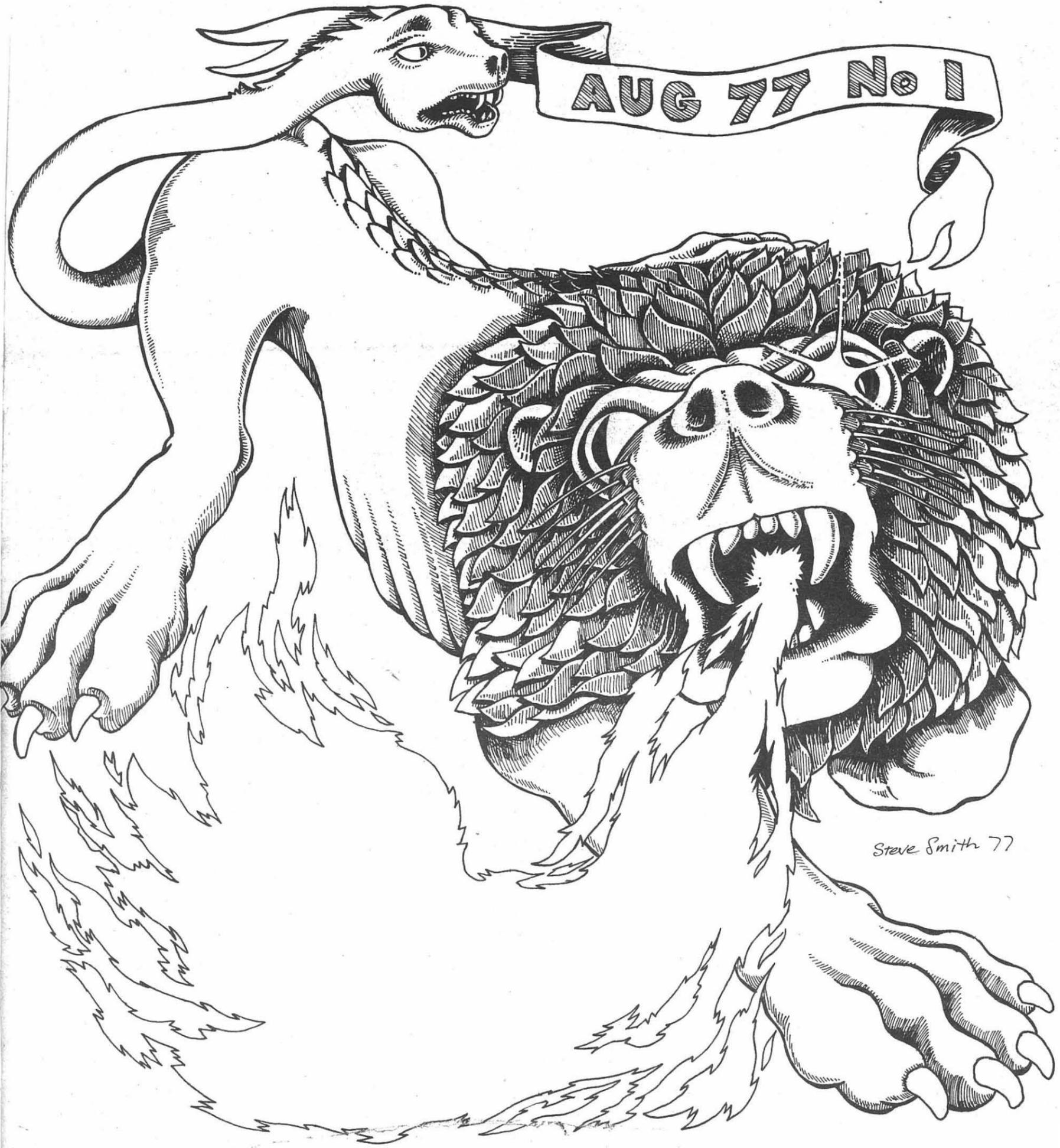


CHIMERA

CHIMERA



AUG 77 No 1

Steve Smith 77

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 "Plagiarized 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.

Editorial Board

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.

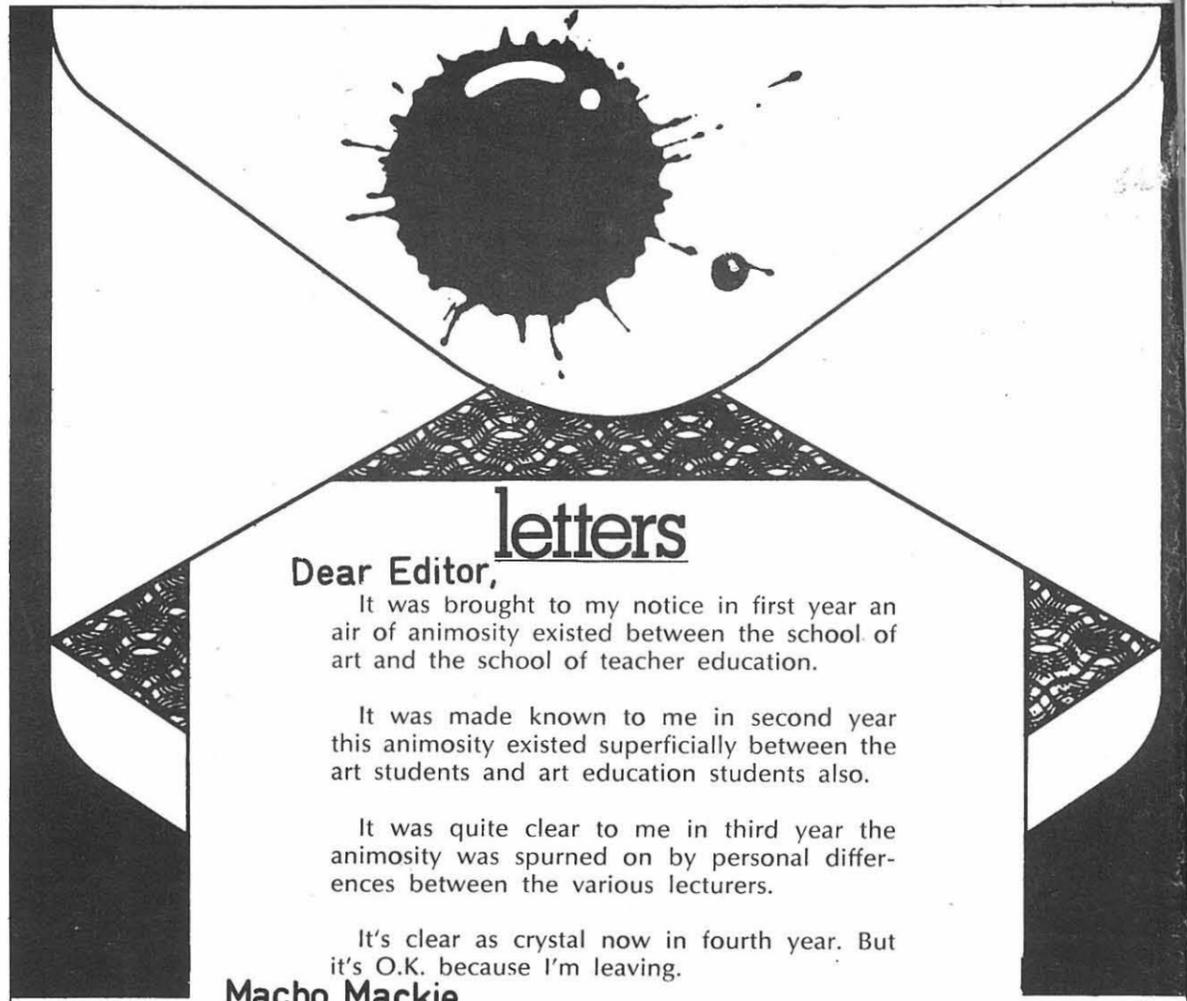
There is a solution to this problem, that was discussed at the last S.R.C. meeting. It is the establishment of an editorial board, consisting of five or so people. Their participation would be on a purely voluntary basis through their interests in publication, in getting their ideas across and in helping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



letters

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 spurned 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 incidiously in the psychic of the newer.

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.

Here, one would have thought, the student could extend his or her fantasies to see the materialisations of aspirations.

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.



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

butland report:

FUTURE OF ART EDUCATION IN SYDNEY



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 of 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 fulfilling 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, in 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.

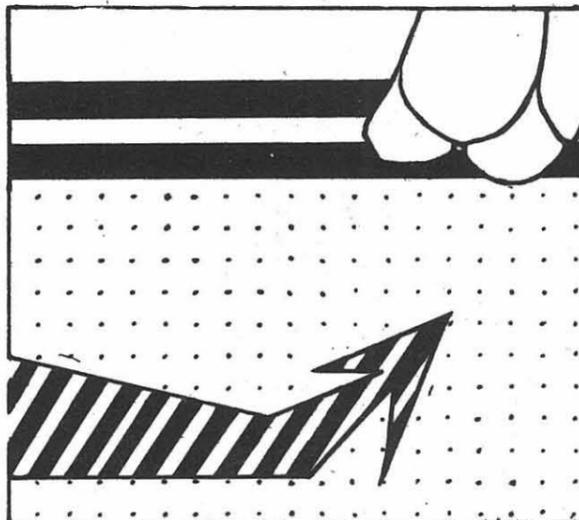
When I get a chance to wander through the studios I see students working busily, so I can only assume that as we have all been busy—the years been well . . . busy.

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 student's 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.

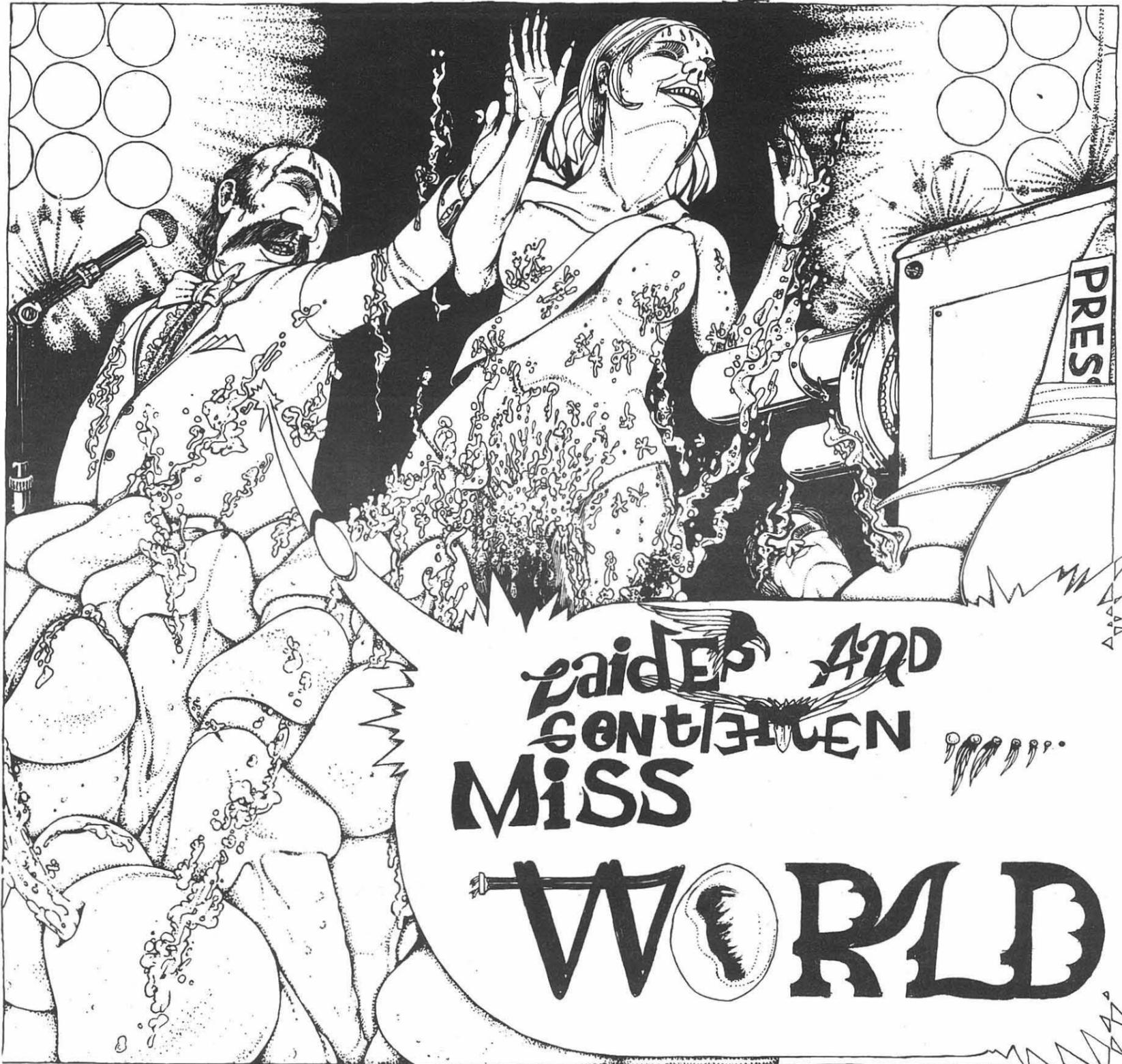
Q.: The freeze of funds on the Oatley campus—is this a freeze on the eventual move to Albion Avenue by the art school? How is this going to be handled?

A.: The latest news indicates that Oatley will proceed—they expect to move in there by late 1979—so, Albion 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 alternate 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.



she's a spunky

Steve Smith Jan 1976

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 participating members to interact.

alternative art education conference

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 art workers 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 a 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 Hughs,
Elizabeth Michel.

Does the art teacher at any level of education, as an entity within himself or even as part of his select associates reflect the aspirations and needs of the society in his teachings? Indeed, is it only that glory of all glories, the artist, who is capable of moulding a better society through his trans-media miracles, his video wonderland, his eclectic brush or conceptual clairvoyance?

Art teachers are an elitist group who have no concept of what the community needs and wants. Historically we are supporting an outmoded glorification of a past era of princes and patrons. Frustration emanates in the proliferation of pseudo craft and art centres whose value is transitory and backward. If we consider the community as a whole, in Australia, near half or more of the population is at hand to be educated towards a higher aesthete but the failure is a result of many factors.

Firstly, the quality of teaching training in all subjects, and not just art, is centred on the capitalist principle of vocational training. A creative approach to learning is negligible. Indeed how do you break down that solid

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 squalor and therefore are unable to put themselves into the position of reformers. Neither should they be cruxes, 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 art forms as an unintegrated 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 their own 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 celluloid 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 is now needed to qualify and fortify those gains in universal art education? And where is the financial backing? or is it really all a game?

ART AS DOCUMENTATION

CIS AMARAL

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 it becomes so general and so vague that one almost feels the necessity of defining the definition. Art is a means of communication; true, but some art is simply the decorating of a surface to render it attractive to the eye and it can hardly be said to be "communicating" anything, or again, art is defined as a means of expression and this also is 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 the passing event the artist had an important function as a portrayer of persons and places, of ceremonies and occasions, disasters and celebrations or ordinary everyday happenings. The artist was required to satisfy the need which nowadays is satisfied by the press photographer, the television reporter or the film documentary.

Our knowledge of past periods is largely gained from paintings. From these we obtain an understanding of the people and their social life, we learn about the nature of their husbandry, 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-all-Alone's in "Bleak House", where Dickens speaks of the dilapidated tenement houses which contained by night "a swarm of human misery. As, on the ruined human wretch vermin parasites appear, so these ruined shelters have bred a crowd of foul existence that crawls in and out of gaps in walls and boards; and coils itself to sleep in maggot numbers, where the rain drips in; and comes and goes fetching and carrying fever . . .", and he speaks of a blue mist which, even on the finest 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 preced-

ing the outbreak a blue haze was observed over the south-east areas, and the reporter comments that this mist was usually only seen in those parts where fever was endemic. That particular year it was more widespread. Arnold Bennett in his "Clayhanger" gives a far more vivid picture of what it really meant to be a child apprentice in the potteries than any statistical table can ever show. Similarly Gustav Dire's engraving of the backs of tenement houses is a matter-of-fact but, partly because of its quiet objective quality, an extremely moving and eloquent denunciation of the appalling housing conditions. Another example is his engraving of down and outs sleeping in a doss house, with the devout warden walking between the huddled bodies, reading the bible to them before "lights out". These all reveal the social conditions, and the degrading poverty which existed, in an unforgettable manner, in all these examples the writers and the artists were socially motivated, they were not only recording what they saw but they were, primarily, making a protest against a society which permitted those things to happen. They were drawing attention to the facts with the intention of creating a climate of opinion in which the existence of such poverty would be completely unacceptable.

There are, however, other pictures which were painted without any social commitment on the part of the artists; they were straightforward depictions of scenes and events but which, despite their objectivity or possibly because of it, give a very real picture of society as it then was. In their book "How the Rich Lived" (Paddington Press, £8.95) Edward Lucie-Smith and Celestine Dars have collected some hundred and sixty-five pictures, ten in colour, to give an idea of how the select group of those who formed "Society", both here and in other countries, lived. Some of the paintings are by well-known artists such as Manet, Alfred Stevens, Lucien Simon and Mary Cassatt; some are by artists who were very fashionable at the time and in great demand as portrait painters, such as Sir John Lavery, others are very largely forgotten today. All the pictures have certain qualities in common, they are all what can be called naturalistic genre paintings. Lucie-Smith suggests that because the revolution which has taken place in the visual arts has been so violent

we are in danger of underrating this type of painting because of its very virtues: its complete submission to the thing seen. He says that in the first place they have a "humble but important function" in providing information about the period in which they were painted, giving, in comparison with photography (which had a considerable influence on the style of all the artists concerned) "not merely an accidental fragment, but a fully synthesised image". An important point he makes is that this "is not merely how people looked, but how they looked to themselves". He quotes Ortega y Gasset as saying that a work of art is a screen which stands between the spectator and the subject depicted, and he adds: "Here the screen, if it exists, is so diaphanously transparent that we are scarcely conscious of its presence". As he says the work is characterised by professionalism "and enormous skill". The artists were aware of their aims and of what was required of them by their patrons and they were fully capable of satisfying these requirements.

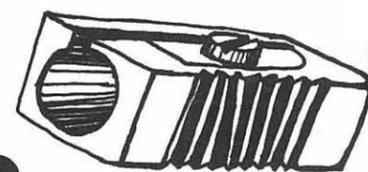
Lucie-Smith makes the interesting point that Society, the little elite group of the rich, was female dominated, a woman's creation in a man's world. This is only half a truth, a more accurate description of it would be that it was a gilded cage in which an ornamental possession was displayed. The impression obtained from looking over these pictures is of an overwhelming ennui, a life of luxury which consisted of a round of dinner and luncheon parties, of calling and leaving cards. Art and music were indulged in as pastimes or accomplishments, not to be taken seriously, the only serious occupation was making money and that was, of course, a male prerogative. Even the relationship between mother and child became tinged with artificiality, the child is brought down from the nursery by its nanny to say good morning to Mamma and Pappa, or is shown off to an admiring caller like a little doll, or included with the company at an al fresco picnic party, rather as if it was a sort of pet dog. In his commentary Lucie-Smith says that when we look at these pictures of the world of 1870-1914 "the prosperous class appear to us wrapped in a kind of golden haze . . .





A CHANGE IN APPROACH

RADICAL ARTIST EDUCATION



During 1977 there has operated a new, and in many ways radical, approach to artist education within the School of Art, Alexander Mackie College of Advanced Education. In this school most courses in the professional studies area, which is concerned with practical workshop experience, are centred in a single area of the visual arts such as painting, sculpture or photography, or focus on a special aspect of such an area such as etching or painting from the life model. These courses are involved with producing students who are technically competent and have reached an appropriate stage of individual development.

Within the four year Diploma of Art programme there is one cross-discipline course called Design B. The operation of this course has generated a range of questions and focused on issues relevant to educational practice in general.

One immediate effect of this class is that this article was not written by a single individual. The class 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 a more formal mode.

The Format of the Class

The class is not a discreet 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 student attendance ranging from 20 to 30 students.

The Range of Studies

The study emphasis is that of breadth not depth. No subject or discipline is studied in isolation, but there is an attempt to work from a central idea into whatever 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 units, concerned some members of the group. This became the central idea, which generated an in house television channel, posters, an opening ceremony, video tapes and briefly an interchange between students between the floors of the building. Because the class is idea 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 has upon the central idea. Students no longer study as specialists within a subject area but are committed to developing such competences 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 pooling their ideas and experiences to contribute to the information available to the group.

There 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 criteria 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-fertiliza-

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

Interaction between group members is obviously important to us. This relationship is not derived from some common viewpoint or dogma, but arises out of an awareness of the differences between us. These inter-relationships are complex and changing as each member of the group is not obliged to continue in a particular role. One week they might initiate a performance, and be a camera operator; 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 teachers role is no longer a given 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. Some students have 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 an 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 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 society we live in and its values that we have been brought up with. In a sense, part of this course is our attempt to come to terms with this "privitisation 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 person's life: their life 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, rehearse again on Sunday, perform this performance on Tuesday evening at the Sculpture Centre, on Wednesday, class day, attend a performance by a guest artist from Ireland, attend a film shown by one of the group, rehearse for another dance performance while 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 between areas and ideas, the outside world is accessible and influences what occurs in the classroom. This penetration of the world outside into the classroom is a universal reality — the attitudes and values of society are not left at the door to the classroom, but the important difference is that 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 is no need for punishment to revivify shared values and sentiments. Punishment has no value either symbolic, to reassert authority or values, or utilitarian, 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 support 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 the group is controlled. 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 removed 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, films, words and video tapes. 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 (Providing that the accepted position of student/teacher relationship are retained. In other groups, the illusion of lecturer being part of the group remains until assessment time, and THEN!) that they can move outside one subject area into another, that in their painting class they also cover theory and 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 unspoken determination on the part of the members of the class towards something better than what we now have in education and art. Geoffrey.

Alliteration 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 provide the amount of social interaction 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 funded 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 '76 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 Street campus. It was hoped that the shop would supply materials to the students at wholesale prices. Legal difficulties and hassles about the legal status of the S.R.C. and the A.S.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 offered, as we are selling everything at half of what it is costing us. This is a direct way of giving you back some of your \$30 fees. Read the add for all the information.

Another project in the process of exploration at the moment 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 city 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 go camping there anytime, go painting and sketching, build sculptures or whatever. Here, also, anyone with knowledge of a place could you 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 us your ideas all you have to do is come to our meetings. We spend about \$12 or your \$30 fees so it's worth it. Our meetings are held every Monday at Cumberland Street on the fourth floor at 4.30.

board of studies REPORT

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



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.

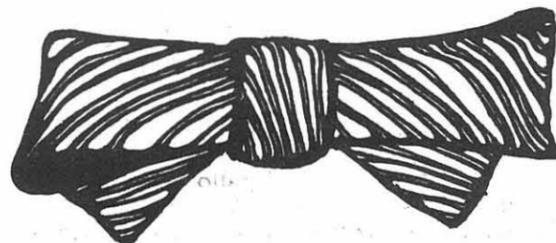
The bureaucrats have even had forms printed, "Application for use of College Facilities", so permission is required for bar-b-cues, etc.

Over and out,
Richard Gillespie.

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 barbeques
- 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 cum organiser 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.

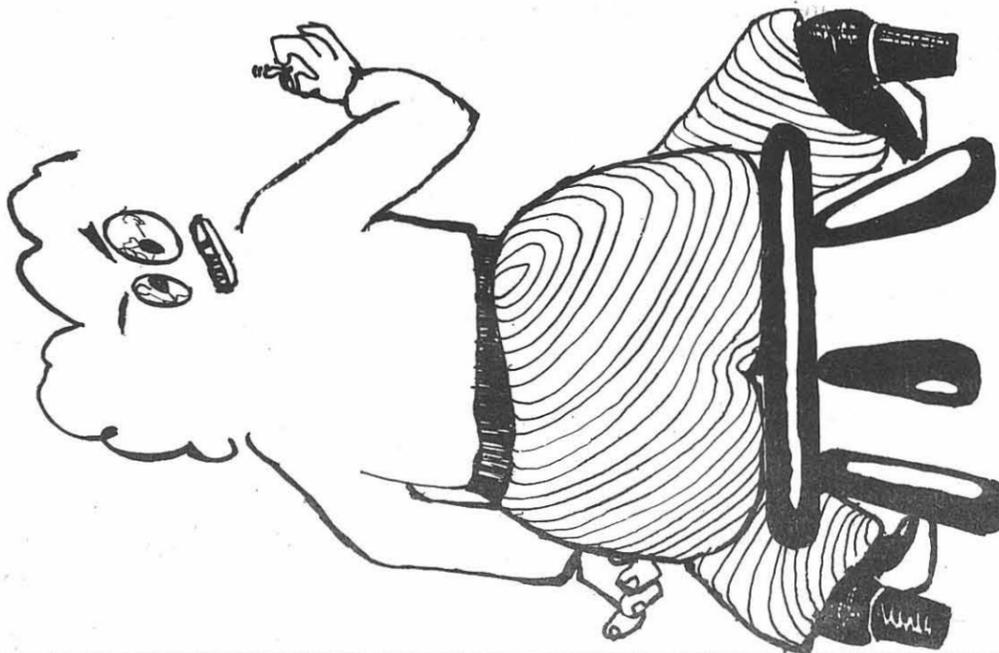
The position of activities officer is a voluntary and unpaid position as are all positions on the S.R.C. We would all appreciate:

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.

GET OFF YOUR BUM



nominate for the 1978 S.R.C.

Nomination form

PROPOSER _____ of _____ (course) _____

nominate _____

Second _____

accept



STORIES

2 STORIES

BY JOHN FRANCIS

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 play football they hear the car and run off the street the car plummets 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 his strings pulled suddenly "mother's calling us Joan Sylvia" the thin wail collapses on the ground they ignore you will you watch the voices no run up the path up four big awesome steps to the door the front door with the sailing boats in the glass and the handle that is too high kick the door hard so that it hurts your foot "go round the back" the voice again it clouts you in the stomach like a piston pain body snapping clattering on the porch hold your knees no sound grip hard but the tears squirm out just the same "NO" screaming now the word swelling and shuddering it punches through the glass of the door it trundles down the corridor like a cannon ball along the carpet past the bedroom the lounge the telephone the pampas grass into the kitchen no no no no no no no no collapsing again over the kitchen floor on the lino the green and white lino before the large unstockinged legs of mother clutch her legs drag yourself up grab at the warm white thighs bury your head in the warmth smell the warmth feel the warmth through the thin cotton is it good is it warm stay here make a nest is it safe "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 there child don't get in a state 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 down the door" the frig just hums "it was the glass it didn't want me to get in" "never mind" the frig says "you broke 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 stump 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 shining biting falling tickling dig in use a fingernail or a stick the stump sighs it is sighing shuffle guilty feet and fingers wipe them brush the dust into the wind watch it blow see it disappear climb up the stump toes in notches fingers in cracks up, 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 good sleep 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 cool dusk it hugs you it cradles you it cools you.

The voice tame now from somewhere else the other place you were at before the frig place fire 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's 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 feet 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 feel the air from his wings it is coll everything is dim and blue see the lighthouse see its light safe eagles are invincible eagles are safe the light of the lighthouse growing brighter gazing penetrating your head falling down broken eagle falling into the light broke up in pieces.



Clasp legs the plastic sheet rustling with menace grip the white bars of your prison watch the slice of light under the door take the little stone from your navel chew your spittle masticate it well smear it on the stone it sets hard with a lustre polish it rub it hard in your hands fee lhow hard it is how flawless the surface perfect it replace it in the pit of your stomach the voices in the television are murmuring.

It is cold it is morning it eats through the curtains it eats through the blankets it eats through your damp pyjamas it burns your tender skin you can tell that it has been raining a car steals past the window you are scratching mosquito bites on your abdomen Joan and Sylvia are in the kitchen they are getting dressed.

"Today we shall go to the circus" father's skin is brown his eyes are brown father is very warm and very good Sylvia and Joan are dressed for a party they are wrapped like white cellophane tied with ribbons father's car is large and black the wheels are black and shiny when somebody opens the door for you you can climb in the floor is large and flat it has a prickly carpet on it there is a smell of leather in the car it is a warm smell you stand on the seat and look oof of window looking at the dash the half circle of gauges father comes every week.

The circus is good the people are warm and happy everybody is laughing father is laughing

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 kaliedescope 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 kaliedescope you are not sleeping feel it it is the kaliedescope that father gave you it is warm and soft hold it hug it look through it point it at the door where the light comes in see the bubbles they shift and turn in their orbits endless changing cold alone unique complete clown tree-stump father car frig grass cot dog boy hairs on legs circus stump cloud aeroplane whale eagle my shoes my mother my cat my father my arm these are my hands hands white hands with five fingers no four fingers and one thumb a nail each yes my nailes eyes body mine all mine me all its white body smiling trapped escape get out escape panic escape kill air no air kick smash destroy box split wood sharp pain in neck throw back head scream no sound no air more pain searing down back shatter smash pulp mash pound bruise batter beat breach breakout bash pain shriek bellow broken moan broken sob falling now falling falling fallen broken broken broken puppet broken limbs no blood broken bones no body on pain no limbs no nothing just me in the tree climbing grinding up up up falling only me in the tree here me in the nest nothing else just me one moon one star one tree one me only me in the tree no wind no light dark tree dark night sky up soft under warm no arms no head no legs no me no stump no nothing.

Bliss.

ABOUT MARRIAGE

A church bell commanded the air, darkening the fresh spring day, and caused a ripple in the sallow arc of waxen faces smeared around the entrance of the church. The inevitable wind, snapping and catching, herded delicate pink petals from a blossoming plum tree over and through a picket fence, burying them in earthy shadows among the lonely grey men. A starling with a struggling worm in her beak glanced quickly about her from the guttering above before disappearing beneath the tin to her squalling infants.

And nobody noticed the little sliver of brightness which slipped from his lips, flashing in the sunlight, to try wriggling through their legs. Foolishly blind and uncaring they trampled it to death. How pretty an afternoon to be married!

The refinements of this day, however, passed unnoticed, for there was something more important. Swaddling in impeccable black tails, with funeral pants and glossy, sharp-pointed shoes used for kicking, the hewn hard faces eyed their victims and cracked open to reveal white, carefully cleaned dentures. Then, thrusting forward large shiny noses, the band contracted, pushing, prying, pressing, crushing. Trapped, the desperate couple beat upon the doors of the church, and the CHURCH being founded upon charity, and having INFINITE MERCY, opened its doors to them.

* * *

And thus they entered the mortuary cold on this VERY IMPORTANT OCCASION, in order apparently to sip together from the cup of love. Inside the darkness stifled the light, and they were welcomed by the overpowering voice of a thousand mindless pipes. There they stood, with awe, very frightened, gazing at the one huge painted window which allowed some light of a mawkish kind to enter, mostly through the

transparent O of Christ's mouth.

"Join them."

"But they are joined already."

"BLASPHEMY", roared a voice. Or did it scream?

"But they are. See, see how they hold hands."

Somewhere far away as his earliest childhood vision, someone was reading, nasally—or was it a breathless fly droning insanely among those distant red beams? It was very muggy suddenly; strange, it had been a bit nippy at first, hadn't it? Someone must have turned on a heater somewhere. He could hear the fan—ah, that's what the sound was. But wasn't it the radio? One of those religious programmes that wail on and on? The telephone rang urgently. Someone switched off the radio. All was silent, except for that ghastly screaming telephone bell. It rang for quite twenty seconds. He lifted the receiver. "Hello?"

Very distant: "Are you alright old chap?"

"Yes, fine thanks. Who is calling, please?"

"Come on, pull yourself together."

The priest's nose appeared sunburnt, and rubbery like one of those big balls you throw at the beach. It was also rather large, and peppered tastefully with blackheads. His forehead was wet, red too. The priest did not like weddings. He rather disliked people. He did not like promiscuity. He did not like marrying these people. In fact, the priest did not like many things. However, it was his painful duty. He sighed extravagantly and continued reading.

* * *

Somewhere else, as seen through a reversed telescope of time and distance, he saw a small boy being questioned by a voice cloaked in authority.

"Admit and take the consequences, or be caressed for lying." But was it not the interrogation of his soul?

"Confess yourself befouled with hell! Or I cannot save you from the noose. Have you sold your soul to Lucifer? Have you? Have you? HAVE YOU?" A very small "yes" slipped from his lips and was quickly snatched away before he could catch it. He watched as it was carried farther and farther aloft. It disappeared into the gloom, and then, magnified, bounced back; it assumed horrendous proportions, and crashed from wall to crumbling wall, causing the roof to sag and then collapse. The red beams descended and beat down upon their shoulders, and they fled as one, pursued by the organ, the priest, and the happy multitude. A kalierdoscopic haze descended and crept beneath their clothes, sticking to and burning their tender bodies. Then the victorious people, enveloped them in a shower of cheerful vomit; shaking hands, patting backs, and even shedding tears. Everybody tramped over the confetti and seated themselves in the lush but sticky seats of large black American cars.

* * *

The feline squawk of a damp, gasping infant entered the atmosphere, then became the atmosphere. It penetrated his every bodily orifice and then his mind where it settled and made its home, nesting and fouling amongst the poetry and music which had hatched, fledged and spread its wings there.

Exhausted, proud and peaceful she smiled from her bed of pillows. As he leant over to kiss her she swiftly consumed him. He lived in her smile for several years after that.

He took a regular job and stopped fooling about with the piano and guitars and things. It was decided that he would not, viewing the situation in a sober light, become a musician. Instead he mowed lawns and went for drives and soon bought a rather attractive house in a pleasant suburb.

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 one 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 expend and elaborate until it became a symphony. Within 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 till he cried out in agony. A hideous fanfare 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 "malingering" 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 it's 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 been 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 electricity and, using a broomstick, pushed the television out into the corridor. Its whine became a fearful shriek and the acid pumped like toothpaste through the slits in its back. Out in the backyard he overturned it and snapped its back with an axe, the hard glassy shell cracked and began to splinter, its main body ruptured and the thick plastic bag inside burst — the grey oozed.

The next day a large yellow van arrived containing two men. They cleared the house of all — furniture, clothes, ornaments — with the exception of the armchair. Later they returned with a piano, which they installed in the room upstairs. He locked himself in it with six bottles of whisky, five days later he emerged.

His wife and children returned and they all settled down quite happily together. But he never allowed them into his mind or the room upstairs again.

GANGSTER EYES

C. AULICH

I'm lying across the bed's end, naked; the blanket's steel fibres graze my body. Feeling especially lazy in the morning's quiet warmth, I'm reluctant to move so, with laconic words, I inform myself, I'll have to gracefully bear the blanket's continuing torture. My angel lady is sleeping, positively, on her eatable back. Pulling slowly at the blankets I uncover her feet, innocent and paling, before my lusted gaze. My teeth are at her flesh, I can't control their repulsive eating. There is red blood in my mouth, its taste is suddenly sweet. She moves slightly, her soft, smooth skin is too much for me. I begin to tear at her flesh like a reformed maniac. In my mind I wonder 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 morning window. Amidst the glossy magazines and sunlight I find the object of my search. I shovel some of the capsule's cold contents into my left nostril: the cunning cocaine cuts at the soft flesh lining my left nostril with bright knives. 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 better."

"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."

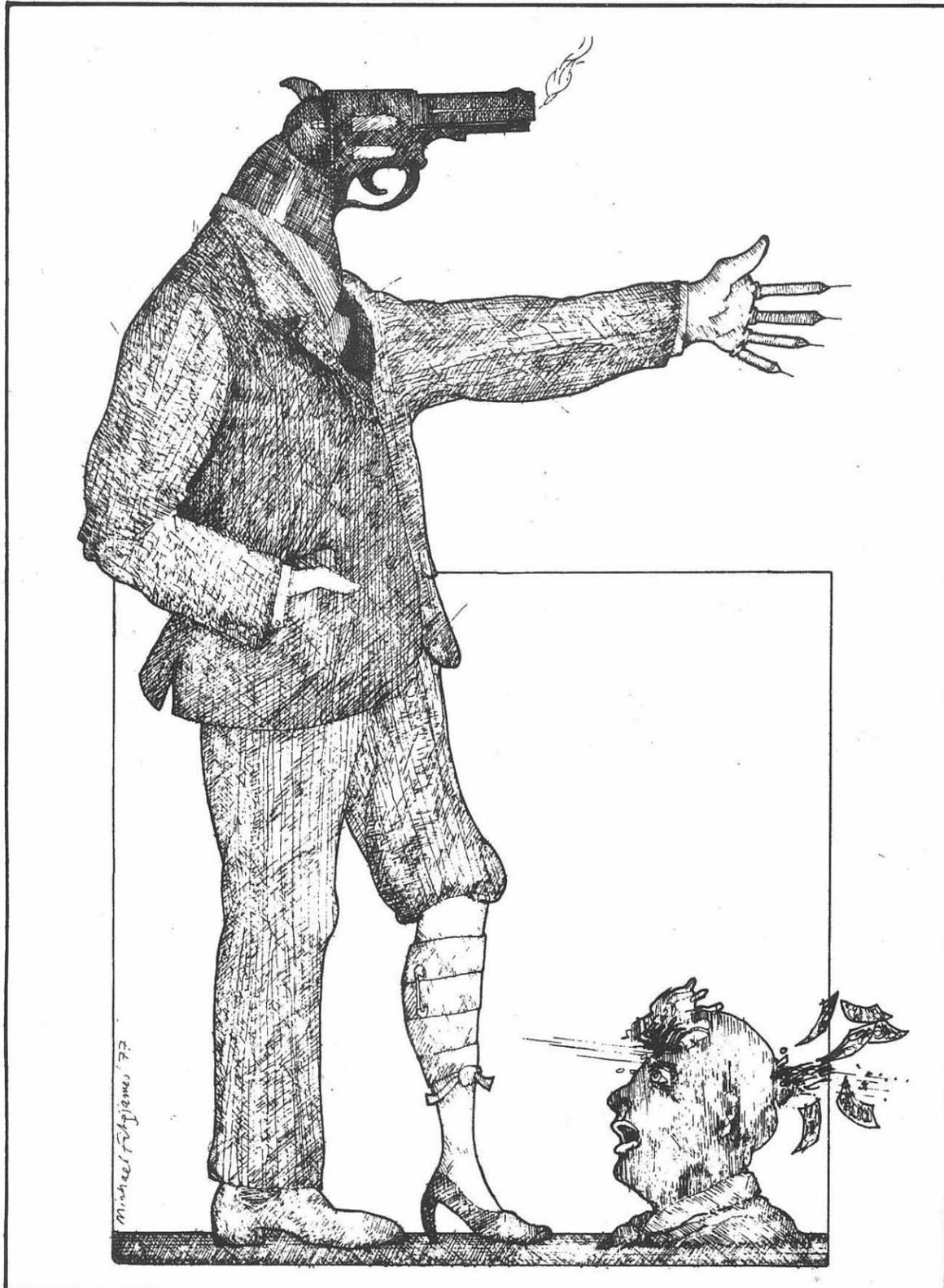
"I think I'll wait. If you come that'll be fine,

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 I? You promised you'd ask before you did it again."

"Sorry, my love," I offer timidly, not completely sure of her mood.



"I won't, but you'll try, won't you?"

"Yes." The coffee tasted refreshingly black in my tidy mouth.

"I had a hectic time last night serving drinks to businessmen."

"Many tips?" I ask without interest.

"Yes, they always leave big tips. It's worth playing-up to them."

"Is it now?" There's laughter in my voice.

"Well I've got to support myself, don't I?"

"I'll get insanely jealous if you continue with this talk."

"Then I'll continue."

"I'll be forced to my masculine strength . . ."

"What strength?"

"You're asking for it."

"Am I? Well why don't you give it to me?"

"I'll do it then . . ."

"Hey, you've been eating my leg again." She noticed the marks of my eating.

"You're a bad man. Did I tell you that you could eat my leg?"

"It's alright, I forgive you. Only I wish you'd ask. You'd better help me bandage it. Do you know it took two weeks for my leg to heal after your last little feast?"

"I know and I'm sorry. It's just that I can't resist you, you're so beautiful. I can't stop myself. I saw you lying there . . ."

"I know and understand. But come and help me."

Here we are, both naked, searching in the bathroom closet for medicines. The bathroom blushes at the sight of our younger bodies. The rooms crimson hue delights us. Secretly—I feel like eating her again, but dare not tell her. Wanting to rub the yellow ointment all over her slender leg, I'm restrained by her hairless hand.

"Couldn't you take the afternoon off?" she asks the impossible.

"I can't, really. I'd like to but we need the money."

"Whatever for?"

"Maybe something nice for you."

"Oh yes, bribery, is that it?" She pokes fun into my body with her finger words.

"If you like."

"Well it works every time. You know how

"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 to, 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 door. 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 concentration. Business has been remarkably slow during the day. The teller notices the young man in the pinstriped suit enter the bank through the heavily glassed 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 fails to move, just stares carelessly at the young man.

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

Finally the teller speaks: "What's it matter to me if I'm 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."

"A what . . ."

"If I give you the money then you owe me something. Well I want you to shoot me, that's all. It 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 bore, nothing ever happens. I come home from 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," continued the girl, and the crowd agreed with her.

"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.

What could he do? He'd have to do it. Nervously he dragged the revolver from his coat pocket. The crowd parted, permitting him a clear shot. The teller braced himself as the young man took aim. Instantly the bullet pierced the teller's skull. Pocketing the smoking revolver the young man walked towards the door, clutching desperately at the bagged money. No one stops him.

* * *

I arrive home exhausted. Crossing the door's threshold I feel confronted. She isn't here, probably gone swimming after all. It would have been nice to have stretched in the sun and flown with the forgotten sea. I'm in the bathroom now washing my oiled hands and feet. A pleasant cleanliness falls on me, strangling my subdued strength with a distinct headlock. I have a need for tea. The tea's sweetened fragrance is about me as I drink of its body. I find tea comfortable. Deep in my mind I've already spent the robbed currency on the nice indulgence of success.

She is at the front door, the sounds of unlocking flutter in my ears. I run my clean fingers through my hair, preparing to see her.

"You're back. I'm sorry I didn't wait for you, it was too nice a day to waste. Hope you don't mind?"

"Of course not, I told you to go. What was the water like?"

"refreshing, you'd have liked it."

"Yes, I'm sure I would have."

"And were you successful?"

"Yes—but I had to shoot the teller."

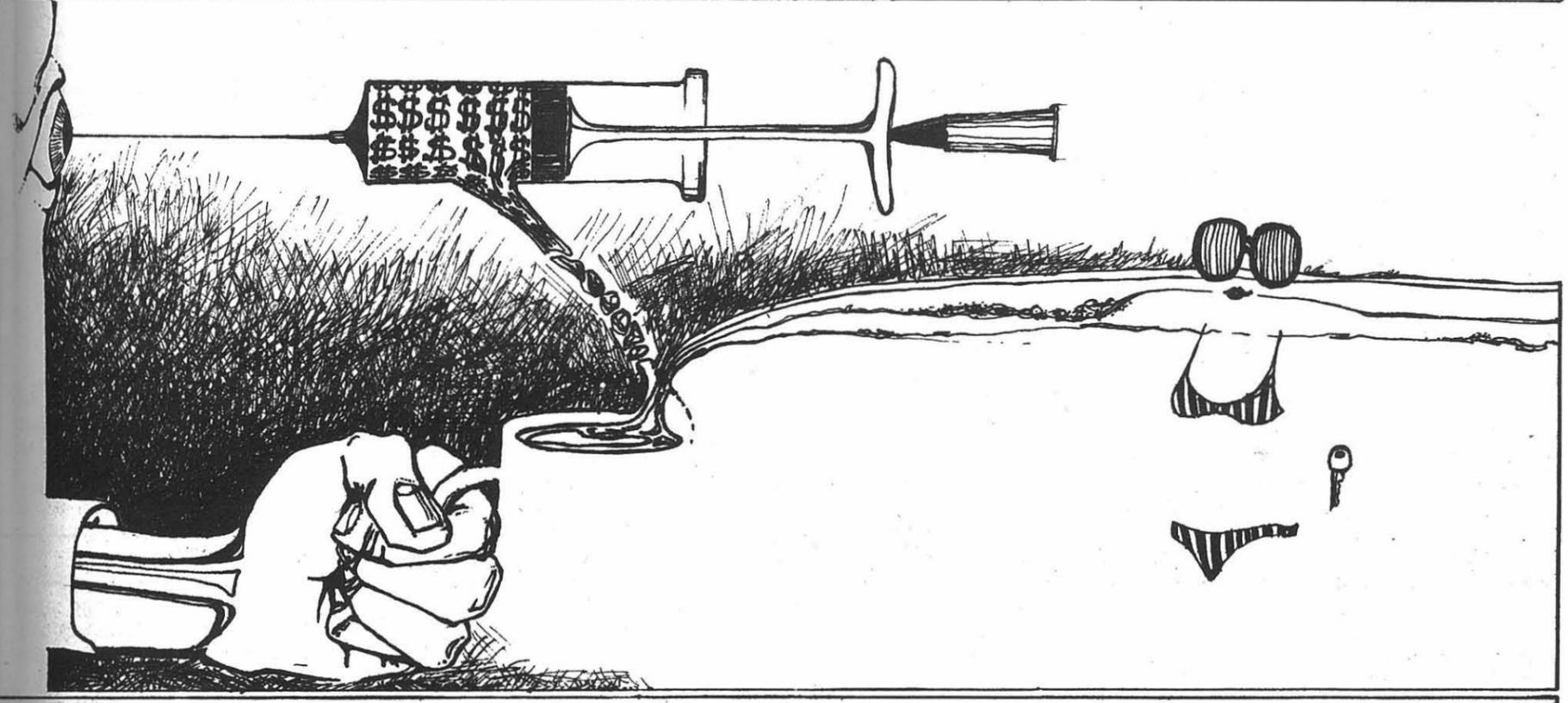
"What bad luck."

"He wanted it, he asked me to shoot him."

"Really!" Her mind is on the beach.

"It's good to be home. Where would you like to eat tonight?" I state.

"I don't care, wherever you want." I embrace her because she is beautiful.



WORK

She entered the room casually, not expecting anybody to be there, but in the half gloom of the bare space she saw him. In his hand was twelve inches of a ramrod stiff bar, with a throbbing red tip. She knew what she had to do; as he signalled she undressed quickly and lay on the illuminated couch. He did not move toward her, but stood back and studied her body while handling his tube. He broke the silence by asking "Will you try a few positions?"

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 a girl. 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 liquid fell on the floor, it was the signal, he had finished for the day. Cup of coffee, will she come back tomorrow. Her answer: 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 ninny? 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. Gulely Jimson
- b. John Milton
- c. William Blake
- d. Dante Gabriel Rossetti

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. Motherhood

3. Chiaroscuro 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 irreversible 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
 - e. Rubens
1. street scenes
 2. madonnas
 3. ballerinas
 4. bent watches
 5. plump women

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 Sphinx
- 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
1. Pop art
 2. Impressionism
 3. Surrealism
 4. Action Painting
 5. Primitivism

15. The son and grandson of this prominent 19th-century illustrator of children's books have both become well-known contemporary artists:

- a. Arthur Rackham
- b. John Tenniel
- c. N. C. Wyeth
- d. John Sargent

16. Match these modern artists with the countries in which they were born.

- a. Miro
 - b. Mondrian
 - c. Klee
 - d. Kline
 - e. Munch
1. The Netherlands
 2. U.S.A.
 3. Norway
 4. Switzerland
 5. Spain

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 Meegeren.

- a. van Dyck
- b. van der Weyden
- c. Vermeer
- d. Vlaininck

18. Match the dates with the appropriate architectural styles.

- a. Baroque
 - b. Romanesque
 - c. Greek Revival
 - d. Hellenistic
 - e. Doric
1. 500 BC
 2. 150 BC
 3. 1100 AD
 4. 1650 AD
 5. 1910 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

1. The use of paint in thick, almost three-dimensional, layers
2. A design engraved or carved on stone
3. The process of painting directly on wet plaster
4. A type of water colour
5. A band of painted or sculptured decoration

21. Who painted or sculpted what? . . . Match the artist with the work of art.

- a. Gainborough
 - b. Rembrandt
 - c. Rodin
 - d. El Greco
 - e. Brueghel
 - f. da Vinci
 - g. Picasso
 - h. Velazquez
 - i. Botticelli
 - j. David
1. The Last Supper
 2. The Birth of Venus
 3. Guernica
 4. Las Meninas
 5. The Night Watch
 6. The Assassination of Marat
 7. The Blue Boy
 8. Children's Games
 9. The Thinker
 10. View of Toledo

SCORING

1. c
2. a
3. b
4. a, b, c
5. c
6. a
7. d
8. b
9. a2, b4, c1, d3, e5
10. d
11. d
12. c (in 1970, Velazquez' portrait of Juan de Pareja brought \$5,544,000 at auction. The buyer: New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.)
13. a
14. a3, b1, c2, d4, e5
15. c (the son is Andrew, the grandson is James Wyeth)
16. a5, b1, c4, d2, e3
17. c
18. a4, b3, c5, d2, e1
19. b
20. a2, b3, c4, d5, e1
21. a7, b5, c9, d10 e8, f1, g3, h4, i2, j6

Score 3 points for each correct answer on questions 9, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 21. Score 5 points for each correct answer on question 4. All others are worth 10 points.

260 points (the maximum possible):
 You know what you like — and it isn't art!
 (Only those who got all the questions right
 qualify for this rating.)
 Over 200:
 How about a course in art appreciation, or
 a remedial trip to your local museum?
 Over 120:
 Average cultured amateur. You know enough
 to hold up your end of a conversation about
 painting and sculpture, but probably the visual
 arts are not terribly important to you.
 Under 100:
 Art lover. You spend more of your time in
 museums than anywhere else and perhaps you're
 even saving up to buy your own art collection.
 Under 50:
 True connoisseur, sage and pundit.

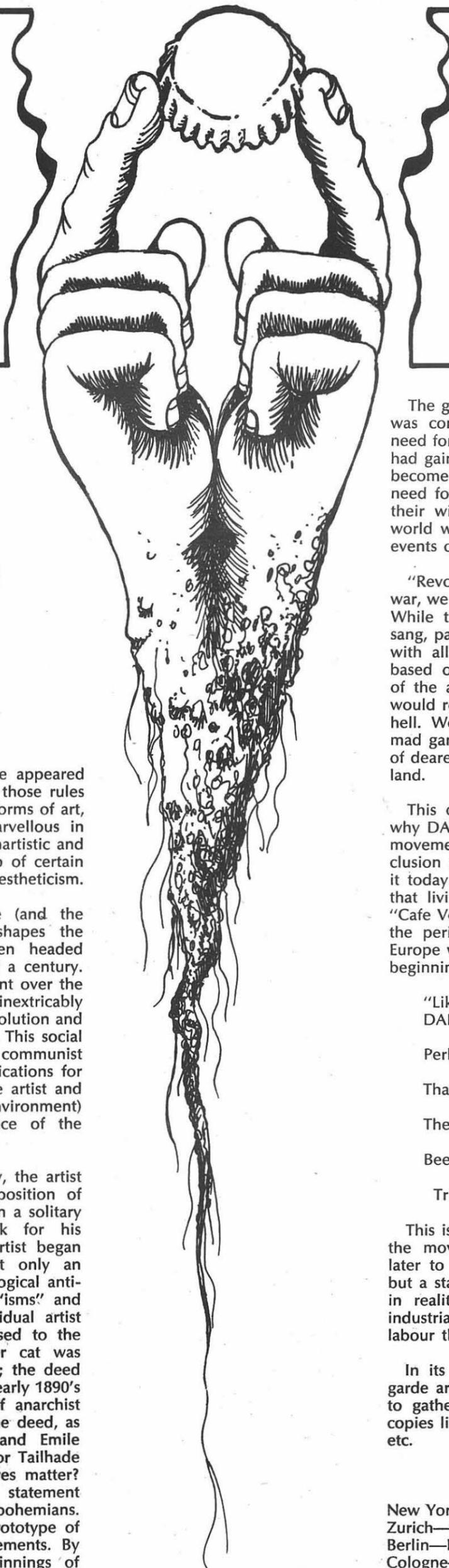
DADA - DA - DER - DUM - DE

THE ROOTS OF DADA

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 communist manifesto in 1846, with all its implications for the future, but it was to act on the artist and the intellectual as well; it (social environment) was responsible for the appearance of the "bohemian".

As a reaction to the 18th century, the artist progressively moved towards the position of the outsider. He had previously been a solitary professional man, producing work for his patrons (church, aristocracy), the artist began to band together, developing not only an aesthetic, but also a common ideological anti-bourgeois platform. The brand of "isms" and schools had come while the individual artist was seen as social saboteur, opposed to the established moves. The gesture or act was becoming as important as the work; the deed to compliment the idea! During the early 1890's society was shocked by a series of anarchist bomb attacks; the propaganda of the deed, as perpetrated by Ravachol Vaillant and Emile Henry. This led political commentator Tailhade to remark "... what do a few lives matter? ... si le geste est beau?", this statement would echo in the nihilism of the bohemians. It is also a statement which is a prototype of later Futurist and DADA pronouncements. By the end of the century, the beginnings of "anti-art" and exploration of chance in art were well under way.



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 pene-
trates with
The insistence of air into all that reason
has not
Been able to fill with words or con-
ventions."
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.

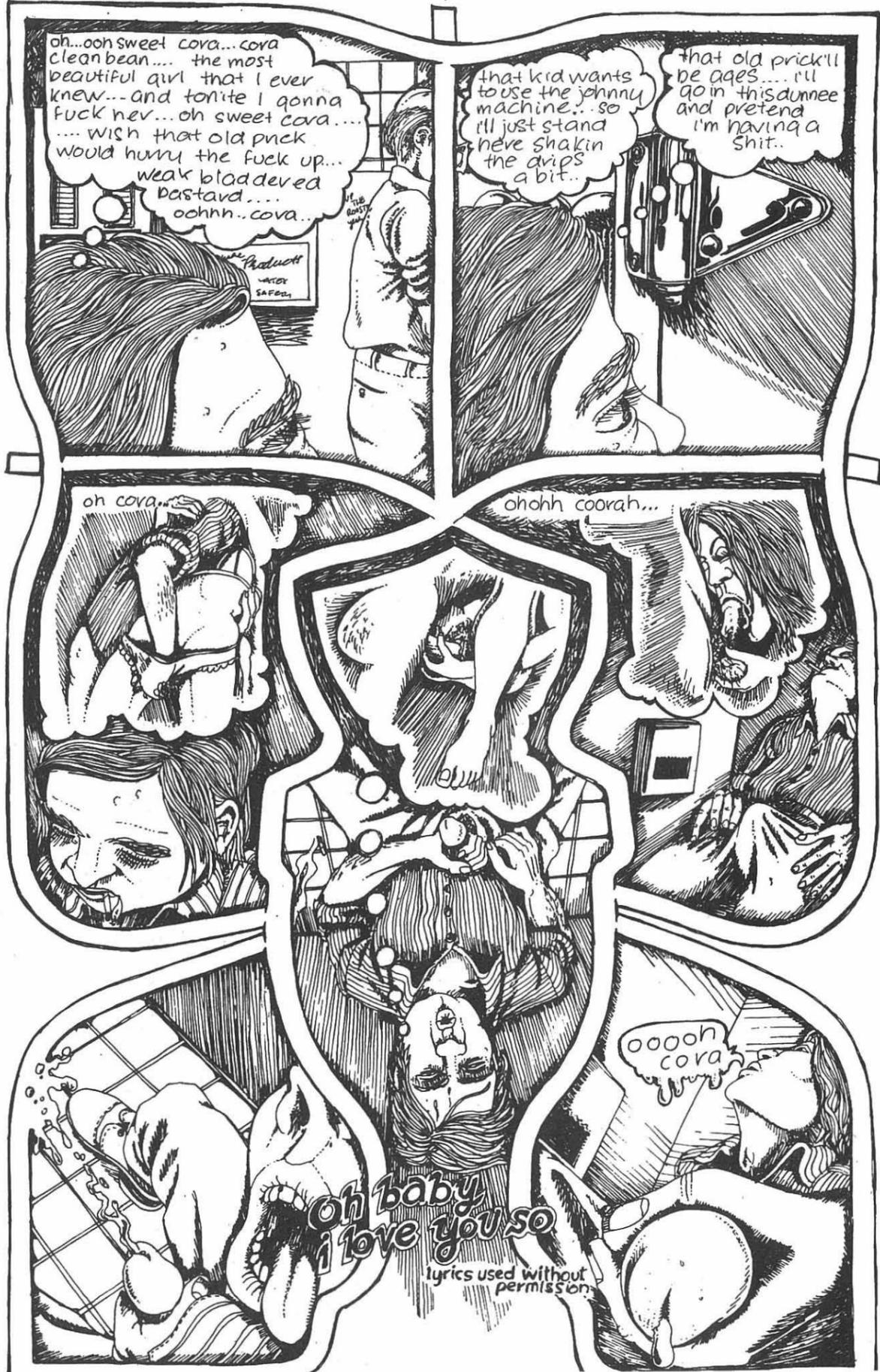
TRUE LIFE ROMANCES *no 1* in a series



oh baby
i love you so

A Sheathed Serenade.

© LATEX LOVE SONGS



Chimera Dlx



BUT WAIT... EVERYONE KNOWS THIS IS NOT HOW TRUE LIFE ROMANCES END ... SO NOW.. A REAL LIFE ALTERNATIVE





PLAGIARIZED TEXT

'Stray Feathers from Various Birds'

Chimera p.16

... there is something about what has been written having 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 silent. There is so much time and so little 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 good 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, quietitude, silence.

I don't think that what I'm saying is very intellectual. Its 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 extensively educatable as we are if the appropriate fund of information had then been avail-



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 not 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 fuse in one purpose which is no purpose." . . . It's nice to abandon what you have as much as possible, as many mental possessions as the physical ones, as they clutter your mind. It's nice to keep small, instead of expanding. Make yourself dispensable, like paper. See little, hear little, think little. . . ." What needs to be done suggests itself. When we cleanse away all these mysterious sights of our imagination, we can become without a flaw. . . .

DOES IT EVER (TRUE LOVE THAT IS) REACH THE END