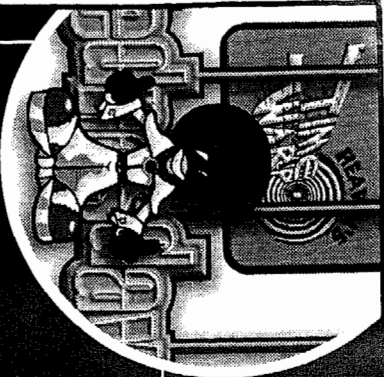


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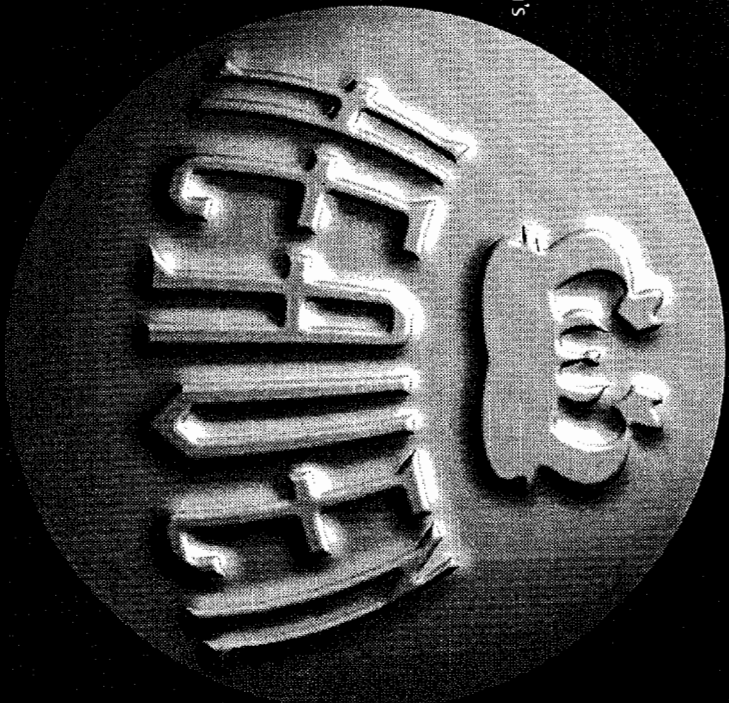
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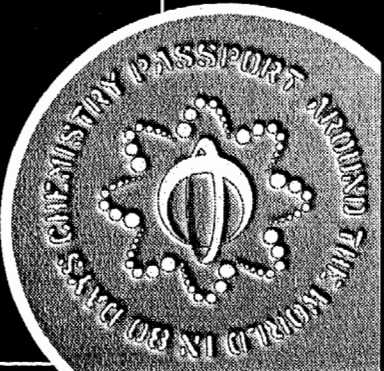
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Elle Dit

Welcome to the
Wimmin's* Edition
of *On Dit*.

Elle Dit is produced
wholly by wimmin
for wimmin.

* we use "wimmin" as opposed to "women" because it allows us to define ourselves as ourselves and not in relation to men.

Editorial

Welcome to *Elle Dit* 1996. This year we are proud to have produced a whopper 72 page edition which is composed of EVERYTHING that we received from wimmin.

We wanted to give as many wimmin as possible a chance to be heard. There are articles on everything from fucking safe to feminism and from getting married to menstruation.

There's also a stack of creative writing which was fantastic to see. Keep it coming!

We were also stoked to see that the 'graffiti sheets' we stuck in toilets around campus provoked such a strong and positive response. They have been reproduced for your interest and appear throughout *Elle Dit*. Thanks to all the wonderful wimmin that helped out, wrote articles, brought us food and generally made putting this magazine together lots of fun.

(Being the geeks that we are, we put *Elle Dit* together losing minimal sleep even though last week was election week and a good many of us were completely and utterly stuffed!)

The 1996 Elle Dit Collective

Elle Dit is the wimmin's edition of *On Dit*, the weekly publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The Editors have complete editorial control although the opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own.

Elle Dit Collective:

Nilli, Jo, Linda, Kylee, Kerina, Sophie, Olivia, Christina, Jodie, Libby, Serena, Kathleen, Julia, Rachel, Esther & Sandy.

Hugs & Kisses:

Ching Yee, Natalie and Kerryn. All the nice steward who came offering pizza, Dave, everyone who contributed or helped out, all the graffiti artists and anyone we have inadvertently left out.

Advertising Manager:

Josie Simpson

Freight:

Fiona Sproles

Typing:

Fiona Dalton

Printing:

Cadillac Printing

Where we are:

The *On Dit* office is located on the Nth. Tce. campus opposite the Barr Smith lawns, in the basement of the George Murray Building.

How to contribute/contact us:

You can drop off your copy at the office or in the contribution box in the SAUA office. Alternatively, you can drop us a line at *On Dit*, c/o Adelaide University, SA, 5005, phone us on (08) 223 2685 or 303 5404 or fax us on (08) 223 2412.

Deadline for the next edition of *On Dit*:

September 4 (out September 9)

About the cover:

Showing the diversity of women at AU Nth Tce campus, the cover is by Christina Soong.

Production Notes

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Letters, Letters, we want them all,

If they're long or if they're small,

We don't really care at all!

Letters can be dropped down to our office (basement of George Murray Building, opposite Barr Smith Lawns) by 5pm Wednesday. Or you can post them to us at *On Dit*, Adelaide University, SA 5005. Or get on that fax machine - our fax number is 223 2412. We need your name, contact number (not for publication) and department, otherwise NO DEAL. Got that?

Engie Girls of the world, unite and take over

Dear Editors of *Elle Dit*,

I noticed that posters went up all over the engineering buildings asking for more contributions from women in engineering, and claiming that we are always under-represented in *Elle Dit*. I wonder why this is so; certainly we have a much higher workload than most of the other women in this university, and there are not a large number of us with a great deal of time to make contributions. But at the same time we are perhaps the most authentic representatives of the women's movement, since engineering has remained the area in which women are extremely reluctant to break the male-dominated tradition. Why do we keep so quiet when

we stand for so much? Are we simply monuments of the women's movement?

It is apparent to me that being supportive of women's issues and drawing attention to them, even referring to the fact that you are female and surrounded by men, gets you virtually nothing but hostility in engineering. Male students seem to think that you are trying to make them feel insecure, or gain some sort of advantage. They tend to become extremely defensive and obnoxious, or increasingly fearful and maintain a blank silence, neither of which are much help when you need their help or co-operation. Remember that most engineering students have over 25 contact hours a week, much of which involves team work - so if you don't get along with the people in your classes, you will begin to feel it rather quickly.

Reports of sexual harassment are rare in engineering. All this says to me is that men in engineering know exactly what they can get away with in terms of direct harassment - very little. But I certainly do not believe that this has made the life of a female engineering student free of any sexist behaviour. In fact I believe that men in engineering have simply had to resort to more subtle methods of voicing their sexist attitudes as a result of their obvious majority.

I have gradually become aware that the majority of male engineering students are incredibly regressive in their views about women.

For instance, I can feel quite safe in voicing my opinions about male engineers through *Elle Dit*, because I can be quite sure that at least 80% of them will scorn the publication and refuse to read it, claiming that it is "feminist rubbish". (But do they secretly take one home and pore over it all night???)

It is these types of attitudes that have discouraged many women in engineering to claim any part in the women's movement. Surrounded by men with these attitudes, women seem to cope by forming large groups and thus decreasing their exposure to the dominant male attitudes around them. This in itself probably increases the suspicion of many paranoid male engineers that such groups are a melting pot for brewing feminist ideas.

On my first day as an engineering student I remember being told by a second year female that the best thing to do was "find another girl and stick with her". I resented this piece of advice. To me this was an act of weakness and surrender. I had come to engineering intensely proud of being a girl and consequently I trumpeted this fact all year with tremendous energy.

Now, I give the same advice to first years that my older and wiser friend gave to me. There is a severe attitude problem in engineering with regard to women. Even if the numbers were to increase, I don't believe this attitude would change. It is instilled in generations of in-

tellectually competent but socially inept boys who come out of high school into engineering, perhaps hoping that at least here they will be safe from all those women intent on taking over the world.

There are no long-term advocates of any form of feminism in engineering. At some point, they all realise that their survival depends on their ability to squeeze into the cracks, and that advocating women's issues cannot be on their agenda without the risk of destroying their career objectives. The path followed by women in engineering is strewn with well hidden dead bodies, decaying ideas and rotting attitudes.

2nd Year Elec. Engineering

Can't get away from Jim, not even in *Elle Dit*

Dear *Elle Dit*,
As this is the wimmin's edi-

tion of *On Dit*, Shotgun Jim (who, surprisingly enough, isn't a womyn) has asked me to write a letter reflecting his style this week. I don't think so.

Many thanks,

Shotgun Jim's sister (although sometimes I wish I wasn't)

Honours Arts

C'mon girls, get out there and get active!

Dear Eds,

Yes I'm all for women's rights etc... but why do all feminists sound like men are the enemy. It's always about how men put us down and how we are all down trodden etc.

I think women have it pretty good now. We have excellent health care, recognition by the government, and unions for equal pay and conditions.

After doing a thesis on Men's health I was appalled

at the condition of men's health. Men now have the problems with health care we had 30 years ago.

My best friend is male and feels like he's being treated by women in a way that some men used to treat women. It's almost worse because we should be doing one better and treating men with respect even though they didn't do the same for us years ago.

In regards to issues such as not enough women in parliament and not traditional careers. It is not because we are repressed, it's because we aren't getting in there and doing it.

It seems that many of you are willing to get out there, screaming and protesting but not willing to get in there and do it (ie join a political party; enter a non-traditional career.)

C'mon girls, stop procrastinating and get some action happening.

Raggedy Ann Equalist

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Robyn Archer -

Since her appointment as artistic director of the 1998 and 2000 Adelaide Festivals, Robyn Archer has become the most prominent woman in local theatre. Theatre editor Fontella Stuart Koleff, managed to spend some time with this dynamic woman to find out her approach to life, theatre and the Adelaide Festival.

For Festival director Robyn Archer time has become an all-important element in her life.

Since her appointment as the first woman artistic director of the Adelaide Festival, making her one of the most sought-after people in Adelaide, Archer has been juggling together different aspects of her life.

From the start Archer's approach to her task has been different, unlike many of her male predecessors, she is best known as a performer than as an administrator. In conjunction with Festival planning, Archer continues her very successful performing career.

She performed *New Songs, Old Century* with Cathie Travers in this year's Festival, followed by a South American tour of the show *Keep Up Your Standards* with Paul Grabowsky. Currently she is looking at a re-release of her Brecht albums, an expression of interest from the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra for a Weimar/Brecht concert, a recording of *Keep Up Your Standards* and is creative consultant for the new Museum of Victoria, expected to open in December 1999. Her biggest personal venture is the writing project for her new musical *The Bridge*.

One of Archer's biggest challenges with her current work

schedule is to set up a balance between her festival commitments and her artistic creativity.

"I've always had many projects going at the same time, so I am used to that and I am used to jumping in the deep end and learning by apprenticeship," she said. "With this position however, I am finding out that I am taking on things that I thought I could never do and that is both enlightening and challenging."

A graduate from both Adelaide and Flinders Universities, it was only at the latter that she began her formal theatre training. As part of her arts degree at Adelaide she studied English and Philosophy with her honours thesis in Old English, areas that Archer admits have very little connection to cabaret and musical theatre, let alone in directing a Festival.

"I never thought that my degree would be work related anyway," she said. "I was lucky that I was able to go through university at a time when it was not job orientated and were regarded as brain laboratories."

"The discipline I gained from my studies however, has helped me as a performer and the knowledge I gained has I suppose, been used in a lateral sense."

As Director for the next two Festivals, Archer said that she is already working on the year 2000 program as well as 1998.

"It is a long job," she said. "It is there the whole time and in that sense it is the same as writing a show, in that it (the festival) is often my first thought in the morning. As with doing a show you are allowing yourself the danger of letting everything all out and all you can do is trust that sooner or

later it is all going to come together."

As the first female Festival director, Archer is aware that there are certain expectations and fears on the type of program that she will produce.

"I think there is a great deal of anxiety in certain circles about what I am going to present," she said. "There are expectations that my programs are going to be feminist, left, maybe include some dyke material and Brecht."

"While the above are certainly important elements in my own life and work, I am taking care that they don't dominate the Festival program. There will certainly be some things in the Festival which will reflect me, for instance I like to use humour in my own work and I believe that the Festival needs to be funny as well as serious."

"Essentially the only thing I can do is to do what I believe at the time is to be for the best and that is the philosophy I am taking with the Festival."

Having performed at this year's Festival, Archer saw at first hand the shift towards a younger Festival audience in response to Kosky's multi-media focus. While believing it is important to maintain this group, she also believes that the traditional Festival audience must be catered for.

"I think even before this year there was a transition anyway, but this was clearly a young people's Festival," she said.

"Although Hunt's 1994 program was artistically one of the best festivals, there were clearly some problems with the lack of free events and poor publicity affecting audiences. People, espe-

Behind the Festivals

cially Adelaide audiences, as a result needed to be re-enfranchised about the Festival and Red Square was great for that."

"My aim is to ensure that the audience comes back again but I must also re-enfranchise those who missed out this year to return to the fold. To do so I must make sure that there is something for the entire audience spectrum, but it is a very tricky balancing act."

Adelaide born and educated, Archer said that it was both a disadvantage and an advantage in being a local.

"The Festival has really nurtured me," she said. "I remember going to fantastic things as a high school student, so I have always been aware of what the Festival means to people in Adelaide."

"A disadvantage however is that I have not really lived in Adelaide since 1978 so I am currently having to overcome some preconceptions that have developed over the years."

When appointed artistic director of the National Festival of Australian Theatre in Canberra in 1992, Archer was the first woman to hold such a position at a mainstream Australian arts festival. Continuing this pioneering role at Adelaide, she is surprised and not surprised about her latest feat.

"It has taken the arts a long time to place women in high profile

administrative positions which reflects the general status of women within the industry," she said.

One of the most successful Australian theatre exports, Archer spent the majority of a ten year period living and working in London and believes that overseas

hothouse atmosphere that exists in Europe, you can't help but notice the difference. Australians do do very well overseas because of our energy and I now believe that any young person with talent and potential needs to gain overseas experience."

Aware of the isolation and its effects on Australian theatre, Archer believes the Festival can play a role in reducing that gap.

"There is an enormous amount of energy and creativity here in Australia and the initial impetus is right," she said. "Our biggest problem is that ideas often lag along with a lack of execution and discipline, resulting in the work not being finished off."

"Another difficulty is our small population and the long distances, but on the other hand I am a great regionalist. I think that we have a beautiful kind of diversity and you don't want to scratch that out."

"So the Festival has a real role to play in developing Australian theatre. The traditional festival, even though it is one of the great repositories for ideas here in Australia, has a major problem in that many of the overseas works are often at least four years old before they are performed here, and therefore we are not seeing the true cutting edge material. I am hoping to try and break this aspect and get fresh work, hopefully for 1988, but definitely in 2000."



The Painful Perils...

I was inspired to write this article by a book that I've just read called 'Reviving Ophelia' by Mary Pipher, which was about the 'dangers' of being a young female in today's world and was a very good book at that. Towards the end of the book she really expressed her thoughts and beliefs about many issues. This made me think about trying to write about my ideas and beliefs and even if I don't achieve this at least I've raised awareness and tried to help people to understand these two disorders.

I believe Anorexia and Bulimia are modern day disorders due to the current environment and the evolution of women, their appearance, their attitude to food, others expectations of them and many more issues. These days most people have heard of someone who has suffered from Anorexia and/or Bulimia. Compulsive Over-Eating is also an eating disorder but is not in my area of 'expertise' as such, although it does deserve a mention.

I say suffering from Anorexia and Bulimia because that is what it is like for someone with those disorders. Other people might think that they are doing it to themselves, making their lives hell on purpose and maybe started out with the specific purpose of initially 'becoming' Anorexic or Bulimic. That is they believe it is self inflicted.

These days learning about Anorexia and Bulimia is part of the curriculum in health lessons. You learn that girls stop

eating and become really thin, in the case of Anorexia; and someone with Bulimia binge eats (ie. eats a lot of food) and then throws it up. But what they don't tell you is the emotional turmoil people go through that have either (or both) of these disorders. Their whole life revolves around food, sometimes even in their dreams, deciding what to eat, or not to eat, when?, how?, thinking of nothing else but food and weight.

This behaviour seems very extreme, and it is, but is not as noticeable as it sounds and often goes unnoticed. I've heard of Bulimics who have hidden their problem from their husbands, family and friends for twenty years. Bulimics often hide their behaviour from everyone, feeling ashamed of themselves for what they are doing and Anorexics often deny they even have a problem.

Anorexia Nervosa gets its name from the apparent lack of appetite - Anorexia - due to a morbid mental state - Nervosa. In 1873 it was Sir William Gull, an English doctor, who came up with the name for a person suffering from voluntary starvation. Bulimia Nervosa comes from a similar background but was termed much later due to its secretive nature. Eating Disorders not only affect females, but in recent decades more and more cases of Anorexia and Bulimia have arisen in males.

There are heaps of physical problems that Anorexics and Bulimics experience, some are

even fatal. Bulimics suffer from dehydration, muscle cramps and spasms, constipation and/or diarrhoea all due to vomiting, diuretic and laxative abuse. Also their level of essential vitamins and minerals in their blood is affected, usually having low potassium levels (in the case of a Bulimic), which can cause heart irregularities and even a heart attack.

Vomiting also erodes tooth enamel causing decay (and your teeth can fall out if vomiting occurs over a long period of time), you can get blood shot eyes (the pressure on your eyes from the vomiting action can pop little blood vessels), a really sore throat and you can, and do, usually feel like shit. Anorexics usually have amenorrhoea which means that they don't get their periods, which may sound great, but they have great difficulty having kids. They also get really cold easily, due to their low weight, have trouble sleeping, can't concentrate as well as they could before, and suffer most of the other problems that Bulimics suffer.

Many people ask why - why do they do it and make their lives so terrible? The fact is that there are heaps of reasons why people fall into the trap of Bulimia and Anorexia and not just one specific reason, nor is it because they start dieting and the diet goes too far. As I mentioned at the beginning of this article the social ideal of a female plays a part in causing the eating disorders. Slimness is of high value in our society

of Eating Disorders

as well as being happy, successful and healthy. Many people make the awful mistake of judging people by their cover - how they look. Some of the kindest, really exciting and caring people don't look like Elle Macpherson or Jodie Kidd.

Many family situations cause unhappiness and other emotions which lead to eating disorders. Individual factors such as perfectionism, the need to achieve unrealistic goals and to be accepted by friends and family, also add to the risk of developing an eating disorder. Other occurrences in their lives, even seemingly insignificant events, all add up leaving a person feeling unable to cope and then feeling bad about their perceived inability they lose their self-esteem and sense of self-worth. Relentless dieting, bingeing and purging are ways of coping and distract you from the real underlying issues, so that you feel that you are controlling some part of your life. I believe that no specific person or group of people are to blame for an eating disorder, it is not anyone's fault and attempting to and/or laying blame on someone does not help the sufferer to recover.

Many people do overcome eating disorders. Some don't, and die as a result of the disorder or lead a seclusive, lonely, and unhealthy life. There are many different treatments like individual or group therapy, and family or marital therapy on an outpatient basis. In therapy people get re-

educated about what is healthy and good to eat, safe and effective weight control at an appropriate and safe level, and they get educated about eating disorders which help sufferers to understand what is happening to them. Family therapy may be very helpful for young people who are still living at home as the disorder affects the family as much as the individual. Sometimes sufferers may need to spend a period of time in hospital to gain weight slowly and to monitor their health especially if the disorder has reached a life threatening stage.

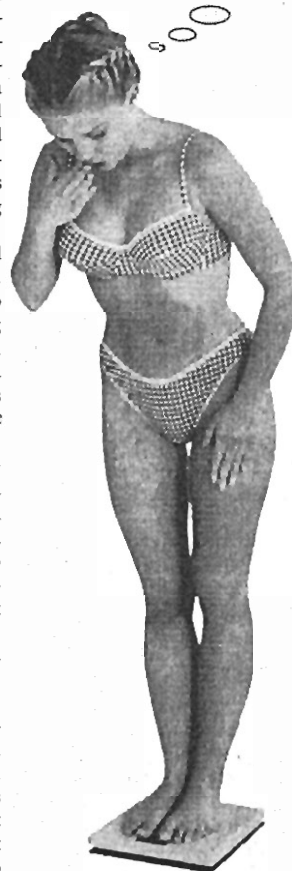
Help can be obtained through a referral from a GP to a psychiatrist who is experienced in treating eating disorders. Several hospitals have specialised Eating Disorder programs and admission to these programs is through a treating psychiatrist. **The Anorexia and Bulimia Nervosa Association Inc. on Weymouth Street, in the city,** is also useful in providing information and support groups for sufferers as well as their family and friends.

Not everyone who binges and throws up occasionally (eg. once a month) or misses a meal every now and then is Bulimic or Anorexic, but anyone who does that kind of thing needs to

seek help. **Help is out there and it really does make a difference.**

Michelle

It was that lettuce leaf that did it



I want to get married (is that a sin?)

In school I was the last person who anyone expected who would want to get married. I was so independent and so outspoken. I never relied on anyone but myself. I didn't have a boyfriend because I felt I didn't need one.

My best friend told me it would take a brave man to win me over. I was determined to be independent as I had no plans to be "babymachine", head cook and bottle washer.

Being an athletic sort of chick, I ride bikes (and very well too). Unfortunately riding my bike doesn't give me Elle's legs or a dainty figure. In all honesty my legs are tree trunks due to 100's of kilometres and weights. They are not the sort of legs the average man will admire.

While hanging around in a friend's bike shop I met a crazy red haired lout called D.O.G. After taking a giz he threw a comment at me no one had ever spoken before: "Great Legs". At first it sounded sexist and my instinct was to retaliate. Then it hit me that this was a break through. For a man to think my legs were attractive he either had to be drunk or of a very understanding breed.

Feminism was breaking through and making progress. In school, boys saw my legs as 'butch', 'freakish' or said 'you're on steroids'.

The more I got to know D.O.G. the better I liked him. He had no bias towards anything, was a vego, rode his bike everywhere,



and best of all was an old fashioned gentleman.

I moved out of home later that year and found it was impossible to do everything. I was always trying to find time in between study, cooking, eating, washing, cleaning, training and sleeping.

D.O.G. decided to move in at that time making life a little easier and a lot less lonely. It became an ideal situation of balance. I

paid the rent, he did my washing or cooked for me when I couldn't. When I had holidays and exams the tables turned and it was the other way round.

Unfortunately we were living on borrowed time. My housemate came back from overseas and threw D.O.G. out. Three days later

I followed. Her boyfriend moved in. I moved back home. D.O.G. went to New South Wales.

I get phone calls and letters now from D.O.G. I miss him dearly and visit him in all my holidays. It's not the same as sharing a house though.

I scared myself the other day when I thought "I actually want to get married". NO IT'S TRUE!!! But when I say it, it's like the "M" word. Do we women have to live our lives alone in

isolation to prove our individuality?

Like the Valvoline man says "If it's a good thing, stick to it!" So next time I say the M word please don't look at me like I'm a subservient woman who wants to wash socks all her life - "I'M NOT!"

I just found someone I could live with for the rest of my life.

The Bike Girl

Hooray for Hollywood?

It has occurred to me that the women of Hollywood all look like carbon copies of one another. By this I mean that the majority of women in Hollywood movies in the leading role (and most of the B grade movies also) all fit a certain type. I am referring to long legs which are slim and muscular, tiny hips, flat stomachs, small waists, medium sized breasts, wide shoulders and muscular arms. Not a bit of flab anywhere. The only thing that changes are their facial features, hair colour and height. I would also argue that the ma-

majority are white or fit a white ideal. It would be extremely rare to find a large, ethnic or ugly woman in a main role and represented as sexually attractive. The only exceptions I could think of were Roseanne and Whoopi. However, although Roseanne is well known for her size and she is not depicted as unattractive, it is with her equally large on screen husband and

so seen as acceptable. She is also not a 'top' Hollywood actress. Whoopi is an exception as she is black, does not have the 'perfect' body type, nor is she 'beautiful', but is shown as attractive, sexy and she is also a highly paid actress. However, she is mostly a comedic actress and would not be chosen to play the lead in 'Striptease', 'Sabrina' or other such movies.

Men, on the other hand, do not have to be handsome to be given lead roles in top Holly-

wood films, and there are many black actors playing large roles. Men can also age and still get leading roles. And although women are now aging in the media, they continue to look youthful, for instance, Goldie Hawn, Susan Sarandon and Michelle Pfeiffer. This is then considered the successful way for a woman to age. "The ideal is not exactly a young girl. Rather it is an older woman who keeps an adolescent figure."¹

When ethnic women are shown in films it is usually because they conform to the



Sorry Pammy, we don't all look this way

'white' ideal, or in other words, their skin is pale, they are hairless, and they are 'pretty' or 'beautiful', by the white ideal. Examples of this would be Whitney Houston or women playing love interests for Eddie Murphy.

It is not just in Hollywood movies that this 'perfect' type prevails, it is also present in television and advertising. Women then feel a sense of guilt that their bodies are not 'perfect'.

Health, youth, beauty, sex, fitness are positive attributes which body care can achieve and preserve. With appearance being taken as a reflex of the self, the penalties of the bodily neglect are a lowering of one's acceptability as a person, as well as an indication of laziness, low self-esteem and even moral failure.²

If a woman is asked what she thinks about her body, she will have a negative answer ready; "My nose is too big, my hair too curly, my hair too straight, my thighs too fat, my breasts too big, my breasts too small,

my bum too big, my stomach too fat etc., etc." When looking in a mirror, a woman's eyes immediately focus on her 'bad points'.³ This is strengthened by the ideal set by Hollywood and media standards which is especially restrictive to women in comparison to the wide range of types allowed men.

Charni Pilkington

¹ Coward R 1984. *Female Desire*. London; Paladin Grafton Books. Page 41.

² Feathersone M, M Hepworth and B Turner (eds) 1991. *The Body: Social Process and Cultural Theory*. London; Sage Publications. Page 186.

³ I'm sure this does not apply to all women, and I am also sure this applies to some men, but for the sake of space saving, I am having to generalise.

Latex, leather and lerve!

WHATEVER YOUR SEXUAL PREFERENCE, THIS IS YOUR HANDY GUIDE TO SAFE SEXUAL PRACTICE.

Often safe sex guides focus specifically on contraceptives and how to avoid pregnancy. This is often irrelevant especially for women who fuck women. When we're talking safe sex, we are not necessarily talking pregnancy. We are talking sexually transmitted diseases - STD's (not your phone kind!) and how to avoid them. We are also talking options for women of ALL sexual orientations. Not every dyke exclusively fucks women and some women partake in IV drug use. In each situation if you play it safe, risk of STD infections can be avoided.

WHY DO WE NEED TO PRACTICE SAFE SEX?

Lesbian sex is often considered the "low risk" group, but that does not mean that it is a "no-risk" group, and it should never be assumed. The potential STD's range from HIV, to Herpes, Hepatitis A, B, or C, chlamydia, gonorrhoea, non-specific urethritis, to pelvic inflammatory disease. The bottom line is that any activity that allows infected body fluids to pass into a persons blood stream is a potential mode of transmission.¹

WHAT ARE THE OPTIONS?

LUBRICANT

With all safe sex options lubricant is usually a requirement. Make sure to use water based lubricant like KY Jelly, Ansell personal lubricant or Wet Stuff lube. Petroleum based lubes like vaseline tend to erode the latex. Try some flavoured lube for something different!

CONDOMS

Use for all penetrative sex including penises and dildos (especially if sharing). Never use the condom twice, particularly if you are swapping dildos from one to the other. Add some lube, follow the instructions on how to place the condom and off you go.

DAMS

A dam is a square of latex that is used for oral-vaginal and oral-anal sex. They are covered in a film of edible corn starch, which you may leave or wash off, and they are usually "pleasantly vanilla flavoured", but if you are lucky you may be able to find other flavours, or try some flavoured lube!

Place some lube on the side of the dam which covers the vagina/anus. Then place the dam either over the vagina or anus making sure to cover the whole area, or over your own mouth and you are ready for some fun and safe oral sex!

Always use a new dam when changing between oral-vaginal and oral-anal sex.

Dams can be purchased from some chemists or try contacting the AIDS council or SA SIN (Sex Industry Network). If you are unable to obtain dams at short notice, splitting a condom along one side will do the same job!

LATEX GLOVES

Wearing latex gloves means that you don't have to be concerned about small cuts and scratches on your hands and fingers. Wear them for fingering, stroking, and fisting (inserting the whole fist into the vagina or anus).

Use lots of water based lubricant, and remember to remove your jewellery. Always change gloves if you are swapping between anal and vaginal fucking.

SEX TOYS

Whenever you are sharing sex toys such as dildos or vibrators always use condoms. If you use them alone here are some cleaning tips:

- * Make sure your vibrator is unplugged and never insert the motor end into water.
- * For plastic or rubber toys wipe down with a cloth soaked in bleach and water 1 part to 10.
- * For silicone toys wash with mild soapy water.
- * Use leather toys with a condom as they are difficult to clean.²

To dispose of your latex turn the glove inside out, place any dams and condoms inside the glove, tie a knot at the end and throw in the garbage.

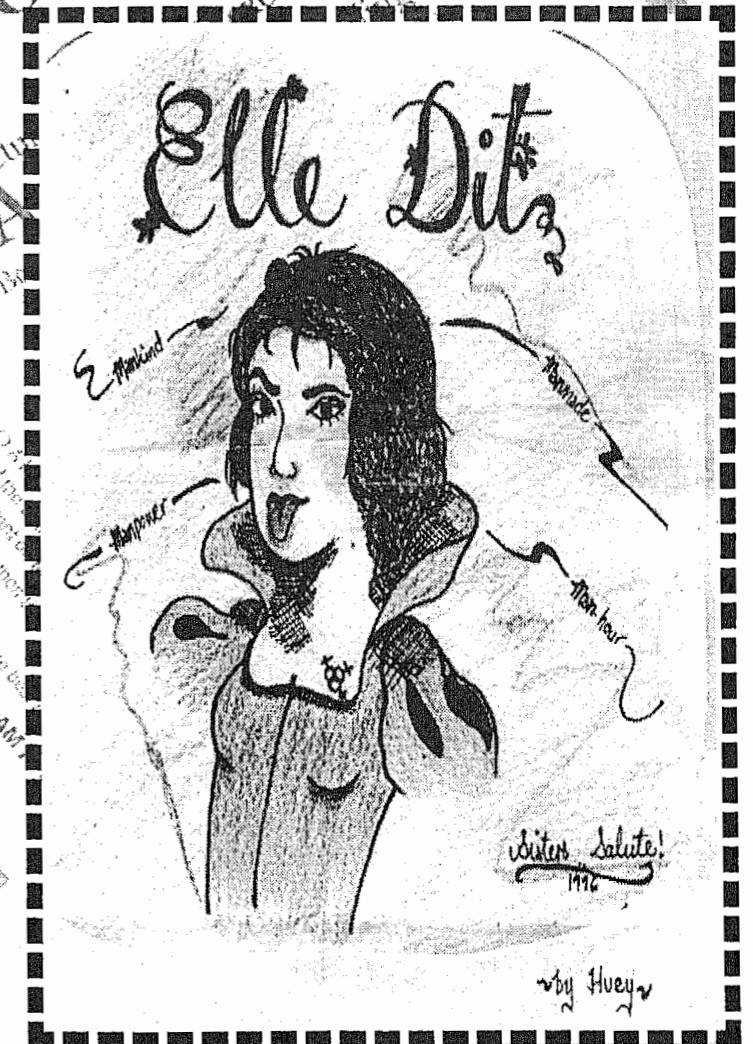
It is up to you to negotiate risk factors with your partner, and what risks you are willing to take. A small amount of communication at the beginning may save a great deal of stress further down the track. Have fun and play safe!

Thank-you to SA SIN (Sex Industry Network) for their help with putting this article together. SA SIN can be contacted by mailing PO Box 7072 Hutt St Adelaide SA 5000, or phoning (08) 8362 5775.

Any of these safe sex options can be purchased from SA SIN.

For more information on Safe Sex between women the book from which this article has been referenced and various other safe sex information is available in the SAUA, contact the women's officer. 303-5406.

¹ Lesbian Sex ACON Women's Team, AIDS and Infectious Diseases Branch of the NSW Department of Health, 1994.



nymphotainment [n.] A television show that claims to be a documentary but features lots of naked women.

So, what is a "geekgirl"? According to my Antipodean correspondent, she is "a self taught machine lovin' smart talkin' babe who treats the keyboard like an ooze and her screen as a mirror." Geekgirl ezine.

GHOSTWRITERS



GHOSTWRITERS

ROB HIRST

RICK GROSSMAN

PAUL DE COMO

HAMISH STUART

FRIDAY 6 SEPT

ADELAIDE UNI BAR

NEW ALBUM SECOND SKIN

OUT AUG/SEPT

Sat 7 Sept - Mavis's All Ages Show with Reckoning & Diolene

Bikini Kill

**Reject All American
Bikini Kill
(Kill Rock Stars)**

For those familiar with this Olympia/D.C. four piece, *Reject All American* is an album that will surprise. If this is your first taste of Bikini Kill, it's the sweetest taste of their candy you're likely to come across.

Kathleen Hannah's powerful lyrics are still as abrasive as ever, but if you're looking for the rough edged distorted vocals that can be found on *Pussy Whipped*, you'll be left searching. It's like half the album is an outlet for her anger and frustration, leaving the three other band members in the background.

Billy Karren still punks out on guitar, especially on "No

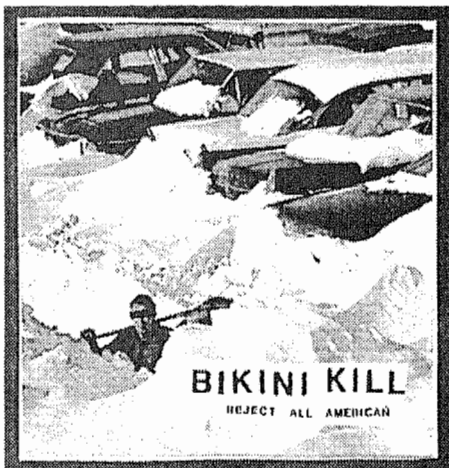
Backrub" and "Finale", but seems to take on a different identity with the poppier tracks. Kathleen's duet with drummer Tobi Vail sounds more like an indie pop piece than a rioting punk band. Not that I think this is a bad thing.

Reject... demonstrates a change in Bikini Kill's music and style, and this is evident in the polished feel of the album. I keep telling myself that change isn't bad! Tobi sums up everything this band means to me on my fave track, "Distinct Complicity"; determined by many separations / so con-

trolling and understated / determined today by those of us / who refuse to conquer hesitation.

Riot on! (but please, not so loudly).

Kathleen O'Shea



SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK

If you ever get the chance to see these wimmin in action, do. They are one of the most inspiring vocal groups I have seen.

These wimmin put together a spiritual journey for the soul. Backed by indigenous Australian singer Ms Maroochy Barambah who sets the atmosphere with her truly deep and honest look at the history of indigenous Australians and the fight to reclaim their culture with songs, poems and a delicious lullaby, accompanied every now and again by the didgeridoo or a guitar, very classy, look out for this powerful voice.

Playing at the fully booked town hall, the five wimmin of Sweet Honey in the Rock are Ysaye M Barnwell, Bolade Cosel, Aisha

Kahlil, Carol Maillard and Bernice Johnson Reagon. These wimmin magically take the audience on a journey that is at once uplifting and enveloping, yet joyful and strong. Powerful harmonies sung together, mixed or individually were the highlights, along with the unusual assortment of percussion instruments this show had a definite African sayannah feel to it. Most songs were introduced with a brief explanation of the history, bringing to the audience's attention the damaging inequality of African Americans throughout the history of that country. These wimmin enthusiastically make feminist statements about the right to a wimmin's culture. One song, a rap melody, spelt this out clearly

with the line... "No means yes only in a man's mind". Many songs were for washing through you with spirituality or sensuality (which ever space you happened to be in) while others had the audience on their feet dancing. The whole experience of a Sweet Honey in the Rock performance is enlightening, totally encompassing and fulfilling. If you love the sounds of Africana, try to see these wimmin before they leave Australia, or better still buy their CD "Sacred Ground". Even if you don't particularly go for this sort of music - these wimmin will take you on a spiritual journey that will definitely change your mind!

Lew.



Somebody's Watching
Anne Hamilton-Bruce
Pan Macmillan
\$12.95

What does feminism have left to fight against? Read *Somebody's Watching* and find out!

The main character, Marty, is a dyke who's not really a dyke. That's right, it's a classic case of 'all she needs is a good hard hetero fuck and she'll be right, mate!' The falseness of her lesbi-

anism is manifested (where else) in her clothes. Not prepared to dress 'like a woman', Marty looks more like a bloke, but she's not subverting the patriarchal dress code, no sir! She dresses like a bloke for her partner because she wishes her partner was really a bloke. Of course! (By this argument, you'd be able to pick a 'real' dyke by her nice pink frock.)

Believe it or not, *Somebody's Watching* only goes downhill from here. Enter Stereotype Number 2: The Tease. Susan Wilson only bonks powerful men, bringing them to their knees and then dumping them for the Perverse Thrill. Unsurprisingly enough within the context of *Somebody's Watching*, Susie gets killed and her womb ripped out. You'd be hard pressed to create a more concrete representation of misogyny than violence being enacted against one of the most 'female' parts of the woman's body.

Yet another offensive element within *Somebody's Watching* is the motive and characterisation of the murderer, who is the instru-

ment of moral judgement against women's sexuality. Mentally unbalanced because she's old and ugly and could never get laid, Gwen kills Susan in a translocated sexual frenzy. As often seen in western literature, women's sexuality is represented as either the instrument or the victim of uncontrollable violence.

Somebody's Watching teaches us that sometimes aid the maintenance of the patriarchy and that women's sexual promiscuity (read sexual autonomy) is considered to be a punishable offence. Violence is seen to be the natural response to an extension of perceived sexual 'deviance' in women. Women's sexuality, unless appropriately mediated by a penis, is apt to turn nasty! It is this kind of representation of women that begs for feminist criticism and feminist action, to root out these nasty vestiges (or mainstays of misogyny inherent in our culture; perpetrated by the media, by our institutions and by crappy books like *Somebody's Watching*.

Penelope Fredericks

Respectable Theatre

Respectable Shoes The Space

A performance put on by the Patch Theatre Company, this show gives insight into the minds of the younger generation especially in its style of delivery. The show consists of four energetic and musical people. Heather Frahn, Mel Watson, Catherine Oates, and Marty Williams. This play tells the story of a young girl who loses her mother and how she must come to terms with the ideas and beliefs of her father, whom she

hasn't seen since she was three years old. What follows is her father's inability to accept his daughters grief, the daughter's anger towards her father and his belief that where she is coming from is not "respectable". The ending sees the daughter realising that her father isn't such a "wanker" (her words) after all. He is coming from a different place. The reason for the title is explained... Sole parent families are not considered respectable, the daughter who shared a pair of Doc Martens with her Mum says that if respectability means

money and Docs cost money then shouldn't that prove that the people wearing them are respectable. The show was lively, entertaining, visually exciting, and full of energy. If you are into music and understand what goes on in the heads of young people, you would really have enjoyed this, too bad now though cos' it's finished. But look out for Patch Theatre Company productions in the future and also for these artists performing elsewhere around town.

Lew.

Unhappy? Kill a rapist. Graffiti

TEMPTATION

Marie Wilson
Temptation

Yes, it's here....Marie's latest release EP *Temptation*. The latter does not follow the style of *Ordinary Girl*, a ballsy, incredibly passionate rock album. *Temptation* is a collection of considerably more tranquil tunes, with an acoustic edge, while still retaining the passion displayed in *Ordinary Girl*. While the shortage of songs is somewhat disappointed, the content of each is incredibly satisfying. The title track 'Temptation' sees Marie delve into a sultry, smooth style, without sacrificing the sharpness of her lyrics and voice. The themes of her songs tend to be directed towards the passion, love and loss experienced in relationships, but there is none of the crusty "schloppiness" that most songs of these genre invoke. The cover of this album is rather stark, all you get is a bit of colour and the title...which is very Marie - no fuss, no frills, no diversions, just bloody good music that will sell itself. To get a copy, you can either pick up a copy at one of her gigs (she'll be here mid-late September), or you can contact MEJM Promotions (0419 315 948) and order one. All I can say is thank god it's on CD, because the state of my Ordinary Girl tape is shocking due to excessive listening...as would Temption be if put onto tape - it's really, really, bloody fine!!!

Fiona Sproles

Win a kd lang video!

I saw kd live....but you can see her on tape.

The kd lang concert was an experience I'll be living off vicariously for quite a few years...and if I haven't sat you down and told you about it already (there should be at least a couple of you out



there)...She shook my hand, and what a firm grip she had. I could've died on the spot and gone to heaven, but what good is an experience like that when you can't gloat about it for a millenium or two??? To drag out the kd lang fever that hit us a few months ago, I got down on my hands and knees and begged the beautiful gal Anabella from Roadshow for a copy to give away. All you have to do to get it is give me a bit of goss about kd, slipped into an envelope and addressed to me - Fiona...the best goss, be it true or false, gets the prize.

Mel and Dave in fine form

Mel Watson and David Jacquier
Governor Hindmarsh Hotel

At the Governor Hindmarsh on Friday night was Mel Watson and David Jacquier. When I got there with my kentucky fried chips an incredible Irish lass was playing the most amazing sounds on her assortment of instruments. After a short break Mel and David appear. The atmosphere at the Gov., well what can I say, inside it's easy to imagine snow fields beyond the windows it's so snug and cosy by the fire

with candles burning and a grand piano on the dance floor this made the atmosphere almost too perfect for the sounds that followed their appearance. Very bluesy, Very Mel, Very hot!! Some familiar sounds and also some original songs made the night relaxing, upbeat and entertaining. If you're after a night of luscious lingering and wallowing in sensuous music, look out for Mel and David (especially at the Gov.). They are performing around town so watch the music news.

lew.

FROM ILLNESS TO EXPERIENCE: MEDICAL AND FEMINIST LITERATURE ON SEXUAL "DYSFUNCTION"

In 1996, with at least one foot still strongly rooted in social constructivist ideology, it is almost inevitable that students of the humanities or social sciences will approach critical discussions of the concepts of "health" and "illness" as if they were in large part the products of society. Somewhere along the way, these same students will probably encounter Foucaultian philosophy. For instance, a student interested in the dramatic shift in the early nineteenth century from a religious paradigm of sexual morality to a medical paradigm of mental illness and disease (Weeks 1981:144) will distinctly hear the echo of Foucault's equation of power, knowledge, and truth:

What makes power hold good, what makes it accepted, is simply the fact that it doesn't only weigh on us as a force that says no, but that it traverses and produces things, it induces pleasure, forms knowledge, produces discourse (1980:119).

What does this have to do with a discussion of sexual dysphoria? Foucault has subtly elucidated the relationship between society and sexuality: power (in modern Western society, that is biomedicine) produces and controls pleasure (in this case, sexuality). Try as we might, we cannot deny or escape the influence of society on our thought and action. Even the above choice of the word "sexual dysphoria" implies a specific relationship with the dominant discourse. Instead one easily could have written "sex disorder," "psychosexual dysfunction," "frigidity," "lack of libido," "anorgasmia," "sexual inadequacy," "dyspareunia," or "impo-

otence." The subject of the following analysis is precisely the manner in which this problem, or sexual event, or what have you (discursive neutrality is not easily established) has been described in biomedical discourse and in feminist discourse. Each of these discourses has constructed standards of normalcy, deviance from which is considered "unhealthy" and therefore undesirable. Although there are certain similarities among their prescriptions for "successful" sex, each can actually be seen as competing with the other ontologically and epistemologically: ideas about the self, the locus of illness, the relationship of gender to sexuality, and responsibility for deviance vary from one to another. To emphasise the extent to which biomedicine governs our concepts of health and illness in Western society, each of the aforementioned discourses will be discussed in terms of their competition with and complementarity to biomedicine.

The differences between contemporary bodies of feminist and biomedical literature are not as clear cut as might be expected. In fact, because the majority of the material reviewed in this study dates back no later than 1970 - the beginning of the women's health movement - there is a striking feminist undertone in all but the most conservative medical texts on sexuality. To a certain extent, the period's medical literature can itself be seen as a reaction against traditional biomedicine. Nonetheless, there remains a significant division in the two disciplines: the biomedical

rhetoric of biological determinism, reductionism, and of course pathogeneity are incommensurable with feminist social constructivism, feminism's holistic and subjective approach to health and healing, and the underlying feminist dicta that if you know yourself, explore yourself, love yourself, and remain true to yourself, your health and happiness will ensue. A careful examination of the writings of mainstream medical professionals (psychiatrists, clinical psychologists, and sex therapists) and feminist health advocates (the Boston Women's Health Book Collective and Ms Magazine) will illustrate this difference.

In DSM III, the third version of the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual* of the American Psychiatric Association, "psychosexual dysfunction" is classified as "inhibition in the appetitive or psychophysiological changes that characterise the complete sexual response cycle," wherein the complete cycle is described as an "appetitive" phase followed consecutively by phases of "excitement," "orgasm," and "resolution" (1980:275). Inhibited sexual excitement in males (impotence) is regarded as the failure to attain/maintain erection. In females, this (frigidity) is the failure to attain/maintain a lubrication-swelling response. Other psychosexual dysfunctions are inhibited orgasm (male and female), premature ejaculation (male), functional dyspareunia (genital pain), and functional vaginismus (involuntary spasm of vagina). In addition to features such as "depression, anxiety, guilty, shame, frustration, and somatic symptoms,"

according to DSM III psychosexual dysfunction can be associated with "a vague sense of not living up to some ill-defined concept of normality" (1980:276). The irony in this statement is wonderful for, in the purview of psychiatry, this "ill-defined concept of normality" is none other than biomedicine's prescribed sexual cycle, deviance from which is considered abnormal and symptomatic of illness.

In 1974, Dr Helen Singer Kaplan published *The New Sex Therapy*. Following the popular pattern of (predominantly female) medical professionals at the time, Kaplan emphasises in her text that methodologically sex therapy "departs from traditional techniques" (1974:187). However, this departure cannot be considered a rejection of the biomedical concept of normalcy. Indeed, one needn't read between the lines to realise that Kaplan's approach doesn't significantly "depart" from traditional ideology: her message is clear in the subtitle of her text, "*Active Treatment of Sexual Dysfunctions*." The words "treatment" and "dysfunction" betray any pretension of subjectivity in sex therapy - if deviancy is labelled by medical professionals and standard treatment goals are set by these same professionals, then clearly individuals' subjective experience of sex and sexuality have a subordinate position in the sex therapist's explanatory model. As Juliet Mitchell aptly remarks in reference to Havelock Ellis' late nineteenth century categorisation of the different modes of sexuality, any medicalisation and psychologisation implies a "certain fixed, static quality to sexuality, an alternate either/or to the various modes available, normality vs abnormality ..." (1975:16).

Over the past few decades there

has developed a large body of material that criticises and analyses the medical construction and reproduction of sexual normalcy:

Sex research and theorisation ... never worked in a vacuum. Its concerns were dictated by wider social anxieties or aims. Correspondingly, its conceptualisations were shaped by prevailing power relations (Weeks 1981:145).

The leap from the 1970s to the 1990s in medicine's theoretical angle is reflected in literature on sexual performance. Interested in the relationship between sexuality, general well-being, and psychological adjustment (1992:92), clinical psychologist Christine Baker makes an effort to break away from a biomedically reductionist view of sexual performance. The role of a sex therapist, according to Baker, "is to move away from categorising or labelling individuals as being dys-

functional and aim, instead, at helping a couple identify their own individual needs in the context of their relationship" (1992:97). In short, Baker suggests that sexual concerns do not imply pathology or illness (1992:98). This radical paradigmatic shift from a medical model to an experiential model gives rise to a new problematic: what constitutes sexual satisfaction? Accordingly to Baker, the answer to this question can only be dealt with through a complicated negotiation between individuals' subjective experiences and society's preconceived models of sexuality. In addition to upbringing, sexual education, degree of sexual experience, and the level of communication in a sexual relationship. Baker states that belief in sexual myths can significantly affect an individual's sexual performance (1992:105). Furthermore, she suggests that to improve sexual performance an individual must address his or her body image and adopt personal responsibility for his or her well-being (1992:110).

In 1976, this message about self-exploration is also strongly advocated in a feminist women's health manual, *The New Our Bodies, Ourselves: A Book By and For Women*. Throughout *Our Bodies*, it is reiterated that our



health is a reflection of the way that we think about ourselves and treat ourselves. "Guilt, shyness, fear, conflict, ignorance, all can block or inhibit sexual responsiveness" according to the authors (1984:188). Significantly, instead of quoting medical statistics and other "scientific" data about sexual dysfunctions in men and women, *Our Bodies* presents numerous anecdotes from people's live experiences of sexuality.

Accordingly to Baker, the an-

all the time they've been right there at my fingertips.

Furthermore, the language in *Our Bodies* is not tied up in unaccessible medical jargon, and the text is neither accusatory, nor is it stigmatising. "At one time or another," the authors conclude, "all of us have problems with sex" (1984:188).

The feminist health movement's re-evaluation of sexuality as something to be experienced and experimented with by individuals rather than institutionalised and empirically dissected by professionals has been an important development in Western society. Nevertheless, a crucial aspect of human sexuality has remained consistently overlooked in this new wave of health research: the criticism of the construction of male sexuality. Women had gained the right to talk about and enjoy their multiple orgasms, but what had men gained?

Unfortunately, in some literature men merely gained responsibility for women's sexual frustration. The nature-culture dichotomy, so often used in the past to situate woman in the domestic sphere and man in the political and economic sphere, was reversed in the debate on sexuality: women's sexual performance became a mark of cultural sophistication and men's sexual performance remained associated with uncontrollable animal instinct. In their 1973 publication, *Human Sexual Behaviour and Sex Education*, Johnson and Belzer subtly compare male sexuality to that of lower primates. "The Further down the evolutionary scale one goes," they write, "the more subject is the animal in his sexual behaviour to hormonal control" (208). The image of

the "sex-crazed male," we are told, is "natural" for a man (who is driven by his hormones). The feminist health movements, in other words, have made major advances for women's sexual image at the cost of men's sexual image. In both *The A-Z of Women's Health* and in *The Ms Magazine Guide to a Women's Health*, the use of the word "frigid" in reference to women is strongly opposed, while simultaneously men are framed as the "real" cause of her sexual problem:

"Frigid" is the word used by

& Dworking 1979:389, emphasis added).

Clearly, although there have been great advances over the past three decades in the discourse on women's sexuality, the dominant health paradigm has yet to change in order to liberate men from their traditional sexual stereotypes.

Having analysed the relationship of biomedical and feminist discourses to understandings of sexual dysphoria and the construction of sexual normalcy, Foucault's equation of power,

knowledge and truth once again comes to the fore. In contrast to a statement made in the introduction to this paper, however, I would like to suggest that we are not entirely "bound" by dominant discourses. In fact, by analysing the dominant discourse and by questioning the accepted paradigms (as Foucault himself advocated), we effectively deconstruct them. Ideas about the self, the locus of illness, the relationship of gender to sexuality, and responsibility for illness or deviance can thereby be challenged. An appreciation of the discourses' similarities and differences allow us to check our own alliances and as-



some men to describe a woman who is sexually unresponsive or who fails to reach orgasm with the particular man in the way and at the time he desires (Llewellyn-Jones 1985:107, emphasis added) ... Like calling menstruation "the curse," calling the unsatisfied woman "frigid" is pejorative; it blames a woman for something which may not be anyone's "fault", certainly not hers (Cooke

assumptions. While it remains true that we will always be influenced by society (and more likely than not even our refutations of sexual normalcy will be determined by the populace), there is something to be gained by a recognition of the constructive and prescriptive nature of power, knowledge, and truth.

Nili Myrth Solomon



It seems to me that most men think that every girl's heart's desire is to have an ample bosom and that anyone less endowed (frontally challenged?) must be pining away with regret, not to mention harbouring deep-rooted psychoses over the fact that nothing at all impedes their view of their feet.

Just a few months ago I was at a neighbourhood New Year's Eve party talking to a middle-aged man with about as much appeal as rancid zucchini. Unfortunately, no-one had ever enlightened him as to his own unattractiveness and he had set himself up as a bit of a connoisseur of other people's looks: female people, that is.

While he kept one eye on the clock, (eagerly awaiting the twelfth hour with its excuse for a "Happy New Year" smacker), my uncomely male companion turned conversation to things people dislike about themselves. He, of course, was perfectly happy with the way he looked, but me, well I glanced downwards. I was actually viewing my feet, which are a size ten and still growing, but this gentleman misjudged the direction of my gaze and assumed that I was looking wistfully at my breasts, or lack thereof.

"Don't worry" he breathed huskily into my ear, draping a comforting arm around my shoulders and enveloping me in a cloud of beery breath. "You'll fill out one day me girl, just you wait... (he squeezed me round the shoulders)... hmmm... its a shame but... you'd be a bit of all-right if you had more ... (hand gestures) ... in the front ... you know, something a man can grab hold of! hrmp ... hrmp, grumble, grumble."

Any other words of wisdom he may have had to impart were lost in a beery fog on the way from his brain to his tongue and in any case by that time I had dashed well out of grabbing distance, muttering indignant things under my breath as I went and wishing I'd chosen Judo lessons over ballet (although my dying swan routine was

rather frightening).

This was by no means the first male person to wrongly assume that my bust lays heavily on my mind ... seeing as it doesn't weigh heavily anywhere else. Gary was a boy I knew in year eight who liked me. The fact that I was unaware of this is unsurprising, since he devoted most of his time to insulting me, a cunning ploy to trick everyone into thinking he hated my guts, when really he had a bit of a soft spot for me (or a hard spot, if you prefer). However, I was a skinny little creature, and didn't have any soft spots at all, especially not for Gary.

Gary eventually ran out of swear-words, without having found the magic insult i.e. the one that would reduce me to a quivering heap of Jello and thus pay me back for refusing to go out with him (a none to gracious request made between insults). Then, one day it came to him. As I watched Gary searching his mind for a fresh insult, I saw his eyes light up. I expected something good. Something cutting. I prepared myself. And then it came: "Well... YOU'RE FLAT!". In the eyes of a thirteen year old boy, a boy who had already called me variously a "bitch", a "cunt", a "slag", a "whore", a "mole" and a "dyke", "flat was apparently the worst possible insult that could be offered to a girl.

Well, I wasn't reduced to a heap of quivering Jello-like substance. Instead, I looked down, then back up at him. My eyes widened, my lips parted, my eyebrows rose. "My God!" I screeched. "You're right! It's true!" Throwing myself at a friend, I cried "Anna, I'm FLAT! Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't anybody tell me?!" (hysterical tears). "I'm sorry... I didn't know how" replied my friend. It was a truly moving moment. Anna was moved to tears. Well, actually they were tears of laughter, but Gary seemed to think she was rolling around on the ground because she shared my pain. Sarcasm is just above some peo-

ple.

Finally, just this afternoon a most unsavoury man approached me at a bus stop, ostensibly to ask me about buses (ok, I was a fool to believe him, but hey, it *seemed* plausible). His real intent however, was to inform me that I should eat more so that I get some tits and a person can tell that I'm not a boy. My thoughts were that with creeps like him around it would probably be a great deal safer to be mistaken for a boy, and at any rate, breasts would just be another thing for grotty old (and young) men to stare at, and who needs that?

Truth be told, since the incident with Gary in year eight I have been beginning to weaken in the stance I've held ever since I was a kid, that breasts just get in the way when you want to do good things like climb trees, wriggle out of small high windows and jump off roofs. So many people seemed to think that it was an issue that I started to wonder if perhaps I ought to be concerned that, unlike my feet, it just aint growin'. This afternoon's incident has set me straight. I am a healthy, relatively well adjusted young woman (even though I do have a bit of a thing about my feet), and there is no need for me to want to conform to the Playboy induced fantasies of grotty old (and young) men who were probably grievously misled by the Barbie Dolls they saw their sisters play with as children.

P.S. A very persistent young man kept staring at me in the unibar the other day. It was Gary. Some people never change. On his way out, he looked me up and down and tried to grab my ass as he went by. Unlucky lad, I happened to choose that moment to step backwards (all unknowing of his near proximity). I was wearing my docs and I trod on his foot - rather painfully - I knew them big feet would come in handy for something.

Anon.

Drifting Drifting Drifting

All around the waves of my world drift in and out
 With each new morning a fresh calm existence begins
 During each day a succession of rolling waves destroy the clam
 Waves swinging back and forth, back and forth
 My thought pulled forwards and suddenly back
 Building... crashing... Building... crashing...
 Waves lifting me up, pushing me down, and sweeping me aside
 Lift... dunk... sweep... lift... dunk... sweep...
 My world swimming in a sea of white tipped waves
 Quietly I lie, I do not fight... the seas slave

"Listen to me, see me" you call
 But I can not, I have no will of my own
 "swim to me, swim to me" you shout
 But I dare not I can no longer move without the other waves
 "reach out for my wave catch me before its too late"
 Can I leave? No I dare not disturb the sea.
 "apart we are nothing, fight with me, fight against the sea"
 Could I swim to another place, is there a place of future and change?
 "leave with me, leave this illusion, pull away from the others"
 Do I dare pull away from my universe?
 I will leave, I will let myself believe!

Just as my hopes begin to surface,
 there is a sudden crash, you are swept away
 My hopes fizzle out, leaving my dreams shattered
 As always I lie still, floating amongst the waves

Jenny 1996

I will never leave, there is no way to leave
 Time has passed and I have come to forget that
 I am bound and trapped
 learning not to challenge and not to grasp
 I have stopped desiring freedom
 I have stopped trying to find release
 Each day comes without change
 Memories of my hopes are hidden, I play along
 with the lies
 No talking out against the rules
 Never daring to open my eyes to the truth

Waves drifting in and out, I lie still
 Suddenly I hear my name,
 I am dreaming of hearing you
 This is all wrong I want to leave I need to leave
 The seas are getting too rough
 Crash! crash! crash! sweep! dunk! sweep! dunk!
 Help me, why do I follow the others when I know they are wrong?
 Hold out your hand, I'll grab it, I will disturb my universe
 My universe holds nothing but broken dreams,
 nothing is what it seemed
 Here I have nothing to live for

As I look around I realise you have gone
 I have made my choices, my decisions were wrong
 I am left in a universe where the rules are meaningless
 There is no mercy and there is no murder
 No-one is worse or better
 We are all just waves drifting in an ocean
 Even with all our hopes and dreams, neither you or I was saved.
 We tried, yet could not disturb the universe.
 I can only charge myself, alone control my universe.

So for the final time I lie still amongst the waves
 This time there is no more of me worth saving.
 I lose all fight, and slowly sink under the sea
 Past all false hopes and dreams.

Drifting Drifting Drifting

Emotion

Don't you know
I am the ocean
the ebb and flow
of wild emotion.
No holding back
the rising tide,
ever accepting,
eyes open wide.
Talk with my heart
it's building higher,
this feeling inside
- a passionate fire.
Cannot hold back
the raging sea,
this explosion
inside of me.
Drown me now,
never set me free,
prisoner of love
for eternity.

l.e.w.

Where

red pouting lips
slightly puckered
corners downturned
severe
pre-occupied
not
in a good mood
glance quickly
at the dark eyes
even quicker
look away
can't possibly
ask now
for that I need
so badly
how do I get it
that soft warm touch
that others receive
so easily

Jouissance

The loving touch from one of my kind
opened these eyes that once were blind
It's helped me see the reality
of life, as it really can be

On being a wommon - it's bliss!
it brings joy & such sweetness
I'm fulfilling my needs, my wants
I'm diving into Jouissance

I am a wommon, I have peace, I have love,
I am the sun, the moon & the heavens above
I am life - I am the earth below
I am breath, I am rain & snow

I can feel things - inside & out
I can be very quiet, or I can shout
I am here - I am part of the earth
I belong & I have since birth.

Life is a circle for me, my friend
There is no beginning & there is no end
I live my life in harmony
just for you, and just for me

l.e.w.

I am the fat girl

I am the fat girl. I am nothing and no-one.

I unwrap the Mars Bar as if peeling back the foreskin from a penis to fellate - at least, that is what I imagine. I am the fat girl. My fat has kept me well insulated from any form of sex.

But I am asexual, a non-sexual being. I do not crave contact; tangibility and touch disgust me. I am the fat girl. The possibility of being physically experienced by any man/woman/person is abhorrent - I recall the feel of my own flesh and colour with shame at the thought of another discovering the sensation.

I have no need for drugs; no nicotine or caffeine, no alcohol or marijuana. Food is my drug. I am the fat girl. I eat until I am numb, inducing coma of the senses, insensibility. Then everything that hurts so much is nothing to me. I eat until I cannot move, cannot think, can do nothing but lie stupored, wait to "sober up", empty out,

so I can begin my binge again. Begin my binge anew. When I am full the only thing I wish to be is empty so I can eat again.

But food is not to be consumed. I am the fat girl. I will contemplate it, play with it, smell and feel before I eat it. I will lick the melted chocolate from the wrapper, eat the potato skin but not the potato; many rituals and rites must be performed to my God. Many sacrifices and supplications to avoid the Wrath, later the Pain.

My relationship with food - it is my mother, saviour, lover. Some foods I know intimately, cherishing their complexities; I savour each moment of discovery, a new taste, a new texture. Food is my punishment, my reward, my comfort and my captor. I am the fat girl.

When I cry at night for nothing, at some point there is always a realisation - a consciousness outside myself that taunts:

"And look at that repulsive thing: a wobbling mound of fish-white flesh that moans and blubbers, spits and drools." Shameful to admit, but every night I stop my tears because I cannot bear the way fat girl looks, even alone.

Shame, fear and shame are what I feel. I am the fat girl. Shame that I am uncontrollable, repulsive, enormous. Fear that one day I will be controlled, and thin and passable. Fear of what that might bring again. Shame that I cannot lose; Fear that I cannot escape.

I struggle every day through a sea of thin faces that don't notice me; thin bodies that turn so slightly away, avoiding contamination; thin eyes that cannot see me. I have insulated myself as protection against your Cold and I will not venture past myself again. I am the fat girl...

J. Roberts.
First Year Arts



GODDESS

FEEL THE MOONLIGHT
LIKE A VISIBLE TOUCH
CARESSING ALL ENCOMPASSING
DIVINE AND GREAT

SINCE TIME BEGAN
THE GODDESS RULED
TO BE HUNTED AND DAMNED
ENCOURAGED BY PIOUS FOOLS

OH THE PRIESTESS RULED
WITH THE GREAT MOTHER CERIDWEN
MOTHER OF ALL GREAT MOTHERS
DIVINE AND GREAT

DANCE IN THE MOONLIGHT
SAFE IN THE FORESTS
SINGING THE RITUALS
OF LIFE'S BREATH

CARESSING THE BODIES
TO LAY WITH NOT ONE FOREVER
NOT HELD BY ONE ALONE
LOVE SWORN ONLY TO THE GODDESS

THE GODDESS KNOWS
OF GREAT SACRIFICE
FOR A WORLD
THAT WILL BE AS ONE

THE DAWN AWAKENS
OF DREAMS WHICH FLOW ETERNAL
SOFT LOVING CARESSING DREAMS
THE GODDESS HAS RETURNED

EDEL

Lessons

I have given birth
to myself
the process
long
arduous
at times
lessons learnt
of love
of pain
only
to be rewarded
of
encompassing
enveloping
warmth
I've learnt
to give
to myself
for myself
just for me
to learn
of lies lessons
of truth
of honesty
this process
of life
has truly
set
me free.

Edel 30 June 1996



VOX POP

QUESTIONS

1. Who would you chose to be Australia's first female Prime Minister?
2. What do you think Women's Studies is?
3. Do you think that the concept behind Elle Dit is itself sexist?



Joanne

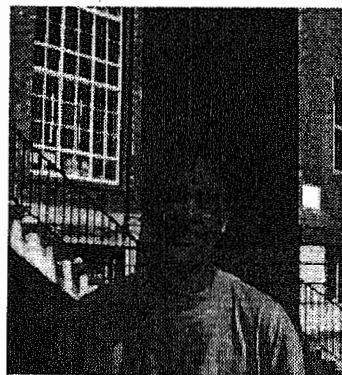
1. I don't like any of the women (politicians) much, I don't have any idea.
2. I presume that it has to do with women's issues.
3. No, no I don't. I think that if you want to read about women's points of view these points of view should be written by women.

Jan

1. Wendy Schultz (department of consumer affairs). She's a good business woman in personal relations and a good mediator.
2. About women's place in society, their role in the family, what they can do with their lives, government laws etc.
3. Whats the normal issue like? What's *On Dit*? I think a Uni paper shouldn't be done by women only-It should be a general mix...

Tom

1. Definatly Adriana Xenides.
2. Learning about the bad deal that women have been getting for so long and to an extent are still getting today.
3. I don't because there are issues which are important to women in particular, so why not have their own edition.

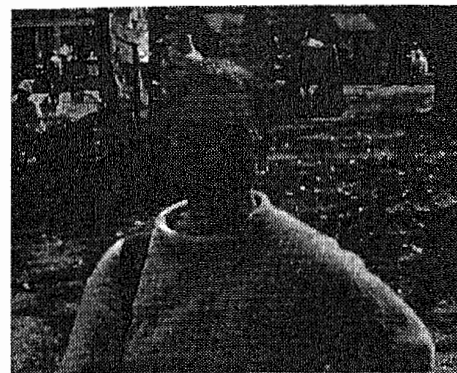


Kirsty

1. Next question...
2. Probably a bit of history, women in politics and that stuff.
3. No, it doesn't sound sexist.

Brendon

1. She'd probably be out of contract, but I'd say Mother Teresa. The only one who springs to mind is Amanda Vandstone, but please no!
2. The problems that women have faced in terms of inequality over the years, breaking through the glass ceiling.
3. Why shouldn't guys read it? There should be more though.



Lauren

1. Do I have to say an intelligent woman?
2. I study it...How do I explain it? It depends on which subjects you do.
3. No

Anika

1. I don't know.
2. Their rights, and their role in society.
3. No.

Darren

1. I'm not into political things so I'm really not sure.
2. How women have been treated in the past.
3. No.



Gin

1. Mmm...Amanda Vanstone (I'm kidding).
2. The study of women's issues, I guess. Is that a trick question?
3. No

Wendy

1. Cheryl Kernot.
2. Study of the 'system' from a woman's point of view, looking at how patriarchal our society is.
3. No

Greg

1. Cheryl Kernot, shes a very coherent person, she's never said a crap thing in her life.
2. Yeah, what they said.
3. Yes. Well, intrinsically it is, but this is not necessarily a bad thing.



Ryan

1. Captain Janeway of Star Ship Voyager.
2. About the stages of women in society and the roles they play.
3. It just lets them have their own opinion.

Sherry

1. The lady in the security office.
2. The same answer as Ryan.
3. I think it's good.



Sometimes you need to
look between the cracks to find
the joy
It doesn't come, rushing in
like some new kind of drug
but ebbs its way into life
through rain
and grimy windows
thrust slightly ajar

It comes like spring,
no, more slowly
but in fits and starts
it comes in spite of, and after
effort is made to rid life
of things which can be stolen away
it comes like springs warmth
into winter's cold void.

Peri Louise
Aug 1996



What are the consequences
of pitting nations or subgroups
against one another
instead of defending justice
where ever it is found?

The real enemy will always penetrate
boundaries built between:
Nations, races, classes, religious or abil-
ity groups
no matter how jealously guarded,
but won't go past
the ultimate weapon for peace
which finds its place
in any human hearts

So love your loved ones
defend your dreams
respect not the bounds
society and prejudice
misfortune and mistake
would try to impose
and go on and live
with a right to live
and an honest heart.

Peri Louise
1992

THE POWER OF SELF DEFENCE

Power!!!

We silently filed into the room, apprehensive that we'd all been driven here by fear. I thought our ages would have been more diverse, reflecting the fearful society we come from, but we were all youngish, between 18 and 40. Students, mothers and professional women. We all turned up similarly dressed as required: bare feet, plain purple-shirt and black lycra bike shorts. It was our uniform. Because, like soldiers, we had come to learn how to fight, to the death, if necessary.

Suzanne greeted us with a clenched fist as we entered. She was tall and slim and her red hair hung halfway down her back. She was very feminine, quite different to the stereotype I had formed in my mind. But her attire set her apart from us: Her shiny black tights were full length down to her bare ankles and she wore a white t-shirt. For the next ten weeks she would be our master. Our master in self-defence.

She would teach us how to fight and fight hard. Some of what I heard sickened me both in terms of what men might do to us and what we might have to do to them. She taught us about the psychology of rape and she taught us how to fight a man bigger than us by striking full force to the parts of his body most vulnerable to attack.

Initially I found it shocking to be hit by the others as I held a work out bag against my body. Girls just aren't brought up like boys playing contact sports. As I was hit by the others and as I in turn hit them, I realised on the thought that this was real and that one day we may be required to fight for our lives.

In the last week the women paired up and simulated assaults on each other.

An attack from behind:

Protect your windpipe, stamp on his foot with your heel, drive the elbow straight back, grip his testicles, squeeze and pull, turn around and gouge his eyes, knee him in the groin, repeat until he falls. Kick his head. Escape.

An attack from in front:

Knee him in the groin, grip his head and stick thumbs into his eyes. Bight chunk out of his neck. Knee him in the groin repeatedly until he falls. Kick in the head. Escape.

A cavemart grab at the hair:

Hold his hand tight to your head. Kick him in the groin. Grab his head and stick thumbs into his eyes. Bite chunk out of neck and knee the groin repeatedly until he falls. Kick the head. Escape.

Suzanne brought in stony face men to simulate more realistic attacks on us. They were so vigorously attacked and we were to fight back full force until they were 'down'. The men must have been boxers. Because they wore mouth guards and helmets. They also wore those belts like jock straps that had a cup to protect their testicles worn over lycra tights. Many of the other women thought they looked funny.

My attacker was in his early twenties like me. I'm 5'6 and 60 kg, but my attacker was 6 foot tall and at least 20 kg heavier. He had a beard and long hair. I was intimidated just looking at him. I was unsure how I would handle it.

As he stood behind me I tied up my hair and adjusted the waist band of my lycra shorts. Suzanne blew the whistle and it was on.

Before I knew it he was on me. We both stumbled forward from his momentum. His grip on me was incredibly strong. Strength-wise he could beat me every time, so I had

to employ some of my new skills.

I put some space between his arm and my throat. I then raised my leg and bought it down hard on his foot. His grip loosened and I drove my elbow back hard into his muscle packed stomach. He grunted in pain. I put my hand between his powerful lycra-clad legs and grabbed his 'cup'. (We were like soldiers from opposing armies and opposing sexes, each in our uniform of black lycra.) As I wrenched his groin protector in mock attack, he loosened his grip, moaned and told me he'd had enough. Determined not to stop until he was down and Suzanne blew her whistle. I continued.

I spun around and grabbed his head, pressing my thumbs into his forehead. I pretended to bite his neck and again he asked me to stop. Ignoring him I took a deep breath, looked down at the triangular target at the top of his crotch and launched myself at his groin. The feeling of kneeing him at full power was awesome. My speeding knee was brought to an abrupt halt by his groin. (This was a woman's ultimate manoeuvre. The man let out an awful cry and fell to the mat. I then kicked his head. He writhed on the floor nursing his testicles, Suzanne blew her whistle and rushed up to him.) Something had gone wrong. When I had grabbed at his protector I must have displaced it. I had ignored his pleas to stop. My power strike with my knee had crushed his balls. Unfortunately the scum who attack women in the street never know this pain.

Suzanne comforted the man, his face contorted with agony. The man dressed in ladies tights looked oh-so vulnerable.

Cressida Wall

Queer is more than just a definition of sexuality. It is political, it is activist, it is confronting and it is highly sexual. Queer describes sexuality in it's entirety, and refuses to box people into a singly defined category. It breaks down the traditional dichotomies such as male / female, homosexual / heterosexual, black / white etc. and allows a much more fluid state of existence, crossing boundaries and forming combinations. It extends it's politics to be inclusive of bisexuality, transgender and transsexuality, sex work, s / m practice as well as gay, lesbian and any other combination of the above.

Queer Identity allows self definition of gender, male, female, androgony, transgender. Again, identity is fluid, open to many interpretations and cannot necessarily be predicted by surface qualities! Queer Sex is fluid and undefined for example you may be a lesbian who occasionally fucks men, a transsexual who is attracted mainly to women or a lesbian identified sex worker. The combination of Queer Identity and Queer sex leads to an exploration of such notions as the 'male lesbian'.

The politics of queer is activist based and seeks to deconstruct societal institutions such as marriage, monogamy, and the traditional notions of family. These notions overlap into the realm of feminism and thus, as a queer woman, it parallels with many of my feminist politics. In much the same way my feminist politics extend into queer, with such institutions as patriarchy. From a personal perspective, queer allows feminism to be sex-positive, it acknowledges that I am a sexual being, a sexual woman, and embraces that whole-heartedly.

QUEER COLLABORATIONS 1996

In my quest to learn more and to meet like minded people, I attended Queer Collaborations, an annual national conference for queer tertiary students. This year QC was held in Perth in July at the University of Western Australia. The conference was attended by approximately 150 amazing queers from around Australia, many of whom I met, and was able to discuss campus, and the ways in the various issues. For exotics have well established at Adelaide Uni. others their student guilds and work groups that link cross campus with the broader community.



shops at queer collaborations which they have dealt with ample many of the university queer groups such as 'Pride' have sexuality officers in others still have larger net-campus with the broader

Plenaries and workshops at queer collaborations included queers and the media, s / m, bisexuality, monogamy vs. non-monogamy, queer art and queer activism. One of the most inspiring events was the rally through the streets of Perth which culminated in an open mike, many excellent speakers and two members of the general public that 'came out'.

SEXUALITY DEPARTMENTS.

One thing that became particularly apparent through much networking in Perth was the need for a sexuality department within the Students' Association. The need to politicise the voice of queer students and to ensure that their needs are being catered for through their representative unions. A sexuality department ensures adequate and accurate representation and advocacy of non-heterosexual identifying students. It provides services, counselling and referral in regards to issues such as coming out, sexuality discrimination, safe sexual practices and sexual harassment. Campaigns which promote positive promotion of all sexualities can be provided, as can lobbying for anti-discrimination policy and legislation within our representative unions the university and the wider community.

Kyree Smith.

WOOHOO!

THE DAY BEFORE ELLE DIT GOES TO PRINT THE MOST EXCITING NEWS ALL WEEK HAS ARRIVED IN THE OFFICE. THE SEXUALITY DEPARTMENT REFERENDA WAS PASSED AND WE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO THE IMPLEMENTATION OF A SEXUALITY DEPARTMENT BY 1997 (or thereabouts!)

Hemp - A Women's Issue?

Hemp

It is a common sight. Someone endeavouring to enjoy themselves miscalculates their alcohol intake, and Grrrrrrr - THWACK! Some innocent associate cops a load of abuse or a violent physical attack. Can you really blame the person whose head was a swirling morass of poison and who was suffering from temporary insanity? Maybe, but I blame the senseless, corrupt, and hypocritical prohibition of *Cannabis sativa*. I am yet to hear of a single incident of violence which can be attributed to someone smoking cannabis.

Alcohol is a poison to ALL people. It's a great feat of calculatory skill to estimate your alcohol level, and much more so for women. Your alcohol level depends on what you have eaten, how recently you ate it, your metabolic rate, and of course what you have drunk. Women's metabolic rate varies much more than men's. Prior to her period a woman may become much more intoxicated than at other times, or she may not, for the variation itself can vary from month to month. A woman wishing to become pleasantly smoothed or just mildly merry at social occasions can find it very difficult to achieve.

Women's metabolic rates are so much slower than men's (about half), so the time lag between actually drinking and feeling the effect is much greater. Consequently a woman cannot easily gauge how intoxicated she is to become by what she is feeling, and the repercussions of one miscalculation can be profound and disastrous. Thus it may be necessary to not only watch the calen-

dar, but also to remember what and when you ate, and know how fast you personally digest foods. It is no wonder then that even conservative female drinkers can end up clutching a bucket, clammy, sick, embarrassed, and wondering "why?" when she only had a few drinks.

Imagine if men experienced the same level of difficulty in controlling their alcohol level. A pub would be a dangerous place to go. Some women may become violent when drunk, but it is more common in men. Drunken women usually only harm them-



selves, and society does suffer as a result, but not in such directly measurable ways. If men experienced the same difficulty controlling their alcohol level, either alcohol would be prohibited, or cannabis would be legal. The social repercussions would be too obvious to ignore.

Of course many women also suffer at the hand of their partners who, if they had the socially acceptable option, might choose to smoke the calming therapeutic alternative without fear of stigma or the law. In the ideal

situation they could even grow it themselves and have more money available for their families.

Currently people have to break the law in order to become pleasantly smoothed or mildly merry. Sociologists and psychologists say that it is innate in the human makeup to desire to alter ones sense of perception. Far from dulling the senses, like alcohol, cannabis enhances the senses and can lead to creative insights and ideas as well as being a relaxant. It is non-toxic, and never gives you the hangover from hell, or necessitates a day off work. At worst, an over indulgence may cause a slightly foggy feeling!

A government which continues to allow the poisoning of its women, and raise revenue from a drug which is known to cause violence, while prohibiting the use of a relatively safe, natural alternative, is despicable and cruel. Legalising cannabis could result in a safer, healthier environment for women and men alike. There is no good reason for prohibition to continue, yet supporters of law reform still must shout to be heard if things are ever going to change. For your self, your friends, and even your children, please consider the wider social implications of cannabis prohibition. Get active now while the push is on. Talk to people, write to your local member, or join HEMP SA.

Cathy Crago

Contact Roseworthy Hemp Information Network through Roseworthy Student Union or HEMP SA @ PO Box 1019 Kent Town or try it cyber style ... www.hemp.on.net.

GRAFFITI!

There should be a page like this seen all the time, and then maybe G. Pitt could collect it. Funny, isn't it, that a toilet is one place where opinions are expressed!

Women are just paranoid about their rights my boyfriend treats me with respect and I've never been discriminated against

Oh yeah yell that to women who abuse!
I think all this talk about "women's issues" and "mans issues" division and mistrust between sexes. Everyone is an individual and they can achieve what they want. Young/black/white at the end of the day. If others hadn't stuck their neck out about 'rights' you may not be able to claim this. Congrats on your nice boyfriend, tho!

What contemptible ignorance of history you are! How lucky you are. I mean you can ignore the experiences of millions of other who have suffered with what you are now enjoying. And if you had a name, you would be a hero!

I've never been discriminated against or harassed in my life. I've bumped into a girl who was harassed or discriminated against in a public place. I think that the biggest issue concerning women today is their portrayal in the media. Women are being pushed into a mould that only Europeans can fit into, why should body images be so important? How can we stop people from achieving their goals of looking 'real' to look good!? The world is a crazy place and the media is helping women to get more crazy!

- Yeh, but why do you let them "talk you into this"? Because media is our voice - at least it is meant to be! "I don't know what you're talking about!"

About working & women: Women should stop listening to stupid advice (of engineering is difficult for Q...) and to stupid internalised beliefs of others (eg. Women are better at teaching & work at night) - I should teach & work at night, and women should actively & consciously go into areas where they can be "first" and have a lot of guys around them! You can't blame everything on patriarchy and male chauvinism!! Instead of complaining, get less stupid and be first!! We should also be careful that "both parents working in a family" does not become the norm because this would result in less pay for both in the long term, and when women and men load around, they realize that to support a "family, they both must work. SORRY FOR WRITING SO MUCH, BUT I REALLY WANTED TO PASS THESE 2 VIEWS ON.

If you were really confident about yourself you would even notice. Besides, all the guys I know think that there is nothing worse than having a girlfriend that is too skinny or small - they're afraid that they'll break them! Get real, get over those huge ideas that we can blame this on the media all the time. Take responsibilities for our own inadequacies and telling ourselves to each other we're too fat. Just remember, if you can't fit into something it won't suit you anyway!

Just a note to thank those who fought so hard & sacrificed so much so that we can enjoy an equality that girls who, experiencing puberty & weight gain, have I frequently take for granted, only anorexic models to look up to?? This is I love university - every year surely leading young girls into self-hatred of their body image. Unfortunately we are human and we are affected by what others say + do. We all struggle for money and we even the strongest & most confident people can experience doubt when they are bombarded by constant references to weight + image. I would just like to defend myself by saying I am a small person who has not been directly influenced by the media/film/society's view of body image, but I have had friends who sadly have shaved for their goal of looking like what's supposed to be "in". The girl above who wrote so bluntly, does have a point, however she should realize people who are not so confident can get trapped instead of the bold answers she is giving, they are in need of reassurance!

Only Narcissism will

I don't have a pen. Equality is not about being "the same"; it is about respecting the differences.

Yes, because it intimidates, challenges & excites them.

Yeah like most heterosexuals have heaps of respect for lesbians!! I have no problems with gays or lesbians - everyone into themselves. The problem I do have is that they don't seem to respect heterosexuality. If this woman is a lesbian, or God forbid, go for it. If she isn't, leave her alone!

She'd just say she was harassing her - come on it's a crush since when has a crush been a crime?!

Heterosexuality is in fact a family values, ditched up to look legit and everything revolving around it is the centrality of the penis. What's your problem?

SMOKING IS MY CHOICE SO FUCK OFF Surgeon General's Warning

DO YOU WANT TO BE A NORMAL PERSON? BECAUSE THE ONLY WAY TO GET THERE IS TO STOP SMOKING.

I HAVE A DREAM OF EATING HOMOFOBES FOR BREAKFAST!!

I've fallen in love with my lecturer, should I approach (her)? I don't know what to do, please help me.

It depends how much you're willing to risk getting hurt... But people always hurt those who love.

Ps: Let us know what went down!!

Passive Smokers Should buy their own!

This is all childish and boring isn't there something better for us to write about? Something we haven't heard a thousand times but. [maybe we have to write more about lesbians than them] The problem here has nothing to do with sexual orientation, but with power relations between students & lecturers - boot avoided - perhaps after the subject is finished? I agree. But if it had been a male lecturer were talking about no-one would have any interest. Why is that?

Bullshit Student/lecturer affairs are very interesting. Besides, how can you 'wait' if you really like someone? Go for it - if it doesn't work out at least you'll know now rather than later.

Do you want to be a normal person? Because the only way to get there is to stop smoking.

Do you want to be a normal person? Because the only way to get there is to stop smoking.

ABORIGINAL LAND

I see the people walking down the street
 They look at me and they say
 What you doing here Black girl don't
 you understand
 Don't you remember we've taken over
 your land

Chorus

But I say,
 You've taken my rights, you've taken
 my pride
 You should be guilty you know I'm right
 You can keep your money, you can keep
 your tailor mades
 I don't need them I'll survive
 Cause this land is ours
 It belongs to us
 Aboriginal land
 The land is ours

I hear people talking about us
 They say they want, put us out of our
 homes
 But we've been living there for so long
 They reckon us Black Fellas
 We don't do nothing at all

Repeat Chorus

My name is Becky Gollan, I am a second year student at CASM. I enjoy writing and singing songs although my main instrument is bass guitar. I wrote this song about two years ago after seeing the protests for Aboriginal Rights on the news and in the papers and stuff. I have played mostly country music for all my life and toured to different places throughout Australia.

The Poet in Escile

It was crazy, and
astounding and
comforting...

He sat as if he should
have been from my home
town.

He was calm, laid back,
comfortably content.
All around him was buzz-
ing, humming, moving.
Some were racing, shout-
ing, pushing, and grunt-
ing.

Gone were the real
smiles.

Now were the polite ones

—
The efficient, productive,
factory line,

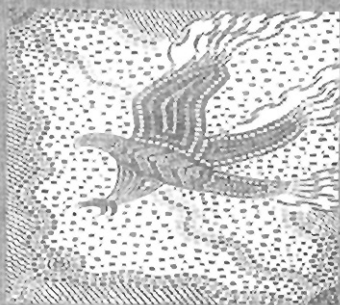
“Would you like fries
with that?”
Smiles.

No-one looking up or
back or next to them,
Just forward, pushing
and dodging,

Even old men on buses
were lost in the din...

And yet here he was,
Somehow out of sync
and yet comfortably cor-
rect.

Tamara Jarvis



Peaceful Memory

I remember, as a child,
Snuggling
Into softness, warmth,
and peace...

Nothing brought me
greater joy.
I was calm and sleepily
happy.

I've just realized that it
was my grandmother who
brought me
that.

And now, as a mother,
Watching
Nothing is more peaceful
to see,
Than my child, and my
grandmother,
Snuggling.

Tamara Jarvis

Indigenous women and feminism: an unholy alliance?

Australian indigenous women have often spoken of the difficulty they have had in relating to the Australian feminist movement. The feminist movement has responded by seeking to make the movement more inclusive of issues of concern to Aboriginal women. Some of the difficulties in cementing the alliance come from the past, but many issues continue into the present posing problems for indigenous women who would also consider themselves feminists.

Non-Aboriginal women have an urgent need to examine their role in the colonial processes of subjugation and domination. As members of the colonising race, non-Aboriginal women both participated in the process of subjugating Aboriginal women, and have benefited from their dominating position. Subaltern writers such as Homi Bhaba have spoken of the role that systematic studies of the "other" have played in the process of exercising and securing dominance¹. Colonial Australian women often undertook such studies of the Aborigine as "other", usually focusing their attention on the women. Colonial women were concerned with gynaecological, sexual and mortuary aspects of the Aboriginal women's lives. There was also a fascination with the role of motherhood, with colonial women sometimes seeking to identify with Aboriginal women as mothers and at other times contrasting their own "civilised" positions with that of the "depraved" and "animal-like" behaviour of the Aboriginal mother².

Sexual relationships between the colonised and the colonisers have also been a source of tension between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal women. Early colonial

women often spoke of Aboriginal men as "brutal lords and masters". This contrasted strongly with Aboriginal women's own views of their lives and their relationships with their men and would seem to more accurately reflect the colonial woman's own position in relation to colonial men³. The colonial woman was the symbol of all that was purest and most refined in European society and was confined by images of one who was "frail, respectable, passionless, calm, cool, clean"⁴. Relationships between colonial men and Aboriginal women set up rivalries between colonial women and Aboriginal women who were often depicted as sexually promiscuous, available, controlled by their passions, dirty.

The colonial woman's role in endorsing the practice of removing Aboriginal children from their mothers can also not be overlooked in terms of creating tension between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal women. Missionary women were often involved in the setting up of homes to take care of Aboriginal children. One such woman, Christina Smith, who wrote on the "Booandik Tribe of South Australia" wrote about many aspects of the local Aboriginal people's lives such as their "lack" of religious beliefs and practices, their reaction to the arrival of the "settlers", their customs and traditions⁵. Despite her rigorous study, to move beyond her position as a member of the "superior" race to seek to identify with the issues confronting the local people, and particularly, the women of the "tribe". For example, Mrs Smith saw Aboriginal women's willingness to give up their children as a lack in terms of "virtuous mothering". She was

unable to understand the considerable pressures that were being placed on Aboriginal women from the colonising processes in terms of the very survival of the people. It may indeed have been that the decision to give up their children "willingly", if this was the case, was one aimed at ensuring the survival of the young, or that such children were the result of relationships between colonial men and Aboriginal women and were perhaps not wanted.

And what of the role of modern day feminism? Without such acknowledgements of the role that non-Aboriginal women have played in terms of dominating and controlling Aboriginal lives, many Aboriginal women view the call to "sisterhood" with a great deal of suspicion and scepticism. It is also true that many of the issues that have been of concern to non-Aboriginal feminists are not those of concern to Aboriginal women. In the 1970s when feminists were demanding the right to control their bodies and their reproductive abilities through the pill and abortion, Aboriginal women were concerned that they still did not have the right to keep their children, or to have children when and how they wanted. Their lives and energies have been pre-occupied with social issues such as inadequate housing, ill-health, high infant mortality rates, high unemployment, high incarceration rates, loss of traditional lands and culture. These are issues which are shared by both indigenous men and women and it has not been the case that indigenous men are benefiting from colonialism and then in turn seeking to dominate and control their women.

I conclude by stating that I am

a feminist and believe that feminism does have a role to play in Aboriginal women's lives. There are many issues of concern to Aboriginal women that are reflected in the wider feminist movement. The right to be free of domestic violence, sexual abuse of children, the right to determine our futures, to have careers, to make choices, to enjoy good health and long lives, are issues very much of concern to indigenous women. Aboriginal women may however choose different paths in seeking to achieve these aims and my own personal relationships have shown me that regardless of sexual orientation, Aboriginal women are always going to sympathise with and seek to support Aboriginal men. They are our sons, our brothers, our uncles, nephews, fathers, grandfathers, as well as our lovers and husbands. It is our men who have suffered along with us in the brutal processes of colonialism and racism and the issues arising from these practices would seem to unite indigenous peoples against mainstream society, including the mainstream feminist movement. While not seeking to excuse in any way domestic violence, the Aboriginal woman may understand only too well the anger and frustration her partner feels as he seeks to survive in a racist society which has denied him his traditional role, is too ready to subject him to police harassment and imprisonment and reluctant to provide him with meaningful employment. These issues of the past and present continue to mean that many indigenous women view their relationships with the wider feminist movement as a difficult and sometimes very "unholy" alliance.

Sonja Kurtzer

^{1,2,3,4,5,6} *Australian Aborigines: A sketch of their habits, customs, legends and language.* Government Printer (1980).

Wilto Yerlo

Wilto Yerlo, a Kurna name meaning 'Sea Eagle', is the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander support unit at the University of Adelaide. Students come from around Australia to enter mainstream university, the Arts Foundation and Science foundation programs, or the Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music (CASM).

What are the issues facing many Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander women at university? Institutionalised racism, childcare, literacy, physical and mental health issues, housing, finance, isolation, domestic violence and sexual harassment, drug and alcohol dependence, and cultural differences within a white institution to name a few.

Many of these issues can also be said for non-Aboriginal students, especially those who come from disadvantaged backgrounds. However, for Aboriginal & Torres Strait Islander women the issues are compounded by the colour of our skin, the personal struggle with Aboriginality and identity, dispossession from land and country, the Native Title backlash, the trauma of being part of the stolen generation where children were not so long ago taken away from their black mothers, reuniting with and discovering 'family', reconciling differences within our own culture, living with and surviving domestic violence and child abuse situations, watching the media, the government and rich businessmen make a mockery of our 'women's business' - our culture and spirituality condemned, misunderstood and butchered by an ignorant white patriarchal governments and the legal system; dealing with the authorities and racist people from welfare agencies and institutions, racism that is rife within the university itself...being objectified and stereotyped as the lazy, backward and unreliable poor little blackfellas who don't know better...we don't like to encourage this with your people' I was recently told by a woman in personnel when making an enquiry on be-

half of a woman student regarding Abstudy....Infuriating bullshit!!! Homesickness, community deaths and family commitments are major issues for our women students, especially those from interstate, Children are often left back home with their communities, their mothers, sisters, cousins and aunts, in order to come to Adelaide to study....feeling like the token black woman in a tute or lecture, with the expectation to be the expert on Aboriginal culture...facing the ignorance of non-Aboriginal students and lecturers who homogenise all black women to be the same without recognising the range of cultural differences within our culture....harassment for entering university via the Aboriginal Access Scheme, being constantly faced with the myth that indigenous people get so much more that other non-indigenous people and are really much better off than what the stats say.....

We not only face cuts in education, but also cuts to our black organisations which often are the backbone of our work and community life. ATSIC has had to justify its existence and defend the heated attacks from day one since this racist Coalition government came into power. Now we not only face cuts to education, but cuts to essential services in our communities such as housing, education, legal services, labour programs, community arts and cultural centres, childcare and health.

Despite the gloom and doom of the August budget, we are here at university to be proud of our black culture, to celebrate differences, to become empowered and achieve through education in a pretty disempowering society, to walk together with our non-Aboriginal brothers and sisters, to work to overcome the racism that places us in the position of the 'other', and to determine our future for ourselves.

Natalie Harkin, Academic Student Support Officer...Wilto Yerlo

The Role of Women in Student Representation

The basic premise that I work from as a feminist is that I have no right as a person to validate or invalidate another woman's feminism.

I may object with what a woman has done and I may well disagree that what she has done constitutes feminist achievement. However, I will never say that a woman who calls herself a feminist is not a feminist because by arguing over the definition of feminism not only do we play to patriarchal values but we also serve to splinter the power that we have as a collective force.

Whilst healthy debate never goes astray we're all aware of the manipulation by sensationalist western media that's perpetuated by and along patriarchal ideals. If we are going to be engaged in public debate we need to ensure that it's on our terms. We must dictate the agenda to the media not the other way round.

The same issues affect student representation. As representatives we may vary in our ideological stance, yet there can be no denying that unless activists and conservatives stand together to oppose regressive education changes students will lose out.

However, I'm not suggesting that feminism is all roses and sweetness either. It's just as grating to hear women talk about how we're all sisters, and the most important thing is that as women we put political differences aside and work together.

The simple hard fact is that feminism is just as political as patriarchy. The reality is that we aren't all sisters, we don't all get along, and there are some political differences that can't be put aside.

However, saying that we're all feminists is not the same as saying we're all sisters and we all believe in the same thing.

The role of women in student representation is a very dynamic one

and as women not only do we play a vital role in representation but the way we go about fulfilling that role is extremely important in achieving a feminist agenda. If we don't accept that feminists are different and use that as a strength rather than an excuse for petty politics then we leave ourselves vulnerable to patriarchal manipulation.

Women's Departments in student organisations are critical to feminism because they have the potential to bring different feminists together. In this way Women's Departments are incomparable with other areas of student representation.

Student organisations have established a number of services which allow students to come to us and utilise them. Yet, Women's Departments often don't share that luxury. Women are very often in the position of being unable to reach out. For whatever economic, social, or political reasons women are very often tied to commitments that restrict their participation. Consequently, Women's Departments have a responsibility to reach out to those women. The result is that the needs and resources of Women's Departments can be very different.

My role as the Students' Association President is a very interesting one. Unlike many other student organisations Adelaide University has a very strong history of women. For example we have one of the oldest women's rooms in any University in Australia. And unlike other women's rooms ours cannot be taken away according to the current political climate because it was bequeathed as a women's room 38 years ago.

Likewise, with the position of President. Although it was not until 1981 that there was a woman president in the Association, since then out of a possible 15 Presidents 9 of them have been women. Thus, the strength of women's involvement at

Adelaide has historically and continues to be a very strong one.

However, this is not the case at many other universities. At a number of Universities those involved at a high level of representation actively perpetuate regulations, traditions, and practises that discourage women's involvement, although the perpetuation is often unconscious. Where there has been no history of women's involvement, practises such as scheduling meetings in the evening when women with children find it difficult to attend have simply continued to reoccur out of ignorance.

A more subtle form of discrimination against women in student organisations is the low pay. Student organisations are notorious for paying their representatives incredibly low wages. The discriminatory effects of low wages upon women in the work force is well documented. Yet in student organisations there is a distinct ethos that we shouldn't use more of students money than absolutely necessary and the longer the hours we work the better. This ethos has an obvious impact upon women's involvement. It means that there is a larger proportion of women than men who are economically barred from taking a significant role in student organisations. As women able to influence structure and process we should be committed to enabling more women to participate.

My involvement in student representation is one of the most fulfilling things I've ever done and I would encourage as many women as possible to become involved. Not only can you network with other women and encourage a variety of women to become involved but you can also lead by example and practise the ideals of your feminism.

Kym Taylor
President of the Students' Association

Without
YouWhat did I
mean to
You?

Long ago, I needed you,
but now that's gone,
and I can live without
you.

Long ago, so far away,
your words and touch,
meant so much to me.
Long ago, you could
cause me pain,
Your words could cut and
wound.

But somehow all those
wounds have healed,
and I can live without
you.

Long ago your smile was
rare and precious,
your thoughts and
dreams filled my head.
But now they're gone,
and I just don't think of
you.

Long ago and far away,
you're sitting thinking of
me.

You think that I still want
you.

But somehow in the here
and now,
I've found that I can live
without you.

Jenny 1996

I could see you were an illusion,
Yet I still cling to you for my life.
You say I'm caught in memories,
and that I stole the truth.
Well I don't claim to be an angel,
yet I never was a thief.
It's you who caused my misery;
it's you who stole my sanity,
and replaced it with this pain.
The emptiness you left swallows me up.
Shadow memories dance round my head.
I've forgotten or maybe I never knew,
what I really meant to you.
Wearing a mask of no emotion,
I hunt the monsters in my mind.
Trying to forgive you, because you've gone,
Trying to see you, not the illusion that I feed.
Was it you who caused my misery?
Was it you who stole my sanity?
Or is this all a creation of my need?
I don't know the answer,
only that I'm clinging to the past.
I don't want this to go on forever.
My misery is without reason.
Yet my wounds won't ever heal,
until I can let myself understand,
that now I don't mean anything to you.

Jenny 1996

This may be published by
ELLE DIT
 (magazine for women by women)
 Also submit poetry, art, articles, etc
 in collection boxes... by August 28th

It is well known that
 Elle Dit only publishes
 work by the Editors,
 friends and those
 expressing opinions
 the magazine feels
 are "politically correct". It
 reeks of nepotism and
 bias. As a woman, I am
 embarrassed to be
 "represented" by
 such a group.

I am a feminist - my
 goal is not to be treated
 the same as men, but
 to be acknowledged as a
 human with the same
 rights as all humans.
 Men claim too many 'traditional'
 rights - in fact they are really
 where they exist. Like
 Beck's rights.

It's important not to lose sight
 of where we are as women,
 the aggression and bitterness
 is not always the best way
 for us to be equal. We need
 to believe that we are equal
 from the time of conception.
 Don't give your daughter a
 doll and for god's sake not
 a Barbie, give her some
 blocks and tell her to build.

When are you going to let
 feminist men join you?
 - until you do
 your only doing
 the opposite thing

Not exactly. But why not
 get men involved in the
 struggle for equality instead
 of assuming that they're all
 sexist, right?

I hate the restrictive myths
 of the Patriarchal system too.
 Please don't let misinformed
 women + men, to misuse the
 equality + harassment laws to
 unknowingly uphold its tyranny.
 or knowingly.

What is the difference a ^{feminist} man
 between women + girls
 Girls want real men
 + women no there's
 No such thing... Julia Dreyfuss.

Choice is about choice,
 if a woman feels that she
 cannot handle having a
 child then it is better for
 her and the fetus for an
 abortion. I personally don't
 think I could do it, but
 I respect that a woman
 has a choice.

The worlds
 your crystal
 will be your
 shell

Highgate Snack Bar
 sponsors of
 MONTE

Love is Grand
 Love is Golden
 Love is made
 in the back of a holder!

How & why in
 Why isn't there a mens room?
 Because the whole world is
 one big mens room

beer
 rules,
 but beer men
 suck!

If we accept that in
 there is always going to be
 stratification in society at least we can
 try to liberate women in ways
 appropriate to themselves, e.g. being as
 pig headed as the next guy.
 Its well if a guy is a little on the
 brighter side, a little a coward
 in liberation doesn't hurt.

Who? What? Where? When? Why?

I was a woman once but when I was a woman I couldn't decide how to properly perform as a woman and women all over the world were just as worried as I was. I wondered whether it would be worth wandering the world wondering all about women and a woman's worries when it struck me, SLAP! What if, when my world-view exchanged from something juvenile to adult-like, instead of just asking why, I questioned how, who, what, where and when, and this wrought something unwholesome which, when wrenched apart replaced my simple question-answer type approach to the world and gave me something overwhelmingly complex?

When I walked the wilderness of multi-faceted questioning, did this just replace the simple answers I knew and loved - my wonderful childishly simple truth - with something worthless and wrecked?

OAT W.

A SEED OF HATE

"Hi. My name is K, and I am a full-time student at the University of Adelaide, but when I go home I'm a part-time human punching bag..."

That's what I would have said to you two years ago. Not now. I made that decision when I got hit for being late (again). Except this time I knew it wasn't my fault. I knew love wasn't supposed to hurt.

Except it does.

You see, I love my Dad. But from the first time I saw him hit my Mum, a seed of hate was planted deep in my heart. With each subsequent blow that hate has grown until now, I'm torn between that love and hate; both sides are pulling at me and it hurts like hell.

It's not easy to hate a person you love. That's why I understand why my Mum has stayed this long. In fact, I guess she's in

the same state of denial I was in...

It was truly classic. I knew all about domestic violence. But the offenders were always bastards. My boyfriend couldn't be abusing me. Abuse is such a strong word. Besides, he never hit me... well he did hit me once. Bam! across the face, while I was driving the car. But I deserved it, I slapped him first. Just like the times he'd pin me against the wall and bang my head against it, or when he'd shake me so hard I thought my head was going to fall off my shoulders. I must have provoked it.

BULLSHIT.

No man should ever raise a hand in anger to a woman. And the day I realised that, the best thing he'd ever had walked right out of that bastard's life.

K.H.



Did you know that once she used to relish the feel of her hands over the carefully defined curved that announced her existence. During those days she was unbounded from those tryhard controllers, freer than she had ever been before. They could say what they liked, but she didn't give a damn because she knew that she was on the upper side, championess of the marvellous gambit she played. Even now she laughs a damp and concave laugh as she recalls their self-righteous admonishes and pitiful babbles which tried to conceal their common desire to each be the one who would 'make the difference' to 'get through to her'. Those fools, with their translucent tactics and hollow sympathy. She could see it all, oh she could feel it all but to let them see her fumbling would be like putting a bishop across the mouth of an implacable pawn. So let them all play their game of god but let them know who controlled the pieces.

She remembers how she used to be thin; thin pretty and smiling. *That girl*, whom all guys would wish they could feel confident around (and what would it be like to put an arm around her), and whom all the girls would look at with

envy and feel disgruntled as she was always smiling and laughing or saying something nice about someone else, and so they couldn't really legitimately call her a *bitch*.

Laughing, smiling, that had been her all her life. Pretty little smiling girl, good girls smile equals good girls happy. Life was a photo put on hold, embellishing a bliss which shielded the passion that was turned and twisted into something it *wasn't*. Proudly she had filed away a 'Cheerfulness Award' she had received in Year Six - a smiling face in the midst of the maths and the poetry and the swimming and all the other things that made life so good back then.

So where was she now. She is on the floor, she is on her knees, elbows at her sides, hands over the ears, the face, the mouth, the neck. Hands running over the breasts, the stomach, the hips, the thighs. Panicking, panicking hands fingering the thick fleshy folds which seem to swallow her. She, the thin girl is surrounded by these mountain folds of fat; she, that thin entity is breathing and begging to be let out. She opens her mouth to wail, but the aching within her is one of experience, a sequential familiarity which declares herself entirely alone in herself as she collapses down the rung beneath her. Now her remaining reality is clouded by shades of tears and the sounds she makes are those of a gasping baby, a rhythmic (though with a slight accelerando in the half-bar) wheezing, like a speeding car choked by the ditches in the road. Time is irrelevant - she is in her own scathing world and

in the middle of it all the pounding in her chest reminds her of her mortality and she wonders whether the chaotic wrenching could or would ever kill her. But these thoughts are just following the usual pattern, reaching the coda, she wonders (even *marvels*,) at the way in which the pain would each time live up to and exceed that of which her tormented mind could imagine.

d

Now she is running. Counting, seventy one, seventy two, seventy three, seventy four, seventy five, seventy six, seventy seven seventy eight, seventy nine eighty, and up to a hundred and back to one again. Her feet in rhythm, bang bang on the pavement, each strike a strike for the traitors. She feels thin - almost, but then in her mind she replays the reality of one who is eight kilograms 'over the weight', and must be trained to do and be what she wants it to be. A disciplined body, a vigorous mind - she wants the fat away from her sides. Her insides ache to be that thin girl she looks at in the photos who were once *her*. And so she runs and runs, the pain in her ankles she dismisses, chanting, reciting, words and numbers swimming in her mind, and finally the 'route is done. An intertemporal relief is her reward. Though her shins throb from the run two days before.

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She is hungry and she feels it coming. It is *normal*, she tells herself. And normal people eat when they are hungry. Oh how

she deludes herself with all these voices, she looks at herself and laughs at her patheticness. She knows what is going to happen. Her body aches, her insides crave. And the excuses are lengthened, twisted, distorted. It becomes, "well, I ran for two hours today. Athletes," (a wry smirk) "eat lots and lots." Then it becomes one more one more one more. I won't have anything after this, no dinner, and I'll make up for it tomorrow. The voices in her head become indistinguishable from even the enemies outside of her. And the kilojoules go in, her mind a calculator frenzy. Forbidden, exciting, these cliched pleasures she tries to pour into her self deprived soul. She knows what will happen later, but she doesn't care. The voices in her head are now laughing as they are free! Free! She is like an animal, eyes wide to the world, she wants so much of everything. She just wants to be full, she doesn't like being hungry but as she spoons in her self loving (euphemism alert!), as she *pushes* it all in with her fingers there is a part of her which cannot be caressed. This unbearable emptiness speaks of the longing in her to embrace the solace for just a little longer. But the symphony she plays allows no respite, though the hunger in her burns a million candles begging to be blown out. A monstrosity of a stomach, she is spurned. But she laughs, *da capo*, return to the start, for tomorrow, Scarlett, is another day. Oh how she can't wait.

Siew Koh

Crack-pot theory #1...

Every person has a soul. It is our feeling inside us and the energy it contains gives us our moods. This energy is not static, rather it flows into us from our environment and from us into the environment keeping a fixed amount of energy in the soul's store.

There is always energy present in the body, unless that body is dead. There is always some positive energy and some negative energy. However the ratios are different and this is obvious by our moods. When we are happy we have an excess of positive energy, when we are depressed, then there is more negative energy in our system.

The original ratio, when a person is in a neutral state is not 50:50, positive:negative. This would lead to mood swings and unpredictability, although at times our store of energy is at that ratio. Rather our neutral state ratio is 51:49, positive:negative, to give us a slightly positive outlook on life.

Negative energy is bigger and heavier than positive energy, which is small and light weight, and easily transferred. This means that more positive energy can be exchanged for negative energy although both energies have the same affect, ie 1 positive = 1 negative, in terms of how it makes us feel.

Energy can neither be created nor destroyed when energy is used, it is simply transferred to another form of energy. When it is in our blood it is potential energy, when it is words, it is sound energy. Using energy is simply transferring it to another form of energy.

Where is the soul?

When you are the most happiest, your heart is light and in an excited state. This is the home of the soul.

Not the head, which is for thinking, but the heart, which is for feeling.

When two people touch they transfer energy (theory).

When someone is feeling depressed, this is because they have a larger amount of negative energy than positive energy. When that person hugs someone who is not depressed the positive energy flows from the happy person to the depressed person thus dissipating the negative energy. While the negative energy flows into the happy person, replacing the positive energy.

Similarly, when a very happy person hugs someone with a lesser concentration of positive energy, they will transfer over some of their positive energy, whilst accepting some negative energy. This may lead to the happy person feeling drained, as it takes energy, to transfer energy from positive to negative.

What drains a soul of positive energy.

School work, or work, which involves a lot of thinking can leave a person feeling drained. This is the flow of positive energy out of the soul and into the thought process which is usually then put on to paper. This is the draining of the soul's positive energy and leaving the balance towards the negative side. This leaves the person feeling depressed.

Arguments can also deplete the positive energy as the energy has to be turned into words and volume. The negative energy coming from the other person's words, replaces the positive energy, leaving both people depressed.

Pain is a main drainer of the positive energy as all the positive en-

ergy rushes to the point of pain and tries to make it better. If the skin is broken and the wound is bleeding, some of the positive energy will flow out of the blood, because the energy flows around in our blood, but always returns to its home, the heart. As soon as the wound is fixed the positive energy from our environment enters our soul and replaces the lost energy.

Disappointment also drains our energy because there is a lot of energy used in anticipation. Excitement takes energy to elevate people into an excited state but if the excitement is suddenly dissipated due to a discontinuation of anticipation, then disappointment can drain a soul of positive energy.

What recharges the soul?

Food like chocolate can sometimes leave the soul recharged with positive energy, but only at certain concentrations of the positive:negative ratio. When the negative is far greater than the positive, than the addition of food into the system can leave the person feel even more depressed, as the food takes positive energy to taste and digest.

Music recharges the positive energy in the soul by the positive energy in the music, exchanging itself for the negative energy in your soul, although, it depends on the type of music. Light classical music is more likely to add positive energy than heavy metal, which is full of negative energy. The volume of the music is also a factor in how the soul's energy is either depleted or recharged. Loud music is more likely to deplete the soul's energy, as it takes energy to listen to the music and the positive energy is used to reduce the amount of pain in your ears.

Sleep is perhaps, second to hug-

The search for our souls

ging, the best way to recharge the soul's energy. As you dream, positive energy is added back into the soul's store of energy and negative energy is taken out. The energy put into the soul comes from the astral plane which is where each of us go each night when we dream. The negative energy is transferred out onto this plane. We do not get a full recharge of positive energy every night, sometimes, when we wake up in the morning, we are depressed. This can be because there is a cosmic balance in the universe and this means that sometimes, we will not get positive energy because we have already had enough for a while. We need a bit of negative energy to balance our give and take of positive energy. If we have not slept well, and we feel tired, then it

may well be that we have not had an intake of cosmic positive energy that is given to us when we sleep. Remember, not everybody is on the astral plane at once. We all have different R.E.M. times and the world is divided into times zones.

Sunshine is a great pick me up. The rays of the sun penetrate our outer body and clothes, and manage to strike the very centre of our soul, making us feel happy.

A **smile** is like sunshine. I am not talking about a "Hello, yes I know you, I've seen you around", upward curve of the sides of the lips kind of smile. But a "I am so happy to see you", genuine smile, that is transmitted between friends.

The **atmosphere** around us is important in the way we are feeling. If we are with a group of friends

that are happy and talkative then their energy may flow through the atmosphere to you and make you feel less depressed because the positive energy that is in their words/sounds is transferred into your ears and its positive energy to your souls store of energy. Likewise, negative words, will add negative energy to the souls store. Laughter is another example of positive energy being transferred in the air on excited positive energy.

Miss Kathryn

This is by no means complete, and is by no means the answer. This is merely a theory, and like all theories it can be improved on and changed. You may not believe it or agree with it. That is your choice.

BY ANY OTHER NAME

It never ceases to amaze me how much our lives revolve around definitions. We name a rock or a mountain, and instantly it becomes a place. We categorise a living thing and it becomes a particular plant of particular significance to whoever named it. If you have read David Malouf's *An Imaginary Life*, you will know what I mean.

Whenever I think about definitions, or the actual process of naming, I always come back to me. What do I call myself, what do others call me? As a human being belonging to the female sex, I am often confused as to what I should do call

myself. As a child I was told to act like a lady and behave in a lady-like fashion (whatever that is). Growing older, I rejected that term and would jump on anyone who dared define me in that way. So too did I retaliate against words like babe, chick, girl and love. Mention them near me and fear death via my poison words. I think I was too PC for my own good.

However, I no longer view words as such rigid definitions. One word doesn't have a fixed meaning, as it is not the letters strung together that have an identity, but rather the significance of context in which they were spoken/written. Multiple interpretations are here to stay, and thank god for that. (Arggh! Post-modernism! I know I couldn't escape it.)

If I choose to call myself a bitch or a slut or a chick or whatever, or if others (male and female) choose to apply these names to me, I must interpret the meanings *behind* the words not the words themselves. If

I find these meanings offensive, I do not eliminate them by censoring people's vocabulary. I think it is dangerous for us to decide that we can only be referred to by both ourselves and others by certain words. To be told that I can only call myself a woman or a female places unnecessary boundaries upon expression and makes language devoid of diversity.

I wanted to write this because I think it has special relevance to women. *Everything* in this world changes, nothing remains the same, thanks to the flexible and progressive nature of society. As a person working for girl-positive change, it makes me very angry when people try to limit and restrict me through rigid definitions. All that does is cut down options, deny diversity of interpretation and reduce individuality, simply reaffirming the goals of the entire system we're trying to fuck with.

Kathleen O'Shea

the difference is that is not all she longs to be. Betty Rollin

Whos better out of Oprah & Ricci
Oprah's kind of got more attitude, but
then she gets biased. Ricci has
that whole kooky "go richi" thing
on her side.

↑
The question is
"Who the fuck cares?"

Well if Oprah stopped
talking about herself
for 5 seconds she might
be alright but Ricci's
got my vote.

Kelly needs a boy
friend.

She's a
Nice girl
18
Slim
pretty.

Is she so
nice why
is her
pimp so
in love?

NO SLEAZE
bags

LIFE WITHOUT AN
F is a lie

Last night, my partner - I were discussing sexism
in our own society and the world at large. I kept
citing historical - contemporary examples of social
change and my hopes for an equitable society.
At the end of it all he said English was a phallo-
centric language so unless I could get everyone to
speak a new language women will
never be treated as
equals.
Is there no hope...
Somebody help me.

Don't eat anything
bigger than your
head

I was happy in the haze of a
drunken hour
But heaven knows I'm miserable now

DONALD

Trump's supreme

that old geezer
goes to the ISSUES

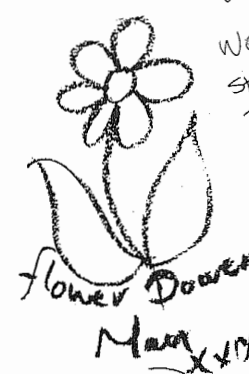
Like to yeh, the
the Klux Klan he
really gets into

Oprah & like Ricci's
Ricci) an like debating
whether Hilari's an
sexier than 1 piece

or have or rest to home
like "U Say your B-
hell I dont Buy!!"

Oprah always has
to bring his god-damn
dog on (Sampson?)
o like

WHO CARES??



Actually, considering the high rate of
heart attacks, strokes, etc. brought on by
stress; I don't think that men's
bodies are in better condition
to cope with the stress.

Personally, I get vertigo!

Women's bodies can't take the
stress of jobs in high positions.
That's the reason why women
don't climb as high on the
corporate ladder.

**SPEAK FOR
YOURSELF!**

"Grrl Grrms' Rocks"
Go to the next gig (6/14)
to see some fantastic
P's band! Jessica

Feminism is a very
personal thing. Being a
feminist does not always
mean hating all men, shaving
your head, being lesbian, or
educating men + women
around me in equality and
taking advantage of what
opportunities present themselves
to us.
Feminism to me means
serving for public +
political + private
recognition as
people, not as
baby machines!

But give the
Your right
feminists some
credit they
have helped
US alot!!

Feminists are all lesbians
With hairy legs & no bras.
They don't represent all
women & they've taken the
notion of "equality" too far.

TOP 1/4
how dare u
look out
mauca!

BULLSHIT - WE ARE
still 'unequal' - we
won't stop until we
are the dominant sex!!

↳ We are all in this
together, fellow women
lets stand up for
our selves, say NO
to violence against
us and be active in
our own spheres.
After all, change has
seldom come where and is
often more successful if
throughward instead of



Engineers are cool !

Gender disadvantage; is it there or isn't it? The truth is that it definitely exists within the engineering world. We often block it out, ignore the fact that the guys sitting behind us in lectures doubt our ability to make it as professional engineers purely because we are female.

Sure, a lot is being done to promote females in engineering. At school we're encouraged to take up the traditionally male subjects, there are more scholarships for undergraduate females and our job prospects are supposedly better, but it is hard work.

Girls should be in Arts, guys should be using the tools and the cool machines in the ground floor of the engine building; this is the honest opinion of some people - how scary.

The whole fight begins at highschool, perhaps at year 10

when a female decides to do Advanced Science, from then on she will be one of the few female students in Maths II classes and Physics.

At uni they try to support us, but the battle is never ending against tutors saying "women just can't do physics", "women can't do technical drawing" and the thought that a woman's work is baking a cake.

It's hard to know what people are really thinking, are the lecturers being non-sexist just to be politically correct? Are the rude comments from guys just a bit of fun on their part with no real deep meaning. It's been difficult.

Still I like engineering, I can't wait to play with the tools and machines, and above all I'm going to succeed. Engineers are cool - especially the female ones.

Whendee Young

totally women powered student radio

Totally Woman Powered

"Totally Woman Powered... you mean, like, something that is, um... totally... powered by, like, women???"

Sound strange? 'Fraid not. 1996 heralds the third year in the life of Totally Women Powered Student Radio (or TWP for those who like to save their syllables).

Just as Elle Dit is published every year to encourage women to get involved in the student paper and to provide a forum for ideas and concerns not usually expressed, TWP gives women the chance

to partake in the magic that is radio. And what wonderful magic it is indeed.

Adelaide Uni Student Radio broadcasts four nights per week from the snazzy studios of 5UV on Nth Terrace. From September 22-25 the airwaves will be powered by **women only**, most of whom have never been involved in radio before. This is the beauty of TWP: it gives women who may never have considered the power of the humble radio to learn new and exciting skills in a girl-positive environment.

TWP is four consecutive

nights of noise, views, re-views, insight, enthusiasm and hilarity presented by women for women. So tune in that daggy old wireless at home or that new stereo in your car to 531 am (yes am!!) to relax/rock out/ kick back to Totally Women Powered Student Radio.

TWP will be infiltrating the airwaves of 531am from Sunday 22 - Wednesday 25 September between 10pm and 12.30am.

By Suzy, Karen and Kathleen

I am woman • hear me roar

Students for Animal Liberation

Like animals, women roar. We roar when we are angry, we roar in excitement, we roar in terror. We roar to enjoy our own voices and celebrate our strength.

Like animals, women care for their young. In a pouch, an egg, a mouth, a sac, or a womb, our young are protected as they grow. Our bodies become their bodies - both literally and figuratively.

Like animals, women are bestial. We can be savage and vile, or wild and feral. We pant when we sweat, and sweat when we copulate. Our hair begins with the glorious tresses upon our heads, and ends with the proud hair poking from beneath our skirt.

Like animals, women are stroked, touched, kissed, embraced and loved. The cuddles and love we give to animals are returned through their loyalty, affection, and instruction. Animals remind us of our priorities. Their candidness and innocence keep us centred and instinctual.

Like animals, women have borne oppression and male domination. As a woman, I dream of being home alone without fear. I dream that

my animal friends may also live in their homes without fear.

Within our University the hierarchy deem it necessary to

exploit and kill hundreds of rats in the name of "science" every year. Vegetarian food re-

mains on the periphery so less people are likely to try cruelty-free dishes.

As women, and victims of exploiters, we need not be perpetrators. Violence free science on campus is a viable option which you cannot be penalised for. If you are interested in a wider variety of animal-friendly food on campus drop a note in the box in the SAUA office with your food ideas; we will collate these and present them to the Catering Committee so we can initiate a change,

On a wider scale, animals continue to experience unnecessary pain and suffering excused with trivial reasons. On such macabre excuse is that of sport - namely duck shooting. Approximately 30,000 ducks are killed each year, and the same number are injured through the sport of duck shooting. Visit our table near the Barr Smith Lawns this week where we will have petitions for the banning

of duck shooting. Sign and show your support.

Empowerment is also about empowering others - see *On Dit* for Students For Animal Liberation's upcoming meeting details.

Amy Murphy



Violence Free Science It's your right.



Say no to animals in science practicals. Effective alternatives are available. Demand they be used.

Remember, that you cannot be penalised for refusing to use animals.

For further info, advice, and/or support:

Phone: Robert Fitzgerald 363-4383

or Samantha Helsham 240-0535

THE WORKPLACE RELATIONS BILL

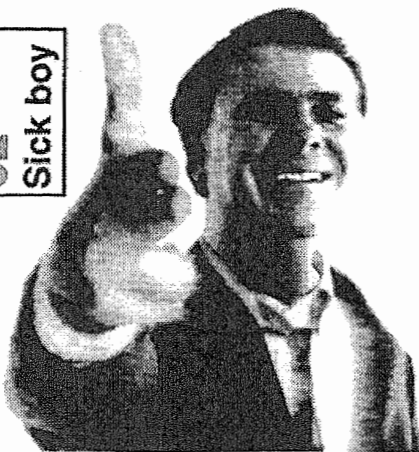
The Workplace Relations Bill is the creation of the newly elected disaster - otherwise known as the Liberals. The government purports to be "committed to ensuring women in the workforce have fair access to the opportunities to be provided through the legislation." The bill is ill-conceived, lacks constitutional power, is apparently lacking in any opportunities whatsoever, and will adversely affect most workers, particularly women. But the scariest thing of all is that the media has been paying very little attention to many of the negative aspects of the bill. Taking the time to look at the bill in detail paints a very scary picture for women and disadvantaged groups in Australia.

The Liberal rhetoric about the proposed Industrial Relations changes are termed in the vein of individual freedoms, with the employee and employer making free and unrestricted choices about employment. This is absolute crap. Lets face it - in most cases the boss holds all the power - unless you as a worker have a special or rare skill (ie trapeze artist, rock star) you are likely to be at the mercy of your employer. Patriarchy is alive and kicking in Australia and you only have to look at the disgustingly low levels of women in Parliament, senior management and senior positions of most fields to see that this holds true for the workforce. So how can anyone argue that women will enjoy bar-

gaining freedom with their employers?

Broad issues such as domestic violence, the exploitation of women in the media, rape and sexual assault that disproportionately affect women, directly impact on the way women are perceived in society and our ability to bargain with our employers. Women from non-English speaking backgrounds, Aboriginal women, and "working class"

01 Sick boy



women are likely to suffer the most under these new changes, but given the recent budget and racist actions of the Liberal party thus far, its pretty clear these groups are of little concern to the government.

Under the bill, the "Australian Workplace Agreements" can be made before the commencement of employment, so the employer can making the signing of the agreement a condition of employment - don't sign - no job! The ironic thing about this is that it will create a situation far removed

from the Liberal's concept of individual rights. The individual has basically no power and no rights - they are at the mercy of the employer who holds the cards - and given that women currently hold little bargaining power, the new system can only make it worse for women.

You may have heard the statistic that Australian women earn 70% of the wages of Australian men bandied about. I used to wonder how this was possible with our award system in place, but the reality is that while women earn 93.8% of male average weekly award full-time earnings, us gals are only earning 54.7% of men's over-award payments. Big difference hey - and that's now - under the Workplace Relations Bill it can only get worse, but we won't be able to prove it

Part of the new Liberal deal to give "all workers a fair go" (can you believe they actually included this in the wording of the bill? Please!!) involves the nifty trick of making it illegal to disclose the outcome of your negotiation with your employer to anyone. Yep you read it right - illegal. The first obvious problem (but clever ploy) is that statistics comparing the average male and female wages will be unobtainable and the concept of equal pay for equal work will be grasped from women's clutches.

The bulk of part-time and casual work force is made up of women, and whilst this may be by choice

A MANDATE TO FUCK OVER WOMEN?

or necessity, the new bill contains provisions likely to devastate part-time workers, including the big killer - no minimum hours for part-time work. Not only does this take away stability in earnings for people dependent on their part time work, it is likely to place a huge amount of power in the hands of employer. As a general rule part-time and casual workers turn over at a faster rate than full timers, and with high levels of unemployment, the threat of dismissal will loom large for people who try to stand up to their employer. Unfortunately because the bill contains a whole range of changes to the unfair dismissal laws, employees will have no protection.

Unfortunately I haven't got enough room to explain all of the ways this bill will fuck over women and other disadvantaged groups - there are that many! One last doozy is that if you don't want to be sexually harassed at work, you'd better write it in to your individual agreement, as it will no longer be in the safety net of award condition. There are 18 minimum conditions that will be left alone by the Liberals (for now anyway) but equal opportunity, harassment and paid maternity leave are not included. Thanks for caring John!!

But there is hope...

An international convention was used to by the previous government to legislate on industrial matters for the whole of Australia by using the external affairs power in the Australian Constitution. Usually an area such as industrial relations is restricted only to State

legislation, but by utilizing international conventions, governments have been able to pass national laws on issues they would; not have been otherwise able to do. Examples of this include the government's action to stop the mining of the Tasmanian and Dams and more recently, the Native Title Act.

The Convention that the Liberals will need rely on to make the Workplace Relations Bill a valid piece of legislation is an International Labour Convention of which Australia is a signatory. Yet the contents of this convention are very much in favour of the worker and collective bargaining and agreements. Basically, the Liberal's new bill contradicts almost everything the convention upon which its existence relies on!! Clever huh? Because of this it is quite likely that a court action

would succeed in the Act (when / if it is passed) being deemed invalid as beyond the Federal government's power. Of course, there is nothing stopping all of the Liberal/ National States enacting the Bill themselves, which would be a devastating thing for all of the rea-

son above, plus the likelihood of causing upheaval and unbalanced laws throughout Australia.

Almost everyone will be affected by these negative changes, and we all have a responsibility to defend the rights of those who will be affected the most severely - especially women from non-English speaking backgrounds, Aboriginal women, illiterate women... the list goes on. The Liberal changes to industrial relations in Australia are about taking from the poor (the powerless) and giving to the rich (powerful). They are also aimed at silencing the Union movement - the defenders of workers' rights. But as we will no doubt hear over the next few months - "we have a mandate". A mandate to fuck over women and other disadvantaged groups? I don't think so!

Sandy Pitcher

INVITATION

CLUB BERKELEY

JAZZ AFTER WORK

LIVE JAZZ BANDS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

DOORS OPEN 5pm

HAPPY HOURS 5.30-6.30pm

\$1 BEER CHAMPAGNE \$2.50 BASE SPIRITS

LIVE JAZZ 6pm - 10pm

FREE ENTRY

30 GREAT PONIES

MEALS FROM \$3.95

54-58 HINDLEY STREET ADELAIDE PHONE 231 3236

Thin body thin

Glossy magazines and music film clips portray the stereotypical images.

THEY ARE LIES
 yet we believe them.
 For the girls everywhere
 who shove their fist
 down their throats
 I grieve for you.
 Forcing your emotions
 down with food
 then purging yourself
 to be rid of them,
 Is it worth it?
 Now you have two
 callused knuckles,
 watering eyes and

spew up your nose.

Look forward for alopecia, no teeth and early menopause in your quest to be perfect.

You must learn to scream.
 Scream "No I am not a coat hanger!"

"No, I refuse to give in to the lies".

Don't play the roles they decide for you

MAKE YOUR OWN

Men are not starving dogs

who feed on the bones of women

so don't become a skeleton.

There is nothing wrong with having cellulite, crows feet, curves or a cunt.

The most important thing is to have a brain and a heart.

Change society - don't let the media change you.

Find your voice and stand tall.

Live your reality and be proud of your beauty.

DO NOT LIVE A LIE.

Melissa Castle.

What You Wish She Said

What you wish she said:
 "Please make me real for you."
 "Give me silicone breasts and fuck me eyes".
 "If I open my mouth
 let it be only to
 receive your dick
 or offer words of consolation".
 "Please make me real for you".
 "I know I'm stupid
 all women are".
 "I want you to treat me bad".
 "Please make me real for you".
 "All I ever saw and learnt before
 was a lie. You are all I need to know".
 "Please make me real for you".

WHAT SHE SAID:
 "Fuck off!!"

Melissa Castle

EVIL

The hideous beast has returned,
to take his fill once more.
I struggle not this time,
It matters not to me.

I close my eyes and travel,
deep down within myself
and cry and sob silently
while he does his wicked
deed.

My outward appearance is
calm.
It enrages him all the more.
He rants and raves and beats
me
until he himself is sore.

Yet still to him I am silent
But deep down within I shriek.
I don't know how long I can
take this
my resolve is growing weak.

He departs, his hunger sated
Yet he feels his power diminished.
I have triumphed over evil
Yet my victory is bittersweet.

The price I've paid is high
for my sanity is on the brink,
And I struggle to conceal
The myriad of emotions I feel.

I bury my feelings completely
and hide them behind a wall
He'll never hurt me again
I'll answer not to his call.

Lonely, I am willing to be,
if it means that of him I am
free
And if he tries to hurt me
again
I'll retreat to my soul once
more.

Erin

Sadness swells
Puffed and tinged
With blue mauveness.
Knife-edged with the ice
Of my regret, the longing,
The futility that aches
and cuts
Cuts and aches
alternatively
Twisting in my chest
Where the sadness swells
In grey clouds
That ache to rain
And torrent through me.
Sadness swells
I try hugging the
aloneness
But it clings to me
And where it touches
Leaves an icy film.
Sadness swells,
Pulling, sucking,
submerging and
Aching for the sadness to
swell
And drown me,
Bestowing its slow,
Heavy release.

Taetia McEwen

SADNESS SWELLS

"AND THE BLOOD BEGINS TO FLOW"

Despite the fact that over 30% of the population menstruate, it is still a topic that is not comfortably discussed within our society. While most sexual issues have received a considerable amount of airing out in recent years, menstruation seems to have been hung on one of the back clothes lines where it is still mostly hidden from society's view. This societal disregard and devaluation of menstruation adds extra burden to a process that is not easy for wimmin to deal with in the first place.

Many prehistoric and ancient cultures maintained a positive view of menstruation as a source of power both for individual wimmin and the entire community. Throughout most of Western society's recorded history the attitudes towards menstruation have been negative. In pre-industrial England, the female body was seen to be a less efficient model of the male body¹. Wimmin were thought to produce more blood than was needed and so the excess was discharged each month. This excess blood was believed to collect and putrify within the womyn's body and the fumes were thought to trouble their brains.

Television ads for pads and tampons are about the only time menstruation is publicly talked about (well, and by Ben Elton). Hell, menstruation makes me want to go surfing and ride horses in white bikinis to the tune of "Girls just wanna have fun". The message of the ads is clear: if women use the products advertised they will not have to worry about their periods interfering with their life. What's

more no one will even know that they are menstruating. Menstruation is seen as something that complicates and interferes, something that women need "protection" from. The commercials assume that women will want to hide the fact that they are menstruating. Why else tampon boxes disguised in flowers. The subject as still promoted as "secret", even if the ads may appear to be freeing². Tova Wagman, Advocate for MediaWatch, writes "some advertisers resort to using imagery which plays on the dreaded fear women have of being in public and having their 'secret' found out"³.



Despite the fact that advertising has contributed to the aware-

ness of menstruation in general society it is not sending healthy messages about menstruation. Obviously telling females that this body function, which most of them can not avoid, makes them dirty and is something to be ashamed of is not good for wimmin's self esteem.

Most wimmin experience some sort of physical or emotional effects from her period. Some wimmin only experience the occasional back ache, cramp, or mood swing before or in the initial stages of bleeding, while other women suffer from menstrual pain to the point that it is necessary for them to take drugs

in order to continue working. Usual menstrual pain only lasts the first day or so, but that is one day a month that some women are just surviving because our society is not structured to consider menstruating women's needs.

It is time we tried to take our cycles into account in a positive sense. We need to think

about whether its a healthy notion society's encouraging to

swallow pain killers and keep going. Is it healthy that wimmin athletes change their whole menstrual pattern? Is training so hard that your period disappears just part of the way sport is? Wimmin have died of Toxic Shock Syndrome, is that the price paid for the convenience of tampons? Should wimmin be able to leak without suffering from embarrassment?

Menstruation is something that most of us are brought up to be embarrassed about. Its time for us to liberate ourselves - say no to plastic bags and walk down the street carrying a box of pads or tampons in plain view of all passers-by!

So many of us menstruate, why should we have to feel embarrassed about buying pads and tampons. You can say 'I need to go to the toilet,' but you can't say 'oh I need to go change my tampon.' It's such a natural body function but you can't express things to do with it as you could express other body functions that both sexes have.

"The onset of menstruation is not marked by public announcement but by privacy and concealment . . . the very privacy of the event and the avoidance of the subject of menstruation during child socialisation instruct young women in the 'rules of the game'⁴. Not being able to discuss menstruation means not being able to sort through what is happening and it means not being able to accept menstruation as a natural part of life. Not being able to discuss it with other women until she was older, one woman feels that she experiences "emotional agony . . . because I can't love that part of my body. It's really hard to because no one ever loved it. No one's helped me. That was just something that people didn't talk about"

Although wimmin do "learn to cope," having to oblige society by pretending that they do not menstruate is a burden that is unnecessarily placed on wimmin in today's society. If wimmin did not have to pretend so hard to be men, they could relax and deal openly with their menstrual

Say no to plastic bags, walk down the street carrying a box of pads or tampons in plain view

flows. Leaking would not be a crime, and wimmin would be able to have mood swings without being accused of being premenstrual.

Talking about menstruation is the only way to gain the kind of openness that prevents embarrassment from even being a consideration. If men see that wimmin are not embarrassed about menstruation, maybe it will cease to be an embarrassing topic for everyone. It is our body function; why should society tell us how to feel about it? Menstruation is an important part of wimmin's lives, and it is time to recognise it as such. Lets talk about and remember our connectedness to wimmin in all places and walks of life around the planet.

Wendy Telfer & the hard work by Tamara Basham

¹ Crawford, Patricia. (1983). *Exploring Women's Past: Essays in Social History*. Sisters Publishing.

² Treneman, Ann. (1988). "Cashing in on the Curse: Advertising and the Menstrual Taboo." *Spare Rib* no. 193.

³ Wagman, Tova I. (1988). "Menstruation and the Media." *Broadside: a Feminist Review*, Dec 87/Jan 88, vol. 9 no. 3.

⁴ Paige, Karen Erickson and Paige, Jeff M. (1981) *Politics of Reproductive Ritual*. University of California Press.

ECO-BLEEDING

Menstruating has become something of an environmental hazard. Pads and tampons (along with disposable nappies) are piling up in landfill to be inherited by future generations. They won't bio degrade quickly. They also find their way into our waterways - please never flush products down the loo. I guess tampons are smaller and aren't as wasteful as pads. Most have combinations of synthetic fibres (Rayon) and cotton.

So when buying try rewashable alternatives:

rad pads (make your own)

Use corduroy, cotton for the outside, and towelling in the middle. If you make the outside butterfly shaped you have rad pads with wings and can press stud them around your underwear.

sea sponges (available from chemists). Sea sponges are convenient if you are planning on having sexual intercourse whilst you are menstruating, as you are able to leave them in. However there are two points to remember: they must be sterilised before use, and be careful to remove them after use as they occasionally dislodge and are a little tricky to find, if this happens see your doctor immediately.

* If you do buy disposables try non chlorine bleached.

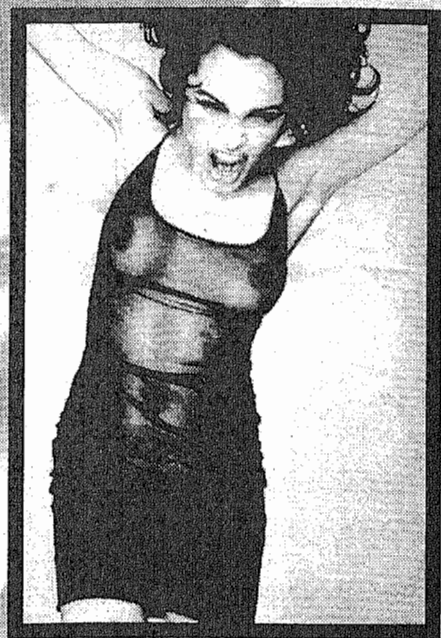
* Avoid those individually wrapped packets

* Choose to buy them in cardboard boxes rather than plastic and recycle!

* Buying locally reduces the energy used in transportation!

Wendy and Kylee

Vixen Talk



Don't assume you know me
Don't underestimate my capabilities
I'll stun you with my brilliance
Leave you feeling numb

Don't assume I'm waiting for you
Don't ask me out
I'll play games with your fumbings
Rip your arrogance to shreds

Don't patronise or talk down to me
Don't call me cute
I'll stun you with my viciousness
Violate you with my sex

Don't assume I'm looking at you
Don't flatter yourself I'm lusting for you
I'm looking at your girlfriend
Going to fuck with her tonight

Don't turn your back on me
Don't leave your heart out for me
I'll wreak havoc in your Springtime
And leave your feelings out to dry

Polly Jean

GOING DOWN WITH THE AUSC

Felicity's bit

When Keanu Reeves stood on a beach and said "You've gotta go down" to Patrick Swayze in that apocalyptic film *Point Break*, he was actually expressing his subconscious desire to take Patty scuba diving.

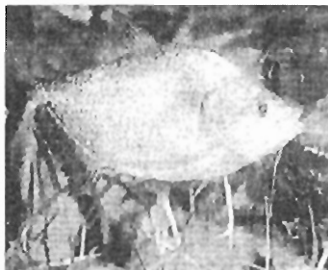
Adelaide University has an entire club devoted to going down, and this is the AU Skin Diving Clubs trip to Coobowie (Yorke Peninsula) over the Adelaide Cup long weekend saw the descent of many a diver into the deep blue.

Have you ever driven somewhere in a fridge? I have. Late Friday night about 20 AU divers, 2 boats, and an air-compressing machine made their way down to the Coobowie Research Station on the Yorke Peninsula. A word of advice: Do not travel in a car with no heating and it's own ventilation system in the form of holes in the dash.

We survived by rugging up in army blankets, but by the time we reached Pt Wakefield it was decided that the planned night-dive was definitely OFF for the 3 members in the fridge-mobile. Upon arriving at the Research Station we found that some hardcore divers had attempted such a feat. Stories of an octopus, a school of squid and Seahorse sightings seemed to filter through our ears as we defrosted by the fire and enjoyed a glass or two of port.

Saturday, however, was a different story. Just off Suicide Beach is a shipwreck in 20m of water named the S.S. Clan Ranald

which marks the final resting place of some of its' passengers and crew, after a storm many years ago. After a challenging experience of loading 2 boats in the surf, a few dropped items of gear and a number of near drownings (!), we made it out to the dive site. The Clan Ranald made it a fantastic dive, with many parts of the wreck still intact, and an abundance of marine life. Back on the boat, divers talked of being chased by cuttlefish, and tried to describe fish no-one knew the names of (the famous Lesser



Brown Spotted Fish maybe?)

Some divers contemplated taking up surfing at the thought of having to reload the boats again for the afternoon dive. However, one boat-load got motivated and dived Troughbridge Point. The seaweed featured pretty well in this dive, as did a strong current. Still, some interesting fish made appearances, and dive buddies found ways of amusing themselves (ie. losing each other only to reunite at the surface).

After much welcomed hot showers (spending a whole day in a wetsuit does produce a craving for something dry!) the club descended on the Coobowie pub. A

great meal was served, and surprisingly everyone opted to walk back instead of driving. Back at the station we discovered that the designated key-minder was missing. After much contemplation of the stars and a search of the Coobowie playground she was recovered, and we settled down by the fire for night-caps.

Ellie's bit

Next morning we stumbled out into a windy day, and a day of shore-diving was planned to avoid wrestling with more waves.

The first place on the itinerary was the Pt Giles jetty, one of the longest jetties in the state. This dive is renowned for the long walk to the end of the ladder that is apparently only recommended for divers with a death-wish or those borrowing other people's gear who are brave enough to do a stride entry. Despite feelings of trepidation and determining not to look up to see how far away the end of the jetty really was, we began walking, in full dive gear. With all the dreaded anticipation, the walk was no big deal, and the ladder was laughingly easy. The dive itself made up for the discomfort. A big storm a couple of years ago damaged the end of the jetty, creating lots of wreckage that has become a shelter for all kinds of marine life. Fish (and fishing lines) abound, not to mention soft corals and other invertebrate, including star-fish, tunicates and scallops. Visibility

(continued over)

SKIN DIVING ... MMM

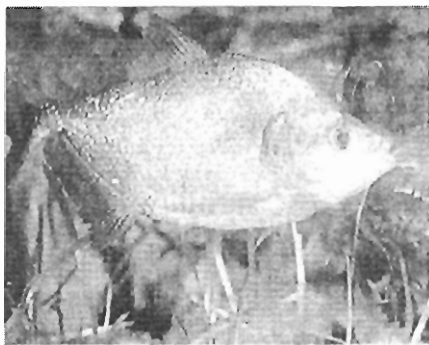
was good, and at 13m there was very little current or wave action (surge). All this combined to make an excellent dive.

After returning to the Station for lunch, the afternoon's activities were planned. Some people went for a walk, while others went to Edithburgh to get wet again. After much debate, it was decided that some people would just do the jetty, while another group would do the drift, and then possibly the jetty. I was in the latter group, and despite problems with my mask I had a good dive. The advantage of the drift dive is that very little swimming is needed to propel you along, creating a very relaxing dive. No seahorses were seen, which was a bit of a disappointment, but there were other fish, a cuttlefish and crabs to keep us entertained.

That night after dinner some intrepid divers went night-diving, and despite many torch failures and at least one incidence of buddy-loss a good dive was had. An often repeated comment was that "At least it wasn't as cold as last night". Not feeling inclined to drag on my cold wetsuit once again, I was amongst the group of divers who stayed back and enjoyed some of competitive card games with a warm fire and a cold beer...

Monday morning began well with a unanimous sleep-in, followed by volunteers to be on the first wave of diving or in the

clean-up crew. Quite surprisingly there were a number of wonderful people who happily stayed back to clean up while the rest of us went to launch the boats. At Port Victoria there are a number of wrecks in the shallow water between the mainland and the islands. On one of the islands is a seal colony, and it was planned that following an investigation of the Songvarr wreck we would do



**IF YOU WERE SKIN DIVING,
YOU MAY RUN INTO ONE
OR TWO OF THESE...**

some swimming with the seals, who are known to be very friendly provided they are kept entertained. Arriving at Port Victoria sighs of pleasure were heard over the glassy, sunny conditions. The first boat was launched with a minimum of fuss (despite a minor incident in the carpark involving polite hints on better places to park and watch the activities than on the boat itself) and the first lot of divers were waved off. The Songvarr sank after an embarrassing and unfortunate incident of sitting on her

anchor when the tide went out and puncturing a hole in the hull. The ship was later destroyed for being a boating hazard, creating a great attraction for many fish. Despite beginning to shiver before I even got into the water, I had an excellent dive. I was entertained by the antics of the inevitable, territorial cuttlefish, saw a school of strong-fish that made me feel out of place, and a myriad of other fish that I couldn't even attempt to name. Visibility was excellent, although the temperature could have been improved. Following this dive we drove out to the seal colony. Disappointingly, only 2 seals were seen, and neither of these were in the water. After one person suggested a possible reason as to why there was no activity in the water (involving fins and teeth and a preference for both seals and divers for lunch) no-one seemed

too keen on having a snorkel to find some seals. So instead we cruised back to Pt Victoria and let the next lot of divers have their turn. Following a sunbathe in the carpark and being favoured with the inevitable, slow-driving panel-van containing the local talent behind the tinted windows, we packed up and began the trek back to Adelaide.

Such an excellent weekend can only be summed up by applying Keanu's comment to the rest of the world, and telling everyone we know "You gotta go down!"

RECLAIM THE NIGHT!

Reclaim

Reclaim The Night is an annual march organised by and consisting of women who demand an end to rape and violence against women.

In Adelaide, the march has been an institution for many years, and has come to acquire a range of meanings for the women who participate. Many are sexual assault or violence survivors who find that being on the streets with thousands of other women is an empowering and healing experience. Others see the march as a protest, an expression of outrage and sorrow at violence perpetrated against sisters and friends.

Probably one of the universal reasons for which women attend and enjoy the march is the opportunity to spend a (hopefully) balmy spring evening storming the late night shopping-streets of Adelaide equipped with a couple of thousand friends and some noisemaking implements. There's usually some dancers and singers and lots of banners along the way, so the procession is always a colourful one. The march is a national event, held in most major Australian cities on the same night.

Reclaim the Night is organised by a volunteer collective of women who coordinate details such as council approval, childcare and the promotion of the event. Publicity usually describes the march as for women only; this is the result of a tacit understanding that has grown up over the years. Obviously it does not mean that women are not interested in the support of concerned men, nor does it mean that we do not recognise the primary role of men in reducing the rate of violence

against women. The march is for women only simply because we feel it's important to make a statement by ourselves. Men who wish to support the march are more than welcome to do so from the side of the streets as we go by; alternatively, groups like Men Against Sexual Assault may be helpful.

This year, the planning collective has decided on a new route for the march. Instead of, as in previous years, marching from Victoria Square to Parliament House via Grenfell and Pulteney streets, we will terminate the march this year in Elder Park, where entertainment and speeches will centre around the Rotunda. At this stage, it looks as though we will be able to provide fireworks as well, and it is hoped that many women will take the opportunity to stick around after the march and relax on the lawns, rather than having to clear the steps of Parliament House once the march is over.

The date set nationally for the march is October 25th, which is just under two months away. The collective will be meeting again on the 12th and the 26th of September; if you'd like to attend or make suggestions about themes, entertainment or speakers for the march, please feel welcome to telephone

Jodie for more information on 351 7937. This is also the number to call if you would like to attend the march but have some concerns about childcare (the collective is organising FREE childcare up to midnight) or mobility etc.

Closer to the march you'll begin to see posters around the place which will confirm the details of the march, which are as follows:- we will meet at Victoria Square at 6:30 pm on the evening of Friday, October 25th, and the march will leave at 7pm. There will be no speeches or other carry-on at the Square; all that will take place at Elder Park at about 8:30 along with bands, dancers and a display from our very own pyrotechnics team.

We hope to provide a minibus, as in previous years, for any women who are unable to travel the distance - please, again, phone Jodie if you think you'll be affected.

The tradition on the march is to wear purple and green, and bring as much noisy stuff as you can carry - whistles, pots and pans, kids etc. See you there!

THE 1996 RECLAIM THE NIGHT COLLECTIVE.

The Curdimurka Outback Ball

Saturday October 12, 1996

This gala night attracts thousands from all parts of Australia including politicians and everyday, fair dinkum Australians who dress up to the hilt, dance and enjoy to their hearts content.

\$130 per person

coach travel

entry to the ball

breakfast on Sunday morning

BUSWAY TRAVEL SERVICE

08 262 6900

Ode to Sappho

Thunder drum
 Thunderbolted,
 thunderbelted
 by forked lightning
 the oral oracle creams
 the thunderbird sun screams
 divine deja-vus
 the muse fuse
 liebestod - love in death
 I hear your acoustic dream
 an electric seismic
 ripping like a swordfish
 radiating radium bladed
 radioactive radar soul
 the boomerang bird always
 returns';
 infinity's affinity's synchronicity
 the towers inferno bowers
 flowered bridges shower
 we ride a seahorse fist
 through moon lagoon eyes
 orgasm an exorcism
 floating on your phalange
 puffing smoke fur hair
 the tinged singed pink skin rings
 in bells of bubble beads,
 the athletic aesthetic sings
 florescent and effervescent
 phosphorescent fire eyes
 the naked truth taboo
 the eruption of your erudition
 in cryptic anagrams epigram
 rising like the lyrics of the sea
 holding the galloping horses
 foaming manes raving waves
 riding the skies sucking clouds
 in a ballet of purring birds

the pre-raphelite rhapsody moans
 under the electronic rain
 sinking into your mushroom skin
 with breasts like loaves of bread
 the sky is a desert
 in the flames of the sunset
 streaking like tangerine fingers
 I hold your clock like eyes
 the palate knife rips the canvas
 for another world behind the
 scenes -
 I have destroyed worlds beyond
 worlds
 to create my own, Sappho,
 my heart the wheel of fortune
 in venereal ethereal surreal
 in the visage of lights viscous air
 the colour of a smoked oyster
 like a silver ship of light
 Schezarazadhe of the chiaroscuro
 pure obscure and true
 the constellations of stars
 hear my electric eclectic elocution
 catapulted from the cataracts of
 cataleptic catacombs
 in cathartic catalysts elysium
 the transgression's confession
 unreels
 our love a cement cloud
 the truth never ever forgets
 through conjectures conjunction
 puncture
 punctuated simile smile -
 the final orgasmic countdown -
 why would I lie to you
 in the emulsion of the
 emulsion,

I hear the dark dissension's debate
 playing harpstrings of your heart,
 the musical chords of your skin
 chime
 all tissues slide, glide like bubbles
 the singing skin zings and zangs
 with the fangs of our fingers
 riding the clenched cleft key of
 music
 waterfalls of notes sparkle
 vertigo
 like fountains of spirits gold stars
 in love's infusions transfusions
 unravelled in savage ravages
 violet violence neo haze,
 this holocaust, this apocalypse
 nuclear energy soul-ar power
 Pluto's plutonium radiating rage
 radio antennas steeple choirs
 wuthering clouds shudder and
 collide
 smashing the galactic vernacular
 the truth groans death moans
 in vibrant vibrations of the
 flesheaters
 somersaulting through the air,
 atomic molecules collide side
 rolling like rocks and stones
 in the electromagnetism of ether



music the sound of the spirit
 massacring our mirror minds
 in the blood bath of our souls
 the dream awakening
 the dream disappearing
 the reality appears
 precarious and vicarious
 voracious, rapacious, salacious
 in the ideology of idolatry,
 the confibulations confabulation,
 I hear you now in purgatory
 breaking gravity's air
 the crushed stars hammered in
 snowing carpets of black bullets
 in out Russian Roulette
 as the truth lies and denies
 in the jealousy and zealously,
 eros and thanatos
 in our spa bath of liquid fluid;
 this is life and life only,
 death has no opinion
 overwrought and sought
 in love's convulsive convolutions;
 the transmogrification of the soul
 in an iron fist in a velvet glove -
 the pulse's pulsating pulstar
 rages.

Julie Thompson

spunky wimmin

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY
WOMEN'S COMMUNITY.

WHY WEIGHT WEEK

With all the government attacks on education, much of the energy of the women's community has gone into rallies, petitions and making a lot of angry noise about the whole scenario. Nonetheless there are still many campus based things going on. Here is a run down of events for the final half of the year.

WOMEN'S SELF DEFENCE

I cannot possibly emphasise enough, the importance of attending a self defence class such as this. The feeling of empowerment that I personally gained was immense. If you can possibly attend I would strongly recommend that you do!

Classes are:

Thursday Lunchtime 12-2pm. Union Games room, Level 5, Union House.



The cost is only \$4.00 per class. Come along and wear comfy clothing!

THE WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE

The AU women's collective is a forum for political discussion and activism surrounding issues that affect women at AU, it is a social group that organises women friendly events, and it is very much open to any women that want to attend.

The Women's collective meets every Monday at 1pm in the women's room. Put your name on the mailing list to receive regular updates on events and issues. Coming up soon is a workshop on collective membership, collective processes and what it means to be a member of a collective. This will be followed by dinner, woohoo!

FEM X

Fem X (a play on generation x, as if you didn't realise) is the women's policy writing conference of the National Union of Students. Happening the 6th and 7th September at Melbourne University. The conference includes workshops and plenaries including for example 'Women, work, education and activism, Women and technology and struggles in East Timor. Speakers include: Jocelyn Scutt, Deb Hanuschak and Annie Delaney.

Registration is \$25 (conc). Forms are available from the SAUA office.

A **Body Image** and eating disorders awareness week initiated and organised (in Adelaide) by the Eastern Community Health Service. The aims of the week are to increase public awareness of the dangers of dieting, to challenge societal attitudes surrounding body image and the portrayal of women in the media, and to promote healthy eating patterns.¹

The dates of the week are yet to be set for Adelaide University Campus, but events will include a healthy eating food fair in the cloisters and a **Body Image** campaign workshop. If you would like to be involved in the organisation and preparation of the week please feel free to call Kylee in the SAUA.

COMPUTER LITERACY COURSE FOR WOMEN.

Happening in the September holidays and includes basic computer skills and an introduction to word processing in Word. Details will be released as soon as they are finalised keep your eye on On Dit.

Kylee Smith
SAUA Women's Officer.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON ANY OF THE ABOVE EVENTS PLEASE CONTACT KYLEE SMITH IN THE STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION OFFICE, OR PHONE 303-5406.

¹ Eastern Community Health Service Why Weight mailout, August 1996.

it takes two baby

Comment

feminism and other progressive movements

Feminism is about more than just wimmin. It is about a change in the way society functions and about new ways of running the world. There is little to gain by making wimmin and men equal if we still encourage some wimmin to oppress other wimmin through things such as an economy obsessed with profits, racism or homophobia. If we are to achieve change in society which truly stops oppression, then feminists getting involved in issues and campaigns which are not exclusively about wimmin, and making links between these movements and feminism, is vital.

Using a feminist analysis with other issues is not only vital for other movements but it is also greatly beneficial for the feminist movement itself. The inclusion of articles in this year's *Elle Dit* on industrial relations, higher education budget cuts, queer theory and environmentalism all show how these issues impact on wimmin. This not only sheds new light on the experience of wimmin, but also gives an alternative perspective for analysing the issue as a whole. For the

wimmin's movement an understanding and acceptance of these issues make us more understanding of other forms of oppression.

In the example of higher education there must be a feminist movement within the education movement and visa versa. We are not necessarily solving many problems if wimmin and men both have the same opportunities to education but if we still discriminate on the basis of wealth. Likewise the problems will not be solved by making education completely free and not doing something about the sexism

wimmin experience, both at university and before hand, which discourage them from studying or from studying subjects that wimmin have not traditionally studied.

My point is that feminists must get involved in other issues. Not only is it important that the specific experience of wimmin within other movements be addressed, but it is also vital that feminists acknowledge other forms of oppression and incorporate ways of ending them in their own feminist perspective.

Libby King

Women and HECS The Case of Engineering

Engineering is not one of the most popular courses for women as it is, and with the new HECS system introduced by the Minister for Education Amanda Vanstone and the Liberal Government it will become even less popular. The increases of engineering HECS fees of more than 90% will result in a four year course which will leave a graduate with a debt of \$19,250. That is especially discouraging for women who take longer to pay back the debt to the government because women are more likely to be paid less in the work force, still have domestic duties and may also have child care duties. One in four women will still be paying off their HECS debt at the age of 65 as compared to one in twenty-five men. The overall increases and changing current HECS into a differential system will deter women from entering into non-traditional areas of study such as engineering, medicine and dentistry. This is disappointing as the engineering profession can help to take the Australian economy into an economic shift from primary production to resources with added value.

Olivia Nassaris

Black (AND cold) (NOW)
 THE EMBERS OF OUR LOVE
 CHARRED, THE ASHES OF MY SOUL

No PHOENIX FROM THOSE ASHES
 WILL EVER RISE
 FOR YOURS IS
 THE SHADOW ECLIPSING MY HEART.

JOANNE BROOK ENGLAND

Bitterness
 envelops my heart

It's barbed wire mesh
 engulfing my soul.

Chained
 my love - a prisoner

Enslaved
 forever
 In a darkened cell

(For) Never
 will I allow
 it's tenderness
 to escape my heart.

No pardon
 shall my love receive
 (For) that might lead it
 to the light of day
 (to) its resting place

By your side - once more

Joanne Brook England



S.O.S.

I do not exist.
I am a nobody,
A nobody with a name,
A nobody with a face,
but I do not exist.

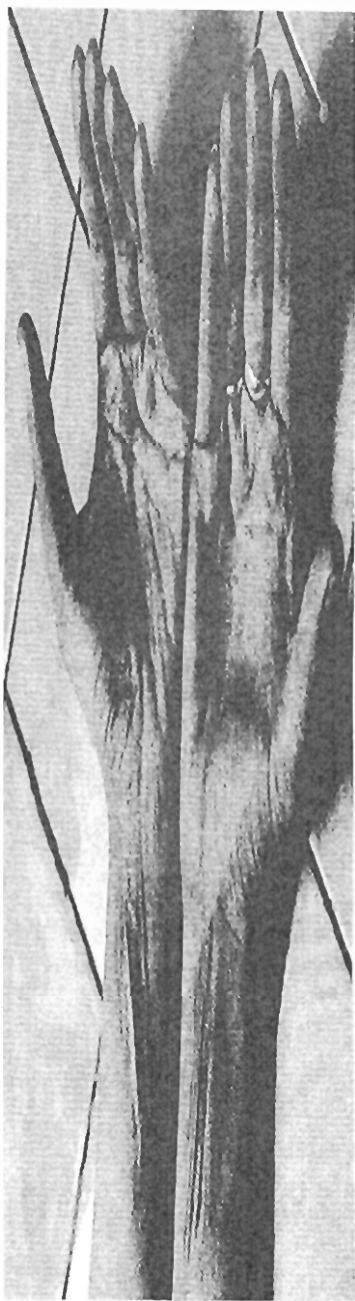
You walk through me,
I am standing here,
This is my spot,
but you don't see me,
or hear my scream.

I grab the knife
I feel the pain
It helps.
I wipe away the blood
and cover it up.

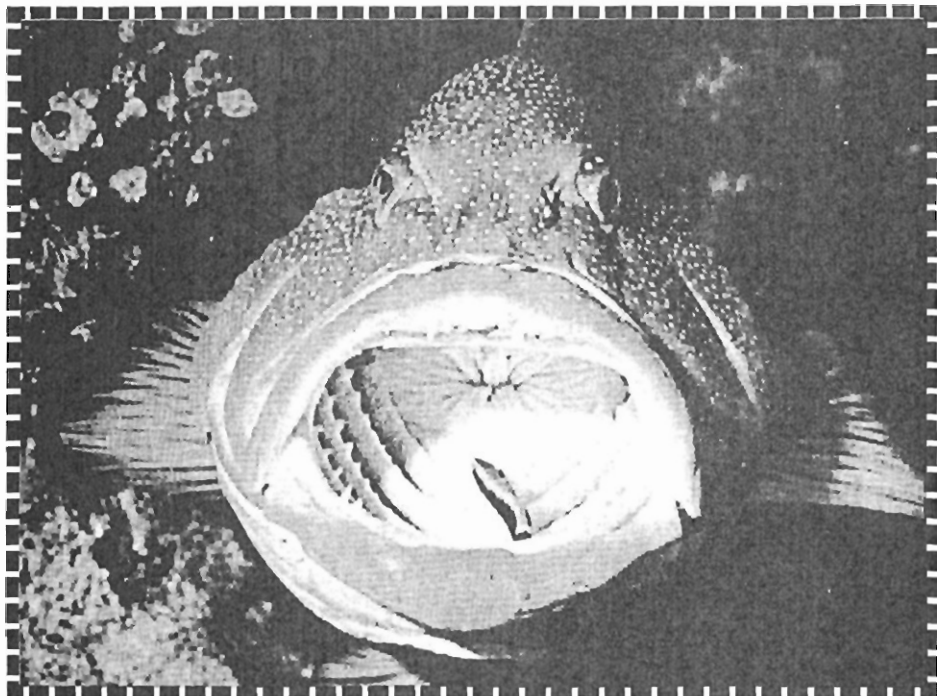
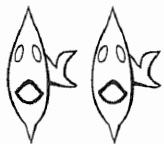
I scream in blood,
Band-aids on my wrist
You don't see me
You don't care
It's almost too late,

I'm gone forever.

N.P.P.



Creative



fish =





★ ★ ★
SHOWTIME SPECIALS

BURGER & SHAKE WEEK

**ALL
BURGERS**

\$ 5

Thai Chicken, Beef, Steak
or Vege.

ADD \$1.50 for MILK SHAKE
Your choice of flavour

**EQUINOX
LEVEL 4.**

**DIPPY DOGS
PLUS A CAN
OF DRINK \$ 2.50**
at the MAYO



UNION BUILDING

it's your place

