDON



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i'm fifteen and i wear a short skirt out and my mother yells at me because i'm not being careful, i'll get raped and this is so ingrained in me that i'm twentyone and i'm walking across the sand wishing i was wearing something other than this thin cotton dress which clings to my nipples and this man has just tried to pull me on top of him and i should have scratched him but i was raised to be polite and it's only after i've said no a dozen times that he lets go of my wrists tells me i'm uptight and unfriendly and i walk home feeling vulnerable and stupid. i'm seven and i'm always careful not to touch my school friends because i know that holding hands with another seven year-old girl

makes you a lemon and this is so ingrained in me that i'm twentyone driving to the beach with a woman feeling infatuation, shy lust, guilt - i'm twentyone and i'm sitting on the sand and this man who tried to pull me on top of him is talking to me telling me that i should go out with men more that bisexual chicks are okay but he doesn't like lesbians who want to be men and he's telling me about a lesbian who was killed on the beach they raped her and threw her body into the sea that her being a lesbian didn't save her (it's no good saying you don't like men they'll fuck you anyway).

GIRL

Jo


SHE IS SO BEAUTIFUL.
THAT I COULD TOUCH HER.
CARESS HER HAIR.
I'D KNOW HER BODY SO WELL.
IT BEING SO SIMILAR TO MINE.

A RARE FIND
IS SUCH AS SHE
A WINTER BUTTERFLY.
BUT SHE WILL NEVER LOOK AT ME

WITH HER HAIR SO SILKEN-SHEEN.
A SIMPLE SMILE STIRS ME.
HER HANDS ARE SO REFINED.
THAT SHE WOULD LOOK AT ME
- AS A LOVER -
BUT I KNOW THAT IT IS FARTHEST
FROM HER MIND.

IT IS SO HARD
TO TURN A STRAIGHT WOMAN QUEER.
RES





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You would probably have noticed that I haven't been myself lately. I suppose I should give you an explanation. There's a good reason. André didn't leave. He died. AIDS. Oh, don't worry, I'm clean.

I almost wish I wasn't I met him in a bar. God, he was gorgeous. He was flirting with everyone. I didn't think I'd stand a chance. The next thing I knew, he was sitting next to me. He bought me a drink. We talked for a while. I couldn't take my eyes off of him.

Well, we went back to my place even though I'd let him know that I'm not a fast mover. We just talked, but it was as if we had known each other forever. It was incredible. I'd never felt that way about anyone.

About a month later he moved in. Some people say that moving too fast can ruin a relationship. Not us. I loved him and he knew it. Every second that I spent with him was heaven.

What happened?

Five years ago there was a week that I was away on business. While I was away, his dad died. That really hit him. So he went out and got drunk.

And slept with someone. As soon as I came home he broke down and told me. God it hurt.

But I wasn't angry. Not at him. I was mad at myself for not being there when he needed me. The funny thing was that it helped to bring us closer together.

Before the year was out he was diagnosed with having HIV. He took it better than I did. I couldn't I can't Why him? Why did it have to happen to him?

André found a newspaper article from when the first traces of AIDS began to appear. I keep it with me. I'll read it.

"Doctors in New York have diagnosed among

homosexual men forty-one cases of a rare and often rapidly fatal form of cancer. The sudden appearance of this cancer, called Kaposi's Sarcoma

What a name. But the cancer was already known. It only appeared in people whose immune systems weren't working effectively. And even when this began there is a suggestion that a virus may have been responsible. If the doctors had only just looked for the virus then they may have a viable treatment by now and then maybe André would still

Then again maybe not. He told me as soon as he found out. I cried for days. It was so unfair. How could something like that happen to such an incredible person? Why couldn't he stay with me forever? Later on I realised that I had to accept it. It's not as though I could do anything. And everyone dies, right? He just died so much sooner

Everything we did for the next four years was intense. It was almost as if we had managed to cram the rest of our lives together into that short space.

In a lot of ways it was the best time we had together. But everything we did was tinged with sadness. We both knew that he didn't have much longer.

Late last year - some time in October - we were in the shower and I was in the process of scrubbing his back when I noticed it. A dark purple spot. It wasn't a bruise. Similar, but different. The first visible proof that

So to 'celebrate' the occasion we both got very

drunk and cried all night. What else was there to do? Within a month he had three more.

I handled these in a much more mature manner. I ignored them. I simply pretended that they didn't exist. They weren't there. None of this was happening.

But it didn't work for long. Deep down I knew what was happening. He was dying. And there was nothing that I could do about it. Not one damned thing! I felt so useless! Why did he have to die? The first thing that happened after the appearance of the spots was that he developed bags under his eyes. They became a permanent feature. Then he started to lose weight. It wasn't too rapid, but it was so easy to tell.

Then he always had the flu, or a headache. And he always looked so pale.

The white face and the big dark bags. Then the lesion that appeared on his face. There were times that I couldn't bear to look at him. He looked so terrible I'd wish that he would start wearing makeup again. I'd joke to him about it but, what? Again?

There were a few times that we dressed in drag and went out. It was funniest in the straight bars. We could look quite convincing, but when he'd say "Dahling, can I have a shandy?" I'm sure that half of the bartenders nearly died of shock.

Once he pulled out his fake boobs and sat them

on the bar. He got us kicked out.

He was so much fun.

Mid January this year he was hospitalised. He was vomiting and he had diarrhoea. Unlike a lot of AIDS patients, he was never incontinent. I'm so glad of that.

In hospital, complications set in and he developed pneumonia. He was in hospital for three days.

At about 9.30pm on the twentieth of January, I was holding his hand watching him breathe - in, out in, out Then nothing. He just stopped. I didn't cry. I just sat there, in the silence, with his body. And then I called the nurse. I told her that I'd woken up and he wasn't breathing.

They didn't try to revive him. He would never have wanted them to.

I arranged his funeral. His mother came. Afterwards I told her that I had been with André until the end. And she said "Thank you."

It's so hard without him. I'll think of something that I want to tell him, or I'll remember something crazy that he did and I'll want to ask him why. But I can't. And I'll never be able to.

Life without him is so empty.

Still, life goes on, right? So I try. I really do. But get over him?

I never will.

Remember André?

Having been told that it was her turn, if she desired it, to speak, she had begun with an ease which was disarming, as though addressing a business convention on the subject of a tiresome product which was refusing to sell. Unlike others in the circle who had ransomed the group with tears, anger and vaguely-phrased death threats, her life seemed to have less of a grip on her attention than the mark on the wall in front of her. She spoke in carefully measured phrases of emotionless prose, spilling from her mouth like a slow stream of fax paper from a broken machine. "You may wonder," she said, "at my frequent use of the word fuck. It just seems to be the right term. Anything else seems sentimental. "Love-making" would be delusional. Me and Billy used to fuck. Love didn't come into it. We were business people. We did not take things out of context. I was, perhaps, in love with him for a while, but this seemed to have little effect on Billy's feelings, which seemed to waver somewhere between slight disdain and relief. He seemed to take comfort in the fact that, while not being in love, or even that inclined towards monogamy, he was still able to go through the motions. Routine drove our relationship. We fucked twice a night, last thing before sleep, first thing in the morning, sometimes on the kitchen table, if the cleaner had been, if Billy's bowels weren't playing up. On Wednesday mornings, while waiting for the report from Wall Street, we would fuck in the lounge room under an autographed poster of Mick Jagger. This seemed to satisfy our need for variety. Apart from that things went like clockwork, apart from alternate Mondays, when Billy's mother called, which seemed to have a damaging affect on his libido, and alternate Thursdays, after confession, when we did it with the lights off. Also, Billy was quite fond of porno, although not what you'd call the hard-core stuff, not by any means. He seemed to prefer those pieces with some semblance of a normal film, with a plot of some type, where there was perhaps, some kind of journey to be made, perhaps a camping trip, or some kind of quest, or where there was any kind of resistance at all, however feeble, to the inevitability of emotionless fucking, shrouded by nothing except bad acting. The result of this was that our journeys into the erotic were usually somewhat more conventional that they could have been, the film usually culminating in softly lit, carefully choreographed sex scenes, the man on top, the woman, eyes rolling, underneath, her arms clasped around his shuddering back, thus" - she demonstrated - "reminiscent, perhaps, of the first position which we were always made to assume in ballet class... It made me feel strange after a while, though," she continued, "albeit perhaps not in the way it was intended to, seeing repeatedly those images of

a disembodied head above a great quivering heap of back, a two-headed monster turning on itself, proof perhaps ... "and here she paused. "Proof perhaps," she continued, "of how close a person can feel to another, and yet how absurdly far away they can be..." Her voice trailed away. "We attempted," she continued after a moment, "to be a couple, and not just a pair of sex fiends. During lunch hours we would sometimes take a bottle of red wine - this making us feel more adventurous, more radical, perhaps, than if we had just bought coffee - to a spot between three sky-scrapers, sunless and paved in brick, where someone, in a rare moment of either insight or humour, had installed some green plastic benches, as if to trick people into thinking they'd found a nature spot. No signs of nature actually did visit the spot - even the pigeons only lingered long enough to shit on the benches - although you could, if you were willing to risk your neck muscles, look upwards to see the promise of a triangle of blue sky, held in place by three sky-scrapers. Amazing," she said, amused by a sudden thought, "how isolation and patches of blue sky would inspire such tawdry, unoriginal sentiment - about love and money and the need for fresh air - or perhaps, when the wine had taken effect, about the wisdom of the earth, the blueness of my eyes, the wonders of mascara. It was how he acted on the booze, perhaps, which made me end it. Because it was then that I realised just how far apart we were..." "Our relationship," she said, "was very clever, a very logical state of affairs, but there was no ..." She clicked her fingers. "I was not a particularly romantic child," she said, "but I never would have believed that people could live - that I could live - as we did for such a long time without something giving. And yet nothing did give. Life just saps it all out of you, like concrete crowding out blue sky." She made as if to sit down, but remained erect, staring outwards. "Perhaps something did give, in here, at least," she said, touching her head. "When it got to the stage where he couldn't really be bothered hiding his repulsion. So even as he was fucking me, he was hating me for letting him. And I think, finally, I saw what he was seeing. So I guess, in conclusion," she said with a laugh that was not a laugh, "that could be the reason why I have trouble reaching out to people. Because it's all really just a matter of recognition." She sat down.

floating (with pride)

fever
 madonna's fever throbs excitedly on the
 loudspeaker triumphant gay boys in
 pseudosailor costumes perform their
 camp drill red blue yellow lights pound
 rhythmically a bearded fairy prances past
 erotically offering chupa-chups from a
 groin-enhancing pouch my own heart
 pounds to the pop beat enhanced by the
 cocktail of substances coarsing through
 my body
 i am passed a hip flask and take two
 maybe three gulps my float charges
 along the road
 i run
 catch up
 shake my wobbly bits alongside
 our gleaming bodies covered in purple
 paint and glitter lots of glitter
 frantic
 erotic liberating madness
 fever
 take my friend's hand we twist each other
 round and round a groan escapes from
 my body "ohh darling you give me fe-
 ver" we erupt with laughter and confess
 that we want to fuck but rubbing our
 barely-clad sweaty bodies together ex-
 cites the vocal crowd and i enjoy the
 pent-up frustrated energy
 our float is moving i am floating along-
 side we love the crowd and the crowd
 loves us for shaking our tits they reach
 and try to kiss us
 i kiss the special ones
 the special ones are the women with
 multi-coloured manes who shake their

tits back the men with long nails and
 flowing hair the women with their boy-
 friends who wiggle and giggle the bare-
 chested men with nipple rings who laugh
 loudly
 fever
 my temperature is soaring so i let my
 buxom buddy untie my bikini top - i for-
 get how much i love it and throw it into
 the crowd my nipples are erect pink and
 pulsating i watch as they jingle to the beat
 of my dance my friend watches too in-
 ternal waves caress and overtake me -
 rush-rush-rush- i outstretch my arms and
 open myself to the sensations i am not
 unaware of the eyes which search my
 body but the pretence excites me
 my sex is my self
 it vibrates vividly engulfing me
 fever
 my head swirls encouraging my body
 run
 skip
 dance
 jump
 from above hundreds of hands reach
 down and pull me up i land on a swarm-
 ing mob of breasts fingers tongues clits
 my ear is licked my backside stroked my
 belly rubbed we pick up passer-bis - they
 enthusiastically join the chorus of slimy
 stroking
 fever
 i no longer hear the music just a hum
 and groan in my ears the lights are
 dimmed by the faces body parts i bring
 to my mouth
 everyone is dancing - inside the float our
 dance is... a fever...

AMY MURPHY

THE VOICE

Pleads down my telephone
 line
 in whimpers, like an
 animal facing the knife;
 gathers force as it sweeps
 along my ear canal
 harping on the right note;
 tearing up trees
 in the landscape of heart;
 twisting
 its emotions up the spinal
 cord
 to scatter debris in the
 brain.
 Always says the right
 words
 and makes me hang up on
 them
 as my tongue proffers cues
 which flare like kerosene
 on smouldering speech.
 The voice is a leech.
 It sucks off sympathy
 and catches on like

contagious disease;
 threatens to leave a dead
 end job
 bury its head in a noose
 and die.
 I want to be immune
 so buy an answering
 machine
 with automated speech.
 The voice fills up endless
 tapes
 I delight in burning;
 melts down like a candle
 that's had its day.
 I think I'm quarantined
 but the voice is infectious
 it enters the psycho in me;
 makes me listen / rewind
 / listen
 then consumes the last
 scrap of reason,
 and insists on a
 relationship with my mind.

Deb Matthews

"The free clinic AIDS test, the rite of passage for our generation, we're so lucky!!"

Thus it was with these words ringing in our ears that your devoted Wayward Students trekked down to 275 North Terrace to do some investigating into the world of the Sexually Transmitted Disease. This can, understandably, be a pretty harrowing ordeal for the concerned individual, but rest assured your visit to the clinic will be kept as confidential as you wish (who you tell remains to be seen). Although I went for the test for research purposes only, for those who are concerned that they may have contracted an STD, plucking up the courage to have an STD test can be quite unnerving.

This is a free service for individuals concerned about whether or not they may have a Sexually Transmitted Disease, who may not be sure of how to go about finding out. I guess in this type of situation the best type of advice would have to be "It is better to be safe than sorry". Therefore if you have any concerns it is a very good idea to be tested. This clinic conducts tests for all STDs including HIV/AIDS.

Upon your arrival to the clinic, you will be asked to fill in a registration form giving your personal details (which will be kept confidential), and asked to sit in the waiting room for your turn with the doctor. During your consultation with your doctor, he or she will ask you a series of questions relating to your sexual history, and your reasons for getting tested. On the basis of your answers your consultant will tell you the tests that they think that you are "eligible for", and what you should do from there. This advice is very helpful and certainly clears up a lot of confusion (or I guess that it could add to your confusion in a way!) For the HIV test a sample of blood will have to be taken, but the doctors can also conduct other forms of tests (like the Pap Smear for example), because some STDs are not detectable through a normal blood test.

At Clinic 275 you are tested for all STDs, so this means that (if you are a guy) you will have to have a "skin swab". [From what we hear] Ouch! The blood test is a relatively simple procedure (I guess if you've had one blood test you've had them all!); the results of which can be collected a week from the day of the test. No results are given out over the phone for reasons of confidentiality. If it turns out that



you do actually have some form of STD, the treatment for the STD can be commenced from your day of finding out, or from the day of your first visit. It is also good to know that there is a delay period with some STDs which may not show up on your results, so regular testing is advisable. All treatment for common STDs is free of charge, although an appointment must be made for any follow up visit. If you have any questions of concerns about STDs and the like, you are encouraged to ask your doctor or nurse.

Pamphlets are also available to people using the service, providing general information on the plethora of STDs around. In addition to STD testing, Clinic 275 conducts pregnancy tests with "On-the-spot" results; provides the "morning after pill" for women who have had unprotected sex; and the Hepatitis B vaccination, which is free to those individuals who are "at risk".

If you don't feel comfortable going to a clinic like this one, the University Health service actually conducts free AIDS tests for students, providing a similar service, which I have been told is a bit more personal; a touch that some individuals tend to find reassuring. However, whether or not you do decide to have STD tests done is your own prerogative; but if you are sexually active in any way, it is definitely advisable in the wake of the number of contagious diseases out there. You may not be aware that you do actually have a disease, and the chances are that you may not actually have an STD, but it is definitely better to be on the safe side. If not, you are endangering yourself and any partners and future partners that you may have.

Kerryn I

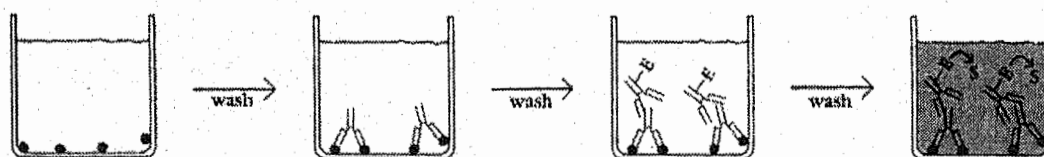


Diagram is adapted from "Immunology" and may not be the exact representation of the actual test that takes place. The above is only a generalised example of a positive test. The black dots represent the viral proteins while the Y-shaped doodads are antibodies. E=enzymes, S=substrate.

HIV TESTING

O.K., so now you know roughly what's involved in an AIDS test but what actually happens to that sample of your blood? A couple of friendly questions directed at the doctor revealed that, in Adelaide at least, blood samples are sent to the IMVS (Institute of Medical and Veterinary Services). Here is where the samples are tested for the HIV (Human Immuno-Deficiency Virus, the virus which leads to AIDS), in other words whether the numerous blood samples are HIV positive or negative.

How does one determine whether a person is HIV positive or negative? When your body is infected by any foreign material, including viruses, the immune system gets into gear, producing antibodies; protective proteins specific for that foreign material, which help fight the infection. It is on this premise that AIDS test is based. If you have been infected with the HIV virus, then antibodies specific for HIV will be floating around your system. The aim of the test is to see if these antibodies are in your body. The presence of these HIV-specific antibodies results in a positive test while an absence would confer a negative test.

The confirmation involves a standard ELISA (Enzyme Linked Immunosorbent Assay), a standard immunological process. This procedure involves having a sample of HIV viral antigens (their surface proteins) adsorbed onto the base of a test plate (see diagrams below). These proteins act as bait if you like. A small amount of the patient's serum

(the non-red blood cell portion of your blood, if that makes sense) is added to the test plate. Your serum may contain many different antibodies depending on whether your body is or has been in the midst of fighting an infection(s). If the patient's serum contains HIV antibodies then the antibodies would recognise the viral proteins on the test plate and bind to them. Another set of antibodies (that recognises the aforementioned HIV antibodies) attached with enzymes acts as an indicator because it catalyses a colour reaction at the addition of a substrate. At the addition of substrate, the enzymes attached to them would turn a different colour, which tells us 'bingo', HIV positive! Mind you, not that there would be anything to jump happily about. If the patient's serum had no HIV specific antibodies then nothing would attach to the HIV viral proteins and even after the substrate was added, no colour reaction would occur i.e. a negative test. Still don't get it? Aah, look at the diagrams then.

How accurate is this test? Well, according to an officer at the IMVS, this test is 95% accurate and quite specific. It is also good to know that if a test is positive, it is retested by a more sensitive method to confirm. There is a snag to the test though, largely due to the lag period, or the time it takes for your body to develop antibodies after an infection. The HIV test may show up as negative even if those nasty buggers are swimming around in your system, especially if it was a recent infection, say within three months. In physical terms, if you have done some stupid eg. sharing needles, unprotected sex, etc. and thought 'oops!' then a test taken within three months of that event may turn out negative despite the presence of the virus. That means another test much later is a wise move just to double check.

Sources:

Clinic 275 pamphlets
"Immunology" Kuby, Janis
Some nice medical officer from the IMVS, personal communication.

Ching Yee Ng

Adelaide sure ain't the hub of the Australian Queer night life...go to Sydney for that. But what we've got ain't all that bad, in fact it's quite satisfying. In the past year Queer night-clubs have come and gone i.e *The Closet*. So the natives shouldn't bitch and complain about the lack of clubs, they were given plenty of opportunities to frequent the clubs and lend their support, but failed to do so. There are really only three stable, and well known Queer spots around town, all of them are located at the western end of town. These are BEANS, THE ED, and MARS BAR. So what should you expect in each one?

BEANS BAR
258 Hindley St
ph: 8231 9614

Beans (named after its owner Jill Beans) is quite a friendly place if you know the people there, or go with a group of friends. If you're going by yourself with the intention to 'check it out' or to 'pick up', then expect to feel a little isolated because the crowd can be very clicky. Other than that, the service is very good, and the guys and gals behind the bar are quite friendly and efficient. The prices are average, the music is very good and the lay out of the bar is very comfortable. When you walk in, expect to be met by a crowd controller, I can't remember the guys name, but he is exceedingly sweet and

'nice'...he's also quite good looking. The other two controllers are Bronwyn and Stevie. Both have very strong personalities, and won't take any shit from anyone...no exceptions. If you're nice to them, they'll be nice to you. It's quite simple, be a smart ass, and you'll be landing on it soon (probably in the gutter). There are two pool tables which are rotated fairly among the customers. The DJs are real crowd pleasers. You can go there for lunch on the week days. The food is very tasty, and the prices are incredibly cheap. Beans used to be a 'lesbian bar', with womens only hours. However Jill has opened her arms to our wonderful gay brothers, so everyone is welcome all the time, heterosexuals included. As far as night time fun goes, Beans is one of my favourites.

THE ED.
233 Currie St.
ph: 8410 1211

The ED, formally known as the Edinburgh Castle caters for everyone. It's a great place to go in the middle of the day, plonk yourself at the front bar or in the most colourful beer garden this side of Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory. The prices are

very good, and the guys and gals behind the bar are fairly friendly (some more than others). It's going under renovations at the moment, and the place is starting to look pretty good. I'm not one for Pokies, so the entrance of these doesn't excite me, but if you're into them, then The Ed will be the place for you. It will definately give birth to more pick-ups ie. "AAAGH, I just won the jackpot, I'm so happy, happy, happy, come home with me now and let me show you how gay I am!...what's your name by the way?" or "Oh, I lost all my money, I need an embrace, a hug, a caress" and as you receive one from a complete stranger "...how about a kiss and a rub to go with that!" The food is also yummy. The only down fall is that is closes at 12:00, but then everyone heads off to Beans, which is the best time to be there because everyone is hyped up and ready for a boogie.

THE MARS BAR
120 Gouger St
ph:8231 9639

Mars Bar opens later than the other bars, but then it also closes with the sunrise of the next morning! The lines outside can be exceedingly long and it's the only bar with a

covercharge. However it is also the only bar that provides a fairly entertaining drag performance led by Phoebe / Fifi (I can't remember) and Rochelle. If you go every Friday for a couple of months, then you'll be able to perform the routine by yourself as it can be slightly repetitive, but it's all good fun. A lot of beautiful people go to Mars Bar, and the majority of them know it as well... you can spot them easily, they're the ones who jump onto the podiums and dance when the professionals are having a break; and if they can't get a podium, they'll be dancing on the stage, facing the audience with a 'look but don't touch' aura around them. Mars Bar is definitely the most popular and well known as it has a fairly strong heterosexual and Queer base, you'll find that if you split the audience into both categories, you'd have about the equal amount on both sides of the room. The grog is priced at typical nightclub prices, and the bar people are 'alright'. To give you some idea of what you can expect of the crowd, I was sitting in a corner, quite innocently with my girlfriend when a shirtless lad approached her, stroked her face, stared at us for a while, then told me that he basically wanted a threesome kinda thing to happen. As hard as I had tried, I obviously didn't bruise his ego enough as he was 'cruising' other women about .78th of a second later!

Fiona Sproles



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- * Cosy Open Fires

HAPPY HOUR
Every Friday - 5.30 to 6.30 pm

8-BALL COMPETITION: Mondays at 7pm

"Come on in and enjoy the Ed's relaxed & friendly atmosphere"

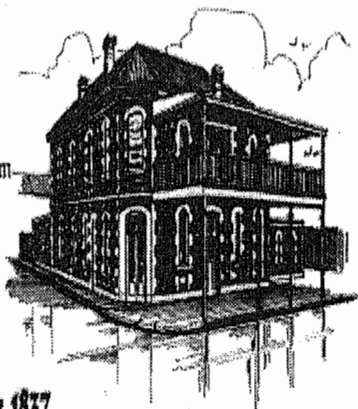
TRADING HOURS

Monday to Saturday: 11am - Midnight & Sunday: 2pm - 8 pm

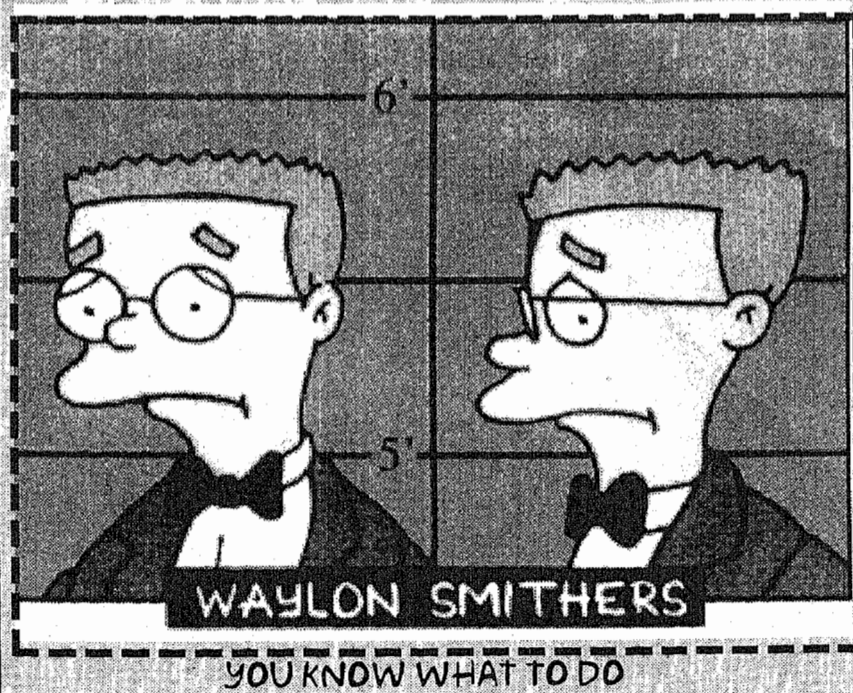
MEALS

Lunch: Tuesday to Friday 12.30 pm - 2.30 pm
Dinner: Monday to Saturday 6.00 pm - 8.30 pm

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WHAT'S THE REAL STORY WITH WAYLON SMITHERS... YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.



Video

Bottom-Fluff

Adrian Edmundson, Rick Mayal
Roadshow Entertainment

Before you read any further realise that this is not a compilation of episodes from the quality, nay, champagne comedy *Bottom*, but the bloopers tape from aforementioned series. Expect not a pound for a plot or continuity, but a premium version of "Britain's funniest acting cock-ups".

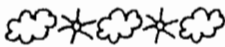
Expect those not-so-young-ones Rick and Eddie to muff their lines, muff them again, ad lib, not to mention fall on, trip over, and generally destroy all manner of props, all the while swearing like sailors. Also included are several cut sections from previously released episodes (referred to as *Bottom* enlargements), which include a few hilarious moments.

This video drags at times, as the material degenerates to repetitive combinations of missed lines, raspberries, swearing, and winking motions made behind the backs of hapless victims.

There are highlights however, notably when the natural performance instincts of Rick and Adrian come to the fore, as they fire jokes and impressions at cameras that are on only incidentally. Watch for Adrian's progressive impression of Michael Caine in *Allie* ("Allo Peg - Fancy a Shag?"), and his outburst at the beginning of a show.

I would recommend this video to those who have already seen all there is to see of *Bottom*, but suggest that those who have not seen the entire series hunt down copies of entire episodes. This is good, but whole episodes of these two loonies are far superior.

Stephen Finney



Hungry for You

1996, Director: Dimitri Logothetis
Michael Phenicie, Rochele Swanson, Gary Wood, Nancy Hochman
21st Century Pictures

Hungry for You is not a vampire movie - which is what I thought it was, and the reason why I chose to review it. What it is is an off-Hollywood science fiction film with way too much sex. In fact, the sex scenes are so numerous, lengthy, and detailed, that the plot

We have a copy of "The Scarlett Letter" to give away. Come down to the On Dit office on Friday 9th May after 12:15pm.

ALISON 18 Years old.

I have a male friend who is gay and wants to meet other young gay men but doesn't know where to go. He's got lots of female friends but no male friends. I want to support him as much as possible because I know his family would find it hard. He gets a hard time at uni because of his sexuality (harassment and homophobia) so he has learnt to keep to himself and not take risks. I want to come with him so he feels safe. I know of other young men like my friend, and I want to help them too. Some of my other friends would be interested in it too since they met some other gay and lesbian students recently.

Gay/Bi/Lesbian & Friends Drop in project.
The Second Storey Youth Health Service, ph: 8232 0233.

becomes just an excuse for another bonk. This tends to overshadow what was probably the film's best feature: its original idea.

Hungry for You is set in the year 2010, when half the world is tuned into virtual reality. You hook into your favourite broadcast in the same way that you watch a particular TV show. So, you can go skydiving, car racing, mountain climbing etc. The only drawback is that there is no sex allowed on the V.R., except in Nevada, of course. Blake Brannigan is a V.R. detective who is commissioned by a government agency to investigate two killings which occurred whilst the victims were having sex on a pirate broadcast. As well as solving the case, he ends up falling for Viva, the virtual seducer with virtual breasts.

Although the film does have some big credibility problems I managed to find the (barely there) story enough to hold my interest, but the sex scenes get very boring after a while. Made specially for heterosexual males.

Carmel Pascale



The Fan

1996, Director: Tony Scott
Columbia TriStar

The Fan is an interesting mix of dark suspense thriller and a study of one man's descent into obsession. You would think that this would make it heavy viewing, but director Tony Scott (*Top Gun*, *Last Boy Scout*, *Crimson Tide*) manages to keep the experience superficial enough to have you coming away thinking that it was a good movie with no DEEP messages.

Robert De Niro (*Taxi Driver* etc) plays Gill, a baseball fan whose life at work and at home is coming apart at the seams. Wesley Snipes plays Bobby Rayburn, a hot-shot star hitter who has just been bought by the Chicago Giants, and who also happens to be Gill's all-time number one hero. Bobby's career suddenly hits a slump as Gill's life gets worse, and Gill begins to believe that he is the only one who understands, and, in true psychotic form, starts to work to turn the tide for his hero. The path of obsession is never smooth and this film has some truly exciting moments when you're not quite sure what's going to

happen next.

The acting is superb. De Niro is, of course, playing the kind of character he does best, and Wesley Snipes was born to play a baseball star. But the best performance by far was given by Ellen Barkin who plays a "hard arsed" sports commentator.

The Fan is a good watch, a straight-forward suspense thriller with some great edge-of-your-seat moments.

Esther Speight



The Scarlet Letter

1995, Director: Roland Joffe
Demi Moore, Gary Oldman, Robert Duval, Lisa Joliff-Andoh
Roadshow Entertainment

The Scarlet Letter appears to be a star vehicle for both Moore and Oldman. Demi plays a headstrong independent woman in a Massachusetts colony in 1666. She has an illicit affair with the local religious leader (Gary), becomes pregnant, is then made a social outcast, and later, accused of witchcraft and nearly hanged. All the while Oldman's character covers behind her strong feminine skirts.

Yet, for all these happenings the story remains rather flat. The acting is definitely second-rate and about the only thing that saves the film is the remains of any parts of the novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Carmel Pascale



To Have and to Hold

1996, Director: John Hillcoat
Tcheky Karyo, Rachel Griffiths, Steve Jacobs, Robert Kursa
Roadshow Entertainment

To Have and to Hold is a highly conventional film. Set in jungle Papua New Guinea it takes every opportunity to exploit all those well established tropical themes.

Rachel Griffiths plays a romance novelist who follows her new lover to P.N.G. where she becomes a player in his obsession with his dead wife. Their romance predictably degenerates into alcoholism and near insanity, as her perfect romance novel turns into a psychological thriller. Note: there are always terrible secrets to be uncovered in tropical romances.

Griffiths looks awkward as the romantic heroine, while Karyo's performance is somewhat wooden: there is a genuine lack of chemistry between the actors. The plot is slow moving, and essentially about a man searching for his dead wife in the red dress - if there was any more to the film I didn't see it.

Carmel Pascale

The Machine

1995, Director: Michel Zyto
Columbia TriStar
French dialogue with English subtitles

The Machine is a quirky French film starring Gerard Depardieu (*Green Card*, *My Father the Hero*, *Jean de Florette*). If you have ever wanted to see what a French "B" science fiction movie looked like, here's your chance.

Depardieu plays "scientist" Marc Lacroix, who has created a machine to transfer memories between individuals. So, in the true tradition of the midnight movie, he chooses a malicious psychopathic killer to be his first test case. He straps himself and the murderer into twin chairs, with convincingly "scientific" head attachments, and what do you know, the machine actually swaps the men's minds. The rest of the film involves the scientist's pursuit of the killer, who has taken over his life along with his body.

This would be great for anyone who is into the odd B-movie but for its incredible dryness, which I have noticed in other French movies. It is also very slow, and despite its potential to supply "riveting thrills" (as the blurb promised), or really bad special effects, none were forthcoming. In fact, the only truly scary scene was one where we get to see Depardieu having sex with his lover (shirt off ... ugh). But I have to add, I loved the ending which was totally UN-HOLLYWOOD.

Esther Speight

Frontline. One big happy family etc.

The cast of the late show plus others, minus Martin & Moloy
Roadshow Entertainment

Here are three fine episodes from Australia's most respected current affairs team. Smirk. If you don't know what *Frontline* is, where have you been? what? studying? surely you jest! *Frontline* lampoons current affairs, and the media in general, to the very tip of the asparagus. The result is satirical, but not necessarily hilarious - *Frontline* runs dangerously close to the truth in places.

The air is one of subtle irony. In just under two hours this tape delivered only one or two belly laughs, but many scathing insights and amusing contradictions. A prime example is the episode "One Big Happy Family" in which members of the *Frontline* team film a 'friendly' hand-slapping scene, but are never present at the same time as one another. And, of course, the constant pandering to the many inflated egos about the news desk.

My main bone with this particular video is the episode which involves an arch-chauvinist executive producer, who lacks a single redeeming feature. In combination with the ever present naive idiot of Mike Moore, this guy proved to be a complete frustration/hatred overload situation for yours truly. Not since viewing a *Mother and Son* marathon had I gnashed my teeth so often.

If you're looking for something relatively subtle, then this is for you, but if you want side-splitting hilarity, go for *The Late Show* instead.

Stephen Finney

No Birdie Play

Jocelyn Milbank

The Seagull

Company B Belvoir Theatre
Space Theatre, Adelaide Festival
Centre 17-26 April

"It's a play in which everyone talks and no one listens and in which everyone wants something they can't have" Director Neil Armfield.

I really did not know what to expect as I sat in my seat anxious for the play to begin. I was quite excited at the promises of a great cast - including Noah Taylor, (*Shine*) Richard Roxburg, (*Children of the Revolution*) and Ivar Kants, (*Heartbreak High*) and a new translation of a great script by Anton Chekhov. Being vaguely aware of Chekhov's other works, and as the programme particularly highlighted - this was to be a theatre masterpiece.

The plot was a carefully woven complex story about two men vying to have the same two women, and authorship of the plot. That is Trigorin (Richard Roxburg)-the successful author from Moscow, and Konstantin (Noah Taylor)-a younger author, to represent the naivety of youth. Similarly, there are two "seagulls" in the play, or two characters that have been cursed with the identification. One of

these, Nina (Cate Blanchett) rejects that curse, and the other, Konstantin fulfils it. So it is Konstantin who is the seagull. It is what Konstantin says in the first act that has direct relevance:

"I was cruel enough to kill this seagull today... Soon in the same way I shall kill myself".

This bears an ironic significance to the end of the play, an ending that we were not prepared for, but was spelled out for us in the first act.

Whilst watching this "masterpiece" I couldn't help thinking how rare it is to see such a piece of theatre brought to life in such a unique way. The set, lighting, sound, direction, and translation (have I forgotten anything) was simple and natural. All credit is due to the story - the new translation, and of course the talents of the actors. What a cast though. It is definitely important to mention the acting because it really helped in bringing this play to life. I know I am completely raving about this play, but it is such an important piece of theatre which everyone should go and see; it highlights the weaknesses and strengths of the human will. If not for this reason, at least it is such a privilege to be in the same room as such talented actors.

Powell's *Porgy*, Ronn K. Smith's dope-peddling and gambling *Sportin' Life* and Stephen Finch's oppressive and bullying *Crown* stand out from a fine cast. However, like Elizabeth Graham's *Bess*, all show moments of hesitancy in interpretative approach. Is it opera or musical theatre?

Of course *Porgy and Bess* is an opera. It certainly shows that Gershwin had learned a thing or two from Wagnerian leit-motifs, Puccini and Bizet. However his musical language owes more to America's own melting pot of influences - jazz, blues, spirituals, klezmer and Protestant hymns. All this was to weld somewhat more appropriately with classical music in Bernstein's musical *West Side Story* (1957). Undoubtedly America's greatest gift to the twentieth century theatre is the musical. One wonders why Gershwin wanted to write an operatic setting at all, for he had already proved that his true metier was in musicals like *Oh Kay!*, *Girl Crazy* and *Funny Face*.

Yet to hear Gershwin's music in the vehicle for which he intended it, is indeed a pleasure. In fact it is

Gershwin's music which makes it a masterpiece. The book and libretto by Heyward and George's older brother (and gifted lyricist) Ira, are really completely inappropriate in the 'politically correct' nineties. Heyward's moral tale of black cripple made good (*Porgy*) and his love for *Bess* (Eve as drug taking temptress) is now really downright embarrassing. But Gershwin's music rises above all of this to become an undisputed part of the American artistic canon. *Porgy* lives on in the interpretations of artists as diverse as Ella, Miles, Streisand, Janis Joplin and others. Just to fill in the missing gaps, go to see a fine production of the opera which George Gershwin had initially wrote and envisaged

Brett Allen Bayes.



"I LOVE YOU
PORGY...."

Porgy and Bess

Her Majesty's Theatre until 10 May

George Gershwin's folk opera *Porgy and Bess* (1936) is a masterpiece which stands out in the history of American musical theatre. However, like Leonard Bernstein's witty operetta *Candide* and Marc Blitzstein's underrated *Regina* (a fascinating setting of Hellman's *The Little Foxes*), it is a flawed one. All three shows were originally mounted as Broadway productions, and as such, were flops. They were simply too eclectic and complicated for general American audiences. *Porgy* is a long show - a full blown three act operatic melodrama, and part of the problem stems from matters of qualification. Is *Porgy and Bess* an opera or a musical? ... And it is this puzzling dichotomy which undermines the New York production of the opera which is currently showing at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Just to have the chance to see *Porgy* with its specified all black cast, and in its original setting, is more than enough reason to praise this production. It is a very good example of ensemble theatre working at its best with cast members playing several roles over the season. James Fouchard's set designs certainly suit and fill the theatre; conductor Stefan Kozinski effectively conducts the local pick-up pit orchestra in a sympathetic and straight ahead performance of the score.

His realisation of the music shows its strengths in the choral ensembles, honing in on Gershwin's obvious borrowings from Negro Spirituals, and using them to comment on the passion and suffering which Gershwin so strongly underlines in his score.

Amongst the principals, the male performers generally show more sympathy for their characters than their female counterparts. Alvy

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FI CHATS TO CARLOTTA THE DRAG QUEEN.

A REAL DRAG

Everyone knows Carlotta, Australia's most famous drag queen. Carlotta made her fame by performing with the Les Girls troupe back in the 1960's and 1970's, and is back to entertain her audiences with *My Beautiful Boys in Las Vegas Nights*. In 1971, Carlotta became the first man to receive a sex change in Australia. While she was in Adelaide, I managed to scrounge an interview with her (thanks Luc). This was the result.

Fi: Cinnamon Brown (another famous drag queen) said that she doesn't see herself as gay or camp, but as androgynous, a man and a woman...not as a gay thing. How do you see yourself?

Carlotta: As an entertainer.

Fi: Tell us your story, did you progress from trying on your mums clothes to performance? How did it all start?

Carlotta: I've been doing entertainment since I was 18. I was with Les Girls for 26 years and I had my own show for 2. We're travelling all around Australia for a 42 week period. I also work for Foxtel, I do 'Beauty and the Beast' every Monday.

Fi: How did you explain your penchant for glamming yourself up to your parents?

Carlotta: I didn't have to explain it to my parents because I went into it purely for entertainment.

Fi: What was your first taste of the drag world?

Carlotta: I saw a group called *The Kiwis* who came over from New Zealand, that fascinated me, then I met Lee Gordon and started off from there. You don't have a copy of my book.

Fi: No I don't.

Carlotta: Oh

Fi: I guess they should have told me you had one.

Carlotta: Yes.

Fi: Obviously a lot of people will fall into the trap of putting your transsexual identity before your personality. However a lot of people just assume you're transsexual without actually knowing, do these assumptions and the emphasis on them annoy you?

Carlotta: It annoys me a little bit, their lack of education. There are different breeds of all types of people out there, I'm just the leader of a show with some of Australia's leading impersonators. We don't get into the sexual side, we're purely there to entertain. My boys look like supermodels and totally confuse anyone.

Fi: Can a drag show ever be complete without the gorgeous guys in tow? What is their significance in the

TONG (TOBY): 20 year old Asian

I'm an overseas student from Singapore. I feel I'm gay. I cannot tell other Asian friends or family members in Australia because they wouldn't understand and would probably reject me. I'm really worried about returning home and being expected to marry. It's hard to identify as Asian and gay simultaneously. I just want to meet one other gay Caucasian guy to talk to.

Shangri - La Asian Project.
The Second Story Youth Health Service.
Ph 8232 0233.

whole performance, obviously a part is that they look so great.

Carlotta: No. They're there because they're talented. They're very good dancers, the show cost over \$100,000. It's not a mediocre little drag show that you see in a pub.

Fi: What was life like on the road with the original Les Girls? How is your recent tour different, and is there a difference in the audience response?

Carlotta: I think the show is bigger now. They just love our show, the country people absolutely adore it.

Fi: Do you think Priscilla had anything to do with that?

Carlotta: Maybe a little.

Fi: Have you been to Wigsstock yet?

Carlotta: No

Fi: Well, do you ever intend to go?

Carlotta: Maybe.

Fi: What are you giving the audiences this time around?

Carlotta: It's been very successful so far, people get a good night's entertainment, they get their moneys' worth.

Fi: Do you have various themes, sketches?

Carlotta: We vary from everything. We have five sketches, we send up *Absolutely Fabulous*, there are bike numbers, there are Las Vegas numbers, Period 1870 numbers, techno numbers, you name it, it's in it. It goes for two hours, with a twenty minute break.

Fi: How long does it take to get prepared for a show?

Carlotta: Fifteen, twenty minutes.

Fi: With all that make up, wigs and clothing, I thought it would take a couple of hours.

Carlotta: We have crews that travel with us, they set everything up. We just turn up then go on. The show scales down for smaller clubs and theatres as well.

Fi: What makes a really good drag show?

Carlotta: The talent.

Fi: Yes, well I guess you can have all the lights you want, but without the talent it's not going to work.

Carlotta: That's right.

Fi: In the movie *Wigsstock*, one of the drag queens said that the definition of a good drag queen can vary, because you have those who 'pass' in that they are mistaken for being women, and then you've got those who are quite obviously in drag, but they are also incredibly glamorous. What would you say makes a good drag queen and why?

Carlotta: I don't put any brand on it. You're either in it for the business, or to make an idiot of yourself. Some boys just like to get dressed up and run around like idiots, whereas we're dedicated to what we do.

Fi: Is it a very lucrative business?

Carlotta: Yes, very successful. I've been very successful.

Fi: I asked that because I have seen things and heard stories that there is definitely a seedy side to drag, where the performers are paid a pittance. All their money goes into their costumes so at the end of the day, they don't have anything.

Carlotta: No, the girls are paid very well.

Fi: That's good to hear. Anything more to say about the show.

Carlotta: Just come along, it's a show for everyone.

JOHN: 22 year old

I know I've been gay for several years but I've never acted on it. No one knows how I feel. I live with my family and work/study in Adelaide. Women are often attracted to me but I don't feel the same about them. I want to meet other guys like me to find out where I fit into the whole thing. I went to a gay pub for the first time and got 'cruised' by other guys. I really felt like a piece of 'meat' but it was exciting. I ended up going home with a guy just to find out about gay sex and what it's like. I had sex without a condom (he was very gentle) though I know I shouldn't have done that. I don't think there can be many HIV positive guys in Adelaide. Anyway he looked so healthy and clean - apart from that sore on his penis...!

Sexual health checks.
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Is The Flux Capacitor Ready?

Let's Put the Future Behind Us.

Jack Womack
HarperCollins
\$19.95

This book is set in modern day Russia. Max Borodin runs a successful business where anything can be proved, so long as you can afford his services. He loves both his wife (Tanya) and his mistress (Sonya).

Evgney (Max's blundering brother) has an idea to set up a Russian theme park based on Disneyland. His idea of Sovietland extolling the benefits of the soviet system of government and lifestyle is strange to say the least. All he needs in order to put his wonderful plan into action is proper funding.

Tanya, Max's wife, runs a consult-

ing firm, helping to advise foreign business to invest in Russia. Representatives of the Sultan of Brunei approach Tanya's company. They desire to invest in the Soviet Union but are unable to find the right opportunity themselves. Tanya seeks help from Max who suggests that they invest in Sovietland. To Tanya's dismay the Bruneians readily accept the idea.

Dimitry (Sonya's husband), who is starting a new business deal, needs Max to remove any traces of his sordid past, and she is willing to pay Max one million dollars

for the task. Max cautiously accepts the task.

When it turns out that Dimitry's new business associates are working in league with the Georgian Mafia, things get complex. Dimitry approaches Max with a personal problem, he thinks Sonya is having an affair, but doesn't know with whom. Max covers himself and asks if Dimitry has any proof, which he does not, only suspicions.

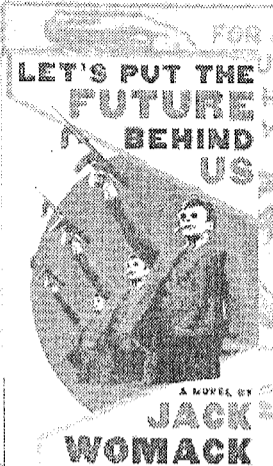
Max returns home that night only to be confronted by Tanya who has a recording of Max and Sonya together. She forces him to make a decision between the two of them.

Max is then forced to go to dinner with Dimitry at the Georgians' house, a lavish building that once

belonged to Petrovsky (a famed tradesman who exported furs to America at the beginning of the century). During the course of the evening Dimitry's associates are taken hostage at the house by the Georgians. Dimitry, who has been cheating the Georgians, has 24 hours to return their money or else his associates will be killed. The Georgians also want one of Tanya's investments, so during the night the Georgians manage to kidnap her from her own home.

This book is somewhat off-the-wall, although very entertaining, and gives another view of life in the Soviet Union. The ending builds up to a good climax with many twists and turns, some predictable, others not quite so.

Yvonne Jansen.

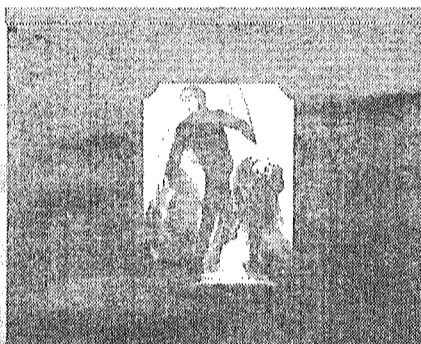


The Novel Formerly Known As...

The Prince
Tim Richards
Allen & Unwin
\$14.95

By rights, anything written by somebody who wrote for *Full Frontal* ought to be unfunny, obvious and wearisome. This means that Tim Richards has accomplished something even more amazing with his first novel, *The Prince*. This is an awesome book; clever, intricately thought-out and truly controversial in a way many things aspire to be but never are. If a carefully controlled number of murders each year, agreed to by the victims through a form of social contract, were to make the entire community safe, happy and wealthy, would they be worth it? The residents of the city of Hampton, a suburb of Melbourne which has become an independent territory within Australia, think so, and so does the strangest civil servant in history - Richard Thompson, the Hampton Killer.

How such a relatively short book can pack in so many issues, explore them so carefully, and pose so many fascinating questions is a



the
PRINCE
TIM RICHARDS

great credit to Tim Richards. This is a truly original novel, made up of a number of news interview transcripts, a handful of letters and extracts from the vanished Killer's diaries, presented as a sociological text inquiring into the success or failure of the Hampton Festival of Killing. The seven murders a year attract enormous amounts of money through tourism (tourists are guaranteed safety - only locals will be targeted by the Killer) and gambling (who will be the next victim? when?), and the residents of Hampton seem

genuinely pleased with the concept which has made their hometown one of the wealthiest places on Earth. But could it also be one of the most corrupt?

A farce that never loses sight of reality and yet proposes some seemingly unbelievable possibilities, *The Prince* should be required reading for everyone who is at all interested in how people and societies work. It has been suggested that civilisation is only four meals away from anarchy. Once you read this book you may begin to wonder whether we are also only a handful of murders away from limitless wealth and success.

James Morrison

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

Festive Europe 1997: a guide to Europe's best events.
Jo Gregory & Kevin English
Wakefield Press
\$18.95

There is nothing more inspiring for the aspiring traveller than a book like this one. Compiled by Jo Gregory and Kevin English, *Festive Europe 1997* is a guide to Europe's best events, in an easy to follow month-by-month guide. The idea for the book originated from the aggravating travel experiences of the authors, namely missing out on the Cork jazz festival and Pamplona (the running of the bulls) due to a lack of information whilst in Europe. Although the authors concede that the major travel guides do list events such as these (amid a tumult of information), this guide is designed to include information in a simple format, for the harassed traveller who has had enough. And it does. Where possible the authors have included details of programs, ticket prices and how to book tickets to the various events listed. The authors also boast the inclusion of a map when talking about travelling to festivals,

so that travellers have a (very) general idea about the direction in which they are travelling. These

maps are honestly not much to write home about (no pun intended), but I guess that they are helpful in a way. Events listed include many relatively well known European festivals such as Cannes Film Festival, Glastonbury, and the Munich Beer festi-

val to more obscure events that I look forward to checking out in the future. As a general guide to Europe's events this is quite an interesting read, and is good as it works to point travellers in 'the right direction'. I was a little disappointed by some of the information included as it tended to be a little too broad, but nevertheless when considering the myriad of festivals that are no doubt held every year in Europe, compiling *Festive Europe 1997* was no easy task.

Kerryn Doyle



And the little boy who lived down the lane?

One for the Master

Dorothy Johnston
Wakefield Press
\$19.95

"When Helen Plathe sets out along the Barwon River path for her first day at Highlands woollen mill, she is following in the footsteps of her mother, her uncle and her grandfather. Inside Highlands' tall black gates, Helen is initiated into an extraordinary world and discovers its secret history." I didn't read the rest of the blurb on the back, just grabbed the book and scooted. *One for the Master* is about growing up in Geelong during the '50s & '60s, and a book I would never in a blind fit read. I almost thought about taking it back. But a reviewer cannot just read what they like.

Shit, was I pleased that I read it. I don't like nostalgia. It is a false and dangerous thing. When I first started to read *One for the Master*

that's what I thought the book was about, bloody crappy nostalgia for the good old days. But it wasn't about nostalgia. There was a bit there, but no more than necessary.

The story is about Helen Plathe and her growing up. It tells the story of a once-great wool mill in Geelong, the characters in it, and the final downfall of the mill when the industry collapsed. That though is a stage of Helen's life. A very typical life of the time.

In my arrogant view, I have never regarded working class Australians of the 50s & 60s as having very deep emotions. Eat, work, consume, die. Dorothy Johnston

has kicked me in the head hard and with big boots. I felt *with* Helen. I identified so much more with her than I first expected. From her first day at the mill to the flashbacks of her childhood Helen became real to me.

She falls in love, almost by default, with a boy (Wally) she has known from childhood, gets pregnant at a young age and marries him. But what could almost be a typical scenario is beautiful. I wish I had read this a couple of years ago. I would have understood the dreams that my teenage girlfriend had at the time and not dismissed them so easily. Helen tells us of what it was like to watch the person whom you love sleep beside you at night and think of the future.

The future never is what we

think we want. As the wool and weaving industry slowly declines the tensions of marrying too young show, and the battle between the Catholics and supposed Communists in the unions flare. Helen valiantly strives though toward the future - not just sitting by and letting it happen.

This a very poignant book describing the decline of an industry that kept generations going. That, though, is a subplot. Helen tells her story in a language that is gorgeous in its childlike innocence and simplicity. At the same time, though, the language explains how, why, and what she is feeling with intensity.

This is a story that I felt very deeply. I'm sorry I didn't listen to my girlfriend, things may have been different - that can't change. But never again will I be so arrogant regarding other people's feelings.

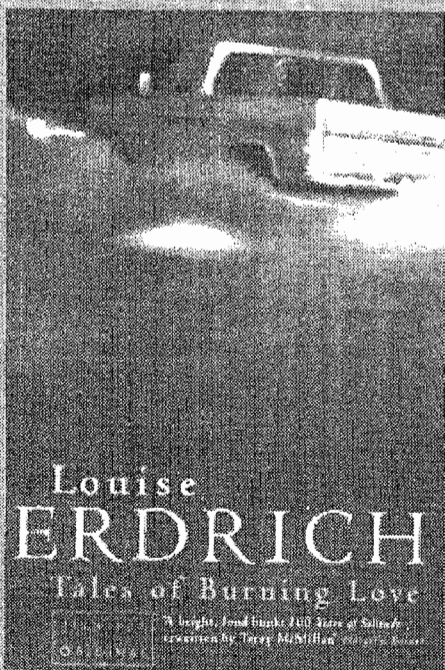
Michael Blackwell



Enflamed Genitalia.

Tales of Burning Love
Louise Erdrich
Flamingo
\$16.95

Jack Mauser's first wife died waiting for a bus in a snowstorm. True, it was because he abandoned her after they had a fight, and they had only been married earlier that afternoon in a bar, but it's still kind of tragic, don't you think? Since she died, Jack has decided that she was his one true love, and this has led, among other things, to four more unsuccessful marriages. Yes, four. Not a



good record. Also, despite his imagination, enthusiasm and hard work, his construction company is languishing and he is in severe financial trouble. As if life wasn't bad enough, Jack gets drunk and burns down his house. With him inside (or was he?). So his four remaining wives get together to arrange the funeral (luckily, one of them is the daughter of a funeral

home director), which goes quite well, actually, considering, and then they all get into a car, drive into a snowstorm, pick up a mysterious hitchhiker, and find themselves trapped in a snowdrift. The only way to survive the night without falling asleep and dying from the cold is, of course, to take turns telling stories about Jack. Do you see the irony? You get it?

The characters in this human tragedy of woe are, at least in a few cases, well fleshed out and interesting, and even the bones of the story seem to be well in place and interesting enough. The novel fails, however, in several areas: the rest of the characters, being too long and too slow, especially at the beginning; wasting numerous opportunities to avoid predictability; and being not far enough removed from the trashy romance genre. If that sounds like your sort of book, it's not a bad read. If not, you'd best leave well enough alone.

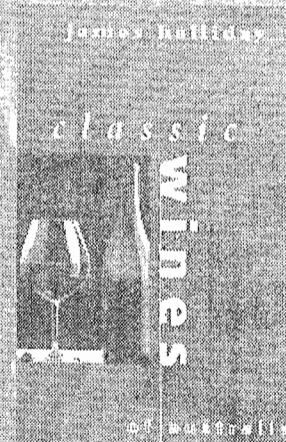
Chris Slape

Just One More, Then I'll Go.

Classic Wines Of Australia
James Halliday
Harper Collins
\$29.95

I know very little about wine, which is probably true for most people my age. However, being one of the few beer-hating uni students around (*shock!*), wine is an obvious alternative, and I have some idea of what I like to drink. This book enlightens the reader on what Australian wines they might like to drink, both now and in the future; and on what they should avoid. The author is James Halliday, a well known, experienced wine reviewer who writes for *The Australian*. He has written several other wine guides as well as an instruction book on setting up a wine cellar.

Wine descriptions are amusing to the novice, and they probably provide a lot of relevant information to the experienced wine buff. Eclectic and unusual descriptions abound in this book. I personally



had no idea as to whether a "touch of French / wet dog / hay straw character" meant good drinking or not. This is where the code of what to drink, store or ignore became very useful. The guide rates the wines with what else but a star system. Halliday also uses a little wine bottle motif to let you know whether the vintage should be enjoyed now or laid down for a few years (see, I'm starting to get the

hang of the dialect). It has tempted me to start "investing" my money in a cellar to drink in the year 2000 and beyond.

Reading this guide will certainly allow the most dedicated beer drinkers to hold their own in conversations with wine drinking friends. A copy of this book and a five star bottle of wine would make an ideal birthday present for someone you want to impress, and it is much more affordable than most of the wine it recommends. Hopefully James Halliday will follow this book with a student's guide to the best cheap wine (and beer) around.

Alex Wright

WOMEN, SEX & FEMINISM

Alice Ray talks with Susan Mitchell about ten influential women.

Interviewing Adelaide's most famous interviewer - pretty scary huh? I mean, Susan Mitchell's spent years interviewing everyone who's anyone - with a program on ABC radio and a show on TV. And she's written whole books of interviews, including "Tall Poppies", "The Scent of Power" and her newie - "Icons, Saints & Divas": 10 punch-packed interviews "with women who changed the world". Gloria Steinem, Susan Faludi, Erica Jong, Phyllis Chesler, Alice Walker, Naomi Wolf, Betty Friedan, Kate Millett, Robin Morgan, Marilyn French. It's a pretty impressive list. And - from a rookie interviewer's point of view - pretty intimidating ...

ALICE: You cite your heroines as Simone de Beauvoir and Mae West. Why these two?

SUSAN MITCHELL: Well, Simone de Beauvoir because she was really the first great feminist writer.

A: Did you ever meet her?

SM: No, I didn't, unfortunately, but Dierdre Bair is a friend of mine and she's her biographer, so I certainly pumped Dierdre for all the information I could get. And certainly Kate Millett in my book met her - [she] used to spend summers with de Beauvoir. I mean, in 1949 [de Beauvoir] analysed what women in the 1970s were suddenly realising for the first time. So she was extraordinary in terms of her understanding of woman's place in our society. And so she really taught me to think, I'd have to say. And Mae West taught me to laugh. Mae West, when confronted with a really sexist script, simply re-wrote it, simply turned it on its head. She rewrote most of her scripts. So if she was confronted with a line that said "A good man is hard to find" she would turn it round to "A hard man is good to find". She was very sexy as well. There's just a lovely honesty and openness about both of them.

A: Who did you most enjoy interviewing for "Icons, Saints & Divas"?

SM: All of them, really - even Betty Friedan, who barked at me

in the back of a taxi! At the time I was pretty annoyed with her - firstly because she knew I'd flown all this way and she'd been so elusive, and she said she didn't have any time. Secondly I thought she could've dealt with me with a little more charm. But afterwards I thought - at 75, how fantastic that she's still got all that energy and passion.

A: What was it like interviewing Erica Jong?

SM: Is she one of your heroines? Why is that?

A: I don't know, I think just because she's sort of feisty and pretty, but also she's really serious about what she does -

SM: She is.

A: She really gets into it.

SM: Yeah, absolutely. That's what I liked about her. The fact that she is feisty ... and I suppose I'd fallen for that same trick of thinking she was sort of a Goldie Hawn character, because she was blonde and pretty and talked about sex and orgasms a lot. But when you meet her of course she's incredibly serious, not only about women but about feminism, and also serious about the fact that you know, feminism's really been given a bad rap. I think the name is sort of - it sounds dreary and dull and dour and draconian somehow - all about these things that you shouldn't do, as opposed to what feminism is about, [which] is ripping off all the restrictions and the barriers and doing everything that you want to do.

A: Where did you get the idea to write "Icons, Saints & Divas"?

SM: From Adelaide Writers' Week. I was the chair in 1994. Marilyn French was one of the guests and I was taking her around

- you know, we'd just be sitting having coffee or whatever - and all these women just kept coming up and saying "Are you Marilyn French?" and she'd say "Yes," and they'd say "Look, I just want to thank you. You made me leave my husband." She'd say "I think there was a bit more to it than that," and they'd say "Nup - I read 'The Women's Room' and I thought: I'm not going to take this any more - I'm outta here." And so I said to her "Does that happen a lot?" and she said "Yeah, well it does actually - sometimes it's the men that come up and say 'My wife read your book and left me - how dare you'."

And so I began to think about the power of certain words ... and the power of certain books, semi-naïve really, to act as catalysts in people's lives. And so I thought - well, what if I made a list of all the books that'd really been influential for me. And then I talked to a whole lot of my friends - and so I came up with the big 10, really. And that's the first time they've ever been together in one book. Which is, I think, why the book's so powerful. You get ten sexy, witty, bright, feisty women in one book - it's pretty powerful.

A: Why do you enjoy interviewing?

SM: Oh, I like trying to get behind the mask. Especially with these women - they've been interviewed thousands of times. And so it was a very big challenge to try and get something gutsy out of them.

A: Was it easier than you thought?

SM: It's never easy. But that's the challenge. If it was easy I wouldn't want to do it. It's always difficult. It's a game, you know. It's a game like tennis - backwards and forwards. But I give quite a lot in an interview, I don't just ask questions. I do tell them about what I think, and my life.

A: What projects are you engaged with at the moment?

SM: At the moment I'm rewriting a play that was commissioned by the State Theatre company; writing a self-help book - not specifically for women, that's for everyone, that's for the culture - and I'm writing a novel. And I'm also writing a screenplay for my first novel "Hot Shots" - 'cos someone's interested in turning it into a film. So I'm busy ... And also we're working on the documentary of this book. So I'll have to go back to America and do it again for film which will be great.

A: Excellent! Well, that's it, really! Thankyou very much.

SM: Not at all. Did you enjoy the book?

A: Yeah, I did. I have to say, since reading it - I hadn't heard of about 3 or 4 of them - I've gone out and I've read *The Feminine Mystique* ... I mean, I had *Backlash* and I had Erica Jong and I've read some Alice Walker, but it's sort of put me on the right path.

SM: Good - that's terrific, isn't it. Makes you feel linked to it all. There's a great line of women going right back, all of whom are struggling with the same things you're struggling with - and that makes you realise you're part of history. Whereas there are a lot of people for whom it's hidden. They think "Oh god, there's no way through this". But these women have all battled with those things. And the main thing is that they were bold. You just be bold. Just keep going. Be persistent. And don't care what anyone says about you. You know, they were called revolting names. They just kept going. And now look at them. They're icons, saints & divas - everyone worships them.



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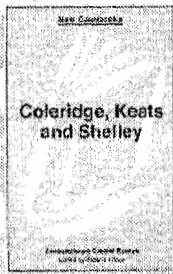
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Alice Ray

IN XANADU did KUBLA KHAN...

Coleridge, Keats and Shelley
Peter J. Kitson Ed.
Macmillan Educational
\$26.95



Criticism. Kinda gives you the heebiejeebies, doesn't it? Nightmares of essays written the night before they're due? Things of that nature? Then you probably wouldn't like this collection of essays. And if so, well, then, stuff you.

Not that it's all brilliant, mind you. It depends on how you look at it.

On the one hand, you can look at this book as a summary of contemporary critical methods, ranging from traditional literary scholarship (the 'New Criticism' we've all grown up with) through his-

toricist, feminist, structuralist and poststructuralist readings, all rendered via examples centering on three great Romantic poets. As such, it is interesting, if you're into that kind of thing. From this point of view you're not reading about poetry, but about criticism.

Personally, I prefer to read about the poetry, and here, I'm afraid, it's a mixed bag. Kathleen Wheeler's piece on Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' makes some good points, and is easy to read. Susan Eilenberg's essay on 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner', much like Coleridge's poem, takes a number of interesting points (eg. the ambiguity of whose voice is whose - Coleridge notoriously refrains from closing his quotations)

and submerges them within a boring, overlong, sleep-inducing piece of drivel that could have been summed up in a paragraph that would have been much more entertaining. Karen Swan's essay on Coleridge's 'Christabel' virtually ignores the poem and instead talks about other criticism of the poem (hmmmm). Susan Wolfson writes about how Keats' image was feminised in the 19th century, and then Nicholas Roe explains why, explaining a political element in Keats' poetry that is not necessarily evident on first reading. A. W. Pinney discusses historical theories of aesthetics in relation to Keats' 'Ode to a Grecian Urn'. Andrew Bennett, in discussing intertextuality in Keats' 'To Autumn', seems to be clutching at straws that aren't really there.

Moving from Frances Ferguson's piece on Shelley's 'Mont Blanc', to (appropriately enough) Kelvin Everest's essay on 'Prometheus Unbound', and finally to William Ulmer's spiel on Shelley's 'Adonais', we encounter pretty much stock, standard fare in criticism.

So, while they don't all make for scintillating reading, they do provide interesting viewpoints on their subject matter, opening up new interpretations, and increasing our understanding and appreciation of some pretty damn fine poems. For this reason, this book is valuable.

Of course, it helps if you're familiar with the poems in the first place. If you're not, well, then, stuff you.

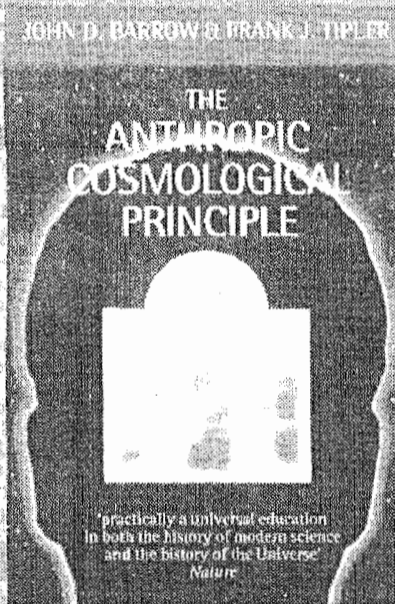
Paul Bradley.

WHY ARE WE HERE? Brrm!! Brrm!!

The Anthropic Cosmological Principle
John D. Barrow and Frank J. Tipler
Oxford University Press
\$21.95

The Anthropic Cosmological Principle is a long and detailed book about the existence of humankind and the meaning of this existence in relation to the world and universe. It is an explanation of why we exist - on this planet - in this universe - that kind of stuff. If you don't like thinking about the meaning and purpose of your own life, don't read this because life is examined on a much larger scale and may leave you feeling depressed and insignificant.

The Anthropic Cosmological Principle is an incredibly interesting journey through the history of ideas about the universe and our place in it, which ends at the contemporary ideas of today. Some of the things looked at and examined include God, Darwin's theory of evolution, the viability of extra-terrestrial life existing, other worlds, quantum mechanics and the future of the universe. These and more are all examined in relation to the Anthropic Principle which is, in the best paraphrasing that I can manage - we can only exist in a universe which could by itself evolve carbon-based life forms. An extension of



this is that the universe must have the characteristics needed for it to be able to have life develop

within in it at some time over the universe's life. This is not light and frothy reading.

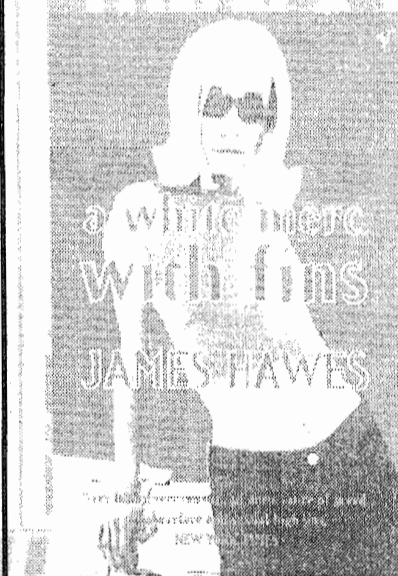
This book takes some of the mystery out of our existence, and does this with lots of mathematical equations. It puts the prob-

ability of extra-terrestrial life down to almost nothing using an equation. So if you ever wondered if anything was out there, it's not (taking the mystery and realistic(?) flavour out of *The X-Files* as well). All in all, this was quite a good read. Interesting and well-written, but a little bit difficult in some of the chapters on cosmology and astrophysics.

I would recommend *The Anthropic Cosmological Principle* to those who are interested in the history and future of the universe, and to those with a lot of spare time, because at 706 pages long with small writing, it is definitely more time-consuming to read than, well, lots of other books.

Louise Pfeiffer

A White Merc With Fins
James Hawes
Virago
\$14.90



In a nutshell, the literary equivalent of a crime caper movie, but with extra brains and extra balls - and that's a definite recommendation. James Hawes' debut novel has a flavour of the autobiographical as it tells the tale of Denver, a man rushing horribly towards his thirties with no future and not much of a present (he lives in his sister's shed and works as a temp). Until he devises *The Plan*.

The Plan involves Denver and his three closest associates: Suzy the Black Widow (who he fucks but is adamant that he isn't "making love" to), Chico the mad Spaniard ("is easy for him!") and Brady the Doggie (a fanatic for whom 'Reservoir Dogs' is the Bible and Tarantino the saviour). *The Plan* involves robbing one of the wealthiest banks in London. *The Plan* means that, even if they are caught, they won't do time. *The Plan* is, allegedly, foolproof. Of course, nothing is ever that simple.

James Hawes' warm and funny prose frequently tackles quite serious issues, incorporating them seamlessly into the narrative and making clear exactly how desperation could drive a man into taking one of the biggest risks of his life. "And so about two or three years after you leave College, you wake up one Saturday afternoon with zero money in the pocket (Oh Christ! That last, useless round last night!) and old milk on the sink and nothing coming in till next Thursday's dole cheque, and as the evening slinks deadily in you realise that deep down inside you, you were still thinking, somehow, that Life actually comes with a 100% quibble-free money-back guarantee if not fully satisfied, you can't really fuck it up. Until now. Now you know it doesn't, and you can."

Great stuff, all the way through. The inevitable twists at the end are truly surprising, and the cleverly nested false endings truly touching. A brilliant approach to crime fiction that makes it something else entirely. Hawes' future works should have a horde of eager readers waiting to snap them up after this.

James Morrison



An irrelevant picture, but it looks rude, doesn't it?

Gratuitous Nostalgia: Best queer films of the 90s.

The 90's has definitely been a decade that has seen a fresh new surge of queer-orientated films, free from any past conservative constraints and presenting us with bold and daring depictions of what it means to be queer - after all, queer is a helluva lot more than just pink sequin hot pants, body waxing, tank girls in army pants or Jean-Paul Gaultier (darling, sweetie) isn't it?

Though it's been great to see films like *Priscilla*, *Queen of the Desert* and *Philadelphia* being embraced by people of all walks of life, there have been less hyped-up films over the past few years that stick in my mind as being the better queer films of the 90's.

Here is just a selection.

The Living End, written and directed by Greg Araki (recently noted for *The Doom Generation* and *Totally Fucked Up*) is a personal favourite of mine. Described as an irresponsible, post-modern l'amour fou, the film centres around Jon and Luke, two men that share an incredibly intense and bizarre relationship together. We meet Jon as he prepares for the "first day of the rest of his life" he's just woken up, bought the new Dead Can Dance album and got the results from his first AIDS test - positive. Enter Luke, a "sexy slab of buff beef cake" with a reckless attitude to match, and then you're dealing with two HIV positive guys who say "fuck that shit"

and ride off on four wheels across America to grab life by the balls. Araki takes a slanted super-8 view of the homo-HIV world, portraying Jon and Luke as those that have had to pick up the tab for the past sexual revolution, victims of a White House full of republican



fuckheads. Set to the heavy, alternative sounds of bands like Coil, Braindead and Chemlab, *The Living End* is like nothing you've ever seen. Thoroughly killer dude.

One of 1995's most sensual love stories was undoubtedly Patricia Rozema's *When Night is Falling*, a magical reflection on the adventure of pursuing our hidden passions and overcoming our fear of change. Camille, a brilliant Christian academic, (played by the ever-alluring Pascale Bussieres) finds herself torn between the man she is engaged to and his absurdly conservative, moral world and the woman she is forbidden to desire,

from a mystical world known as the Sirkus of Sorts - a world that is 'stranger than fiction and truer than fact.'

The woman's name is Petra, and with her ethereal charm she lures Camille further into her domain. The fantasy explodes into being with Petra uttering the sensual line: "Camille, I'd love to see you in the moonlight, with your head thrown back and your body on fire."

The two women offer themselves to each other in, what is to me, the most beautiful and devastatingly sexual love scenes

I have ever seen in a movie. Set to the dream-like and ethereal score by Lesley Barber, *When Night is Falling* will intoxicate you and leave you desperately desiring the passion that these two women experience with each other.

Love and Human Remains, based on the play by the Canadian writer Brad Fraser, reminds us just how complicated and disillusioned love has become in the 90's. Denys Arcand, director of the magnificent *Jesus of Montreal*, superbly links the lives of his several characters together as they try and find a place for themselves in a world where sex is as familiar

as the cigarette that follows it and noone is safe from harm. Candy is dissatisfied with men and starts to experiment with a woman at the gym, her ex-boyfriend Andy sleeps around with men and won't admit that all he wants is love, the 17 year old bus-boy that he works with is having problems coming to terms with his sexuality, and a dial-a-fantasy psychic fears that something terrible is going to happen. Sounds like a bit of a plateful? Put all of this against the clever backdrop of a serial killer stalking young females all over town and boy have you got some movie to digest.

Other highlights over the past few years for me have also been *Beautiful Thing*, a Channel Four production based on the play by Jonathan Harvey about two irresistibly heart-warming and thankfully real teenage boys discovering a fairy-tale love through 'top-to-toe' sleep-overs and peppermint body lotion; and *Priest*, "one of last year's most heart-wrenching films, depicting the incredible conflict one gay Catholic priest faces with not only himself and his faith, but the nature of his religion itself, especially the seal of the confessional. The power of its message and the anguish of this man, especially at the closing of the movie, will remain with you for a long time.

Ray Ali

SO BAD IT'S GOOD

The Relic Hoyts Cinemas

Picture (if you will) a young, female evolutionary biologist, wearing a cocktail dress, soaked through and trembling in an underground laboratory, face-to-face with a 10' bug-eyed lizard creature which rips its victim's heads off and dines on their brains.

"Keen!" I hear you cry, "that must be one of those crazy teen-exploitation monster films from the 60's."

Not so fast, my eager student comrades. *The Relic* is a big budget Hollywood blockbuster starring a host of familiar extras and a silicon graphics machine. It feeds off the success of *Jurassic Park* and *Species* like the proverbial mollusc.

The main problem with try-

ing to pitch this film to a university crowd is that us university students are (at least moderately) intelligent. Many of us have actually studied anthropology, evolution, or even genetic engineering - and we know scientific (or anthropological) bullshit when we see it. The script is certainly aimed at people with only half a brain, in that the characters are spelt out to the audience in crayon: Lt. D'Agosta is superstitious (he tells us this about four times in total); Dr. Green is an evolutionary biologist (she ex-



plains exactly what that means to a pair of 12 year olds - either those two boys represent the audience's intelligence level, or the words 'evolution' and 'biology' are still

technical mumbo-jumbo to most citizens of the 90's).

None-the-less, the graphics are certainly some-

thing to rave about. Although you don't get a good glimpse at the creature until about 85 minutes into the film, the 'kothoga' has transformed the shonky lizard monster of yester-year into a living,

breathing organism.

However, before you spend your eager student dollar, be warned: the acting is atrocious; the dialogue is half a notch above *Rambo*; the characters are about as believable as a Daliesque landscape; and the clichés are so thick that you couldn't cut them with a chainsaw. Of course, this doesn't detract from the entertainment factor at all. I haven't had so much fun since the all-night 3D marathon at the Capri. It's excellent.

PS: Don't be put off by the serious packaging - this is pure, trashy fun all the way to its slimy climax. I can't imagine a better way to spend a Saturday night after all that thinking my supervisor makes me do.

Dave Bloustien

LIARS!!!

A Self-Made Hero
Nova Cinema

I have a voracious cunt and a gigantic penis. I am uniquely intelligent and creative. I have perfect posture. I am a liar.

A Self-Made Hero is about lies. Lavish, liberating lies.

Albert Dehousse (Mathew Kassovitz) is a lie. France is a lie. Film is a lie. I am a lie. You are a lie. We liars know that the thin line between reality and unreality can be looped and tucked and pushed and pulled and neglected and forgotten. Albert Dehousse does this with charisma and conviction.

Albert begins life as an unassuming, unmemorable lad growing up in the French provinces. The identity he creates for himself

is anything but unmemorable: he becomes respected, resilient and resourceful with a racy repertoire. Lying is an art taught to him by his mother and his nation. Set at the end of WWII, France is pushing the belief that she is a Resistance fighter. Propaganda and school book history perpetuate this lie, so France too becomes a self-made hero.

Perhaps the characters in *A Self-Made Hero* believe Albert's lie due to his ability for improvised bullshit and his impeccable factual knowledge. I, however, trusted his enchantingly sexy French accent. His cunning ploy of being born a Frenchman fooled me. He meets a couple of lovely lasses who are also fooled by his French accent (!!) - this mushy crap interferes with his bright future as a fraud.

In my opinion *if you're going to lie, lie properly*. Albert's problem is that he doesn't unconditionally believe his own lie. He is living in the reality of truth while forcing everyone else into his created reality. And fuck, his reality is pretty good - why isn't he there?? Interestingly he is not really punished for his false identity; he is gaoled for a short time but continues to be loved by both beautiful wives; and an older Albert is able to relate part of his story throughout the film.

A Self-Made Hero will appeal to both art house and mainstream audiences. It follows a cynical story spliced with Woody-Allen-Zelig-type narration and art imagery. Char-

acterisation is beautiful, especially the Captain who grandiosely commands screen attention. Kassovitz switches sublimely from his role as director of the dark *La Haine* to acting as naive and nerdy Albert. Music, too, is over-the-top fitting snugly with the theme of *A Self-Made Hero*.

Reality is stifling. Why be content with a weary identity when the one we can create feels so much more right?

Amy Murphy



Donnie Brasco
Academy Cinema City

Johnny Depp is Joe Pistone, an FBI agent undercover as gangster and all-around hard man Donnie Brasco, working to bring the Mafia down from within. He works his way into the confidence of Lefty Ruggiero, seeking greater access to the mob's inner secrets.

Al Pacino is Lefty, a Mafioso on

Mmm... Red Trackies

the way out, an ageing has-been, who is seeing sharper and tougher youngsters rising ahead of him in the organisation.

When he "discovers" up-and-comer Donnie Brasco (after an incident with diamonds and a bar), he sees an opportunity to regain his edge and reassert his authority within the gang. He quickly appoints himself Donnie's mentor and adopts him into both his business and personal life.

Based on a true story, which took place during the seventies, *Donnie Brasco* is the tale of the two men's developing mutual friendship, trust and respect for each other, to the point where Donnie begins to neglect his former life (complete with a wife (Anne Heche, who will also be around in *Volcano*) and three daughters), and increasingly adopts the tough, ruthless behaviour of Donnie, and beginning to revel in his new life.

Depp is excellent in his portrayal of the man torn between his two personae, frequently making us sympathise more with Donnie Brasco than with Joe Pistone, lending depth to the attraction of the Mafia life for him.

Pacino is equally excellent in his new take on the well-tried gangster character - one down on his luck

and ageing rapidly. Where else could you see him don the daggy red trackies? Pacino and Depp



work well together to make the unlikely relationship believable.

Michael Madsen (*Reservoir Dogs*) plays a major role as Sonny, the man who upstages and outpaces Lefty at every turn. He is tough and scary in another great performance. Bruno Kirby (*Sleepers*, *The Basketball Diaries*) is also good, scoring most of the laughs. Of which there are a few. A nod should also go to the costume designers, for putting all these big tough guys in shonky seventies gear. Nice stuff.

It's a great film, everyone's good, it's really well directed (by Mike Newell of *Four Weddings and a Funeral* and *Enchanted April*, did I mention?), and you ought to see it. Bits of the ending didn't seem quite right, but then it's a true story, so what are you going to do?

Chris Slape

More Formulaic Than Extreme



Extreme Measures
Academy Cinema

Extreme Measures is a suspense thriller that has a few things to say about morals and values in our modern world. Unfortunately the story is told with a lot of the old hooks and bait from the Hollywood

tackle box. It was interesting to see Hugh Grant explores his craft in this film but that's as far as it went. Taking on a dramatic role has him fighting tough guys and making the tough call but in short, he falls short. He still remains the same bumbling Englishman he is known for and his exploration of emotions didn't hit the mark for me. On the other hand, the other big name, Gene Hackman, was the same through the whole film and underdeveloped. A simple casting of him as the monster whose morals went awry was part of this film's faults.

The leads play two doctors. Hugh is an emergency room, nice-guy

doctor named Guy Luthan. When a homeless man is admitted with peculiar symptoms and then mysteriously disappears, Dr. Luthan gets a bee in his bonnet. His investigations leads him into the realms of a big name, (with a big secret) doctor Dr. Lawrence Myrick. The relationship between the two becomes a play between good and evil. Other than this, the film is very good at building up suspense about what is going in and who is doing what. To my disappointment, as the story unravels, I found my interest unravelling as well. By the end, the film spoon fed it's message and ended in an almost cringing fashion. *Extreme Measures* was good as Hollywood type films go but managed to fall into the same old trap of being predictable and simplified.

Simon Pampena

A LAST SUPPER

Au Petit Marguery

Coming soon at Nova Cinema, we think

Food, wine and friendship are the focus of the contemporary French



drama, *Au Petit Marguery*. The film is set in a restaurant on its last night of business, where family and friends have gathered to share their memories and say farewell. The chef, Hippolyte, is losing his sense of smell as a result of cancer. As Hippolyte is unable to sample the food he is preparing, he has decided to close the restaurant he and his wife Josephine have devoted their lives to establishing. Old lovers reconcile and competitive siblings lay down their jealousy in a united effort to ease Hippolyte's grief. *Au Petit Marguery* is the story of their last supper.

The simplicity of this film is refreshing. It allows writer and director Laurent

Love, sex, Paris, assassination, fascism, the Resistance, obsession, nudity, and the secret police.

And all Marcello wants to do is live a life of normality.

Come and witness the visual masterpiece THE CONFORMIST. A film by Bernardo Bertolucci (d. *Stealing Beauty*) brought to you by the Adelaide Uni Film Society (AUFS) in conjunction with Pride.

It will be showing in the Union Cinema, level 5 Union Building (opposite the lifts and Bar) on Tuesday May 6 at 7.30pm. Two short films will also be shown. Tickets are only \$3 members / \$5 non-members and you could also win a door prize of a double pass to Nova cinema! Pick up a yearly membership for only \$3 on the night. We will have loads of more brilliant films coming your way throughout the year!

Benegui room for detailed character development, and it is here that he excels. Benegui has managed to build a very straightforward story into a chronicle of friendship and forgiveness.

Fine acting and intriguing characters are the sustenance of this film, adding atmosphere and depth to the story. Be' ne'gui allows us to witness the complicated love-hate relationships that have evolved between people who have spent their lifetimes trying to overcome their differences.

Benegui actually abandoned a medical career to pursue his artistic calling. *Au Petit Marguery* may be the proof that he has made the right decision. This is one of the warmest films I have experienced.

Laura Stevens

High Kleenex Factor

Marvin's Room
Palace Cinemas

Marvin's Room is a tearjerker, but what's wrong with that? It's a film that rides purely on emotions and is brave enough to wear its heart on its sleeve.

The premise of the film is as follows: Bessie (Diane Keaton) cheerfully and selflessly forsook 20 years of her life to take care of her stroke-stricken father (Hume Cronyn) and eccentric Aunt Ruth (Gwen Verdon) while her sister Lee (Meryl Streep), a polar opposite, vehemently refused to be bogged down by such respon-

sibilities and ran away to Ohio to build her own life, managing to raise two sons Hank (Leonardo DiCaprio) and Charlie (Hal Scardino) on her own. However the road back home has to be travelled and Lee takes her sons back for a



sojourn to Florida after she discovers Bessie has leukaemia. After a long period of absence, the reunion

acts as a jumping point for the film as it highlights the unfavourable memories that remain, the residual mutual unpleasant feelings to be cleared out and new bonds to be forged. Inevitably confrontations ensue which is when the 'fun' really starts. An unlikely catalyst to the 'sister's-we-should-stick-together' reunion comes in the form of Hank, Lee's pyromaniac rebel son who takes to his Aunt Bessie better than the counsellors at the mental institution.

Jerry Zaks' film directorial debut managed to attract many A-list actors including Robert DeNiro and it's no surprise because this is wonderfully written material, based on Scott McPherson's stage play. To the director's credit, he has made an affecting (but not manipulative) and polished piece of work; the opening montage is unusually nifty. From the acting angle, the good news is everyone is great; with solid, powerhouse performances from Keaton and Streep. Di Caprio continues his winning streak and Devitos' role is surprisingly light hearted as he provides the comic relief as the Bessie's doctor, Dr. Wally. However, Verdon manages to steal some of the scenes as the eccentric but very lovable Aunt Ruth.

A moving picture, it doesn't fail in its attempt to remind us of the importance of selfless caring and the fragility of loved ones around us. Well done.

Ching Yee

RUDE AND FUNNY BITS

Private Parts
Academy Cinema

A great movie, the best comedy I've seen in a long time. That just about sums up the new film from Ivan Reitman called *Private Parts*, starring American shock radio announcer Howard Stern. This film had everyone rolling in their seats for the entire one hour forty minutes with a constant stream of jokes, abuse and Stern's trademark "talk first, think later" commentary.

Private Parts is a kind of documentary on Howard Stern's life as a radio announcer as he moves from a geek with no friends and a small

penis in college, to a superstar geek with a small penis and a million eager listeners. We see the younger Howard as a very confused "no one understands me" type of guy who couldn't get laid

if he tried (literally) and watch him grow into a raving lunatic with naked women throwing themselves at him.

As we watch the movie document Stern's most controversial moments on air we are also treated to a glimpse of Howard's private life as a husband and father. This part sometimes gets a bit "cutesy", but generally remains believable and basically that's the only criticism I have of this movie.

Even if you've never heard of Howard Stern (as I hadn't) you'll love this laugh a minute movie and leave wondering how you have survived this far with-

out having Howard Stern in your life.

The Bottom Line: A must see comedy.

Stewart Caldwell





**Homework
Daft Punk**

Brilliant, just brilliant! This funky album of electronica comes straight out of France and it's fantastic. All the tracks on this album have a funky, jazzy feel to them whether they are techno, electronica or house. By now you will have heard the classic Da Funk on JJJ and occasionally Around The World.

Rollin' & Scratchin' ups the BPM's with some nice 303 Acid & 909 sounds, big bass and kick ass high hats.

Teachers has a funky disco feel to it and a shout out to all the people that DF have taken their influences from, such as Carl Cox, Robert Hood, Joey Beltram, Green Velvet, Jeff Mills and Kevin Saunderson, over the top.

Rock 'n Roll has to be the exact opposite to its name (maybe techno's version of rock and roll). Its another stormer of a track that takes a little time to work its way up, but once it does it kicks.

The CD works itself up to a peak getting progressively harder and then winds itself down a bit in time for the last track Funk Ad, which sounds similar to the first track "Daftendirekt".

Daftendirekt has to be my favourite track, the way it winds in with what sounds like distorted bass but is in fact a repeated line that then gets some backing added to it once it becomes decipherable. This is a CD for all occasions; relaxing, partying or just cruising in the car.

Scott :)

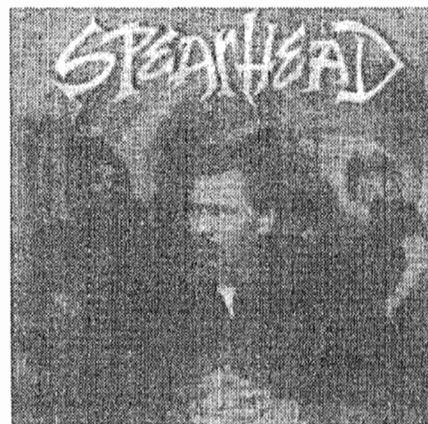
**What Bird is That?
The Lucksmiths
(Candle Records)**

This is the fifth release from The Lucksmiths, who come from Melbourne and are on the Simpletons' label Candle Records. Having seen these guys live, in which they came across as somewhat Pavement-like, I looked forward to hearing their tunes on CD. Someone said they were meant to have sounded more Violent Femmesish, but I found none of that, instead finding pretty cool, fairly raw pop songs. Most songs I feel would come across quite easily in an acoustic set, and a trademark of the Lucksmiths is that they don't have a drum kit on stage, instead singer Tali White plays the snare, perhaps this kicked back attitude is where the visions of Pavement come from. Song 3, Off With His Cardigan! could easily have been written by The Jam, and is somewhat anthemic and a great tune, however What Bird is That?

comes through as an original foray into pop song writing. A feature of all tracks is the cool word play, observe:

Winter of my dis-count tent, my broken heart turned out to be a papercut. Along with all this there are 14 songs on the \$15 album, and while not all tracks are brilliant you'd be hard pressed to find more than 3 or 4 thumb down songs, the rest scoring high to very high on the Good-Tune-O-Meter. Seeing these guys live is very, very cool and comes highly recommended so go buy this album from Uni Records or write to Candle Records: PO Box 641 Randwick NSW 2031 Aust. Or phone them on (02) 9398 2669 for a catalogue.

Jonathan Soong



**Supa Chocolate Highway
Spearhead
(Capitol/Sony)**

Last week over coffee a fellow reviewer and I were discussing the state of rap and its sub-genres. My learned friend made the observation that gangsta rap is still so popular and saying pretty much the same things the same way it was eight years ago because the social conditions in which most African-Americans live hasn't changed, the social criticism is still valid.

Hip-hop artist Michael Franti is a voice of reason in a sea of blind hate. He has essentially stuck to his guns (so to speak) on the issues of racial intolerance, gang violence and the number of blacks killed by the police, welfare and the hypocrisy of drug laws in the US. But from his time as half of the Disposable Heroes of Hipocrisy to *Chocolate Supa Highway*, the second album from Spearhead, his sound and style has continued to develop and mature. *Highway* marks a new level of maturity for Franti, both personally and musically. The tone of the whole album is laid back, its diversity stunning, running from straight hip-hop fare ("Chocolate Supa Highway", "Madness in the Hood"), through reggae ("Ganja Babe") and a great cover of "Three O'clock Road-Block" with Stephen Marley) and Motown funk ("Water Pistol Man", "Why Oh Why"), to the sweet southern gospel strains of "Wayfarin' Stranger".

Spearhead's current line-up - instrumentalists Carl Young and David James, Franti, rapper Ras I Zulu, and Trinna Simmons providing the soaring, soulful vocal flourishes - is augmented by guest artists like Ziggy Marley's younger brother Stephen (sounding remarkably like his late father) on "Rebel Music (3 O'Clock Road-Block)" and Joan

Osborne on my favourite track, "Wayfarin' Stranger".

The album is much more accomplished than anything Franti has done before, and while the songs show a great diversity of style, the whole thing works cohesively, a testament to Franti's singular vision. If you're not a fan of hip-hop, or you think Warren G's pretty good, then "Chocolate Supa Highway" just might change your mind.

J.D.



O Come All Ye Faithful: Rock For Choice

This is a CD put together by a wide range of artists and bands to try and raise awareness and money for abortion clinics. Artists on this CD include Henry Rollins, Sponge, Bush, The Presidents Of the United States Of America and Deep Forest. This makes for some interesting listening, considering all of the tracks on this album are Christmas Carols!

Henry Rollins' cover of 'Twas The Night Before Christmas' is quite interesting and features all manner of sound effects as backing music along with a bass guitar.

'Christmas Day' by Sponge sounds like a very Australian rock kind of track, but its a nice little ditty.

'Shudder to Think' by Al Hanisim is a very powerful and interesting ballad, too bad its not in English!

Bush's 'Good King Somethingorother' is very poor for them and I get the impression they thought that this project was bit of a joke. 'Queen Of Bliss' by Luscious Jackson is a nice track and sounds very much like a Christmas carol, just written in the '90s.

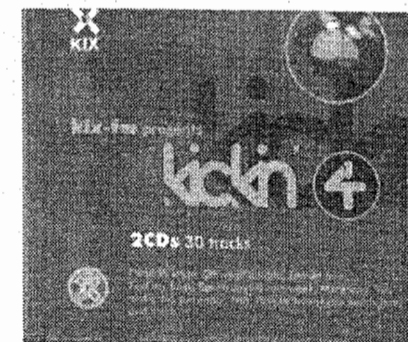
The Presidents' 'Christams Piglet', isn't too bad, much better than Bush's offering.

'Nemene' by Deep Forest and Wes Madiko is a very traditional African sounding track and sounds nothing like a traditional western christmas carol.

All in there is 13 tracks of various quality and there were

some good tracks from bands I hadn't heard before... well worth a listen.

Scott



**Kickn' 4"
(DV8 music)**

Kickn' 4 is a double CD released by the Melbourne community radio station Kix-FM to raise funds for a full broadcasting license. This is a CD that will appeal to lovers of commercial dance only (the inclusion of the revolting "Macarena" guarantees this) with such names as DJ Bobo and Kadoc appearing on the CD. This CD is not a ground breaking release showcasing new talent, rather it fulfils the established criteria for a reasonably well selling release that will rake in the money for the radio station. The CD does not vary in its style of music with mostly commercial, funk and one or two house tracks. Some tracks are incredibly catchy ("My Radio" by JK and "Running up that Hill" by Levy 9) and will probably be gracing the airwaves in the near future. Other tracks such as the afore mentioned "Macarena" and the remixed "Oh what a Night!" by Clock, are certified Microwave fodder in terms of pure shitty quality.

In conclusion, this CD is liable to be popular simply because it fits the niche market of dance music. Like most compilations, the good is evenly weighted with the revolting. 7/10

Paul Brazel



the more things change...

**Machine head
(Sony)**

"Yes! Yes! These guys kick butt! (add laugh here - huh huh, huh...)

Machine head is, by comparison to the hard core bands, slightly softer but still FUCKING hard as. This album, with new drummer Dave, was recorded in 3 studios, including one in Liverpool due to technical difficulties, including a car accident and equipment being stolen, Machine head went for a darker, sludgy sound, which included the usual low growls, bass drum kicks and mixing of high and low guitar chords which get a bit wanky after a while. "Blistering" starts off with a sadistic dentist drill and kicks straight in. "The Frontlines" is aimed at life in the ghettos of America (or a missing borito truck) - "I watched it slip away, you watched it slip away, we watched it slip away..."

If you're sick of light pop songs, if you hate, if you want to get check out Machine head. "I am the third thing that makes you sick / I am the blame that gets placed" - 10 ton hammer. "Yeah, that was cool, huh, huh..."

E.

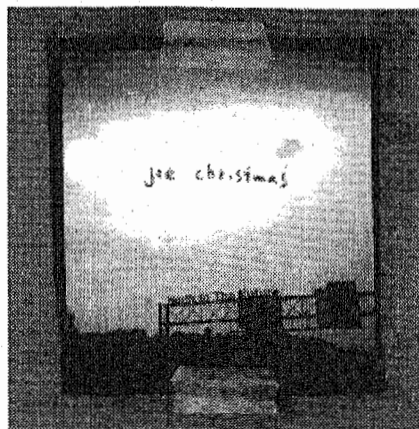


Wes
(Conscience universelle)
Wes
(SONY)

People who know me will agree that I'm a bit of a Francophile. I have always admired the French for the welcome they have afforded black musicians, both those from the United States and those from Africa. The French love African music and much so-called world music is produced there. However, despite this apparently progressive feature of French culture, it is true that one often finds, inextricably linked with this support for other cultures, a patriarchal and patronising view of them as exotic and primitive. This old-fashioned "benevolently colonial" attitude is hardly surprising if one considers France's refusal to completely abandon their colonial ideology. The liner notes for WES, in French, read in part: "Wes, the irrational one, and Michel Sanchez, the virtuoso: the union of fire and water, of a wild root and a friendly gardener of sounds, is enchanting." And the whole cd sleeve is full of this binary opposite shit. Lighten up on the stereotypes, please!

This is Sanchez's follow-up to the very popular *Deep Forest*, which, by the way, I hated. To me the beauty of much African music comes from sparseness of the arrangements that accompany the invariably rich voices of artists such as Salif Keita, or Zap Mama. Here, however, we have these voices safely embodied in French "Phil Collins trying to be exotic" sounding western music. This is wallpaper music with an African flavour, saved from banality only by the complexity of Wes's voice. Those who liked *Deep Forest* shouldn't be disappointed, though without the catchiness of those bloody, cutesy pygmy voices I can't see this getting as much mainstream airplay as that irritating album did.

Slick



North to the Future
Joe Christmas
(tooth and nail)

The term 'slacker rock', at least in the domain of Australian sensibilities, has been reserved almost exclusively for those patron saints of lethargy, Pavement. The slacker aesthetic seems to be an acquired taste. If you didn't like "Cut Your Hair" stop reading now.

Joe Christmas are four guys from Atlanta, Georgia, who just happen to be some of the finest proponents of this most laid back of musical styles. The sound of their debut album, *North to the Future* immediately encourages comparisons with Pavement, but the more you listen the greater the distance becomes between the two bands. Joe Christmas have a sound all of their own; at once melodic and unimpelled. It's a hard thing to nail down. They're probably more user-friendly than their Stockton cousins, definitely more conscious of their audience. They really want you to like them, which I found kind of endearing. The songs are simple, stripped-back and laid bare; the melodies infectious and the lyrics cynically enigmatic; all the stuff great pop songs are made of.

North to the Future flows along, unhurried; there is no sense of urgency here, which in itself is perhaps one of the album's strengths. The rhythm seldom exceeds a relaxed heart-beat, complementing Zachary's listless and engagingly quite vocal style. Comparisons are difficult. Think fellow Georgians, REM, circa *Life's Rich Pageant* (incidentally, *North to the Future* was recorded in Athens). Stand-out tracks include the opener, "Scrabble Girl", and the self-effacing "Best Wishes" and "A Pretty Girl Never Lights Her Own Cigarette".

If you like the slacker stuff thats coming out of the West Coast (ie: Stockton, Portland) you'll love these guys. If you've never heard of slacker rock, give Joe Christmas a listen and learn.

J.D.



ballykissangel



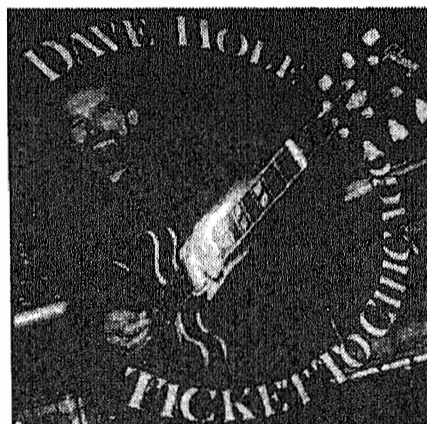
Ballykissangel
(World)

The theme music from Ballykissangel (the 'hit' BBC TV series, now on Sunday night ABC) is not likely to take the world by storm but is one of those trying tunes that you can't seem to get out of your head. It rather reminds me of a year 10 aural music exercise (with its constant repetition of Perfect 4th intervals) and is probably in the running to steal the crown from 'Amazing Grace' as the point of P4 recognition.

Basic music theories aside, the music from *Ballykissangel* is a refreshing combination of tradition-meets-contempo-

rary that mothers will love (mine did!). Shaun Davey, the composer and producer of the music claims that "the character of the music [is] lively, pastoral, traditional but with an awareness of contemporary rhythms and cadence" and I can only mirror these words (but with an emphasis on "traditional" and "pastoral"). Not that that's a bad quality. One thing that does stand out from this music is its clear and uplifting nature (a character that makes it ideal music to clean the house to: a compliment!!) It is virtually impossible to form a close relationship with the music from *Ballykissangel* without having seen the show (although I have on one occasion) and this is illustrated in the many personified song titles - 'Peter's Parish', 'Niamh and Ambrose', 'Jenny's Farewell' etc (you get the picture?).

If you like watching Ballykissangel, and you like the music in it, then get this CD.



Ticket to Chicago
Dave Hole
(Festival Records)

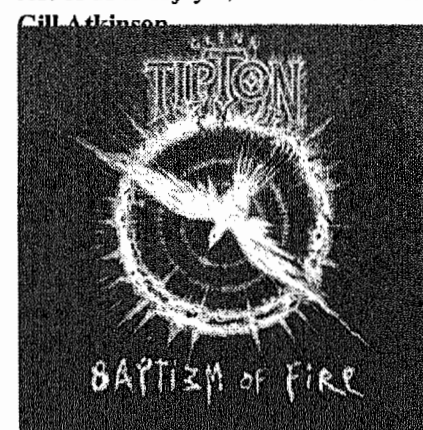
Ticket to Chicago is the sixth offering from Perth blues guitarist Dave Hole. As the album title suggests, he has flown to Chicago and consequently recorded with some of the biggest names in blues. Dave's frenzied over-hand slide playing is all over this recording, but unfortunately good musicianship (on all accounts) isn't enough to compensate for the lack in song quality.

It is said that variety is the spice of life, but there is not much here. Most of the 14 songs sound pretty much alike with the same 12 bar blues feel and similar lyrical content. Surely there are more things to cry about than "My baby left me" or "I want to get out of here"? What ever happened to unemployment or the Liberal government being sources of inspiration?

There are a few standout tracks though. "My bird won't sing" is a slow, soulful ballad with some beautiful slide playing and "Wheeler Dealer" has a good funky groove behind lyrics telling a story of drug addiction. There is a great rocking boogie tune, "Bullfrog Blues", with honky tonk piano and some clever breakdowns in the middle that raise the intensity nicely. There are smatterings of punchy horn lines throughout the album which bring on a welcome R&B feel in places.

In conclusion *Ticket to Chicago* is pretty stock standard stuff, and would really only appeal to die hard blues fans who don't mind an album with 10 versions

of the same song. The only way for the rest of us to enjoy it, is in small doses.



Baptism of Fire
Glenn Tipton
(Warner)

Glenn Tipton is the guitarist from Judas Priest (the dudes who reversed shit), he looks about 40 but can still rock. 11 tracks recorded with 2 different drummers and bass players, the style sounds like rock and metal with a touch of grind thrown in.

Track 2 is a cover of the Rolling Stones' "Paint it Black", giving more energy and emotion than the original but fails to make up for the try-hard former track, "Hardcore". Glenn Tipton debut at 9 on the metal charts, so someone will buy it. Overall it lacks youth energy and what they were after, credibility.

E.

VOMITOUS CHATTING

Ben Ely (Regurgitator's bass player) promised us an interview then his manager rang and told us that Ben said he'd be "too fucked". Grrrrrrrrrr. We forgive you Ben, but only because you're so sexy. Anyway, we ran into Martin (Regurgitator's drummer) in the service station on Pulteney Street and had a little chat.

Us: Complete this sentence. When I grow up...

Martin: I had a shit time.

Us: No. When I do grow up.

Martin: Oh. When I do grow up I'll get boring.

Us: Do you think puberty is worse for boys or girls and why?

Martin: Who cares. No, I'm sorry. (pause for deep contemplation) Boys, because um (fits of laughter, wouldn't we like to know what was going on in his mind?)

Us: Did you go to university?

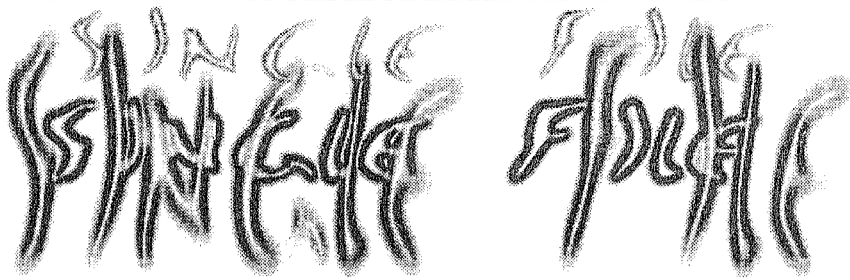
Martin: No.

Us: Why not? Uni's great.

Martin: Uni's cool, but I didn't finish school so...

And after that we felt kinda bad about harrassing Martin any further, so we told him how wonderful the concert was and left him to munch on his twisties in peace.

Roxanne Crook & Vivienne Holloway



Song 2, Blur (EMI) Glad that Blur took the route they have and decided to drop the knees-up chug-a-lug barmy bullshit and get a bit disaffected? I am, and this song (and the excellent film clip) prove they are making the right decision. Woo Hoo! (PABLO)

People Hold On: The Bootleg Remixes Lisa Stansfield Vs The Dirty Rotten Scoundrels: Bootleg, more like ripoff! Three of the five tracks on this rather shoddy single are exact copies of Tori Amos' Professional Widow but with new lyrics courtesy of Miss Stansfield. The other two tracks are rather simple 'housey' attempts with your standard piano breaks etc. etc. Basically not worth the plastic its printed on! (Scott)

A.D.I.D.A.S., Korn (Immortal/Epic) This song wins entertainer-of-the-week award, but with 4 or 6 songs the same happy/heavy tune, the EP gets repetitive. A good anthem for all those sexually frustrated studiers. (Sarah R)

Thinking of you, Lisa Maxwell (Sony) More production line house from Dance Pool. Includes remixes by Groove Terminator, for those who care. It's not awful, but you've heard it all before. (Isaac Bridle)

You Are Not Alone, Olive (Deconstruction) The sort of dreamy, trippy stuff that gives dance a good name. These guys deserve great success. (Isaac Bridle)

Another Sunday, I Mother Earth: These guys look like a cross between U2 and Bush, and first impressions last. Their single is surprising, with Bush-esque key and tempo changes and sudden heartfelt yells, but that's not exciting anymore. It will probably get airplay on Triple J and maybe even MMM. But personally, I don't find it interesting enough. It's another 4-piece guitar rock band, and not very original at all. (Zane)

Gary & Semyon Excite the Kids!

REEF
Monday 28th April
HEAVEN II

As I entered the 'new look' Heaven I was greeted by the sounds of a very loud rockin' band. I couldn't tell you who they were, only that they were the winner of a Triple M battle of the bands competition or something. I'm sorry to say (but not surprised) that I didn't get into them at all...no sir. A bit too much like a financially disadvantaged person's silverchair. (Hehehe).

Anyway, on to the main act. The moment the members of Reef stepped on to the stage I knew I would like them. I had it in my head that they were older types but to my superficial joy I discovered that they are young lads, and very fine ones indeed.

And they are good musicians. The band began [i think] with "Robot Riff", a very cool song displaying the vocal talents of Gary and giving the crowd a taste of what was to come. Talking of crowds, Heaven II was pretty packed, and the kids down the front really looked like they were enjoying themselves, jumping away like they were. Songs that really set the crowd off included the second song of the set "Place your hands", "Summer's in Bloom", and the starts-off-funky-and-then-goes-all-rocky song "Latey Stomping". They also did "I would have left you" and "Consideration", as well as "Higher Vibration" the song that Gary said he wrote here in Australia. At one stage Gary was singing down amongst the crowd, whilst later on it looked like Jack, the bass player, attempting to jump/climb off the stage, instead fell off awkwardly and hurt himself. Reef have that youthful energy and appeal that I associate with Ash and, like them, the boys put in a good performance and really had the crowd enthused. They came back for an encore and finished up with the drummer Dominic destroying his poor drumset, [aliteration!]. These lads really liked to get involved.

Apparently they will be back later on in the year "if we would like to see them again" [as Gary put it]. In the meantime their new album *Glow* (their second I've been told) is out now. nat.

Semyon Kobets.
17 April.
Elder Conservatorium.

This concert was the first in a series of Thursday night concerts to commemorate the centenary of the death of Sir Thomas Elder. The concert also had an air of celebration, in that it was the first performance for the Conservatorium's latest recruit, Dr. Semyon Kobets. Kobets has made his place in the Australian pantheon of classical music through his work with the Australian

Opera and Ballet. But this concert revealed that there are good reasons for his high standing and reputation. The selection of Beethoven's Sonata in D major allowed for a whimsical and playful opening before the powerful and evocative Sonata No. 3 in D minor by the ever popular Brahms. Always favorites, Kobets moved through these opening pieces with the skill and virtuosity of a master. After the break (and some ethereal commentary from a lonely soul in the 18th century) Kobets returned to perform Franck's Sonata in A major. This was an exhilarating climax to a marvelous and wonderful evening of magical musicality. With the encore consisting of the beautiful and uplifting Schubert, Kobets ended this night with no doubts in this reviewer's mind that these concerts are something extraordinarily moving. One must make mention of the superb work of David Lockett on piano. Assoc. Prof. Lockett wowed the audience with his deft dialogue conducted with the violins of Kobets. With the power and emotion that their musical conversation achieved I'm thankful that they weren't fighting.

I will be attempting to see the entire season of Thursday night concerts and I recommend that all students and staff attempt to show their support for the Elder Conservatorium in this, it's centenary commemoration. The crowd was something of a disappointment (not in quality or attitude, but in size). With music of this calibre and such a magnificent music Conservatorium it is flabbergasting that more people from this fair tertiary community do not support their local music. With tickets at a low \$6 for students, it does not seem overly difficult to imagine students having dinner, seeing a great recital and then head down to the Crown and Anchor for a beer or twenty. University is supposed to be about education and one of the best methods of education is experience. The music of Dr. Semyon Kobets is an experience that nobody should miss.

Anthony Paxton.



MORE CHUNDERING

Regurgitator (among others.)
Adelaide University Cloisters
April 13

Despite bruised breasts, groped butts and a warm liquid running down our legs that felt remarkably like urine a great time was had by all.

ASD who should perhaps be known as Adelaide's Silliest Dreads, were first on the line up, but their performance was marred by broken strings and bad teenage political poetry. Ben seemed weary as he set up, understandable considering he'd done four gigs the day before. But he bounced onto the stage exuding boundless enthusiasm and charm for Pangaea. They slip easily from funky reggae to heavy metal. A breath of fresh air, Pangaea were an oasis of thoroughly brilliant music between two crap bands.

Which brings us to Shihad, the thrashy sounds of which pre-pubescent boys got off on, but we didn't.

Regurgitor were amazing, fantastic and sublime.....swoon.....sigh.....aaaaaáaaaaagh.....Regurgitator filled the Cloisters with an enormous stage presence that few bands come even close to. Highlights included the Happy Shopper Mix of "Couldn't Do It" during which Ben came and sat on the end of the stage, Quan playing sitar and Track One which went off. It was a set filled with sequin shirts and rocking tunes with the Gurge belting out hit after hit leaving us hanging for the next album.

Viv & Roxy.

Not Just Feral Lesbians!

Bikini Kill
 Friday 25 May
 Adelaide Uni Bar

Last time Bikini Kill came to Adelaide was for Summersault. I hardly got to see them there, because they played an incredibly short set and I left early to get a good position for Sonic Youth, so I was hanging out for Bikini Kill to come back and I wasn't disappointed. I'm sorry to say I missed the two support acts, Fur and Helga. From talking to the crowd I gathered Helga were their usual selves, but I received mixed reports about Fur. I know it shouldn't be an issue, but I kind of wondered what type of people would be at the gig. One person told me it would be filled with "feral lesbians", while another friend told me that lots of guys would be there to check out the female bands. Well, they were both wrong, the crowd was just like you'd expect at any other Uni Bar Gig. Bikini Kill's latest album has seen them become a lot softer, but this wasn't reflected on stage where they belted out their aggressive catchy punk tunes. Most of the stuff they played came from "Reject All

American" with a couple of old and new tunes. Bikini Kill are an amazing band live and Kathleen Hanna is cool beyond words. I feel sorry for her having to put up with guys yelling out dumb comments (why do they bother coming at all) but Kathleen puts them articulately and eloquently in their place. Kathleen made me tired just watching her jump up and down all night and she genuinely seemed to thrive on interacting with the crowd, openly discussing the meaning of their songs, her own slant on feminism and comparing herself to the Spice Girls. Bikini Kill show that girls can and do rock just as well (or, in Bikini Kill's case, better than) most other guys bands. After the show I got to talk to Kathleen and found her to be an extremely friendly, down to earth, genuine person. I was shocked to hear her tell me that she remembered seeing me in the crowd at Summersault.....scary. Anyway, Kathleen O'Shea got to interview Kathleen Hanna. So if you want to hear it....listen to "Absolutes need not apply" Wednesday May 7 12.30 to 1.30 am, 5UV, 531am Student Radio.



Indyfest 500
 Drop City The Living End
 Dave Graney & The Coral
 Snakes Goofy Footer Paradise Motel Sin Dog Jellyroll Beasts Of Bourbon Bliss Manic Suade Whiplash Skunkhour Ricaine Non-Intentional Lifeform The Fauves King Krill Indian Giver Something For Kate Brown Hornet Crisp Kranktus Snout The Miltons Mono Lime Spiders Bodyjar Where's The Pope Tumbleweed ASD Big Heavy Stuff Beullah's Fix Caustic Soda Snuff.
 Race starts 2pm @ Adelaide Uni Speedway, Sunday 18/5/97
 Tickets \$35 plus booking fee from CC Music
 Be There...



Back by Popular Demand???
 Australia's greatest success story, THE SEEKERS return to Adelaide. They will performing be here next year at the Adelaide Entertainment Centre on Saturday 21 March, 1998 (better get your tickets soon folks!). Tickets on

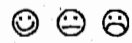
sale Monday May 5 from all Bass outlets.



Jazz - Borne of Afrika
 Flinders University Choral Society, conducted by Tim Mark, presents Jazz - Borne of Afrika. This concert of African songs, Negro spirituals and early jazz will be at St Patricks Church at 8pm on Saturday May 10. Tickets are \$15/10 at Bass, or at the door.



Minus the M&M's
 How blue can you get? Monday May 12 at the Adelaide Entertainment Centre you can find out when BB King graces the stage. Tickets from Bass.



Back
 No they haven't dropped off the face of the earth - although it's debatable whether they were ever on it in the first place! But anyway....Reckoning are back in Adelaide for a couple of gigs at the Crown and Anchor (with Crympoline) on Saturday 10th May and Sunday 11th (all ages).

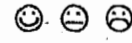
POSTCARDS FROM RYAN (Part One)

Pavement
 24th March
 Espace Julien, Marseilles, South of France.

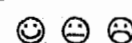
It was just peachy to go back to those 'Gold Sounds' (although they didn't play it) of PAVEMENT live, after the scrummy taste at Summersault in Marseilles, France of all places. Before I get to Spiral Stairs, those **loky boys** and the drummer's toys (including a Lucy from Peanuts figurine and a ghost mask), I must dedicate some time to la *premiere partie*, **CANDIE PRUNE**. Crappy name, but good vibes. Picture the hard driving power chords of The Mark of Cain with the sweet harmonies of The Clouds (singing in a mixture of French and English) and roll it into a three piece. Opening number 'J'Adore' was great, with precision breaks and a sugary melody poured over the top. Another number 'Chelsea' sounded slightly Brit-poppy, while the covers of Kim Wilde's 'Kids' and The Knacks 'My Sherona' (given to the audience in both English and French) were all just swell. The final ditty 'Jesus' left the crowd quite



New CD to add the your collection!!
 Local band The Miltons are launching their new CD on Saturday May 9 at the Lion Arts Bar. Special friends (of theirs and ours) Flat Stanley and Wendyhouse will also be there.



sub lumen presents... the factory:
 djs - nigel, t-com, royal, little, jason martin, chris v & guests
 may 8th @ proscenium - \$4 entry



Sorry...these things do happen!
 To Martin who wrote the CD review for Swell last week (not me!) - my sincere apologies.

happy and primed for the main event. Before I get to PAVEMENT, however, it seems that no matter where you go in this world you're bound to find some mum-dropped-us-off-first-time-gig-going-dickrashes in the crowd. The Espace Julien was no exception. One throng of lads were doing Saturday Night Fever on acid in their own little circle, while another few chumps were monkey-arsing about, yelling out 'Kateriiiiina!!!'. What the.....? PAVEMENT hit the boards to front a screaming mob of eagerly awaiting fans. It was easy to tell that these French kiddies had only heard the hits. When such brilliant

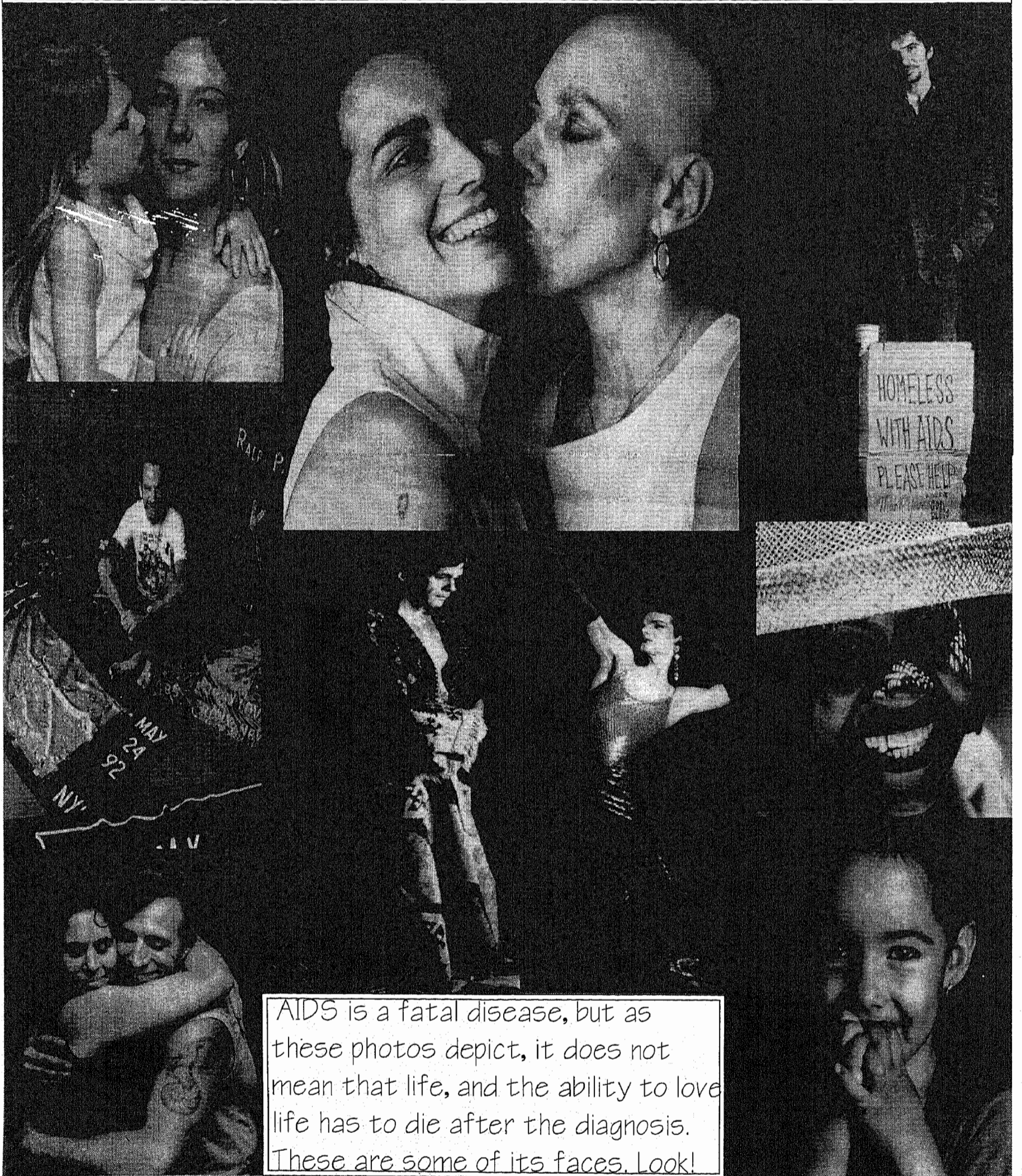
toons as 'Stereo' and 'Cut Your Hair' (Ooo Ooo Ooo.....) got a thrashing, needless to say all and sundry gave a rousing reception. The drummer ??? came out in only socks, looking cooler than ever with curly locks and way-out beard. Also, second drummer cum keyboardist cum percussionist cum vocalist cum coffee maker etc ??? actually seemed to warrant a place in the team this time. Monsieur Stairs was sweat city at the end of the gig, something very dangerous for someone of his stature (or rather lack of - think beanpole). Anyhow, the family favourites of 'Forty Million Daggers' and ??? from *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain* (giving the Stone Temple Pilots and The Smashing Pumpkins a bit of hoey) were extremely well received by the frog's legs brigade. The rest of the night consisted mainly of tracks from the new album *Brighten the Corners*, with a general smattering of gear from the rest of the catalogue. After the obligatory 'we'll go off for a few minutes then come back for the encore break', 'Stereo' was pumped out and the crowd seemed to love it. It was especially groovy to gaze upon a sea of stunned mullets when Spiral said "Hey, wassup Marseilles?". Thus completes the show and my happy evening in Marseilles. Oh, did I mention the *mon frere* bootlegged it?
 (Ryan McEachen is our self-appointed international music correspondent - currently in London!)

IMAGES TAKEN FROM THE BOOK:

LIVING PROOF

COURAGE IN THE FACE OF AIDS

by CAROLYN JONES



AIDS is a fatal disease, but as these photos depict, it does not mean that life, and the ability to love life has to die after the diagnosis. These are some of its faces. Look!

The 'Closet' is most commonly and immediately associated with the Gay and Lesbian members of Western Society. The 'closet' in a simplified sense arises as a concept and an understanding of a person, or a group of people, who are not prepared to 'reveal' their desires/preferences for individuals of the sex they correspond with, to their immediate and distant companions and acquaintances.

Therefore to be 'in' the 'closet' means that one has chosen to hide themselves from the unremitting and disapproving glare of a patriarchal heterosexist society that deems homosexuality to be subordinate, an abomination of the sexual 'norm'. To be 'out' of the closet implies that you have taken pride in yourself (hence your sexuality) and you wish to let others know that you identify as a homosexual, or whatever 'other' sexuality you identify with that is considered a 'deviant' by the conventional majority.

The 'closet' has been portrayed as a dark, foreboding place which stifles and frustrates the individual placed within it by their insecurities and society. This is not always the case though. Barbarar Grier, author of *The Garden Variety Lesbian* argued that it can also be an 'escape', a fun place to be, as long as it is a 'secret'. Grier criticises homosexuals who remain within the 'closet' as they are meeting their needs in their 'private' time while reaping the heterosexual privileges during 'public' time.

"The Lion, The Witch & The Wardrobe" was a children's novel written by English author C.S.Lewis. The story revolves around a group of children who find a wardrobe which serves as a doorway into a new world. Lucy, the youngest of the group is the first to venture into the dark closet during a game of hide and seek.

"...The house was so large and complicated and full of hiding places that she thought she would have time to have one look into the wardrobe... This must be a simply enormous wardrobe! thought Lucy, going still further in and pushing the soft folds of the coats aside... "this is very queer"...Lucy felt very frightened, but she felt very inquisitive and excited as well...she had of course, left the door open for she knew it was a very silly thing to shut oneself into a wardrobe..."

Such is the classic case of the husband who performs the 'heterosexual' in the daytime, but at night he visits the 'beats', 'bunks the boys', then returns home to his wife, leaving his desires, fun and 'real self' in the metaphorical closet. This brings us into the argument of whether everyone who feels a desire for their own sex, or those who feel that their physical sexual characteristics do not correspond with their mental state of being, should 'out' themselves.

I've already written an article on 'coming out' in a previous edition of On Dit, and my name was withheld for private purposes relevant at that time. However, that is not what this article is about, so let's stop right there. What I want to talk about is HOMOPHOBIA, the repressive force that brings down the homophobe (an individual who I believe is so insecure in their own identity that they cannot cope with the confidence of another expressing theirs) and stifles the Bi-sexual, Lesbian or Gay individual (who I will now blanket as "Queer" for the rest of the article) who remains in the 'closet' due to the fear of discrimination and rejection. The

'closet' would not exist if the Queer community was not the target of fear and discrimination. If everyone accepted everyone for who and what they were, then the concept of having to hide oneself from the cruel glare of the homophobe would not be an issue. Society has made Queer a concept to fear, and often many Queer individuals not only hide to protect themselves, but to also protect their family from feeling the shame and blame for their child's sexuality.

For decades Queers have fought for equality, and are still fighting, but this has been bloody hard, one of the reasons being that even the notion of 'equality' has been problematic because it so often means "sameness". I shouldn't need to tell you why heterosexuals and Queers have their differences, but a lot of ignorant individuals out there seem to believe that our differences are larger than they actually are. I love loving women, and I am a woman. So I am a Lesbian. Fred Bloggs is a man, and he loves loving women too. So he is a heterosexual. In one way we are similar, but because we are physically different, our expression of this love is also different. As for personalities, perspectives, politics, these range within all individuals, regardless of their sexuality, but of course their social situation which comes with their identity, will undeniably have a strong influence on their persona. So, the demand for equality in the Queer case, is the equality of treatment which is so painfully absent in our lives.

Homophobia can be overt or subtle. There are some very naive plebiscites in our community, who insist that Queers should be eradicated. They are very loud and irrationally violent, simply because they are aware that their argument could not hold under a calm, rational discussion between both groups (Queer and homophobe). Their foundations are as shaky, and as empty as a pack of 'pick-up sticks'. To further illustrate my point, they carry the 'pick-up' container around, filled with their sticks and throw them (the containers) at people, hoping that they will hurt us enough that we will run and hide in a dark corner to wither and die. However, if they were made to defend themselves by opening their container and dropping the sticks, their case would collapse, as the removal of each stick for discussion with a group of Queers would destabilise the rest of the sticks, and sooner than later, they would all fall down, much to the delight of the Queer group whose argument has always been and will continue to be supported by facts. The Queer activists in Tasmania took their case to the U.N. and won, and the U.N. does not play with 'pick up sticks'. Obviously our case in regard to equality had a firm foundation, and no one was able to contest it. In my opinion, overt homophobes have too much time on their hands hence they find their excitement by living vicariously through the lives of Queers.

Subtle homophobia can come from the mouth of someone who says they have nothing against queers, however when an issue regarding Queer equality is raised, they decide that Queers do not deserve equal rights to heterosexuals is Jeff Kennett in his recent response to the U.N. ruling. He stated in the Advertiser on Friday the 2nd May that he thinks that Queers are equal to heterosexuals, except that he doesn't think that we have the right to marriage, while Tim Fischer also has nothing much against us except that we do not deserve the right to give birth through invitro - fertilisation. I'm so glad you're on our side guys, we'd be lost without that of thumbs up!

Ellen Degeneres has raked in the publicity with her 'outing', the main worry was 'would it kill the ratings?', when the main worry should have

been 'okay, we've given the show an electric buzz it's going well...but can we keep this up?' What irritates me is that her lover, Anne Heche has also 'come out'. Now don't get me wrong, I applaud the fact that she has outed herself, I think it's bloody wonderful, get out the balloons, the streamers, the works, I couldn't celebrate the fact that she's so proud of herself enough! It's the media response that I hate. They are concerned that her outing herself will kill her next film *Six Days, Seven Nights* with Harrison Ford. The film is supposed to be a romantic comedy, and everyone wants to know how the director and the actors will expect the public to believe that she is really in love with a man, and that he is really in love with the femme fatale who is in fact a big lesbian? Did we hear this response when heterosexual Tom Hanks and heterosexual Antonio Banderas made the audience cry with their convincing portrayal of two men in love in *Philadelphia*? No. Did we hear that response when heterosexual G In a Gershon had sex with heterosexual Jennifer Tilly in *Bound*. No.

Queer is obviously okey dokey in the films, because the audience is comfortable with the idea that the stars will return to the 'norm' of heterosexuality, but to consider that a queer, someone from 'out there in the land of deviants' could trespass onto sacred heterosexual soil, then leave again confuses and frightens many. So many homophobic heterosexuals become so transfixed with the latter, that they fail to remember that film is fantasy. Did they really think that Brad Pitt went home with a beheaded Gwyneth Paltrow when production ceased? I think not. Did Mark Hamill carry his lightsabre everywhere in between the filming of *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*? No. People can separate themselves from reality, as long as they are comfortable with that reality. The medias' concern should be with why they and the community are so transfixed with her sexuality, instead of why she has supposedly 'destroyed' the movie.

Myths surrounding the Queer community have been largely created and sustained by the ardent homophobes whose theories have very little, if no foundation whatsoever. Dot Wojakowski, as part of a Challenge Grant, presented us with some of these myths and then presented us with the facts.

"Myth #1: Lesbians and Gay men are always easy to identify.

People often use lesbian and gay stereotypes to identify a person's sexual orientation, such as gay men are often effeminate and lesbians are butch. A study was conducted to see if people could accurately identify a person's sexual orientation after watching a series of video taped interviews. Close to 80% of the subjects were unable to identify the person's sexual orientation (Berger et al 1987). Some studies have found that lesbians do rate higher on masculinity scores, which comes largely from their high self-rating as independant. The measures of masculinity and femininity tend to be gender - biased and are not very useful in the study of gay men and lesbians (Finley & Scheiterna, 1991). The homosexual community is very diverse and its

members can not be neatly categorized into stereotypes based on myths and appearance. Only when we dispel these stereotypes, that continue to fuel people's homophobic attitudes, will people realize that there are more similarities than differences between the gay and straight population."

"Myth #3: Women become lesbians because they have had bad or negative sexual experiences with men.

A 1990 study of lesbian and non-lesbian female students found that there was no significant difference in their traumatic heterosexual experiences. Both lesbian and heterosexual women reported the same number of traumatic experiences (incest, molestation, rape, physical abuse) (Brannock & Chapman, 1990). Most women said they began to question their sexual orientation because they felt strong emotion and/or sexual bonds with women had NOT because they felt an aversion towards men."

"Myth #6: Gay men tend to be paedophiles and molest children.

The perpetrators of child sexual abuse are overwhelmingly men; very few women are offenders. The abuse is usually a member of the child's family or someone known by the family. Paedophiles... constitute less than 1% of the adult male population (Langevin, 1989). Paedophiles are quite distinct from adult gay men who prefer adult sexual partners. Studies have shown no correlation between a man's sexual orientation and a tendency to sexually abuse children (Langevin, 1989). Homosexual paedophiles are considered a perversion of the normal heterosexual man in the same way that heterosexual paedophiles are also a perversion. Heterosexual men are twice as likely to sexually abuse children as homosexual men are. There is solid evidence that over 92% of child abuse cases, including same gender sexual abuse, are perpetrated by heterosexuals (Blumenfeld & Raymond, 1988). The number of child abuse cases have increased 500 - 1200% in the past five years (Rogers, 1988). It is crucial that we address the issue of child sexual abuse objectively and recognize that this abuse is occurring behind too many closed doors in so-called traditional family homes."

Facts, facts, facts, we can keep throwing them at you, and many of you who have a problem with our, and your sexuality, will not listen. So here's another tactic, presented by the Clive James' friend Margarita Pracatan, the drag queen who closes every show with her keyboard which seems to be out of her control 99% of the time!

She was talking to John from JOY Melbourne, (extracted from FOCUS magazine, issue 24, Summer 1996/97) when the issue of homophobia was raised, and this was her response.

"Suppose that someone is sick in the hospital and have been talking very bad about de lesbians or about de gay men, and they need de heart very badly for de transplant operation. If de gay man or de lesbian died and left a good heart, I bet they wouldn't say 'let me die because I don't want to walk around with a gay or lesbian heart'. Dey will say 'oh yes...give me de heart'. So before dat dey better luv de person, we all have the de same heart, and if you need a heart you no worry if it is hispanic, if it is black, if it is lesbian or gay. I'd say 'Remember when you said you no want anything to do with gays, well now forget de heart. This heart will save your life.' So de message is you better give your love to everybody just in case!"

Fiona Sproles

1st Century Quatrain 26.

"The great man will be struck down in the day by a thunderbolt. An evil deed foretold by the bearer of a petition. According to the prediction another falls at night time. Conflict at Reims, London, & pestilence in Tuscany."

Nostradamus.

20th century commentators have said this quatrain refers to the Kennedy boys, Jack & Robert. One was indeed shot by a "thunderbolt" from the sky in daylight, the other at night.

Careful analysis however, reveals another, more accurate, interpretation.

Umpire "Dickie" Bird in a recent interview talked at length about a person he called "The Great Man". He was referring of course, to the Great Man himself, sir Donald Bradman.

In 1932 sir Donald was indeed struck down by a thunderbolt in the form of a short pitched, fast rising delivery, aimed at his body, by one Harold Larwood. This, as Nostradamus accurately states, was an evil deed.

Two years later another Bodyline series began in England. Prior to its beginning the Australian Cricket Board sent a petitioner to England, hoping to extract a promise from the Cheating Poms, to not play bodyline.

In this amazing piece of prophecy, Nostradamus not only predicts the rise of Bradman but also the bodyline series of 1932-33 & '34-35. If this were not proof enough of Nostradamus' ability to see into the future, in the second part of his quatrain he says, "Another falls at night"

This line is truly astounding. Having in earlier quatrains predicted the invention of television & the common use of pyjamas, Nostradamus then foretells of their coming together to create night cricket. The "other" as Nostradamus calls him can only be Steve Waugh, who, having been labelled suspect to short pitched bowling suffered many a barrage from the West Indies pace attack in the late 80's/early 90's.

The last line is curious. There was indeed "conflict" in London, with tests being played at The Oval & Lords, but to my knowledge, cricket has never been played in Reims, France. Perhaps is confusing the word "Reims" for "Rain", accurately predicting rain at Old Trafford in the same series.

The last part, "...pestilence in Tuscany.", is not so much a prediction as a statement of fact.

There can be little doubt of clairvoyant power after this. In one quatrain he accurately prophesies the Bodyline series, Don Bradman, night cricket, Steve Waugh & quite possibly rain at Old Trafford.

Interpretation by D. Warner.

THE BIG PICTURE

The seven-FL has been found out with one of the white maggots coming clean on the Anzac Day betrayal. It'll be interesting to see if Imp, John Harvey, gets much work next year.

That Adonis from Ceylon, Aravinda de Silva has done something never achieved before, with two unbeaten centuries in the one test.

The SQUARE BAITERS (femme) have swept all before them in Tokyo, making the Grand Final after an undefeated run.

The GREEKS dont want no freaks, but the Knights are hoping to have something to CRO about, after the round-ball elimination final.

In the other round-ball, the THUNDERTHIGHS rolled over the RAYERS with a very convincing display.

The mighty LAMBS have continued to astound with strong wins all over the place, against what seem to be strong teams in the Ruper League. The COWPOKES had the wood on the LAMBS up north but the Cathedral Park advantage might tip the LAMBS over the line.

WINDJAMMERS sailing all over the opposition with Jelignite Jack at the helm, have splashed the PUSSIES & left them wet, pushed the CORROLLAS off the Birkenhead Bridge, & laid low the LOST LIONS. This week may well see another FELINE drown'd at West Swamp.

Big Bazza sitting in the paddock, was a major member of Mad Mal's Menagerie, who gorged themselves on fairly cold HOTDOGS. His old mates found several meaningful ways to congratulate him throughout the match. Hopefully the fast food stays on the diet as the PASTIES at pasty park look as strong as they have all year.

ALDO: 20 y/0

I'm an Italian guy who loves going to beats to have anonymous sex. I know I'm not 'gay' because I'm not a 'faggot' and 'camp' like others. Anyway I have a girlfriend I study with all the time. I just like hot sex with guys and I love it being anonymous. Sometimes, I have to admit, I'm a bit unsure if oral sex is safe. I don't talk to the other guys much, its all body language, signs and eye contact. I do get cruised at uni sometimes but don't really know what to do about it. Some of the other guys are so hot!

Confidential Phone Information.
2nd Storey Youth Health Service. 8232 0233

SPORTS SUPPORT

Hockey (Hickey)Results:

Only three games were played owing to the ANZAC day holiday.

WOMEN

Premier League vs Seaciff 1-1

Seaciff scored early in the first half off a penalty stroke and Uni responded with a deflection goal from Susan Blacklow. Missed opportunities meant that the game was a draw.

Premier League Reserve vs Seaciff 2-0

Both goals were scored by Magdy Jagello in an excellent game of hockey which Uni thoroughly dominated.

MEN

Premier League vs Grang Royals 1-2

Missing three key players, Bjorn Smith and Nick Parrell fulfilling commitments for Adelaide Hotshots and Todd Ballinger out with injury the men struggled in the first half. A goal from Tim Parrell reduced the deficit.

Auski, where you need long poles to be active:

Everything's going well at this stage with a record (Sept) trip already on the boards. However, "there's too many Soff Kochs", as the a-uncan-guzzler rights at the Roya, says Art, arresting that the good ol' days, when you hadn't had a good time - you'd throw up, seemed to have passed by. He won't give up easily though & has promised a further reduction in the, a ready ridiculous, price. Keep an eye out Auskers, as a great way to meet fellow trippers before tripping. (Might see ya there in yse f - B.!!!)

Seductive Soccer.

Results 27/4/97

Amateur A: UNI v Metro Knights 0-0, Amateur B: UNI v Metro Knights 1-3, (Ian Curd), Women's League: UNI A v Wests de 0-3, UNI B v NAB 0-5, Co-educ League: UNI Black A v UNI White A 0-3, UNI Black B v UNI White B 0-4, UNI Bue A v Woodcroft 3-1, UNI Bue B v USA Raiders 2-4, Graduates Red v UNI Dodgers v 1-2.

Football Foreplay:

Round 2 date 26/4/97

Div 1: Broadview Oval: UNI 18.7 d Broadview 13.14, Best (RFM Moten, SC Tanke, CS Pascoe, JR May, EM Arnold, W Granger) Goals (CE Chaplin, 5, TM Ford, 4, CS Pascoe, 3, CJ Bryson, 2, TM Charlton, RFM Moten, SC Tanke, TJ Katsaros, 1.)

Div 1r: Broadview Oval: UNI 9.10 lost to Broadview 9.11 Best (LP Gallagher, JR Restas, MJ Dabrowski, DG McGrath, SR Bache, DM Coats). Goals (MJ Dabrowski, 5, CI Mudge, GJ Krievs, SA Newman, DG McGrath, 1.)

Div 8 South: University Oval: UNI 11.19 d Broadview 9.11. Best (S Walker, Roberts-Thompson, S Ritchie, A Darcey, S Peacock, P Mathewson) Goals (E Maxwell: 3, Walker, 2, P Mathewson, Roberts-Thompson, A Darcey, James, Dennisor, L Quirk, 1.)

Div 8r South: University Oval: UNI 4.9 lost to Broadview 2.11. Best (Mick Grady, M Baker, S Kokar, M French, J White, A Sperhouse.) Goals (Papps, Crane, Hall, McDoraid.)

Div 8 North: Park 10. UNI 15.19 d Greenacres 8.9. Best (Parfrey, Cicco oppo, Eaton, Presscott, Raghgiani, Robertson.) Goals (Hunn, 4, Presscott, 4, Raghgiani, Wildash, 2, Huppertz, Bridgwood, Parfrey, 1.)

Div 8r North: UNI 25.28 d Greenacres 11. Best (Barson, Graetz, G White, Quinton, Kupe, Brock.) Goals (Graetz, 11, Brock, 7, Surson, Juster, A Frow, G White, Kupe, Quinton, Barson, 1.)
Div 10 South: UNI v Col. Light Gardens. UNI wins on forfeit.

SPORT 'N' SEX

SORT OF...WELL, NOT REALLY, BUT, WE HAD TO PUT SOMETHING IN..."

JIM THANKS JAMES

WAS IT A FATHERLY THING OR SHADES OF MERV HUGHES? VETERAN NORWOOD FORWARD JIM WEST UNSHAMEDLY PLANTED A QUICK KISS TO THE TOP OF ROOKIE WINGMAN JAMES WASLEY'S HEAD ON ANZAC DAY IN AN APPARENT GESTURE OF GRATITUDE. WASLEY'S PINPOINT 50M PASS IN THE SECOND QUARTER LED TO THE OVERFLOW OF EMOTION AND RESULTED IN THE SECOND OF WEST'S FIVE GOALS FOR THE MATCH. ALTHOUGH UNEXPECTED, WASLEY SAID THE KISS WASN'T TOO BAD".

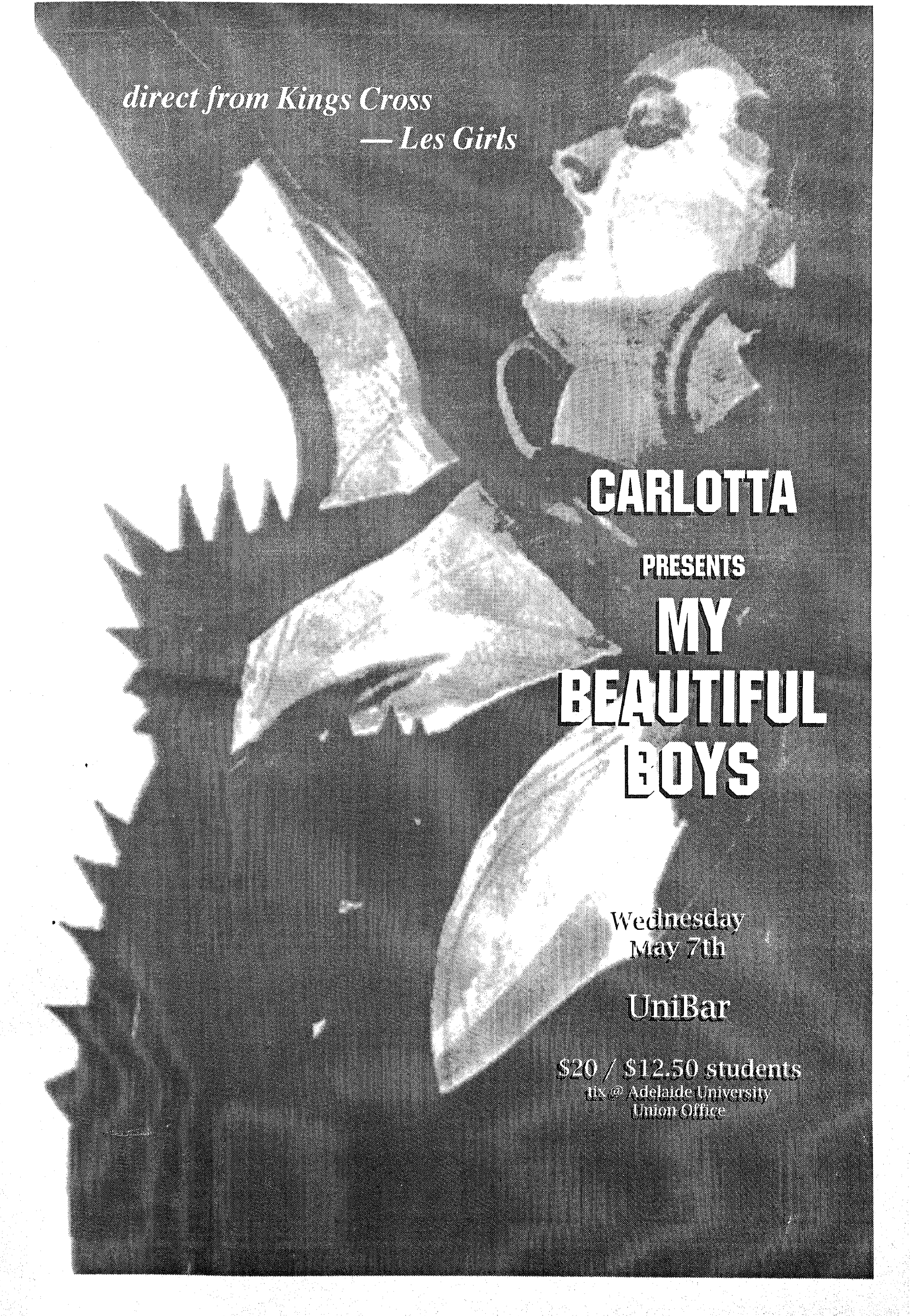
PG 24 THE ADVERTISER, MAY 97.

MARTIN: 20 Y/O

I'M DEFINATELY GAY. I'M VERY HAPPY AND COMFORTABLE WITH THAT. I'VE BEEN AWARE OF MY FEELINGS SINCE I WAS 11 Y/O. I FIRST HAD SEX WITH ANOTHER GUY WHEN I WAS 13 Y/O (FRIEND WHO STAYED OVER THE NIGHT). I'VE BEEN SEXUALLY ACTIVE WITH OTHER MALES SINCE, USUALLY WITH OTHER GUYS AT SCHOOL. WE DIDN'T THINK WE WERE GAY. WE JUST GOT OFF ON IT. I FIRST IDENTIFIED AS GAY IN YEAR 12. PREVIOUSLY I JUST KNEW I LIKED GUYS. I'VE HAD A GIRLFRIEND BUT FELT THAT IT WAS JUST PEER PRESSURE. I DON'T KNOW ANY OTHER GAY MALES BUT AM HANGING OUT TO MEET THEM.

GAY/BI/LESBIAN DROP IN CENTRE, THE SECOND STORY YOUTH HEALTH SERVICE, PH: 8232 0233.

direct from Kings Cross
— Les Girls



CARLOTTA
PRESENTS
MY
BEAUTIFUL
BOYS

Wednesday
May 7th

UniBar

\$20 / \$12.50 students
tix @ Adelaide University
Union Office

Pay Cash To Be Abused By Uncaring Motorists

For sale: One funky silver 18 speed men's mountain bike. Malvern Star 'Condor' \$260 with helmet (medium) and U-lock.
Phone Louise on 8277 4463

Thou Shall Not Covet Thy Neighbour's Ass

Do you like to think?
To be informed and make the right decision?
Come and check out what GOD says
1.10pm Tuesdays Margaret Murray Room
Level 5 of Union Building
Disciples in Campus Bible discussion
or call Daniel on 8365 2448

English People Teaching English Speakers to Teach English

The University of Cambridge, UK., incorporating the Royal Society of Arts, offers an internationally and nationally recognised intensive course for adults over 20 who have never taught English as a foreign language but who have the motivation and educational background to do so. The good news is that you can take the course not only in the UK and many other countries, but also right here in Adelaide at Buckingham College of English, currently in association with CALUSA - The Centre for Applied Linguistics at the University of South Australia. The next course runs full time from June 30 - July 25 1997.

Many CELTA graduates have found employment overseas and in Australia through their initial teacher-training course. Should you be interested in learning more about the course, please call the college for further information. An introductory workshop is being held on 12 May from 5:30 - 8pm. Come along and find out all about the course and employment prospects. We give student discount!

Contact: The Director of Teacher Training, Buckingham College of English. Ph 8359 3535 or Fax 8359 3550

Yeah, But Can It Do Multiplayer Doom?

Sharp LAPTOP computer for sale. Mono screen. Goes well & best of all it's cheap! - for students only - \$400 or best offer.
Ring Phil on 8369 0663 for more info.

Bit Of A Goer!

Yamaha XV 750 motorcycle. Goes well. Owner going overseas & needs money for fares. \$2000 or best offer. Phone 8369 0663 for more information.

Yeah, Well, Mine's THIS Big!

Photographic enlarger. Suitable for home dark room. \$100 ono. Phone 8369 0663.

Elderly Sausage Turners

Nominations are hereby called for positions on the MSA Committee, listed below:

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Clubs Association Delegate
Student Services Information Officer
3 x General Committee Members
First Year Committee Member

(for any further information regarding the duties attached to the above positions please refer to the Returning Officer).

Nomination forms can be collected from the MSA rooms, level 5 Union Building, and should be placed in locker 70 once they are correctly filled in.

Nominations close 5:00 pm, Wednesday 7th May 97.

Voting will take place in the MSA rooms.
Friday 9th May, 1:00 pm to 3:00 pm
Monday 12th May, 11:00 am to 1:00 pm
Tuesday 13th May, 11:00 am to 1:00 pm
Wednesday 14th May, 1:00 pm to 5:00 pm

B. Will, Returning Officer, Student ID 961942X

Yoko o.n.o. (I've always wanted to do that)

Yellow Sigma Sedan
Runs well
\$900 ono
Call Young at 8365 3934
Between 9pm and 9am

Time for a Photographic Lazarus

The Adelaide University Photography Club has died.
Help us get it going again!
Why? Free use of Dark Room facilities & chemicals
Get to know others interested in photography
Come with us on visits to exhibitions and photography tips

So come and join up at the AGM EVERYONE WELCOME!
When? 12 May
Where? Margaret Murray Room (meet first at UniBar)
Time? 5pm

For any questions or just to express your interest
Please ring: Linda (8267 3809), Kendell (8271 6443), or contact the Sports Association.

Dance Well to Crap Music! Yo! Spinning Wah!

Techno/Hip Hop Dancing

Easy to learn
Group Classes or Private Lessons.
Registered Studio
Saturdays 10-11 am
St. George area (near Burnside)
Phone Steve, M: 017 165 626, H: 8443 6436

Pay Somebody Else To Type Up Your Plagiarised Notes For You

Time running out?
Assignments need typing?
A professional, fast and economic WORD PROCESSING service is offered to UNIVERSITY students.

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Additional charge for tables, graphics, charts

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Skis for sale

Brand New k2
195 cm skis
with top-of-the-line Marker Bindings.
Still in packaging. Never used.
Only \$500 !!
call Gillian: 8223 5941

Balls Spiked for Pleasure

Intramural Volleyball - UniGym

Intramural volleyball will once again be starting in May at the Uni Gym. All departments are invited to enter a team and enjoy some fun and fitness at lunchtime. The fee for each team is \$55. Would all team organisers please ensure that all entry forms, including payment, are returned to the Gym by Friday 9 May. Late entries will not be accepted. Games to begin mid-May.

Please note that all intramural competitions are based on fun and learning and are mainly for people who DO NOT play in a regular competition.
For entry forms or any further information please contact Diana Pedrick on 8267 2926.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, flows on, and with it all is carried. Prosh looms luridly on the horizon, its dangly bits waving in the breeze, and so we remind you all that next week's On Dit is the special, one week early Prosh-padded issue. It's great sexy funny mildly-amusing vaguely-interesting OK.

After that we're all going to a nudist camp for the victims of dodgy pyramid schemes, and after that we'll be back with a couple more editions of this illustrious journal before EXAMS and then HOLIDAYS. After that, well, we'll cross that bridge when we get to it.

Remember to always look both ways before crossing the street and to treat small children with the contempt that they deserve.
Yours ever, the Eds, S'N'M.