

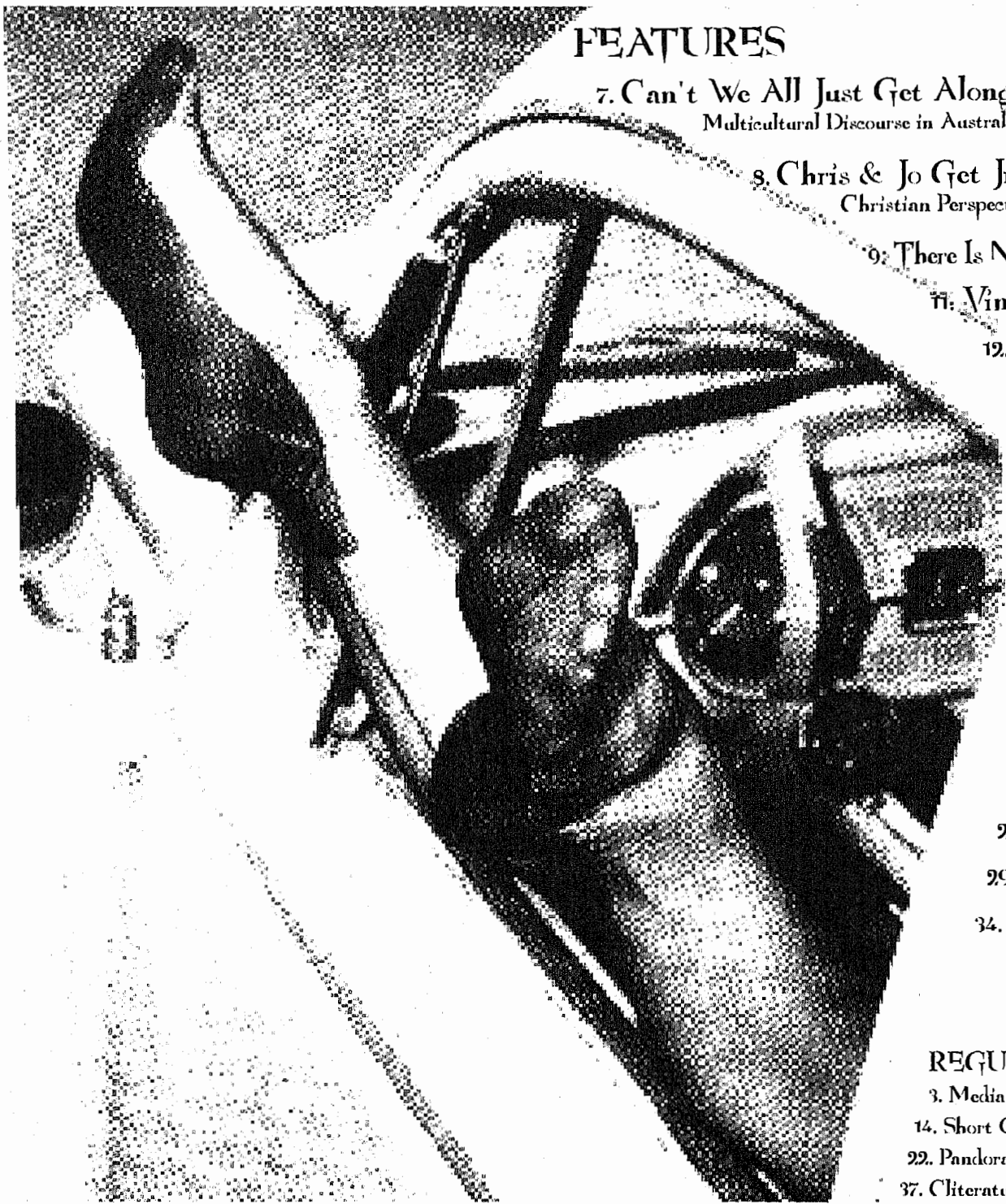
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Sexualidit

ADELAIDE UNI STUDENT RAG
VOLUME 73 EDITION 14 02/08/05



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On Dit
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Front cover: Love is Sexy.
Back cover: Laying Pipe.

Wanna Write?

Come down to our friendly little office down in the basement of the George Murray building. Coming editions are themed sex, Japanese craziness, money, fear, but if anything more specific comes to mind just jot it down. You can get in contact with us via email at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call us on 83035404.

Our favourite warm bodies...

Linney linney, Marvin the Martian, Aurelia, Frankie, Leo, Anna, hot celebrities, scanners, everyone who reads us, our parents for sexing each other and making us and mtk for making Clementine laugh so hard she slaps her thigh.

Sleeping in the wet spot...

Early morning bird calls, Censorious bastards, John Howard for still being our 'Prime Minister'.

Media Watch

with Tawdry Audrey Hefferneggar



This week the SAUA tour de force travelled to the Clubs Common Room for a special council meeting (and covert election tribunal). This it seems was the first difficulty for some council members who seemed to object to the very existence of the meeting (even the *On Dit* editors have never been so brazen). Josh Rayner, Mathew Walton and Chris Winterfield all claimed that because the meeting was either a special general meeting or an election tribunal (which it was neither) it should be held to be illegitimate due to a 'failure' by the SAUA to hold an election tribunal within the required timeframe. At the crux of it was the aforementioned members desire to kidney stone-like obstruction to the happy functioning of the SAUA or to see the duty of election returning officer pass on to AUU General Manager Carmel Noon and possibly avoid passing Pearson's changes to election by-laws (details of which can be found in his OB column on page 17). Could it be that Mr Rayner sees some advantage to maintaining traditioning election tactics after heavily recruiting for his faction this year, with conspicuously election-like SMACK banners floating about already? Their formal reasons for wanting to pass on the duties of RO to Ms Noon was to abide by the SAUA constitution which outlines the rules for a lapsed election tribunal, while Pearson argued that the constitution allowed him to pick up the duties of the tribunal in such a circumstance, and therefore select a different RO. Union President Jenny Turner arrived as the heavy artillery for Josh's mischievous siege stating that AUU lawyers warned a breach in constitution (as Josh claimed was taking place) could result in the Union revoking the SAUA's funding.

Several other councillors seemed fairly certain that lawyers employed by the SAUA might take a different stance and decided to take up the case themselves (many councillors are Law students). After some inconclusive attempts to convince Josh that the constitution could be interpreted in favour of Pearson it was left to myself and the SAUA bastion of sanity Russell Marks to show that indeed, seeing as everyone had agreed that Pearson was an honourable and trustworthy President, the ambiguity in the constitution allowed an interpretation that left him with the responsibilities of the tribunal and that there was no reason why Rayner and co. should not also want to take up that opportunity for the SAUA to retain control of its own affairs.

Evidently Walton, Rayner and Winterfield disagreed but the rest of the council had heard enough and gave Dave the thumbs up. Now that the meeting was finally declared valid the changes to by-laws could finally be discussed and eventually passed. Of course it unlikely that in Ms Turner's home court the SAUAs actions will be so breezily accepted. We can expect to hear more from the Union and its lawyers in weeks to come.

Dan J

Last week, I was greatly fortunate to attend a preview screening of Gregg Araki's new film, *Mysterious Skin*. I'm not going to give you a review - for more of that kind of malarkey you can turn to page 28. However, I am going to talk about the censorious beasts of morality who are once again rearing their ugly heads.

Mysterious Skin is recognised as being controversial in topic and daring in nature. It is heavy handed, dealing with paedophilia, prostitution and rape. It is not, however, a gratuitous film. The two protagonists/victims are damaged, and the movie portrays the tiny steps they take towards plastering the cracks in their souls. Ultimately, it is a tragic documentation of the damage hundreds upon thousands of children have experienced, one that bears the tiniest glimmer of hope for their future. It is honest, raw and beautifully filmed.

As one may have predicted, certain self appointed moral watchdogs have raised the flag against Araki's latest offering, declaring it to be akin to a potential handbook for paedophiles. The film originally opened in Australia with an R18+ rating, but after complaints were made to Michael Atkinson, SA's Attorney-General, by the Australian Family Association, Atkinson began to push for a reclassification. Former Immigration Minister Phillip Ruddock then jumped on board as the Commonwealth Attorney-General along with Family First's Richard Egan, and together the grand alliance of conservatism are huffing and puffing to blow the house down.

Never mind the fact that none of them have actually *seen* the film...

Yes, once again our freedom to choose what we do and don't consume has come under threat. Of course, if the film were actually explicitly sexual and gratuitous in nature where paedophilia was concerned it would obviously be another matter. But let's make the distinction here between what is morally repugnant to some and what is illegal - and the last time I checked, it wasn't illegal to make a film that actively seeks to demonstrate the inevitable damage having sex with a child will inflict. Aside from the obvious defect of not having any real information with which to support their argument, I object as an adult to being told what I can and cannot consume, especially when the subject in question has been positively received all around the world, even in the country known for having one of the biggest moral yardsticks wedged firmly

up its ass. Atkinson and his cronies haven't even bothered to find out that the two little boys in the film were given entirely different scripts to preserve their innocence. They care little for the fact that the story is about salvation and reflects what I imagine to be an all too sad reality. I would think, given the fact we are currently holding a Commission of Inquiry into the abuse of wards of the state that the government may be more supportive of a film that seeks so wholly to show the aftermath for two such victims of sexual abuse.

Last week I wrote a letter to Michael Atkinson urging him to stop being such a prat and recognise this movie for what it is. A date is yet to be set for the hearing at the Office of Film and Literature Classification. Films such as *Ken Park* and *Baise-Moi* have already been hidden from our corruptible eyes. I advise everyone reading this who cares about their right to dictate art for themselves to write a letter demanding the release of this film. I know writing letters seems useless most of the time, but if nothing is said at all, conservative idiots like these will systematically get away with stripping us of our rights one by one. Write a quick email now!

Michael Pratkanin's email address is: attorney-general@agd.sa.gov.au. And for good measure, Phillip Ruddock's Parliament House contact is Ag@Ag.gov.au and electorate office phone number is (02) 9482 7111. And what the hell, while your at it, why don't you email the Australian Family Association at nccafa@picknowl.com.au about anything you like - they're against everything so you can take your pick, but if you especially care about protecting rights to abortion or becoming more like Canada and finally allowing gay people to get married, email the AFA and point out to them how useless they're going to be to in the future considering most of us are choosing not to breed anymore.

And what of *Mysterious Skin*? Well, here's what Gregg Araki had to say over the furor.

"I have always thought of Australia as a very sort of progressive, sophisticated, cosmopolitan place. So to run into this roadblock is surprising."

Peace out guys.



Are you tired of staying at home on a Saturday night wondering where all the handsome people are? Why not consider joining

Dating Club!

No more Saturday nights playing scrabble with the next door neighbour. Jump on board the latest craze that sweeping the northern suburbs and who knows? Perhaps you could be enjoying your own Highland Fling sometime soon...

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EDITORIAL

Well, it hardly seems like a coincidence that our largest editions of the year have been our first (when everyone had the entire holidays to prepare) and this one - sexuality.

Above all things held sacred by the university student - free beer, skipping lectures, angst and political apathy, nothing is higher in the pantheon than sex. And fair enough too - after all, it is HEAPS of fun.

In past years and in many intellectual/hopelessly PC spheres, the term 'sexuality' comes to be a transparent euphemism for gay or queer. Sexuality officers are always really there to support gay students and 'sexuality' editions of *On Dit* have been filled with same sex couples celebrating their unbounded freedom and overflowing self-confidence in as many ways as the Karma Sutra allows. With this edition we hope to do something slightly different.

The traditional divisions of sexuality into categories of 'gay', 'straight' and 'bi' have quite obviously become redundant. 'Gay' men can be married to women for years, perform sexually and have children, 'straight' girls can make out with thousands of nubile girls at parties, and 'bi' people may only be so under particular circumstances. It seems obvious that there are as many sexualities as there are sexual beings. It's too broad and luminous a kaleidoscope to allow for bland, grey homogeny.

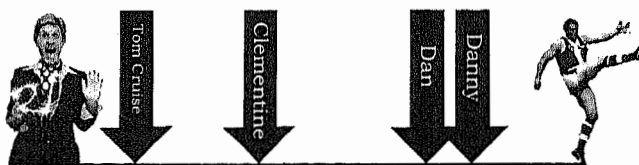
So with this edition we hope to include

many varied kinds of sexuality and also deal with 'sexuality' as removed from sex. Love, for example, and the nature of the interplay between love and sex is a theme we try to deal with, in some small way, on page 14, we look at sexual fantasy in the subconscious on page 24, the sadder side of sex and prostitution on page 12, sexuality in the *zeitgeist* on page 18 and include information on queer rights and the situation for queer people in Australia now.

Sexuality exists along a continuum, with Bob Downe at one end and Tony Lockett at the other. We all fall (hopefully comfortably) in our own individual slot somewhere in between.

Although we hadn't planned as such, there'll be another *On Dit* next week, a celebration of all things Geek. Please send your submissions on to us via email at ondit@adelaide.edu.au. If you come down to see us at the office before next weekend you'll be greeted by solitary tumbleweeds, we'll all be too busy chasing tail to see you.

Danny, Dan & Clementine



Send McGuire Packing

CC has missed some fundamental points in his attempt to justify Liberal taxation beliefs.

Firstly he puts forward a scenario where 10 men of vastly disparate socio-economic status have a shared meal daily. With a common menu and exactly the same service? For the rich and the poor? While this is something that I would like to imagine can happen, the reality is the rich eat with the rich and the poor eat what is left over. They do not choose from the same menu, they do not get the same levels of service (just check out the cheap silver service meals polities get).

Secondly the scenario puts forward that the 10 men decided to pay for their meals the same way taxes are levied. Given that most evidence shows 90% of all wealth is controlled by < 10% of the population and that the richest people pay less tax per dollar earned than the lowest wage earner, it is obvious that this is not a reflection of the way our society collects its tax. If the richest people (businesses included) did pay 59 cents in the dollar at the same time as the poorest paid nothing, then you might get some support from me.

CC then goes on to stretch credibility further by suggesting that they were "Quite happy with this arrangement". Who do you know that is 'quite happy' with the current tax arrangement? If they can not agree on how to equally divide up a windfall, I have my doubts that they could have come to their 'quite happy arrangement' in the first place. Remember CC, taxes are imposed by governments, not willingly handed over by tax payers.

Fourth, CC seems to think nothing of a society where 4 out of 10 people are considered poor and need the charity of the rich to eat decently. Perhaps you think that's ok? Not in my world. Instead of looking at why our

society continues to allow such disparities in wealth, all CC is interested in is justifying why the rich get more. All your figures and rhetoric are merely smoke and mirrors to divert one's attention from the real injustice - a society where intelligent, educated people continue to put their jobs, their prosperity and the 'health of the economy' before human misery and inequality. But don't worry, all you Liberal supporters, you can just write me off as one of these loony leftie ferals, deny that anything I have to say is of value, simply because I don't share your ideology. But bear in mind that I've worked out bush, 84 hour/week and paid nearly \$1000/week in taxes, while the really rich - the Packers, the McGuires, the Pickards of this world pay next to nothing in comparison.

Here's a slightly more real dinner party. The wealthiest person sits at the head of the table, he owns the restaurant and his mates own the competition. He (I say he because Johnny H would want all the women at home making babies to make this country great again) chooses the menu, gets the largest serve - first, receives the best service and takes up the largest space at the table. He lobbies his mates in the government to reduce taxes for restaurant owners as they provide an essential service to the poor. He then negatively gears the lease repayments on the restaurant (via a good accountant and several handy subsidiaries) to totally extinguish his tax bill.

The next richest person sits near the richest making deals to sell his produce to the restaurant and hopefully take that next step up. He doesn't worry about his tax level because he has 20 corporate lawyers to avoid paying it. The third richest is too busy trying to ingratiate himself to his bosses that he has no time for enjoying his meal and even less for the poorer people or their issues. He gets paid far too much for what he does anyway so his relatively high tax level is immaterial.

The last three paying people are too tired to eat because they have to hold down two

jobs to cover the exorbitant and artificially inflated cost of their homes and other essential requirements like food and clothing.

The remaining four are required to look for 10 other eating places every fortnight, are only allowed to sit at the table if the press is present, only get to eat the minimum that the World Health Organisation decrees will keep a human alive and after six weeks they must do the washing up to meet their mutual obligation to a society that generally couldn't care less about them.

Duncan

Just Happy to Get the Four Points

On Dit Eds,

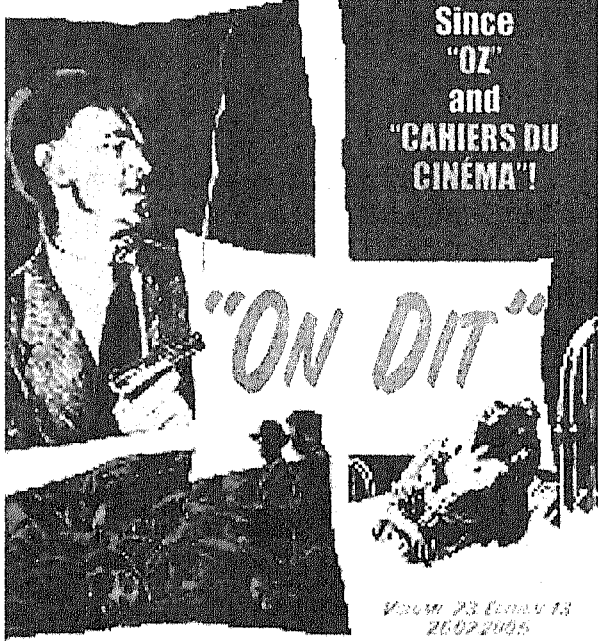
I recieved a letter recently from SA Water which warned me, on the rear of the envelope; that "This is not your water bill". Immediately, upon reading this I became skeptical. If this wasn't my bill then what the fuck was it? As I opened it, I realised just how intent I was at jumping on it as a waste of time and throwing the letter in the bin. It then hit me: this is what conservatism is. Fear of the unknown and an impatience for checking the facts. I think that if conservative students and the public at large understood that the serious problems of today's world - AIDS, hopeless poverty, crime & injustice - could be better met with through progressive policies, then the world would be a better place for all of us. Think outside the square and aim for nothing less than perfection.

Deep Spring

Perfection hey? It's so crazy it just might work!

In All Its Fury
and Violence

...Like No Other
Newspaper
Since
"OZ"
and
"CAHIERS DU
CINEMA!"



Volume 73 Entry 13
2007/2008
L-1 Melbourne Edition

On Dit 73.14

Working Toward Irrelevancy

Dear Jon Cold,

Thanks for your questions. In parliament they would call that a bit of a Dorothy Dix, but I would rather think of myself as a sewer cleaner before I would call myself a politician, so I'll do my best to answer you, Mr Cold.

Why do you need a sexuality department? Homophobic discrimination is rife in the world at the moment. In March in Fiji, two men were gaoled for having sex in private forum. In the Federal Parliament, the Liberal Party has pushed through its conservative agenda regarding heterosexual-only marriage and made it an even more distant dream for homosexual couples. Conservatives in the South Australian parliament have delayed the passage of the Same Sex Relationships Bill so that we are one of the last remaining states to deny homosexual couples basic civil rights equal to that of heterosexual couple eg. the right to be at a loved one's deathbed. A lesbian student teacher was dismissed in Victoria earlier this year through thinly veiled discrimination. In Western Australia, parents protested more about a member of the LGBTIQ community speaking to their children's sex ed class than they did about a prostitute.

At the July 2005 Queer Collaborations in Perth, a conference for queer-identifying students, a peaceful protest was held against the Liberal government's homophobic legislation. Without warning or reason, they were attacked by police and five students were arrested.

As for other areas within the Sexuality Department's portfolio, Sexual Assault and Sexually Transmitted Diseases/Infections are both on the rise. People have become complacent about both.

So we've established there's a problem. Maybe, Mr Cold, you're like a great deal of self-confessed conservatives and you're content with the status quo. I'm not. We are an increasingly apathetic generation, but the great battles are not yet over. We still have

things worth fighting for, like our right to love whomever we choose. Did African Americans start on the road to civil rights by integrating themselves? Maybe Michael Jackson did, but many African American people believed and still believe that in order to strive for equality, you must first establish and revel in your own identity.

Separatist queer movements don't create homophobia; it is bred through fear and hatred. I would like to look forward to a time when Sexuality Officers are irrelevant, where sexuality - homosexual or heterosexual - is expressed safely and healthily. That time is not now.

So, until then, Mr Cold, feel free to come and see myself or Kavvy in the SAUA, or email me at femalesexuality.saua@adelaide.edu.au.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey
Female Sexuality Officer

Diuretic Dialectic

Dear eds,

I had been meaning to write in re: Lavinia's incoherence but I forgot. Thankfully Evan more or less echoed my thoughts. And in doing so Evan also stumbles on a common problem people have with historical materialism.

All Marx said was that in every previous epoch in history, there were fundamental economic contradictions that brought about an antithesis within the system which, in turn, created conditions appropriate for the downfall of the previous society and a new synthesis. (Marx assumed a communist society would not develop an antithesis because labour is the source of history [i.e. history started when the first barbarians went out of the cave to gather berries or hunt an animal] and that communist society is a return to labour and, therefore, the end of history and economic contradictions.)

He said it was inevitable that capitalism would collapse because with each boom-bust capitalist cycle (each more devastating than the last) the working class became more disgruntled and organised. Capitalists would not relinquish the means of production voluntarily but so long as they held on they were creating a working class more and more disciplined and disillusioned with the status quo. They were the antithesis.

All these material conditions were likely to develop consciousness on the part of the proletariat as to the possibilities of their transcendence from the capitalist society, but it was still up to them to win the final war. Conditions may be more or less conducive to revolution but the revolution still had to be made.

This is much the same as saying capitalism promotes advances in technology. Private incentive ensures many capitalists invest in technology advancement to reduce labour costs. The economic forces are there but it does not mean the next pioneering labour-saving device will happen on its own. The entrepreneurs, inventors and engineers still have to make the damn thing.

To my mind there isn't any contradiction between historical materialism and the agency of the working class (although it is a little confusing). History merely conditions possibilities, all the people have to do is make the best of them.

Alex

The Politics of Sexuality

Dear On Dit,

I have a sexuality. And I'm proud of it. (not that 'it' is separate from me, I am it, it is me). People call it queer. If they are progressive. It's more likely they would call it gay, homo, lesbian... To me it's just mine. My sexuality. Everyone has a sexuality. (even those who identify as asexual). Straight people have a sexuality. Heterosexuality. I'm sure you've heard of it.

I think categories are created by the majority in order to identify 'the other', and hence I don't tend to categorise myself. However, queers subverted a previous insult and reclaimed it as an identity to be proud of. And I'm proud to identify as queer in its binary opposition to straight. I'm certainly not straight and I'm proud of that.

By refusing to identify specifically not straight sexualities, they become invisible. By referring to queerness as 'sexuality', you repress its very intent: the blatant statement that sexualities exist other than that which is accepted. (that's heterosexuality if you couldn't work it out.) And that they are queer. And that we are proud.

The so-called political correctness of 'sexuality' begs the question - whose politics, exactly, is correct? It's like the renaming of Women's Studies with Gender Studies. Which it isn't. It is, and should remain, a study of women and their historical and continual struggle against misogyny, chauvinism and oppression. The term 'Gender Studies' serves to remove the academic faculty from the politics and political campaigns that created it. Sexuality serves the same purpose to queer. It disguises us, represses us, oppresses us.

The very point of queer editions, queer lounges, queer officers, is to fight heterosexism by acknowledgement that alternatives exist. If you don't acknowledge this by naming them, you lose out from the start. Or more specifically, we do.

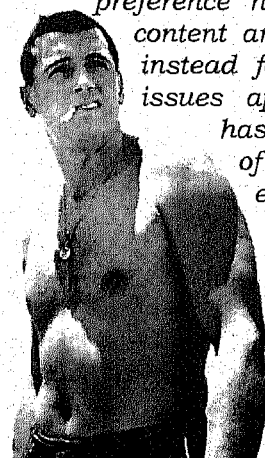
Please *On Dit*, don't conform. Be proud.

Jo.

The fundamental assumption that this edition is a 'queer' edition cloaked by a less pointed, more cowardly moniker is a fallacy.

In past years, and at other universities, it is true that 'sexuality' has become a euphemism for 'queer' and the two have been used interchangeably. What we hope to do with this edition is craft a true 'sexuality' edition - one that is inclusive of all orientations, traditional and otherwise.

We aim to produce an edition focussed more on the sexual component of human existence and all that encompasses. No deliberate preference has been given to 'queer' content and much of the content is instead focussed on broad human issues applicable to anyone who has ever wanted the touch of another person. This edition is more interested in concepts of carnal desire and the nature of love than what particular orifices prove most attractive to the writers.



Danny

Real Men Ride Women

Innocently cruising around on my bicycle, essentially saving oxygen for some testosterone fuelled motorheaded fuck to combust, I cop the comment "real men ride women!" probably followed by "...fag". What the? The statement is offensive on so many subtle levels that I doubt that the pea brained chimp that yelled it from his Nissan Silvia barely understood what he was saying. Indeed, this was all but confirmed as over the next few weeks this derogation was yelled at me another two or three times, obviously some patriarchal mastermind had disseminated it into the neanderthal zietgeist days earlier.

Not only was it inherently offensive to women but the bizarre linking of masculinity of "riding women" with a viscious distaste for any form of socially constructive and sensible transport is worthy of psychoanalysis. Why are people so scared of rational peace loving cyclists?

I'm also getting pretty tired of the kinds of homophobic quips that obviously lack any perception or accuracy whatsoever. For the record, you repressed sporto knob shiners, queer men look nothing like me, being long haired, scruffy, with flares hanging on my hips and wrapped in several layers of paisley. Most of the gay guys I know are clean cut, intelligent looking yuppies clad in the more chic or subtle

forms of designer clothing. Many of them are barely discernable from the very jocks that hurl this abuse. "Get a haircut, faggot!" is actually nonsensical, because if I was gay I would already have a hair cut.

Next time before you abuse a guy for riding a bike, wearing bootleg pants or failing to observe the trend for metro-mohawks, realise that you've probably just walked past a respectable looking gay guy, your accountant is gay, your metrosexual footy friend, in fact they're all around you, perhaps you've even touched one before, you retarded mind clenched spank monkey.

So now you know, go and hassle someone who is actually gay.

Sincerely,
Idon'tevenlookgay.

life to see a plastic wrapped re-hash of what was already a formulaic production (ie Herbie Bewitched)? Is there a more pertinent example of market paralysis? With millions of workable scripts being written production companies can't bear risking their wads of cash (which once sat in your pockets) to test new ideas on an audience they've spent the past fifty years labotomising. I may have a choice of fifty different kinds of toothpaste but they can't give me more than one type of entertainment. The market stagnates.

Sincerely,
Damn J
PS: Tarrantino can pay 'homage' to my balls.

Tarrantino's wet dream

Quentin Tarrantino has spaffed out more original ideas in one of his Kirusawa induced wet dreams than the entire Hollywood glamour machine has been able to vomit up in the past year or so. Look at the current crop of films: Fantastic Four, Herbie, Bewitched, War of the Worlds... It's not like we're talking about the Royal Theatre Company interpreting Hamlet here either. Is it really worth two hours of your

A recurring dream plaguing your subconscious? Been accidentally substituting the word mother for lover?

Get it all out in On Dit's letters pages.
ondit@adelaide.edu.au
Just remember - no racist, sexist, homophobic material please, some things that go on in your sub conscious should stay there.
Take our cartoonist Oz for instance.

my perfect woman

Today someone asked me what I look for in a woman.

So I looked him in the eye...
... and gave the same response I give every time.

For me, I'm after a lusty woman

who has a cavity in her stomach

and inside the cavity is a GIANT METAL CLAW.

Not a metal hand, but a giant metal CLAW—like a crab's.

At night, the claw can deploy from the stomach cavity & wrap its pincers around me until I fall asleep.

Also, when I get home from work late at night, I could hear the claw going:
**GLACK
GLACK
GLACK!**

Unless a rabble-rouser had killed her & produced a copy of her metal claw & was clacking it to lure me into a false sense of security

In which case, the game would be up & I would be cooked.

But at least I'd die knowing...

... and I would know my girl was alright & everything was okay.

... that I'd made it with my dream woman.

ps: if the claw woman is unavailable, Scarlett Johansson will have to do, I suppose.



CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG?

Rousseau once asked, "Where shall we find a form of association which will defend and protect with the whole common force the person and the property of each associate, and by which every person, while uniting himself with all, shall obey only himself and remain as free as before?" The answer, he saw, lay in the 'social contract'. The social contract is the idea that by your mere birth into society you forgo certain *natural* liberties and the right to property which you could have obtained by force for *civil* liberties and ownership of all that you possess. In this way we are supposedly transformed from troglodytes obsessed with our own individual appetites into enlightened beings who seek the common good. In the wake of suicide bombings, terrorist attacks and political schisms within Islam the nature of this social contract is being questioned and its contents rewritten by various commentators.

John Stone, a National Party senator, is calling for an abandonment of "official multiculturalism". In his six-point plan all funding for ethnic projects (like SBS television) must be abolished; Muslim immigration must be halted; citizenship must be harder to get; citizenship should be conditional on fluency in English; citizenship should depend on understanding and accepting Australian 'values'; and there must be an increased emphasis on English in our immigration policies.

His penultimate claim is the most intriguing. The idea that citizenship be conditional on an understanding of the meaning of what it is to be an Australian appears problematic. Stone suggests things like parliamentary democracy, respect for others' rights, the rule of law etc. should be central to that understanding. However, by going further and asking for a commitment to anglo-Australian values some Islamic leaders are saying they are no longer being asked merely to integrate but to imitate. And if we imagine multiculturalism as more than just cafes and souvlaki but as the ability for diverse cultures with diverse values to co-exist then it is not just 'official multiculturalism' on the chopping block.

Australia's first planned experimentation with multiculturalism started with the post-WWII immigration. Many Italians and Greeks were all too happy to escape their destroyed economies during the 50s and 60s looking for jobs and a fresh start. What distinguishes that wave of immigrants from the current Muslim ones is that while language barriers were an issue for the Southern Europeans, ultimately they were Christians and they had already

had experience in (albeit fragile) parliamentary democracies. The Muslim population in Australia now numbers about half a million people. On top of language and cultural barriers they face an indigenous majority opinion that considers the Quoran about as insightful as *Who Weekly*. Furthermore, parliamentary democracy is either unfamiliar or promises little in the way of autonomy to minority communities such as their own.

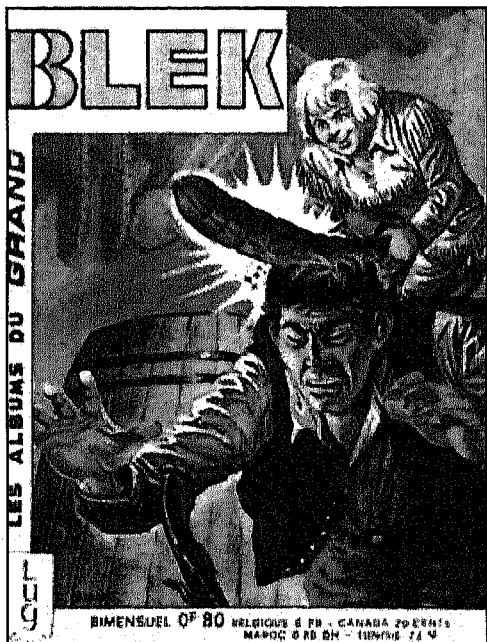
The Muslim question currently being debated is based on the assumption that there are irreplaceable cultural values which make us Australian. The idea that a dialogical relationship exists between the individual and his/her culture becomes defunct. Instead, *we* have a way of life and *we* battle against those who seek to impose another on us. The internal tensions in our own culture take a backseat as we rally behind the almost Platonic idea of our 'Australian way of life'. But mythologising our culture and the 'Australian way of life' will likely alienate not just immigrant communities but also a broad cross-section of established communities and indigenous progressives.

Ultimately, the Greeks and Italians have largely assimilated. The sons and daughters of the 'wogs' and 'dagos' of the 50s have become your local GP and the admired AFL star. The language and fundamental aspects of the imported culture is largely dying with the death of that first generation. Many commentators are hoping the current rowdy group of Islamists will assimilate in the same fashion. But that is a generational phenomenon.

The more pressing problem, and at the heart of the Muslim question, is the use of violence as a

political weapon. Our leaders are urging Islamic leaders to renounce it while in the same breath they pledge more troops to Iraq or Afghanistan. The motives of the suicide bombers range from religious to political to militarily strategic. And the battle on each of these fronts- perhaps disingenuously- is reduced to the cultural. Our cultural Idea becomes at once a weapon of freedom, a show of defiance and a badge by which we declare ourselves Australian citizens. It is in this way that the social contract is transforming itself. The new deal appears to require assimilation into one static, monolithic culture at the expense of diverse views as to the nature of life, society and politics. And of course, as Stone argues, this will nip home-grown terrorism in the bud.

Alex Solomon-Bridge



Senator Stone hopes to eradicate such cultural 'misunderstandings' as this gleeful schlong shaped salami stick greeting.

U.S. UNIONS CHANGING TEAMS

The US union movement is heading for a decisive split after four major affiliate unions boycotted the American Federated Labour-Congress of Industrial Organisations (AFL-CIO) convention last week.

The dissident 'Change to Win' coalition is disgruntled by the steady exodus of members and the lack of grass-roots organising. Union membership in the US is at about 8% in the private sector.

Before they amalgamated in 1955, AFL and the CIO had very different views on how workers should organise. The AFL was made up largely of the craft guilds and pushed for control over apprenticeships, strict rules over what work was allowed to be done and by whom etc. Instead, the CIO was made up of trade unions which represented unskilled workers and believed in the solidarity of workers across the industry rather than representation of each craft within the industry (which was often impossible anyway in occupations where there was little tradition or specialised skill to be acquired).

The Change to Win coalition appears to be in the mould of the old CIO and is a break of the more militant unions from a stagnating labour movement. These unions are more militant often because many of their members are Hispanic or European immigrants still with a healthy scepticism of American individualism.

Alex Solomon-Bridge

Vacuous Conversation of the Week!

Okay eds, how's this for an inane student conversation?

Two boys, unseen, on the Union House staircase, very drunk, evidently lacking in sex lives, taste in music and the ability to hold their drinks. To determine it an entirely shameful display of cultural atrophy is the only conclusion possible.

Johnny: "So he's a music student, you know, saxing up the sax or whatever"

Other guy "Johnny"

Johnny: "Yeh, yeh but it was brilliant, like wow."

Other Guy: "Johnny"

Johnny: "I think Alice, you know Alice."

Other Guy: "Johnny"

Johnny: "Vaginal discharge Hahhahah ahahahahahahaha."

Just when you thought it was safe to show just how much alcohol has decimated your brain cells, On Dit eavesdrops on another hapless victim.

If you've had similar verbal inanity assaulting your ears send the transcript to ondit@adelaide.edu.au

It's the only way they'll learn.

You keep sayin' it, we'll keep printin' it.

Chris and Jo get Jiggy with Jesus



Chris and Jo came to see Jesus. They wanted to know if they should have sex.

After they had finished castigating him for not being a whole lot clearer on the subject while on Earth, they awaited his response with baited breath.

"Well," Jesus began defensively, "In the first place, its not like everything I ever said made it into the four gospels." "However," he continued, "I *did* tell you everything you need to know. Love your neighbour as yourself. Do for others what you would want them to do for you. Any other guidelines need to be grounded in that."

Jo was not satisfied. "But what about fornication? What is that *exactly*? What can we put where, and when?"

"And with whom?" Chris added, Moses said that "God made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve, but does that matter?"

Jesus groaned. Not the good sort of groan. He called in Moses.

"Oy oy oy", Moses shook his head. "Ok, I'll give it to you straight. First, I did not write the book of Genesis. Second, whoever did write it didn't think they were writing a history of Earth, and neither should you. Third, even if the Adam and Eve part of the creation story was literally true, of course God would have had to start with a male and female, but I cannot see why that would dictate the pattern of human sexual relationships for the rest of time."

"Besides," said Jesus, "there's this great new discovery called evolution. You may have heard of it. Genesis presents the world as God's design. This includes everything from gender to reproduction to marriage. Since Darwin, you know that's not true. There was plenty of reproduction and sex ever evolved. When sex first evolved, it was asexual. Finally, it wasn't until the first sexual reproduction appeared that even change was possible. Think of white birds and black birds. Males are... Females are... relationships and...

with another is the answer."

"So," Chris tried to mask the impatience, whilst sliding imperceptibly closer to Jo, "should we have sex?"

"And how do we know if we should get married?" Jo wanted to know.

"Ok," said Jesus. "To answer the first question- good question. Now, a little more about marriage- If you sit through any wedding service, whether one put on by my followers or not, you will hear a list of reasons for people to get married. Now, forget about the "God gave it stuff"- we know it evolved. But in the list you will usually hear that marriage is for comfort, sex, kids, and building social stability.

"Is that wrong?" Jo gasped.

"Well, marriage *can* and should bring comfort, but for many people it becomes the *only* source of comfort, which makes it dangerous. I have already told you that sex evolved long before marriage, so marriage cannot be the only possible vehicle for sex. While sex in marriage is great, marrying to be able to have sex isn't. In your capitalistic, individualistic, society, healthy marriages are good for kids, especially if you have possessions you want to leave to them. But *do* you want to horde wealth, and why should your kids get it all if you do? And you really need to ask yourselves if Earth needs any more kids. Personally, I'd rather see more room for the other species. The pressing moral challenge for my followers today is *reproductive* celibacy- Catherine Keller can tell you more about that. Finally, marriage might lead to social stability, but we don't want a stable society unless it is just. I spent my life upsetting the injustices in the social order, hence the flogging and crucifixion. So don't stabilise society on *my* account.

"So marriage sucks?" Jo could never concentrate on more than three sentences at a time, especially with Chris sitting so close.

"How Long O Lord?" Sighed the Lord.

"No, I want everyone, especially the church, to celebrate marriage- freed from being a vehicle for legitimate sex and for children, as one part of the comfort and enrichment people seek. And especially because it creates unique, loyal pairs of subversive radicals, whom I can send out in twos to overturn the tables of those who profit from injustice."

"And before you ask again- I'd like to see people celebrating sex, as long as both are "doing for others," as something fun, enriching, and comforting. Especially if those involved are practicing reproductive celibacy. So the criteria for celebration is not the wedding ring, but the quality of the relationship. That's a much tougher call, by the way."

"So in summary," Jesus added, turning to face the camera, "I want the church to be a place where people learn to love God and neighbour, through relationships which take heed of the example I set, are informed by evolutionary biology, and appropriate to the current ecological context, freed from a simplistic application of Genesis, with its static view of creation."

But that was more than three sentences, and Jo and Chris were busy.

Rev. Jason John

(double reproductive celibacy backslider)
jason@scotschurch.org.au

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... and it is a lot of fun, too.

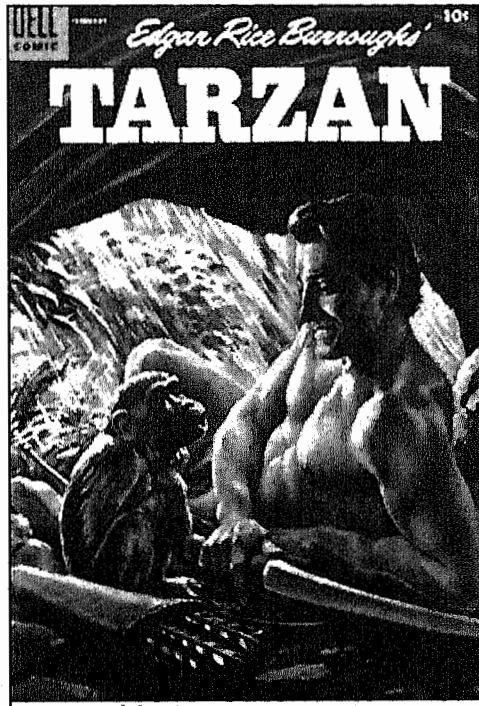
There's No Such Thing as A Same-Sex Relationship

Currently, in South Australia there is no law recognizing the existence of same-sex relationships. It is understandable that laws can take some time to change and that the process required to do so is long and complicated. In 1974 the first steps were taken by the South Australian Government, under the leadership of the then Premier Don Dunstan, to remove and amend all laws that discriminated against people on the basis of their sexuality. It took a death to encourage these reforms to occur- the brutal murder of George Duncan in the River Torrens- but reforms were made and South Australia soon became the most progressive state, in terms of its treatment of same-sex attracted people. However South Australia's laws have changed little since 1974 and the state now has the most regressive laws within the nation.

The Bill that requires passing in order for South Australia to come into line with the rest of the country is the Statute Amendments (Relationship) Bill, which if passed would become an Act and therefore law. In brief, the Bill aims to provide legislation which recognises the presence of same-sex relationships within S.A. and give rights to individuals within such a relationship. The Bill gives equal status to same-sex couples as to married or de facto opposite-couples and this has caused some controversy within (mainly) religious organisations which view marriage as the highest form of partnership between two individuals (one male, one female only).

After being shunted back and forth between Parliament and the Social Development

Community the Bill once again finds itself before Parliament but it seems that Parliament is not willing to even look at it. Tabled in May, the latest report of the Social Development found in favour of the Bill and made one main recommendation for changes to the bill. As the most contentious issue surrounding the Bill seemed not to be whether or not same-sex couples should be given rights but whether or not they should be viewed in the same regard as married (before God) couples. This contention arose out of the wording of the bill which put all couples (married, same-sex



To avoid the phrase "same sex relationship" Tarzan original adoring sidekick, Banana Boy was substituted for equally lovin' monkey, Bubbles.

de facto and opposite-sex de facto) under the single umbrella term of "domestic partner", the Social Development Committee therefore recommended in its report that the term (and references to the term) "domestic partner" be replaced with "spouse, opposite-sex de facto partner or same-sex de facto partner" (or words to that effect given the context).

As the majority of the religious (largely Christian based) groups stated that this amendment would satisfy their opposition to the Bill one might expect that the Bill would now be an Act- but alas that is not the case. After the report of the Social Development Committee was tabled a brief discussion of the findings was entered into but quickly quenched;

discussion of the Bill was put of once again and 3 months later the Statute Amendments (Relationship) Bill has not been debated in parliament, let alone voted upon. The fact that this Bill is taking so long to go through the required procedures is not only farcical but detrimental to all individuals living in dependent or co-dependent same-sex relationships. Without this Act (Bill) individuals in such relationships have no rights to access their partner's estate if they happen to die, have no authority to assume power of attorney should their partner be incapacitated or even attend their partners funeral. Regardless of whether a partnership has existed for a short number of years or decades if one of individuals involved in such a relationship has no rights over anything that belonged to ze¹'s partner.

When Parliament starts sitting again in September a number of community groups will be calling for the debate of the Statute Amendments (Relationship Bill) with *Let's Get Equal* leading the cry. To help lobby the Government about this bill individuals are asked send petitions from the *Let's Get Equal* website www.letsgetequal.com.au to members of parliament. Individuals can do this by logging on to the website and following the links. More information regarding the Bill (and its progress) can also be found at this sight.

Kavvy

Male Sexuality Officer

(Footnotes)

¹ Ze is a neutral non-gender specific pronoun which replaces he and/or she

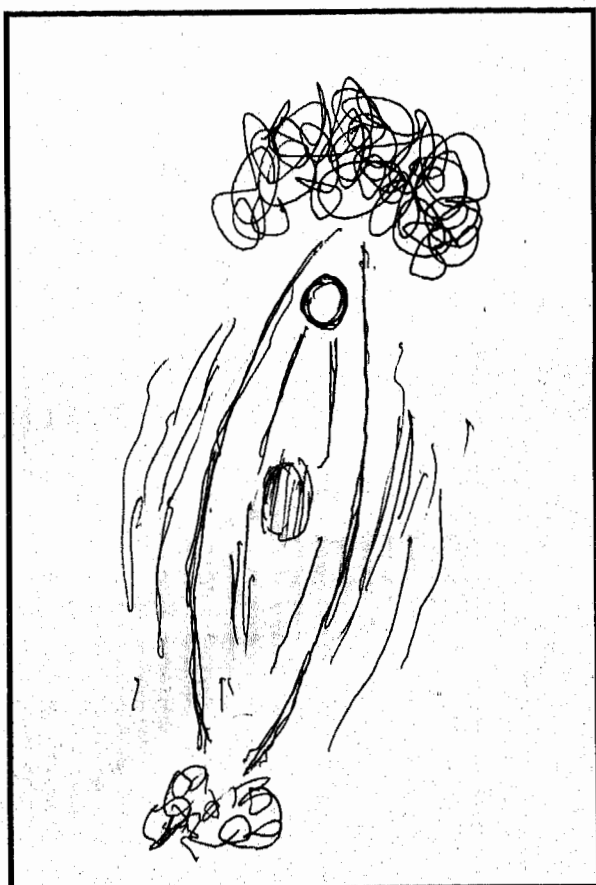
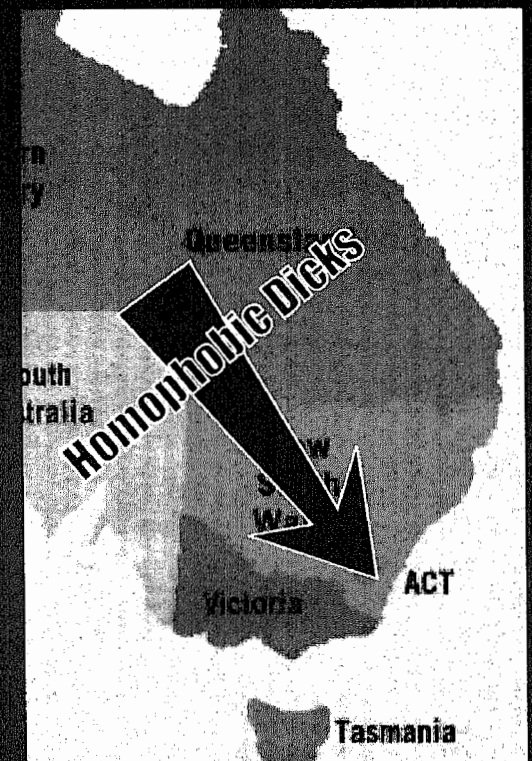
Mapping Homophobia in Australia

This study has just been released and highlighted is some of the most important data. Homophobia refers to the unreasoning fear or hatred of homosexuals and to anti-homosexual beliefs and prejudices.

- Overall 35% of the population in Australia, aged 14 and above believe homosexuality is immoral.
- Overall 43% of men in Australia, aged 14 and above believe homosexuality is immoral.
- Overall 27% of women in Australia, aged 14 and above believe homosexuality is immoral.
- Catholics are the most tolerant in Australia 34% believe homosexuality is immoral (figure similar for Anglican and Uniting Churches).
- Baptist's are the least tolerant in Australia with 68% believing homosexuality is immoral.
- Tasmania and Queensland are the most homophobic states in Australia.
- The most homophobic regions in Australia are QLD country - Moreton, QLD country - Central/South West, TAS Burnie/Western.
- Older Australians are considerably more homophobic with over 65's 53% believing homosexuality is immoral
- 14-17 boys, 43% believe homosexuality is immoral.
- The most accepting age groups are 25-34 then 18-24.

Australia Institute July 2005

Michael Flood and Clive Hamilton



Filler Art #1:

Canoe Caught in Foliage. Marlin

During the mid-year break 180 queer students from all over the nation descended upon the most isolated city in the world- Perth. "Why?" might you ask. Queer Collaborations 2005. "What," I also hear you asking, "is this Queer Collaborations." Well, Queer Collaborations (or QC as we affectionately call it) is an annual conference for queer students, it is a space in which Gay, lesbian, Bisexual, Transsexual, Intersexed, or other non-heterosexual identifying folk come together to make new friends, discuss ideas and learn all there is to know about our various sexualities and how they impact on us emotionally, physically and socially.

As I mentioned above, this year's QC took place in Perth and I was the sole representative from Adelaide Uni- though one of 9 South Australians- who travelled back in time (albeit an hour and a half) and went, as the Pet Shop Boys directions go, 'West'. I arrived the day before the conference began, caught up with some old friends, registered the following evening and found myself in a place called 'Eurobar' surrounded by queers and the occasional drag queen. This being my second

QC I thought that I'd know a lot of people already but at first glance I appeared to be alone and friendless. As the evening progressed, and I became slightly intoxicated I started to see familiar faces, there was Tracey from Melbourne and her girlfriend, Jess McDonald- UniSA Queer rep and ex-housemate of a boy that I 'know' (yes, biblically), I even found an ex-boyfriend among the throng.

The conference officially started the following day- at 9 O'clock in the morning!- and though slightly hungover and tired from the previous nights exertions, I managed to get myself down to UWA for the morning plenary, followed by seminars and workshops. The week went pretty much along this model, nights were consumed by drinking, eating and general merriment and days by 9 O'clock arrivals at conference for full days of learning. I went to sessions on the (queer) sexual behaviour of animals, sexual health, HIV/Aids and STIs, (queer) activism, to name a few. I learnt a lot of new things, got inspired and enthused and made some genuine (and some shallow) connections with really cool (and/or hot) people.

The final day of the conference, weary

and sick, I forwent attending the planned action to mark the end of the conference. The action/rally/protest/kiss on/(whatever other name had been collectively given to the event) took place in Perth's equivalent of our beloved (oh, irony) Rundle Mall. It was probably a good thing I had failed to be there as four individuals from the conference were arrested on charges of obstructing police and using offence language in public. Homophobic onlookers were observed swearing at those rallying/demonstrating/(etc. etc.) but none of these individuals seemed to get arrested (funny about that).

All in all the conference was awesome, I learnt a lot, made some great new friends, had a lot of fun (and I mean a lot) and am really excited about the up coming semester and some of the cool things we have planned. For more information on my -and Lavinia's- future activities look out for our regular Office Bearer columns.

**Kavvy
Male Sexuality Officer**

So what's with these pan toilets?

Who would have thought urination would be so difficult? You're standing there trying really hard to fulfil your social duty by *not* getting piss on the floor - and then gender politics comes flying at your face. In sticker form too- surely the most brutal of all propaganda. It's asking me if I realise that I'm being gendered right now. Hmmm.

It's a fair question to ask. Why are there no girls standing next to me at the urinal? Now that they've invented those 'she-pee' things, there's really no excuse for a girl not to sidle on up, drop her knickers, take out a she-pee and point Felicity Funnel at Percy Porcelain. I guess cos of the little picture of the man on the front of the door. Boys only. Boys' stuff. So boys can be boys. Like boys having sex with each other?

Well, maybe some boys want to do that. Fair enough. Why do I give a shit if boys want to suck each others dicks in their cubicle? I think I give more of a shit if the dude next to me wants to...give a shit, like a really noisy, smelly one. But even then, it's like, why should I ever care what people do in the bathroom. Like I said, I'm just trying to aim straight and not get it on the floor. If we all do that - we're fine.

So I'm not sure exactly why I wouldn't want a girl in my toilet? I mean, it's not because I don't want girls to see my dick. I'd be happy for lots of girls to see my dick. Really close up, even. But then, it's not as if when you're standing at the urinal, you make a point of looking at what the dudes working with next to you. We all know the etiquette. Stare ahead, aim low to minimise the back-splash, no talking unless you're drunk and do your best to not piss on the floor. If there was a girl there, I guess it would all be the same. Toilets aren't the most sexual of places, even when girls and boys use the same one. I've never seen people cruising next to the toilets on a plane, and it's not like the toilet at a house party turns into an orgy just cos everyone has to use it. So I guess we just use the blokes' dunnies cos that's just how things are.

Now some people want to create these things called 'pan toilets'. It's more than just a unisex toilet - I've gotten that bit. I guess if it was supposed to be a unisex toilet they would have



called it a unisex toilet so we'd understand straight away. 'Pan' is like when you pan your eyes across a crowd. So I guess they're trying to say that in a 'pan' toilet you can move between things - and I don't think they mean the sink and the hand dryer. They're saying that people can move between gender and sex. Like going from being a boy to being a girl. And I guess they're saying you can be in between as well. But they're also saying that some people reject gender altogether. It sounds confusing and I don't really care, cos things seem to be working out pretty great for me as a boy.

It also seems like they're going against the natural order of things. But every time I try to think of the big deal about doing what isn't natural, I can't think of anything. I mean, it's not like it's a big deal if there aren't a few more people who choose not to have babies in this world. It's not as if people cared about being unnatural when we decided to build skyscrapers and design cars. And I know that it isn't a woman's duty to stay at home and look after men. That bit I've well and truly understood and I'll never say it again!

I guess these pan people are trying to get us to question the things that we think are normal. Cos when you really start thinking about it,

there's always people that don't quite fit in the boxes. Like feminine boys and masculine girls, like intersex people, like trans people. People are the way they are I guess for lots of different reasons that we don't know. Our society teaches us how to behave and I guess our own biological personality has an influence on how we interact with that. It seems like most people fit happily into the boxes, but I guess you can't be 100% sure. There's definitely some people who don't - and even have surgery cos they get forced into boxes that they don't feel comfortable in. When you really think about it - the boxes don't seem to really help anyone. They just tell us what to do instead of letting us choose for ourselves.

It makes sense now why people are trying to get us thinking about gender. It's giving us a choice if we want to keep using the boys', or if we would feel more comfortable using the girls', or if we don't care and will start using a pan toilet. I'm down with it. I'll go to the toilet next to a girl! I'll go to the toilet next to a boy! I'll go to the toilet next to someone who I can't tell! And hey, I'll even still try not to piss on the floor.

Pan toilet people, you've got my vote.



CUNNILINGUS: A BRIEF LOGICAL HISTORY

It's amazing how easy it is to assume that your own generation is the most liberated, the most experimental, the most aware, and the most sexual. While we know that sex – as in sexual intercourse – is as old and as natural as the history of mammals, we don't seem to give sexual history much thought at all. The fact that sexual intercourse is the mammalian reproductive process may appear blindingly obvious, so much so that it shouldn't need to be written down.

But, as most of us are hopefully aware, the function of sexual intercourse – the act of the vaginal walls enveloping and contracting around the engorged penis and the subsequent creation and maintenance of lubricated friction – is not solely reproductive. To the chagrin of the Catholic church, most incidents of intercourse in Australia do not result in a child. (And while one can, but would prefer not to, imagine Peter Costello beating himself off to the thoughts of heterosexual Anglopodian couples conceiving all over the Great Southern Land, he would need to rethink his Baby Bonus incentive if such a thing actually began to occur.)

Sex, after all, is fun, mostly. It's fun because it's pleasurable. Sometimes it's fun because it's naughty, although if it's naughty it's probably due to the bending of some social constriction or taboo. Often it can be fun and pleasurable mostly because it's naughty.

Once the idea of pleasure is reintroduced into the idea of sex – and when it's put like this it's almost inconceivable as to how the two could ever have become separated – the idea that generations previous to our own must have engaged themselves in broader bedtime activities than reproduction for a purely reproductive purpose does not seem so foreign.

Yet somehow, for large swathes of the postwar generations (boomers, Xs and Ys), ideas surrounding masturbation, homosexuality, bisexuality, fetish, fantasy and oral sex have been conceived as broadly 'progressive'. Even 'radical'. Of course, it's easy to infer how this is so. In an era in which Victorian or post-Victorian models of education and production continue to exist at the fundamental level, is there really any reason why Victorian attitudes to re-production should not also dominate the collective subconscious?

The labelling of an *attitude* as 'Victorian', meaning roughly 'of the era of Queen Victoria', is not intended to implicate all those who grew up in the latter two-thirds of the nineteenth century in its description. Just because an *attitude* is identified as such does not mean that everyone living within the period adopted that attitude, any more than that the attitude died with the monarch herself. And if the post-Freudian psychologists are at all correct, moral repression is highly likely to squeeze a healthy (?) amount of rebellion – so all of a sudden the caricature of the stoical couple in their Sunday best returning from church to engage in a painful reproductive exercise that kills two cocks with one nut because they couldn't bring themselves to properly consummate their marriage eighteen months' previously crumbles away faster than utopian feelings of love and commitment in a man after he ejaculates.

The 1800s must have been full of couples engaging, for example, in mouth-to-muff stimulation. And so they were, especially after

the church and the queen started telling people how wrong it was, in roundabout ways of course. Depictions of cunnilingus in paintings from the 18th and 19th centuries, from all around the world, are surprisingly common, although unfortunately they don't appear (yet) in the major international art galleries. And does anyone really think that the Roaring 1920s, when capitalism was becoming a mainstream ideology and when our grandparents were being conceived to the likes of the appropriately named jazz pioneer Henry Creamer, were not also rife with teenagers 'discovering' for themselves ways to pleasure each other?

Cunnilingus involves the manipulation and massage with the tongue and lips of a woman's labia, clitoris and vaginal area. When it's put like that, it's difficult to imagine why anyone would not want to be licked, kissed or gently sucked 'down there'.

But there are many reasons why many women and men don't like the idea. Hygiene is a perennial issue with all transmissions of bodily fluids, no matter how pleasurable, and it's not uncommon for people to be worried about potential odour problems, the transfer of germs, and the idea that a tongue is digging around in roughly the same area as where urine generally exits the body. (I say 'idea', because some cultures encourage, or have encouraged, the ingestion of small amounts of urine to cure allergic reactions or measles.)

Another weirder reason occasionally attributed to some people who don't like the idea of cunnilingus is that it may be a sign of their repressed homosexual desires. I've certainly played sport with boys who believe that the surest validation of their own masculinity is the triumphant invasion of a cunt – any cunt – with their phallic genius. Employing a startlingly severe rationality, these boys made the logical deduction that anything 'less' a few fumbling pokes in the general direction of a vulva would mean that they were 'less' of a man... and hence, a poof.

Ideas of taboo, however, remain probably the greatest rational reasons behind the perceived un-pleasantness of cunnilingus. And just quietly, its name doesn't exactly help the situation: derived from the Latin words 'cunnus', meaning vulva, and 'lingere', meaning licking, the very label 'cunnilingus' sounds like a type of disease or malignant growth.

To many others, of course, cunnilingus remains a highly pleasurable sexual activity that they wouldn't dream of ever giving up. Despite what churches, some US states and Tony Abbott may think, it's probably every bit as instinctive as masturbation and intercourse, and shows no sign of abating. If the Thatcherite conservatives are serious about limiting the practice to convents and boardrooms (ie where it is absolutely necessary), perhaps they need to culturally redefine it as 'sexual terrorism' and get ASIO involved in smashing more bedroom doors.

Short of that, whether a person enjoys giving or receiving oral stimulation is a matter reserved to that person, and s/he should not feel pressured to engage in anything s/he doesn't want to do. That said, I see nothing wrong with a bit of gentle persuasion...

Russell Marks

Sailors and prostitutes



OLONGAPO 1989

The relationship between the military and prostitution goes back a long way. In WWI, an official history tells us, Australian diggers 'availed themselves of the available' in sampling the fleshpots available to them while on active service overseas.

And in the Vietnam War bar girls were as typical a part of the conflict landscape as the helicopter gun ships.

The frequenting of brothels has long been a feature of military service for fairly obvious reasons. Across the centuries and decades it has been an experience shared by a proportion of troops while away from their loved ones. The phrase 'on active service' has always had this extra dimension to it for an unknown but significant number of fighting men in our history.

Much more recently we can surmise that the dramatically changed gender configuration of our fighting force has had a major bearing of some sort on this 'unauthorized sexual behaviour'.

We don't hear much about it, again, for fairly obvious reasons. As a society we remain entrapped in a Victorian straight jacket on all matters sexual and this has, and does, seriously inhibit our discussion of the subject.

It is a taboo topic and the pretence remains that it hasn't been happening at all. Or hasn't been happening much.

Where it has been mentioned - in popular culture for example - it has been glamorised in a way tending to obscure its main realities.

A better popular perspective on the relationship - one that gives a more realistic idea of what it all meant from the prostitute's point of view (and, for that matter, from the soldier's point of view) - has been a long time in coming if, indeed, it can be said to have arrived at all.

Certainly the Australian soldiers of the Vietnam conflict had little chance of arriving at this better perspective. They were fresh from the sexually repressive years of their upbringing, with all the naivety and ineptitude

that this implies, when they suddenly found themselves overseas in a situation where paid sex was freely available.

There was little or no chance of being educated into a better perspective by the military itself. Its interest in soldier's behaviour with prostitutes has always been functional being driven primarily by the need to minimize the 'casualty' rate from venereal disease.

The advice being given to young recruits at Puckapunyal army base in Victoria in the 1960s would have been typical. In 1967 on that base we were lectured on 'how not to catch the social disease' and handed contraceptive fringers with our pay and this was pretty much the extent of it.

A good illustration of the lot of the prostitute who services 'the fighting man' can be seen in the experiences of a couple of bar girls I met, with my wife Julie, in the Philippines in 1989.

In Olongapo, the rest-and-recreation (R-and-R) city across the Santa Rita river from the US naval base in Subic Bay, the two young women sat disconsolately at a bar, smoking cigarettes and staring into the semi darkness.

The base was then home to the US Seventh Fleet and a major military presence in a Philippines.

This was a Philippines wracked by conflict between left and right - a conflict still largely unknown to most Australians and familiar only to a handful of students, teachers and religious activists from this country who went there to experience economic and social conditions at the grass roots there.

In that year the Philippines was a country in some ways reminiscent of Vietnam in the early 1960s. While the mood of its countryside by day was tranquil and picturesque it transformed at night into a war zone as the guerrillas of the New Peoples Army came out to attack targets associated with the country's wealth and privilege.

It was then a country where there was talk of liberated areas under the control of the New Peoples Army (NPA) and where ultimate socialist victory through the implementation of Maoist revolutionary tactics seemed well within the realms of possibility.

It was a dangerous backdrop for the two bar girls as it was for the people in the Philippines generally.

The fact that most of the fleet was at sea and that the two bar girls were in their early thirties and therefore 'less marketable' meant that business was slack.

It was this that meant they were free to discuss their situation with us.

Both came from poor rural families located elsewhere in the country.

To escape the poverty one had initially moved to Manila hoping for a better life.

She explained it like this:

'While I was in Manila I heard that my girl friend had come to Olongapo and married a sailor ... He took her to America ... She was very happy.

I wanted to marry a sailor too, so I came here ... It is not the money ... True love ... marriage ... that is the main thing in life. That is why I am here - doing this.

Did their families know what they were doing in Olongapo?

'Of course not', they replied.

'They would be very shocked if they knew. We tell them we are businesswomen in the retail trade ... Well, it's true, isn't it? We sell our bodies.'

They both shrieked with laughter.

For the young sailors out on the town outside this bar it was 'the pussy' that was the main attraction - their principle indulgence - before retreating back across the polluted Santa Rita (they call it Shit River) to base.

Most of them did not see behind the school girl-like coquettishness the nightmare driving force of rural and urban poverty - the desperate dreams - that drove the girls there in the first place.

If these two girls were typical the romantic dream that would see them sailing off into the sunset with an American sailor and living happily ever after in the US soured all too quickly.

One of them outlined her recent experience with a sailor:

'He told me he was in love with me and that he would send money from America ... I loved him very much ... He loved me too... He said this.

His ship left ... For a while he did send money ... He wrote me letters ... but then it stopped .. He doesn't send me letters any more now ...

He never came back ... He has a wife in America I think ... I will never see him again.

According to Father Shay Cullen, an Irish Columban missionary priest in Olongapo, the girls were ambivalent in assessing their situation. Deep down, he said, they know that the odds are very much against them achieving emotional and material security through marriage to a sailor. But at the same time for them, he said, 'hope springs eternal'. It is for this reason, he said, that they 'cling to the dream against the odds'.

Much more often than not, he went on, the dream shattered when they found themselves drawn into a downward spiral brought on by drug addiction, venereal disease and indebtedness.

It was this severe misfortune which saw so many of them seeking help from the Preda Human Development Centre in Olongapo.

Situated on bluff overlooking Subic Bay, Preda, founded in 1973 and since run by Father Cullen and his helpers, was in 1989 ministering to the needs of the medical and social casualties of the R-and-R function of Olongapo, with special emphasis on the treatment of drug addiction.

It was in that year in Preda that the raw underbelly of Olongapo - 'Sin City' - could be seen.

It was in the shattered dreams of the girls it was helping that the sad pathetic tale of the soldier and the prostitute - the universal tale of this relationship - could be seen for what it really mainly was in this locality in 1989, and what for the most part it has always been at base throughout time everywhere - an exploitative relationship between rich client and poor 'working girl' - as a liaison symptomatic of a wider exploitative relationship between wealth and privilege on the one hand and poverty and vulnerability on the other.

Terence Hewton



KINSEY: SEX, SCIENCE AND CINEMA

What's all this Kinsey biz?

Kinsey is to sexology, as Freud is to psychology, as Darwin is to biology. Although he was a pioneer and father figure, we now understand the inadequacies of his work, despite its great influence.

Alfred C. Kinsey (1894-1956), an American, trained as a biologist and practised taxonomic zoology. He subsequently began co-ordinating a 'marriage course' and collecting case studies of human sexual behaviour, leading to two controversial and influential volumes. Kinsey published *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male* in 1948 and *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female* in 1953; both were bestsellers at the time. His colleagues were Wardell Pomeroy, Clyde Martin and Paul Gebhard. Together the researchers examined interviewees' sexual experiences. The studies suggested that behaviour considered deviant and extraordinary was in fact widespread, indeed normal.

There has been a range of responses to Kinsey and his work over the years. Many today laud Kinsey for his efforts, not least the well-respected Kinsey Institute at Indiana University (Kinsey's academic base) <www.kinseyinstitute.org>. In extreme contrast, the criticism of Judith Reisman <www.drjudithreisman.com> has been strident if not hysterical.

To be frank, I've not read the lengthy work of the Kinsey team. A number of things seem clear however. The 'big issue' with the work of the Kinsey team is not scientific or ethical. It is moral, for the Kinsey studies serve as moral commentary. A mystique of 'good science' lingers, however. This guise is perpetuated by the recent film, *Kinsey*.

Kinsey the film

Kinsey, a Fox-Searchlight production, opened in Australian cinemas on 13 January. As a piece of cinema, it is engaging, though not exceptional. As a human story, it has tenderness and energy. As a recounting of Kinsey and his work, however, its truthfulness is overshadowed by propagandising.

Written and directed by Bill Condon, *Kinsey* is personal, charming and entertaining. Liam Neeson plays the frenetic, aggressive character of Kinsey with zest and gravitas. Laura Linney is endearing as Kinsey's wife Clara, known as Mac. Peter Sarsgaard plays Kinsey's colleague Clyde Martin.

Kinsey the taxonomist collects tiny Gall wasps, fastidiously categorising many thousands of them. We soon find him similarly classifying human behaviour, then building a research team to expand the project. 'Diversity becomes life's one irreducible fact', Kinsey states, just as it apparently is in the natural world. 'Morality disguised as fact' is simply wrong, and we are told to pursue what is natural.

The film sometimes chastises Kinsey. Reprimanding some of his beliefs about the study of sexuality, the film shows that it is impossible to divorce human sexuality from feelings and love. Kinsey's wife Mac is deeply hurt by his dalliance with Clyde Martin, protesting the impact on their marriage and children. With cruel conviction, Kinsey responds that her feelings are simply the product of 'social restraints'. At another point, when it comes to light that the wife-swapping of the Kinsey team has gone too far, Kinsey barks, 'I thought the rules were clear: no intense romantic entanglements!'—as if that were a simple requirement. Clyde Martin questions whether it is really just friction and harmless fun, saying, 'Fucking is the whole thing—if you're not careful, it will cut you wide open'.

Throughout the film, we see Kinsey's deep concern with the 'inhibitions' and 'restraints' imposed by society and religion. As Kinsey explains the difficulty of 'maintaining a non-judgemental attitude', we are told that Kinsey was genuinely striving for impartiality. While Kinsey does reveal the man's stubbornness and lack of scruples, the film does not fully represent the man. It does not show what we are told by his biographers: that his preoccupation with 'restraints' was not just a driving force behind his research, but instrumental in how he conducted it. The film shows his passion, but less so his actual dogmatism.

Although *Kinsey* briefly canvasses a few ethical concerns about the Kinsey research, the film's message is that we owe some debt to the actual Kinsey studies. For example, in a sequence used to depict the breadth of Kinsey's interviews, countless talking faces are shown appearing over a map of America. The film presents Kinsey's population sample as representative and tells us his research was fully validated. This research was not just new, says Kinsey: it was about 'the facts'.

The film closes with Kinsey's footage of mating animals, restating a basic tenet of the Kinsey studies—that human sexuality is simply a subset of animal sexuality, reducible to 'outlets', physiological urges and physical contact. 'Natural' must be right.

So while the film leaves us in no doubt that

Kinsey himself was not perfect, chiding him for his overzealousness, the principal message is that Kinsey's work itself is scientifically sound, and hence dependable. What are we to make of this?

The Kinsey studies

Numbers and percentages, despite giving an appearance of simple factuality, must be treated with caution. Kinsey's work has always carried an aura of 'science' and 'the facts' because of its many tables and statistics. A small selection of original statistics from the Kinsey studies is found on the *Kinsey* cinema brochure. The fact that a number of film reviewers have regurgitated these numbers as if they hold true today, let alone fifty years ago, is testament to a mystique that continues to surround the work of the Kinsey team.

Upon closer inspection, we find that not only are Kinsey's results flawed, but that his results do not actually support his broad conclusions. This is because his conclusions are based on preconceived assumptions about human nature. They are the kind of ideas that scientific research, by definition, cannot reveal. The problem is that Kinsey's conclusions have, in some circles, been treated as scientifically derived, and thus 'factual'.

The numbers

Firstly, what about Kinsey's data? There is not a great deal that needs to be said here about the raw results. In many ways they seem unremarkable. They present a spectrum, for good or bad, of how humans act as sexual beings.

One legacy of the Kinsey research bears a mention: the still-popular concept of *ten percent*, the idea that ten percent of the population is non-heterosexual. Kinsey's original figure was rather more ambiguous, stating that ten percent of the males interviewed had engaged in mostly homosexual sex for at least three years between the ages of 16 and 55. This figure was only one of others presented.

We now know that, depending on the society, anywhere between zero and five percent of human populations are non-heterosexual (Whitehead & Whitehead 1993; Myers 2001, 442). There are cultures in which no concept exists for anything other than heterosexuality, while modern urban centres may have relatively high instances of non-heterosexuality. Claims that Kinsey's research is globally representative are thus culturally blinkered, as Kinsey only studied mid-twentieth century American society. The most immediate problem with Kinsey's numbers is merely in the interpretation.

Methodological problems

The methodology by which Kinsey's numbers were produced is where significant difficulties lie. (Statistical difficulties and ethical concerns are not discussed here.) Firstly, the fact that the samples used in the Kinsey studies were numerically large (around 18 000) actually means little in itself. It may be tempting to think that a large sample is representative of a population group. However, even an extensive sample is rendered near useless if it is not a *representative cross-section* of the population being studied. Kinsey's team could have interviewed a million people, but that in itself would not improve the integrity of the research.

The key to obtaining a representative population sample for research is *randomised selection*. Bias in the Kinsey studies was produced by a non-random sample. The interviewees were *volunteers*, adopted into the research program through Kinsey's team and its social circles. Volunteers may be more likely to be sexual experimenters and exhibitionists. Furthermore, a disproportionately large segment of Kinsey's male sample was comprised of men who had served time in prison—perhaps more than a fifth—or who were known for fringe sexual behaviour. In the case of prison inmates, the phenomenon of *situational homosexuality* produces bias: when circumstances prevent relationships with the opposite gender, otherwise heterosexual people may seek intimacy with the same gender.

While such methodological flaws may not entirely invalidate the studies, they do make them largely irrelevant to the general population. If the research did not focus on the general population, the results can hardly pertain to the general population.

In the end though, Kinsey himself apparently never intended the results to be representative, and did not even believe a random sample was achievable. For some reason, however, his results have often been presented as representative. Unfortunately, his story of accurate representation is retold by the film *Kinsey*.

Kinsey's conclusions

What are the broader implications of the Kinsey studies? While the studies of the Kinsey team are flawed at the level of population representation and data production, there are deeper-running difficulties.

On the front page of the Kinsey Institute website is a Kinsey quote: *We are the recorders and reporters of facts—not the judges of the behaviours we describe*. It has sometimes been pointed out that Kinsey was at pains not to make judgements about what is 'normal'. However, the Kinsey studies not only contain value judgements about human sexuality but also prescriptions about normality.

Kinsey approached human social research as a zoologist, working in purely naturalistic terms (remember the Gall wasps). Accordingly, he saw humans as no more than advanced animals, so he viewed our sexuality as completely comparable to that of other creatures. Sex in the natural world is uninhibited, so uninhibited sexual expression is natural—and therefore healthy—for humans. Choice of partner should not matter—only sexual expression, the sex experience and the pursuit of sexual 'outlets'. All orgasms are equal, no matter who (or what) with. By Kinseyan logic, sex is *the* natural, primal experience, and it must not be thwarted. Gall wasps mate freely, so why not humans?

Furthermore, just as animals become sexually active early in life so, according to Kinsey, human beings should be sexual beings from very early childhood. Children's sexual experiences are therefore just as valid as adult ones. Adult-child sexual contact is natural. It is in this way, for example, that the Kinseyan framework has provided foundational material for the pedophile lobby group NAMBLA, the North American Man/Boy Love Association.

Human sexuality seen through Kinsey's lens is various and fluid, nothing more than a fluctuating continuum of experiences, just as it seems to be in the natural world. In the Kinseyan framework, exclusive heterosexuality and homosexuality are rare and bisexuality is the norm. Monogamy, abstinence and adults-only sex are the impositions of selfish 'social restraints', and must be avoided.

Ideology and science

These ideas, however, are not the result of scientific enquiry. They are value judgements—an ideology—about human nature. Perhaps this ideology is correct. It is certainly not scientifically verifiable, though.

We can indeed be thankful that Kinsey's efforts have enabled us to talk more freely about sex. Contrary to the film's message however, the significance of Kinsey's studies themselves is slight. Despite his obsession with observing and measuring, Kinsey rarely proceeded with a scientific mindset. Rather than collecting data and basing conclusions on the observation of that data, he sought results with which to support his own predetermined ideas. He was hardly impartial. His research was driven by an agenda, and one by which his findings were inevitably coloured. Kinsey the zoologist, zealous for his own cause and attempting to do social studies, is no scientific role model.

What, then, about *Kinsey*, the film? Let's be switched-on about the messages our cinema screens are projecting. As university students, there should be no excuse for us swallowing propaganda.

Arthur is a Christian, is part of St. Matthew's Anglican Church, Kensington, and is currently doing honours in history. His interests include culture, society, and the philosophy and history of science. If you see a hairy face wearing big goggles atop an EQ t-shirt, it could be him.

Arthur Davis

Some references

Myers, D. G. (2001), *Psychology* (6th ed.), Worth, 436-447.

Whitehead, N. & Whitehead, B. (1999), *My Genes Made Me Do It: a scientific look at sexual orientation*, Huntington House.

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EQ's note: As Arthur has claimed not to have read Kinsey's research in any depth, I suggest those interested in the topic do so before making decisions on the validity of his argument. —Clementine

To like or to love?

... a musical perspective by Ben Vistoli...

You're taking a piss at her house and you go to the cabinet where you find out what ailments she suffers from. She's got stacks of pills you can't pronounce and some nail polish remover left over from the holocaust; so it's too difficult to make a judgement on her.

Look in her fridge and there's not much besides some expensive cheese from the markets that's gone off cause lately she's been into sushi 'like in a big way, ha ha!' - yeah right.

Basically, and this is a truth that holds up time and time again, you have to look in her/his music collection to find out whether you like or love someone.

Sure this may sound *High Fidelity* derivative but there's proof before Hornby laid his claim. I got into a girl's car once, yes just once and I will cherish it forever. She started it up and The Velvet Underground and Nico was playing; all the introduction I needed before losing my shit over her [emotionally speaking]. Alternatively there's times when girls have said "So you're into music too as well! Wow, like, so am I. I just bought the latest [enter bullshit album of your choice, my favourite is John Butler Trio's whatever] and it's [enter most vacant adjective you can think of, oh no wait] fantastic! ha ha!" - you see.

But when you're in there, sifting through them all, you'll find not only a bunch of CDs, but a human being [got that one from Oprah]. You find the ones she doesn't listen to any more, like Veruca Salt; left over from when she used to vote in hottest 100s, instead now she just bitches about how commercial JJJ have gone, ergo she's matured to a degree. You'll find the music with thoughtful lyrical matter and cleverly constructed pop, i.e. she's either got a brain or the only Belle and Sebastian album she has is *Dear Catastrophe Waitress*. And then hopefully she's got *Horse Stories* or *Ocean Songs*, something

that lets you see how fucked up yet gorgeously empathetic her soul is.

Better still, if you get to her house and you find vinyl then you've got yourself a keeper. I mean let's face it, what person would have the audacity to claim having a fully functioning sexual drive if all they had was CDs, or worse, an ipod. This also shows that they know what love is, i.e. the search for vinyl, especially well sourced vinyl like Ciccone Youth or something, reflects the commitment that someone is willing to go to for love and purity. Sure you can like someone who's inherited *Rubber Soul* from their old man's stash but they're just going to lead you astray. You need someone who knows not only the words to *Drive My Car* but the meaning of it too, which is "And baby I love you, beep-beep, beep-beep, yeah!". Only then can you make judgements on whether someone is right for you or not. And fuck, if they can tell you that the harpsichord on *In My Life* is actually a piano, recorded at a slower speed and sped up in the mix, then you marry her.

Ben V

... a sombre perspective by Daniel Joyce...

My housemate bounces out of his room and declares that he is in love, just a few days after his first successful sexual encounter in years. Another friend says that she knows she loved some guy (is the past tense an nonsensical?) but it turns out he was an asshole. Now sex messes with your brain, men get protective (and mistake it for love) women feel intimacy and must justify sleeping with the guy in the first place (I slept with him ergo I must be in love) but so many problems and discussions on semantics could be avoided if we just took the time to explore this all-powerful, all-important devouring emotion. Once we've decided that what we feel is something very different from love we can then make up a new word for it.

I'm sorry but I'm just not sure if I want to be in a relationship right now. Honestly, I felt I was in love once but now it seems like a misunderstanding. I'm not saying that your not the right person, I more than like you, I care about you perhaps more than anyone I've ever met...

God, even I want to say the word after listening to that, but it's important not to give in. Almost every time I have heard the word used that person is simultaneously diluting the meaning and usefulness of the term and deluding him/herself as to the true nature of their feelings and consequently their ability to live up to expectations of them.

Most people care about another person in a variety of ways and use 'love' as an over arching term, and because most just like the idea of being in love, raised on fairy tales and Hollywood romances. They make it impossible to use the term without it being confused for this more superficial sense but at the same time burden themselves inappropriately with the ideals that the word possesses - forever, only, never, with all my heart - without actually having any intensity of real emotion. This kind of expectation can only legitimately allow one kind of relationship - monogamous with a view to eternity. They then wonder why so few of their relationships work out. They we're never meant to. More likely they we're actually feeling something we haven't yet named, perhaps for fear of what bizarre kinds of immoral unions it might produce however reasonable and realistic. We need a word that sits comfortably between like and love.

Most importantly if we can separate the word love from this hodge-podge of earth dwelling emotions we can keep the beautiful ideal of love. Something that lasts forever, that resists fading desires, that binds an odd couple, something that we never have to live up to.

Dan J

A Force of Immense Psychosexual Power

John Howard is a psychosexual force of incredible power. The libido of this man has channelled itself, we find ourselves as free to presume as of anyone, into a particular arrangement which is satisfied and fully expended. The last thing one sees in John Howard's media personae is sexual tension. With Beazley one immediately feels a certain shame mingled with as yet unspent energy, an itch without hope of satisfaction. As one receives a single image of these people it is natural enough that the impressions of their sexual being and their political lives should wear similar silhouettes. It is nonetheless obvious that you cannot have but some immediate sexual evaluation, as potential mate or competitor, of every human image. Advertising has trained this response in us so that it is quite pronounced, quite openly a part of basic life decisions. Within the same series of images, coupled to the same source, come the politicians in an arena so apparently bleached of sexual overtone that the imagination is immediately drawn to searching for it on some level. There is always active, it seems to me, a program for investigating the apparent absences in any situation, ensuring that they are probed and caressed into confession of some secret-the tighter the rules for decorum, the more bourgeois the atmosphere, the more actively the secret is sought. So it is that John Howard's image relates not only to a direct series of demonstrations of leadership potential, there is also a whole range of subconscious circuits on which it operates, not by any means deliberately, but nonetheless its success depends on its relation to these imbedded responses.

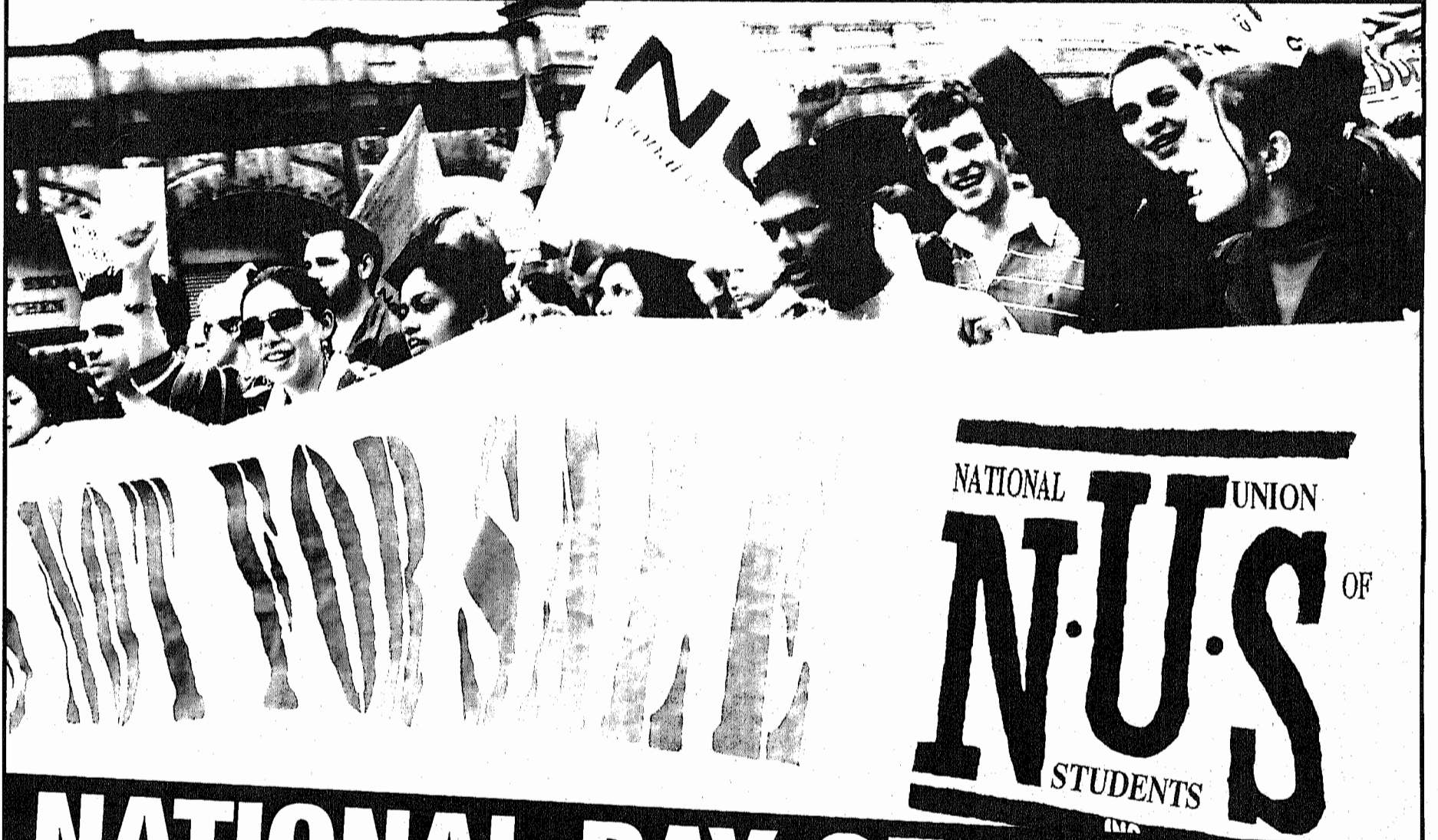
It is difficult to analyse the actual effect of John's sex. Every interest in power, of course, is linked directly to a sexual instinct, a set of symbolisms which, rather than being phallic and exclusively male, are rather to do with the apparent encompassment of one genital set by the other, and besides being penetrative can also be envaginating, these instincts of course are sublimated and apparently developed as moral strength and communal mores channel them, to use the Freudian light on maturity, into better developed ego. In our institutions



it is precisely the absence of such primitive instinct that is sought after. Latham, it seems was too dangerously in touch with a basic masculinity that the purity of a political image cannot be threatened by. John Howard gives the impression of being sexless and therefore disinterested in power. Bob Carr might be accused of the same, except a certain intensity of his small and deep-set eyes betrays the marks of a certain lust, past, present or possible, nevertheless a fatherly, or even priest-like dominance of this asserts itself, he returns to us calm from the denied otherworld of passions to speak in a voice which knows only the inflections of a scholar and an administrator. Hitler was the great politician of sex, vigour and lust-speaking it by using his body and never his image to speak, Mao was the untouchable masculine perfection of the Celestine Emperor, capable of commanding youthful passions and beauty as the seed of revolution, certifying a new order of sexual sublimation by re-creating women and workers and soldiers- a new sameness and denial of sex which nonetheless corresponded to a set of sexual desires for increased freedom in sexual roles, evident in pre-war Shanghai and its consumerism and Western sophistication. So then, I am hardly advocating a sexually expressive politics, though such a possibility, over a politics of continual sexual repression, sexual denial, sexual purity, might be interesting if it could find its democratic expression. I am suggesting this: John Howard suggests a perfect adaptation to world where sex is entirely sublimated and invisible, his politician's mask is so dominant over the colour of his flesh as to be the colour of his flesh. He corresponds to a world where all sexual expression is so incompetent and terrifying- suburban middle-class Australia, that sexual power is the power to be free from sex entirely. Rather than his sexlessness creating a neutral reaction from the psychosexual level, I would suggest, this absence speaks directly to a pre-existing sexual fantasy.

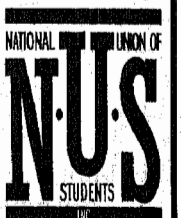
Brendon DePaor-Moore

UNIS NEED STUDENT UNIONS! SAY NO TO VSU!



NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION August 10th

Meet @ the Barr Smith Lawns @ 1pm
Wearing Red or Black



AUTHORISED BY FELIX ELDRIDGE, NUS PRESIDENT 2005

I like sex, I think it's great fun - whether you have nothing to do but stay in bed on a lazy Sunday or you are crammed up in the dirty shower alcove of a barge cruising the north coast of New Zealand. Sex to me is joyous and pleasurable and should be indulged in regularly by consenting partners. I have just the one partner - he's pretty cool. I don't plan on getting pregnant; I'm definitely trying to not get pregnant but I have thought about what I would do should it happen. And the truth is, both my partner and I don't want a baby right now. I love babies, I want babies, we talk about having them eventually but I don't feel that it's the right time in my life to have one. I'm in my third year of psychology - I have a further 3 years' post-grad study. I am supported by an honoraria and Youth Allowance. I want to travel. I want to start a career. These things may be limited by having a child. Furthermore, I don't have the resources to raise a child in the way I would like to. I want that baby to be loved and cherished but I feel I could only do this when the pregnancy is wanted and when I am able to give a baby the emotional support and financial support it needs. A lot of university women would share my sentiments, but perhaps, like me, they don't know much about abortion law or the services we can access if unwanted pregnancies occur. Thus, when politicians like Tony Abbott threaten to attack Medicare funding of abortions - raising the cost of abortion to \$600 in some states - we don't necessarily know what our rights are or how these attacks could affect our lives and our reproductive freedoms. Most of us don't realize what freedoms we had until they are limited or taken away from us. And the right to control my own fertility is something that I am willing to fight for.

The Australian government has not made a clear stance on whether it plans to limit funding of abortion, but we still hear the occasional anti-choice murmurings of politicians including Abbott. So the women's movement waits, not knowing for sure if any of these murmurings will escalate into real changes in regards to abortion laws and funding. How can they and other pro-choice people move forward and get support on this issue, improving services and laws that are already limited? Furthermore, how do these attacks affect young women, specifically those who are studying at university, and how can young people help to improve abortion laws and services?

Join us for a forum on:
Monday 8th August at 2pm Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building, Adelaide University.

Speakers include: Dr Margie Ripper from the Adelaide University Gender Studies Department and Brigid Coombe from the Pregnancy Advisory Centre.

To get involved in the forum, call me at the SAUA at 83035406 or email me at melissa.purcell@student.adelaide.edu.au

**Mel Purcell
 Women's Officer**

He looked down at her, smiled a knowing smile and pressed her back against the hood of the car. He quickly removed her shoes, jeans and thong, he slid his hands up the inside of her thighs. He could feel the heat coming from her body. When his hand cupped her she sat up on the hood, but he gently lay her back down. His fingers gently parted her legs and his tongue found her sweet button. Her hips arched to meet his hungry mouth. She began to feel the heat building in her body, felt the tension in her legs. He must have sensed it also. Just when she was on the verge of bliss, he slid up her body and buried himself full hilt into her. It was like a gun that went off inside her. She screamed in passion and her body convulsed around his hard member. She felt him tense once more as he exploded deep within her woman's cavern and filled her with his sweetness.

A week into the first semester you might be asking yourself what to expect from the sexuality department in the last half of the year. Well, we've got plenty of things happening. Firstly, cross-campus communication between the three universities got underway in the midyear break and were hoping to continue that communication in the coming weeks and months, working on a number of cross-campus initiatives.

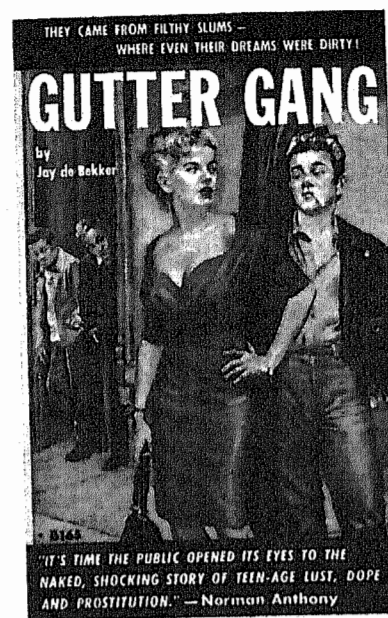
Coming up in August is the first anniversary of John Howard's ban on same-sex marriage. On the 13th of August last year Howard changed the Marriage Act so that it stated specifically and irreproachably that marriage is a union between (one) man and (one) woman. The change in legislation also means that any overseas unions, be they marriage or civil unions, between same-sex partners are null and void within Australia. Next month we are planning a cross-campus action to protest this ban.

In November, as another cross-campus initiative we will be producing a program for

Feast (Adelaide's annual queer arts festival) comprising of a number of short films made by and/or about queer students. All students are welcome to submit short films for this program. To get involved in this event or the August protest or simply for more information come into the SAUA or email your Male Sexuality officer at david.kavanagh@adelaide.edu.au.

During the semester we'll also be running a safe-sex campaign, taking a look into depression and its effect on queer students and fighting for pansexual toilets on campus among other things.

**David Kavanagh
 Lavinia Emmett-Grey
 Sexuality Officers**



There's been a lot of inaccurate press in the media lately about the AUU and recent decisions about the future of the AUU. These decisions were made by the Board, which is the group of 18 students and one AUU staff member that are the governing body of the AUU.

You (as the general student) may or may not have noticed that there have been changes around the AUU as of late:

- a) The AUU have closed down the Craft Studio and T-Shirt Shop
- b) The AUU have *ratified* a Unibooks Board decision to shut down Unirecords

I would like to clarify why we made these decisions. Firstly, the AUU is completely separate from the University and they have nothing to do with the decisions of the AUU Board - we employ all our own staff and run our own operations to provide services to the students of this Uni. The Board and I have undertaken a massive restructure of the AUU. Some of it is *especially* required due to VSU, and other parts of it are a normal review and overhaul of operations to keep us relevant. Statistics we had gathered over the past few years showed us that the Studio was being enormously under-utilised by actual students of the University. This coupled with the fact that VSU is likely to be implemented in 2006 means that it was an expense we were prepared to remove from the potential deficit that may face us.

The closure of Unirecords on the other hand was due to the fact that it has been going under for almost 2 years. And many CD stores are facing the same problems. The AUU owns Unibooks, which ran Unirecords - and it was the decision of Unibooks to close it - which the AUU Board supported.

The basic point that I'm making clear here is that although I am completely opposed to VSU in any form (as, among other reasons, there are still services that we morally have to provide to students, regardless of voluntary membership - and making the legislation impractical), those fighting against VSU either on the ground or in the media could find a whole lot of other valid reasons to use in the fight against VSU rather than making false claims about the reasons for the sound management practices of me, the Board and my management team.

Ultimately however, the AUU is endeavouring to prepare membership options and excellent services (also centred on what you've told us in the market research survey that you value or would like to see) that will make you want to use AUU services for the rest of your time at Uni.

**Jennifer Turner
 President
 Adelaide University**

The upcoming semester will be the most important in the history of the student movement. No attack in recent history has been aimed more directly at the heart of everything we believe in, and no group of activists has ever been as fundamental to the survival of the student movement as we are now.

We are faced with some serious challenges, we need to resist the urge to throw our hands in the air and accept that VSU in a full blown form is inevitable. We cannot lapse into managerialism, and bureaucratic time-wasting. Sure we have to plan for a different future, as our future is clearly going to be different to our past, but we must also fight this legislation. We must do it for all the students and student activists that have gone before us, and those that are to come.

At the other end of the spectrum is the need to avoid adopting militancy for militancy's sake and render ourselves irrelevant. Resisting both of these challenges in 2005 has been hard work, and no matter what happens in the coming months, I think that students can be proud of the campaign we have waged so far this year. This legislation is aimed right at the heart of who we are and what we do, and it has been us that has built up the massive community opposition to this legislation.

We must work harder than ever before, we must be more united, and we must be more relevant than ever. The campaign to stop, change, amend, or survive VSU requires every facet of the student community to be involved. Every sporting club, every activist that cares about education, feminism, the environment, clubs like the chess club, the general student who uses the 24 hour computer room, to the AMSS students (Med Students), Law students, engineers, the student who uses the employment service, to the beer vouchers for the Uni-

At the last SAUA council meeting the Students' Association decided to make a few changes to our By-Laws which govern the way we operate, and to the election regulations, which govern how then elections are to be conducted. These changes were placed on the table at the last Council meeting, and will be ratified at the next meeting. I'll briefly outline what they are here, so that all students can know about them, and so that anyone interested can attend council and participate in the debate before they are changed.

Standing Committees:

Each year in elections, there are six standing committees elected, the ATSI, Environment, Education, Women's, Activities, and Sexuality. These committees exist to direct the office bearers of the various departments, but

problem is that the people who run for these committees are usually pushed into it by people running for OB positions needing their support, resulting in committee members who don't really know what they do, and often have little interest in making them work. They rarely meet and they exclude people who haven't been elected or who got involved after elections, which is the majority of people. As such, Council is looking at



Bar, the new students who go on O'Camp, and the whole orientation program.

We can be proud of what we achieved in the first semester, we held the biggest rallies in decades and thrust our issue to the fore in public life. It is incredible that we have come this far, that we are even remotely close to a victory. We have faced some major challenges last semester and we face more for the semester ahead.

Campaign

The campaign ahead, we are so close, all we need is enough private and/or public pressure on all the players in this debate: The federal Nationals, Liberals, Family First, the state Government, and the state Liberals and Nationals. The lobbying campaign continues to escalate, as does the community campaign. The student movement has rarely had the level of coverage in the mainstream media and community as it has this year, or the overwhelming positive, student friendly nature of it. The main challenge now is to back up this lobbying and community campaign with a big strong show of support.

August 10th is this opportunity. We need to stand together, united and most importantly out in force to show the community that we do not want this legislation. To do this every student who has ever benefited from the numerous student organisations that are under threat needs to join the VSU campaign. They need to attend the rally, to help build it, to tell other students about it, to talk about VSU, to put posters up, what ever.

Reform

The second major priority should be to reform our organisations. The Government is pushing this legislation because they think Student Organisations have problems. Well they do, many of us recognise that, but students are the best reformers of student organi-

abolishing them, and replacing the standing committees with collectives.

Collectives are basically what functions now, where anyone who is interested in coming along to the meetings can. I believe collectives will make the Students' Association more effective and relevant, they won't exclude people who are interested in getting involved by fostering a sense of 'you have to have a position to be involved' as it has been in the past. They will also be better because everyone is equal, and everyone who is interested in participating can have an equal say, regardless of their political colours.

I also think it's important to abolish standing committees because they unnecessarily complicate elections, adding almost another entire page of positions that students have to vote on. Collectives will make elections more understandable to the average student, and will make them, most importantly in light of VSU, cheaper.

Banners:

This year the Students' Association is also thinking about banning banners in elections. There are a number of reasons for this, one is because in the weeks leading up to elections, 'most' student reps spend 'most' of their time recruiting and preparing for elections, irrespective of the fact that they are supposed to be doing a job. I think that they should be getting on with that job, which this year fighting VSU, and trying to ensure the survival of our student organisations. One of the most time consuming and pointless aspects in the lead up to elections is painting banners. Not only are they a waste of time and effort that could, and should, be put into more productive things like fighting VSU, they are also wasteful and bad for the environment. I believe they are

Legislation effectively crippling them won't improve anything.

The clock is ticking in the need to reform our organisations, we need to avoid the temptation to stick with the status quo. We need to look beyond petty self interests and look at what is in the long term interest of the Student community first, and second, the organisations that exist to serve it. We simply cannot continue on as we have, VSU or not.

Elections

Finally we have to resist the scourge of the student movement: disunity. We need to minimise the impact of elections, we cannot afford to spend the next semester wrapped up in our own sense of self importance. There are things at risk here that are greater than the student elections coming up, and that is the future of our Student Organisations. The next two weeks need to be spent building the NDA, and reforming our organisations, not solely preparing for elections. To avoid our student organisations failing, or worse, seeing them slip further into irrelevance, we must ensure that we do not look at the big decisions that the Students' Association, the AUU and the other affiliates are going to be looking at in the months ahead through the prism of factional or self interest. We need to minimise to an absolute minimum the impact of student elections this year.

We need to, as a community, stand together, and to work together to fight this legislation. Any change to it will be a victory, and may well be the difference between the survival of our student organisations.

David Pearson
SAUA President.

also un-democratic, in that truly independent people, i.e. they run by themselves and not with tickets or factions, are disadvantaged, as they cannot compete with the money and resources of the big factions, especially when it comes to banners in elections, as they are so expensive.

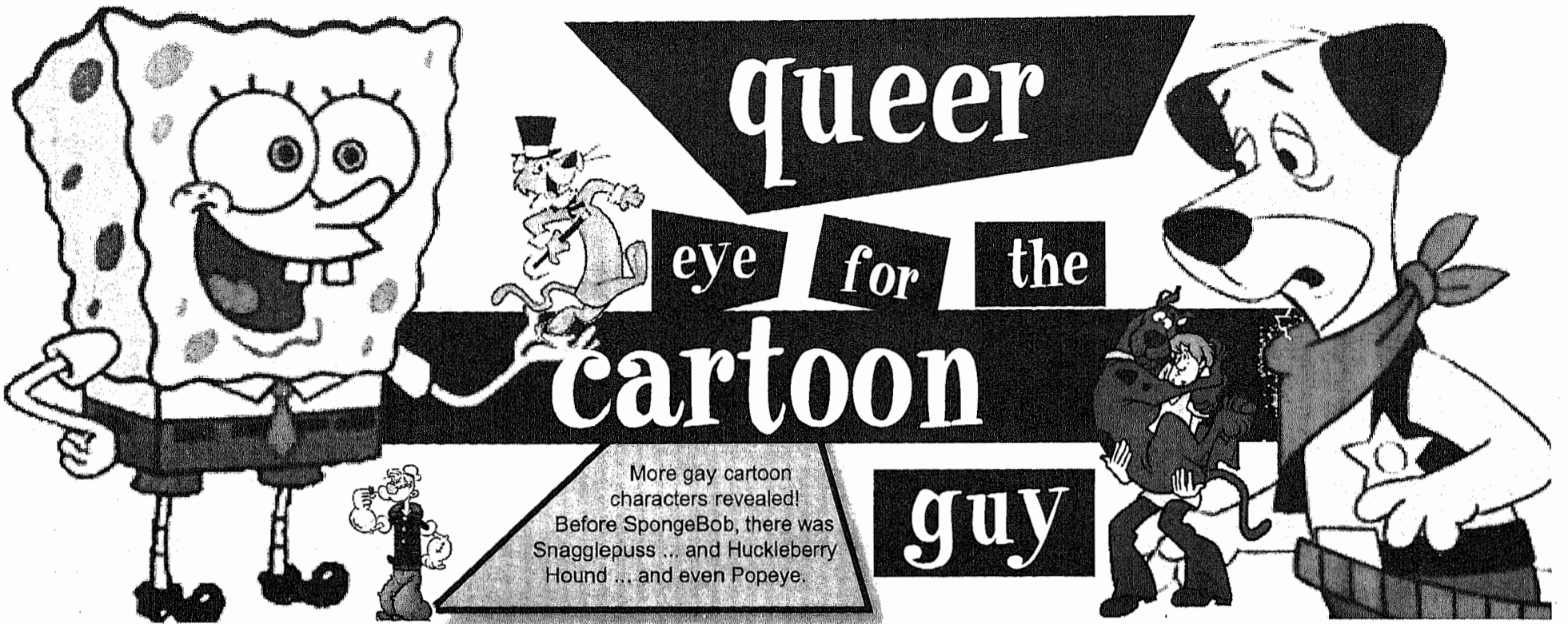
Election Information Session:

One final change is that because of all these changes we're looking at making the information sessions, organised by the returning officer for the elections, compulsory. This will mean that you have to attend one of those sessions before your nomination will be accepted. There is a provision for people who absolutely cannot attend to have an exemption, but they will need to clear that with the returning officer.

There were a number of changes proposed, some of them are quite major. If anyone would like any more information, please come and see me in the Students' Association and I will provide you with as much information as you require. Otherwise, SAUA council will be on this Wednesday, the 3rd of August, in the WP Rogers room on the 4th floor of Union House, and you are all most welcome to attend.

Cheers,

David Pearson
Students' Association President
david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au



More gay cartoon characters revealed! Before SpongeBob, there was Snagglepuss ... and Huckleberry Hound ... and even Popeye.

Feb. 8, 2005 - Recent events in the world of animated children's shows have caused people to question whether the cartoon industry is promoting a homosexual agenda. Allegations have been directed at SpongeBob SquarePants for participating in a pro-gay video, and at Buster the Bunny for his fraternization with a lesbian couple and their children. While some have dismissed these allegations as the rantings of ultraconservative Christians, gay cartoon characters do in fact exist, and some of them are even politically active. I recently asked some of them to share their stories. Sitting in the living room of his well-appointed Cape Cod-style home, a cultural icon recalls his heyday with sadness and regret. "I was in constant fear of being found out," says Popeye, sipping herbal tea. "I thought once I cast Olive Oyl, everyone would know. She was so tall and lanky, with that boyish figure ..." He trails off, shaking his head. "If you want to know the truth, I picked her because she reminded me of someone." He smiles and looks wistful. "Ensign Robert Flynn. Some of my fondest memories of the Navy revolve around him." Popeye the Sailor Man, the animated embodiment of testosterone, lived in terror of being outed, as it would have ended his lucrative career. "Bluto threatened me with that a couple of times," he confesses. "I always wondered about him, though. He was so hypermasculine, always swaggering around like he had something to prove." He sighs and leans back against the antique sofa. "Maybe I'm just projecting, though. I did a fair amount of macho posturing myself."

First making the scene in 1929 as a bit player in a comic strip, Popeye became an immediate success. The series was finally renamed for him, and movies followed. In the '30s, Popeye's films were even more popular than Mickey Mouse's. "Even though we were rivals, Mickey was one of the few people who were nice to me after learning I was gay," Popeye says. "You know, people don't realize how different it was back then," he continues. "It wasn't like today, where only a few religious nuts get upset and boycott your work. My whole life would've been ruined if I'd come out. I had no choice." Popeye stops and stares at the floor for a moment. "But still," he almost whispers, "every time I said 'I yam what I yam,' I felt like a fraud." Reluctant to say more, Popeye tells me to check out the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender Cartoon Alliance. He says the group helped him immensely when he finally decided to come out as gay after being brutally caricatured on-screen by Robin Williams.

Three days later, I'm in the parlor of a lovely San Francisco townhouse, being entertained by a self-described "proud queer, an old queen, ev-en!" "I can't believe America didn't know," says Snagglepuss. "I mean, the cuff links, the flamboyance, the theater jargon -- plus, I'm pink, for heaven's sake!" "I think it's terrific what SpongeBob is doing," he declares as he accepts a white wine spritzer from longtime companion Huckleberry Hound. "I've heard rumors about Squidward, too." Snagglepuss looks at his partner. "Two out and proud gays on one show, wouldn't that be fabulous?!" The more reserved Huckleberry shakes his head. "I just wish it wasn't such a big deal. It would be nice if they'd leave his private life out of it and just allow him to be the amorphous asexual blob that he was drawn to be." "I had a much different Hollywood experience than Puss," he continues. "The producers were looking for someone to host a show, to be a major player. They didn't care that I was gay, but this was 1959, and they didn't want any speculation about me." He sits down on the end of the chaise longue and puts his hand on Snagglepuss' leg. "They liked my look, but I sounded very effeminate." "Luckily, he could do wonderful impressions," Snagglepuss chimes in. "They just fell in love with his Andy Griffith!" Snagglepuss grins. "Guess how we met. I was a guest on his show and then got my own segment. It was love at first sight." "We were well known among industry players after that," Huckleberry says, looking sheepish. "I'm a homebody, but Puss always wanted to be out at all the parties." His sociability proved fortuitous. Snagglepuss and Huckleberry soon became confidants of other prominent cartoon characters struggling with their homosexuality. And what started as an informal support group slowly morphed into a political action network. "During the mid-'70s, the public became more aware of just how many celebrities were gay," explains Snagglepuss, turning serious. "Well, that included us, and people began speculating about cartoons the same way they did about human actors." "The ironic thing is, they were wrong about one of the first gay icons," he adds. "There was always a lot of talk about Velma, but she's strictly hetero." "That's true," agrees Huckleberry. "And a militant feminist. She carried around a dog-eared copy of 'The Second Sex' and refused to dumb herself down for the cameras. That's how the rumor got started." "Even we believed it," Snagglepuss admits. "But then Daphne, who's actually bi, told me that she'd tried to get Velma to 'experiment' a couple times,

but she wasn't interested. Velma's always been supportive of our cause." "Everyone including Scooby-Doo has been supportive," he continues. "I guess once ... apparently, Fred and Shaggy both had a lot of Scooby snacks, and, well, one thing led to another ..." "Let's just say it changed their perspectives," concludes Huckleberry. He looks at Snagglepuss. "We can leave it at that."

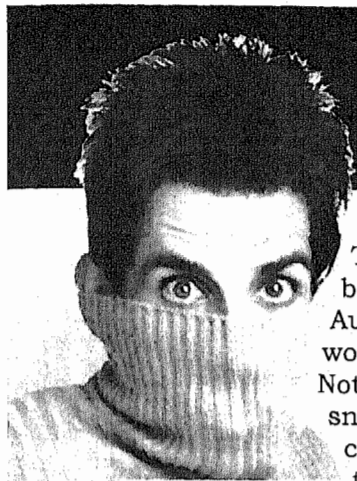
Asked which characters are members of the LGBT Cartoon Alliance, Snagglepuss runs off some names: Jabberjaw, Auggie Doggie, Mr. Slate of "The Flintstones," Elmer Fudd, Pep Le Pew ("He's what's now called pan-sexual," says Snagglepuss), everyone in "Josie and the Pussycats," all three members of "The Hair Bear Bunch," several Smurfs, and Gargamel, and Foghorn Leghorn. "That last one surprised even us," Huckleberry says. "And Bugs Bunny hasn't officially joined, but he has been to a few meetings." He divulges, "He had to dress up as a woman a lot on the show, and then found himself doing it off-screen." Snagglepuss adds, "Of course, he could just be a straight cross-dresser, but he enjoys flirting with men. You may have noticed that he kissed a lot of male co-stars on his show, too." Huckleberry nods. "He's still trying to figure himself out."

Though both admit to some progress for gay cartoon characters, they're worried about the future. The increasing influence of the religious right and the passage of state laws banning gay marriage have Snagglepuss rallying the troops for the battles they may face in the next four years.

"I guess the most significant thing is that we've reached out to the puppet community," says Snagglepuss. "It's an important alliance. Tinky Winky weathered the storm, Bert and Ernie are still going strong after all these years, and Big Bird and Snuffleupagus just announced their engagement. Except for the hullabaloo about Buster the Bunny's human friends, PBS has been very supportive."

Huckleberry is less optimistic. "I just don't know what these next few years are going to bring. I'm concerned, very concerned." He shakes his head. "If these people knew what it used to be like for us they wouldn't force us to deny who we are. They'd have some compassion." Snagglepuss puts his arm around the man he calls his husband. "They're only human beings," he says gently. "They just don't have the kind of depth that we do."

Liz Larocca



MODEL CITIZEN: THE OTHER SIDE OF OBJECTIFICATION

Models. Ugh. The most repulsive breed of evolved Australopithecus the world has ever seen. Nothing but a bevy of snarling, impeccably cheekboned giraffes that somehow managed to capture the Western imagination. I'm rather miffed as to how this occurred, considering models have always been scorned by their aesthetically challenged female sisters. I for one took particular delight in blaming them for all the world's problems during those delectable years swathed in 'Eau de Teen Angst'. Witnessing a horde of long-limbed gazelles frolicking around Fashion TV's Model Flat didn't do too much for an acne-plagued 14 year old with a bad case of ennui.

However, the only other entity capable of arousing such violent abhorrence in males and females alike than the model is that other wretched creature, the promotional model. Promo models don't even have the luxury of 'being discovered' in a rags-to-riches tale of 'I used to be gawky and ugly but now I make \$50 million a year'. No, promo models have to find their own agents and make their own breaks, like a whole army of Mary Tyler Moores. Promotional models get a fairly bad rap in society. I know this because for a very short period of time, I was one. Along with a darling cohort (let's call her Svetlana), I endured every girl's simultaneous worst nightmare and highest aspiration: objectification, adoration and P-grade fame.

I never thought that prancing around in a tight red singlet and slinky black pants would be a viable career option, but \$25 an hour soon changed all that. The deal was rather simple: we were to spend three full days at the inaugural MotoExpo, walking around and handing out pamphlets. Easy, right? The funds generated from such activities could easily finance a 40GB I-pod. Sounded much easier than schlepping in retail for the next 10 years, dealing with infuriatingly dim customers who will never understand the true meanings of the words 'no pensioner discount'.

Alas, Svetlana and I arrived at the Expo as two wide-eyed amateurs infatuated with life,

love and the world. This was inevitably a short-lived phenomenon. We discovered that 'handing out pamphlets' quickly metamorphosed into 'flirtatiously posing with former motorcycle champions as mass media fodder', which in itself we had no problems with. The eyebrow raising, which was to become a regular bodily movement over the weekend, began when a certain ex-world champion proceeded to stick his snooping eyes down Svetlana's singlet top and proclaim that we had fantastic mammaries. Unable to protest thanks to the mob of photographers snapping away, we had not choice but to smile through gritted teeth and mentally prepare for the barrage of poorly executed sexual innuendo that was to be hurled at us for the remainder of the weekend. This man was seriously a world champion, but of the 'mid-life crisis-undergoing sleazeball' echelon. Have a chortle at these babies (note that they were written down immediately with the sole intention of doing an *On Dit* expose of overweight, undersexed nobodies):

"We'd make a great threesome. Who's on top?"

"How old are you ladies? 18 and never been kissed? You know, I could teach you girls a lot of things"

(regarding the impending beauty pageant)
"You know, I can be bribed" *dirty smirk*

"Riding is so exhilarating, it's the best feeling in the world, I couldn't live without me bike... it's so sexy, so wild, so free...like having sex with your clothes on"

Coming from a young Dean Cain, this last one mightn't have sounded so bad but given the circumstances, Svetlana and I raced off to the bathrooms for a good old-fashioned laugh at the poor level of English most members of Australian society seem to possess.

The real highlight of the shemozzle occurred when we were ordered to pose on a revolving motorcycle at the front of the stand, in order to attract male attention and thus male finance. After receiving careful instruction to provocatively lace ourselves over some hotshot piece of crap, a whole gaggle of fathers

and sons arrived at the scene, cameras in hand faster than you can say 'Chiko roll'. If you sell a tiny portion of your soul every time someone takes a photo of you, then I'm practically Dr Mephisto himself considering the amount of cameras that proceeded to document every square centimetre of my body. Never before have I wished for the speedy arrival of my own mortality than at that moment. Like rotisserie chickens, round and round we went, 8 year olds angling phone cameras down our décolletages, wolf whistles a-go go...some call it hell, some call it the modern age, I call it the plentiful fountain of misogyny. Which is tolerable considering it will soon put those ubiquitous white plugs in my ears.

That's not to say I endorse becoming a media whore to finance the acquisition of must-have electronics. The world of promotional modelling is enough to make any self-respecting member of functioning western society retch, really. But at the same time, it's rather interesting to go undercover in the icky world of objectification as a sort of modern day Barbarella, using age-old feminine guiles to investigate the nature of the universe. Prior to this experience, I was under the impression that the 'sex sells' dogma was about as lame as Anne Wills, but there you go. My advice? Retail ain't all that bad girls. Converse to my rather baffling experience, Svetlana had an absolute blast soaking up the perks of being a minor celebrity, and will next be seen as the September cover girl of 'SuperMoto' magazine.

Stephanie Mountzouris

What's Hot

*Mighty Ducks

paraphernalia. Get your mits on a hideously oversized hockey top, and aesthetic glory shall be yours.

* Having a crush on oddball cartoon characters. I bags Peter Griffin, but apparently Butthead and Dilbert are still up for grabs.

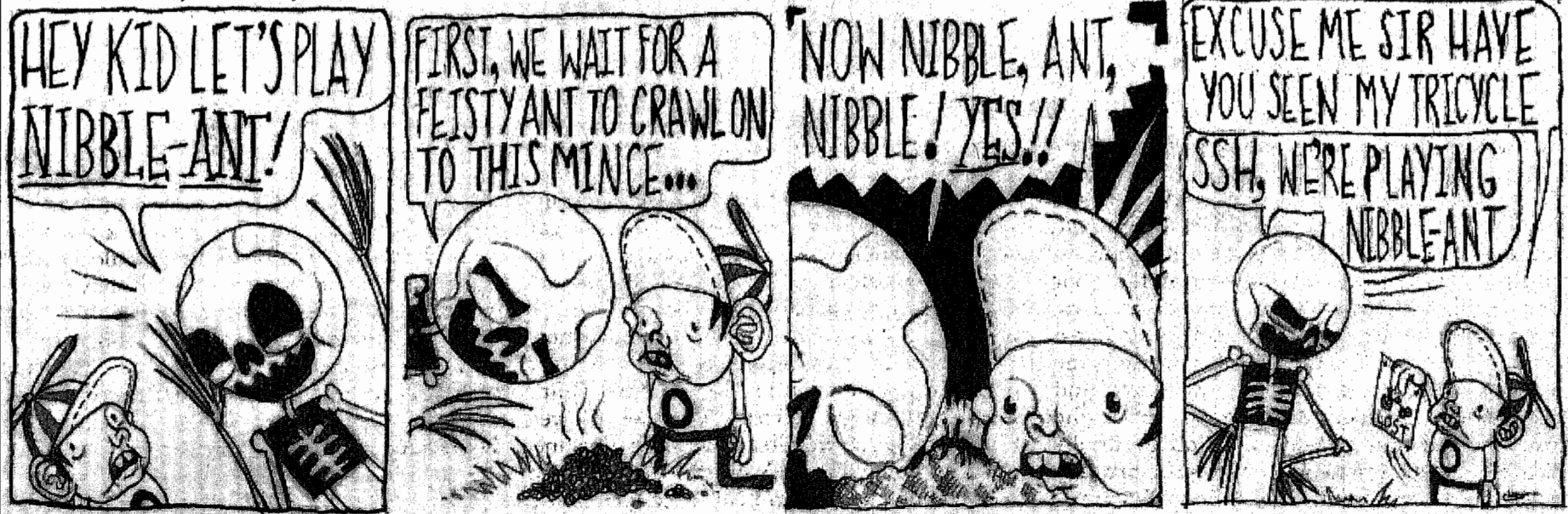
*Mawson lakes.

What's Not

*Expressing human emotion to strangers at bus stops. There's no time for empathy in the modern world people. Let's get isolated!

*Gwen Stefani's self-coronation as the Queen of Fashion. Yes, she's a megababe, but really, a whole album dedicated to Vivienne Westwood? Shallower than the Torrens.

skulduggery by oz



A Garden of Curiosity



Fiona Hall Art Gallery of S.A.

In the old European arts, the hand of the artist was close to that of the *Hand of God*, the works of Leonardo de Vinci, unravelled science and beauty with painstaking research and patience. But since the rise of Modernism, the very hand of the artist has been removed. *Collaboration* is now one of the key terms used to describe the Contemporary Arts; such collaboration questions the very concept of art and the role of the artist.

But in this art world where artists barely even touch their masterpieces, one Australian artist, Fiona Hall (born 1953, NSW) has turned this trend around. Hall has been reinvigorating the hand of the artist since 1988, creating delicate and skilful works that continue to marvel audiences.

Currently on display at the Art Gallery of South Australia is Hall's mid-career retrospective *The Art of Fiona Hall 1988 - 2005*. Entering into Hall's artistic universe is like following the White Rabbit and Alice down into *Wonderland*. One is simply seduced by curiosity and can do nothing but give into temptation. Curiosity is a driving force in Hall's creative process, her endless curiosity and fascination for science, politics and literature has lead her to unravel genetics codes, botany and social consciousness.

Wondering through the exhibition is comparable to exploring a 19th Century museum for the first time. *Curiosity Cabinets* shine in dark halls and call you to examine their content. *Understorey*, 1999-2004, glass beads and silver wire, is a complex treasure trove of exquisitely crafted sculptures displayed like scientific specimens. *Understorey* is an array of jewel-like objects that pose the viewer with so many thoughts.

Exotic flowers and plants fresh from the tropics are juxtaposed against lying bones and a tremendous skull. The sheer beauty of the objects is intoxicating, but the concept of *trouble in paradise* is left on the viewer like a sour after taste. In this work Hall tackles the sobering issues of Post-Colonial environments, where despite beautiful locations of botanical wonder, civil unrest, displacement of people, suicide bombings and land degradation consume life. Such environments Hall witnessed first hand while

on residency in Sri Lanka.

Understorey is forged from glass beads emphasising again the theme of trouble in Post-Colonial worlds, as beads were the "...currency of colonisation". Many nations felt the sting of Imperialists fighting for their natural resources. Glass beads bought land; plants were traded to build empires.

Botany and currency meet again in Halls suite of paintings *Leaf Litter*, 1999-2003, gouache on banknotes. Covering an entire wall, Hall presents images of leaves fused to the surface of discontinued currency. This work shows plants as commodities, as lucrative as cash. As in many of Hall's works, she follows the strict rules of reality. All her paintings and sculptures are botanically accurate. Hall explores this accuracy through her fascination for science and love of museums, where much of her work is carried out.

Hall delves into the relationship between humans and nature endlessly, but this reoccurring theme comes together so articulately in her famed and raunchy *Paradisus terrestris* series, that she began in 1989. Made from aluminium and sardine cans, Hall meticulously used a repoussé technique to make stunning and titillating sculptures. Here exotic plants symbolic of paradise sprout from the tops of sardine cans, inside the cans are images of the earthly naked body. The figures are often engaged in sexual acts that repeat through the series, mimicking a pseudo-scientific sexual guide book.

Hall is spellbound by the link between humans and nature, particularly the startling similarities. Hall says that "...there are more genetic similarities between us and the plant world than there are differences. These are mind blowing concepts that should make us take notice, because if we can't coexist with and maintain the plant world then human life is doomed".²

Viewing the *Paradisus terrestris* series is like ambling through the *Garden of Eden*, where fantastic plants grow from sensitive and sensual worlds beneath. The sardine can reminds us of the everyday and frames and emphasises the naked figures. The can



is then a peep hole, peel back the can's lid and see what you can see. "They cannot conceal the curiosity of sex that they share with any adolescent: it is an essential part of their frisson."³ These erotic works hold nothing back; there is no hidden meaning or agenda, nothing dark and lurking, like in the works of other leading contemporary artists such as Bill Henson and Deborah Paauwe.

In contrast Hall makes the body accessible, witty and fun; we can laugh at sex and see its beauty and pleasure. For Hall "sex is straight and bent, playful and delightful, enjoyed in complete innocence". And for this reason perhaps the curators of the exhibition could have been more daring with their hang, bringing out some more of Hall's scandalous yet hilarious treasures.

This garden of creativity will continue to insight and inspire all those who venture in. There is something for everyone to explore, whether one views the works for their aesthetic beauty or delves deep into their meanings. *The Art of Fiona Hall* makes art both a desirable object and a statement of intellectual contemplation.

Leo Greenfield

Ewington, Julie, *Fiona Hall*, Annandale, Australia: Piper Press, 2005.

Fiona Hall quoted in Deborah Hart, 'Fertile interactions', *Art in Australia*, vol. 36, no. 2, 1998.

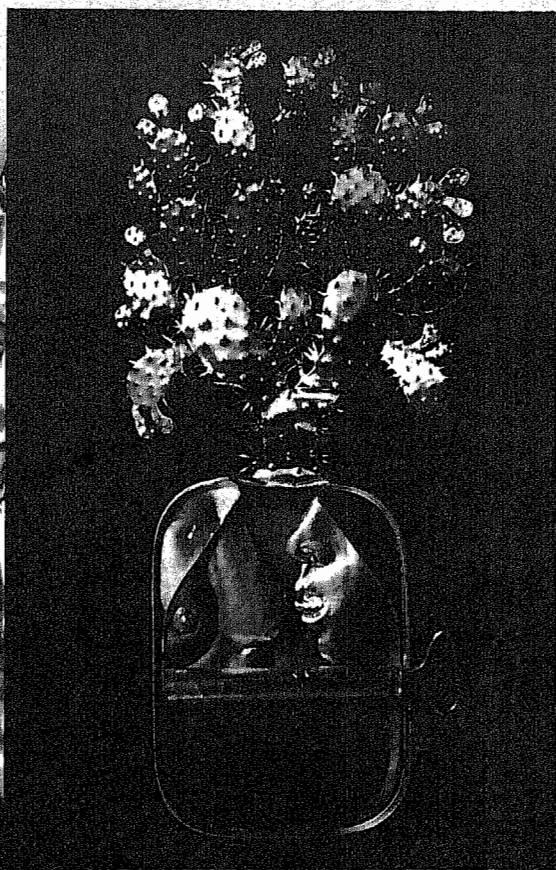
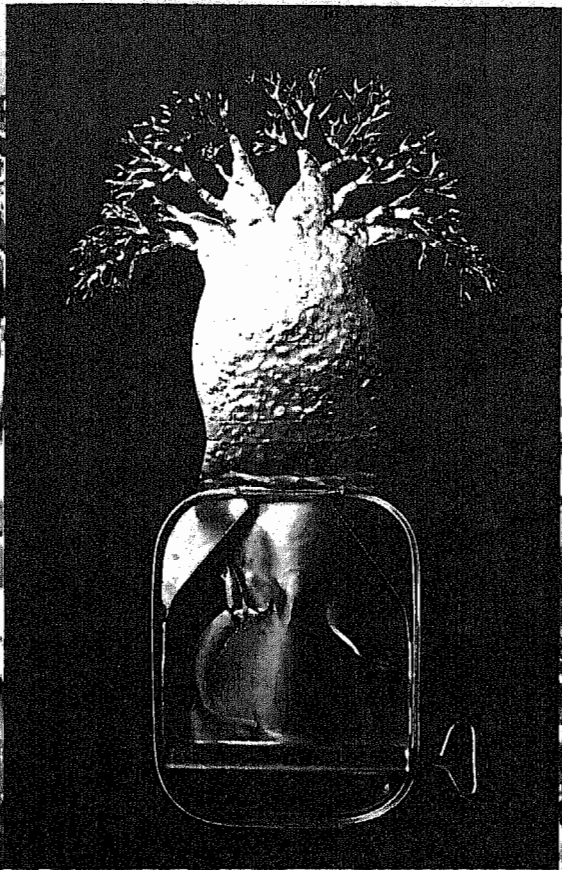
Smee, Sebastian, 'Objects of Desire', *The Weekend Australian*, April 2-3, 2005.

(Footnotes)

¹ Ewington, J., *Fiona Hall*, Annandale, Australia: Piper Press, 2005, p. 163.

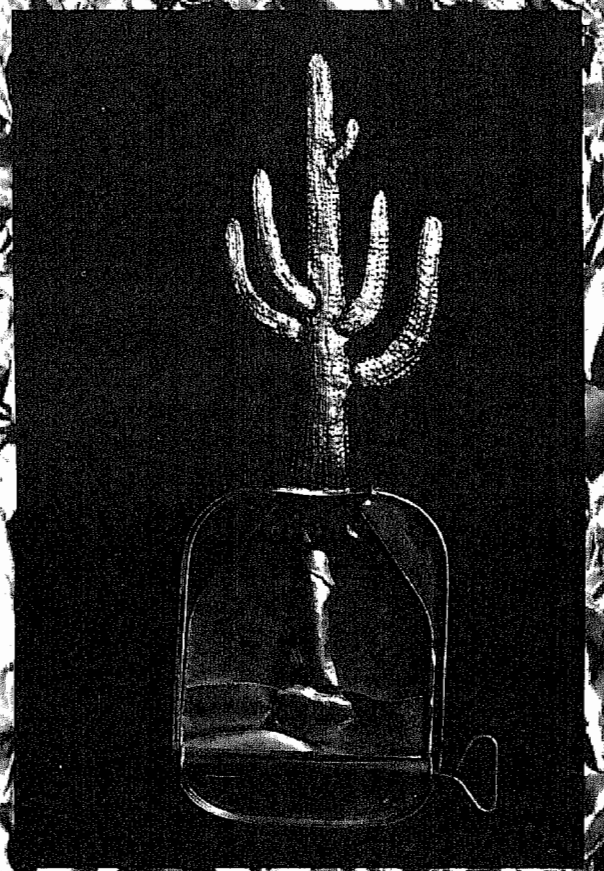
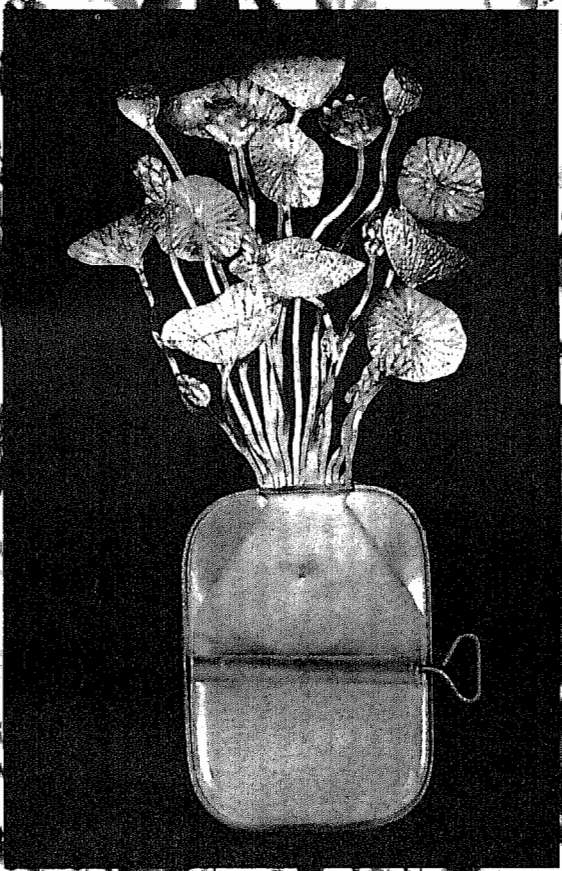
² Fiona Hall quoted in Deborah Hart, 'Fertile interactions', *Art in Australia*, vol. 36, no. 2, 1998, p. 206.

³ Ewington, J., *Fiona Hall*, 2005, p. 102.



1. Adansonia digitata/baobab; Paradisus terrestris, 1989 - 1990.
2. Carnegia gigantea/ suguaro;Paradisus terrestris, 1989 - 1990.
3. Nelumbo nucifera (Sinhala); thamareri (Tamil); Lotus, Paradise terrestris (Sri Lankan Series, 1999.
4. Plumeria acutifolia; araliya (Sinhala); malliya (Tamil); fragipani/ temple tree, Paradisus terrestris (Sri Lankan series) 19999.
5. Opuntica ficus-indica/Prickly pear; Paradisus terrestris, 1989 - 1990.

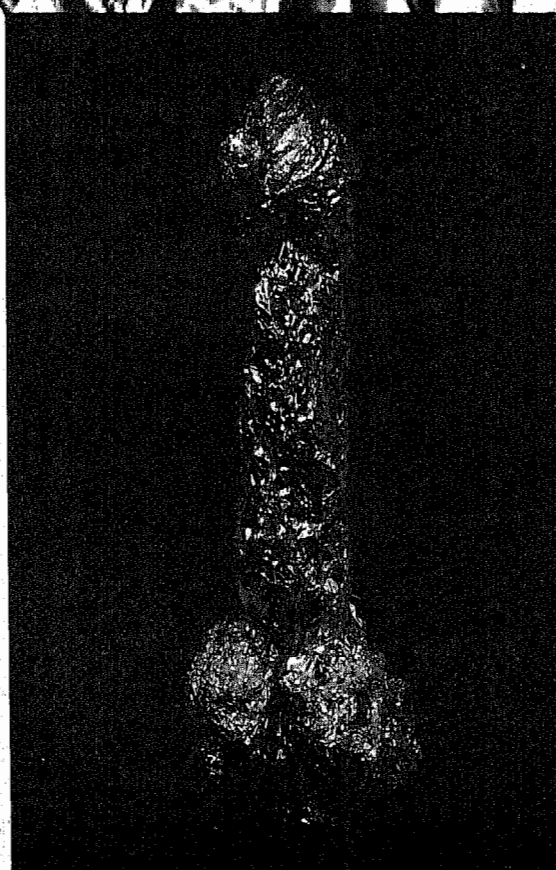
(far left. Understorey 1999-2004, glass beads, silver wire.

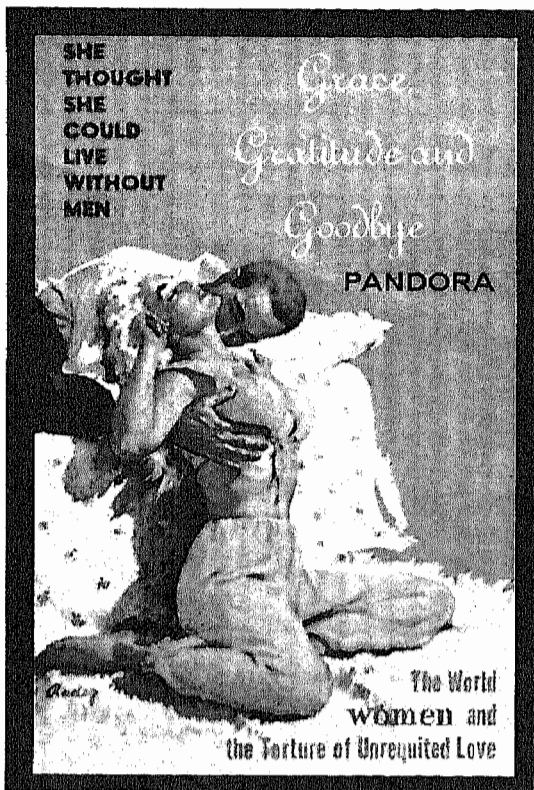


On Dit reworks themes represented in Fiona Hall's work.

Right. Tin penis, 2005

Far Right. Tin Vagina, 2005





I don't cry on the outside anymore

How many times do you have to do something before it becomes a tradition? This is the second year in a row that I'm writing about a boy who I ended things with on my birthday and including maudlin Kelly Clarkson lyrics. I hope this tradition does not continue throughout my life, just as I hope to stop listening to *American Idol* winners. I used to play violin and piano as a girl (although I use the term "play" loosely - perhaps "mutilated" would be a better word). Despite the fact that I sounded like a cat in labour every time I picked up a bow, I still managed to grade pretty well in music class, after unlocking the key to an 85% + mark. It didn't matter how badly I mauled the works of works of Beethoven and Mozart as long as the last eight bars were perfect. I have applied this theory to much of my life. So even though most of my time with this boy was disastrous, to say the least, the last eight bars were as perfect as Albinoni's *Adagio*.

I told you everything opened up and let you in you made me feel alright for once in my life

Five men in the past twelve months have said to me post coital "You can't tell anyone about this. It will damage my political career." Only one of them was joking. Apparently there's something about me that's a little controversial - I think it's my hair. I found it all very amusing until I fell for one of them and realised that love doesn't conquer all - in fact, it barely puts up a fight.

The first time we slept together he said he would have sex with me if I needed it. I cried when he said that to me and wiped my tears on him (I felt the occasion called for a bit of drama), but he only had to touch me and I trembled. He was a terrible kisser, an even worse lover, but perhaps for the first time there was more to this "sex" thing than fluid exchange. I used to have a really nice Californian bungalow atop the Moral High Ground; I really miss the view from up there. During a difficult period of my life though, he'd been a beautiful friend. He'd made me laugh and stopped me crying. If this were an Aesop Fable, the moral to the story would be *Do not fuck friends*. Once we crossed that line, or set up a zebra crossing over that line, it all fell to pieces.

There was about half a week there where I think we both wondered if it could work. If I'd been prepared to play him, to manipulate all the parts of his character that I recognised

so well from myself...but I only wanted him because I felt like I could trust him to see me without the masks that we all hide behind. For a moment, I let him closer than almost anyone.

A few nights after exams, I sat outside in the cold, watching the rain at two in the morning. I could taste cigarettes, sweet tea and him. And with an aching bitterness I knew it had to end, but that the last eight bars had to be perfect. He was no longer my friend; he was never my love. I needed him to watch me put that mask back on and then walk away from him, in very expensive Witchery heels.

Now all that's left of me is what I pretend to be so together but so broken up inside no I can't breathe, no I can't sleep I'm barely hangin' on

I invited him to my house on my nineteenth birthday. He sat on the edge of my bed and I gave him a drink. Alcohol was very necessary for the both of us. And then I delivered the lines I'd practiced in front of my mirror: "When I've finished this drink, I'm going to come over there and kiss you. Then I'm going to fuck you. See that letter on the bedside table? That's yours. When we're done, I'm going to go outside and have a cigarette and you're going to read that letter. Then I'm going to kiss you goodbye and you're going to get out of my life."

Try looking into the eyes of someone you once loved and saying that. It was only excessive amounts of eyeliner and mascara that got me through it.

It went exactly to plan. We followed it to the letter. The only unexpected thing was the dead feeling with which I was left. I was hollowed out by the experience. As I set on my veranda in a Chinese dressing gown, waiting for him to read the letter, I had my epiphany about the whole thing. My thought was that, in the end, all human beings can really offer one another is a fragmented series of memories. There are things about him that I will remember a little bit longer than everything else.

I will remember the feeling of perfect safety as I lay in his arms, his body pressed against my back, his hands holding mine. When I close my eyes as I lie in bed, I can still feel a ghost of him there.

I will remember the way he kissed me once after he'd cum: closed-mouth, breathless, hesitant kisses.

I will remember the look in his eyes when he wanted me, the way they darkened and became serious. In my mind, the rest of the world slipped away when he gave me that look - I have no memory of anything else in that moment. It's probably just the drunken haze, but it's a pretty sweet way of remembering him.

I will remember seeing him fucking someone else in my bed.

I will remember him pausing in a discussion about how he didn't feel that much for me to say *your eyes are addictive*.

I will remember how scared I felt, every morning after, that it would be the last time he would hold me. Very little scares me, but that did.

My last gift to him is something I think of as Gratitude, Grace and Goodbye.

I thank you for making me feel safe.

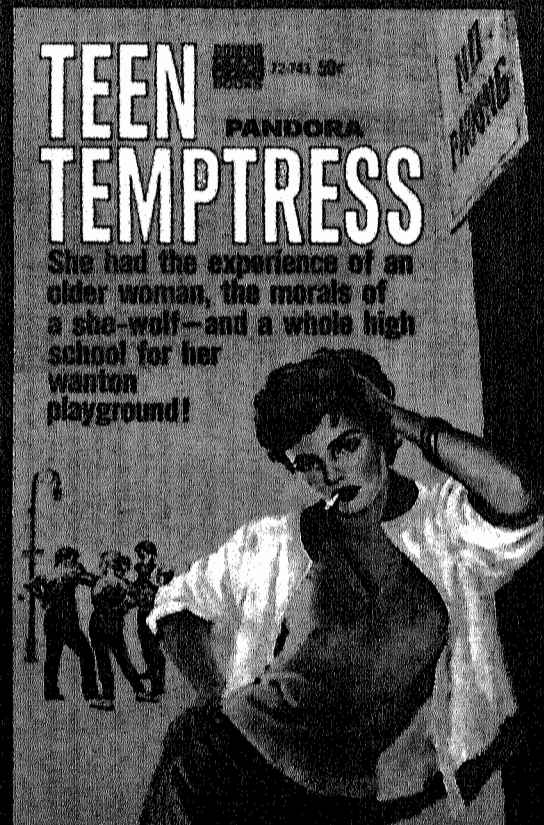
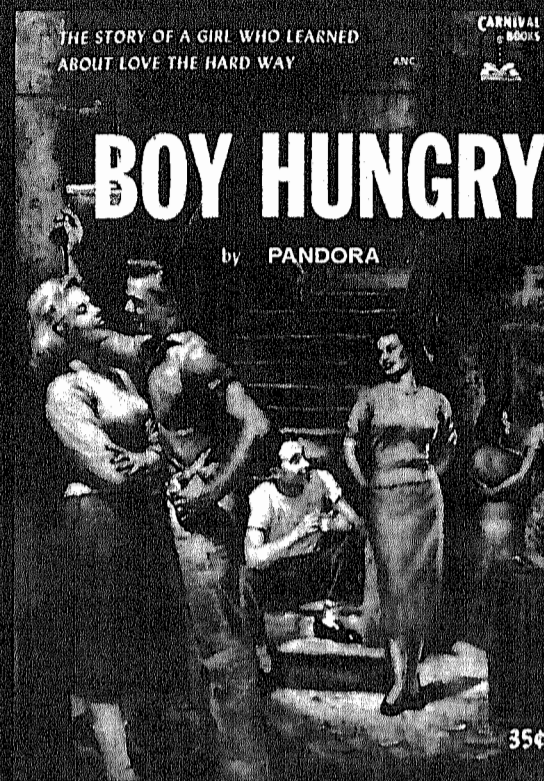
I forgive you for making me feel cheap.

I love you and now I can forget you.

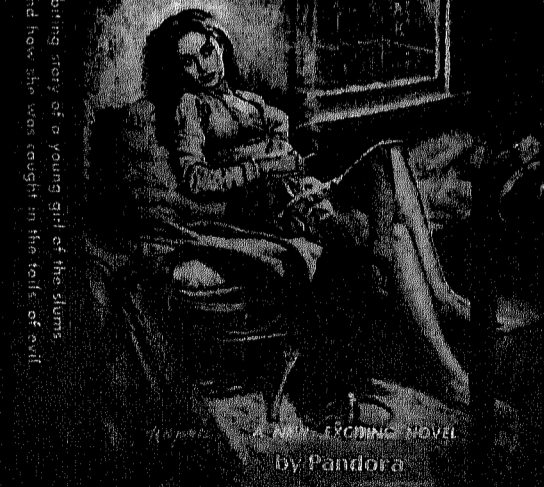
Here I am once again, I'm torn into pieces can't deny it, can't pretend, just thought you were the one broken up, deep inside but you won't get to see the tears I cry

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

OTHER EXCITING TITLES IN THE PANDORA SERIES!



Reefer Girl



QUEER STRUGGLE ON THE RED PLANET

So I just had a chat with a guy who sells the Big Issue. I asked how his day was going and he said not great, he just wasn't in the mood for selling the mag. I said I know what you mean, I used to be a street canvasser for the Wilderness Society and there are just some days where you don't feel like talking to people.

He said he spent last night in a cell. I asked what were you arrested for? He said for street drinking. I said "What?! You can be arrested for that? That's disgusting." He thought so too, "That's what I said to them. Why aren't you there when people are being beaten up?"

You can be arrested for the pettiest things. We protested the week before at the end of the Queer Collaborations conference. Five of us were arrested, at first for public swearing and then for hindering police. We were protesting about VSU, the IR Reforms and queerphobic laws, in particular the marriage ban.

The police were brutal. B__ was grabbed by the neck and left with a large bruise on her arm. S__ was karate kicked in the stomach for asking a cop why people were being arrested. L__ has bruises from when police shoved her in the paddy wagon. A__ was shoved to the ground and kicked in the kidneys and they sprained his pinky finger. He joked about the headlines to come: "Police violently sprain protester's pinky".

All of this in front of a huge crowd in Forest Chase in the middle of Perth. R__ said Perth police are really brutal, to have been so violent in the middle of the city in front of all those people. We chanted "This is not a police state. We have the right to demonstrate!" Onlookers agreed and joined in.

A cop asked me what the protest was about. I burst into tears when I told her it was about VSU. That's legislation designed to crush the human spirit. This Liberal government wants to rid this country of political activism by robbing student unions of their funding base. It's a queer issue. Student unions have always been instrumental to the queer struggle.

They complained that we used bad language in front of women and children. "Women!" A__ was amused at their blatant sexism. "Oh no, swearing! I can't bear it. My ears are bleeding. My vagina is bleeding!"

The appropriate response to people swearing in front of the children is to beat up the protesters. In front of the children. A__ pointed out that irony.

A bunch of young people hang out in Forest Chase. A lot of them are queer. I think a lot of them have been homeless. Some of them are high school students. They joined us in the protest because they hate the cops too. I was moved by that. I often fantasise that the bottom layer of this society will rise up: the poor and the homeless, street based sex workers, refugees and Aboriginal people.

There is a third world within the first and it is disproportionately queer. People get kicked out of home by homophobic families. People get evicted by transphobic landlords. I read Dennis Altman and he talks about the movement in 1970 when homeless queers were doing sit-ins jointly with queer uni students. I read Bobby Seale and he talks about the Black Panther Party patrolling the police. Patrolling the police! Radical black brothers off the block with loaded guns following cops around the neighborhood in their cars, if the cops dare brutalise anyone they are in for a surprise. The Panthers formed alliances with uni students like me, sometimes to be disappointed at the privilege and bullshit, sometimes to

be heartened by the sudden raising of political consciousness that happens when students get beaten up by cops. "Hey wow. Police brutality is a motherfucker!" I read about Stonewall. Queers took on the cops AND WON. These stories keep me going. I need them because honestly there are days when I don't know how to get up in the morning.

Somehow we get up in the morning. Somehow we make it through the day. I wonder what kind of a life this is. Huey Newton called it "survival pending revolution". A friend of mine would have killed himself if I hadn't run into him in the city. Talk to me baby. Sit down. He clarified things for me. Under capitalism life is worth nothing. He lived on the street because he is gay. He was beaten by his family because he is gay. He is lower class trash in this society, even though the successful people are complete arseholes. That's what he said. I thought what does it matter if he dies now? Who would know or care? And if that's what his life is worth, what is my life worth? It's worth nothing.

How do you even live in a world where your life is worth nothing? I decided there was no way he was going to join the pile of dead queers. Not if I could help it. Not one more dead body on that fucking pile.

He made that decision too. He chose life. He said there is no life on Mars yet but soon there will be. Life will find a way. Life always finds a way. Soon Mars will get its chance to shine.

There is life in the hottest desert and in the coldest snow storm. There is life at the bottom of the ocean. There is life on top of the mountain. There is life in Iraq. There is life in Redfern. There is life in Macquarie Fields. There is life in Darlinghurst. There is life in Venezuela. There is life on the streets of Northbridge and also there is life in Forest Chase. And soon Mars too will get its chance to shine.

Soon Earth will get its chance to shine. Mars is the Red planet. Soon Earth will be a Red planet too. The seeds are under ground dormant but beneath the surface the revolution is growing.

I have tried to nurture this movement and make it grow. I try and explain things patiently, as things have been explained to me. I try to be gentle because I know people are a bit tired and frightened. I say "hey come to this rally. Come to this meeting" and people come. I try to treat people with respect. It takes a lot of love. It takes a lot of time.

Pigs stomped on my plant. It made me cry. But they don't know much about history. Plants grow better if you prune them. Police violence has historically had a very powerful positive effect on the queer movement.

I was worried the new people would be scared away. But they're not scared. If anything it's made them even keener.

It's all the same fight, across time and space. We fought the police at Stonewall and we fought the police at Forest Chase. The Stonewall kids even look like us, if you look at the photos.

We fought the police at Wollongong Uni. After facing exceptional homophobia in



But flabby hatemongers are A-ok! Look at their faces beam!

their sexuality week the Wollongong queer collective got fed up. Their queer space floods and it's mouldy and it isn't on the main campus. A homophobe trapped someone there and said he would burn her to death. He blocked the door with his bicycle. So the collective did a peaceful sit-in to demand a new safe queer space. They occupied a room for three days and at the end of it they were attacked by ten riot police. They haven't won yet. They're still stuck in their mouldy old garage. They aren't fighting much now. They're tired and who can blame them. But they showed us what a queer space is worth and why we should fight VSU like a motherfucker. (Most of the stuff that happens in a queer space is funded through student union money. VSU means the queer space is in peril).

Their struggle continues on into other campaigns. Not just Stop VSU, also the campaign to repeal the marriage ban. Last year John Howard banned same sex marriage. The Christian right are in a stronger position now because of that. The new political party Family First have seats in parliament. They said lesbians should be burnt to death. That was the exact same death threat that the guy on the bicycle said to the dyke at Wollongong uni. I'm very sure homophobic laws incite homophobia in wider society. Maybe it was a coincidence but I don't want to take the chance.

One act of homophobic violence. Three campaigns to fight back. Stop VSU. Repeal the marriage ban. Queer space now at Wollongong uni.

It's all on such a grand scale. It makes me dizzy. I think if we could really fight back, I mean REALLY, queers in the first world could shake the system to its foundations. Last time around there was war in Vietnam. At the same time black people got FED UP with hundreds of years of slavery, violence, segregation and poverty in AmeriKKKa. The Black Panthers and the Viet Cong brought the power structure to its knees. They did it together. Capitalism is in crisis now in Iraq. Imagine if there was a queer crisis too, at the same time, in the belly of the first world beast Imagine.

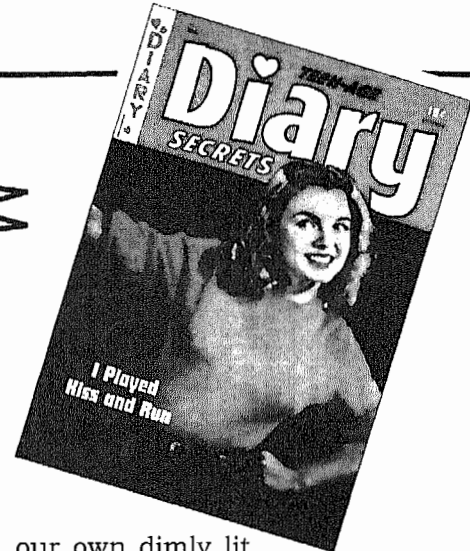
R__ tells me to read James Cannon. I get dizzy. I get so politically excited I can't get to sleep. We're building the new world. We hold it in our hands. And that is more than enough. Amongst all this tragedy I am very grateful to be fighting.

Farida Iqbal
C.A.P.A Queer Officer

SHOCKING!



CONFESSIONS OF THE CARNAL VARIETY!



One time I dreamt that I was in a complicated office building full of other people who were also asleep and dreaming. It was like the universal Headquarters of Dreams, where a sort of Dream Beauocracy assign dreams to dreamers. Me and a few other client dreamers were in some meeting room, waiting some kind of Dream Executive (she looked kind of like someone in marketing, or possibly a PR exec for an NGO) to assign each of us our dream assignments. My dreams were issued to me in neatly labelled envelopes. One said 'Jews' and another one had the number 47 on it. I paid little attention to them, opting to get my dream assignments out of the way some other night when I had more time.

When we were dismissed from the meeting room, I wandered around the corridors of the dream HQ for a while, until it occurred to me that I would have to wake up. Somehow, I knew that the best way to wake up from a dream was to undergo some kind of intense or unusual experience, like jumping off a cliff, or crashing a car or something. The way I chose to wake up was to ask two handsome female secretaries to have sex with me right there between the water cooler and some filing cabinets. They worked there, and were obviously used to this

type of thing, so they were happy to oblige. In fact, they were COMPLETELY into it. So much so that it worked, and I woke up all pissed off that I wasn't still dreaming.

To my knowledge, I haven't had any dreams about Jews or the number 47.

-Stanley

After hearing about the wild antics at the Kit Kat Klub in Berlin I naturally made a point of visiting it during a brief sojourn through Deutschland. With a Germanic companion beside me I crept down the dingy, industrial alley and up to the very Proscenium circa '97 style door bitch who demanded that we get our kit off before entering. We used our young flesh to bargain her down to just our shirts and entered the smokey, neon decorated dance floor. As we stood around innocently amused at the 60 something hippy dancing nude to Kraut-electro, twas not long before a few unappealing types had started baffing in the corner beside us with another clubber astride them hilariously tickling the head of his knob.

The night quickly grew old and the sight of dozens of others getting it on became equally uninspiring but rather than letting the opportunity for an 'interesting experience' slip

we found our own dimly lit corner of the club. After struggling to lower her jeans while maintaining some element of secrecy and my waning erection plus the unnerving gawking of mostly male onlookers, the novelty quickly faded. So after a few barely penetrative thrusts we decided to leave exhibitionism to Ms Hilton. Fortunately, by definition novelty sex is a rare occurrence.

-Dan

When I was little, I wrote sexy letters to myself on a typewriter using swear words. The letter made me feel smutty and saucy and made my heart race. I'd burn them as soon as I pulled them from the spool, then quickly wash the ash down the sink, memories of inked 'fucks' dancing across my eyes, my skin a little hotter than usual.

-Clementine

I secretly fantasise about being Drew Barrymore in *Poison Ivy* and having Tom Skerrit fuck me on the hood of his Ferrari.

-Audrey

Sex and dreaming - A diary record of an experiment in celibacy

About a month ago, I was chatting with my handsome, yet currently desperately lonely best mate, Jesse Chestnut. Jesse and I were discussing whether girls get crazy dreams as they get desperately horny. He explains to me that the strangeness/sexiness of his dreams seems to increase in inverse direction to his sex supply. He inquires whether the same is true for women. I ponder the thought for a few days and then decide to put the theory to the test (being a raging sex-fiend myself I have rarely been sexless long enough or often enough to obtain any similar reliable data). And so begins Jesse and my brief flirtation with celibacy. Which is, may I add, all in the interests of science.

One month. No sex. No masturbation. (Think *40 Days and 40 Nights* but with more academic merit). For anyone wanting to undertake similar experiments in dream activity I would advise that a notebook beside the bed and a healthy daily dose of caffeine do the trick nicely.

Jesse, currently single, finds slipping into sexlessness hardly a challenge. I decide to put off telling my boyfriend, Jack, about my plans and see if I can get away with it for a while. (Note: By my 9th consecutive headache in 9 visits, Jack got suspicious and I had to spill the beans...)

Day 1

I dream my ordinary weird dreams. I get lost in a forest on my way to uni, and am so concerned about being late that I run through mud, water, blackberry bushes without a second thought. Finally I arrive at uni (which for some reason is being held at the Ice Arena today), only to be told by my fellow students that the thick forest I thought I was running

through was actually just Whitmore square. Noone gives my complaints any heed and I am terribly disheartened.

Day 4

The idea of sexlessness is beginning to sink in. Ordinarily, I would not find 4 sex-free days much of a challenge, but just knowing that I can't have sex is like playing the 'Don't think about polar bears' game.

Day 8

Jesse calls and says that he's out of the contest. Twice. I provide my condolences for his unfortunate demise from and inquire who the lucky lady was. Jesse replies that Whoopi Goldberg looks awfully attractive in a nun's outfit. I decide to refrain from further questioning.

Day 15

After watching *Swiss Family Robinson* in the evening, I dream that pirates hijack my bus on my way to work. They take me to their ship where I have to watch the other prisoners walk the plank. Fortunately they allow me to keep my life if I act as their translator and scribe (somehow I am suddenly learned in 127 different languages). Following this, the love interest between the captain (who fortunately looks like Sean Connery of *Goldfinger* era but with the new attachments of a gold hoop earring and a parrot on his shoulder) and I develops and he ultimately gives me my freedom.

Day 24

The pressure is definitely starting to get to me. I dream that I am an hermaphrodite who has both female and male genitalia. This is quite possibly the most amazing sex-dream I've ever had. My organs are such that I am able to have sex with myself and

simultaneously experience male and female orgasms. I wake up feeling a little weird, but strangely satisfied.

Day 27

I fear things are getting dire. At uni the next day I am reminded of the scene from *Being John Malkovich* when John enters his own porthole. Except the world is not full of John Malkovich, its full of sex. And how. Everyone is naked. And they're all talking about sex. "Sex, sex, sex...sex. Sex, sex...sex, sex." The clock in the lecture theatre is ticking. Tick. Tick. Tick. Louder. Tick. Tick. Tick. Louder still.

At night, I dream that I'm lost in a mirror maze that's full of water. I have to get out because I've almost run out of air, but every time I get close to the end, the exit door moves and I have to turn around. When I finally escape I enter what could only be described as the Willy Wonka chocolate factory of the sex world. Naked men and women dance amongst flowers and trees and rabbits, while dolphins have gratuitous dolphin sex in a nearby stream.

Yes, I lasted the month. And survived to tell the tale. So what did I learn from the experiment? Well that's certainly open for debate. I guess the original theory was supported, but more than anything I learnt that sex is a powerful, powerful thing, and living without it is no easy task.

Trixie Vixen

P.S. For anyone who's currently feeling a little disheartened about their 40,000 day and 40,000 night experiment in celibacy, please do not despair. The sexual activity and drive of the present author are acknowledged as atypical, this article does not wish to portray such a lifestyle as representative.

Sex Problems Solved!

On Dit's Omnipotent Genius gives you the answer to the questions that always seem to stick in your throat...

For the girls who are interested in guys, and the guys who are interested in guys (though you're already familiar with the tackle I guess):

If a boy loses his erection halfway through doing it, should I be concerned he's suddenly lost interest and in fact considers the prospect of continuing to touch my naked body as revolting as cleaning vomit out of his carpet?

That is only one of many possibilities. He may actually have cum early, attempted to conceal it cleverly but was never really able to get back to peak form or just hadn't had enough time yet. He may just be physically tired or sleepy. He may have had a flash back to an ex-girlfriend or his current girl friend and the motion she made with the kitchen knife before he left the house. All are more likely scenarios having gotten all the way into bed with you and then suddenly decided that you're not his type.

When pashing on with a boy, if my subtle lower hip smooching technique fails to feel either an erection or a penis at all, can I assume he's either not interested, has a small willy or, worse, is not interested even though he has a small willy? How do I make him feel at ease (though not in the arousal sense) about his small willy?

Once again, the penis is an amazing and unpredictable organ. When flaccid it could be hanging between his legs, laying snugly in his underwear or simply be quite small

but not really having any relation to his actual erect size. If, when the drawers are dropped and he does have a small member try not to look shocked but don't go the other way and feign pleasant surprise 'cause he'll know you're faking. Just try to make him feel like every guy you've been with has been of similar proportions or maybe avoid the penetrative sex part until you've work each other into a frenzy by other means.

What's a surefire move to get a boy hot under the collar?

I heartily recommend softly biting and digging your nails into various parts of his body and not being afraid to exaggerate your movements for theatrical effect. Surefire move? Fondling his balls while your on top always works.

If a girl invited you over to her house so she could read erotic literature to you, would you consider this sexy?

Only if it was not the same erotic fiction that he had found in his mothers drawer during pre-pubescence. If you could pull it off - ultra sexy, but you may need to ply him with some red to remove his critical mind, leave him like an impressionable couch bound play thing.

My boyfriend's a bit of a prude. How do I get him to shag me in the library?

If he's a prude he's probably also into astrophysics or some other unearthly science. Offer to study with him in one of the 'quiet' rooms then reveal Boyle's Law and other thermodynamic equations you've penned onto your breasts. He won't know how he got from studying to shagging. Also good for 'homework' sessions.

For the guys who are interested in girls and the girls who are interested in guys (maybe you'll find some new ideas):

If a girl agrees 'she doesn't want a relationship either' does she really mean it, and will she mean it a couple of weeks later?

Chances are, she's lying through her teeth, both to you and to herself. Say goodbye.

Can a woman still have had a good time if she didn't orgasm?

Not if you do. Most of us have trouble getting over the whole injustice thing.

Is nibbling, sucking, licking or blowing the most mind blowing method of clitoral stimulation?

Smooching. This involves using the flat of your tongue to kind of smooch and lap around her clitoral region. Of course, you can combine the above methods also, but a word of warning - if she starts breathing really heavily and gets very, very still, under no circumstances must you change anything that you are doing. If you do, it will be all over. Refer to question two.

So many chicks seem to be too cautious and end up in the starfish position. How can I convince a girl to girl up her passé demureness and just get her hips into it?

If you will insist on bedding a wet starfish, you must simply try to coax her into it. Take your time between thrusts. Assuming you've warmed up the oven before-hand, if you hold back a bit between thrusts her hips will naturally rise up to pull you back. When she's comfortable with this, execute a smooth thrust and roll and voila! You're on to teaching her position two. From here it's just a shortride to public acts and question 5.

How can I convince my girlfriend to have a threesome/anal sex? (c'mon, you know I was going to ask)

She's probably interested in a threesome as well. Let's face it, even the best lovers get old after a while. She's probably trying to figure out how to convince you to try it. I always say, you should try everything at least once. Except anal sex.

Now why are you asking us, asking them is one of the best ways of flirting...

Lust on Campus

Sex at uni - how many times have you thought about it or talked about it? And how many times have you actually done it? Be honest now! Never? Well let me tell you that you're missing out on a truly stimulating experience. A few times? Well there can always be more!

We thought you might be interested in some pointers to get you really motivated. We're coming to the end of our few glorious years here at Adelaide Uni and some of the best memories we have are of our fast and furious sexual hijinks around the North Terrace campus. Make the most of it, okay? Don't wait - grab your girlfriend/boyfriend and/or that babe from Introduction to Comparative Politics I, Advanced Physiology and Neurobiology III, or Architecture Practice II and get into it!

Things to consider: Who? Where? When? How? Your partner(s), location, timing and sex act of choice are all very important for an enjoyable experience of lust on campus. Over the semester we will delve into more detail on each point but this will have to do for starters.

You should also be aware of the Lust on Campus Rules of Engagement: All participants must be willing and able, all participants must take necessary safety precautions, at least one participant needs to cum in order for the act to be considered complete.

Are you already getting that tingly feeling and

starting to fidget with sexual anticipation or frustration? We sure are! If you're still feeling nervous, stay cool because as we share more about what we have learnt over the years, you'll see that there's really nothing to worry about. Also, hopefully, for those of you already feeling the love around campus, we can challenge you and make some useful suggestions to help you reach new heights!

As you rush from class to class this week, try to look at your campus in a different light. Is there a tute room seldom used that would provide some privacy? A laboratory bench top that would be the ideal height to lie back on? Get thinking and be creative and don't forget to share your ideas/exploits with friends because spreading the love is what its all about!

Love Puddin' & Rock Man

PS: Don't forget to look out for handy hints and tips for lust on campus in future!

Lusty Campus Confession #1

While flitting from dark corner to concealed park bench looking for a prime pash possie on campus after a wee bit of drinking in the city proper, the cold of the deep winter's night made any act that required a mere ruffling of clothes impossible. Fortunately in our

stumbling we came across an open window and promptly crawled through into the relative shelter of an Adelaide Uni building. Unlike most campus encounters we expected this one to be fairly safe from interruption so it was really the novelty factor and the residual thinning effect of alcohol that had blood flooding our extremities. After curiously exploring the various rooms of the structure and searching for consumables we settled on a conference room set-up, enjoying the idea of somehow tarnishing the universities attempts to raise corporate funding. Glancing up over my accomplices should mid-event I noticed something that should have been innocuous in our intial search - an alarm. I presumed that the flashing red light next to it was a bad omen and we quickly disengaged and slipped back out the window before some rather lax security guards sauntered in to find little more than a few rumped tablecloths.

Campus Kitten



Sleeping Giant Awakes

Australia's largest arts festival, the Adelaide Fringe Festival is coming out of its eighteen-month hibernation as the 2006 event quickly draws near. In a colourful launch back in June, the Fringe called for artists to register for the event and for designers to submit entries for the competition that will determine the design of the official poster. While it's too late to enter the poster competition, anyone interested in participating in the event itself is encouraged to visit <www.adelaidefringe.com.au> for all of the details.

Benedict Coxon



Baltic Brilliance

'The Lyrical Violin'
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Adelaide Town Hall
June 16

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra has presented violin concertos at two concerts within weeks of each other: Min Lee performed the Mendelssohn, and in this concert, Boris Brovstyn performed Brahms' famous work. The two soloists could not have been more different; there was no comparison between Lee's technically brilliant, but rather indifferent, performance and Brovstyn's warmth and finesse. The latter's rendition of the Brahms was part of a program with a heavy focus on Estonian music, with two of the works having been previously unperformed by Symphony Australia orchestras.

Heino Eller isn't a name many in the audience would have been familiar with, despite his influence on modern Estonian music. The concert opened with a tone poem by Eller, entitled *Dawn*, which was a pleasing, albeit rather brief, introduction to the evening. The work begins with a delightful oboe solo, and holds attention with lushness reminiscent of Grieg.

A pupil of Eller, Eduard Tubin is another name important to Estonian music. His *Symphony No. 4*, the second item on the program, reminded me very much of Vaughan-Williams' works, and to a lesser extent of Sibelius'. Having recorded all of Tubin's symphonies, Arvo Volmer was on home soil with this one and his direction was confident and passionate. The symphony's title is *Sinfonia Lirica*, and I couldn't think of a better description; sweeping passages of melody were present throughout.

With the concert coinciding with a visit to Adelaide by Peteris Vasks, the Latvian's *Cantabile* was added to the program. A stunning work in the vein of Arvo Pärt's *Cantus* in memoriam *Benjamin Britten*, it was an appropriate and enjoyable tribute.

Finally, Brovstyn strode to the stage for Brahms' *Violin Concerto*. His performance oozed musicality, and, despite a couple of minor slips, the audience was suitably impressed.

Brovstyn appeared with the ASO last year as acting concertmaster, and obviously has a terrific relationship with Volmer. Let's hope he returns.

Edward Joyner

Tough Crowd



'Let's Fall in Love'
Ann Hampton Callaway
Adelaide Cabaret Festival
The Space
14-18 June

Cabaret is a two-way street. Not only must performers put effort into their performances; audiences must respond and demonstrate some sort of engagement. It was the latter that was the problem at one of the shows in the recent Adelaide Cabaret Festival, which was attended by a Saturday night audience which would have been better off at a concert hall than the intimate, table-laden Space.

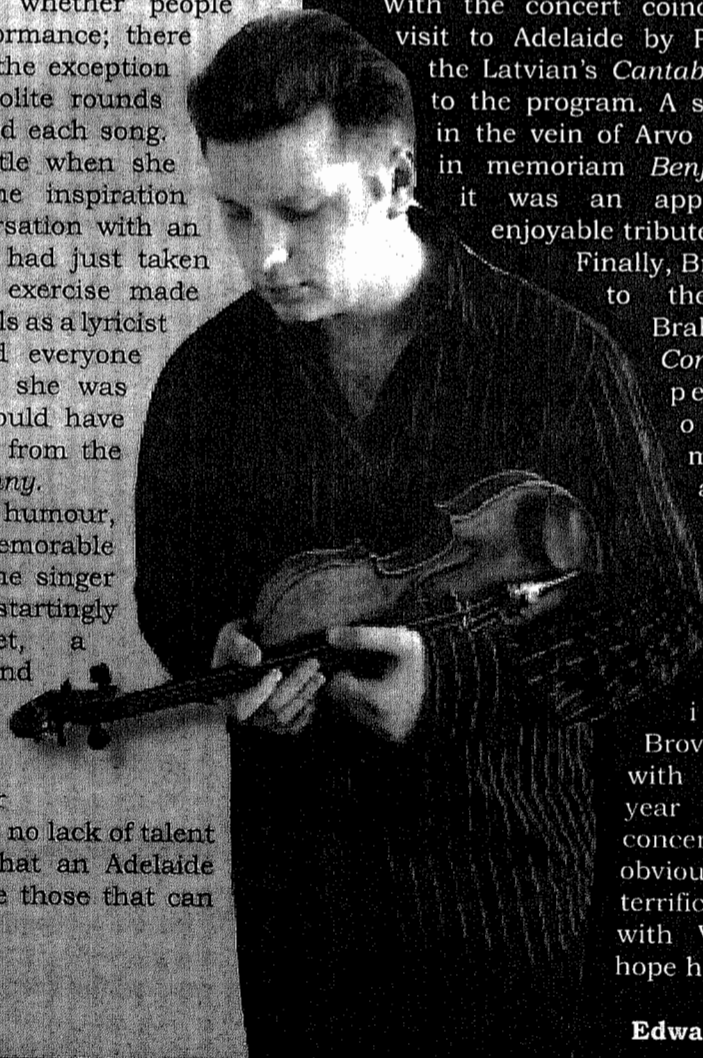
All of Hampton Callaway's considerable skills were on display as she switched from jazz standards to Van Morrison and even her own compositions. Vocally, she was difficult

to fault, with a staggering range and superb control. Neither were her pianistic talents in question, and even her choice of dress, a striking pink suit, had entertainment value.

Where the performance fell down was its reliance on some (though minimal) audience participation. Poor Hampton Callaway couldn't tell whether people were enjoying the performance; there was no response, with the exception of the excruciatingly polite rounds of applause that followed each song. Things looked up a little when she improvised a song, the inspiration for which was a conversation with an audience member that had just taken place on stage. This exercise made Hampton Callaway's skills as a lyricist especially obvious, and everyone present could tell that she was the only person who could have written the theme song from the television series *The Nanny*.

Always with a sense of humour, one of the most memorable moments came when the singer mimicked, with startlingly accuracy, a trumpet, a saxophone, a guitar and a double bass: yes, she provided her own backing band with nothing more than her voice. Indeed, there was no lack of talent on her part; it's just that an Adelaide audience isn't at all like those that can be found in New York.

Benedict Coxon





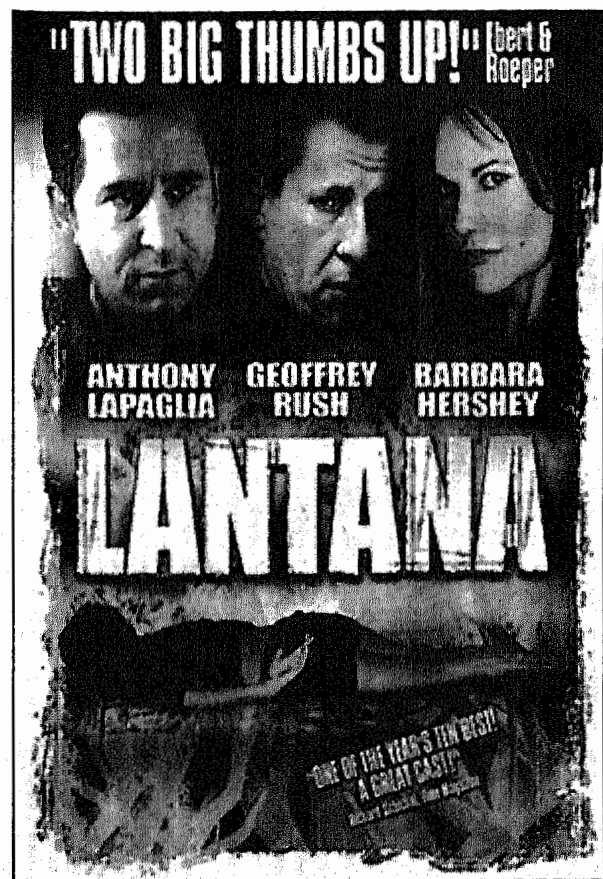
**Speaking in Tongues
Mayfair Theatre
Season Closed**

The Blackwood Players Inc, under the direction of Geoff Britain, have brought *Speaking in Tongues*, Andrew Bovell's complex play upon which the film *Lantana* was based, to the Adelaide stage. Tony Busch, Jean Walker, Bronwyn Ruciak and Peter Davies play two middle-aged couples, whose lives are brought together through a series of chaotic and rather random events. I attended a lecture series about four years ago in which playwright Andrew Bovell discussed the *Pulp Fiction* style of interwoven narratives, and he certainly has grasped the technique well. The formidable formal structure prevented the complex plot from becoming confusing, and under the sensible direction of Geoff Brittain, one could easily grasp the symmetry in the various relationships.

The acting performances were certainly competent, although almost all the actors performed more convincingly in some of the relationships than in others. Despite this, the play was well balanced; each scene flowing easily into the next as the play took on more twists and turns on the way to its final conclusion.

The Blackwood Players Inc.'s next production, *Dream Fragments*, written and directed by Tony Books, commences on November 17 at the Mayfair Theatre. More info can be found by ringing 8270 3339. If this production is anything to go by, it should certainly be worth checking out.

Matthew Salleh



*Funny
Business*

**'Night Music'
The English Concert
Musica Viva
Adelaide Town Hall
July 14**

It has been a long time since I have enjoyed an all-Mozart program, as I tend to find his music very tedious and 'same-ish', particularly in large doses. The English Concert, however, challenged my views with its novel approach to the music of our beloved Wolfgang.

Guest director Richard Egarr opened the program as fortepiano soloist in the *Piano concerto No. 13 in C major*. The 'orchestra' that accompanied him was nothing more than a string quartet - a rather smaller group than one would expect, and missing a wind section! This was not unusual in Mozart's time, however - concertos were often played with one player to each part and Mozart had marked the wind parts as optional. Egarr was brilliant from the start - his humorous and witty personality shone through in the livelier moments of the concerto, and he produced a warm, aria-like second movement. The same held true for the closing work, the *Piano concerto No 12 in A major*. The technical difficulties of the extended cadenzas (written by Mozart) in both concertos were mastered by Egarr, who provided interpretations of each that were imbued with an element of humour.

Oboist Katrina Spreckelsen had everyone holding their breath with her sparkling rendition of the virtuosic *Oboe quartet in F major*. The first and last movements were vivacious and engaging, despite the numerous 'funky fingerings' (as Spreckelsen so aptly described them) that she was forced to use because of her choice of period instrument. In contrast, the soloist brought out the touchingly expressive qualities of the *Adagio* with great emotion without losing any accuracy.

The other offering was *Eine kleine nachtmusik*, arguably Mozart's most famous work, and sure to provoke groans from many musicians (particularly members of string quartets). However, throwing a fortepiano into the string serenade sparked a little intrigue. Put Richard Egarr behind that fortepiano and you have a positively refreshing result! Throughout the pomposity of the *Allegro*, the tenderness of the *Romance*, the light-heartedness of the *Menuetto and Trio* and the vivacity of the *Rondo*, Egarr punctuated the music with his own comments, often comical and adventurous. It was almost too much - the music was taken to stylistic extremes by the group. However, they got away with it through an exceptionally tight ensemble and an obviously thorough knowledge of the music, and both of these elements were features of the evening.

The arrangement of Mozart's *Rondo alla Turca* that served as an encore and gave the performers their first chance to be on stage all at the same time, summed up the evening perfectly; a fresh take on some old classics!

Ashleigh Gold



*Quintessential
Pianist*



**'Famous Fives'
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Festival Theatre
July 8-9**

There was a strong all-round effort on the part of the orchestra as the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra moved past the halfway mark of its Master Series, but it was pianist Paul Lewis whose playing was the highlight of this concert. It was a rare treat to hear a member of the next generation of world-class soloists, especially one as fine as him.

His showcase was Beethoven's *Piano Concerto No. 5*, widely regarded as one of the composer's most accomplished works. Lewis more than did it justice; he gave a performance that made it truly musical. While Beethoven's music tends to be heavy and is often given performances that exaggerate its weight, Lewis' approach was restrained and extraordinarily delicate. Anyone who hadn't checked the program might have thought that Mozart was top of the bill! The pianist's precision was most obvious in the outer movements, though his account of the *Adagio un poco mosso* was equally pleasing for its lightness.

This was all a huge improvement on the unspectacular opening item: 'V' by Australian composer Carl Vine. An unimaginative piece that was presumably only chosen to fit with the quinary theme of the concert, its shining virtue was its brevity.

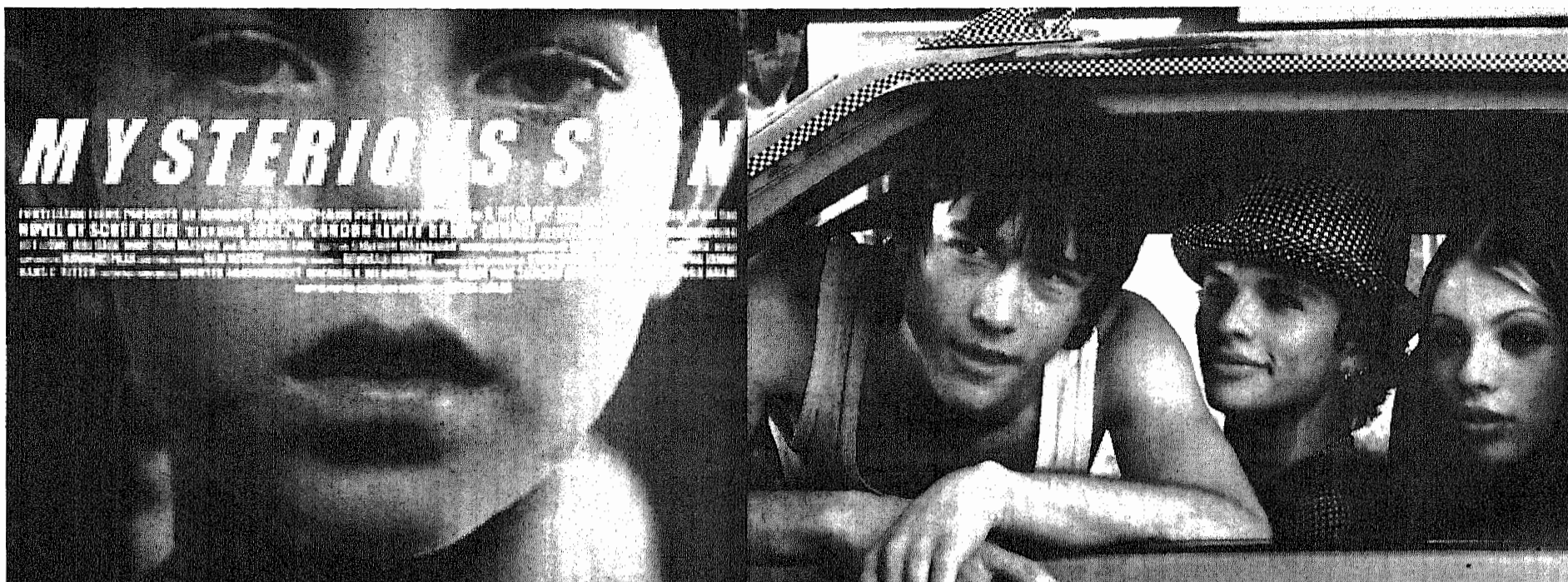
The second half of the program was comprised entirely of Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 5*, which firmly focussed the spotlight on the orchestra. On the whole, the players made the most of their opportunity, with conductor Arvo Volmer bringing out both the grandeur and the high emotion of the work. The orchestra responded well to his direction with a committed performance, let down only by some second-rate horn playing. This is not the first time this year that the horn section has dropped the ball. One feels that if it does not improve, it will be at risk of detracting from the professionalism that the ASO prides itself on.

But this problem was only minor in the context of what was an exceptional evening of music-making. Two things were clear: the ASO's players continue to work well with its music director and Paul Lewis, already a rising star of some luminosity, proved himself to be one to watch.

Benedict Coxon

MYSTERIOUS SKIN

THE FILM IS A MAJOR PRODUCTION BY MISTERY SKIN FILMS. IT IS A MAJOR PRODUCTION BY MISTERY SKIN FILMS. IT IS A MAJOR PRODUCTION BY MISTERY SKIN FILMS.



I think *Mysterious Skin* will be banned. Many less offensive and graphic films have been minced by the Classification Board without the slightest apprehension. I won't go into a censorship essay - providing something is still definable as a "piece of art", I believe it should be unclassifiable - but there is something to be said about the new wave of cinema, that strives to extract beauty in the most beastly of acts. This form of cinematography has regressed quickly. *Mysterious Skin* uses this to the extent of modern day horror, or trash, a cheap way of shocking the bejesus out of an audience. Considering the bloodline that bore *Mysterious Skin*, this was on the cards. The first modern use of 'beauty in bestiality' I can think of is in Todd Solondz' *Happiness*. Countless acts of slow motion or painfully light coloured terror are used as a psychological nightmare. The images of the father's paedophilia, and miserable acts of self-abuse that are glorified in pain hit a psychological and intellectual vein. Solondz was playing with fire, but in an exciting, experimental way. This style was mocked in Sam Mendes' *American Beauty*. The flowers surrounding depictions of underage lust, and the "so much beauty in the world" scene, bent this cinematic styling into a much more mainstream and beautifying consciousness. Intensifying the horror by moulding it into a ballet of synchronicity and colour was a progression in two ways. Firstly, *American Beauty*'s popularity whetted the public's interest in this shock style, which demands the line to be pushed if it is used again. Also it stopped intensifying the scenes straight away and instead of adding a childlike disbelief and innocence such as *Happiness* did it enabled a second-wave effect of shock. By showing a scene of beauty before the brain realises the wrongness of an action this style is granted an even stronger attack. Which brings the evolution of this cinematography to its current state. Namely, the slow motion scene in *Mysterious Skin* which shows cascading sugar and Fruit Loops before the crunching of a child's body under man-weight.

While it is controversy now, in retrospect it will be nothing but a banal fear of our generation. Just as the fifties spawned alien invasion films reflecting their Communist fears, *Day of the Triffids*, *It Came from Outer Space* and *The Thing*, the 21st century is hung up on the obscenities that they are faced with in the six o'clock news - paedophilia, mediocrity and beatings. And those are the high points of *Mysterious Skin*.

James Cameron



Mysterious Skin - Haunting brilliance or sensatonalist tripe?

To say *Mysterious Skin* is about the search for redemption for two victims of childhood sexual abuse is to unfairly simplify. Based on Scott Heim's novel, *Mysterious Skin* is a brave, daring and complex film about the shattering of innocence and dark and shadowed roads travelled towards understanding. It avoids caricatures and stereotypes and refuses to attribute its characters' development to simplistic levels of cause and effect.

Neil and Brian are like two marbles struck by a third; the collision sends them spiralling in opposite directions. While Neil trades on his immense sexual magnetism, Brian dwells in introversion, sexual immaturity and obsessive fantasy, believing the repressed memories he has of his abuse to be evidence of an alien abduction. His search for answers leads him towards Neil, by now a gay hustler drowning in the current of his own sexuality. Despite the role the younger Neil played in Brian's abuse, the two fit together as a whole and are able to move towards a new, albeit murky future.

Gregg Araki has created a masterpiece with his portrayal of these many fractured souls. The characters orbiting around Brian and Neil are all damaged in some way. Indeed, after being pressed into the cereal on the floor by Coach, Neil remarks to himself that the colourful mess "looked like a broken kaleidoscope... a children's toy". Heim's characters are like this - crushed fragments of a beautiful, broken innocence.

Any film dealing with a controversial subject like paedophilia is bound to be heavily criticised by some, but Araki has refused to take the easy exits. He avoids creating black and white reactions to the abuse in the characters, preferring to show how differently people in these situations often react. Neil's overwhelming sexuality as

a child and instant desire for Coach leads him to believe that what they shared was real love. His subsequent rejection of intimacy is brought to light in the most telling of lines: "If I wasn't a queer, Wendy and I would have ended up having sloppy teenage sex, getting pregnant and then married. But we didn't and instead she became my soulmate." Controversial though it may be, allowing Neil to express these emotions grants the audience an even greater depth of understanding of victims and repulsion for their abusers. It's challenging to consider, while knowing the relationship remains utterly and completely wrong, that Neil might actually have been a willing and desiring participant. At one point, he describes Coach as being "the only person who'll ever love me like that". Herein lies the greatest of tragedies: Brian is haunted by the abuse taking place; Neil, by its ending.

Mysterious Skin's power lies in its willingness to portray these reactions in some victims of sexual abuse. Through Brian's implicit forgiveness in the final scenes, Neil is perhaps able to recognise at least a partial truth of his relationship with Coach and touch upon a greater depth of non sexual intimacy than he has ever experienced. *Mysterious Skin* in no way glorifies paedophilia, nor is it as some critics claim a how-to guide for the would-be deviant. It is a brutal, frank portrayal of the emotional destruction created by sexual abuse and it certainly holds no punches. Difficult to watch and intensely haunting, it's a movie that will stay with you for days, possibly inspire intense debate and hopefully remove from the shadows the victims whose lives are so often forgotten after the fact.

Clementine Ford

There is that in me - I do not know what it is - but I know it is in me.

A Girl's Guide to Hot Lesbo Flicks

by Clementine Ford



But I'm A Cheerleader Laine Cobbitt (1997)

Megan's (Natasha Lyonne) friends and family are worried about her. She has too many posters of girls in her locker, hugs her friends 'way too much', eats tofu and listens to Melissa Etheridge music. She doesn't even like to kiss her boyfriend

(possibly because his technique is reminiscent of an eel caught in a spin dryer - delicious...) The night before the Big Game, they stage an intervention and send her away to True Directions, a rehabilitation centre for homosexuals. Forced to admit to homosexuality to begin their first steps to a True Direction, Megan and her fellow inmates are re-trained in their respective gender roles. Megan really wants to cure her homosexuality, but finds it difficult the more she gets to know the foxy Graham (Clea Duvall).

This one's a keeper for any dedicated lesbian's film vault. Not only is it kitsch and hilarious, it has a killer soundtrack and features the delectable Clea Duvall to boot. The most disturbing part about it is realising that rehab centres like this really do exist in the US. Like, gay teens are really going to get straight by sleeping in the same room as other oppressed homos.

Memorable Quote: "Foreplay is for pussies! A real man goes in, unloads and pulls out!"

The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls In Love

Marla Maggenti (1995)

A wrong side of the tracks story with a twist, *Two Girls In Love* takes all the elements of this genre and demonstrates the universality of all kinds of sexual love.

Randy (Laurel Holloman) is your average, emotionally fucked up teenage lesbian looking for love in all the wrong places. She lives with her aunt in a house full of other lesbians, works at the local gas station and is having an affair with a married woman. Evie (Nicole Ari Parker) is popular, wealthy and apparently straight. With a little sprinkling of magical fairy dust, the two unexpectedly begins spending time with each other, much to the chagrin of Evie's snobby friends. When they become lovers, the social shit really hits the fan. This movie is like what would happen if Bender and Claire from *The Breakfast Club* got together for real, except he was a small blonde girl and she was black and not annoying.

Memorable Scene: Evie telling Randy how beautiful she is when they make love for the first time.



When Night Is Falling Patricia Rozemo (1995)

Canada - veritable Mecca of ye olde Licker Flicker. Often vaguely theatrical and amateurish, Canada's contribution to the genre is no less welcome than its flashier neighbour's. Especially not when they manage to make a repressed yet sexy, engaged Christian teacher fall in love with a lithe, black trapeze artist. *When Night Is Falling* isn't just contrived titillation however; it explores interesting ideas of how homosexuality may fit into religion and vice versa, as well as the notion that what we may think we know and trust is really just an illusion and the best choice we might make in life is just to close our eyes and jump.

Memorable Quote: "Camille, I'd love to see you in the moonlight with your head thrown back and your body on fire..."



Fire Deepa Mehta (1996)

Banned in India and Pakistan for daring to name the love that, well, dare not speak its name, *Fire* is the subtly sexy story of Sita (Nandita Das) and Radha (Shabana Azmi), sisters in law who become lovers.

Both are unhappily married, Sita to a philanderer, Radha to a spiritualist who has not touched her in 15 years. After Sita arrives to take her place in the family household, Radha is taken by her independent and free spirited ways. Slowly, their passion for each other grows resulting in their decision to radically depart from the traditional roles that they, as Indian women, have had set out for them from birth.

Deepa Mehta's *Fire* is revolutionary because it not only exposed on celluloid what had never been acknowledged, but refused to dole out punishment to the women at film's end.

Memorable Quote: "What good will telling him do? Don't you see? There is no word in our language for what we are."



Better Than Chocolate Anne Wheeler (1996)

Canada continues the tradition of melding greater issues bar homosexuality into their homo flicks with Anne Wheeler's beautiful film.

Pornography, censorship and prejudice to the 'other' are given a thorough bashing here along with the obligatory familial coming

out scene and lesbian self awareness. There's nothing much to say about *Better Than Chocolate* you won't already know - it's a favourite darling of SBS and any licker worth her salt will have watched it in shadows by the time she's 15 anyway.

Memorable hot love scene: When Maggie and Lila cover themselves in paint and make beautiful art together - completely wanky in a Canadian arthouse way, but visually pleasing nonetheless.



My Summer of Love Pawel Pawlikowski (2004)

The only one on the list not made by a woman, *My Summer of Love* is perhaps my favourite of them all. Blended with rich colours and scorching Yorkshire scenery, Emily Blunt and Natalie Press burn on the screen as Tamsin and Mona. Isolated in their small Yorkshire town during the summer holidays, working class Mona meets posh toff Tamsin on the moors and a dangerous game of obsession and fantasy begins. With no one around to mind them, Mona and Tamsin retreat into a fantastical world coloured by loneliness and desire that ultimately is set to implode upon them. *My Summer of Love* is different to other Licker Flickers because it isn't solely restricted to the genre - it is a tale not of love but obsession and equally holds its place amongst any in its ranks. Plus, Emily Blunt is a goddamn stone fox. *My Summer of Love* is like *Heavenly Creatures* meets *Wuthering Heights* but minus the gothic madness and irritating accents.

Memorable Scene: Mona popping her head out of the bath and pretending to be the anti-Christ while Tamsin paints her nails.

Memorable Quote: "I'm going to marry a total bastard and then wait for cancer or the menopause to get me."

Honourable mention: Tamsin standing in a robe eating an apple. It's on the posters - see it and tremble with unbridled lust.

I do not know it - it is without name - it is a word unsaid. It is not in any dictionary, utterance, symbol.

ROSENSTRASSE

Director: Margarethe von Trotta

Starring: Katja Reitmair, Maria Schrader & Martin Feifel

When this film begins, you get this uneasy feeling that it's going to be shit. Something about the acting and the dynamics between the characters in these early scenes hints at it being a cheap B-grade film, so you begin to wonder why the Palace would release it and you dread the two hours ahead. BUT almost as soon as this feeling settles deep in your chest, it disappears, as the storyline gets into full swing and you realise it's not a cheap B-grade waste of time, but a great movie demonstrating a little known event during Nazi rule in Germany.

Rosenstrasse is about the fate of 'intermarried' Jews in Nazi Germany during the war and the peaceful and successful protest engineered by their Aryan spouses. Despite laws stating that Jews married to Aryans would be safe from capture by the government, these Jews and their children were rounded up and kept at Rosenstrasse. Any attempt made by their spouse to find them would be met with a recommendation by the authorities to divorce then, if that was rejected, general contempt for "Jew-loving whores". When eventually they did find them, the women maintained a vigil outside the building, in the freezing cold, just waiting for their husbands to be released, while trying everything possible to make this happen (I say 'women' because, despite many Jewish women being captured and detained as well, most of their husbands either filed for divorce or preferred to stay home). This impressive persistence did not let them down because within a week they had nagged the authorities into submission.

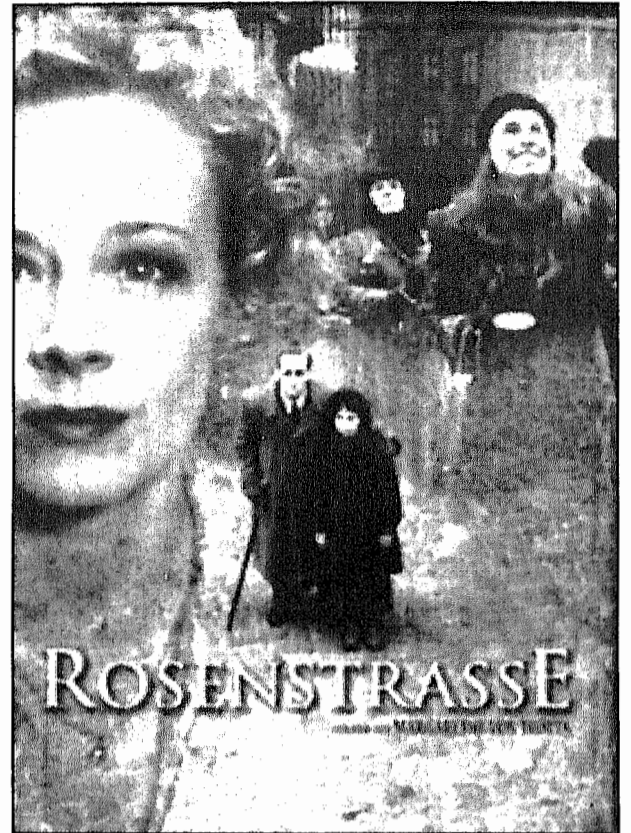
While many different stories are woven in, we mainly follow the story of Lena Fischer, the blonde blue-eyed daughter of a German aristocrat, who was disowned by her Nazi father after she married a talented Jewish musician. When her rather good-looking husband is put in Rosenstrasse, ten years later, she becomes a leader among the waiting women and the film follows her many attempts to get the detained released. She is an impressive woman: beautiful, intelligent, a talented musician herself, and her desperation is acutely felt. Katja Riemann does an excellent job of portraying this dynamic character as she walks a moral fine line with what she will and won't try to help her husband.

Director Margarethe von Trotta chooses flashbacks to tell this story. The crappy B-grade bits are set in present day New York, but the majority of the film is in Nazi Germany. The different styles she uses between the two time periods really does contrast them nicely, even if they did initially make me slightly hysterical.

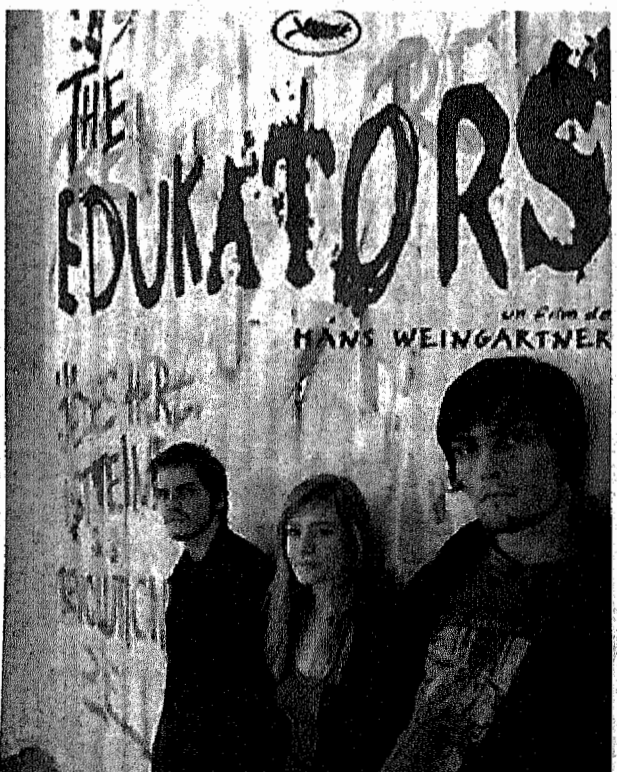
Reading back over this, I realise it's a really crap review. And I apologise. I'm hung over, my hair's wet and I have to go to work in ten minutes. But don't hold the crap review against this film. It was truly wonderful - very interesting, very well acted, and a nice change from the heavy films we usually see addressing this time. That's not to say that it's light-hearted or a chick flick, it is a serious film. But this was perhaps the only happy ending for Jews in Nazi Germany, and the film reflects it.



Soph.



The huddled masses



THE EDUKATORS

Director: Hans Weingartner

Starring: Daniel Brühl, Julia Jentsch & Stipe Erceg

While I was watching *The Edukators* I expected that it would have a long lasting impression, one that would kindle the activist flame within and inspire me to change the world. Other than the superficiality of my double Deutsch crush, the film's intended messages wore thin quite quickly as they weren't incredibly revolutionary (although this may be a case of preaching to the converted). Perhaps it was an attempt to give the I'm-rejecting-the-establishment-in-my-two-hundred-dollar-jeans-kids, a crash course in politics.

The Edukators is set in Berlin around three central characters and their staunch anti-capitalist ideologies. Jan (Daniel Brühl, *Good Bye, Lenin!*), Peter (Stipe Erceg) and Jule (Julia Jentsch) are all twenty-something activists, but Jan and Peter take it to the next level to become 'The Edukators'. The pair tactically break into the homes of the wealthy and turn their lavish interiors inside out and upside down, always leaving a calling card behind of 'your days of plenty are numbered' or simply 'you have too much money', instilling a different kind of fear into the affluent.

Peter's girlfriend Jule not only has a global hatred for the inequalities of capitalism, but is personally experiencing its backlash as her days are devoted to working a crap job to pay off a Mercedes that she crashed into. While

Peter is in Barcelona, Jule with the assistance of Jan seeks out retribution against the Mercedes owner which inevitably goes wrong. Peter returns and joins the pair and they dig themselves deeper into trouble. They leave Berlin and head for a cabin in the mountains with Mr Mercedes aka Hardenberg (Burghart Klaußner) in tow.

Weingartner has created an exciting, romantic, and engaging film. My only criticisms would be its predictability and that, for such a supposedly forward thinking film, there is a subtext that when women are involved things are bound to go wrong. Although I was disappointed with the film's resemblance to so many teen road trips, their conversations were laden with enough one-liners to keep me engrossed and happily nodding along.

It was fascinating but also disheartening to see the two generations philosophising together over many joints. It accentuated the lack of change over the decades but also the reality of many baby boomers that were once so passionate but then one day find themselves voting conservative. While *The Edukators* provokes thought about economic relativism and different styles of activism the ideology of the film seems to convey that political activism is a pointless plight.



Anna Erceg

MY SUMMER OF LOVE

Director: Pawel Pawlikowski

Starring: Nathalie Press, Emily Blunt, Paddy Considine

Mona (Press), a Yorkshire teenager, is preparing for a long boring summer in her small town. Living only with her older brother Phil (Considine), in the family pub he has converted into a house of worship after his born-again experiences in the clink, Mona feels alone and alienated. Until she meets Tamsin (Blunt), a wealthy Londoner, staying in her family "holiday home" (translation: palace) with "trouble" written all over her flawless face. Mona is entranced and so begins another coming of age tale with a little more substance than the run-of-the-mill rite of passage film.

The two girls give striking performances, especially Press as the impressionable and frivolous Mona. Having seen her exceptional performance in the short film *Wasp* during Flickerfest earlier this year, my hit prediction is Press becoming a big name in English cinema

pretty damn soon. Considine is also notable as Mona's conflicted brother.

Lovely Head, by Goldfrapp, is played throughout the film lending itself to the moody, dreamy atmosphere of Summer. I was reminded of *The Virgin Suicides* on more than one occasion during the film, especially superficially by the music, but the depressive tones of Virgin are not as evident. The scenery is nicely juxtaposed between Mona's sparse hillside community and Tamsin's lush green Secret Garden-esque manor.

Occasionally a tad slow, *My Summer of Love* is still a beautiful and thoughtful little gem of a film. With the emotive tunes and lavish landscapes complimenting the tale of two girls sexual and emotional awakening, it's easy to be lured into their world.



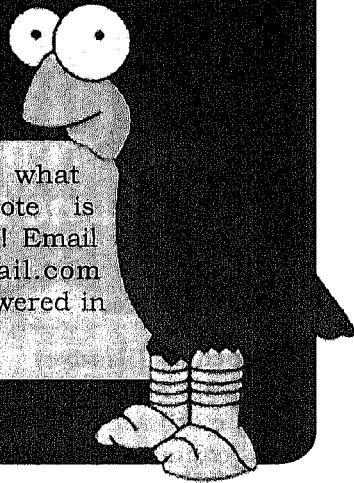
Lucky L



QUOTE THE RAVEN

"That's what I love about these high school girls man, I get older... they stay the same age"

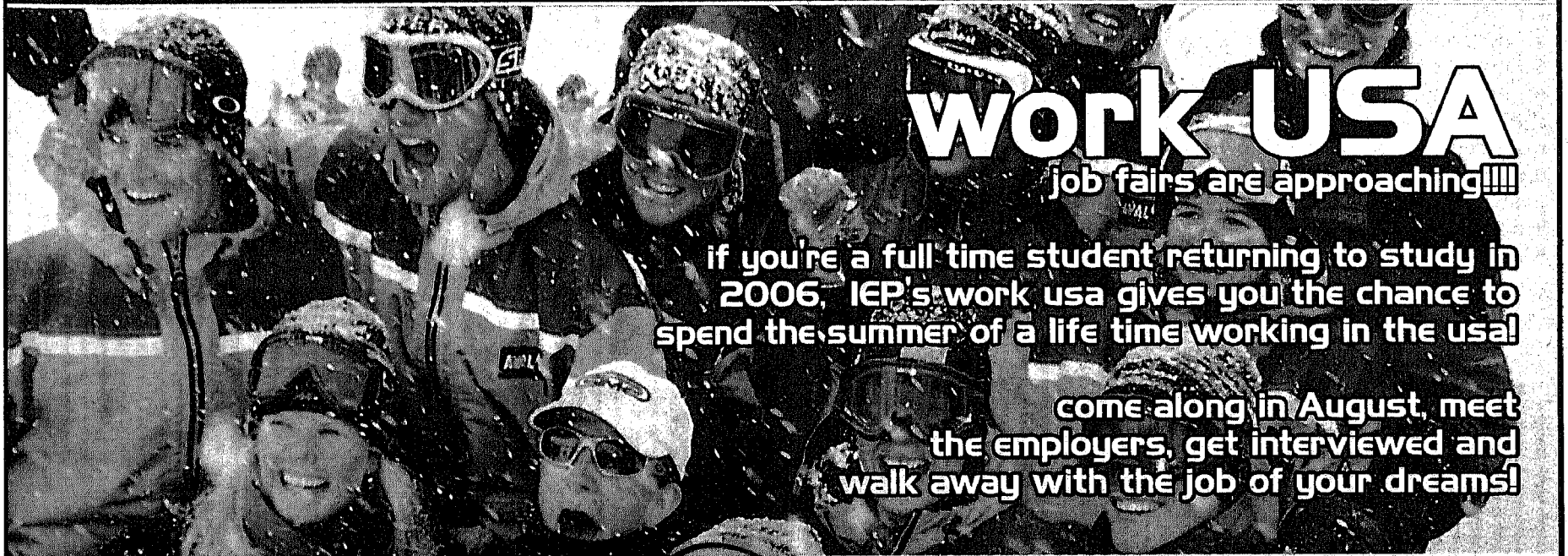
If you know what movie this quote is from let us know! Email onditfilm@hotmail.com and you'll be showered in prizes.



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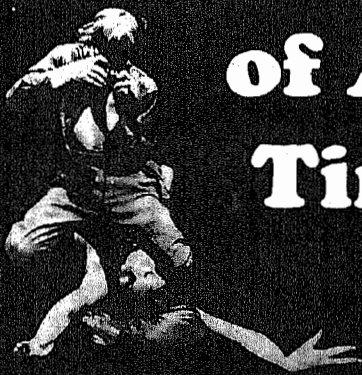
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The Top 5 Cinema Sex Scenes of All Time



Mulholland Drive: Though having Naomi Watts in a breast fondling lesbian encounter was perhaps Lynch's only stroke of genuine genius, this scene is one of the hottest committed to film because of the way that Lynch fondles our brains in the hour earlier. Watts gushes out all of the intensity of the previous mood saturated scenes while sharing a bed for the first time with her (imaginary?) idol. Sorry guys, the experience is purely a cerebral one.

Ninth Gate: Johnny Depp acts out prophesised biblical procreation with his supposed guardian angel. As a castle burst into flames in the background she undergoes some subtle metamorphosis before Depp transcends into white light.

Bound: In feverish thrusting of tongues and fingers two dark, slightly androgynous lesbians bring each other to the point of bliss.

What starts as a slow, soft and sensual sex scene succumbs to unmitigated heat as Gina Gershon and Jennifer Tilly turn the tension of an hour's forplay into some of the hottest 30 seconds ever to grace the screen.

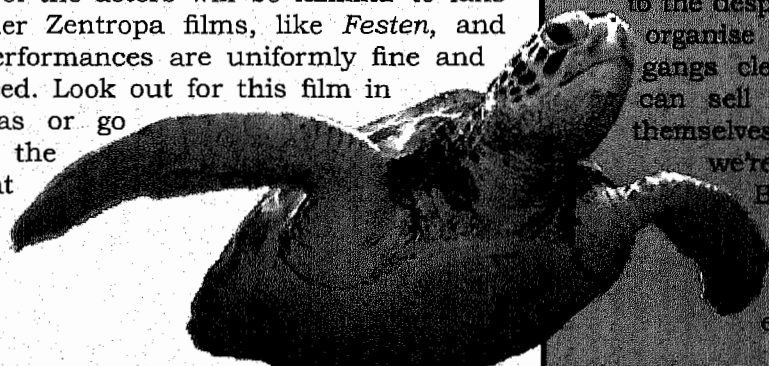
The Secretary: A masturbatory marathon. After a tense hour or so of teasing bondage play and submissive posturing Maggie Gyllenhall expectantly bends over the office desk for a punding from James Spader. Desperate to maintain the status quo Spader stops short of penetration and spansk one out onto her back. Thoroughly aroused Maggie runs off to the loo with the kinkiness fresh in her mind and an itch betwixt her thighs.

Beyond the Clouds: The German protagonist caresses his languid female counterpart without ever touching her, running his hands all over but a few millimetres above her body.

Carl Nilsson-Polias reports from the Melbourne International Film Festival

Brothers (Brødre) Denmark

It's nice to see that the Zentropa film house has continued to grow since *Dogme* was exposed as the publicity stunt that some had suspected all along. This film from director Susanne Bier (*Open Hearts*) examines a story which, in its domestic detail and specificity, captures all of the epic proportions of a Greek tragedy or an Old Testament tale. The perilous depths of fraternal love, admiration and enmity are presented in beautifully wrought scenes of understated grief—the deft editing and mise-en-scene do the talking for the overwhelmed characters—as well as hilarious episodes of family minutiae. Some of the actors will be familiar to fans of other Zentropa films, like *Festen*, and the performances are uniformly fine and nuanced. Look out for this film in cinemas or go pester the kids at Kino.



Turtles Can Fly Kurdistan

The ceaseless woes of the Kurdish people have been far from unrecognised in the past decade. Their persecution at the hands of Iraq, Turkey and Iran (the countries which the unofficial territory of Kurdistan overlaps) has been unabatedly awful, to say the least. So, it is with the weightiest of historical baggage that Bahman Ghobadi's film, set in Kurdistan before and during the latest American invasion, comes to our screens. Yet, the film stands up as a sublime and original cinematic vision.

Turtles Can Fly is a film based on children, somewhat in the vein of *Lord of the Flies* or the more recent *City of God*. Our protagonist is Satellite, named so for his remarkable capacity to source satellite dishes for Kurdish villages desperate for international news that might herald the liberating forces of "Mr Bush". Satellite is the best advertisement for the entrepreneurial spirit in a free-market economy that I've ever come across—his pragmatic approach to the desperation of his situation is to organise refugee children into work gangs clearing landmines that they can sell or barter with to provide themselves with a livelihood. Clearly we're not talking about the Brady Bunch kids here and it is a credit to Ghobadi's direction that the children's performances are both engaging and charming

without treading into the mire of arch cuteness or naiveté.

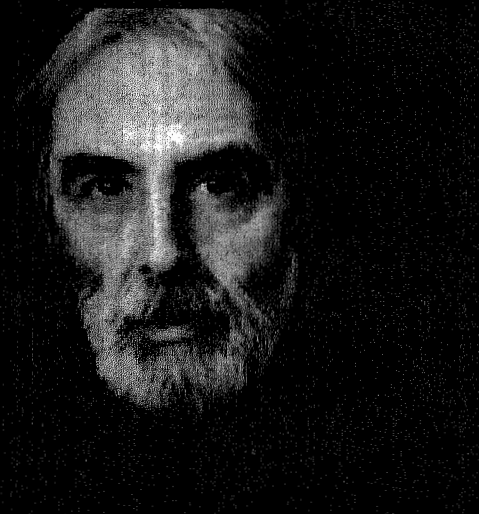
The film's tone is at once affrontingly authentic—dystopic landscapes of obsolete and burnt out munitions—and magically surreal. Ghobadi knows better than to give the viewers an overly earnest and dully detached documentary style. The horrifying subject matter and remarkably beautiful and unsympathetic landscapes of grey mountains and mine-infested fields demand a heightened style. There is nothing quotidian about this story, or at least there shouldn't be, but this is of course an all too real everyday life for too many people. Ghobadi invests the story with a thrilling level of metaphor and allegory. There is no cheap symbolism, just carefully and subtly created elements and storylines that in their content and execution parallel the enticing but rapacious poetry of Ovid.

In many respects, it's amazing that this film was made at all. Ghobadi introduced the film (it was the Australian premiere) and explained that, being made only two months after the fall of Saddam, the entire film crew had to enter Iraq illegally and were under constant threat in the generally anarchic post-war situation. Fortunately, they had forty peshmerga as bodyguards but what they need now is the support of audiences—the film was entirely independently made—and, in a stroke of good fortune for Ghobadi and prospective audiences alike, *Turtles Can Fly* is getting a general theatrical release. See it.

Hidden (Caché) France, Germany, Austria, Italy

Seems half of Western Europe got together to create this film, directed by Michael Haneke (*Funny Games*). And, strangely enough, a co-production between a dozen organizations has created a distinct, individually brilliant and exciting movie. This is a searing thriller that uses no soundtrack, no clear bad guy and no fast editing to create its suspense. Haneke's use of timing is exemplary and probably explains why he received the Best Director award at Cannes this year. We are presented with fixed camera positions, long takes and an otherwise unsettlingly voyeuristic eyepiece on the world of the Laurent family (Daniel Auteuil, Juliette Binoche and Lester

Makedonsky). The ensuing drama is neither uneventful nor bombastic. Rather, Haneke layers one note of tension upon another so gradually and intelligently that the shockingly abrupt chords that arise are both frightening and deadly serious. One could sense the sold-out audience holding its breath and gasping as though they were one enormous set of lungs—a telling example of the visceral quality of the film. Unpredictable, unrelenting and unsentimental, *Hidden* is undeniably great. Indeed, when a film continues to both invoke your imagination and your emotions after several days, you have experienced something as close to divinity as this atheistic soul is likely to get.



diary cover competition 200506

< think you can do better than this?

The AUU is calling for entries to this years 'Student Dairy Cover Competition', with the winning entry to be printed on the front of the 2006 student diary. Not only will your design be printed on 15 000 diaries but you could also win some fantastic prizes. And if you still need convincing... if you don't enter the cover could end up looking like this.

Entries must to be:

145 mm x 210mm
(plus 3 mm bleed)

*Bleed just means allow an extra 3mm all the way around your artwork. This way we don't get any nasty bits of white space that we didn't want when the print is cropped. Please be advised that white space isn't inherently nasty, in fact we quite like it.

Artwork can be supplied in the following formats

EPS / TIFF / JPEG / PSD (Photoshop)
AI (Illustrator) / FHD (Freehand)

... and should be supplied on CD at a minimum resolution of 300dpi. Drop CD's into: **Union Information, Ground Floor, Lady Symon Building, Nth. Tce Campus.**

If you don't have a computer don't worry you can still enter. Just take a picture of your:

Painting, Etching, Sketch, Sculpture
Earth-art, Intricate reed weaving

...then send us the image on CD (however you might need to borrow a friends computer to burn the CD).

Alternatively files can be sent to
design@adelaide.edu.au

This doesn't mean that you can make them teeny-weeny @ 72dpi so they email better though, they still have to be 300dpi

Any questions regarding artwork specifications should be directed to: design@adelaide.edu.au

**Entries Close
October 14th 2005**



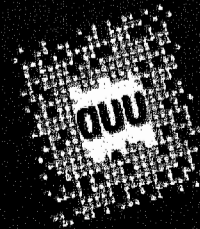
www.union.adelaide.edu.au

UNION ACTIVITIES

THE WHEN, WHAT,
WHERE, AND WHO OF
CAMPUS ACTIVITIES

August 3 rd	Lunch, Ultimate Frisbee Club BBQ Barr Smith Lawns, Sports
August 3 rd	Evening, James Hickey (acoustic guitarist/singer) Rumours Café, UAC
August 4 th	Evening, Social Gathering Equinox, OSA
August 4 th	4:30 - 7pm, Waite Careers Expo National Wine Centre Busby Hall, WISA
August 4 th	Lunch, Evangelical Union - BBQ Cloisters, Clubs
August 4 th	Lunch, Sexuality Dept Picnic Barr Smith Lawns, SAUA
August 8 th	All day, Womens Dept Cinema, SAUA
August 6 & 9-13	Evening, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY Little Theatre, Theatre Guild
August 9 th	Evening, National Band Comp- Heat One UniBar, UAC
August 10 th	Evening, National Band Comp- Heat Two UniBar, UAC
August 10 th	1pm, National Day of Action Barr Smith Lawns, SAUA
August 10 th	Lunch, Ultimate Frisbee Club BBQ Barr Smith Lawns, Sports
August 11 th	Evening, National Band Comp- Heat Three UniBar, UAC
August 11 th	7pm, Film Society Film Cinema, Film Society
August 11 th	Lunch, Environment Dept - Bike Tuning Barr Smith Lawns, SAUA
August 14 th	10 - 4, Adelaide University Open Day North Tce Campus, University
August 16 - 20	Evening, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY Little Theatre, Theatre Guild
August 17 th	Evening, James Hickey (acoustic guitarist/singer) Rumours Café, AUU
August 18 th	Evening, ALEXISONFIRE (Can) and guests UniBar, AUU
August 19 th	Evening, National Band Comp - Campus Final UniBar, UAC
August 20 th	Evening, Eighteen Visions and guests UniBar, AUU
August 20 th	OSA Cup, OSA
August 26 th	Evening, The Panics and guests UniBar, AUU
August 29- Sep 2	All day, ELECTION WEEK Barr Smith Lawns, AUU & SAUA
Sept 10 th	Evening, Waite Ball - WISA Waite Campus

The Union Activities Committee is a service of
the Adelaide University Union



Homo-Hop!

The Story of Queer Hip-Hop



Marlon Riggs was attracted to the snapping rhythm of the men who were speaking at a local poetry workshop. The rhythm, the rhyme, the cadence of each speaker's voice brought to the fore the imaginary, silent world in which black men were made to inhabit for so long. He realized that the poetry of America's white history could never portray the experience, the suffering and the longing that African-Americans had been made to hide for centuries; and so, after filming the men at the "Other Countries Poetry Workshop" in New York, Riggs did what no one had before him. He documented the nature of America's racist and homophobic existence in what became the film *Tongues Untied*, a documentary about black sexuality - that "triple taboo", which, in the minds of the "white conservatives and religious fundamentalists of the time", equated to an "unspeakable obscenity".

So it was quite fitting that Juba Kalamka met Tim'm T. West at the 10th anniversary of the screening of *Tongues Untied* at the San Francisco Gay and Lesbian Film Festival. Tim'm was performing a spoken word piece, after the film had ended, called "Quickie", about being queer and black in a hip-hop setting. The piece only went for about 30 seconds but it was enough to get Kalamka interested. Talking to Tim'm after the show, the two decided to create something original. Not just a queer band, or a hip-hop/spoken word collective, but rather a collective of like-minded individuals who were passionate about queer, black sensibility and who could, through a hip-hop medium, create a sound unlike any other. A sound, or rather a lyrics based, deluge that would create a distinct expression of "cultural resistance, community building and cultural affirmation." The group, the Deep Dickollective, or D/DC as it became known, was, says Kalamka: "...an ironic challenge to phallo-centricism. At the same time it was like "deep diction", it was a joke about ["deep diction"], about thought and about writing. We wanted to do some hip-hop and we wanted a name that was about being funny and about being fun. At the same time we wanted to do something where you wouldn't be able to get around sex, or sexuality or blackness in everything that we were doing."

Kalamka grew up in a hip-hop world. It is as much a part of his world, as is, say, his queer identity. The frustration that he and Tim'm West felt about the state of the spoken-word scene in the San Francisco Bay area - that day they came up with the name of the collective - was the catalyst that brought his study into sexuality and his love for hip-hop together and while the group may have started as a joke, the D/DC is now a successful hip-hop collective who are, hopefully, by the time of the anniversary of the Million Man march in October, about to release their fifth album.

Having been around for over five years, the D/DC is not new to the American music scene. What they have brought to life however, that stands them apart from other hip-hop groups, is a poetic appreciation of the queer sensibility. The D/DC has consistently tried to explore queerness in all its manifestations. For Kalamka, this has meant exploring his own prejudices about sexual identity. The inclusion of Marcus Van, a female to male transgender artist a couple of years ago, produced a stifled-backlash from other queer men who were familiar with D/DC's music. "They had in their own minds that we were gay in this particular kind of way; that we were mono-sexual in a particular kind of way. Always for us this was about interrogating our constructions and our experiences of black masculinity and black maleness and where we

want to go with that; about interrogating our own misogyny, our own trans-phobia and our own sexism; about work we have to do with ourselves internally"

A constant re-appreciation of queer struggle has also led to mixed reactions from people who were at first supportive of the group. Rave reviews of D/DC's first album, *BougieBohoPostPomoAfroHomo* left the group with a sense of achievement, but at the same time the ability for critics to "pigeon-hole" them as queer without an appreciation of the African-American hip-hop tradition that preceded them was, for Tim'm West, a way for their audience to skirt around the issues. An emphasis on the two - the collective members' sexuality and their place in the hip-hop world - is what stands out most remarkably in their latest recording, *Them Niggers Who Went and Said...*, but it has also caused a further mild response from what were once friendly media. "I have sent the EP and the last album to some of the same people who reviewed the first album and they refused to review it - they won't touch it. It's because it's a more cogent, solidified and a much more fore grounded dialogue on race and sexuality, not something that you could pick up if you're black and bourgeois and gay, pick it up and name drop it."

There are now queer hip-hop heads sprouting up all around the globe, and while the message they might be sending is inevitably going to spur on a fair bit of controversy, the controversy can often be a good bit of publicity. For Rocco Kayiatos, aka Katastrophe, the queerness that imbues his work has more often than not been the instigating force behind people's interest in his music. Rocco's life revolves around self-identity. As a female to male transgender rapper, Rocco has experienced discrimination and years of self-loathing that have inevitably come to imbue his music with a sense of longing and identity. "It is something other than hetero-normative. It is something broad. I don't necessarily think that it means "gay", because I don't feel gay. I am trans but that doesn't fit under lesbian or gay. I am a part of the queer community because I haven't had regular hetero experiences of growing up, of experiencing the world."

But what of the homophobia that seems to run rampant in hip-hop circles? This, of course, is open to debate, but there is a groundswell of support for the idea that queer rappers will never succeed in a media landscape that seems to thrive on the size of a woman's bust and the amount of Moët "shon-don" that can be bought and drunk. For many queer hip-hop artists however, it is this exact representation of the hip-hop musician that has given them the energy, and the moral righteousness to create some of the most expressive and articulate music within the hip-hop world in the last five years.

Soce Tew is another queer hip-hop artist to spring up from the US music landscape, and finds himself naturally suited to his particular situation. In New York he's found crowds to be quite receptive to anyone with a new idea. Now laying tracks at his home studio, Soce has been writing and recording since his high-school years. It was his first experience with the hip-hop scene that generated the impulse to start rapping about his sexuality. "In high school I was not using those kinds of words, it was much more chill and I was rapping about girls. And then, as I got into New York, that was when I really started to find myself. I started going to this hip-hop show, where people were really tough, and for some reason that made me completely the opposite.

In fact the vagrant styling's of the likes of

Deep Dickollective, Katastrophe and Soce are bringing a political

edge back to what seems to be a largely silent and commercialised hip-hop community. It is in cultural outlets that songs of resistance and struggle have often been found and hip-hop is no exception. But in hip-hop today there is found both the voice of the "alienated" and at the same time the "packaging and marketing of social discontent by some of the most skilled ad agencies and largest record producers in the world." For Kalamka "what you see happening in hip-hop, and especially what you see happening in mainstream hip-hop, I won't say commercial, but mainstream, major-label hip-hop, is reflective of what is happening in culture in general. It is clear that pop music has been used for a long time to create political dialogue but I think that that is reflective of what happens when the machine gets a hold of it. I don't have any romantic notions about what hip-hop used to be or what hip-hop was back in 1998 or twenty years ago. I think that it is the same thing as it was back then but that the machine, the major labels, have figured out a way to sell it."

As the hip-hop community continues to expand even queer hip-hop has begun to emerge from what was once a purely sub-sub-cultural arena. Peace OUT East, a queer homo-hop festival in New York City, is now into its second year and is forever expanding. With artists from all over the world performing in the one place, it is little wonder that queer hip-hop artists are starting to receive more recognition.

And justly so. Listening to the gentle rhythm of Juba Kalamka's voice, the eloquent timing of Tim'm West's second stanza intrusion to Mariposa Prelude it is timely to start back where the work all began. But of course, the D/DC can say it much more eloquently than I - "The point is that D/DC represents a "coming out" in hip-hop about what some of us have known for a long time: that any black cultural Renaissance needs fags. There is no cypher without the sissy - whether they appear as the abject reference of the insecure closet fagrapper or whether the fervor with which they approach lyricism, beatmaking, graffiti art, or breakin has inspirations that have been cloaked in compulsory silence."

Charles Gregory

for more information on
queer hip-hop check out
some of these sites:

- (1) www.qayhiphop.com
- (2) www.deepdickollective.com
- (3) <http://sugartruck.tripod.com/> (Label, promoter and information website set up by the Deep Dickollective)
- (4) www.socetew.com
- (5) www.katastropherap.com
- (6) www.curl.utexas.edu/~norman/papers/QueerHipHop.pdf ("The Identity Politics of Queer Hip-Hop")
- (7) <http://www.io.com/%7Elarrybob/hiphop.html> (Queer Hip-Hop links)
- (8) <http://www.phat-family.org/> (Queer Hip-Hop Label)
- (9) <http://www.phat-family.org/family.html> (Queer Hip-Hop artists connected to Phat Family Records)



Eurovision Song Contest, Kiev 2005
Various
EMI / CMC

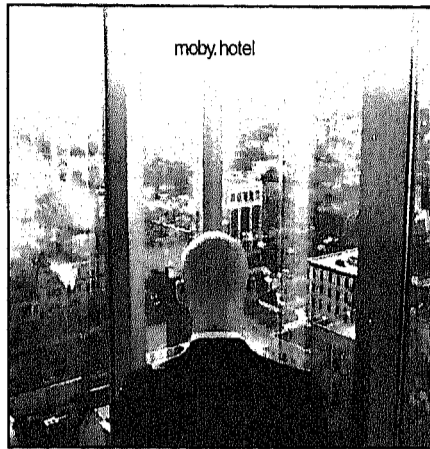
Given recent events in the European Union, the 50th Anniversary of the Eurovision Song Contest was nothing short of hilarious. Aside from the decline in European culture that Eurovision represents (the words 'Eurovision' and 'Eurotrash' are pretty much synonymous in both hemispheres), the fact that the contest was held in the Ukrainian capital was a source of much comedy. Remember when the Ukrainian representative screwed up her delivery of her country's votes? Did fondue spurt from anyone else's nostrils when she was asked to read out the results again, less than a month after the notoriously mishandled Ukrainian election?

Orange revolution? Seems more like drunken dyslexia to me....

At any rate, those already familiar with the recent contest will know that the Norwegian entrant, Wig Wam, were easily the greatest and best group to enter the contest, not least because their white leather outfits, slightly overweight appearance and amazingly unpleasant hairstyles embodied the essence of European pop culture: trashy, barely literate and steeped in sleaze. They were robbed, if you ask me.

This reasonably priced double CD compilation is well worth a look, not least for novelty purposes. Serve with copious amounts of vodka, cheese and boiled sausage.

Comrade Stanislavski



Hotel
Moby
Warner / Little Idiot

Moby seems like the kind of guy who's fame and fortune is the result of a modicum of talent, combined with a wealth of business nouse.

In an interview shortly after the release of his notorious *Play* album, the British pop genius admitted that his favourite thing to do at celebrity parties was to compete with his buddies to see how many celebrities they could secretly touch with their penises. Celebrity Nobbing became a sort of metaphor for taking advantage of celebrity status without taking ones own 'talent' too seriously. Triple J listeners will recall that Moby's management team sold every song from *Play* to advertising companies, TV shows and hollywood movie soundtracks.

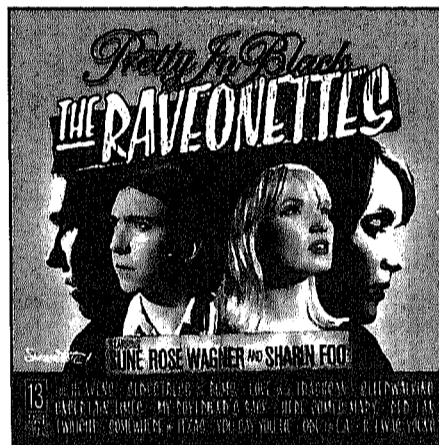
This latest release is an example of what happens when a successful artist realises that he has earned the right to basically record and release anything he likes. He knew that after his previous success he

could produce the most audacious pap and people would still call it ice cream.

Critics will lap up *Hotel*. Released as a two CD set Moby fills the first disk with usual catchy, sample heavy fare, saving his instrumental 'ambient' material for the second disk. It's ironic that the more atmospheric tracks sound like generic 'soundtrack' music - the kind of deliberately emotive house ambience you are likely to hear in a fashionable clothing store, or put to stock surfing footage during the credits a TV sports show.

Highlights from the first disk include the cleverly arranged 'Where You End' and the shamelessly celebratory 'Spiders' which sounds like a less pretentious Polyphonic Spree. Sufficed to say, fans of Moby's sound will not be doissappointed.

Nobber



Pretty in Black
The Raveonettes
Sony / BMG

After listening to their third release, I'm still in two minds about The Raveonettes. Are they cool, or have this Danish two-piece deliberately abandoned traditional coolness altogether? It's almost as

if they've entered a twilight zone of *post-cool*, whereby they are somehow so cool that they are no longer cool. Beyond cool.

They're, like, *too* cool to be cool.

What no one is afraid to suggest is that The Raveonettes, along with their many post-Strokes 'new rock' cousins, are attempting to hoodwink vulnerable scenesters into thinking that this sort of overtly derivative neo-coolness is the inevitable future of postmodern rock and roll.

You might remember the band's previous two releases, *Whip It On* and *Chain Gang of Love*, recorded entirely in B-flat minor and B-flat major respectively. Critics raved, declaring them the noble rock equivalent of pioneer 'Dogma' film makers. More sensible commentators deemed it a shameless exercise in masturbation.

Mercifully, *Pretty in Black* includes songs in keys other than B-flat. They're still on a staid 50s kick, and I'm afraid Britney already exhausted the whole 'innocent whore' schtick earlier this century. Nevertheless, fans of the previous releases will be blown away, not least because the duo now appear brave enough to occasionally depart from their safe little Ramones simulacrum in favour of noisy, kitschy country. The first track is more or less a waltz, and a rare appearance from Moe Tucker (The Velvet Underground) brings an interesting fuzzed-out drum sound to 'Twilight' - the Rav's inevitable foray into surf kitsch.

Too many bands want to sound like the Raveonettes. The same goes for Franz Ferdinand. "Rock and Roll will never die," sang Neil Young not very long ago. All I can say is that if the genre can survive the likes of The Raveonettes, it's bound to last forever.

mr stan

Top Five Sex-ridden
Songs of ALL TIME

1. Soft as Snow (But Warm Inside) - My Bloody Valentine: Everything this band has ever produced is sex - whether loving, fucking or longing, every velvety, melted chord and heartbeat like rhythm is driven by the need to somehow reconcile your desire for and confusion with other humans and their bodies. Like fondling through your highschool uniforms this song's innocent and wide eyed lyrics barely masks more carnal intentions. - "Fingertips are burning/ Can I touch you there?/ Soft as velvet eyes can see/ Bring me close to ecstasy/ High away to heaven/ And I'm coming too."

2. Limp - Fiona Apple:

The female version of that bad guy that girls always think they can change, all sullen eyed, Apple's lips form lyrics that simultaneously give herself up to desire and then berate her lover for being foolish enough to trust her with it. - You fondle my trigger, then you blame my gun."

3. Seeing Other People - Belle & Sebastian

What sounds like saccharine retro pop with a sinless sheen turns out to be all about girls sleeping their way through college and boys fumbling through chastising layers of clothing. "We lay on the bed there/ Kissing just for practice/ Could we please be objective?/ Cause the other boys are queuing up behind us/ A hand over my mouth/ A hand over the window."

4. The Lemon Song - Led Zeppelin

It would have been sacriligious to omit this bare chested, flaming-haired, hipster-clad, strutting eye candy from this list. - "Squeeze me baby, till the juice runs down my leg."

5. With Me In Mind - Cody ChestnutT:

"Beyond a hymen gauze and do I deserve applause/ Do you think I'm classy or somewhat naughty/ Every mother has her truth/ I'll be your sticky inspiration with me in mind, so gritty, so divine."

Non lyrical sex; Ithica - Mogwai Mogwai's frustrated guitar jerk off session. You've just started kissing, then three minutes later clothes have been torn and stretched, furniture's overturned and the room is filled with heavy but exhausted breathing after a mind blowing musical orgasm.

On Dit

Recommends!

Melbourne's least pretentious 8 piece - Architecture in Helsinki will be playing Fowlers this Saturday, August 6. They never cease to be amaze with how much fun they generate on stage playing with every conceivable instrument not to mention knee slapping, cheek popping and multi-rhythmic clapping. *On Dit* has watched this bubble pop band perform shows from the basement of Minke with an audience of five people to Jive packing with a hundred or so and will certainly be amongst the dancing alternababes at Fowlers this weekend.





Matt doing some 'late night study'

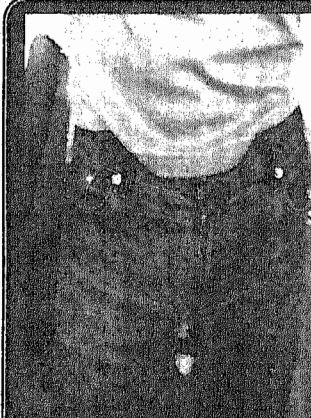
1. Yes, in a way that wouldn't disappoint my fans.
2. My parents watching me, 'cause it assumes somebody is actually having sex with me.
3. Alain Delon, no, ooh, Marcello Mastroianni.
4. 1950s nudist magazines.
5. Central markets on a Friday night (free samples night).

1. If you were in the Big Brother House would you have sex and how?
2. Would you rather, watch your parents having sex or have your parents watch you having sex? Everyone is in the same room and all parties know what's going on.
3. Which same sex star would you baffle?
4. What's your favourite porn genre?
5. Your idea of the perfect/cool first date?



James

1. Yes, 'cause it's too long to go with out getting one away. A filthy orgy, utensils utilised.
2. My parents watching me, 'cause at least I would be getting off, lesser of two evils.
3. Danny Devito. Think about that for a while.
4. Where more than one actor has the same last name.
5. The one's that never stop, three days later you find yourself in Mexico.



Anonymous, androgenous uni sex-fiend.

1. As explicitly as possible without a blanket so it had to be censored out. The perfect crime.
2. My parents, I've already seen myself having sex.
3. Miriam, from Big Brother.
4. Vintage good girl becomes bad girl porn.
5. Strawberry picking followed by gorging ourselves. Going to a bookshop and each person selects a book for the other. Asking someone on a date through *Vox Pop*. If only that would happen to me...



Hallo, my name is Anna from Sveden.

1. No.
2. My parents please. They're already quite explicit in conversation so there probably wouldn't be any surprises.
3. Jo Daniell. A Sydney musician. The girls are hotter and tougher on the east coast.
4. Anime.
5. Board games at my house with Salleh.



1. I would just slaughter the cast and wear their flayed skins as a cape.
2. I'd like to watch my parents watching me watching them watching me having sex (answer the question!). Watch them, 'cause then i can see where i came from though technically i'd have to have a camera attached to the sperm...
3. Hugo Weaving. Only if he's dressed as agent Smith and calling me Mr. Anderson.
4. Periodpiece costume porn.
5. Hire a monster truck. Or serenade her in public, if she accepts me while i'm making a fool of myself then she's the right girl.



Marlon striking his 'hello ladies' pose.

Notice of 2005 annual student elections

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

Election week for the 2005 Annual AUU Elections shall be:

Monday, 29th August until Friday, 2nd September 2005.

AUU nominations open: 9.00am, Monday 8th August 2005.

SAUA nominations open: 9.00am, Thursday 4th August, 2005.

All nominations close: 4.00pm, Friday 12th August 2005.

Compulsory briefing session: 5.30pm Wednesday 17th August 2005.

NOMINATION FORMS SHALL BE AVAILABLE FROM AND LODGED WITH:

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

Please Note: Nominations close at RACSUC and WISA offices at close of business, Thursday 11th August.

Nominations from Roseworthy & Waite Campuses can be forwarded to North Terrace until 4pm, Friday 12th August.

ABOUT NOMINATIONS

Nomination forms shall be available from the opening of nominations at the above locations. Completed nomination forms (including 200 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for SAUA positions, Union Board and Union Activities, and a 100 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for all other positions) shall be lodged at the above locations by the close of nominations. Upon lodging a nomination form a receipt shall be issued, and candidates shall receive: (AUU) a general guide for the conduct of the election and the Union's Election Regulations; (SAUA) a general guide for the conduct of the election and the SAUA Election Regulations. Students who cannot get to the above locations during those hours may receive and/or lodge their nomination form by contacting the Union Information Office by telephone on (08) 8303 5401 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Adelaide University Union, University of Adelaide, 5005), or the Students' Association office by telephone on: (08) 8303 5406 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Students' Association, University of Adelaide, 5005). Nomination forms by post MUST BE RECEIVED by the respective offices by close of nomination.

A compulsory briefing for all nominees will be held at 5.30pm on Wednesday 17th August to outline conduct during the election and responsibilities of all elected officers.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE FOR ELECTION:

GENERAL MEMBER OF ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION (AUU) BOARD (18 positions) AUU board is the governing body of the AUU and is directly responsible for the Union Complex. The AUU also provides funding for affiliate bodies of the organisation. The Board meets monthly and has various sub-committees in which Board members are expected to participate. Any members wishing to stand for this position must be over 18.

GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE (10 positions) The Union Activities Committee is responsible for organising Union activities for students. The Committee meets monthly and members are expected to help in creating Union activities projects.

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

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

SAUA ACTIVITIES/CAMPAIGNS OFFICER (1 position) Co-ordinator and facilitator of SAUA's activities for students and campaigns to promote student interests during the year.

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

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

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

SAUA ORIENTATION CO-ORDINATOR (1 position) Responsible for SAUA's 2006 Orientation Programme which includes O'Week, O'Camp, O'Ball and O'Guide.

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

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

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA COUNCIL (10 positions, meets fortnightly) The group responsible for determining SAUA policy and the watchdog of SAUA Office Bearers. Members are expected to contribute to the activities of SAUA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Only students of the University of Adelaide may nominate. A student may only nominate for one paid* position. For time and place of voting, please see the forthcoming notice that details polling places. For further information, contact the respective office bearer Jennifer Turner- AUU President or the Returning Officer. Telephone (08) 8303 5401.

David Pearson - SAUA President. Telephone (08) 8303 5406 / (08) 8303 5401

*Please note that all SAUA Standing Committee positions & all paid positions may be subject to change, this will be explained at the compulsory briefing on August 17th 2005.



Sex Food



STRAWBERRIES

Without the creamy texture of a mango nor the bizarre subtleties of a lychee the strawberry is to the insensitive observer the dullard of sex foods. However, in the intensity of sunlight or the glow of candlelight the ruby red berry shines like mana from heaven. While the colour should signal caution combine with a suggestive shape mimics almost every erogenous zone off the body, conjuring up images of lips, labia, nipples and glands it begs to be nibbled.

Of course they can be sugared for a syrupy delight but is mostly aptly bitten in half and let the sweet crimson juice run across lips or paint patterns on skin.

So everyone has bought a little jar of chocolate body paint, poured champagne over breasts (usually without the foresight of employing a towel) or running ice over nipples (though I thoroughly recommend frozen grapes). However the most fascinating foods are not the one's we tackily try to use kinkily in bed but those that are substitutes for sex itself.

FIGS

While Nicholas Cage "thought it was like eating a peach" nothing makes a more vivid simulation of going down than biting into or breaking open a fig. Peaches, smooth firm and downy certainly add a 'barely legal' element to eating but the fig without even being touched is sitting in an wantonly sticky pool of nectar. As the skin unabashedly collapses with the first bite you have to somehow support the deep purple flesh with your tongue or to let loose with a bacchic feast of licking sucking and gorging until the last of textureless seeds are pried from the skin.

The flavour is somehow not immediately likable but eventually irresistible, like mature muscato. So obscene is the act that you kind of stop and quickly look around wondering how society can possibly let this profanity take place. Surely such blatantly slutty behaviour should bring

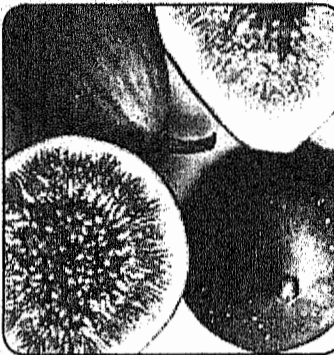
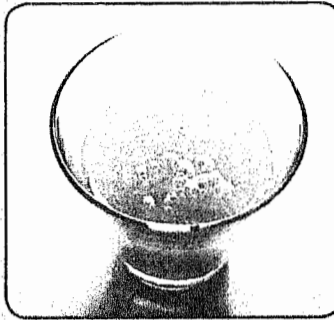
the rapping of the PC police, no doubt members of the church were prohibited from even pressing a finger against its suggestively yielding skin in former times.

The best thing about a fig is that it's a purely participatory fruit. Watching someone else eating one just looks messy and silly, the experience can only be shared with another through its human sensory counterpart - fucking.

TAPIOCA

Myself and my three other male housemates had decided in winter to cook a pot of tapioca, some of us for the first time. "If semen tasted like this I would be as queer as folk", while the more truly imaginative surmised "if only I could find a way to make my semen taste like this and I'd have women kneeling in grateful processions". We had cooked the gooey substance with lemon, butter and honey with a few peaches added and a dollop of cream for an absolutely filthy kind of amoral dessert. However to truly get an idea of the absurd and often hilarious similarity to man jam it is best tried before any flavour is added. The blandness of this goo allows your imagination to take over as the gelatinous, slightly opaque euphemism drips off of the spoon and half figgles half slivers it way down your throat. An interesting way to end a dinner date.

Dan J



Sprouts Vegetarian Cuisine

**39 Hindmarsh Square
(Corner of Frome Rd and Grenfel St)
Ph: 8232 6977**

Are there any gay restaurants in town? Not really. We sort of wish there was one, though. Not gay themed - no queens on roller skates serving pink champagne or anything like that. It would cater to the *other* kind of queer stereotype. The cool one that Bob Downe has nothing to do with. It would be vegetarian (with vegan and gluten free alternatives), the dishes would be like "Cajun Spiced Tofu with Mushroom Crêpes", and there would be a variety of healthy and delicious organic beverages. The décor would be tasteful and sophisticated, there would be loads of art everywhere and the manager's name would be, like, Gerhard or something.

Wait. There is a restaurant like this. It's called Sprouts, and it's quite reasonably priced, and Gerhard tells me there's sometimes live music there. There's an exhibition there as part of the SALA Festival. Go have lunch there sometime, you could have a good meal for between 14 and 16 bucks. We recommend one of the burgers (The mushroom schnitzel burger is quite satisfying). We didn't stick around for coffee and dessert, but I'm told they're quite good. The kitchen closes at 2:30, but opens again

for dinner. You can also have coffee all day and the artwork changes regularly. A friend of ours works there. She has pink hair. If you see her, tell her we said, "hello".

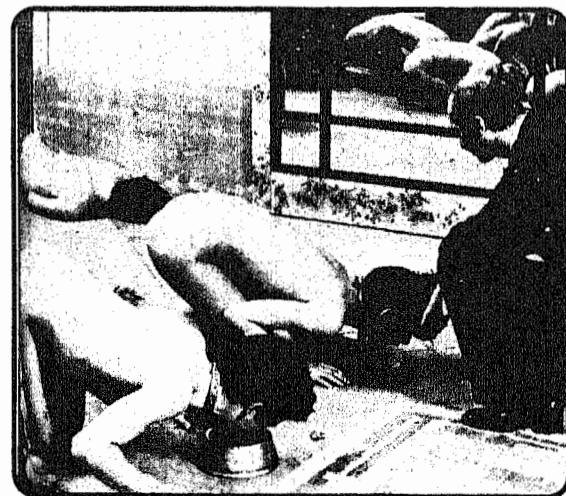
What else? Hmm. I don't know. How about a series of sexually diverse hypothetical situations that a meal at Sprouts would be ideal for?

- Gay couple courting a bi-curious receptionist. (We suggest dessert).
- Straight couple where the guy wants to prove to his date that he's arty and hip even though he's studying a degree in commerce.
- Confident gay man buying lunch for his handsome younger friend who secretly wants man love even though he is clearly in denial (for some reason, we think an order of carrot and ginger juice would be ideal here).
- Straight guy attempting to charm his mostly-lesbian-but-probably-up-for-something-depending-on-who's-buying-the-drinks-afterwards friend.
- Bisexual girl introducing her boyfriend to someone from her media class who might be hip to a threesome (make sure your boyfriend shares one of the deserts with your friend, and tell him to flirt a bit too).
- Lesbian trying to convince her best friend's straight-but-possibly-curious housemate to

try batting for the other team.

- Ageing straight couple of six years who have more or less settled for each other even though they're bored and regret not having been more promiscuous in their youth, and are possibly half jokingly considering going to one of those key parties that their zany swinger friend from the office is hosting later that evening.

The Love Chef



**Try our no chairs, no clothes option,
for a unique first date!**

UNI LECTURER LEAVING AUSTRALIA SELLS, ALL NEAR NEW :

Coffee table - wicker: 120 x 60 x 26 (h) \$100
 Floorlamp - chrome base, 2 ground glass shades \$80
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Gardening Tools:

Manual lawnmower, digging spade, rake, shears, hand trowel \$40 all
 6 Garden chairs - green plastic
 1 Garden Table - champagne, oval: 179 x 89 \$80 all

Plus other household items (e.g. linen, cutlery,...)

Also in good condition:

Washing machine - Hoover Premier 705, 4.0 Kg, top loading

Car - Immaculate

HYUNDAI EXCEL X3 1998

Navy Blue Hatch 3 doors, auto., a. c., 52,000 kms- security system, several accessories - extended warranty insurance until May 08 - regularly serviced - recent RAA 'Greenlight' inspection.
 \$ 8,800 o.n.o.
 phone: (08) 82981106;
 mobile: 0404 331463

Spanish Club Conversation Group

Friday the 5th April, 1:00 in the clubs common room. Directly above the Union Information Office on the West side of the Cloisters. Ask in the info office, ground floor if you can not find it.

Third years and native speakers will be there to help out.

Write if you can not make it or would like to organise another time.

stuart.brady@student.adelaide.edu.au

and

Spanish Club Movie Series

There will be a series of spanish movies on Tuesday nights from six o'clock in the union cinema. Level five of the Union building, next to the unibar. **NO CHARGE.** This tuesday the 2nd of August we will be screening **'Mar Adentro' The Sea Inside**, you will all recall this film, winning an oscar earlier this year it should be great! Following films will be Hector, Lucia y el Sexo, etc.

There will be english subtitles in the cinema.

Have you always wanted to donate your body to **science** but you're not really sure where to start? Perhaps you've noticed those CMAX signs, but the overwhelming **professionalism** of the advertising has you running for the hills? Well, live in fear no longer my friend(s)! *On Dit* is running it's very own scientific study and it happens right here on campus every Sunday night. You could be one of the **lucky few** signed up to our new sleep deprivation study group, but hurry! **Numbers are filling up fast.** If you want to gain much needed experience in the field of scientific bodily donation, chop chop down into our cosy office and we'll soon have you prepped and ready for the men in white across the way.

Call Now!*

*don't call, come in.

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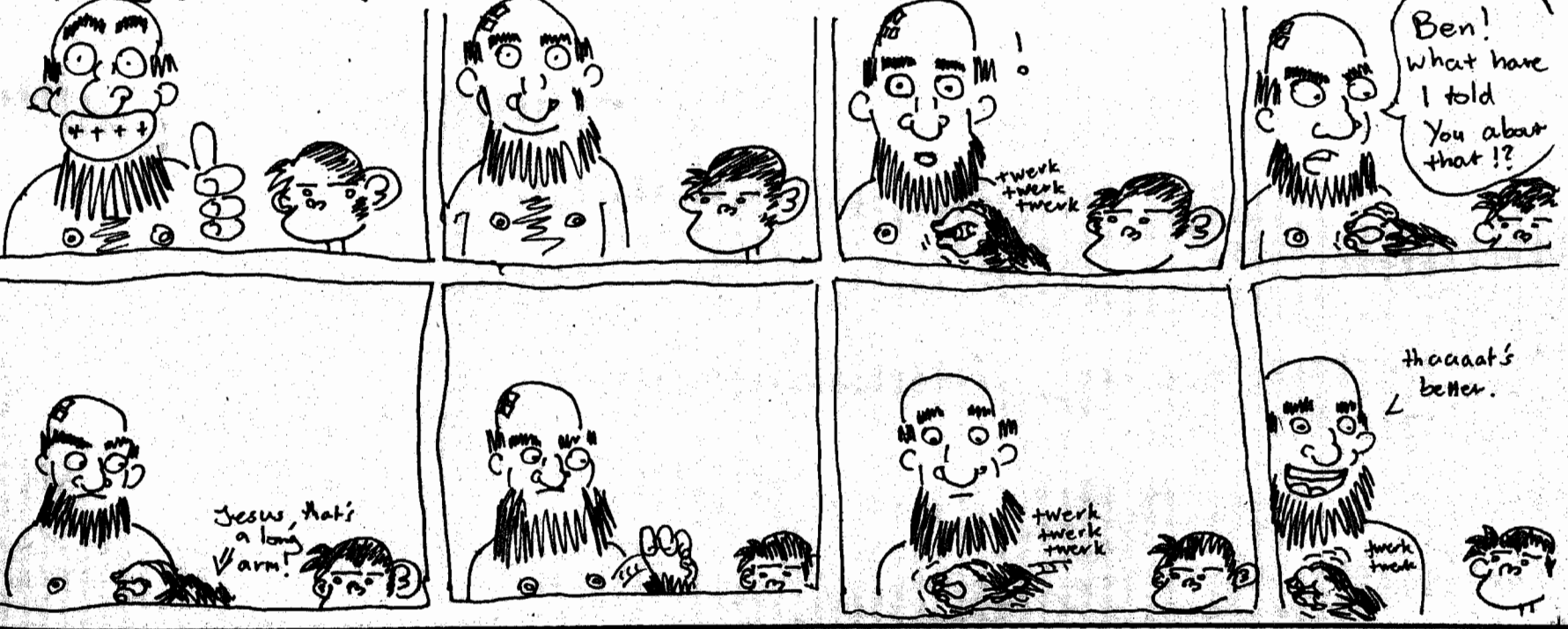
*excluding student politicians

Safe Sex is Hot Sex



YOU ARE NOT IMMUNE (NO SOMOS IMMUNES!)
 USE A CONDOM EVERY TIME
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AND NOW: **THE AMAZUNG A VENTURSO'S STEVE THE NUDIST & BEN!**





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