Swinopsis
the magazine of the Swinburne College of Technology

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EDITORIAL

Survival is the constant adaptation of life to the environment. But we on Earth, through the scientific manipulation of our surroundings, are projecting our life beyond natural limits and sophistication our life-style in the further denial of this premise.

The tyranny of language and of learning permits degree. It elaborates the complex whilst ignoring the simple facts of existence.

We now speak of survival as 'economical' and 'political'.

Because of our extraordinary aggression, we, above all other creatures on the planet, have been powerful enough to shape the environment to suit ourselves and our needs. We have done this in the name of progress and have disregarded the environmental condition, as we have the other forms of life beside ourselves which depend on it. In the environment is, (as we will come to rediscover), where we live, both physically and mentally. With maturity we may eventually acknowledge mortality and leave at least some of this planet fertile to support the lives of future generations.

Within environment we react to life and the living of it in different ways. Some of these are contained in the following pages. Whether stimulating or humorous, or simply reports of developments in certain areas; they are valid as ideas on environment. Many of the articles here embrace more substance than 'just doing your own thing in print'; and I hope that they may have additional interest for the reader to their ostensible purpose as some ideas expressed through Swinburne in 1970.
DIRECTOR’S REPORT

The theme for Swinopsis 1970 is You and Your Environment. This is most appropriate in view of the current concern being expressed about the effect on the environment of the increasing industrialisation and urbanisation of the countryside. The dictionary definition of the term Environment is ‘the surrounding objects, region or circumstances’. Thus when we talk about the environment we must think of all that surrounds us, people, buildings, roads, the water in our rivers and bays, the air we breathe and the general ecological state of the countryside.

In all of these areas students at Swinburne have a part to play. They are the citizens of tomorrow and it will be upon them, to a large extent, that the burden will rest to make sure that the environment is not further despoiled. Swinburne is already doing something in an attempt to make people aware of the problems. A very successful ‘Teach-In on Pollution’ was organised by the student body; a short course in pollution control is to be offered by the Department of Chemical Engineering; Public Health Engineering has been included in the new Degree Course in Civil Engineering, and now the publication of Swinopsis with this particular theme.

As with many things, the protection or improvement of the environment tends always to be ‘somebody else’s job’; we can only hope that the increase in publicity which the subject is receiving will stimulate everybody to consider ‘it is my job’ and then go out and do something about it.

Dr. W.R. LONGWORTH.
A TALE

Autumn in the park; and the sun shone down through yellow and russet leaves, forming a mantle of subtly-tinted light where the white-haired old man held the two small, smooth, and rounded pebbles in his hand.

And hands lined with age traced patterns over the water's surface.

With light catching like a thin thread of mercury where the ripples banked upon each other and then disappeared.

We would watch him there, and listen to his words. He, who called us the children.

Eyes catching the light—reflecting from moisture between eyelids and the surfaces of eyes—bright globes inset with colour—the most beautiful part of the body.

The colours of the seasons turned Autumnal over the earth's surface here; our focus of awareness shifting to the small stream of clear water where he dipped his hands and retrieved small, smooth-worn pebbles. Telling the tale.

In words tracing each thin vein of the autumn leaves—of the veins twining through his own moistened hands; a long story flowing with separate cells down myriad hair-like fibres, which had drawn rain from the soil—energised with nitrogen fallen from lightning . . . in night storms of great beauty and violence—all interrelating in the fine soil beneath green grass mellowed by rays of this slanting autumn sun . . .

"Years ago I knew this land. It hasn't really changed very much.

"Colours, shades, and the bark of trees . . . ghost gum and wattle grew in profusion, and still do, as the climate here suits them well.

"See these stones—the mineral flecks you may notice when they are held up to the light! Where surface patterns and textures are distinct and precise. They feel so well in the hand too, of course, because of the continuous action of water over many years.

And these rounded edges often conjure images which are likewise without sharp divisions or clearly defined boundaries."

So saying, the old man placed each pebble he had withdrawn from the water in a special position on the damp ground at the stream's edge.

Each was chosen with great care, and arranged according to colour, texture and shape; until, together, they formed curious designs, and strange ciphers, which at once seemed familiar to us all.

(It was with a great pain at heart that I saw him do this. All the small movements of his hands as they lingered over the design, each indecision of his fingers resulting in a misalignment of one of the elements of the whole, actually conveyed to me a sort of physical pain or agony; that was, however not without a trace of the most extreme elation and joy.)

And while he spoke I became aware of a sudden sensation of falling through space. A motion which resolved itself into a vision of small insects skimming backwards and forwards over a still, clear pond nearby.

And I saw them fully there—as giants! Inhabiting a miniature universe full of swift violent movements and clashing contrasts of light against shade.

Movements like vast, blurred expansions of force through space; and light exploding like star-shells over a mindless world of blind, contesting hungers. All relentlessly impersonal, but savagely insistent . . . in a discordant symphony that would never be resolved.

The miniature cities and kingdoms . . .

At the pool's other edge, where the grasses of the forest sloped down, dark green fern fronds dipped into the water, only touching the surface at their tips; to be bent into the lighter-green (refracted) colours of each small detail of their intricate structures . . .

"Show me the veins in your wrist," he said, ". . .and I will reveal to you a miracle . . ."

"And indeed," he continued, "there were many times when the sun itself seemed to stream blood through the clouds — and the spaces between people's faces would leap with a sudden intermeshing of thin purple filaments. All pulsing and growing with their own secret life."

The membranes of plants structured in elaborate codes of chemical interrelationship. Occupying a green galaxy. The microscopic design discovered at the grass-tip's section where the blade divided in exploding sources of light. And I felt small filaments lengthen between my cut wrist and green shoots pushing above the earth.

Oh God—the blood on the grass-tips—like bloody spears thrusting into the face of the sun. And the blood dripping into clear water, which dissolves into yellow (such a strange yellow), sunlight of autumn, showing through transparent leaves in a fine delineation of fibre tracery . . . flecks of gold flowing together in crystalline brightness.

Bright red on the tips—in the intermingling—with the repeated sacrifice of children who give themselves without understanding, only fascinated by the stare of a cunning serpent whose eyes cannot be avoided, even if it were desired.

Always, sheer eyes of shining try to see beyond the surface play of light and time . . .

So the scene of the old man instructing the children beside a stream becomes frozen. As in a game we once played called "statues" When each figure must remain still—and all gestures are suspended in mid-enactment—with the scene becoming a raised tableau—perfectly static—silent—and still—

Saw my face fixed in terror on the face of a child. A small, pale face. And flickers of ghostly light playing about staring eyes—as the picture recedes into itself, forming an endless corridor composed of the same image duplicated over and over again, into infinity. And the old man stirred the water into shapes of time . . . I was conscious of this . . . and saw waters of healing flow from that bright glowing centre, suspended, in drops of dew attached to the small bare twigs of the forest.

JOHN JENKIN
You lead a locked-in existence with your life lying outside your present realm.

You're civilised beyond your senses, cut yourself off from all that is human; out of touch, narcotized, mechanised, Westernised, with bleached-out hanging eyes that yearn for natural light. It is a sinister lunacy we have brought upon ourselves with the patterned regularity, over-technologicalised, over-intellectualised ways of our existence. Our brains are fed exactitudes, exhausted idioms and petrified notions that leave our bodies dried out as hollow locust shells. We are severed from ourselves and alien to our sensibilities-fragmented, specialised, dissected, pigeon-holed and in all this, smothering. The strictures of civility have gone awry and left us barely room to breathe. We watch ourselves fossilise, for that is the totality of our existence. The good life (remember we once sought it) has grown blind, bland, banal and numb. Its plastic, passionless tedium has turned living souls into solid stat circuitry and robbed the body of its natural senses. The vast metropolises of thought in which we are trapped are self-propelling without our compelling: we are dying.

It is time to rise up, display the glorious gift of life we have, do homage to our mother Earth. Short-circuit civilisation. Peel the plastic from your eyes, the depredative clock-work from your heart and revel at long last in a new rapport with earth and air and your own unfettered impulses. We will with all the charm of nature, recover those lost realms of sensation within ourselves and celebrate a new age. GRAHAM HOWE
Mr. Berlei knows all about it. He is practised in the art of fleshly manipulation. Through superb human engineering he may produce an indelible mammmary gland a superbly tantalizing promise of pumiceous bliss. Sagging flesh assumes the contours all healthy post-frigidities (men) yearn for. Under the right tutelage of a Hold-in-Mold, a Cross-Me-Heart or the latest Cleavage Clarifier, Mr. Berlei and his ilk make myths of mammarys. They put up a superb front. Public Relations it’s called. And everyone loves it. To be confronted by the gooses-pampered reality would be an affront to our fine sensibilities. The only problem comes with marriage. Conflicted after years of pre-marital abstemiousness, within the sacrosanct domiciles of the svelte soul-mate, the pristine groom goes howling to his psychiatrist.

I shall now drop the metaphor. The romance of the reconciliation may render me exhausted. Some members of society have turned the light on at the wrong moment and seen under the harm incandescent glare things which they don’t like being married to.

The appearance and the reality have been found wanting. The myth was better than the myths. Now this is where the story really starts. Castle’s wonder machines give us heart-warming headlines.

REPORT HITS AT INDUSTRY

MANY SMALL FIRMS NOT INTERESTED IN CONTROL, SAYS EXPERT

By WILLIAM GOFF

Business and government blamed for pollution

A leading British export expert has scathingly criticised both government and industry in a report on Australian pollution control released yesterday.

The report, by Mr. A. E. Barton, attacks the present unco-ordinated government approach to the problem and says heavy responsibility for pollution control rests with industrial managements.

"I have come to the conclusion that the present critical situation confronting the multi-million metropolitan of Sydney should never have arisen," Mr. Barton says.

"It could have been anticipated and suitable pro-active action taken if a co-ordinated authority had been in existence."

Of course anyone with a passable olfactory sense could have sniffed as much years ago were it not for his having his nose to the H.P. grindstone to buy his stable of double-fronted brick venus in the (recently dastardly) bushland setting of Dream Away-Park-Estate.

But surely this is not the industry which has showered us with so many blessings, from toilet tissue to tunsten, diapres to dream-cars. Of course not. And all can be proud. Take the motor industry union which polaoning.

However Canberra is on the move. It has provided $500,000 to be fought for among the States for anti-drug (the nasty ones) education. This is bound to reduce the competition which the tobacco and liquor lobbies may have feared. The Victorian Dept. of Health provided only $8,400 this year for anti-smoking education. This made an anti-smoking film "Leave it To The Chimneys". The tobacco industry last year spent an estimated $12,000,000 on T.V. advertising alone.

Of course it all is good for us. Produce a packet of Coughman’s Queen Size and immediately you have, 1, a superb virginial blonde, 2, running, linking virginial stream, 3. beautiful bushland, 4. a tact promide of euphoria at the first puff.

Change your brand and you win, 1, a superb virginial blonde, 2, an E Type Jag, 3. a private aerople. Change again and you become a man, saddle between your legs, mob of sheep, wool subsidies from your pal the Government. This is all possible because (this is not generally known) Coughman’s and their 97 subsidiaries bought up the patents on the smoke from Alfalard’s lamp.

It is a horrible fact of life that the free-enterprise system, for which we are all dying in wars, on the road, in the air and in the Elwood canal, has one all consuming goal—profitability. While the motor industry pretends to be interested in the safety of the citizens, it produces machines which no one should of Jack Brabham can keep safe on the road, and even then only with extensive modifications (the car, not Brabham). But the individual firms in the industry must compete with each other. The public won’t buy safety—only sex symbols. Virgin Aussies!

This contradiction is endemic. While the USA is extending its financial empire, we indulge with them in "anticipatory retaliation" and fight for FREEDOM and DEMOCRACY which is starting to sound a bit like an ad. for a new stretch girdle. The old "God, King and Country" bit was much better but unfortunately for the political ad-men, all three inconveniently died from misuse.

Newsweek, June 5, 1969 even report the suggestion, in an article on the Military-Industrial Complex, that the war industry and their fellow travellers, the military may have had more than a hand in promoting the Vietnam involvement. Read the article. It makes Dracula look like a kindergarden sissy.

Incidentally. For "education" in the mass media read "training for employment". Anyhow wake up one morning, stretch and yawn and see the most wonderful all-Australian dream. It will include all the famous beauties in the Myth Australia Caress, Myth Industry, Myth Free Enterprises, Myth Road Safety Council, Myth Education, Myth Democracy, Myth Liberty... Myth Take. But DON’T TOUCH. They all explode on contact.

Please don’t get depressed. There is always Heaven. A P.R. man in a war surplus told me.

Swing low sweet chariot... ALAN BROWNE
The writer of this paper is frequently asked "What is your view of the future? Do you view it with optimism or pessimism?"

Isaac Asimov, in one of his science fiction stories imagines man living in vast enclosed chambers, air conditioned to the comfort zones of temperature and humidity. Because of the increase in population, a family is only permitted a bedroom on certain occasions, most nights being spent in dormitories, particularly for the less privileged. All food is served in cafeterias. The ultimate attainment for members of the upper hierarchies is to obtain a key to a private family washroom instead of sharing communal facilities.

Why was man put in this predicament of having to live in a restricted urban environment? It is imagined to be the inevitable result of overpopulation, inadequate food supplies and destructive pollution, the problems which are facing us now. Are these problems in fact wholly insoluble and is the optimum population of earth only 1000 million?

The writer tends to disagree with these gloomy predictions, because it appears that some problems seem to solve themselves, while others are helped by development in science, technology and the humanities.

For example, the overwhelming world problem is overpopulation. The population of Europe grew markedly in the nineteenth century, but today its growth rate is slowed down, and in some countries there is even a decrease. The population of Japan was considered a problem about 30 years ago, while today it appears to have reached stability.

In the neolithic period, when wild foods and hunting were the basis of man's existence, the effective limit of population was 0.4 persons per square kilometer, or 1 per 1000 acres. Early farming raised this to 1 per square kilometer, medieval farming to 10 per square kilometer, while the population of England and Wales today has 330 persons per square kilometer. These population pressures require very careful rural land conservation and urban planning, but they are not insurmountable.

The provision of adequate food supplies is a problem arising from the increases in population, which in turn, reduce the amount of land available for food production. As a typical example, Melbourne is using 8 square miles of rural land each year in outward expansion at the present time.

But man has been able to produce vastly increased amounts of foodstuffs in recent years. In fact there is overproduction in Australia in wheat, wool, dairy produce, potatoes and dried fruits, which we have difficulty in selling overseas, and where the farmers are subsidized by the urban population. Europe also is overproducing quite a number of these, and only parts of India, China and Central America are in need of food supplies. A more equitable distribution of the available food supplies to the "third world" is essential. Scientific development in the production of protein foodstuffs is another obvious need of the future.

Immediately apparent to us are the problems of destruction and despoilation of our natural environment by pollution — gaseous, liquid and solid. We read how our rivers are, in some instances being used as sewers, how hydrogen sulphide gas escaping from some chemical plant is detected by perhaps one million persons in Sydney, and every day we see litter spoiling our roads, parks and "beauty" spots, even in remote parts of Australia.

Pollution of air, water and land is a result of man and animal living on earth. Increasing sophistication of man's needs, his numbers and his affluence has increased his polluting habits to what are, in some circles, referred to as "crisis" levels. This consists of litter and garbage, trade and agricultural wastes, gaseous pollutants from industry and the generation of electricity, which are produced in normal activities, with the additional danger of accidents, such as oil spillage from tankers and gas explosions.

However, it is not impossible to deal with the recurrent and continuing pollution problems. Garbage can in part be converted into useful materials, while residual garbage can be burned efficiently and without causing air pollution, in large incineration plants. If these are sufficiently large, as recent French and German installations have shown, they can be used for generating electricity, as garbage is a slightly better fuel than Victorian brown coal (with reference to heating value).

The treatment of sewerage and industrial liquid wastes is difficult and expensive, but technologically possible. The removal of litter is, in part, changing the type of container used, and perhaps retreating from the "disposable non-returnable" container, but even more, a problem in education of people not to spread their wastes. A method found successful in Singapore is heavy and frequent fining of offenders, and this has turned the island republic into one of the world's cleanest cities.

Man in his affluent society, has many requirements — electricity, transportation, housing — the production of which causes pollution. If this pollution is reduced, the price of these items will, either directly or indirectly be increased by about 10 percent. However, this is a small price to pay for a much improved environment.

We cannot return to a simpler life, because of population pressures, even if we wanted to. I feel that we are prepared to pay the price of a better environment, and so I look at the future through the eyes of an optimist.

W. STRAUSS
We pay the top one $30,000 per year. We pay ordinary members $12,000 per year. We let them travel anywhere in Australia first class, whenever they want to. We give them a black chauffeur-driven car. Every two or three years we send each one overseas to confirm what they have been telling us for the previous three years.

We renew their contracts every three years. Some are like the F111!

Mr. Malcolm Fraser—(Wannon)—Minister for Defence—By leave—"I wish to inform the House that another F111 of the American Air Force crashed during rocketing exercises". Andrew Jones and Edward St. John are examples of this. Big noise and then bang.

We keep some on for so long that they get long service leave payments and a knighthood when they leave. To make sure they are well fed we give them at least one special dinner per month for some visiting dignitary. In between their dinners we give them a special dining room which serves the best food in Australia at very cheap prices. In case they feel thirsty we have a bar going 24 hours a day for them at reduced prices. Then they argue amongst themselves how much they should receive in allowances.

Senator Turnbull—(Tasmania)—"For the life of me I cannot understand why Senators receive the same allowance as members of the House of Representatives".

When they have done this they decide to give themselves the amount already mentioned.

Some think they are irreplaceable:

Senator Sir Magnus Cormack—(Victoria)—"We do not require deputies—can you not get that into your skull".

They are good friends and have a great deal of respect for each other.

Mr. Wentworth—(Mackellar)—Minister for Social Services: "Burchett does the most harm when he misleads weak minded people like the honorable Member for Hunter".

Mr. James—(Hunter)—"If I am weak-minded he is a ratbag".

Mr. Wentworth—"I withdraw the phrase "weak minded". I substitute the phrase "easily persuaded".

Mr. James—"In view of the honorable gentleman's apology I withdraw the word ratbag".

Mr. Killen—(Moreton)—Minister for the Navy—"The honorable member for Willis (Mr. Bryant) would represent the number nightmare I have met in many a long day".

Mr. Bryant—(Wills)—"And that dear friends is the Minister for the Navy. Woe to the Manly ferry when he sets out to sea. At last we have an Australian with a Nelson touch—he has a blind eye for every atom of common sense".

Mr. Daly—(Grayndler)—"Mr. Speaker, not for a minute would I reflect on you personally. I want to say that you have ruled that the statement of the honorable Member for MacArthur (Mr. Bate) that the alternative government were a lot of Communists is not offensive to honorable members of this side of the Parliament. I pose the question: If the alternative government is not the Australian Labor Party, to whom was the honorable member referring?"—In effect, Mr. Speaker, your ruling means that I cannot say, for instance that the Treasurer (Mr. Bury) is an embezzler, but I can say that all those on the Government side are. Mr. Speaker, it gives me no great pleasure to say that all members of the Australian Country Party are hillbillies when I know that only a couple of them are.

Mr. Giles—(Angas)—"Anyone who doesn't vote for Dartmouth threatens South Australia;"

Mr. Foster—(Sturt)—"Rubbish".

Mr. Giles—(Angas)—"It is not rubbish".

Mr. Foster—(Sturt)—"It is rubbish".

Mr. Giles—(Angas)—"Does the honorable member never put a cork in it?"

Mr. Alan Fraser—(Eden-Monaro)—"I will tell the honorable member for Evans (Dr. Mackay) the kinds of amendments that could be moved. There could be an amendment moved to say that instead of the Leader of the House being censored, he should be fined, or that he should be removed or that he should be shot. Those would be relevant amendments".

Mr. Cope—(Sydney)—"Last night's debate sank to the level of a fourth rate local Council. It proved that the honorable member for Henty (Mr. Fox) is the greatest fox in this Parliament".

Mr. Fox—(Henty)—"Don't worry, I can cope with you".

Sometimes their occupations are useful in Parliament—Dr. Thlugman—(Prospect)—"The address in reply is one of the few occasions when members can deliver their political credo without being restricted to any particular topic. This corresponds to what my psychiatric colleagues call group therapy".

Besides being frivolous they tell us what we can and can't do. They tell us to defend our country, pay taxes, and on special occasions they tell some of us we can't get a job because we are a risk to national security.

The last time we advertised for new positions over 500 of us applied for their jobs.

After all, it's the only job which employs people and then lets the employees tell the employers what to do and how to go about doing their job. If I had the chance I'd join them—Wouldn't you? After all it would look good driving up to the Ethel in a big black limousine after spending a few weeks in each Australian State during Summer before recommencing the first semester in 1971. SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI DAVID J. ZERMAN
Has anyone here seen Judith lately. Maybe someday you'll ask her where she was. It's not the right way to go about it though. She must have been seen by him sometime. Sometimes you know where she is; actually you always know, but in and out of making a quid. It's easier to forget.

It was only a short time ago that Judith loved a silly little twerp like him on even terms, or at least that is what you thought. The trouble with him is that he thought too much about something he didn't have to think about. He only had to let it all come out and Judith is there. She doesn't mind a bit. Last year I was able to see her myself a couple of times. You shouldn't need to tell anyone about it as I have though, but then again you always forget as soon as some person's ear seems to offer itself for the confession.

Finally Paul got off the seat; cleaned himself, flushed the bowl, washed his hands and left. On the way up the stairs he tries to remember what he has in mind to do today. A plan of attack is frustrating because at the time you make the plan it is not actually a plan. You're already doing it. So that when it comes to having a go at it it's stale, you've already done it but nobody knows about it, so you have to go through the actions and come up with the results. It's so hard for Paul to collect his thoughts together in the place he lives, there's so much going on. How can you honestly take it all in and be aware of all the happening things. Paul can't. And if you aren't able to understand everything, how are you supposed to do your part properly.

Paul knows Judith too. "And why shouldn't I?" he would tell me sometimes even though I've never asked him. I suppose he understands.
At the top of the stairs you can either do a half-circle and climb the next flight or turn right and buy a cup of tea. This, of course depends on whether or not you come off the street or the railway track. Anyway Viv came off the street and bought a cup of tea. A minute later there were three cups of tea all going up and down. Erica and Thomas were the other two. Something is nagging Paul, something he has got to do, but he can't remember. Erica keeps getting in the way though she doesn't know it. Paul doesn't blame her for it because how can she be expected to know something Paul himself is trying to remember. If he got up, walked to the window and looked out he'd be away from Erica, but all the things through the glass would make it even harder to remember. Paul sits down again. Neither Erica nor Thomas knows that Paul was at the window, but he had been in his mind, and seeing it was fruitless why bother actually doing it just to let them know. Paul loves them but repeating it wouldn't benefit anyone.

Finally Paul speaks: There's something I meant to do but I can't remember what it was.

Thomas speaks: “It's annoying isn't it?”

Erica speaks: “It hasn't got anything to do with Judith has it?”

Paul gets up and walks to the window wishing that there weren't so many people with the name Judith.

WOLFGANG KRESS
COMMUNICATING MEDEA
THE MASSAGE IS THE MESSAGE

All facets of our contemporary scene are flashed at us through those hyper-quadrant eyes of the electronic dream machines that inhabit suburbia. Under the influence of the Telly we could all joyfully dullaway our senses uninterrupted were it not for the fact that the services of that one-eyed monster in the living room are extremely expensive to provide. Poor Telly cannot afford to spin dreams unsponsored and so must go the way of its fellow mass media. If patronage for every channel cannot come from the Government, then it must come from industry and it does - to the tune of $1,000's per week; $1,000,000's per year.

"Yes Criag. Put more thrust through your engine with Castrol!"

Whether rubbed into children using a diluted solution called Dozomania, or strained through the adult's acid ear, the massage is expertly applied so the Medium can survive.

Here in Australia they transmit the audio-visual experience using a 625-Line System, which, enthroned atop Mt. Dandenong and other rocky projections, emits momentary fragments of medium greyness that we call Pop Culture. The advertisers who are supporting this edifice may literally spend their time in various ways. They can be relegated to a temporary influence over the masses by purchasing time per minute or part thereof, or elevated out of reach to the hallowed estate of Sponsorship, having realised that it is cheaper in the long-run to buy a ½ or 1-Hour show than to continue buying time in one-minute slots. An added advantage is, of course, that the publicity value of such a venture is enormous. Not only can sponsors have their cake and eat it too, but also
it would seem that the public can eat that cake and swallow it whole. (Television has probably been the most successful and expensive advertising medium to date.) That the cake-mix is often none-too-tasty has been validated by one famous American who said of his fellow:

"Nobody ever lost money underestimating American public taste." Here of course the advertising cake's not quite as rich but oh-brother-are-we-ever-learning-to-bake-it-mate!

Stimulated by appetites ravenous since childhood, we have been conditioned, through constant box-watching, to accept a daily diet of inferior ingredients sandwiched between stale hunks of local and imported fare. In providing us with this TV Dinner advertisers have learned to cater for the disparate tastes of the public palate. Their versatility knows no bounds. At the flick of a switch they can plunge us through the merky depths of the suburban plughole or rocket us to the thin airless reaches where the Upper Class Smoker dwells, and at $580 per minute in the peak traffic hour, the fuel's mighty expensive.

They happily bring us the news, (which has been at least once removed from reality, having already appeared in print), the news flashes, the live shows, the canned shows, the Epilogue, the morning prayer and Eric Pearce at Christmastime.

In their ceaseless efforts to attract the attention of viewers it may truthfully be said that they have left no stone unturned. Their soapbox is being constantly remodelled to reflect the latest trends - A trip to Tasmania now assumes fresh connotations. The national quest for ecology finds itself succinctly expressed on the front of a packet of detergent - New Turf With Enzymes? and then, through little short of a miracle of plumbing, is returned to the receiving earth as a pollutant. Where will it all end?

The latest teleinvention offers at least one solution which has untold advantages for the jaded Tellywatcher.

In much the same way that one would build up a record collection on tape, it is now possible to buy anything from live shows to full feature length movies on videotape. Contained in a unit which is plugged into The Telly, these expensive cassettes of videotape will play and replay their contents at any time. This innovation has enormous social significance and in the future is bound to bring about radical changes in The Medium as we know it. Not only will viewers have a complete home entertainment unit at their disposal, but they can have it without the constant barrage of television commercials that assaults the eyeballs at least five times every twelve minutes or for eleven minutes out of every viewing hour when screened in accordance with regulations.

One thing is certain. When the new EVR (Electronic Videotape Recording) System that I have just mentioned becomes available to everyone, (at the moment the price factor is prohibitive), television advertisers will have to look to their laurels. They are going to face some stiff competition.

Until then, the viewing public will just have to grin and bare it, or:-

"Yes Craig, I wouldn't mind a body with a finish like that!"

LUCIENNE KLEMKE.
ECOLOGY Mankind displays a continuing capacity for changing his environment which clearly outranks the understanding he has of this environment. Many of these changes are not immediately reversable if they are a mistake. Principles for avoiding these mistakes however, are emerging from the predictions of ecological science, and an understanding of the ecological point of view is a vital fundamental asset for every person living in a democracy such as ours. A few trained people are not enough; public awareness is vital to help instigate political acts for control of pollution, and of destructive alterations of the environment.

Furthermore, in our capitalistic democracy the last two decades have seen the spiralling of production and consumption—more and better everything.

Disruption of Ecosystems.

Ecological principles outline the constituents of a successful life support system (ecosystem) as producers, consumers, decomposers and abiotic substances (basic elements and compounds of the environment). These constituents must of course also function together successfully. Man however, (especially the capitalistic democratic species) abuses the quantity of the abiotic substances which he extracts (in a given time) and, through mass production of synthetic material products, and by re-cycling of metals, paper, glass etc., produces little or virtually impossible matter for decomposition (in the same given time)—hence the cries for a halt to the depletion of our natural resources.

Ironically (or obviously), the producer-consumer arrangement is also one kind of ecosystem structure, and the amount of living material at each of its levels not only represents potential energy but also may be important as a buffer against physical oscillation and as a living space for organisms. Thus the trees in a forest (which are the abiotic substances in that they are composed of basic elements and compounds), not only represent energy that provides food or fuel, but they modify climate and provide shelter for animals, birds and other organisms, and their indiscriminate or ill-considered removal will result in physical change (water and wind erosion) and reduction of the living space and shelter.

Excessive production and consumption of course, is the producer of air and water pollution, but in a capitalistic democratic society development and growth are the basic elements, and suggestions of reducing production-consumption requires proof of reasonable accuracy of prediction of undesirable effects if changes are not undertaken—ecological insight already does this: it does not take an exact science to predict agricultural poverty if we continue farming practices that, in 20 years remove six inches of valuable top soil that it took 3,600 years to form. The time element involved in fact requires that people develop an understanding of their environment now, as the basis for action now, to remedy the mistakes already made and which are not immediately reversible.

Advocates of individual ecological action suggest reducing consumption, and thus eventually production and pollution, to a minimum—re-using envelopes and paper to save trees; using fumeless, alternative transport to the motor car; not buying goods in plastic (virtually indestructable) containers and knowledge of birth control. Other opinion has it that modern technology can solve all the problems that it has created and that most people live better, healthier lives than they did 100 years ago anyway. But what of the next 100 years?

GORDON ALDIS
TABLE 5. 13.
Some encephalic spasms of a Swinburne graduate, (Engineering) showing slightly inhibited anxious response to informational input, where the input contained indications of ecological trends. 
Note background noise.


| and so gentlemen, unless we take immediate and effective action, it will only be a matter of time before the total global environmental situation will be taken to an irreversible and devastating conclusion. |
| WE ARE APPROACHING APOGEE, SO TO SPEAK, IN THE WORLD'S WASTE PROBLEM, THE POINT OF NO RETURN TO APOGEE. |

The silent freeze of apogee. 
But we were so close, You and I.

Return to apogee, 
The silent freeze of apogee. 
But we were so close, You and I.

Problem is a global one. Hysterics about THE SUN HAS ONLY ENOUGH FUEL TO LAST I asked the bearded prophet At the end of the bed, With empty eye sockets, and No more tears to shed, He moaning “Eli, Eli,” though I dread, He was dead.

But he straightened, and Gripped me, And turned a haunted face to me though turning brought such frozen fear I turned, aghast, and fled.

I heard his wordless mouthing, like moths about my ears that shut me in a tank trap for near five hundred years, to flounder in the imaginings of some trapped idiot, Thin, Naked, White and Fat came staggering down, away down, to empty his red contents in a wide arc to the ink-black sea; Grey nebulous, holding all death, Life, light, and the answer to the end of things.

(It was then that I heard the cry of the prophet:) 

“I see it. Sitting, floating in the middle of the unmade road Is the End of the World.”

And so gentlemen, unless we take immediate and effective action, it will only be a matter of time before the total global envi-

I see, prophet, Mad-cap calculating maths, Thinking on its abacus When we’ll overflow in space, When we’ll pulverise to paste, When we’ll drown in our own waste.

Whichever comes first. For the supercar screams silently, More efficiently, at it. And we have to communicate all this, One to another, By thought, word, and Deed, amen, As if we didn’t know.

Goodbye Sally, Goodbye Sue, I don’t know what I want to do.
ESCAPE TO WHERE? If a child were looking for a quiet pasture to occasionally ululate and make love to the accompaniment of cacaphonic music, he could not do so without redundant elders casting shadows of grim disapproval.

Since the child's indoctrination began parents insipid ethics, conditioned through decades of blind tradition, have tried to encourage the offspring to accept values acquired by grandfather and his contemporaries.

Instead, driven with dismay and distrust from a world more surreal than a moonscape, he seeks to obliviate the boredom and frustration caused by a gap full of ignorance.

His family existence, marred by mortgages and pending debts inhibit the child, turning him towards the achromatic skyscrapers that surge from bitumen jungles, forming malignant playgrounds.

These arenas, plagued with the syndromes of civilization, lure the child away from paternalism substituting fungus ridden gods swaying on pop pedestals transmitted through gaudy circus's and neon bazaars.

An array of bright patterns, revolving in dens illuminated by alternating stroboscopes, converge and transfer the child into an environment more varying in shapes and colours than a kaleidoscope.

The atmosphere becomes intense and the messages, delivered with schematic precision by disciples of the Beatles and their peers, become more vivid in meaning, twisting the child into a whirlpool polluted with social deviants rotating in the umbra corners offering tickets for chemical vacations in cosmos.

Surrounding with chaos, this tempting invitation to blow your mind becomes less sinsister than it first appears. It elucidates areas where turmoil is nonexistent, where the rhythms of life combine with other elements that symbolize nirvana. The mind is reconstructed to respond immediately with the first stimulant injected into the metabolism. An anphetamine to receive a boost, a tranquilizer to ease his anxiety, and a soporific to summon sleep.

Progressively the child turns on, living every second of his escapement in a euphoric condition. As the more primitive relievers lose their zeal the hallucigening and opiate harvesters scattered in distant valleys of Morocco, Mid-West America and the cactus plains of Mexico produced potent replacements capable of enhancing perception even further and distorting the biting parodies of inane materialism beyond the point of recognition, making the world a little more bearable.

These sensory experiences and mind excursions take the child into a Utopia where everything is meaningful, where simple paraphenalia can express contentment as much as a two garage house and backyard swimming pool. Flowers, exotically executed on the concave shapes of a body protruding from a goat skin, display his feelings for peace and love. Hair, cascading down shoulders indicating a sense of freedom, belongs to a generation that's changing a culture.

Perhaps this will be the world that offers a life of harmony for everyone. The Mr. Jones's could once again become individuals, respecting and understanding other individuals to re-establish themselves without the dominance of machines evident in this opulent super sonic age.

The use of drugs provides only some of the answers, children will need confident guidance from someone they can trust to find the rest.

STUART BYFIELD
HOME AWAY FROM HOME.

Clothes are really portable homes away from home. In fashion they mirror the ideals, attitudes and mores of society in myriads of colours, textures and patterns. Out of fashion they mirror society in last season's colours, textures and patterns.

Clothing evolved milleniums before recorded time. When the assertion of physical strength and the protection of territorial rights first claimed land and made it property, man placed magical symbols on the wall of his cave-dwellings which represented their protection for him from the elements, his neighbours and the hostile environment outside. Away from shelter our ancestors wore amulets on their bodies (as we do, even now.) Such crudely fashioned charms provided a credible barrier between the vulnerable human frame and the good and evil forces of its surrounds. Amulets were the first clothes and in ensuring protection for the body, were, in the beginning, truly homes away from home.

With the gradual increase in population above and beyond the bounds of 'family', the wearing of amulets held increasing social importance. The local neighbourhood became crowded. Loss of territory (power) and identity threatened. It was then that someone discovered that amulets could be styled to attract attention and the opposite sex. Emulating the powerful with their big and impressive amulets, he adorned himself in a way that would release the potent ritual spells of the amulets, to confound and astound his neighbours—Fashion had its beginnings.

FROM PORTABLE HOME TO PORTABLE ASSET.

In its broadest sense, fashion comprises all of the outward manifestations of behaviour which receive general acceptance for a limited period of time. With a basis on the human form each epoch develops its own aesthetic conception of the ideal human shape. Evolution of style and cut in fashion is borne on revolution and social change. Take as an example the Revolution in France in 1789. During this famous epoch both the aristocracy and their elaborate wigs fell under the guillotine. Thereafter NOT wearing wigs was almost mandatory.

The expensive frivolity of the Rococo Era gave way to the austerity of the Regency Period, the stylised simplicity of which we are experiencing again today with the current retrospect of 20's and 30's fashion that is so popular.

Different cultures reveal all of their political, economical and historical tenets in outward forms. Clothing is one which is foremost amongst these. The extent and expense of fabric, with the styling and form that clothes possess are indicators of the socio-economic condition and bely the workings of society.

The most frequently encountered development in the history of fashion has been for an increase in stature. The first international pillars of fashion were erected in France during the century which preceded the Battle of Nancy in 1477. The innovators of the Gothic Style fashioned their garments with an elegance of line and purity of colour which rivalled, in its jewel-like translucency, the gleaming glass lace of Gothic windows.

Clothes like these were frequently embroidered with precious gems and in an age which enjoyed grand tours about the country to the chateaux of royalty, became valued as assets, to be transported from place to place with the other objets d'art of the wealthy mediaeval hierarchy.

HOME AWAY FROM HOME AWAY FROM HOME.

However, when the textile industry left the cottages for the factory, the value of clothes as beautiful vehicles for taste and affluence fell.

Presently, mass society has few fresh territories to discover. With Space Age impatience it now pleases the fashionable to make synthetic rediscoveries of past eras. The only really radical innovations will come with future environments in space and in the ocean, where clothing will again become a home away from home away from home.

Where once clothes triumphed over the body (in Western culture), now the body triumphs (if I may use the term) over clothing. For the time being the role of clothing as amulet has been temporarily taken over by a newer home away from home—the modern motor car.

LUCIENNE KLEMKE.
The car, and all of its implications for society, exerts a tremendously powerful influence over the contemporary scene. It is a phenomenon which in itself is proof of the marketing power to influence patterns of social and personal behaviour - ergo, our life-style. As a society we have already ingested so much of the free enterprise message that our pattern of life has, in many ways immutably changed.

In 1932, Aldous Huxley wrote of a future society where people were automatically conditioned to possess certain mental attitudes and attributes. His work was regarded as an entertaining satire, the circumstances of which would never really become a reality. Huxley’s conditioning of the masses was enjoined upon them by the state and pursued those principles which the dominant elite wished to impose.

Presently, the attitude towards such techniques of persuasion varies from pure cynicism to a wholehearted belief in them as a kind of marketing panacea. Few people understand the far-reaching effects that this can have—People blithely relate this conditioning to advertising but I maintain that an acceptance of the persuasion process has become a natural part of modern life. The conversations of the average social or family group are examples where the repetition of received opinions and the dogmatic statements of familiar slogans are evident. The cynic would probably state that this was always man’s case, more or less, and that he was always puzzled about how to direct his energies and ways of gauging his personal success.

And yet with the banishment of the magic belief in the inevitability of a benign “progress”, his perplexity has increased, making him more eager for guidance from an authoritarian voice.

When T.S. Eliot, in his play “Murder in the Cathedral”, makes Thomas a’ Becket say to the fourth Tempter: “Who are you tempting with my own desires?” he was expressing with poetic vision, the sweet agony (if I may use the term) of being tempted by someone who knew his mind, and using that insight to tempt yet more effectively. In the same way the selling theme can be designed to play on sympathetic desires and to answer unconscious wishes—(much the same as the proverbial good witch)—so that people will turn affirmatively to follow the authoritarian voices speaking to them in their own dream language.

In this way the automobile industry employs various methods to promote its product. It freely exploits depth probing in order to evoke hidden desires within the individual. Like a good sales practitioner it effects profitable cures for invisible symptoms.

Car selling has often been said to be connected with the Freudian idea of describing the car deal as a quasi-sexual relationship between ‘customer’ and car. Sex, implicit in the high life mixture of the Super Set, was most obvious in the advertisements for the Ford Capri. Sex was by no means a new weapon in the sales war—As far back as 1934 a survey had noted that “An exploitation of Sex Interest was normally rewarded by extra attention
from men.' But it was the first time that sex had been so overtly used to sell cars, and it was indeed the Ford Capri that came closest to emulating Dichter's philosophy of 'convertible-as-mistress.'

Speed has become the marketing 'plus' to add to the marketing 'mix.' The marketing promoters croon to the willing buyers such enticing incantations as.......'just feel that effortless power coming from under your foot. Just put your foot down and accellerate from 0-60 m.p.h in......seconds— and all for the price of a family car'.'

I suppose the most obvious line of marketing advance is to offer something to the mass market in the way of added attributes that have hitherto been a feature of the more expensive cars, to wit higher power (speed) and so-called luxury (fittings and finish). To some extent both have been preserved, but it can be observed that the power/speed attribute is more closely identifiable with the libido (primitive life drive) instinct than is the luxury aspect— In other words, speed sells cars.

Recently a leading car manufacturer launched an ad. campaign based on the theme 'a safe outcome from a crash', as if to say "If you risk a crash in this car you'll come out all right". Anything more socially irresponsible is hard to imagine. The trouble is that the marketing function, precisely because it is not bound to be socially responsible, is caught in the toils of its own barren necessities— to exploit, as cheaply as possible, the basic emotional attractions of power, speed and self-locomotion up the social scale. As the original glitter of self-locomotion becomes exhausted as an attraction, at least in the advanced countries, there has been an irresponsible resort to the most easily marketable extensions of the libido attractions— namely speed to meet the needs of the power-hungry. Appealing to the power-hungry and the diversion-hungry, primitive instincts come to the fore and the patterns of behaviour crystallising around them become in themselves things for people to copy. The accounts of narrow escapes or tales of door-to-door speeds are the folk lore of narrow minds. Caught in a nemesis of their own making, the motor industry, in advertising a 'safe' car, seems to facilitate moral bankruptcy.

We can see the degree of lucidity in their line of thinking about cars when we realise that even the attributes of speed (neglecting the fact that traffic laws won't permit the excessive use of speed) is in itself a totally non-utilitarian attachment to the car in modern circumstances. Inhabitants of large cities have already privately admitted that the use of public transport supplemented by the taxi companies, is much more efficient than travelling in a private vehicle.

From the expression of the libido instinct and its subsequent symptoms in society, to problems of sheer utility then, the car mystique can be uncovered as being irrational. It is no different from and certainly more dangerous than the expression of the other basic instincts that are exploited so profitably by the marketing function in business to sell their products. ROSEMARY HARRIS
The art of printing is some 1200 years old, and in general practice it still follows three basic traditional methods. These methods are:—printing from a raised surface (letterpress), from an indented image (gravure), and more recently from a flat surface (lithography). Although the invention of movable type, stereotypes and an overall mechanization has speeded up printing processes, the methods have remained the same for hundreds of years. Today, however, printing is undergoing radical innovations, particularly in the area of typesetting.

Since the 1940's we have seen the application of photography to typesetting, leading to the wide use of photo-offset printing. Photography and the changes it brought to printing have removed from typography many restrictions and disciplines of metal type composition.

In the days of setting type by hand, skilled compositors achieved remarkable speeds as high as one character per second; similarly, mechanical typesetters cast approximately 5 characters per second. Photo-offset setting machines enabled type to be set at rates of 300 characters per second. With a human operator at the keyboard, the machine is limited to the rate of input. Including the various kinds of commands that must be given, the machine, a good keyboard operator can do much better than 13 characters per second. It is possible to increase the rate by hooking several keyboards onto the machine with operator's working simultaneously, but even their combined input will use only a fraction of the machine's speed capacity.

Today there is an enthusiastic acceptance of phototypesetting. Mechanization has permitted greater perfection and the introduction of computerization will eventually afford the application of mathematical precision to production speeds previously unbelievable. The two limitations—the limited speed capacity of the machine itself and the limited rate of human operators—has prompted the current new development; typesetting by electronics with a computer providing the input.

Electronic typesetting utilizes a cathode ray tube (similar to the kind used in T.V. sets) that paints characters on a screen to produce lines of text. The text, in turn, is recorded on film for printing by the photo-offset method. Characters are formed by swinging the electron beam to make short parallel strokes so fine and spaced so closely together that the image appears solid. Several companies in the electronic and printing fields began to explore this inviting concept almost simultaneously, and since 1966 a number of successful machines have been produced and demonstrated.

In some of these machines the character is painted with vertical strokes, in others with horizontal strokes. The screen is an optically flat disc coated with layers of aluminium and phosphor. With each stroke the electron beam produces an extremely fine line, less than one-thousandth of an inch thick, on the screen. The stroke produced by switching the moving beam on for a brief instant, is of course, very short. Since the beam can move at speeds as high as 10,000 inches per second, whereas a faster, it paints the characters very quickly. Speeds to several hundred to several thousand characters per second have been attained, and future electronic typesetters could operate at the speed of more characters per second.
One of the major virtues of the electronic system is that the beam can paint not only type characters, but also any kind of graphic material; it can easily generate tabular or columnar displays, drawings and eventually even half tone pictures for printing.

The high speed electronic typesetter not only lends itself to operation by computer but actually demands it. To begin with, the system requires a computer type memory bearing fully detailed instructions for the printing of each character so that the keyboard operator need not punch in on-off signals for the multitude of strokes the electron beam must make to form each letter. Thus, one ‘box’ in the memory carries the instructions for forming the character ‘A’ and another for ‘B’ and so on. Entire fonts of type in various styles are stored in the memory, and any font can be selected simply by pressing the correct identifying keys.

A printer or typesetter who wishes to install a computer typesetting system can avail himself of a new and complete typesetting service, including computer programmes (‘Software’) to drive any typesetting device. The “tailored software” concept allows experienced programmers to develop basic working systems, and then to tailor them to meet individual requirements. The benefits of computer typesetting are therefore available at reasonable and competitive costs.

Electronic typesetting offers many advantages. When composing text, the keyboard need only type on steadily as if he were writing one long line; the computer, which has the width of each character, a word dictionary and a set of rules stored in its memory, will break up the typed text into justified lines, even hyphenating a word at the proper syllable break. With a brief signal identifying a stored string of commands the operator can cause the computer to start a new chapter in a book. This calls for the start of a new page, selection of size and style of type for the chapter and the spaces around it. The computer can perform almost all the functions of formatting, creating runarounds for illustrations, dividing the text into columns and pages, inserting page numbers and carrying out other tasks of makeup.

Besides simplifying the work of the individual operator, the stored programmes and the rapidity of the typesetting machine’s operations make it possible to feed commands into a machine from 32 keyboards at a time.

The computer has now begun to perform some editing functions. It can be programmed, for example, to compile indices and bibliographies. As the setting of the text proceeds, the computer notes key terms or other specified information, stores the place of its occurrence in its memory, and finally automatically sorts them in alphabetical order.

The advent of electronic and computerized typesetting has initiated a great deal of research into the legibility of print. This is particularly concerned with the alphabet used to represent the English language in print, and the suitability of its letter forms as we advance towards the 21st century. The human reader has now been joined by the reading machine. Despite the differences in reading techniques, a bridge must be forged between the machine and the human reader, if full advantage is to be taken of electronics, and if we are to be freed from time-consuming tasks of searching, sorting and filing.

Legibility research must be concerned with the requirements of machine-reading, cathode ray tube composition, micro-filming, electrostatic printing and electrostatic video recording, as well as the needs of human readers and conventional printing processes. It is now predictable that the computer scanner will eventually be able to read and code handwriting and change colloquial into correct English. Computers that can be operated by human voice are also being developed. One day an author may be able to read his work into a computer and receive it back printed and bound.

The future will witness substantial advances in the publishing and printing industries. The new electronic techniques will accelerate the pace of printing, and this, combined with an entirely new method of printing, will open countless avenues. Unlike previous printing techniques, this new method requires no contact between printing and printed surfaces, and hence enables the unprintable to be printed. Powder replaces printing ink and positive and negative charges make it adhere in the desired pattern.

These advances will allow the insatiable public appetite for printed information to be satisfied. Publishing time will be drastically reduced—it has been demonstrated that a full newspaper page including pictures can be set up in less than 5 minutes. Continental and global-scale publication of news will be possible. The contents could be composed electronically in a central office and transmitted by means of wireless channels to satellite plants around the world, where local electronic typesetters would receive the signals and produce plates for printing.

Thus the printed word will enjoy a healthy future, influencing and shaping societies for generations to come, despite predictions of a world without books. GIL DAVIS
The past year has seen political action at Swinburne, in a minor way, similar to what has taken place on campuses all round the country and the world. The advocates of this action are a small but active group of students with socialistic ideas and some communist tendencies. These students have formed a group within the college, a cell within a cell, and charge more moderate students who are not interested in joining the group or taking part in their activities as being apathetic. Their hangup is that the majority of students would rather get an education than listen to political talk or become a street revolutionist.

The type of person involved can be classified under two main headings:—Radical and Revolutionary. While in most ways these two have much in common, the distinction lies in the fact that the radical's prescription for curing his social conscience is to change the rules, redefine how society is to treat a person, while the revolutionist is for the total destruction of the society as it exists. However, this idea of the need to destroy or sweep the society clear of the accumulated pollution of 2000 years of social evils is too antagonistic. I think the problem with the New Left is the desire for instantaneous results.

I submit that if you find a system inadequate, it is not enough simply to demonstrate indignation and anger by mass defiance of established authority. You have an obligation, it seems to me, of saying in what way this political system should be modified, or what should be established in place of it to assure that its workings would bear a better relationship to people's needs and people's feelings.

If the Student Left had constructive proposals for the constructive adaption of this political system to the needs of our age, and if its agitation took the form of reasoned argument and discussion, then many of the older generation could view its protests with respect. But when all that is offered as the only argument for change, the fact that a number of people are angry and excited, then the older generation can only recognise that such behaviour bears a disconcerting resemblance to the origins of totalitarianism. They have no chance but to rally to the defence of a public authority with which they cannot conceivably dispense.

Naturally there are fallacies to any system and inevitably there will always be profiteering and corruption in an society as unrestricted as ours. After a few experiences of this the concerned youth are inclined to conclude that the institut-
ions of our society serve not the people who do the work but the people who collect the profits. The next conclusion is that the institutions themselves stand in the way of freedom and ought to be destroyed. This is where the radical and the revolutionary part company. Not all radicals are convinced that the entire structure has to be torn down and totally rebuilt, but even those who continue to operate within the political process have a limited view of what can be done.

"I think you have to begin with the premise that politics cannot cure the ailments of the human condition", said American political writer Jack Newfield. "You have to begin with the understanding that people are going to commit suicide, and, take drugs, and be sad under any social system—Capitalism, socialism, corporate liberalism, welfare state, Cuba, China, anywhere. What politics can do is redistribute economic power".

"I think we have to make a revision so that the Aborigines or whoever can join the rest of society, sitting in front of their T.V. sets, drinking beer and belching, and feeling threatened by their children—they are entitled to that agony.

It is issues of this kind that have been allowed to stagnate. When exposed to light by a socio-political group, that group must gain credit for making the effort.

However, just because the left wing is pushing for eradication of social evils does not mean that they are as pure as driven snow either. The New Left wants to abolish the draft in order to stop the army from killing communists. If Vietnam was against fascists and the S.D.S. in power, they'd conscript their own grandmothers! The New Left tell us that our society is corrupt and controlled by the bourgeois, capitalistic elite and that revolution is the only answer. The replacing of our social system with a socialistic order where everyone is equal.

"Every revolution ends in the creation of a new privileged class", the Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes once wrote—"it is possible that young revolutionaries are only the new cadre. Should their revolution succeed, it may be that they may become the new privileged class."

"I have a certain emotional sympathy for them", said the late Max Eastman, a socialist and an authority on the Bolshevik Rebellion, "but they are rather pathetic because they have no plan. They just seek a revolution for its own sake".

Simply, the premise for argument exists, just because it has been shown that there are fallacies in our existing society does not make the left wing concept of the order of things legitimate. The street revolutionary who doesn't want to put forward his ideas in a practical functional program is nothing but a jive anarchist.

Thomas Jefferson said, "No society can create a perpetual constitution or even a perpetual law". I agree, and in conclusion stress the fact that there has always been and always will be and, therefore, what is needed is careful and constant revision, not revolution.

PETER HIPWELL
there
are those things
which we see
and those things
which we think we see
how then
are we to know
which things we see
are truly
the things we see
and not the things
which we think we see
that
those things we see
are not those things
we think we see
and those things
which we think we see
are not the things
we do see?

we see
both those things
which we see
and those things
which we think we see
and those things
which we think we see
are in truth
those things which
we do see
what then
do we see?

if then
we cannot know
that what we see
is what we see
and
if then
we cannot know
what we see
we cannot know
how then
do we judge?

if then
those things
which we see
are those things
which we think we see
and those things
which we think we see
are in truth
those things which
we do see
what then
do we know?

HELEN WRIGHT
As the embryo of pure sun
majestically rises over the earth,
the first man chatters in bewilderment.
Cry the bones, the spear is harmful.
Weird formations shatter the landscape,
in apparent belligerence the keenly eye
the insignificant self.
And the monolith stands still.

The Lender of Life rotates in all its glory
as it passes, clothing the land
in greens, browns and purples
the original donations,
screening the sonic sounds of the piercing light
their new eyes contract in a shield
of ignorance—
a wooden club [the hands, the brain, the knowledge]
designates the first human power
and pleased with his superiority,
first man reverses
to bash his friend to a fine pulp.

'Beware the Take' my child
'Beware the Take' cry my bones in chalky horror.
And the monolith sings secretly

Meg Renfrey
"Oh," said the little old man holding his slack neck with veiny hand, "you've stood on my favourite artist Leonardo Kandinsky."
"Oh," said the mechanically operated feet. "My master lost his feet in the First World War and besides, every time I stand on that beautiful forid her mouth turns up at the ends."
"Ah," said the little old man. "Is it worth all that just for a laugh?"
The mechanically operated feet laughed.
"You see," said the little old man, "my wife walked around for fifty years with a silver spike in her throat."
"Oh," said the mechanically operated feet. "I'm afraid I can't swallow that."
"Ah," said the little old man, "that is because you have no fear."
"Oh but is fear so dear?" said the mechanically operated feet.
"But my wife loved every grain that constituted the rock of Peter, she even cried at my funeral. Is that not fear?"
"Well," said the mechanically operated feet, "I walked over to your home last week to see if the lillies had arrived and she told me that you had them stuck in the dirt around your grave, just to give the place a spot of colour."

"Ah yes," said the little old man, "But you will find out in the end that it wasn't such a bad idea."

"Maybe so," said the mechanically operated feet. "But there is a wind that blows from the West and I am afraid it blows no good."

"You are right my friend," said the little old man, "for I too have felt that wind and I am afraid it blows no good."

The mechanically operated feet then kicked the little old man in the face and in the eyes with his steel shoes and ran off into the day spluttering and murmuring.

The little old man picked himself up off the ground and held his broken forid and chuckling, pushed his wrinkles into a lumpy mound on the front of his head.
This is a small elephant-carrying truck but it is so small and the elephant is so big that there is no room for any more elephants, so the elephant that is being carted sometimes gets squashed and lonely.

When Dick was born he had an unusually large nose. The doctor gave him some experimental pills that could have reduced his nose to normal size or increased it twofold and added another nose.

Among this man's hobbies are collecting bananas, apples, and carrots. He even captured a chained rat, which he gets from the pet store. Once, he was walking on his ankle and on the way back he decided to walk back and forth on his toes, using his ankle to balance himself.
Tommy Toast Boy looked like a piece of toast, so every time he came within the vicinity of the toastmaster he shivered. The toastmaster would take him by the ears and pop him gently into the toaster which he turned up full. Poor Tommy’s toenails turned a toasted tan and changed into coils like steel shavings. After seventeen years of this sort of treatment Tommy decided not to be put in the toaster any more.

Can I please give up?

MARK BARNES
one who pulls a face, sticking out an irreverent tongue at the camera, or presenting a multiple view-point with crossed eyes. Perhaps the same one who comes home with wet socks and muddy shoes, to receive a "talking to," or maybe a hiding, penalty for breaking the mud slide.

Cross their 'ts and dot their 'i's in classrooms with chalk dust slowly gathering in the concave runnels beneath blackboards.

Since 1890, or whenever photography was invented—photographs of lives against brick walls, with teachers smiling pleasantly at the side. And it's always an honour to be chosen to hold the smaller blackboard with class group and year written in white chalk—sitting down steadily through horse-and-cart days preserved in varnished sunshine to the periphery of the blackboards.

The blackboard always centred in the foreground to preserve a pre-arranged symmetry. As images centred little boys in sharp-cut sailor's jackets with round Edwardian collars. Boys tie in sepia prints.

Beyond photographs—the chemicals change state and image fades fainter. It's in the light, the light caught in that instant; the shutter open, then closed from afternoon sunshine on faded brown, where frail old ladies stroll with delicate white parasols.

Looking from within the camera; it is very dark. And all interior panels are painted black. It seems, then, that a focus must be achieved. With the huge uncertainties of existence reduced to fixed outlines within the small island of clarity which the camera defines. Then—in a suddenness of the outside world—VAN GOGH. Here are children seen upwind through a small glass portal. All smiling towards the front.

A dripping page of paper, and the chemicals absorb light very slowly over the years—years falling like chalk dust, in smaller and smaller circles slower now behind transparent walls (or a glass lens), caught in the past of children.

Ah, there were so many parades! It was a time of parades, with representatives of monarchy gathered from all over the world. And how grand they looked! Mounted upon horses, with stern self-absorbed expressions, eyes looking towards the front, backs rounded straight, and fine military uniforms with medals and white plumes on their helmets tossed in a 1922 wind. There was so much enthusiasm in those days, it's difficult to imagine it now. Rule Britannia—and the sun did not seem to be setting. We were all on the dawn of a new era, confirmed by news of daring in flying machines, the ever-present spirit of adventure; and discoveries in so many new fields.

And we cheered and we cheered when the parades went past us from a dingy world.

England a mother of colonies, in crystal-palace opulence, and bearing on Sunday afternoons caught on impressionist canvases, the times to Dumont Rousseau found progressive and modern with a small helium balloon in background of portrait of the artist.

But then, it was also a time to come. Of Wilfred's Owens, and blackbirds in the north seas, west wind that knits us, and Heart's lovely men in shirt sleeves. As faces in parades fade where the masses were anonymous, and stereotyped in small worker's face, cheering from the roadside; with that optimism, a late 19th century zeppelin, defying in trenches (the Long From stretched across trench soil), legacy from a time of the Edel tover's new marvel of steel construction, exhibitions, and old songs we sing back the year.

And thousands of photographs of dead children smiling out of fading backgrounds preserved for personal nostalgia in the shadows of bound albums. The small scenes and family histories, story-re-remembered in high-tone plates; the high points of existence caught in these statements.

I looked through my father's album that morning before catching the train where the roads converge... with people in pictures taken before I was born. I looked at the standard rectangles of platforms, seeing strangers dead before I was born. And school pictures the same as mine. Fresh smiles of children and the dressing-montages in regret and sadness of washed-out faces hurrying this morning for pay-packets in grim of new streets ordered to a non-human rhythmless time and the vanishing perspectives of train lines. The changing fashions from with trowers with pin stripes becoming blue jeans in stovepipe lines returning with girls and a new flag below the knee. The standard cut in dogs-tooth material by wide shaded verandahs set in semi-distant bush new settlements in cattage years.

Put away in drawers, in cupboards, in trunks, with important family records. A time of small business on the face of the earth. Deeds, and last wills and testaments; papers kept for "the future"; for unknown contingencies. Records of transactions, important documents, and old photographs depicting the high points.

A perspective of years intersects here at a syn-chronous moment when the shutter opens then closes.

These lives that once walked down roads. A vanishing perspective of photographs, one for each year, all dwindling away, one behind the other, into a sea tint of greens. A perspective of classrooms, the experience of generations, the heights kept in drawers and cupboards—to be removed again generations later in another world by distant men.

I do not remember any of the faces in this photograph. And I only vaguely remember the little boy here they say is me. Did I let you down? What did you expect of me? You're a stranger too, I suppose. We live in distant worlds, and there is little continuity, that which is of a purely personal world Of identity. Strangers drifted apart. I will look you up again when I have time. And I'm afraid to bring up the rain. A memory of trestles, and old friends drifted apart in the interim to families and new commitments. And the real events, growing ever more distant down separate roads to platforms and street corners—and the real events. The real events. The real events. The blurred figures of simple arithmetic below long grewn rains of this history.

And Kent's words I had often read and re-read for the vision offered intersected with my own at many points. I had often read Kent's words with the sadness of a rabbit's ears and animals on polecats. Will become a memory. I say it already. So I can see it as a memory—in the future—from here. And van gogh's the past, the future and past. This time. Forgetting. Or the memory of a memory. This continuum continues—and grows, like all continuums of human lives, as the horizon increases away from the centre. The centre finally removed from the standard rectangle.

The concentric circles graduating into a haze that Van Gogh saw around gas lamps in the Paris cafes. With the waiter's white, brilliantly white, coat. And his flowing robes. And the heads in the crowd. The hallucinatory statements of whiteness—and our flowers slowly exploding—the children stars—with brilliance that centres shrinking—which is the standard rectangle.

Also, Van Gogh's old boot lying on the floor in another room of the house. It is a small room, only a landlady, I wonder. That old boot given the painter's loving attention, with each minute detail depicted in intricate precision of its own. An undeniable fact.

Walking down the road, I notice that the piles of piles on back. One considered how much was left. They were a week ago, when the trenches here just started being dug. This area of Holloway was excellently dug out already. This is a great deal of development. New buildings going up too. I murmured on the skyline. And men balanced on the stepladder.

I look closely to a piece of cable attached to a steel hook. Each twist of the wire defined in the clear, white-and-green light of early morning and clarity.

And our karma, too, is so continuous—this continues to amaze me.

JOHN JENKIN
SRC REPORT
1970. For the student union and the SRC is notable for several important steps. One of our main interests has been in the field of student involvement in the day-to-day running of the college. This year has seen the number of students sitting on the academic board doubled, and there are now 12 students sitting on the various faculty boards. A submission has been lodged with the college council students on the council. When this is implemented students will be represented on all levels of college administration.

During 1970 Swinburne applied for membership of the National Union of Australian University Students. We are the third CAE to do so and our membership will indicate the growing recognition of CAE's as fully-fledged tertiary institutes. NUAUS membership will bring many tangible benefits such as travel schemes, national U. medical and pharmaceutical benefit schemes, not to mention the intangible benefits that the strength of a national student body can bring.

Publications has been another field in which Swinburne can be proud. (Take pride). Scree has grown from a virtually small newsletter to a fully-fledged newspaper, which has been rated as one of the best student-produced newspapers in Australia. Most of the credit for this must go to the editors, and as indication of the amount of work that has to be put into a newspaper, the SRC are considering seriously the payment on a full-time basis to the editor. Techno-scree, a new magazine published for the purpose of publishing technical and non-technical research papers by students and others, has been launched on a profit-sharing basis.

The SRC has been able to implement these new policies and still maintain the level of social activities and other spheres of interest, providing in all a reasonably successful year.

SESS REPORT
Most students will know the aims and activities proposed and enacted by SESS which has been restricted in expanding its activities for two main reasons:
1. Lack of capital
   This situation has existed always but the committee hopes that future SRC's will recognise the capabilities and the potential of SESS in furthering the interest of students in both social and educational fields. A sizable grant from the SRC at the beginning of the year will help SESS to achieve its goals. Which include subsidizing and organizing excursions for engineers, showing of films free, lectures and exhibitions and perhaps the publishing of a broadsheet or newsletter.
2. Lack of interest
   The general attitude of students at this Institute of advanced education seems to be one of complete disinterest and apathy, and as such creates a situation which is depressing and deplorable. People who expend a good deal of energy organizing turns for the benefit of students become (somewhat) jaded at the response.

So in 1971 would you the bloody lazy card playing bludgers of Swinburne kindly take interest in school functions, lectures and excursions put on by SESS.

Thank you,
The SESS Committee

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
The Photographic Society continues to grow in membership and equipment, it still has the greatest financial turnover of any club at Swinburne, resulting in our most active and best year since we started 6 years ago.

Members were taught the basics of photography at little cost to themselves, and a majority became interested in studio work. This was encouraged by lecture and practical sessions with good results leaving many possibilities for the future.

FOLK AND BLUES SOCIETY
Although the Folk and Blues got to a late start this year of 1970, we showed potential development. The Golden Anniversary became our headquarters where activities were planned for the first Tuesday of each month. John and Junius opened our second night with a good history and coverage of country music through both performance and track tapes. However our activities were brought to a halt due to the "Flute" closing down and hence loss of communication to members. Although the Society's life was short we showed remarkable development. We continued to participate in union nights and became sitting members of the Port Jackson folk festival committee.

Next year we hope to start early and expand our activities to cover concerts, folk nights and generally become more active in the folk scene.

DEBATING CLUB
During my membership of the Student Union this year I have come across fellow students with interesting ideas, in many cases not fully developed, who like nothing better than to sit down and discuss or argue. This desire to formulate a set of ideas applicable to modern conditions is not only restricted to Swinburne students but in general and in many cases the only opportunity that people in this category face is through debating. The example that is most prominent in my mind are the prisoners at Pentridge who debated Swinburne No. 1 team recently on the topic "That the World Needs More Fanatics". The common quality of this particular team, and in fact all teams is that they are comprised of interesting people who put forward interesting ideas. What these ideas were I am not going to tell you. You will have to attend a debate yourself to find out. Details of when and where debates are held are available at the S.R.C. office and membership of the Student Debating Society is open to all members of the Student Union.

The Society, which in its inaugural year, has been active in the Debater's Association of Vicottor "C" Grade competition and will have debated teams from Melbourne University, Monash University, Pentridge, the Young D.P.L., Insurance Companies, The Y. L. A., and Adult Education, by the end of the debating season. People from all walks of life are involved.

I don't need to tell you of the tremendous abilities a person can develop from participating in a competition of this kind, and even the advantages of attending debates. If you don't know, come and find out.
WATER-SKI CLUB
Formed in mid-70 we have literally hundreds of people interested, but only a dozen very active members—it may have been the cold weather (although a number of girls appeared). The club possesses its own set of skis, life vest and rope (that’s all we could afford).

The warmer weather heralds enthusiasm amongst both sexes to go ski-ing at Caribbean Gardens on Sunday afternoons or wherever there is water on weekends or holidays.

SWINBURNE ASSOCIATION OF CHEMISTRY STUDENTS
In late June of this year, after a survey was taken of all full-time Chemistry students, an overwhelming majority decided that a Chemistry Society or Association needed to be formed.

A small group of 2nd, 3rd and 4th year students were elected at a general meeting to constitute and form a Chemistry Society. A constitution was drafted and SACS became a fully constituted official organization. It has assumed the role of the official voice of Chemistry students in all matters specifically concerning them.

Although still in its infancy, SACS is extremely active, and as it grows, the association could well evolve into the largest and most successful in this college. At present we are receiving very little support in the 1st and 2nd years of the chemistry diploma, we hope to win their confidence and dispel any misapprehensions they may have about SACS.

The chemistry staff dept. have been most helpful during our commencement period and I hope their support will remain with us. Sincerely thanks, especially, must be extended to Messrs. Bode and Gardner for their help and guidance. SACS is a growing Association and I personally, hope that it continues in the manner in which it has grown.

Thanks to everybody who has assisted in the formation of the organization of SACS.

O.S.A.S.
This year saw a new turn in the organization of the O.S.A.S. The combined weekend snow trip to Buffalo was successful because of its mixed attendance by both part time and full time students—an atmosphere of friendship and good will was created. Also there was its customary welcome panel and lunch which was provided. Four films and a barbecue were organized to raise money for the Miss Swinburne Quest entrant. To all those who have helped to organize these functions, it is our sincere hope that they have gained through the experience—for life is nothing but experience.

SPORTS ASSOCIATION
The Association is now run entirely by the students with financial assistance from the fee received from each student at the commencement of the college year. The budget of the numerous sports had to be reduced in most cases to allow a fair distribution of the sports association funds.

The activities this year: namely squash, table tennis, basketball, badminton, athletics, water-skiing, gun and rifle, karate, judo, hockey—have required a considerable amount of organization. Venues, transport, students to fill teams and opposition, are arranged by the Sports Association, a group of full-time students eager to promote sport in the college.

Sports Association, a group of full-time students eager to promote sport in the college. The Sports Association would also like to thank Joseph Kaine, whose efforts last year established the Sports Association and who has helped so much again this year. Without his enthusiasm the Association might not have had the independence it now has.

The Association would also like to thank those who have contributed in any way either in administration or participation this year, and seek their continued support of the student body for next year.

GENERAL STUDIES SOCIETY
1970 being our foundation year, naturally the Society had toil and trouble, but the success of the society’s activities help us feel that efforts have been made worthwhile.

Election of office-bearers was held in April, the execuive being: President, Basil Varghese. Vice President: Michael Lee-Ack. Secretary: Ruth Dunne and Treasurer: Kaye Hanlon. With Sue McKay as our Miss General Studies entrant in the Miss Swinburne Quest, united efforts with parties, barbecues etc. resulted in wider participation by both students in every faculty and the staff of general studies. Discussion nights held monthly proved enlightening and gradually, as publicity gained momentum, greater participation of students and staff was notable.

One of the aims of the society is inter-faculty relationships, and for a new faculty we in the society feel this is on the way to being accomplished.

KARATE CLUB
TAI KWON-DO (The Way of Hands and Feet)
The Swinburne Karate Club practices a Korean style of karate which specializes in footwork than do other styles. It is run and coached by Jack Rozinsky, a 1st Dan Black Belt who gained his black belt in Seoul, South Korea. The Club, over the past year, has enjoyed tremendous popularity in the college. It ranks as one of the biggest clubs in the Sports Association, and due to a generous SRC subsidy, our fees fell to only $4 a term. Insofar as activities go, the club ran two highly successful demonstrations of karate in the Ethel, the last one of which cleared over $50 which went to charity.

The demonstration attracted such well-known people (in the karate sphere) as Mr. Tino Ceberano (4th Dan Black Belt) of the Gotu Ka (Japanese) School.

The prospects for the next year look even brighter with more students enrolling. Over the club was served by:

Discussion nights held monthly proved enlightening and gradually, as publicity gained momentum, greater participation of students and staff was notable.
GUN AND RIFLE CLUB
This is the first year of existence of the Swinburne Gun and Rifle Club. Because of this reason and the nature of the club we have proceeded slowly on its formation and the organization of activities.
We received a total of $180 from the Sports Association. This was increased through the showing of films, namely Romeo and Juliet and The Psychopath.
Attempts are being made to build our own range, which is available to club members.
During 1970 the activities were range camp shooting with other colleges and field trips.

THE CAR CLUB
The Car Club started late in the first term with the intention of providing relatively cheap motor sport to all Swinburne students.
After a series of club meetings it was decided that we should become associated with CAMS. This meant that all our events would be approved by the controlling body of Australian motor sport.
Hence our members would receive insurance, if so desired. During car trials and competitions on Competition licences.
Soon after our application for association was accepted the C.R.B.E.C. extended an invitation to a motorcan, to us. This our first invitation event was fairly well attended and the results were promising. Bruce McColl coming 3rd outright. The highlight of this event was Stephen Hands who showed many of us the way round in his 1928 Morris Cowley.
In May Bruce McColl and Mal McGregor attended the inaugural meeting of the Bob Jane Car Club at the Southern Cross. The following day we were told that all SCOT members were honorary members of the Bob Jane Car Club and were entitled to all its privileges.
Then came our inaugural event, a motorcan. This, I am pleased to relate, was a most successful competition. All classes were well represented and when the dust storm finally subsided we discovered that some cars delighted in swamp driving and that a Bellett had lived up to its reputation, the exhaust pipe piping company with its picture wire support. However Bruce McColl did win outright, narrowly beating Peter Knapp's Mini.

EXPLORER'S CLUB
The Explorers Club is designed to cater for all students interested in such outdoor activities as rock climbing, caving, canoeing, hiking and camping. The Club owns a considerable amount of equipment to facilitate these activities and has been on many excursions during the year. These included a number of trips to Mt. Cathedral, caving at Buchan, Labertouche, Mt. Hamilton and various cave and camping trips on the Goulburn and Yarra Rivers, and at Wilson's Promontory.

SWINBURNE SOCIAL INVOLVEMENT
There is a children's home in Kew—
all the kids there have sad, sad faces.
In flutters a group of Swinny studes.
The kid's faces light up as they skip away clutching the hand of their 'student'.
Once a week each member of Swinburne student involvement gets involved with about two children from the Lutheran Peace Memorial Children's Home, Kew.
Their activities have centred mainly around playing with the children and tutoring them where necessary. This is where social involvement really works. The kids know that there is someone interested in them and their scholastic progress.
DIPLOMA IN ART & DESIGN
ADVERTISING:
DUNSTAN, Philip Glen
ROCHE, Dennis Garrett
FILM & TELEVISION:
HARMAN, June Marie
MOLLOY, John Charles Gordon
WATT, Tracy Louise
GRAPHIC ART:
ALMOND, Richard John
BELL, Pamela Mary
BIRCHALL, Graeme Lindsay
DUPREE, Geoffrey Russell
MENSON, Lynn Pauline
MOORE, David Quentin
PAYNE, Barbara Ann
PORRITT, Dawn Jeanette
STAINSBY, Bruce Duncan
STEVENS, Rosemary Anne
TIMMS, Peter
WISEMAN, Marion Phyllis

DIPLOMA IN
APPLIED CHEMISTRY:
ANDERSON, Campbell David
BOWATER, Jeffrey Charles
COOK, Rosalind Myra
COULTER, Alan Robert
DRUMMOND, Alan Richard
ECCLESTON, Gerald
FONG, Siew Wah Peter (Joint Award)
FROOD, Paul John
HENRY, Ian David
HOUGHTON, Kevin Thomas
JEANES, John Arthur
KHOO, Cheng Seang
LOGAN, Brian Douglas
MEIER, Hans Ruedi
NICHOLSON, Paul Stuart
PARDEE, Marshall Douglas
PAUL, John Bruce
PERGER, Ian Bevis
POOLE, Andrew John
SKINNER, Raymond Neil
SMITH, Lindsay Frederick
YOUNG, Graham Barry
DIPLOMA IN BIOCHEMISTRY:
ANDREW, Denis Joseph
ARCHIBALD, Richard
BARTON, John Richard
CORBET, Philip Miller
FELLOWS-SMITH, Douglas Raoul
GIBSON, Gary John
GRUNER, Peter
MERTENS, Wendy Patricia
MONTALTO, Giuseppe
OLIVER, John Raymond
ROSE, Suzanne

DIPLoma IN BUSINESS STUDIES
ACCOUNTING:
DAVIS, Brian James
GROWCOTT, Bruce Clifford
HALL, Jeffrey Thomas
HUTHER, Robert William
JOHNSTON, Gary Stewart
KENNY, Terence Myles
MULLUMBY, Marcus James
POLLOCK, Kim
ROBB, Christopher Malcolm
THOMAS, Russell James
WHITEWILL, Graeme John
DATA PROCESSING:
BOTTERILL, David John
FUNSTON,
DATA PROCESSING:
BOTTERILL, David John
FUNSTON, Richard Arthur Joseph
WINTON, Antony Ian
SECRETARIAL:
FROST, Ann Katherine
HUTTON, Judith Mae Brown
WISNIEWSKI, Irene

DIPloma IN COMMERCE:
ARMSTRONG, Ian Murray
BOLDEN, Gregory John
BRUCE, Wayne Gibbs
PAYNE, Kenneth John
COOK, James Allan
COWAN, Geoffrey Alexander
ELLIS, Norman Charles
FARRUGIA, Anthony Joseph
FINDLAY, Roderick Lachlan
FISCHER, Peter Ronald
HAY, Peter John
HOLDEN, Geoffrey William
JACKMAN, Marie Winifred
JAFFE, Colin
KNIGHT, Graeme Leslie
KWOK, Hong Wei
LEE, Jane Chee Yu
LEUNG, Henry
LIM, Jit Teng
LUCANTONIO, Luciano
MINIO, Robert Francis
MONAHAN, John Edward
MUNRO, Graeme John
PHILLIPS, Barbara Christine
PIZZLEY, Charles Euan
RANDLES, David Montgomery
STEVenson, Lance Graham
WAY, Michael Thomas
WISE, Clifford Denis
DIPLOMA IN COMMERCIAL PRACTICE:
HUTCHINS, Lorraine Joy
KOH, Connie Beet Tin
VANDENBERG, Phek Moi (Pat)
WOODALL, Marilyn Joy

DIPLOMA IN CHEMICAL ENGINEERING:
BARTLE, Malcolm Keith
FONG, Siew Wah Peter (Joint Award)
LAM, Kong Wai
ONG TAN, Bing Sien
WATERS, Wayne Edward
WILLIAMS, Victor Albert
WOOD, Ian Thomas
DIPLOMA IN CIVIL ENGINEERING:
BATES, Colin Thomas
CARLAND, Brian Maxwell
CURTIS, Robin Paul
DARE, Michael Percy
EMBRY, Bruce Douglas
FISHER, Roy Douglas
GRAHAM, Daniel Joseph
HAMILTON, Graeme Bruce
HARVEY, Timothy John Martin
HIND, Robert Maxwell
JANSSON, John Edwin
KIDGE, John Geoffrey
LIE, Lai Beng
MACKINTOSH, Ian Lindsay
MADDERN-WELLINGTON, Geoffrey
MAH, Siew King
MEARS, Geoffrey Milsom

ONLEY, Michael John
PARRY, Lloyd John
PARRY, Richard Charles
PLL, Geoffrey David
RAULLI, Giuseppe
RESPINI, Russell Frederick
SCOBLE, Ronald Frederick
SMITH, John Robert
SMYTH, Jeffrey Lawrence
STAMP, Robert William
STANSFIELD, Colin John
STEPHENSON, Hugh Christopher
SUFFERN, Philip Charles
SUTTON, John Anthony
TANTAU, Howard Ross
WALLACE, Russell Peter
WASHBURN, Jeffrey Alan
WILLIAMSON, Owen Clyde
WILSON, Ian Peter
YEU, Man Fai Norman
DIPLOMA IN ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING:
BARNARD, Anthony Gordon
BARTLETT, Brian Edwin
BELL, Richard Anketell
CAMPBELL, David George
CHAMPION, Lindsay Alfred
CHIN, Chee Siong (Joint Award)
COLINS, Peter John
FARMER, Peter Rex (Joint Award)
HAWKINS, Frederick Thomas
HERBERT, Neil Kingsley
HIBBERT, Stewart John
LAUKART, Hans Hermann
MAYBUS, Edward Charles
MILLANE, William Ballhwell
MITCHELL, Ian Robertson
McKINLAY, Arthur James
NOONAN, Michael David
PENDAVINGH, Dirk Joannes
SLEDIAK, Milan
SHAW, Brian Godfrey
STEER, Geoffrey John
THOMS, Donald Harold
WEGNER, Robert John
DIPLOMA IN ELECTRONIC ENGINEERING:
ADAM, Herbert John
BAKER, John Graham
CHI, Shin Lum
D'CONZA, Bernard
MACKLAND, Frederick Bruce
DIPLOMA IN MECHANICAL ENGINEERING:
BRYAN, Noel Douglas
CHIN, Chee Siong (Joint Award)

COULSON, Kenneth
DAVIS, Peter Ford
DAWSON, Alan Edwin
DAY, Richard John
DOUGHERTY, Paul Henry
FARMER, Peter Rex (Joint Award)
FOSTER, Ray Stuart
GLEN, Alan Frederick
GILIAN, Michael Charles
JOHN, William Edwin (Joint Award)
LIM, Sylvester Khoo Hock
MEDLEY, Geoffrey Raymond
MOORE, Imre
MINCHINTON, Trevor James
NICOLSON, Frank Robert
NOONAN, Michael David
O'BRIEN, Allan Raymond
PHILLIPS, Robert Leslie
PRESLEY, Graeme Trevor
SCHNACKENBERG, Peter Johann
SEBIRE, John Colin
SINCLAIR, James Stewart
SMITH, Leslie Rex
WALE, Edmund Jon
WALLS, Thomas Henry (Joint Award)
WHITTLE, Ross Allan
WILSON, Ross Henry
YEO, Siew Kuang
YEUNG, Wee Kwan
DIPLOMA IN PRODUCTION ENGINEERING:
CHENGCO, George
DAVIDSON, Ross Stuart
GEORGE, Colin Vane
GRIFFITHS, Alan Brian
HOLMES, John Ewan
HUXTABLE, Richard Charles
KING, Clive John

POST-DIPLOMA IN INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT:
CHENGCO, George
DAVIDSON, Ross Stuart
GEORGE, Colin Vane
GRIFFITHS, Alan Brian
HOLMES, John Ewan
HUXTABLE, Richard Charles
KING, Clive John
High above a snow white dove floats gracefully, homeing around in huge, broad, sweeps. Only to flap: and flutter off.
A chance gone
An awakening which spelt death
I killed the dove.
I moulded it before my closed eyes amid the swirling darkness.
I eagerly sucked it from a sea of brightness and laid a small hope on its outstretched wings.
LEIGH GORDON.
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I'M AN ART STUDENT AND I HAVEN'T GOTTEN ONE
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SWINBURNE 70 and DIPLOMAS & CERTIFICATES
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