

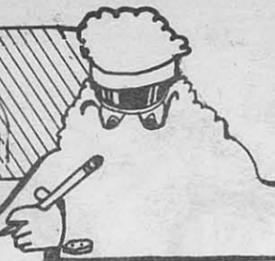
Prima

SCHOOL PAPER
ALEX MACLIE
COLLEGE OF
ADVANCED EDUCATION

No 3
NOV 77



EDITORIAL



LETTERS

Here's Chimaera No. 3 in rip roaring form. Now that the paper is getting known and is more real, people are responding really well with lots of contributions. We are after articles and info now for our huge bumper issue that is coming out in orientation week in March '78. It's going to contain an alternative handbook written by students. It'll be all sorts of info — tell you what subjects are actually about, what to expect, what it'll cost you over six months; tell you about lecturers and what to expect from them and so forth. The handbook put out by the college doesn't and can't contain this info, its written in a different lingo so we are going to translate it more or less. If you could contribute or got ideas for this come and see us, or leave a message. Steve and I want to take a while to lay it out so graphics will be more.

Steve Smith once again takes out the wraps. He keeps doing it doesn't he. He's fantastic.

The first issue of Chimaera was confiscated by a member of the academic staff at Albion Ave. This meant the Art school got the paper while Albion Ave students missed out. A couple of

The order to confiscate was countermanded by the college as it was very impulsive thing to do. We don't know exactly what happened next. The papers disappeared. If you don't like the paper in parts come and let us know. Disappearance of papers won't be happening again.

complaints about Chimaera come and see us or write a letter. We love getting letters and feedback.

Our centre spread is a send up. Warwick is our college stud photographer. We detected a need to explore more send up "pornography?"

Is there an increasing gap between students and the rest of the staff or is it the end of year syndrome? Is stratification setting in — everyone getting assigned their roles to play, including students?

Complaints are pouring in to the art school, to the art committee

and to Chimaera about the area of electromedia. Oooh such a sensitive spot. The main complaint seems to be about booked equipment. Students book equipment only to have it taken by lecturers. That's a problem area that really needs to be sorted out. Another complaint made to me concerned the right of lecturers to take equipment off campus for their own use when that equipment is booked by students. When space is so critical in the electromedia area you wonder about priorities when a whole studio is taken over by offices that don't need relatively sound proofed rooms. Why couldn't staff double up for the last few weeks.

Oner does a really great job. Heard that he hasn't had much back up help in establishing the electromedia store as far as paper-work systems and office layout.

Electromedia seems to need intensive workshops run to teach students they physical aspects of the equipment they are using, how to care for it how it works how to set equipment up. We hope to have lots of info in this area in our alternative handbook.

The appeal to Albion Ave campus to contribute to their paper in one article from a primary student. How about getting down with your pens tigers as the visual people are filling the paper at the moment. We really want and need news, info and raves from people at Albion Ave. Drop your article into the SRC Office next to your common room. We need people to help us with the orientation issue, especially in the alternative handbook section. If you have ideas articles or help to offer contact me by leaving a message at SRC Office. I'll contact you from that point.

We will be collecting copy all over the summer break so send your articles to us (c/- SRC Office, Albion Ave) or drop them in.

See you all back with brown bums in March.

Jude McBean.

Dear Eds,

The only thing in the last issue of "Chimaera" which prompted my criticism was an article entitled "Punk Politics" by someone called Harry. Although pleased to see the topic being aired, I fear that anyone not very familiar with the new wave scene could have received a stifled view.

The main point in the article that came within my own rather limited realm of criticism was the assertion that Punk bands are not concerned with the quality of their music but more with political overtones of subversion. To say that the new wave music is not primarily about music at all is a load of smelly socks. The new wave music of any era is a reflection of energy directions and requirements within a youthful society. Today so many young people are out of work, have been for over a year and have no hope of being in any other predicament than the present one, which is directly related to politics — they need all the exercise they can get. Therefore it follows that a good musician today is one who knows the political situation to be able to communicate and relate effectively and to provide a high level energy outlet where it is most needed. Hence the "relentlessly fast" music, an unrestrained amplification, which intensify the energy of the group and their audience and provide distortion of sound. For a sound to be distorted to what seems like an insane density without

actually damaging generally should require, I would think, a certain degree of technical competence and an acute knowledge of musical patches, vibrations, etc., etc., (which could be discovered in any garbage-group but would take a lot more concern for music than for politics to be nurtured to a publicly viable level).

Harry also claims that "it doesn't really matter that they (punks) can't play "since the majority of followers will put up with anything simply for the solidarity punks represent. Yes, some will put up with "bad musicianship" when it turns up simply to keep up an image or solidarity or whatever, but on the while most people want to dance because there is no other fun. The punk and new wave bands are raw sounding — effectively offering the audience a plausible way of life (if we can have fun so can you — do it — no one can object to you screaming at the top of your voice and making noise because they can't stop us). Punk bands are offering music as a relief from a repressive society to anyone who needs that energy outlet. If there is no other obvious outlet (such as a job) then there will naturally be musicians who can only inflict themselves on other people and hope they don't mind — it's not entertainment, it's "bad musicianship", which is undeniably an associated image of punks. However, bands such as the Sex Pistols, the Saints, Johnny Dole and the Scabs, are talented musicians who will play music no matter

Dear Editors,
I must compliment you on a tremendous second issue! Great work. I've got a bit of a grumble however. In reference to John Nixon's "Thoughts from the Network" article, I'd like to point out that while I'm wholeheartedly behind the concept of a network and from what I can discern, one of the most important aspects of the network is communication, the type of language which Nixon uses to convey his ideas totally defeats the purpose of writing such an article. That sort of obscurantist's jargon is simply unnecessary. If the network is attempting to establish an alternative and friendly environment in which ideas can be aired, exchanged and put into action, then they are going to have to do it in a language that everyone can understand and use — otherwise they are going to put themselves right back where they started from... an elitist ivory tower.
Yours faithfully
Frances M. Bellman

Dear Ed's or is it Jude's?

Well, I'd just like to bring some attention to an aspect of the paper I feel would be an improvement.

I have noticed that the majority of articles in the first two issues have been written by few, endeavouring man. I'm sure readers appreciate the efforts involved. I also feel confident that the situation will change as others see the potential and gain enthusiasm for the paper and begin to submit so much work and information that the editorial committee will have. The improvements I mention before was a Contents-like list. They would give credit to the author and maintain a responsibility that goes with identification as information. It will also move the spotlight from the author and direct them toward the thoughts/investigations published — so that the author's name/personality/identity ego does not interfere with what said or read.

It may seem like a trivial point (see Mouth Technology - Artism, an Obituary, Chimaera No. 2) but I'm sure the influence of an exposed identity affects both the writer and reader/audience, in many ways detrimentally. It could be a matter of prejudice because of past

incidents or personality clashes before limited communication. I am suggesting that names not be displayed, as they have been so prominently on most but that they be provided for commendation and/or critical access. After all, what is said and done is what is important. I would not like to see newspaper identities emerge within the art school. We have enough of that competition and class structure outside.

Letters to the Editor and Activities News are perhaps the only necessary omissions from what I've suggested, as they are short direct dialogues relating specifically to the paper's contents and reference information, hopefully promoting more personal contact. Any further suggestions/comments on this point welcome.

Regards
Richard Maude

what happens to the political climate. They want to communicate so they sing and scream politics and a bit of violence, real effects of their present society drawing support from past groups such as The Who, Kinks, Stones, etc. who were daring in their day.

In comparing the present effects of the present political climate with that of the sixties one realises that (particularly with high unemployment just about everywhere) political commitment can no longer be ignored by a majority of people anywhere. Everyone is a potential "punk" if they are at all concerned about their rights within or without capitalist government and their personal hopes for the future.

My view is quite possibly just as open for criticism as Harry's, having researched the topic not as thoroughly as I could have, but I believe the basic drive for the punk movement comes from a musically experienced background which is well disguised to relate immediately with a general reaction to today's society. Hoping that someone with more experience in the field can correct me where needed.

Kerryn Stanton

Dear Eds,

Like to congratulate you on the second issue of Chimaera — it displayed a much wider scope of interests within the College than the first issue (realising that "first issues" must not be criticised severely, especially when there's basic-

ally one person responsible for most of the work load, I won't crap on about that).

Hopefully the paper will be able to continue in various veins, not necessarily related directly to the College but serving as a strong communication between students and the outside world (so easily ignored within the ideals of students till they get what they want from the College and face the music). I know many people off campus who were most impressed by this issue. Of course, the need for basic relaying of ideas between students about various common situations and problems will be a strong force for the paper. When one tiny elevator in a five storey building becomes virtually the only common room available to staff and students spread over 3 or 4 campuses, there arises a desperate need for an alternate communication venue — essentially a newspaper — and since this is the only comprehensive medium available to people (especially those involved in communications to such a degree as trainee teachers and artists) it deserves every student's support and encouragement — got many telegrams yet?

I guess people are pretty busy with traditional end-of-year pressures and anxieties, but with the following issues in 1978 there should be no excuse for any lack of a variety of student contributions — we can at least talk about our Christmas holidays or something. Let's hope people realise their potentials.

Sincerely
Kerryn Stanton

Points of View

ON DOING IT

Doing is dialectico-operating. It implies language/means of communication — diversity directed with active co-operation.

It's not seen as an art/pressure group — too definitive/exclusive. The art warehouse in Sussex Street seems to be one step towards a more realistic operation. Another is the Network proposal and activities. Those people involved so far, because of the possibility there existing, the necessarily open-ended and experimental nature of the projects, cannot continue to effectively work in isolation, even as a small group. Since this kind of activity is proposed for many, yes, even all, then feed-back-criticism is needed from all students of all inclinations, within/out art colleges. Make them, by your comments and means of contribution, something which is relevant for you as a part of us.

Dialectico-operation is an idea — realise it with regard for your friends and for your work not apart from your needs.

Now that we have three issues of our own paper injected into our private little schema and since there has been little criticism of the Network proposal or other thoughts, published in previous issues, it can only be assumed that everybody's happy with what is.

We at Alexander Mackie are generally interested in undertaking studies/investigations in processes relating to that elusive activity called creativity, etc., etc., like many other institutions such as Sydney College of the Arts, National Institute of Dramatic Art, Film and TV School, Institute of Technology, Architecture, Fine Arts, etc., in fact numerous centres, supposedly for exercising creative experimentation are operating in the Sydney area.

Of course I'm speaking about the potential and possibility, even necessity of these institutions feeding back to the culture/society that support them, in a form which can be assimilated, rather than merely understood. This requires an awareness and direct dealing with the problems already oppressing art and society.

The Network, not as a bureaucratic web but as a collective connection, proposes initially a link in CAE's throughout NSW, perhaps in the form of a publication and/or as on-campus information reservoirs. This seems to me and others to be a practical way of spreading news and views amongst art students, etc., who, like everybody else, have problems and who, like everybody else, have not so many answers.

In the last edition (Chimaera No 2), I contributed some words essentially concerned with the potential of art as a tool for greater social/environmental awareness, therefore change — a means/process for collecting, disseminating and comprehending much relevant and relative information and perhaps as such "political" strategy.

One series of thoughts (on page 5) was attributed to John Nixon. This I found in Melbourne earlier this year on the back of an invitation for his coming exhibition. Unfortunately, I didn't get to see the exhibition.

A few simple words suffice. I have never met or conversed with John Nixon. I have no idea who he really is, although both of us operate, it seems, within a relatively small "scene" in Australia, which is vaguely defined art. But he has

made his thoughts and ideas available indirectly to me, hence to you. By publication we are now freer to openly criticise and modify modes of operation and thought. You may not agree with what he has said, but you now have the opportunity to disagree.

"Information is an ongoing process which invites and involves change as a necessary part of its continual relevance".

(A correction to Network proposal, Chimaera No. 2 — "change", as above, definitely not "chance").

Accompanying John Nixon's appeal was a letter (anti-package) I'd received in 1974 from a British collective called Mouth Technology, who also sent me the "Artism an Obituary" statement, on page 3 of that issue.

The "Network proposal" also in that edition, was adapted from a shopfront proposal written and attempted in 1975 by several concerned artists as well as students from Sydney University and Alexander Mackie College.

Points of view must continue to expand.

I guess I am trying to make the point that although these separate articles come from different places at different but recent times, they have in common and express the desire for greater criticism and collective activity on the basis of common goals, made aware of by that criticism. These points seemed to befit a publication such as our newly formed paper.

The more people, artists if you like, participating and the more regularly that participation occurs, the more creative criticism, the

more we understand and construct our goals as artists, as social groupings and more importantly as just people. Humans' being?

We can avoid the privatization of the individual — the artist/specialist as hero, identifiably "professional" — the exclusiveness and often paranoia of clique manifesto/ideologies — the romantic aggression of nationalism — we can, by doing it, achieve and maintain an art practice which is not bound by historical prejudices and which is not opposed to human needs.

It's not so difficult to be intimidated by a collective effort, often polarised by the artist with personal-artistic integrity. How many of us could deny the international need for better community relationships, whether that need be a penfriend, a party, an art workshop of a neighbourhood action group?

I feel we need to co-operatively test and criticise any real alternatives not to encourage the act of definition — often becoming the act of dissolution — but to create a dynamic dialectic which improves/repairs understandings, empathy and co-operation of lifestyle and creative/constructive pursuit. How else can we avoid the selfish paranoid ego?

These thoughts are not so linear. I hope they are coherent. I am writing to understand certain things, I must beware of literature; Unfortunately, modern relationships are too often destroyed by the words and images we use to define them.

Please read all that has been expressed/presented in your paper — it concerns you — criticise and feed us back in the next issue. Ideas are free and anonymous.

activity

There's always need for greater communication (even some would do) to the extent that written attempts herein seem sometimes trite (as literature will) when we're dragging ourselves out of the slime and naivety.

We are very much divided as a community of (so-called) creative people by many physical and meta-physical barriers. The campus split up doesn't help, for sure. Neither does the Mackie administration — perhaps institutions generally. But this paper does when the barriers are a reality. We've needed a more competent vehicle for too long — we now have it — use it.

This space is here to inform of your and other activities which manmay be interested in, even concerned about.

This is an invitation for random notes/activities calendar type information to be circulated throughout the College and further I'm sure. Knowing what people are doing encourages direct communication and stimulates ideas and the necessary energy for relevant. Please make the information brief for this section, although we will print as many as possible.

news gossip gripes bitches

Ross Wolfe has co-ordinated a proposal to the Australia Council Public Works Programme, for finances to cover a 12 month lease on a large billboard in some prominent position. A number of people are involved and as a collective have submitted various individual proposals for 1 to 4 weeks each of billboard space. These proposals range from performance and process pieces to paintings and collages. The money required has not yet been approved although the chances look good. The group also includes Gregor Cullen, Jim

Peter Hardy, Jenny Jagers, Mark Kolydrovick, Richard Maude, Tony Mortimer, Michael Pursche, Michael Rolfe, Peter Thorn and likely are some local school children. They're as well, applying for additional funds to cover 16 mm documentation of the various works.

No, Liz Macleod has not acquired an artificial limb — she got married. With a name like Liz Legge this girl must go far

Hello to Ruth Waller ... lovely to see her happy smiling face about the place again ... looking forward to ideas and stories from "O.S."

Goodbye to Geoff Weary (our photogenic S.R.C. member) and Roy and Barbara....

And to the jerk responsible for the violent incident at the inter-college ball ... hope the feminist thugs get ya....

To the end of year bonanza by non academic staff at Albion Avenue is happening again. Why can't the College buy more camerastrypods, lenses, etc. instead of carpets, extra calculators and such, stuff that is even though unnecessary by the people ordering it.

Who is the phantom that "cleans up" Cumerland Street. Who took our newspaper box from the foyer?

Heard that a certain administrator at Commonwealth Street, when requested for funds to purchase more 16 mm film suggested that they "go over" that they "go over" some of their old film....

A lecturer suddenly confronted a class which had not seen a lecturer for ten weeks and informed a couple of 4th year students, two weeks before the end of term, that the type of work that they were doing — work which is not in the strict sense of the word "painting" — will not pass....

Rumours spreading around that pornographic publications were circulating around the various campuses ... anyone got a copy? Haven't seen any good porn in ages

Good to hear that two recent accident victims, Kirsty Clarke and Sally Morris are both experiencing speedy recoveries from their respective car and bike accidents.

QUESTIONNAIRE

STUDENT ACCOMODATION SURVEY 1977

Are you Concerned?

What do you need, want and require in your art school?

"You can get it if you really want"

"You can't always get what you want but if you try sometimes, you just might find you get what you need."

Ever seen that brilliant "B" grade movie made in a "B" grade country "The Harder They Come". Check it out sometime. By saying what you want you can help determine what is going to get built and how things get changed on the future Art campus at Albion Ave. Work on this campus is projected to start in 1980. Albion Ave is planned to be the permanent new site for the School of Art with permanent new buildings.

Linda Coombs' environmental class stage 11 has got together a questionnaire. This questionnaire deals with the formation of this new School of Art.

The reason present accommodation is often considered insufficient, is due to the fact that no-one has had information concerning student needs from students.

This information will be completely anonymous and confidential as far as individuals are concerned.

We are trying to cover aspects of the psychological, sociological and aesthetic needs of students as well as basic physical needs.

This is a student questionnaire; it has been devised by students as part of their course, Elements of the Built Environment Stage II, for students.

This information will be submitted for consideration in the preparation of the planning reports for the School of Art.

If you haven't already been handed a questionnaire and you wish to fill one in see Linda Coombs. You hand your completed forms to Linda also. Her office is on the fourth floor at Cumberland Street. You often find her using the photostat machine on the fifth floor - seems to like doing that.

Please hand these back as soon as possible as the info has to be formulated by the students. Linda is involved in the planning of the new art campus and she needs this info.

Richard McDermott
Ula Tsirekus
Fabia Tory
Elizabeth Reid
Marina Pearce
Nick Kartzoff



Down to Earth ConFest

Date: 16th December '77 to 6th January '78

Place: Thredbo - 50 miles south of Canberra, on the Monare Highway, on the way to Cooma.

	Inventory	
Up to 16th Dec		Advance Preparation
16th - 23rd Dec		Getting it Together
24th - 26th Dec		A conFest Xmas
27th Dec - 2nd Jan		The ConFest
3rd - 6th Jan		Winding down, cleaning up.

Special Dates

30th Dec: U-BAN "Living without Uranium" Rally to Parliament House.
31st Dec - 31st Jan. 3rd: Concert, Music, Theatre.

ConFest

ConFest is to be a composite of workshop discussion groups, demonstrations, sharings and events, including: mudbricks; solar power; meditation; biofeedback; humane technology; growth therapies; yoga; media; craft; films; education; dancing; healing; nutrition; organic growing; Can we live without uranium?; child care and activities; craft bazaar will also be happening.

Registration Form

Please Use block letters.

NAME

ADDRESS

..... POSTCODE

PHONE

DATE of probable arrival

of probable departure

TRAVEL: Hitch / cycle / bus / train / car / TAA

SPACE NEEDED ON SITE: Care / tent / other

RESOURCES AND ENERGIES

Can you help with planning and preparation in your local area

.....

Advance work on the ConFest site

From To

I want to participate in workshops etc

.....

At the ConFest my special interest is

.....

I want to conduct workshops etc

.....

i.e. to present to this group

.....

I enclose my ConFest registration \$10.00

I enclose my D.T.E. (Down to Earth) subscription for 1977 (optional) \$5

I enclose a donation for D.T.E. (optional)

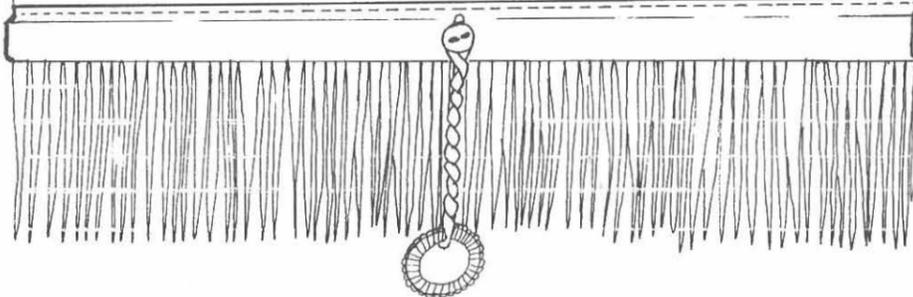
Total enclosed

signed Date

Please cross cheque / money order and make payable to Down To Earth.

Mail to:
ConFest Convenor.

Mail to:
ConFest Convenor,
Dr Jim Cairns
Parliament House
Canberra
A.C.T.



TERRY'S TALK

Talking about Orientation Week '78 in a Chimaera edition intended for present students, may sound to you like the familiar grinding of the Mackie cogs - all very nice to know those wheels are turning, but call me when term really begins.

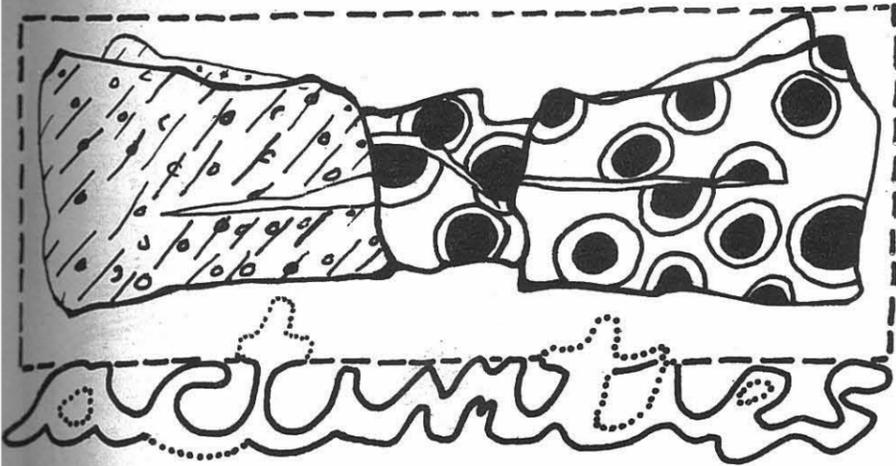
Yet Orientation Week should be much more than form-filling and time-tabling, for all students. Any activities or happenings can, and I believe, do have far wider meaning for incoming students than carrot-like enticements to attend, or token lumps of sugar between documentation and course registration. For example, an idea a la "l'apres midi d'une lamington", with Cumberland Street again blocked off and take over for an afternoon, with the concept originated and planned by students of the College: it might seem good, expansive fun after a few years of high schools, but implicit to new students is the message to drop any braces on their brains, that the horizon is now limited only by the depth of their own creativity and resourcefulness. with the BBQ planned for Albion Avenue, it's also making it clear that Cumberland Street Campus is not just an outpost of the Albion Avenue/Flinders Street hub. This is especially important for new Primary Ed. students, who spend the brunt of Orientation Week at Albion Avenue, and maybe the next three years. To counter this, "Meet the Counsellor" for incoming Primary Ed. students will be at Cumberland Street, with a tour of what that campus offers.

Again, what if the BBQ planned for the Wednesday afternoon of Orientation Week included a cabaret, jazz, folk and blues. Have you heard people like Jennifer Rwall

(75P), Monique Lysiak (75M) and her own jazz compositions, and Vicki Baird and the 75M backing group? As a cabaret, that's entertainment. As performers, it would be the first staggering realisation to new students of just what that "development of their unique potential" referred to in the handbook looks like.

Other ideas for Orientation Week which need your help include an Alternative Handbook, the College from the students' outlook: What is practice teacher really like? What do you actually do in the Design course? If I'm going to be a teacher, where is the teaching profession going? What do other Dip. Art students hope to do after finishing the course? (Liz Ashburn is co-ordinating this, if you have more ideas, or opinions). Jude McBean is gearing some films aimed at female Art and Art Ed. (B.Ed.) students and their status in the art scene. Any student who is concerned about issues affecting students, and who wishes to make contact with particular groups of students during Orientation, is invited to co-ordinate with the Orientation Week Working Party.

Elsewhere in this edition of Chimaera, is a notice concerning accommodation for country students next year. If any continuing students find they have a vacancy at their flat or house towards the end of vacation, please give me a ring. As far as possible, we hope to arrange to meet new students when they arrive in Sydney, to have been able to lend a hand in finding their accommodation before they arrive. My number is 31.8066.



It's the end of the year once again. Almost time to take a break from activities. The College has had live theatre - a dance performance, an electronic music concert, a poetry reading (doesn't anybody have poetry readings anymore???) a couple of dances and of course the obligatory barbecues.

I have tried to develop a policy of employing on campus talents wherever possible in activities. It is my belief that an art school should be a place where people can express their ideas, "play" with them, extend modify and exchange them. We have lots of creative people on these campuses and its not just in painting and drawing. There is obviously lots more talent and ideas floating out there, hopefully in the course of '78 we can extend the contact we have already made. There are musicians, actors, dancers, mimes, magicians... if you want an audience, want to develop your ideas in some sort of people presentation, come and see me. Please be prepared to help as well - it is fine enough to have an idea. But you must be prepared to help get it happening. Some people would like some more poetry readings - go ahead and do it and see me or one else on the S.R.C. if you need some help.

The "Art Network" seems to be an excellent idea. It is now up to us all, individually and collectively to support it. The recent festivities at

Sydney College of the Arts got a whole lot of people together and feeling good to know each other. Hopefully the Art Network will expose us to other people's ideas/work/experiments. It will be quite a buzz to get feedback from other places, other states instead of the same people and the same ideology. We may even start to understand and analyse the context from which these ideas are emanating.

Some news about the Cellblock theatre. It's still there but we can't use it. The administration of East Sydney Tech. has effectively banned us from using it ... in a nice liberal way. Published is a list of provisions which we must fulfill before being allowed into the Hall. The third one effectively excludes us because there are exams in the Cellblock from now until after the 5th December. The first free day is 14th december - when a whole lot of people have gone away:

"i. The total cost of the cleaning will be met by the Student's Representative Council.

ii. A bond of \$300 will be required to cover the cleaning costs.

iii. There must be a complete working day, free of any booking, following any booking made by the Association."

Oh well, I hope to have an alternative venue lined up but it is a bit sad that we can't use a building that has to many advantages for us.

GARRY LESTER.

NEW SOUTH WALES DEPARTMENT OF TECHNICAL AND FURTHER EDUCATION

EAST SYDNEY TECHNICAL COLLEGE

FORBES STREET, DARLINGHURST, N.S.W. 2010

Telephone: 31 0266

In reply please Quote

Secretary,
Students' Representative Council,
Alexander Mackie College of
Advanced Education,

31st October, 1977

Dear Sir,

In response to inquiries made by Mr. Gary Lester regarding your Association's use of the Cell Block Theatre for a social function, a booking will be accepted subject to the following conditions:

- i) The total cost of the cleaning will be met by the Students' Representative Council.
- ii) A bond of \$300 will be required to cover the cleaning costs.
- iii) There must be a complete working day, free of any booking, following any booking made by the Association.

Yours faithfully,

J McSweeney

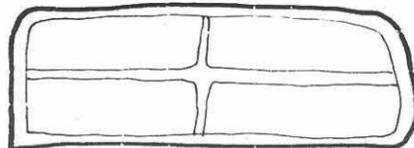
J. McSweeney, per JK
Deputy Principal.

FLINDERS ST. REPORT

At the beginning of November, members of the art committee - Elsebeth, Kate, Garry and I - inspected Flinders Street campus with Harley Roberts, the college Secretary and Ray Clarke the college's architect. The amount of money available for capital works was \$200,000. A great big chunk of this went on the construction of fire (i.e. cement) stairs at each end of the building.

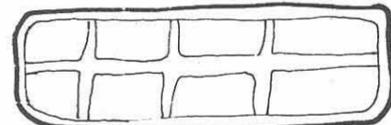


We found the building more pleasant than expected. The painting studios have good natural light - windows on both long sides. A great improvement on Cumberland Street studios where fluorescent lights are a must. Two and a half floors of the four floors (including the basement) are painting studios. Each studio has lecturers' offices loos.



The remaining half of the ground floor has administration and lecturers' offices, a staff common room and our student common room. The basement is for sculpture - metal casting, welding, clay and plaster work, and heavy metal working, plus plastics. That's a rough run down of the building.

Our common room, to get down to the specifics, is okay. There is going to be carpets, soft chairs, a fridge, an urn, tables and chairs, cupboards all supplied by the college which is pretty nice. There is an alcove going off the common room which is going to fit our pool table beautifully. The SRC asked for office space that goes off the common room. We found out the other day that the college gave this space to us - great eh? Read about that space in the SRC report.

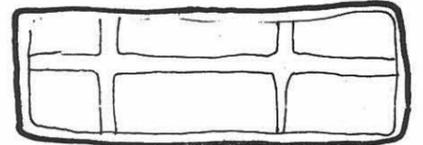


Showers are getting put in. These will be very useful for people who make dirty sculptures and for those who wipe their faces while finger painting. Save all those embarrassing bus rides home, when people feel they are sitting next to a freak of some kind, that is if they are game to sit next to you and risk getting paint or clay all over them.

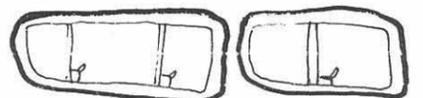


Storage space - oh dear, always a problem, and as far as we could see not really facilitated for at Flinders Street. Seems to be more acute in the sculpture area where they are tight for space anyway. Art schools are places where people constantly create, make, build and shape things. It's a real contradiction. Mackie's space problems are acute within the art school and will continue to be so for quite a few years to come.

Noise noise noizz noizz is going to be a problem as it is. We should all do soft relief sculptures all over the walls. The sculpture section is going to be the worst noise area. The whole building has cement floors, walls and ceilings.



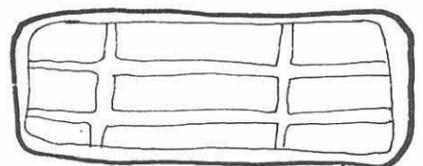
The most exciting part of the building is the roof. It's fantastic. See the pollution for miles all round. Deck chairs, tables, beach umbrellas and sunnies supplied. The roof can't take hard treatment, like geodesic domes built on it, stillettee heels hard furniture and such as it is soft tar stuff that can be punctured, which means the roof will then leak. But its great, its fantastic, its the best facility for recreation on the Flinders Campus. Short trees and tall bushes are getting placed on the roof also. If you're a bit of a green thumb help the vegetation along.



Ventilation of the building is on a "wait and see" basis. A couple of extractors are being installed in the basement. If you find certain areas need ventilation let us or the administration know, as they are going to ventilate as needed according to how students utilise areas.



You will find that Flinders Street will be gradually added to and changed. A lot of things, apart from saving money cannot be determined until people start using the building, livening it up. So if you have ideas or need something in the building share the knowledge by writing us a letter (the SRC or Chimaera).



A Gentle Screw

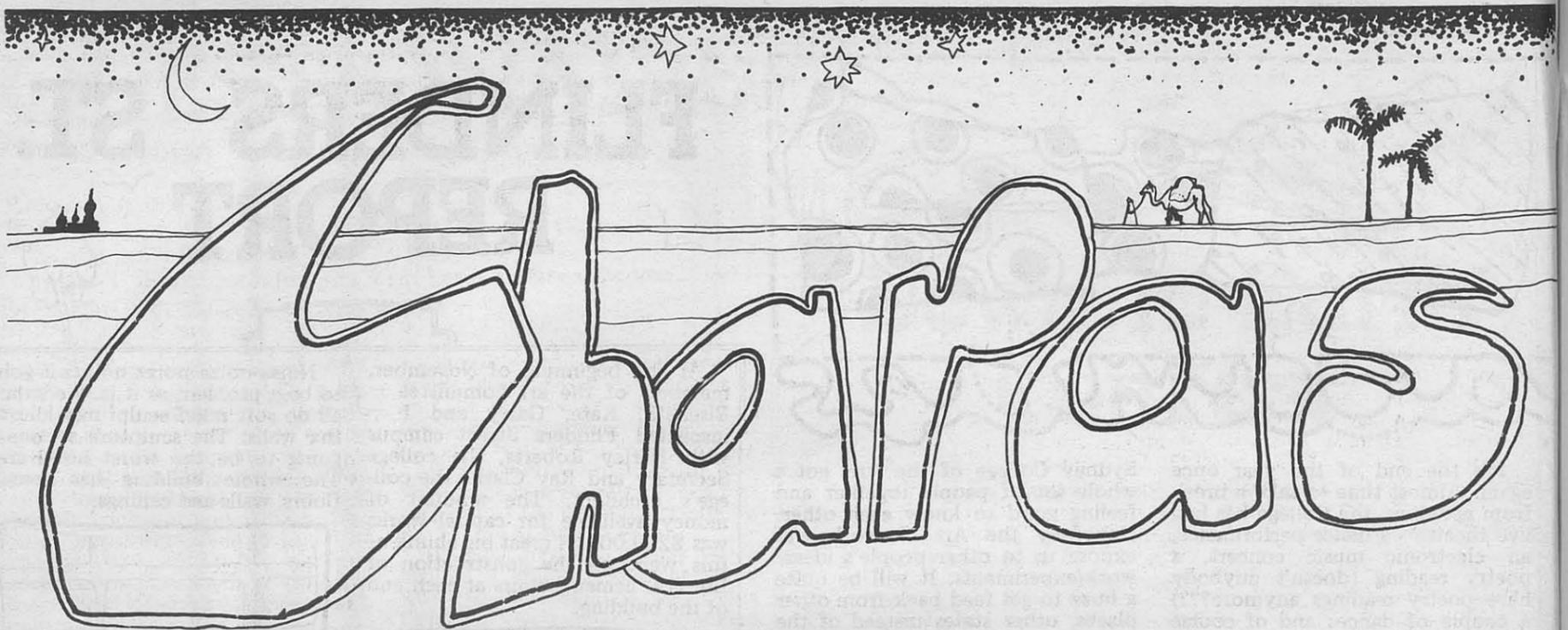
The common room promised us there has become more a resting area. Seems as though we can make noise and mess and stick up lots of our posters at Flinders Street, while Cumberland becomes the "civilised front". What happens to the info stuck up in the lift, in the foyer and on the front doors? Our common room at Cumberland Street won't be a closed in area. Its the space between the lifts on the fourth floor next to our Intimate Theatre that was taken off us. We have asked for the Intimate Theatre back. Hopefully we will get it.

We appreciate the critical lack of space on this campus. The shortage is dreadful. Silkscreening studios are going to be better at all than they have been. This is a medium in which an increasing number of students are getting into. So overcrowding is going to continue.

Its crazy. The art school has to get more space.

Jude McBean





Excitement, I wanted excitement. Take a few risks. Stop worrying about consequences. Consequences, consequences, ignore the consequences. What does it matter if you get caught? Worry about that when it happens. A half kilo of hash would fetch a three hundred percent profit in Bombay. But it's not the money, just the occupation. Just go off by yourself and leave these boring people, take up the challenge and beat it.

The next few days I spent arranging to buy five hundred grams of hash from my Afghani friend, the proprietor of a local 'underground' restaurant in Herat. I had become good friends with him on this my second visit to Afghanistan, often sitting in his restaurant smoking, listening to tabla and drums. I had brought a few people along sometimes. I was helping his rather meagre business and provided him with some information about connections and deals in the West. He was hungry for information. He had decided on a trip to Italy as soon as he had the money. He wanted to be prepared.

He smoked and sold two types of hash, both of which were of good quality and reasonably priced. But more important, he could be trusted. Afghans engaged in transactions with foreigners are invariably unscrupulous, cunning bandits. Often tourists encouraged unethical practices by their ignorance and trust.

The deal was arranged. I went to the restaurant early one morning for my usual goats curd, raisins and goats milk, with 'Nescoffee'. My friend produced the deal. I checked the weight and the quality. All seemed to be in order except that I must smoke some before accepting it. I made a generous joint and smoked it alone. There was a back door to the restaurant. It opened onto the roof of a lower mud dwelling. I walked through and sat in the cold sunlight. All the buildings within my gaze were made of mud, blending inconspicuously with what was left of the ancient City wall, constructed in the days of the marauding Mongols.

The hash was good. I was getting pretty stoned. It was time for a walk. I made for the wall through foul smelling gullies, rough archways, down broken walls and up narrow streets. The people seemed apprehensive as I passed them or their gateways. Their looks were a mixture of a little curiosity, a little childish fascination and a lot of ignorance. To reach the wall I had to pass through a large vacant area. A few people were lounging around watching my progress. I crossed the area and climbed steeply up a track in the side of the wall. I had a weird feeling approaching the wall. Those watching me now wore expressions slightly different to those I had seen earlier. I got to the top of the wall. The view was magnificent but the smell was unbearable. It was the local communal shit-house. On every square foot of ground, equidistant from each other, were coils of dried shit. A few wry smiles greeted me on my return to ground level!

Back at the restaurant I agreed to pay the five Afghans per gram asked for the hash. That cost me about \$100. If I could get \$300 for it in Bombay, the \$200 profit and the challenge of getting it there safely was certainly worth it. I had some more to eat, another smoke and began to think of the best way to get it out of the country. In your boots is dangerous. I guess anywhere in your luggage is just as bad. Instrument cases are good. Up your arse is O.K., but not for a half kilo of hash. I decided the best place would just be on my body in various places.

We were due to leave Herat by bus the next day and travel to Kandahar. I had arranged to head for Karachi where there was a rumour I could catch a boat direct to Bombay. This meant going south from Kandahar, crossing the

southern border, and getting to Quetta in Pakistan. My company at the time consisted of an Australian guy named Paul, who was a pain in the arse, and an English couple. I forget their names. They were forever picking at each other, having petty arguments about where the bed should be, whether they would have tea or coffee. I usually just ignore people like that since that's the company you are stuck with for awhile. Going south from Kandahar meant that I would be alone as the others were surely headed for Kabul in the east.

The bus left at 5am. It was the middle of winter. Snow covered the streets and sidewalks. The bus had no heating and one broken window. The poor guy beside the window tried to block the hole with his blanket but it made little difference. My feet were freezing, aching painfully from the cold. I had to remove my boots and sit cross-legged on my feet to keep them warm. We arrived about 8pm that evening, found a nice little hotel with food and a four bed room. As usual the British had a little tiff about where the beds should be and who should sleep where. The food was very good and cheaper than in other towns. I made enquiries about getting to Quetta. I could get a bus at 8am from the other side of town. It was the only bus of the day and would take me down as far as the border town.

I made it to the bus stop before 8. The place was just a muddy backstreet. The bus was a table top truck with a wooden covering and a few open slats for windows. It filled up until it looked like a cattle truck. I was a little later to arrive than most. I bought a little food and went to the bus. When I got in everyone stared at me. A couple of important looking characters smiled. They made one of the peasants sit on the floor. I was to sit in the vacant place. No other white people were on the bus. I would have to put up with the same old bullshit routine from the locals. Questions, questions, questions. Then the giving and taking business.

The trip to the border wasn't too bad. I had the hash in my bag. At the border I would put the two smaller lots in my coat pockets and the larger piece down the front of my pants. The border town was small, out in the desert. It was hard to pick out some of the houses, being the same colour and made of the same materials as their surroundings. Passengers travelling over the border had to walk through the town to the Afghani border post at the other side. I just followed the crowd. Near the official building I lounged around inconspicuously and managed to get the hash out of my bags into my pockets. I crossed the road to be greeted at the front of the passport building by an Afghani guy in uniform. He said hello and led me back into the building. I seemed to be the only person having their passport checked. The official-looking guy went behind the desk and tried hard to look important. He checked my passport, listed my name in his register as Paddington N.S.W., then asked me if I had any drugs. I replied that I had none and was simply heading down to Karachi to catch a boat.

Outside the building I could not see how I was to continue my journey. I asked another important looking guy what was the best way to get to Quetta. He explained in a few words of English and some sign language that I was to get on one of the old jalopies that were occasionally coming up to the border barrier, then went roaring off into what was no-man's-land between the Afghani and Pakistani borders.

The next relic to come along was an old Willy's jeep, a legacy from war days. Smoke was pouring from the engine. I managed to squeeze into the front seat. Half of me was hanging out the door and my head was in the wind above the

level of the windscreen. The ride to the Pakistani border post was about three kilometres. On the way something fell out from under the jeep. We came to a smoky halt in the middle of the road. Another triumphant driver made it past us, blowing his horn and waving a fist. Our driver had to crawl under the jeep to put back the missing piece. As I watched a camel came out of the haze beside the road and strolled slowly past. The guy under the car was cursing. His clean outfit was covered in oil. The others all claimed they knew what to do to get us going again. Eventually he finished, threw away the wire he had not used, and got us back in the race. Next I had to get a little auto-rickshaw to some vague bus-station. No-one seemed to know what was going on but were all heading in a similar direction. I just tried to play it cool and look like I knew what I was doing. The little taxi bounced off across some rough ground towards a cluster of buildings a few kilometres away. Halfway there a soldier stopped the taxi and told me to get out. I had to pay the driver then headed off in the direction indicated by the soldier's waving rifle. I wandered through a large gateway and over towards an official looking building. On the verandah was a uniformed Pakistani sitting in a rocking chair eating peanuts. He beckoned to me to sit down with him. I sat there for about an hour talking to him. His English was good. He impressed me as a shrewd character. I would have to play along with his little game of detectives if I was to get past without any trouble. While we talked, he had me lay everything in my bag on the floor in front of his chair. He was most interested in my books. I had a couple of Chekhov plays, a Voltaire, a Graham Greene and a few others. He asked me how much money I had and in what currency. When I told him I had 100 Pakistani rupees, he looked a little patronising and told me that was over the limit. He made it known subtly that if I were to part with a couple of my better books, he would overlook the excess money. I didn't think about the hash the whole time I was with this guy. It was only leaving the compound that I realised I had made it across the border without any hassles.

I walked on into the village and found the bus station. This time the bus was a little worse for wear than the last; an old Bedford, decorated with all sorts of paraphernalia and divided into a front section and a back. I was again treated as a special passenger. I sat up front next to the driver. The people were much the same as the Afghans, too many questions, too many smiles. The road was very dangerous. We left the tiny village and climbed a steep, high mountain range. The road was slippery and precariously close to the edge in some places. There were no safety fences and the driver seemed to take sadistic pleasure in making the ride as rough as possible. We arrived in Quetta late in the afternoon.

I felt pretty high as I left the bus and walked back towards the main street. There should be no trouble making Karachi and they will not be looking for dope coming into India via the sea route. I was quite pleased with myself, having been very cool the whole time. It seemed the closer I came to being caught, the more confident I became in my plan. The more obvious the place you hide something the less chance there is of someone finding it.

Cash was becoming a bit of a problem. The \$100 I had spent on the hash left me with the equivalent of 250 Pakistani rupees. I figured this was just enough to get me to Bombay. Tomorrow I would make enquiries about the boat from Karachi and organize myself to spend as little time and money getting to my destination as possible.

In a side street I managed to find a cheap hotel at just six rupees per night. It was a filthy little place. The bed was made of rope strung across a frame. There was no other furniture. The floor had not been swept in months. The solitary window was broken in a few places and boarded up from the inside. It had a washroom and toilet adjoining which smelt of stale urine. I cleaned it up a bit, replaced the filthy blanket with my own dirty blanket, put the hash back into my bag and left the room to find something to eat.

I guess officials must wonder why a European would arrive in this desolate place on his own, looking a bit dishevelled and down on his luck, obviously not attached to some tourist group or official party. Perhaps this was what was responsible for what I was to go through in the next seventy two hours. That night I had a tasty, cheap meal and saw an Indian movie called "Charas". The title is Hindi for hashish. The acting was very affected, the plot so rigid and stereotyped, and the music so bad that the movie's lack of quality kept me enthralled. At one stage I saw what looked like a group of quasi-official American tourists. They didn't acknowledge my greeting so I ignored them.

Early the next morning I had "bullseyes" for breakfast with a cup of tea then set off on the long walk to the Railway station. I could catch a train to Karachi at 3pm that day. Back in town I checked in at the tourist office and found that a boat left Karachi for Bombay the following evening. Perfect timing. I got back to the hotel about midday and told the owner I was checking out. To find him I had to go down a flight of small dark stairs that led to a kind of cellar beneath the hotel. In a dusty dark room, the owner and a few friends were playing cards and smoking 'Js'. I packed up my stuff, had a cold shower and arrived at the station about 1.30.

There were no second-class sleeper tickets on the train, which is normally the class I would travel. There were also only a few second class seats left and a long line waiting for them. I would have to be satisfied with third class seats or 'people's-class' where they sell as many tickets as there are people wanting to buy them. I wandered over to the edge of the platform to think about it. A guy was taking a shit on the tracks in front of me. If I missed the connection with the boat, I may not get another for two weeks and I couldn't afford the time.

I was walking towards the third-class booking room when a fairly well dressed Pakistani stood in my way. Another one stood behind him. He produced some sort of official card and muttered something about customs. I took the card, looked at him and asked what he wanted with me. He said he wanted to search my baggage. Shit, right on top of my bag was the hash in the plastic bag. All he had to do was open the zip and there it was. I said I was in a terrible hurry; that if I didn't get a ticket I would miss the train and that could not happen. I started to walk around him but he grabbed my bag and began to make nasty noises. He asked me to go with him and his friend to the inspection room.

Caught! Caught as easily as you please. I didn't have a chance. To run would be stupid. I had nowhere to run to and was as conspicuous as the train that was about to leave without me. I just had to play it cool. Maybe they would take a bribe. Maybe I could just tell them they were good guys and the whole thing was a big misunderstanding. They took me into the room, undid the top zip of my bag, and with a gleeful exclamation, held up a bag of hash. Their expressions turned officious. They decided I had left the hash on top as a distraction to avert their attention from greater loot below. Little did they know I was simply stupid. They thoroughly searched the rest of my luggage and clothing.

I was bundled into a horse-and-cart. The driver was told to take me to the police station. The narcs rode bicycles behind. They each took one of my bags and kept a close eye on me to be sure I didn't throw anything away. They were sure I had something else hidden. I just sat in the back of the cart, trying to look as cool and passive as possible. I was trying to look as though this was just a routine thing for me, that the judge was an old buddy of mine who would let me on my way as soon as he heard of this outrage. Actually, I didn't know what to think. Penalties for possession vary a great deal from area to area in Pakistan, even from town to town. Somehow three months kept popping into my head. I don't know why. I then began to think about how I could let someone know and get some money to buy food and things. Prison conditions are probably the worst in central asian countries.

They followed close behind me all the way. When we arrived they both escorted me into a little office away from the main building. The narcs began talking in Pakistani to another narc behind a big desk. They were all getting rather excited. The guy behind the desk said I could sit down. I asked him a few questions about

what was to happen to me. His answers were a bit evasive at first but as we talked he began to realise I was not such a bad guy. I made out I was a slightly ignorant, harmless tourist who smokes a little bit of hash occasionally. I said I bought it off a dealer in Quetta so that they couldn't nab me for smuggling. I said I thought Pakistani hash was the best in the world and just wanted my own personal supply with me while I travelled around. Surprisingly enough they seemed to accept this explanation but still reserved their personal opinions. The magistrate will let me know how guilty I am.

I kept telling them I had to catch a train but they ignored me. One of the two that arrested me had left the office about half an hour before and now came bursting back in. He told the guy behind the desk that the magistrate was hearing no further cases today. It was Friday. I was told I would have to spend until Monday in the can.

They made me lay out all my luggage once again then frisked me until they were satisfied they had looked everywhere. One of them was then instructed to take me across the courtyard to a cell. We left the office and as we walked towards a much larger building, he slipped a nice piece of hash into my hand. He turned and looked at me with a cheeky grin and said I might be needing it. We spoke to the guy in charge who took us down a long dirty corridor past a few smelly cells. He opened one with a large key, pushed the door and made a sign that I was to enter.

The cell stank of stale urine and stale air. There were two separate single beds. On one was a blond European. His hair was long and dirty. He was dressed in dirty jeans and an old shirt and coat. He said hello after the door had been locked. He was in there for smuggling as well, not hash but pistachio nuts. One hundred and sixty kilos of them. He and a friend were running a tour bus from Amsterdam to Delhi. They had bought the nuts in Afghanistan and not knowing it was highly illegal, put them in suitcases in the bus and brought them across the same border I had crossed. Apparently they had found a small amount in this guy's pockets then asked him if he had any more. He said he had piles in the bus so they checked them and busted this guy as the owner of the bus. He had been sentenced to nine months, had served two and looked like being out in six if his friend outside could contact the right people.

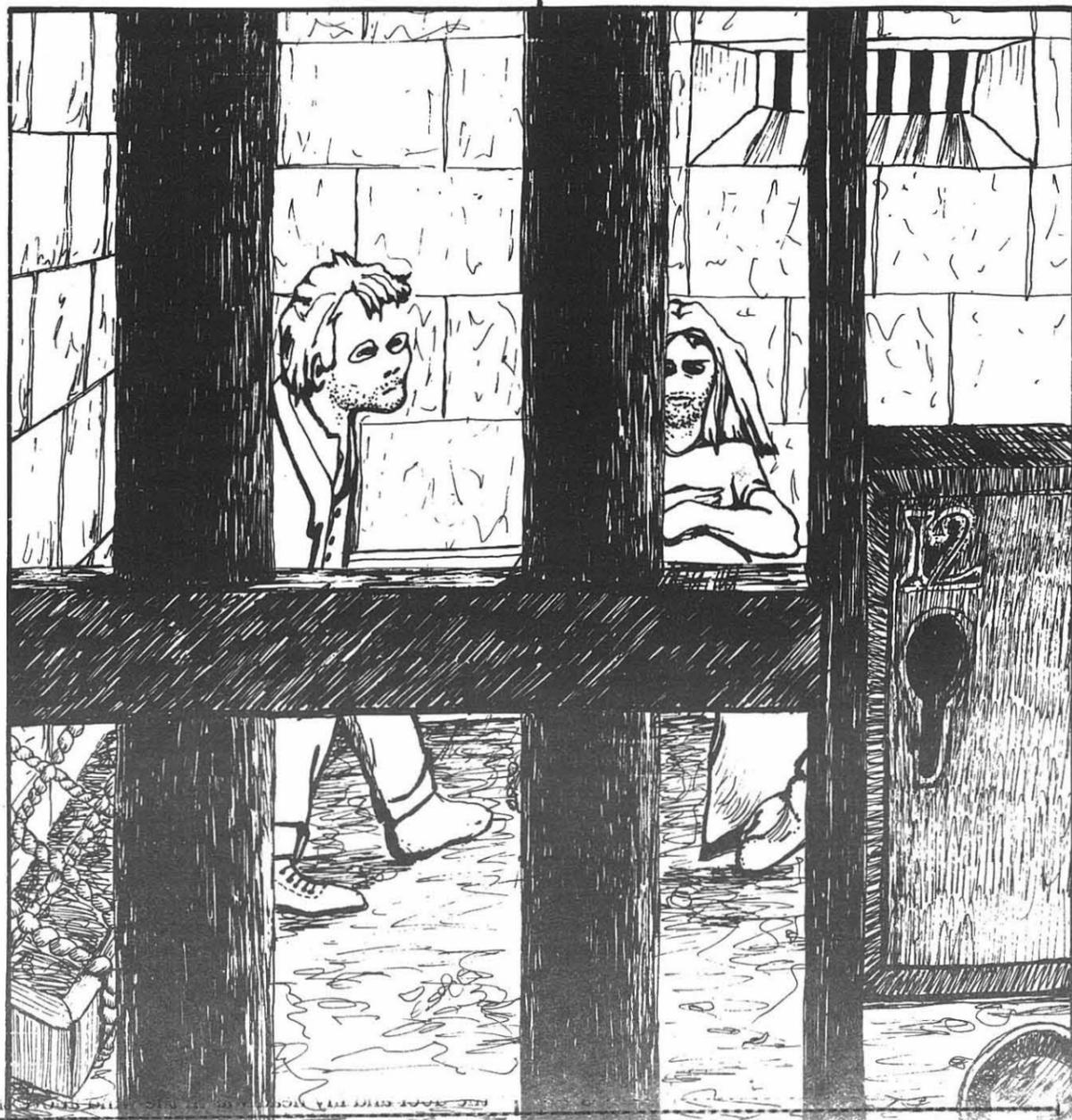
Bummer, this guy's sentence made me feel kind of tight and sick inside. Three months again popped into my head as a likely kind of penalty for me. I knew a girl in London who was expecting me to be in Bombay within the next couple of weeks. There would be some mail for

me but the people who wrote it would not be unduly worried about me if I failed to answer within a couple of months. It would be O.K. if I could get mail out of here. I could write to this girl in London and somehow feel a lot of comfort in the fact that someone knew where I was.

Slowly my friend moved from his lying down position and finished up sitting on the side of the bed after a few tired deliberate movements. He brushed the blond hair back from his face. We exchanged names. His was Frank. His friend on the outside was an Englishman called Malcolm. He spoke as he moved, slowly and deliberately. He waved his arm about and told me that what he had was also mine, to make myself at home. In the corner was a black can to be used as a toilet. This one and the ones in the adjacent cells, was responsible for the foul smell wafting about in every breath of air. After just a few minutes, it didn't bother me too much. I sat on one of the two beds. It had two dirty musty blankets on it. As I looked at them, the German guy dragged one off his bed and threw it on mine. They were rope beds similar to the one I had slept on in the town. The floor was of dried and oiled cow dung, and fairly clean. A table stood in one corner next to an oil can. The can had the top roughly cut off. A blue plastic ladel was floating on the dark water about halfway down. On the table was an old toothbrush, three books, a chillum and a tin with some embroidery cotton and needles in it. An old sweater hung from a nail on the wall. This was it; my new home for I knew not how long.

Frank had been ill in the gaol. First it had been just a normal bout of diarrhoea. That had disappeared for a while and he thought he was finally accustomed to the local food and water. But later this diarrhoea returned and developed into something much worse. His shit was like water. Any food he ate, he expelled soon afterwards. He lost his appetite completely, not being able to eat a thing without feeling acute nausea. The mere thought of food made him feel sick. This went on for about a week in which time he became progressively weaker and progressively more distraught at the state of his health. In desperation he pleaded for penicillin. Three large pills were delivered and he was told to take on every eight hours. He swallowed them all immediately and fell into a delirious weak state of exhaustion. During the night he awoke feeling nauseous once again. He vomited onto the floor then the diarrhoea took hold; then he vomited once more and collapsed back onto the bed, too weak to move. About twenty hours

Cont'd page 27



SRC Report

What has this bunch of people been up to this year. Shit eh? I can't recall too much as we are hectically busy at the moment. We are having extraordinary meetings, which mean we are meeting weekly instead of fortnightly. Child care, student rights, student union autonomy, censorship of student activities, what boards and committees are up to, A.U.S., dances, balls excursions, bar-b-ques, orientation week, alternative handbooks, courses, lecturers and assessments are some of the issues we have been into lately.

Election

ELECTION OF AUS DELEGATE TO ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Nominations

Nominations are open until 5.00pm Tuesday 28th November. Forms are available from S.R.C. office at Albion avenue and from S.R.C. members.

Four photos and short policy statement have to be handed in with your nomination form.

Election

Will be conducted on Wednesday 30th November at all campuses.

Polling places: Albion Ave at the S.R.C. office, Cumberland Street in the foyer, Burton Street next to the store, and Liverpool Street in the front entrance.

New Office

Next year the permanent office of the S.R.C. is going to be located on the Flinders Street campus. When the Art Committee inspected this campus we asked for office space that goes off our common room. The college gave it to us which was great. We decided on this shift of location from Albion Ave., to Flinders Street as this would be far more central to all students. The Music Association, Primary Committee, Social Science Association and Science people will now have office space at Albion Avenue. Typewriters, info and such will still be there. Garry Traynor and I will be the main organisers of the shift over the summer break.

We are losing Lyn

Lyn Hall, our efficient and lovely secretary is off overseas next year. We all want to say thank-you and take it easy to Lyn. Lyn has been really great in keeping our office operating and in helping to get this newspaper out by all the typing she does. Ever seen her type? It sounds like ten Woody Woodpeckers. Anywaze, we all wish you a great time.

Child Care

The article dealing with child care wraps up what has been got together - please if you are a parent, or are going to become one or just want participation with kids, fill in and return the questionnaire as we need to be able to find out what the numbers, needs, problems etc. are.

Academic Dress

Do you want to wear academic dress to the graduation ceremony or not? That is do you want to wear the black cape with hood or not? We have got to decide. We want everyone to tell us when you see us if you want it. If the majority of students want it, it means that at the graduation ceremony everyone has to wear it. The ceremony itself isn't compulsory, you can receive your diploma or degree in absentia. This is only going to effect people graduating in 1979 and onwards. If the majority of students don't want academic dress then it's not adopted by the college and none wears it in the graduation ceremony.

It's a student decision we have got to make so think about it and let the S.R.C. people know what you feel.

We are getting red phones installed on all three campuses. Don't expect them too soon as there is a really long waiting list.

Over the summer break the S.R.C. will continue operating as we have a lot to get together by March. Flinders Street office and common room facilities are to be established. The poster making workshop and printery set up. The small common room at Cumberland Street provided with necessities.

Finances 26-10-77

Administration	5,921.13
Sports Union	1,868.87
Art committee	6,584.18
Music association	44.48bt
Publicity department	1,170.00
Primary committee	3,494.56
Social Science Assoc.	401.92
Science committee	175.84
Social and Cultural Activities	1,764.42

Total 21,336.44

That was how much we had a month ago and it looks really healthy. November has been a really busy month so most of the totals will be different or non-existent now.

SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

This association has funded an excursion for all their students so using the remainder of their 1977 budget.

PRIMARY COMMITTEE

The Primary Committee's funds will probably be all spent on their end-of-year activities. They are having a fancy dress ball on the 30th November. They funded the successful bar-b-que on the 17th November. It's great to see the primary people active and it looks like being more so next year, which is fantastic. Michael Saker is one of the primary reps on the S.R.C. and he will certainly be getting into and doing lots of good things next year.

MUSIC ASSOCIATION

As you know the music students are a group of very active and concerned students. They are constantly organising activities for their students and do a great job. Ken Naughton, Penny Lomax, Cher Bryant are the music reps on the S.R.C.

THE ART COMMITTEE

Their funds will be about the same until they get through all the legal hassles. Read about it in our article.

ADMINISTRATION

This department is running according to budget. The remaining funds are for November.

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT

The newspaper has been printed twice in November so there won't be much left by now.

ORIENTATION WEEK

Orientation Week uses up a couple of thousand as well as funds from all the associations. Films and videos have been funded this year by the S.R.C. specifically for orientation week. Other films will be hired also. If you have ideas for them, tell us. Refreshments, music, dances, info, printouts and lamingtons are some other of the head things happening.

SOCIAL AND CULTURAL ACTIVITIES

Garry Lester who is fantastic gives a wrap-up in this issue. Activities will have about half their funds left at the end of November. The end of year dance and the "l'apres midi d'une lamington" are happening.

If you have ideas or philosophies that you think the S.R.C. could do or help carry out come to our meetings. The last full meeting of the year will be on Tuesday 29th November on the fourth floor in the lecture room at 5.00pm at Cumberland Street. You don't have to be a rep to have equal say and all that. We aren't rigidly formal, so it's easy to understand what's happening. All this year's activities have only happened because of people being interested and concerned thereby doing things. So the number of active people determines the number and type of activities, policies and changes of the S.R.C.

The 1978 S.R.C. is going to be extremely active and interested so get along if you want something done.

Jude McBean

APED POINTS

* Leave is defined in two ways. Short leave is up to five days or longer at the discretion of the programme director. Long leave is over five days or anything that effects progression in the course.

* It is very important that students read and understand their handbooks as they contain details of important matters such as leave, appeals exemptions for course and other student matters.

Both must go through the relevant programme director and a "universal" leave form will soon be available. The courtesy of ringing

in when sick is still appreciated, but a leave form must be filled in on return to college.

* If a student resigns from the college, notice must be given in writing as it affects the standing at the end of semester and possibly government allowances in the future.

* Students should be aware they can substitute other subjects from other institutions for Mackie ones if they fulfill the subjects criteria and content areas or study overseas and receive credit for it if a similar course exists.

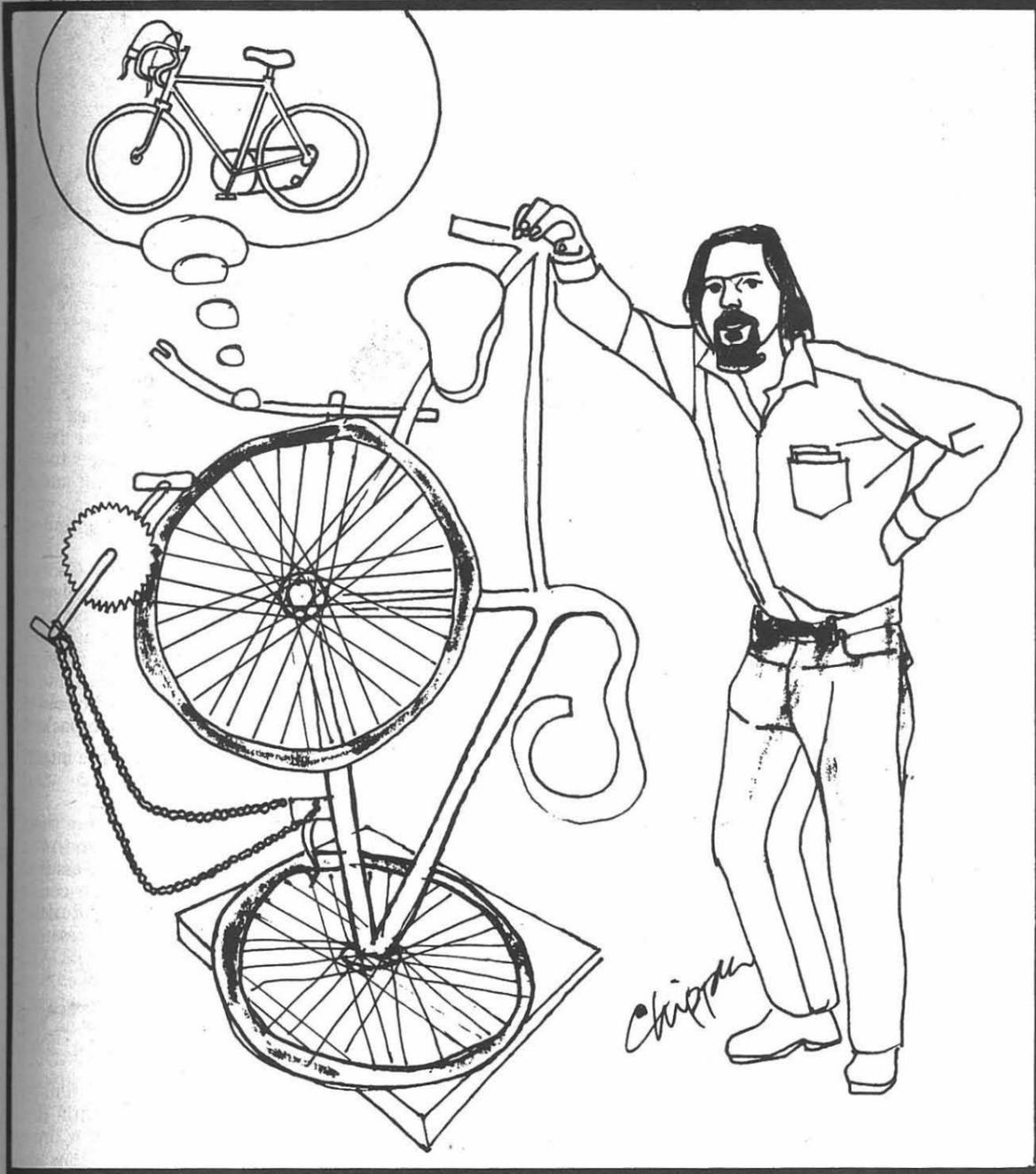
Take heed - there are a couple of important amendments to our article "Getting Aped", which appeared in our last issue.

No 1. Its 7 days not 21

I stated you have to write a letter within 21 days of receiving your results. Its seven days not twenty one days. So if you want to appeal against exclusion you have to get your arse into gear fast, and write the letter within seven days of the posting of the Notification of Results. The handbook says fourteen days, but seven days is the latest correct time.

No.2 Appealing

There is a projected change in regard to appealing to Council after the A.P.E. Committee has excluded you. This change is being recommended by the Education Committee of Council. The Education Committee is recommending to full Council that appeals be heard by the Academic Board and not by Council. This projected change is most likely to be accepted by Council. Timing of meetings and the amount of time available some reasons for this change



Ingredients: bacon
tomatoes - chunks
capsicum
cheese (fetta cheese preferably)
mixed herbs
garlic

- * Chop up tomatoes, capsicum and grate quite a lot of cheese.
- * Preheat oven to a moderate heat.
- * Cut up bacon rashers into 2" peices and lightly grill them.
- * Cook enough egg noodles (1/2" flat ones) for the number of people being catered for.
- * Place the hot noodles into a buttered casserole dish. Dob a bit more butter on.
- * Add the tomatoes, capsicum and bacon to the noodles.
- * Cover with a layer of grated cheese and cook in an already hot oven.
- * Serve with any kind of apple salad.

If you have any recipes for us to try out, send them to the pidgeon hole on the fourth floor marked "E" for "Elly-loves-her-belly" Recipe Corner.

Bon Appetite!
Elly.

TEAS *next year*

Apply Early, Receive Late

For students applying for a Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme in 1978, closing dates for applications have been changed.

Commencing students should apply immediately after finalising enrolment in their course, which is usually in February (1978).

Continuing students should apply immediately after they have received their 1977 results.

IN ALL CASES, THE CLOSING DATE FOR APPLICATIONS IS APRIL 1, 1978.

Those students who apply for the TEAS after April 1, 1978, will not have their payments backdated to January 1, 1978; they will receive TEAS allowances only from the date of receipt of their application by the Commonwealth Department of Education. Those students, whether commencing or continuing, who apply by April 1, will have their allowances backdated to January 1, 1978.

The payment date for TEAS in 1978 has also changed.

In 1977, the monthly cheque from the Department of Education was paid partly in advance; the four weekly cheque covered that period two weeks prior and two weeks after the actual date of the cheque.

IN 1978 THE PERIOD COVERED BY THE MONTHLY CHEQUE WILL BE CHANGED SUCH THAT IT WILL COVER 24 DAYS IN ARREARS AND 4 DAYS IN ADVANCE.

The first payment in 1978 will be dated January 24, 1978. That cheque will cover the first 24 days of January and hold till January 28th. The cheques will then be dated and sent monthly thereafter from January 24th. This means that students will be expected to live for 28 days without receiving tertiary allowances, and be paid in arrears.

For those students currently receiving the TEAS, the last payment in 1977 will be dated November 15th; this will be double instalments lasting till December 31, 1977. They, as will all students receiving allowances, will not receive their next cheque until January 24th.

While the student receiving full tertiary allowances will obviously still be receiving the same amount of money, IT IS CLEAR THAT THIS PERIOD OF WAITING FOR 28 DAYS WILL PLACE MANY STUDENTS IN ECONOMIC CIRCUMSTANCES THAT THEY CANNOT AFFORD, especially since many students live on a month to month basis between cheques anyway.

Authorised by the Australian Union of Students Education Department, 95 Drummond Street, Carlton, 3053 (October, 1977).

HOUSING student discrimination

A.U.S. is conducting a national housing survey and is concerned at the way many students are treated as tenants.

If you have had problems with a landlord, or owner or a real estate agent please write with full details to :-

Ren Jones,
Research Officer,
Associate Members Club,
A.U.S.
95 Drummond Street,
CARLTON. 3053.

All information will be treated as confidential.



WITH

Sheila
Red Wedge
Redwing
Women Action
Theatre

at the tin sheds
164 city road

near the Wenworth Building
Sydney Uni.

\$2.50

P.S. Come and dance Fraser into the ground

COPSE

Combined Organisations for Public Sector Expenditure

Dear Mr Fraser,
The organisations which have combined to form C.O.P.S.E. represent a membership in excess of three million people. Our respective organisations have determined to ask yourself, Mr Whitlam and Mr Chipp a number of questions which we propose to publish immediately. Our intention is then to publish each leader's answers in our respective publications, so long as we receive the replies prior to November 21st.

C.O.P.S.E. would appreciate your answers to the questions being as brief as possible so that our respective members can quickly analyse the attitudes of the major parties to the issues raised in this letter. If you feel any need for additional comment, would you please feel free to provide us with a statement on what you believe is most relevant so that we can attempt to have those comments published as well.

Your co-operation in this matter is appreciated.

Mr Lynch ("The Age" - 11.6.77) has stated:

"The government still believes that the economy will only move back to stable economic growth with lower unemployment when government spending is cut, real wages are reduced and corporate profitability is increased."

* Unemployment is currently at the highest level since the Depression. 355,000 are registered as unemployed. These 118,00 (33%) between the ages of 15 and 19 years.

* Government spending in the public sector has been cut massively in the last two Federal Budgets.

* Real wages have been reduced by 2.6% in 1976/77.

* Corporate profit has been increased by 23.5% (Mr Lynch's Budget Papers) and Australian public companies have "shattered previous records". ("The Age" - 6.10.77)

* While public sector expenditure has been cut back severely over the last two years, the Federal Government has provided additional tax concessions to corporations in the order of \$1.6 billion.

Question 1:

If elected, will your Government be prepared to reduce unemployment by injecting funds into the public sector in areas such as Education, Job creation, Housing, Transport, Sewerage, Health, Hospitals, Growth Centres, ABC, Aborigines, Social Security, Culture and Recreation, Riads and Economic Services?

Question 2:

If elected, will your government stimulate consumer spending by increasing income at lower levels through the creation of jobs and higher Social Security benefits?

Question 3:

In regard to education funding, will your Government:

a) restore full cost supplementation for all education funding programmes?

b) provide base levels of funding to all sectors of education in line with the minimum growth rates promised in 1976?

c) reinstate the Education commissions free of prescriptive guidelines?

d) guarantee triennial planning and funding?

e) adopt a "needs" principle as the basis of funding so that those schools/colleges with greatest needs receive greatest attention?

Question 4:

In regard to CAE's and Universities, will you Government:

a) maintain full Commonwealth Funding for CAE's and Universities?

b) Index payments under student assistance schemes in accordance with increases in the DPI?

c) undertaken an independent public review of the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme in 1978 with a view to assessing the limited coverage of these scheme and extending its scope?

d) ensure no academic staff are retrenched?

e) agree not to interfere with existing arrangements for study development programmes in CAE's?

Question 5:

If your party is elected to government, will it guarantee that the staffing levels of the Australian Public Service are not limited by arbitrary staff ceilings, but will be related to work requirements, particularly in Departments that are experiencing increased community usage; e.g. the Commonwealth Employment office and the Department of Social Security?

Yours sincerely

Van Davy

On Behalf of C.O.P.S.E.

bored of studies

Mackie like all tertiary institutions has a backbone of pure bureaucracy. Unlike some institutions however, every board and committee of this college has vacancies for student representation. So if you have some particular grouch or feel the urge to involve yourself in student matters - and every decision usually affects present and future students, please read on.

Both physically and strategically the college can be divided into two separate components: The School of Teacher Education and the School of Art. Basic decisions and planning of both entities are responsible to the "Board of Studies" of each school. Two students from each school are members of each Board of Studies - it is to them that any grievance may be lodged.

The principal administrative body of the college is the Academic Board. It is to this body that decisions and proposals are sent to be endorsed. Thus the Academic Board is the major decision making organ of the college - two students are eligible to sit on this board.

The College Council whilst not as active in decision-making, is ultimately responsible for any decisions or moved made by the Academic Board and acts as a link to the Higher Education Board.

So it's not really as closed as it would first appear, and in reality, quite a deal of democracy exists in Mackie. If you're prepared to give a little of your time and patience - a great deal may be realised also the biscuits are nice too.

Geoffrey Jon Perrin

flat?

WITH THAT EMPTY VACANT LOOK?
If this happens to you over the vacation, give Terry Coulton, the College Counsellor, a ring on 31.8066

I might be able to help fill the void with a newly arriving country student.

art committee starwars

(like World War II but cosmic)

Music by John Williams - slightly disco - by now you have all heard the title track - but it fits the movie.

A very brief outline of the plot - Young hHero and friends save the princess who in turn has the solution to save the universe from the baddies. The movie caters to all age groups. It is an exciting audio visual experience - it leaves you stunned and that to-be-continued feeling.

Written and directed by George Lucas, it is a flashy visual amalgamation of Flash Gordon, Green Hornet type series popular in 40's and 50's and science fiction movies. The Goodies, and there are quite a few, versus the Baddies (who sound a bit Tolkien) in an action-packed

exciting romp through space interrupted by confrontations and strange and weird creatures.

The actors suitably portray their roles from the youthful hero to the obviously liberated self-assured princess, right down to the comic relief Threepio - the futuristic robot with a remarkable resemblance to the coveted OSCAR.

It is enjoyable action-packed, visually stimulating, entertaining, funny, sometimes tense movie but don't expect anything like 2001 - you will be disappointed.

The funniest scene in the film by far is the hero's entry with Ben (Obi-Wan) Kenobi into a low brow outer space bar. The patrons are the weirdest assortment of creatures you could imagine somewhere between the creature from the Black Lagoon and a pteradactyl. Ben (Obi-Wan) Kenobi does state "it's a rough place."

Enough said, go along and see it for yourself.

To quote Paul Atroshenko - "thoroughly enjoyed it - definitely my level juvenile."

Warwick Ford

As usual we are meeting weekly. We have taken a nose dive into the legal cess pool once again. Our warehouse we were in the process of leasing. Oh dear what circles we have following this year. The SRC is now getting a solicitor to draw on for all these matters. So we will be getting space together over the holidays.

Our yoga classes held each Monday have been really successful. They are free and start at 4.30pm on the fifth floor at Cumberland Street. Yoga will continue next year. All you have to do to participate is come along at 4.30.

Kate and Elsebeth are leaving this year so we are losing two really great members of the art committee.

Elections in 1978

In the second week of the autumn semester next year the elections are going to be held to fill places on the art committee. Nomination forms will be available during orientation week.

Art Materials Sale

As these are continually requested by students we will be holding one at the beginning of next year. So get yer pennies together.

Red Telephone

Kate Wilkie has been organising a red telephone for Cumberland Street. A blackboard for messages will be next to it. There are long waiting lists for red phones but you never know.

l'apres midi d'un
lamington
ooo lala cake
cumberland
wednesday
30th Nov
all afternoon



• We Aim to Please

Women's Collective
c/- S.R.C. - U.N.E.
ARMIDALE. 2351

9th November, 1977.

Dear Sisters,

The UNE Women's Collective is organising a National Women's Festival to be held in conjunction with a RWPC from Monday 28th November - Sunday 4th December in Armidale. This is what's on the agenda so far:-

SEXUALITY CAMPAIGN

- design posters to be printed and distribute to all campuses and women's groups
- design and make anti-sexist stickers
- write a paper! "Socialist/Feminist analysis of sexual/personal relationships"

Note: UNE Creative Arts Centre will be open.

WOMEN'S SELF DEFENCE (Thursday-Sunday)

- to be held over at least three days: say 2X2 hour training sessions per day, plus discussion.
- with two trained women martial artists

WOMEN'S STREET THEATRE

- themes and scripts to be invented
- BYO ideas

POLITICS TO BE DISCUSSED

- AUS Women's Department - what do we want?
- RWPC Structure and function
- AUS Annual council '78
- the next Minto Lesbian Feminist Conference in January '78 and how to be more political?
- bring any papers for discussion you have written or want to write.

FILMS on the weekend.

- DAAPHNE AND ME (Ansava) top secret so tell everyone
- THREE LIVES (Millett)
- THE DOUBLE DAY

PARTY Of course! We were going to call it Marilyn's Orgy (or Unity of Theory and Practice) but she was reluctant! Probably on Saturday 3rd December.

Armidale is in the COUNTRY so be prepared for relaxation, walks, swimming and such decadent folly - beware of SUNBURN. Bring a tent and billy if you want to camp out and don't forget your sleeping bag.

More important, bring as many sisters as you can, or more. Try to organise car pools with your Regional Organiser, or catch the train.

Please bring any relevant written info. you have access to e.g. papers, articles, etc., as our resources are slightly limited. Also, bring your musical instruments.

NOW, ASSUMING YOU ARE GOING TO COME, PLEASE LET US KNOW SOON (IE IMMEDIATELY) SO WE CAN FIND SOMEWHERE TO PUT YOU.

Enthusiastically,

Karen, Anna, Kate, Debbie, Janie, Marily, Celia, Margot, Katy, Sarah, Mary, Anne, Sally and a cast of thousands

UNE WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE

TIMETABLE: to be arranged when YOU contact us SO DO IT!

REGIONAL ORGANISERS:

N.S.W. Katrina Harrison (Sydney) S.U. - S.R.C. Ph. 660-5051

Jane Bullen (Canberra) ANU -SRC Ph. 48-7818, Lennox House 404148

VICTORIA:

Marie La Joine (Melbourne) Home 569-8353, Caulfield IT 211.1066

TASMANIA:

Julie Harvey, Mt. Nelson CAE (Hobart) Ph. 20-3244

W.A.:

Amanda George (Nedlands) 28-3816

QUEENSLAND:

Julie Wallangton, Kelvin Grove Union, 356-7066

S.A.:

c/- Bloor House.

* WRITE TO US FOR FURTHER SUGGESTIONS *



A meeting was held on Wednesday 9th November 77 for members of the college who were interested in establishing a child co-operative. Most people with children were probably not able to attend since they were required at home when the meeting was held (6pm) so it was decided to enquire further through the college to find out if, in fact, there is a need for child care facilities.

Anthony Kelly, a student at Sydney University and a member of a co-operative came to the meeting to describe their co-op; This is accommodated in a house in Annandale which was repaired and equipped through a \$1,000 grant from their SRC.

It operates five days per week between 8.30 and 5.00 and caters for ten children, although at times there are less. Each parent works two shifts per week, the shift occurring from 8.30am to 1.30pm and from 1.00pm to 5.00pm and there are two parents on each shift. The work provided is therefore two shifts per child per week.

Meetings of the parents are held fortnightly to ensure good relations between the adults and continuity of the co-operative.

The children are aged between eighteen months and three years so there is not a wide disparity of age and they are involved in structured and unstructured play. Meals, milk and orange juice are provided for by the fees which are fifty cents for half a day and one dollar for a day. There is no rent to be paid on the property since they are squatting.

A day book is kept to show what happened on each shift: meals served, money spent, occurrences of individual children and which children attend.

Charis Schwartz from D4 also attended and offered us the use of Heffron Hall which is on the corner of Burton and Palmer Streets. This was offered at no charge on the condition that the co-operative is opened to others in the community. This could be a possibility but it would not provide for children under the age of two.

Charis also suggested the Family Day Care service which extends though Darlinghurst and inner Paddington. This service provide for children being minded in private homes at an approximate cost of \$30 per week which could be reduce by a subsidy.

No decisions were made at the meeting other than to investigate the need further. If there are any parents on campus requiring child care would they contact Helen Davison or Claire Legeret at the Albion Avenue Campus (frequently found in the Common room) or at the Cumberland Street campus.

Questionnaire

1. Would you be interested in taking advantage of a co-op attached to the college?
.....
2. How many children do you have?
.....
Age/s
3. Are you planning to have a child or children while at college?
.....
4. What facilities/hours/access and such would you require?
.....
5. Would you be interested in coming to a meeting to discuss this issue?
.....
What time suits you best?
.....
6. What child care arrangements do you have at the moment?
.....
Cost?
.....
7. Would you like to be involved with children even though you are not a parent?
.....

return to SRC office

what do A.M.C. students want?

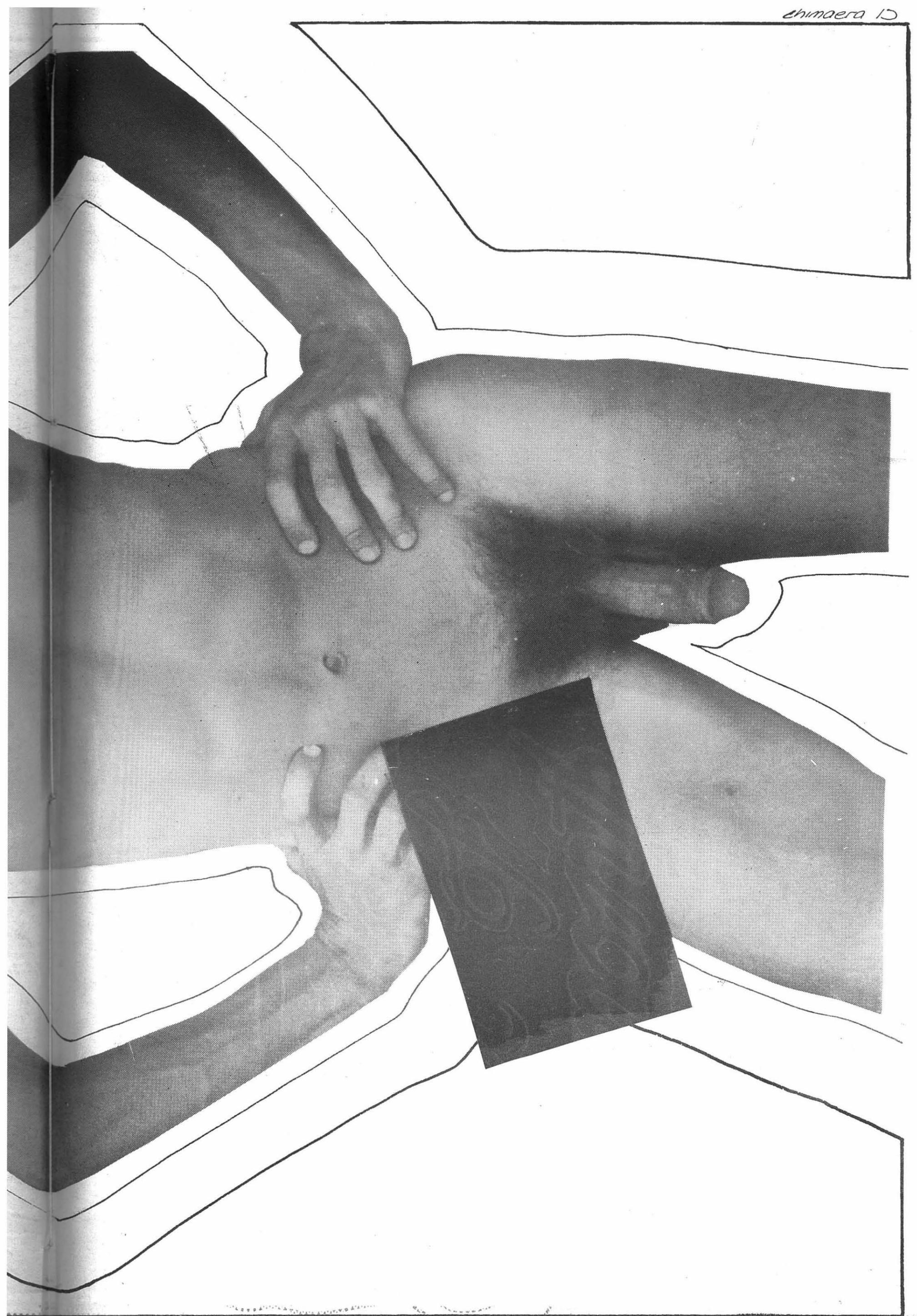
In January a delegation of 5 A.M.C. students is going to the AUS Annual Council at Monash Uni. Melbourne. If you are concerned - or want anything brought up - contact Judi Dransfield (AUS sec) and tell her what you want --- her number is 5174-47



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Chimaera meet the monster



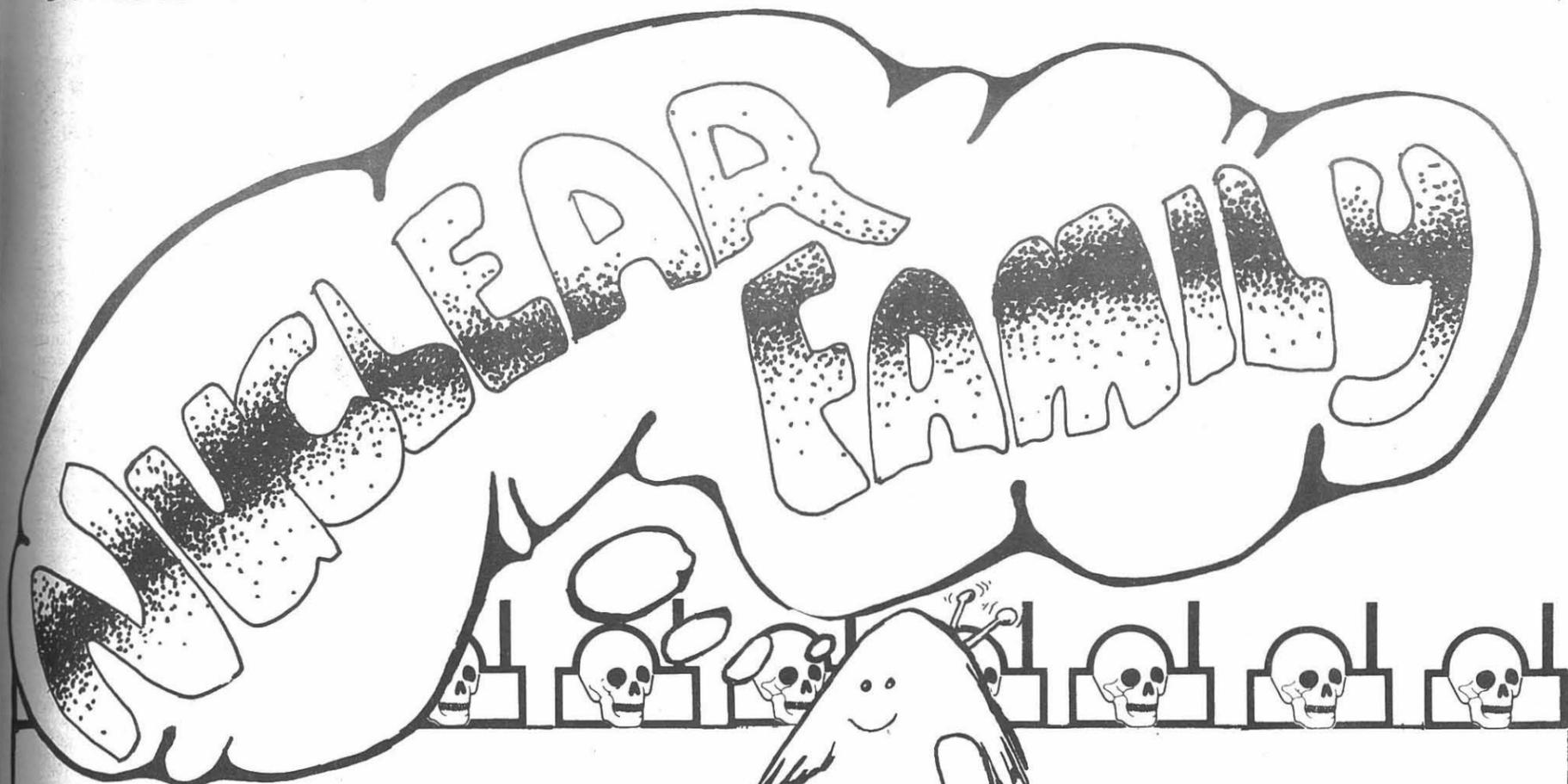


FOR CENTURIES THE PEOPLE
HAVE TRAVELLED FAR, TO
GATHER, DRUG UP AND
PERFORM THE RITUAL OF

THE DANCE

Steve Smith 77





The metallic domes on the other side of the valley shone magnificently in the dulled evening sunlight. The reddish summery glow that enveloped the valley was enticing for Catrina. She would stand silently behind the huge plate glass windows of her home and half consciously remember the times as a child when she had been able to sit out in the open air and feel the warmth of the sun on her body. But times had changed and she accepted things as they were. She had plenty of other things to think about.

Catrina was excited this evening and did not stand as long as usual. Bernard was due home at any moment, hopefully with the news that they had both been waiting for for so long. If the Insemination Office had been as co-operative as they usually were, then Catrina and Bernard Johnstone would be able to begin their family without delay. They had decided long ago the type of family they were going to have. Catrina wanted at least one "A" group child. Some friends of theirs had had one, who at seven years old was already involved in working in the regional nuclear programme. An "A" group child brought status to a family and it was useful to be aware of new developments in a scientific world. Things changed so quickly nowadays. Bernard also thought it would increase both their chances of promotion in the administration offices.

Catrina hadn't heard much about "B" group children although from what she could gather they grew to become rather like Bernard and herself; fairly ordinary people who lived in their own houses and worked in the central administration offices. Catrina had decided on having a female and already she knew that she would be closest to this one. For posterities sake they had decided that their third child would be a "D" group. Most families had one of these. Physically they grew quickly but retained their placid childish temperament. They were good for doing odd jobs around the house, cleaning, cooking and looking after the rest of the family. Catrina had been told that if she gave it the proper training she would soon be able to forget about the housework altogether.

She heard the hiss of the mobile as it went through the anti-radiation chamber and into the garage. Quickly she brushed her hair before Bernard came in. She knew today would be their lucky day.

"I've brought them home at last," said Bernard excitedly as he came down the hallway. Catrina rushed to meet him and helped carry the three large white cardboard boxes into the living room. At the end of each box there was a large black printed letter, an A, B and D respectively, each encircled by a printed daisy chain of brightly coloured flowers. Lying in the boxes there were three gurgling, smiling babies.

"They're beautiful, Bernie," exclaimed Catrina, almost dancing with joy. All that she had been taught to wish for seemed to have come true.

Bernard and Catrina had both agreed that Catrina would be the one responsible for bringing up the family. Perhaps it was partly due to the fact that she was a dreamer and often reminisced about her days as a child when she had been raised by her mother. Men often took the responsibility for child rearing nowadays of course, but Catrina had always been keener to have a child than Bernard. She had subsequently quit her job at the administration office for the time being.

Catrina was kept very busy for the next few weeks. Initially all three children grew at the same rate and they needed constant feeding, washing and nappy changes. She was happy with her new sense of responsibility and the fact that she was kept busy in her own home. Sometimes though she felt a little sick in the mornings, although she passed it off as tiredness, resulting from lack of sleep during the night. The "A" group child, who they called Charlie, often cried. A doctor had told her that this was fairly typical. They tended to be nervous; highly strung and easily disturbed children.

After three weeks Charlie was able to say a few words and not long after began uttering short sentences. Catrina felt slightly wary of him. Before long he was asking to be put on the floor and was talking about learning to walk. He taught himself to grab the edge of a chair and pull himself up and walk around it, hanging on to the edge for support. The "B" group child, Zola, whimpered erratically but was generally well behaved. She didn't develop as quickly as Charlie and Catrina loved to pick her up in her arms. They never bothered to name the third child. They simply referred to him as "Dee". He ate more than the other children and never cried or played with toys. He simply stared dumbly at the ceiling.

Catrina would often cradle Zola in her arms and wander around the house, cooing and talking gently to her. She talked about her childhood before the great war, and although Zola could not understand, it was necessary for Catrina to feel intimate with her new daughter. She told her of the life out doors, of fresh air and animals, city streets and rolling hills and the people who had gathered in the vague hope of protecting these things. Zola would grow up to see and feel the now lifeless outdoors; the new children were immune to radiation. Catrina herself would never again be able to set foot outside of her protected indoor environment. If she did she would risk a slow painful death from the effects of radiation. Sometimes when she grew sad she would talk of the great war in which all

her family had died. She was fortunate enough to have been sent to the country where she had begun her permanent indoor life. Everyone in great cities had died and no-one could travel near them now, not even in protected vehicles. New cities, new technology and a new breed of humans had been created. A protective technological shield had been thrown up against the ravages of radiation. Catrina knew that it was called "progress" and was due to man's unique ability to adapt. She was also vaguely aware that she was the last of the born people.

Catrina's sickness seemed to be increasing as the children became more of a burden. Often she vomited in the morning and felt tired during the day. Bernard advised her to see a doctor but Catrina stubbornly refused on the grounds that she was simply overworked. Anyway, she liked to secretly fantasize that she was pregnant.

She had often dreamed of being pregnant, and although she wasn't really aware of what pregnancy entailed, she remembered enough of what her mother had told her as a child to be aware that such a state existed. She would rest in the afternoons with her hands gently on her stomach, dreaming of having her own children, children who couldn't possibly be allowed to exist since the administration, because of their abhorrent deformities. "The new nuclear world has transcended the mundanity and inconvience of natural childbirth," was their pronouncement. Catrina didn't disagree. She just thought she was old fashioned.

Winter came and the view from Catrina's front window was blaker than usual. The thermostats were adjusted accordingly.

"Where do I come from?" asked Charlie bluntly one morning as he ate his own breakfast. "From the laboratories on the other side of the valley," said Catrina without thinking. "You can see them from the front window if the weather's clear." She felt too sick and confused to bother showing him. Her stomach had begun to swell and she was become convinced that she really was pregnant. Bernard had tried to insist that she see a doctor. She emphatically refused. They began to argue violently. Bernard didn't want to ruin their chance of promotion in the offices or to bring discredit upon either of them. Of course, he was also concerned about Catrina's health.

But Catrina wanted her baby. She didn't care if it was deformed, she didn't care about promotion and she didn't care about being burdened for life with a helpless ugly child. The administration could do what they liked, but they were not going to fully control her almost totally streamlined life. She could not go outdoors unless in a mobile. She hated the office with its petty bickering and cut throat hierarchy. She hated being told what to do all the time by an efficient, omnipresent administration. She wanted to feel life and this was her only chance.

Bernard, who had lived his whole life being told what to do had always done it efficiently, was unused to emotional strength and he feared such conviction of feeling. He was powerless to stop Catrina and unwilling to betray her.

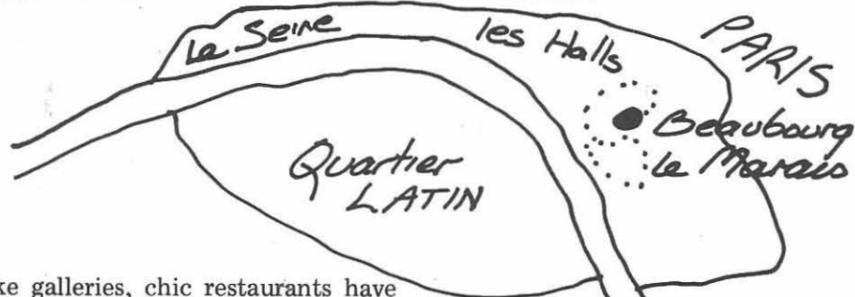
They decided to have their secret child in their own home. They had heard unsavoury stories of doctors who were prepared to handle illegal childbirth. For Catrina it was worth the risk. She soon forgot that their new child would almost certainly be still born, at the best alive, but defective and deformed. Secretly she hoped for twins.

JUDY'S IMFO

Hi, as I write I'm watching Rod Stewart screaming LOVE YA HONEY on Countdown in overalls with chains around his waist, holding a pair of female legs black fish-net stockings. His hair now whiter than WHITE.

For any students travelling in Paris over Xmas vacation and happen to be near the new show-

place in Paris, Le Plateau Beaubourg the quartier verging — the just opened Pompidou Art Centre clasped between the new-rising Les Halles and a refreshed Marais where the ghost of Villon walks with Vanguardists. Contrasting the contemporary with the classic. Beaubourg is full of daytime delight and night-time dazzle.



like galleries, chic restaurants have invaded Beaubourg: elegant eateries — candle lit and galleries — that draw the elite have opened in res-

tored caves on streets still occasionally sleazy with streetwalkers and sex shops.



Recent photography at Georges Pompidou.



All french aren't sexy eh?

aplanir une montagne
dieter hacker



Is Marcel Duchamp (above) smiling because he knows that his two greatest works are permanently installed in the Philadelphia Museum of Art and will never be seen outside America? French compatriots ignored Duchamp (he died in 1968) until the new Beaubourg retrospective, but Duchamp has the last laugh.

Star Wars

Don't miss it, but don't go expecting a big message. Just go to see costumes and sets. Best science fiction adventure film seen in Australia. Reminds one of cheap westerns only with science fiction sets.

Annie Hall

Best Woody Allen yet. He really is great. His ex-girlfriend Dianne Keaton plays Annie. She wears incredible clothes. All from second hand disposal shops. Yes there is a message. Go see it for yourselves.

Analytich



AUS has been a focus of controversy and conflict all year. Immediately following the conclusion of its Annual Council in January, a spate of articles appeared in papers and magazines right across the country, alleging "violence and intimidation", "extremist" policies, an an Executive which was dominated by "Maoists, Trotskyists and Communists". Strangely enough, these articles seemed to have the same source, and even, at times, used the same working.

More recently, there have been attacks on the Union's leadership and policies by the "maoist" "Students For Australian Independence" and their supporters in the Overseas Student Service Dept of AUS. These culminated in a motion, moved nationally by the University of NSW, to dismiss all AUS officers and Executive members. This was overwhelmingly defeated.

Then followed the temporary shutdown of AUS Travel, and the blaze of publicity which accompanied that.

In addition, AUS isinvolved in some very serious legal actions, which threaten the very existence of autonomous student unionism.

All these events were instrumental in leading 25% of the member campuses of AUS (as required by the AUS Constitution), to sign a petition calling for a special Council to be held. It took place on the weekend of 17-18 Septemer, at Sydney University, with delegates representing nearly every campus in the union taking part.

AUS TRAVEL

As everyone knows, in early August AUS Student Travel Pty Ltd temporarily ceased trading. This was the occasion of undisguised glee in the mass media, with banner headlines appearing in the major newspapers. The Liberal/National Country Party governments of Victoria and the Commonwealth announced a joint enquiry into the affairs of both AUS and AUS Travel. This too was given much prominence in the press. The enquiry was quietly dropped a week or two later. Of course, this decision was hardly mentioned by the media. Right wing students, particularly the Australian Liberal Students Federation and the "Coalition to Reform AUS," published articles, leaflets and letters to newspapers which contained gross distortions of the truth. These actions are examples of the worst type of political opportunism. They were willing to jeopardise the future of the Travel Company, and the large amount of student money tied up in it, in order to score cheap political points.

Full Report given to Special Council

The AUS Travel Board presented an extremely detailed and full report to Council. Following this there were several hours of questions, and motions arising out of the report.

What caused the Travel Company's problems?

The underlying cause was the very rapid expansion of the company, from a relatively small organisation in 1973, with a turnover in the vicinity of \$400,000, to the second largest travel company in the country, with an annual trunover of around \$25 million. Due to this the accounting and financial controls were inadequate and therefore

AUS SPECIAL COUNCIL

assessment of the financial position of the company on a regular basis. To put it bluntly, the Travel Company wasn't charging enough for its fares and this wasn't picked up in time because the accounting system wasn't good enough.

Another important factor was the massive devaluation last year, which cost the Travel Co. a very large amount of money.

The Future

A scheme of arrangements has been agreed to within the major airline creditors to allow AUS Travel to continue trading. It works like this:

- (i) A moratorium on debts owing to the major airline creditors;
- (ii) All travel arrangements to be honoured subject to small fare revisions;
- (iii) All trade creditors to be paid in full.

These scheme will operate over a period of four years, and the airlines will receive an ex-gratia payment of 25% of the 1977 debt in the fifth year.

AUS Travel is now run by the "Scheme Manager" (Formerly the provisional liquidator), appointed by the Victorian Supreme Court in accordance with the Companies Act. He is advised by the seven airlines who are party to the scheme. They make up the Committee of Management and AUS will be invited to send a representative to meetings of the Committee.

How safe is student money?

One word—very. A legal trust account has been set up whereby all monies are paid into the trust account and do not leave until travel has been completed. This means that, even in the highly unlikely event that the Travel Co. has difficulties in the future, students will get their money back, or complete their travel arrangements.

Commitment by AUS

As a concrete expression of its support for AUS Travel, and also to assist in certain financial aspects of the company's re-commencement of trading, Special Council, on the recommendation of both the Travel Board and the Executive, decided to lend the Travel Company \$50,000. This will be circulated to campuses for ratification.

THE OVERSEAS STUDENT SERVICE

The OSS is a department of AUS. Its officers are officers of AUS. This year, OSS has behaved in what can only be described as an outrageous and sectarian fashion, spending much of its time in a phony campaign to "smash" the so-called "bureaucrats" in AUS. The OSS officers and OSS Executive have refused to abide by decisions of the AUS Executive. This is very serious, as the Executive is elected by Annual Council to supervise the work of the union and its officers. Refusal to abide by decisions of the Executive is direct defiance of the democratic processes of the union. Of course, this certainly does not abrogate the right of any officer to criticise the Executive. These activities of the OSS have led to a neglect of their real work — the defence of the rights and interests of overseas students.

The OSS Officers have also wrongfully misappropriated a cheque for \$8500 from the Dept. of Foreign Affairs, which is a contribution to OSS Officer salaries, which are paid for by AUS.

Special Council agreed with the above criticisms and passed the following resolution:

"That the OSS Executive be directed to return the \$8500 grant from the Department of Foreign Affairs to AUS.

"That this Council expresses grave concern at the spending of OSS campaign funds in areas not budgetted for by 1977 Annual Council and the neglect by OSS of campaigns in defence of overseas students' welfare and interests.

"That this council demands that OSS present detailed accounts to 1978 Council of OSS campaign expenditure in 1977, and that for the remainder of 1977, OSS concentrate on constructive campaigns directly in defence of overseas students' interests."

The section of the above resolution mentioning "the spending of OSS campaign funds in areas not budgetted for by 1977 Annual Council is important. No money can be spent by any officer or department of AUS unless it is authorised by Council. This is basic democracy. If AUS departments, such as OSS, start ignoring the financial guidelines set by Council it is nothing short of a negation of democracy.

LEGAL ACTION AGAINST US

AUS is currently involved in legal proceedings in every state, as well as the ACT. These arise out of writs which challenge various things, including the right of administrations to collect fees, compulsory student unionism, expenditure on certain items by AUS and local student unions, etc. A full report was given to Council by the AUS solicitors.

These legal actions are politically motivated, and are part of a co-ordinated attempt to destroy AUS, (and local student unionism as well), as effective political organisations for students. Several of the actions have been taken by members of the executive of the Australian Liberal Students Federation. These so-called "moderate" students have reached a new low when they resort to the courts, and refuse to put their objections to students and argue them out.

VIOLENCE AND INTIMIDATION IN AUS

The AUS Secretariat in Melbourne this year been an extremely unpleasant place to work. Intimidation of national officers and AUS staff members has been common. Actual physical violence has occurred on several occasions. AUS property has been wrecked or stolen.

The people responsible for this can easily be identified. They are the members and supporters of a small grouping called "Students for Australian Independence," who, within AUS, centre mainly around the former "National U" editor, Jefferson Lee, and the leadership of the Overseas Student Service. The situation has become so serious that the Executive was forced to raise the matter at Special Council. As a result the following resolution was adopted:

"That the President, Peter O'Connor, be empowered to take whatever steps he deems necessary to protect the staff and officers of the union from threats of, and actual, physical violence and severe psychological intimidation in the AUS Secretariat."

A motion, "that the President be called upon to resign," was lost by a 2/3 majority — another clear indication of support for the current leadership.

LEGISLATIVE MOVES AGAINST STUDENT UNIONISM BY THE GOVERNMENTS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA AND QUEENSLAND

In completely unprecedented moves against the right of students to organise in the manner they themselves decide, the governments of Western Australia and Queensland have proposed legislation which will have the effect of banning affiliation by local student unions to AUS, and also, in Qld., dividing the University of Qld Union into a compulsorily funded, administration controlled, "service" union, and a non-compulsory SRC.

The moves are appalling infringements of the basic democratic rights of students. Students, and only students, have the right to decide the structure of student unions and how their money will be spent, free from outside and government interference. Special Council overwhelmingly passed a motion condemning the Qld and W.A. governments, despite the opposition of some Liberal/National Country Party delegates.

EDUCATION

As a students' union, the highest priority of AUS is in education. This has been reflected in the activities of the union this year.

Ever since it gained office the Fraser government has attacked the level of education funding, the autonomy of student unions, and the levels and conditions of student "living" allowances. This has been done in line with a more general offensive against the living standards of poor and oppressed groups in the community.

It was in this perspective that

Council endorsed the decision by the AUS national Executive and the AUS National Education Action Committee to support a national day of student action on October 6. As students, we have a responsibility to protect the living standards of ourselves and other victims of the Fraser government's austerity programme.

THE DISMISSAL OF THE "NATIONAL U" EDITOR JEFFERSON LEE

In July, students, voting in a national ballot, passed a motion to dismiss Jefferson Lee. After the declaration of the poll he refused to accept the result and objected on a number of legalistic grounds. These objections were clearly incorrect, and were overruled by Council.

IN PERSPECTIVE

The Special Council was a much-needed occurrence for AUS. It had three main effects:

Firstly, the many questions and doubts arising out of the Travel Company's difficulties were answered and resolved.

Secondly, the concerted attempts throughout the year by the "Maoist" "Students for Australian Independence," and their associates in the Media and Overseas Student Service Departments of AUS (together with a conscious and quite open alliance with other reactionary forces in the union), to destroy AUS as an effective national union of students were rejected.

Thirdly, AUS will now be able to concentrate more fully on its main (but not only) role — defending the rights and interests of students.

David Patch,
NSW Member

AUS National Executive.

NOW AVAILABLE

1977-8 AUS Student Travel

Summer Program

A service of the Australian Union of Students

AUS Student Travel

If you think you were radical being a marxist at seventeen then check out this for the twelve year olds manifesto. If any of you ever saw the film "Wild in the Streets", (third rate, except the idea; recently on TV, long ago at the movies). You might remember the last line: "Pretty soon everyone over the age of twelve is gonna be out of commission".

AGE OF DISSENT

youths im patience
old man s itting
with yo ur past in your han ds
i know you can never ever unde rs
and i cant show
what you dont
so i suppose we'll have to come to blows
the future i am the present



and you are the past
and i am coming thru
stand aside
or hang
for the
for
old man
around
ride
your pride

The quality of human relationships must change. Once and for all people must take their lives into their own hands. It is not enough to demand 'the right to work'. What sort of work we do and for whom - we must decide, and in fact we should decide how we live.

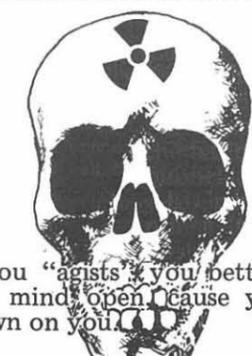
The right to receive unemployment benefits the right to be a poorer wage slave. You give your time and life and in return you get coupons that permit you a measured portion of what should be everybody's without question ... FOOD, SHELTER, CLOTHES, TOOLS AND TRANSPORT at least.

Immediate reforms to begin the alleviation of the burden of existence

1. OPEN IMMIGRATION
Anyone who wants to come here can.
2. FREE DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT OF ALL COMMUNICABLE DISEASES.
- 3a. GIVEN THE BASIC WAGE FOR MEN, IT SHALL NOW INCLUDE WOMEN INCLUDING HOUSEWIVES SINGLE OR MARRIED.
- b. ALL APPRENTICESHIP SCALES SHALL BE ABOLISHED. THE BASIC WAGE SHALL BE PAID AT LEAST.
- c. ALL STUDENTS SHALL RECEIVE THE BASIC WAGE REGARDLESS OF AGE, FAMILY OR EDUCATIONAL STATUS THEREBY INCLUDING KINDERGARTEN PUPILS.
- 4a. ALL money in notes shall be sent to local and convenient post offices where the recipient shall sign for the money.
- b. PARENTS, guardians or childcare centres shall contribute the money due to babies and children to post office accounts.
- c. PARENTS or guardians of children under twelve years of age must be available for public scrutiny in cases of accusations of theft, meanness or abuse. This is 'pocket money' must be decided by the child for themselves, learning from their own mistakes
5. ALL childcare centres must be opened twenty-four hours.
6. THE legal age of voting, consuming alcohol, pistol and rifles, driving and responsibility (sexual and legal) to become twelve years.
7. A 15 year world market price freeze from date of publication.
8. ALL public officials shall receive at most the basic wage backdated to date of publication.
9. ALL loss in politicians, local government, police and military wages shall be placed in post office accounts to be drawn upon by prisoners and those at present in asylums.
10. THE closing down of all prisons and asylums
11. ALL prisoners now serving terms bonds and probation and/or undergoing psychiatric

12. FREE electric public transport - buses, trains ferrys, aircraft, hovercraft and access to all taxis.
13. THE reduction of the working week and the education week to twenty hours for which the basic wage shall be paid; any voluntary overtime is double the rate of the wage.
14. THE opening of allcon conditioning or production and consumption facilities to cover all day and night time hours (24 hours), 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year - e.g. hotels, pubs, ships and libraries.
15. FREE contraceptive dispensers for male and female persons at all public transport waiting bays.
16. FREE sterilization and abortion on demand.
17. FREE diagnosis and treatment of sexual diseases.
18. ABOLITION of all right of inheritance.
19. PROGRESSIVE unemployment through automation and technical change.
20. ALL government and public officials especially unions are to be re-callable at any time by their electors and must report to their electors upon their success or failure with popular decisions and mandates.
21. THE obsolescence of certain useless sectors of production and consumption can be carried out by the former producers and consumers themselves.
22. STREAMLINING and efficiency i.e. suppression of 'built-in obsolescence' technology, wasteful or contaminating production techniques and commodities i.e. useless packaging. The construction of more rational energy accumulators - wind, solar power, river, wave and tide power, methane (piss and shit gas) and orgone energy.
23. LEAVE uranium, coal, oil, gas, gold, silver, platinum, zircon, rutile etc. in the ground.
24. FREE health diagnosis, care and availability of all drugs and equipment to citizens.
25. RESEARCH into the possibility of turning the middle of Australia and elsewhere of expanding present deserts into forests and pastures with the necessary resources and possible workable assistance of ORGONE energy.
26. PRODUCTION of solar batteries for electric transport and transportable communications equipment eg. two-way radio (now called Citizen Band radio), video and television.
27. COMBINATION of agriculture with manufacturing industries - gradual abolition of the distinction between town and country by a more equable distribution of the population over the land and water as verified by popular decision which is voluntary and personally reversible.
28. PUBLIC access to all cultural, scientific, historical and political knowledge and techniques by way of constant addition to computers with multilingual translators whose memory banks are accessible by dialing a video phone to reveal required information. A permanent number or a 'directory number' to be rung to find out

29. citizen but the computer shall number and categorize to be revealable when the directory is revealed.
29. RELEASE of all 'secret documents' of other Nation's or transnational Police agents. RELEASE of all 'secret documents' of State and Federal Secret Police, Military secrets and Military agency documents. Of considerable interest to the public will, no doubt, be all the privatized, accumulated knowledge on Unidentified Flying Objects or Flying Saucers and other parapsychical or 'supernatural' and extra-sensory perception phenomena. The files of political surveillance must be made available to those observed and to all citizens.
30. ALL bonds to landlords to be paid into State Government held funds and all money (not more than one week's income) - the first fortnight of tenancy free - to be used to set up free legal aid, gas and electricity and maintenance for tenants with necessary government subsidy.
31. THE national banks, government treasuries and all holdings of multinational finance groups and corporations shall be seized by the workers and consumers of those institutions and redistributed and placed in the Post Office, where used for the cultivation of waste lands and the improvement of the soil generally in accordance to socially-desired projects and needs. Self-sufficiency and autonomy (not isolation, competition, and manipulation) must supplant all struggle with nature evolution and the relationships of present production.
32. Torture, now used only for extracting information but as a method of political control, is a world-wide phenomenon which is on the increase. FROM 'THE REPORT ON TORTURE' by Amnesty International SUCH reports must not only be a basic source material and reference work for representative and world governments, the United Nations, intergovernmental bodies and non-governmental organisations, medical, legal and other professional experts, but for all concerned with international affairs and human rights. That is, humanity and our individual section of the human race. THE abolition and prevention of torture requires international and domestic legal safeguards which can only be carried out by our and your personal supervision of our representatives and their REVOCABILITY.



So all you "agists" you better hang in and keep your mind open. Cause youth power is coming down on you.



t-shirts don't wrinkle at G.B's.

— judi dransfield and garry lester.

You may or may not have seen Richard Gillispie's dial around campus (try library) but if you are any sort of a dedicated square eyes it's more than likely that you've seen Richard stepping out in Gras Bros.' "Man to Man" ads or buzzing along the country-side for Amoco, or even peering at you from the paper over your Sunday morning cup of coffee.

Following our policy of discovering students with an interesting second life (lets face it we all have one — some more interesting than others) we thought we'd try to find out what makes a model art student tick ... you know like laying the in depth questions on him man

How did you get into modelling?

R: Well I was broke and I wanted to get married and I couldn't afford the diamond ring, so the opportunity was offered to me and I took it.

Who offered the opportunity?

R: A guy called Stuart Membery he has a column in the Mirror.

How did he get you into it?

R: I just met him and he said I need a model for a photograph next week and I said yes. Do you have an agency now?

R: Yes. Gary Griffin's agency.

Do you have regular work?

R: No.

How did you get your portfolio together?

R: I just used the photos that were taken for the column in the paper.

How often do you work?

R: Well I've only been doing the Grace Bros. ads apart from the Amoco thing. I suppose I have done about fifteen Grace Bros ads.

Does being a model conflict with being an art student?

R: No, it's the best thing I've done up until now in terms of money.

How about in terms of time?

R: No problems.

What sort of energies are required?

R: Smoking dope with Trent Nathan and name dropping.

What sort of remuneration do you get?

R: Heaps — about as much per annum as TEAS.

What do you think of advertising and the ad. world in general?

R: T.D. Allman's words....

If it's really necessary or worthwhile it's not advertised

If it's advertised its neither necessary or worthwhile

If it's intensely advertised it's bad for you and may even kill you.

What does it feel like to see yourself on television?

R: I dunno ... I guess it's like looking at the school photos that they take every year.

Isn't a bit more of a buzz knowing how many people are looking at you?

R: Not really.

Is there any sort of ad you wouldn't do?

R: Oh, I haven't really thought about it. What are you into modelling for?

R: Well it beats gardening and plumbing and living off bank card like I was for the first six months of this year.

You're still a gardener

R: Yes actually I did six hours of digging holes yesterday. I also get thrity dollars on a Saturday morning for working in a hardware store.

What's it like behind the scenes in the ad world ... like how many takes do you have to do to get a good ad?

R: A good Grace Bros ad? I'm very limited in my experience ... an Amoco ad? Well it took about a week to make and they would have taken about eight takes on an average, and there are probably two days that don't even appear in the ad.

I suppose that they put a lot of money into it.

R: I don't even know exactly how much it cost — but it was heaps.

What are the people like that you work with?

R: It was really good, the week we had away. Got to know everyne, got loaded together in the evenings and sat around in the sun all day. Most of them were people who make features anyway. The cameramen had just come from work in a feature. I don't know what the director had done, and the rest of them were just good time people.

What are you ideas on art?

R: I don't know I'm still learning.

Ambitions? Do you want to be an artist?

R: Of course, modelling's just a way to earn an income in the meantime.

Thinking of teaching at all?

Wondered why ad clothes never wrinkled

R: That's cos you either have someone's hand behind you on the shirt or you have a million pins in it.

I have heard that actors get a bit poopy with people coming along and doing ads when they consider its their area, even though they think of it as a last ditch thing ...

R: Well: I'm a member of Actor's Equity ... and it is a last ditch thing for me too.

What's a casting session like?

R: People sitting around staring at each other. You see the same faces all the time. It's like a dentist's waiting room. You just stroll in and they say well the ad is going to be this and can you sky dive, ride a horse backwards and ski barefoot and you say yes. They say right don't ring us we'll ring you. Then they look through the photos of the people who have applied. I really don't think ad. acting takes all that much acting talent.

What do you have for lunch?

R: Well today I had a bacon sandwich and a beer.

Do you have to watch your weight and use special hair conditioners and things like female models have to?

R: No one has told me to. I just live my normal life. Modelling gives me more time, I don't have to waste it on boring mundane jobs.

Do you lead a rugged, outdoors existence?

R: Oh yes, very macho, and like I jog every morning to keep trim and I have lots of blondes at home ... they just hang around and I'm trying to set up my own studio so I can get all the models to come to my place and I'm saving up for a convertible

R: No way.

Are you primarily a painter?

R: Yes, but I'm not just a painter. I don't want to be limited to just one thing. I do photography and some silk screening and some design as well.

How about acting?

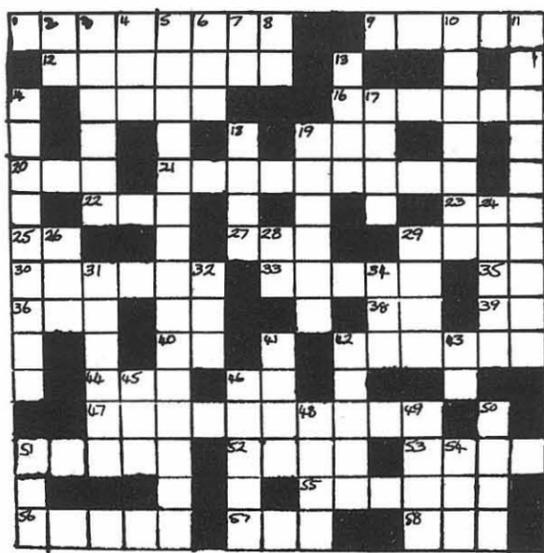
R: Nuh, I don't think I can act very well. But you act in the ads don't you?

R: I just act natural. I can't act the part of an interviewee, that's for sure. The only thing I have to go on is Grace Bros and they are stoogy things ... like you are pinned all the way up the back and you have people holding your ankles and the cuffs so that the creases are straight.

That's terrific, tell us more ...

R: Well you are not allowed to have wrinkles in jeans or t-shirts.

crossword



across

1. Ping-pong (4-4)
9. Furry motel in Oxford Street (5)
12. State of being without Sao biscuits (7)
15. Phonetic reaction to 3 DOWN (4)
16. Go from place to place for no particular reason at all (6)
20. Adam was sucked in by this lady (3)
21. Fluffy rear end of burrowing grass and woodland creature (6,3)
22. "Much About Nothing" (3)
23. Printer's Measurements (3)
25. Neville Wran has these letters after his name when he does something important (2)
27. American TV shows tell us that this is what ladies say when they see a mouse (3)
29. Don't get your knickers in one of these (4)
30. Courteous, suave, refined (6)
33. Unexciting; euphemism for ugly (5)
35. Sammy Sparrow's station (2)
36. We're supposed to breath it (3)
37. French for "and" (2)
- 38.
39. Noise a small snake might make (2)
40. Unsophisticated clue (init) (3)
42. Canine madness (6)
44. Elephant Trunk Manufacturers (init) (3)
46. Didley's first name.
47. Zool (10)
51. Budgies do this to themselves (5)
52. Most people like to be paid for this sort of thing (4)
53. US mining company exploiting Australian resources (4)
55. Found in the sea on rocks; also nice smoked (6)
- 56; Statement describing city noise by Claes Oldenburg (5) or (2,3)
58. A good thing to do when hungry but not so good under the shower or in telephone booths (3)

down

2. Third person singular present tense of verb "be" (2)
3. Inclination to vomit (6)
4. Muck (3)
5. Pleurisy and pneumonia (15)
6. Poetic form of "over" (3)
7. NS
8. GS
10. Belly
11. Something for you career minded girls to do when you've left art school (10)
13. Slang for idiot
14. A duck does this (4,5)
17. The worse thing to come out of Sweden and land in Australia (mus.) (4)
18. Woodwind instrument
24. What you should say when you see a mouse (perhaps prefixed by hellow) (5)
26. C.R.I. (3)
28. Goes at 45r.m.p. (init) (2)
29. Rounded protuberance often found on doors and other things (4)
31. Light wind (6)
32. And so on (3)
34. First name of Editor of Women's Weekly (3)
41. Name of stick used to aid jumping (4)
42. "...a flash of grey and a cheerful Hi!" (5)
43. Movie about revolting school boys (2)
45. You should have at least one on the front of each foot (3)
48. "...and Pete, who cut his teeth on a branding" (4)
50. Odorous flammable by-product from eating large amounts of dried fruit and/or veges (4)
51. At least you don't have to wait for this paper (3)
54. A cup of this is nice but not worth 35 cents "No drink here sweetie?" (3)
57. Claude N..... lights up cities at night for



women's images of women

The amount of negative criticism that reached my ears in relation to the project show at the NSW gallery made me wonder about what people expect from a show entitled "Women's Images of Women" Perhaps the title could have been a bit more specific "Australian Women's Images of Women 1900-1950" for example, and that way a great deal of misconceived expectations could have been avoided. Mind you - I did hear some positive comments as well. Apparently a teacher at a girls' school took a class of students who were notorious for their ability to rush through the gallery in three seconds flat to the show and they loved it - they stayed there for ages and had a really lengthy and fruitful discussion afterwards. Lots of women responded warmly and favourably to the images presented and it was suggested to me that perhaps that very environment created by the show may have alienated the male audience you know some fellas get real nervous 'round lace, satins pinks and pretty things.....aaach!

It's probably not as simple as all that, however. Partly because of the show's title and partly because of the organisers' "militant feminist" reputation, some people had expectations of a hard-line political show. The exhibition was certainly motivated by the current feminist concern to throw light on the genuine contribution that Australian women have made to the arts. However the individual works are not necessarily feminist statements, or examples of a female aesthetic. If a generalised observation is to be made it is that while the paintings display virtually no dramatic stylistic innovations, the differences between the way men portray women and the way women portray each other are manifested in subtle nuances such as posture, gestures and the direction of a gaze, which indicate women being preoccupied or pursuing activities rather than portraying them as passive, sexually desirable creatures. Most women have worked within acceptable modes, the majority of women channelling their creative energies into domestic fields such as embroidery, lace making and other crafts, and for the women who did have the time and the opportunity to be involved in the "fine arts", the show seems to indicate that their social situations must have affected the content of their work. When researching for the show the organisers found that the works fell into three categories: flower painting, interiors and images of women, and apparently there is very little evidence of any avant-garde art activity.

The apparent absence of Australian female innovators in the first half of the century is amply compensated for by the present upsurge of women artists, and the Watter's gallery

displayed a few of these women's work in an overlapping exhibition. For similar reasons to the organisers of the project show the Watter's gallery didn't attempt to put on an extensively comprehensive current show, and they largely drew on their own artists. As there are many women working with their own and other women's images at present a fair and representative show is a formidable proposition which demands a lot of time and research which the organisers of the project show didn't have for the contemporary artists; or Frank Watters for his upstairs show ... would be great to see an extensive show in the near future.

Owing to the "personal is political" thrust of the women's movement many women artists have begun to assess and create their work in the light of this impetus. In fact it seems to have created an entirely new aesthetic. An aesthetic developed around the way women are looked at and the way women are conditioned and expected to fashion their own physical being as closely as possible to the accepted model of contemporary beauty; thus women's bodies become objects for men to look at. Women are examining the traditional ways in which they have been looked at and are looking at themselves and each other in new ways. Often the very media that are used to exploit women are employed in their works, i.e. magazine clippings, photographs etc. In an exhibition early this year at Central Street, some of the women in the

Self-images show displayed usage of these techniques Jude Adams, Sandy Edwards and Therese Mackie to name a few.

Some women artists work in less direct fashion. At Watter's Carole Murphy's two pieces, one entitled "Diary of a Fat Lady" and the other one which is untitled are delicately and delightfully documented snippets from the artist's life. Executed in pen and wash, they are amusing and engaging. Each piece of paper carries a separate piece of information and is a complete entity in itself. As an entirety these pieces prove that an art work can be simultaneously pleasing and political (and light hearted too) Jeanne Eager, Vicki Varvaressos and Vivienne Binns also render this observation true. Eager and Varvaressos are painters, both of whom have a distinctive sense of humour and a flair for funk/punk colour. Vivienne Binns works in an unique amalgamation of photo-stencils, clay and vitreous enamels and her works also display a certain cutsie-wootsie quality. Vivienne Pengully's quilt-collage featured in the show is stunning - as always - and satirical? As for Sue Archer than can be no doubt about the satire intended here no-one could take the Brighton Beauty Queens at face value.

The Scene - Bexley North - just after Azac Day.....



They'd just finished afternoon tea - after a nosy & boring day at Luna Park watching the kids get sick from too much meatpies chips coca cola and rotor zipper trippers sickes thicker snake headache.....

WHEN FRAN CAME TO HELP ME DRY, I JUST HAD TO ASK HER...

Fran, you do as much housework as I do. How come my hands look like this and yours are so soft and smooth?



Well Fran just looked at me liked I'd fucked ~~into~~ I'd Amin and exclaimed she'd never really noticed how disgustingly mildewy my hands really were before.

"Why don't you use sandpaper like I do instead of dissolving your natural oils away with biodegradable shit like Palmolive? Really fucks your skin you know that detergent shit - nowonder..." she ~~glanced~~ ^{glanced} at my hand... "YUK uoel go away oh yuk oh they ~~smell~~ too looking no wonder

you..." Fran began to splutter a cough, she was having trouble breathing - remembered the life saving classes we'd started when the swimming pool opened - ~~then~~ ^{then} tilt the head back clear all the muck out of the mouth first...

"Scuse me babe - cough hack. I was just saying - oh I have to look away - it's no wonder you're hands are so grey an' soggy an' wrinkled up like - like passionfruit gone off - makes me sick to think about - especially when you stand so close you know I can't stand that mouldy smell - now - can just imagine what sort of household pest is breeding away in between your fingers and under your nails..."

▼ I'd had enough of this smart arse - "So who asked you to come and help me dry? As if I can't manage by myself? Makes the tea towels wet anyhow."

"OK, if you can't accept some simple friendly advice that's your problem - You can dry up yourself go on. Spread disease throughout the house. see if I care! Hmpf - sacrifice an afternoon to help you take care of your smelly brats, wipe the oil-slick off their faces from all that rubbish you let 'em eat and what thanks do I get - that not very subtle hint about how large your brood is getting and oh how more of a strain the household are now that your bloody pregnant again - ha - some thanks! OK let your ^{Chores} hands get all goeey grey and wrinkly. Don't take my advice will you, and you call yourself a friend - HA!"

As she was just about to make a small hole in the corner of my last "Queen's Corgi" tea towel bigger and bigger I detected a slight bend in the line between Fran's lips and reminded her -

"Sandpaper you say?" She tried to smash a plate over my head but it was a plastic one and the gurgles of the unblocked plughole drowned our laughter. "Yeah, sandpaper" she said or giggled "wet n dry. brings the dog up nice and shiny too - ha - if you can catch im..."

Use Sandpaper!!



FIRST DAY

What an unreal morning, field green, trees thin and mushies thick. So me and a close companion decided to pick some or maybe a lot. And not only did we pick them, but we ate them as we picked.

Half an hour later I was on my way down to Sydney to enrol at Mackie - like I always wanted to be an infants and primary teacher. So I and my friend, who only worked in slum city, journeyed down there - what a trip!

We get to the expressway and the colours were unreal. My car was used to the road so I didn't really have to drive it.

Then this big yellow bird with black hair few down, grabbed my car with its talons and saved me from paying the 60 cents toll. Anyway, while the world was spinning around under us it seemed to me that I really enjoyed this bird trip and didn't want to be a person, but still I was and had to live with it.

It started to rain so the bird set us down near Mackie. I cruised into the car park and followed the signs - "This way to enrolling". I wondered what sort of place this was, with dinosaurs and spotted mushrooms everywhere. Well, I got into its "great hall" and there was this nice old lady addressing the herd-like first year primary mass - they looked like a flock of sheep with a witch for a shepherdess.

This lady, like she goes, "who are you?" I say, "Fred," but that wasn't good enough - I had to have another name.

Then it says, "Are you doing art?"

"No."

"Music?"

"No."

Then with a shocking sort of curiosity, "You're not doing primary are you?"

"Yeh, is this where you enrol?" Still colours, flashing, shinging, glowing, moving, taking me in and moving me out. It was as if I was phallus, travelling in and out of a fleshy, muscley, tight tact of life, that I would occasionally enjoy at times even grow within at the peek, the sweet sweat of a rush, so strong and instinctive that for a moment, sometimes more two minds are welded together by what is a tool of our minds, our bodies.

And so I sat. I listened to what this lady was on about. I learned that if I (and it was me she addressed her whole rave to) wanted to leave it was okay as we weren't bonded and had no financial obligations to our bosses.

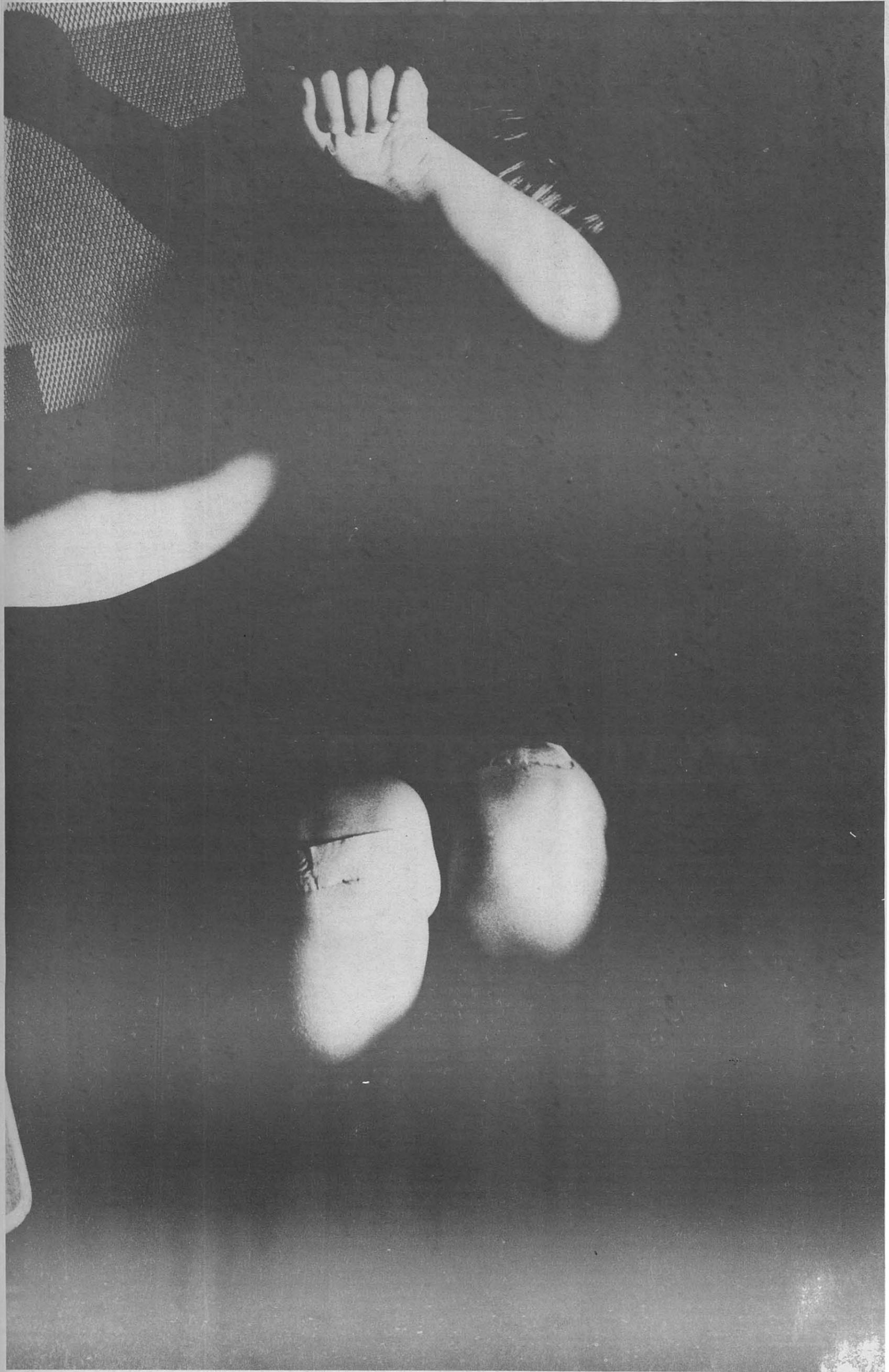
Soon she left and a fat man known as Fone tried to impress us. He asks us all these personal questions and gets the sheep to answer. Then he has us walk round grabbing each other by our elbows - and man I was spinning out something awful, but things were real glassy, clear, while elbow was being hassled by some young chick (sorry person). I was starting to see colours again as I spun and spun - the water was coming up, higher and higher into the dark sky - like a column of salt water holding up the roof of the globe. Now awind, a wind of colour, came from where I know not. It circled my column as if to form a world of spectrum bright and natural, a world between earth and heaven, and in this world I saw people, animals and nature living a life of unknown truth.

Then like a shocking awakening after a dream I found myself walking in the rain. Wet and frightened, alone and sad. But I have a mission in life, one that I know nothing of, but to fulfill it. I will or die trying - for many people - my friend and those that dislike me, those that know not of love, life and truth, it is they I must awaken from a life of death. I am different and different I shall stay as that is me, and if I were to change into one like those I shall perish into a conditioned artificial existence, where death will be the only reprieve.

F. Smith,
Mary Ed.

ROTTOR
by
Paul Napier White







The guitar is no longer an enigma. Its pioneers posed the questions and today's performers have answered them well enough to make the guitar highly respected in all forms and modes of western music.

One of the undoubted characteristics of the modern guitarists is that they take themselves and their music as seriously as any other musicians.

Yes, even the punks put down in a manner that would befit the captain of the Titanic or the overseer of the Minuteman missile system. Hang in there, — full concentration for every note — and woe betide the guy who catches audience attention with a faux pax.

This attitude stems largely from dedication to "styles" or "brands" of music. The classical musician is the supreme example — he is never allowed to veer from that designated "path". The dedicated punk will match that example — his is full-on, tight, regimented stuff that leaves very little time or spacing for innovation or improvisation.

Rock, blues and jazz sit somewhere in the middle of these orders, allowing a looseness with which people can generally identify and which has resulted in them becoming the more "popular" forms of music.

Amongst the popular guitarists, levels of what we'll misnomer "seriousness" become evident. We move down through the artful subtleties of blues musos like B B King to the brighter and happier licks of jazz freaks like Charlie Byrd to the cocky, almost show-off style of rock guitarists like Peter Frampton.

If you want to go to the ends of this particular vew of the "popular" spectrum, a guitarist like John McLaughlin sometimes makes it all so serious its clinical. Over on the opposing side are players one views on TV shows such as Countdown, who will smile and even try hard to portray "personality" during their performances (Miming often makes this task much easier). And here lies the key to unlock the differences between the serious professional guitarist and those whom we shall pompously refer to as the also-rans.

For the serious guitarist (and the serious listener) the only time to smile and cajole is at or near the conclusion of a satisfying performance.

And on a serious and satisfying diatessaron* I would like to speak very highly of an Australian guitarist who is making a bold attempt to make it in his often pretentious and superficial strata of Australian rock.

Before he is named (no apologies given for boring comparisons) harken back to the international arena of rock guitarists. There's Stephen Stills, the institutionalised Peter Green (excuse the pun), Carlos Santana, Frank Zappa, Eric Clapton, Jim Page, Steve Howie the deceased Paul Kossof, Johnny Winter and a host of others.

But one name in that illustrious company, Jimi Hendrix, is truly synonomous with rock guitar. By dying he became a household word but to musicians, friends and fans he was a spirit that didn't get time to give its best.

Just as another rock legend, Janis Joplin, failed to catch the imagination of very few Australian female vocalists, the Hendrix lust for power (we'll be talking about theatres later on) has rarely been the aim of ambition of Australia's rockers. Certainly his style has permeated every facet of rock music but with a couple of exceptions no Australian guitarists have gone out of their way to reproduce his raw rhythms, higher-powered and "Mars Music" sounds.

One of the exceptions was John Robinson, ex-Dave Miller Set and leader of the original Blackfeather. To Australia's early power freaks who spied him with these bands in the late sixties and early seventies, he was like a beacon in the ebb-tide of the Australian rock scene.

And there he was at Macquarie University, two years ago, with the old bass and drums formula, playing a lunch-time gig to a crowd of little more than 30 people. He was still entralling, with good licks behind strong jazz rhythms, but toned down somewhat and obviously mellowed in his attitude to music. A far cry from the night he was hauled off the stage by police in front of hundreds at the Coffs Harbour Civic Centre.

It was during a rendition of the old Hendrix classic "Fire", that he fired — and just as he was getting loose, he was grabbed by ten long arms of the law, hauled bodily off the stage and ordered to leave his guitar alone. That performance must have been the beginning of the end for poor John's spirit, but his faith remains in the old three-piece Hendrix formula.

It's a band set up which invites — and gets — criticism. Only one Australian guitarist still employs the idea and manages to keep himself on top of the great contemporary music heap. His name is Kevin Borich, an old-timer on the Australian rock scene, who ironically was into a "big-band" sound with the Lah De Dahs while Robinson was getting harassed for his virtuosity and teeth-playing antics.



Whether or not it was Borich's influence, or the combined excellence of the band, the original Lah De Dahs could be equally as exciting as either of Robinson's outfits.

The Lah De Dahs, who at once became very popular with their "Traffic" sound, lived on in name only after the demise of Borich and one by one the rest of the original line up. Borich went off to race cars and became almost as accomplished on the track as he had become with a guitar.

Early this year the news that Borich was back on the rails with the Kevin Borich Express, using the "outmoded" three-piece system. And a few weeks later there he was at the Bondi Lifesaver — not the ideal venue for a good rocker, but one of the few reasonable haunts he could have found in Sydney.

But hey, what are they getting into up there — he's cut an album called Celebration and he's giving us a preview. Before Borich can even warm up his fret fingers, drummer John Ennis and bass Tim Partridge are creating a driving force that's been long missed by everyone who enjoys hot curries and a really thick shake.

It doesn't take long to work out what Borich and his band want. They're looking for excitement and when they find it, they want the audience to have a little of it, too. The theory appears to be: "Throw them a little hyped up old stuff, mix it with some slow blues and a big batch of our own up-tempo stuff — play it loud enough to make the place cave in — and let's wait for the reaction."

The audience reaction of course, was that this was like a breeze of resurrected Hendrix followings ten years of forced torture at the hands of Joni Mitchell.

But like all vintage performers, Borich's best was yet to come. A couple of weeks ago he told the press he felt "honoured" to be in the company of Fleetwood Mac and Santana at the Sydney Rockarena, but the preceding Saturday at the Glebe New Arts Cinema, he had already made an audience of 300 feel just as honoured to hear him play.

It was the opening hight for the Glebe theatre as a rock venue — an attempt by three Sydney promoters to give Sydney's (wait for it) serious rock audience a look at deserving bands. For what it's worth, you are supposed to SIT through the performances — yes, just like the old Hordern barn, only a little more comfortable.

The theatre seats about 650 people and acoustically is far superior to Sydney's other rock venues.

Says Ian Willis, a professional muso himself and one of the theatre's promoters: "The whole idea was that the smaller size of the theatre would bring an intimacy and audience enjoyment that has been missed entirely in Sydney.

"Apart from pubs and clubs and dance halls, the only chances our musicians have is as support act to the big-name overseas bands at the Hordern Pavilion or the Showground.

"Its been proven that most of the theatres around town are much too large for a rock concert — you can't fill them with a local band and therefore the bands find it hard to play up to their best.

"The Arts Cinema holds the sound extremely well and we have had no complaints of noise from local residents." Willis said the aim of the new venture was to attract a "mature listening audience."

Following the theatre's Borich concert (he was ably supported by Jo Jo Zep) no-one was left in doubt that there is a demand for Australia's best bands to be heard in this type of setting. When Borich came on and set things sizzling with his Ibanez Destroyer and new Bassist Bob Jackson, you knew you didn't have to travel to Rockarena or the Hordern to hear some well-controlled power output.

In a numbing spectacle lasting two hours, Borich played until he could smile at his band's efforts. Once the end of the gig was near, the few hundred in the audience sounded like a thousand when stamped, clapped and yelled in bringing him back for two encores. If you like strong, loud rhythms behind a deafeningly loud virtuoso guitar and you missed the show — you missed one of the best performances yet by an Australian rocker. Bring on the fanfare, but you better make it loud or Borich'll drown it out.

Ahem, on the quieter, but no less artful side of the Arts Cinema promotions, Richard Clapton was scheduled to give performances there on Friday and Saturday nights, supported by Wasted Daze.

If you're interested in supporting a GOOD rock venue, a night out at the New Arts will help establish it as the primo venue in Sydney and hopefully, in Australia.

W.S.

From Chimaera's North Sydney Office.