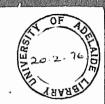
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THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY SILLY MORNING TIMES (ORWATCH OUT NEWS LTD. HERE WE COME TO DO YOU OUT OF BUSINESS)

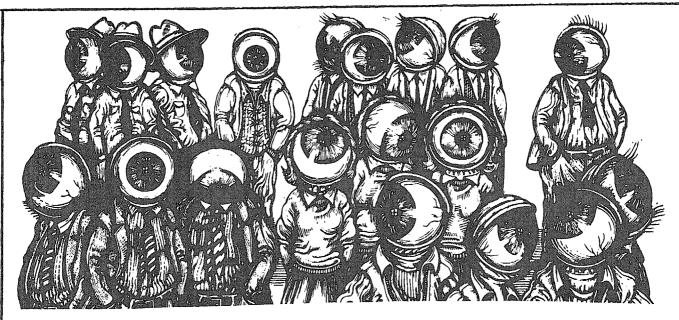


1976 FIELD

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 ABSORD INCREASES IN FEES EACH YEAR IT CERTAINLY DOES DISCRIMINATE AGAINST THE LESS FINANCIAL STUDENT AND BEGINS TO MAKE A MOCKERY OF SUPPOSEDLY FREE EDUCATION

-- 000 --

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 LAPSES.





"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 wis dom"

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 Barn. 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."



FROM WHAT'S <u>THERE</u> THE MOVE-MENT 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 coccoon, 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 to 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 nonsexist 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 Camberra 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.



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DUTTES 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 liason 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

Applications close at 5,00pm on Friday 28th November 1975

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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 Rohovot".

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 daugers 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 "ill-ness" 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 raper, 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/her self. 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, Amiltriptaline, 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-Condia 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 women wins a frying pan and the man gets a power drill.

The Nurses: Pigs of the First Order

The patients are thos 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 nutse 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 bureau cracy. 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 rebelious 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.

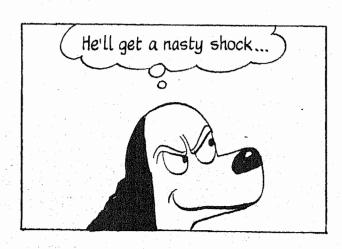
What about those occasions when a muse flaunts his/her powers and bashes a patient. The forms hide the incident and the nurse is quietly promoted to an administrative position or seconded to another hospital. Something like an ambassadorship for a politician or a cop beating a murder rap after months 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 fulfil 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 restructions 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, tranquillizers, 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 noone harms another - is Pro-Life.

(5) he revolts against the anti-life philosophies where the strong crush the weak, and where one person s desire for material wealth and wellbeing 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 it s citizens are no longer things, but people.

What doesall 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 foctus - 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 beliëve) 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 suburb. 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.)

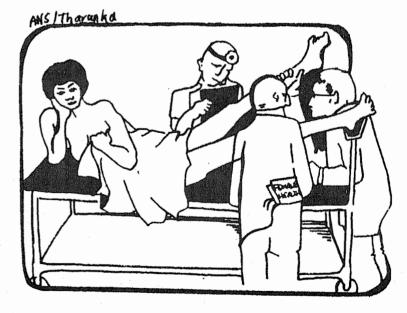
We have a letter box in the S.A.U.A. Office, right near the door, between the Young Socialist box and Women's Liberation. Please contact

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.

ECB HAY HOUSE SUPERVISOR.



BLOODY SUNDAY JAN 30 1972

During the late 1960's in the Ul~ ster 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

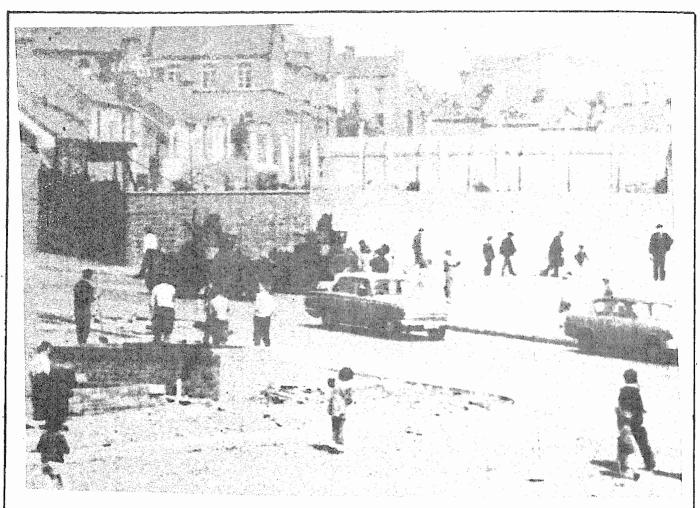
the attacks by the Unionist Govt., and its mob-rule supporters. The Defense Committees which sprang up in the nationalist areas looked to the IRA to back them up, and co-ordinate and to some extent lead the beseiged areas.

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 acatholic majority. This

contrasts with Belfast where the catholics are in small vunerable 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. fustrated 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 firec 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 inforce 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.



Student newspaper new writing poetry and prose supplement

Hurray Bail one person whose 22. At least one person whose wingue sexual capacities wingue sexual capacities

(An extract from Contemporary Portrait and Other Stories, © 1928 Marray Hall, published by the University of Cheem-band Press, Dajuer \$2.50, cloth \$5,50.3

by the same space \$2.50, cloth 55.50.3

Mrs. Cartweight has lived in hisha for most of her life, and 1 miles for most of hisha 1968. It was a Stonday morning, who was Stonday morning, which was a Stonday morning with the life of hisha 1 her life, seems had been suffered hishard the whole seek. Cars were overturned, shaps, however overturned, shaps, however, however, however, however, however, however, however, however, however, shaps, however, shaps, however, shaps, however, shaps, however, however, shaps, however, h

esting. "I had a figure then," she

That's figure then," who said in a time of signature of distinct est, "a good as anything you we here."

We all know how the trapes accelerate the spring universely the said of the trapes accelerate the spring universely the said of the surface of the trapes accelerate the spring universely the said of the surface of the said of th

Frank holding court had his back to us. She inhaled her eigarette and produced another photo-graph. "This is me. Don't hinds." I let out a slow whistle. I let out a slow whistle. I was another pre-war poxe, this time mule. She lay on cuchions. Her halr was down. She had a large smiling month.

down. Site man a soge meaning.

Mrs. Cartwright gave a hourse, slightly embarrassed hourse, slightly embarrassed langh.

"Ver-eer nice," I said,
"Ver-eer nice," I said,
"Ver-eer nice," I said,
muly, but gradually reddering ally, but gradually reddering ally, but gradually reddering ally, but gradually reddering allen, "Aye, this is a paint-ing."

"Now I'll tell you," site said.
"When we married, Frank and I moved into his place in Delhi, Frank was already in the anny, playing soldiers.
Next down sen a ratiot 1 forget his name a nice foreign hourse, as nice foreign hourse, as nice foreign hourse, and he may have have always polite. He used to listen to me. So he has not extended me, and the hard hourse fragreete. I held out to the photograph, "I held out to the world." I was discipling smoke, "hut ever after I was married had men running after me. I could we he wouldn't much the flengali and one afternoon, it was one of those terrible hot Belhi days, I threw terrible hot belli may from was an ideal pay throat, "The port how was shocked.

The foreign for next day he hought the cushimm's you we there. And I empoyed it!

I ving has keen and the passetting.

"United the cushims,"

"The wong the teachy and the passetting and the passetting."

the frought the comment.

It was there And I enjoyed iff we they have there And I enjoyed iff we they have they have they are the marning were was declared. The marning were they that the natural were lighting over the natural were lighting over the natural were lighting over the natural was the lighting over the natural was the lighting over the natural was the lighting they are the are the are

She put it back in the envelope, closing her ridiculous handlag. She siged and looked around the pool. "All those dirty old men, licking their chops over me."

Gennifer maiden

(A poem from Tacties, © 1974 Jenuifer, Malden, published by the University of Queensland Press, paper \$1.50, cloth \$3.50)

Tactics

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 leaf-embossed like a sidehoard of silver en antique's ominous glow. uting back on Sunday

to the cestasies of sleep two voices edge & flicker, as one sear of cloud gells in a dusk current to bed the vales in blood.

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

> No, the last line thymes 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 histricules prove
tou obviously good there, like
some husinessman who pensions off
his ghosts above the hasic wage, 100 desperately good.

love's Tory, too, I'm anxious, need to keep my facade for your fluxing clay, angled in my compact, powder-vague angled in my compact, powders & various as peace, you sprawl on the tide-guburn 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 finnes, mon-rapid: tall in fiful flashes, echoer in littui flasnes, ecnoer at ease to discencert, you yawn. "I won't keep you long now," I say. & the I now can't keep you long. that working of the world, to gain lts expertise, a tactic of return.

This curtoon is from Mar-rupiel Wrestling, © 1975. Jenny Brown and Neil Curtis published by Outback Press, paper \$1.95, cloth \$5.50.

Kate gennings One Kiss too many

(A pacin from Come to Me My Melancholy Bapy, © 1975 Kate Jennings, published by Outback Press, paper \$1.95, cloth \$5,50.)

"One kits too mony And kitses lose their meaning" Diane Wakoski

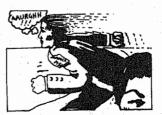
Let nie, this once and without condemnation, be churlish and openly maledictory (iny poetry might be a poetry of revenge but having the last word is often pyrrhic): I wish for you the loneliness you have given me. I mean by luneliness not that common state of being alone in a crowd, but something else,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

That is not nice of me. I'm supposed to hig my grief and grievances to myself and like an extraordinarily 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 yourself I loved) precious 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 MacIntosh, 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 Job, you will not have the integrity or wit to say bow long will you vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words.

I bear my words and meanings are too simple, my motives ton 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 gladly because we in a manner of speaking blew it baby because I no longer like you hecause I despise and curse you and because I am lonely I want to protest. I mean love's a niyth isn't it.



Colin Talbot

[A chapter from Massive Road Trauma, © 1975 Colin Talbot, published by Outback Press, paper \$2.50, cloth \$6.75.)

There is knowd on the road. It is mine. Running in the street. Well almost. Blood of street. Well almost. Blood on the face, distoring the vision, ruining the clothes. I have fallen over. I have tumbled in the road and now cars rush by horns blaring.

it was the bootlace. A tripping It was the hootiace. A tripping. I am confused and dared. A lesser person would surely have fallen unconscious. A lesser person would scream now for succour, for drugs and medication to fessen the pain.

ars swerve to avoid contact, there gues one swerving. Swe ing into a relegraph pole. I can see it from where I lie. Lay. There is fire. Sumeone is contacting the ambulance. Not for me who really need it though. The car door has fallen open, I must twist the rock to see soffrectly. There

The telephone pole is lient. The telephone pole is lient. The car is positing to the heavers, its door is open, there is the driver having fallen out of it. He is crushed, his blood pouring outo the road life-head hangs limply from his shoulders. He is gone, Lost, forsaken, He needs no ambulance, he needs sacraments. I am needing the ambulance. The needs hurts. There is blood.

blood.

I try standing, It is okay.

Standing is good. The goodness of standing is not noticeable until at becomes unavailable. I notice it new, and will always credit standing as being a worthy state. I shall respect it as something valid and necessary. Lam staggering. I lean against a motor vehicle. Now there are persons of all deveriptions standing around viewing the crash, watching it. They are arguing witherach other over why the crash was. They do not notice me, I din to mind.

I aimest fail but do not. I look up. Across. The face is hurting. I attempt to touch the rooths, but warning bells advise me not to do this. Touch the touths and pain will maniense a voice says. It is m me. I hear too late and touch them. There is a warram, it also comes from me. Person at the crash turn for a moment to notice me, then their animadversion ceases.

to notice me, then their animal adversion cases.

The mouth needs Cova Cola. Now I am standing in a chemical saking for Coca Cola. With a miture. Not a chemical, a farther was hope, But it is all right, they do not have Cova Cola. Home as I begin to ask. I do not finish, the manifeshind the counter has a strange look for mr. He sendes weakly, glanness at the door many times. I follow his glannewith the fact and lease. I find a millichart. I walk. in. Cora Cola I vag. I must have Cora Cola Tay. I must have Cora Cola The voice womth incorrect, I cannot talk using words where the upper and lower rectin meet. Cas I ha hong Cora Coonousaave. He honks at mr. His eyes widen. He says What? There is blood running down the face. The teeth napidimed. Well, what i magnine rapidim would be. Cas I has a gasaasses a Cuc Couronassa gere? What yer want he says. Ugaggin oca ecect!!! I servann.

Do not get funny with me he

Du not get funny with me he says. I no ceia miece I say. Oca nonzaz nos mon! I am pleading. He approaches. best the chest. 000000000 I yell to him. I best the chest

I yell to him. I beat the shest and point the finger at the solf. The finger had blood on it. I try to wipe it off. I point the finger at the self. Point at a picture of a girl and lowy in surf with large glass of Cora. Cola in the picture, a sign which says Cora Cola — I's the real Thing. I point at the bottle in the picture. Oca Oosia, deleted as many horst him to be collected as many horst him.

bottle in the picture. Oea Ooosa I detect an empty boxtle in a crate. An empty Cox Gula bottle. I sun putting it to the lips, near the lips, and am making glugging sound, thus, Ug ug ug ug. You need help he says. He passes a bortle of Cox Gola. I Til 100 ou creat! He says What? I point at the lid, making opening motions. He takes it, opens it. He takes money. I leave the shop. I must hold the Cox Gola bottle an inch from the mouth to pour it. I swish it around and wash the mouth. The pain.

On the street people are dis-On the street people are dis-persing. The accident has finished. Men in white coats are cleaning the area.

Anne O'Epady you sugar coaled Confortable

(An extract from 1'be Sugar-Coated Comfortable, © 1975 Anne O'Grady, published by Ure Smith, paper \$1,95)

He said, 'Ah, babe, you're having me on. You're too clean to be one of that multiclean to be one of that moli-The waiter arrived with food. When he had gone, is said casually, The been in eight public demonstrations. For peace, and for the equality of man. That's against nuclear testing, against Soviet treatment of fews, against the Fassist regime in South Africa, and for Women's Lib.

few. regime in South Associates for Women's Lib."
He choked on a chuckle at the last item, and then sa "Hey, there was a hunch of the Africans in one of or the Africans in thioke

South Africans in one of our surf carnicals, Good blokes, they were. Just like our blokes. Don't tell me you were out picketing them? What if I had been?

'Jesus, Why can't you people ever learn you can't mix polities with sport?' 'Ah', I said, 'The cry of

the racist.'

He started to pulf up and

re. "Okav. okav." I said. "I gass I can see your point of view. Why should the basic human rights of eighteen million South African Idack people interfere with the million South African tracs people interfers with the basic human right of a few thousand other people to enjoy themselves watching sport? He sat in puzzled silence. Then he said, 'What are you, then = a Commo?' [Like hell,' I said, 'I just believe in everyone getting a

then "a Commo?" "Like held, I vaid, I just fedieve in everyone gotting a fair go. What do you all that?" His answer was to take two large wallows of champagne. "Look, you're a sweet led, I reckon you must hove just got in with the wrong crowd. Take it from Unde Storm, there's no need to worry your pretty lettle head about things like that, plenty of people to do that for you, Union on, eat up, and we'll have a dance? It pawed my arm, and I found it dain't hear me.

I murmured, 'Skay or the house and threed, hub?' But he didn't hear me.

The che'f had never he and of health foods and traw, buty, eas, But I was seeing how the other half lood, so I ate it. Afterwards I felt full of grease and shocksterid.

Norm must have been a

and cholesterul. Norm must have been a sharp dancer five years ago, but he hadn't kept up. It didn't kenty me. I love to dance, and the music was a blast. I enjoyed myself until I noticed Norm shought I widancing for his benefit. He heart giving \$100,000. kept saving. (Go., Irahy, go! and rolling his eyes, which quartened me down to a shuffle.

When the group smouthed it up, he pulled me to him like a kid with a teefdy hear. He

fle started to give me the treatment. The heavy breath mg, the accelerating hear hugs, our clasped hands tucked in so that his just happened to

test cosity on my brest.

The sheet clandestine force and suddenness of it got to my starting the shivers of fire inside. But I was so mad at the kind of person he was turning out to be that I damped them dawn. The floorshow helped turn me off.

down. The finorshow helped turn me off.
We sat in the dark watching past people's heads. There was a big production number, effernessent with volour and glitter, and empty as the failet girls miss. I advent the choreograph, it was on old-fashioned, it was the watching an old move.

Then there was a volo act, a girl, a really wild dancer. She was genuinely sexy, and Norm sat there with his eyes hugg-

ing out.

'Wine?' I said afterwards.

'Wasn't she something clse!'

fle blinked a little blearity. He tomked a first bleasity. She sure wasn't behind the door when they were handling out boobs. He did a double take at me, and chuckled indulgently. What a crazy damy our are, don't you know you ought to be pisking her to piscea? She's competition? I couldn't answer. I just and funded. What kind of pitiful girk was be used to? He was shaking his head, smiling, saying, 'Crazy dame, Got a bloody hippo with a hat on, 'Ghe a man a night-

Got a bloody hippo with a hat on. Give a man a night-mare. He hitched his chair closer and gently stroked my closer and gently stroked my control with the source. You just trust your Unde Norm. You just trust your Unde Norm. Corne on, have another glass of hubbly, pour it down you.

He pulled me to my feet clicking his fingers to the music, and gulping more champagne. I started thinking about how I could reasonably suggest we leave.

The band was playing a Presley song. Norm swayed

The band was playing a Presley song. Norm swaved about chapping his hands over his head and wobbling his hips, yelling above the music. How about that Presley, hey? What a gast! I was so embarrassed, I felt bot. I mean — Elvis who, Doddy?

When I finally gut him tu-sit down, I noticed that under his tie a couple of buttons-were missing from his shirt. He looked sheepish. "Als ays happens Goess I breath in too quick." I stepped myself from asking if he bought his shirts a sive smaller on purpose.

quick." I stopped myself from asking if he bought his shirts a sirk smaller on purpose. He was feeling expansive by now, waving to friends, enjoying their glanves at ne. "You got a steady, ch?" I shrugged. He flexed an arm. Big bloke? What if he walks in here and beats me up, ch? His prin was silly "He wouldn't be seen dead in a playe like this." His smile canoched "Eh? What's wrong with it? He looked around, hurt, 'H's a terrific place. Hey, note — but hey, if you don't like it, we can go somewhere che, uh Elke your place?" I said gratefully, 'I would like to lexe. A Norm." "Right. That's the ticket." He was all business, ushering me out, painstkingly paying the bill, waving goodnight to people. The coul air outside stopped him a moment, and I hoped he could still drive.

Sitting in the car while he

Sitting in the ear while he went around to his door, I heard something tecking. "Norm, have you got a home in here? Listen."

He listened, and grinned.
'Alarm clock. Alse ays carry
one.' He eyed me warmly,
full of groggy good humour.
'Never know when it'll come
to honder the warmly.

Nover know when till come to handy, do you?

I wanted to be away from him, so hadly,
He draw off in a confident disolated in the away from him, so hadly,
He draw off in a confident disolated in the away in William Street,
Miracultonly, I thought, we got through the traffic serail at the top, and within minutes he was braking at my place and reaching for me in
the same moment. He knowledge the same moment is knowledge to the
The the option of his braking are not to the up,
mumbling mo my hair.

Let's go upstairs, hey?
Many record.

The the opti of his blundering around my daring flat, and

Incitioning the defining flat, and the account my defining flat, and the was an full the dress eway to get out three ling an arm over the back for his dame

No, thanks, I said tignify, Th?

Not, Handro, I Sand tignity, 12h?

No. Thunks,
In the light of a passing out the face we straken. They shad the face we straken. They shad the mount, darling.

No thanks, Norm? I greeped the door handle.

"But ... but what about more for pity's sales, you can't leave a man like this. Here, Feel? He gradhed my hand.

I pulled tree.

I must have been more upon than I realised. Just if there's one thing I can't

I most nave never name upset than I realised - but if there's one thing I can't stand, it's foring expected to become the severnly-first note on some stad's tally-stick.

I vaid, 'Thie prack doesn't

make a man, you need more espipment than that. A mind, for a start.'

As the insult penetrated, he

tensed up.
I could see the enumers Londi see the entitions clacking into place, Surprise that I was attacking him out of the block that I we not going to be down for him. Approximation - that womehous the him. And tury - that he'd done his dough. And quite a bundle at that.

He said trockly, Tuck you can high."

to sea trootly. Tuck you you hish."
I said, Nov way, mat, Noway in the world.
I got out of the sair, fast. He tried to get out after me, but the was hampered. I am up the steirs and bunged my short behind me. I stook trenthing with anger—and fear, too, of all that mavele and drois. My short world all that whose, the could proceed through it as though it wasn't there. But all that happened was

a couple of minutes' heave ollence. Then I heard his carengine mar like a tomeat in a tantrum, and the car squealed way. • I felt on to my clean, safe.

I fell on to my clean, safe hed.

The stillness reached around me. Stars shore in the window-frame, above the flowers. My own clock ticked prettily.

My own clock ticked prettily.

own dook tecked prettily.

My anger began to evaporate.

After all, I'd known he
wanted to get me into bed, and
I wouldn't have been complaining if I'd liked him. It
wan't his fault he was the
way he was.

Or was it? Vrs it damned
well was. well was.

And he hadn't called me
by my name all evening. I was

an interation ze akrie:

an inter-hange adie.

Now that I know hay a heart in the better, I figured he'd spread it around the office that he'd had me anya, and that I wasn't worth a cent in the cot. That would be his defence, against what he'd imagine I would let the girls about him.

His lie would really hurr me, people thinking I'd go to bed with a clod like that.

ROBB

power of the post Jum Donio

(A chapter from Passward, ② 1974 Don'O Kim, published by Angus & Robertson, cloth \$5.95)

Still the hortest news item-the day was the probability of Stalm signing a non-aggression pact with Hatler. To the wise it brought only a wry smile. To the ardent idealogists what was thought to be a rumour, a ripple at first, seemed to be rising into perpetual combers rucking the shore with a hint of a tidal

Kito was returning from on the tiest day of the mont on the feet day of the months of the begar. I from the of the year. I from the other side of the wire tence. I save the plane fouch down and text through the numerous military africat which appeared to have taken over the whole airport. Not was in civilian cluthes, carrying a brown leather foreferoe. As soon as the appeared conflict friends.

heather interfence. As want as the appeared, conding through the waiting errord, balt a divien uniterrord orthogs received him, pushing their way through to him. They dain't give him much time to look about.

have give mineral riner fook almost.

After sainting crisple, they whicked him away to the two waiting military limeasures before I could even done his name. There was an an of importance and internet.

was at all of importance and algebra. Thus them getting into their ears and Tibegan to such flow for the ears and the ears and the ears and the ears and the ears are the earlier for the ears for the ears and the last "County for earlier for a dark to the ears and ears and ears and ears are earlier for a dark to the ears and earlier the ears and earlier the ears and earlier the earlier for a dark to the earlier for earlie

sould see only the tail of the military limes use specifing 24.3).

The simulated lines rattled through crowded Tokyo, fast helpfore in reduced the Girvan where I hoped to spend the attention through the losslessals in the spring sam. I heard a voice from the care leading in paraway to the arrow. He was a substitution of the first heard was on the arrow if the farmence was find less. The volume transmitted the arrow if the farmence was find less. The volume transmit that was not beginning out if I had beginned to a meaner that won water, there may have without pulmagnetic and opportunity to tail to see a "Light? They for he is local."

I didn't have to look hap, to see wheely was. At last the mad made up the mend to specify the additional discount of having heard from I didn't want to take to from in the Armadul hims and over my shoulder, in a somewhat discolaritapeuro sand on.

position.

He added heseroty. "Mr.

Nob. it was railed heariness of you the other night to leave the above in such an associated sport."

The has stopped at the closest part from a light from a fight from a fight from a fight from the first from the first form and found has shuffling movements and

his stick have one on the less floor

At a spirk pase I walked into the busy lane of bookstalls, then turned back after passing sweets askalls. I was going to have a good look at him in broad Jackight while he was trying to eatch up with me. But I only saw a hand, withered and warped, appear in the open stall next to me to pick up an old brook which soon went to the valceman, was paid for, wratpped up and

to pick up an old brock which stom went to the valestum, was paid for, wrapped up and returned to the same hand, I could make out A Song for the Rappur pressed in gold on the Rappur pressed in gold on the brown leather with tratered edges. With the brook under his arm, he turned to me and lifted his har slightly. There was a faint smile on his thin hys.

With the throng of people behind him as a backstrop, he now stood there in front of me in full view. The bright sun showed his European sun, the entrured and advanced couffer of the time, hanging tringly over his saging shoulders. He glasses were too thick for me to see his eyes, which made the upper half of his face look empty and hances transparent. The only firm thing about him secured his saged and weathered stick. Even for a pervert, he dishit appear interesting, He disappointed me—unless he was a matter of massiperade.

L stepped as are, ignoring how, the was optive with the said

"It's no use trying to avoid me now, Mr Noh." He said it in such a harmless tone."

in such at farmies cone. "Wouldn't you say con'te incuexpecting me?"
I fonded at him again.
In fine lithe unitime seroldes
told me mothing.
"I fine work out to making a
mistake," I fold him.
"I'm sure you always know
I would come."
"But who?"
Instead of answering me, he
mosted a step closer.
After looking about initi
once quickly, he fixed the
glasses on me and hear and file
street.

Por Partaria "
"Tarraria"
"Tarraria"
"Ta ri colle a surprise fa-

"Are you from Testaria?"

The shook his head, is tree ingle, "You single this brook het you in case your final me having waste for you in case your final me having waste for a fore the saming after man, Mr. Nohi?"

Without waiting, he trinsed to food the way through the crowd. Once you in the open street, he began to four this.

to load the way strongh the croad Once out in the open street, he logan to tough his stick, walking airead of the, like a washould stodler. He creat faced the ski and smiffed, with his eye closed. There he showed down to walk close lossed me, resting the stick on his wrist. The top end hadn't here completely cut off There was a small hit left, like a muck adone the shoulders. "An another spring!" As if he were suddenly drank with the seast in a remedia down. "In I arraria it available early sample, the season plateau, the meaning the green steppes, the season plateau, the meaning the seasons." His coince dropped souldenly into metanteless, "But when it to should the hereby the highest hidden from the farminging much tors, who says to stop the hot summer the status of the hot summer the black taxons already love, true courts had arroad to store only had arroad to store only had arroad to see only the lost summer.



(A piece from Here We Are, ⊕ 1975 Kris Hemensley, published by Wild & Woodley, paper \$3.500

What persuaded me to leave the bus at the stop that i did, 8; to take the circuttus, though more interesting, note home, i have no idea. I was returning from a visit to my mother. Just as i turned the corner of the one-way street blocked-off where i crossed, i looked, for no reason at in looked, for no reason at all up the street. Not twenty paces beyond me stood ap the street. Not twenty paces beyond me stood Artisar Gaming. I Jidin know whether to run tor-wards or backwards. I was panie stricken. Amazing to relate, at the height of my indecision, Gaming half-turned. He was with a woman. They both carried suiteases, Caming, one in either hand. He had a halot of invaring hinself to other respice. He had a halot of invaling himself to other people' houses just passing as he put it just passing and rea-surteases & a women? I darted liack into the shadows of the corner heel's & pecced-out at him. It was also said that he was ostromeds innerout at him. It was also said that he was extremely hyper-sensitive. I personally believed him to be a warfock. He eyes rode his words, He eyes rode has words, the eyes rode out, but terri-fyingly ably as he transformed the dialogue into mujuical monologue. His evil whrations had penetrated even my dreams on the last occasion he had voited. I find widen in a weat flaving struck at my

was trained struck at my wite in the mister of my dream chromater with Canning. I was territical, 8 teared returning to the dream. My selection is had steel out. When the dream continued, the tables turned. I was said in Corning's house, & he was sure to dis-cover the damage I fail acco-dentally coused to his papers cover the dringe I full received the distributions of the papers. A artipaces, but now i near Activations of the laws the place. He emerged from his squarer as a crossed the squarer. He critical me to step, \$100? No., i replied. Three times more to endered me to stay. \$140? His voice vibrated thru my, head, But a was dready gone from the square. That gone. Und heater him. He was unable to rectrain me. If you cam picture a black spider at the untirmost odge of its web, throbbing with endeavour on temptral to describe the phenomena as glowering, or glowing with tury—this was Arthur Canning on the periphery of my Hight. The next morning he was considerably quieter. He eves had lost their fulare. We move expected to see him signs. It was a shock three-fore, to channed upon him there i street of scarce of the boils. A yet, right out of my sould way. What instrume had taide our paths cross? It was a stored a claim of an artifact our paths cross? It was a stored a claim of the stored that go to the sould stay and a disposal of annihir presence. made our paths cross? It was as a administration from that says of a familiar presenter. It stood taking to the other side of the could be as a familiar present of the stood to the other side of the could be as a familiar beautiful to the take to be take to be the take to be the take to be the take to be the take then away 10, or they were get to see me the cold in him would exertically divine the right house. Bowever many wrong turnings & pointless circles he made? I will be get to get out. I told her we want stay here not until we be sure he's not coming. Who my write asked. Arthur tanning, i said. I've justeen him take thicks way, We ran for our lives. We put water herewer to thinks way, We ran for our lives. We put water herewer thinks the river. We walked thru the town, beying against hope that when we returned three would. We walked thru the fown, beging against hope that when we returned there would be no Arthur Canning & woman friend, nor a note promising as another call. Didn't he understand lost time? ishin he understand has tome-wondered my wife. He's a devil, i wail. I wish he was dead. But by the time we had plucked up the courage to cross back on the terry & reapproach the house, my hatred had metted into con-fused guite. Poor Arthur Camming, valid before we

Canning, i said before we slept that night. Forget him, my wife said. But Arthur Canning is not a man one can easily forget.

michael wilding Hertor Freddie

(An extract from The West-Midland Underground, ⊕ 1975 Michael Wilding, pul-ished by The University of Queensland Press, paper \$2,50, cloth \$5,50)

\$2.50, cloth \$5.50)
In was the stigmata that first interested Marilyn. Freddichad worth his sweater to a party, and Hector had been relating some of Freddichizarte doings, and Freddichizarte doings, and Freddichizarte doings, and tipped his head on one side and looked down on her, and smiled with a compassionate synapshy for his own failures, displaying the marks of his difference from mankind and their from mankind and their indifference. "If you come round to the flat you can see the holes in

the curpet," he remarked. "I'd love to come," she

"I'll love to come," she said. He hadn't expected that, and he looked across at

Hector.
"Well go on Freddie, what are you looking like that for, be a gentleman, ask her round to tea, don't dither, man."

"You ought to have made a cake, you datt hugger," Hector said the aftermion she was due, "How can you ask

containe to rea without making a cake?

"There isn't time," he
said, "and anyway, I don't
know how to. Why don't you
make a cake?"

"You saked her to rea,
Fraddie, a's your responsshotic."

shiftiy."
"But there isn't time and I don't know how to. I'll go and buy one."
"Not on a Sunday you."

word,"
"Binger," he said, and then, "Lkmax," he said, "Fit make stories. I need to be good at soones."

He was still in the kitchen making soones when she artised, so Hector entertained her.

"Oh my God," said Heeror, and rushed into the kitchen where Freddie stood with flour white hands, grinning, beaming through his

spectacles.
"Why don't you take your bloody scores and mind your own the edge of the clearning and he could make his escape.

"It's as much my story as yours," said Freddie. "Don't talk bloody non-

"There wouldn't have been any story if it hadn't been for me."
"Well I'm bloody telling

it so keep out of it, see, you dair laugger."

And as he went back to Marilya in the living room, he asald hear Freddie sibilantly

would hear Freddire shidartly shispering to himself.
"Whotoppes, whotoppes," and hampes to very soons he cut out of the pastry, a whotoppes, whotoppes, and hampes to every soons he cut out of the pastry, a whotoppes to very movement.
"He's pot no sharine, that's what the trouble is, no swense of sharine," Hearter explained to Marilin, "especially when he gets nervous and escatable." "WhotoPIE." shiricked freaddie from the Iraxiozy, flushing the houst, his ery soaring above the crashing escatable of water.

When Freddie came into the room there was nowhere to sit, since Hector was in the chair and Marilyn on the bed. So he crouched on the thior,

crouched on the floor, against his books helees half beneath the table. "No, sit here," she said, padding the bed beside her. "No, it's all right, Um all right here." right here.

"No, it's all right, I'm all right here."
"Go on, Freddie, sit on the led, she won't eat you, you'll be safe."
"No, it's all right honestly. I prefor it here."
"Oh dan't be silly, Freddie; she'll think you're trying to look up her skirt."
"I am." and be crawled across the room, slowly, on all fours, grunting, his round hize eyes perring up. And quite instinctively she found herself ringging her skirt downwards and clamping her legs regether. legs rogether

"Oh my God," said

"Oh my God," said Hector, sucking sugar into his mouth. But Freddie didn't prize her legs apart, and he did couperate and sit on the bed, perched nervously at its edge, swivelling his head mund from Marily to Hector and back again, and smiling at them.

them.

Marilyn was lively, and dark haired and bright eyed manyn was tively, and dark haired and bright eyed and full figured and preoccuped with sex. She exuded sex. Her movements drew attention to her full bosom, to her thighs, to the lobes of her cars. When she moved around, and because she was tively she contioually moved around, the best tipped and lurched and dived and rose, and kept Freddie in a condition of unbalance, terrified lest staying himself he should rest a hand un her thigh or against her breast. he should rest a hand un her thigh or against her breast, drawn compulsively to resting his hands nearer those goals with every movement, except when he used them thorn to wape his misted glasses; and, then, that done, he would beam through them at Hector in the chair, before switching his most hard, before switching his head hack for ivelling his head back to

switchling his head back to Marilyn.

Hector told her the story of how they had met. Of how he would take off his shoes, his socks, one at a time, slowly, gertly stroking his feet, caressing his limbs as their makedness was exposed. And Fredhei thrust out his feet hetore him and examined them through the rest of the story.

them through the rest of the story,
"Didn't Frend say feet were sexual images?" Freddie asked her.
"It don't know," she said, "Into women tell the size of men's genitals by them;" "Women tell the size of men's genitals by them?" Freddie repeated, reflectively, as it to catch the rhysthm, as it not rejestering the meaning. Till he suddienly swamp his legs down increast the heef and booked at her, startled, "Homestly?"
"Yes," she said, es if surprised he should doubt.
"How? How do they do it? Do they measure them?"

Do they measure there?
"No, they just estimate from the size of the feet."
"What log feet have big

"That's right," she said, "Genitals," he concluded

"Genitals," he concluded falteringly.
"Let's have a look at your feet, Freshlie," said Hectors "where've you put them, have you tucked them away or something?" And he stretched out his logs to the fireplace, secure in the hugeness of his lirown brougues.
"Why should I show you them?"
"Go on, let's have a look,"

my should I show you thom?"
"Ge on, let's have a look," said Martlen.

The which his head, his feet tucked heneath the bud. And ouddenly Hector leap up and dived at him, grabbed his feet, held thom both rightly with Freedlie perched on the head's cope, and pulled off his shows and his sacks, while Freedlie struggled and shouted, helplessly.

"Aren't they lovely delicate little feet," said Bector, holding them out to Mardyn, "aren't they Jivine little teet?"

httle teet?"

And Freddie squirmed and wingled and curled his toes downwards as if to hide them beneath his soles.

"Don't do that, Freddie.

"Don't do tint, Freddie, doing try and make them look smaller, for Chrissike man, stretch them out, slowly, that's it, extractech them."

"But they're lovely feet," and Marilyn, when Hector had let them loose and returned to his chair. "They're beautifully soft, It's not just the size that matters," she said, consolingly, internetly, "It's the shape and preportion and fineness."

"Eled them." aid literary."

fineness." Feel them, "said Hector, "Feel them," said Hector, "go on, stroke them, they're lovely. Freddie won't mind, will you Freddie? Just stroke them, they're like silk, like

them, they're like silk, like contraceptices.' She stroked them. And it was like mymphs' hands bathing thin in nectar, neceds trailing their soft bat-across his penis, mermadak drawing his throat between likeir breasts and curling their tails between his thighs.

Stery ontology of the back yard حر AROR WILLE Exp. N. Care of the second AND SERVICE OF THE SERVICE OF SER Garrie Hutchinson Charles of the College of the Colleg Office Cost All As of the Cost (A poem from Terror Australis, © 1975 Garrie Hutchinson, published by Outback Press, paper \$1.93, cloth \$5.50.) OF THE REAL PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR 31.93, Goth 33.30,)
Just big enough, the backyard, to give the appearance.
and picture windows to frame the childs activides,
the longtime words sunk into neurotic housewifes demands,
her husband made aware of the nood to one those the iongetime words sunk into neurotic housewides demand-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 fullows of the first fifth of the constitution of the the bush, anguished tree wife sleeps fitfully youngsters the bush, anguished tree wife sleeps fitfully youngeters culed like dogs at a fire, a shorgun marriage whilst the cattle are away, or shearings to be done, but the juy of the space erackled gum and eucalyptus, & conquering it A SON THE WAR THE SON Ed Soft of Figure 18 1 is the descendents manageable space of yard and rosebushes the window outlook on their smaller effect and batterings at the locked gate, the shorgun now guards the daytime against the wall of cars the methedrine ozone of the night. The Control of the Co O legista when a state for I conquer continuously, 28 there is nothing to conquer We constructed our house sit sightly 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, turing the meal, we lost the inner order. Slowly the routine had to prow. there is nothing to conquer.

14.
To stand somewhere in
sholder stience, and not to
give one's energies to luxuries.
There are points where all
ragedies and all punchles
intereset, where the only
roundly is death.
You sake me, "How shall
ince?" I answer that it will
only to without defeats. Und
on't fall in with those who
can't accept it. apple castlet, the sum go thirmeys, on the rock t SANCTURE. the ottate is now, always, we ; in their berry branches, orangebells ring, lityflutes, play the slow wind in flowers, white ships pass in the bay, the moment has run its step thousands of years, ah, genevieve, sweet . . . and the squirtels, high (Lo Higary) my favourite castle a when apples were a p o janvier sweet of a thousand from M nd flowers, in apple castles he author s old names like t 9.
This leaf and this stone in front of me speak alike. The water and she air lawe not changed their arructure. The year which once loved still burns as it always has, only now it burns for on the street, the eye which once the arructure of the street, the water the early in pener trated, they will not give up their secret.

Whater we may undertake, the night cannot lift its drivers.

10. A brish we had m go by in the morning ms sing, from their high sek the mid burse r of a Velter Chinal, © 1975 held by ir Michael Dransfeld, published by r \$2.95.] Ş 15.
15.
16.
18 low the seasons and the doubtes to enter the house. The hirds are trapped by my roofs. Strangers, whether they have achieved much of the hirds at 11. of fer my dream flowers, that they may forget the noise of their may forget the noise of the prow tred of the stones, the carth and the water. ura, TES. eath and the wave.

16.
The parks, not the trees, repeat the selection. And those who like to tak so much of the future can't even satisfy their beginnings. When we walk across the rained terraces the days have passed.

We need not feat the cross of men. But we have no pity for those who west nuney under their cyclids. darkness.

10.

On the path which we had to take we crossed the shadows of hirds, a school of thying fish, and the wind, which the others had left behind. Every step was accompanied by as mistake. Those who did not know us were fortunate.

There was no event which we could not evade, no lie which all not settle in the face. If we cook a rock from the ear we destroyed its meaning. We could not expect anything from the night, which we had not given to the day. inc This is the Orbookweek student newspaper sone student newspaper supple-ment for Ozbookweck 1975. 4.
Pleasures can be destroyed during one's absence, aiso during the sleep when an eye tash is produced it when someone tunes into the petrol Produced by Pat Woolley for the National Hook Council, 17.
14 content to take the dead leaves from your lips, long for simple actions. I long for simple actions. I want to remember you precisely. You may enter deeply, and it has to be a high without laughter and high. Bo Bourke Street, Melbourne someone tunes into the term meter.
A night can come too late.
In such a manner the dead tecome meaningless if there is none of the living to justify them. Where are the towers which stall 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 one connected us with the earth? Shall we have to learn how to our answers? Robert Adamson and Carol Trebar helped edit the supple ment. night without laughterinen glasses.
The air must be stronger than menory, and the solitude enclosed by colourful helts.
I don't know how often I have lived, but my death must arise from the ruins of the night. All excerpts, poems and graphics are used with perm-ission, Individual copywrights reside with the authors and publishers, and please direct publishers, and please direct your enquiries to them. Outback Press, 40 Gore St., Firroy, Vic. 3052, Wild & Woolley, P.O. Box 41, Glebe N.S.W. 2017. Angus & Robertson, P.O. Box 177, Cremorne Junction, N.S.W. 2090.

Justily them.

I don't want nights by
measure, nor love by measure,
father I are meneralized thy
(tools, who come and go as
they please. From the hills
which here no trace of
animal life I hear their
sughter: Mark no
demands, as women without
ireasis make no demands.
I attempted to give to the
night a night.

A.

night a night.

6.
I searched for you, but your position had no geometry-i desired you, but in the night you became a formula of unknown factors.
In the face without names the contuurs become imagin.

7.

For those who open and shur their lives like venetian bilinds, fear strikes at least once. Somewhere every silence is broken. It is perhaps because it is never quite day, never completely night.

the window outlook on their smaller circles and hatterings

(A chapter out of Frant Another Shure, © Rudi Krausmana, 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 seemed husses. Some passium entil cry at the shore, and our courage is transfixed to the heach.

beach. What remains is the dazed sand under the cucalyptus

the stones, a li

Lices.

longer Each.

Neen the flattest landscapes have invisible hills. The wraith of the girls wears enably. The touch of joy becomes thread-lare. Nobody smiles at the machine, transmuted from floud to the automobile. Who can paul a dead horse across the road. Who can pay off the present, which is unknown to him?

4.

12.
Even now your smile is a winter tale. What can you expect from a gentleman in prey?
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.

13.

What need I destroy with precision. Were I to find a reuth I would give It to the monkeys, as I can't use I. How many obstacles between the harmonies, how many cracks between the fingers?

One sees less clearly that which one denudes, which one denudes, the approach the earth with 4 cost of disease. It must spen all doors, or more. Nothingness can bear rent. The one, which is decayed by the night, can show a way.

19.
This bark under your loot, use doesn't have to walk far to see it.
Clance sometimes gets rid of the yellow of the world.
You speak of travels, but am one able now to do more than collect the deal world from your check and return them to the night.

28

N.S.W. 2090.
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The Poetry Society of Australia, P.O. Box N.110, Grosvenur St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001. 2001. University of Queensland Press, P.O. Box 42, St. Lucia, Qld., 4067. Ure Smith, 176 South Creek Road, Dee Why West, N.S.W. 2099.

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N. A.

MATWORK M. NEMBEROW.



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 nogo area to the Police and all but large units of troops-with the army harrassing 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'Donnel, 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'Donnel had a six inch wound in his scalp stitched after the massacre). Gilles Peresss 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.

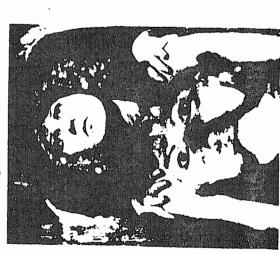
This massacre exposes completely the myth that the British Army is in Ireland to keep two warring communities apart, and that they are an impartial "thin wedge", necessary to save lives and keep down extremism. It proves that Imperialism has not turned respectable, but will resort to what ever means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





SA CREATIVE WORKSHOPS

by LORCA



STERIDAN 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 vork more than 15 hours per week.

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

Clive Watts

<u>Chairman</u>

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 prodigously 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 songe 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 accoustic 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 SALES FOR 1975:

\$353.58

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 Olssen, 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 immemorable 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 Brownelike lone violin arrangement reinforcing the reflective mood. Gavin Suth-'erland'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 rumous 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 yocals 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 "Rhiannon", a song she penned and sings with cool assurance while a laidback J.J. Cole-like riff gently cruises above solid percussive work from Fleetwood. His drumming reminds me of Simon Kirke; both exude 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 themselves 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 Slickstyle, 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 Belitsos. 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 Petney'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 (Warner 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, Ronnic 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 Roussell (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 Romie Wood does it on record, where if 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 "Greensleeves") 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 night-mares, 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 worth-while.

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 Doorsy 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 Zzebra'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 subducd 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.



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, 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.

Hooley 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
regge 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.



ENGLISH BURNESS OF



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 dread-

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-existant 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 presses 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, mandolîn, violin, harmonica) is the highlight of the set. A joyous street shuffle midway betwixt calypso and niggar, 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 paemoog 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 enjlyable 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 scources 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 guide-lines, 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

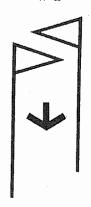
Brothers album, Stampede, it is a collection of raunching rock and roll, brilliant boogie and heart beating blues. It stands among few as being an album of good music with some of the most insane lyrics every penned by a rock band. Generally not one for quotes, it is felt that an example would be in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



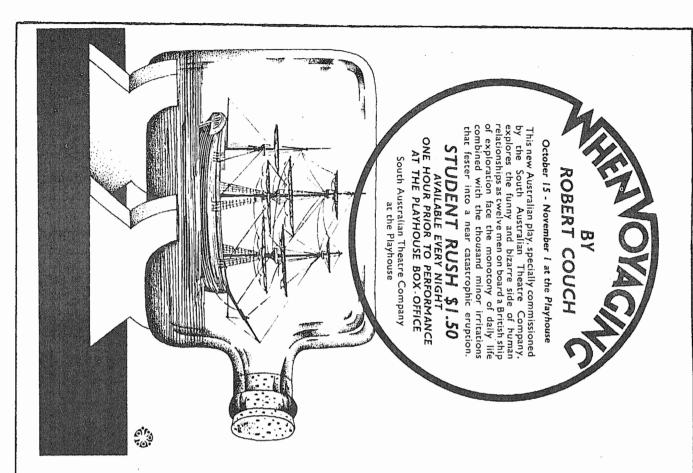
WORLD KINDNESS TO ANIMAL WEEK

ANIMAL WELFARE LEAGUE

 $\$\frac{1}{4}$ million building on $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres. Cur. Cormack & Nth. Arms Road, Wingfield.

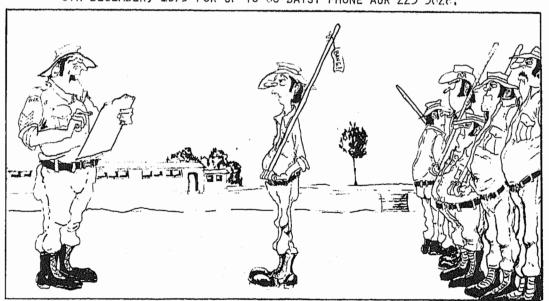
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