

K To dance is to live. Isadora Duncan

E Gay people have a responsibility to sabotage seriousness.

L All true desires must become reality. What else is revolution?

W The world is a wedding. -T. S. Eliot
The world is a pun. -Tristan Tzara

L We're painting our faces and dressing in thoughts from the sky. -David Bowie

R Instead of repressing our fantasies, we will live our dreams, and dream our lives, asserting our illusions until we have made pleasure and reality truly one again.

R Let all the children boogie. David Bowie

P "I'm never sure," said Alice, "what I'm going to be from one minute to another."

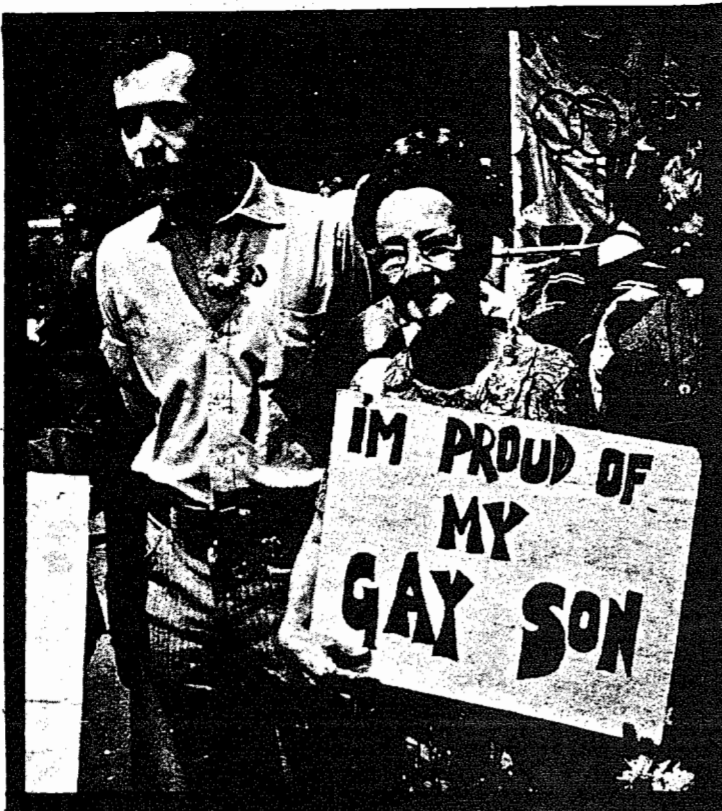
A Our being is becoming, not stasis. Our science is Utopia. Our reality is Eros. Our desire is revolution. -Norman O. Brown

A Wisdom is in wit, in foiling, most excellent fooling; in play, & not in heavy puritanical seriousness. -Norman O. Brown

F Our being is becoming, not stasis. Our science is Utopia. Our reality is Eros. Our desire is revolution. -Norman O. Brown

A The struggle which is not joyous is the wrong struggle. -Germaine Greer

C I don't ever want to be a man. I want always to be a little boy and to have fun. -Peter Pan



The 8th of September saw the commencement amongst lesbian and homosexual men across the nation, of a week of celebration. Celebration of our growing pride in our sexual identity and of our refusal to be inhibited in the derision, discrimination and violence used against us by straight society. For that week we will be demonstrating, having street theatre, forums, a dance, and a press conference, to make Adelaide conscious that homosexuals are no longer willing to politely remain invisible.

By coming on the streets we may reach those of us who are too frightened to "come out", we may show them that they have brothers and sisters who have suffered just as they have but who are now finding strength in each other to fight prejudice.

One of our greatest enemies is of course, small "I" liberalism; common within the university. It is there that we repeatedly face the argument: "I don't care what they do! It makes no difference to me. No one I know is prejudiced against them. I don't wear a badge saying I'm heterosexual, why wear one saying you're gay" etc.

Of course for some of us it would be a lot simpler to disappear in the amorphous sexuality of the campus; except that it perpetuates the elitist "ivory tower" concept of university culture. It not only ignores our gay brothers and sisters suffering in a society defined and ruled by straights, but forced us into a kind of psychological ghetto. (If all your freaks are on campus, then society is safe.) Clearly if we are in a university society where our sexuality is reasonably tolerated, then we should use our privileged position to advantage. We have nothing to lose.

For Gay Pride Week, however, we are asking not only gays to come out, but we're asking also the support of every heterosexual. Specifically we would like to see straights at our demonstration through the city, commencing 10.00 a.m. on Saturday 15th Sept.

What's in it for straights? We'd like to believe in your altruism. We'd like to think you care about those who are forced to hide not only their sexual nature but also all the emotions and responses that make up the human personality. However, our oppression is yours too. We do not want merely your concern in our cause, but the recognition that you are being oppressed for the same reasons. And by submitting to that oppression you increase the pressure of an already intolerable situation for us. The same system that oppresses us perpetuates that whole "girls wear pink, boys wear blue" syndrome that permeates the depths of our social thinking, and our view of ourselves. From the earliest age we're taught that aggressiveness and strength are innate qualities of the male, and passivity and obedience are innate to the female. Their is no greater insult to a man than to be regarded as effeminate not to a woman is there in being called mannish or "butch". Given such taboos in childhood and adolescence, adult life reflects them even in the most "liberated" of environments. By supporting our demonstration, therefore, heterosexuals are showing that they oppose such stereotyping, and are ready to liberate themselves from the kind of social taboos which prevent them from openly showing affection to members of their own sex. Your presence will not only provide strength for those homosexuals who feel the constant tension that coming out in public involves, but it will demonstrate your pride in overcoming repressive sex-roles.

Phillip Stevenson.

I'M A LESBIAN

I am a lesbian because I cannot relate to most men meaningfully because of the assumptions they have about my "essence" or "nature" as a female. These assumptions are associated with concepts of femininity and motherhood. I find them extremely limiting, to say the least, because they imply that I must act and respond in particular ways which may or may not be ME. They also imply that I must accept a position of subservience within a relationship. A heterosexual couple relationship is, for me, the height of non-being, because it means I am being defined by everyone around me, in terms of that relationship, and specifically, as female member of the couple. Even if within the relationship, sex-role differentiation may be overcome to a certain extent, this can only be achieved after many months of thought and mutual criticism, because we are all so constantly plied with the social expectations intrinsic in sex class.

By now, you have probably dismissed me as a man-hating butch, radical feminist lesbian, because that is probably how I would measure up when compared with the norms of our society. The prevailing social reality and common sense label me as some sexually hung-up, penis-hungry, power-hungry, unattractive, undesirable, nasty sort of pervert, who hates the whole world, and wishes she was a male.

In actual fact, I just cannot force myself to live with the violence implicit in "normal" heterosexual relationships as a result of sex-role definition. Nor can I negate myself by moulding myself around the image that is expected of me because I am a woman. Instead I have found, in relating to women, an alternative that is both acceptable to me, and far more desirable than relating closely to men, because there are common bases of understanding on which to build as a result of our mutual oppression as women in this society. Of course there are limitations associated with homosexual couple relationships, and I don't wish to underemphasize them. But there is more of a chance that they can be successfully tackled, because the situation is such that you can, to a certain extent at least, define your position in it for yourself.

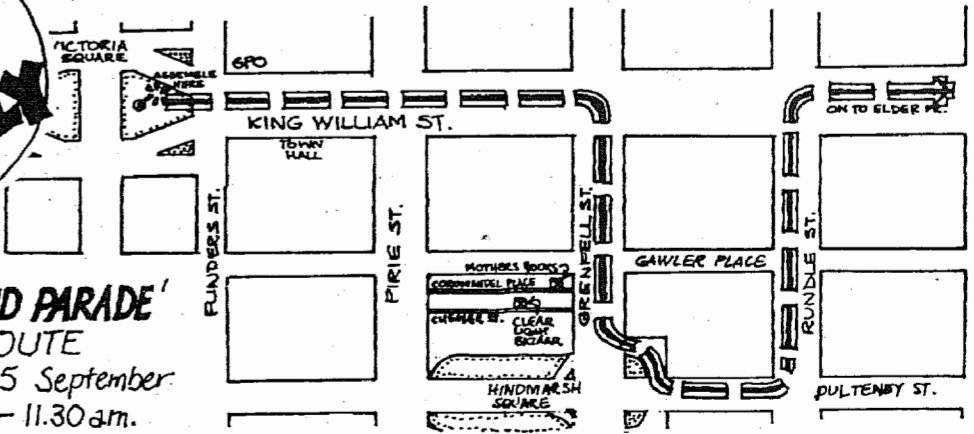
I have loved many women in my life, but never admitted it to myself until recently, because it wasn't within the realm of possibility defined by the social modes that I knew. In other words, I actually disregarded half the people around me as potential worthwhile friends, due to the biological fact of their sex, simply because of social custom. I find that incredible to believe now!! I find it even more incredible to think that other people discriminate against and shit on homosexuals simply because they relate to people of their own sex.



- Thursday: 1 p.m. FORUM. North Dining Room
 - Friday: 8 p.m. GAY PRIDE PARTY. Women's Centre, Bloor House, Bloor Court, City (off Currie St.) Bring your own Brown Paper Bag.
 - Saturday: 10 a.m. PROUD PARADE. Meet Victoria Square and march to Elder Park for PROUD SPEAKOUT & PICNIC-FAIR.
 - Sunday: Church leafletting and recovering.
- Contact points:
88 Hill St., North Adelaide or phone 44-6260

LESBIANS ARE LOVELY

'PROUD PARADE' ROUTE
SAT. 15 September
10. - 11.30 a.m.



GAY PRIDE WEEK



As far as I can see, after more than two years as an affirmed homosexual male, the worst thing about being gay is adjusting to, and accepting one's own sexuality. I can't remember the exact time I realised I was gay ... it's impossible to pin it down to a day, a month, or even a year. For I can remember the usual juvenile, and pre-adolescent back-of-the-classroom fumbblings, and more than the occasional fantasy or wet-dream night involving males that I knew or admired. Not that I ever had a real hero at school, or even a close friend (male) to whom I was physically attracted. But the other guys ... generally of a lower intellectual standing, from a rougher and less-educated background ... well, they were a different thing. But I had no actual physical involvement after puberty with men; in fact, I managed to quash my desires, and convert them into female fantasies, during my high school and university days. For wasn't this the way things were meant to happen? There was no name, for me, to put to the feelings that I had for other men. And masturbation (I didn't even know it was called that in those days) was not something you talked about with anyone, and the so-called "filthy pictures" under my bed were kept hidden, and remained that way all through school. I remember the "sexiest" book I ever read (at the time) was Harold Robbins' *The Carpetbaggers* ... and I earmarked all the right pages, and was terrified lest my mother, when making the bed and doing all the other "feminine" things that stereotyped mothers do, would find it, and confront me with the knowledge that, at 12, I was reading dirty books!

There was probably a lot of literature on homosexuality around at the time ... but I never knew of it, saw it, or knew anyone that had. So I grew up like the proverbial mushroom, in the dark, and fed on shit that I found in all the "How to" hetero-sex manuals, (again, like "The Carpetbaggers" pinched from my brother).

Looking back on those days, right up through University, I know now there were many guys at my school, and in the Uni Theatre Company (with which I was very actively associated) that were homosexually-orientated. Yet still (and remember, this is only six or seven years ago) the only knowledge of their sexuality that I had was gleaned from others who called them, in the main, queers and fairies, poofers and faggots, as putdowns. And I remember that most of them were tizzy queens, who minced around the campus and the classrooms, referring to themselves as "she" and "her" and "princess" and going through the Tallulah Bankhead/Judy Garland/Mae West idolatry.

And I remember being quite freaked by the whole deal. I mean, here were guys actually living out the fantasies that occupied a good deal of my time, by this stage, although I didn't realise it then ... yet I could never identify with them, or their flouncing "queenie" ways. Naturally, I thought, these people aren't ME ... and I'm obviously not a poofster, because I don't behave that way. Even the so-called "High Camp" social scene was not for me. And I found more enjoyment watching the real party orgies (and I use the term advisedly) that went on after the show each night.

So I spent more and more time convincing my sub-conscious that I was as straight as the next guy. And I moved into a flat with a woman I'd met at Uni, the same age as me, for convenience sake, more than anything else, and because she was a pretty wonderful woman.

Emotions have always run away from me ... and I, either really or imaginarily, saw myself, day after day, falling more and more in love with her. It seemed a bloody good idea at the time to get married. After all, that would increase her studentship allowance, cut down on a few more costs, and give us both, I think, the status we were lacking as singles. (How my thinking has changed since those naive, incredible days!)

Not only was I the proverbial mushroom, I was also the proverbial prude. And we never did anything but kiss and hug and hold hands before we were married. I never even had an erection in her presence, or these daring and intimate moments, but never realised that maybe sexually something was lacking.

Oh, that wondrous day of that wondrous white and happy

tear-filled wedding! All the happy, emotional vows that we made at the altar, the signing of the register, the whole social bit! And then ... it was empty, the whole thing was over, and my wife and I were supposed to set sail on our honeymoon, for that terribly fantastic wedding night. I realised that I'd never even given the sexual side of marriage much thought at all, all the talks about marriage that we'd had concerned the lead-up to, and the actual wedding itself. What in hell was I supposed to do? I remember thanking all the powers-that-be that, during my adolescence, I'd jerked off after reading the more titillating parts of the "How to fuck" books.

Ah, disaster, disaster, disaster! I couldn't "perform". And the shame of it all afterwards, this complete blow to the male ego, that I just couldn't get it up on my wedding night! My wife understood ... put it down to virginal nerves, said all the right things, we'd try it again, never mind, etc. And we tried ... lord, how we tried, night after tear-filled night ... and still nothing, only a half-hearted attempt at flaccid penetration and mutual masturbation.

Eventually, we had to face up to reality. I was impotent with her, and we should do something about it. We went to all the right doctors, who recommended all the right psychiatrists, and along we traipsed, week after week, frustrated and ashamed, and still no-one mentioned the word homosexuality. Eventually, we decided to separate ... and my wife, after a few weeks, found another man, other men, who could do all the right things ... and she was quite happy to have "adultery" cited as a reason for our subsequent divorce. Which, at the time, I was more than grateful for ... we could have had the whole thing annulled, on the grounds that the marriage was never consummated. But back in those days, I would have literally been ashamed to death, to know that others knew about my "problem". And still I thought I was heterosexual ... but impotent, until something could be done.

I left University soon after the divorce, and went to work in my home town. I worked odd hours ... midnight six nights a week, with Sunday night off. No social life, to speak of, which gave me a more-than-adequate excuse of not going out with women. I saw a great deal of another young man who worked with me ... he worked at the other end of the day, from 5.30 in the morning six mornings a week, and we'd drink, and talk, between shifts. Not unnaturally, we became very close. And we talked about all the things that I'd never talked about with anyone except my wife ... and he mentioned that he'd had several affairs with men, who were homosexual, although, even as a

virgin, he wasn't homosexual himself. I can't really remember how it happened, but we were in bed one night, and for the first time in my life, I was able to perform in the right and loving way ... and had real sex for the first time. I was terribly ashamed about the whole deal. The morning after was pretty horrible. We didn't speak to one another except about the weather; and we at first avoided each other in the corridors, but the essential trust of the past was still there, and we talked about it the next week, and eventually realised that, if we loved each other the way we did ... as brothers, I remember we defined it ... then anything we did was all right, even though we could still be gaoled for it. And we both told each other we were heterosexual, that one day we'd get married, one day we'd have children, and one day we'd be all terribly normal. I still thought, I suppose, that I'd be able to have it off with women one day ... and still, we didn't mention homosexuality in relation to ourselves.

Well, one day I was called to the manager's office, and dismissed on the spot because, somehow, he'd guessed, or realised that I was fucking another male member of staff. I moved away from the city, and went to another state, while my lover did the same. We wrote and rang each other often, telling each other about the women we were going out with, the things we were doing to them, and being all terribly terribly butch about the whole deal.

But I was attracted only to other men in my crowd, and some of them were very blatant homosexual men. I even went to bed with one for days at a time, over a period of six or seven weeks. But I couldn't really accept that I was gay ... it was all a passing phase, and I curtailed the relationship, because people were beginning to think of me as a homosexual too, and I couldn't cope with the guilt and the fear.

So I came to Adelaide about two years ago, and my lover of former years did too. The first night, we slept together, all good resolutions out the window. We told each other how much we loved each other, and how marvellous our life together was going to be, as long as no-one found out. And sometime around this period of my life, I think we both woke up to the fact that we weren't talking about camps as "them" ... we were talking about "us". And suddenly discovered too, that there wasn't any horror or shame or disgust or fear of retribution or wrath. I was bloody proud of him, his mind, his thoughts, his body, his everything, and I was ready, if necessary, to proclaim this to the world. The only hassle I felt then was the camp scene ... and I'm still unable to cope with that. Love for me, for us, was not a series of one-night stands and pick-ups, of gay bars and dances, of sex-objects and self-imposed oppression, with the scene itself.

So, I was still very much alone. When we broke up, through my power-complex and desire to dominate his life, to the exclusion of all his friends, I had only straight people to help me sort out my problems. And not unnaturally, they got sick of picking me up off my blood-stained floor, and nursing me back to normality over a period of time. So six months I spent in agonised horror and self-pity, no friends, no sex-life, no goals, no ambitions.

But GAA came along ... I don't mean this as an almighty plug for them ... but the women and men in that scene were ME, they were MY KIND of people, they thought with their heads as well as their cunts or pricks. And for the first time ever, I was able to accept my own particular life-style, because I knew others lived it, lived it with pride and love, and no hang-ups. Oh, I still have problems after emotional problem ... the first time I had "indiscriminate" sex with a young man I'd known for only three hours, and had to ask his surname after the act, I felt rather strange ... is this all happening to me? But through a c.r. group, and through friends (real, true friends) in the gay world, I was able to rationalise that to my own feelings ... and not be ashamed. For the greatest feeling about "coming out" is the feeling of togetherness. That there are others around who think and act the same way you do. And they don't condemn, preach, or pity. They understand. Through the gay understanding, all things are becoming possible, and I'm a "happy homosexual" if there must be a word for it. I'm in love with the concept of gay, and of gay liberation ... I'm consequently in love with the world.



This is a super special ON DIT Broadcast, believe it or not. It was produced especially for GAY PRIDE WEEK & others. There'll be a full edition next week with all the regular boring features. Phil Stevenson, Dianne, Jon, Bill, Jill & G.A.A. helped a lot; Rex Matthews (Majors Dept) didn't, but hello! all the same; Mary Venner went baby-sitting but still did a lot of good things; Andy McHugh & ET press printed it; Paul Aech wept!

FAARC

(Fantastic Animal Acts Round Campus)

The 1973 Annual Faarcing match between Science and Engineering is to

be held on Wednesday 12th of September on the Barr Smith Lawns. The match will consist of a pie eat, a coke scull and a couple of minor obstacles followed by 'desert'; a 'can' of peaches. The six men teams will compete in relay for the Faarcall award and one dozen bottles of amber fluid.

TODAY 1-10pm LAWNS

LATE NOTICE ABOUT SPECIAL MEETING OF FRESHERS CAMPS.

A long meeting to discuss & decide on formats for 1974 camps; a number of styles of camps have been suggested as alternatives to previous years. These proposals are to be discussed & any new ideas are welcome. If you were a senior or fresher or want to participate in 1974 come & say what you think. **WED. 12 SEPT. 7:00pm Meeting Rm 1.** A series of meetings are being held on Thursdays at lunchtime in meeting room 1 (behind the Games room)

If you would like to take part (in any way) in helping the 1974 camps be better than the 1973 camps ("Is it possible?") please come along.

ACCOMMODATION: Girl wanted to share flat (furnished) with two other girls. Call at 17/1A Stephens Ave, Torrensville.

Responsible girl or guy wanted to share maisonette with Lyn: \$9 per week. 49 Margaret St, Norwood. Phone 32 2537 any-time.

FREE YOGA & MEDITATION CLASSES
6 classes (Sept. 11, 14, 18, 21, 27, 28) from 1 to 2 p.m.: enrol at first class only. North Dining Room. Conducted by Ananda Marga. All welcome.

NEW OPERA first South Australian season beginning on September 11th, in the Festival Theatre. Students subscription, four programmes for \$3.00.

Sir Kenneth Clark's **CIVILIZATION** film series if being shown in Napier Theatre 5 at 2.05 pm; two programmes; first on Monday & repeated on Wednesday. FREE.

ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATION—"The University of Adelaide Centenary"

Supplies of this publication are restricted. Interested undergraduates may now obtain a free copy by completing a request form at the Centenary Appeal Office (next to the Bank of Adelaide).

Clubs and Societies wishing to change amend, withdraw, improve upon, entries in the last years orientation handbook—with a view to 1974 handbook—please contact Brian Symon, Handbook Editor, C/- Publications Committee, SAUA.

WANTED: 2 people, couple preferred, to share 4 b'room house in Myrtlebank, phone, with hons student and Art teacher. \$30 p.w. Phone Jon, 791691/267.

The Health Debate — a public seminar. September 14th - 15th. Lecture Theatre 5, Napier Building. Department of Adult Education.

WANTED TO BUY: Honda C.B. 250 or similar. Good condition. 47 Toronto St, Ovingham.

FOR SALE: Band of Gypsies and Isle of Wight by Jimi Hendrix. Mint Condition' \$8 — pair. Apply W. Bulyga, Dentistry 1 or 88 Ledger Road, Woodville South.

AFRICA — LONDON OVERLAND leaving Nairobi 12th February. \$575 plus necessary expenses of \$125. 3½ months travelling Africa with small private expedition. We will be climbing the mountains of the Moon with guides and porters, and will explore the Tassili Highlands of the Sahara. This is a unique opportunity to discover Africa at first hand. For further information phone Paul Jury, on 23 1110 after 6 p.m.

*Everybody's a dreamer
And everybody's a Star
And everybody's in show biz -
It doesn't matter who you are.*

-The Kinks

J.R & B CLUB & FUNKIMITTI (S.A.C.) combine resources to present on campus

CHAIN

CHAIN Australia's best blues band by far, their music is a happier and more palatable combination than the old chain which featured Matt Taylor who has now gone solo. Thrill to the beautiful sounds from Phil Mannings Guitar. They were also the back-up for Muddy Waters on his Australia from whom they received high praise after the two groups jammed impromptu

FREE

FRIDAY, SEPT 14, 1pm-2 BARR SMITH LAWNS or UNION HALL (if wef).

ON DIT TELEVISION

At last: we've got our equipment and all we need now is someone who's interested enough in possibilities of video on- and off-campus to take charge of it. If you're interested in using the video gear for anything at all (drama, making pornography, community projects, seeing what you really look like, taking a tape of the last lacrosse match, etc.) call in and see the ON DIT video people in the ON DIT office.