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THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY SILLY MORNING TIMES
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1976 FEE

\$97?

WERE THOSE WHO VOTED FOR THE FEE INCREASE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE STUDENT BODY AS A WHOLE. IT SEEMS THAT THIS COULD HARDLY BE SO WHEN AT MOST ONLY 150 attended. LETS HOPE THEN THAT THE UNION CAN LOOK SERIOUSLY AT ITS POSITION AND NOT HAVE TO PLACE THE BURDEN OF FEE INCREASES EACH YEAR UPON STUDENTS. BUT IT IS WORTH LOOKING AT THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD TO ABSORB INCREASES IN FEES EACH YEAR IT CERTAINLY DOES DISCRIMINATE AGAINST THE LESS FINANCIAL STUDENT AND BEGINS TO MAKE A MOCKERY OF SUPPOSEDLY FREE EDUCATION

- 00 -

LATE NEWS-REFERENDUM RESULTS OUT ON FRIDAY NIGHT PROVED THE FOLLOWING FIGURES-THOSE SAYING YES TO SECESSION 631-THOSE SAYING NO 742-INVALID 110-THEREFORE THE MOTION LAPSSES.



"I mean that on the strength of their technical proficiency they claimed a perfect understanding of every other subject, however important; and I felt this error more than outweighed their positive wisdom "

Socrates in Plato's 'Apology'

CRYPTIC COMMENTS ON CAMPUS CONSTIPATION.

Flesh and Bibles, critical flux.
(Microcosmic metamorphoses must amount to more than mental masturbation)

From the Napier Tower to the Union Bam. Today

"There were no lions any more. There had been lions once. Sometimes in the shimmer of the heat on the plains the motion of their running still flickered on the dry wind - tawny, great and quickly gone. Sometimes the honey-coloured moon shivered to the silence of a ghost-roar on the rising air."

RN.



FROM WHAT'S THERE THE MOVEMENT IS MADE.

"Thy prophets have seen vain and foolish things for thee."

Have a look for yourself, that's all.

D. Boong.

"Nothing beside remains. Round the decay of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away." P.B.S.

The invitation then, is to RENEW THE BLUE & GO WITH THE GLOW, to climb out of your conceptual cocoon, take a bite of reality and

the soul's self-sanctification will reward the effort. Break the bonds of false consciousness, Perceive Perception, fight oppression with the power of the living. Unity conquers repression Spiritual liberation for cosmic congregation (succoured and raised on the juices of the immortal Grail). Remember; Rock is not an illusion. Discard the robes of artificial decorum, stand naked, unprotected by sublime simplicity or shallow superficiality, and plunge. (make the commitment of your) The projectible aspects of being are as yet unrealized, so why not, for the sake of reincarnation, infuse one's produce with the knowledge of helter skelter. Impossibilities are impossible. The desperate dance of demented sapiens, a dialectical double tango. Meek and Mild with Holy dread. There's nowhere to escape to any more, even Bali is overloaded.



A.U.S. WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

The A.U.S. Women's Conference was held in Melbourne from September 27th to September 30th.

Here are some brief notes on some of the topics that were discussed.

Childcare.

With the delay of the next triennium and the current curb on spending within tertiary institutions - we have a year in which to agitate for priority changes. Rather than accepting the fact that the latest projects will be axed we should assess all projects in terms of priorities. This is a year which must be spent finding answers to questions such as "what kind of child-care do we want? What do we want in a Womens Studies course?

Sexism.

The 2LD Womens groups have prepared a set of questions designed to be presented to students in any lesson on any topic and we guaranteed to lead to a discussion of some aspect of sexism. This material will, through the Regional Organisation be made available to Secondary School Students and Trainee teachers for use within schools. The list of non-sexist stories for children has also grown and we should act to have this material distributed as widely as possible.

Abortion.

The Pro-Lifers are alive and agitating against Abortion. It was suggested that motions be drawn up and sent to extra-ordinary Resolution, (all constituents asked to vote) as we have just seen with the Homosexual Motions. This procedure can well be used to promote discussion on the subject but as was pointed out, Abortion may well prove to be a very divisive issue and may raise considerable opposition. It was decided that motions

would be drawn up and put to the A.U.S. Executive for their consideration.

Womens Week.

The idea of a Woman's Week had been tried at one campus and found very successful. Various Departments were approached and asked to run a lecture within their discipline but related to women. The academics were very co-operative and with lots of publicity the week was a success. Other campus groups may like to consider running a Woman's Week.

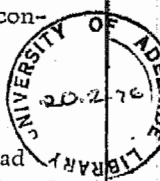
Seminars could also be organised by circulating a questionnaire amongst staff and students in all departments asking them of their desire to give papers on women. Those people willing were then contacted and a series of seminars organised. Attendances were good and it was found that people in different departments who had not previously been in contact with each other found common interest ground. Publicity needs to be well organized and should perhaps incorporate one or two broadsheets. (Noting the success of the recent economy forum at Adelaide - the idea of a seminar could well be considered).

Student Newspaper Policies.

It was suggested that Womens Groups on campus should organise a non-sexist policy for their student newspapers.

Regional Organisation.

The establishment of the A.U.S. Womens Dept. has led to the setting up of an alternative communications network for women involved in the Women's Movement. Women in South Australia must organise Regional Meetings on a regular basis to allow this network to function as it has the potential to do. The facilities of the A.U.S. Secretariat are there to be utilized by Women's Groups. This saves the money if



the individual regions and at the same time promotes dissemination of information and enhances communication. The A.U.S. Womens Dept. is then in a position to publicize programmes and place common interest groups in contact with each other.

The Conference was a valuable one for those women who went but I feel that women need to face the question of liberation without changing those women in Third World countries the right to liberation from our own capitalist exploitation of their resources.

I urge all women who have not yet been along to the meetings held by the Womens Group on campus to do so. Meetings are held every Tuesday in the Lady Symon Library at 1 p.m. Please bring your lunch.

The next National Women's Conference will be the Anarchist/Feminist Conference to be held in Canberra on the long weekend, October 11th to 13th. If you are interested in attending please contact the Women's Officer in the Students Association Office.

Llyn Smith.

The Australian Union of Students / South Australian Region

Regional Organiser

DUTIES The Organiser will be responsible for the co-ordination and organisation of AUS activities in the South Australian Region of AUS (incl. Broken Hill Uni. College and the Institute of Technology at Whyalla). The main areas of work will involve liaison between campuses, educational and other regional and national campaigns, promotion of various AUS services, as well as general AUS promotion. Previous experience in AUS or other student organisations would be useful, but not essential.

CONDITIONS The Organiser will receive the Minimum Wage, as well as allowances for travel, secretarial assistance, telephone and out-of-pocket expenses. The Organiser would be expected to work in Adelaide, but the Campus on which the Regional Office will be sited in 1976 will be determined after consultation with the incoming Organiser.

APPLICATIONS Applications giving details of experience and other relevant information about the applicant should be made in writing to: AUS REGIONAL ORGANISER, c/- STUDENTS ASSOCIATION OFFICE, ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY, SOUTH AUSTRALIA. Further details can be obtained from the above address, or from the Local AUS Secretary on any South Australian Campus.

Applications close at 5.00pm on Friday 26th November 1975



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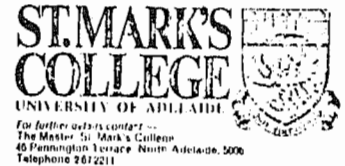
- 1 Many students and parents think that the COST of living in a flat is much lower than living in a College. This is not right
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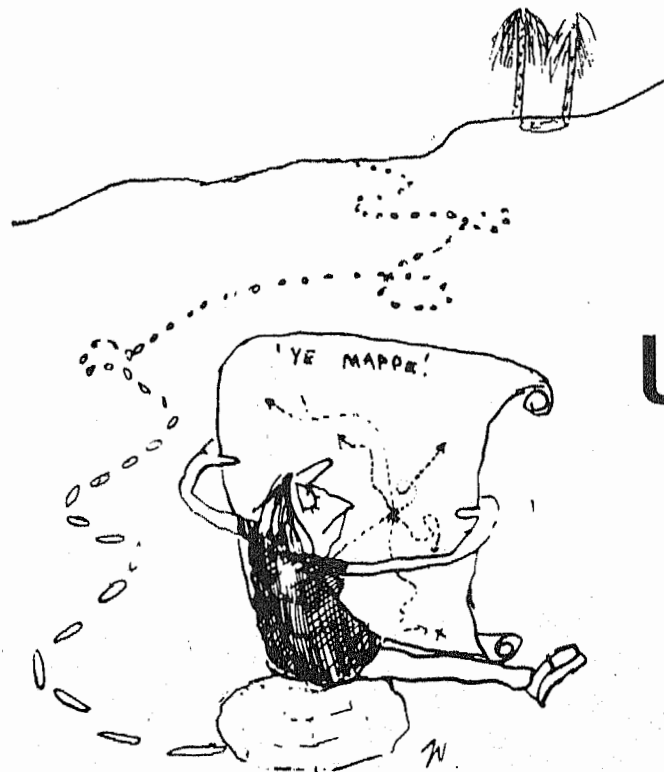
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LEADING ISRAELI NEWSPAPER
ADVOCATES NUCLEAR WAR IN
MIDDLE EAST.

(ANS/FP) - The use of nuclear weapons to destroy all Arab capitals, and to exterminate Palestinian communities in refugee camps in the Lebanon has been advocated in an article published in the leading Israeli newspaper Ha'aretz, published on 29th June. Only two weeks later, reports from Washington indicated that the Ford Administration had approved despatch of the American manufactured Lance missile - which is capable of delivering nuclear warheads.

An Israeli newspaper has reported collaboration in the development of the country's nuclear arsenal between Israel and South Africa. Yediot Aharonot carried a report on 22 May which stated "It is no secret that South African scientists cooperation with Israel takes place through the Geological Institute in Botswana, the Department of Atomic Physics at the University of Johannesburg, and the Department for the Analysis of Solid Isotopes at the Weizmann Institute in Rehovot".

Both Western and Arab intelligence sources are on record as stating that Israel has a nuclear capacity, and is stock-piling at least ten nuclear warheads. On December 1st last year, Israeli President Katzir confirmed for the first time in public that his country has "a nuclear potential which should worry the world".

Writing in Ha'aretz on 29th June, Shlomo Aharonson argued that the change in the balance of power in the Middle East since the 1970 October War now made the use of nuclear weapons a credible factor in Israel's military plans.

Urging a re-assessment of Israel's strategic-political situation, Aharonson defended the use of nuclear weapons against the Arabs on the following points:

1. "For the first time since the War of Independence there is reason to fear that the numerical balance between the Israeli Defence Forces and the Arab armies will change within ten years significantly to our disadvantage".

2. "The common interests between the Arabs and the West, both Europe and the U.S., may over a number of years outweigh the Western commitment to Israel or neutralise it."

3. "The willingness of the Israeli public to pay the price of wars does not increase. The order of casualties to be expected from a confrontation of thousands of tanks and artillery will be high. There is no political possibility of reaping in full the fruits of a possible victory".

4. "The continuing improvement in the economic situation of the Arabs stands in reverse ratio to the worsening of the economic situation of Israel, which must deal with four major tasks simultaneously: security, immigration, increase in standards of living and economic growth".

Aharonson then continues to outline his proposals for a nuclear attack against the Arabs:

"Nuclear weapons are one of the means which could upset Arab hopes, since a sufficient number of atomic weapons mounted on appropriate launching vehicles can badly damage all Arab capitals and cause the collapse of the Aswan Dam. An additional quantity can hit other cities and oil installations. Thermonuclear bombs (H-bombs) can destroy area targets, including Palestinian concentrations (.e. refugee camps - FP) in Lebanon, if, for instance, they are dropped into the sea in the target area, and this generate recoil waves (that will flood the coastal board). There are some one hundred targets in the Arab world whose destruction will change the area out of all recognition and take away from the Arab world the advantages gained since the Yom Kippur War in oil, money and political position."

Earlier in June, Ha'aretz commented on an article on Israel's nuclear policy published in a recent issue of State, Government and International Relations.

Ha'aretz (June 2, 1975) pointed out: "The significance of this article lies not only in its substance the conclusions drawn by its author, but equally in the fact that it has been published with the permission of the military censor."

The newspaper points out: "One of Dr Daoti's assumptions is that it would be an unforgivable sin if Israel did not secure the capacity for nuclear retaliation as a last resort in a situation where the Arabs threatened to destroy the state by conventional weapons. The dangers posed by conventional weapons constitute in his opinion the most convincing case for the development of nuclear weapons in Israel".

According to Ha'aretz, which also published its comment with the approval of the Israeli censor, Dr Daoti concludes: "An Israeli contingency plan for using nuclear weapons is possible also in less serious scenarios, such as extensive strikes at centres of population in Israel, the loss of air supremacy or signs that the Arabs intend large-scale use of sophisticated missiles against cities. One cannot, of course, exclude the possibility of a suicidal use of nuclear weapons, in the case of an Israeli defeat, even defeat in just one single war".

Inside the PSYCHIATRIC INDUSTRY

(ANS) - The writer has spent some time working as a psychiatric nurse.

Psychiatric institutions - the final bastion of society. Unacceptable to the family, rebellious to society, away from the norm: a person finds him/herself in prison or a psychiatric institution. Prison carries a sentence, a set period of punishment. In a psychiatric institution there is no set term, no date that one will be released upon, the imprisonment is indefinite.

Slowly, but surely, some dissent is occurring. Nurses and patients are calling for change. Humanitarianism is the call - put the system back in the hands of people who are concerned, who care, understand and want to help. "The system is alienated from society," they cry. Physically perhaps, but isn't the system purely a reflection of our present society?

Take the patient for example. That Schizophrenic, Paranoid, Psychopath, Neurotic. Practically all psychiatrists accept that most (if not all) mental illness stems from the past, the family background. Many also argue biological factors, i.e. hereditary.

Nuclear family chooses patients

Most admittances to psychiatric hospitals are a result of a complaint from a family member. The family's attitude is basically always the same. The person (patient) has changed, is not as before, is "ill". Firstly, it is interesting to note that the relations are concerned that the patient has changed - as if change was necessarily bad. Secondly, that change manifests itself in a rejection of the family and a wish to be independent (even if not understood).

This may be a perfectly legitimate response. But it is enough to turn a person into a patient. The nuclear family's dominance in society defines the composition of our psychiatric institutions.

The schizophrenic is the classical case of this. R.D. Laing is quite accurate in his description of the relationship between the family and a schizophrenic child. One parent overdominant, the other passive. For the first few years, the child was the next best thing to being perfect.

but in the teenage years the "illness" begins to take control.

From the parents, 'white lies' become the vogue. They deny to the child's face that they are talking about him/her, but behind his/her back discuss the 'problem'. The child is searching (they know not what for, why, or quite often they are searching) for an identity and the parents (particularly that overdominant one) refuses to allow this to occur. Breaking point is finally reached, the child explodes, and admittance to a hospital is the result.

The Paranoid ("someone is watching me"): after Watergate and the CIA revelations, don't you ever get that feeling? Paranoia was once described as "a state of heightened awareness". It could well be: Orwell's 1984 seems to become closer each day.

Then you've got your Psychopath. He's that child rapist, mother-fucker, evil-eyed bastard. The Psychopath acts without conscience, by instinct or careful planning, caring not for anyone. But did the soldier care for anyone at My Lai, and was the politician using con-

science when he sent the soldier there? And was the businessman acting by instinct or careful planning when he sold his guns? It's not doing the act that counts, it's getting caught.

The Religio-nut

But we can't get all emotional and depressed about this (we might get certified if we do). There is an ironically humorous aspect as well. The religious patient, a minority grouping is quite relevant. The smallness of numbers is perhaps due to the fact that religion is a dying philosophy. The religious patient has the correct basic ideas to meet today's conditions (God and Jesus are alive in heaven), but somewhere he/she loses track. They begin to believe that they are God or Jesus themselves. Generally, the religious wander around making the profound statement and heaving forth irrelevant quotes. It's alright to be a running dog, just provided you stay that way.

There are other groups that could be mentioned, but basically they're all the same anyway.

When you look at it, the main criteria for a patient is the fact that they are unproductive to the capitalist system. There is the old patient, no longer in the workforce, 'senile' unable to look after him/herself. Or the young one that can't hold down a job on the assembly line. One of the standard questions of the admitting psychiatrist is the patient's (to be) work history, often the previous few months have been spent idle.

Drug Therapy

The main form of treatment in a psychiatric hospital is drug therapy. Stelazine, Largactil, Valium, Amilriptaline, to name a few. They are stronger than beer and tobacco, or Bex, or dope and smack, but the purpose is much the same. Keep the person down and channel them into productive labour. And if the drugs don't work, then there is always the dreaded Electro-Convulsive Therapy (ECT). It's much the same as electrical torture after the wet-towel method has failed.

Psychiatric institutions play a blatant sexist role. Only recently has desegregation of wards been attempted. Over the years cases of forced sterilisation of female patients have come to light. Men receive tasks such as washing cars, gardening and carpentry, while the women have to do sewing and darning. The male rewards are cigarettes, while the female receives lipstick. It's like those TV quiz games where the woman wins a frying pan and the man gets a power drill.

The Nurses: Pigs of the First Order

The patients are those on the receiving end. What of the nurses, the bureaucracy, the Government? If it is true that psychiatric institutions are for people with fucked heads, then nowhere is it truer than with the nurses. Drunken,



sadistic, power crazy, neurotic... you name it, there's a nutcase that fits the category. There's a grapevine network amongst the nursing federation that would leave a news reporter stumbling. Rumours become facts as facts become rumours. Stories change. Completely distorted information is constantly disseminated.

A nurse is always striving for a higher position - more pay, more power. To do this the nurse has to forget the patient and concentrate on departmental politics, always conservative. But most nurses don't start working because of the patient anyway. It's a secure, slack job, that's what is important. A nurse's promotion is decided by a committee, comprised of who no one is really sure, but they decide. That speaks for the entire bureaucracy. Everyone will tell you about it, but no one is sure how it works. The bureaucracy, in fact the system, doesn't work - it just survives. It survives on a minimal amount of money and a mass of paperwork. Forms, red tape - the answer to every rebellious act.

There's a form to record what goes in, what goes out, what does and does not happen, and to hide what goes wrong. Like when a patient dies from an overdose of prescribed drugs. The doctor that issued the prescription will probably sign the death certificate and the State psychiatric system have their own post-mortem facilities.

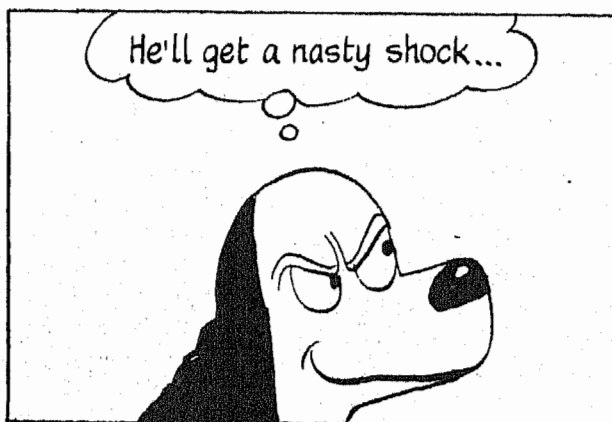
What about those occasions when a nurse flaunts his/her powers and bashes a patient. The forms hide the incident and the nurse is quietly promoted to an administrative position or seconded to another hospital. Something like an ambassadorship for a politician or a cop beating a murder rap after months of court cases.

The Power of the Authorities

No matter what, the power of the authorities continues. A power that is mostly subtle, though violent when threatened. A power that is based upon making an object (person) productive to society and is not concerned with human emotions. A power that is both a symptom and perpetuator of capitalist society.

Those that argue for radicalisation within the psychiatric system, although sincere, are wrong. Psychiatric institutions should either be left the way they are - a reflection of the rest of society and a gauge for us to see where we fit in this big wide world - or they should be done away with completely. And people should be allowed to do with their own heads and bodies whatever they wish, no matter what that is.

Philip Walker
SCRAG



"Why the name Apolitical Party?"

Because we are political in effect, not in nature. We are not interested so much in power and government, but more in influencing the political sphere to achieve greater awareness of woman/man and the world we live in. We are motivated by the politics of Awareness (A-Political): Awareness of the implications and failures of our present attitudes and laws, awareness of the need for changes, awareness of the need for viable alternatives.

"What is its basic aims?"

We would like to offer the community real alternatives to choose from Political Parties today, neither offer nor tolerate real alternative lifestyles. If we are to be free and happy in life, one has to live in an environment which allows a mature and responsible person to do what they feel and not what they are told to feel. This is the only way to fulfill and be ourselves.

Consequently, we aim to provide each person with the maximum opportunity to pursue his/her own purpose in life, and this implies:

- (1) The safeguarding of each person's freedom.
- (2) The recognition of the rights of others.
- (3) The removal of unnecessary restrictions on people's personal lives.
- (4) The provision of alternatives.
- (5) Co-existence and interrelating of subcultures, and the acceptance of the rights of each.

We aim to make people more aware, we aim to assist people to respond actively to this awareness....At present, this awareness brings pessimism, due to an inability to change the situation.

We want to use this awareness to create, to rebuild, to heal, and to avoid the heritage that our present direction indicates.

Social justice must be the principle behind Law and Order.

Many people today can no longer cope with the complex, artificial urbanized society which man has created, and seeks instead simplicity and self-sufficiency, but because of the social, political and economic make-up of the economy most people have no choice but to conform/compromise; trapped in an unfulfilling and meaningless existence.

Escaping what is to some people an inhuman Society, has no way out for many, but the slow roads of self-destruction: such as the abuse of drugs, alcohol, tranquilizers, cigarettes, and so forth.

The Apolitical Party aims however to provide and protect viable and suitable alternatives. These people should not be forced to waste their lives because of a lack of alternative social structures, or because of a crushing pressure on their own minority groups to conform to the mass. This is especially so, considering the evident self-destruction trends of the dominant social system.

Peter Carey.

If you would like more information on the Party's policies, write to the 'Apolitical Party
c/- P.O. Box 113 Glenside, S.A.
5065

Membership: \$2.00

Members at present are very happy.

WHAT MAKES A PRO-LIFE TICK?

This article has been written in response to a general lack of understanding of the motivations of someone who is Pro-Life.

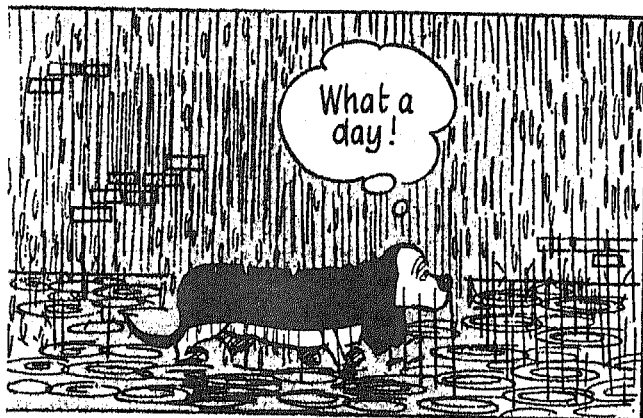
For, if someone is Pro-Life, that is something which goes against the grain. To be Pro-Life is to want everyone to communicate, and to understand what and who the people around us are.

To be Pro-Life is not to be anti-abortion, anti-euthenasia, anti-this, anti-that. To be Pro-Life is something positive! Someone who has a vision of the world as it could be a place where everyone is loved and loves others, where poverty is gone, where the air is pleasant to breathe and no-one harms another - is Pro-Life.

He revolts against the anti-life philosophies where the strong crush the weak, and where one person's desire for material wealth and well-being is allowed to be more important than another's welfare....or even life. And it is not only a revolt in spirit, but a revolt in deeds.

To be sure, this resolution is brought about in many by a Christian love. This love is so compelling that it must be a commitment to justice, freedom and peace for others. But not all will rally to this call.

However, what is it which CAN unite all mankind? We can all work



towards dehumanisation together, by challenging our neighbour to strive for a society where its citizens are no longer things, but people.

What does all this mean?

It means that to be Pro-Life is a whole way of living. We must take an interest in the world around us, otherwise how can we say truthfully that we love our fellow (wo)man? For without the truth we cannot see ANY REAL injustice, we are like the blind saying they can see.

It is this willingness to believe the truth, combined with the concern with the welfare of others which gets a Pro-Lifer into his/her struggles.

Take abortion for example.

It is not in the makeup of one who is Pro-Life to turn a blind eye to the truth that spouts out to be heard. (S)he knows that an unborn human being is just that - a human being not yet born.

(S)he knows that the destruction of this human being is not something to be taken lightly.

(S)he also recognises and despises the attitude of legislators and society in general, which abandons the distressed pregnant woman - who often is as much the victim of abortion as the foetus - to be carved up both physically and mentally.

"A woman who goes to a doctor must turn over her body to him and at the end of the treatment she gets it back; she is entitled to no explanations, she must not ask questions nor make suggestions."

K. Emmott

However, any action to remedy the situation is, as always, limited by the resources of the Pro-Lifer. This is no excuse for inaction, for apathy is a strong contribution to the anti-life forces.

There are many other stands which can be taken but (I believe) that abortion is such a clear cut issue, a life and death issue, and it is a situation which exists in our own country, our own city, our own suburbs. This is why you will find that a Pro-Lifer tends to spend much - but not all of his/her energy combating the idea of abortion and the situations and philosophies which prompt people to kill their offspring.

If you want to take a firm stand against the tide of anti life destruction, you can do something. There is a Pro-Life society at Adelaide University, it is called The Organisation To Assist Life (T.O.T.A.L.)

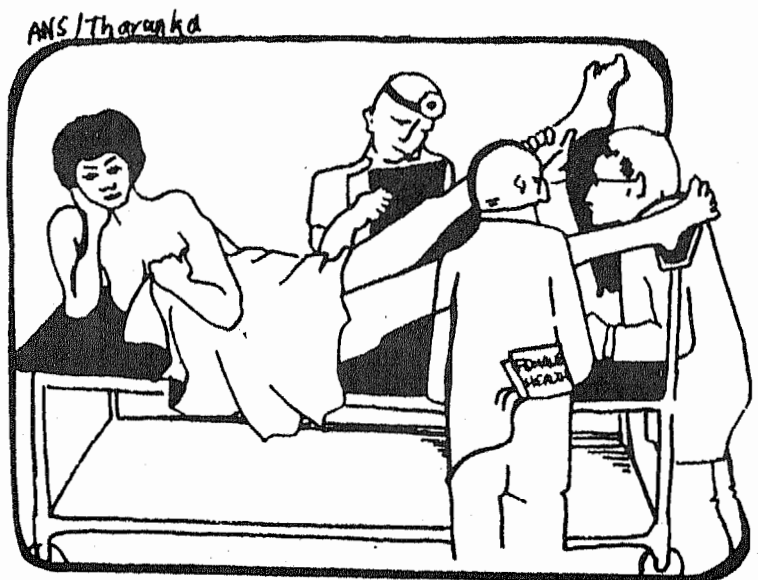
We have a letter box in the S.A.U.A. Office, right near the door, between the Young Socialist box and Women's Liberation. Please contact us.

Tim McLoughlin,
Chairman: T.O.T.A.L.

STUDENT EMPLOYMENT UNION HOUSE

THE UNION HOUSE COMMITTEE DECIDED AT THE LAST MEETING TO INSTITUTE A CALL LIST OF STUDENTS WHO ARE PREPARED TO WORK AS CASUAL CLEANERS WHEN REQUIRED IN THE UNION COMPLEX. STUDENTS INTERESTED WILL BE REQUIRED TO SUPPLY A TELEPHONE NUMBER WHERE CONTACT CAN BE MADE AT ANY TIME INCLUDING WEEKENDS OR PUBLIC HOLIDAYS. INFORMATION REQUIRED CAN BE LEFT AT UNION SECRETARY'S OFFICE OR WITH WELFARE OFFICER.

BOB HAY
HOUSE SUPERVISOR.



BLOODY SUNDAY

JAN 30 1972

During the late 1960's in the Ulster counties of Northern Ireland a Civil Rights movement grew up, out of the discrimination in housing, education, employment and electoral gerrymandering practised against the catholic population by the Unionist Govt. The time was very appropriate for such a campaign. The IRA had last fired the gun in 1962 and were embarking on a campaign of nationalist and working class agitation, (supporting strikes, protecting local fishermen against large foreign companies etc.). Large sections of the Protestant youth had shown its opposition to the bigoted views of the extremists in the Orange order. The Republicans had realized the need for grass roots political organization and were active in groups like "Peoples Democracy", and the "Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association".

British moneyed and military interests (some of the largest British NATO bases are in Ireland) countered these progressions with a tried and true formula, of stirring up religious hatred between the two religions in the province. This has been the British tactic to "divide and rule" Ireland for centuries. This time however the worlds press took the trouble, via the tele-set to every home in England and Ireland and much of the rest of the world. Mobs were seen attacking Catholic people with the Ulster police either standing back and watching or leading and stirring up the mobs.

The IRA, whose policy was one of involvement in politics and avoiding gun-battles was drawn into a campaign of armed defense against

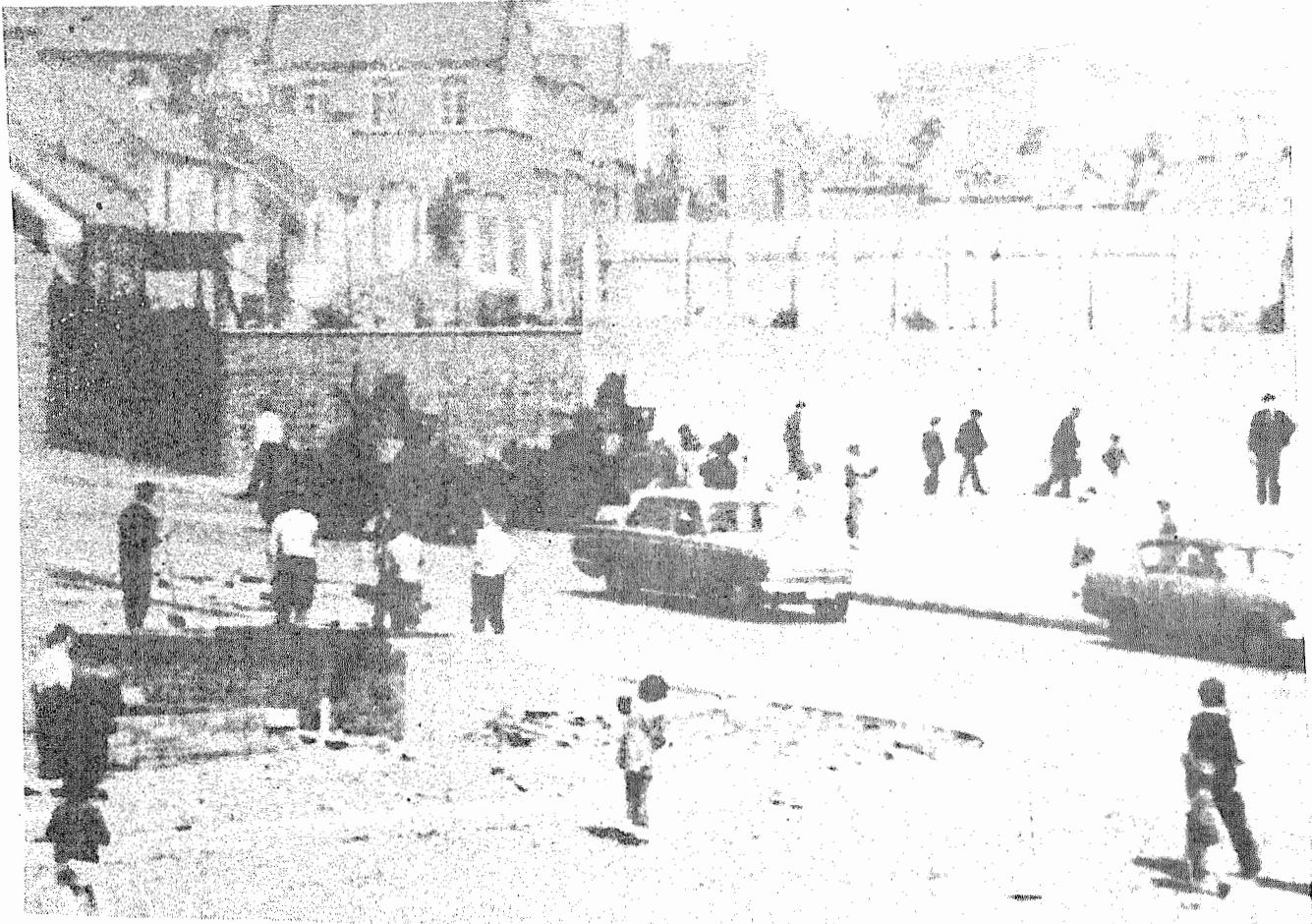
the attacks by the Unionist Govt., and its mob-rule supporters. The Defense Committees which sprang up in the nationalist areas looked to the IRA to back them up, and co-ordinate and to some extent lead the besieged areas.

Against this background the British Army was sent to Ulster, supposedly to restore order, but really as the only alternative available after the "Orange" police led mobs, failed to break the Civil Rights movement, (demands backed by marches, strikes, and other acts of civil dis-obedience had in-fact increased after the attacks). The role of the British Army as an extension of the B-Special police (the thugs devoted to Protestant domination and most active in repressing Catholics) or of the mobs, and not as a "thin edge" between two warring communities, is best illustrated by two events. First the rounding up of people under the internment laws, and secondly by the massacre which became known as "bloody Sunday". It is with the latter I will now discuss in detail.

The news of the massacre was flashed around the world within hours of it occurring. Thirteen people who were participating in a protest against the Special Powers Act-which allows internment without trial-were shot dead by units of the British Army. Many other people were shot and wounded, one of who later died and made the death toll up to fourteen. (A British commission later "investigated" the massacre and whitewashed the role of the Army and State in causing the killings. They came up with a theory that the IRA had started the shooting and were therefore responsible for the civilian deaths. The real judges of this crime, the people of Derry have obviously found the IRA blameless in this affair and the Army, guilty).

To understand what happened in Derry on "bloody Sunday" we must look at several events in the months prior to January. The British Army believed mistakenly that it was winning the war against the IRA. It believed that in the





months after the introduction of internment it had worn down the IRA, in particular they thought that the tough Belfast group had been destroyed. All they thought that the IRA had left capable of important actions was the Derry organization (estimated as being 80 IRA regulars).

A glance at the map will show several important differences between Belfast and Derry which have a bearing on Bloody Sunday. Firstly Belfast is a long way from the border, reinforcement and escape to the South is very hazardous. Derry is only a few miles from the border and in difficult times the IRA could be safe in Eire in a short time. Secondly Derry is a city with a Catholic majority although the gerrymander keeps its Govt. protestant and the county that the city is in also has a catholic majority. This

contrasts with Belfast where the catholics are in small vulnerable communities inside a greater protestant community.

The British were anxious to destroy the IRA in Derry but were unable to pick up many men in its swoops and searches. The support given the IRA by a sympathetic pop. frustrated and infuriated the British. The people created diversions to allow the IRA to escape, hid IRA men, hid weapons for them, helped wounded and wanted men to shelter in the South, and supplied money and food to support the guerilla army. Lt. Col. Derek Wilford of the British Army worked out a plan to draw the IRA into a battle in which it could be smashed. An anti-internment rally to be held by the Civil Rights group was made the scene for the attempt to

crush the IRA. The British knew the IRA men would turn out to support the rally, and set their plans accordingly. They flew in the Paratroop Regiment from Belfast, already noted for its rough methods. The square which was the destination of the march the Army barricaded off. Behind this barricade were numerous armoured cars. Soldiers were stationed on roof-tops and in buildings around this trap. When the march reached this point it was fire on, and a large number of people were wounded and one killed. According to Lt. Col. Wilford the IRA men would now scurry home and grab their guns and return in force and ready to fight, on ground chosen by the British. The failure of the IRA to mobilise, was, according to Wilford unthinkable in view of the loss of face which it would supposedly suffer.

OZ BOOK *Effects*

Student newspaper new writing poetry and prose supplement

Murray Bail
 22. At least one person whose
 unique sexual capacities
 have no outlet

(An extract from *Contemporary
 Portrait and Other Stories*, ©
 1975 Murray Bail, published
 by the University of Queens-
 land Press, paper \$2.50, cloth
 \$5.50.)

Mrs. Cartwright has lived in India for most of her life, and I met her beside the swimming pool at the Beach Candy Club, Thursday. This was in 1968. It was a Sunday morning, very, very humid. I was new to India. The *Abis Sema* had motel during the week. Cars were swartened, shops, buses and taxis burnt. Over a hundred were murdered dead. The coffee lifted only that morning allowed us, the European community, to get together, and I was naturally eager to hear the Old Hands, including Mrs. Cartwright's husband, arguing in the deck chairs on my flight, but no, Mrs. Cartwright had her hand on my arm discussing something altogether different, unimportant. When she opened her handbag and took out a photograph I realised the subject had been herself.

"What is this?" I said, and glanced back. Any chance of pinning them was rapidly disappearing.

"I had a figure then," she said in a tone of apparent disinterest, "as good as anything you see here."

We all know how the tropics celebrate the aging process. It was brought home to me by Mrs. Cartwright's thumb which held the photograph. Smoked in a tin and it was a mass of overlapping circles, expansions and contractions. The red was painted red. Then the photograph I found myself leaning forward. It was her in a sun couch, unattended, before the war. "I was twenty three, sweet and innocent." Adding, "I gave Frank a merry chase."

She lay there in a blime half nude and with trousers. She had a wide apart face like a generous countess.

Respiration stilled down my back. It must have been his humidity. Feeling her was long I mumbled once again at the photograph.

The relaxed man words "Parties, weekends, every night. The life has left India." "What happened during the war?" I asked, bringing the subject more or less back to the Old Hands. All I could see of Frank Cartwright was his local Englishman's back.

"We were married before it. I sat around waiting for Frank in Ceylon. Ceylon was full of American boys."

And then, she blew smoke in my face. Suddenly she began laughing at something, her wrinkles shaking.

"Wasn't I a beauty?" she said, taking the photograph back. Before I could answer, she went on, "Now I'll show you something else. This is the oddest thing that ever happened to me." Laughing still, she dug around in the handbag. Suddenly she stopped. "But you don't go telling anyone. I haven't shown this to a soul. Not even Frank."

Frank holding court had his back to us. She inhaled her cigarette and produced another photograph.

"This is me. Don't blush." I let out a slow whistle. It was another pre-war pose, this time nude. She lay on cushions. Her hair was down. She had a large smiling mouth.

Mrs. Cartwright gave a hoot, slightly embarrassed laugh.

"Ever nice," I said, studying her lovely professionally, but gradually reddening then, "Aye, this is a painting!"

"Now I'll tell you," she said.

"When we married, Frank and I moved into his place in Delhi. Frank was already in the army, playing soldiers. Next door was an artist. I forget his name - a nice Bengali boy. I used to go in during the day. He was always polite. He used to listen to me."

She lit another cigarette. "I held onto the photograph. 'I think he may have loved me,' she said, blowing smoke, "but even after I was married I had men running after me. I could see he wouldn't touch me. The Bengali and one afternoon, it was one of those terrible hot Delhi days, I threw said. Everything there was so bloody quiet there."

The Bengali cries were crying. I felt India's heat drying my throat. "The poor boy was shocked. He lost his tongue. But he began painting. The next day he brought the cushion you see there. And I enjoyed it! Lying back on the cushions."

"How long did he take?" I asked, studying the painting.

"Five weeks. It was finished the morning war was declared. I remember thinking that the narrow were fighting over the qualities of my body."

Again she laughed. She stubbed out her cigarette.

"Anyway, Frank ran off to fight. I spent five years vegetating in Ceylon. Look at me now! In 1946, we went back to Delhi. Frank still had another year in the army. A cheeky young sergeant showed us our married quarters. He kept brushing past me in the doorways. Then - and I nearly died - someone took us into the Officers' Mess. Hanging over the fireplace was the oil painting. I stood stock still, waiting for one of them to recognize me. But no one did. Not even Frank!" Mrs. Cartwright paused. "But then he's as blind as a bat."

"It's still up there," she added, taking the photograph back from me. "I saw it only the other day."

She put it back in the envelope, closing her ridiculous handbag. She sighed and looked around the pool. "All those dirty old men, flicking their chips over me."

Jennifer Maiden
 Tactics

(A poem from *Tactics*, © 1974 Jennifer Maiden, published by the University of Queensland Press, paper \$1.50, cloth \$3.50)

Tactics
 1

Telling this fiction, finding the thing, dressing one story, once I would have been defeated by each dying novel of your skin.

"In its unspun knots of water the sun in the harbour shows least-embossed like a sideboard of silver an antique's ominous glow.

commuting back on Sunday to the ecstasies of sleep two voices edge & flicker, as one scar of cloud gells in a dusk current to bed the vales in blind.

Irritation's pincers set new flesh between her brows, & the girl's moist hair clings, bundled by her knuckles from her nape. he listens as if gentle & withdraws to concentrate on her tired surge of walking in the canna-rooted slime, then glances down, impatient at the wristed heat of time."

2

No, the last line rhymes too tightly, & time's random spill is strange -- too anarchic to quite execute immaculate revenge . . .

no consequence is needed: just those waters & a wristed watch, that world . . .

all histerionics prove too obviously good there, like some businessman who pensions off his ghosts above the basic wage, too desperately basic.

love's Tory, too, I'm anxious, need to keep my facade for your fluxing clay, angled in my compact, powder-vague & various as peace, you sprawl on the tide-salturen shale: a wet nun's coil -- my hair -- reflects the crushed sun-cellophane sea.

"Don't hurry for me," you lounge where mantled finches suck & brawl like sparring flames, noon-rapid: tall in fitful flashes, echoer at ease to disconcert, you yawn.

"I won't keep you long now," I say, & though I now can't keep you long, delay

that working of the world, to gain its expertise, a tactic of return.

Kate Jennings
 One Kiss too many

(A poem from *Come in Me My Melancholy Baby*, © 1975 Kate Jennings, published by Outback Press, paper \$1.95, cloth \$3.50.)

"One kiss too many
 And kisses lose their meaning"
 Diane Wakoski

Let me, this once and without condemnation, be churlish and openly maledictory (my poetry might be a poetry of revenge but having the last word is often pyrrhic); I wish for you the loneliness you have given me. I mean by loneliness not that common state of being alone in a crowd, but something else, more awful.

That is not nice of me. I'm supposed to hug my grief and grievances to myself and like an extraordinary benevolent peasant woman wish you a long life, many offspring and a multiplicity of happinesses. I should care for you and keep the thought of you (you as yours!) precious no matter where you go what you do no matter where I go what I do.

Loving you has made me bitter and not courteous or gracious or kind. I did not learn about tenderness, warmth and mystic moments of burning worlds and carnal satisfactions (of which I've read in other people's poetry), although in my fantasies I know of such things well and tried to offer you a tentative self.

I cannot suffer fools gladly and all men are fools (like the feminist in *Miss Alacintosh, My Darling* I'll die with forty trunks filled with bridal dresses).

I continue a petulant virago and wish in my heart of hearts that you will be weak, your ambitions thwarted, and that you will be smitten with boils until we know you not. And, unlike Julia, you will not have the integrity or wit to say *how long will you vex my soul,* and break me in pieces with words.

I bear my words and meanings are too simple, my motives too transparent. I will be fetted imaginatively and emotionally if I cannot be more involved with matters other than love has died, friendship has faded.

But because I loved you gleefully because we in a manner of speaking blew it baby because I no longer like you because I despise and curse you and because I am lonely I want to protest. I mean love's a myth isn't it.

This cartoon is from *Marzipan Wrestling*, © 1975, Jenny Brown and Neil Curtis, published by Outback Press, paper \$1.95, cloth \$3.50.



ontology of the backyard
Garrie Hutchinson

(A poem from *Terror Australia*, © 1975 Garrie Hutchinson, published by Outback Press, paper \$1.95, cloth \$5.50.)

Just big enough, the backyard, to give the appearance, and picture windows to frame the child's activities, the longtime words sunk into neurotic housewife's demands, her husband made aware of the need to see space, after all the lost child on the front pages only imitates the deep impressed literature, architecture follows the bush, anguished tree wife sleeps fitfully youngsters curled like dogs at a fire, a shotgun marriage whilst the cattle are away, or shearings to be done, but the joy of the space cracked gum and eucalyptus, & conquering it is the descendants manageable space of yard and roshushes the window outlook on their smaller circles and batterings at the locked gate, the shotgun now guards the daytime against the wall of cars the methedrine ozone of the night.

Big Sleep Nights
in *Yardburn Good*
Max Williams

(A poem from *The Four Most Books*, © 1975 Max Williams, published by the Poetry Society of Australia, from *Poets*, paper \$3.95, cloth \$11.00)

At Goulburn road
the clock strikes on an evp cell -
lightening the senseless lights bear down,
Outside the more secret hiding place
I hear a dog sleep way
where waterbirds and prisoners
sometimes hide by day - till late at night,
The screams of a gentle cough surprise me
then scraping footsteps come
from the River Gange - a light
for some in-fingement -
that fingers squinting iron bars
nor take the sleeping hammocks slung
to creep where a dream had sprung
The clock is careful in the morning hours
not to drive the sleeping hammocks slung
from cell to cell, and not
to trespass where a dream had sprung
How can they unaware, how can I accept
that the clock might stop - the light might fade
and those gritty footsteps fail to creep
through all the years I have to go.

Night
Rudi Krausmann

(A chapter out of *From Another Shore*, © Rudi Krausmann, published by Wild & Woolley, paper \$3.95)

- The voyages of the night, where did they end? At the mountains of fire, in the spiced streets or in the scented buses. Some passions still cry at the shore, and our courage is transfixed to the beach. What remains is the dazed sand under the eucalyptus trees.
- Once you contained all seasons, until summer lost itself behind the trees. You wore our history between your breasts, and with a single word you could condemn me to the remotest shore of exile. I search for your face under the stones, a face which no longer exists.
- Even the flattest landscapes have invisible hills. The wraith of the girl wears a mask which is no longer melancholy. The touch of joy becomes threadbare. Nobody smiles at the machine, transmitted from God to the automobile. Who can pull a dead horse across the road. Who can pay off the present, which is unknown to him?
- Pleasures can be destroyed during one's absence, also during the sleep when an eyelash is produced or when someone tunes into the petrol meter. A night can come too late. In such a manner the dead become meaningless if there is none of the living to justify them.
- I don't want nights by measure, nor love by measure, rather I am entertained by fools, who come and go as they please. From the hills which hear no trace of animal life I hear their laughter: they make no demands, as women without breasts make no demands. I attempted to give to the night a night.
- I searched for you, but your position had no geometry. I desired you, but in the night you became a formula of unknown factors. (On the face without names the contours become imaginary.)
- For those who open and shut their lives like venetian blinds, fear strikes at least once. Somewhere every silence is broken. It is perhaps because it is never quite day, never completely night.

- We constructed our house so tightly that nobody dared to enter. The objects in the room spoke the language of magazines. If a flower lay on the table, its petals were dispersed. During the night, we lost the inner order. Slowly the routine had to grow.
- This leaf and this stone in front of me speak alike. The water and the air have not changed their structure. The eye which once loved still burns as it always has, only now it burns for something else. However the earth or the atmosphere may be penetrated, they will not give up their secret. Whatever we may undertake, the night cannot lift its darkness.
- On the path which we had to take we crossed the shadows of birds, a school of flying fish, and the wind, which the others had left behind. Every step was accompanied by a mistake. Those who did not know us were fortunate. There was no event which could not evade, no lie which did not settle in the face. If we took a rock from the sea we destroyed its meaning. We could not expect anything from the night, which we had not given to the day.
- Where are the towers which shall satisfy our longings, where are the rooms which shall cool our vision? Which doors will open to lead us back, and which technique replace the rhythm which once connected us with the earth? Shall we have to learn how to live without questions, without answers?
- Even now your smile is a winter tale. What can you expect from a gentleman in grey? As you illuminate your partner, such shadows will return to you. If you approach the world with artificial means, you can only expect false emotions.
- What I need I destroy with precision. Were I to find a truth I would give it to the monkeys, as I can't use it. How many obstacles between the harmonies, how many cracks between the fingers?

I conquer continuously, as there is nothing to conquer.

To stand somewhere in absolute silence, and not to give one's energies to luxuries. There are points where all tragedies and all comedies intersect, where the only triumph is death. You ask me, "How shall I live?" I answer that it will not be without defeat. But don't fall in with those who can't accept it.

I allow the seasons and the doubts to enter the house. The birds are trapped by my roofs. Strangers, whether they have achieved much or nothing at all, I offer my dream flowers, the noise of their may forget the noise of their grow tired of the stones, the earth and the water.

The parks, not the trees, repeat themselves. And those who like to talk so much of the future can't even satisfy their beginnings. When we walk across the ruined terraces the days have passed. We need not fear the errors of men. But we have no pity for those who wear money under their eyelids.

I am content to take the dead leaves from your lips. I long for simple actions. I want to remember you precisely. You may enter deeply, and it has to be a night without laughter and broken glasses. The air must be stronger than memory, and the solitude enclosed by colourful hills. I don't know how often I have lived, but my death must arise from the ruins of the night.

One sees less clearly that which one denudes. We approach the earth with a coat of disease. It must open all doors, or none. Nothingness can hear fruit. The sun, which is decayed by the night and only by the night, can show a way.

This bark under your foot, one doesn't have to walk far to see it. Chance sometimes gets rid of the yellow of travels, but I am not able now to do more than collect the dead words from your cheek and return them to the night.

*Good because the days may go
the days may come*

(A poem from *Memories of a 19th Century*, © 1975 Rudi Krausmann, published by Maximus Books, paper \$2.95.)

Maximus Books

This is the Outbackweek student newspaper supplement for Outbackweek 1975.

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Robert Adamson and Carol Trehear helped edit the supplement.

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ANTHONY M. ...



During this murder spree, one man was shot dead with the bullet entering him, one inch from his anus, and exiting at his right shoulder a wound only possible if he were shot from behind while crawling. Another man was crushed against a wall by an armoured car. Some of the horror of this attack can be gained in the statements of the wounded.

Alex Nash, a 52 year old unemployed - a common thing in Derry-painter testifies;

"I saw my son Willie (18) shot down with two other lads at the Rossville St. Barricade. I knew he was dead but I ran forward and raised my arm to stop the

After this attack the march moved back towards "Free Derry", a no-go area to the Police and all but large units of troops-with the army harassing them with baton charges, water cannon, and rubber bullets. This was to ensure that the marchers would be angry enough to demand IRA protection if the IRA hesitated to shoot it out. After giving the IRA time to arm, the British Army and in particular the Paratroops moved in, for the big show down. The result is best expressed in the picture above which is of the banner carried at the front of the march. (The dark stains on the banner and the ground is blood). Troops ran forward from buildings and kneeled and fired into the crowd, armoured cars rushed forward and fired at the march. But, unexpectedly to the British tacticians, no gun battle started. What IRA men were there were helping with the wounded and trying to get the people under cover. Four IRA men arrived with guns shortly after the British stopped firing but took no part in the gunfire.



soldiers shooting anymore. They shot me in the arm. I fell down and they fired at least six more rounds at me. I thought 'O Christ, if I get up they'll shoot me again'.

Paddy O'Donnell, a 40 year old foreman says;
"I heard shooting. When I was hit from behind in the shoulder. Soldiers came running and shouting 'put your hands up', I said I was hit and they said 'come on get up or you'll get it up', I called to a priest and tried to speak to him and a soldier hit me with his baton .

(O'Donnell had a six inch wound in his scalp stitched after the massacre).

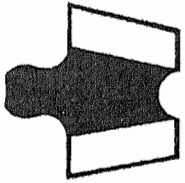
Gilles Peress a French Photographer working with Magnum International News agency was shot at during the massacre, while standing apart from the main body of marchers and taking photographs. He writes of the shooting;

"I saw soldiers kneeling and firing methodically and slowly. At no time did I see a civilian carry a weapon, fire a shot or throw a nail bomb. I saw no weapons or bombs abandoned on the ground (apart from two shots fired at the end of the action from somewhere near free Derry) ...all the shooting I saw was done by the Soldiers."

The events as described in this article are backed up by a report drawn up by the Sunday Times "insight" Team. This report concludes "that Bloody Sunday was not just an unfortunate 'accident'." It was a deliberate mass murder by the British Army to further its own military aims.

This massacre exposes completely the myth that the British Army is in Ireland to keep two warring communities apart, and that they are an impartial "thin wedge", necessary to save lives and keep down extremism. It proves that Imperialism has not turned respectable, but will resort to whatever means it has to, in order to protect itself from progressive movements.

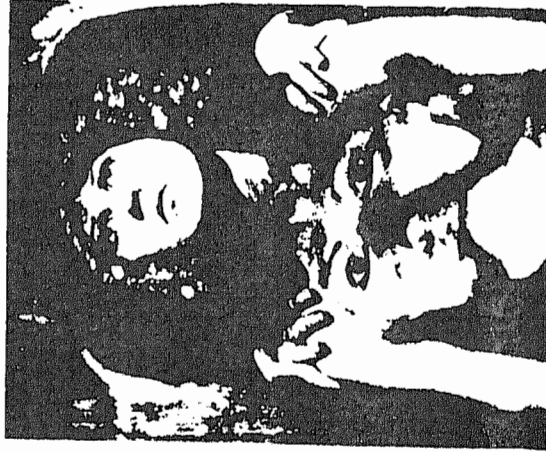




SA CREATIVE
WORKSHOPS

**"THE HOUSE OF
BERNARDA ALBA"**

by LORCA



SHERIDAN THEATRE

McKinnon Pde. Nth Adelaide

29th OCT. - 2nd NOV.

BOOK ALLANS





2nd October, 1975.

Mr. D. Hall,
Editor,
"ON DIT"

Students' Association,
University of Adelaide.

Dear Editor,

I write to acquaint Union members with the Catering Board's recent changes in policy regarding the Union Bars.

As everyone is aware, there have been constant increases in price of goods supplied and in labour costs during the year. In May the 3.5% National Wage rise was absorbed without price rises. Rises in prices of goods supplied have sometimes been passed on and at other times absorbed. The most recent rises in cost of goods and in wages (3.5%) we cannot absorb. The Bar Manager has been instructed to increase all prices to the recommended Saloon Bar price. Before you carry out any direct comparisons with your local pub, it may be worth your while to determine the size of serve and the brand of liquor supplied in comparison to that available in the Union Bar. Unlike Hotels that have Lounges to make large profits, and Bottle Shop

sales to increase percentages, we have only the single outlet. The price rises in themselves will not be sufficient to overcome our budget difficulties. It has been necessary, therefore, to reduce our labour costs. The Bars will be required to hire only experienced staff, instead of having a "trainee" component. The number of staff employed at any time will be reduced. This will affect the service. At the same time the Bar Manager has been instructed to spread the available hours amongst as many students as possible, we hope that it will not be necessary for any student to work more than 15 hours per week.

These changes are needed if the Catering Department is to meet its financial responsibilities to the Union Council for this year. It is worth pointing out that contrary to rumour, the Bars do not subsidise the food service. No area of the Catering Department is budgetted to lose money. All contribute to running costs.

Clive Watts
Chairman
Catering Management Board.

"If we're treading on thin ice,
Then we might as well dance."

All of my friends have been bored at some length over the past few years by me telling them how wonderful Jesse Winchester is. Fortunately, the man himself more than lived up to the expectations of anyone who attended his concert on the best Monday night of 1975.

Paul Smyth was an excellent support. His performance was a bit sloppy at times and the abominable amplification did its best to hide the fact that he is a prodigiously talented and distinctive guitarist, but it was a pleasure to see a 'local talent' who is not only genuinely talented but who was also compatible with the main act.

Jesse Winchester's music is a quite unique blend of various influences ranging from rockabilly, to blues, to folk, to traditional country music to gospel. His songs are beautifully polished gems, concise and unpretentiously intelligent. He performed them with conviction, grace and an unforced sense of humour, which had the entire audience melting before his very eyes. One would have to have been suicidal not to have left the hall in a magnificent mood. It was the atmosphere that Jesse Winchester generated which really set the concert apart from any other performance I have seen by a singer, but even on a technical level the music was very fine. Australians, Stephen Cooney and Dallas McDermot had been playing with Jesse for all of a week or so, but particularly with Stephen Cooney's lovely single-string acoustic guitar leads, one would have thought they had been playing together for years.

Memo to WEA: please release his first album.

Doug Spencer.

* from 'Do it' (C) Jesse Winchester
1972.

PROCEEDS OF LOST PROPERTY
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PAID TO ABSCHOL.

ROD STEWART : ATLANTIC
CROSSING (W.B. BS 2875)

Blown out by the superbly gauche but grand outside cover, hopeful that the musical talents of Steve Cropper, Jesse Ed Davis and Nigel Olsson, amongst others, would adequately compensate for the first time total absence of Faces regulars from a Stewart recording, the contents of "Atlantic Crossing" come as something of a let down.

The album has a rocker side and a slower ballad side and while both sides contain numbers equal to Rod's towering best, the remaining tracks fall with varying degrees of heaviness into the also-ran category.

Three Time Loser and Stone Cold Sober, both of Side 1, vie for best track honours: both in the true raunchy rocker vein of Rod's best: chunky rhythm chord sequences thumping behind that husky assertion of Rod's vocal prowess. The brass interlude of "Three Time Loser" though, and again throughout "All in the Name of Rock 'n Roll" is an invasion of what I call North American rock 'n roll hype. Rock numbers too often lose their authenticity behind big brass backings and female choruses.

A more welcome invasion is that of reggae into "Alright for an Hour" and Dobie Gray's hit, "Drift Away". Rod does a good job of this classic, as any man with a voice and a heart close to rock 'n roll should do. This

track should also be noted for some guitar that goes through three stages: reggae, steel and more fluid solo style for its conclusion.

Side 2 opens with dead Crazy Horse, Danny Whitten's "I Don't Want to Talk About It", a song that Rod's vocal carries well enough, but the excessive sugaring of strings hints at a sophistication that serves no purpose in Rod Stewart's repertoire - although Rod himself may think differently.

Two memorable tracks follow before Rod's own "Still Have You": a song of sincerity and awkward vulnerability. The lyrics are simple and heartfelt and the West Coast influence sneaks in with a very Jackson Browne-like lone violin arrangement reinforcing the reflective mood. Gavin Sutherland's "Sailin" concludes the album: a track that is among the best presented here, but I've long been a fan of the Sutherland Brothers.

There are rumours that Rod, whose casting himself more and more as the ultimate rock 'n roll patriot, was so pleased with these sessions with the Memphis and Muscle Shoals boys that he may disband the Faces if they can't measure up to the same standard. Tread easy Rod. The Faces may not be the tightest band, but their versatility and on stage generation of rock 'n roll excitement is still a more suitable vehicle for your talents than the material presented on "Atlantic Crossing".



FLEETWOOD MAC : FLEETWOOD
MAC (REPRISE MS2225)

Fleetwood Mac have now been around for eight years. Only the rhythm section of Mick Fleetwood and John McVie remain from the original Mac. Last to leave was Bob Welch and to replace him comes Stephanie (Stevie) Nicks to augment the vocal section, and Lindsey Buckingham on guitars. Recorded in Los Angeles, the album is a product of yet another English band taking residence on the other side of the Atlantic.

No longer are Fleetwood Mac a hard British blues band. The presence of two female vocalists has inevitably softened the band and two songs off this latest album are almost pure folk. All vocals are handled by Christine McVie and Stevie Nicks and McVie's in particular exhibit superb control of the harmony of melody. Stevie Nicks strength on this album is the beautiful "Rhianon", a song she penned and sings with cool assurance while a laid-back J.J. Cole-like riff gently cruises above solid percussive work from Fleetwood. His drumming reminds me of Simon Kirke; both exclude basic precision and energy, but with Mick Fleetwood, the emphasis is more on precision.

Nearly all tracks offered here could be tagged 'commercial'. To the band's credit, they have managed such material without debasing them-

selves or their songs which remain as vehicles of intelligent, convincing arrangements.

Side 2 lags a bit after the first side but is redeemed by some very catchy piano on "Say You Love Me" that is similar to Alan Price's playing on the "O Lucky Man" soundtrack and the final track, "I'm So Afraid", which almost symbolizes the transformation of Fleetwood Mac over these eight years. The introductory bass run of almost primitive urgency introduces a paranoid vocal that whimpers and strains Grace Slick-style, before synthesizer etherealizes the throbbing rhythms. Fleetwood Mac still retain those rhythms, but they have softened, become lighter and perhaps more doleful.

M. Coghlan

OUT OF THE WOODWORK - Osborne Productions.

Out of the woodwork is a phrase being bandied about town lately to describe the renaissance of local artistic talent. That's not to say that it hasn't always been there, but just recently we have seen the establishment of new venues for the performance of progressive, intelligent and essentially, non-commercial music by local artists. This unfortunately does not seem to have extended through to Adelaide's folk circles, save for the acoustic sessions at Carclew, but some months ago seven Adelaide singer songwriters put an album of original material together at Slater Sound Studios. This album is now released and is titled "Out of the Woodwork".

The album is produced by Peter Osborne and features some folk artists who by now are familiar names in South Australian folk lounges, and others who are relatively new, but they nonetheless suffer little in comparison. A set of songs engaging country and urban folk styles and touching on romance, travelling road style, and localised patriotism, they are a worthy collection of local artistry.

Pick of the album in this reviewer's opinion is Andy Armstrong's "Movin' On": a song sung with conviction in country tones that are beautifully concluded by some fine high pitched harmonica from Mike Belitos. Peter and Greg Clayton's "Melissa" provides startling contrast. A melody of rare beauty carried by delicate harmonies. Peter shows another side of his vocal talents on "Eastward Bound" as he huskily tells us "I'd give everything I own to be heading West again", but a lost love propels him eastward. Mike Inarmby offers two strong numbers in fine vocal style: "Cry in the Morning" and "Like She for Me". The refrain of the latter number recalls Gene Pteney's popular style, but this song is more notable for some distinctive guitar work. All songs on the album bar one feature acoustic guitar and none of it is shoddy, some of it is adequate and some of it is more than adequate with a neat balance between melodic rhythm and crisply picked guitar harmonies, such as are featured on the opening track, Shaun Coghlan's "Concert Hero", with a rich vocal from Shaun completing an impressive introduction to this disc. "Tomorrow", a lovely melody that ends joyously and has its moods hauntingly stated by Mike Belitoos' flute, is Shaun's second offering. Craig Roberts treats us to a bit of South Australian patriotism with a droning vocal style that cleverly suits his lyrics, particularly "Muddy Murray River". Andy Armstrong's reflective piece for voice and piano "The Sentimental Bloke", Rick Brandeberg's and Paul Korsmo's "I Wasn't Ready", with

a vaguely Latin American rhythm and percussive note, and "Juarez Highway", possibly the least impressive of the album, completes the 12 tracks.

"Out of the Woodwork" is receiving some display on ABC Radio. Keep an ear out for it. There are many good moments on it, with the obvious drawbacks of a low-budget production. Support Adelaide's folkies - they deserve an audience. Support them and they may come further out of the woodwork. For information and sales of the record see C.C. Records, West Lakes.

RONNIE WOOD - NOW LOOK (Wamer Bros. BS 2872)

To those who don't follow the Who's Who of the London-New York Rock Set, this guy is more like "Ronnie Who?" But to those who know him, Ronnie Wood is one of the best loved characters of the rock'n'roll guitar. And as a member of the Faces and a part time Rolling Stone, he must be just about the best paid rock'n'roll guitarist in the world today. But a rock'n'roll guitarist he is not on "Now Look", his second solo album, in fact he's closer to a soul guitarist.

Rbrty Ronnie Wood indulgence is renowned for becoming a gathering of stars, and this is no exception, as his basic backing band of Ian McLagan (keyboards), Willie Weeks (bass), and Andy Newmark (drums) is frequently augmented by guest appearances from Bobby Womack (guitar and vocals), Jean Rousell (keyboards), and Keith Richaud (guitar and vocals), and less fre-

quently by Kenny Jones (drums), Mick Taylor (slide guitar), and The Womack Sisters (backing vocals), while "Woody" himself takes care of various guitars and lead vocals. We all know Woody's ability on the fretboard, but alas, his vocals... Well they sound like John Arlott with laryngitis.

But then every Ronnie Wood indulgence is not renowned for its quality, but rather for rather for its careless abandon and sheer devotion to just enjoying itself. How do you think the Faces got such a reputation as a band of looners? But since this formula has been so successful with the Faces, why shouldn't it work for Ronnie Wood? Well the Faces do it live, where the audience can participate, but Ronnie Wood does it on record, where it often becomes sterile and flat. For this reason the Faces have only released one album in over two years - a live album, and that flopped miserably. Not that the musicianship on "Now Look" is poor, on the contrary it's what you'd expect from the names on the sleeve, it's just that it could be a lot more powerful. As it is, it's good easy-going background music, somewhere between soul and country, and occasionally touching on rock'n' roll.

Tony Lewis.



STEPHANE GRAPELLI: TALK OF THE TOWN (Black Lion LP 30165)

And so he was two weeks ago with two superb performances at Festival Theatre, although there were a few

who found the timeless violinist a little too laid back for ultimate enjoyment. To appreciate Grapelli's mastery fully involves immersing yourself fully in that artistry. This album is also "laid back", save for one of the two originals presented, "Tournesol". The musical empathy between Grapelli and his accompanying pianist on this album, Alan Clare, is one that has grown from many performances together since 1948. The ultimate atmosphere woven by the two is evident in all moods, in all pieces. When they play alternately it is like communicative dialogue between persons when together, it is pure and exhilarating harmony. Exhilarating through the grace and elegance of Grapelli's melodic inventiveness. And through the semi-classical "Nature Boy" to the soft jazz of "Stardust". Alan Clare's supple touch on piano (and celeste for the traditional "Green-sleeves") is more than a sympathetic constructor of the confines to Grapelli's improvisational prowess. It is very laid back; it isn't to get your rocks off by. Quietly disrobe perhaps?



ALICE COOPER - WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE (Anchor, ANCLA 2011)

Many people will not like this album because of its obsession with nightmares, spiders, menstrual blood, the supernatural and ghoulish things in general. And no doubt others will like it for that same reason.

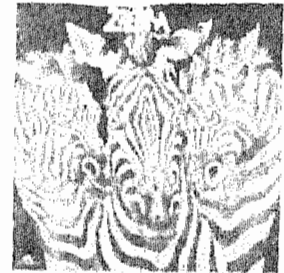
At first glance, the whole concept of the album appears rather hypishly morbid, but with closer examination some of the lyrics are really too far out to be serious. (e.g. "Ethyl's

frigid as an Eskimo pie/She's cool in bed/She oughta be 'cuz Ethyl's dead" from "Cold Ethyl"). And the whole album becomes an amusing send-up of obsessions with the world of spooks - a parody in itself, in a way. If you interpret the album this way, it is entertaining and worthwhile.

But if you're not interested in the concept or lyrics, and just want some good, powerful music, then this album remains entertaining and worthwhile. Cooper has broken up his old band for this album, and has recruited numerous session musicians notably guitarists Steve Hunter and Dick Wagner. And the music they have turned out is competent and strong in every area, and lacks little. What's more, it has variety: from the Doozy title track to the commercial "Department of Youth" to the almost schmaltzy "Only Women Bleed" to the gutsy "Cold Ethyl". But the highlight of the album is the guest appearance of Vincent Price in "The Black Widow."

Yep, this Alice Cooper fella sure knows how to do something thoroughly.

Tony Lewis



ZZEBRA - PANIC - POLYDOR 2383 326

Zzebra are a seven-piece 'jazz-rock' band led by former members of If and Osibisa, Dave Quincy and Loughry Amao. On this album they attempt to fuse the various styles that result from the various origins of the group members, but in doing so they stick to the large group arrangements.

From Side 1 it is clear that Zebra's up-tempo numbers are not always successful, the two shorter tracks Panic and Karrola are heavy but not greatly interesting. The opposite can be said however of the slower numbers. They do the best instrumental version I've heard of Dud Spector's You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling and this side finishes with an excellent piece written by the two leaders of the group, Liame.

The second side opens with a keyboard, soprano sex duet between Tommy Eyre and Dave Quincy called Death By Drowning, this becomes a showcase for Eyre which really comes off well (the same cannot be said of his electric piano solos, which feature on the heavier tracks). Tree is basically a vocal number, which contains a good moog solo by Eyra, followed by a subdued ending. Put A Light On Me is the weakest track on the side and is followed by an excellent final piece, La Si Si - La So So, which features a superb solo by new guitarist, Steve Byrd.

I certainly hope this band remains intact, because future efforts could be very interesting if this first album is any indication.

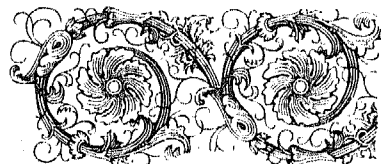
he features in a brief (fortunately) vocal solo, and here his lack of singing ability is plain, because he can't even hit the right notes.

The first side is very mixed. Saviour is a fast rock number which didn't have much going for it in the first place, and the addition of Coyne's vocals destroys it. Same can be said of Lucy, except that here it is not Coyne's voice that is the death to the song (although this is a contributory factor) but rather the spaced out and totally distorted guitar of Andy Summers. Thankfully the remainder of this side is much better.

Lonely Lovers and Rock N Roll Hymn are good rock songs in which the voice isn't so obnoxious. Sunday Morning Sunrise stands out above the rest, and this slower piece is a good contrast to the rock that surrounds it.

The second side begins with Mrs. Hoolley Go Home and It's Not Me, both of which are undistinctive (save the voice) and of no lasting interest. Turpentine features a very definite Rory Gallagher type opening, but then fades into the depths of mediocrity. Tulip is a less successful attempt at Sunday Morning Sunrise, and the final track, One Fine Day is the most successful track on this side, and is a better than average cross between reggae and rock.

This album suffers from a case of the anonymous musicians, the flutist, saxophonist and harmonica player are all uncredited, which is a pity as it would seem that these are the best musicians on the album. Given a new singer, and electric guitarist, Coyne's songs could be the basis of good rock; here, however, it just doesn't quite come off.



KEVIN COYNE - MATCHING HEAD & FEET. VIRGIN L35555.

The main problem with rock singer/songwriter Kevin Coyne is that he can't sing. His voice is strained and forced, and unlike other strange rock singers, Coyne's voice is annoying instead of being mildly interesting or amusing. It gets beyond a joke in places on the first track, for example,



SUN SECRETS

THE ERIC BURDON BAND (E.M.I.)
CAPITOL ST 11359

Eric Burdon has been releasing records ever since the early mid sixties. Firstly with the Animals, his longest running group, which was also the most successful musically and financially, then with War who went on to better things without him. Now, after a lapse of 2 or 3 years since the excellent "Guilty" with blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon, he has returned with the Eric Burdon Band.

Side 1 is virtually a rehash of old times, opening with an attempted "heavy" version of "It's My Life" but, unfortunately, the new arrangement is pretty bad, and the mediocre bassist and drummer only make it less worthwhile. "Ring of Fire" is even worse, and becomes pretty boring. However, in "When I Was Young" there is an improvement in the standard of the arrangement, and there is some very good guitar work from Aalon. The first of the new material is "The Real Me", and if this is any indication of Burdon's new direction, I hope the band will fall quickly into oblivion; and to be kind, it is dreadful.

Eric's greatest hits continues on Side 2 with "Please Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood", and if you're a Burdon fan, I'd suggest you dig up your scratched 45 of this track and play that, instead of listening to the updated 1975 version. It seems that the gaol concert he gave with Jimmy Witherspoon, which resulted in the "Guilty" album has stirred up a hatred of prisons in Burdon, as "Letter From The Country Farm" suggests. Here a

half monologue, half singing lead vocal, reminiscent of the "Black Plague" from the Animals days, takes up most of this side. Needless to say, the repitious backing (saved only by Aalon's guitar) and the angry Burdon do start to wear thin after 15 minutes or so. The album closes with an instrumental from the 3 piece backing band, this really shows off guitarist Aalon, and confirms my opinion that the rhythm section isn't worth remembering. Aalon sounds vaguely like Duane Allman and Dicky Betts here, a big contrast to the rest of the album where he sounds like a better than average rock guitarist.

Overall, the album shows that Burdon's talent is running out, unless some good original thoughts come to him soon, he may as well retire from the business. The only good point is Aalon, and with the, hopefully, rapid demise of this group, he could involve himself with a better band where he could not be influenced by Burdon. Finally, it seems as though the record company agrees with me, as they certainly didn't spend too much money on the production, for example the bass is almost non-existent and needs much boosting.

RONNIE LANE : SLIM CHANCE
(ISLAND) L35535)

Ronnie Lane, ex-Small Faces and then Faces bass player, here presents a potpourri of styles, none of which are new. Most in fact are quite old. Many will find it difficult to assess the validity and effectiveness of much of the material on this album. Dig it you might, but unless you're an

experienced critic in cowboy crooning, bluegrass, 30's urban jazz - to mention a few of the musical offshoots netted on "Slim Chance", you'll be hard pressed to assess how well the various styles are recreated. Two numbers which some will know well, Fat's Domino's Blue Monday and Chuck Berry's "You Never Can Tell" suffer in comparison with the originals, but "A Bottle of Brandy", originally credited to the Isaacs family, has a hackneyed down 'n out theme presented with discerning distaste: a delightful alcoholic vocal is backed by gospel harmony commiserating the winger's woes.

"Street Gang", co-penned by 'Laney', Rvan O'Lochlainn (keyboards and saxes on this album) and Steve Simpson (guitars, mandolin, violin, harmonica) is the highlight of the set. A joyous street shuffle midway betwixt calypso and nigger, its overall feel is one of a good time bop-a-long, but is actually composite of diverse rhythms and instrument parts. This track suggests that Ronnie Lane may have been responsible for the direction of the Small Faces around the time of their single "The Universal".

A notable feature of the album, other than the use of one or both of mandolin and violin on every track, is the use of the electric organ, in the style of pae-moog and non-Jon Lord days (see "Give Me A Penny"). Lane's vocals are more than creditable: other than some straining moments in the higher register, his phrasing is deft and confident, especially in his rendition of the old Small Faces number: "Stone".

The album ends with Lane clip-clopping his way into the sunset singing "Single Saddle". Pure cowboy. Many will worry about the seeming lack of progression in this album, but but I consider it well done. I look forward to what's next, now that Ronnie Lane has these off his chest. Z.Z. Top one a group of three Texans who play basic dance-type music. This latest L.P. is half re-

corded live in New Orleans, and the other half is studio material. Being just a 3-piece, the instrumentation is pretty sparse especially on side one, but it is at least partially made by the energy put in. The first half of the first track is probably the best, a fast rock tune called Thunderbird.

Also on the album is their single "Tosh" which bops along quite convincingly, and "Blue Jean Blues"; quite an enjoyable slow number, rather out of character with the rest of the record.

So if you want a fair sort of a party record and your friends are too cool for Sweet or Status Quo, and you want a change from the Stones, this could fill the bill.

S. Stretton.



THE ERIC BURDON BAND - STOP
(Capitol SP 11426)

Eric Burdon does a lot of things, most of which are quite different from everything else he's done. But one thing that all his works have in common is that none of them are ordinary. And "Stop" is not an ordinary album.

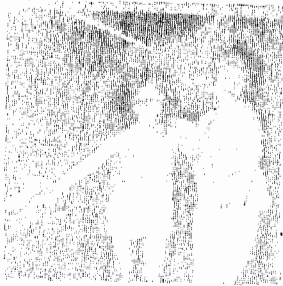
It is a difficult album to review because Burdon has drawn his influences from such varied sources as jazz, blues, heavy metal, and a touch of black soil, amongst others. But each song is different and even individually they cannot be put into any one of these categories along. It is also

experimental in many ways (time changes, etc.) and although there are many memorable riffs, few of them could be called basic. The musicianship is extremely competent - it's tight and gutsy, and has at times a certain rough edge which matches Burdon's own vocal style.

Little more can be said about this album, which follows no set guidelines, so there is little to compare it to. And because of its variety, it is difficult to single out any particular tracks as being better than others, or as being indicative of the style, but three tracks which provide some sort of idea of the variety are "Gotta Get It On", which finishes with some fascinating jazz piano by Terry Ryan, "Be Mine", and the title track.

It's good, but an acquired taste.

Tony Lewis



ROBERT PALMER "SNEAKIN' SALLY THROUGH THE ALLEY" Festival L35369.

If you are into a sound that has good rock base, not too sophisticated arrangement but incredible rhythmic then you could dig it album. Somewhat of an unknown, Palmer has gathered a fine group of musicians about him, with obvious reason, his writing talent and his voice. Backing musicians include Lowell George and Bill Payne of Little Feat fame, The Meters who were last heard of in the company of Dr. John and Jess Roden; Allan Toussaint a big name from New Orleans and co-producer of Jess Roden's last album.

There appears to be more than a coincidence between Roden and Palmer. Perhaps they are both new Island progeny to help keep the spirit of rock alive.

It is somewhat a more commercial album with an uncomplicated sound of a good rhythm guitar, but not a lot of really clear lead.

Palmer does a version of Sailin' Shoes, by Little Feat. Perhaps a little melancholic on the original but nevertheless a good version, well handled

Palmer has the potential to become a good commercial record producer, and although may never be a super-star will definitely make a name for himself.

W.E.



LITTLE FEAT/SAILIN' SHOES
WEA BS 2600

If there is any truth in the saying 'Something good is worth waiting for' then it is applicable to this record. First released in 1972 and has been freely available on import for over 12 months, it is with much delight and rejoicing that we announce the release by WEA of the amazing Little Feat's brilliant and highly acclaimed album containing some of the finest boogie and rock to ever come out of Texas, with perhaps one of the best songs written by Lowell George.

'Sailin' Shoes' is indeed a classic record and deserves a place in the collection of anyone who has ever tapped a foot.

Produced by one of the foremost in the industry Ted Templeman, incidentally who produced the last Boobie

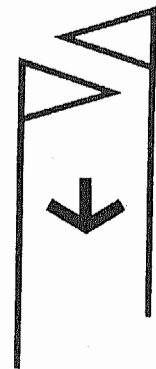
Brothers album, Stampede, it is a collection of raunching rock and roll, brilliant boogie and heart beating blues. It stands among few as being an album of good music with some of the most insane lyrics every penned by a rock band. Generally not one for quotes, it is felt that an example would be in order, chosen from Trouble.

"You yelled hey when your car
wouldn't start
So you got real nervous and
started to eat your heart out
Now you're so fat your shoes
don't fit on your feet
You got trouble....."

So as the shrill air of the record room grows flaccid once again we give special thanks to those who assisted in the creation of this hot biscuit; for which the real album name is "Thank you! I'll eat it here!"

Let's all hear it from Little Feat.

W.E.



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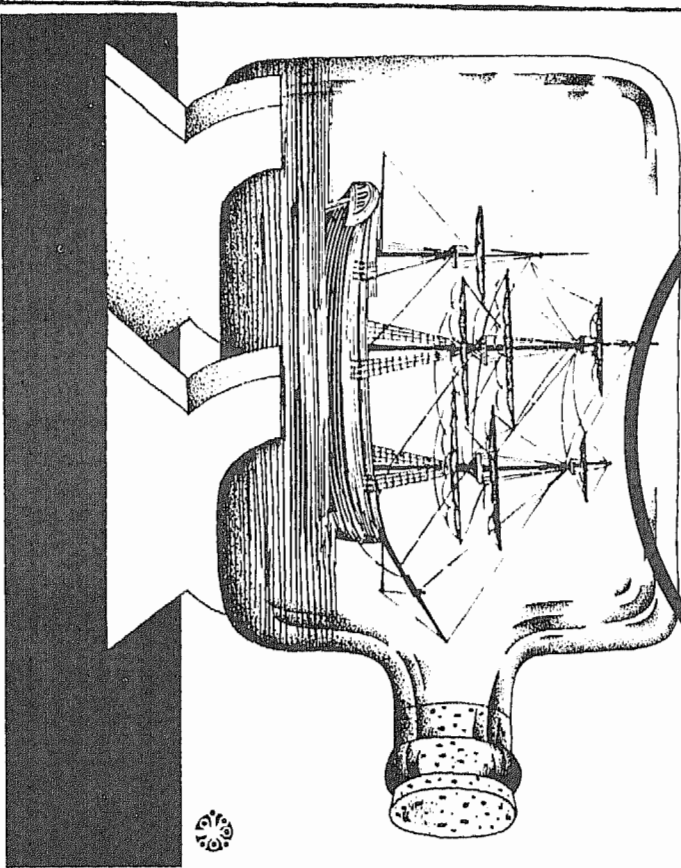
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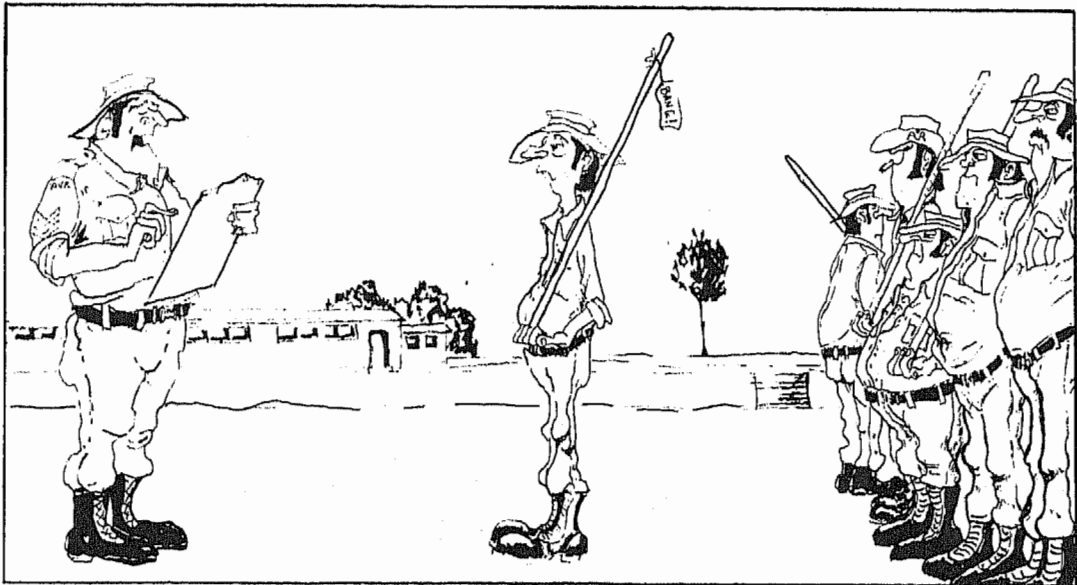
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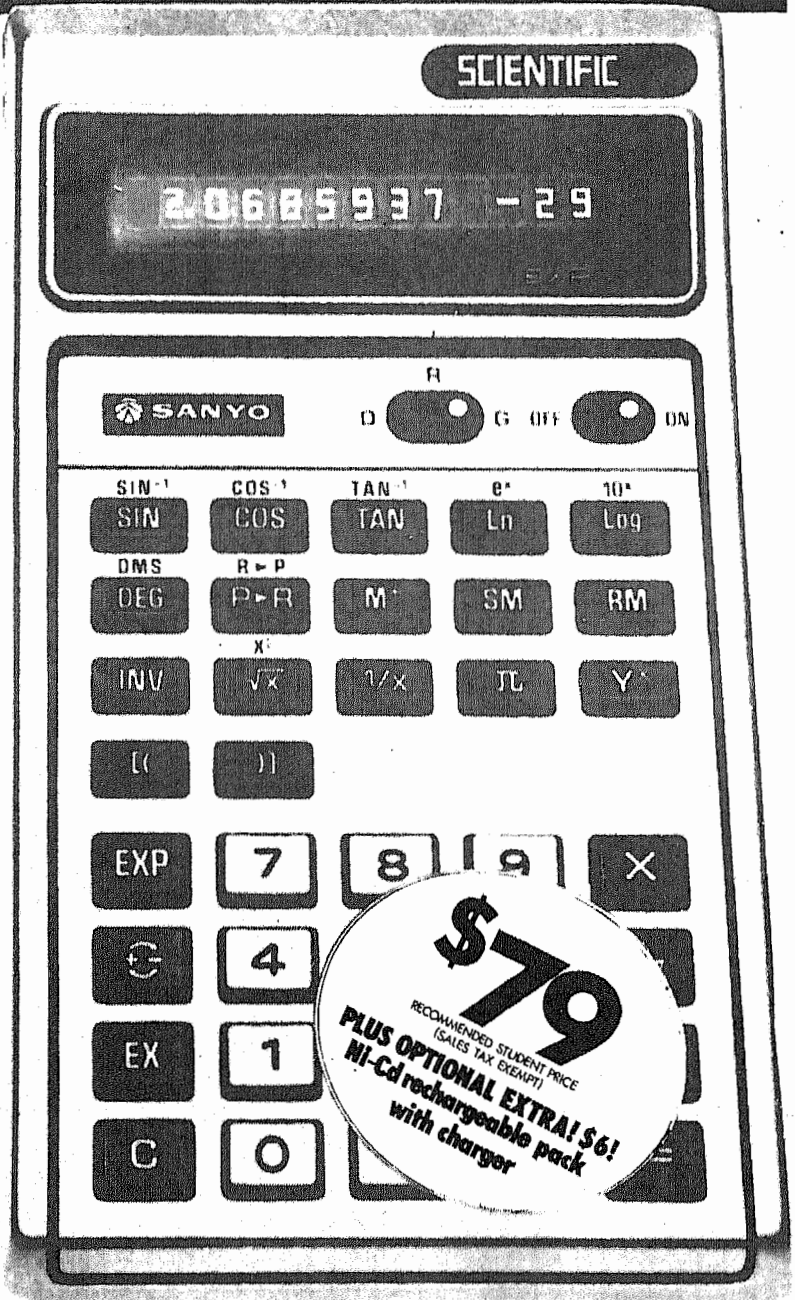
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