Editorial

Well, here we are for the first time this year. I started out all ideas and no reality, but finally I landed long enough to get this paper together. Chimaera describes aptly the situation of these pages. Apart from describing the creature of the front cover, it means chaotic thought or hopeless ideals. It's a monster that breathes behind you sometimes in your wanderings through the corridors of the college.

The fantastic cover and cartoons, which were etched by the indelible pen of Steve Smith are the feature of this first issue. A collection of articles, statements and a few short stories are collected together in this issue. Our puzzle is the irrational "Plagiarised Text". The short story, "Gangster's Eyes" is by the infamous Tasmanian writer, Chris Aulich, who also lent his dexterity in layout to this issue.

This issue hopes to inspire would be editors and reporters to get involved in producing the future issues of Chimaera. Graphics are another area that this paper wants to expand upon, though at the moment we are into black and white only. The art school is the main source of material, hence the bias, though it is hoped it will be broader in the future as more minds become directly involved.

Enjoy reading, write a letter to the editor as I love getting mail to let me know your thoughts. See you around.

Jude McBean.

Dear Editor,

It was brought to my notice in first year an air of animosity existed between the school of art and the school of teacher education.

It was made known to me in second year this animosity existed superficially between the art students and art education students also.

It was quite clear to me in third year the animosity was spurred on by personal differences between the various lecturers.

It's clear as crystal now in fourth year. But it's O.K. because I'm leaving.

Macho Mackie

The great western machismo attitude extends itself into the monastic enclave of the art school.

Role playing reflected through a prism of ideals conditioned from early art books.

Naked ladies lying voluptuously on pastoral "herbe" whilst dressed suitors guard, demand and control. All through time the vulnerability of being nude was idealised in two dimensional and three dimensional art works. Whilst the male continually remains clothed, if not literally then incidently in the psychic of the inewer.

The non acceptance of the male as a sex object manifests itself in the choice of models.

Curvacious ladies attaining poses of defencelessness and non aggression.

Not for this twentieth century art school the poses of the twentieth century female warrior.

Only the twee simplicity of the nymphet.

The conscious division of masculine and feminine art works.

Here, one would have thought, would be the complete acceptance of differing attitudes.

But no.

The clogging plodding tread of repression fills the corridors like wet clay, either from above in the administration eerie or from the stupid blinkered attitude of the students themselves. No freedom of expression can be obtained until the aggression and role playing that might seem to be paramount on the playing field is eradicated from the school.

Richard McDermott.

The area of publications by and for students of this college has always been a problem. You know the saying divide and rule, well it certainly works with us. The students are divided over four campuses. The only way of getting our views and problems across is through an effective publications agent.

The S.R.C. is very concerned about this under­way. In the past one person on the S.R.C is given the task of getting together a news sheet newspaper or whatever form the publication takes. This newspaper is the result of one person collecting material off other people as well as writing some of it. This has been shown to be an unrealistic approach as one person in our multi-campus situation can only reach so many people and has no real support from others.

There is a solution to this problem, that was discussed at the last S.R.C. meeting. It is the establishment of an editorial board, consisting of five or so people. Their participation would be on a purely voluntary basis through their interests in publication, in getting their ideas across and in helping to express students' desires and needs.

Putting out a newspaper is an involving activity, yet it is such a volatile and viable form of expression that you can achieve much. Through having a group involved in the editing process, the tapping of the amazing amount of creative talent within the college is possible. It gives many channels of access for people wishing to have their work published.

The S.R.C. is there ready to back you up in very positive terms, which are mainly financial. This year $2,000 was allocated for a newspaper. That enables you to have enormous scope in the printing process. We want to establish this group as soon as possible. Posters will be going up to inform you when the first meeting for the formation of an editorial board will be called. It will only happen if you come along.

The Art Students' Committee is interested in funding the establishment of a printery, where you have access to equipment to print out immediately.

Contact the S.R.C. or me if you want to get straight into it. There are so many possibilities.
Is it more sensible in the long run to have just one enormous art school in the Sydney area, or at least two, catering for the education of artists and art teachers? One is forced to ask this question when considering the Butland Committee's recommendation to combine the Sydney College of the Arts and the Art School of Alexander Mackie College of Advanced Education.

The Butland Committee's basic purpose was to rationalise the inner city Colleges of Advanced Education; the main objective being to reduce spending on non-expanding small colleges and amalgamate them with larger institutions with similar courses and geographic proximity. Emphasis on the economic considerations far outweigh the concern to preserve the ideologies and educational objectives of these colleges.

In 1969 the Gleeson Committee was formed and asked to enquire into the need for a college of advanced education to provide tertiary level art and design courses. (Previous to this there was only one large art school in Sydney—The National Art School at E.S.T.C.) The Gleeson Committee recommended that:

(a) a corporate college of advanced education be established in Sydney for the purpose of providing tertiary education for persons preparing for professional careers in art, design and related occupations, and

(b) a professional school of art be established as a school of an existing college of advanced education in Sydney for the purpose of providing tertiary art education initially for artists and art teachers and later, subject to community need, for designers and artist-crafts persons.

This second school was envisaged as "an alternative to and a competitor for the new specialised college". By 1974 the division of design from the National Art School had become the nucleus of the Sydney College of the Arts, as had the division of fine arts had become the basis of the School of Art, Alexander Mackie College. When in 1977 the Sydney College of the Arts offered the first year of their programme in fine arts, there was the beginning of an alternative and competitive system developing. The Butland Report reverses these trends and the original recommendations of the Gleeson Committee which seem to reflect more accurately the needs of art education in Sydney.

To combine the Sydney College of the Arts with the School of Art A.M.C. would necessitate either a student body of over 1,200 students or a reduction in the number of places available for the education of artists. The first alternative produces a large bureaucratic institution which is unable through its rigidity to support an energetic and vital art school. The second alternative would run counter to the demands from the community for the expansion of student places in fine art. Both these art institutions have definite differences in ideology which are now clearly defined and reflected in their while course structuring — it would be extremely difficult to combine the two without sacrificing their distinct educational objectives.

From the students' point of view there has been enough upheaval involved in getting through the ever-changing course requirements in the last three years without the further prospect of a difficult amalgamation with another very reluctant art school. The Gleeson Report, as it was handed down in 1973 and now virtually being ignored, is the best option for both colleges and the future of artists' education.

KEN REINHARD — AN INTERVIEW

Q: What role or part do you see yourself filling in your position as Dean or How do you define yourself in the College?
A: As Dean of School, I am responsible to the Principal of the College for the effective implementation and management of the teaching programmes conducted by the School of Art. This is a somewhat general statement which covers a multitude of responsibilities for the overall supervision in areas of student selection, course design and presentation, course assessment, staff development, accommodation and equipment requirements, etc. Fortunately, I don’t have to do all these tasks myself. I have a marvellous body of helpers, both the academic and administrative staff.

Q: This year — how’s it been?
A: Busy! The first part of the autumn semester was taken up with the revision of the Stage 3 submission for a degree programme in Art. We are still waiting for the H.E.B. to respond to this proposal.

The planning for both Flinders Street and the general rationalisation of the School's accommodation has also kept us flat out recently.

When I get a chance to wander through the studios I see students working busily, so I can only assume that as we have all been busy — the years been well ... busy.

Q: When will the move to Flinders Street occur?
A: We hope around mid-September.

Q: Will these changes mean a better deal for the art students?
A: I believe they will — by bringing the facilities for the various disciplines together, the needs of students will be better catered for, at least until we are able to eventually consolidate our activities on one campus.

Q: The gallery at Cumberland Street will be run along what lines?
A: The gallery is to function as a professional public gallery, with a declared policy to show high quality work covering the full range of visual art activities. Student shows, travelling shows, survey and theme exhibitions all would be covered by the gallery's planned programme.

Q: What is the future of the art school in the next few years?
A: It's almost impossible to give you an answer to this question just now. We are all anxiously awaiting decisions from State and Federal planning authorities.

If enthusiasm and involvement means anything, I think this School's students' and staff will ensure its healthy development.

Q: How are the recent cutbacks in education by the Frazer Government going to effect the art school?
A: We, like all tertiary institutions, are experiencing a "freeze" in capital projects and a period of "levelling off" generally in C.A.E. development.

The School may not get its final home as soon as expected or as palatial as hoped, but we'll survive despite what comes.

Q: The freeze of funds on the Oatley campus — is this a freeze on the eventual move to Allison Avenue by the art school? How is this going to be handled?
A: The latest news indicates that Oatley will proceed — they expect to move in there by late 1979 — so, Allison Avenue will be available for the School of Art sometime soon after that.

Q: What do you think of the Sydney College of the Arts?
A: The Sydney College of the Arts is an important new development in the N.S.W. art/design education scene. I believe it to be very important that the S.C.A. becomes firmly established as a significant alternative approach to the training of the artist and designed to ourselves or N.C.A.E. or Canberra or Riverina.

For too long, N.S.W. had only one art school — one approach — fortunately, it now has six. As a matter of interest, Victoria has 13.
WHAT IS AN ART SCHOOL?
1. An open-ended situation where one can draw on relevant information so as to develop in a certain discipline.
2. A catalyst to encourage development through stimulation and contact with those of like ideas.
3. Studio facilities and technical expertise.
4. A situation to find, realise and develop one's individual approach to self-expression.
5. A meeting place.

WHAT IS AN ART SCHOOL NOT?
1. An institution that reinforces the status quo.
2. An “art” factory.
3. A mutual admiration society.
4. An institution that is entirely concerned with the propagation of itself.
5. A situation which does not allow the participation members to impart.

The Alternative Art and Education Conference was held at Preston Institute of Technology, Melbourne, from June 29th to July 2nd, 1977. A nationwide group concerned with a radical critique of the Arts in Australia was formed. Regular newsletters and a new journal will link together artists who are strongly committed to the demystification of art and community access to it.

"Art" is currently used in schools, colleges and society generally to embrace three things:

1. To reinforce cultural elitism in our bourgeois society.
2. The therapeutic, cathartic use of art to promote passivity, especially in schools.
3. The commercial side of art — the direct link with big business.

Sexism in schools, especially art schools, was the subject of lively discussion, and certain guidelines as to how to avoid it, were compiled. Artists' links with trade unions were expounded upon by art workers from Melbourne and Adelaide, e.g., The Permanent Red Group in Melbourne have links with the Butchers' Union, who have agreed to take on the responsibility of printing and distribution of an acceptable poster design.

An ongoing nationwide group will be formed out of this conference. Quarterly newsletters will be produced, as well as a new, more theoretical journal called The Great Divide, to be published in August by Charles Merewether and Anne Steven.

The success of the conference was due mainly to the good feelings between participants and facilitators (useful and relaxed workshops and no "heavy" meeting procedures.)

Therese Machie,
John Hughes,
Elizabeth Michel.
Art Teachers

Graham Blondel

barrier within our own particular society which eliminates all that is open-ended and time-consuming in the name of efficiency and expediency.

Art teachers see themselves from the very start as “gifted” gurus who have come to save the masses from their mass media squallor and therefore are unable to put themselves into the position of reformers. Neither should they be crutches, which due to a lack of confidence, they often become.

Some would see the most radical yet viable and necessary option for change as being a complete reversal of the educational hierarchy. The only way “to save the world”, which most aware people would see as our most stupendous problem, is to educate through the arts and not just have the visual and associated arts forms as an uninitiated appendage of the system.

The art teacher is bewildered by the ever increasing speed of change which is often forced onto him without any educational or rational reasoning. Totally open syllabi only destroy the majority’s confidence. Can art teachers, with their lack of understanding of a personal or broader educational objectives, account for themselves? This is now our gravest concern.

The same syllabi ignore technological advancements and don’t relate to the world in which we live. Training of art teachers rarely touches on the electric and cellular world! Why?

Certain persons may pat themselves on the back and pretend that art education, particularly in secondary schools, is in a healthy (popular) state, but without a substantial re-think and solid leadership, the ships of good fortunes will soon sink. Where is the research that states needed to quality and train those gains in universal art education? And where is the financial backing? or is it really all a game?

Art as Documentation

Ciarán Amal

Most definitions of art seem inadequate, probably because art is such a portmanteau word, covering such multifarious activities that no one definition can include them all, or then again the word is so vague that we almost feel the necessity of defining the definition. Art is a means of communication; true, but what is it, and is it always communicative? A surface to render it attractive to the eye and it can hardly be said to be “communicating” anything.

Art, art, art is defined as a means of expression and thus is also true to a large extent but some forms of art, such as visual aids, are purely educational, explaining certain facts and not necessarily conveying the artist’s feeling about those facts. Especially in the period before the widespread use of photography as a means of recording events the artist had an important function as a portrayor of persons and places, of ceremonies and occasion, disasters and celebrations or ordinary everyday happenings. The artist was required to satisfy the need which nowadays is satisfied by the press, the photographer, the television reporter or the film documentor.

Our knowledge of past periods is largely derived from paintings. From these we obtain an understanding of the people and the material life, we learn about the nature of their household, the technological level of their industry and their science; their religion and their government. Statistics and social surveys give us the bare facts, to flesh out the bare bones, we have to turn to the writers and painters. To recreate in imagination what it meant to have to live in the worst areas of London during the late nineteenth century we read the description of Tom-Alone’s in “Black House”, where Dickens speaks of the dilapidated tenement houses which contained by night a “swarm of human vermin, infected, wretched human wretches, and vermin parasites appear, so these ruined shelters had a breed of foul existence that crawls in the dark and the boarded-up and the windows nailed-up and only itself to sleep in maggots number, where the skin drips in; and comes and goes fetching and collecting, and in the twentieth century we read the descriptions of blue mist which, even on the fastest summer days, always hangs over the area. We realise how accurate his description was when we pick up an “Illustrated London News” for 1866, the year of the last great cholera epidemic in London, and read how in the months preceding...
A CHANGE IN APPROACH TO RADICAL ARTIST EDUCATION

During 1977 there has operated a new, and in many ways radical, approach to art education within the School of Art, Alexander Macke College of Advanced Education. In this school my professional studies, which is concerned with practical workshop experience, are centred in a single area of the visual arts, but not photography, or focus on a special aspect of the arts such as a single area such as painting or sculpture. These courses are involved with producing and receiving work that has reached an appropriate stage of completion within the group. The group itself contributed each in their own way, to the text. You, the reader, will have to adjust your expectation of a consistent text to that of a text developed from a range of viewpoints. Very threatening to those who operate in this mode.

### The Format of the Class

The class is not a discrete entity, but has a variety of permanent class members from years 2 to 4 of the programme, supplemented by transient students not registered in the course, who attend as they wish. This open session has one lecturer and an assistant ranging from 20 to 30 students.

### The Range of Tasks

Most of the tasks is that of breadth not depth. No subject or discipline is studied in isolation, but there is an attempt to work from a complete concept, whatever the mode is appropriate for its implementation. For example, the class is held in a former office building. There is a degree of communication between students on the same floor but little exchange across floors. This isolation of students from each other, caused a response to a building designed to compartmentalise individuals, as the students are members of the group. This became the central idea, which generated an in house television channel O, the orientation ceremony, vidicon and briefly an interchange between students between the floors of the building. Because the class is not subject centred, and as the range of subjects which became involved with the central ideas is extensive, the teachers reference point is no longer specialisation within a subject but an understanding of the central idea. Students no longer study as specialists within a subject area but are committed to developing such competencies that are required by the central idea.

There has developed a dialogue within the group which looks for principles, rather than formulas. We have tried to explore what principles underlie contemporary art, what are the functions of art, what are the foundations of art, etc., each person putting into play their past experiences to contribute to the information available to the group. This is an attempt to combine theory with action. The group is not totally a practical workshop nor totally a theory class. We have tried to identify the key principles appropriate to the assessment of the class work and class experience, and apply these during the development of action and after a project is deemed complete.

There has been lots of criticism by more formally orientated people — accusations of self-indulgence, lack of relevance, etc. Very hard to explain to one who hasn’t experienced it, the gestalt of the group. Works are performed in other groups by individuals, alone. The gestalt, the communication is the most valuable thing to occur in this group. This is, after all, the aim of art—to communicate. Cross-fertilisation.

The criticism of self-indulgence is based on a ‘somewhat dubious morality’.

Interaction between group members is obviously not social relationships; they are not derived from some common viewpoint or dogma, but arises out of an awareness of the differences between us. These inter-relationships are such that no member completely grasps the group is not obliged to continue in a particular role. One week they might initiate a performance, the following week they might dance a part in a performance initiated by another student; the next week they might attempt to analyse and criticise our current work programme. It becomes easier for each of us to develop in a range of areas as the group does not expect conformity in relations, but values and encourages diversity. These relations are directly person to person, as there is no mediation of structures or ideas. Because inter-relationships change — structures change: because our solidarity comes from each person’s uniqueness not from shared beliefs or dogmas, there is no mediation of ideas.

It follows from these concepts that the teacher has no assigned authority or autonomy. Their role is achieved in the same way as each of the students in the group achieve their own role. The role of the teacher is not a given a role in a fixed structure, but is a created role according to the structure as it develops.

There can be the development of tension for individuals when their personal beliefs and their role obligations conflict. Students developed severe stress when they have tried to participate within the class when there is conflict between their beliefs and actions. For example, students may try to involve themselves in the structure of exchange of ideas but find they are unable to give up the concept of ownership of ideas. No matter how hard they try they cannot give up their ideas, although they may have little difficulty in taking.

Most of us, I think, have become aware of this difficulty and realise that it cannot be seen as a function of the group in itself, as a fulcrum, in a group in itself and that we have brought up with us. In a sense, part of this course is our attempt to come to terms with this ‘prioritisation of knowledge and ideas’, and hopefully overcome this. We are all finding it challenging to work with ‘group property’ rather than ‘my idea’ and, the dynamics of something that starts and ends with more than one person, may sometimes be threatening, but it is also exciting.

All boundaries within the group are blurred, not defined. The difference between teacher and learner is blurred between the art school and the outside world; is blurred between these class experiences and other experiences; all boundaries are blurred. The class becomes part of each other, each person becomes part of the class. The class skills outside the time assigned into night and week-end periods. In this coming week — the class members will meet on Friday to rehearse a performance piece with a dancing teacher they employ, rehearsal again on Sunday, perform this piece on Monday, Tuesday evening, at the Centre on Wednesday, class day, attend a performance by a guest artist from Ireland, attend a film shown by one of the members, attend another performance where some members of the group use the rehearsal as context for a film, and formulate a performance on a bus for late August; in the evening they will attend a seminar at the Sculpture Centre on the relationship of art and work. Note that the group has an initiating role and moderates and records the development of the group.

Because there is no interest in defining and maintaining boundaries, in exchanging ideas, the outside world is accessible and influences what occurs in the classroom. This generation of ideas is a self-generated process which is universal reality — the attitudes and values of society are not left at the door to the classroom. This is unlike classrooms there is no common belief system to mediate these influences, the outside world is confronted directly.

Who controls what happens in this classroom? In a classroom such as this, there is no need for criticism and punishment. It is avoided as a method of control, there is no need for criticism and punishment. It is avoided as a method of control, there is no need for punishment to revivify shared values and sentiments. Punishment has no value either symbolic, to reassess authority or values, or institutional, to maintain the assigned authority of the teacher. Instead of punishment, there is a need to reconcile conflicting claims within the class. For example, if a student requires a great deal of respect and assistance from the other members of the group, it is not appropriate to punish them for this but to reconcile this with the needs of others in the group for support and assistance. There is no traditional authority system required by the group. However, this is not to say great autonomy. It is tightly controlled by the complex interdependence of the group. Perhaps the greatest punishment is to lose a member of the group, as each person removes damages the continuity of the group.

Currently two members of the class are moving overseas. Already the group has promised a continuous exchange of information in the form of photographs, videos, or letters. Distance may not be a barrier to continuity.

Teachers and students who have read this statement will say that some of the factors present in this class are in fact present in their class too, in that the lecturer allows them individual freedom of pose, and position of student/teacher relationship are retained. In other groups, the illusion of learner being the focus of the class (with the exception of last time, and THEN!) that they can move outside one subject area into another, that in their painting class, that they work outside class on paintings. This is a misunderstanding of the nature of this class; its importance is that it has developed an alternative total approach to the education of the artist.

This is a more integrated, more valuable approach than working within strictures of a “discipline”.

One characteristic of the class experienced by myself is the unprecedented warmth and friendship within the class (the lecturer being part of the class), which is the result of, and the natural progression from, free exchange of ideas. I also believe there is an unsaid determined on the part of the members of the class to grow something better than what we now have in education and art, Geoffrey.

Alienation is an occupational hazard of being at any institution. The way this group operates has largely eliminated some areas of alienation.

A valid criticism of this approach is that it is utopian. Because it is based upon social interaction only, small groups in our present society can continue to be the rule, rather than the exception, necessary to maintain the group. Because this group approach cuts across systems of authority, it is threatening to the status quo. Although it is possible to see this model as a basis for some total society, as a single unit within a society based upon competition, it must be seen as utopian, but this model could provide a basis for a total society built on co-operation and meaningful social interaction.
ART COMMITTEE

The Art Students' Committee is a body which is limited by the S.R.C. to deal with all areas directly concerned with art students.

Through the action of its members at the end of last year, the committee has a budget of $9,000 for 1977. The amount received is proportional to the size of the student body we represent. This approach is a new way of distribution of student funds by the S.R.C. The Art Students' Committee (A.S.C.) was instrumental in bringing this in. In 1976 a great deal of financial chaos occurred within both groups, whereas this year has been very smooth.

There has been no visible sign of our activities this year. The committee is centred around a small group of people — Garry Traynor, Therese Mackie, Kate Wilkie, Elspeth Peterson, Garry Lester and myself. For the first three months of first semester we were trying to establish an art supplies shop at the Cumberland West Campus. It was hoped that the shop could supply materials to the students at wholesale prices. Legal difficulties and hassles led the legal status of the S.R.C. and the S.R.C. prevented us from going ahead.

So in June we changed directions. We have several projects in mind for the rest of '77. The first is the sale being held on Thursday, 18th August. Better than bargain basement prices are assured, as we are selling everything at half of what it is costing us. This is a direct way of paying you back some of your $30 fees. Read on for all the information.

Another project in the process of exploration is the renting of a warehouse, to be used by students as a place to get together and to establish studios. Garry, Therese and Garry are out looking for a place now. If anyone knows of a warehouse available within the inner area at reasonable rent, let us know.

We are planning to rent or buy a place in the country. Somewhere like Kangaroo Valley that is only a few hours out of Sydney. A small area of land, with or without buildings is what we have in mind for student use. You could come camping there anytime, go painting and sketching, build sculptures or whatever! Here, also, anyone with knowledge of a place could contact us.

We like to fund projects that enliven and enrich the college, which sounds pretty funny when you write it down, but if you have ideas that need funding see us as we could be able to help you.

If you want to join our group or want to give your ideas all you have to do is come to our meetings. We spend about $12 or your $30 fees worth it. Our meetings are held every Monday at Cumberland Street on the fourth floor at 4:30.

1. Insurance For Students

Members of the Board are concerned about the question of accident insurance for students. This is in relation to the possibility of accidents while using college facilities. Apparently the Teacher Education people are covered, but if other students are injured, it is their own responsibility. Recently a staff member severely lacerated his hand on a circular saw at Cumberland Street.

Students should be made aware of this lack of insurance and perhaps the S.R.C. can take measures to arrange some cover.

2. Students Dropping Out

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2. Students Dropping Out

The Board made the point that people dropping out have not been resigning by letter. Such people who "drop out" are more than likely ineligible for the T.E.A.S. if they should ever apply again.

3. Permission to Use Facilities

Members of the staff have been outraged by students using college facilities for activities outside official college business and/or hours.

The bureaucrats have even had forms printed, "Application for use of College Facilities", so permission is required for bar-b-cues, etc. Over and out, Richard Gillespie.

ART COMMITTEE

board of studies
REPORT

ACTIVITIES
REPORT

All students at this college pay student union fees — whether or not the student pays directly or it is paid by scholarship is another matter. Part of these fees is set aside for social/cultural activities or just "activities" on campus. This is student funded.

An activities officer is elected to organise the activities students want. I am the activities officer. What sort of activities/events/festivities do you want? When I was first elected I pasted sheets around the college introducing myself and asking "What do you want?" Very few people replied to these requests.

Once again I ask, "What do you want?"

If you have any ideas let me know —
1. approach me
2. leave a message in the "L" for Lester pigeon hole on the 4th floor
3. come to an S.R.C. meeting held every alternate Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock at either Cumberland Street or Albion Ave.

Over the past three months we have had
• captain matchbox concert
• mental as anything dance
• kinetic energy dance workshop
• 2 barbecues
• a forum on alternative

These activities cost money to run and lots of organisation. If you are concerned about the money being spent on activities and/or want to organise some function, come and see me.

If you have any special talents as a performer come and let me know, as we want to use and support student talents for activities. Hopefully, that will happen soon at the go-go, be-bop and jive dance planned for mid-August.

The position of activities officer is a voluntary and unpaid position as are all positions on the S.R.C. We would all appreciate:
1. help in organising things
2. some dialogue, feed back about the things we are doing
3. SUPPORT because these activities are for you.

Hope to hear from some of you.

Garry Lester.
JAMES

A car slides down the narrow street it is large it is black it makes no noise it is an American car the tyres are fat they are bloated they slip along quite easily in the greasy gutters. The children gather around the car they clot off the street the car plummet past they begin to play football again.

You do not play football you sit in your gateway and pick your nose and watch everybody else play football instead.

There are lots more streets just like this one but this one has a silver birch tree in every garden and a boy in a gateway who is picking his nose.

"Joan Sylvia James" the voice comes out you jump up like a puppet that has had its strings pulled suddenly "mother's calling us Joan Sylvia" the thin wall collapses on the ground they ignore you will watch the voices no run up the path four big awesome steps in the garden and a boy in a gateway who is picking his nose.

The back door is closing ' it is going to close.

"Joan Sylvia James" "I've broken it mother I broke the door they wouldn't come in I wasn't going to go round the back I broke it" "there child don't get in from the outside come to mother I can get a new one goodness you've cut yourself sit there by the frig while I get a bandaid".

Beside the frig the frig hums the frig is green a yellow frig painted green "I've cut myself I broke the door" the frig just hums "it was the glass it didn't want me to get in" "never mind" the frig says "you broken through you won here my boy now sit still it'll probably hurt a little" the frig is humming quietly you stroke its flank its green flank it is good to be alive when you are beside the frig.

The back door is closing it is going to close with a click it will close off the frig it shuts with a definite click nose blown face wiped hand bandaged slightly throbbing in the back garden.

The stumps your old friend the stump it is a large familiar stump the other end of the clothes line stump stump you can climb and hide in stump with crumbling flesh where insects live picking the old flesh off with long slender fingers insects ants running shitting falling off a fingernail or a stick the stump sighs it is sighing shuffle guilty feet and fingers wipe them brush the dust into the wind when you are in it it disappears up the stump toes in notches fingers in cracks up up up up to the top where the nest is good warm dig your fingers in the dirt nest shelter warm alone like a bird a big bird perhaps a hawk or an eagle with wings and a sharp beak and a home house something might happen something might not happen this is where you are this is where the eagle goes from and comes to where no one else can get.

Cool cold dust it huffs it cradles you it cools you.

The voice tame now from somewhere else the other place you were at before the frig did it thunder in warm bath warm hot dinner warm bed warm

The grass cool wet run to the warm light clothes off warm bath food see the bed to go to the night in it is good it's warm "right James into the cot but I don't sleep in the cot now I have a bed" "beds are for children you are a baby you wet your bed last night you must sleep in the cot" "I won't wet myself tonight mother please it was an accident please let me sleep in my bed" your voice it is slipping out from your pyjama leg it crawls to the slippers of mother see it weep see it kiss the slippers it begs the enemy voice kill charge leap bite kick punch break destroy crush.

A hook is coming down from a crane it is a yellow crane it is going to pick you up yes up up up up you are flying like an eagle it is very still an owl is flying past the air from its wings it is coll all is blue and the lighthouse see its light safe eagles are invisible eagles are the light of the lighthouse growing brighter gazing penetrating your head falling down broken eagle falling into the light broke up in pieces.

about marriage

A church bell commanded the air, darkening the sky, and cooling the water. A thousand arc of waxen faces smeared around the entrance of the church. The inevitable wind, snaking and catching the white hold. Petals from a blossoming plum tree over and through a picket fence, burying them in earthy shadows among the lonely grey men. A startling with a struggling wind in her blonde glance changed her from a cloud to long screaming into the tree climbing grinding up up falling only me in the tree here me in the nest nothing else is me one moon one star one tree one me only me in the tree in no wind no light dark tree dark night sky up soft under warm no arms no head no legs no me no stomp no nothing.

A clown gives you a ride on a donkey you eat fairy floss and see a whale on the back of a lorry father gives you a kaleidoscope and you steal a packet of peanuts.

Sleep in the car wake up in bed night father has gone home Sylvia and Joan have gone to bed mother is in the lounge her friend is also in the lounge you will have sandwich crusts and pickled gherkins for breakfast you don't know whether your cat has been fed but the night is kind it rains.

Find the kaleidoscope you are not sleeping feel it is the kaleidoscope that father gave you it is warm and soft and charming to cold alone one complete clown tree-stump father frig grass dog boy hairs on legs circus stump cloud airplane whale branch bird in the eyeág and pick your nose and watch every­

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ty.
They multiplied rapidly and became parents and friends. In fact, his head became quite noticeably swollen with children and lawns. It was also decided that they were very happy indeed—until one day a solitary note worked its way through his scalp and into his mind. It happened quite suddenly on a Saturday morning as he was repairing a fuse.

It too began to breed and over a period of time grew into a melody which continued to expand and elaborate until it became a symphony. When a month he was walking around with a complete symphony orchestra playing non-stop at twenty decibels, trapped inside his head.

It featured many violins which produced discordant notes that twisted and tore at his spine until he cried out in agony. A hideous fantasy of brass, and percussion instruments which pounded mercilessly within his brain, culminating in an horrific cymbal clash which deadened into a sickening thud that bounced between the walls of his skull.

So he took to an armchair, a claret coloured one, in which he sat, sometimes hearing the music, and at others simply chatting with the conductor. The doctor called this condition “overwork” and gave him some pills. His wife called it “selfishness” and gave him his dinner cold. His boss called it “malnourishing” and gave him notice.

His wife smiled less often now, giving him more time to listen to the orchestra, and when she finally took the children away, he simply increased the volume. After that he took a sudden and violent dislike to the television set; they had not been the best of friends for some time now. Since its original appearance in the sitting room, when as a guest it and he had treated one another with distant coolness, it had gradually increased in importance and power. It oozed a grey, rather sticky, evil-smelling substance which had penetrated the carpets and had trodden throughout the house. It was impossible to remove the stench. It also emitted a perpetual high pitched whine and was now smugly in control of the whole place.

The decision to destroy it was inevitable: he switched off the suddenly and, using a broomstick, pushed the television out into the corridor. Its whine became a fearful shriek and the acid taste is suddenly sweet. She moves slightly, in my mind what my mother would say if she could see me now. But I can’t control myself, I’m out of control, and it’s an appalling sensation. Forcefully I throw my hand across my plastic mouth. My feasting is halted.

Thankfully I roll away from my feast, she is still sleeping; I praise God for giving me the strength to resist her. Arising, I go to the small oak table living under the electricity window. Amidst the glossy magazines and sunlight I find, the object of my search. I shoved some of thecacophony of souls into my left nostril; the curdling coconut cuts at the soft flesh lining my left nostril with bright knifes. The pain lasts seconds.

The entire room is clear. Now, as she sleeps, I wrap my elastic arms about her, the complete pleasure of holding her living life never ceases to amaze me. I’d like to wake her and chat for days about nothing. Again I control myself; she had it hard last night, working until midnight while I sat in the company of liquor and indelible television.

“How about some coffee?” she asks when sleep has been stripped of all power over her. So I’m in the yellow kitchen pouring boiling water over instant coffee. Even the scalded cups can manage a smile.

“Are you working today?” she inquires quietly, still warm from her sleeping.

“I’ll have to work this afternoon, why?”

“I thought we might do something.”

“Like what?”

“I would like to go swimming. We haven’t been for some time.”

“I’m sorry, everything’s been planned, I have to go. But why don’t you go and we can do something tonight,” I explain, “I have to work tonight.”

“You could have the night off. You haven’t missed for weeks.”

“Yes, that’s a good idea. And what’ve you planned?”

“How about dinner somewhere.”

“Fantastic. Will it take you long today?” she asks.

“No, not long. The quicker I get it over with the quicker I can get something.”

“Would you have enough time for a quick swim?”

“I don’t know, I’d rather not commit myself. There could be complications. I mean I can never tell.”

“What if I wait for you . . .”

“I’d prefer you didn’t. You could wait all afternoon and that would spoil it for you.”

“I think I’ll wait. If you come that’ll be fine,
if not I can find something to do here, I haven’t
given this place a decent clean for a long time.”
“Okay, only don’t expect too much.”

“Well, did it? You promised you’d ask before
you did it again.”
“Sorry, my love,” I offer timidly, not com-
pletely sure of her mood.

“It takes practice. I’ve really got to work
at it.”
“I suppose you’ve had breakfast?”
“No, I had some coke instead.”

“Some eggs and bacon will go well with
that.”
“Do you want some?” I ask.

“Some coke? No thank you, not this early.”
The eggs and bacon dance divinely together
in the steel pan. I increase the heat, torturing
them further, watching intently as the eggs
change colour. Under my infra red gaze the
bacon becomes crisp. I can see the bacon’s
mind becoming bitter and twisted under the
supreme heat. The bacon would do me a great
damage if it could get a pug-nose machine-
gun. We eat without talk, completely seduced
by the meal’s brilliant conversation.

“I need a shower,” she says without concern.
“Can I join you?”
“If you want.”

It’s a morning for the senses. Her fingers are
around my blue eyes, extracting each in turn.
She bathes my eyes deeply in the warm water
gushing from the shower head in consistent
drops. With black soap she washes my eyes—
they feel crisp when she replaces them. Next,
my entire body is dismembered, washed and
placed in the electric dryer where the soaped
water evaporates quickly. Thankfully I do the
same for her. I am completely alive as I douse
her skin with powder. This should continue
forever, but again she stops me.

“That’s enough, you like it too much,” I am
scolded with boiling words.

“Don’t you like it?”

“Of course, but enough is enough.”

“Alright.”

“I think I’ll go swimming.”

“You won’t wait?”

“What’s the use? You won’t be back.”

“That’s a good idea. I’ll be back no later
than five o’clock, so we’ll have a good night.”

“I’m sorry I was so sharp with you.”

“That’s okay.”

“It’s just that I’d like to spend the afternoon
with you.”

“That’s exactly what I’d like to do, only
I can’t.”

“I know.”

“Let’s not make a big thing out of it. I’ll only
be gone a few hours.” So we embrace with
conviction.

What will I wear? The grey pinstriped suit
should be perfect, although the day is warm.
Still, I have nothing else suitable. The suits
heavy cloth drags me to the floor, but I’m saved
by the light cotton shirt, slightly unbuttoned
from the collar. My hair has been combed in
a sharp style and my body has been washed. A
quiet stroll into the warm urban day will be a
delight. I take my leave of her at the front
doors. It takes all my strength to leave her.

At the bank it’s a cool afternoon with
conditioner air and the green aroma of exchanged
currency. A small teller lurks behind his grilled
cage, efficiently discharging his duties. His
pockmarked face displays little emotive con-
centration. Business has been remarkably slow
during the day. The teller notices the young
man in the pinstriped suit enter the bank
through the hardly altered front doors. The
who pretends to work.

"This is a hold-up!" exclaims the young man, producing a small pistol. "Hand over all the money and don't raise the alarm or I'll kill you." No one notices them. The teller falls to his knees, just stares carelessly at the young man.

"Look, I'm not joking. Either you hand over the money now or you're dead."

"Come on, hand over the money will you?"

"I'll do it only if you promise to kill me afterwards."

"What? I'm not promising you anything."

"But you must."

"Why should I? Look, all I want is the money. I'll shoot you if I have to, but I'd prefer not to."

"Do it as a favour to me."

"What..."

"If I give you the money then you owe me something. Well I want to shoot you, that's all I oughtn't to be too hard for you, you've probably done it before."

"But why do you want to die?"

"I'm sick of living, obviously. My life's a thing of the past, nothing ever happens. I come home to work, and go to work, and this is what I've always done for years. There's nothing for me anywhere. Why, you're the most exciting thing that's happened to me."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"But surely you have some friends?"

"Yes, I've friends, but they don't matter, I don't care for them. They're a waste of time. No, I don't want to live anymore."

"Please don't ask me to kill you, I just can't. Why don't you do it yourself? It's a little too much to ask of anyone."

"Then you don't get the money. And if you're true to your threat you'll kill me anyway."

"Alright, alright! Hand over the money and I'll kill you afterwards, okay?"

"Yes, but make sure you keep your bargain, I'm placing my trust in you." The teller placed the faced money before the suited man, who retreated slowly from the counter.

"Hey, you!" the teller shouts. Everyone turns to stare at the young man. "You promised, you can't go back on your word. You've got to do it."

"Be quiet, will you;" hissed the young man.

"No, you promised me. Stop him, stop that man! He said he'd kill me if I gave him the money and he's lied to me. Stop him!"

Immediately the young man was surrounded by blocking people.

"Did you promise to kill him?" demanded a girl.

"Yes, but I had no intention of doing it" answered the young man.

"So you did lie to him?" asked the girl.

"If you like."

"Then you're despicable. Where would we be if everyone broke their promises? You've given your word and you must keep it."

"But I can't. I can't take a man's life for nothing," pleaded the suited man as panic raced through his controlled body.

"There's nothing else for it, you've given your word."

"I won't, and that's all there is to it."

"Then we'll call the police," shouted the girl.

"No, don't do that. I'll do it."

"Make sure you do," hissed the girl.

She was uncomfortable as she had never done this before, but after all, money was money. As he came closer and moved her left leg slightly, she noticed just how red the tip was; why did he always squeeze that tube, almost as a nervous action. His fingers were exploring her space and form, framing her as he spoke of relationships. He was doing his best to break down her inhibitions, and she began to relax. "It is not going to hurt." He spoke softly, as he began. Slowly at first with long bold strokes, he seemed to be moving all over her body, that bar, he was expert, he could control it so well, moving it up and down, first in and then out, not speaking. Now he began to work harder and faster, colours began to appear before her eyes, she was letting go. Oh! he really knew how to do it. Her body ached, but he would not stop. She knew the position was necessary for him, and she knew she was excited. A drop of white liquors fell on the floor, it was the signal, he had finished for the day. Cup of coffee, will she come back tomorrow certainly. He paid and she left. So this is what art is about: it is not that bad being painted as a nude by an artist after all.
SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW ART
by abby adams

Are you a full-fledged connoisseur, a casual culture buff — or a total art ninniy? Take this test and find out.

1. This English artist, who lived from 1757 to 1827, was as well-known for his poetry as he was for his pictures.
   a. John Milton
   b. William Blake
   c. Dante Gabriel Rossetti
   d. John Keats

2. The real title of the painting known as "Whistler’s Mother" is
   a. Arrangement in Grey and Black
   b. Portrait of a Lady
   c. Nocturne in Blue and Silver
   d. The Motherhood

3. Chiascuro is
   a. A town in Italy which has a famous Renaissance cathedral
   b. An Italian word meaning light and shade
   c. The school of painting which flourished in Italy during the 16th century
   d. A 16th-century Italian sculptor

4. In recent years, which of the following scandals have rocked the art world? (You may tick more than one.)
   a. Wholesale plundering of archaeological sites around the world
   b. Acquisition, by museums and private collections, of works of art that may have been smuggled out of their country or origin
   c. The often irreversable damage done to priceless art works by air pollution, natural forces and negligence

5. Which of the following well-known Americans is known in the art world for his or her collection of primitive art?
   a. Gertrude Stein, author
   b. Gloria Vanderbilt, socialite
   c. Nelson Rockefeller, former Governor of New York

6. Van Gogh cut his own ear off because he was angry with
   a. Gauguin
   b. Soutine
   c. His brother, Theo
   d. Cezanne

7. In which Italian city did the three great masters of the Renaissance—Michelangelo, da Vinci and Raphael—each serve his apprentice­ship?
   a. Venice
   b. Rome
   c. Padua
   d. Florence

8. These two painters were, at one point in their careers, so closely associated that it was sometimes almost impossible to tell their work apart.
   a. Elaine and William de Kooning
   b. Picasso and Braque
   c. Manet and Monet
   d. Durer and Bosch

9. Match the artist with the subject matter that is characteristic of him:
   a. Raphael
   b. Dali
   c. Utrillo
   d. Degas

10. The phrase "Blue Period" describes a period in this artist’s career when he painted many melancholy scenes, often depicting circus people, in which the predominant colour was blue:
   a. Goya
   b. Toulouse-Lautrec
   c. Chagall
   d. Picasso

11. Which one of the following painters is not also known for sculpture?
   a. Matisse
   b. Degas
   c. Modigliani
   d. van Gogh

12. The highest known price ever paid for a work of art was (approximately)
   a. Ten million dollars
   b. Seven hundred thousand dollars
   c. Five million dollars
   d. Two million dollars

13. In 1972 a world-famous work of art was badly damaged by a lunatic. It was
   a. The Pieta
   b. The Mona Lisa
   c. The Scream
   d. The Water Lilies

14. Match the artist with the school of painting with which he is associated:
   a. Magritte
   b. Warhol
   c. Renoir
   d. Pollock
   e. Rousseau

15. The son and grandson of this prominent Italian sculptor
   a. Arnolfo di Cambio
   b. Donatello
   c. Verrocchio
   d. Donato di Niccolo

16. Match these modern artists with the countries in which they were born.
   a. Miro
   b. Mondrian
   c. Klee
   d. Kline
   e. Munch

17. In one of history’s most successful frauds, this 17th-century artist, known for his paintings of humble Dutch interiors, was imitated by a 20th-century forger named van Meeghen.
   a. van Dyck
   b. van der Weyden
   c. Vermeer
   d. Vlaminck

18. Match the dates with the appropriate architectural styles.
   a. 1100 AD
   b. 1350 AD
   c. 1450 AD
   d. 1550 AD

19. One of these artists is traditionally credited with the invention of oil painting. Which?
   a. Giotto
   b. van Eyck
   c. da Vinci
   d. Holbein

20. See if you can match each of these art techniques to its proper definition.
   a. Intaglio
   b. Fresco
   c. Gouache
   d. Frieze
   e. Impasto

21. Who painted or sculpted what?
   Match the artist with the work of art.
   a. Gainsborough
   b. Rembrandt
   c. Rodin
   d. El Greco
   e. Brueghel

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   a. 1411
   b. 1505
   c. 1650
   d. 1716

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   d. The Water Lilies

48. Match the artist with the school of painting with which he is associated:
   a. Magritte
   b. Warhol
   c. Renoir
   d. Pollock
   e. Rousseau

49. The son and grandson of this prominent Italian sculptor
   a. Arnolfo di Cambio
   b. Donatello
   c. Verrocchio
   d. Donato di Niccolo

50. Match these modern artists with the countries in which they were born.
   a. Miro
   b. Mondrian
   c. Klee
   d. Kline
A few years before the war there appeared symptoms of a certain disregard of those rules which automatically accompany all forms of art, no matter how novel. Cubism, marvellous in certain aspects, and yet already so inartistic and unpoetic, was, under the leadership of certain wastrels, drifting towards an odious aestheticism.

The political climate of Europe (and the political climate conditions and shapes the aesthetics of its period) had been headed towards the birth of DADA for half a century. The romantic movement, so dominant over the years prior to impressionism, was inextricably linked to the emerging industrial revolution and its conditioning of man by machine. This social environment produced not only the anarchist (propaganda of the 'isms'), but a state of mind. The gaining of freedom for art by technology was complete, the camera had replaced the need for recording history, in fact, photography had gained the status of art. The capitalists had become the new patrons, with their money and need for identity, they took modern art under their wing; this was all in time for the first world war, which was to overshadow so many events of the time and still affects us today.

"Revolted by the butchery of the 1914 world war, we in Zurich devoted ourselves to the arts. While the guns rumbled in the distance, we sang, painted, made collages and wrote poems with all our might. We were seeking an art based on fundamentals, to cure the madness of the age, and a new order of things which would restore the balance between heaven and hell. We had a dim premonition that power mad gangsters would one day use art as a way of dearing men's minds." Hans Arp in DADA land.

This quote is Arp's thoughts on the reason why DADA began, but it can be seen that the movement was more likely the logical conclusion of the "beginning" of art as we know it today. A point that is suggested by the fact that living in a flat across the road from the "Cafe Voltaire" (a haunt of the Dadaists) during the period, when DADA was the scandal of Europe was Lenin, the logical conclusion to the beginning of communism.

"Like everything in life DADA is useless DADA is without pretension as life should be
Perhaps you will understand me better when I tell that DADA is a virgin microbe that penetrates with
The insistence of air into all that reason has not
Been able to fill with words or conventions."
Tristan Tzara's lecture on DADA (1922).

This is what the high priest of DADA saw as the movement's convictions. He (Tzara) was later to say, "DADA is not an art movement, but a state of mind." This "state of mind" was in reality continuance of the effects of the industrial revolution, of many more minds from labour through technology.

In its turn DADA had now affected avant-garde art of today, by giving artists an identity to gather under. This is beside almost direct copies like conceptual art, action painting, Pop, etc.

Schools of DADA
New York—Duchamp and philosophical irony.
Zurich—the beginning.
Berlin—Political commitment.
Cologne—Ernst and hallucinatory vision.
Hanover—Schwitters freedom from lyricism.
Paris—Last fling.

The The roots of DADA
Oh baby, I love you so.

O. Sheathed Serenade.

© Latex Love Songs
But wait... everyone knows this is not how true life romances end... so now...
A real life alternative
... there is something about what has been written which has been printed, which makes it no longer the property of the one who wrote it, and therefore there is no more reason why the writer should say it out louder than anybody else, and therefore one does not...

A friend is giving me dancing lessons. She is teaching me to be still. A composer is teaching me about sounds—he is teaching me to be slightly different. There is so much time for people to do. Now that things are so simple there is so much to do. There is a temptation to do nothing simply because there is so much to do that one doesn't know where to begin.

We were talking about serial photographs (using a camera as a diary. Speeding up the image, watching the process of ageing). It doesn't interest me—to enhance a fear of death. All you can do is to go to bed at night and get up in the morning. Is it poetry that has become antiquated, or language? I am naive enough to think that if someone has something to say they will simply say it.) Would you ask someone writing what they are painting? I am saying too much, but I am saying it anyway. When people stop carrying their nature beyond its normal condition, nor alter its characteristics, the government of the world is secured. A new idea does not triumph by convincing its opponents but because its opponents eventually die... vacancy, stillness, placidity, tastelessness, quietude, silence.

I don't think that what I'm saying is very intellectual. It's not intellectual at all. It comes down to very simple things. You sit in a chair and you write in a book, or you don't. You smoke or you don't. It's more important what you do than what you think. Everything causes everything else. We can't speak of one thing causing another any more. Everything we come across is to the point. No more history. We create our own histories. Open your eyes and you're influenced. What is that extreme point? (I know hereby what advantage belong to doing nothing with a purpose.) Anyone who realises that their problems are ultimately social in nature must first of all find themselves. Otherwise they will find nothing in other people apart from their own absence. People thirty or more thousand years ago were physically just what they are today. They had just as good a brain—in fact, the same brain—as we possess today. They would have been just as easily and even more educable as we are today. Plausible kinds of information had then been available.

sapiens of 50000 B.C. are the cultural changes that have occurred since. These considerations should serve to make clear that what we regard as human civilization has developed without any change in human nature. In emptiness there is no form, nor feeling, nor perception, nor impulse, nor consciousness; no eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, no forms, sounds, smells, tastes, touchable, or objects of mind; no sight organs: there is no ignorance nor extinction of ignorance, and so forth, until we come to there is no decay and death, no extinction of decay or death; there is suffering, no origination, no stopping; there is no cognition, no attainment and no non-attainment. In short, there are no more messiahs. (You can't teach an old dog new tricks, but the quickest way to become an old dog is to stop learning new ones.) There are things neglected that need to be taken up again, and things that we have kept up that need to be abandoned. It is that simple. We all know that time gets longer and shorter, that it expands and contracts, depending upon where you are and what you're doing. That's a natural time and that's the time I prefer. I wouldn't like to structure time for someone else. I'd rather leave everyone to their own time. Ideas presented rationally and simply, but presentation always having to do somehow with the general principle that ideas can be displayed or demonstrated rather than argued for or against. We went to a party where we met a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three who worked in the theatre and I asked what was happening. "Nothing," he said, "it's all dead; it's all over. Our culture ended long ago. Nobody's doing anything." He was obviously unhappy, even bitter. For me, it would be better than to know anything about culture than to be oppressed and immobilised by it.

To be unpolitical does not mean to be without politics. Every attitude that is more egotistical is to that extent social, and a social attitude is a political attitude. Someone without purpose, simply doing whatever there is to do. The purpose of one activity is no longer separate from the purpose of any other activity. All activities are things neglected that need to be taken up again, and things that we have kept up that need to be abandoned. It is that simple. We all know that time gets longer and shorter, that it expands and contracts, depending upon where you are and what you're doing. That's a natural time and that's the time I prefer. I wouldn't like to structure time for someone else. I'd rather leave everyone to their own time. Ideas presented rationally and simply, but presentation always having to do somehow with the general principle that ideas can be displayed or demonstrated rather than argued for or against. We went to a party where we met a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three who worked in the theatre and I asked what was happening. "Nothing," he said, "it's all dead; it's all over. Our culture ended long ago. Nobody's doing anything." He was obviously unhappy, even bitter. For me, it would be better than to know anything about culture than to be oppressed and immobilised by it.

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