

UNIVERSITY POETS IN PRINT

Short Takes

The Bakery Connection

Did you ever wonder about the poppy seeds that adorn the tops of certain dinner rolls? Well, two pharmacologists, Frank A. Crane and Norman Farnsworth of the University of Illinois, did.

Aware that only one of the dozens of species of poppy seeds results in morphine-producing plants, Drs. Crane and Farnsworth wondered if the seeds atop various baked goods were of the head-tripping variety. So, after a shopping spree through half a dozen bakeries, they scraped the seeds off several dinner rolls and planted them. Sure enough, four months later they harvested six milligrams of morphine and opium.

It seems that bakeries use the one species of poppy seeds that will produce an opium plant for two reasons—it is cheap and plentiful. It is, of course, against the law to grow opium-producing plants in the U.S., but it's perfectly legal to own the seeds. And, says Farnsworth, "There's no law saying poppy seeds should be sterilized before using, like there is for marijuana." Birdseed producers, for example, must sterilize the marijuana seeds commonly used in bird feed, thus sparing the country the horrors of thousands of zonked-out canaries and parakeets.

Farnsworth says he has no proof that people are, in fact, secretly carting truck-loads of dinner rolls back to their farms in the boondocks, but he does foresee the possibility of the bakery connection becoming a major drug problem, "of anyone with access to a couple of acres of land starting with a bag of rolls and ending up with a field of morphine-producing plants." He advocates a law requiring sterilization of the seeds to supplement the current law prohibiting the plants themselves, as the latter, he feels, is difficult to enforce. "Most cops wouldn't know an opium-producing plant if they saw one," he says.

In any case, the findings of Drs. Crane and Farnsworth should give the bakery business a good shot in the arm. ●



Women in the water

Mark Spitz may be the most decorated swimmer in the world but he still has to go some to beat a woman in the water. As part of a three-year study on human swimming proficiency both on and under water, two researchers from the State University of New York at Buffalo found not only that swimming is an inefficient way to travel, but that men are much worse at it than women.

According to Drs. David R. Pendergast, assistant professor of physiology, and Donald Rennie, chairman of the Physiology Department, a person's body operates at about 20 to 25 percent efficiency while walking or running, but falls to between two and ten percent efficiency while swimming. "The energy expended is tremendous," Dr. Pendergast remarked. "An individual swimming a mile puts out about five times as much energy as he would use walking that same mile."

For their energy studies the two scientists use a circular tank equipped with a special moving platform that follows the swimmer around, measur-

How to take Aspirin

There's a right way and a wrong way to take aspirin, according to Kenneth Koloff, president of Clinical Research Associates, a New York testing laboratory that checks out aspirin and scores of other remedies.

Most people do it the wrong way: they pop two aspirin in their mouth and swallow them whole. The secret, says Koloff, is to chew them. Whole aspirin, he maintains, "will cause bleeding of the stomach walls. It always does. It lays against the side of it and causes it to bleed." ●

The Latest Ad Gambit

The stevedore holds up a bottle of mouthwash to the camera. "I use it," he growls at television viewers, "but it tastes crummy!"

All of a sudden, advertisers are belittling, even knocking, their own products. It's part of an apparently growing trend toward self-criticism in commercials, a trend, however, that is based on a scientific foundation.

In an obscure study published in the *Journal of Marketing Research*, two psychologists, Robert Settle and Linda Golden, performed a series of experiments on a group of business students to see if an advertiser could do anything to make his commercials more believable to consumers. They found out he could: by referring to a minor deficiency, preferably one that is of no importance to the user. So a mouthwash tastes bad. Admitting that makes its claim as a breath freshener more believable, or so goes the theory. So a cigarette lighter is only pretty good. Saying that is supposed to enhance its claim for thousands of dependable lights.

It's the latest ad gambit, and will no doubt run its course. In the meantime prepare yourself for a flood of vexing claims such as: "Sure our pay is low, but the work is steady," (U.S. Army) or "Sure it's fattening, but it's cheaper than gold" (Sugar). ●

ing his intake of oxygen. The energy expended is then gauged in terms of oxygen used and the number of kilocalories or thousands of calories produced. The more skilled the swimmer, they found, the less oxygen used and the fewer calories produced.

The two scientists also found that, in general, the female swimmer uses 30 percent less energy.

This last finding came as a mild surprise to the investigators who were simply collecting proficiency data on a variety of subjects. "We just measured various people," Dr. Pendergast recalled. "We didn't think there'd be any difference because men swim so much faster."

What seems to help is the buoyancy concentrations of adipose, or fat, tissue in a woman's breast area and legs give her. This natural buoyancy in a woman's legs is especially important. It means all the power of the kick goes into propelling the swimmer. In a male swimmer, on the other hand, the kick is used to keep his less buoyant muscle-heavy legs afloat as well as to propel him. This theory was confirmed after Pendergast attached small floats to a male swimmer's legs. The result was that the male's swimming efficiency increased. ●

PHEROMONES

If they could ever make a perfume out of pheromones, it would probably carry some name like "Ultima Musk." Pheromones are sex attractants secreted by the female of almost every species from insects to monkeys. One microscopic drop of this powerful substance from a female gypsy moth, for example, will signal her mate and bring him zooming to her side from as far away as a half a mile. The scent of the same substance from a female monkey will turn the average male into a sexual King Kong.

Now it appears that humans also have this chemical gift, and, if it works the way it does elsewhere in nature, three researchers from Emory

University School of Medicine and the Georgia Mental Health Institute say using such things as douches and vaginal sprays could be disrupting a lot of people's sex lives.

In a report written in *Science*, Patricia Warner and Drs. Richard P. Michael and R. W. Bonsall examined 682 vaginal samples from 50 women volunteers and found volatile aliphatic acids, better known as pheromones, present. The concentration was highest during a woman's most fertile part of her menstrual cycle.

While the researchers were unable to determine whether these volatile aliphatic acids work in the same way and with the same potency as they do in other primates, they did speculate that the "widely felt anxieties about genital odors . . . may, in fact, be wholly unnecessary." ●

Soybean Suicide

If Professor Larry D. Nooden can figure out a way to keep soybeans from killing themselves, we all may have a little more to eat. According to Nooden, a botanist at the University of Michigan, soybean plants die every fall regardless of how warm the weather is. Removing the pods before the seeds develop, however, helps to prolong their life.

"The plants change color, lose their leaves and die because a signal from their seeds tells them to," Nooden says. "This is a form of suicide in plants."

Now working under a grant from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, he and fellow researcher, Sue Schreyer, a graduate student in botany, are trying to discover exactly what the signal is, when it comes and how it is transmitted. In studying other annuals and certain biennials and perennials with a similar death wish, Nooden and Schreyer think a hormone-like chemical released from the seeds triggers the last gasp.

They have already found that the intensity of the signal increased with the number of fruits on the plant and, using specially cultivated Y-shaped soybean plants, they found the branch with the fruit left on withers and dies while the one plucked clean of fruit continues to flourish. Nooden is now in the process of trying to figure out how the death signal is transmitted to the rest of the plant, what its chemical components are and what stages of deterioration the plant goes through before it dies.

"If we could identify the signal," Nooden says hopefully, "we might be able to counteract the death impulse. It might be bred out of the plants altogether."

By short-circuiting the death signal botanists could then boost the current yield of the soybean plant, a relatively cheap and protein-rich food source. ●

An Older Universe

The universe is six billion years older than we thought, according to astronomer Allan Sandage of the California Institute of Technology. Sandage, who says the universe is really 16 billion years old—not ten, as previously thought—arrived at this figure after making observations of the heavens with Swiss astronomer Gustav Tammann over the last ten years.

Sandage estimates the galaxies themselves are 14 billion years old; before that, the universe consisted of a huge gas cloud that took two billion years to expand and cool down enough for stars to form.

"These ages aren't absolute," says Sandage, "but they're the most precise calculations we've ever made."

Sandage and Tammann observed 50 galaxies over the past decade, using four of the world's largest optical telescopes: Mt. Palomar's 200-inch telescope, Mt. Wilson's 60- and ten-inch scopes and the 74-inch telescope at Australia's Mt. Stromlo. ●

Ear lobes and heart disease



The heart-attack ear

Doctors may soon be taking a closer look at their patients' ears to see if they stand a high risk of coronary heart disease. In a study published in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, a team of doctors from Mount Sinai Hospital's Division of Cardiology found that almost half of a group of patients who had suffered heart attacks also had a distinctive diagonal crease in their ear lobes. According to Drs. Edgar Lichstein, Kul D. Chadda, Dayanand Naik, and Prem K. Gupta who made the study, this distinctive crease could be used to identify patients with a high heart attack risk.

In a comparison study involving 531 heart attack victims and 305 healthy patients of the same age, the researchers found that 47 percent of the heart attack group had the crease compared to 30 percent of the healthies.

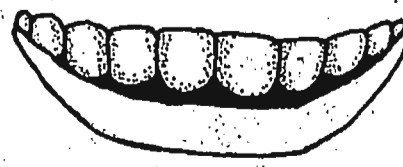
In a separate letter to the *Journal*, Dr. Sanders T. Frank of the Magan Medical Clinic in Covina, California, also mentioned noticing the same peculiarity among 20 of his patients, 19 of whom he had diagnosed as having one or more risk factors for a heart attack.

The Mt. Sinai study was initiated by Dr. Lichstein who got the idea while making hospital rounds. "When you examine a lot of hospital patients and you've got your stethoscope on a patient's chest, the first thing that comes into view is the ear," he explained. "It sticks right in your face."

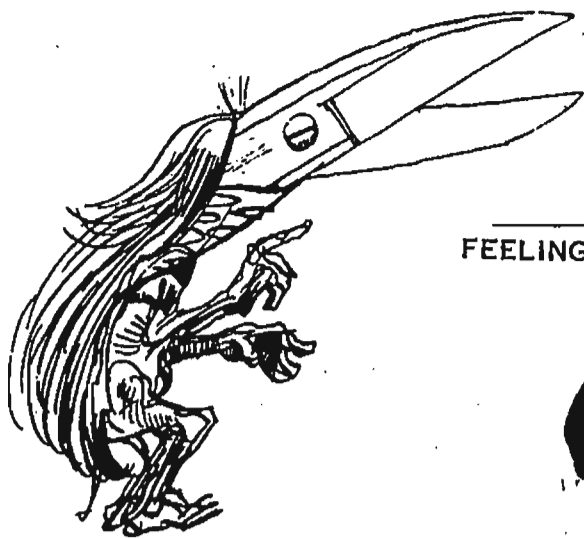
In time he began noticing the crease and collecting data to see if it could be linked to heart disease. "My feeling is that it is a skin manifestation of degenerative process that is genetically determined like a heart attack." ●

Too Many Teeth

Modern man has too many teeth, claims Dr. R. V. Tait, a London dentist. While a set of 32 teeth allowed our ancient ancestors to cope with their gritty, fibrous diet, today's softer fare requires somewhat less of a mouthful. Tait proposes that the number of teeth be reduced from 32 to 20-24 by extractions during childhood. With teeth less tightly packed, he says, there would be less decay and fewer impacted third molars. ●



SNIPPINGS



FEELING HASSLED?



I am writing to inform you that I am starting small group discussions for people who want to sort out personal problems.

The groups will have about 8 members, usually both men and women. They will not conform to any particular therapeutic ideology or dogma, because I believe that people can learn to understand their problems and overcome them in quite different ways. One might need to clarify what has happened in relation to parents in the past, another in a current marriage, another in relation to the social forces pressing on certain groups in society. All these it should be possible to discuss and link together, along with experiences in the group itself.

I first want to see interested people individually to make sure that the small group situation is what they are looking for.

I trained in England as a psychiatric social worker, at the Universities of Birmingham and London, followed by a two-year training group at the Tavistock Clinic. I worked in a child guidance clinic which specialised in group work (with Dr R. Skynner) at the Group Analytic Society and in groups of various kinds in psychiatric hospitals.

In 1966 I came to Australia to lecture in the Department of Social Work, Queensland University. For several years I taught social group work. I left the University in 1974.

The fee for individual and group sessions is \$7.00. An interested person who cannot afford this could discuss with me a suitable reduction.

I am writing to you because you may know of people who are feeling harassed and would appreciate the opportunity of joining with others to explore their personal and social circumstances.

Initial appointments can be made by phoning 211627 (day) or 707415 (after hours).

Harry Throssell

DENIS WALKER

- JOHN GARCIA

- LIONEL FOGARTY (Lacey)



A rally will be held in King George Square at 12.30 p.m. on Monday, October 13 to coincide with rallies in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and overseas. The attendance of all who would protest the frame up charges against the above three, the role of the political police, and the existence of all racist legislation, is urged.

For further information write to Defend the Brisbane Three campaign, 19 Fortesque Street, Spring Hill.

This week Semper includes a literary supplement as part of our



ABUSE OF PRIVELEGES

The Sports Union seems to be abusing its privileges with respect to the Sports Complex, or so one disgruntled Part-timer discovered last week. Part-timers can book by phone for (say) Tuesday on Monday morning after 8.30, thus competing with Full-timers who can only book in person. Disgruntled part-timer called one morning at 8.35 only to find the courts entirely booked out for the next day's prime time for part-timers - 5 p.m. - 8 p.m. Our super-sleuth noticed the name of one prominent official in the Sports Union hierarchy had booked some of the aforementioned prime time.

SYMPOSIUM ON NUCLEAR ENERGY.

The Campaign against Nuclear Energy is holding a public Symposium on Nuclear Energy and its alternatives on November 2 at the Kinder Theatre at the Queensland Institute of Technology - any inquiries to Bob Phelps 21 0188



NEW HEAD FOR GOVT DEPARTMENT



Government students found all their government lectures cancelled last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday while staff met to select a new head. The contenders include Dr Paul Wilson (Sociology Department), Mr Nicholson, Roy Forward and several others. The present head, Professor Knight leaves for a new chair as registrar at Sydney University.

STUDENTS LEGAL AID SCHEME

On Thursday 11 September, the Union Council gave approval for a group of students to go ahead with the setting up of an expanded Legal Aid Scheme. However it is more than just an expanded Legal Aid Service for students and this scheme could represent the most socially important venture that the Union has initiated in a long time.

It won't be a scheme that competes with other legal aid services. Nor does it intend to usurp the professional function. It will provide trivial legal assistance to students from the Campus office (in the Union). It will provide assistance in Magistrate Court matters and liaise with and refer matters to established Legal Aid Schemes where necessary. This service will be available to all the community. Hence it is providing to the whole community a legal service (free of charge) that has not been previously provided. It fills a couple of gaps in present legal needs of the community.

At the same time it will be operating three days a week instead of the previous one afternoon per week. Hence it is an expanded service for students. In the following article Bill Beattie (who initiated and set up the scheme) outlines in detail the nature of the scheme, how it operates and the philosophy behind it.

Brian Towler, President.

SOMEWHAT OF A CONTRADICTION

I wandered into the Library the other day to do some reading on the Counter Culture and discovered all the books on the counter-culture had been ripped off. Says something for the counter culture doesn't it?

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MAY

"SOCIAL WORK IS IN A MESS"

Social Work at Queensland University is in a mess. I can state that unequivocally. No one has as yet, in some eighteen months, been able to tell me what social work is or what social workers do. I mean, doctors heal; their study is illness, disease, dysfunction etc.; engineers build things; dentists fix teeth and attempt to prevent decay; teachers teach, and so on. Regardless of the validity of most professions, they do operate within prescribed areas such that identification of 'what they do' is not a complex exercise. The same can't be said for social work.

Some 'social work principles' recently enumerated in a lecture were:

- (1) The need for the client to be dealt with as a client not a case or category.
- (2) The need for avenues for expression of feelings by the client — both negative and positive feelings (i.e., hate, love etc)
- (3) Acceptance of the client as a person of worth and recognition of the client's innate dignity and integrity.
- (4) Extension of an appropriate response to the client's message, and the need for sympathetic understanding.
- (5) Neutrality of stance — no outright judgment or condemnation to be made.
- (6) Need for the clients to make their own decisions — the principle of the right to self determination.
- (7) The recognition of the confidentiality of information proffered by the client.

Why does social work claim these points as being intrinsic to social work? It's actually a lot of bullshit used to make people think that social work is really a profession. Pateman states that "the absence of any clearly defined philosophy of social work means that the underlying framework which structures the world for the social worker is not made explicit except in terms of stating values of principles like 'respect for the individual.'

What gives social work the right to claim the above points as "social work principles"? Surely they are principles intrinsic to any social relationship? It's a bit big-headed of social work to pirate them as they have.

My impression is that social work is not a profession in the true sense of the word — or in fact in any other sense. By borrowing bits and pieces of knowledge, and by its attempt (in this university at any rate) to formulate a course with content which is "generic" to all facets of social work (interpersonal helping, group and community work) confusion has been heaped upon confusion.

At a departmental workshop I attended last semester, as a student representative, all but about three of the academics present (there were some twelve over the two days) evaded/avoided committing themselves to a definition of social work, what it's all about (especially with them), where it should be going, the individual social worker's role in Social work, etc. Instead all they could do was utter platitudes such as the seven points above. The main point which I observed was the lack of statement about aspects of social work intrinsic to social work and social work only. As yet I've not seen proof that social work, as it's taught in Queensland, has any intrinsic base on which to consider itself founded as a profession.

Since that workshop one particular event in the department has highlighted what I take to be a lack of direction on behalf of staff. Three third year students were failed on their placement. After 18 weeks working in an agency they were informed they had failed (they were graded at 3 level which is just as good as a failure as they have quite a heavy load of extra work to complete before they will be considered "passed".)

I should make it clear at this stage that this article is not an attempt at intervention on their behalf. It is an attempt to show how the ineptitude of academics in stating succinctly their goals etc. results in a basic inability

(or, rather, lack of qualification) to assess students on placement. Because of the fact that the academics cannot commit themselves to definite statements, without pills, about goals which are intrinsic to social work and social work only, I deny that they can reasonably assess a student's performance.

One handout (Ref AEH: IL dated 2.1.75) from the social work department states in part "I would draw attention particularly to the final paragraph in which we ask both field educators and students to seek consultation with a member of the university staff should any problem arise which is not being resolved in the normal way in supervision." This was a memo to supervisors for first semester of this year. If a student is doing 'poorly' to the extent that he might fail, you would expect (at least I would) the supervisor to do as asked. This did not happen for at least two of the students. In point of fact at the end (or near end) of their placement the two students were assured they had passed. They failed. They have stated categorically that they have no bitch with their supervisor. So it's to the examiner's meeting, or the Board of Examiners or whatever that we must repair.

Let us consider this body for a moment. It is compiled of a number (I think four) of academics who can't make up their minds what they are, individually or as a group, on about. Yet it is their prerogative to fail students.

How is this possible? For eighteen weeks a student is working in an agency. The student has minimal contact with staff members — let alone a particular member who may sit on an examiner's board. At the most he may average eight hours a week total with all staff members. Usually this will be less. And it is out of a total of about twenty-five hours a week in an agency. Of the contact time with staff members most is in the learning situation and not in the work/agency setting. How then can staff members "assess" the student's performance?

This is a question I desperately want answered (to my satisfaction) by the time I go on placement. I want to know what objective criteria are used to say "yes" or "no". I don't want to know about "experience which comes with years." I can't live up to that. If I can be assessed on a 0-7 scale then I should be able to see the criteria which apply to each individual scale from 0 to 7.

I can go on. My feelings as expressed here are held by others as evinced by a petition (one of two) which some 50 second year students signed.

I object to lecturers who threaten to take students to the law, i.e., sue for libel for criticism of departmental policy. The criticism did not specify a particular person. Yet one responded. I object to a lecturer asserting that the "third years have sorted everything out to their satisfaction with Professor Chamberlain" when such is not the case.

Dialogue and dissatisfaction continue and such a tactic must appear to be an attempt to stifle criticism. I object to a lecturer being so insensitive as to suggest that if students are not satisfied with their results then they can appeal to the law courts (again!!). Since when have social workers been so intent on equating the legal system with fairness and justice? I object to a certain lecturer heaping shit on me about a certain responsibility he said I had. I may yet sue him for slander!

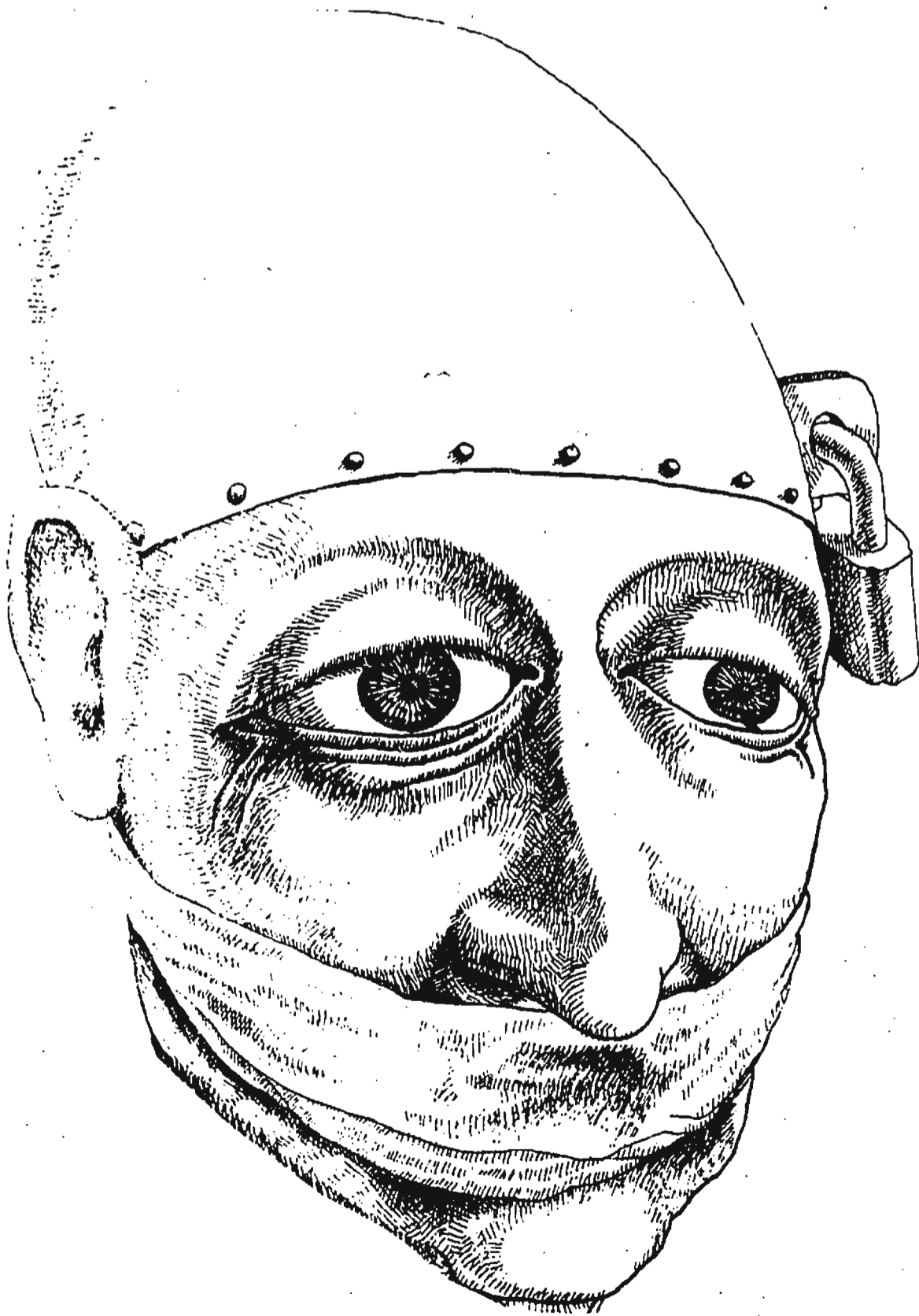
The rather sad point I've attempted to make is that there is little realistic dialogue between members of staff and students. For a "profession" which is founded to some large degree, on communication theory this is a pretty poor state of affairs.

This is one petition which was signed by 49 second year students — some 50% of the enrolment. As the petition was circulated in class it is emphasized that not all have had a chance to sign. There has been no visible reaction to it.

We the undersigned social work students believe that should the department's policy of assessment of students on placement, on a pass fail or graded basis, continue, that the following conditions should be met:

1. Objective criteria used for the assessment of students should be established and made public as official departmental policy.
2. Establishment of the above demanded criteria should be made in consultation with the student body, and are to be accepted or rejected by a majority decision of all students enrolled in the Faculty.
3. In view of the impotence of the current avenues of student representation, greater and more effective representation on policy making bodies be implemented.

Brian Thomson
2nd Year.



4 FM STEREO ROCK

The Labor Government, as it drifts uneasily towards the next Federal election, could well be crossing what will become its last great social frontier: the unlocking of the air waves.

Australian radio, for 51 years the exclusive preserve of a tradition-bound ABC and commercial operators, is undergoing the most dramatic transformation in its history.

Yet the unlocking of the air-waves, as a social reform of the Labor Government, is in the peculiar position of being guided, so far at least, by neither a detailed policy ideal nor the promise of massive Federal funding.

Over the past 12 months the Government, through the Media Department and the Post Office, has offered or issued 54 licences for new AM (amplitude modulation) or FM (frequency modulation) radio stations.

It certainly leaves open the question as to why it took so long. And why, also, more than 2000 applications for new licences were rejected during the past 39 years on the grounds of lack of frequency space.

By far the greatest beneficiaries of the liberalised licensing policy have been the ABC and the new-style public or community stations. The commercial stations have been the Cinderella sector.

Of the 54 licences, 30 have gone to the ABC. Of these 14 will be FM stations — the first four are scheduled to start with a music-drama format in Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide and Canberra this year.

The commission's other two stations, access radio 3ZZ Melbourne and its more glamorous sister station, rock radio 2JJ Sydney are already on the air. 2JJ, after its first year appears to have a consolidated position on the dial.

In addition, 12 licences were announced last month for educational institutions throughout the country, including nine FMs. The first of them 4ZZ-FM, will hit the Brisbane airwaves with a rock, access and alternative news format on December 1.

Four other stations, the fine-music broadcasters 3MBS and 2MBS on the stereophonic FM band and the ethnic stations 3EA and 2EA on the traditional AM band are now broadcasting in Melbourne and Sydney.

Of the remaining eight stations, one is a student station already broadcasting in Adelaide. Five more are commer-

LABOR'S RADIO REVOLUTION

from Phillip McCarthy,
in Canberra.

cial stations in various stages of the Australian Broadcasting Control Board's elaborate licensing procedure. They are in Canberra, Adelaide, Parramatta, Wollongong and on the Mornington Peninsula.

The final two, one in Campbelltown, NSW and one in a yet unspecified region of Melbourne, are what the board vaguely terms "non-profit, restricted commercial" stations. There were 11 applications in Melbourne and two in Campbelltown.

In fact, they are the board's attempt to set a precedent for its jurisdiction over public broadcasting and spring from a manoeuvre by the previous minister for the Media, Senator Douglas McClelland, before the A.L.P.'s Terrigal Federal conference in February.

The effort so far appears to have met with little enthusiasm from the present Minister (Dr Cass) who is clearly dubious about the wisdom of licensing the basically non-commercial stations under the board's commercially oriented legislation.

But in the absence of Cabinet acceptance of the principle of Government support for non-ABC, non-commercial stations, there is still a need to ensure that the successful applicant is self-funding.

There is a strong suggestion that Dr Cass will eventually act on the board's recommendations — which in the case of Campbelltown at least are already in his hands — but will licence the stations outside the board's control.

The Government's efforts, as statistically impressive as they appear, are in the dangerous position of having proceeded outside any Government or party guidelines. Two years of efforts by the hapless Media Department and the Priorities Review Staff have failed to detail acceptable policy.

It is potentially difficult position for Dr Cass. He has, after all, already been embroiled in a battle over the Press Council proposal during his three months in the portfolio. The media area is volatile enough, and his opposition ex-

plorative enough, to produce another.

The great contribution of the Terrigal conference was simply to decide that of the three tiers the commercial sector was the least favored. No commercial stations would be allowed on the FM band.

Labor, two years after an independent inquiry cleared the way for FM and a simultaneous "discovery" by the ABCB of space for an extra 200 AM stations, is still basically ill-equipped for radio's new wavelengths.

A further complication is the tangled legislative mess the cumbersome Broadcasting and Television Act has produced for an expanded system. The uncertainty of reform has forced the Government to resort to a "ham" operators act, the Wireless Telegraphy Act, to put new stations on the air.

The abundance of stations with the designation "experimental" is as much a procedure to comply with the legal requirements of the act as a test for new forms of ethnic, community or access broadcasting.

But despite its shortcomings — and in the absence of the likelihood of reform in the near future — Dr Cass has clearly decided that the act is preferable to the Broadcasting and Television Act for public radio licences.

Of the 24 non-ABC stations offered licences over the past year, all but seven have been under the Wireless Telegraphy Act. And despite several gentlemen's agreements, that puts them legally outside the ABCB.

Dr Cass's approach, after three months in the job, has been to invoke Ministerial fiat to get things moving with dazzling regularity. So far, perhaps symptomatic of a Government facing the daily threat of political extinction, his action has been characterised by seemingly disorganised speed.

Dr Cass's own explanation of the move was that there was no likelihood of criticism of broadcasting licences for institutions as far above the taint of political patronage as tertiary colleges and universities. He also apparently had the approval of the working group.

Dr Cass: "The community is asking for this type of change. If I wait until we've got the final legislation we will get nowhere. In any case the best argument is often example: the people can see the benefit."

schonell:

The Schonell has now taken its place as Brisbane's foremost cinema of Quality films and interesting double features, with a programming policy to suit all tastes. Where else in Brisbane in one week could you see the best of Ingmar Bergman, a double bill of M.G.M. Classics from the 30's, a late show double of a 50's original and a 70's revival, a contemporary Sunday double and matinees of general appeal?

Late Show: At present only one section is causing problems and that is the Late Show. These were extremely popular in the first semester, but have fallen off to an uneconomic level this term, and have been suspended until a survey is completed. If you wish to have them resumed please take the time and trouble to call at the Theatre or Union Office and give your opinions on the form provided.

Coming Movies: We hope you won't miss Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage* acclaimed by critics and moviegoers as a masterpiece of intimacy, sensitivity, wisdom and intelligence, and must surely rate as having the worst trailer ever made (we hope it didn't put you off seeing it). Following this is a season of Performing Art films. You'll see the opera *Otello* (acclaimed as the Best "Grand Opera Film" of all time), the brilliant film on Nureyev *I Am a Dancer* which will appeal even if you're not a real ballet fan (we have arranged a special non-ballet support for its second week — Noel Coward's best *The Happy Breed* which is an unforgettable look at family life in London between the 2 World Wars), and to complete the season is the long awaited James Joyce's *Ulysses*, which caused a furore when first banned in the late 60's but now is available under the R rating. This has a new delightful Truffaut comedy *A Gorgeous Bird Like Me* in support, and finally be demand, a repeat of two of our most popular films this year, Ken Russell's controversial masterpiece of composer Mahler, and the best Alec Guinness co-

medy ever, *The Ladykillers*. This is one programme you could see again. Don't forget to wait to see the following films at the Schonell: *Last Detail*, *Siddhartha*, *Tommy*, *Jane Pittman*, *The Towering Inferno*, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, *The Great Waldo Pepper*, *Rollerball*, *Shampoo* and *Lenny*.

The success of the Schonell has naturally drawn its imitators. Have you noticed how other cinemas are now screening the type of movie that was recently only at the Schonell Well our booking department has! No sooner have we booked a film that has been "sitting on the shelf" for 6 months to 6 years, than some other cinema coincidentally decides to screen it before us. Due to our live show commitments, it is necessary to book our movies months in advance, which naturally gives our competitors times to "jump in ahead" of us. In most cases they do not find them to be a goldmine, so they may think twice next time. We hope you will support your own cinema, and wait for all movies to come to the Schonell, as it is only by doing this that we can keep informing you of what is coming and when, and naturally keep our student discount of up to 50% in operation. You may have noticed that Sunday admission is \$2.00 in place of \$1.50 — but we are still the ONLY cinema to give a one dollar discount on Saturday night. We believe that this was the better policy. As usual, admission is only \$1.50 from Monday to Friday.

Our suggestion box has finally slackened off. All your requests were noted and our replies have been given. You will note that they fall into three categories. 1. Films we will screen as soon as possible; 2. Films that are unobtainable now but we will screen as soon as they are; 3. Films that have a limited commercial appeal, but that we would like to screen if enough persons are interested to form a club for this purpose. Please leave your name and address at the Box Office. So please check our "Review" board which lists most of our releases until early

next year and our "Reply" section at the Suggestion Box before making a request.

Clock: Yes, we have our inside theatre clock up and are experimenting on the best way to illuminate it without distracting your attention from the screen.

Matinee Times: As from 14 October, there will be no more Monday matinees, so that mid-day movies will be held at 1 p.m., and again with a different film at 3 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Friday will remain as a Late Show night with a double feature commencing at 11.30 p.m. There is still room for improvement of attendances at these special student sessions, so any suggestions you may have which would benefit us would be welcome. Previous semester, we tried a 12 noon movie start, but this was not successful, neither was screening the same movie at 1 and again at 3 p.m. We hope that the variety of movies we have lined up till the end of November will see an increase in attendances, so we can keep our admissions at the present level, as more union wage rises and quarterly wage indexation force up our overheads.

M.G.M. Classics: The Schonell's biggest success so far has been this season of M.G.M. Classics from the 30's to the 50's. The programmes do not have a big student interest, but this has been more than compensated by the response from the public, with booking from Sandgate to Ipswich and turn away crowds. It's main benefit has been to bring people to the Schonell who have never been here before, and movie goers of all ages are learning why this was the Golden Era of movie-making. If you've missed out so far, we recommend you have a look at a Garbo film at least!

Ron Wakenshaw

A SHORT HISTORY OF BICYCLES

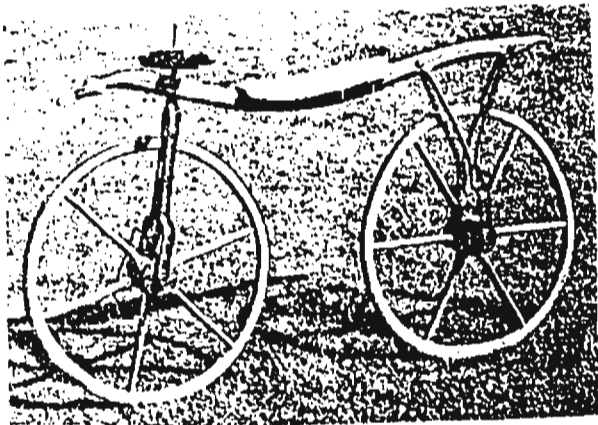
HISTORY OF BICYCLES

Bicycle travel is becoming increasingly popular these days. In the United States bicycle sales are outstripping car sales. In Europe bicycles have always been relatively popular for cycling around the country side. In China bicycles and their derivatives have been the main form of transport for a long time. What makes the bicycle so popular could be the subject of many articles and many books. Nevertheless some insight to the reasons why might be gained from looking at the history of the bicycle's development.

What compelled a human being to first try out the fearsome boneshaker? What was the reason behind the one huge wheel of the penny farthings? Was it just a gimmick bike. Has the bicycle developed as one gimmick after another? All these questions must be seen in their historical context.

The bicycle undoubtedly has a significant place in history. And it undoubtedly has a significant place in the world today. The bicycle is the most efficient form of transport in existence. That is for distance travelled per unit of energy expended the bicycle is more efficient than walking, riding on a horse, driving in a car, flying in an aeroplane.

Surely such an amazing implement will have an important place in the development of the world in the future. This history that is being recounted here is only a brief account. I won't try to review every new design that was tried all along the way. I will try to stick to the significant advances, that had important impact or were important for future development.



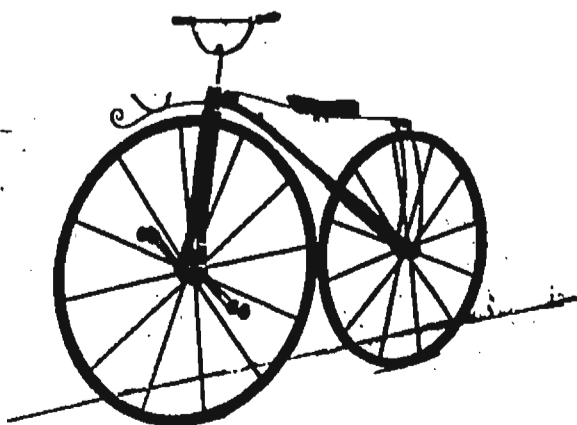
Hobbyhorse or dandy-horse

HOBBY HORSES AND DANDY RIDERS

The forerunners of bicycles were called hobby horses or dandy riders. It principally consisted of two wheels one behind the other joined together with a cross bar and a seat in between them. The rider propelled it along with the legs pushing on the ground. It was like running while sitting down.

It is said that the Sumerians had such a device in central Asia in 3500 BC. However the first recorded version was produced by Monsieur De Sivrec in Paris in 1791. It could not be steered except by leaning. About 1817 Baron von Drais de Sauerbrun added a steerable front wheel by passing a fork through a socket. This dandy horse became widely known as the Draisienne and weighed about 50 lb. On this machine a journey of 37 km in 2½ hours has been recorded.

This machine came in for much satire and ridicule in both England and France and after 1820 its popularity died. More inventions were made but they failed to catch on.



Boneshaker

VELOCIPEDES OR BONASHAKERS

The first real bicycle, a machine propelled by pedals on the wheel was built by a Scottish blacksmith called MacMillan in 1839. It was a two wheeled machine driven by treadles to the rear wheel. It weighed about 57 pounds but it never really made any impression outside Scotland.

In 1861 the idea of fitting cranks and pedals to a Draisienne occurred to a Parisian perambulator builder called Pierre Michaux. This time the idea took off and in the following year 142 models were produced and within three years their annual production reached 4 hundred. These sold at about eight pounds each and Michaux called them Velocipedes.

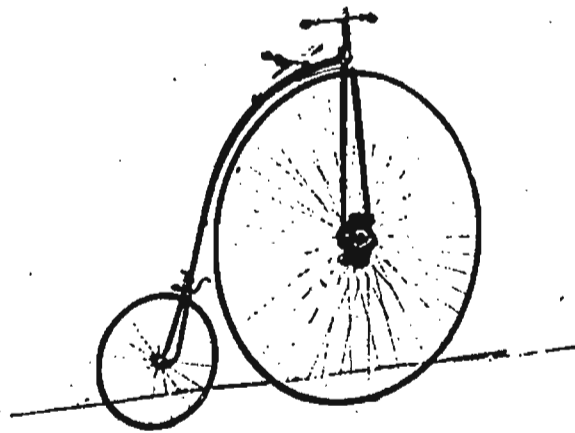
The revolution took a good few years to hit England where people remained sceptical of the possibility of two wheels, arranged bicycle-wise, to remain upright no matter what speed it went at. However in January 1869 a demonstration ride of one of Michaux machines was given by Mr Rowley Turner at a gymnasium run by Charles Spencer in Old Street, London. The spectators were amazed at the ease with which Turner treadled his way around the room. Still greater was their amazement "when after whirling around sitting on a bar above a pair of wheels that ought to fall down" he slowly halted and turning the front wheel diagonally and remained quite still balancing on the wheels.

In England, the velocipedes became known as "Boneshakers" because they were rickety to ride and contained no shock absorbing apparatus. Many books appeared on how to ride them. One of these was subtitled *Straddle a Saddle then Paddle and Skedaddle*. This machine revolutionized travel and gave the commoners a freedom to see more of the countryside (their annual holidays were quite short) and to visit people some distance away.

PENNY FARTHING

It is hard to be definitive as to when the high wheeled bicycle was first built. It just evolved. They were called Ordinaries and the Cockney nickname, Penny Farthing, was not introduced until the 1890s when they were already on the way out.

Necessary to the development of the Penny Farthing was the tension spoked wheel. A model called the "Ariel" was made by Haynes and Jeffries in Coventry in 1871,



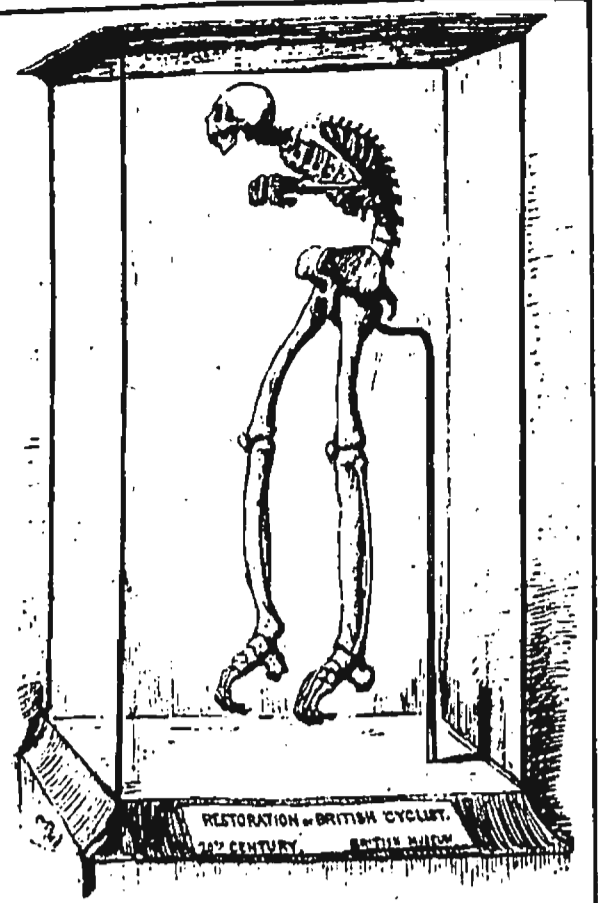
Ordinary

and had a device for tensioning the spokes. This allowed light, strong wheels to be made of large sizes. On a bicycle of this type the Paris to Rouen race was won covering the 14 miles 440 yards; in one hour in 1873. It had a front wheel of diameter 48 ins and a back wheel of 22 in and weighed 51½ lb. Its appearance heralded that of the Ordinary.

The idea of the large wheel of course, is the bicycle will go further each time the pedals complete one revolution. Hence the high wheeled bicycles could be pedalled faster. Very soon models up to 60 ins front wheel were introduced by W.H.J. Grouet who had an improved method of tightening spokes.

With the evolution of the faster Ordinaries racing also became popular. On the 2 June 1873 four riders set out to ride 800 miles from London to John O'Groat's house the most northerly tip of the British Isles. They accomplished the feat in 14 days.

The Ordinaries developed throughout the 1870's and by the end of the decade the full size high wheel bicycle was a sophisticated machine with hollow tube sections, brazen U section rims, ball or roller bearings, reduced



A WARNING TO ENTHUSIASTS.

trailing wheel and direct front wheel drive providing a high gear ratio between pedals and wheel, from a 60 in or larger wheel depending on the riders length of leg.

The bicycle revolution really took off. By 1885, there were two hundred firms making Ordinaries and an estimated 400,000 cyclists in England alone.

Many variations on the Ordinary also appeared. Singers of Coventry produced an Xtra Ordinary in 1878. It had the seat placed further back down the wheel for safety and a system of linkage levers connecting the pedals to the wheel. The steering head line was in line with the point of contact of the wheel with the ground which greatly assisted control.

Also in 1878 John Beale produced the 'Facile' which was similar in principle to the Xtra Ordinary. It's front wheel only went up to 48 in but in 1884 J. H. Adams beat the Lands End to John O'Groats record on a Facile bringing the time down to within 7 days. In 1887 a special racing model 'Facile' with ball bearings throughout and hub gears was introduced. On such a machine F.W. Shorland covered the distance from London to Brighton in 7 hrs 19 mins which beat the coach record of 7 hours 50 mins which had been established with the aid of sixty four horses.

Another variation was the amazing American Star which was built in 1885 by H.B. Smith and Co of Burlington New Jersey from a patent by W.S. Kelley and it proved a notable racing machine. It had its large wheel at the rear and its small wheel as the steering wheel at the front. It was driven by two ratchet and pawl clutches on each side of the rear high wheel. Both pedals could be pressed down together giving greater acceleration when needed.

The problems with the Ordinaries and their derivatives were those of safety.

They could go quite fast but one was apt to tumble off over the front all the time. An Ordinary rider had to learn how to take those 'headers' before one did serious riding or racing. Improvements designed to make the Ordinary safer, by putting the seat further back etc., tended to sacrifice speed for safety. The idea of bringing the rider down on smaller wheels and gearing them up to larger diameters led to the development of the safety bicycle.



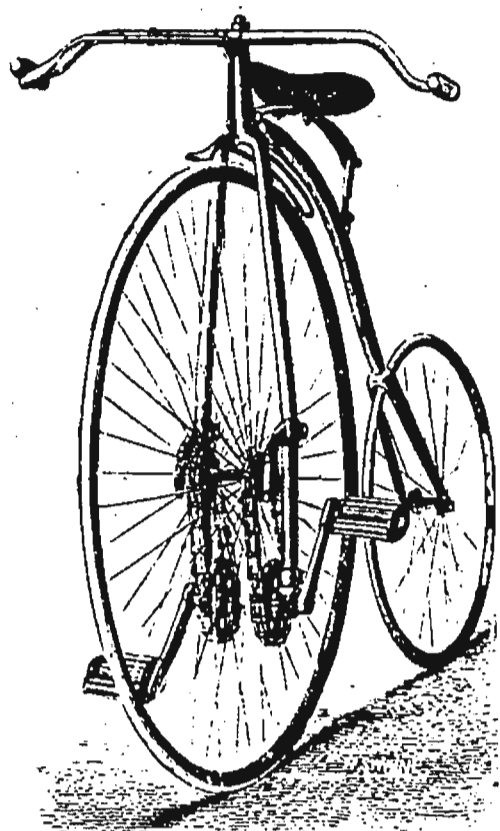
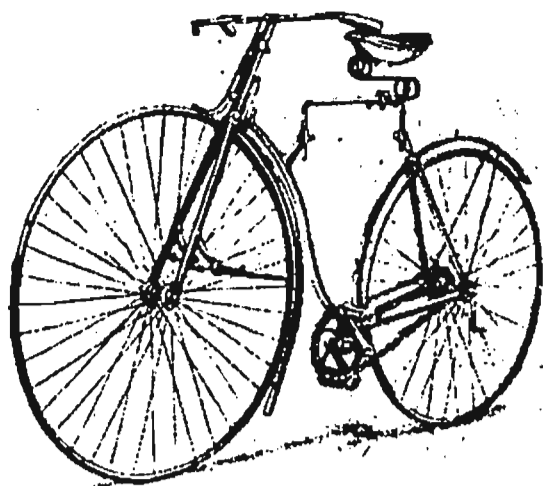
The American 'Star' racing machine

SAFETY BICYCLES

A modification of the Ordinary employing a chain gearing system was the Kangaroo produced by Hillman Herbert and Cooper of Coventry in 1884. It had a 38 in front wheel geared up to 56 in and a 20 in rear wheel.

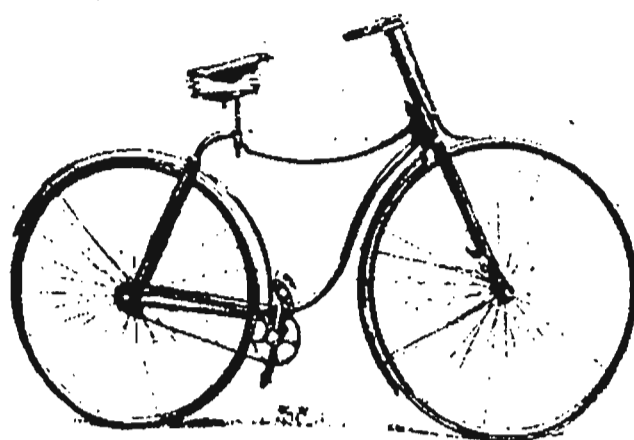
However the first conventional version of the Safety had occurred before that. In 1875, George Shergold of Gloucester built a rear wheel chain driven bicycle. It did not make a wide impression.

The first chain driven Safety to reach the public in any quantity was designed by H.J. Lawson and produced by the Tangent Bicycle Co in 1880. It still had unequal wheels, front 40 in and back 24 in, a straight backbone frame and steered indirectly through coupling to the front fork. Its popularity was short lived but it was a land mark for the Safety.



Kangaroo, 1885

In 1885 George Smith broke the world record for the 100 miles on a 'Rover' safety produced by J. K. Starley and William Sutton. This bicycle had direct steering raking back at a convenient angle. Publicity of that sort works wonders. Suddenly the bicycle built for safety was a speed model too. The popularity of the safety bicycle rocketed high. Starley and Sutton's third model had equal sized wheels and a diamond shaped frame.



Later versions of the Rover. Both 1885

Though in the 1890's there were experiments with other shape frames and other transmissions basically the diamond shaped frame and chain driven geared Safety was to prevail for seventy years. The only significant development from the third model Rover was the pneumatic tyre developed in the 1890's. By 1898 they were generally available.

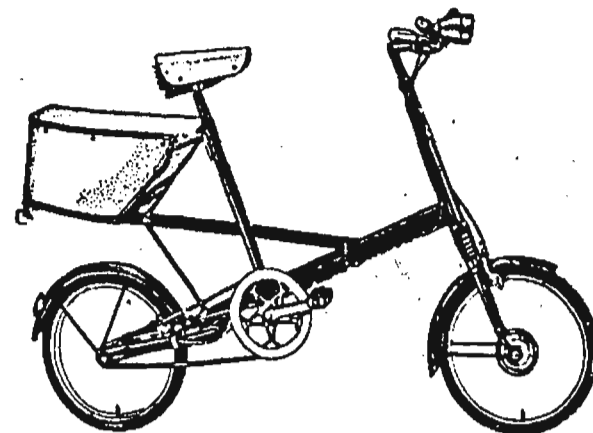
NEW TYPES

The improvements made to the bicycle through the twentieth century were minor. The three speed Sturmey Archer hub gears were patented in 1902. Newer type handle bars and seats kept being developed but the basic shape and design were not improved upon at all for many years.

This lack of development was because of the competition from cars. The bicycle market collapsed and it couldn't afford any more development. The industry tightened up and cut costs and what followed was a great period of vascillation.

In the 1950s the derailleur gears were developed with five cogs on the back and a mechanism to wind the chain from one on to the other. This allowed more gears and a wider range of gears and was reputedly more efficient.

In 1962 came the first radical new design in a serious bicycle since the turn of the century. Alex Moutton produced a bike with 16 in wheels, oval section tubes and a special rubber suspension system, and a cross frame design. This was an instant success and it revitalized the whole industry. The small wheels, pumped up hard, were supposedly more efficient than their bigger rivals. Moutton concentrated on developing his suspension system particularly. Current models have in front a coil spring



Moutton, 1967

with special rubber clamping system, with return compensation operating on a serrated guide, the exposed area being protected by rubber bellows.

The latest model has a squash ball shock absorber in the rear also. The result is a smooth stable ride. In the 60s and 70s the diamond shape frame persists, mostly with multispeed derailleur gears, along side the Moutton shape. A popular derivative of the Moutton bike is the Dragstar type with high riser bars and sissy bars etc. But this is a gimmick bike for kids and throughout this article I have avoided the gimmick bikes, the tandems, the dragsters, the large tricycles.

The bicycle has had a long history and a varied career but it has survived. It has survived stiff competition from the car and is making a comeback. Such an amazing machine will always be with us, and in the energy crisis of the future it may even dominate again.

The internal combustion engine may be replaced by electric engines, electric fuel cells, or other types but the bicycle seems unchallengable in its field. Its past may shed some light on its future. □

Brian Towler

[Source material was largely taken from *Bicycling - A History*, by Fredrick Alderson, Praeger (N.Y.) 1972.

hang gliding

A NICE DAY FOR A HANGING:

Now, as exam time approaches, and the masochists and suicidal maniacs are out in force, yes now is the time to join the University of Queensland Hang Gliding Club. No! Wrong! It's not because the clubs can satisfy their desires, but that drifting on the breezes, hanging freely in mid air, gazing down on an unobstructed landscape, is pretty good therapy for anyone and anything (except acrophobiacs and aerophobiacs).

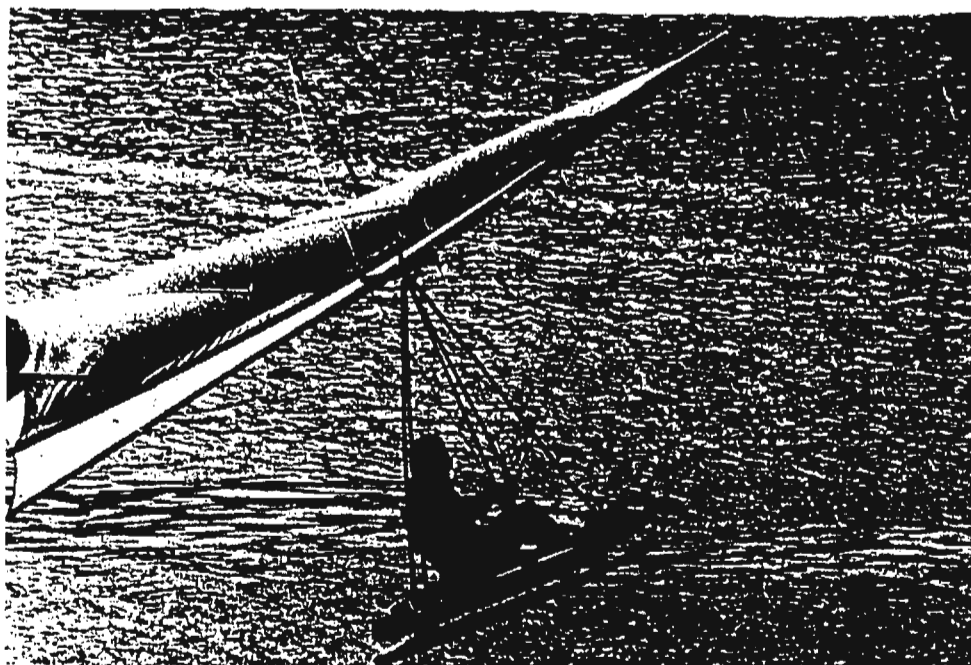
True, many people have been killed, but such incidents as an experienced flier of thirty (30) flights being killed after being towed to 200 feet by a car - well 30 flights!! We aren't more than 10 feet off the ground after the 50th flight. Only go as high as you're prepared to fall (and height is very controllable) and you can't go wrong. Our philosophy

"He who flies, and walks away,
Lives to fly another day"

A few weekends at the beach running down sandhills occasionally and lifting a few feet off the ground when the weather is good is somewhat preferable to jumping off a 200 feet cliff and having a crashing good time or a good time crashing - although it's doubtful if either is desirable.

Get the benefits of bulk experience. Why not give it a go? The feeling is second only to one or two in the experiences of mankind - and time stops for that short space of freedom. □

Russell Tait.



SUNDAY OCTOBER 12th

Bar-b-que - \$1 - hamburgers and drinks provided
And display of Hang Gliders, equipment, etc.

See the flyers in action and have a go yourself

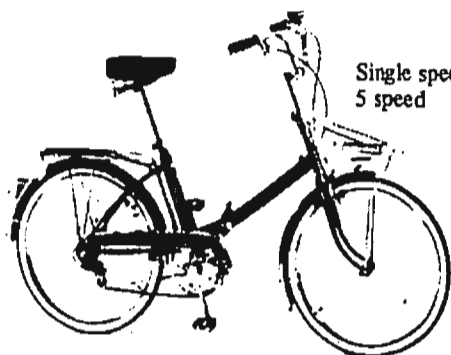
Flying all morning (and afternoon, weather permitting)

FOOD - 12 noon - 2 p.m.

HURRY! STILL AT OLD PRICES



CYCLES PEUGEOT



Single speed \$145
5 speed \$155

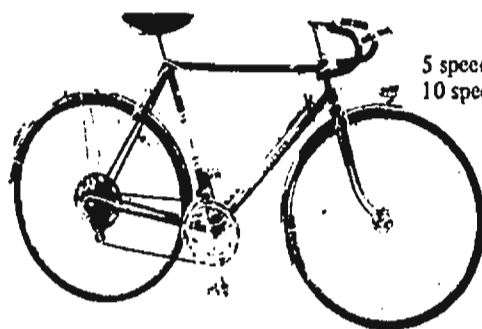
PNL40 & PNL22 FOLD-UP TOURERS.

The brilliant multi-purpose cycle featuring the unique Peugeot fold-up frame, split second fold-up mechanism enables you to carry your bicycle in the car boot or even a suitcase..

Frame incorporates Peugeot patented fold-up mechanism and a double lock cam. Quick release handle bars and seat allow bike to be disassembled in seconds.

Models available — PLNS40 — 5 Speed
— PLNS22 — Single Speed

Colours available — Peugeot Racing White
— Iridescent Blue — Copper
— Orange



5 speed \$155
10 speed \$170

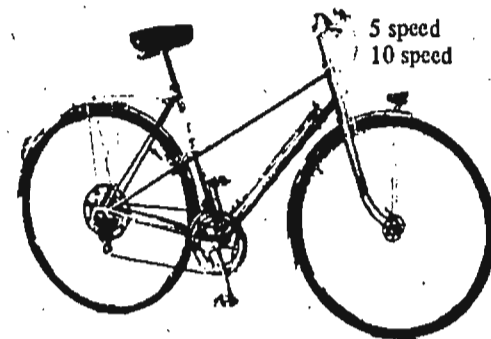
UE8 GENTS LIGHTWEIGHT SPORTS TOURER

The top selling lightweight adult tourer cycle with all the features of a genuine racing cycle at moderate price.

Frame available in various sizes.
Models available — 10 Speed
— 5 Speed
— Single Speed

Various colours available.
Half chrome front forks
Legendary Peugeot Paint Finish, hand lining.

WEIGHT — 30lbs. (e.g. 15 kilograms)



5 speed
10 speed

UE18 UNISEX LADIES AND GENTS LIGHTWEIGHT TOURER

Ultramodern lightweight step-through frame, with all features of the Sports Tourer. Unique lightweight rigid frame design in various sizes

Models available — 10 speed
— 5 speed
— Single speed

Various colours available.
Half chrome front forks
Legendary Peugeot paint finish, hand lining

PRICES UP \$20 When Present Stocks Gone

Extensive range of Bike ACCESSORIES now available

PEUGEOT TEE SHIRTS

Peugeot tee shirts are now available in most sizes and with three different motifs, one with the Peugeot Lion, one with a winning cyclist and with a horse and bicycle poster design.

PANIER BAGS

Leather panier bags available in black, white and brown and are printed with the Cycles Peugeot motif. Although the panier bags are designed particularly for the fold up bicycles they are quite suitable for the full range of Peugeot cycles.

CYCLE WORKSHOP STAND

A fine Peugeot workshop stand to hold your bike firm and upright above the ground while you do maintenance and repairs on your bicycle. It is fitted with a tool tray quick release main bar holding clamp and is adjustable for all heights and job positions. It is nylon coated to protect enamelled parts and easily cleaned.

BICYCLE LOCKS AND CHAINS

Available in key or combination locks, fitted with three foot chains or heavy duty steel shanks to fit through wheels and forks. Covered in plastic to protect enamel.

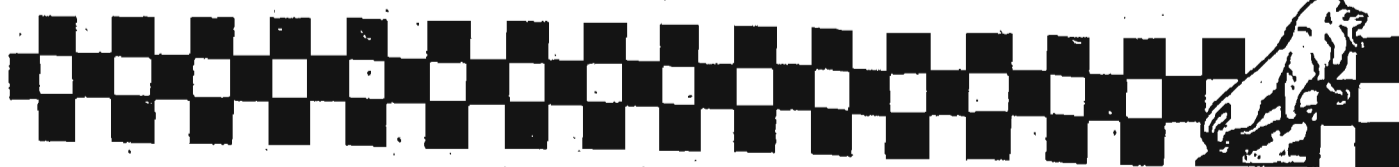
SHOULDER BAGS

These high fashion shoulder bags are heavy duty bleached denim with latex prints. They are ideal for the cyclist to transport books, foolscap pads and odds and ends. They are 14" x 12" with a large flap and will carry the "kitchen sink".

BICYCLE RADIOS

These bicycle radios from Germany transmit perfect sound and are fitted with a mounting bracket for attaching to the handlebar. The radio is easily removed when the bicycle is left unattended and can be carried by the strap provided. It is available in three colours, gold, purple and orange and is complete with a nine volt battery.

PEUGEOT SPARE PARTS WILL SOON BE AVAILABLE



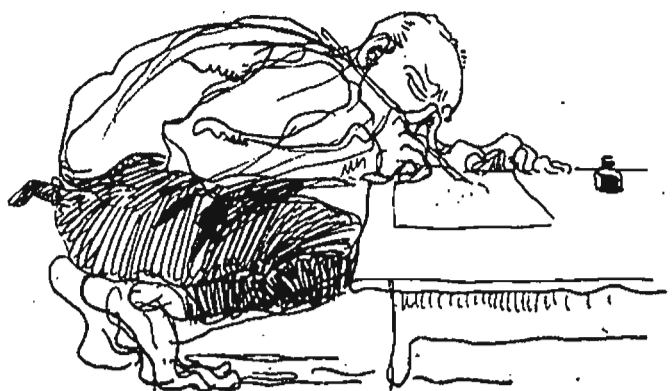
UNION AGENCY

MONDAY - FRIDAY

9 AM - 5 PM

TELEPHONE 711611

The Union Calculator Shop and the Union Agency will allow a special discount of 4% off the price of any goods totalling more than \$100 as a single purchase made with your taxation refund cheque as full or part payment before 30th September 1975



UNI POETS

Stephen Burstow

REVELATION

She had always seen him as in the Sunday School pictures:
white, smooth, radiant – like
her favourite story-book character with the armour removed.
What she saw now shocked her:
the smell of the sweaty crowds,
the swearing relatives pushing, half dragging their sick towards him.
His body plagued with tiredness,
his robes – dirty and smelling of the street.
She almost had to turn away as the diseased hands reached for him.
His eyes were surrounded by a kind of darkness
and the skin around his face seemed to be giving way,
allowing the bones to thrust their sagging superstructure outwards.
There was something within him, though, which was beyond flesh –
something hard to define.
Some called it charisma – but she knew it was more than this –
she had never seen it before.

All this she had thought as the lift doors had opened,
revealing the man surrounded by his own human cesspool;
lying there.

All this she had thought
as she stood in the lift, facing him alone.

All this she had thought - and more.

The lift doors closed, and she moved on to the next floor.

OPUS

They move.
Compelled by animal fingers
plunging in confusions of padded levers,
nightmare cagewire strings.
The keys move.
Nothing in their absolute colours
will save them from this,
and this they must be made to know:
Rhythm of the arteries
in nerve-pattern passages
descending in the cadences of spine-shatter rhyme.
Rhyme of tones in sickened discord rhyme.
Rhyme in ears of cold steel rhyme,
revolving in vibration shatter,
writhing matter time.

Soon it dies.
Jangling tones dissipate
in widening water-wave circles of sound.
Emotions lose their heat,
resume a former, unknown place
and impatiently wait
for the sharp stab of an eye to ignite an unseen fire;
and once again I will freeze the flame,
analyse its parts, and say:
Surely such a fossil as this could not have power or sway.

WHEN I'D MOWN HER LAWN THE ELDERLY LADY SAID

My husband's gone
And I'm all alone
And thanks for mowing my lawn

And I've had the shingles
For seven weeks now
But, it's not so bad as it was

And the other night
A moth flew into my ear
At 3 o'clock in the morning

And it fluttered and fluttered.
And I couldn't cope
So, walked and walked 'til dawn

'Til I got my boarder
To look in my ear
And she couldn't see the moth

So, I got my neighbour
To look in my ear
And she couldn't see the moth

But she filled my ear with olive-oil
To kill the moth
And, then, put in cotton-wool

And I went home
To lie on my side
So the moth'd wash out

But, olive-oil came out
And came out
And no moth

So, I got my boarder

Peter Rodgers

To look in my ear
And she said,

"You've got cotton-wool
Stuck in your ear
So the moth can't come out"

So, next day,
I went to the doctor
And he fixed my ear

By using a syringe
And the moth was small
And it's good it wasn't big

And jees, it's great
To have someone
To talk to

BUT, I HAD TO GO.

OF CLERGY AND EARS

Look closely, sometime, and note
That ministers and priests have got
The most elephant-sized ears
Of all human beings.
And the reason's quite clear:
For they're best-suited to hearing
The golden voice of the Lord
Above the noise of Earth's hordes.
Yet, they too have problems,
For lots of whispers are trivial
In the world's often-times bedlam,
Yet, they hear the whispers as shrill.
But, have you wondered,
"Why do nuns hide their ears?"

NEWS FLASH

Today, they prosecuted somebody
By the name of Mrs Freebody
Who's nobody to me,
Yet, must have a body,
Since everybody knows
Nobody can be prosecuted for prostitution
With no body!
For prostitution involves bodies.
Further, it's stated that Mrs Freebody
Is far from being a free body,
Or a cheap body for that matter.
She is an expensive body!
Nobody'd pay Freebody's fine for her,
So, Freebody's no longer a free body.

THANK
FROM LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT ED-
ITORS TO ALL
CONTRIBUTORS.
M.S.S. MAY BE
COLLECTED FR-
OM SEMPER FLO-
REAT OFFICE

ROSS CLARK
W.H. CHRISTIAN



Stuart Cunningham

ADVANCETOWN

— A small historical village
Numinbah Valley Road,
South East Queensland.

I

Crabbed little place,
full of splinters,
hewed from a living
once trundled on drays,
but now belted past
on a diesel truck.

II

Man squashed into a four-roomer
with the oppressive dark night
squashing the sanctity out.

O the night would pour in
at the cracks and joins and
shutter windows—
its advance army the crickets,
mosquitoes, and their ubiquitousness
heralding it.

III

Then the morning would be
driven to come,
bursting open a closet of sleep
with brilliant efficiency.
The all but too little coolness!
It would linger covetously
till the fierce gold watch
which kept the day
burst the shack apart at its seams,
making it throb heat,
making it radiant.

IV

The day's work recreated the original curse.
The sighs cracked in his spine.
A fierce occupation at the best of time.

V

The violet hour would send him
fast homeward returning,
the summer vigilants fast gathering
at his sweated body.

This was not a place for old men
with the unrelenting heavens
slotted into place, and
revolving and revolving,
endlessly.

VI

And now we skip quickly through the place,
looking only through historical eyes.
The present thunders past outside,
slamming through space,
shifting gears through time
up that hill,
towards a certainty, a metropolis.

Backwards, there remains
a shadowy bullocky past
we have struggled too glibly
to recreate.

TREE

1. DIGGINGS AT DAYBREAK

Reared on tenderness,
the tree now a
gaunt broken spectre.
The raw wound in the earth
affronts me.
The clammy dull breakfast
of wakening sounds
moves me away from the fact.

2. DIGGINGS LATER

Now it has bought a shadow
to cover its nakedness
and give it substance.

Pathetic Ozymandias!

3.

The soft ground, freshly dug,
crusts over meals of sunlight
and stiffens round the great
carbuncle
root.

This place is *crawling* with cats.
Two to be exact.
Black as pitch, they pitch themselves
around the room,
creating their own Olympian challenges.
If eyes are any guide, they never lose interest.
They are big poseurs for each other,
playing the savage and the innocent,
butch and femme,
ambushed and ambusher.
The long hard *looks* would do Hollywood justice
as they direct and act a battle-scene
in which each wins and each loses.
"From the high rock face the predator leaps"
and the other tumbles accordingly,
but later wins on a TKO.
Tautologists — chasing their own tails.
Taurologists — putting us on.

Half-time is for a spell at the water-dish
and a good scratch
but then it's on again.

FELINUS LUDENS.

Kneading bits of bark, chair's legs, anything really,
to sharpen claws —
what is it that animates these tinder-box skulls,
microcosmic energy,
a pinch of deadwood desire that
flames to heat when life is good and rich and pleasant?

Led by most basic rhythms,
they are now replete.
They cease,
and revert to instantaneous sleep.

They lie there,
refuting claims to be more than they are.

MARY'S SONG

Luke Ch. 1.

"I have lain with the smell of dung in my nostrils
and a vague freshness in my mind.

I

My white body, so carefully held over,
is affronted by this gratuity,
ashamed of a ripeness which was never sown,

but the harvest gets on with the job.
This fierce troubler has troubled my body
with a pain so deep,
so startlingly pushed from the root of life.

I did not stand in any war
whose wound I now carry!

II

Meanwhile, things happen around me
with a terrible efficiency.
My mind is also distended.
It has learned too quickly of national turbulence,
of the cheap power of the grubbing landlord.
It has buffeted against the faces
of those too saintly to care.

It swims in an alien gruel.
It is all at sea.

III

Then the leap of recognition!
It braced that woman's body like a voltage shock.
Some of the sparks flew the chasm,
seared the taut mind's wall,
broke the protective membrane,
and now

I wear the past miracle
like the latest maternity frock.
I am a proud medallion of the one
whose grace paeans are made for!"

ON SYLVIA PLATH

I

She speaks
downward
to the doppelgänger,
of
a priori pain
deep
as a tooth's root wrenched out.

II

"I am a candle
small and bright, (but
burnt to the wick)
made of bee's wax.

I am honey, which is
the molten candle."

III

The cry flies, singing to the centre:
"What a trash to annihilate."
Oh what a wretched woman that I am,
who shall deliver me from this body of death?

PIE IN THE SKY

I remember the first time, when you took the corner.
in your yellow Coupe, tilting your sunglasses
at the redhead waiting for the bus.
That was my lover, dawdling. She wasn't the same after that.
How can I believe it, Mr Cool? When did the dry rot set in?

Can you remember the night we sailed to Crete
to eat whole roast pig on the mountain of Zeus?
And that jumpy little Yank girl who got drunk on Ouzo
then tried to lock you in her cocoon?
Daedalus to the rescue. Don't know why I bothered.
The Cretans didn't like you and Papadopolos nearly hanged you.
So this was my escape from Kangaroo Valley,
the Dustpower Dollhouse of Home.

Tinker, tinker, on the pianola
Gelati bubbling from your ears
Wandering through the Roman Forum in the full moon's
2 a.m. hallucination. It was the vino that time
Expounding about gladiators, gore and olive branches
in the delirious throes of Roman fever. Viva Roma!
Remember the whore we conquered in the Colosseum
who looked like Sophia Loren? Ah, my mind's enchanter!
And moans and screams and syphillis pallida

How you drowned in Venice, the frenzy of fantasia
Your mind so narrow you touched both sides of the street
with your outstretched arms. San Marco became you
Floating in the black gondolas of the lovers
Chuckling among the ripples of the Grand Canal.

In the lyric of Amsterdam, you believed all the hash
that the dealers could offer. It was "Peace, Brother, Peace"
all over again, sleeping fitfully in Vondel Park with the hippies.
Oh Wow, oh Wow, you gullible fool,
How you searched and strained for the great Pie in the Sky
While I crawled into a corner to cry my mind away.

Call the vet, call the vet,
For God's (sic) sake
Someone call the vet!

A timorous ending. You could have done much better
than to leave me composing the telegram saying
"Your son is dead, oh so dead"
Can you see the little speck where your soul used to be?
Somewhere down near your kneecap, so you jump when it's hit.
And I wouldn't advise Pan or Aphrodite either
So Chicken Little was right after all, oh Wow!

But sometimes at night when I can hear you screaming
deep into the hollows of my crippling insomnia
The screams burst into echoes of the time we spent together
So I long for the daybreak when you will leave me
Alone.

Linda Davison

Linda Davison



VENGEANCE

The sky
looked red and angry
that morning
you came.
For a reason of its own
it filled with bright clouds,
laden with rain,
but poor of pity,
as the land remained dry.
It did not rain
even though the sun could not be seen,
even though you came.

We searched
for a well,
in vain.

All day, while the sky was so
wet and the air so humid.

It did not rain that morning,
when you came.

P. M. Callioni
4/1/74

P.M. Callioni

EPITAPH

The world needs
to be told
it is alive
before
the end
of its days,
so that it
may die in peace.

P.M. Callioni
26/4/75

Smile
and the world
laughs
at you.

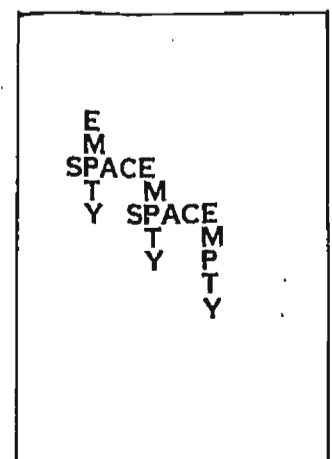
P.M. Callioni
26/4/75

HOLD UP

"Hand over your money,"
the man said,
"c'mon hand over!"
He was drunk,
he was old,
he had a gun.
I was sober,
and I was young,
but
I had no gun.
"Hand over",
he repeated.
I felt like asking
him: why?
a useless, meaningless
question,
but I asked him anyway.
"Why?"
He froze,
he shook,
words rolling out of his mouth,
slurred, smelly,
but intelligible,
"Because I said so sonny,"
And still he shook,
and he repeated himself
over and over,

"Because I said so sonny."
I left him there,
motionless, reciting his line
to an equally motionless,
lifeless
audience of bricks.

Patrick Callioni
1973



Grant Adams



BAD TRIP

following the same
well-beaten journey
the seascape of images

The mushroom cloud
of wisps/shadows
euphoria escape
mirages
hallucinogens
latent hope
etched by the L M light

sweet smelling
dull red glow
with its promise of escape
euphoria
images

hallucinogen,
Latent hope reaches out
for glowing cinder
etched, in the cool crisp night air
struggling in darkness
for something like
sunrise light

Light mocks me yet,
flying
to where
the paranoid night may dissolve like
hopes
or cares, or love
the heat misses a beat
I call my God
my God

short circuit, bad connection
i'm not receiving you fright
ning black terrors
turtle wings butter-
fly make poison
ous rattle in motor
carcrash lash flash
pash kiss-o-death
Roy rogers Captain Scar
let Starlet please answer
are you receiving us
are you receiving us
are you receiving us

O God,
Biggles,
we're done for

R. Downey

Yes, I am
what I think,
But am I
what I hope
you to be?

Barry Pittman

ANGLES

an incomplete series

1

Lying awake
in the silence
your head pillowed on my shoulder
relaxed
our bellies rising and falling
together
my mind drifted forward

Nights sleeping back to back
grumbling about the electric blanket setting
each hoping the other will first suggest
separate beds
Nights lying tense
separate monitors
of the child wheezing through the wall
Unspoken fears
as your belly fills
of mongolism, miscarriage, breech birth,
caesarian section,
the impersonal technician's knife
Life measured out by
menstrual flows
winter flus
outbreaks of measles
the 9 to 5 clock-on-clock-off
annual visits to the grandparents
Balancing budgets
fulfilment of our life's dreams
on the surplus \$7 a week
Besieged by insurance men
betting my life against the company funds
Propping up a united front
against the sharp suspicious
suburban eyes
Tender moments
torn by children's jagged cries
Accusations of indifference
frowsy hair countered by pot gut
new resolves
punctured by a fart under the blankets
And old age
withering slowly together
freed from all the long fears but one.

And I looked on all this unafraid
accepting my cramped back
to avoid breaking
the circle of our closeness.

2

Haiku

The butterfly alighted
on our linked hands
wings shivering slightly

3

Cat-like
you approached
rubbed against me
moulded your curves to my body
purring in pleasure
and left,
indifferent.

4

Only a child

Would write carefully in her diary
the Full Oxford English Dictionary Definition
of a complimentary appellation.

Would collect shells and pebbles on the beach
with no thought of
where to store them.

Would invent new words
playing Scrabble
and laugh delightedly.

Would cry with the leukaemia-dying lover
not noticing
the inferior quality of the acting.

Would commit herself to a political campaign
naively believing
in goodies and baddies.

Would love her horse
more than the average
human.

Would plead to make a baby
without first coming to some firm decisions
about the future.

Would leave
without a word of explanation
to give my solicitous relatives.

5

Seeing you feeding your horse,
watching it lip the bread scraps
check for any missed
shake its head
and canter off without a backward look,
a transaction between equals,
made me suddenly uneasy.

APOLOGY

Young girl
I feel the shy flutter of your tongue
a sign to coax you along the path of my desire.
It's no good.
The watcher who on my shoulder always sits
tears at my carefully worded platitudes
sneering
hyena at the feast
black crow with carrion in its beak.

Grant Adams

WOW MAN, THAT'S A REAL RAVE."

What would I find if I peeled away
your wrapping of battered words
small corpses only left
a rotting remnant of their former lives
passwords to keep out the straights
a picket fence of code.
A cylinder of laughing gas?
A bundle of old newspapers?
The scraps of your vegetarian breakfast?
Or nothing at all?
"

Grant Adams

THE HERO

He took to the hills
And was gone.
He took with him
His hopes, his dreams.
He left them
His courage, his determination.
He planted within them,
An idea.

And it grew.

He gave them hope,
And they fed upon it.
And though others sought to end it,
It survived.

And it spread.

He took to the hills
And survived.

L. R. Vilkinas

L.R. Vilkinas

PRIDE

This common man
that i am
Is very proud.
It believes it is unique.
Alone.
And yet,
it cried,
When its mother died.

L. R. Vilkinas

If I had known
Before I lived
That to live
Was to die
I would have
Asked to die
That I might live.

L. R. Vilkinas

R. Ojnisone

THE CANDIDATE

In the latter days of August in a spirit of endeavour
The Great Elections wound into high gear
With platforms at their broadest and rhetoric often clever
The candidates entreated, "Lend an ear!"

For they talked of Liberation and described with lavish passion
That Freedom here on campus is The Thing
But despite deliberation, they expounded in a fashion
That unhapp'ly had that Olde Familiare Ringe.

Now it's one thing to be Racist and another to be not,
And being gay is getting rather drag
And there's no demand for fascists — they're converted, jailed or shot
And 'Support the Bra-Less Look's' begun to sag.

So it was in desperation that they searched to Left and Right
To discover finding Issues rather hard,
'Till at last their estimation was that nothing's outasight;
There's no longer anything that's avant-garde.

While their verbal convolutions left them further in the wake
Of tricks to gain the public's sympathy,
They considered Revolution, (even just for old time's sake?)
But concluded it would die of apathy.

But when finally they converged to elect the President
They triumphed, but it's really quite a shame,
For the victor who emerged was dull and hesitant
He was perfect "Good old harmless whatisname."

DEATH OF AN ASTRONAUT

Calmly, they pronounced his sentence
With practiced stoicism filtered through pinging headphones
The cold facts of science formed a rank before him
In this most public of executions.

The world could share a mere fragment of his loneliness
A billion cathode eyes peered down at the lone contestant
And through the atmosphere of this crowded colosseum
The sombre litany of futile cockpit checks droned on.

In his tailored coffin, the man remained calm,
Protected, warmed, nurtured, and borne by his artificial sac, in space,
This puny child of Mother Earth, venturing through her ultimate barrier
To be delivered to the Universe.

A man he was; of the clay and earthiness of mortal entrapment,
"And like a man shall I die!" crackled heartbreakingly, magnificently, from the vacuum.
With an escaping sigh from the human family, he evacuated his synthetic womb.
There was no natal cry. Just a stillborn Earthchild floating at the end of a nylon umbilicus.

R. Ojnisone
Sept. 74.

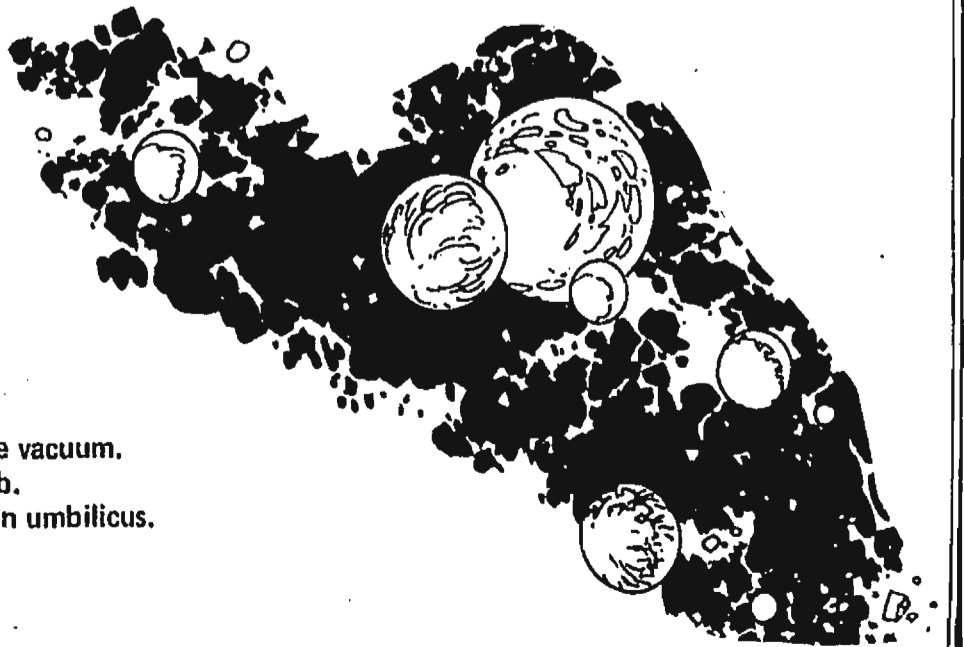
FOUNTAIN PEN

He was a Warrant Officer Two in
The QM's Store with
Twenty years up and
Four to go.
He'd saved with care and built around
Himself a shell of comfort in
His spartan quarters.
He had a television set and
An electric 'fridge and
A frypan and percolator
And carpet on the floor.
He drank in moderation and
Puffed a pipe, and
Once a month he'd travel
To a woman in town.
He talked to me of wars
And he talked to me of fear
That buzzed and flowed like flies
Which one learnt to wave away.
The rows above his pocket
Talked of mud and sleepless nights
Of steaming moulding leaves
And burrows chipped in frozen hillsides.
They talked of days and nights of tracer bees
And carumpling rumbling growls
Of severed limbs and praying screams
And pounds of gasped tobacco.
And they were merely echoes of
His calm and haunted eyes.
He gave me a fountain pen
From a rank that lined his pocket.

We talk and fight for freedom from an
Imaginary gaol. We cut our hair and
Live in ranks as witness to ideals.
And then we die, and maybe then we see the truth,

I keep the fountain pen not for
Material satisfaction, but for the severed part of that man
Trapped in a starched spit-polished ideal.

R. Ojnisone
7/10/74



IMAGES OF AMERICA VIA THE MEDIA

Everyone in America comes from Harlem or the Bronx. All the drug pushers, the muggers, the negro rapists. All the cops and D.A.s who've been brought up tough; who can dish it out. Everyone except those who served in France during the Second World War, who sit down in French apple orchards waiting to kill stray Germans, telling their buddies of their peaceful little burgs back home in mid-America.

"Brubecker, my folks are set up in a little town, not more'n four-five thousand people, with cornfields spread in 'out wide everyway. And when harvest time comes, why the folks are so happy and busy I remember gettin' up real early when I was just a kid and lookin' out across those miles of cornfields golden under the sunrise and it was just like the Lord had sent some piece of that big ole sun down and spread it across the land round our fiddle town. And the girls, that Sally-Sue with her laughing face, running through the corn. I wonder if I'll ever see that place again."

"Ya. O.K. you guys, let's get the hell outa here."

"No honey, really, I love you. Honey don't you believe me. I love you."

It had been beautiful up till now, pure and beautiful, simple. He wanted to tell this girl, this sweet thing, that he loved her. They've been all night wandering the streets, talking about life, Joe about his mom, Judy-Ann about her father and what he did to the kids. It was warm, immediate, they fell together, they fitted. It was meant to happen. He knew the moment he saw her there on the subway; the way her lips closed over the Coca-Cola straw.

It's morning now and she doesn't know what to do when he tells her he loves her. She just bursts out with a pained twisted face, that is somehow even now, even in this crazy moment still very sexy, "No Joey, no please," her hair so pretty curling beside her face. And with that unexplained passion she turns and runs down the street. Joe watches her legs, hating himself for being nothing more than a lustful animal while she is suffering so much. May be he can comfort her. That'd be fun. And he hates himself for that.

And here's Randy Fulcrum over a table at Roscoe's Hamburger Bar levelling with a chick that his doesn't hang like that, no really it doesn't.

America is a country of booths.
New York: Cyril O. Sibling masturbates in a toilet off Twenty-third Street. The first thing he sees after his self-induced orgasm is a piece of graffiti, "Oedipus ring home, Mother." A complex situation. The phone booth and Cyril O. dialling halfway across America to his hometown, Elmwood.

"Mom, mom, that you?"

"Yes sern, come home Oedipus, I mean Cyril."

"Mom, I caint, not till I've proved myself here. And don't call me Oedipus Mom."

"O. Cyril."

"O Mom!" Silence. "I've got to ring off now Mom, I've got to, I've just got to."

Cyril O. sitting at Roscoe's Hamburger Bar eating cheesecake and salami someone else slips into his booth.

"Hey man whattya stuffin' into that crappy cheese-cake for man?"

"I dunno, I jus' like it."

"Hey how bout trying some of this lettuce and bean salad. Roscoe makes a mean bean salad man. Crazy."

"Aw fuck orf will ya. Cain't you see I'm depressed."

"Whassamatta man, trouble with your girl?"

"Yeah."

"Listen baby, you wanna just take the good vibes man. Don't hassle. I've been visiting a shrink, and wow, he's a really cool guy. No man, really cool. Hey man, while we're rapping together, how's about a bite of your cheesecake."

Negroes glide like fluid men through the blue light of jazz. White teeth greeting. Their souls step through the rhythm of the double bass.

*She got legs like a bulldog yeah yeah,
Head like a big green frog
Looks at me like a lizard
But my baby does me good
She does me good*

Ebony.

"Viva Las Vegas" or "Fever Las Vegas", which is it? Elvis would know. They're erecting a big plastic cowboy there. You'll be able to see him from halfway across the desert, a boon to the tourist industry. come on y'all.

*Tricky Dicky's got a nose
What it's into nobody knows
Tricky Dicky's got it clean
But where have Tricky's fingers been?*

"..... and this pioneer settlement has been reconstructed in every detail to be a perfect replica of how it used be more than one hundred fifty year ago. The cottage on the right has 4,403 genuine sandstone building blocks...."

Old fashioned methods of transport are used to conduct tours through this charming little settlement. This dray itself is built in accordance with one dray found not more than fifty miles from this spot. This is the largest real life museum in the world."

Cut meself out a Chop Suey baby from the cunts across the street and headed on down like a carrot car to the San Michelle Boulevard. Then I split man, four ways like a cock, one went to the river, one straight up the Boulevard, one up a tree and the last went up a side street straight into the gob of a greasy greengrocer.

But man California is the deal, the place. It's gotta be.

Gerard Lee

PROSE PIECES

THE SURGEON

He remembered the day they'd found him, these dark-skinned men with the harsh, commanding voices and ice-cold eyes. Eyes that had crystallized even harder as they arrogantly questioned his pale nakedness. Questioned the presence of his sleeping form on the mottled face of a jagged rock thrusting lone and defiant into the sandy wasteland.

Two years had passed since that day, the Surgeon judged, two years of existing in this harsh and alien time. Only now, the raiment of his new homeland covered his back knowingly, and the thick, guttural tongue of his straight-backed captors was like unto his own.

His knowledge of his chosen craft had served him well. It was this that had won him acceptance, even a kind of loving, from these taciturn people. Their dark suspicions of the Surgeon were nursed — but when he used his art to ease their suffering, they threw their doubts within themselves.

How strange it was (he reflected) that his work should be so praised in this foreign land, when it was cursed in the world whence he'd come. If there were those in the settlement who regarded the killing of an unborn child as wrong, they had held their silence — so unlike the guardians of the law who had driven the Surgeon into fleeing his native era. It suddenly occurred to him that he was not even sure whether that time was in his past, or yet to come. Little as it mattered, for here he was content.

Amidst reflections, he saw the two strange figures approaching his hut. One a man, one a woman. The man was old and stooped, with knotted hands and clumps of grizzled grey hair sprouting angrily in all directions from a smallish, shrivelled-brown skull. His eyes glittered like those of a shining stone reptile as they darted suspiciously to and fro, taking in the time traveller, the mud hut, and the desolate landscape simultaneously.

The woman was young, but not beautiful. Her black hair hung limp to her shoulders in lank and greasy strands. Her dark and silent face was pitted with the remaining effects of a teenage skin ailment. The nose was large, and did not seem as straight as nature had intended. Her rounded shoulders bespoke severe experience and implied age — yet the eyes, dulled and defeated as they were, seemed somehow those of a woman no older than one-and-twenty.

The Surgeon nodded to the ancient, who did nothing but bare his teeth by way of reply. And say "This woman is with child." The girl's head was cast down, and she had closed her eyes.

There was no distension of the girl's body, the Surgeon noted. He said "Are you sure?" and the question was directed to the girl, not to the wizened-up old man.

"I was late," she replied, not raising her head. "I have never been late before." Her voice was flat and dull.

The old story, thought the Surgeon. In his past existence (or was it future?) there was the same mindless shame connected with the birthing of an infant to whom no father's name could be affixed.

"Tomorrow, when the sun goes down," he promised. There was no mention of payment; the Surgeon was far too human for that. The quick, defiant look the old man gave him, as if waiting for some question went unheeded. After several seconds, the old man's glinting eyes moved from the face of the Surgeon, who was looking steadily at the bowed head of the girl.

In the west, the sun flamed orange through spiralling spears of clouds, revelling in its death-throes. The Surgeon turned his steady gaze to the dimming sun. When he turned, the two had vanished, and it was night.

It was as if the wasteland had ceased to breathe. The sky was darkening rapidly, and there was no wind. It was then that the Surgeon noticed the star. It was a thing alone and alive on the dark canopy cloaking the landscape. Light pulsed from its core and terminated in white-hot gleams as it moved slowly in from the west. The Surgeon searched for a star of similar brilliance, but saw no other star at all.

A wisp of grey cloud passed silently over the star, but its cool white fire was undimmed. It was as if it has arrived to witness the deed he would perform on this night.

Brian Stevenson.

A slight sound behind the Surgeon. The woman was staring at something the Surgeon could not see, with the old grizzled man clasping his hands over a knotted branch springing as an aid to his hunched and sloping gait. The Surgeon nodded briefly to the old man, and motioned the girl inside his hut, where the instruments were waiting.

He paused briefly at the entrance, when the old man rasped harshly, "Will you be very long?"

The Surgeon almost disdained to reply; but said, "Your will be done."

It was over. In the pale yellow light from the silent sputtering torch, the young woman lay naked, half-dead from the drug the Surgeon had administered, and from the subsequent ordeal.

The Surgeon was cleaning his instruments, and did not turn the first time the girl spoke. But he heard her moving, trying to grab for the strange white fish-like object that had been alive inside her, and now lay pale and unliving.

"Don't move," he said to her, in a tone that was firm, but not unkind. "You are lucky that you didn't die." "Have you killed my child?" she whispered faintly. He didn't reply at once, but looked at her, and the dead creature on the mud-packed floor of his hut, and said, "Your pregnancy has ended. That which was inside you is dead." (For he hated the word "kill.")

She sighed heavily, resignedly. "And I never knew the father." She gave a quick little moan.

"Your father will be back soon," he said. She opened her eyes. Wide, dark pools of staring. "I have no father."

So he was mistaken. "The old man who brought you here," he explained gently. He was genuinely alarmed now, for her breathing had become heavier and more laboured. "I don't know an old man," she said. "Why does every one torture us so?" She groaned again and then, in one great movement, shuddered, and her face became unconcerned once more, as her anguished expression was replaced by one of resigned peace.

The drug, he thought. It makes her mind wander. "They've won," she said softly. "They've won at last."

There was a sound of hurrying outside, and the hide covering the entrance to the hut was flung aside. Three gillagers, whom the Surgeon knew to be herdsmen trooped roughly inside, bearded and wild eyed.

"Where is the child?" asked one, but another dropped to his knees, and folded his head in his hands, beside the bloodless and slimy thing the Surgeon had extraced half an hour before.

The third shepherd, a small man with coal black hair and intelligent brown eyes stared disbelievingly at the Surgeon, face heavy with tragedy. "You've killed the child —" he said, and raised his arm to point outside — "when we were out on the hill, minding our flocks, there was a strange voice —"

But he was interrupted in mid-sentence by the feral wailing of the mother. The small dark herdsmen hurried to her side to comfort her.

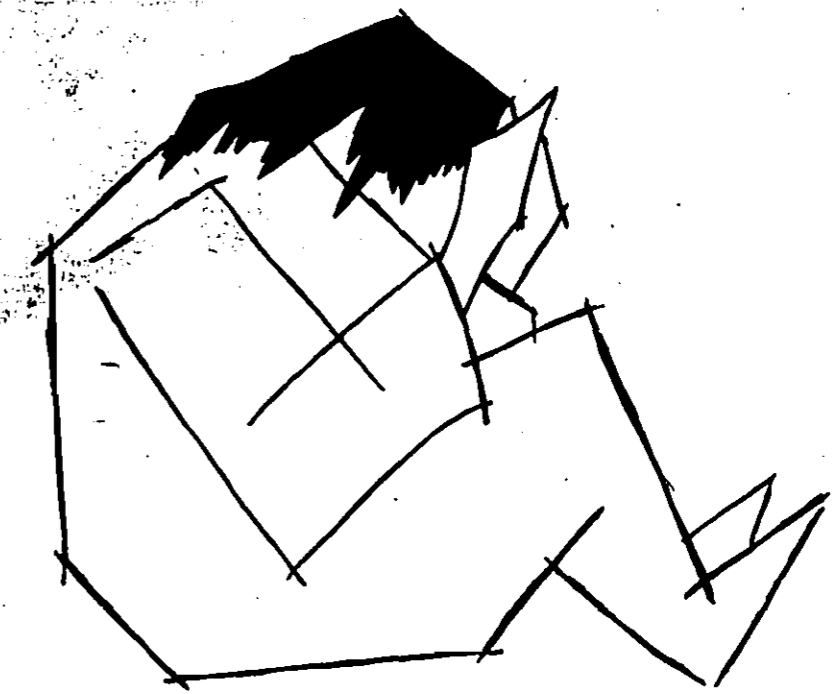
The Surgeon remained unmoved by the noises, and not a little embarrassed. It was best to step outside for a time, although the night was cold.

Outside, all men slept, seemingly content with the many imperfections pervading this simple world. The Surgeon shivered, and realised he was cold. He looked up at the sky. The large star he had noticed before had vanished, and the usual bitter, pointed crystals of light dotted the heavens.

He heard the weeping from inside, and thought longingly of his warm bed. The Surgeon thought of the woman who'd claimed to have never known her child's father, and of the wild-eyed shepherds talking of voices on the hill.

Such madness in the world, he thought, and there'll never be anyone who can stop it.

He stared up at the stars again. But they offered no warmth and no comfort.



PARK

In the light of morning they said. In the light of morning everything would look different. Well now it was morning, and his head still throbbed and his gut still ached. Next to where his head had been lying, in the gutter, half buried in a rotting mass of leaves and rubbish — the empty spirits bottle showed its presence only by the weak glint of morning sunlight reflecting off it. A pity that it was empty, him with his body racking and that damned unfeeling bottle empty. Empty — after all the care he had fostered it with, the gentle tenderness as he cradled it in his arms; and now this was his reward — Empty, Damned bottle.

With Summer coming on, more and more of his kind were staying out nights. At least the watchhouse staff would be relieved. The figures now starting to move about, stomping and slapping — this was the coldest time they say — morning when it isn't night and it isn't day, when the dew settles on your skin and your fingers are numb with cold. In the back of his memory somewhere he could feel parts of a song, one of those trite little jingles the pop mongrels churn out by the thousands, about being on the outside looking in. Odd, funny, he laughed — him and now being on the inside looking out. Because he hadn't always been like this.

Once he had had all those sanforized joys of the material dream — a wife, cavity-brick home, manicured lawn, a responsible position in a large corporation pumping out over-priced, over-packaged trivia that no-one really needed but bought anyway. At last, inevitably, it caught up with him, and he began asking questions — questions he couldn't answer. Dejection, rejection, withdrawal, severance — not a new story; and now he was in the park, cold and aching, less a few thousand brain cells destroyed by the alcoholic vapours, but otherwise little worse off. He had never had real security, contentment, fulfillment or love, so the park was as good a place as any. At least there were trees here, flowers and animals — at least there seemed to be some balance here. But his feet still hurt.

He looked to see if the lady had come. She brought food and drink, but she couldn't always come. When she could she did, but she couldn't always. She wasn't here today — was she here yesterday? He couldn't remember, but tomorrow he wouldn't remember today.

THE DAVID

(from a longer work in progress)

Rising before dawn Michelangelo would go among the blocks of white marble, eager to choose the right piece. His master had said that at dawn, marble was translucent like milk.

But only for a short moment could he see the sun teaming of white blood through the crystals; and chiselling deepest then with keen brown eyes, he would search the block for fissures.

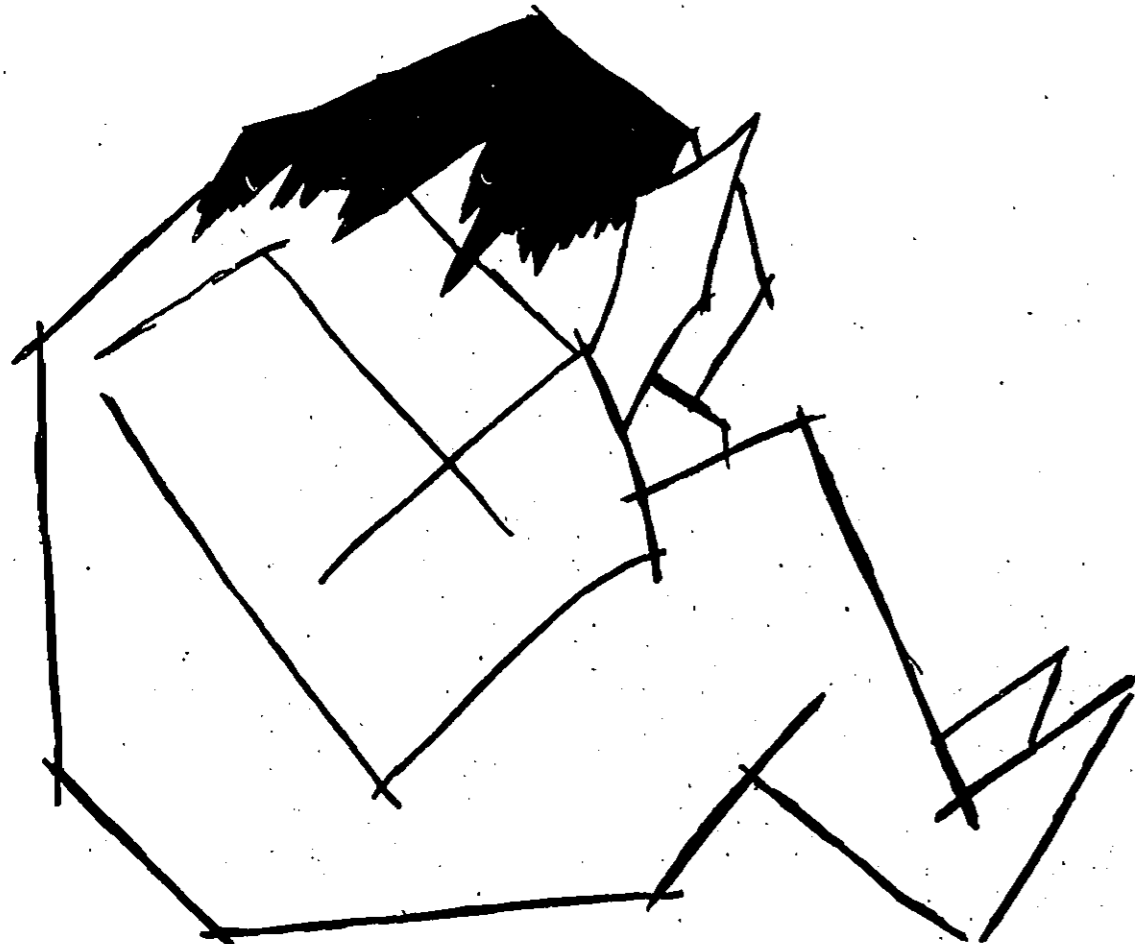
He wanted the purest marble, the heart of the mountains at Carrara where they say part of the sun was buried. And Erhard entombed with the sun had become a marble man, a pure white crystal.

The white stone stands before him now like a solid castle, shut tight. Michelangelo waits humbly for an audience with the powers of the block.

The sun appears quickly like a bird's wing. Suddenly the doors are open and inside the stone Erhard sits quietly surrounded by chairs of white light, he looks away toward the darkness. In a moment he has faded, the doors close slowly and Michelangelo faces the opaque silence of the block.

His chisel was sharp that day, cutting deep, the chips flew like white fire as he searched for Erhard through the stone.

Gerard Lee



Later they would come, polished men in uniformed cars. They would come through the entrance by the wooden gate, and drive along the lower path, staring at men staring blankly at them. But they would not come for an hour or so, it was too early now for them to get up, eggs never cook right at this time of the morning, so they would come later. One day is very much the same as another — the cold, and then the morning sounds; except Sunday — Sunday was the day of rest, so there would be no people to give him 20c for a cup of coffee. Sunday was a hungry day.

However this was Tuesday, Tuesday was a good day — there were three early morning trains, each sending their little cones of white puffing into the sky, and then two expresses. The expresses were best — they had power and confidence, and shiny direction. Tuesday was Steak and Kidney Pie at the Refuge — he never used to go there but everyone else seemed to, but still he wouldn't sleep there.

Over in the far corner, he could see the man with the greyhounds coming. They were rangy dogs, lean and frightening; one had tried to bite him one day — tried so hard that he half tore his muzzle off in his frantic attack. Their owner, a thin man who looked like his charges, hadn't worried, he had laughed — a little blood sport was good training and this saved him catching rabbits. So now he gave the greyhounds wide berth, shrinking back when they passed near. No-one liked the greyhounds.

The thinking prompted him to movement and he clumsily righted himself, pushing at the leaves that clung to the coarse weave of his coat, pushing and sweeping until he gave in, leaving dirt and leaf tangled in the fur.

The procession was starting now, it was a ragged, tired procession as the rejects of the city made a dirty and broken line slowly edging to their hand-out. He moved over and joined it, becoming cloaked in a thankful anonymity. Now he was just one of the down and outs, too tired to fight any longer, too tired to question any more. He may have been happy, but he no longer felt the pain, and blankness was preferable to the harshness of his realities.

David Paratz

ARTISTS

(from a longer work in progress)

She loved artists. "Painters", she said, "painters catch the beauty of life on canvas. Life is so pretty for them. I like that."

She took up art. She bought paint and brushes and she went to school. It was not long before the teacher was her lover and not much longer before she was living with him.

"He teaches and in his spare time he paints pictures and sells them. They are such pretty pictures."

For a time after she moved in with him he was at the hotel with her every night and he got drunk every night.

"He paints better after he has had something to drink."

"How are they selling?"

"He sells more than before. They are all beautiful. He has given up teaching to concentrate on his painting."

With this he got drunker. He came often without her and after a time he left and did not come at all. Then she came.

"We have not seen you for some time," I said. "He drinks at home and hardly ever paints."

"Are the pictures still beautiful?"

She bought some bottles and left.

L. R. Vilkinas

SAD LADY

Sad lady, and scholarly in your
sadness,
Singular, with a pen to cover up
the white,
Solitary, feeling, carefully only
writing,
Casually, veiling the empty space,
That the reported lines leave vacant.

Singular pilgrim, scene from the
jet to Europe,
Sole constant in a horizon that
turns round,
Triplicate pilgrim frozen in your
changes,
Loud music is coming from your
yelling children's toys,
As once from shaped stone, panic
and aged foam

Sad lady turn back from scratching
letters,
Do not enclose yourself in
flailing things.

Singular pilgrimage to go
down each successor,
To swim so well the water never
changes,
To taste its dryness,
Warm while the sun is
turning.

Alan Grieve
21/9/75

NIGHT OWL

Meanwhile, the wave was coming down
thoomp,
and then the next wave,
thoomp.
The flesh is swamped,
the brain sinks slowly down
and drifts in deeper waves.

Night time hides
the dull head-thud.
The shadows acquire substance.
The gaps become alive.
Obsessions set.
Listen:
to the stomach deep bass warble,
or the heart slow searing pain crescendo.
Hear the head shrill-whistle whine
as the fear orgasm wells
dies.

The next wave pours
cold.
It freezes hard, sets Pharoah hard;
stone Rameses, and fixes so
the penis turns brittle falls off
the hair streams out is rods
the eyes' clear owl-stare ever
stuffs those vacant interstellar spaces.

Only in the morning clean sun
I walked out past the anonymous houses
into the soft light.
The milkman shuffled clutching one white bottle.

W. J. T. Daniel

DID YOU HAVE A GOOD FLIGHT

Your plane has landed
I saw you
looking
for someone
for me

in the wind-scattered crowd
of watchers
Would you smile
Would you look
deeply
into me
when we met
Would you destroy me
with silence
Would you make me
with a touch
or one kiss
One short snatched kiss
Would you tell me
that the flight was good
Or would I ask you first
that meaningless question
No
My words
My first words
to you
would be grand
and sincere
and reaching
for the feeling
in you
I know is there

And then you were there
in the guarded doorway
almost before
I expected
And I asked:
Did you have a good flight

AS LONG AS I'M NEEDED

I'm like the chimney pots
I've stood still
in the cold
thinking of you
I'm like the blurry water streaks
on my dripping glass
I've known my eyes
to blur
and blink
at your sadness
I'm like this wind
I've cut some
who were too soft
too gentle
for my piercing ways
of truth
Or so I think ...
I'm like these lines
Existing
for only as long
as they are needed.

FOR BILL

a year of silent hours
for we had no need of words

carelessly
I spoke
of what we both knew

and the disintegration began

Gerard Smith



Meadows

DAWN WIND

Steepled cities
flashed through me
as the cold south air mass
cut into my morning hands
Morning
and grey awareness
just tinged
a little
with glowering glimpses
of day come
Through empty streets
with wind filled companions
I went
thinking
that perhaps dawn is really
the end of night
and not the beginning
of day.

GETTING AWAY

Above the musty sheen
from your crazy colour carpet
my breathing continues
Paua shells
Taken pearls
from the sea
Dying cigarettes
are all I have offered
All I can offer
while we are so divided
Going away
has caught you
this time
Perhaps next time
I'll be able to say goodbye
without lying.

THE STREET OF CATS

Along
past the rows
of sleeping cars
and parked people
Along the street
of cats
past the cat woman
with the depthless eyes
Cats
sheltering
from long tyre shadow-casting lights
while a universe of stars
hangs framed
by grid lines
of shrunken thread steel.

FOR NEIL

6.00 a.m.
freezing
you came to me
schoolboy body flawless
urgent
luxuriating
jaded

life pawned
for your passing worship
eyes retreating
diminishing evening trams

Gerard Smith

Manfred Jurgensen

FOR ANNE SEXTON

so you did it after all.
(or would you let me say that it was done to you?)
either way, beyond recall
of notebooks filled with all the deadliness you knew.

you wrote the body of a woman
with purest lines of reckless love,
immortal virgin-whore, born of
a poetry of deadly omen.

as we still guard the bedlam that we live
with patient care and careless love, forgive
that we with our short-lived breath
still make a living from your death.

THE ARTIST

level-headed pissoirs
spell their outbursts
of comic relief
genitals lament
inflated expectations
somewhere on the wall
shrouded in bitter-sweet smell of urine
a hairy drawing
promises love

i always
wanted to be
a craftsman

Jan Turner-Jones

NUCLEAR TESTING GROUND

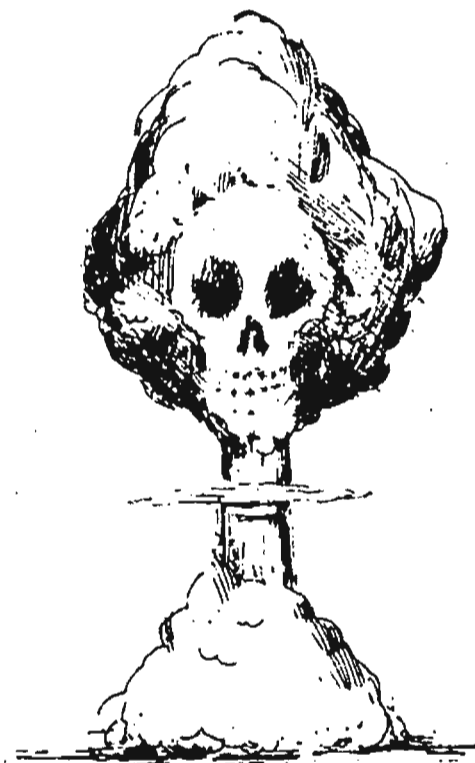
Once there was a place where fish sang
Men with blue eyes
Sheltered stars
Rode a turtle
Made a child

Men with blue eyes

Once there was a place where fish croaked
in trees;
Turtles swam inwards to a dying sun;
Sea-horses cried.
Men with yellow eyes grabbed the falling gold
And shrieked the sky was yellow too,
While insidiously, men with blue eyes
Said the sky was blue –
Blue upon blue,
Echoing eyes & stars & dying seas,
Echoing cornflowers withered on the stem

Men with blue eyes built a paradox –
Nice and neat with three blue sides,
And the fourth dimension a lop-sided blue
That melted stars (and children too)
And proved the sky was yellow.

Once there was a place where fish sang
And men with blue eyes



ON THE BEACH (Stradbroke, May 1973)

We climbed the dunes
Like sun-bleached Arabs,
And tumbled, free-falling stars,
Past the edge of the world.

The hollow waves stretched on forever –
Fish
Eternity
And me.

I held my dress around my ears:
You laughed:
“Fish in your pants?”
I called you “dirty old man”.

“Not old,” you said
And ran chasing rainbows.
I struggled damply behind
On a piece of time someone forgot.

THE LAST POEM

This is the last poem,
The last faint scratch
On a cave wall.
The womb is closing;
The only fear is fear.

In retrospect
I would not fly again –
Floating through space
In search of a beginning
For the end.

This is the last poem:
God
Is a man.
The womb is closing/
The womb is closing/
The womb is sealed.

FANTASY

If you were the earth, and I were the rain,
I would fall upon you, and wash you clean.

I would gather myself up in dark brows of clouds
and with force explode my presence, biting you
with sharp nails of lightning, and the mallet of thunder.
I would moan with the wind, torment your foliage,
run deep into your darkness via valleys and crevices
and cry my ralls on your face as you tumble and slide,
while lunar seeds of rain would rain on all of the
trees toppling them in a minute.

I would come upon you in a quiet, rolling mist,
roll down your slopes, and fill your hollows,
and flow at last to the sea.

I would come upon you in the
as morning dew upon the grass,
to wash you clean,
to cool your heat,
to quench your thirst.

if you were the earth, and I were the rain

Ross Clark
17/8 & 19/12/74

DEEP IN MOURNING

(for Reg Saunders:
20/5/20 - 23/12/73)

Bury him deep on Christmas eve,
in his bed of earth, who now sleeps alone for the first time,
since our eldest child was born.

Amongst such grief, there are many to thank:
friends and relatives are here
already, to wish a Christmas such as only he could give.

My belly craves him to be here.
It lies, empty of love, mine of his, and my life, grown to completeness
in thirty years, is half again.

I am emptied of all that he loved and shared, and of all my love.
My love sleeps, unresponsive, with him.
The earth is full with him, and most of me.

Ross Clark
24/12/73, 3/1/75

MAP OF FRIENDSHIP

(for Pam)

Oh, you marvellous great monument to Washington
D.C!
You unkempt and beautiful Statue
of Liberty!
Neither souled in ice
nor draped in unliberating garments,
but with unflinching spirit,
laughing like a waterfall above Niagara,
with teeth like a weir wall.
You nondescript angel,
ungainly nightingale nurse of causes!
With an oval rosin face,
and glasses round as dollars,
your head shares its pride
like your ghetto-colored hair,
Breasts as towering and challenging
as the Rockies,
("Go West, Young Man!")
or as spilling sacks of Prairie wheat,
Johnny Appleseed's fruit floats down the Grand Canyon.
Your veins like Mississippi scuttle with life.
The Alamo fires its cannons to your heartbeat,
your feelings ride directly onto Plymouth Rock.
From the crocodiles of Florida to Cotton County,
from the West Coast of Ideals to the Great Lakes of Friendship,
from the Megalopolis to Gills Monster Country,
the stars of Paramount (thirteen and more)
will shimmer like a halo round your head.

Ross Clark
19/9/74

Ross Clark

LETTER HOME FROM THE TRENCHES

This war, I am afraid, has made writers of us all
- stalled in the midst of activity, we take refuge
in our commitment's opposite,
in the apotheosis of negation.

Shearers, farmers, grocers, teachers: all
are at the mercy of this withdrawal,
this tacit demolition of our values.
These men of action write,
and every individual effects
a revolution of his own.

War has plowed these furrows, and plants us in them,
but they are few to the lines
my fellows write for lovers, brothers, wives.
The fields our bodies seed and manure
will again one day be vineyards,
and rows of trellisses will replace rifle-stacks and sandbags
and barbed-wire staves.
They will celebrate their victories over us
with wine from our own flesh and blood.

No doubt their Bacchus has composed a drinking-song for them,
but we can only remember the fermenting fruit it took
to make that wine,
and the wire stretched before us,
like grim and martial musical notation.

We have renounced mere singing,
and the brotherhood of tales,
and the dance with cigarette and bottle.
We have given up just daubing words on trench walls,
or carving names and numbers in regimental boards:

We have begun to speak to others, and to listen.
We have begun to think,
and we have begun to write,
and we have begun too late.

Ross Clark
17/8 & 19/12/74

HANDS

That which soonest offers itself is soonest and greatest hurt.

Every infant touches a hot-plate, and that sense which was
most delicate is most seriously damaged.

Every youth has unscrewed a nut in a blind corner of a motor
and been gashed when it turned over suddenly.

Every man has held out his hand to take his wife's, and found
she gouged his palm with her vengeful nails.

The tendrils and antennae of love,
in their initial most ecstasy,
are soonest hurt.

See the hands of the healer, the helpful guest,
the friend and uncle seldom seen and as often loved,
the teacher explaining with puppet-hands,
the builder, rough but accurate and precise,
the leader, pointing, clenching his fist, fingering his beard,
striking knuckles in his palm,

receiving thanks and offerings, food, drink and love;
see him nailed by his hands to a stickman shape
the smallest infant hands could batter.
See him nailed by his own sensitivity and love,
by his hands.

Ross Clark
5/2/75

THOMAS

Dumb ox of Sicily, how was this?
The sons of Aquino promised no Archimedean lever
to raise the estimation of indifferent nature.

Who taught you sight and line for a voyage
through Christendom, the tide contrary
and Holy Rome cautious? In academic penetration
we found a carpenter teaching new things
embracing a Moorish caravan of learning.

From the high cell of a blind family
until your writings became as straw, we were waiting
while thought dragged a fifteen volume prayer
beyond the mind's slow bulk
where Aristotle washed his hands.

BY THE POT PLANT

heated debate has snarled and armed him
with wisdom, his forehead frowned
is etched with sweat staining
the flesh's ponderous bulk
perched upon a pub bench:

Buddha in the beer garden.

TEMPERATE

Summer in Brisbane is quite sufficient
for madness and the lashing of children
in your oven, grocer; though we come to smiles
sympathetic in our arrangement
I purchased an expensive guilt
to question God on retribution executed
in His way, with a fine pain in the soul.

INDIAN PAINTING

*Mughal School
Period of Jahangir (1605-1627)
Fighting Elephants Watched by Jahangir
Leaf from an Album*

The child clung to the column
not crying
clung as to a mother
sandstone surrogate

The painting is delicate as a child's nostril.
Its subject is violence.

Jahangir watched. (He's dead.)

The little girl did not cry,
just clung.
Her real mother (the one with tits)
coerced her away
detached her from the column
like a leaf just leaving
just just leaving
its twig.

The elephants' legs, raised,
pallid and grained like sandstone.

The brushwork threatens death
subtly as a statesman.

You can't expect even a mother
to be inside a child's brain.

detached from, disengaged
like a life just
just leaving a body

The elephants' feet, raised,
like iron balls in a wrecking-yard
hard round feet, reared.
my brain sees the child beneath them.

no no

The painting on the library wall is delicate.
The sign is blunt: 'VERY QUIET READING.'

VACATION JOBS

The Union has decided to open a city store to sell a wide range of high fidelity sound equipment, FM tuners, car radios, portable sound equipment and calculators.

Implementation of this decision will require the employment of staff as both permanent and casual positions will be established: applications are therefore sought for the following positions. Operation of the store is subject to the overall control of the Union House Committee, which will meet in the near future to decide the terms of employment of permanent staff for the store. In the meantime, only casual positions are being advertised.

TECHNICAL STAFF (several part-time positions)
Applicants will preferably be electrical engineering students. The work will be mainly the conversion of imported FM tuners from American standards to those in use in Australia. Large numbers of tuners are expected, hence it is considered likely that full-time vacation employment is available for some applicants.

INSTALLATION STAFF (one or two positions)
Applicant for these positions will be required to have their own motor vehicle, preferably a utility, a panel van or station waggon. They will be required to travel in the Brisbane area to install FM radio antennae as required. Applicants will probably possess their own basic tools for the job, as they will probably already be proficient handymen. It is not considered essential that work will commence immediately, so it will be possible for individual arrangements to be worked out with the successful applicants. It is likely that these positions will become full-time casual positions sometime in December.

SALES STAFF (several positions)
Applicants must have comprehensive knowledge of high fidelity sound equipment including the ability to explain technical design features of equipment. For example, applicants will be expected to explain what Dolby noise reduction is and how it works.
The successful applicants will be able to work at least three days a week between 11am and 2pm (approximately) plus Saturday mornings between the 26th. October and the end of their examination periods, and full-time employment during the vacation will be available to some applicants.

Applications close at 5pm on 15th. October 1975.

Apply at the Union office for further information. Interviews will be held on 16th and 17th. October for these positions.

MINDS IN CAPTIVITY



As it has always been ... necessity is the mother of invention. I have an urgent need to communicate my predicament which I feel surely is the plight of many in society ... that the mental prowess with which I have been endowed is not being properly assimilated by a blind bureaucratic which only serves its own ends within a limited coded formula. The expressions of nature are unlimited and so too the evolutionary processes by which individuals gain a satisfactory relationship with society and themselves. One has to live with oneself primarily; the relationships which follow therefore are more fulfilling and meaningful if one achieves inner harmony first. One is not paid to liberate oneself in this society .. no such process is recognised as being valid in ones integration with the world around us. Because of my particularly and indeed phenomenally shortsighted and barbaric upbringing, as a child I was forced to delve deeply and dangerously into my psyche and establish a kind of therapy by which I could start to count as an individual .. I took time out, or dropped out completely as I think the term 'dropout' is used. It cost me years of effort in research and discovery before I was able to attune my mind naturally to my surroundings.

Well, had I not done this self examination and had I not evolved I might well be one of the disgruntled fascists who instil conformity through fear.

Minds in Captivity is the topic I am concerned with here for I wish to leave a large question in the hands of

the members of society who respect an individuals freedom and would cooperate in placing that individual in a more fruitful and satisfying self sustaining situation. I am here in need of developing with my new found imagination; that element of man's mind (woman too of course) which in my experience has so blatantly been abused and neglected. Imagination is a powerful tool and can be the instrument by which a boring dissatisfying situation can be turned into an intellectually exciting one.

To take a short cut I might well commence writing prolifically for profit just as Charles Dickens did in his time. I am not Charles Dickens and though I have never attempted it, I might not have the flair for his characterisation and splendid combination of entertainment with deft social comment.

So I am reduced to this comment which I am perhaps amateurishly propounding: that there is no scope for free intellectual research. Like all of life, the game of creating harmony is one completed satisfactorily only if the exact details of the situation from which harmony could arise are known. I, professionally, hope to become a playwright, poet and novelist and live adequately from such a derived income. First I wish to make a protest that I am and always have been at a disadvantage since while I have received encouragement on one side, the effects of psychological rape and violence on the other has left me very raw and disconcerted. I have spent just over eight years of creeping towards the truth of my right as a human being; previously I was repressed and spiritually bludgeoned almost to death by an unnecessarily harsh environment. Now, yes now I am free. But what at the age of twenty five years can I do to ameliorate the years spent in sorting my self out and restoring my humanity. Who will pay me to be my own physician and who will recognise that I too am an essential spark of life just as Socrates, the philosopher was. Even though I most probably won't have as great an effect on the world as Socrates seems to have done. I will eventually dictate my own terms of freedom but to get respite from an otherwise apathetic world I have decided to write this as a plea for correspondence with human beings who are intelligent and sensitive as myself but perhaps were more fortunate in their upbringing and did not have to sacrifice much in the way of material security or time in establishing their functions as human beings.

My time is being dissipated and so too is my short sweet life while I manouvre for the most appropriate entry into society. As it stands I am an outsider who is considering replenishing a barren period of elemental investi-

gation for the fruits of imagination and cultural elevation ... those commodities which by myself were so dearly bought. Now the question remains in the air like a guillotine; how to negotiate with nothing but my mind and an enthusiasm for cultural discovery. "Send him to work! He has failed his tertiary exams make him work as a clerk or a labourer." Well I haven't exactly been wasting my time; now I do have quite a colourful imagination and what a crime of ignorance to dissipate a mind's energies with trivia just because a few of the paths I have taken in self orientation were anarchistic and only superficially irresponsible.

Yes, I have failed a great many of the tasks society has presented me with ... but then circumstance has deplorably neglected my own legal rights to a proper education and when I use the term 'education' I do not simply mean the ability to sweat out a book of maths problems. I include in the term 'education' the process of learning where I am able to relate satisfactorily and realistically to my fellow man (supposing he lived up to similar ideals in life.)

My mind, now evolved to a potential where it can be utilised in constructive analysis and problem solving is in captivity because beyond reaching out with this article I have little outlet for cooperative play or work as I am loathe to designate human enterprise. I have been a trouble shooter since I can remember and more often than not got into trouble because of it. This as I have stated was because in my earlier years I was living in such an oppressive climate.

I hope not to repeat myself too many times .. what I wish to make clear is this. I have spent too much time getting my imagination to flower to be usurped by a callous bureaucracy. I want freedom; the freedom beyond the isolationist freedom I have now and I never want to look back at my years of social ostracism and mental Alcatraz. You won't make a martyr out of me, you who have clipped my wings in the past; I am determined to establish my own rights as an individual in choosing the expression of life which is so beautiful to me. My own criterion for existence are that money is significant but no longer a standover restraint on my activities. That I am free to research into whatever facet of my existence seems depleted and there is much I have yet to get to create for myself a reasonable social security. Now I am reaching out to other minds in this society in the hope that I will elicit a surprising response to my quest for more than just four freedoms. □

Robert Sferco

AUS WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

The 58 hours that it takes to travel by rail from Brisbane to Melbourne and back was a true test of sisterhood for the group of us who attended the A.U.S. women's conference.

I think we survived remarkably well except that after I had consciously hogged most of our sleeping space, constantly repeated the chant "Om ma ne pad me hum" which a potential Buddhist monk assured me would stop my desire for a cigarette in our non-smoking car, and after driving everyone crazy by learning to play my ring (which makes a jolly good whistle when practiced long enough) - I was unanimously elected to write this report on the conference.

Before the conference, A.U.S. certainly didn't mean very much to me other, of course, their travel concessions. The hierarchical and patriarchal power structures in A.U.S. are alienating and I personally can't be bothered with power politics. But since attending the women's conference I see great potential through the women in A.U.S. for changing the structure of the Union.

The conference drew almost 100 women from various campuses from all over Australia. There were about 12 paper given and about 4 different sessions for workshops. I felt an enormous feeling of unity (or sisterhood if you like) as each woman got up to deliver her particular paper. As other women remarked later "It was ME they were speaking about." What a revelation to discover that all these women had been through similar experiences and had similar ideals! Listening to the papers and talking in workshops must have helped every woman there, because although most of us had known in our heads what it was that this thing we call Feminism is about, for some of us at any rate it was the first time we had actually had it all spelt out so blatantly and so comprehensively.

We heard papers on: the images of women in advertising at the "new" woman as depicted by artists such as Cleo, the self-made woman who feels oppressed for wom-



en's liberation, and we looked at ourselves as feminists and asked if we were just conforming to another stereotype. There was a paper on sexuality (after which many women learned to use a speculum for the first time in the self-help workshop); and there were papers on rape, lesbianism, autonomy and "men"?

Laurie Bebbington's rave about "men?" was one of the best papers delivered - especially as it turned out to be about women! In fact, why waste one's time and energy hating men, agonizing over men, even discussing men, when what we're concerned about is women!

"Men?" and the paper on Lesbianism gave me a much more revolutionary outlook than that with which I initially set off to Melbourne. All the papers from the conference should be sent to us in a few weeks and we'll make sure that there are copies in the Women's Rights Room so that everyone can come up and read them.

The recommendations which came out of the conference are pretty important. Everyone should at least be aware of them so here are some of them - although the full list will again, be in the Women's Rights Room.

- * Recognising that women on tertiary campuses suffer particular problems because they are women;
 - * Recognising that the AUS Womens Department is part of the larger Women's Liberation movement and that communication and co-operation between the two bodies needs to be strengthened;
 - * Recognising the value of Consciousness Raising in determining the causes of women's oppression and directions towards liberation;
 - * Recognising that the responsibility for finding new aims and directions for the AUS Womens Department and campus women's activity lies with the women of the AUS;
 - * Recognising the importance of challenging existing hierarchical and patriarchal power structures both in the AUS and on campuses;
 - * Recognising the value of Collectives as a means of breaking down these hierarchical power structures and democratising decision making processes;
 - * Recognising the need to continue to emphasise the role of campus women's groups and regional women's collectives in decision making concerning the Women's Department and to ensure these groups actual power;
 - * Recognising that power within the AUS and on campuses is often a question of the possession of information;
 - * Recognising that both the established and projected structures of the Women's Department stand as an example to other Departments of the AUS of the possibilities of democratic change within the Union.
- After note: - By the way, women's rights is moving out of the Union Building into the Relaxation Block. We hope that most students will find the position of our new room a lot less alienating and will come in to borrow books, have a rave, whatever.

Jane Camens.

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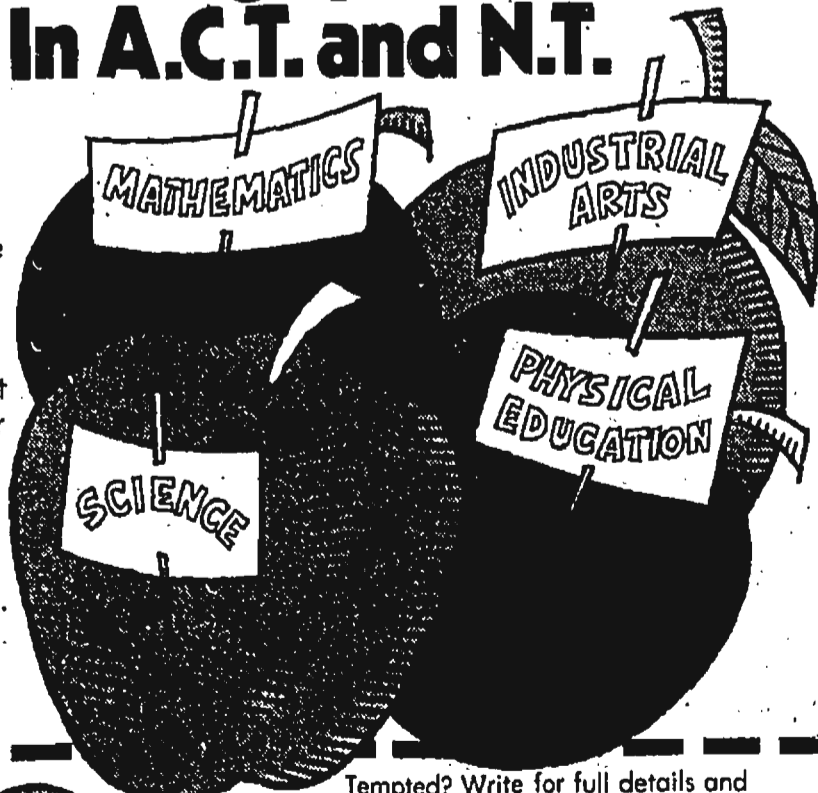
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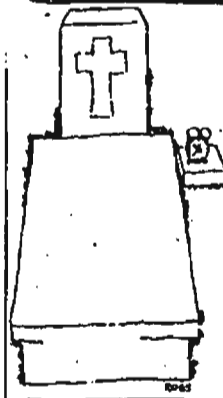
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School of Humanities:

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School of Modern Asian Studies:

Modern Chinese, Japanese and Indonesian History; Modern Chinese Literature and Drama; Contemporary Chinese Society and Culture; History of Science and Technology in East Asia; Japanese Economic History, Modern Chinese Political History, Contemporary Japanese Politics; Chinese Economics; Chinese, Japanese and Indonesian International Relations.

School of Science:

Studies of Australian Science Policy; Reaction Mechanisms; Growth and Developmental Biochemistry; Chemical Effects of Lattice Defects; ¹³C NMR Studies of Proteins; Surface Studies of Soil Minerals; Genetics of Mammalian Isozymes; Image Contrast in Electron Microscopy; Relaxation Theory; Synthesis of Oligosaccharides; Trace Analysis in Marine Organisms.

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Applications close on 31 October 1975.



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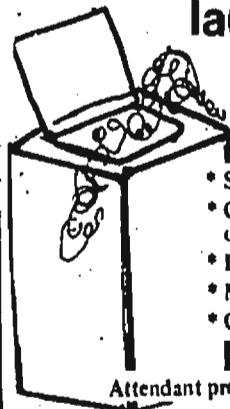
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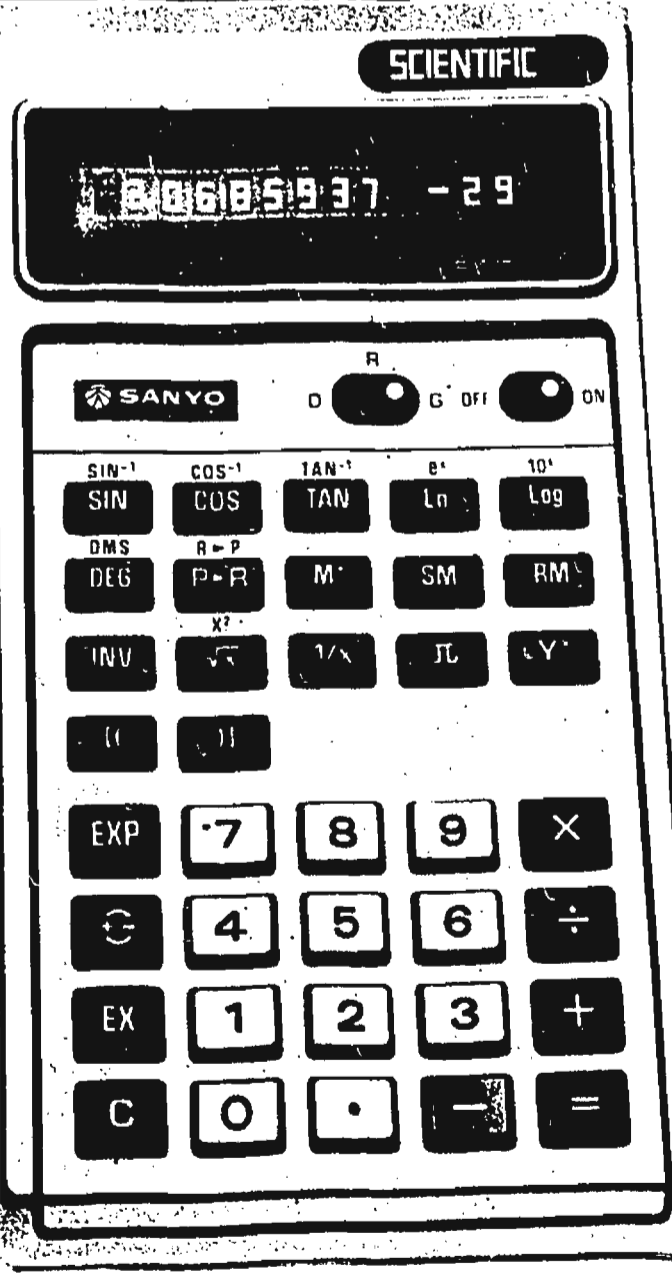
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ELECTION NEWS



ELECTORAL REPORT

Below are the results of the Annual General Elections of the Union. This is the body that takes office from 1st December 1975 to November 30th 1976. The Council was chosen by 1902 voters (approximately 13% of the membership). The other 87% had ample opportunity to vote and presumably decided to delegate their democratic rights to those more interested. It may not be the Union Council that some students want, but it's the only one you've got regardless. The general apathy manifested itself at the nomination stage with few nominations and lots of positions unopposed. Amongst part-time students in particular the vote was appallingly low. The Faculties of Medicine, Engineering and Law had a better turnout than average.

In terms of "ticket" politics the C.U.T. ticket won just about every position it contested and now dominates the executive. Students appear to have "chosen" (if that is the word) to be represented by a coalition of always-runs; time-servers; perennial students; perk-chasers; and a few new faces (notably the new President). It would be difficult to claim that students chose one policy over another as all candidates offered variations on the same tired old themes.

The Union lost the services of the two most competent abrasive and controversial people it has produced recently in Alan Fowler and Jim Beatson. Fortunately Jim stays on with 4ZZ-FM. There seems to be an Australian instinct for cutting down tall poppies. If this is what motivated the electors this time they can rest assured - the new executive averages 5 foot 8 inches - physically and intellectually.

Oh - democracy where was thy sting!

Peter Phillips
Electoral Officer.

ELECTED

PRESIDENT

Spencer	1217
Taylor	91
Hayes	171
Hall	42
McNeill	339

TOTAL	1859
Informal	43

GVP

	1st Pref.	After Prefs.
Beatson	675	748
Grieve	688	811
Costello	417	

UNION SECRETARY

Hughes	379
Donovan	385
Campbell	1067

AUS SECRETARY

Greene	1192
Shannon	460

TREASURER

Fowler	802
Towler	1031

HOSPITALS VICE PRESIDENT

Heathcote	100
Evans	45

CONVENOR OF HOUSE

Heron	647
Bellas	1076

UNION HOUSE COMMITTEE

Convenor (shown above)	
General Reps (4)	A. Grieve H. Ross J. Schwenke B. Heron
Full time Reps (2)	C. Gregor (unopposed) R. Cosgrove "
Part time Reps (2)	J. Batch "
	(1) Vacancy

FINANCE ADVISORY COMMITTEE

General Reps (2)	A. Bellas A. Fowler
Full time Reps (2)	L. Gormley (unopposed) G. Lendvai "
Part time Reps (2)	M. O'Shea " W. Heron "

THEATRE COMMITTEE

Convenor	E. Relf (unopposed)
General Reps (4)	G. Robertson " R. Jago " (2) Vacancies
Full time Rep	Vacant
Part time Rep	Vacant

HOSPITALS AREA COMMITTEE

Finance Officer	R. Giese (unopposed)
Activities Officer	P. Eliades "
Publicity Officer	K. Bulwinkel "
General Reps (6)	D. Crompton K. Vandeleur P. Cassimatis R. Whiting G. Nimmo M. Monsour
Therapy Rep.	Vacant

65th COUNCIL

President	R. Spencer
G.V.P.	A. Grieve
Treasurer	B. Towler
Secretary	J. Campbell
AUS Secretary	M. Gresham

St Lucia P/T VP	G. L'Estrange (unopposed)
St Lucia F/T VP	M. Eaton (unopposed)
Hospitals Area VP	P. Heathcote
Turbot St VP	I. Smith (unopposed)

Convenor Womens Rights Committee	J. Camens (unopposed)
Convenor Union House Committee	A. Bellas
Architecture Fac.	J. Sim
Arts Faculty FT (5)	J. Schultz E. Relf J. Paratz B. Fleming C. Gregor

Arts Faculty PT (5)	P. St John (unopposed) H. Hambling " J. Henderson " N. Meredith " H. Ross "
---------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Commerce & Economics Fac. Full time (2)	I. Dearden P. Cosgrove
-----------------------------------------	---------------------------

Commerce & Economics Fac. Part time	P. Byrne (unopposed)
Dentistry Fac.	G. Morris "
Education Fac. (3)	B. Pell C. Whitehouse S. Michael

Law Faculty	J. Batch
Medicine Fac. (3)	P. Eliades (unopposed) C. Elliott " C. Feekery "

Music Faculty	J. Schwenke "
Science Fac. FT (3)	K. Horan A. Stephenson G. Lee

Science Fac. PT	R. Coles (unopposed)
Social Work Fac.	S. Horton "
Veterinary Science	N. O'Dempsey "
Overseas Student Rep	M. H. Razi "
Post Grad. Students Rep	R. Morton M. Samaratunga D. St. John

THE ELECTION SAGA CONT'D

Women in Politics

NOMINATIONS

MEMBERS OF THE 65TH COUNCIL OF THE UNION (1976)

Nominations are invited for the following vacancies on the 65th Council of U.Q.U.

- 1 Representative of Agriculture Faculty students
- 2 Representatives of members of the Union living in Colleges.

Any member of the Union enrolled in the Faculty of Agriculture may nominate for the position of representative of members of that Faculty. Any member of the Union with a bona fide intention (notified in writing to the Electoral Officer) to enrol in the Agriculture Faculty in 1976 may also nominate, provided that, if the member does not change his/her enrolment as notified he/she will be disqualified from the said positions.

Any member of the Union residing in a college within the University may nominate for a position as representative of members of the Union living in colleges.

Nominations for the above positions open at 9.00 am Friday 3rd October and close at 5 pm Monday 20 October at Union Office. The appointments will be made at the Special Election Meeting of the 65th Council to be held in the J.D. Story Room on Wednesday 29 October at 6.30 p.m.

Nomination forms are available from Union Office.

SEMPER EDITOR 1976

Nominations are now open for the position of Editor of Semper Floreat 1976. Nominations close on Wednesday 15 October at 5.00 p.m. at Union Office and candidates are required by that date to forward details of their qualifications and policy statements to the Union Secretary.

The appointment will take place at the Special Election Meeting of the 65th Council to be held on the 29th October at 6.30 p.m. in the J.D. Story Room.

CHAIRPERSON OF UNION COUNCIL

Nominations are invited for the position of Chairperson of the 65th Union Council. Nominations open on the 1st October and close at 5.00 p.m. Monday 20th October at Union Office. The appointment will be made at the Special Election Meeting of the 65th Council held on the 29th October in the J.D. Story Room at 6.30 p.m.

Any members of the Union may nominate for this position. Nomination forms are available from Union Office.

Notice is hereby given of the Special Election Meeting of the 65th Union Council to be held on Wednesday 29 October 1975 in the J.D. Story Council Chamber at 6.30.

The following non-voting positions on Council will be filled by council at this meeting:

1. The Editor(s) of Semper Floreat (see specific announcement)
2. The Film and Video Unit Director
3. The Finance Secretary
4. Two (2) Assistant Union Secretaries
5. Chairperson of Council (see specific announcement)
6. Social Action Committee
 - (a) Local Social Action Director
 - (b) No more than ten (10) members of the Union
7. Accommodation and Housing Committee
 - (a) Convenor
 - (b) No more than five (5) members of the Union
8. Union Health Officer
9. The nominee to the Union College Council.
10. The Representative on the Board of Governors of International House.
11. Union Transport Officer
12. Public Rights Committee
 - (a) Convenor
 - (b) No more than six (6) members of the Union
13. Drafting Secretary
14. Library Liaison Officer
15. Convenor of the Education Committee
16. Activities Director
17. Union Nights Convenor
18. Guest Speakers Convenor
19. Concerts and Recitals Convenor
20. Fine Arts Director.
21. Music Room Director
22. Assistant Local AUS Secretary
23. Local AUS Industrial Officer.

Local AUS International Officer
Local AUS Environment Officer
Local AUS Services Officer
Local AUS Welfare Officer

Incoming Delegations Officer
Radio Station Co-ordinator

Nominations for non-voting positions other than Semper Floreat editor and Chairperson of Council close at the commencement of this meeting.

All officers and committees appointed at this meeting will take office from the 30 November unless otherwise specified in these announcements.

John Campbell
Union Secretary

15 women stood for voting positions on the 65th council and all 15 won. The other 32 voting positions were filled by men. The Presidency and the Treasurership remain all-male preserves and the Secretary and General Vice-President positions after a brief interlude, have reverted to the male fold.

The 15 women concerned range from the Secretary of Right to Life through to a CPA member and all the political stops in between. This seems to prove that voters on this campus vote for women indiscriminately. In this sort of reverse sexism as in the orthodox type a woman's politics don't matter.

The under-representation of women on Union Council cannot be blamed on electors but must be seen as a further example of the impoverished motivations and aspirations of women generally. Even at tertiary education level women simply do not stand for high positions. This state of affairs can be attributed to the deeply-ingrained sexist attitudes prevalent in a male dominated society which undermine the self-confidence and ego of women generally. Another contributing factor is the fact that institutions such as the Union have been designed by and for men and the values implicit in them are such that women find them alienating and foreign arenas in which to operate.

Anybody committed to women's rights must inevitably be concerned with drastic overhaul and change in the basic structure of society and its values. At an individual level this means consciousness-raising; at a societal level, it means revolution.

Mere facilitation of women being allowed to take essentially token places in male-defined structures is not enough - indeed in the long term it is counter-productive as it provides an escape valve ambitious women to make it at the expense of their sisters.

The Union Elections, which at first seem a victory for women, in fact point up in dramatic fashion, the extent to which women are excluded from power in real terms. It is to be hoped that before male and female electors of the Union smugly congratulate themselves on "giving women a go" in this election that they realise (and do something about) the other more substantial obstacles placed between women and politics. □

WOMEN'S LIB MEETING

1pm every Thursday
Meeting Room 1
Music Room....

ALL WOMEN WELCOME

FACULTY BOARD

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES ON FACULTY BOARDS 1976

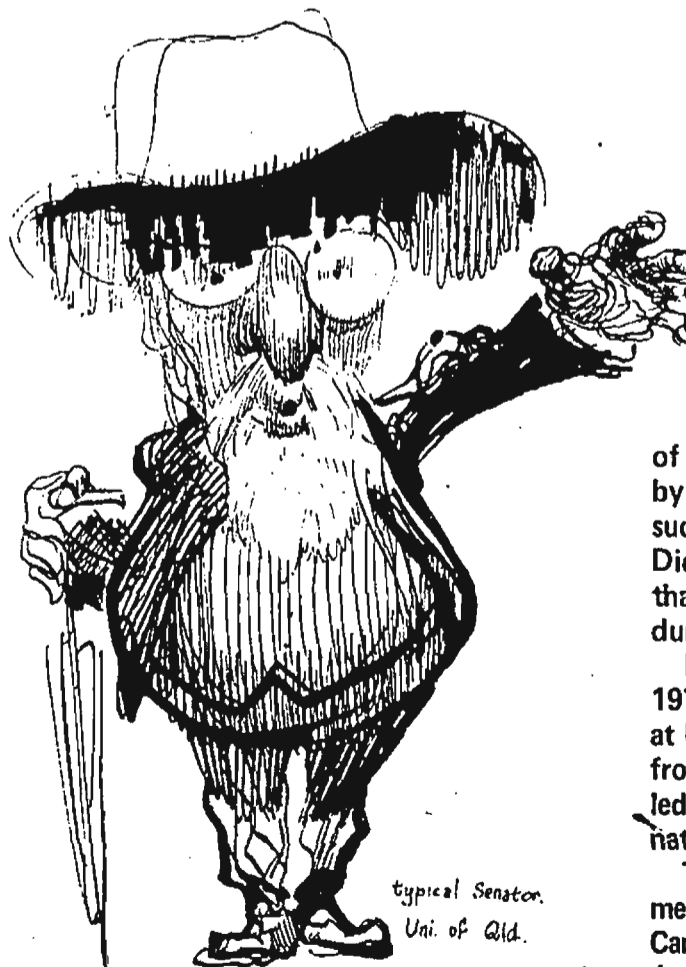
Nominations are invited for the following student representative positions on Faculty Boards.

- 3 (three) Representatives of Post-Graduate Arts Students on the Arts Faculty Board
- 2 (two) Representatives of Undergraduate students in the Faculty on the Science Faculty Board
- 2 (two) Representatives of Undergraduate students in the Faculty on the Commerce and Economics Faculty Board
- 2 (two) Representatives of students in the Department of Architecture on the Faculty of Architecture Board
- 1 (one) Representative of students in the Department of Regional and Town Planning on the Faculty of Architecture Board.
- 2 (two) representatives of students on the Board of Asian Studies.

Qualifications: A candidate must be a student in the Faculty or Department concerned and where appropriate be engaged in Undergraduate or Post-Graduate studies. She/he must be nominated and seconded by students also qualified to stand for the position in question.

Nominations open for all the above positions on the 3rd October and close at 5.00 p.m. on the 20th October at Union office. Nomination forms are available from Union office. The appointment of persons to the above-mentioned positions will take place at the Special Election Meeting of the 65th Council on the 29th October - J.D. Story Room.

ELECTIONS



STUDENT SENATOR

Nominations are invited for the vacant position of student Senator. This vacancy has been caused by the resignation of Mr Bruce Dickson and the successful nominee will serve the remainder of Mr Dickson's term (to December 31, 1977) provided that he/she remain a student of this University during that period.

Nominations open on Wednesday 1 October, 1975 and close at 5 p.m. on Monday 20 October at Union Office. Nomination forms are available from Union Office. Any student currently enrolled at the University of Queensland may nominate.

The position will be filled by a Union Council meeting commencing 6.30 p.m. October 29, 1975. Candidates will be afforded an opportunity to address members of Council before the appointment is made.

The calculator specialists

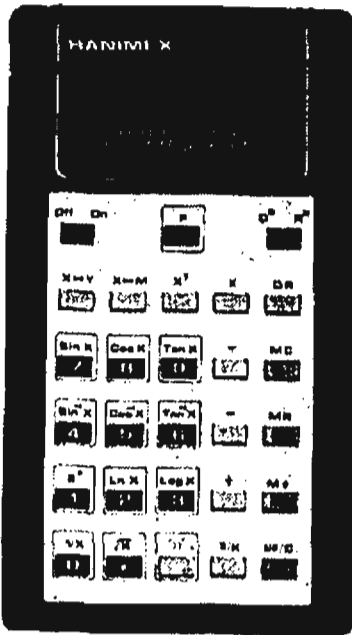
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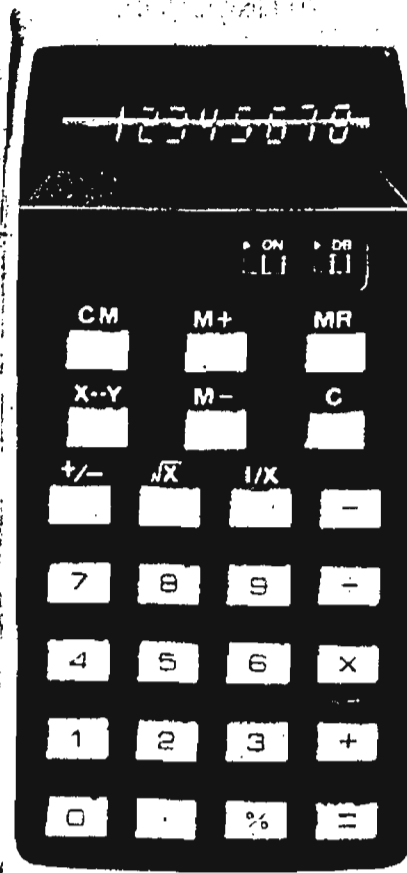


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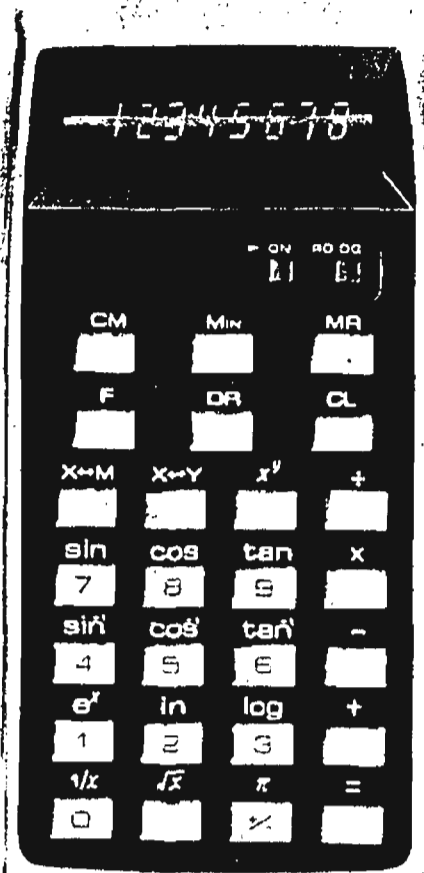
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letters

GERMAN DEPT. REPLIES.

Sir (sic),
A number of statements have been made in the "Arts Language Lobby" article in your last edition which are not in accordance with fact. Of course, any comments are restricted to the situation in the German Department only.

To speak of "division", "opposing camps", "bitterness", in the department, on the foreign language issue is nonsensical in view of the fact that at the last Faculty Board meeting when the motion for the repeal of the language requirement was put to the vote, of eleven staff members present, nine voted against the motion and two abstained from voting.

Equally nonsensical is the suggestion that junior staff are "instructed" by the Head of the department on how to vote considering that the majority of the (seven) "juniors" are not members of the Arts Faculty Board and therefore not eligible to vote.

With regard to the "One day"

I am not at all well disposed towards Miss Schultz for her exposure of me as a KGB agent here on a mission to perpetrate subversive "transplants". The head and colleagues of the German Department are yet to get over the shock of this revelation. If I end up, as a result of this, on an island somewhere in the Gulag Archipelago she will have me on her conscience.

I am rather glad she had spent a boring hour in my class obviously not appreciating the finer points of relative pronouns and Middle High German literature. Had she been there the week before when I discussed demonstrative pronouns and Old High German literature her story would have read quite differently.

Miss Schultz also makes reference to a questionnaire which I am supposed to have given to students. I do not

recall doing so nor do my students remember filling one in. This is not to suggest fabrication on Miss Schultz's part. When we talked I must have slipped into my native idiom, and so she possibly put her own two and two together and came up with 30.

Now that I have been exposed, I might as well confess that the low failure rate in my course, and the fact that I "give out" more credits than passes, is part of the plot. When I put it to my students that I would now have to revise my assessment procedure, they threatened to do all kinds of nasty things to Miss Schultz. I had a difficult time persuading them to refrain from violence for the sake of order on Campus. They finally agreed, after I had promised to reduce failure to O and give out even more credits at the end of this semester.

I am having a nice slide show and a sing song in class next week, or the week after, and if Miss Schultz would like to come along she will be most welcome. But, to avoid any possible problems, Miss Schultz should see me first.

Ever with a clear conscience,
Anatole Bond (name false, of course)
German Department
(and still bent on teaching some poor unfortunates a foreign language).

MUSICIANS WANTED:
Anyone interested in playing American bluegrass music, or any folk-type music - please call
Hunter at
973981 any day after 4.00 p.m.
I am particularly interested in locating banjo and fiddle players. I have a good song repertoire and I love to play.

LAST WORD ON RELIGION

My dear editor,

All the Christians who've written in about my article on christianity and homosexuality seem to have misunderstood my position which, unlike theirs, is not the missionary position. They are taking both christianity and homosexuality far too seriously: I find both of them rather fun. But as Messrs. Burstow, Clark and Harrison seem to prefer piousness to playfulness, allow me to reply to their singularly dull letters.

In almost a page of type in the last Semper there was no direct reference to the main point of my article, which was that the bible and generations of christians have condemned homosexuality in the most inhuman way. The taboo on homosexuality is historically a product of Jewish-christian religious law. Other religious societies, such as those of Greece, Rome and Japan, did not see the need to torture and execute homosexuals. My point that someone who is both homosexual and christian must engage in severe logical contortions is not effectively challenged by either of the letters. Clark and Harrison say, quite correctly, that William Wilberforce, Lord Shaftesbury, Martin Luther King, Ivan Illich and Alexander Solzhenitsyn were/are christian humanitarians. But all that proves is the eternal capacity of the best minds to absorb bullshit. George Orwell called it doublethink: you ignore whatever's inconvenient. It appears that the persecution of homosexuals is becoming unfashionable, even in the minds of such Crusader Rabbits as Clark and Harrison: because they ignore it completely.

It would be better for a feminist to answer the pettifogging point about the treatment of women. Paul's letter to the Ephesians, on the Duties of Woman and the Responsibilities of Husbands sounds remarkably like the attitude taken by a fairly extreme anti-feminist today. I am disappointed to see that half a century of radical action by women has failed to seep through to Ross Clark and John Harrison. They quote Paul: "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loves the Church ..." Substitute "farmers" for "husbands" and "sheepdogs" for "wives" throughout that passage, and it makes quite remarkable sense. Clark and Harrison see, and they read, but they do not understand.

The reason christianity is dying is that it is such a bore. Burstow, Clark and Harrison are good christians.

Another reason I'm angry is that they didn't even get my pseudonym right. Or was that another case of type correcting - being too much bother for the poor over-worked Semper staff to deal with?

Yours faithfully,
Garry D. Anagram

P.S. The reason I am not signing this with my real name is that my employers adhere to the Judeo-christian tradition, which means I would possibly lose my job if they knew I was gay. It happened once before.

LICENCED RECREATION CLUB

Dear Editor,

In reply to a letter in Semper Floreat Vol 45, No 12 titled "A Criticism - Proposed Rec Club" by Margaret McVey, I wish to point out how the Recreation Club will effect wheel-chair people

Margaret pointed out that "from the photograph there does not seem to be any wheel chair access into the club," but the photograph unfortunately does not clearly show all access points. In fact, there is a ramp entry on the southern side of the building and a graduated fire escape on the northern face, both of which can be easily used by wheel chair people. A fair amount of juggling of space was carried out to specifically enable this accessibility.

John Brannock
President, Sports Assoc.

MRS COWEN REPLIES

Dear Editor,

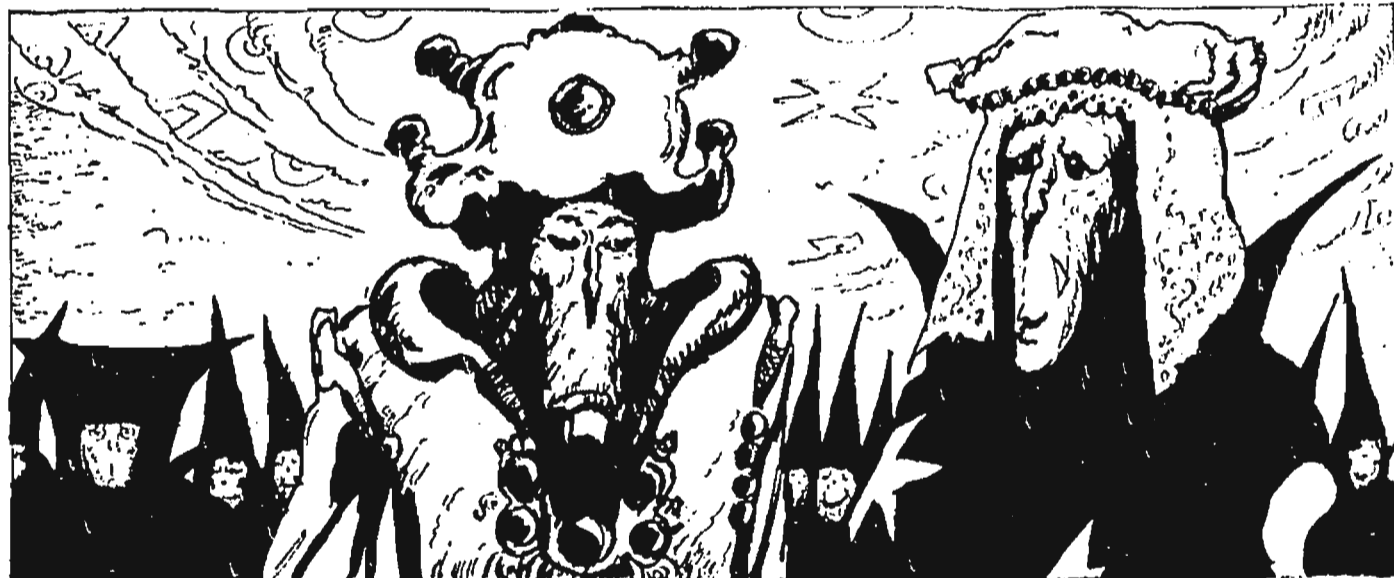
Your correspondent (Flower Power, Semper,) was misinformed. The flowers cut in the main quadrangle were not for a function of Mrs Cowen's. I did not request them, and they were not used in my house. They were used to decorate the Mayne Hall foyer.

Yours faithfully
Anna Cowen.

the saga of ZELMOK XI a silent time

IT IS NOW TWO MOONS SINCE ZELMOK THE ELDER GUARDIAN OF LAW AND RHETORIC, CAME TO THE GATES OF THE CITADEL OF BOOKS IN THIS NORTH KINGDOM, RULED BY BSELKEZAREK THE DEVOUT. THE MOOD OF THE PUPILS HAS UNDERGONE A CHANGE DEEP AND MYSTERIOUS. IT IS AS IF THE SPELLS OF THE WIZARD RAYNOK THE SLY HAD STRICKEN THE VERY SOULS OF THE REVOLUTIONARIES WITH A DEADLY MALADY.

ZELMOK HIMSELF, WEARY OF SKIRMISH, KNOWS NOT THE CAUSE PRECISE OF THIS SETTLING OF FURY, LOST AMID DUTIES NUMEROUS. ZELMOK IS BUT OCCASIONALLY DISTURBED BY THE ERRANT WAYS OF THOSE PUPILS WHO SURVIVED THE ERA OF UPRISING.



THE COUNTLESS SAD AND SORRY FRAYS HAVE TOLD UPON THE ENERGIES OF ZELMOK AND RAYNOK. THEIR FACES GAUNT SHOW A WEARINESS NO PORTION CAN ERASE. THEY HAVE COME TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER WELL, HAVING SHARED MUCH TRAVAIL. THEY ARE TWO SILENT FIGURES STANDING IN THE AWE AND RESPECT OF THE ANONYMOUS SENATORIALS. THEY KNOW THE GREAT POWER OF GUARDIANSHIP AND KNOW WELL THE COSTLY EXERCISE OF IT. THERE ARE NIGHTS THE REVOLUTIONARIES HAVE RETURNED TO THEM IN DREAM AND NIGHTMARE. ZELMOK, UPON WAKING, SHIVERS IN REMEMBERING THE DAYS OF SEIGE WHEN ANGRY PUPILS SAT IN THE HOLY OF HOLIES OF THE SENATORIALS. THOSE DAYS ARE NO MORE, AND IN HIS WORK, SHUFFLING PAPERS, THERE IS RELIEF.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PUPILS TOO, KNOW RELIEF. BUT BEYOND THAT, THERE IS A GNAWING BITTERNESS PROFOUND AND DISTURBING. WHERE HAVE THEIR DREAMS BEEN REALISED? WHERE IS THE VICTORY, SWEET AND SURE TO CROWN MANY STRUGGLES? HAS ALL THE TOIL THESE PAST MOONS BEEN FRUITLESS? HAVE THE SENATORIALS SUCCEEDED IN CASTRATING THEIR PASSION FOR JUSTICE? WHO COUNTS BUT MEMORIES OF THE DAYS OF COMRADESHIP AND ELATION? THE DAYS OF SPARKING DEBATE ABOUT LINES OF CORRECTNESS AND TACTICS IN THE ROOM OF STORIES? SUCH MEMORIES WERE EARNED AT GREAT COST, AND THE POWER OF THE GUARDIANS SEEMS LITTLE ALTERED. WHILE THESE QUESTIONS ARE FREQUENTLY ASKED AND CONTINUE EVEN NOW IN THE CITADEL OF BOOKS, MANY ARE THE PUPILS WHO MOVE SILENTLY THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITADEL IN OBEDIENCE TO THE LAWS OF RAYNOK TO EVENTUALLY EARN THEIR CERTIFICATES OF DULLNESS AND DUTY. RAYNOK THE SLY AMUSES HIMSELF BY FREQUENTLY SWOOPING ON THESE COWED PUPILS TO EXTRACT FINES FOR BETTY DEPARTURES FROM THE LAW. IN THIS YEAR OF SILENCE THERE IS BUT ONE DYING GASP OF RESISTANCE FROM THE REVOLUTIONARIES... THEY BAND TOGETHER ONE FINAL TIME IN LEAFLET AND CHALKING TO BATTLE ZELMOK'S PLAN OF MASTERY WHICH AIMS TO BUILD GREAT TEMPLES IN THE CITADEL TO HOUSE THE MANY HORSELESS CARRIAGES WHICH CREATE SUCH NOISE AND DISCOMFORT. ZELMOK HAS COME TO MEASURE HIS POWER BY BUILDING GREAT MONUMENTS TO HIS REIGN. THE PUPILS WIN THIS LAST BATTLE-MOMENTARILY- FOR ZELMOK RETREATS!



ACTIVITIES presents...

the HA HA HA
BOMBER PERRIER
MIME HA REVUE

HA HA HA HA
WED. 8 - SAT. 11 OCTOBER

CEMENT BOX HA HA HA

TICKETS AT DOOR
students \$2 others \$3

the ballads & songs of
CHARLES BACHMAN American Concert Baritone
Wed. Oct 15 8.15pm with Peter Hodgkinson on piano
Roxys Admit free

poetry readings by the Australian poet
JOHN BLIGHT
1pm Forum Area Wed. Oct. 22 10pm Roxys FRI Oct 24.

ROXYS... 9-1am until the end of semester
Folk dancing Oct. 31st.

CONCERTS 1pm MON-FRI daily
5.30pm Wed. fortnightly from Wed. 8th Oct in THE Creperie.

COMING... SWOT VAC UNION NIGHT... Would anyone interested in doing a video programme on our arts + crafts workshops please contact us at the Activities Office upstairs in the Union Building ph 711611 xxx