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The
Sexuality
Edition

Contents

Editorial

Welcome to Sex Week and the Sexuality Edition of *On Dit*. This edition has been put together with the able help of the SAUA Sexuality Officers, Amanda Camporeale and Tom Radzevicius, and we would like to take this opportunity to offer them our thanks.

This year we have taken the decision to create a special Sexuality Lift-out, which you will find on pages 19-30. All efforts have been made to provide a cross-section of the sexual community, from heterosexual to queer, from celibacy to whatever your heart desires.

It is our consideration that Sex Week, by its very nature, should be an inclusive event. Every student at each of this University's campuses has a vested interest in issues relating to sexuality, and should never be made to feel excluded from the activities of the coming week and the SAUA Sexuality Department as a whole. For this reason, the actions of the Sexuality Officers in attempting to retain an inclusive attitude to Sex Week and their entire portfolios should be applauded.

On Dit has learnt of late of a movement that seeks to alter the focus of the Sexuality Department. The seeming intention is to pursue a course of events via which it will become a Queer Department, thereby denying the spirit of inclusivity mentioned above. This would see a Department featuring two Queer Officers, who would have to identify as queer, and would deny all those who do not identify in that fashion the right to vote for the positions.

Not only would such a move serve to disenfranchise some students by removing their vote and an element of their representation, it would also make the struggle against bigotry that the Sexuality Department has had to fight in its short history all the more difficult. We believe that any such move would be foolhardy and counter-productive at best, and as such, should be opposed.

One element of disappointment in the preparation of this Sexuality Edition has been the input of the respective Sexuality Standing Committees. Unfortunately, none of the Committee Members came forward with submissions or any tangible offers of help.

Given the fact that 'No Candidate' almost brought down the Male Sexuality Committee this year, we would have thought that those lucky enough to be elected would have embraced this opportunity. Nonetheless, we encourage all to become involved in the activities of this week. And have fun: it is the one aspect of sex that is all too frequently overlooked.



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Sexuality Department soldiers on

By Dale F Adams

The Students' Association's Sexuality Department has had a difficult birth and infancy. Its inception in late 1998 saw it confronted with the fiasco of voided elections and accusations of being a knee-jerk reaction against the Women's Department. 1999 was largely spent defining the role of a Department without any policy whatsoever, and setting the foundations for a new and vital part of the SAUA.

This year should have seen consolidation of that first year's work, but the Department has found itself further embroiled in controversy. The fallout of the Orientation Drag Show and issues relating to the Cross Campus Queer Network (CCQN) have further clouded the Department's focus. However, neither Amanda Camporeale (Female Sexuality Officer) nor Tom Radzevicius (Male Sexuality Officer), speaking late last week, chose to dwell on any perceived negatives in their year so far.

'There haven't really been that many problems we've faced,' said Mr Radzevicius. 'The Office has worked pretty smoothly, all the Office Bearers have been supportive and helpful, the office staff have been great. Orientation went smoothly, the events that were organised went smoothly. The repercussions from them were unfortunate, but they've been dealt

with more than enough now. I think everyone's working cooperatively now towards providing better services and more educational campaigns, and that goes for both the SAUA and NUS.'

Instead, both choose to concentrate on the positives, the manner in which they have continued to build on the work of 1999 whilst still putting their own stamp on the Department.

'The policy review has been a big positive, because there hasn't been any, there wasn't one [a Sexuality policy],' said Mr Radzevicius. 'Our policy has been one of our major focuses for the first part of the year. We've written policy on everything from more specific issues like inclusivity and female sexual health to more general stuff like queer autonomous space and queer publications, homophobia, heterosexism, that sort of thing. Once that gets done it's a really large chunk of what we set out to do completed.'

Not that their work thus far has been confined to purely administrative matters. Each has taken an interest in broadening the role of the Department, to take in areas that were not looked at last year.

'We've also been looking at suicide, which is a new thing,' said Ms

Camporeale. 'Youth suicide as linked to sexuality has been one of our focuses.'

'We've seen a lot of interest in that from outside community groups and organisations,' Mr Radzevicius continued. 'In fact, a lot of people will know about the Yellow Ribbon Foundation, which is a community-

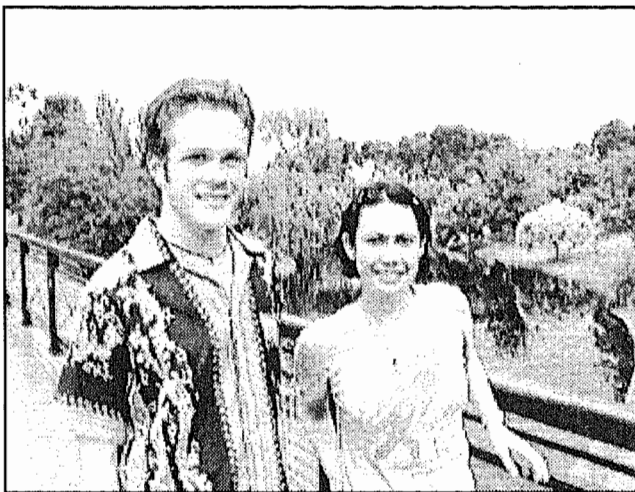
work clearly extends throughout the months following. More campaigns, as well as attempts to further define their own role, lie in the future.

'We want to run, in conjunction with the Women's Department, a female sexual health campaign,' said Ms Camporeale. 'And, although we will have covered suicide as part of Sex Week, we want to run another suicide campaign.'

'The only other major thing is fighting with the Engineering Department over inclusivity training,' continued Mr Radzevicius. 'We're negotiating with them at the moment. Hopefully something will happen soon. Also, in conjunction with the Counselling Service we want to look at organising workshops about coming out, relationship breakdowns, and general issues like that.'

A busy year stretches ahead for the Sexuality Department, in which they hope to stir up a little controversy, educate and provoke thought as much as possible.

'Just to provoke thought, to get people thinking about the issues, and if we achieve that, and we hope to and have to a certain extent this year, that's good,' said Mr Radzevicius. 'Because it is a form of education.'



SAUA Sexuality Department: building bridges.

based youth suicide prevention foundation, which we're launching this week. We feel that the issue hasn't been addressed by the University at any level at this stage. Any program that helps, even to just provide information about it, is beneficial to the wider community.'

Whilst Sex Week is clearly the centre point of the Department's year, their

monday

Pride Day

tuesday

Health Services Day in Cloisters 12-2pm
with Student Radio & BBQ

wednesday

Debate in UniBar @ 2pm:
"That Queer Lovers are More Romantic"
Youth Suicide Forum: 6pm, Union Cinema
Band night in UniBar 7.30pm - late

thursday

Launch of Yellow Ribbon Foundation, Union Cinema @ 1pm
Student Radio on the Barr Smith Lawns & a BBQ

friday

BBQ on Barr Smith Lawns, with music by Student Radio
Henna Tattoos & Body Piercing

sex
week
2000

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UMAT tumult continues

Last term there was a series of articles published in *On Dit* that referred to the UMAT entry procedure into the University's School of Medicine. Written by Seb Henbest, SAUA Education Vice-President, these articles questioned the legitimacy of the UMAT as a part of the entry procedure into the School. Among other things, the major issue raised was one of equity for all who underwent the UMAT-based procedure, in that the exact details were not completely transparent, and hence no one outside the facilitation of the procedure could with any authority specify the delineation of a successful candidate and one who wasn't.

Particular reference was made to the interview process, whereby candidates who score within a certain bracket (the highest) are required to be interviewed by a panel to, one assumes, gauge whether the candidate would be an appropriate stu-

dent to study Medicine, and hence eventually become a doctor. Also, the articles questioned whether it was fair to admit students to a University on grounds other than their TER, as nearly all other courses require, and moreover these grounds 'not being known.'

It is not my intent to enter the debate that occurred last term. I will, however, clarify a number of misconceptions about the SAUA's stance on the UMAT-based entry procedure.

It is the SAUA's understanding that the entry procedure was introduced into the School in an effort to broaden the demographic of people who could gain entry into the School, and to determine whether or not these people were appropriate entrants into the School. In theory this would ensure that the University would eventually produce a higher quality of doctor to the community.

That is a very simplistic overview of what we believe the motive of the University to have been in this instance, yet the sentiment behind the move we believe to be altruistic. It seems the University has endeavoured to produce a higher quality of doctor, and the means by which they have done so has allowed people who theoretically would make 'good doctors', but not necessarily feature within the highest percentile of school-leavers, able to gain entry into the school.

The SAUA supports such a move by the University which allows a greater range of people access to education. The UMAT-based procedure clearly does this. Furthermore, while there is no empirical evidence thus far, a great deal of anecdotal evidence throughout the Medical profession seems to support the theory that such a procedure will ultimately produce 'better doctors.' If this is true, then

obviously the University is heading in the right direction with such a procedure.

The alleged inherent difficulty with the UMAT procedure is its lack of absolute transparency. Yet by including an interview process, which by its very nature is subjective, this has been up until now unavoidable. So far as questioning the legitimacy of the entire process, it would prove more fruitful to pursue a method of mutually acceptable transparency, than to denigrate the process entirely.

The University has taken what seems to be an initially positive step in implementing this process; if there is a perception that there are inherent problems within the process then the University and the relevant stakeholders must work towards solving them.

Stephen Mullighan
SAUA President

Weird arse news 1

If you are reading this now, your eyes must hurt.

Recent independent studies and surveys have revealed that the way we read books (from left to right) is not appropriate.

Educational research has concluded after a four year study that books, magazines and newspapers should be read from right to left. These studies have shown that the conventional method of reading causes eye strain and headaches.

More importantly, says researcher Trevor Williams of the Mooroolbank Institute in Melbourne, it is countering the natural way of handling books. 'Have you ever been in a doctor's waiting room and seen how people thumb through a magazine?' asked Mr Williams. 'They invariably start from the back'.

Government sources indicate that by the year 2003 all books, magazines and newspapers should be printed in the more appropriate format, opposite to the way Australians read now.

Many schools are already considering adopting this new format and it will be a major breakthrough in learning abilities. The Federal Minister for Education, Dr Kemp, has endorsed the research saying that he expects a marked improvement in child literacy standards to flow from a 'more efficient and productive approach to reading'.

Aha, a really late April Fool, intended for Prosh but mislaid by the editors. I believe Mr Williams has recently been institutionalised.

Weird arse news 3

From a recent edition of the local English rag, the *Barnsley Chronicle*.

Oh Honeybun! You light my Fire.

Local bakeries are waging a bitter war over the franchise rights to the latest craze in baking - the Love Loaf.

Fosters of Staincross in Yorkshire, England is the creator of the 'deliciously crusty' bun which is 'guaranteed to improve your sex life'.

According to the managing director of *Fosters of Staincross*, the story of the bakery's success is surprisingly modest. According to the owner, 'After years of producing nothing more than croissants, baps, and gingerbread men, the bakery started pepping up their loaves with dashes of the oriental root herb ginseng, which is a known aphrodisiac.'

The reason for this turn of events was purely economic. 'Things have been a bit hard around here lately,' continued Mr Foster. 'The opposition's been getting increasingly stiff, and morale has dropped. We needed to do something to get it up again.'

Although initially sluggish, sales of the Love Loaf have gradually risen to the point where the bakery can now no longer keep up with demand. In the meantime, *Fosters of Staincross* is hoping to expand the Love Loaf line to include other baked products, including doughnuts and meat pies.

'It's amazing,' said one satisfied customer. 'A couple of ham sarnies and I feel like Superman. The other day my wife made a bread and butter pudding and my trousers practically exploded.'

Weird arse news 2

Death is depressing, says Uniting Church Delia Aberdeen and agencies. It's official. The Church is losing faith. The Uniting Church yesterday released its long awaited report into depression amongst its clergymen. According to the report, the city's ministers are 'cracking up' under the strain of dealing with too many funerals.

'Basically, too many people are dying too fast,' said one minister. 'We can't keep up with all the services'.

One funeral had to be cancelled at the last minute because the minister was too exhausted to take it. During another, the minister actually passed out in the middle of a service. 'He collapsed on one of the floral displays,' said a shocked eyewitness. 'It spelt 'Angus' in chrysanthemums, but unfortunately he fell on the letter 'G' and squashed it. The widow was very nice about it, but you could tell she was devastated.'

Church authorities are considering a variety of schemes to alleviate the problem, including the introduction of a special counselling service, and closer cooperation between ministers and undertakers.

'They need to do something fast,' said another minister, 'because we're being worked to death. Which of course only adds to the problem.'

The Undertakers' and Mortuary Assistants' Federation, however, is lukewarm on the idea of a cooperative counselling service. It's spokesman said that the UMAF felt that the suggestion was 'a slight on their professionalism'.



This should help for at least one night

1001 things to do continues

By The Editorial Team

This is the third in our semi-regular list of tips for both the university novice and the old hand. In honour of sex week, this week we shall look at the wonderful world of rumpy pumpy - some ideas to spice up the sensual side of the tertiary education experience.

We are well aware that not every suggestion is going to be for everyone; but take the time to read and consider.

32. Buy yourself flowers. We know it sounds like the type of tip *Cosmopolitan* may dish up, but it aint the worst idea in the world. Showing yourself a modicum of appreciation is important in this life, and remember: you are still the only person ever guaranteed to go home with you at the end of the night, and if you can't love yourself, who can you love?

33. Get yourself together a nice little basket of goodies - tasty snacks, a neat non-scratchy rug and just maybe a frisky bottle of Chardy - and grab the one you love. Pile into some form of conveyance and head into the middle of nowhere for that most wonderful of things: the romantic picnic. Love in the great outdoors is never to be sniffed at.

34. Take time out to experience sex for sex's sake. Revel in the sheer, unadulterated physicality of the act, and you never know. You may learn a thing or two. Just lool around in bed for the entire day and wallow in the sensuality that you'll undoubtedly create. Only get out for brunch, drinks and toilet stops; don't answer the phone or turn the telly on, just lie there and chat between bouts of general fooling around.

35. Take time to experience sex with someone you truly love. We don't want too much like a bunch of hippies, but dammit we will. You might just be amazed at the type and sheer sweeping power of the connections you can make. Truly, 'tis a wonderful thing. But that's enough of that.

36. Don't have sex if you want to. Never, ever feel that just because it seems like everyone else is doing it, you should be to. Sex had under those type of circumstances can't be healthy for anyone. Never let other people pressure into doing something, sure, but don't apply that pressure on yourself, either.

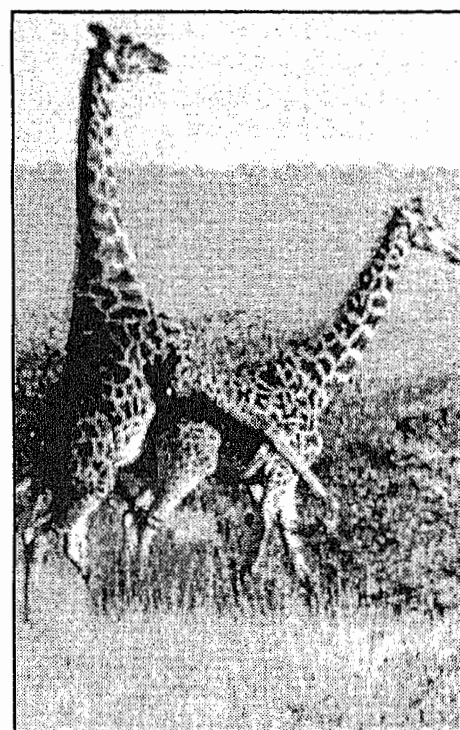
37. Not to put too finer point on it, wank. No, you won't go blind, but you may have some fun. Masturbation is is the ultimate study accessory - we've lost count of the people who profess to spend Swot Vac with one hand on a text book and one hand down their pants.

38. Go to a sex shop. Try not to go alone - they can be pretty fucken weird places - so try to get a group of like-minded folk along for the ride. Don't act like a bunch of giggling school kids, as you'll only piss off the proprietors, and never poke fun at the the other shoppers. After all, they're people too, so who the hell are you to judge? The entire experience may just open your eyes a little bit, and drive home the point that there is more in heaven and Earth than is dreamt of in your safe little existence. Besides, the giant dildos *are* pretty funny. Never ever try to buy the owners' thermos though - this can be a tad embarassing.

39. Take the time to experiment, and experiment wildly. We're not even going to try to suggest how, but remember: anything you can think of has been done before, plenty of times by plenty of people. So use you imagination.

40. Make a dirty phonecall to the person you're going out with. Let your imagination run wild and you might find that this semi-public act of aural eroticism might be a hell of lot more fun than the stereotype. You might also find that you get a little worked up yourself and resort to point 37.

41. Have sex outside your normal parameters. If you shag only at night, try the morning, if you're an indoors only person try the outdoors (warmer weather is kinda handy here), if you're a solo flyer try to get a passenger. Basically expand the horizons but only ever do what you feel comfortable with. It sounds cliched (and that's because it is), but respect yourself, respect others and you pretty much can't go wrong. It's your body, you might just as well enjoy it.



This might be a little too public

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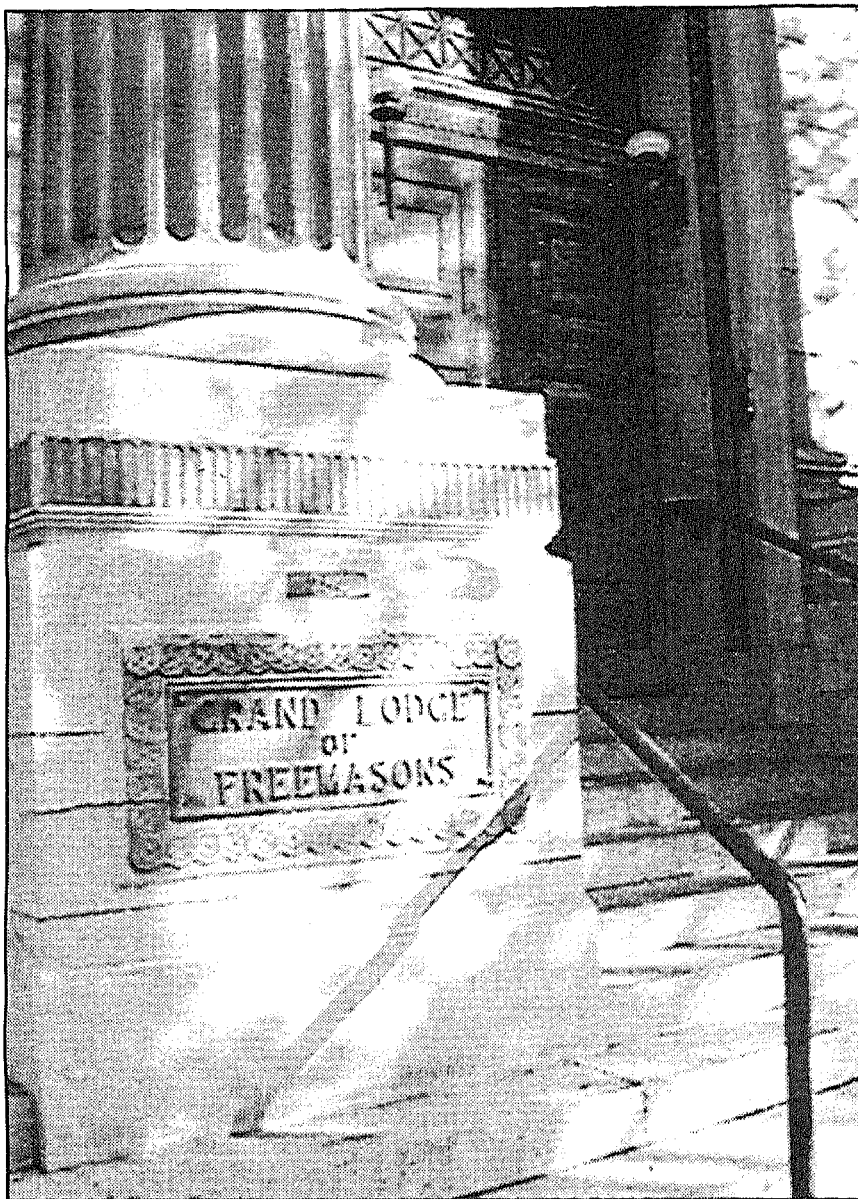
By Steven Robert

The Masons are by no means a religious cult, this is clear, but they share the same mystique and intrigue as their more kooky counterparts, so it was on a fine Tuesday afternoon that I decided to wander on down, and pretend I wanted to be a member, and find out the good stuff from the inside.

The Masons is located just down from Sanity towards the University. One of the first things that struck me about the so-called 'secret organisation' was that it wasn't very secret at all.

There were a bunch of guys dotted around various tables there upstairs, and big neon signs advertising the fact that this was, indeed, the Masons. Most surprising, however, was the middle-aged woman carrying shopping bags and eating a large sandwich I later discovered to be a 'Masons Burger'. I was under the impression that the establishment was a purely woman-free zone, and the quality of the food she was eating was likewise disturbing. Nethertheless, I continued on my quest to join the Masons by heading down an impressive spiralesque staircase to the main area, where I presumed the action would be.

Now this was more like it. Glass and bronze decor, bright lights, plush velvet seatings and two or



Entrance to another world

three large screen TVs. Once again, there were no businessmen in suits, but there were a couple of lads who looked like they may perhaps one day become businessmen, tucking down at the classy salad bar.

I decided to recover from my initial shock with a drink and a fine cigar, and get into the mood of things.

I don't consider myself a pompous patriarchal type, but there was something very homely and welcoming about the large bar

area, and the Rick Astley video clip playing. I noted that a mirror ball was hanging next to a special wizz bang light, but passed it off as some kind of witty gag from just-past May Day celebrations.

So, to the bar, and my request for a glass of their finest, neat cognac and a cubanito fino was met with a slightly confused smile from the bar keep, who asked "Scuse mate...?".

I settled for martini mix in the end, and although the assistant pointed me in the direction of the cigarette machine, there did not appear to

be a range of cigars on selection, unless Horizon and Escort are branching out. Slightly non-plussed, it was time to continue with my mission to join (wink, wink) the Masons so I asked the guy at the bar, who did the right thing by the code and clearly pretended that he did not understand what I was talking about. So I had no option but to display some of my credentials and informed him of the fact that I am of the old tie and that my father drives a 626

and I have a Commonwealth Visa card with a \$500 credit limit, none of which had the desired effect.

He left to serve a sixty year old who smelled of public toilets and I was left to wander about the extreme security and secrecy of the society. Still shaking my head, I was approached, and he said, 'Yeah, sorry mate, if you maeant, like, the Jackpot club just go see that lass in the change window'. I was in!

I kept my cool however and slipped him a two dollar coin and proceeded calmly to the change window, barely controlling my excitement. It was at this point that I noticed the large amount of poker machines there.

This struck me as odd, given that I presumed Two Up or Baccarat to be the sport of choice, but, pokies are everywhere, right?

So why not in the Masons indeed! I approached the attractive lady behind an inch of glass and told her coolly, that my friend at the bar had told me that I could join the 'Jackpot' club.

I didn't even flinch when I slipped in the code word, such was the effect that the ambience of the great institution was having on me. She just smiled, asked if I was over 18 and could I fill in a form. I crept around the subject of membership fees to which she bafflingly replied that there were no fees for the Jackpot club, just, charge up your card whenever you need it.

I assume by this she meant that donations were voluntary buy highly expected, so I calmly placed a \$20 under the glass, which she replaced with a bankcardesque membership card and said, 'That's all charged up now, hope you have good luck!'

And I certainly did that day! I managed to join the Masons!

794 articles on foot odour.

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A good job deserves another

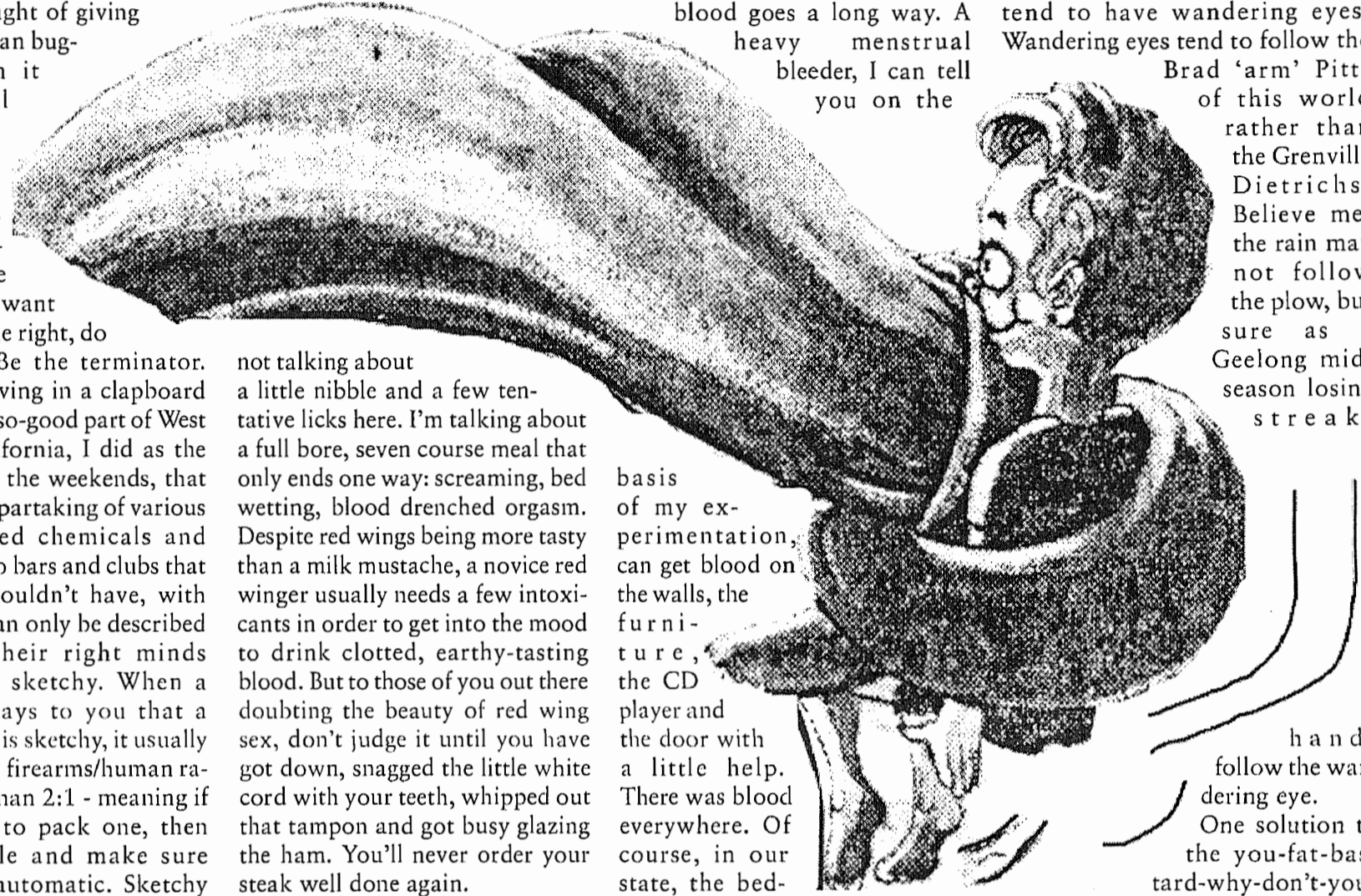
By spj5

A blow job is a beautiful thing, but it's only right and fair that we all learn the joy of giving, and don't be the sexual equivalent of the spoilt 12 year old at Christmas yelling 'I want, I want'. Unlike at Xmas, however, speeches about it being the thought of giving that counts mean bugger all when it comes to oral sex. Don't be the one that leads an ex-partner to print up T-shirts with the slogan, 'If you want something done right, do it yourself.' Be the terminator. When I was living in a clapboard shack in a not-so-good part of West Oakland, California, I did as the locals did. On the weekends, that usually meant partaking of various non-prescribed chemicals and weeds, going to bars and clubs that I probably shouldn't have, with women who can only be described by men in their right minds as somewhat sketchy. When a Californian says to you that a neighborhood is sketchy, it usually means that the firearms/human ratio is greater than 2:1 - meaning if you're going to pack one, then pack a couple and make sure they're semi-automatic. Sketchy women, like sketchy men and neighborhoods, can't be trusted. One woman who I 'dated' during those lost months, I'll call her Rose (nice to look at, all thorns underneath), later sold my very fine Rickenbacher guitar in order to pay a housing deposit. Beee-yutch. Her best friend was a long glass steamroller pipe. Her second best friend had 27 piercings in her face, and was famous for the fact that she refused to participate in any form of penetrative sex, except to give some pretty mind-expanding blow jobs. Unfortunately, I was more intimate with Rose's pipe, so to speak, than her friend's face. I had something to be thankful for

from the Rose era, however, and that was the earning of my 'red wings'. And boy, did I get them in style. Red wings are earned by going down on your female partner when she is in full menstrual flow. I'm

and plopped onto the carpet. Feeling faintly like a hyena I got down to it. The upshot of this fairly vigorous bout of oral sex was the conclusion that serial killers must have a real problem with getting rid of the blood of their victims. A little blood goes a long way. A heavy menstrual bleeder, I can tell you on the

been blessed with the body of an action hero. Fat bastards sometimes have a little problem sustaining the old in/out routine for as long as is necessary, not to mention that fat bastards are, well, fat, and the ladies, like us blokes, tend to have wandering eyes. Wandering eyes tend to follow the Brad 'arm' Pitts of this world rather than the Grenville Dietrichs. Believe me, the rain may not follow the plow, but sure as a Geelong mid-season losing streak,



not talking about a little nibble and a few tentative licks here. I'm talking about a full bore, seven course meal that only ends one way: screaming, bed wetting, blood drenched orgasm. Despite red wings being more tasty than a milk mustache, a novice red winger usually needs a few intoxicants in order to get into the mood to drink clotted, earthy-tasting blood. But to those of you out there doubting the beauty of red wing sex, don't judge it until you have got down, snagged the little white cord with your teeth, whipped out that tampon and got busy glazing the ham. You'll never order your steak well done again.

Rose was a heavy, heavy bleeder and quite a petite girl. Put her in a catholic schoolgirl uniform and you'd swear she was 13, maybe 14 years old. A lot of sketchiness can be forgiven for such natural talents. On the night of my initiation we had ingested some ridiculously inexpensive mind-altering chemicals for which northern California is justifiably famous. In short, we were out of our minds. Sex was about the only thing we were capable of, except half finished sentences. So the red-wing initiation began. I remember that Rose flung the tampon at my chest and it kinda slithered down my stomach like a half-chewed rat,

basis of my experimentation, can get blood on the walls, the furniture, the CD player and the door with a little help. There was blood everywhere. Of course, in our state, the bedroom looked like an abattoir. I don't think I have been the same since.

What can we learn from this? Primarily this: whether you've just met her at the pub or a party and are dragging each other back to someone's bed for a night of commitment-free fucking, or are on the rebound from a longer relationship and just want someone to drink with and fuck for a while ('no talking, get naked'), no matter how sketchy your partner, you can do the right thing and get her off, no matter when, no matter what.

Brewer's droop, scaredy-cat flaccidness and/or catching her during the five days she bleeds and doesn't die, are no barriers if one of the talents in your bag of sexual tricks is a gut-churning, moan-inducing landing strip. Let your lips, teeth and tongue be her vaginal airport, her pussy's Heathrow, Tullamarine and Chicago O'Hare all rolled into one. Trust me, you'll get less grief when you want to sit on your ass all weekend and watch football. Having a fully equipped and open 24/7 landing strip is of special importance to blokes (and ladies who like the ladies) who haven't

hands follow the wandering eye. One solution to the you-fat-bastard-why-don't-you-do-it-for-me-anymore problem is to go the fetish route.

Walking through the San Francisco gay district, the Castro, on a Sunday, or checking out a darkly-lit 'members-only' club or two can be a quick education here. The rule of thumb seems to be that the fatter the bastard (be the bastard male or female), the tighter the leather or latex (if that is possible) the higher the boots, the heavier the chains, and as I discovered in one charming club, the tighter, bigger and more elaborate the cock-ring, genitalia restraint and bondage ropes.

If being trussed up like an oversized pork roast ready for the oven isn't your bag, then landing strip expertise should be your front-line weapon in any preventative campaign against your potential lady wanderer. This expertise will keep her eyes where they should be: on the top of your slurping head. And if your tongue isn't up to the task, be it temporarily, or permanently (what are you, retarded?) for Gods sake, make sure your fingers can do the walking. Either way know your bloody geography, and get her to cum all over the bed like the old Rundle Mall fountain.



Weird shit happened to you?

Let us know. Write it down and drop it into the On Dit office.

That'd be swell.

Modern Witches

By Carla Caruso

Fact: There are more practising witches today than in the 16th and 17th centuries. Fact: There may be one living next door to you.

Fiona Horne, a real live witch, pretty, with long, blonde hair, regularly panels on the BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, handing out advice to troubled viewers - and nobody bats an eyelid. What is happening? Has feminism got out of hand? When did women turn around what was once a derogatory slur, and make it a label to be proud of?

Or is it the self-fulfilling prophecy in action? A case of 'we'll call ourselves witches, before you can tar us with that brush'? The new occult movement has swept many along. In the U.S. witchcraft is even a legally recognised religion. Witchcraft merchandise (books, journals, magazines, crystals, pentacles and cauldrons) have proven highly successful (and payable by MasterCard).

Witchcraft is big business. Think:

-FILM-
The Blair Witch Project, The Craft, The Crucible, The Witches of Eastwick, and Joan of Arc

-TV-
Charmed, Sabrina the Teenage Witch, Buffy (Willow's a witch) Bewitched, and I Dream of Jeannie. While in certain timeslots they spend their downtime karate-kicking warlocks, the modern witch is more likely to be found pushing a shiny Hoover than riding a broomstick. But how and where did the craze begin?

Many modern witches trace their roots to Celtic and Saxon traditions. Though initially kept out of the public eye, skills in herbal healing and making love charms kept witches in demand moons ago. But if they could cure, they could curse. Wise, old, and particularly marginal women increasingly became scapegoats as old scores were settled. Witches, in bygone eras, reportedly had orgies with the Devil, ate babies, indulged in ritual animal killings and placed hexes. They were subjected to unfair trial and execution, and were unnecessarily tortured.

An innocent verdict could only be proved by death, such as in the 'swimming' trial. If the accused floated when bound and thrown into the water, it was proof of witchcraft. If she sank and drowned, then she was innocent, but dead anyway. (Don't gasp. Think of today's court system. Accusation equals guilt, as

any well-publicised sexual abuse case will prove). Calling someone a witch seemed a good way to dob in your neighbour.

The trials were a reflection of the misogynistic attitude of the then



The real reason MIS finished her off?

ever-powerful church. Women were feared and condemned for their 'unnatural' voracious sexual appetites. They were said to be of evil nature, though painted in fair colour. Their bodies made them dangerous and fallible to temptation. Could modern witchcraft be reactionary to the unfair perceptions still imposed on women? Independent, sexually active women remain on trial, regarded with suspicion, though only with words. 'Witch' is as emotive a word as 'slut', except witches choose to call themselves this. Many women have chosen to tap back into their spirituality to deal with their modern needs in today's sanitised cyber world.

Though hung and burned, witches have bounced back, making a more powerful comeback than John Travolta. Despite fearing there may be some continued prejudice from Christians, witches nowadays are no longer outcasts, and are perceived in a more positive light. They are more likely to be young and prosperous, than old and poor.

Fiona Horne doesn't advocate hexing, because it attracts too much bad karma, and says it isn't worth the effort. The modern witch is more liable to wish for a free parking space than freeze you in time.

They're not all on psychedelic drugs either. Witchcraft is simply a religion and lifestyle of nature - and

what is wrong with that? They even have religious festivals too (without the choccy eggs), as well as 13 full moon rituals.

In her web site (www.fiona-horne.com) Fiona Horne describes witchcraft as something, which challenges our 'ecologically-damaged, patriarchal times'. Essentially, it's Girl Power, without the Spice Girls. Though men are free to join, it is little wonder the Charmed girls don't have a brother. Witchcraft is a predominantly female domain.

In an age when men are cooking more, cleaning more, and changing their undies more often (in their new role as SNAGs) women instead are delving into their darker, mystical sides. Said to be 'nature-worshipping' and 'Goddess-orientated', the craft promises freedom, confidence and spiritual commitment for its followers.

But the question burning at the stake is: Can a woman not defend herself against a neurotic ex-boyfriend or annoying workmate, without mystical intervention? Should not spells that evoke

outside help be something a woman can achieve on her own? Women need not witchcraft to attain personal power.

Is this one way of proving selves without having to burn Bendon bras? Or is it just another passing fad, like ponchos and pashminas? You tell me.

Whatever the case, good or bad, every society has its witches. In some African societies, there is no such thing as an accident - everything is a result of witchcraft. Though hardly an organised, unified group (because of the diversity of covens and the religion's emphasis on freedom and individuality) witches have arguably withstood the test of time, and remained a force to be reckoned with.

Watch out for more Fionas and Sabrinas on the telly. They're here to stay - as much a part of modern society as Cola and cyber sex (not necessarily to be indulged in at the same time).

We may as well accept them, warts and all.

Further Reading

The Nice Girl's Guide to Naughty Spells - Deborah Gray
Witch: A Magickal Year - Fiona Horne.



Counter Calendar 2000 WANTED: EDITORS

The Students' Association is looking for up to 3 Editors for the next edition of Counter Calendar, the alternative subject Guide, which will be published in September 2000.

APPLY IN WRITING TO:

Students' Association, George Murray Building, Adelaide University.

Applications due no later than 5.00pm on Friday 19th May 2000.

For more information phone Seb, SAUA Education Vice President on 8303 5406, or email: education@saua.asn.au. You know you want to.



Condoms. Bless 'em.

By A couple who should've known better

Condoms are an essential part of life. Not only do they offer protection against a multitude of unpleasant things, but this humble piece of rubber can provide hours of enjoyment. Unfortunately as these are rather popular items (they may often get you further than an American Express credit card), it can be confusing as to which brand to choose from the ever increasing selection. Don't be disheartened dear consumer, as help is on its latex way.

Simply meandering into a chemist may cause excruciating embarrassment if you are uninformed about the varying species of coloured, flavoured, super-lubricated, ribbed and super-strength wiggly dams.

Durex-Gossamer:

Like the name implies; thin and sensitive. Gossamers are a reliable condoms with varying tasteful pastel colours, that throw no tantrums at either end of the folk dance. Ample space to collect with high unravelling ability. These can be put on quickly, if that is what you want, without the need to watch the base gripper.

Ria:

AURGH!!! Horrible and dry, really disgusting. Just say NO or if you are polite, just say no thank you. Uncomfortable, thick but comes in a silver wrap therefore making it easy to confuse with a score of hash. Once again we implore you to avoid.

Bikini (aka Protex Arouse):

Pretty pink coral colour, "it's just like wearing nothing at all." Firm grip at bottom and they unravel perfectly. A feisty S.N.A.G. of a condom. Yummy sex as they're thin and sensitive.

Ansell Checkmate:

Apparently Australia's most trusted brand of condom. The mixed grill of the latex world. Government issue and affectionately known as the "woolly sock". Free from the Health Service, yet they should be free as nobody should have to pay for such poor service. The bloke condom-thick, dry and make you feel nothing. You get quantity rather than quality-if that's what you like: "never mind the quality just fill the width".

Black Magic:

From vending machines. "Sensuous and bold" jet black in the packet. Very easy application, yet when proudly worn by Mr Stiffy it went a greyish-pink silly colour. Thin skinned therefore can't take a joke (but can take one hell of a beating). Marvellous wiggly dams.

Protex Climax '4':

From vending machines. Complete with naughty Nordic beauty with seaweed like flowing blonde locks on the packet. The "exotic" green coloured ones leave a bit to be desired although

their performance far outweighs their appearance. Yellow, blue, red and green colours creates a 'bit of a lucky dip so to speak. Fine wiggly dams, strong yet not thick, thus making feeling possible (sort of like good poetry). Colours are a bit dubious but who cares? Being rude is not a fashion parade. The clash aptly sum this condom; "Protex, Protex Blue, all I wanna doooooooh ooooo. Johnny, Johnny"

Raps Moments:

Hmmm. Mint flavoured lime green non-lubricated condoms leave a lot to be desired. You do get a "knarly" sticker and some pretty funky graphics contained within the packaging - I thought they were a kind of muesli bar. Also available as Xcel (super-lubricated), Together (conventional), and Spectrum (speaks for itself). Lack of lubrication may pose as a problem yet the largish reservoir end is a bit optimistic (also a wee bit uncomfortable) unless the testosterone is pumping madly. They taste like a bad combination of Ipana toothpaste and talcum powder. AS mew age bogan, supposedly sensitive yet thick as pig shit.

Scentuals:

From vending machines. "For today's woman", what a crock of shit. Yes ribbed. No, not comfortable. Supposedly super-thin, yet not sensitive at all. Dubious name as well as they simply smell like latex. Scentuals schmentuals. Scentuals are almost on a par with Ria so therefore should be avoided. Given a choice between these and mutual masturbation, take the latter.

Saturn:

Pretty package with a handy little unbreakable box, although their performance makes it hard to differentiate between whether you are wearing the box or the condom. Very difficult to unravel without physical pain thereby losing the heat of the moment. Unravelling Saturn leads only to anger, heartbreak and emotional trauma. Unravelling Saturn is like trying to do a 2500 piece jigsaw puzzle in under a minute. Not cosmic and definitely not out of this world. Avoid - on par with "woolly socks".

Protex Touch:

"Toucha toucha touch me, I want to be dirty. Feel me, chill me, fulfil me, creature of the night." A neat opaque colour with depths seldom reached by the latex species. Unravelling easily, no twisty turny bits here. A middling thickness condom which has the uncanny ability to oscillate between nothingness and the thickness of concrete.

Durex Fetherlite:

Pretty coral pink colour. No ribbing but are extra fine for sensitivity. Unroll slowly as they have a slight ten-

dency to overlap upon themselves. A good condom that does allow sensitivity where and when needed.

Durex Nu-Form Extra Safe:

Once more a mostly coral pink colour but this one adds a slight orange tinge to the latex rainbow. Contain spermicide for extra protection which can't be all bad. Middling thickness which can delay the popping off moment for the males which can also be good. A very slippery feel which can lead to cries of icky but that is the price you pay for extra protection.

Durex Excita:

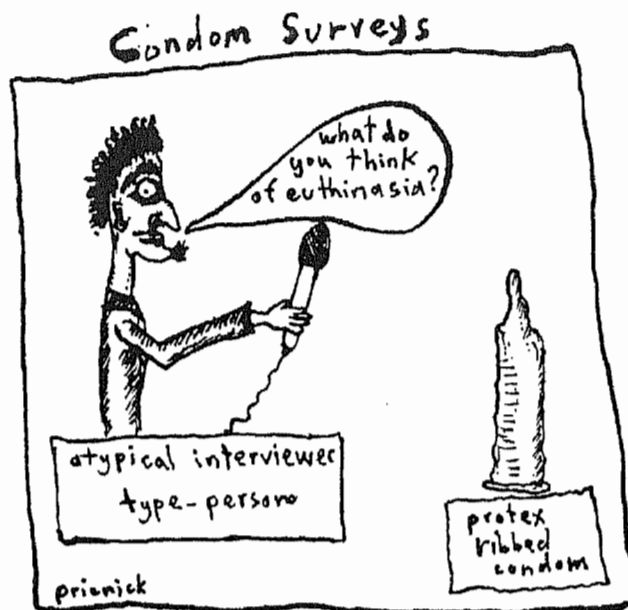
Super ribbed for extra stimulation and excitement. Following the grand Durex tradition, these little babies are coral pink in colour with hoops of pleasure. Thin, easy to apply provided unrolling is done slowly. These condoms do not seem to provide any more stimulation than that which is inherent. Not bad but not fantastic - sort of like Southwark Premium.

Condoms are an integral part of University life regardless of sexual preference. Condoms should be carried and

worn, not at all times, but when things get a trifle hot and sweaty. For their price, condoms provide an inordinately high pleasure to price ratio unless you are paying for both.

Variation of brand of condoms can be a lot of laughs. This in turn leads to the joys of shopping, comparing and testing. Ribbed condoms tend to promise heaven and deliver less with no real noticeable difference between ribbed and unribbed so don't be fooled by the advertising. Buying in bulk saves money and sometimes disappointment.

Follow the instructions, follow your heart and don't laugh too much after coitus but before withdrawal.



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band
night

7.30PM @ UNIBAR
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+ 2 hour happy hour: 6-8pm
all ages

presented by the saua sexuality department



Sister Heidi wants to cook you dinner

By Sister Heidi of the Van

I have just made this for myself. It was easy, quick and it is cheap.

A few weeks ago you should have made your own satay sauce - well, try this - your own tandoori marinade. It is so fresh and so much better than the dried, oily jar variety.

Tandoori Marinated Fish with a Yoghurt Sauce

6 fillets of white firm fish (perch or snapper). As an alternative, I have actually used chicken tenderloins in the past.

Tandoori marinade

4 tomatoes chopped

10 garlic cloves

4 hunks o' ginger (*We can't remember what the bloody things are called - Lifestyle sub-ed.*)

2 teaspoons tumeric powder

Splash of white vinegar

1 large or 2 small fennel bulbs roughly chopped

Good splash of peanut or vegetable oil

1 teaspoon coriander powder (if you don't have any do what I did and chop up coriander stalks and roots)

3 table spoons plain yoghurt

Yoghurt sauce

4 cups natural yoghurt

1 bunch of coriander

1 bunch mint

1 large red onion finely diced

1 teaspoon chopped ginger

1 teaspoon chopped garlic

2 large green chillies chopped

Pinch white sugar

1/4 cup fish sauce- I add more because I love the taste

- To make the marinade put everything in blender or food processor and whiz

- To make the yoghurt sauce combine everything and stir gently. Cut your fish or chicken into fingers, cover in your marinade and leave to sit for a couple of hours. I found the best way to cook it is on your bbq.

To serve:

On a plate put some lettuce, chopped tomatoes and red capsicum. Put the fish or chicken on top and pour over heaps of the yoghurt sauce. You

could also serve some steamed basmati rice with a squeeze of fresh lime or lemon juice.

Easy, no fuss, and yummy, what else

do you need in life?

That's it 'til next week, brothers and sisters.

Keep eating, now.



Sister Heidi says: 'Fish will help you sex it up, mofo.'

Hints for life

By Lemniscate

Here are some of the tips I've learnt after more than 22 years on this planet. I think I'll just pop out the back and shoot myself now. There's no hope for me - save yourselves.

Weight watchers: avoid temptation to nibble at the chocolate bar in the cupboard or fridge by not buying the fucking thing in the first place.

Dyslexics: try deliberately spelling words incorrectly. This way, at least you have a chance of getting them right.

Keep the seat next to you on the bus/train vacant by smiling and nodding at people as they walk up the aisle.

Increase blind people's electricity bills by switching on all their lights when their guide dog isn't looking.

Girls: Too old to go on an 18-30 holiday? Simply get pissed, lie in a sand pit in your front yard, and shag everybody who looks at you over the fence.

Don't buy expensive 'ribbed' condoms, just buy ordinary ones and slip a handful of frozen peas inside it before you put it on.

Save money on expensive personalised car number plates by simply changing your name to match your existing plate: Mr/Ms UWH729.

Don't waste money on buying expen-

sive binoculars. Simply stand closer to the object you wish to view.

Putting just the right amount of gin in your goldfish's bowl makes the fishes' eyes bulge and causes it to swim in an amusing fashion.

Thicken up runny low-fat yoghurt by stirring in a spoonful of lard.

Hijackers: avoid a long stressful seige and the risk of arrest, imprisonment or death by simply making sure you book a flight to your intended destination in the first place, fucknuckle.

An empty aluminium cigar tube filled with angry wasps makes an inexpensive vibrator.

Olympic athletes: disguise the fact that you've taken anabolic steroids by running/swimming a bit slower.

Port Power/Collingwood fans: save money on expensive merchandise by strapping a large fake penis to your forehead. Your allegiance will then be clear to all.

Avoid arguments with your housemates about leaving the toilet seat up by simply pissing in the sink: this goes for you too, girls.

Invited by vegetarians for dinner? Since you've no doubt been made aware of their special dietary requirements, tell them about yours, and ask for a big, juicy steak.

WHAT IS SUICIDE?

Suicide is not about being stupid.

Suicide is not about being crazy.

Suicide is not being selfish.

Suicide is about being in pain - terrible pain.

WHAT DO WE NEED TO DO?

We have to address the pain.

We need to take expressions of pain seriously.

We have to help each other through the pain.

We don't need to be counsellors - we need to be a lifeline.

We need to take the person seriously.

We need to stay with the person.

We need to get them help.

Yellow Ribbon Program

Adelaide, Australia

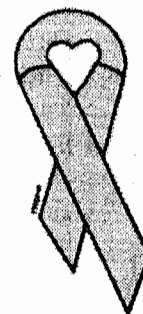
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Yellow Ribbon Suicide Prevention Program -

www.yellowribbon.org

PO Box 6043 Halifax Street Adelaide 5000

Fax: 8341 1413



Beer lines: light is your enemy

By Tony Jones, Southwark Chief Brewer

Have you ever been cooking a barbie outside on a bright day and put your stubby down for a spell to turn the snags? The next thing you know, you pick up your beer and phew, it's off. Doesn't smell right and doesn't taste right. It's enough to put a guy off of doing anything useful.

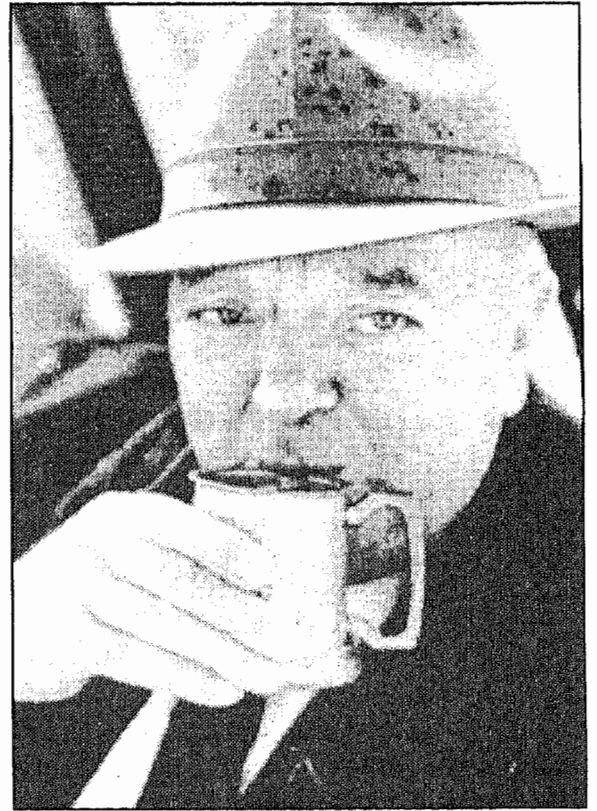
This phenomenon that turns a perfectly good beer into untouchable piss within about 10 minutes is known as sun-strike. In fact it doesn't have to be the sun that does the deed, artificial lights will do the same if a bottled beer is left for long enough, close enough to the light source. So be good to that little guy that turns off the light in your fridge, or you'll wake up one day with a stock of off beer.

In the US, this sun-induced off flavour is referred to as skunky. Locally, where skunks are much less plentiful, you'll hear it described variously as foxy, gamey or rooey. I've even heard one female beer drinker describe it as the smell of fresh steaming horse manure!

The culprit is a chemical called a mercaptan, closely related to the odourant that's used to make natural gas detectable. It's formed in beer by the light-initiated reaction of natural compounds from the hops, with sulphur containing proteins from barley. The human nose is extremely sensitive to these compounds and can detect them at the parts per billion level, so you don't need very much of it to cause a stink. The recent trend toward beers packaged in clear glass has tended to create complacency regarding one of beer's arch enemies-LIGHT.

Clear glass or flint bottles, that were once found only on a few imported brands, are now common on a range of locally produced low alcohol and full strength beers. The trend to clear glass has been fuelled by the marketing attractiveness of presenting the product visibly to the consumer. Advances in the purification and stabilisation of hop extracts have enabled these beers to be exposed to light without the

formation of the skunky or foxy off-flavours that are produced by the action of light on normally hopped beers. However, while these beers are unaffected by light, traditionally hopped beer remains very susceptible and must be protected from exposure to both natural and artificial light. It is for this reason that beer has historically been bottled in amber glass, which helps to filter out the damaging wavelengths. Green bottles offer significantly less protection (approx. 25% of amber) and particular care must be taken by the retailer to ensure these beers are not spoilt in either warm or cool display.



This man is drinking beer.

Beer tip of the week:

We find that alcohol, when taken in sufficient quantities, can bring about all of the effects of drunkenness. But you already knew that, didn't you?

UniBar

Live

Thursday May 11

Pollyanna	\$8 AU Students
Pornland	\$10 Public
Yakspit	Doors open 8pm

Saturday May 13

Numbskulls	\$8 at door
99 Reasons Why	Doors open 8pm
Beer Goggles	All ages, id for drinks

Saturday May 13

Paul Dempsey (from Something for Kate) plus guests	\$8 + booking fee from CIB ph: 8212 2900
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UniBar Happy Hours

\$1.50 Beers \$3 Base Spirits

\$1.50 Champers/Wine

Fri 4.00 - 7.00pm

\$1 Southwark beers from 4.00 - 5.00

Free BBQ DJ

Carton/Tray Raffle

Thurs 4.00 - 6.00pm



Pool comp starts Thurs 6pm:
First wins \$50 beer voucher
Second wins a carton

*Bands, pool, darts,
best view in town,
meals all day long.*

...the only place to meet on campus...

Protex blue

By Kate

Let me start by telling you that, despite any discomfort you may feel whilst reading this article, I can assure you that everyone involved got what they deserved, with the possible exception of the poor lovesick fool involved, but I'll tell you about her later. What seems like an eternity ago, I had the pleasure of share-housing in Sydney. It was basically the same as here, only more expensive and slightly more sordid. For a few months, I had the dubious honour of living with a girl called Kim. She was lovely - we got on great. Her one fault was the hulking great Neanderthal that she unfortunately found herself in love with. He was, and no doubt still is, the most foul, unproductive, violent waste of space you could ever have the misfortune of knowing. I'm telling you - all things being equal, this guy would still lose. Anyway, Kim had told me that she was on antibiotics, so the pill wasn't effective, but that Neanderthal didn't want to use condoms: he said he could wait 'til the course was finished, he'd never used 'em before, and he wasn't going to start now. He changed his tune, however when she pointed out that the course of antibiotics she was on went for 4 weeks, but bitched and moaned about it incessantly until the fateful night I'm going to tell you about: the first night he used a condom. That night, I jumped into bed, and started to drift off, but was startled by a high-pitched screaming, and what sounded like a herd of elephants. I kept a 2x4 under my bed, as Neanderthal would quite regularly become violent, and on more than one occasion I had to jump between he and Kim to stop him from killing her. So I immediately grabbed it and ran out to the hallway to save the day. The scene I was greeted with is difficult to describe: you'll have to use your imagination. I saw Kim lying in the

doorway, absolutely pissing herself laughing, and as I went around the corner to look for the resident asshole, all I saw was a very large, hairy individual running like his life depended on it down the hallway, absolutely starkers, screaming 'It's on fire' repeatedly, and flailing his arms as though they were giant propellers. I turned to Kim, who by that stage was laughing at me, because apparently the sight of all 167cm of me, barrelling out of my room with a look of sleepy thunder on my face, whilst in my jammy-jams, and screaming 'That's it you bastard, I'm gunna kill you this time!' and wielding a plank of wood, wasn't nearly as intimidating as I thought it was going to be. Actually, it was quite funny - but not quite as funny, apparently, as the look of utter bewilderment that had replaced my scary look. As I couldn't get anything out of her, I proceeded down the hallway, only to have what I now recognised as the household dickhead damn near bowl me over as he ran the other way up the hallway at Mach 3, frantically screaming his head off, and flapping a condom around in his hand as though he was attempting to take flight. At the same time, he was kinda leaping from foot to foot and blowing down towards his crotch. Still flummoxed, I watched as he proceeded to perform this little ritual for around 2-3 minutes, before running to the kitchen sink, turning the tap on, and attempting to douse his genitals. Apparently, this wasn't working, so he then ran to the freezer, grabbed both ice trays, and clasped them around his now clearly erect penis, which had gone a funny shade of blue, and appeared to have welts all over it. They (that would be the ice trays I'm referring to there), of course got well and truly stuck, and due to the sensitivity of the area, and the fact that I didn't want to touch



Safe sex can be dangerous.

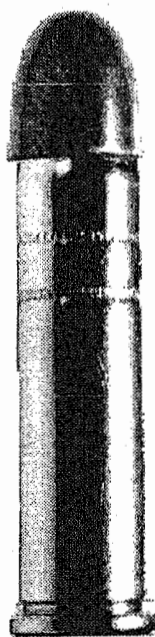
the bloody thing, we decided we'd better take him to the hospital. In Accident and Emergency, the Neanderthal screamed to all and sundry that this was 'all the dyke's fault' and that he was going to tell Kim to kick me out at the first available opportunity. The doctor wandered out to where Kim and I were sitting, and inquired as to which one of us was having sexual relations with the Neanderthal in cubicle 3. This, of course sent us both into fits of hysteria, as I was sitting astride, wearing jeans, boots, and a Melissa Etheridge t-shirt, and Kim was, as usual, dressed up to the nines, with her legs crossed, telling me she wouldn't kick me out, because I paid the rent, and Neanderthal didn't. Not that I

encourage stereotypes - but c'mon. Doc said he didn't want to assume anything, I laughed some more, Kim called him a wanker, and Neanderthal man continued to scream that his dick turned blue because I was a lesbian. The doctor then explained to us that Neanderthal was allergic to the lubricant in the condom, and that, while he wouldn't advise that they have sex for the rest of the night (there's that tertiary education shining through again), that next time, they use a different brand of condom. I advised her to leave him while he was incapacitated. I hear she gave birth to his son about 9 and a half months after that incident. Coincidence? Unfortunately, I think not.

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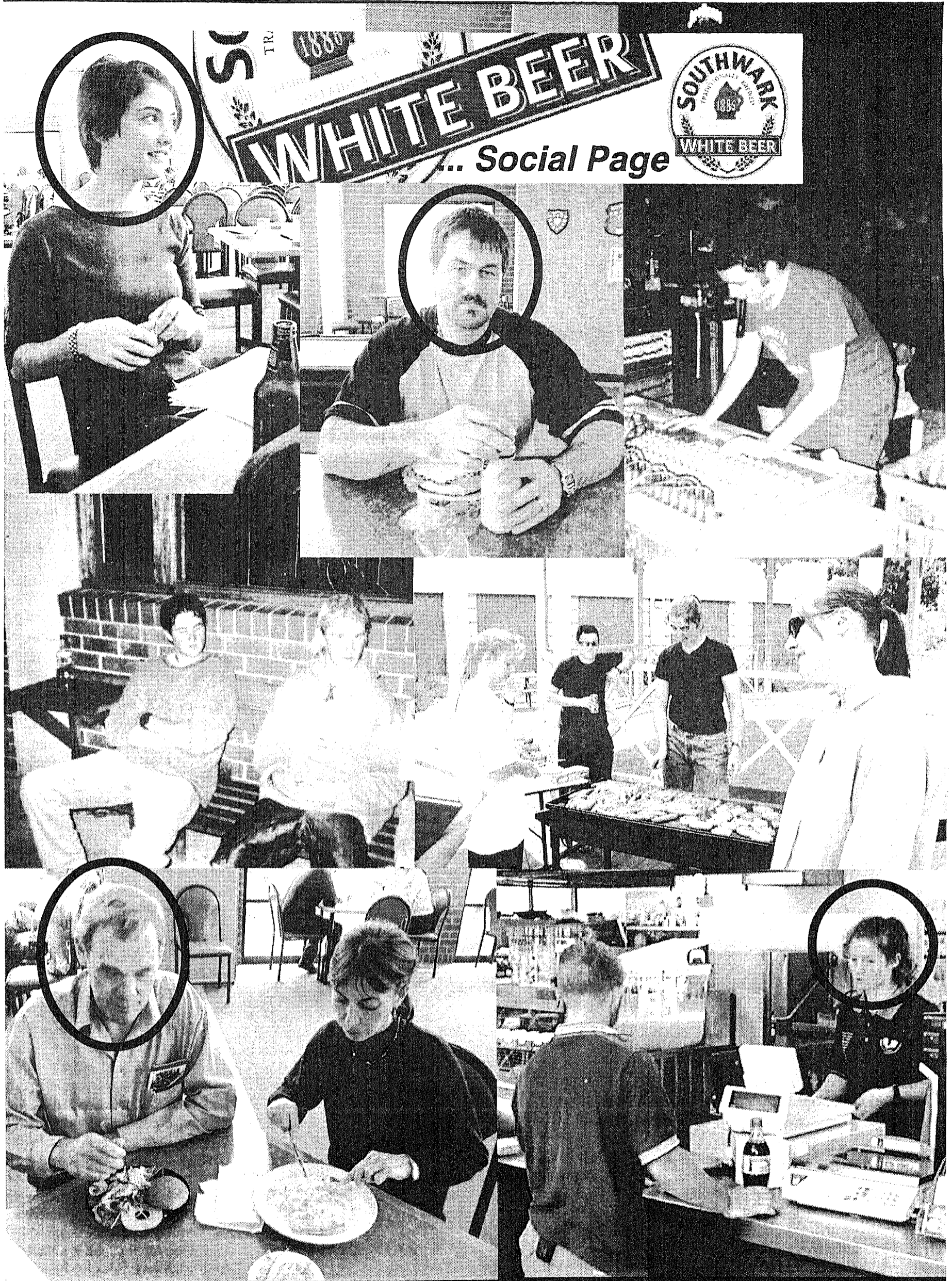


**Tuesday 16 May
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Napier Lecture Theatre
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If you can't make it to the meeting call WEUSA on 1800 675 054 for a free brochure/application form. Or visit our website:

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• Free Beer •

Is your face circled?

Come down to the WISA office on Thursday between 9 and 3.30 and claim your prize, kindly donated by Southwark

• Free Beer •



Spleen venting time

**A letter from one
Union to another**

Dear Eds,

This letter is written in response to a number of points made in the letter from the LHMU published in *On Dit* last week. Unfortunately, the LHMU's letter is either misleading or quite palpably wrong in many respects and the aim of this letter is to set the record straight.

The LHMU claimed that casual workers were paid \$12.86 an hour. The reality is that students employed as casuals in non licensed areas such as the Mayo and Wills are in fact paid \$14.03 per hour as casuals during the week, \$15.20 after 6pm, \$16.96 on Saturday morning, \$19.88 Saturday afternoon and \$25.73 on a Sunday. Students employed as casuals in Licensed areas are paid \$16.86 per hour irrespective of when the time is worked and irrespective of their age.

These are the award rates for this type of work.

Full and Part Time employees are paid in accordance with an Enterprise Agreement which provides for above-award standards of pay and conditions. This Enterprise Agreement was negotiated in 1998.

The current arrangements are very different from those which existed in 1996 under the old Enterprise Agreement. In 1996 all staff were paid at above award rates based on the 'Hotels and Clubs' award. This created a major problem for the commercial operations of the AUU. Because we do not do a lot of trade on weekends when the 'Hotels' rate is lower, we were incurring much higher wage costs than our competitors in the city. This is true, and to a lesser extent still is true, for a whole range of work types, not just 'loading pie warmers'. It would seem a fairly straight-forward proposition to state that an organisation which pays wages 50% higher than its competitors is going to have some problems. That situation was made all the worse when compounded with an employment structure which required a contingent of full time staff to be employed during the holidays, regardless of the drop in demand over those periods. This was something that the new Enterprise Agreement in 1998 sought to address.

Given that student casuals are employed in accordance with award conditions it is difficult to

see exactly how it is that the LHMU is concerned that 'student workers in particular, will again be pressed to accept lower wages and reduced conditions'. The AUU can not legally pay a worker anything less than the award rate and has absolutely no intention of ever attempting to do so.

There can be no doubt that providing fairly paid jobs for students is, and ought, to be one of the priorities of the AUU's commercial catering operations. Currently Full and Part Time staff enjoy above award conditions and student casuals do not. If one were to argue in the interest of student casual workers then the pressure must surely be for a more equitable arrangement, which improves, rather than decreases the position of student casuals in comparison with their full-time and permanent-part-time work-mates.

In Enterprise Bargaining in 1998 the LHMU consented to an agreement being registered by the Commission which clearly provided better conditions for permanent employees than for student casuals. The bargaining process might lead some to conclude that student casuals were the sacrificial lamb offered up by the LHMU to maintain the above-award entitlements of full and part time workers.

As for the matter of paying a wage of \$38,480 to the award classification of 'shop assistant', the Adelaide University Union will happily pay that rate when it becomes a common standard amongst our competitors for that variety of work.

Yours Sincerely,

Janak Mayer
President, Adelaide University
Union

Ben Allgrove
Vice-President, Adelaide
University Union

Anthony Paxton
Chair, AUU Commercial
Operations Committee

Mr Anderson, I presume

Dear editors,

I am reliably informed that a number of your left-wing correspondents have expressed their nostalgia for the days when my contributions enlivened debate on this page. That they remember me is flattering; that they are still doing the same

degrees - in some cases the same subjects - is heart-warming to me as a taxpayer.

My initial observation on your last letters page is that the cogency and sophistication of leftist argument remains impressive, as evidenced by Rory Spreckley's witty retort to the creator of the entertaining pro-privatisation and deregulation posters. The use of the word 'fuck', elegantly counterpoised with the word 'you', reveals a literary sensitivity which proves beyond doubt the effectiveness of the current regulated public education system.

More surprising to me is the fact that your last editions have been dominated by the question of whether veganism and feminism are intrinsically connected.

While the quality of leftist argument is unchanged, its lunacy has certainly achieved new heights. Let me contribute to this important discussion by referring to the work of my favourite philosopher, PJ O'Rourke: 'If meat is murder, are eggs aggravated sexual assault?' The initiator of this profound philosophical debate, Michael McCulloch, has moved on to issues of still greater social significance. He is questioning whether drag kings (women - or wimmin - dressed as men I presume) are 'good'. Unfortunately, this superficial application of a Judeo-Christian moral standard to a contemporary cultural practice is highly offensive and non-inclusive to other religious groups, such as those of us who rape goats under the full moon. Furthermore, it suggests a failure to appreciate the inherent subjectivity of language. Any good leftist post-modernist would surely point out to Michael the impossibility of attaching a meaningful definition to his statement.

Finally, let me respond to LHMU delegate Kaye Brown's defence of Union catering by pointing out that all the rhetoric in the world cannot heat a luke-warm pie.

Yours sincerely,

Alan Anderson

**It's about sexuality
and all that**

Dear Editors,

Thank you and congratulations on *On Dit* this year. I believe it not only looks great but also is full of lots of excellent articles. The gossip and

bitchiness has also been at an all time high - The editors may need to consider a spin off gossip mag!

I am very much impressed with the queer-friendly nature of *On Dit*. The editors have prioritised queer issues on a regular basis. It is extremely empowering to our community to open the local uni paper and week after week read about queer issues on the first page ... Pause for 1 minute silence in memory of past years of *On Dit* that ignored queer issues ...

... One minute later ...

I wish to commend Tom Radzevicius on his work and commitment to all things queer. I initially had concerns about someone suffering from heterosexuality filling the roll of sexuality officer. After attending conferences like Queer Collaborations and Queer Space and meeting queer officer around the land who have done nothing with their position it made me realise how irrelevant Tom's sexuality is.

This year I read the sexuality column and realise that things are being done. I pop into the SAUA and see the department at work, indeed, there is a first time for everything!

It baffles me why our community would deny the participation of any of the few people who are truly queer-friendly and willing to help. My bed used to be a queer autonomous space until I met a couple of ~straight' boys who put an end to that ridiculous idea. It just made me realise how useless queer autonomous spaces can sometimes be. If a hetty is going to help you have fun, why stop them?

George Valiotis

Do we know you?

Dear Eds,

After knowing you all for a reasonable period, (hell, I even live with one of you and I think you know who you are DIRTY), I've decided to read your little paper. It's bloody good isn't it?! If a publication moves me to write an email it must be alright because I generally don't give a shit about petty squabbling, sorry, university politics, but I thought the editors successfully managed to balance the fair with the ridiculous and the tedious with some knee-slapping hilarity.

In addition to moving me to write, the paper has:

- compelled me to fuck a honey and soy marinated chicken leg while gnawing a lump of rump

Spleen venting time

cooked blue to perfection because I need my strength to fight the patriarchy, (and it's a tastier method than softening my teeth with 'veglinks' or 'not bacon' which are just 'no name' brands of patriarchy to fool the vegan, lesbian feminists.)

- take up smoking so I can have a ciggie hanging out me mouth on those long Perth/Melbourne hauls I'll be doing just as soon as I get me Class 'C' licence, (satisfying Ms Dumptruck while fulfilling my drag king dreams), and

- enquire on the internet about being an angel in the centrehole of a circle jerk.

Cheers Eds!!

Cath

Hmmmmm ...

It is an unwritten rule that when you write an article it is supposed to be on something, reveal something, or otherwise be informative. Why? I prefer to read articles about nothing, where the author seems to be on a trip to nowhere and you the reader should be thankful if the sentences make sense! I like articles where the author seems to go off on a tangent all of a sudden, which has nothing to do with whatever the article is about.

This article, when I first thought about writing it, was going to be about which social demographics each of the major Australian political parties are focused on. But when I sat down to write, I remembered how boring that would be, and the fact that no-one gives a shit that the Democrats target the Uni students, the Liberals the middle and upper class and Labor targets the workers. As such I decided to write about nothing in particular and see what I ended up with.

I remember back to when I was a child (I don't really, drugs and booze have removed all my memories), when my grandmother said to me just before she died, 'don't worry its (sic) not loaded.' This has no relevance to what I was writing about, but neither do these next few of paragraphs.

Back in the days when Paul Keating was in power, the Liberal and National parties got together to plan for the next election. They gathered together, and after long debate decided what they needed was a great man, a great athlete, and a modern leader. Finding none of these qualities in either party, the leaders decided to

employ a carpenter to create the perfect Prime Minister.

The carpenter worked night and day carving out the next Prime Minister, from the finest Jarrah that could be found. When the carpenter was finished, before her stood a 7 foot demi-god. The finest specimen of humanity since Michelangelo carved David, he had everything ... Except life.

The carpenter, after all this work, was so tired that she fell asleep on the spot leaving the window open. While she slept, in flew a little fairy, called Alexander Downer, that upon touching the 7ft tall demi-god Prime Minister to be, turned the wood to flesh and gave it life. The Prime Minister to be, called by the fairy John Howard, was so excited he ran from the workshop, yelling that he would tear strips off the Chinese over Human Rights, make Aboriginal Reconciliation happen and look after the average Australian. But as he ran he didn't hear the fairy call after him, 'but remember if you lie, you will shrink.'

Now getting back to what I was saying in the beginning ... stuff it nobody cares anyway.

Geriatric

Well matured

Dear Editors,

As a mature age (Well matured) student, I was at first fearful that university would be an overwhelming intellectual experience. It pleases me to note that after just one term, I am convinced that this presumption was quite wrong. For some time I was convinced that I would stand out, be considered weird, or a rare oddity, my fears have since been proven groundless.

This uni is full of nutters, reprobates, tossers, idiots, mugs, fools, morons, clowns, freaks, Wombles, wombats, and little white cuddly furry things last seen hanging around with pens and note pads outside the ladies loos. I am in an open asylum, sanity and reason have been abandoned, as have rationality and logic. One has but to look around at the masses to know there is nothing 'Normal' in this uni.

Heavenly, paradise, Nirvana, all rolled into one, this is university, the greatest place in the world to hide oneself, if one is uncertain about one's 'Normality status' in the broader community. University is a collage of all the

wonderful extremes of society, and guaranteed to make even the strangest character or eccentric feel comfortable and at home.

To prove my claim, I cite the May edition of *On Dit*, letters column, page sixteen. Tristan Seeböhm, thank you. You are a genius, and we all know too well that being a genius is close to being nuts, and incomprehensibly screwed up between the ears. I rest my case, and shall retire quietly and study diligently, armed with a great assurance that I am among fellow nutters, freaks, goolies etc.

Deepest respects,

Sarah J Rutherford.

1st year Australian studies.

Nancy speaks out

Letter to the Editors

So I thought that I might write to you and comment on the 'cross dressing' debate. First I should say that I don't understand what all the fuss is about. I come from a country where men wear kilts and no-one would dare tell them they were 'girls' for wearing skirts, in fact people think it's cool. Anyway does this mean that women wearing mens' trousers and jackets are all blokes? I don't understand, anyway I think ... should learn when he has flogged a story to death and he has. To Kaye (the staff union rep) I thought your letter was inspiring. Moreover, that Kaye at least spoke out for our student employees and the other catering staff of our Union. I mean without these people I know many who would starve or die of exhaustion walking to Rundle Mall to eat. Most members of catering are friendly, helpful and extremely hard working employees who deserve and earn every cent they are paid. From one year to the next they are treated like meat in the sandwich, being blamed when things go wrong and yet having little say in their employment. One must also remember that they too deserve respect just as all employees do, and that our Union is there for students and staff, all students and that includes students on the payroll. Just two more things to say. I am concerned that our Education Vice President (SAUA) cannot write in English and that Adam Langman wrote more about education than Mr Henbest, in *On Dit* last week. Last but not least, the Adelaide University Bands Association is having a gig

at the Heritage Hotel on Friday 12th May starting at 9.15. We are featuring 7 bands, who are all uni students. The cost is \$5 and if you stipulate that the money should go to the Bands Association, we will be able to buy some much needed equipment. Come along and have fun.

Nancy White

PS I think you editors are doing a great job, I had some great laughs in the last edition. Keep up the great work.

PPS To all you fellow students: get your opinions in about the proposed changes to the constitution - they are major!!!

A completely serious reply to a proud white male

Dear James S Brazel

After your letter in *On Dit* last week, our society held an impromptu meeting to discuss the issue, and we feel you were correct. Our organisation as a whole (and even in pieces) is indeed very sad. In view of this, a motion was unanimously passed to disband the society completely and immediately. Thank you.

To all those who asked me for membership information, in light of the dispersment of the Society, might I direct your attention to the breakaway sect The Society for Kosher Fundamentalist Christian Lesbian Vegan Activists (email address given below).

Regards,

Nicole Carey
Former President of the SKLVA

email:
skfclva@canyoubelieveit.com

That can't possibly be your real name

Dear Editors,

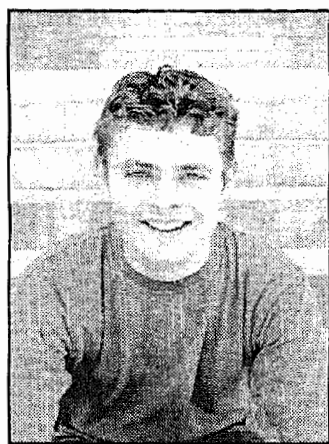
I concur with the final line of Simon Walton's review of *U-571* in *On Dit* v. 68.9: I liked it, too. Pedants are just no fun at all, *but* (and isn't there always a *but*...) the famous Enigma cipher machine was not really a 'top-secret radio transmitter.'

I found that searching for 'cryptology and enigma' at *Yahoo!* yielded a wealth of references for anyone at all interested.

Clinton Pose

And then I heard a whistle

Stephen Mullighan, SAUA President



Trimesterisation

At the Academic Board meeting last Wednesday, a paper was tabled outlining the University's intention to introduce a Summer Semester this January. This semester would be six weeks in length, and only non-award courses would be taught. At the moment this has the potential to be beneficial for both the University and the relevant students, so long as the program is limited to its original intent. It is our fear that the University may eventually run the Summer Semester to the detriment of the existing academic year. We have already seen a decline in the number of teaching weeks this year, apparently to better facilitate supplementary examinations, award ceremonies, and the Olympics. Next year's, though, has the same reduced amount of weeks. It is our hope that the University commits to the quality of our education by not further compromising the resources that facilitate it.

Election Regulations

The Union has overhauled its election regulations in an effort to run the electoral process in a more effective and efficient manner. Likewise, the SAUA will be doing the same in the coming weeks. Areas being considered are materials, misconduct, complaints process, nominations and polling dates.

Library Review

As reported earlier in On Dit, The University is conducting a review into the University's Libraries. The SAUA's submission into the review highlighted problems in the Libraries, included lack of IT resources and lack of departmental/subject Librarians. We hope that the University recognises these and other pertinent problems, and begins addressing them swiftly.

WISA Careers Fair

The Waite Institute Students' Association (WISA) is holding a Careers Fair for Agricultural Science students on Thursday May 25 from 4-7pm. Any of you who have any connection with this area should go along and speak to potential employers, as there will be a large number of business from industry there.

If you would like any more information about these issues, or you have any other query, drop in and see us in the George Murray Building, or call 83035406. You can email me on stephen.mullighan@adelaide.edu.au.

Seb Henbest, Education Vice President



Counter Calendar

Well folks its that time of year again, when the SAUA is looking for editors for the 2000/2001 Counter Calendar. For those of you who don't know and for those of you who have just forgotten, the Counter Calendar is an alternative subject guide produced by the SAUA. It contains submissions from students, who tell of the goods and bads of the subjects they are currently studying. If you are interested in being an editor for this publication (there can be up to 3), then please read the advertisement in this edition of On Dit, or just get in contact with me. education@suaa.asn.au or 83033898.

Action Week

From the 21st - 27th of May will be a National Week of action based on Indigenous issues. It is based around the notions of; overturning mandatory sentencing, funding social justice and reinstating Abstudy. During this week

there will be a National Day of Action, most probably on the 26th of May. If these issues are of interest to you please come in and help out for the week. It is as yet undecided as to what sort of action we will take.

Grievances

Don't forget that if you have any academic problems you don't know how to solve, then drop by and see me and I will either give you a hand or handball you off to people who can.

GST

Yeah I've said it before, but hey, I am beginning to put together a student guide to the GST. If there is any aspect of the GST which you would like information about or would just like to see included don't hesitate to e-mail me with suggestions.

Adam Langman, Activities/ Campaigns Vice President



Hello all.

The preliminary figure that Prosh is between \$4000 and \$5500. This is something that all students who donated their money or time to should be very proud of. This term we are looking for some input from you as to what you would like to see the activities department do. Please come in and tell me or email me. If things go right we will see a new event possible at Uni. The UniBar will hopefully be buying a new video projector that is compatible with Playstations and N64s (excellent) so we should be able to have competitions and play Bond on a 3x3m screen (kickass). We are also compiling a bill of student rights so all students will know what the University is obligated to provide them with during their degree.

If you helped during Prosh please come and see me: I have certificates to give you. Come get 'em, you earned 'em. Also no one has told me what they want to see happen this term. Please come in and rectify this problem.

If you would like to get in contact with me my email address is adam.langman@student.adelaide.edu.au or come and see me in the SAUA

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer



Well, I hope the first week back hasn't been too stressful for you all.

Sexual Harassment Contact Officers

I'd like to start by thanking all those of you who were so keen to become Sexual Harassment Contact Officers. It was really positive to see people interested in getting involved and active about stamping out sexual harassment within the university.

Women's Self Defence

A great deal of the self-defence courses around are aimed at combat style fights. It is very rare, however, for a woman to be asked if she'd: *'like to take this outside.'* In fact, the majority of the assaults against women are committed in familiar surroundings by people they know.

This means that women need a totally different set of self-defence mechanisms.

I have been approached by a woman who is interested in running such a course. Sessions deal with not only physical defence strategies but also the emotional and psychological side of assault.

If you are at all interested please contact me ASAP so we can get a group together. Costs will be minimal (about \$5 a session) and the course will equip

Jeez, that sounds like Stevo

Heidi Ryan, Women's Officer cont.

you with some invaluable skills so come along!

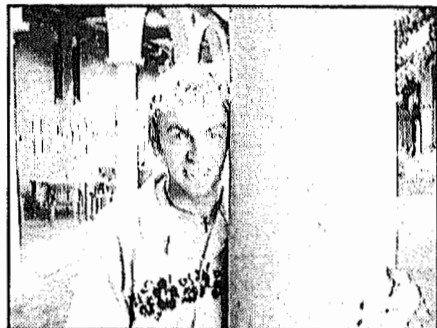
Women's Edition of On Dit

I thought that, given that this is the Sexuality Edition, it would be worthwhile extending an invitation to you all to begin thinking about submissions to the Women's Edition. If you are interested in becoming involved in this year's edition please call me on 8303 5406, e-mail me at heidi.ryan@student.adelaide.edu.au or drop into the SAUA (on the Ground Floor of the George Murray Building).

Thanks,

Heidi

Zane Young, Environment Officer



Hi, I hope the first week of uni treated you well. Now for another...

Unlogged Book

Yes, the amazing incredible 'unlogged book' is for sale in the Students' Association office for only \$1! This value-packed bound book is made up of all those one-sided photocopies you threw out. Thanks to the Environment Standing Committee for making some more.

Genetic Engineering Awareness Week

We all know that Adelaide can clone farm animals, but is it a good thing? May 15-21 is a national awareness week on Genetic Engineering. It is being run by the National Union of Students. Look out for information sheets and petitions circling around your campus. The topic has already stimulated some lively discussions, and the faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences will be holding a debate on this in June.

Environment Action Group

Every Wednesday from 12-2, the environment action group gets together. Like our posters? Drop in anytime between these hours. The Students' Association can point you in the direction of the meeting; it's in the Cloisters if you've never been there. Where are the cloisters? You know, those huggable cement column thingies just up from karrawirraparri (the Torrens). Currently, the group is discussing the GE awareness week and the upcoming environment week.

Website of the week: ActiveAdelaide.

Unfortunately last week the website was chopped off the end of my column, so here it is:

<http://www.active.org.au/adelaide>. As a central meeting point for all sorts of activists, not just environmental, and event calendar, e-mail lists, and contact database, it rocks.

Amanda Camporeale & Tom Radzevicius, Sexuality Officers



Hi Kids,

Well this week is Sex Week 2000 brought to you by your Sexuality Department. The week is aimed at looking at various sexualities and non-heterosexual lifestyles, sexual health and all sorts of sexuality needs! So get out there and sex it up! - there will be a sex couch in the Unibar all week for those who are overcome by

those urges when the Barr Smith Library is too far away.

We have very sexy t-shirts, people will just want to have sex with you if u are wearing one!* Only \$15, that's a pretty cheap root! Five high school students are already the proud, and slightly crumpled owners of our wondrous long sleeve bonds t's.

Seems every band in Adelaide wants to play at our BAND NIGHT, on this Wednesday night from 7pm in the UniBar. So make sure that you all rock up and party on with the likes of Masongraystrange, Dial, Special Patrol Group and Euphony. Maybe you'll get sex! And don't forget it's ABSOLUTELY FREE. Why? Because we are generous as hell. With cheap drinks from 6 to 8.

This is your one and only chance to pick up your sexuality officers - so if you get us drunk enough who know what we will do for you!!!!** Other events during the week include the celebrity debate on Wednesday at 1pm in the bar, with the likes of Peter Goers, Albert Bensimon, Joe Dyer, DJ Josh, providing funky beats and groovy sounds for you! Student Radio will be funking it up around campus throughout the week, you don't need to get them drunk(we'll leave it at that!) Finally, all week we will be running a raffle for all you kiddies, with the major prize being a date with the sexuality officer of your choice or a carton of beer (gee hard choice!)

Lots of love and kisses from your sexuality officers

Amanda and Tom

*Sex not guaranteed

**Subject to product availability.



ORGANISATIONAL REVIEW

SUBMISSIONS CALLED FOR AUU ORGANISATIONAL REVIEW

The Finance & Development Standing Committee of the AUU is conducting a broad based review of the organisation and structure of student organisations at Adelaide University.

It is looking for member input into the terms of reference for such a review and is calling for submissions from members on any issue relating to the structure and operation of student organisations on campus. Matters that may be commented on include, but are not limited to:

- the composition and role of Board;
- the relationship between the commercial operations of the AUU and its service operations;
- the relationship between the AUU and its Affiliates;
- the provision and duplication of services; and
- future directions for student organisations at Adelaide University.

Members are asked to comment on any matter at all, so that a comprehensive review can be established to investigate reform in areas of raised concern.

If you have any questions please feel free to contact the Chair of the Finance & Development Standing Committee, Ben Allgrove, on 8303 5401.

Submission Deadline: 5pm on Friday, 4 June 2000



ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

**Sexuality Week this week
See page 3 for program**

'The Clubs Page'

AUSKI

July Ski Trip, 16th-23rd July for \$795, which includes in-snow accommodation; hot breakfasts and dinners; lift passes; ski hire; lessons with sexy instructors; transport (there and back); a FREE cocktail party on the first night; a FREE video of the trip for everyone at snowball.

Get your deposit (\$50 in to the Sports' Association now.

For more info, see Team AUSKI in the Sports Association Office, Lady Symon Building.

Bands Association

Our Inaugural Club Performance, Heritage Hotel, Friday 12 May, 9.10-1.15.

First, ask that your \$5 entrance fee go to the Bands' Assoc. Then, have fun.

Clubs Association Council Meeting

WP Rogers room, 1pm 24th May, level 5 Union Building.

All Clubs please send your representative along.

Any queries, call Vicki at the clubs office on 8303 3410 or email vicki.kolberg@adelaide.edu.au.

Economics and Finance Students

Economics and Finance Students AGM to be held in the big ugly green skyscraper Shultz building room 701 at 2pm on Tuesday 9th May.

Contact efsa@adelaide.edu.au for any queries thanks.

Hope to see you there.

East Adelaide Pubcrawl Friday 12th May start 5pm Unibar: very little walking to do, no t-shirts, free to come along. Everyone welcome, bring all your mates.

Film Society

All Term 2 films screened on Thursdays 7pm in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building, free for AUFS Members, \$5 non-members (includes membership). Shorts shown term two: The Original Flash Gordon series in black and white with more dodgy sets than you can poke a stick at (oh, and it's really fun to watch too).

Week 9, Thursday 9th May
Breathless(1960)

AKA À bout de souffle

Directed by Jean-Luc Godard

Starring: Jean-Paul Belmondo,

Jean Seberg

Belmondo is ideally cast as a Parisian hood who, accompanied by American girl (Seberg), is chased by police after stealing a car and killing a cop. As the police net tightens, Michel's bravado and desperation grow. Groundbreaking, influential New Wave tale with a classic romanticized gangster-hero and great candid shots of Paris life. Dedicated to Monogram Pictures, with a story by François Truffaut.

Week 10, Thursday

The Maltese Falcon (1941)

Directed by John Huston

Starring: Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre

Outstanding detective drama improves with each viewing. Sam Spade is a partner in a private-eye firm who finds himself hounded by police when his partner is killed whilst tailing a man. The girl who asked him to follow the man turns out not to be who she says she is, and is really involved in something to do with the 'Maltese Falcon', a gold-encrusted life-sized statue of a falcon, the only one of its kind. Huston's first directorial effort (which he also scripted) moves at lightning pace, with cameo by his father Walter Huston as Captain Jacobi.

Week 11

Breaker Morant (1980)

Directed by Bruce Beresford

Starring: Edward Woodward, Jack Thompson, John Waters, Bryan Brown.

Potent drama based on the true story of three soldiers whose actions during the Boer War are used as fodder for a trumped-up court martial - in order to satisfy the political plans of the British Empire. Based on a play by Kenneth G. Ross. Winner of several Australian Academy Awards.

Week 12

King Kong (1933)

Directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack.

Starring Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong (I)

An expedition exploring a remote island capture a gigantic ape and bring him back to New York for exhibition. A beautiful actress who accompanies them is menaced when the monster's love for her causes him to break out. A classic version of beauty-and-beast theme is a moviegoing must, with Willis O'Brien's special effects and animation of monster ape Kong still unsurpassed.

Final sequence atop Empire State Building is now cinema folklore; Max Steiner music score also memorable.

Football

Training is on Tuesdays and Thursdays:

A & B Squad, main University Oval (across from Uni foot-bridge).

All others, Park 10, (behind Adelaide Zoo).

Season starts Saturday April 1, matches commence 12.15 pm & 2.15 pm.

New players are welcome. There are 8 teams, which cater for all levels of skill, and a fantastic social life. Headquarters are at the General Havelock Hotel, Hutt Street.

For more information, contact 'Chocka' Bloch, 8303 5529, room 209, level 2, Security House, 233 North Tce (next to Scott's Church).

Japanese TV

Japanese TV meet every Friday (except during holidays) in the Margaret Murray Room or the Union Cinema on Level 5 of Union House. Come and join us.

Marijuana Anonymous

Dope interfering with your studies? Wanna give up? Marijuana Anonymous meets each Tuesday at 1pm in the Margaret Murray Room. Drop in, we'd love to see you. Call 8340 8989 for more information.

Mature Students' Association

Free bbq and salads etc for members on Tuesday, 16th May. 12-2pm, Cloisters. Bring your card or join on the day; minimal cost to others.

Second round of locker draw: list is in clubrooms, level 5 Union House. New members welcome.

Netball Club

Adelaide University Netball Club Umpires Wanted.

If interested in umpiring for a young and dynamic club for above average rates, please contact Carolyn on 82977294 or Kelly on 83362034.

Skin Diving Club

Adelaide University Skindiving Club presents the following dives for members of the Skindiving

Club and those interested in joining the Club and diving with us....

May 5th/6th: Scott Tonkin, Mac Ground.

May 13th-15th: Oliver Ningelgen and Michelle Rasmussen - Oliver's Celebratory scuba ticket dive - somewhere. Wojtek is organising a trip to Victor Harbour over the long weekend.

May 20th: Everyone - Working bee down at the clubrooms - 10am onwards. BYO BBQ meat and the Club will supply cheap drinks.

May 21st: Jonathon Beresford, Mystery dive.

May 27th/28th: Pene Bartlett and Tim Murphy, The Lumb.

June 3rd/4th: Jonathon Beresford and Wojtek, Stanvac Barges.

June 5th: Everyone welcome, Committee Meeting, UniBar, 6pm for dinner with meeting commencing at 6:45pm.

Contact Pene in the Sports Association if you are interested in diving or finding out more about the Skindiving Club on 8303 5403 (W) or email pene.bartlett@adelaide.edu.au. Final dive plans are worked out at the clubrooms (1 Foreman Street, West Beach - drive past the 'Wrong Way' sign and turn right onto the grass) each Thursday night (6:30pm- 7:30 pm).

Hope to see you down at the clubrooms or out diving.

Sports Association Board of Management

Nominations are called for a one (1) year term President, Deputy President, Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary (the treasurer and the secretary must be Adelaide University Students).

Nomination forms are available from the Sports Association Office; nominations must be submitted by Tuesday 16th May, 2000 by 5pm, with voting taking place Wednesday 24th - Friday 26th May in the Sports Association Office.

Also available are three (3) general positions for a two (2) year term.

Nomination forms are available from the Sports Association Office; nominations must be submitted by Friday 26th May 2000, by 5pm.

Voting will take place at the Sports Association Council Meeting following the AGM in the Margaret Murray Room, Level 5, Union House, Tuesday 30th May at 1.00pm.

Be there or be square.

THE SEAL SECTION

WANKING!

Of course I'll respect you
in the morning

SEX!

Hysterical orgasms &
vibrators galore!

GENDER!

A transgender sister speaks out

COMING OUT!

No-nonsense tips for
beginners

CORDIAL GRRLS!

LINTBOYS!

SPONGECAKES!

SEXUALITY SPECIAL

Sexuality: Why flaunt it?

The usual response to this question, used obviously under the banner of political correctness, is that they don't, they are just being open and honest about who they are. Invariably, the person asking the question is then branded a bigot/homophobe, and, as such, is ignored. I must say that very few bigots I've come across, and there have been many, have actually taken the time to ask questions about the gay and lesbian community - they generally abuse you, and walk away. The fact of the matter is that many gays and lesbians do 'flaunt their sexuality', and there are numerous reasons for this. Almost as many reasons exist for gays and lesbians who chose not to 'flaunt'. One of the major problems with a question like this is: where do you stop being a 'normal' person, comfortable with their sexuality, and begin 'flaunting' it? Many straight people will consider homosexuals to be 'flaunting' their sexuality if they hold their partner's hand in public, or openly refer to their partner of the same gender - things that straight people do all the time. When straight people ask the question of 'Why do homosexuals flaunt their sexuality?', they have obviously never imagined a world in which it is they who can never talk about the people they love for fear of vilification, despite the fact that there are swarms of homosexual couples surrounding them. With this in mind, this article is written with 'flaunting' being defined as 'behaving in such a manner, that would cause outrage and/or ridicule, if it weren't for the fact that discrimination laws and political correctness dictate that even if it

does (cause outrage, etc), you just can't say it'. This, of course, results in people getting generally pissed off that, while there is still a long way to go before gays and lesbians achieve legal equality with their straight counterparts, gays and lesbians *are* allowed concessions in this respect due to the fact that they are gay. The following is an example of where much of the antagonism between the two communities comes from, as printed in the Denver Post:

'... As we walked down the street, we heard many obnoxious voices behind us. We turned to see a dyke protest rally marching towards us. They were all furious about not having enough rights and saying they should be treated special because they are gay. It seems to me that gays have more rights that heterosexuals do. We can't walk around in public nude without being arrested. Not only were many of the dykes walking around topless, but police were protecting the protesters by following behind their little procession. These gays have no right to be mad at 'society' for not paying special attention to them ...'

This is an excerpt from a letter written to the Denver Post by a thirteen-year-old accidental observer of Denver's 1997 Dyke March. This is the way that people who aren't already accepting of the gay and lesbian community (some thirteen-year-olds, for example) tend to see the more radical rallies not as statements, but as an annoyance. Either that, or they are seen as purely spectacle. Take, for example, the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras. This event started out on 24th June, 1978, as a protest march calling for an end to discrimination in employment and housing, an end to police harassment, and the repeal of all anti-homosexual laws. Attended by around 1000 people, it ended in a riot when the police revoked their march permit, with 53 people being arrested. These days, it's Australia's biggest public celebration of any sort; it's followed by the world's biggest 'gay party', attended by around 22,000 people on average; and is followed by TV crews from no less than 15 countries (and Channel 10 for that matter: interesting that the broadcasting rights were handed over to a commercial station - who wouldn't have a bar of it before it started making money - leaving the ABC, who had been supporting the event in some way shape or form, for about the last 10 years that I know of), and it is estimated that approximately 2/3rds of the people there are straight people who

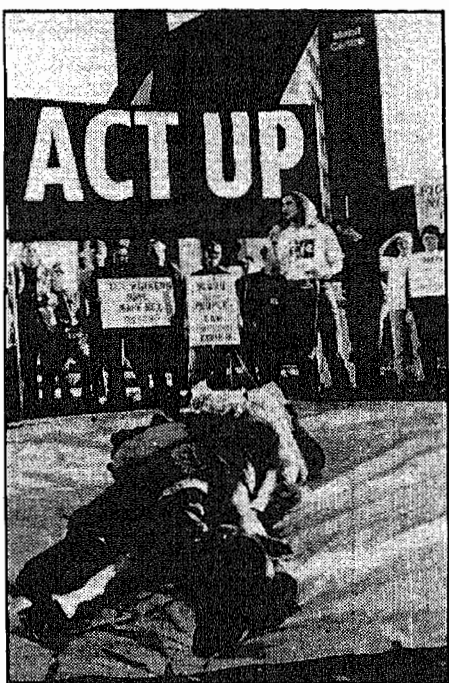


Dykes on Bykes: Icons of the Mardi Gras

come to be entertained (not necessarily in support of the gay and lesbian community, no matter what the organisers will tell you). So you see that what was once a purely political event has turned into a spectacle. People don't mind it though, because the almighty 'Pink Dollar' may help to keep parks clean, public schools open, and improve health care. Of course, this will predominantly service the straight community, but, gays and lesbians should be appreciative of the fact that we even allow such a parade. They've come a long way, haven't they? Still pretty disgusting though, wouldn't want them holding hands in the local park, or going to the public school my son/daughter attends, and they certainly don't need more money for healthcare or HIV research. It's time the gay and lesbian community ceased with the delusion that they are being accepted because they can have a parade. I have viewed the last 6 Mardi Gras to date, and I certainly haven't learnt anything about the plight of the gay and lesbian community. I've seen naked women on motorbikes, giant jars with 'Sodomite' on the label instead of Vegemite (very clever, I wonder what statement that was making), and giant phalluses parade down Oxford St, but I haven't seen much of a positive change in attitude toward the gay and lesbian community, unless you view being seen as a bunch of crazy, drug-fucked nymphomaniacs positive (but hey, they do know how to have a good time, don't they?). Events such as this serve only to reinforce the worst and most alienating stereotypes, and, remarkably, they provide ammunition for anti-homosexual conservatives. The now infamous anti-homosexual documentary, *The Gay Agenda*, uses actual footage from gay-pride events to make its point. A prominent gay writer,

Michelangelo Signorile, in his book, *Outing Yourself* (1995), claims that any discomfort we feel with the behaviour of other gay people is due to the 'self-loathing' we have learned during so many years of hearing negative things about homosexuality. When asked to clarify this claim, he said that, while we should feel comfortable showing the whole spectrum of gay life to public servants - after all, it's their job to see that we're treated fairly under the law, regardless of who we are - it's wise to take a softer approach with members of our own families. In other words, ride a motorbike whilst naked alongside a giant penis down the main streets of Sydney, but don't tell Grandma. This is a ridiculous oversimplification, ignoring the vast middle-ground between politicians, and members of our families. Not to mention the fact that it begs the question, if your own grandmother can't accept you for who you are, even if it does entail public nudity, how the hell do you expect a society who knows nothing of you, save for the negative stereotypes that you are reinforcing, to accept you? Wouldn't it be more effective to simply be open about your relationships by holding hands or talking openly about your partner? I'm sure it would not offend you if heterosexuals behaved in this way, but you and I both know it would if they behaved in the same way as many homosexuals do. Heterosexuality is considered the norm; homosexuality is not, but making a spectacle of your sexuality, further segregating yourself from what is considered the norm, and complaining that you are not treated equally, serves only to make you look foolish, and in my humble opinion, is the most counter-productive route to take to widespread acceptance.

Lemniscate



In this, Act Up were protesting against charges being laid against HIV + sex workers for recklessly endangering life even though safe sex practices were followed

Coming out ready

Coming out is a very addictive process. Once you start you can't stop. There will always be one other person you have to tell, or someone else who finds out who needs counselling about it.

I will avoid telling you my coming out story. They're a dime a dozen. Everyone's experiences are so unique. Coming out - in a religious environment, in an ethnic family, in a rural area, with a disability ... etc... then there are the combinations of all of the above.

I will however offer you the best advice I've come across in my almost 7 years of continually coming out.

Before you come out:

- Make sure you have accepted your sexuality yourself. If you have not completely accepted your sexuality, don't expect anyone else to.
- Try first telling someone you know will support you. A relative, friend, counsellor or sporting coach for example. This will help give you confidence in telling those who may have issues with it. You also may ask this person to

be with you when you come out to family or people who you think may not cope with the confrontation.

- If you think the people you are going to come out to will become mentally or physically abusive, firstly asses whether they really need to know: if it is important for you to tell them, make sure you have someone there who will support you.

- Choose a safe environment. If you suspect that a scene may erupt, avoid having the discussion in a quiet restaurant or anywhere too public. Unless of course you're into that, in which case, go for gold!

The actual confrontation:

- Avoid being too emotional when you come out. Coming out through anger will not help your situation. Be calm.
- Be confident. If you are embarrassed and ashamed, whoever you are telling will get the message that it is embarrassing and shameful.
- Be prepared for questions. How do you know you're gay? Have you had sex with someone of the same

sex? Have you had sex with someone of the opposite sex?...

People can get very nosy and may ask some questions that could make you uncomfortable. You don't have to answer any questions you don't want to, but answering in an honest and confident

manner may help dispel peoples phobias and ignorances.

After you've come out:

- Be patient. Remember how long it took you to come to terms with your sexuality. Give your family and friends time to deal with it. At first people may react badly, but they often do come around. Do not underestimate the power of denial. You may fit every fag/dyke/tranny ... stereotype but if your fam-



ily or friends are truly as mental as some of mine, they will deny and ignore it to the death. Be prepared that you may lose contact with people you previously were very close with. Some people just won't accept it. It sucks, but it's life. Also, be prepared that some people may say 'yeah I know, you're obviously gay!'.

George Valiotis

Sexuality & Suicide

The issue of youth suicide is one which is extremely sensitive and reaches to the heart of an increasingly large number of young Australians and their families.

In Australia, youth suicide is still very much a taboo topic and, in particular, the relationship of suicide to sexuality is one that has not been explored much in either the media or medicine.

The need to raise awareness of this issue on a university level has never been higher with the youth suicide rate in Australia currently resting at 13 deaths per 100,000. While this sounds fairly innocuous, studies over the past seven years have indicated that young gay men are 3.7 times more likely to attempt suicide than their straight counterparts while young gay women are 1.2 times more likely to attempt suicide than their straight counterparts (*Better Dead than Gay?*; Nicholas, Howard, 2000). The report highlights a number of disturbing trends among young queer people, including that queer attempters on average attempted suicide 4.71 years after becoming sexually interested in men, and that half of all attempters were on some form of substance at the time of the attempt.

The report suggests, among other influencing factors, that high numbers of sexual assault experiences,

violence, low levels of paternal support and early sexual identity development all increase the chances of gay men and women committing suicide.

The report also highlighted the isolation of young gay people as being a key factor in the elevated rate of suicide attempts. An inability to communicate with close family members and the isolation this creates is a key factor in this. Young people of all sexualities require support from their parents and friends as they grow to adulthood, nevermore so is this needed than for young people struggling to come to terms with their sexuality.

At a university level, more needs to be done to provide help services for young gay men and women who are facing these issues more or less on their own. A new program being initiated through the SAUA Sexuality Department is the Yellow Ribbon Foundation. The Yellow Ribbon Foundation is a community-based support service for dealing with youth suicide. The foundation's goals are to promote the awareness and help services available to youth when dealing with depression and suicide. The program distributes Yellow Ribbon cards which carry the simple message 'This card is a cry for help!' and, when there is enough

funding, runs presentations and seminars about youth suicide awareness and prevention. The main point is that, whilst there are established post-suicide-attempt programs, there is a critical need for a prevention program. These cards will be placed around campus in discreet yet accessible locations.

The program is completely community funded and run, and is desperate for volunteers to distribute the cards around the university. The launch of the university chapter of the foundation is occurring on the Thursday of Sex Week, 11 May, and we encourage anyone who is concerned about youth suicide and wants to do something about it to come along. The launch is taking place at 1 pm in the Union Cinema, opposite the UniBar and will be attended by Bill Harrington the director of the YRF in Australia.

Youth suicide is an issue that cannot be dealt with without the support of the community in which it occurs. Until that support and commitment comes from both the government and the general public, youth suicide will continue to destroy the lives of many of the young people of Australia.

Tom Radzevicius and Amanda Camporeale

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Sex, violence & gender

Recently, there was a stir created by the publication of a DETYA inquiry into Young People and Domestic Violence, including surveying attitudes to sexual violence.

The results were somewhat disturbing with quite high incidences of sexual violence among 15-30 year olds.

So, with that in mind, here is a survey on the most popular myths relating to rape, especially with respect to date rape, which is particularly common on university campuses worldwide. More particularly, this article will canvass male victims of rape.

Up to 75% of female university students in the USA are likely to experience sexual coercion while dating. The figures for male students are more uncertain, ranging from 15% to 40%. Research shows that men are subjected to the same techniques of date rape as female victims: threats, blackmail, entrapment and physical restraint, and intoxication. However, men are more likely to be overborne by psychological coercion (sometimes combined with some physical force) whereas females are more likely to be subjected to physical violence alone.

Why is date rape and similar violence so prevalent?

Unfortunately, the research that has been conducted into this phenomenon confirms age-old sexual stereotypes. The strongest preconception about date rape is that the victim is substantially to blame.

For female date rape victims, the old chestnut of 'if she dresses like a slut, she wants a fuck' gets a prominent guernsey. So much for the 'Come Hither' Eyes. In one American study surveying the attitudes of 450 university students on date rape, 57% agreed with the statement that 'You can pretty much tell a girl's character by how she dresses' (Workman & Freeburg).

Research on attitudes and beliefs about female rape victims is restricted to heterosexual rape - as yet there is next to no research on lesbian rape: it's rates of occurrence, attitudes, trauma, etc.

Rape Myths about male victims has only relatively recently become the focus of extensive research. Consequently, it should come as no surprise that popular perceptions of male victims are very unsympathetic.

One big preconception - and major misconception - is that a man, except if he is in prison, cannot be raped (trust me, there's a strong perception that a man cannot be

raped - in fact some legislation, at least until very recently, defined "rape" in such terms that could not accommodate male rape). Once this hurdle is cleared, male rape myths, like their female counterparts, encounters a big attitude of "it must be the victim's fault". Moreover, blaming the victim here incorporates familiar stereotypes about masculinity.

Accordingly, male rape by a female perpetrator would not occur where he was strong, while rape by another male is attributed to 'risky activities' (like being gay), or to physical appearance (especially looking effeminate).

Male rape myths resonate especially strongly when the perpetrator is a woman. Popular preconceptions hold that male rape victims suffer less when raped by a woman, either because people assume that hetero men want sex whenever the opportunity presents itself (even under duress!), or because it is assumed that women rapists are less likely to be motivated by power and aggression and more motivated by sexual attraction or romantic seduction.

Another myth is that male victims are likely to enjoy being raped. This is especially strong with gay rape.

Such prejudices about pleasure derived from the pain (as it were) are exacerbated by the method of male rape. Despite the absence of consent, male victims can be physically stimulated and coerced into performing oral, vaginal and anal sex.

George Hambrook

Sources:

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Larimer, Lydum, Anderson & Turner, 'Male and Female Recipients of Unwanted Sexual Contact in a College Student Sample' (1999) *Sex Roles* 40: 295-308.

Mitchell, Hirschman & Hall, 'Attributions of Victim Responsibility, Pleasure and Trauma in Male Rape' (1999) *Journal of Sex Research* 36(4): 369 (re male-male rape).

Struckman-Johnson & Struckman-Johnson, 'Acceptance of Male Rape Myths Among College Men and Women' (1992) *Sex Roles* 27: 85-99.

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What about no sex?

Queer sex, straight sex, good sex, weird sex ... what about NO sex? I am really looking forward to Sex Week, and I think it's fabulous that we can all celebrate the various forms of sexuality, and open our minds and eyes to other ways of living ... and loving.

But whilst we have this healthy celebration of 'Bonking: anyway you like it', it is important not to lose sight of the fact that the crucial part of that sentence is 'anyway YOU LIKE'.

The fact is that there are still a high number of people being coerced

into sex, through the use of violence or verbal abuse. Sure, celebrate sexual diversity. Celebrate sex (I certainly do). But don't let that celebration assume tones of 'everybody should be having sex'.

More than a quarter of girls aged from 12 - 20 are physically abused or threatened by their boyfriends, and 14% have had to fend off a boyfriend who was using physical or verbal abuse to force them to have sex. A further 6% failed. 'Girls and Sex: Same as it Ever Was' (Saturday Age, 29 April, 2000) reveals the results from the University of WA Crime Research Centre report

on Young People and Domestic Violence. It shows the real need for sex education to expand to include to notion that 'no sex is OK', and that the only sex that is OK is the sex that you, personally, unequivocally, desire.

Whilst the heterosexual norm is being challenged by such events as Sex Week, it is important to be aware of the power it still holds. There is a compulsion, especially on young women, to form intimate relationships with young men. Young women are loathe to leave relationships that have become violent: 'if a boy were to push or shove someone ... she would not say anything about it, in order to keep that status there.'

There is still a prevailing attitude among young women that 'soft violence' is OK. That guys will pressure you into having sex, and that's expected. In fact, 15% of guys think it's OK to do that.

Neither gender seems to have taken on board that any pressure to do something sexual against your will is NOT OK. So often the message of the sexual revolution, and bonking anyway you like it, is taken as meaning that you must have sex.

That sex is a part of life, and every ordinary person is participating. That not to have sex is to be a non-PC prude.

So, let's celebrate sexual diversity. Let's get those issues out there and into the public arena. Let's talk about sex (thanks, Salt'n'Pepa, and yes, I do know the words to the whole song). But let's talk about it as a choice, and let's not forget that some people do view sex as a big step. It does have an impact on your life, and for some that impact is bigger than for others. The freedom to choose not to have sex is as important as the freedom to do it with whomever, and however you like.

ELO

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definition
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office anytime.**



Making choices yesterday

Dancing with myself

I had seen myself around and finally got the courage to ask me out to dinner. I didn't want myself to know that I was desperate, so I leafed through my blank diary and said that 'funnily enough' I just happened to be free that night.

I was reluctant to give myself my address, since that was the first day I had ever really spoken to myself. I seemed like a nice guy and all, but you can never be too careful, especially given that I didn't really know me.

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

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

I took me to a simple dinner which I barely noticed as I was totally enthralled with myself. I already found myself incredibly attractive,

but after talking to myself all night I knew I was someone special. I lost my appetite because I was too busy filling up on my beauty, which by this stage had totally engulfed me. I walked several blocks just holding my hand, but at one stage I slid my hand behind me and slipped it into my back pocket.

I didn't want the night to end and I bravely asked me back to my apartment. I accepted, cautious not to seem too keen or to make it known exactly how horny I was becoming as the night progressed. However, as I took a taxi with myself to the apartment we both knew what was lying ahead.

By the look on the taxi driver's face as he snuck looks in his rear-view mirror at myself slowly caressing me he also seemed to realise what our plans were.

I was shocked with how romantic I was. The foreplay went on for hours. Stroking, caressing, undressing, heavy-petting - I was in heaven! However, the sex was even better than I had imagined - and trust me I had imagined. I seemed to know exactly what I wanted. I was gentle when I needed it, and an animal when I wanted it.

The best part was that I always re-

spected my boundaries, never forcing anything on myself. When all the action got me tired, I was cool and just cuddled myself until I was ready again.

I was also really impressed that I didn't just roll over and fall asleep after I came but instead persisted with the foreplay, midplay, afterplay, whateverplay.

After the fourth round I was too tired to go on, but still sat up and just talked until I fell asleep and then I too went to bed. In the morning I had to rush out, but I was comfortable in the knowledge that I would be back and that this was no one night stand. I momentarily felt lonely, but quickly shed my insecurities and busied my mind with other thoughts.

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

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

People often marvel at how committed I am to me and how strong my relationship is. I tell them it is because I am honest with myself and I tell me all about my concerns, fantasies and fears - therefore I trust myself.

Trust is so important in a relationship, and after being tested it means that in a trusted relationship like mine you don't have to fiddle with things like condoms. But like I tell myself all the time, when I'm having sex with anyone else 'If its not on its not on'.

When it all gets too much I am always safe in the knowledge that I am a good shag and that I will always be a willing partner in all my fantasies. Therefore, if you're unsure about safe sex practices or feel you just can't trust others, remember to touch yourself.

Even if you do fall asleep after, or even during the act, or if you can't get it up, or you get a headache, or if you're just feeling a little frigid - you will still be just as horny the next time you feel like having sex with yourself.

Wayne King and Mazz Turbate



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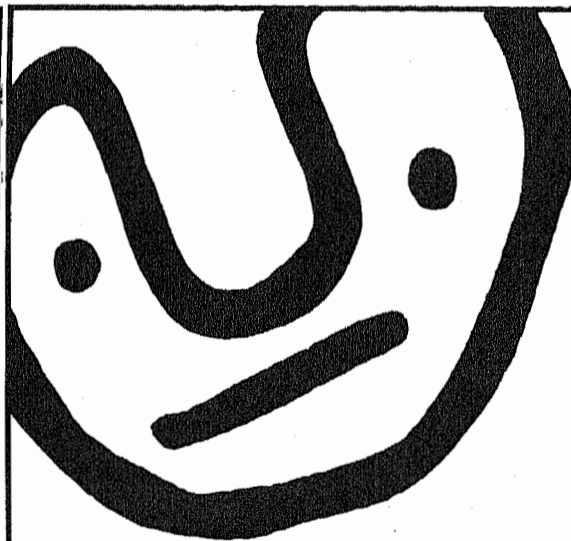
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Between Men Phonenumber: (08) 8362 7931

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Practitioner

ANN TAYLOR
Director
Bereaved
Through Suicide
Support Group

SUE BARNARD
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Counselling Service

QUESTIONS:

1. What's the most erotic thing on campus?
2. If you could be a sex symbol of the opposite sex, who would you be?
3. What's the worst thing you could do during sex?



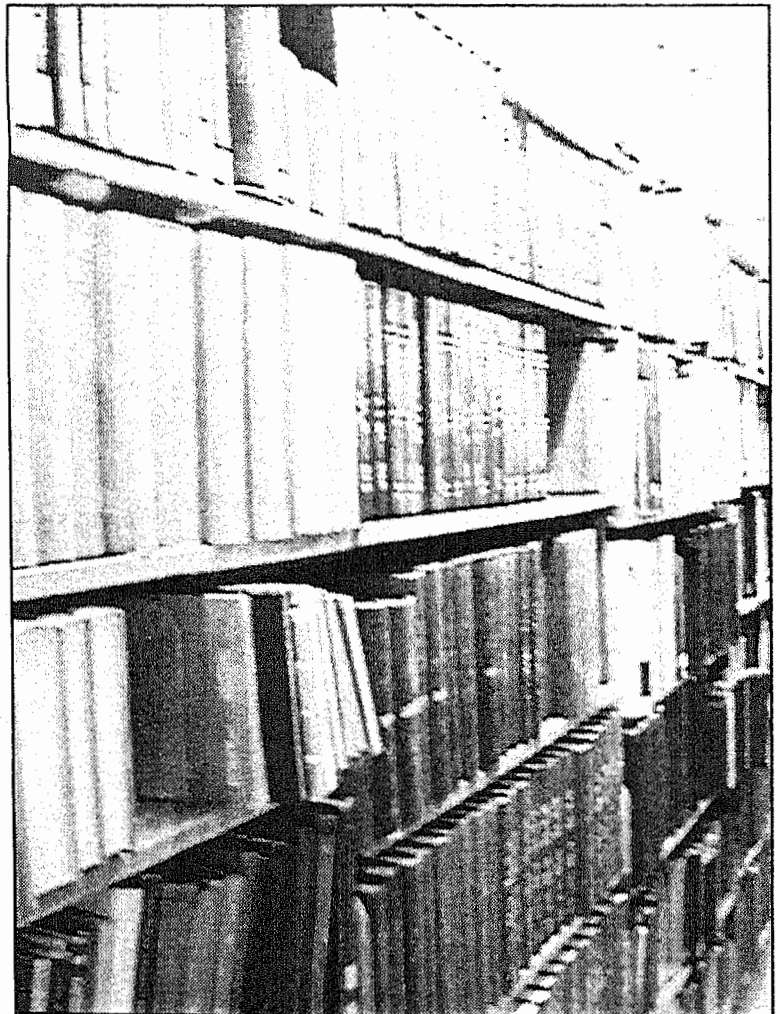
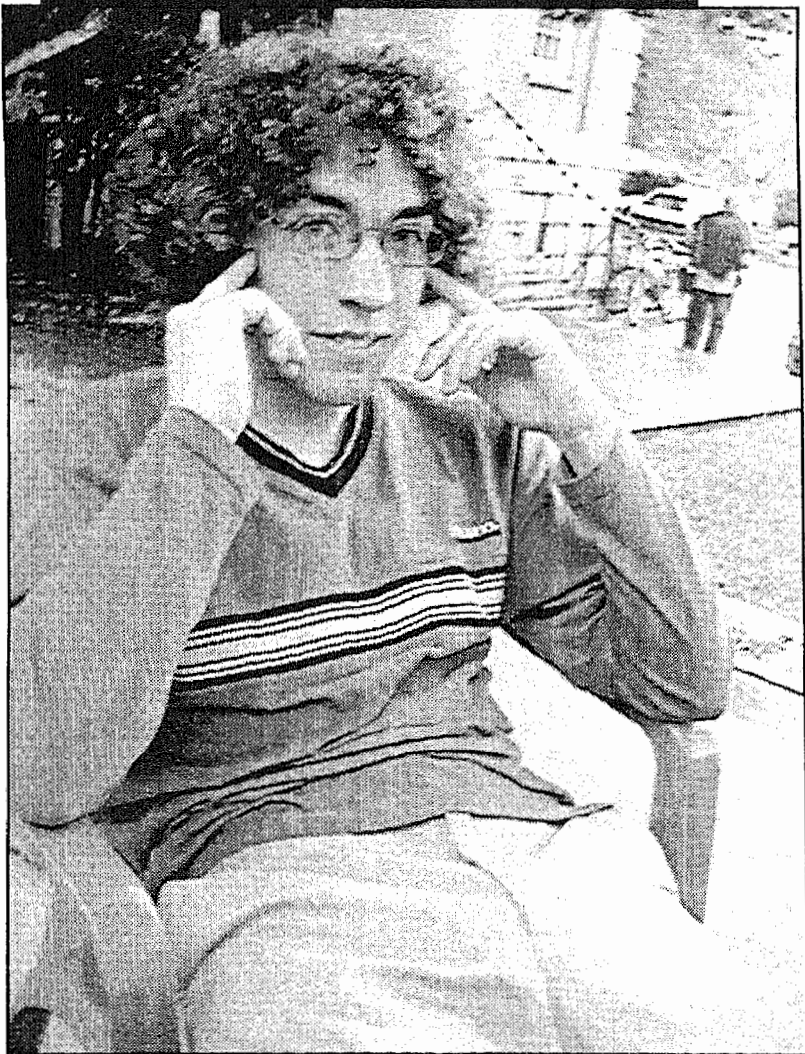
Jeremy
Thinking about some bloke's bottom
 1. Darien's arse.
 2. I'd have to say, Madonna.
 3. Have your mum walk in. Not that it has ever happened to me.



Mandy
Equinoxing
 1. The Schultz Building of course. Because size is what counts.
 2. Antonio Bandaras. 'Cause he got Madonna.
 3. Think of your mum. Or your sister.

Lee
Battling a bout of lethargy

1. Me.
2. Madelaine Albright. Because I'd like her to subject me to some crippling sanctions.
3. Say 'It's not the size of the boat but the motion of the ocean.'



Barr Smith Library Book Shelf
Kissing, and telling

1. The information desk ladies. And me.
2. An electronic database. Show us your Web Pac!
3. I've seen it all. So has most of the library, it being the prime Rooting Place of Choice on campus - but if you scream out the call number of another book shelf, I won't be forgiving you.

POP

Vairi, Lea and Kim

Dreaming of old Scottish men

1. Kim: The Pornland stickers on the bins.

Vairi: There's lots of talent on campus.

Lea: The Schultz Building

2. Kim: Sean Connery - no matter how old he is, he's still beautiful. The accent!

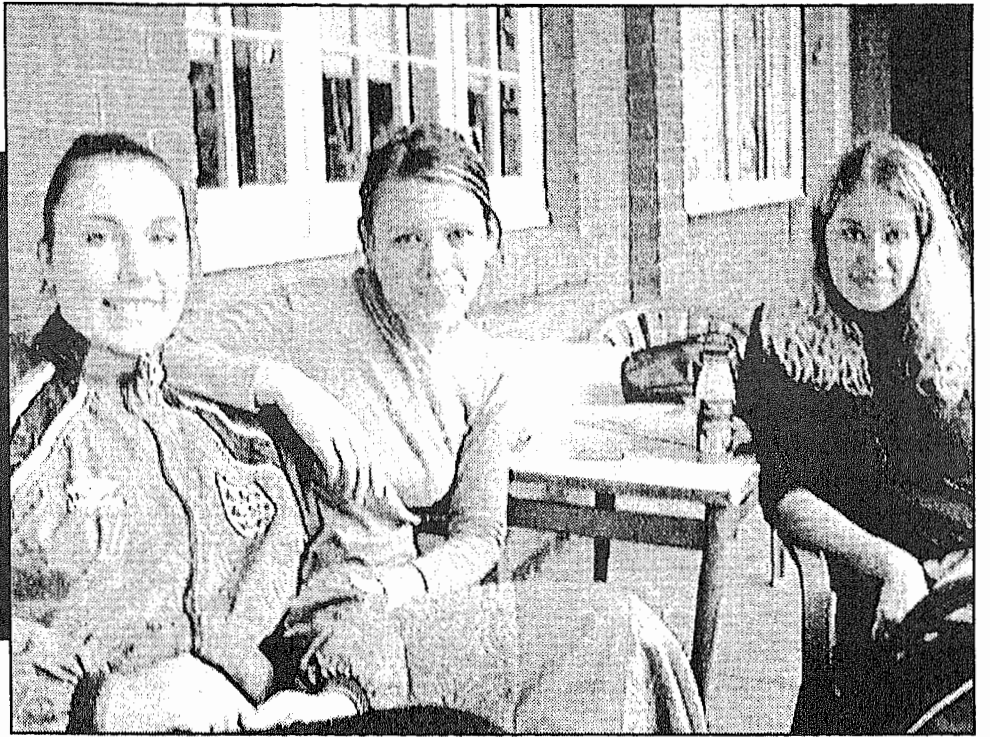
Vairi: He just gets better with age, and the Scottish accent, Rroahh!

Lea: Dirk Digler. He's buff.

3. Kim: Fart.

Vairi: Say, 'What's your name again?'

Lea: Talking about your ex's is pretty bad.



Carl and Scott

Not seeing any phallicy in pool cues

1. Scott: The Women's Room.

Carl: The depths of the library.

2. Carl: Jessica Rabbit - but she's a cartoon.

Scott: Catherine Zeta-Jones. Before she got pregnant and engaged.

3. Scott: Stop for a coffee.

Carl: Playing video games at the same time.



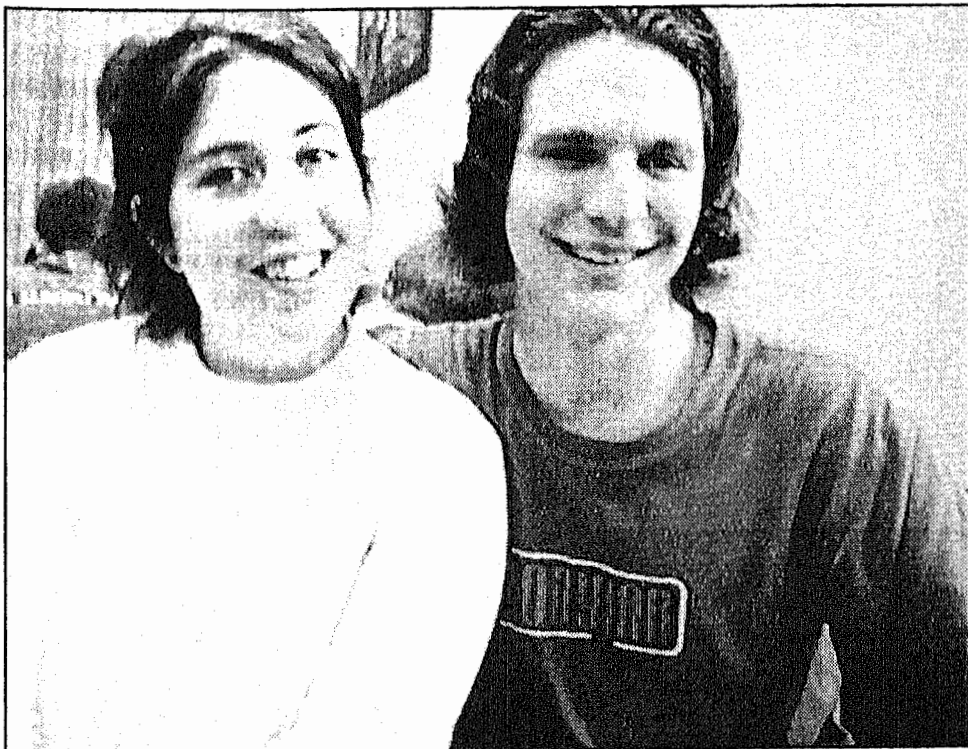
Hanna

Doing the Cloister loitering thing

1. The sculpture on the Barr Smith Lawns.

2. Jarvis Cocker, 'cause he's sex on a stick.

3. Asking her if she can lie on the wet patch.



Belinda and Toby

Fantatising about modern art

1. Toby: The sculpture by Lower Napier.

Belinda: Penny the Vox Pop chick.

2. Toby: I'd be a lesbian like KD Lang, because of that whole male lesbian thing.

Belinda: Jude Law. Because he symbolises eternal good looks and money.

3. Toby: Stop.

Belinda: Scream. Incessant screaming is annoying.

He/Shengineer

Before and After: An Engineer's Transition An Interview with a Transsexual Engineer

How did you feel being an engineer before transition, and how has it felt since?

This is somewhat complicated by the changes that have happened to my field of engineering - the water industry - in the nineties. I've seen the emphasis shift from providing the community with a service towards making a profit above all other considerations. For instance, little hints which would get passed on gratis to clients in the eighties are now bottled up until payment for the advice is guaranteed. So I've become quite cynical about the profession and its attitude towards the community it serves - or is supposed to serve ...

Since my transition I've run more directly into the emotional walls and barriers of many parts of the profession, and that has also contributed to my cynicism. But I still find myself getting passionate about wastewater treatment, and I am working with (female) engineering students, so the passion is probably still there - it's just been buried under a defensive wall of cynicism.

I always (before transition) enjoyed the chance to pass on knowledge and watch someone develop their abilities and skills, but

now I also enjoy the human interaction that goes with this (and I've got better at that myself, as I become less emotionally inhibited). **Has your view of engineering shifted at all since transition?** My view of engineering as a profession serving the community (or meant to be) probably hasn't changed all that much, but my view of engineers and engineering culture has.

After transitioning, I wanted to focus on more inclusive work practices (both with colleagues, clients and community), and found the emphasis on competition and keeping knowledge back until it had been paid for, harder to live with. Engineering is a knowledge-based profession, so it is based on selling information and advice, but the attitude of holding on to information tends to be apparent within the workplace ...

So I knew of some of the problems before transition, but now I am more directly affected by them and have to acknowledge them more. Before transition, if another engineer was indulging in sexist hu-

mour, I could (and would) walk away. Now, it is far more personal ...

Interestingly, I am now the Employee's Affirmative Action representative, so I feel I am able to use the insights I've gained for the benefit of women and, perhaps less directly, men. That also has led me to focus directly on some cultural issues.

It must have been hard going through transition. Was it made harder by working with engineers - not known for their emotional empathy and understanding - or is this a myth about groups of male engineers?

It is most definitely not a myth. I'm still having problems from some men who think they can treat people as inanimate objects (which is a little like the tendency of some men to make women 'honorary men'). But there were some who were, and are, very accepting and supportive, including the company's (male)

(which does not acknowledge my gender reassignment surgery, hormones or the permanence and breadth of my transition) to his staff, which caused enormous problems for me. (I even had complaints start about me using female toilets after two years of no problems), and one manager still refuses to acknowledge me as female. The latter, in particular, is causing me extreme distress and could yet be the trigger for me leaving the profession ...

I have experienced problems also from engineers in other organisations. These people seem to have an attitude that, because I do not work at their company, they can treat me any way they wish with complete impunity. What they don't realise is that this reflects badly on them as human beings ... as engineers, and on the profession.

Two examples come to mind, both from engineering conferences. The

I was later wrongly identified as a transvestite. Male colleagues had a wider range of responses. Some were very supportive, most were fairly non-committal (which can be unsettling at a time when you feel vulnerable and uncertain and want encouragement) and others were scared something would drop off if I got too close to them!

A little story about one of my male colleagues at the time: He said, after I transitioned, that he was disappointed because I had confirmed a theory of his. He had a theory that women made better engineers because of their attention to detail and, when I was working as a male, I was the exception to that rule. However, then I transitioned so his theory was confirmed!

Do your female and male colleagues treat you any differently now compared with when you were male identified?

I find it easier to work with female colleagues now. There is a sense of communicating without overtones, whereas working with male colleagues often feels like I'm in a boxing ring or, as a character in a TV series put it, everyone is 'measuring up'. Not all male colleagues are like that; some share interests outside engineering, and they seem to be more prepared to listen than others.

Another thing I have noticed recently is that it is easier to relate to male colleagues who, like myself, are interested in technical matters rather than management. Maybe they're less driven by a desire for power?

Given that joking is one of the rituals that groups of male engineers participate in, have you noticed any shifts in this way of relating?

Because of being transgender (which included an awareness of being in the wrong body since I was six), I generally avoided joking rituals and very male forms of behaviour as much as I could, which did, at times, lead to some people making it very clear that they felt offended by my behaviour. Since transitioning, I don't have to fend this off because I am not included. Even if I am sitting in the same room, I don't feel included in the humour - it is often tinged with sexism and is very 'blokey'. I recall a meeting with the technical manager of one of our clients. Their manager had brought a junior fe-

They didn't have the courage to confront me, and they didn't have the humanity to have their snigger in private.

Managing Director.

For my transition, I organised an education campaign, starting with management, then extending to female staff, and finally to male staff, which helped enormously with my transition. It dispelled some of the common myths about transgender people such as ... [transgender] is based on sexuality, or is entirely an expression of some form of sexuality, [or] that transgender people are deviants and other such rubbish. There is even some physical evidence to back up the assertion of transgender people that we are of the gender we say we are (post-mortem examination of brains) and there is lots of psychological evidence. But too many people think of 'Frank-n-Furter' when 'transgender' is mentioned, and that is completely wrong. Transgender people look basically as normal as members of the gender they identify as.

Since then, I've had problems with people who have come into the office who did not experience that education process. One manager described me as a transvestite

first is at a conference in Adelaide, when I caught two male engineers sniggering 'That's him' [sic] and looking over their shoulders at me. They didn't have the courage to confront me, and they didn't have the humanity to have their snigger in private. The other example is when the chairperson of a water authority opened a major conference with a joke about transsexuals ... made in full awareness of my presence ... I [now] tend to be reluctant to attend local engineering seminars, where other engineers who know of my transition could also be present ... which is an impediment to my career. I feel very much like I've lost five years out of my career, because of attitudes to women and to transgender people. **You have special insights into the engineering profession. Not only have you been a male engineer but you are now experiencing being an engineer as a female and within the same company. How did your female and male colleagues respond to you in this transition?**

My female colleagues were generally OK. I had problems only when

He/Shengineer

cont

male engineer to gain some experience, and one of my 'colleagues' (a manager) chose to relate a very sexist joke in the meeting, despite two women being present - one a client! Can you think of specific examples of being treated differently as a male and female in the same context (before and after transition), for example, regarding invisibility, being listened to, not listened to?

I became invisible after I transitioned. It was very difficult to get my views listened to without being forceful to the point of being aggressive. The people who were not listening are often the same people who talk about having more women in engineering, which is a very obvious inconsistency (I normally call it hypocrisy).

In the last couple of years, as our Affirmative Action program has got a little more established and we've had more female engineers come in, I've noticed that (the more senior) male engineers will make what seems to be an effort to listen more, but there are times when it is pretty much a facade and there is no genuine listening going on.

I can also point to my salary relative to other engineers with the same experience. Based on APESMA [the association for professional engineers] surveys, before transition I was at the top of the lower quarter of the range of salaries. That was slightly lower because I do not wish to work in management (or, at least, management as it occurs in engineering), and the company traditionally pays slightly lower salaries. Now, after six years, I am in the lowest decile for my experience.

I also feel that I have been shut out of training opportunities and that has led to me at times just 'going through the motions'. I have discussed this a little, and the attitude of managers is that I - and other women - have not been shut out of training, but [that] there was a temporary slow down and shift in emphasis as a corporate-based needs assessment and training scheme has been established.

Do you continue to see gendered patterns in the workplace?

I see a bit of a gradual generational division in the workplace. The older male engineers tend to be the ones with problems ... working with women as equals. I feel that they fear that women are going to be emotional and 'irrational', while many (not all by any means) of the younger engineers tend not to see any significance in one being male

or female. That is good in terms of working together, but doesn't create any pressure to change the culture of the workplace, and doesn't show the sort of awareness of gender-based cultural aspects.

Those aspects aren't always obvious to people. For instance, the colleague who made the sexist joke in a meeting also talks about having more women in our workplace, and genuinely thinks he is addressing the issue well. The best summary of problem attitudes here is a comment I remember reading: a male engineer was being interviewed about AA (Affirmative Action), and replied to a question on this with something along the lines of 'What's gender equality got to do with me?' ... The sad thing is that so many of the younger female engineers [also] seem to think there is no problem. They may not have encountered sexism yet - but I would hope they were more aware of the gender biases of [different] cultures.

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Transgender is an umbrella term that includes intersex, transgender and other people with 'gender identity' issues.

The transgender community includes heterosexuals, bisexuals, gays and lesbians, but the decision to change gender identity is not a matter of sexuality.

Transsexuals - who are around one in 30,000 of the population - are born with a physical sex that does not match their sense of gender identity. They undergo a rigorous procedure involving psychological and psychiatric assessment, hormone therapy, counselling and surgery in order to change their lifestyle and bodies.

Around half of all transsexuals are females who transition to being male.

The term 'transition' is used for the time when the transsexual changes their lifestyle to match their sense of gender identity.

The discrimination against transgender people is considerable, and includes an estimated 95% losing their jobs because of discrimination, harassment, rape or attempted murder at the time of their transition.

Reportedly, 20 to 40% will attempt suicide.

Doctors at large

Stephanie Strong said that, 'if homosexuality is a disease, let's call in queer to work; Sorry, can't work today, still queer!'

Homophobia is a large enough problem as it is. Too many people who do not identify as heterosexual can't so much as walk to their mailbox without hearing homophobic taunts. Even more distressing is when individuals face homophobic attitudes from doctors and practitioners who are supposedly trained to make our lives more comfortable.

The department of Human Services has cut funding to the AIDS Council of South Australia (ACSA). The funding will instead go to ADAC, the Catholic Church's Adelaide Diocesan AIDS Council. ACSA will lose three staff positions and its programs that specifically addresses the needs of HIV positive people. At a community meeting with the department, HIV positive gay men said they did not want ADAC to be the sole provider of services, due to the known homophobic attitudes of the Catholic Church. The government's decision to cut funding ignores the concern of the gay community who will not have access to these vital services if they reject the Catholic Church.

The Adelaide Med School Society also seems to have this homophobic attitude. The AMSS has refused to preference Sexuality Officers for student representation. In discussions with gay students who study medicine at Adelaide Uni, it has become apparent that the Med schools' course content is considered homophobic by some students.

Two gay Med students from Flinders stated that the high level of homophobia in medicine's course content is concerning. Queer health is the only item of health not dealt with. Multicultural, male and female health are addressed but the only mention of queer issues are made in relation to AIDS and always in a negative manner. Issues such as depression, suicide and drug use have a new relevance in relation to sexuality but these are currently ignored.

There is a less conservative attitude amongst students at Flinders Med school, largely attributed to their program being a graduate one. Students there generally have more life experience, unlike at Adelaide. Over the several months in which this article was being researched, only two gay men were available from Flinders and one from Adelaide. The Flinders men were both quite out and had experienced little homophobia from their peers. The majority of the homophobia that they faced came from the course work they were taught. The man from Adelaide was very concerned that his confidentiality be conserved and was fearful that if the truth of his sexuality was revealed his career prospects would be damaged.

He stated that the field of medicine is controlled by 'the old boys club,' which is highly homophobic: if these people are not on your side, you will not be able to advance in your career. The Flinders men agreed with this statement and said that with so much of a doctors' work involving patient contact it is difficult to be out.

It was impossible to locate any lesbians from either university. All three men interviewed were aware that there was a woman who was completely out as a lesbian, but she could not be found during this articles' research.

Between the two universities, the three men could only think of nine students they knew to be queer. This included both out and closeted students, and the Flinders men expressed concern that there are several more students who are forced into the closet because of their studies in the conservative faculty.

David, one of the students from Flinders, wished to be identified in this article. He is a confident man with a strong personality and has coped well in coming out. He wanted to be identified to offer hope to other students who have been forced into the closet. The Adelaide man stated that he was in the closet mostly due to studying Med.

David is an overseas student from the USA and he believes that he will not have too many hassles in practicing as a gay male in the states. There is a stronger queer presence in his home town and less conservative attitudes than in Adelaide. Several senior medical staff in the USA identify as queer and are out, and he has witnessed their success. Back in Adelaide, however, the men still see their sexuality as being an issue they would guard. A doctor in Melbourne has similar feelings to David. He said that in Melbourne several of the senior staff have queer identities and hence he has not faced many problems with his career, but he will still be cautious about the general staff finding out.

With so many doctors having homophobic attitudes and homophobic actions being carried out across the health system, action has to be taken. If homophobia is to be removed from health professionals and the health system, it must start at a university level. If these fears are addressed at the first stage, they will not grow to become such a major problem later.

George Valiottis

In a homonormative world...

Imagine if you will ...

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

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

'How stereotypical!' you think, in line with your newly acquired political correctness. On the bus you catch every day, a nasty piece of graffiti greets you as you sit in your habitual seat. 'Breeders' is scrawled naughtily on the seat in front of you. 'Breeders ...', my, would spawn thousands of jokes and unending ridicule for the poor child labelled as 'straight'.

Your nephews and nieces go to that school now. The same children you babysat the other night while their dads went to the theatre. You grimace to yourself

as you remember how the youngest, Georgina, who is six now, asked you what a 'hetrosekshul' was. 'You'll find out when you are old enough' was your wimpy reply.

Later you heard John, a very precocious eight-year old, whispering that a 'hetrosekshul' is a man who sexes woman. Then the conspiratorial giggle as Georgina, who had no idea what he meant but knew it was so rude she had to laugh, chortled with ill-concealed mirth.

The daily drudgery of going to uni never seems to change. The only oddity on this day was two people sitting in front of you on the train. Not only were they dressed in a distinctly 'straight' style but the guy actually kissed the girl. You felt really weird, you don't mind if they 'do it', just not in front of you.

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

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



Historical medical studies

Recently, my studies have drawn me down to the festering bowls of the Barr Smith - the medical section. No, there are no skeletons draped in cobwebs, or rats nibbling on the foul products of experiments to raise the dead. There are merely shelves and shelves of books (funny that). It is from that catacomb of lost knowledge that I found this little gem of information that I shall summarise.

It wasn't until 1958 that the American Psychiatric Association removed hysteria from the *Mental Disorders Diagnostic Manual*. For centuries, hysteria had been interpreted in many different ways, including possession. However, less devout societies tended to believe that hysteria was more closely linked to sexual deprivation, especially in women. Even the word hysteria itself comes from the Greek *hysteria*, meaning womb. The documented symptoms of female hysteria include irritability, anxiousness, restlessness, sexual fantasy and vaginal lubrication - all of which are symptoms of arousal ... or so I've been told.

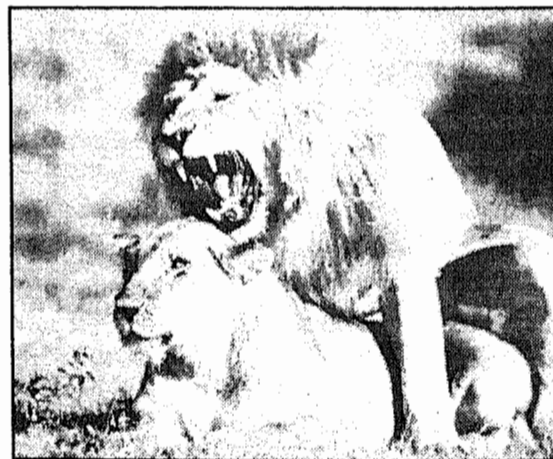
Doctors in the seventeenth century treated this disease by encouraging

their married patients to have more 'encounters' with their husband and their single patients to take up horseback riding. One doctor devised a treatment which involved a powder made of fox's testicles that was then injected into the vagina. Another method involved the use of a device which shot steam into the uterus in order to fumigate it. It was not until towards the end of the nineteenth century that doctors developed the perfect tool for treating hysteria: the vibrator. Until the 1870s, when the vibrator was developed, doctors had to directly stimulate hysterical patients using their fingers. Apparently, this task was considered to be tiresome, and most doctors had difficulty completing the time-consuming therapy. So the vibrator was invented to save doctors the hassle. It's amazing that all this time the disease that the doctors were trying to treat was actually a rampant libido.

As you can see, doctors were actually being paid to bring a patient to orgasm. Physicians were just educated sex slaves. It may also answer a few questions about the medical profession, such as why

every woman wants to marry a doctor, and why Med has been so male-dominated for so long.

But, if you think about it, it makes sense and should be re-introduced into the medical profession. Wouldn't you rather be pleased by someone who has spent six years learning anatomy? The only problem is that you would want to find a doctor that bulk bills, and trims his nails. Medicare would actually go to some good use (even the Liberals would support it, especially John Howard), and it would bring a whole new meaning to 'private' health insurance. We would see doctors cruising up and down Hindley Street, being pimped by nurses and draped in stethoscopes that came down to their crotch. There would be a resurgence in the number of faith healers, Fabio could become a Federal Health Minister, and *Chicago Hope* would be R rated. But what about the medical selection process? For one thing, the TER needed to get in would drop from 90 to 69 and UMAT would stand for 'Undergraduate Mastur-



A picture with no relation to the story

bation Application Test'. That controversial interview would be completely revamped. Applicants would need to go through a thorough screening process, including a Swim Suit section, Evening Wear, and General Knowledge. Let's not forget the 'Practical' section, which would be appraised by a member of the department and the general public.

Just think, if doctors were the ones doing all this work, what would physios be doing? Even worse ... dentists. Wait, much worse ... veterinarians.

Michael Hartstone

Straddling the Fence

Some decisions in my life have already been made for me. I realise that I will always be vertically challenged when compared to others, unless a whole lot of people do a great deal of shrinking in their old age.

Other decisions I am at liberty to choose for myself. For instance, I've figured out that I definitely prefer a good night on the town as opposed to getting a head start on that paper that's due next week.

It appears to be a simple enough concept, doesn't it? Well, maybe not. Not until I began attending Uni did I realise that we may have more choices in life than I expected. It all started last year. I was out with one of my friends at Uni and he decided to share with me that he was bisexual. In retrospect, I guess I wasn't very surprised. He showed all the stereotypical signs: more in touch with his emotions than I will ever be, not mention an impeccable dresser. Then, the week after that, another friend shared the same fun fact with me. Then I found out that a guy I dated for a long time was now dabbling in the fine art of bisexuality. It turned out that in about a month and a half about 5 friends had shared

that they were bisexual.

Even more interesting was when I asked them what sex they ultimately saw themselves with, or what percentage of attraction they felt about each sex. The overwhelming answer was that everyone differed in this area. Some friends wondered if maybe it was a stage they were going through. Others said they saw themselves about 60% for one team and 40% for the other. In

struggling with and agonising over for a long time.

Of course, all the discoveries my friends were sharing led me to take a long hard look at myself. I meditated. I wrote in my journal. I even called my mother. Now, I know that when one realises if he or she is bi they don't make a pro and con list to see which looks better, but I thought I'd try it. So, I took a look at what I perceived to be the

"Others said they saw themselves about 60% for one team and 40% for the other."

fact, very few seemed to feel that they were completely spread down the middle preference-wise.

I began to wonder if there was something the government was putting in the water supply and I had only been drinking the bottled stuff. Either that, or I had some strange effect on the people around me.

Now, I don't think it was as if people were getting bored with their lives and instead of getting a haircut they decided to straddle the fence. I know that it was something that a lot of them had been

benefits of being bisexual.

There was the perk that everyone was fair game, if you found them attractive that is. It took people watching to a whole new level. As much as I hate to admit it, it also seems rather 'trendy' these days. After all, look at Anne Heche.

But when I thought about it, I saw that it is not an easy way to live one's life. Regardless of how 'trendy' anyone may consider it at the moment, quite a few religions have a problem with it, and people are still persecuted for it.

I'll never forget when one of my friends told me how disastrous the results were when she told her mother. As a result, her mother kicked her out of the house and they haven't spoken since.

What it comes down to for me is that while we make some decisions ourselves and others are made for us, there are just some issues where I don't know who's doing the choosing. Maybe it's just experimentation, maybe it's a way of life, but I'm certainly no expert in this category.

So here is my theory: I believe that no one in the world is one hundred percent heterosexual. Now, that doesn't mean that there aren't a great deal of people out there who are about 99.6% straight and 4% wondering what if they actually acted out that dream they had the other night. Maybe I have that theory because I don't believe that anything is black or white. Or maybe it's just because I think people would be a whole lot more tolerant.

And, after all this thinking, I realised something: I'm probably one of those people who are in the 99.6% category.

Emily Epstein

A users guide to dangerous women

Much has been written about heterosexual dating, and how to avoid partners who would be wrong for you. No one seems to have performed this service for lesbians. It must be admitted that not all women, even lesbians are perfect. Loving lesbians can be found anywhere, the following list of eight less-than-perfect types is offered in the hope of helping lesbians avoid unnecessary disasters.

The Prima Donna, or Queen Bee:

The Prima Donna is gorgeous, otherwise her tactics would not work. Her sexuality is not of major import, because she wants power, not sex or emotional involvement. She uses her helplessness as a device to get things done for her, but she is a survivor who unsurprisingly tough. She is rarely grateful to the generous, lovestruck dyke who supports her/pays her bills/drives her around/listens to her complaints. The best way to discourage her is to look the offender in the eye (if necessary, use a mirror), and say something like, 'Do it yourself'.

The Cool Butch:

This is the Lesbian Nation's answer to the Fonzy. When she wants you, she'll whistle. More often, she waits to be approached by someone who finds her aloofness challenging. Ms Cool is often married to her career, in some cases she likes one night stands or multiple (shallow) relationships, and in most cases she points out that she never promised you anything. When she tires

of her game, she calmly walks away, wiping your tears off her. Underneath this woman is terrified of commitment and self-revelation. The Cool Butch knows that others will read into her slightly sarcastic expression whatever they like, and she does not want to spoil the illusion. The best way to melt her cool is to ask questions and demand answers. If you drive this woman away you have avoided an Ice Age.

The Hot Butch:

She is usually touchy and unpredictable. She can be charming or funny in a good mood but the wrong word can change her into a snarling tigress. If a negative remark does not arouse her wrath, it makes her cry. If she falls in love with you (when she falls, she falls) expect candlelit suppers, presents that put her in debt, and the need for reassurance that you will love her forever. Talk to her, you can bet no one else does, and it'll make all the difference.

The Celebrity:

You are likely to encounter this person when your friends whisper 'that's her', pointing to the most noticeable woman at the party or bar. She wears shades for anonymity, but is surrounded. Seemingly, everyone in town knows her, and they will make extraordinary demands on her time, despite the fact, she probably doesn't know them. Most of the time, she is too polite to refuse them. Everyone expects success for her in the near future, just as soon as she is published, exhibited, or discovered. She

usually just wants to be with you.

The Tramp:

You won't recognize this woman until too late. In time, you discover she had a troubled youth. She was adopted, unwanted or naturally rebellious, and her folks were straight laced. She came out/was outed, was kicked out/ran away, became addicted to uppers/downers/heroin/glue/alcohol/junk food & fell into bad company (not necessarily in that order). The tramp feels persecuted & misunderstood. She needs your emotional support. She claims you can help her, all she needs is a break. She will wear out your sympathy and your reputation before she will make a serious effort to change her life. Hard as it is, the only way to save yourself from a Tramp is to be ruthless. Don't shy away from talking to her for fear of rejection, she needs you to speak to her, and to reassure her that you have some vague understanding of what she's going through. When she does get her act together, it will be worth the wait.

The Tease:

She points out that she only wants your friendship, then gives you a sisterly kiss on the lips ... for ten minutes. She tells you she hopes you'll find the right woman soon, then describes the type of woman she wants to spend the rest of her life with - who sounds remarkably like you. Unfortunately, teasing is one of the standard games lesbians play because turning someone on & keep-

ing her off-guard are power trips. If involved with someone, she'll keep you as an insurance policy in case her primary relationship falls through. Your only hope is to make up your own mind. If you want a relationship with her, phrase your request as an ultimatum. If you lose her altogether as a result, at least you won't be teased anymore. If you decide she is too unstable to make a trustworthy mate, refuse to waltz to her tune.

The Haunted Woman:

This woman can't see you clearly because she is still gazing into her unforgettable past. The Haunted Woman is recovering from her last affair, or yearning for a fantasy figure. Expect to hear all about the love of her life. She will tell you its over with her ex, despite the fact that she sees/speaks to her daily. She will treat you as she was treated (or believed she was treated which is worse), apologise profusely about it, but won't be able to stop. When you meet a woman who can't stop talking about a past relationship, you know what you're in for, and, as such, which is a bastard of a time. If you get the slightest inkling of her lying to you about the past, leave her before she becomes a regrettable item in *your* past. In general, insist on honesty in yourself and the women you meet will weed out the gameplayers described above. Abusive games are based on fear, so an open, courageous approach to life is the antidote to abuse.

Health Services Lists

Ignorance about health services available to students is a common complaint received by the SAUA Sexuality Department and so in response we present you with a somewhat definitive list of health services on and around campus:

Health and STDs

Clinic 275
1st floor 275 North Terrace
Ph: 8226 6025
Country Free Call: 1800 806 490

Gay Men's Health
64 Fullarton Road Norwood
Ph: 8362 1617
Country Free Call: 1800 888 559

Second Story
57 Hyde St Adelaide
8232 0233

Shine SA
Sexual Health Hotline (9am - 1pm, Mon-Fri)
Ph: 8364 0444
Country Free Call: 1800 188 171

Women's Information Service
Station Arcade
136 North Terrace
Ph: 8303 0590
Country Free Call: 1800 188 158

Child & Youth Health
295 South Tce Adelaide
8303 1531

Gay & Lesbian Support Services

B-Friend
Based at Adelaide Central Mission
10 Pitt St
Adelaide
Ph: 8202 5192
8202 5805
email: bfriend@acm.asn.au

Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays (PFLAG)
Ph: 8337 1175

The AIDS Council of SA (ACSA)
Ph: 8362 1611

Gay and Lesbian Counselling Service
Ph: 8362 3223
Country Free Call: 1800 182 233

Pride
Adelaide University
Ph: 8303 5403

Counselling Services

Marion Youth Health Clinic
249 Diagonal Road
Warradale 5046
Ph: 8337 1055

Dale Street Women's Health
Dale St
Port Adelaide
Ph: 8447 7033

Aboriginal Health Council of SA
Ph: 8431 4800

University Services

Counselling Centre
Horace Lamb Building
Opposite Horace Lamb Lecture Theatre
Ph: 8303 5663

Wilto Yerlo
Ground Floor
Hartley Building
Ph: 8303 3623

sex week 2000

launch:
yellow ribbon foundation
university chapter

community supported youth suicide prevention program
thursday 11th may @ 1pm, union cinema
with Bill Harrington, National Director, YRF
light refreshments provided
presented by saua sexuality department ©

Show me the money ...

Looking For Alibrandi Now showing Selected cinemas

If (like me) you are a wog, or have been brought up witnessing wog culture, or have been to a Catholic or single sex school, then this is a movie that you'll have to see. As a Maltese background Catholic who went to both co-ed and single sex high school, I found this movie great because of so many things that I (and I'm sure many others) could relate to. Basically, the movie is about a Sicilian background girl named Josie Alibrandi, and the troubles she goes through in growing up, particularly those troubles faced doing year 12.

Josie grew up in suburban Sydney without a father. She had been heavily influenced by her grandmother and mother, and was somewhat rebellious. She attended a private and exclusive Catholic all girls school, filled with daddies little princesses. As in most Catholic schools, the wogs formed groups together, as did the skips, and they were always at each others' necks. Josie, who was going to school on a scholarship, was continuously feeling the pressure from all the rich kids, but was still a grade A student.

Over the course of the year, Josie had flipped out over a boy at the neighbouring St. Anthony's all boys school, recieved constant pressure about her financial status, was continually nagged by her grandmother, and had to put up with all the pros and cons of being a wog. On top of that, she met her father for the first time in her 17 years, no easy feat I'm sure. Still, Josie managed to knuckle through

all those trials and tribulations, and come out okay in the end.

All throughout the movie, there is a strong looking for one's self vibe going on. I think that most people should be able to relate to that, and everyone who sees this movie will be in some way touched by that. Definitely a good flick.

On top of that, this movie stars Salvatore (Con from Heartbreak High, while it was still a good show), which is reason enough to see the movie! And there's a VK Charger in it to: essential to any movie with wog culture. And if all that isn't enough to make you fork out 10 bucks, then let me assure you, Pia Miranda (who plays Josie) is one fine looking young lady! Be patriotic; see *Looking For Alibrandi!*

L.A.

Sample People Opens 11 May Palace Eastend Cinemas

Writer/director Clinton Smith had a vision. This vision was of an Australian film, not necessarily shot in Adelaide, but he was open to suggestions. This film would present a cross-section, or *sample*, if you will, of young people whose lives intersect over a hot and steamy weekend.

This vision has not been fulfilled. Taken on its own, *Sample People* is a lot of fun. Swallowed with the *Magnolia*-esque themes of ships/strangers passing *et cetera* harped upon in the promotional material, the film falls far short. The characters mostly all know each other, so the effect is just not there; the film Smith talks about in the promo notes is a far, far different film to the finished product. Which is disappointing, because I would have *loved* to have seen his vision realized.

Ignore the publicity material, and you will definitely enjoy *Sample People* much more.

The entire plot featuring gangsters TT (David Field), Jess (Kylie Minogue), and Andy (Simon Lyndon) should have been cut completely; it just does not fit with the rest of the film at all. There are too many characters in *Sample People*, and a better scriptwriter could have juggled them proficiently. But they *did not have* a better scriptwriter. Editor Frans Vandenburg

tries his best to salvage the film, but try as he might, his fine cutting with director of photography David Foreman's fantastic camera work could not disguise a bad script.

And the script is where the problem lies. *Sample People* features a brilliant cast, who I *know* are capable of so much more, and whose virtues cannot otherwise be sung enough. For instance, Ben Mendelsohn is one of the most talented actors this country has to offer; Simon Lyndon was awful in *Sample People*, but reading his bio was like a slap in the face when I realized that he was in the Burning House's 1995 stage adaptation of Tim Winton's *That Eye the Sky*—my god he was *fantastic*; and Paula Arundell was absolutely mesmerizing as Ariel in the Bell Shakespeare Company's 1997 production of *The Tempest*, and should have won that award damnit!

The characters in *Sample People* are nearly all, without exception, two-dimensional, immature, egoistic, narcissistic caricatures of a 'yoof' culture which I doubt even exists. Drugs and dance music are all very

well and good, but these people are just not human at all.

Smith has a lot of growing-up to do before he attempts another film, but these criticisms aside, *Sample People* is, as stated above, a fun movie which is wonderfully shot. See it if only to see my-friend-the-extra in the background, and to see the local sites on the big screen.

Jayne Lewis

For the Love of the Game Now Showing Selected Cinemas

Kevin Costner clearly has a thing about baseball. It seems that when he's not making turgid, three-plus hour epics, he's making baseball films. *Bull Durham*, *Field of Dreams* and now *For the Love of the Game* - methinks the man might be a tad obsessed.

Based on a novel by Michael Shaara, *For the Love of the Game* tells the story of Billy Chapel (Costner), an ageing Major League

Interview: Nathan Page's Flawed Sample

12:40 pm: 40 minutes late. The Telstra chick phones me to say that she keeps getting Nathan Page's Messagebank. I wonder, briefly, a) do I have time to make some toast/finish ironing my skirt? and b) has *his* phone bill also gone up by one third after getting Messagebank connected?

I attempt to finish ironing my skirt, and am interrupted by my-friend-the-extra who phones to say she will be late. *She* certainly has some interesting tales to tell about filming *Sample People*.

12:56pm: My housemate makes the best tzatziki in the world, but it just haunts me from its roasty base on the other side of the room. I *knew* that the second I made something to eat he would phone. Apparently he had just ducked out to the shops. Apology accepted. Due to the supreme lack of decent info in Page's bio, and the fact that he has not seen *Sample People* yet (it has not officially premiered), my interview comes straight from the Ann Wills College of Journalism... 'so tell me about your latest project...' I expect a plug for *Sample People*, but Page is more excited with his latest theatre work. He is working on a play called *La Dispute* with the same director he worked with in *Ur*

Faust (which sold out at the Adelaide Festival), Bennedict Andrews.

Page admits that initially he wrinkled his nose and turned down the script for *Sample People*. He was talked into it by his friend and *La Dispute* co-actor David Field - who plays TT the gangster in the film. He tentatively asks me how *Sample People* turned out, saying that he and housemate Paula Arundell (Cleo in the film) do not even really want to go to the premiere.

Diplomacy prevents me from elaborating on most of the rest of the conversation. Suffice to say that Page drew more guidance during filming from director of photography David Foreman, than writer/director Clinton Smith. He also espouses the virtues of editor Frans Vandenburg, asking me if the film at least *looked* good. Page pretty much agreed with my criticisms of *Sample People*, most of which he said were evident to him from the script alone. Diplomacy prevents me, as I said: lets just say that my-friend-the-extra told me that Smith was an arsehole. She can say that because she doesn't have to work with these people.

Jayne Lewis.



Looking for Alibrandi: *my, they look happy, don't they?*

Show me the money

pitcher with the Detroit Tigers. In one hectic morning, he finds out that he is to be traded after nineteen years with the Tigers and that his girlfriend of five years, Jane (Kelly Preston aka Mrs John Travolta) is leaving him. The narrative progresses largely through the use of flashback, as Chapel pitches his way through what may be the perfect game. On the mound he re-evaluates his life and career - baseball as a voyage of self-discovery, it would seem.

The somewhat hackneyed use of flashback is surprisingly effective, as it allows us to truly feel as if we are getting inside Chapel's head. Costner's is his usual log-like performance, personable enough but ultimately no great achievement. The acting honours clearly go to the support cast, with Preston and John C Reilly (as the catcher, Gus) both very good, and the excellent Jena Malone criminally under-used as Jane's daughter, Heather.

Perhaps the major flaw in *For the Love of the Game* lies with the pacing. Director Sam Raimi shows a flair for maintaining the tension during the game scenes, but seems less capable when Dana Stevens' script sinks into sub-soap opera. Stevens, whose greatest achievement to this point seems to have been ripping off *Wings of Desire* for the execrable *City of Angels*, has delivered a script that is unable to deal with much of the emotional subtlety required here, for all of its enjoyable forays into humour. And, like so many films flooding the market these days, *For the Love of the Game* would have been well served by a nice tight edit, bringing the overall length down by a quarter of an hour or so.

I make no excuses, really. I generally like sports films, for all their failings, so I was always going to enjoy *For the Love of the Game*. Overlong, over-sentimental and blessed with some absolute clunkers for dialogue, there is much to fault with this film. But some excellent performances, coupled with effective handling of the game sequences, make it all worth the effort. Hardly a masterpiece, but an enjoyable enough film nonetheless. One more thing: Costner portrayed an 'ageing baseballer' in *Bull Durham* over ten years ago. What does that make him now? An 'even more ageing' baseballer?

Moe Green

Stir of Echoes
Now showing
Selected Cinemas

Stir of Echoes is based upon the 1958 novel of the same name by Richard Matheson, and writer/director David Koepp has effectively updated the story for a *fin de siecle* audience. Koepp, whose writing credits include *Bad Influence*, *Death Becomes Her*, *Jurassic Park*, and *Mission: Impossible*, has crafted a truly eerie, disquieting, and downright terrifying tale of mystery, discovery, and the supernatural. Using techniques sometimes subtle and sometimes gross, Koepp juxtaposes elements of the mundane and the extraordinary so seamlessly that disbelief in what is a fanciful premise is compulsively suspended. The film's protagonist, Tom Witzky, is played with intensity and finesse by Kevin Bacon, who after more than twenty years in the movie industry seems only

now to be achieving his full dramatic potential. With *Stir of Echoes*, and following sterling performances in *Wild Things*, *Sleepers* and *The River Wild*, Bacon deserves to finally escape, or at least be forgiven for, his appearances in *Footloose* and *Animal House*, which seemed to overshadow so much of his work.

As *Stir of Echoes* begins, we see that Tom Witzky's life is a relatively simple one: he lives in a working-class neigh-



Stir of Echoes: pensive. Very pensive.

bourhood, has a secure but unfulfilling job, and is happily married with a young son. We hear Witzky apologising to his wife Maggie (Kathryn Erbe) that their life is so ordinary; little does he know that things are about to become excruciatingly interesting. During a neighbourhood party, the sceptical Tom allows his sister-in-law Lisa (Illeana Douglas) to try to hypnotize him. This is the beginning of a harrowing journey for Witzky and his family, for the hypnotism renders Tom psychically sensitive. It soon becomes clear that the Witzky's son, Jake (Zachary David Cope), is also paranormally aware, and father and son become embroiled in a ghostly intrigue. This intrigue will strain the Witzky's marriage to breaking-point, test Tom's sanity, and threaten their lives.

I can say little more about the story without diminishing the film's sense of mystery. Suffice it to say that *Stir of Echoes* shows us that things are often not what they seem, and that unpleasantness can often lurk right beneath our noses. You must see this movie.

Flashflood

28 Days
Now showing
Selected Cinemas

The '28 days' in the title refer to the rehab sentence passed to Gwen Cummings (Sandra Bullock) after she drunkenly hi-jacks the limo at her sister's wedding and pretty much destroys a quiet suburban street. What follows is a fairly typical 'alcoholic-city-brat-on-long-

slow-road-to-recovery' story.

To her credit, Bullock puts in a sympathetic and proficient performance, despite being little more than a 'drawcard' from the point of view of director Betty Thomas. Admittedly Bullock was, for me, a surprising casting choice, but Thomas really does the actor a grave disservice by admitting that Bullock was there only to '... make [28 Days] palatable to a wider audience' (from the production notes), and that '...[Bullock] has an ability to draw people into the theatre who wouldn't ordinarily come to a movie like this' (Jenno Topping: producer). Yeah, bet Sandy feels reeeeeeeel good about herself now. Another surprising choice was Steve Buscemi as Cornell, Gwen's councillor. Fans of Buscemi will probably be disappointed in his peripheral role; I for one feel that he was grossly under-utilized - both as an actor, and in terms of the use of his character. Maybe I am just used to seeing him play more 'hardcore' characters (Mr Pink in *Reservoir Dogs*; mad serial killer in *Con Air*); perhaps he genuinely wanted an escape from such distinctive films and roles; or maybe Tarrantino just is not returning his calls anymore.

Of distinction is Dominic West as Jasper, Gwen's boyfriend. The only non-stereotyped character in the film, he is more complex than the 'bad influence' you initially expect him to be. A far cry from the abusive dealer/pimp boyfriend typical of 'rehab films', Jasper has many levels: among them charm, wit, and a lovable puppy-dog/hot shag quality. All-round adorable. Susannah Grant's script is really



Kevin Costner: he likes baseball.

Show me the mo-ney

well written. Unfortunately, like her earlier work (*Erin Brockovich* and *Ever After*), pedestrian direction lets it down. Betty Thomas' effort can most politely be described as ordinary: her characters have been stereotyped to the point of being parodies of themselves. The major saving grace of *28 Days* is cinematographer Declan Quinn's effort. His crazy cutting and fast camera work during Gwen's flashback scenes, and the early scenes where she is inebriated, really saved the film. His work throughout the rest of the movie would have been appreciated so much more if Thomas had have given him something *better* to capture as well as he did.

Jayne Lewis

Final Destination
Now showing
Selected cinemas

This is definitely a good movie. Jam packed with plenty of action, blood, guts, and lots of great special effects. It all begins when this guy plans to go on a trip to France with his school class. He gets a premonition of the plane blowing up (featured in complete graphic detail, including an excellent shot of the passengers faces burning in the explosion), and kinda freaks out at this. He causes a fuss which gets him and 5 others kicked off the plane. Needless to say, the plane does explode, leaving the 6 'survivors' without their friends. It's here that the twists begin.

After escaping the explosion, fate or death proceeds to take what it is owed, ie the 6 escapees. Of course, the question is, who is next? And then, how can that person cheat death?

Well, from there on, the plot thick-

ens, and there are twists going left, right and centre. As well as having the twisty plot, we also get to see people die by some really cool ways, in particular, a guy gets his head chopped off. The whole movie uses many techniques of the 'greats', such as Hitchcock and the like. There is enormous amounts of suspense, shock, and hints of things to come (just on the Hitchcock note, one of the characters shares his name). This movie will keep you guessing all the way to the end, and then in true twisted style, will end in one last shock. And if you've ever wanted to see people's expressions as they were dying, then this movie shows it to you in all its gory detail. Not one for the weak-stomached, but if you like twisty thrillers with plenty of action (and guts), then I recommend *Final Destination* to you. I loved it!

L.A.

Topsy Turvy
Now Showing
Selected Cinemas

There are movies that make you laugh so hard you end up writhing on the floor clutching your sides in agony, movies that make you blubber helplessly into your sleeves and wander home contemplating the pointlessness of it all - and then there are those films that leave you with a painfully sore rear end. *Topsy Turvy* falls into the latter category. At 160 minutes in length, this film really was just a tinsey bit long for your average movie buff, though thankfully, it was not nearly as traumatic to watch as *Titanic*, a film that feels like it goes for just about forever.

Length aside however, *Topsy Turvy* is a film that is full of surprises. Based on the working relationship of director/composer team Gilbert

and Sullivan, it presents a witty and engaging account of their struggle to come up with a winning musical, after a very poor response to their last effort, *Princess Ida*. Director Mike Leigh of *Secrets and Lies* fame, presents a vivid picture of 19th century London without resorting to the dreariness of the usual period drama films, and even those without any prior historical knowledge of the creative duo, (yours truly included!) will not have any difficulty in understanding this film.

Whilst the story was slow in starting and did tend to drag on in places, it was hard not to get involved with the characters, especially those of Gilbert and Sullivan, played by Allan Corduner and Jim Broadbent respectively. I would not deem this film a comedy as such, however, it did have its humorous moments - thank god, otherwise I don't think I'd have lasted the whole way - especially an episode in which Sullivan is entertained by two prostitutes in a Paris brothel as part of his 'therapeutic' trip to the continent. What struck me most about this film however, was its brilliant historical accuracy in re-creating England in the 1800s. The sets were just beautiful and the attention to detail in the items of furniture and household goods magnificent. I fell in love with the make up and

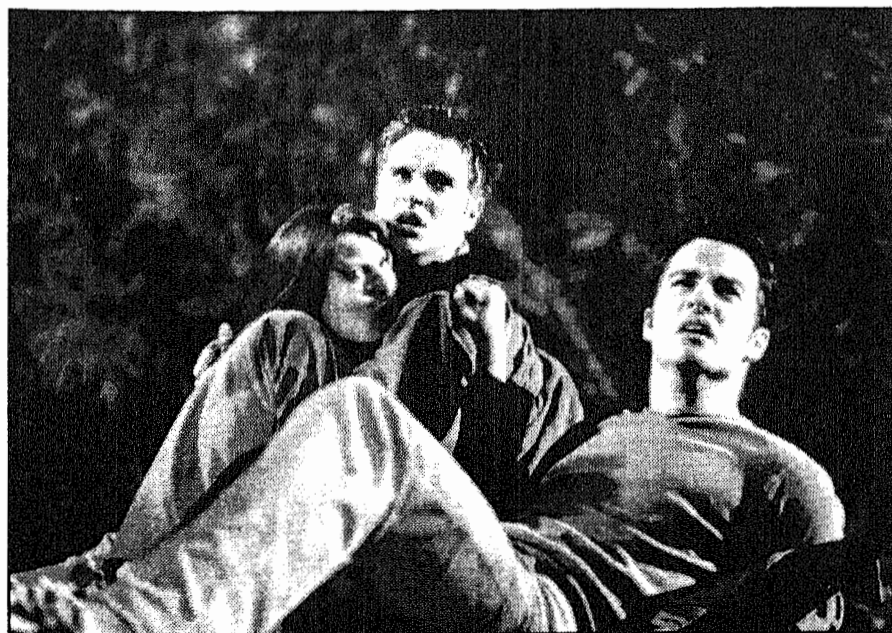


Nice hat, sir. And whilst we're at it, nice moustache.

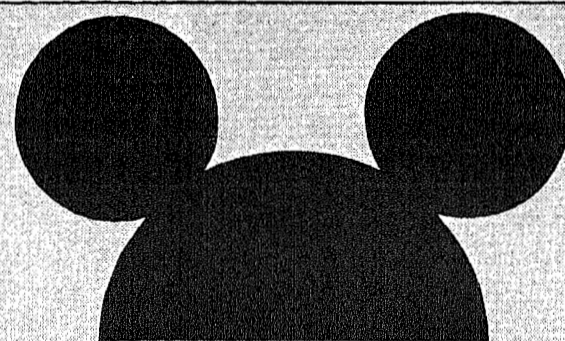
clothing worn by the characters and it is no wonder that the film won an award for its costumes at the recent Oscars. The most beautiful outfits are seen when Gilbert and Sullivan finally come up with a musical that suits both of them, *The Mikado*, which happens to be set in Japan. Costume designer Lindy Hemming is to be commended for the truly stunning Japanese outfits—I left the cinema wondering where I could get me a satin Kimono for those lazy Sunday mornings!!

For those who aren't afraid of getting friendly with a cinema chair for two and half hours, this film is a rather enjoyable way of spending an afternoon, or of avoiding all that uni work you should be doing!

Sarah



Looks kinda tense, doesn't it?



Film anagram of the week

Walter Elias Disney:

Wee silly satan ride

Video killed

The Idiots
1998. D: Lars von Trier
Roadshow
Bodil Jørgensen, Jens Albinus, Louise Hassing

DOGMA 95 is a collective devised by and consisting of acclaimed Danish director Lars von Trier and three other Danish filmmakers. The group was founded in Copenhagen in Spring 1995 and aims to challenge 'certain tendencies' of contemporary cinema.

It is viewed by its instigators as an attempt to rescue modern cinema from its stale predictability - a movement similar to the 'new wave' that swept through the cinema of the late Fifties and early Sixties. Each member of the collective has taken a filmic 'vow of chastity', agreeing to tailor their work to a quite strict set of rules drawn up by themselves. These rules basically state that the films being made for the Dogma series must be approached in a minimalist way -

handheld camera, no special lighting, et cetera. In addition, the directors are called upon to surrender their personal taste in a bid to 'force the truth' out of the characters and settings. The resulting films have an offhand, naturalistic feel about them and are almost amateurish in appearance.

The first film in the Dogma series was Thomas Vinterberg's *Festen* (*The Celebration*). Von Trier's *The Idiots* (*Idioterne*) is the second, and it is a highly unusual and deeply affecting experience. The daring (and, some might argue, politically incorrect) plot centers around a group of young adults who decide to undertake an experiment in which they move into a large, empty house and 'spass out' (behave like spastics or idiots). An emotionally vulnerable young woman named Karen (Bodil Jørgensen) is drawn into their strange world and finds herself repelled by, yet peculiarly attracted to, these characters and their

behavior.

The first three quarters of *The Idiots* is uproariously funny ... depending on your point of view, of course. It is one of those situations where the viewer's laughter is tinged with guilt - is it acceptable to be amused by the antics of a group of young adults pretending



(although there is definitely a suggestion that her pretense is perhaps much closer to reality than it initially seemed), is forcibly removed from the collective by her father (Anders Hove), and shortly after this, the experiment concludes. The group's leader, an irascible young man named Stoffer (Jens Albinus), challenges his members to return to their lives and jobs while keeping up the pretense of mental retardation. And, in the film's closing moments, we discover the source of Karen's intense emotional vulnerability and her tendency to burst into tears at the slightest provocation. *The Idiots* is an original and uncompromising film.

It has a great deal of depth and the spare filmmaking style adds much to its sense of truth. Like many accomplished works, the film is extremely funny on the one hand, and intensely depressing on the other - but always engrossing.

James Trevelyan

Winter Sleepers
1997. D: Tom Tykwer
Siren Entertainment

German filmmaker Tom Tykwer caught the attention of audiences and critics alike last year with the chaotic, hyper-stylized *Run Lola Run*. *Lola* was in fact his third film as director - his 1994 debut *Deadly Maria* remains unavailable in Australia, but its follow-up, *Winter Sleepers*, has just been released on video.

Winter Sleepers revolves around five characters in snowbound Berchtesgaden, Germany, whose lives intersect in more ways than they comprehend. Rebecca, a translator of English novels, and Marco, a ski instructor, are involved in a predominantly sexual relationship which leaves them both unsatisfied.

Rebecca's housemate Laura, a nurse, commences a relationship with Rene, the projectionist at the local cinema, who suffers from short-term memory loss. Rene is partly responsible for a car accident which proves fatal for the young daughter of Theo, a farmer, who obsessively attempts to track him down.

Each of these characters has his or her own secrets, which combine to form a sea that threatens to drown

them all. Each is only aware of a portion of what is happening around them, and as such they all seem destined to fall.

Tykwer, who also cowrote the screenplay and musical score, heightens this sense of impending doom with a slow pace (in complete opposition to the breathless *Run Lola Run*) and a hypnotic mood, leisurely interweaving the narrative

strands and frequently dissolving into seductive shots of the snow-covered mountains of Berchtesgaden.

The film has a lot in common with its more well-known successor. It is equally cinematic as *Lola*, although its technique is surely intended to

lull rather than jolt the viewer, yet somehow the fluid style manages to incorporate a steadily building tension, barely prevented from igniting by the winter snow. The two films also share a splintered perspective and make much use of coincidence as a narrative device. But the cumulative experience of watching each film is completely different.

Winter Sleepers paints a disquieting portrait of its characters. They are unsure of what they really want, yet fate seems to know exactly what it's going to do with them.

Daniel Gear

Restaurant
1999. D: Eric Bross
21st Century Pictures
Adrien Brody, Elise Neal

My mother once told me that if I didn't have anything nice to say about something, then I should not say anything at all. I'm going to break that rule again with this review. The only word that really aptly describes this film is bland. I sat watching it with my finger itching to press the fast forward button and remarking like a child, 'how much further do we have to go?', and 'are we there yet?'

Restaurant is basically about a disjointed group of twenty-something people who just happen to work in the same restaurant. Chris Calloway (Adrien Brody) is a playwright masquerading as a barman who falls for the beautiful new employee, Janine (Elise Neal). The only problem is that he is still not over his ex-girlfriend. There are also the obligatory racial dilemmas since Janine is black and Chris is white (shock, horror!). Along the way, as they make up and break up, other assorted characters bumble around in the background. A big

surprise is seeing Simon Baker-Denny of E Street fame playing a struggling soapie actor waiting tables until his big break.

The video cover promised "break-ups, make-ups and some damn good food". Well, despite the fact that most of the scenes centred around the restaurant, there was barely any food to be seen. As for the make-ups and the break-ups,

they came across as entirely false. This is not the fault of the actors, since their performances are certainly adequate. It is the script that lets this film down. The whole concept has been done to death and in a much more competent way many times before. Much of the dialogue is dull and boring and comes across as

incredibly stilted. I wasn't even interested enough in the characters to remember their names. About the only moment in the film that I found at all interesting was the wedding.

What drew my attention was not the action on screen, but the champagne-filled fountain. And it would take an awful lot of champagne to make this film seem interesting at all.

Linda Rust



The radio star

If You Only Knew
1999. D: David
Snedeker
Jonathon Schaech.
Alison Eastwood.
James Le Gros.
Gabrielle Anwar
21st Century Pictures

Awfully familiar yet still quite enjoyable, *If You Only Knew* is lightweight comedy fluff which succeeds largely because its central character, Parker (Jonathon Schaech), is so likeable.

Parker is a struggling young writer looking for his big break. He leads a lonely bachelor existence, his only companion his beloved cat, Lolita. When a fire destroys his apartment and virtually all of his worldly possessions (fortunately Lolita escapes the blaze), Parker is forced to seek temporary refuge on the couch of his womanising friend Jack (James Le Gros) while he finds a new place to live. Having lost his desktop computer in the inferno and so fearing that his writing career is over before it has properly begun, Parker takes a job as a telephonist at a 'psychic' hotline firm. Of course he is not really psychic, but then neither are any of his co-workers!

Househunting for a new apartment, Parker meets Tom, a gay man seeking a roommate. By dropping a few offhand remarks about Jack - the man he is living with - Parker inadvertently makes Tom think he is gay, which is he not. When it becomes clear that Parker and Tom will not be compatible as roommates (Tom is allergic to cats), Tom suggests that he pass Parker's number onto a friend of his who is also looking for a roommate and to whom the presence of a cat would pose no problem. Parker

gratefully accepts and is pleasantly surprised when Tom's friend turns out to be a stunning young artist named Samantha (Alison Eastwood - Clint Eastwood's daughter). There's only one catch: Samantha has a policy of only sharing with homosexual men, and has been erroneously informed by Tom that Parker is such a fellow! Faced with possible forfeiture of both the beautiful girl AND a room in her stylish loft apartment if he reveals his true heterosexual nature, Parker pretends to be gay... with some mildly comic results.

To lend credence to his homosexual subterfuge (and to dodge Tom's romantic overtures), Parker has his unwilling friend Jack pose as his Russian boyfriend Boris (Le Gros hams it up deliciously and recalls Bronson Pinchot's Serge character from *Beverly Hills Cop*) but things get complicated when Parker does the inevitable and falls in love with Samantha (who resembles Meg Ryan).

The supporting cast is adequate if not exceptional - director David Snedeker plays Samantha's cheating boyfriend - and Parker's secret rival - Ben, and Gabrielle Anwar is severely underused as Samantha's lesbian buddy Kate. And Joey Travolta (John's brother) has a small role as a newspaper editor. The screenplay by Snedeker and Gary Goldstein serves up the occasional chuckle (when the 'psychic' Parker asks a caller where she is calling from, she rejoins drily, 'You tell me') but the representations of gay men seemed to me a trifle stereotypical and the ending agonizingly pat. On the whole, though, *If You Only Knew* is a feelgood - if rather hollow and unsatisfying - experience.

James Trevelyan



Best Laid Plans
1998. D: Mike Barker
20th Century Fo
Reese Witherspoon.
Alessandro Nivola.
Josh Brolin

Have you ever had one of those days that turns into one of those weeks? One thing seems to stack on top of another to amount to one hell of a shit week.

Well, twentysomething Nick (Nivola) experiences one of those weeks in *Best Laid Plans*. Life turns to shit for Nick when his father's death yields no insurance money, he kills his neighbour's cat, and his plans to leave Tropico are left to be desired. His job at the local recycling plant presents no stimulation whatsoever and basically his life is going nowhere - until he meets Lissa (Witherspoon).

With a craving for quick cash, Nick decides to join a mate from the recycling plant in a scheme to rob some apparently heavy drug dealer dudes of about \$40 000. As it would happen, the shit hits the fan and instantly Nick is in debt to the tune of \$15 000. Once again his life has reached an all-time low - life on the firing

range.

Lissa the sweetheart instills some quick morals by offering her savings - "it's only money" - yet Nick is still short of the cash needed. Hence the pair devise the Best Laid Plan to get the dosh. As expected, the plan requires somebody to be screwed over and this is where Josh Brolin comes in as Bryce - an old buddy of Nick who has a career laid out before him as a teacher.

The plan is set, undertaken and hopelessly destined to fail. But I won't let the cat out of the bag. The moral to be found here is: if you're screwed, don't try to screw someone else - you'll just end up being screwed twice as bad.

Best Laid Plans shows quite blatantly the true nature of most people - greed, deceit, betrayal and a willingness to see a mate fall for your benefit. It's a sickening thought but I suppose it's true - we are all assholes in some way, shape or form. Life goes on and more people end up getting screwed.

Credits must go out to Nick, Lissa and Bryce. Congratulations for a well-executed portrayal of humankind.

Grubby

constitutional forum

HAVE A SAY IN YOUR UNION AT THE CONSTITUTIONAL FORUM

Members of the AUU are invited to a Constitutional Forum:

ON: Thursday, 18 May 2000
AT: 12pm
IN: The Union Cinema, Union House, North Terrace Campus

The Forum is being held in order to get feedback from members for the Constitutional Review currently being undertaken by the Finance & Development Standing Committee of the AUU.

Pick up your papers from SAUA (George Murray Building), AUU Admin (Lady Symon Building), WISA or RACSUC offices from 1 May onwards and come to the Forum to ensure that you have a say in the New AUU Constitution.

If you have any questions please feel free to contact the Chair of the Finance & Development Standing Committee, Ben Allgrove, on 8303 5401.



ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

57 Channels (and there's nothing on)

Sitcoms hurt my brain

I don't mind watching *Just Shoot Me!*, but I can't explain why. I'm a big fan of David Spade (did anyone see him on *The Larry Sanders Show?*), but I don't think that's the whole explanation. There must be more to it. Besides, I'd actually prefer Spade didn't play a snivelling weasel, no matter how dry and sarcastic he gets to be.

Same goes for *Spin City* – I like Michael J. Fox (does anyone else think *Family Ties* was the pinnacle of his career?), but the show is a bit formulaic, and from what I've seen didn't improve much despite the recruitment of Special Guest Star Heather Locklear. What is it about shows like *Just Shoot Me!*, *Becker*, *Spin City* and the like that make them, while certainly not positively entertaining, perhaps benign? It's an encapsulated half hour of tune-out time, I suppose, but we could get that from sitting on the porch watching the street.

That can't be the whole explanation, either. There doesn't seem to be too much to learn from them (though the yooof of today seem intent on imitating the language). I don't know that I have the answer – in fact, I'm sitting here now watching *Just Shoot Me!* trying to work it out. The production is slick: scene gets set up, two or three cutting one-liners roll out, the grand finale wise-crack gets delivered and cut! we're in the next scene. A vague, loose storyline winds its way between the jokes, and before you know it, the half hour's up. Thanks for playing. And I don't think you feel any different at the end of the episode to the beginning, other than that you've just wasted half an hour of your life that you'll never get back. I'd love to let the conspiracy theorist in me think of some sinister motive for the existence of sitcoms (other than to advance the unstoppable progress of American

cultural imperialism, of course), but maybe there isn't one. Write in if you can make one up.

The olden days

I just caught the end of an episode of *Beverly Hills 90210* on Fox 8. It was a rather nostalgic experience – memories of a simpler time in television came flooding back. A

moralise about it at the end of each episode.

Ahhh... lazy Tuesday nights in front of the teev, soaking up the Bev. It all ended too soon, though, and Fox 8 whizzed on to that other great 90s TV extravaganza *Party of Five*. Unfortunately, they were up to the whiny stage in the *Party of Five* chronology – the stage where Griffin (Griffin?) was Julia's part

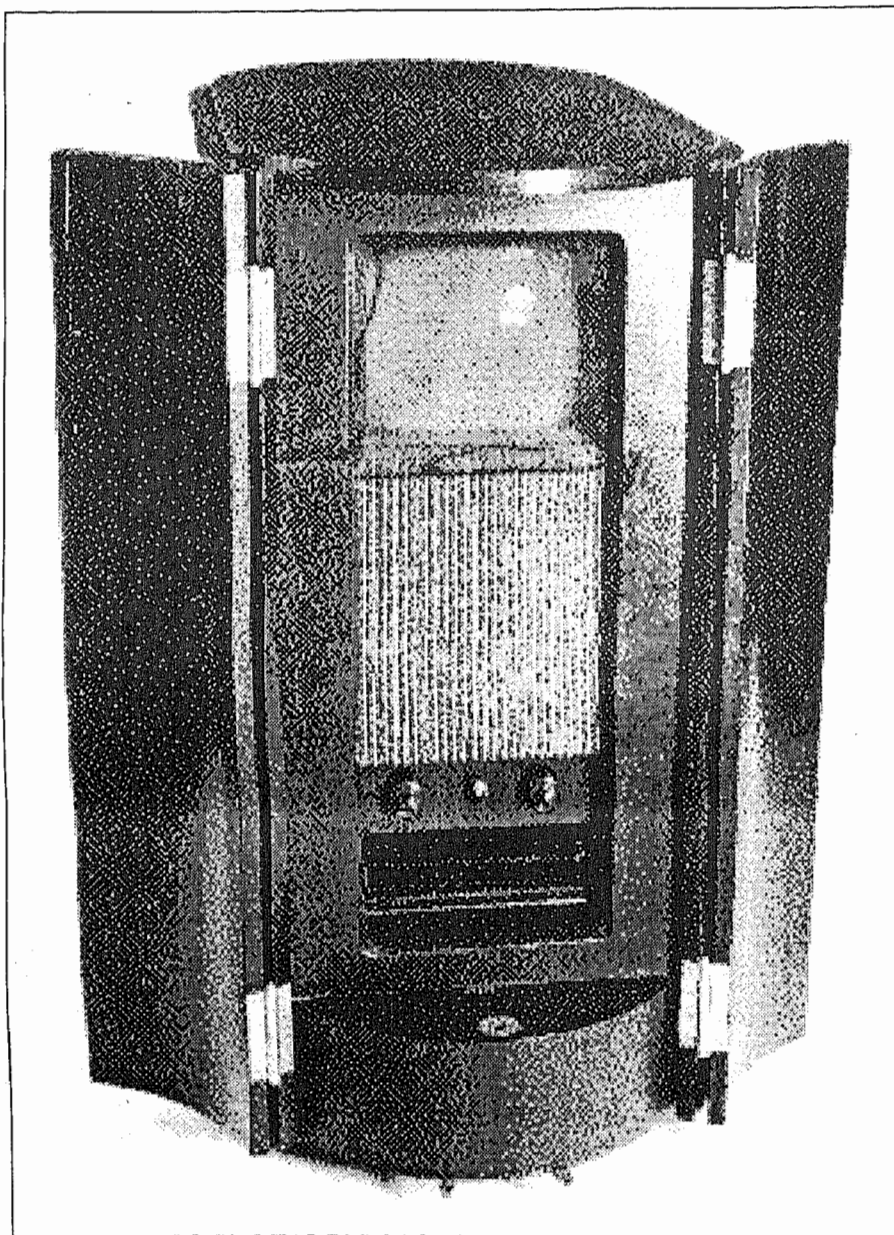
was amazed when the writers didn't ruin the whole thing by making the whole exercise a peachy experience. The household-in-decline saga worked well for a long time. But maybe they could have gone further. The individual disasters were pretty good – Bailey the drunk, Charlie the cancer patient, Julia the domestic violence victim – but they always managed to pull up at the last minute.

I'm not sure what I wanted to see – the whole house turned into a drug lab and gambling den? – but that good old Salinger family spirit seemed to come to the rescue an awful lot.

Whole lotta changin'

I'm not sure that I fully understand the current fascination of our commercial networks with the change-some-aspect-of-your-home genre. Is anyone with me here? At last count (and this may well be an underestimate – correct me if I'm wrong) there were two changing rooms-type shows and a changing gardens-type show, with another of the latter coming soon. Add to that the occasional changing lives program and don't we have quite enough? I haven't watched more than ten or maybe fifteen minutes of any one show, they just don't appeal to me. I'm sure they appeal to some people, and that's just great – I just can't see how Australian television can support such a plethora. Between the three channels they can barely scrape up a passable serial (and I don't know which show I'm referring to specifically here – insert the OzSoap of your choice), and yet they're churning out renovation programs by the handful. Still, they know what sells. Or maybe they're all trying to find out by trial and error at the same time.

Paul Hoadley



time when there was a whole lot more hugging and back slapping. A time when you could make a series about a bunch of rich brats from the suburbs who do nothing particularly special and then

time boyfriend, and the whole house was well on the road to disintegration. I always thought the parents-dead-have-to-look-after-ourselves scenario was a pretty good premise for the series, and I



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But, you know, what is Art ...

Heiner Müller's **QUARTET**
The Queen's Theatre
Runs until the 14th, with a special
late night Friday show at 11pm.
Concession \$15 at Bass.

This is sexy, sassy, seductive and superbly stylish theatre. Brink are on a roll, having evidently retained their artistic inspiration following the Festival premiere of Howard Barker's *The Ecstatic Bible*. Gerrard McArthur's experience and direction no doubt helps maintain this energy (he played the male lead in *The Ecstatic Bible*), as well as having brought with him a translation worthy of Müller's text. That Brink is now regularly receiving such international support speaks volumes and Adelaide should be proud.

Brink and McArthur have made *Quartet* into more than its component parts. I don't often mention lighting but here I have to begin with it: brilliant! The audience enters the theatre through a black tunnel reminiscent of side-show Horror rides - with a twist - and walks straight into an event: lights, stage, fetishised shoes, a surrealist landscape. Lighting is used to great effect throughout the show - simplicity and budget are obvious themes but Brink has taken the limitations and made them gold, carrying off some truly

great moments which persist in the memory.

Beneath the lights is played out one very stylish piece of theatre. Heiner Müller is one sick puppy and *Quartet* takes you into a *Dangerous Liaisons* that only such a German could create - all the camp, kink and cruel of thirties Berlin /burlesque. Paying stylistic dues to German expressionism, the form leads the audience into voyeuristic intimacies we rarely explore (expressionism is neither common nor everyone's favourite but this is the best example of some of the style's form you are ever likely to see, so give it a whirl).

Where the French *Dangerous Liaisons* text inhabits the realms of reality, *Quartet* is exploring the existential extremities of decadent deviance - or is it common human impulse - oblivious to the safety nets of moral mediocrity. This performance asks a lot of Syd Brisbane and Collen Cross. What they deliver is an hour of challenging sexual interrogation where time and space choreograph their bodies. Having worked together for some years, Brisbane and Cross are able to go to the edge, stopping just short of something that would

interest the vice-squad - but who polices the psychological boundaries? Alongside their constant physical gesturing they deliver a dialogue of inquisitorial tongue



Syd Brisbane in *Quartet*.

lashings, probing each other's psychic orifices. In last weeks' interview I could tell they were bracing for something, and this performance will surely inhabit their 'souls' for some time. They both work very hard to carry off

their performances. One cannot speak of them separately in a performance as intimate as this - that they tease out so many very real moments of mutual lust / hate between their characters is testament to a standard of performance that does the theatre proud.

The play asks some very European questions about humanity which Brink translates into a theatrical event which comes the closest I've seen to a full achievement of what makes 'theatre' unique from other artistic (or entertainment) forms. The evening threads its way along an edge where the 'unreal' space and its action transcends the 'ordinary real' and becomes something 'super-real', not symbolically or at an imagined distance, but actually. This is the justification of theatre. Where entertainment is all too often an act of passive consumption, *Quartet* turns the audience's voyeurism into a

participatory event.

Brink's ensemble production approach is bearing some very juicy fruit, and *Quartet* is well worth sinking your teeth into.

Farley Wright

University of Adelaide Theatre Guild
GOD AND THE THEATRE: two short plays and one quick death.
Bakehouse Theatre
6, 10/13, 17/20 May @ 8pm.

Before the closure of our Department of Performing Arts these three short medieval plays used to be on the curriculum, but thanks to the Theatre Guild you can catch them now. They represent a moment when the Christian church controlled almost all European social, cultural and intellectual life. Whilst these plays certainly serve the interests of Christian 'education' they nonetheless have their own independent historical and theatrical merits.

Everyman is a morality play where a 'sinner' is warned of his approaching death and thereby his pending judgement before God. In considering his chances he turns to friends, kin, material possessions and to his own personal qualities, each of which is dealt with in a

suitably stern doctrinal manner. Cooper has set the play to a tango which works amazingly well and adds relevance and some pazzazz to the material. There are some ripper performances: Death (Jean-Yves Poncet), wearing the black of course, is charmingly campy; Andrei Gostin's disgusting dancing 'Madame' is bloody funny; and I couldn't help but wonder about the ironic paedophilic undertone in the two Gothic nymphs playing 'good deeds'. Cooper cavorts with the edges of melodrama and Vaudeville and pulls it off giving both cast and audience a lot of fun whilst getting a lot more out of this play than you would expect.

Barnes's *The Shepherd's Pageant* is set in the period: stinking, starving, flea-bitten peasants, whose physical comedy and wit off-sets the sanctity of its religious message. You can see from whence Shakespeare got his 'rude mechanicals'. There is a brilliant theatrical moment when the 'squalor' of the earthly realm comes into contact with the 'divine'. In

staying close to what the original production might have been like Barnes commendably conveys both the artistic and religious merit of the play. This is a clever play which, whilst full of laughs, draws some thoughtful religious parallels between the hoax birth of 'a' lamb by a woman and the spiritual birth of 'the' lamb (Christ) by Mary. This would have more than adequately fed the starving and illiterate peasants' minds whilst their clergy sat in silk and feasted well in Rome. The cast's enjoyment of their roles was infectious and highly enjoyable - they should do more. The buffoonery of evil and corruption was as much fun as it truly is, and 'goodness' was necessarily as one-dimensional as only fundamentalism can make it.

Crucifixion is a more difficult play to review. The cast certainly applied themselves, commendably when faced with such a 'dead' text, but such affectations as the instruction to leave the theatre without applause was both unnecessary and patronising. It should be left up to

the performance to evoke the pathos.

The cast did indeed create such a scene, but the religious and racial bigotries of the text squander the moment away with historically ridiculous references to Mohammed (who wasn't born for another 500 years - Peace be with Him) implying that Christ was killed by and for Moslems.

Reflection upon the passion makes one consider what it is about humanity that only when such horrific violence is done to one of our own do we attempt to improve the human lot, and why such an impulse can go so astray as to end up promoting the similar persecution of the Other. We are a truly absurd species and religious fundamentalism is surely one of our most perverse creations.

All in all though, thought provoking, entertaining, challenging, educational, and much much better than another mind-numbing video night on your mouldy lounge.

Farley Wright

If you follow me.

Così fan tutti
State Opera Company
29 April, 2, 6, 11 May

At the mention of 'opera' most people think of the image propagated by the popular media; warbling, Joan Sutherland-esque performers singing boring, sleep-inducing dirges. Even fans of opera usually think of tragic stories with larger-than-life characters suffering grievous and poignant deaths. *Tosca* or *La Bohème* or *Carmen* come to mind, with their romantic overtures and affecting finales.

Mozart's third opera *Così fan tutti* is a departure from the received notions of what opera should be like. It is airy, quick-paced and very funny. Guglielmo and his close friend Ferrando are engaged respectively to Fiordiligi and Dorabella. The two men are convinced beyond any doubt of their fiancées' fidelity. When their more worldly friend, Don Alfonso argues that it is the nature of women to be unfaithful to men, Guglielmo and Ferrando agree to a wager. Don Alfonso arranges for

the two friends to be 'sent away' to the battlefield. In actual fact however the men have not left, but return to their fiancées, disguised as foreigners, in order to try to seduce them to test of their constancy. The device of disguise in comic theatre dates back to classical times and has always been a popular, and often successful machination in comedy, as the popularity of the recent cinema re-release of Billy Wilder's *Some Like It Hot* would attest. That the audience possesses knowledge denied the characters is the motivational force of any farce, and it is this that keeps the story light and flippant, and *Così fan tutti* is no exception. *Così* is an old-fashioned romp and it makes no apologies for this, nor should such an apology be needed.

Like *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Così fan tutti* is really an ensemble piece; Mozart was the first composer to realise fully the musical potential of vocal polyphony, setting several voices in counterpoint to each other. This is not an environment in which a single talent can carry the performance. The principle cast was superb, but Kirsti Harms and



I like the opera. Don't you, darling?

Douglas McNicol warrant special attention for their performances as Dorabella and Don Alfonso respectively. Under Peter Robinson's lead the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra has proven once again that they are a world-class orchestra, while the depth of Robinson's respect for both the music and his singers makes him the perfect candidate for conducting Mozart.

This production of *Così fan tutti* is almost flawless, yet it is still a little underwhelming, though I think this

has more to do with the opera than the performers. Mozart's music is always accessible, beguilingly simple yet never trite. The score for *Così* is quite brilliant, carrying with an effortless buoyancy the story rather than competing with it. But at the end of the day it is still a comedy. It is unfortunate that our modern sensibilities will not allow us to put the comic on the same level as the dramatic or tragic.

Jonathon Dyer

Natural Resemblances: some recent photographic work
Simryn Gill
Experimental Art Foundation Gallery
13 April - 6 May

Simryn Gill, who is primarily a visual artist, describes her experiments with photography as a process of seduction. This tends to be true of most painters or printers who dabble with photography; the sudden availability of a 'true' image of the material world,

seemingly untempered, unmediated by brush- or pencil-stroke offers to the novice a new world of images. In keeping with this there is a kind of charming naiveté to Gill's photographic work, a child-like wonder of both the subject and the process.

Natural Resemblances is an exhibition of Gill's photographic work. Her concern in the three photo-series that make up the exhibition is our relationship to the natural world. Whenever Art is made subordinate to ideology the result is bad art, or at least a loss of artistic integrity. Gill avoids this



effect by allowing her subjects to dictate their own agenda. As Sharmini Peretia writes in her catalogue essay, Gill's work reminds us '...of the fact that 'culture' and 'cultivate' not only share the same etymological root stock but that constructions of culture have been borrowed from the botanical world.' Simryn's aim is to gently remind us of our place in an organic world, of our relationship to life around us, both materially and culturally.

Betty Crocker

First up, commerce! Tuesday May 9 sees the beginning of the Art Gallery of South Australia Bookshop's Annual May Book Sale. Now, I can tell you from personal experience that the whole experience can come only at great personal cost, monetarily speaking, but with Art there is always a price to pay. So get along - the books are cheap and the folks are friendly.

While were on the subject of the state's Art Gallery of South Australia has two exceptional *Five Centuries of Genius: European Master Printmaking and Adelaide's Boyds*. Arthur Boyd died last year. The Gallery has put together an exemplary collection of Boyd's work from public and private collections throughout South Australia, the biggest exhibition this state's seen

since the Boyd Retrospective about five years ago. *Five Centuries of Genius* is a retrospective of sorts, tracing the evolution of the print as an artform through - you guessed it - five centuries, from Dürer to Goya. The works are drawn from the Gallery's own holdings and promises to be an exceptional show, if a little Eurocentric. *Five Centuries of Genius* runs until October 1, with free tours tuesdays and Thursdays at 1.00 pm. You'll have to hurry a bit for *Adelaide's Boyds*, which closes June 25.

Next issue will feature a review of new works by Jenny Watson and Manne Schulze's instillation, *Snuff*. These can be seen at Greenaway Art Gallery, 39 Rundle St Kenttown <www.adelaide.net.au/~gag/> But don't wait for us, get down there and

appreciate for yourself.

Greenhill Galleries Adelaide are currently showing two diverse exhibitions. Sir Ivor Hele's 'unseen' works, dating between 1938 and 1954 are from the estate collection of his first wife, Jean. The works show all the passion and vibrancy of the painter at the height of his form. The second exhibition is a selection of work ceramic works by husband and wife team Antonio and Susan Balletta. The works combine beauty with function, while their designs and illustrations reflects the years the couple spent in Antonio's native Naples before moving to Melbourne. If you want a sneak preview, some of the works from both exhibitions can be seen on the Greenhill homepage at <www.greenhillgalleriesadelaide.com.au>

Both exhibitions will be on display until Wednesday May 24. *Sahari: weaving the world, 'a dazzling exhibition of Japanese textiles'*, is the Flinders Art Museum's current exhibition. Look out for a review soon, but *Sahari* is only on until May 14 so leave the shopping for half an hour and cross the road to 14 Grote St Adelaide.

Rick Martin's take on the modern American landscape in the wake of the Cold War, *Irwin Hotel*, is showing until May 28 at the Contemporary Arts Centre, 14 Porter St Parkside. The exhibition was favourably reviewed in these hallowed pages last issue and hopefully we'll be able to bring you an interview with Martin in a coming issue. In the meantime, get along and take in some of the vision.

Sexuality: young & warm & wild & free

Anti-Gay

Anti-Gay
Ed. Mark Simpson
Freedom Editions
\$19.95

The quintessential book for those who don't like labels, who persist in being *Homosapiens* before they are homo-sexual. Those who wonder 'why can't I be me - rather than being 'queer', 'dyke' or 'fairy'?' Edited by Mark Simpson, author of *It's a Queer World*, this collection of essays by non-heterosexual authors is not homophobic, as the title may suggest. Instead, it attacks the inwardness of the gay move-

ment. A movement that while outwardly promoting openness and acceptance of all, only accepts those that it perceives as elite into its ranks, hence reinforcing every stereotype it claims to be oppressed by.

In this manner, gay culture is compared to a religious cult in its fervour, oppressiveness and lack of diversity.

Each author tackles a different issue, ranging from the gay mass market - gays as an elite consumer demographic - to how many lesbians actually have long hair and wear skirts to the inescapable 'Gay is Good' message that doesn't quite seem relevant or convincing.

While most of the authors are male and therefore most arguments stem from a gay male perspective, the message is universal.

The sentiment of the book - and undoubtedly the dream of many gays (closet or otherwise) and straights alike - is accurately summed up in one essay entitled 'It's Just A Phase: Why Homosexuality Is Doomed'. This essay discusses why and how most queer politics is counter-productive and shows the attitudes needed to really change the world, not just stir up some hot air. Each essay is written with a clear illustration in mind and this illustration is lucidly conveyed. The

to and admire as one of their own. I thought, 'At last, the real story - someone coming down to earth for a bit.'

I knew vaguely of the recent life of the author, particularly that related to her mother - the entertainer Cher publicly accepting her daughter's sexuality.

The book did not disappoint. It is split into two sections. The first, dealing with the experiences of Chastity herself as well as others from their own point of view. The second section, entitled 'Parents Come Out Too' is written from dialogue Chastity had with her mother and with the parents of other people whose stories are contained in the first part of the book.

Both of these sections work synergistically together. The people and stories are consistent through both points of view. As a coming out resource, it is invaluable with both gays and their parents being recommended to read both sections of the book - if possible, together to gain an understanding of the thoughts of the other.

The collection of people, their stories and experiences is diverse and they are presented in such a

book has the most relevance to those who don't obey the heterosexual norm. It is intended to raise questions about our actions as LGBT people, our motives and goals in these actions. Why are we crying discrimination when the mainstream gay community doesn't fully accept bisexuals and transgenders into its ranks? Why are people only fully gay when they are wearing a pink triangle?

The dominant message is anti-elitist and anti-discriminatory. The point that is pushed to the reader is that the success of the gay rights movement has occurred when sexuality and gender and personal, individual expressions of these are no longer an issue. The broad spectrum of sexualities should be realised and accepted, words like heterosexual and homosexual will no longer describe groups of people for pride movements require homophobia to exist.

There is hope, the world and its attitudes are always changing. It is OK to be homosexual and yet not be a fag or a butch or queer. It is alright to be a 'normal' person who determines their own identity, beliefs and desires and yet have sex with someone of the same gender.

I am who I am.

Magdalene Addicoat

way to be easily read, even when the nature of the story means they may not exactly be enjoyed. Ideas and emotions are presented in such a way as to stimulate discussion but also be a resource on its own and as such provides a guide of the coming out process and strategies for dealing with problems.

Perhaps the one downfall of the book is that, like many books on LGBT issues it lends itself easily to pop psychology which, I feel, is indulged in a little too much. There is however, a trade-off between making feelings on both sides of an often deep divide clear to the other side and oversimplified pop psychology and for the depth and breadth of experience that this book presents I am willing to make that concession. This is a book I will reread and would recommend to anyone who is thinking of coming out, has come out or knows someone who has.

Magdalene Addicoat

Book of the Week: *Inside Out*, a diverse collection of autobiographical Australian coming out stories, edited by Erin Shale.

Gay Essentials - Facts For Your Queer Brain
David Bianco
Alyson Books
\$24.95

In this book, a compilation of brief essays originally appearing in his US newspaper column, David Bianco provides an easily accessible, readily digestible, question-and-answer guide to gay and lesbian history. Topics range across cultures and ages, the one constant being a concise yet engaging answer.

The pace of the text is rapid, with the focus shifting after each brief essay. It is thus quite easy to be taken on an emotional roller-coaster journey, experiencing the pain and joy of the LGBT community throughout the ages. The overall upbeat feel of the book however, is consistent with a fun read and a 'Gay is Good' feeling at the conclusion of the book.

Bianco presents biographies of many people and explains their association with and contribution to the understanding of sexuality. As Bianco states in the introduction, biography is a major force in the book, through explaining the social situation each character was in and how that contributed to their life and part in gay history. The biography content thankfully, is broader than the expected gay icons, Bianco dealing with many political, literary and academic figures that, through policy, public engagement and research were able to influence LGBT history.

He examines the origins of many catch-phrases in use by the LGBT community today and the source of many popularly held beliefs and attitudes. This is done through examining things such as bathhouse culture, how homosexuality lost its status as a mental illness, what is the 'Queen for a Day' clause?

The book is also used to debunk several myths, and this is done in the same amusing prose style as the rest of the book. A key question becomes, 'How gay were the ...'

Each answer is presented as an academic writing but in an easy to read and understand style such as would be successful in its original media presentation.

It is not a definitive history, many arbitrary choices are made and there is a heavy emphasis on the United States. The author makes no apology for this and for those interested further, provides a large suggested reading list. As a broad collection of historical insights however, it is a valuable and engaging reference.

Chastity Bono



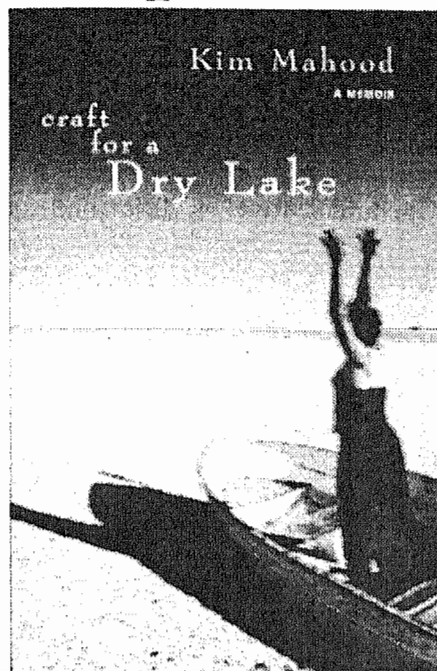
Family Outing

Chastity Bono with Billie Fitzpatrick
Bantam Books
\$19.95

Family Outing
Chastity Bono with Billie
Fitzpatrick
Bantam Books
\$19.95

It was with great excitement that I sat down to read a book by one of those 'pie in the sky' kind of famous people who just happens to be a lesbian. One of those figures that LGBT people are meant to look up

Rasputin: old & mean & dead & cold



Craft for a Dry Lake
Kim Mahood
Random
\$19.95

Kim Mahood's first book after a long career as an artist is a powerful and honest memoir tracing her journey back to the place of her childhood: her father's cattle run on the WA/NT border. Free from the constraints of a traditional training or established career as a writer,

genres, themes, perspectives, boundaries between fiction and reality, biography and autobiography, all become fluid in an intensely personal and intimately rendered quest for identity and peace.

Mahood's memoir may be an intimately rendered and intensely honest narrative, but there are enough occasions when there are allusions to something that may or may not mean anything significant to us, words we don't understand, or hints at other, unrevealed experiences and influences, that the entire narrative could look like a dreaming track rendered in acrylic dots, with its sacred and elusive shadows hidden beneath. 'This is not my country ... [b]ut ... my story travels through it' (p258) makes this analogy explicit. Its quite skilfully done. This, and a number of other, more literal, aspects, make her background in visual art plainly obvious.

Because of her crucial concerns of landscape mythology, the interface between European and indigenous culture, and a search for self from a white/black, feminine/masculine, pastoral/urban set of influences, *Craft for a Dry Lake* does many things. She eloquently articulates

the largely unnamed importance of the outback's landscape mythology and spirituality for some of its white inhabitants, while respecting and reiterating that of its original, indigenous custodians. She also critiques from a post patriarchal, post-colonial angle, the legends of Australianness and its masculinity, with a complementary voice on femininity. In fact, so many themes are explored, using so many genres, that it can feel a little crowded at times if you're not prepared for its richness.

There is an unrefined rawness of style and structure (which doesn't necessarily detract), and occasional lapses into self-indulgent, even pretentiously artistic and convoluted language, but it's still a privilege to accompany Mahood on what is for her a profoundly moving journey. Above all it's a really good book, rich in substance, from a new writer with a very different and unique creative perspective and intuitive touch, hers is a potentially influential contribution to contemporary Australian literature. I look forward to reading more of her work.

Robert Geddes

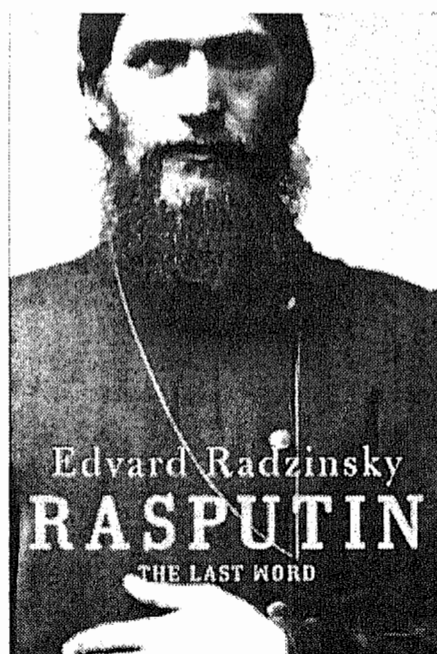
CALLING ALL JOYCE FANS

For all those literary folk with enough time on their hands to have read and loved James Joyce, here is a not-to-be-missed opportunity to partake of a trip back to Joyce-ville (at least, as much as one can here in Adelaide).

Tricia and Kerry Moore have arranged two fabulous evenings of drinking, fine food and readings from the works of Joyce in the Brecknock. If you want to just listen, or if you're keen enough to give reading a go, then just get in contact with the gals, and you can be part of the fun.

The dates of this time-travelling Joyce extravaganza are Friday and Saturday, June 16 and 17.

To get in touch with Tricia and Kerry, call them on 8231 5467, or drop into the Brecknock, 401 King William Street, Adelaide.



Rasputin: the Last Word
Edvard Radzinsky (trans. Judson Rosengrant)
Allen & Unwin
\$49.95

While here for Writers' Week, Edvard Radzinsky gained a reputation for being a charming, erudite and funny speaker, in spite of his less-than-perfect grasp of English, and won over a multitude of fans, most of whom had yet to read a word of his writing.

In his own country, Radzinsky is a formidable figure in the arts world. He is a playwright - Radzinsky's plays are the most frequently performed in his homeland after Chekhov - a television producer and presenter, and a biographer: the Russian equivalent of Melvin Bragg. It was his biographical work that brought Radzinsky to Adelaide, with new translations of his work appearing over the course of the last three years.

Radzinsky's biographical subjects have been arguably the three most important and influential figures of Twentieth-Century Russian history. His second biography was the first

life of Yosef Stalin to get anywhere near the truth of the man. It was perhaps the most difficult thing Radzinsky had ever written - 'I first had to put aside my *hate* of Stalin, for, you see, this is a man that killed twenty millions of my countrymen.' Radzinsky's first biographical work, *The Last Tsar: the Life and Death of Nicholas II*, involved twenty-five years of research (mostly performed before the collapse of the Soviet government, and laid the ground-work for his latest volume, *Rasputin: the Last Word*.

The lives of the last tsar of imperial Russia and Rasputin, the peasant-born mystic were inexorably linked, and it was this marriage of fate and circumstance that would lay the foundations for the workers' revolt and the eventual end of Russia's royal dynasty. Radzinsky's Rasputin is an extraordinary man; no super-human but a mad, pas-

sionate, willful individual with an innate ability to appear to others purely as they wish to see him, and an extraordinary knack of cheating death.

Rasputin: the Last Word is really two books interweaved. The first is the life of the mad monk, from his humble beginnings to his life in the royal court with all its intrigue and artifice. The second is Radzinsky's own story of researching his subject, tracking down sources that generations of biographers had assumed lost or destroyed; it is part detective tale, part memoir. The two stories intertwine and compliment each other like the parallel tales in a novel by Graham Swift or Umberto Eco. The difference is that, as impossible as events in both stories may sometimes seem, they are true.

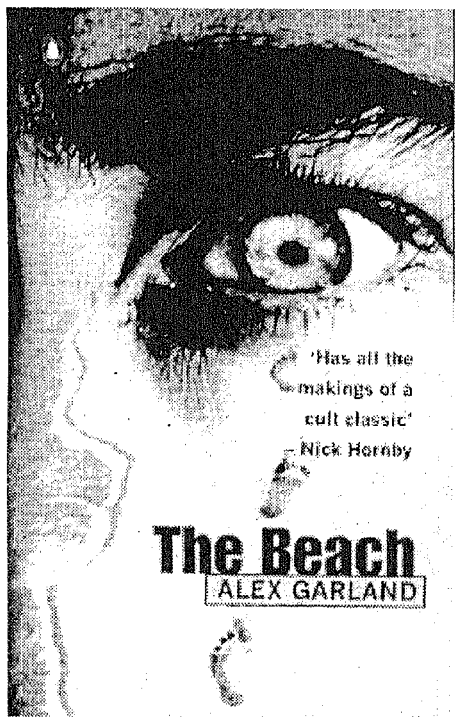
Jonathon Dyer

So, did you ever want to insult anyone using every letter of the alphabet? Well, now you can with what has been referred to by some wanker as an 'abecedarian' insult. For example: 'You are an apogenous, bovaristic, coprolalial, dacypygal, excerebrose, facinorous, gnathonic, hircine, ithyphallic, jumentous, kyphotic, labrose, mephitic, napiform, oligophrenial, papuliferous, quilsquillian, rebarbative, saponaceous, thersitical, unguinous, ventripotent, wlatosome, xylocephalous, yirning, zoophyte.

Translation: You are an impotent, conceited, obscene, hairy-buttocked, brainless, wicked, toadying, goatish, indecent, stable-smelling, hunch-backed, thick-lipped, stinking, turnip-shaped, feeble-minded, pimply, trashy, repellent, smarmy, foul-mouthed, greasy, gluttonous, loathsome, wooden-headed, whining, extremely low form of animal life.'

(Source: The Superior Person's Little Book of Words, Peter Bowler, Hawthorn Press 1979)

Futile escapism over here



The Beach
Alex Garland
\$16.95
Penguin

There is nothing I find quite as satisfying as an airport bookstore. Containing a vast collection of

approximately twenty-five different books, the airport bookstore/newsagency/haven for dodgy souvenir collectors is sure to satisfy even the most finicky of literary snobs. Where else, then, would it have been appropriate for me to obtain my copy of Alex Garland's, *The Beach* but the airport lounge of Sydney's Domestics, post Mardi Gras Weekend? I settled comfortably into my economy class seating and hoped that Garland would distract me from the 'Flight attendants' safety display. 'Never mind,' I thought to myself. 'I shall just have to peruse the safety card later' (It is worth mentioning that in my haste to be as safety conscious as possible, I 'accidentally' allowed the card in question to fall into my bag.)

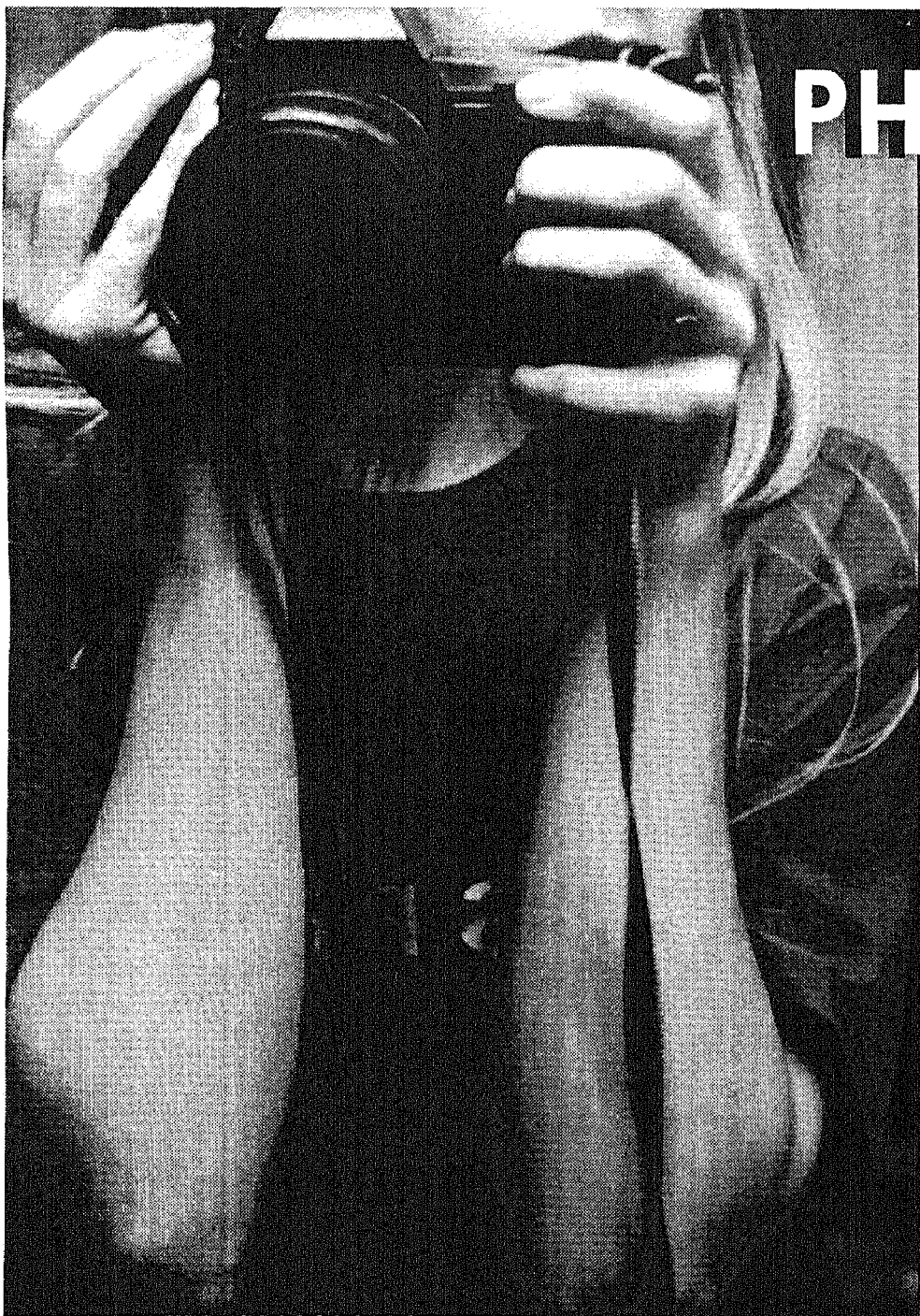
Garland's novel begins on the Khao San Road in Bangkok, sometime in the early to mid nineties. Told through Richard's eyes, he, accompanied by two fellow travellers (understand that *travellers* are different to *tourists* because *travellers* are searching

for destinations as yet untainted by tourists - read: esoteric adventurers out to conquer the world as opposed to mere mortals on a two week break from the drudgery of daily living), Richard makes his way towards this earthly paradise. Upon reaching their destination, the trio at once become entrenched in the daily schedules required to maintain paradise. It is not only surprising, but slightly bizarre that these travellers would allow themselves to become so trapped. Indeed, at the heart of this novel is the feeling of escapism; the lengths to which we will go to to achieve escape, and the time it takes for us to realise that there is no escape. Whilst Richard and friends imagine that their earthly Eden provides for them a place to escape to, they fail to see until it is almost too late that they have not only entered a situation in which similar methods of order are employed, but one that relies upon their total and utter devotion to the system. However, unlike the real world in this

reality there is no room for deserters. The novel utilises this idea of 'the beach' to highlight the concept of futile escapism within our lives.

Garland's novel is described as having 'all the makings of a cult classic'. Certainly, *The Beach* makes for an interesting read, yet the content of the novel is really nothing new or revolutionary. With an anti-climatic ending doused with unanswered questions, one can't help feeling let down by Garland. As for being a cult classic, all I can say is 'pooh to that with nobs on'. If, however, any of you are desperately interested in reading *The Beach*, all I can ask is this: do you have time to waste reading 433 pages of directionless malarkey? It appears I certainly did, whilst risking my life by blithely ignoring the Ansett safety regulations. But let's look on the bright side. I may have spent \$16 on drivel, but at least I have a colourful Ansett safety card to adorn my wall with.

Clementine Ford



PHOTOGRAPHER WANTED

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We will require you to submit a portfolio of some sort, but don't be shy - all comers welcome

Sonic Reanimator

Electronic duo Sonic Animation are riding high on the wave of success that started as a ripple with 'Love Lies Bleeding' and has since been amplified by 'Theophilus Thistler', 'Diddly Squat' and their current album *Orchid For the Afterworld*. On Dit's Stephen Finney spoke to front man Rupert on the eve of their performance at the Unibar, as part of their current national tour.

OD: What's the live setup?

Rupert: Adrian just bought some Roland V drums, 24 channel mixing desk, extra touring member Mark Sawell sequencer when not dancing.

OD: Sonic Animation have quite an eclectic sound. What are the influences that Sonic Animation brings together?

R: A lot of blues guitarists I've been to see with my Dad over many years- I suppose that's something you'd see on a track like 'Diddly Squat'. Monty Python, and British comedy in general- my parents are English and they've got that wacky offbeat British sense of humour. Adrian's parents are English too so he's got the same thing going. Also a band called the Bonzo Dog Doo-dah Band who are an early seventies psychedelic children's band - if you can grasp that. They kind of appeal to the kids, but there are also a lot of drug references as well.

OD: A little bit subversive then?

R: Yeah, and then anything from Massive Attack, Portishead, New Order, the Smiths, all the stuff I listened to when I was younger.

OD: Underworld?

R: Not so much for me, Adrian's a big Underworld fan, - I like the stuff they do, but I find it too long.

OD: Everything's 9 minutes long?

R: Yeah, it takes too long to develop. I like to get things happening a bit quicker, usually.

OD: I just thought that they seemed to influence 'Love Lies Bleeding'.

R: Not for me personally, I would probably say that 'I'm Afraid I Think I'm Human' sounds more like Underworld. The similarity wasn't intentional.

O: You guys toured with Underworld as part of the BDO.

R: Yeah, in '99.

OD: Do you have any anecdotes about any of the big bands you've toured with? Say Underworld, or the Chemical Brothers?

R: Only getting booted out of Fatboy Slim's change room in Sydney, it was our change room as well.

OD: No naked Norman for you then?

R: He was OK I met him outside of that- he was pretty cool, it had our name on the door, it had his name on the door and someone else's as well. But what we weren't told was that we only had it for a certain amount of time, which I thought was pretty dumb. We came back to

find that all our gear had been chucked out in another room and someone had told us to fuck off out of their room.

OD: So where did you support the Chemical Brothers? Their solo gigs on the East Coast?

R: Yeah, they played in Melbourne at the Metro nightclub, we just did the one gig with them there, which was pretty interesting. We supported the Prodigy in '96 and the PA was turned off for our set, and then of course when they come on they were bigger, louder and punchier than anyone else.

OD: You weren't allowed to upstage them?

R: Yeah, we had the same thing in the Chemical Brothers: We were restricted by the lack of stage space. If I put my ass on Chemical Brothers equipment, it was about four feet from there to the front of the stage. As they had such a huge rig they couldn't really move it. They're the downsides, it's always great to be able to do it, but there are always limits to how well you can perform in those sorts of conditions.

OD: does Sonic Animation have an agenda beyond hedonism? Is there any subtle political agenda that we're not getting?

R: (laughs) The lyrics are more about life experiences that anything political.

OD: I didn't think so, I was just checking.

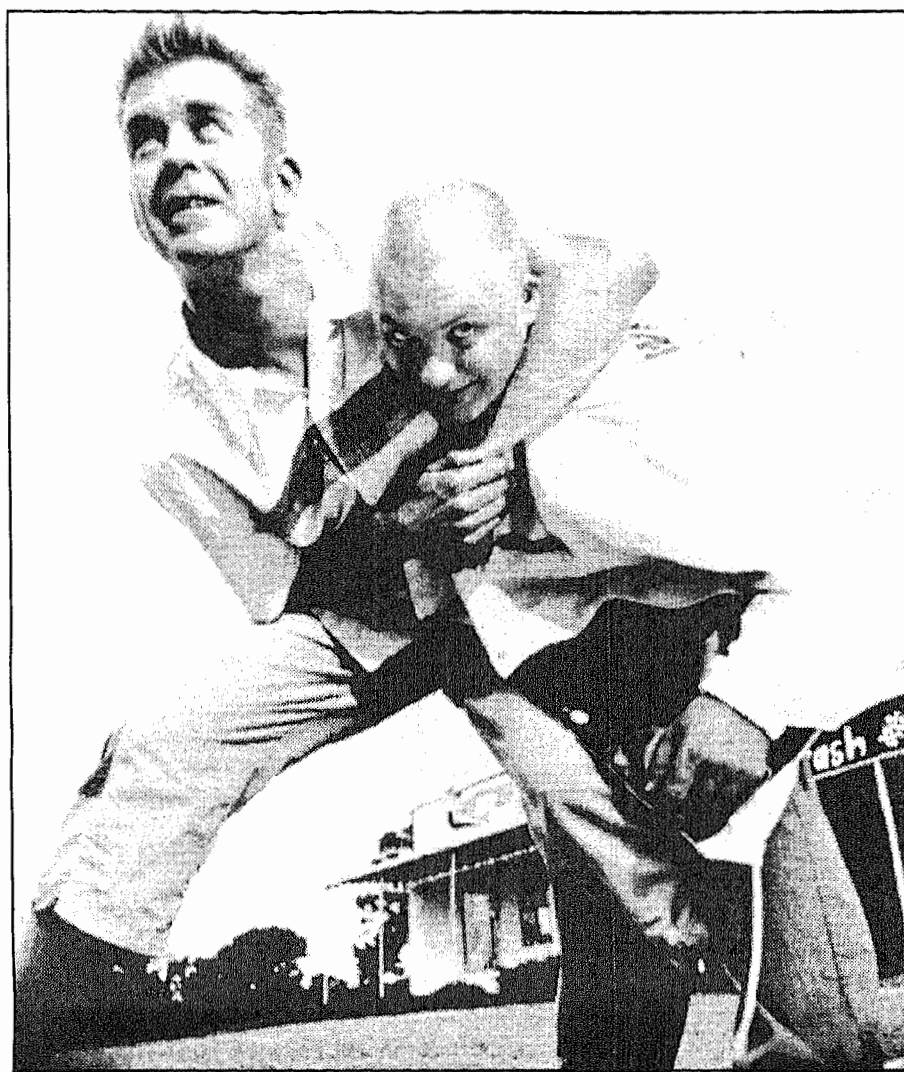
R: Theophilus thistler is actually a left wing diatribe.

OD: The source of Theophilus Thistler's lyrics- a tongue twister?

R: Yeah, it was written in the early 1900s. I was introduced to it when I had classical singing lessons. My instructor didn't approve of my pronunciation- I had to sing meaningless stuff and wave my hands in the air. It was really stupid.

OD: Do you ever have any trouble reproducing it live? Does your tongue just end up in a knot sometimes?

R: There's only one bit I have a problem with, and it's not that I can't pronounce it, it's that I can't remember it: I was sitting on the plane on the way to the BDO last year with the lyrics in front of me, trying to learn them. It took the whole 6 shows before I had it really nailed. But yeah, I still mix up the dividing and riving and striving and driving lyrics, fans pick it up because they know it word for word.



Wrestling with the rhythms

OD: After this Australian tour you're headed overseas. Where exactly are you headed?

R: We're hoping to get on the Homelands bill in the UK, which is a big dance festival at the end of May, and then we are also hoping to get back out there at the end of their summer and do Glastonbury and Reading and whatever the others are.

OD: Will this be Sonic Animation's first foray into the international arena?

R: As a live act, yes. We've had some releases over there on independents. I've been there personally, but we haven't played.

OD: On the subject of previous releases, much of your early material- your first album and your early EPs - have been deleted. Is that material due to resurface?

R: Mushroom/ MDS distribution in Melbourne were going through internal upheaval- the Festival group have bought Mushroom- so all the stock that has been 'deleted' is in a warehouse somewhere and should be made available to us and you some time soon. We might release a compilation too.

OD: Could you isolate any one performance as your favourite Sonic Animation gig?

R: Yeah! I think Sydney Homebake last year was crazy! From the moment we stepped on stage it was packed and everybody screamed for the entire set. Midway through a guy climbed up a big top pole & danced around upside down by his legs. The crowd was so loud we couldn't hear ourselves on stage sometimes. We were amazed.

OD: How much of your success would you attribute to exposure through airplay on JJJ?

R: Well quite a lot I guess, but it's not just any one station, - Channel V helped, and the community radio stations are there for us too. We get a lot of support for those people. We wouldn't want to ever forget those in the street press and the local stations.

OD: In Adelaide you're performing in the Unibar in a Pub type setting- could you compare that to performing at, say, the big rock festivals?

R: The number of people hasn't really changed - our original label was also our promoter so every time they put on a party at the docks in Melbourne we were on the bill. From the first ever gig we played we had 500/600 people there and then never really got less than that.

cont. overleaf

Sonic Reanimator

All the raves were 2-3 thousand, and New Year's Eve was 4-5 thousand. All I can say is that smaller gigs are a little more personal.

OD: Do you still play your older style, your 'doof' music? And if so are audiences accepting of that?

R: Yeah definitely, the live set we do runs pretty much like the album it starts with a number of vocal tracks and works it's way across into the doofier stuff, which we finish up the set with. People seem to like that path as it starts them off slow and speeds up, letting the crowd get worked up & hyped into it.

OD: Do you think you will release any more singles from *Orchid for the Afterworld*?

R: I think we'll probably do one more.

OD: Is there one in particular you have in mind?

R: There's two. 'I'm Afraid I Think I'm Human' and 'Four Leaf Clover'. These are the two that people mention to us most. Both came across well on the radio in comparison to say, 'Pull The Trigger', a track that works for me at home, but doesn't translate well to radio.

OD: Why no western states until now?

R: It's just Adelaide really. We've been to Perth a couple of times

OD: So it's us you're shunning? We're hurt!

R: It's nothing personal, it's because prior to this tour we had other management and didn't get any active interest. But now we're doing our own tour we thought we better make it to each capital. We're looking forward to seeing if anyone is actually interested in us there.

OD: Does Sonic Animation always

perform live? Do any members perform DJ sets or the like?

R: We've have done some DJ sets. We did one the week before last at Melbourne uni, but I think that was our last one. We're trying not to do them as much, as we don't buy as many records as we used to and we don't get as many opportunities to practice. I don't like going out to a place and sounding like a pile of shit. I had a gig were I hadn't practiced at all and it was a joke. I hated it. We do a bit of mixing at friends' parties and stuff.

OD: On the subject of mixing, or rather remixing, what was it like working with 28 Days remixing 'Kool'?

R: That was good. We gave them 3 remixes in the end and they picked the ones they liked. I love doing stuff like that- grabbing someone's vocal, or some little bit and taking the rest of their track out and writing new stuff around it. Taking a couple of guitar and drum samples and ditching the rest. It's particularly good if they already like what we do- they want to hear the Sonic Animation sound in their remix.

OD: If you could remix anybody, who would you choose?

R: A hard question, but I think I'd like to work with John Lydon, from the Sex Pistols and Public Image.

OD: And his work with Leftfield?

R: That's actually one of my all-time favourite tracks- 'Open Up'- from

one of my all-time favourite albums, 'Leftism'.

OD: how do you feel about their newie 'Rhythm and Stealth'?

R: Didn't really get into it at all. It didn't feel as put together as well - with 'Leftism' every part they put in the song complemented every other part. That seemed to be missing this time around.

OD: Is there any thing you're listening to at the moment that you're particularly enthused about?

R: I've been listening to some of our old stuff that we did 3 or 4

years ago, just getting some ideas and stuff that was released to independent labels- we're think of reworking some of it a bit an putting it on our new album.

OD: So, a new album! When do you think you will release new material?

R: We've got most of May off and we're planning to get 80% of it done then, for a new single toward the end of this year or early next year. It depends really on how things are going overseas- if all that goes really well then we'll probably release later. There's no hurry considering the amount of airplay that 'Theophilus Thistler' got on Triple J. Weid rather lay low for a while than have people going "Those fucking guys again! Don't they ever piss off?" We don't want to get overexposed.

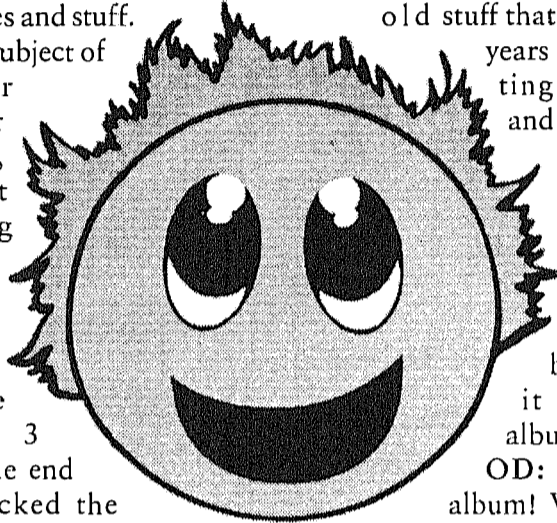
OD: Any final message Rupert?

R: If Adelaide could treat us gently, seeing it's our first time, that would be great.

Rupert was true to his word. Sonic Animation's live set ran much like their current album, starting with the vocal tracks from the Orchid disc, and climaxed with the hypnotic dancefloor oriented pieces of *Afterworld*. A packed Unibar pogoed to 'Theophilus Thistler', went berzerk at 'Loves Lies Bleeding' and proved 'Diddly Squat' to be a great audience participation number, with fans chanting the catchy lyrics. Both prospective singles (see above) came across well, bringing a sliver of sadness with their vocals. Rupert either sang, dancing like a man possessed, or ran a sequencer and a mixer. Meanwhile, Adrian hammered at his new electronic drumkit like a man possessed. Robbie & Theo (The furry figures who make appearances in Sonic's last two filmclips) appeared and danced about, but the small Unibar stage limited their antics somewhat.

The *Afterworld* tracks kept the audience going throughout the second half of the performance, though sometimes I felt I could have done with a more even spread of styles. By far the best instrumental track in my opinion was 'Release'. In a live setting the booming, echoing synth lines impressed me far more than they ever had on CD.

Overall my impression of their performance was one of particular physicality, a whole lot of energy. Sonic Animation were enjoying their journey and taking the audience along with them. Make sure you make a booking for the next trip round.



Student Radio 531am Student Radio 531am Student Radio

Hello again. It's been a couple of weeks since we were last in print, but it's good to be back at uni. I'm sure everyone agrees. There's really nothing like coming back from holidays to face a term of hard slog leading up to exams.

On a brighter note, there are plenty of good things happening in Student Radio this term to help everyone get through. Get ready for Radio Quiz 2000. There's nothing like an evening of trivia, games and good fun to beat the winter blues, and team that up with a bevy of possible prizes and you've got the perfect way to break the mundane cycle of uni life. We will be holding a quiz night (with all proceeds going to Student Radio) on Thursday May 25, so make sure you read *Ondit* in the next few weeks for further details. The only rule is that parents aren't allowed, because they are boring and know too much.

Aside from the fun and exciting events that we try to bring you every term, there is, of course, the wonderful, regular broadcasting schedule. If you've still got your program guide from last term, don't worry, nothing's changed, your favourite shows are still there to get you through.

Why don't you check out what's happening in the world of current affairs with *Wait til' dark*, on Monday night at nine. Okay, so Alix and Johnno, aren't Jane Doyle and Graeme Goodings, but they are pretty interesting characters who will give you a whole new perspective on the world today.

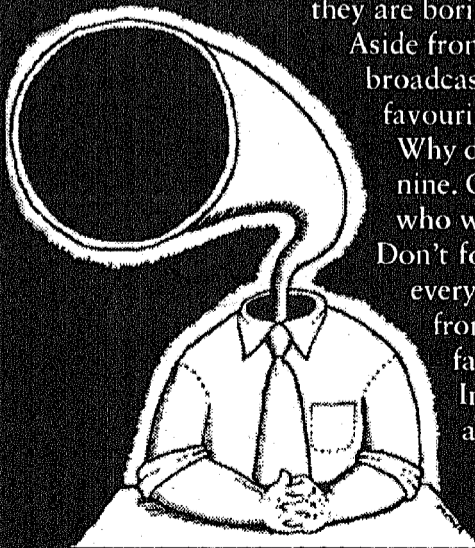
Don't forget that Adelaide Uni Student Radio broadcasts on 5UV, 531 on your very funky (and mono) AM dial, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, and SATURDAY evening from 9pm. But if you're not averse to listening to students from Flinders Uni, and UniSA, then you can tune in to Student Radio seven nights a week. Geez, that's good, old fashioned value for money.

In case you didn't know, we're the ones who wear the radio star t-shirts all the time, so if you're bored, come and say hi. We're nice. Really. Until next week,

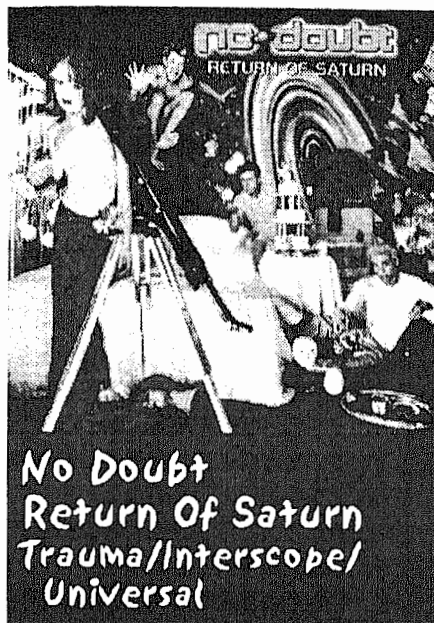
Yours Truly

Joni Queen & Elly Wright

The Student Radio Directors of the People



Waiting for the letter

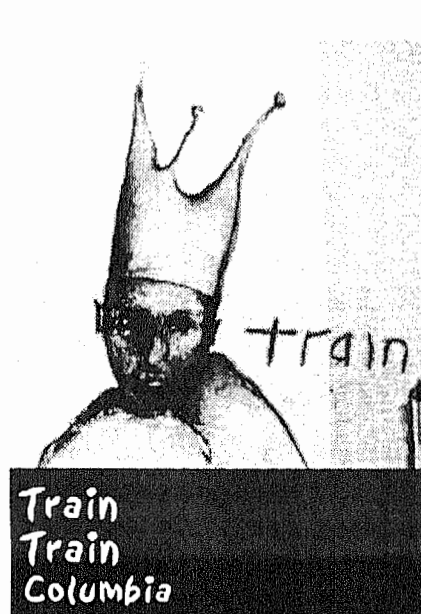


Since their hugely successful album *Tragic Kingdom*, No Doubt have been rather quiet. That is, until now; the new album *Return Of Saturn* shows that No Doubt are still alive and well. They've had four years to get it right, and excessive touring and success have matured the band a great deal. *Return Of Saturn* is a great follow up album. On first listen, it is clear to hear that the band have come a long way since *Tragic Kingdom*. It begins with the first single, the pumping 'Ex-Girlfriend'. From there, the album winds its way through the 15 tracks, varying from depressive slow songs, pumping rock tracks, ballads, and of course, No Doubts excellent blend of rock and ska. Most of the tracks are very good, so it's difficult to pick standouts, but some of my favourites are the ska influenced 'Bathwater', the depressive rocking 'Six Feet Under', the slow love ballads 'Too Late', and 'Home Now', as well as the albums key track, 'Artificial Sweetener' which is a song about self assessment. Other favourites would be the great song 'New', from the movie *Go*, and 'Big Distraction' (listed as a bonus track), a great groovy song in 12/8. And for those of you who love hidden tracks,

there is a great piano driven song about 4 and a half minutes into the final track.

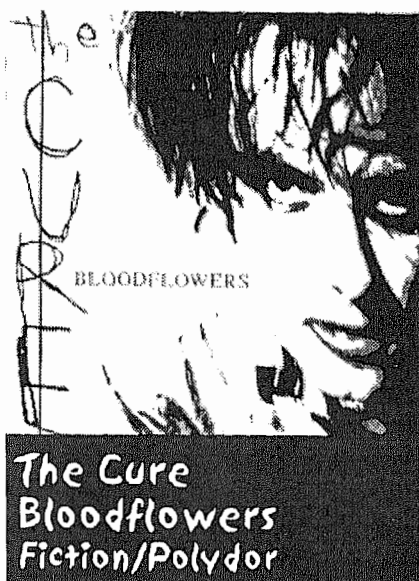
Well, after many listens, I can firmly say that *Return Of Saturn* is an excellent album. 'Tragic Kingdom' remains my favourite song of No Doubt's, but I must say that as a whole album, *Return Of Saturn* is a lot better than it's predecessor. Not only that, but for a limited time, the album comes with an iron on transfer of the album logo and a cool screen-saver for the computer. No doubt that'll keep the kiddies happy!

L.A.



Train fall into the category of "adult contemporary", which in this case means they sound a little like a Nashville version of Matchbox 20. The musicians all sound like they just learnt to play their instruments and the songs are utterly forgettable. Lacking any distinguishing features at all, the album is left to wallow in its own miserable mediocrity. There isn't (thank God) much of an audience for this kind of thing here, so you probably weren't intending to buy this anyway. But make sure you don't.

Chris



There's no escaping it, really. Robert Smith really is a miserable old bastard. Whilst the Cure's records have often acted as a kind of hibernacle for their fans, shelter from the cold winds of real life, their lyrical content, whilst free of didacticism, have always run the gamut of Smith's restrained concupiscence, his self-doubt and his longing. Let's face it, he got so wound up about turning thirty that he dumped the leaden, claustrophobic, but ultimately quite beautiful *Disintegration* on the world. Now the old boy's forty, and *Bloodflowers* seems to act as a type of harbinger of middle age, perhaps (as Smith has intimated) the last time the Cure will release an album of new material.

Bloodflowers is every inch a Cure record, which is pleasing to see. Simon Gallup's insistent bass lines and Jason Cooper's phlegmatic drumming underpin broad, leisurely song structures, with liberal drenchings of synths and guitars that have been flanged to begorrah. Smith's strained tenor floats nicely over the top of proceedings, with the occasional scream that seems to come from the depths of the gastro-intestinal.

If *Bloodflowers* lacks one thing, it's a recognisable single; one of those mad dashes through pop that hit the ears like an *auslese* hits the palate. There is no *Friday I'm in Love*, *Inbetween Days* or *Lovecats*, the type of skewed pop that has riddled their back catalogue. This is not in itself a bad thing, as the focus of tracks like '39' and 'The Last Day of Summer' may well have been lost otherwise.

Cure fans that have followed the band devoutly over the years can take heart from one thing about *Bloodflowers*. After the lopsided, uneven and ultimately unsatisfying *Wild Mood Swings* of a few years ago, Smith as has emerged with a new focus and the band's best record for ten years.

Miles Hunt

The Singles Bar

AC/DC
Stiff Upper Lip
Albert/EM

Good ol' Aussie rock. AC/DC certainly won't be surprising anyone with their latest long player *Stiff Upper Lip*. Rock, blues, whatever you call it, it doesn't matter. For what it is it is very good. Angus's trademark guitar tone is still present; Brian still has 'that' voice. Included are live versions of 'Hard As A Rock' and 'Ballbreaker' from Madrid. Basically, if you like this song you may as well go and buy the album.

Jorm

Ben Harper & the
Innocent Criminals
Steal My Kisses
Virgin/EM

In light of his soon coming Aussie tour, spectacular Muso Ben Harper and his band of Innocent Criminals have released an amazing single from the album *Burn To Shine*. 'Steal My Kisses' is a wild little catchy tune that I'm sure you've all heard by now. The song is really groovy and has already been played about a million times since I've had the CD (about three days)! It's wild! The CD also contains live versions of instrumental 'Number Three', and 'By My Side', both great songs (as you'd expect from Ben).

L.A.

Richard Ashcroft
A Song for the lovers
Virgin/EM

'A Song For The Lovers', is the debut single from the now solo Richard Ashcroft. Freed from the binds of The Verve, Ashcroft has managed to release a great new song that sounds very similar to..... The Verve. Brilliant film clip aside, 'A Song For The Lovers', is a sweet, uptempo ballad that brings Ashcroft's familiar vocals to the fore. The other tracks, '(Could Be) A Country Thing, City Thing, Blues Thing' and 'Precious Stone' are also very good, but lack the soothing tones which 'A Song...' has in abundance. This epic tune is a very nice solo debut from the former Verve frontman. (Plus it's got a lovely picture of him snogging his special lady on the cover)

Jorm

Universal Music (ie Tam and Kate) has kindly donated some copies of No Doubt's album *Return Of Saturn*. If you want one just come down to the On Dit office at 2:00pm on Wednesday and name the movie they recently had a song on.

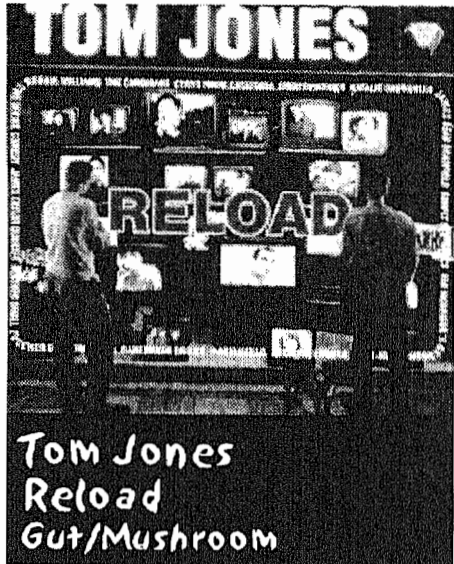
Giveaways

Thanks to Festival/Mushroom we have a few copies of Muse's *Showbiz* album to giveaway. Come down to the On Dit office at 2:00pm Wednesday and tell us anything.

Cheree at Festival/Mushroom has given us 5 copies of the Loose Change soundtrack to pass on to 5 lucky readers. Wednesday, 2:00pm, On Dit office. Answer this extremely challenging question: What sport is featured in the movie Loose Change?

Thanks to Simon at BMG for giving us two copies of ZZ Top's new album *XXX* to giveaway. Is you're interested come down to the On Dit office on Wednesday at 2:00pm and tell us the length (in centimetres) of their beards.

That the postman never brings

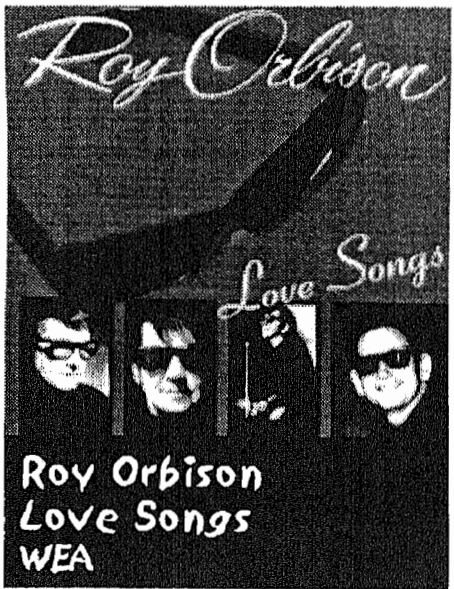


Ladies, get your panties ready, because the king of cool is back! Tom Jones's new album *Reload*, backed up by an up and coming tour, will definitely ensure that Tom will remain a household name well into the naughties.

Reload is a collection of songs that Tom has recorded with some of today's more popular artists. The standout tracks would have to be Tom's great duet with Robbie Williams on Lenny Kravitz' 'Are You Gonna Go My Way', a version of the Fine Young Cannibals 'She Drives Me Crazy' with Zucchero, the eerie 'All Mine' with Divine Comedy, the bluesy 'Sometimes We Cry' with Van Morrison, and INXS's 'Never Tear Us Apart', performed with Natalie Imbruglia. Also on the disc are tracks with the Barenaked Ladies, Portishead, Stereophonics, and The Cardigans.

The CD certainly has a very strong line-up with plenty for everyone. This, backed with the amazing, versatile, strong voice of one of history's better singers, is sure to make *Reload* an instant classic. Make sure you catch Tom at the Ent Cent on Saturday, May 27.

L.A.



Twelve years after the Big O died tragically of a heart attack at age 52, it's good to know that his music still stands the test of time. For those who don't know much of Roy's music, this

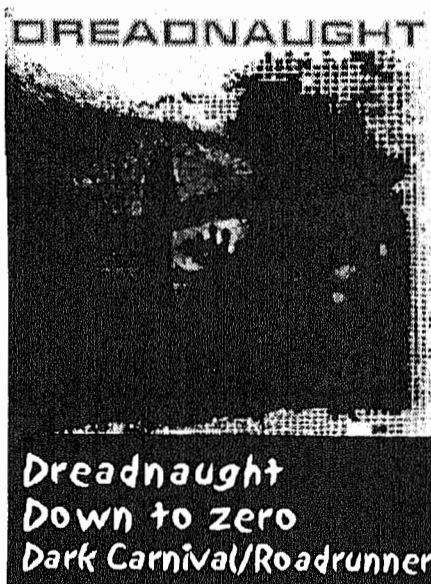
new two CD set, *Love Songs*, is a great place to start.

Disc one has a huge nineteen tracks, including many of Roy's classics. 'Blue Bayou', 'Dream Baby', 'Pretty Paper', 'You Got It', and 'Communication Breakdown' are all signature songs. There are also a whole range of lesser known songs, including the great 6/8 tunes 'That Lovin' You Feelin' Again' and 'Such A Stranger', as well as the classic 'In Dreams', and a cover of the Platters 'Only You'. Disc one ends with a very soft, lullaby-esque song 'Scarlet Ribbons'.

Disc two begins with one of Roy's better known tracks, 'Crying', and continues through a further nineteen tracks. Included are the standards 'Only The Lonely', 'You Fool You', 'Penny Arcade', and 'Blue Rain', and live versions of the classics 'It's Over', my favourite 'Leah', and his most well known, 'Oh, Pretty Woman'. Also, there is an interesting version of Wilson Pickett's 'Land Of 1000 Dances'.

For anyone who hasn't heard much of Roy's stuff, this album is a great place to start. The thirty-nine tracks give a great background to a singer who covered a huge range of styles and had an amazing voice. If for nothing else, this CD is worth getting just to hear 'Land of 1000 Dances'!

L.A.



In the mass of crap music that is being produced for gullible teenage girls with too much money to spend, it is good to know that there are still labels around who are interested in making real music. One listen to Dreadnaught's magnificent second album *Down To Zero*, and you'll agree that there is no substitute for real music. Having recently become the first signing to Roadrunner's new label, Dark Carnival, Dreadnaught, originating in Tasmania, have now been set on their journey to rock and roll fame.

The album starts with a blast. The thumping heavy 'Dead In The Dirt' will have you head banging along in

no time. And from there it only gets better! As with a lot of bands these days, Dreadnaught haven't restricted themselves to any one style of music, and while the album remains primarily heavy metal, the range of music, including a couple of mellow tracks, makes *Down To Zero* far more listenable.

After many listens to the album, it is clear to hear strong views of the world being expressed through the music. As with many people, the guys in Dreadnaught are dissatisfied with the world today, and this can be best heard in the great songs 'Scumbag' and 'Fast Food On The Streets Of Gold'. Other standout tracks are the slow epic 'Blue', and the heavy rocking 'Game'. The album finishes off on a soft almost ballad-like track called 'Some-day'.

As a whole the album is very good, and will sit proud in my collection. It's been quite a while since I've got a new album this good. Dreadnaught are definitely a band that I'll be catching whenever they come to Adelaide.

L.A.

Various WWF Aggression Priority

This CD contains "rap versions of the official world wrestling federation superstar themes". Artists such as Run DMC, Kool Keith, Method Man, Snoop Dogg and Ice-T tackle such classics as the Stone Cold Steve Austin theme "Hell Yeah" and The Godfather theme "Pimpin' Ain't Easy". With titles like that, and lyrics such as "grab your bitches" and "break yourself bitch" (from just one track) you can immediately see the potential for this album. I predict massive sales, with a huge audience spanning all generations and musical tastes, as well as the obvious, action figurines. The popularity of the World Wrestling Federation is at an all time high, and it is great to see that these spandex-loving, mean-looking, but probably quite insecure and misunderstood wrestlers' theme songs are being honoured by the rap worlds elite. On a serious note, however, this is shit. If you want rap, get a rap album, don't get an album of wrestlers theme songs. If you like wrestling, if you REALLY LOVE wrestling, get help, professional help, NOT this album. If you come across this album by chance, I recommend using it as a coaster, or alternatively get really bent and listen to it...and check out pictures of the wrestlers on the booklet (with their mean, almost haunting stares....oooooh I'm scared). Enjoy.

Para

The Singles Bar

Guided By Voices
Hold On Hope

TVT

Many of you would already be familiar with US band Guided By Voices, and they need no introduction. This, their latest offering from the album *Do The Collapse*, 'Hold On Hope' is a relatively soft, Crowded House style love song (which I'm sure we'll all be hearing on radio soon enough). The EP, which is a limited edition Australia/New Zealand exclusive release, has four b-sides, all having that typical GBV sound. All in all, 'Hold On Hope' is quite a tidy release.

L.A.

Lenny Kravitz
I belong to you
Virgin

After having huge success with his singles 'Fly Away' and 'American Woman', Lenny Kravitz has released about the fifth single from his great album 5. 'I Belong To You' is a soft love song, but it still has that distinctive Lenny groove. The b-sides to this are a bunch of remixes of 'If You Can't Say No', also off the album 5. Originally a good song, the first three remixes don't do it for me (as typical of crappy dance remixes), but the final one is much better, almost like the album version. I would recommend the album before this single, cos then you get many other great songs. But of course, you don't get the great cover pic of Lenny spectacular abba-dabba's....

L.A.

Ricky Martin
Private Emotion
Sony

Ah, what a refreshing thing it is when a true artist can shake the mainstream tag and establish himself as a creative, and original artist, with a release of this calibre. Yeah right, enough sarcasm. I find Ricky Martin a lot less annoying when I have no idea what he is saying. Here we have three songs which combine to a 12 minute softest and a rendition of 'Livin' La Vida Loca'. Such creative lyrics as 'oh my love, oh my love' and 'you're the only one who can shine on me'. Don't we all just get teary eyed. Ugh!

Ashes to Ashes

Look: we have classifieds!

Aggies Pub Crawl

T-shirt orders taken now!
Full \$15 payment upon order, very limited numbers.
All drink specials and free entry only available when t-shirt worn.
Available from WISA or RACSUC.

Aquatic Centre Pass

Card with 19 visits remaining expiry date is 3/8/00
Normal price \$43.89 (\$2.31 per visit) Will sell for \$35 or o.n.o
Normally a pass has 30 visits and costs \$69.40 (\$2.31 per visit)
Contact Judy 0412 218 228
Email: judy.bellati@student.adelaide.edu.au

Balancing Family and Relationship Commitments with Study

When: Tuesday 9 May, 1.10 - 2.00pm
Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Building
Presenter: Mark O'Donoghue
Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

Bands Association Performance

Our Inaugural Club Performance, Heritage Hotel, Friday 12 May, 9.10-1.15.
First, ask that your \$5 entrance fee go to the Bands' Assoc. Then, have fun.

Bonds T-shirts

The studio now has a range of Bonds t-shirts for sale in new season's colours - short sleeve, long sleeve, 3/4 sleeve, ringers, even beanies.
Most sizes in stock, or you can order.
Cheaper prices for bulk orders, cheapest price in town.
Union Studio, level 4.

Rock

I've got a red (bass) guitar, it has four strings and the truth. It says 'Yamaha BB200' and it rocks. If anyone's interested in buying it for about \$200, call Cath on 8232 7220.
I've also got an acoustic guitar for all those folk singers. It's a good one to learn on and it'll cost someone \$50. Also call Cath.

History Department Research Seminars

The Adelaide Uni History Depart-

ment will be holding a series of research seminars this semester, on Mondays at 1.10pm in Napier 420.

Law Week 2000

The School of Law warmly welcomes school students, parents, teachers and tertiary students to a discussion which it is holding as part of its contribution to Law Week 2000, an event organised by the South Australian Institute of Justice Studies, which will run from May 15-19.

'Law - a Career for Life' will be an informal information and discussion session covering entry to, life during, and life after law school. It will be held on Wednesday 17 May between 5.30 and 7.00pm at Lecture theatre 2, The Law School, North Terrace, University of Adelaide.
For further details, and to notify group attendance, please contact Corinne McNamara (ph: 8303 4020).

Learn Deep Relaxation

When: Every Monday for Semester One, 1.10 - 2.00pm
Where: Counselling Centre, Ground Floor, Horace Lamb Bldg
Presenter: Mark O'Donoghue
Book now on 8303 5663 or call in.

Housing Available

There is housing available for Low-Income Students.
We currently have rooms available in Non-Collegiate Housing on a share-house basis.

Non-collegiate Housing is for students with low incomes who cannot afford other housing, or whose personal circumstances warrant this accommodation.

If you think you may be eligible for this type of housing, please call into Student Care, located on the ground floor of the Lady Symon Building, and pick up an application form from either the Housing Officer or one of the three Education Welfare Officers.

Pen Friends

I would like to have pen-friends. If anybody is interested here are my details:

Name: Mr.M.Ali
Email: munawar777@hotmail.com

Pride Week

A joint project of NUS-SA, USASA, SAFU and SAUA, May 8th-12th 2000.

Monday 8th May: Adelaide Uni,

Band on the Barr Smith Lawns @ 1pm.

Tuesday 9th May: Uni SA (City West), Art show/exhibition in the Atrium, Yungondi Building from 7pm.

Wednesday 10th May: Uni SA (Magill), Picnic on the Lawns with the Picnic Society, games, food and frivolity.

All week: fun things queer will be on all campuses all week to celebrate life, love and diversity.
Contact NUS-SA for further details on 359 2455.

The Red Cross Giant OpShop Sale

Saturday 20 May - Monday 22 May
Saturday and Sunday 9am-4pm,
Monday 9am-12noon
Wayville Pavilion, Wayville Showgrounds, Entry \$1.00
New stock is put out daily
All proceeds go to support Red Cross Services across the state.

Ski Mt Hotham Packages

5 nights, 'In Snow' packages available from Saturday July 8th to July 29th. Includes: coach transport, 5 nights accommodation, all breakfasts and dinners, 5 days ski hire, 5 days lift and lessons (lunch vouch-

ers optional, \$9 per day).
Cost: \$719 under 18, \$779 over 18 (self drive less \$100p.p.)
Ph: 8346 0936. All hours.

Snow Gear Sale

Liquidated stock of new and ex-rental gear - lots of everything at greatly reduced prices. 10am - 5pm, Saturdays and Sundays, 6th/7th May, 20th/21st May and 3rd/4th June at 56 Welland Ave, Welland, 8346 0936.

Room to Rent

One room available in Wayville from mid-June to end of December 2000. Female applicants preferred, to live with 2 Asian females. It's near the exam hall, near a bus stop, and only 10 mins from city by bus.
Rent: \$53.35 per week (excluding expenses).
Please call 8357 9219 after 6pm.

Witnesses Needed

Did you see this accident? Thursday 13th April 2000, between 4.30 and 5pm at intersection of North Terrace and Frome Street.
White Toyota Cressida and Ford Escort involved in accident.
Contact Carol on 8242 4856.



... where they
burn On Dit, they
will one day burn
people ...

On Dit is the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors are sexy as fuck (even if we can't get any) and have complete and unfettered editorial control, although the opinions expressed herein may not be their own.

Editors

Dale F Adams
Eva O'Driscoll
Darren O'Reilly

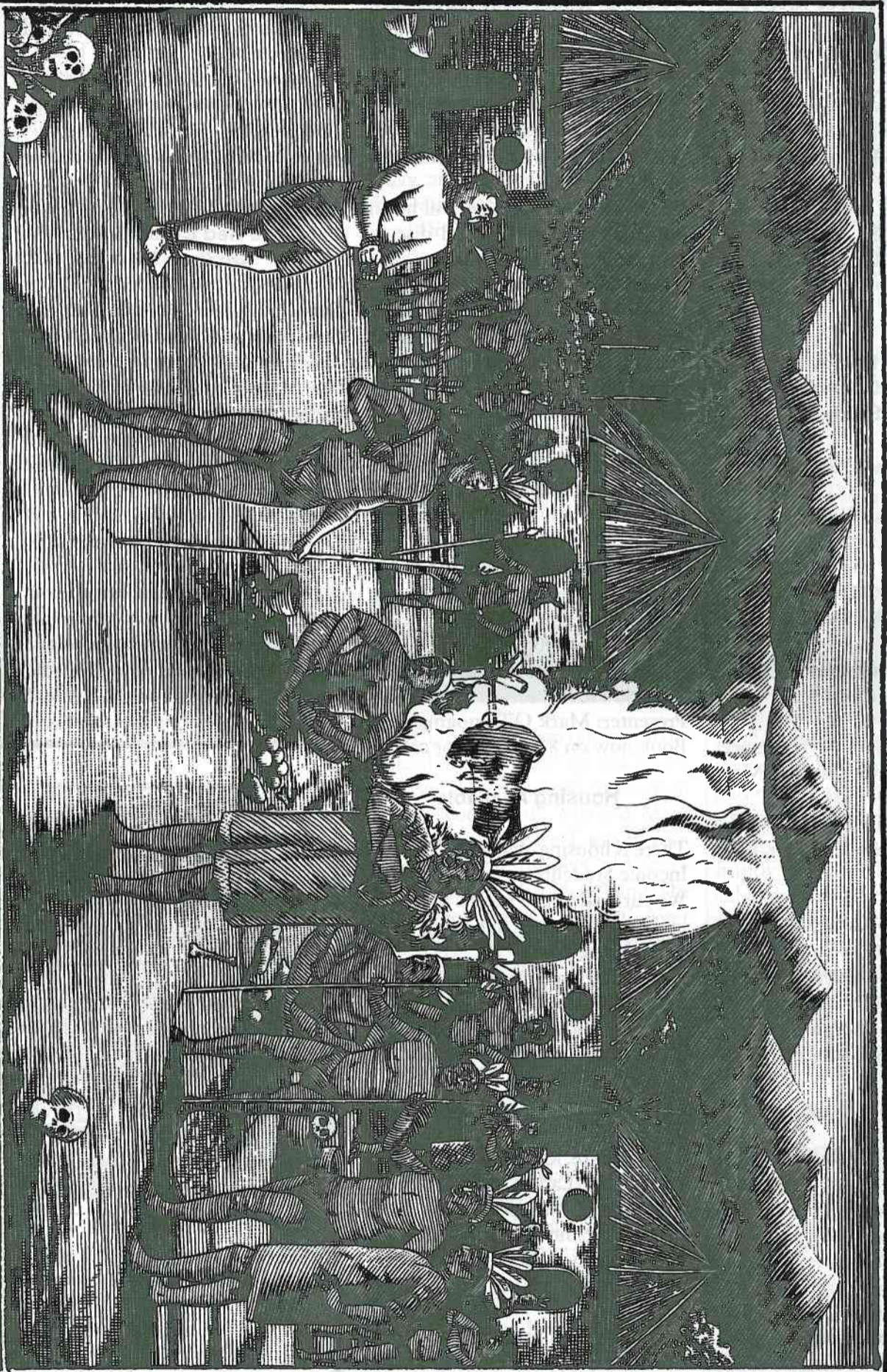
Photographer
Peter McKay

Raunch on a stick
Fiona Dalton

Printing
Cadillac Printing

Thanks

Tom and Mandy for sexy good times, George V for being a honey, Kate for being constantly (but lovably) obnoxious, Mulligrub 'the butter chicken train', Cadillac for the posters, the Chardonnays - five in a row, Jon for the supplies, Linley for hot proofing action, the kittens (aka Pissy and Shitty), Sam and Crooksy, and Big T for the Waite piccies.



At the risk of breaking sacred tribal customs, Kinsala boldly attended the feast with a white.

