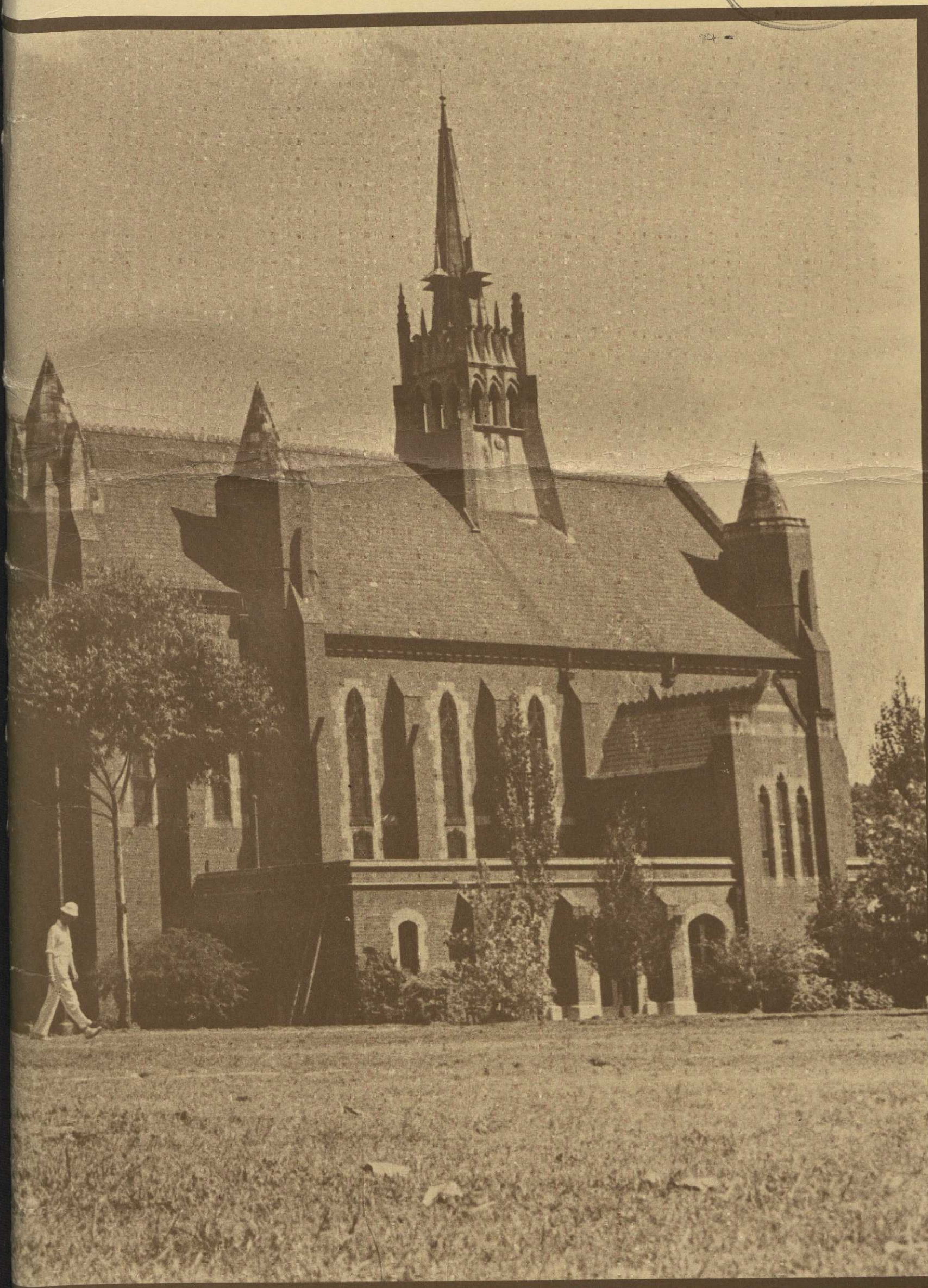
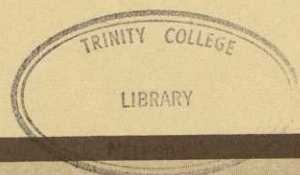
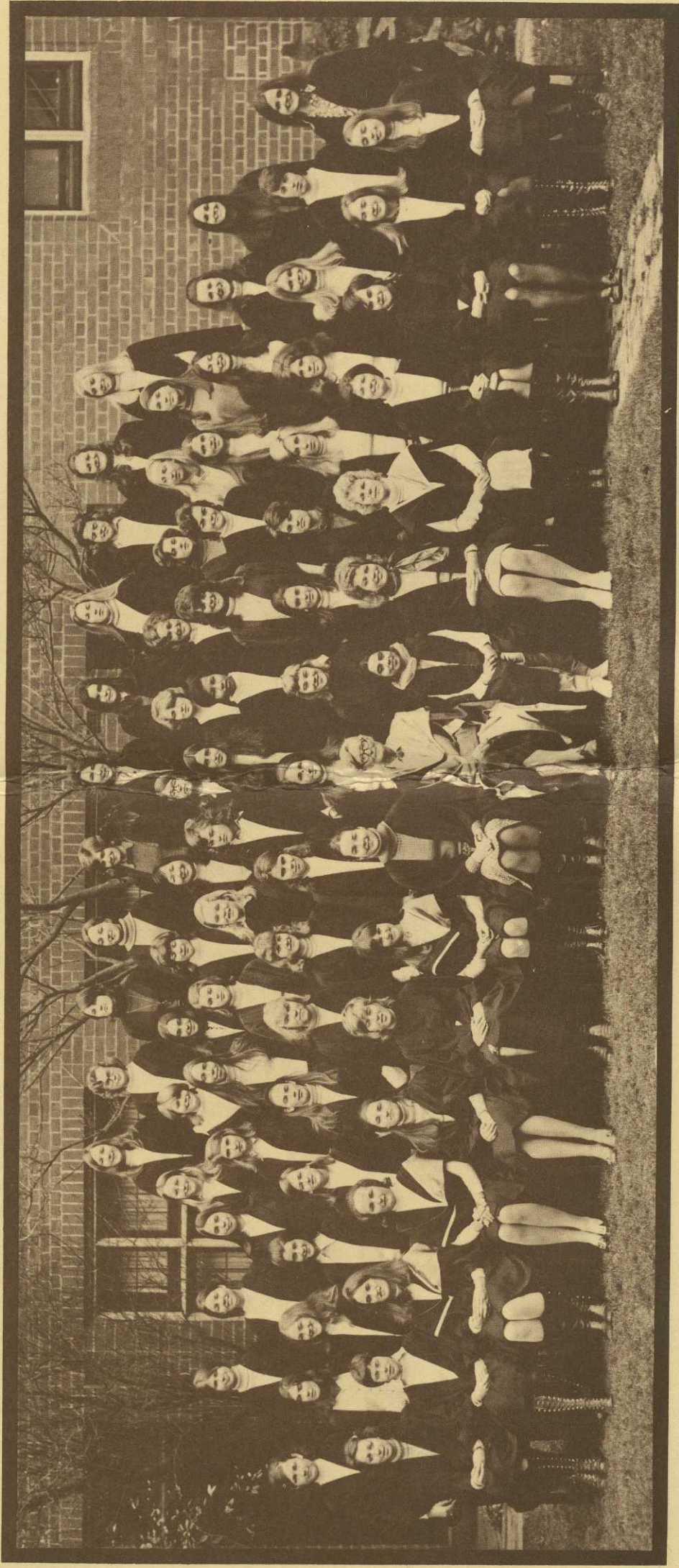


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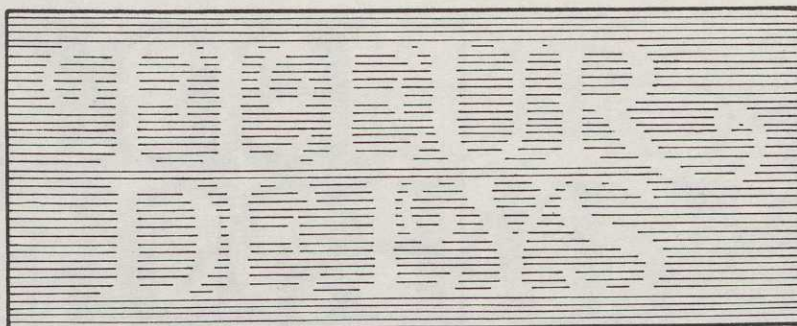
1971

FLEUR DE LYS





BACK ROW: (left to right) Judith Nix, Helen Marks, Marion Spiller, Lorraine Jones, Sally Jaques, Deborah Grice, Karen Pitt, Elizabeth Smith, Gretel Lamont, Lois Gillett, Margaret Cummins.
 4th ROW: Susan Bennett, Margaret Armstrong, Ruth Fincher, Judith Foster, Mei Ling Tan, Heather Scott, Christina Johnson, Rosemary Connors, Toni Sanders, Jenny Glen, Suzanne Kirkwood.
 3rd ROW: Julia Wales, Wendy Clark, Kathy Kelahe, Catherine Collins, Victoria Ponsford, Penny Sanderson, Jan Bitcon, Debbie Blakiston, Gayle Harris, Margaret Obi, Jenny Lade, Judy Clutterbuck, Virginia Brook, Dimity Giles, Jenny Ross, Jenny Webb.
 2nd ROW: Elaine Murray, Diane Cameron, Lyn Slattery, Betty Friday, Alison Finlay, Dianna-Jane Rouse, Robyn McGregor, Anne Reeckman, Anne Langford, Dianna Paterson, Dianne McDonald, Sally Kirkwood, Jenny Hay, Sue Wilcox, Anne Skelley, Wendy Hayes, Rosemary Thornton.
 FRONT ROW: Rosemary Flanders, Morfydd Sharp, Janet Anderson, Vicki Stephens, Judy Ross, Rose Bain, Julie Prescott, Miranda Jelbart, Dr. Y. Aitken, Miss Yasmin Shah, Kathryn Norman, Sandra Fleming, Ann Kupa, Fran Frew, Katherine Esson, Laurie Patrick.
 ABSENT: Dr. E. Eden, Dr. N. Marentra, Miss Ann Meehan, Mr. & Mrs. J. Patrick, Jane Atkinson, Carol Belot, Barbara Bryce, Gill Canapini, Janet Cuthbertson, Jeltje Fanoy, Jenny Freize, Sue Graham, Elizabeth Gray, Janice Harbison, Janet Hayson, Prue Hill, Margaret Hudson, Susan Johnson, Gail Littlejohn, Judith Manley, Lyndis McWhinney, Ueri Mefaramu, Roslyn McDonald, Glenda Mitchell, Wendy Morris, Ronia Reid, Pamela Sivers, Alice Tuan-Mu, Margaret Vass, Robyn Vines, Barbara Wearne.



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A CREDIT OR TWO

After much hair-tearing and brow-beating we finally managed to arrive at what seemed the best solution to the problems posed by the severe financial limitations placed on this year's *Fleur de Lys*.

We hope you won't have too much trouble manipulating this BIG NEW MAGAZINE! We make no claim to unprecedented originality: let it suffice to say that the whole concept of the magazine had to be reconsidered. It seems certain that future editors of *Fleur de Lys* will have to resort to advertising, a necessity made pressing by reduced financial support and ever increasing printing costs.

We received more material than we could possibly print. It was heartening to find so many people contributing original essays and stories: thank you and sorry to all those whose work found no place in the Magazine.

Now for the Credits: The editors send bundles of thanks and bouquets to Peter Ward whose magnificent efforts as Art Director are sprinkled throughout the magazine. Many thanks also to Kay Norton for her impeccable and 25-hour-a-day job as typesetter.

The *Fleur de Lys* Poetry Competition was judged by Sister Veronica O'Brady; we thank her most sincerely for her very conscientious work done in this direction and regret that we were unable to include her extremely worthwhile general and individual comments on the poems.

Closer to home, thank you, Charles de Newton, master of the plume, for those exquisite chef-d'oeuvres. (Tulligny '71, Flogging a Dark Horse and Silent Revolution.) For the cover photo thanks must go to Peter Rodeck; for the other photos we thank James Fleming and Fred Fair.

The lay-out helpers, apart from Peter Ward of course, and some of the editors, were those experienced men of the trade, Robert Clemente and Geoffrey Rex. To the ladies who typed we send bouquets: Mrs. Esme Perry and Mrs. Lin Moy, Marion Spiller (a life-saver!), Heather Scott, Elaine Murray and Jan Bitcon.

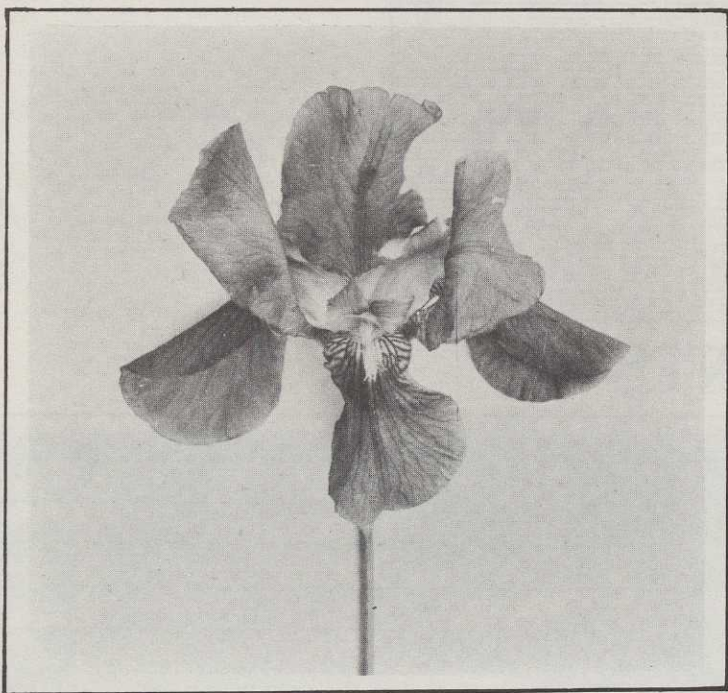
Finally, we thank all those who, together, contributed what we found to be an extremely varied corpus of original articles ranging from prose to parody to poetry. Then there were those who wrote sports reports, club reports and individual reports. (Special mention to Dep-Dep for the gorgeous gossip.)

Thank you also to Peter Vickery and Phil Moss for assembling and labelling the College photos; and to Pete Seares for the Trinity Result Lists.

**Sandra Fleming
Alison Finlay
George Abrams
Dirk van Dissel**

P.S. Thank you to anyone we forgot to mention.

This magazine was typeset by the Swinburne College of Technology and printed by Competent Print, Croydon, Victoria.



"AND NOW I'LL HAVE MY SAY!!"

... Courteous attention ... hushed silence; then empty silence; restless silence; no silence at all. Seven inches of print to express my individuality, as every right-thinking stude longs to do in this day-an-age, and lo! the retiring little thing folds itself up to the size of a Free Groan in Farrago ("It's a rag.")

Sure, I'm a stude just like all of us — Artsecondyear-purenglishonours — bit of a drag really — Yes, J. C. H. — two years, ha ha it's rather fun really. Politically uninformed, with a determined bias towards the apathetic; God, I'm a bore. Not that I mind, but it makes dull reading. Search for my personality among these pages — I'm there, but I hope you won't find me. Perhaps you'll glimpse what I am chasing; perhaps it's what you are looking for too.

and as a reward for your kind attention ...

LINES WRITTEN BY A BEARABLE OF
VERY LITTLE BRAIN.

Society is ordered on an elementary plan;
Some people try to dodge it, but I don't find I can.
To entertain myself alone would send me up a tree,
So I bear with other people, and thank God they bear
with me.

Alison Finlay.

No doubt in days to come, this edition of Fleur de Lys will join other learned journals like 'Women's Weekly', 'The Age' and 'Truth' in the fish and chip shops of Melbourne, and as this editor does not know who may yet scan these pages this editorial will be uncharacteristically moderate and unprovocative.

We have had no difficulty in filling this magazine; in fact the problem has rather been that a great deal of first rate material has had to be excluded because of lack of space. In this magazine we have tried, as far as possible, to reflect the interests and concerns of students within the two colleges, and if, even in this attenuated form, this aim has been achieved, then the editors will feel that their labours have not been in vain.

The Collegiate system within the University of Melbourne is at present under continuous fire; this together with the dire economic situation of our state, has caused a crisis in the Colleges. Let us beware, however, in attempting to play up to the prevailing fashionable anarchistic ideas of the world of Academia, of sacrificing our identity completely to the currently fashionable view which sees the aim of democracy as making everything as uncomfortable as possible for the greatest number, so the minority may hold its tongue, (Graham Mc Innes, 'Goodbye Melbourne Town', p.6). The Colleges will only take their rightful place within the University, when those who go there will stop feeling the need to excuse and apologize for them continually, and when those who administer them will work to make them worthwhile places, where students will be proud to live. May this magazine contribute to those aims.

Clark Vanhulst

EDIT ORIAL COMMENT

The most important thing about College life seems to me to be the way in which one does *not* know many (most) other people there. It is too easy to slip into a Hi-as-we-go-past and how-are-you-between-mouthfuls, type of relationship with a large proportion of those in College. This imposes what in many ways seems to be a disconcertingly impersonal and inhuman atmosphere upon the whole place.

If the Colleges are to survive I think they must seriously ask themselves how is it possible to bind a number of young people together in an honestly friendly and productive community. Exams, it is quite clear, are not enough. Certain social conditions which no doubt provided a greater common background are disappearing — if they have not done so already. Something must be found.

I believe whatever is found must incorporate greater measures of both gentleness and vulnerability; so, as it seems must our society if it too wants to survive.

CHB rum s

If editors of magazines are meant, in editorials, to offer something in the way of advice on how to get *on* in life, how to get more *out* of life, or simply how to *get* life, I feel totally unqualified to write an editorial, finding in myself no particular aptitude for any of the above three things.

But if I may be permitted to steer clear of advice-giving, perhaps I have something to say — in the way of a *suggestion*.

I must begin by making a reluctant admission: when depressed, I usually end up by exorcising the source of my depression by means of some lone dramatic performance, (e.g. hysteria-accompanied devastation of my room.) Then a consideration usually invades my thoughts with frenzied urgency: but no-one will know what I have just been through, (since I hurriedly conceal all traces on my face and in my room.) An what is more — how many people do I ever see who show some sign of having gone through a similar experience? Yet such people must be all around me.

Hence, I am convinced that there are aspects in most people which are never fully revealed to anyone; and when someone behaves strangely or annoyingly, their behaviour constitutes no more than a manifestation of their inner crisis, their depression.

On this basis can I really be said to know anyone, even my closest friends, as well as I would like to believe I know them? For the particular case of living in College this situation is not at all satisfactory; especially when, on odd occasions, people ask me for advice or choose to discuss some personal problem in my presence. Even when the facts of the problem as they are presented, seem to point to a logical solution, I am left wondering and dissatisfied by the realization that 'of course she didn't tell me everything though'. So the solution which one offers is quite useless in itself.

I have no desire to portray myself as any kind of a problem-solver or advice-giver: I only say that most people never reveal every aspect of themselves, every consideration that worries them, and it is not reasonable to expect them to do this. But perhaps just the bearing in mind of this factor is desirable. In the exaggerated closeness of the College atmospheres perhaps more understanding could be had and fewer blind and petty hostilities aroused between cohabitants if we all realised that others are more like ourselves than we often bother to think — and just as complex too.

Sandra Fleming.

LIFE AND LOVES OF J.C. HALL

This essay by Vicki Stephens
was awarded equal First Prize
in the Helen Knight Essay
Competition.

In the beginning was Trinity, and Trinity was run by Dr. Leeper. He visited England and saw the provisions made for women in University – and they were good. He said “Let there be a college for women,” and created Trinity Hall in the image of Girton College.

Trinity College Hostel came into being as a terraced house on the corner of Bayles Street and Sydney Road. Deprived from the beginning of those elements essential for her nurture and growth, it was with relief that the gracious offer by a potential foster-mother was accepted. In 1890 Janet Lady Clarke made a substantial donation for her upkeep; with the sole condition that the young lady should grow up in any religion she saw fit. “To the glory of God, the welfare of his church and the promotion of sound learning we dedicate this house.”

Childhood was not without its problems. Janet was indeed for some time a schizophrenic – part of her living in the new building, but the other part split between temporary quarters in Parkville. The daily routine imposed upon her soon became habitual: 8.00 a.m. Morning Prayer, 8.15 a.m. Breakfast, 12.30 p.m. or 1.30 p.m. Luncheon, 6.00 p.m. Dinner, 7.15–10.00 p.m. College Lectures, 10.15 p.m. Evening Prayer. Like Pavlov’s dogs she was conditioned by bells. She grew up in the blue-stocking period when women were struggling to enter academic life against opposition from family and society. For her life was a serious business: dress was formal and she was inhibited by the dreary lofty common room. Fortunately the nearby rustic scene of the Bulpadock was sufficient to compensate her aesthetic leanings.

For her coming-of-age the floodgates of St. Kilda Town Hall were opened. Trinity College launched forth with the ladies for one wild delirious evening of utter abandonment. Wide bands of white and green and red bedecked the Hall – it was surely a frivolous introduction to the adult world. Seven years later the sombre news of war matured our Janet.

*“In silence now, at the eleventh hour
We turn our thoughts to France, Gallipoli
To comrades who defied the foreign power
And beat the foe, in air, on land and sea.”*

She responded most nobly by concerning herself more with the comparatively new fields of medicine and teaching. Her religious life had not been neglected, and with the opening of the Horsfall Chapel in 1917, a permanent place of worship was established – so much better than the old common room.

The second Warden of Trinity, John Behan, was quite critical of Janet – calling the Hostel “A third class boarding house.” She was upset. A formal apology was made in the form of sufficient money to start the “Aedes Annexae” – three buildings adjacent to the one already in use in Bayles Street now coming into the family.

At 35 the popular name Trinity College Hostel was changed into Janet Clarke Hall, though residents long after were still known as the “Hostiles.” To further emphasize this fact she started to have her own Common Room Dance once a year.

For some time Janet had been having some trouble with her digestive system. A Doctor by the name of Manifold heard of her plight and was most helpful. Not only did he provide a complete overhaul for her in the form of a new dining room, but he also demanded she improve her diet. Every student entering had to undergo a simple course in household cookery and management – achieving at the end of her studies a Certificate of Proficiency in Domestic Economy and Cookery. At the same time there were also additions made to the family, including a sleep-out for girls with nocturnal whims and the Traill Wing.

At the ripe young age of 52 Janet had a sudden second childhood. The first one had been so dull and gloomy – she just had to have a final splurge before old age caught up with her. Sir Furness of Scotland decided in his benevolence that Janet’s front teeth were in need of urgent repair. As a new

plate he designed an iron gate in between two red brick pillars with lamps on top of them. The mould was put in position one day before the plate was to be installed but Janet lost them in her sleep. Next morning they were found in Bishops Court just in time to be replaced. Trinity gentlemen, in one of their waggish moods, called the Fire Brigade. They arrived when the speeches were about to begin and Trinity men threw crackers. Three ladies attempted to douse them with water from a balcony window but succeeded in wetting the Vice Chancellor and Mrs. Medley and the designer of the gate. Fortunately order was finally restored and the ceremony proceeded.

In 1939 yet another war was declared – and one which soon came close to home.

*“In Africa, New Guinea, Singapore,
The Allied troops made noble sacrifice,
Repelled invaders from Old Britain’s shore;
They fought for peace, but death has been the
price.”*

An epidemic of German Measles was followed by black-out precautions. Caneite or plyboards reinforced all glass, lights were shaded by cardboard, chicken wire was put in windows and blackout curtains made. First Aid Classes were held and air-raid practices – the basement of Behan providing a very useful shelter. The labour shortage deprived Janet of maids; for the first time she learnt to wait on tables, make beds and cope with coupons. Also there were restricted entries to courses. Social activities included dances with the Americans, play readings and debates. Bicycling became the in-thing for getting rid of middle-age spreads. At the end of the war there was a march into town in the form of a procession accompanied by the banging of dustbin lids and cheering and singing; followed by a Victory Dinner Dance. More building took place in the form of the Joske Wing and some students were farmed out to a Vice Chancellor’s flat. Janet just ran out of room.

Throughout her life the ties with Trinity were always close. The union was not in fact a happy one – so much so that it was decided on “the final solution.” The Great Divorce of 1961 marked the independence of Janet Clarke Hall when Janet declared her autonomy as a single educational unit. Flushed with victory she managed to add another wing, Scantlebury, and branched out into new fields. The Margaret Dewey Quiet Room was included to provide a place in which chapel services could be held. Music rooms were also provided to give areas for those wishing to exercise their talents. The first Helen Knight Essay Award was given in 1965 and in 1967 a tapestry representing 600 hours of work was presented to bedeck our Janet. The dentist got to work again and she had extensive mouth renovations in 1968 with the pulling out of the whole hedge and the putting in of a great brick wall. Also concrete was poured in under the front doors to reinforce her main foundations. Recently she’s been flirting with neighbours in the form of plays, debates, musical recitals and revues. Although she still has strong sentimental ties with Trinity, she has also been busy courting other friends in the district – from all accounts quite successfully.

Perhaps the future will see the death of the present Janet and her reincarnation as a new system of University housing – one which will be part of a co-ordinated group open to all University students, providing residence for all within the University grounds. Certainly many changes are already being planned – including a further extension of her entertaining facilities.

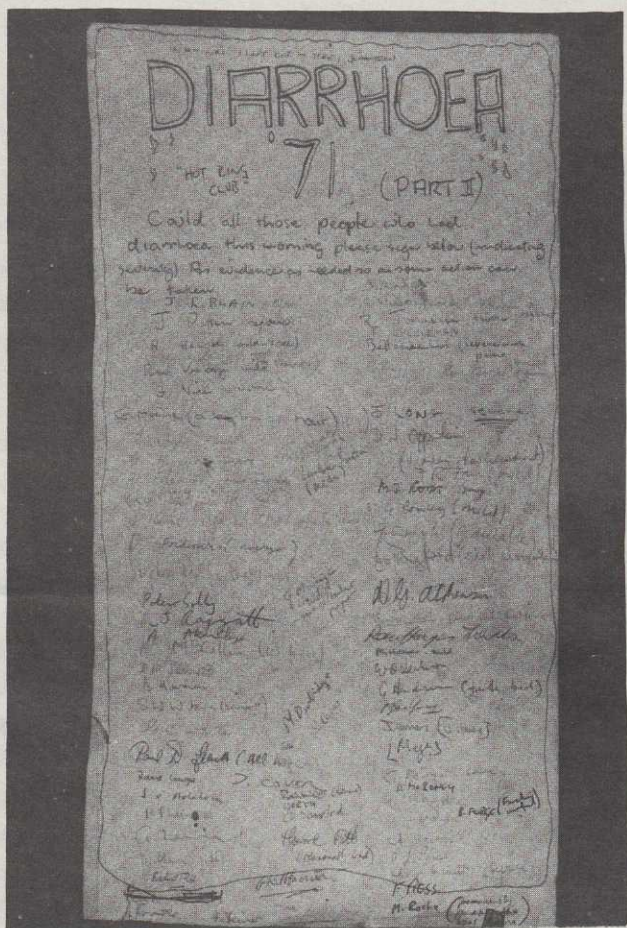
It is not good enough to go it alone. Janet is not a comfortable boarding-house but a vital part of the University’s spirit. We shall break down the fences along Tin Alley; forget all about the barrier which separates one part of the University from the other. Janet, in her wisdom and maturity, should be able to work for and help provide the answers. The builders are needed everywhere.

THE SOCIAL REPORT

Hello Darlings! Hasn't it been just *the* most fab. year socially?

The Old Coll. hasn't seen such a super dooper merry-go-round of functions since the Warden last had a Victoriana night.

It all got off to such a bang with that delightful welcome week for the freshers. Wasn't little Marty Haskett a super whizzer for thinking that up? The jolly old gents challenged the young pup freshmen to a joust at the old bat and ball. What a show the match was! Jamie Merralls absolutely stunned the crowd with his divine off-puce flannels and, Jim Sweetie, those googlies! You naughty old beggar! You really did bowl a wrong'un every time and it looked so nice as young Pat Grant popped them up on the leeper ivy. Of course, the gents won — they had to, what with Eric Belchambers wearing a short sleeved nylon shirt and being captain as well. The whole dandy affair was topped off by a jolly barbecue at Newman where the Oldies could meet the youngies over a few burnt fingers and beers.

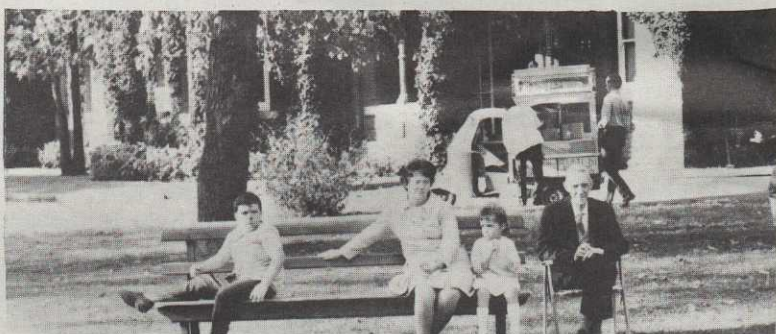


All of a sudden in between such a beehive of twenty-firsts and quiet summer soirees we found ourselves smack in the middle of Shums. Oh didn't the lads look oh so elegant and restrained as they piled into the bulgy buses? Bazza Mackenzie the publican of the swishy Old Fawkes Arms hostellerie certainly was rubbing his hands with glee as the bus loads of college lads arrived. It was so tuneful in his quaint little beer garden as Ormond lads greeted our arrival with choruses referring to stuffed cushions which lads sit on. But the Trinnars men were not to be out-done. Keen K.K.K. Donald Jenkins was present. Donald looked quite captivating in a hip-hugging athletic support in green, red and white elastic with matching sleeveless guernsey of pure Warrnambool wool. With choreography which would have made Bobby Helpman come with joy "Jessa" gave a voice rendering performance of, "Give us a T-R-I-N-T-I-E." Well the lads went quite berserk! Young George Henderson became so overcome with College spirit that he was prompted to throw various full and empty beer glasses at normal nice guy Christopher Lovell. It really was a crying shame that all sorts of nasty pasty constables arrived and escorted the lads from the remains of poor Bazza's hostellerie.



Happily the jolly crew rushed down to the river all excited at the thought of witnessing our victory from the portholds of the good ship "Jolly Roger." But catastrophe of catastrophes! The dear old tub lost its jolly old rudder and the College lost a bus on the Freeway. But all was sunny when we won the paddling. I must say that etiquette did not prevail at dinner that night.

Having *just* recovered their voices, all and sundry had quickly to search for proper attire as the dazzling carnival of Juttodie was upon the Coll. I mean the whole day was just top, too, terrific! What with the Old Coll. decked out to the tees and all, it was just like Cup Day or a grand old Church Fete. Everybody that was anybody was, of course, *there*. Well known College hostess "Ollie" was doubly prominent in a red and white Thai silk print of a Naughtons singlet. A cosmopolitan flavour was added by International guest Mr. Dirk Van Dissel who looked quite stunning in top hat and tails. Mr. Justin Judd was also present not dressed in top hat and tails. The tote girls were absolutely fab. as were books John McRae and Barney Minson who were thoroughly over-dressed in Khaki-denims as they vigorously sold bets from a cute army duck.



The fun and games got off to such a start with some quite delightful J.C.H. marching lasses parading to the quite unique strains of the Coburg City Brass Band. I'm sure I have never seen or heard anything quite like it before. In between "Acts" I literally stuffed myself silly with fab. fairy floss, lovely Italian ice-cream and a funny Neapolitan in a tent who told my fortune.

The Miss J.C.H. contest was just too stunning for words. I mean to say it simply left in the shade Quest of Quests, Miss Australia and the Sun Beach Baby of the Year. Martin "Stand-Up" Haskett was simply superb as compere. Marty, dear, you'd have to go a long way to find such suave, debonair, and witty gems as "What course are you doing?" and "Do you like College life?"



The girls were so glamorous and gorgeous that only a few stand out in my tiny memory. There was Rose Thornton who was thoroughly overwhelming in a turquoise and mauve plastic jump-suit which daringly revealed her head and navel. Miss Robyn Vines was prominent in a magenta and mushroom neck to knee crushed crepe velvet brocade tent dress. All those lovelies and more paraded and I was non-plussed as to which of the beauties would prevail. But at last it was announced that Miss Penny-Lopes Sanderson would reign as Queen of the Hall. She certainly did look attractive in a pink and yellow flowered crinolene hoop dress.



Then the important business of the races came. We all jumped, and shouted and lost bets. Nice young Ian Cordner was the jolly wet winner. After kisses and champagne he was crowned and will have the delightful task of organising the carnival next year. The lads and lasses then retired to a really super duper Barbecue and really swinging dance. In all a really fab., super-doooper, terrific, whizzer do.

Grand old Portsea was the sight for our annual contest with the Uni — the Trike race. Under matrimonial fake pretences a house was secured at Rosebud — of all places! Car loads of thrilled chaps and girlyies trundled down for another Barbecue and a few civilised drinks to prepare themselves for the excitement and energy of the race. But wow betide! The jolly old trike didn't stand-up to the grueling ghastly course, and ended up on the back of John Blain's Ute. You'll have to design a completely new one next year John, just to show those Chemical Engineers what the Coll. is made of.

Cast party, after Cast party, after Cast party! The play week was simply choc. full of fun and games and grease paint and whopper headaches. But the topper of them all was the final sojourn as the cast made their way along the narrow road to the deep north to "Bop" Colvins property. Oh darlings it was the most divine wool shed party you've ever seen. Out came the chops and charcoal for another Barbecue. Andy Curnow was squirting a barrel load of beer, and Shaun Gurton and the cast just grooved and grooved and grooved. An added attraction to the night was an absolutely soul-rendering performance by Mr. Jerome "Lennie" Harper of "The Leader of the Opposition." Lennie was really sweet as he was put to bed after the seventh successive night in a row.



All the College Culture Vultures gathered together at Rob. Clemente's Dialectic Society Art Show. It was just *too* exciting having lovely Mrs. Derham open the week-long gala. She gave the most superb dissertation on art in her day, and looked quite stunning in a double knit green suit. I must say that the Junior Comm. really did look tip-top. There were divine egg shells from John Patten, cute snaps by Freddie Fair and "Thing" Fleming. Dear darling Professor Burke judged the whole spectacular amidst absolutely scrumptious savouries provided by the irrespressible Mrs. Dodds. The lucky winner was Don Von White who did a really delightful watery runny thing which must have been very arty. Bretton Hubert Ronald Forge was triumphant in the photo section with a truly exquisite composition called "Pollution." Afterwards I was veritably exhausted by the culture of the whole affair.



But darls, the high point of the year was, of course, *the* Ball. Well the gossip a week before the grand event was just *too* much! Who was taking who? Who wasn't taking who? And sin of all social sins — who wasn't going?



I was simply agasp at the final scene at 1 Spring Street. I was literally spirited into a sumptuous building called Berties Discotheque, through rich brocades, candelabra, and magnificent reproduction Rembrandts. I wandered through the gay throng of the most beautiful people all formalised with flair. Upstairs and downstairs the gaiety and frivolity was just everywhere. Into the dear Warden I bumped. He looked just exquisite with his Queen Victoria motif as a charming partner. Cooler than the coolest was Dean Gregory in an absolutely smashing white gingham nehru jacket. Darling Miranda Jelbart wafted gaily about in *the* most beaut. silver lame evening outfit. The Bretton Forges looked very dapper as did the Peter Hayes' and the Frank Prices. I bumped into so many people at the buffet dinner that I felt quite heady and had to seek refreshment at the bar. Where it was very charming to see Chris. Lovell, the able organiser, behind a bar for a change. I chatted with little Geoffrey Rex who gave me all the rumours that were going around, then into Bop Colvin in bowler and George Abrams who was telling Sandy Fleming that he was feeling a bit the worse for wear. Oh it was just too *too* too much! The superb persons danced on into the early morning and we even had fifty dozen lagers left over. What a smashing ball — the organising committee really were a clever bunch.



To end the season off the happy cast of the revue had a jolly little cast soiree in Rob. Clemente's room. After the sight of the Warden wanting to hang the Kaiser and Dirk van Dissel grasping Rosie Thornton, we all needed sustenance to alleviate the great success of the night's dinner and entertainment.

Well dearies at last the end of our head spinning round of gaiety has come. With many sniffles I must sign off — with a cheerio and a hope that next years social round will be just as super as this one.

Bye.

Paul D. Elliott ~ Your Social Reporter



This essay was awarded equal First Prize in the Helen Knight Essay Competition.

This theory was itself hotly attacked by the Reverend Father A. Faith who pointed to several examples of Catholic doctrine in the plays which, he claimed, proved them to have been written by defrocked priests as a desperate financial measure (or, as he phrased it, monk—ey business) undertaken as a means of livelihood after Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries. However, as these dissolute monks had been educated in Latin and were lost for words in the vernacular, this may also be dismissed. Yet another misguided but most thought-provoking article has been published by two young American academics, Harvey L. Freud and his assistant Elmer Bandwagon, presenting an almost watertight case for identifying "X" with a little-known homosexual Italian nobleman, based on research from "Two Gentlemen of Verona." However it is nothing short of wilful to persist in

attributing Italian origin to 'X' in face of the fact that in his sonnets he employed not the Italian rhyme scheme abba abba cde cde but the English form abab cdcd efef gg.

What then of the exciting theory formulated by my old friend and colleague Professor Sifter and his following, who maintain that the works of "X" and of Milton are undoubtedly from the same hand? Professor Sifter has conducted a comprehensive dissection of this enormous corpus of work, and through close and disciplined textual analysis has catalogued no fewer than 24,863 identical phrases occurring in the works of both writers. Alluding to this theory in a letter which he sent me discussing (in, if I may say so, a most complimentary fashion) my recent thesis "Obscurity and the Theme of the Nude in the Works of Jane Austen," Professor Sifter remarked, "I am now finally convinced of the truth of my theory. After the discovery of 24,863 identical phrases occurring in the works of both Shakespeare and Milton, I should be exceedingly reluctant to accept anything to the contrary."

This discovery is certainly impressive, and the study has great value statistically as a pioneering work. However, I must take issue with Professor Sifter on one point. From my own research I have discovered that Sifter's statement that Milton used the word "away" 2,931 times throughout his work is inaccurate — the figure should in fact be 2,394. This discrepancy I find inexplicable. Nevertheless the argument is extremely convincing: only undermined to some extent by the fact that Milton was born only four years before the publication of "X's" last work.

From the diversity of critical opinions set forth above, one dominant characteristic emerges: in spite of their highly stimulating nature, it must be confessed that all are somewhat tenuous. It is distressing that so brilliant a collection of theories should be impaired by an unaccountable dearth of evidence. I hasten to add that this defect casts no aspersion on the abilities of my respected colleagues: it is undoubtedly due to the fact that "X", however brilliant as a dramatic poet, was a sadly negligent autobiographer.

This paper is at best a modest survey of the varied and intelligent research which has been done in this field, but I conclude it with a new disclosure of some relevance. Ladies and gentlemen, I am in the unique position of knowing positively the true authorship of Shakespeare's plays, the identity of that mysterious figure "X". This I discovered from an illuminating manuscript which came into my hands after long obscurity in a Tibetan Monastery: a full autographed copy of the works. Nevertheless I do not feel justified in revealing these facts; such a disclosure would undoubtedly deal a shattering blow to the fine critical tradition which has evolved around this enigmatic issue. Instead I intend shortly to publish a study in eighteen volumes entitled "Classification and Revaluation, a Complete Catalogue of all those who did not write Shakespeare's Plays."

A WHITE FLOWER SEEN.

(i) *This presence is
and is not, comes
and goes too, goes
though is not lost
but lingers on
as smoke from leaves
is lingering
late in autumn light.*

(ii) *It lies still
in the still air
where no noise is
but is not noise
is more
a sense of something
in the twilight changing it
to what
was not before.*

George Abrams

WHIM

*If I were a spirit of the air,
Free and fair,
I could take communion with the fish,
Or the bird, or a man.
Complete love and beauty, I wish
Such fresh life, like seaspray on my face,
Sharp and changing. I could make my conscious pace
In this world.*

*But I am not a spirit, nor am I free
To love as I would be
Merely the ghost of a rigid harness
Which limits my expression.*

April 1971

Graeme J. Bennett

THE COAT

*Run, run, run, wherever you can,
Said the tattered grey coat to the skinless man.
Run as fast as you can, and hide from view,
Because everybody, man, is hunting you.*

*They want your lungs, and they'll pick your liver,
They'll strip you bare till you won't even quiver,
Because nothing will be left but some dry, brown bones
Singing low with the wind in its westerly groans.*

*That's what they want and I'll say no more,
Said the tattered grey coat as it hung from the door.
And the man with no skin rasped a very deep breath,
Quickly opened the door, and was trodden to death.*

Christopher Cordner

FLEUR
DELYS
WINNING
POEMS

THE OLDEST AMERICANS

Dr. Y. Aitken

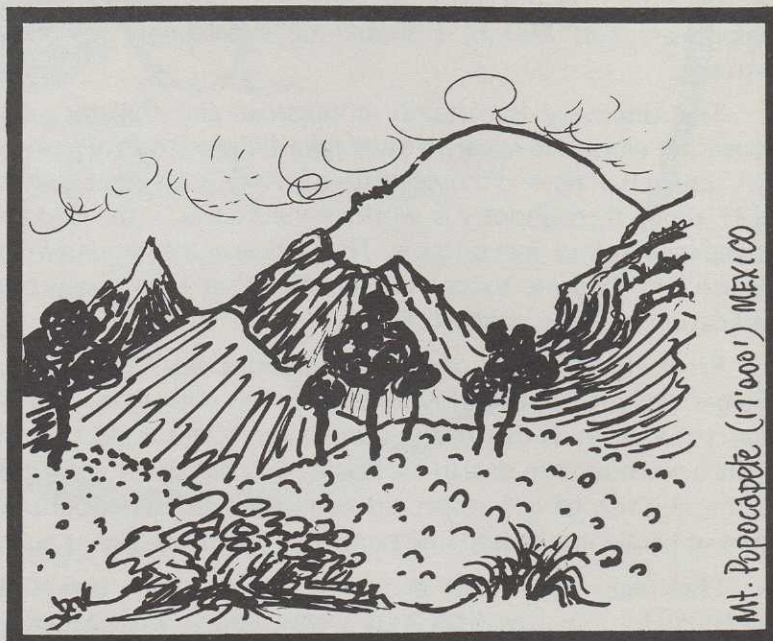
For a long while I've been interested in the ancient Asian Hunters who reached America over the Behring sea landbridge. What were the people like? How did they manage to survive and spread through a continent so full of difficult climates? What is their value in the present civilization?



The first question is partly answered from prehistoric evidence and from the appearance of native peoples now. The oldest human so far known in America died some 10,000 years B.C. when hunting a mammoth along the muddy edge of a lake in the central highlands of Mexico. His reconstructed face is very like those of the dark eyed, black haired populations all through the continent. Some progress towards answers for the other questions comes from a consideration of two contrasting countries, Alaska and Mexico. Taken together, they show an admirable adjustment to extremes of climate and also the difficulties of these people in the present technological age.

Alaska is about as large as Queensland. It lies between 55 and 70°N with Canada to the east and Russia very close to its west coast. Ribs of magnificent mountains alternate in an East-West direction with lower country, mostly very swampy. In spite of the cold, plants grow on all but the highest part of the mountains and this cover provides limited grazing for reindeer, moose, wild sheep and bear in the stunted forests to the south and the grassy tundra to the north. Even human beings have managed to survive for centuries in scattered tiny settlements, the hunting of both Eskimo and Indian geared to the habits of the wild life in the sea along the coast or inland in forest or tundra. In the continuous light of the brief Arctic summer, surplus meat such as salmon was dried, berries and roots gathered for the long dark winter and skins prepared for the protection against the cold. But from the 18th century onwards, the fur and whale hunting Europeans began to upset the delicate balance between the natives and their food supply through more efficient weapons and transport.

The population of Alaska now is still small (only 300,000) with both natives and Europeans grappling uneasily with their recently acquired statehood. As in Western Australia, the people are increasingly proud of their state but feel isolated from the rest ("the other 48"). Many have come to the new state for its clean space and the lack of race conflict compared with the more crowded parts of U.S.A. Some, like workers at the University of Alaska, are evaluating afresh the native plants, animals and people. Scientists look for plants that could heal the carelessly broken surface of the tundra and for the knowledge of reindeer, musk ox and sea animals that could safely increase their value for food. Others study native languages and history, teaching methods for easier entry of shy children into the school system and ways of encouragement of those in High School into tertiary training. An Eskimo artist, Professor R. Senungatuk, trains promising students at the Native Arts and Crafts Centre. Others in Alaska include the artist, F. Machetanz, who shows the hunting prowess of the Eskimo in his paintings and those in the churches who are pressing for State aided hostels for young students in the towns. The native groups themselves are trying to build a State-wide pride in their own good heritage through the annual Eskimo-Indian "Olympics" and through encouragement of small co-operative industries in the villages.



Mexico is much the same size as Alaska but lies between 30 and 15°N and is much more varied in climate. Although mostly in the Tropics, the central plateau (as high as our Mt. Kosciusko) increases the zone for temperate plants. Climates range from cold to hot and the types of vegetation from desert to wet tropics. With warmer climates than Alaska and more suitable native plants (maize, beans, pumpkins, peppers) the early peoples in Mexico changed from the hunting to the settled farming phase from about 3,000 B.C. In some areas, they reached the complexities of urban living and of empire building centuries before the Spanish conquest in 1523.

The present population of 40 million (most of whom, would seem to be in the roaring traffic of Mexico City) is made up of the "mixed race" begun four centuries ago. The Mexican is increasingly proud of past and present achievements while aware of the larger political entity of U.S.A. so close to his northern border.

The fact that Mexico is made up of 26 states is evidence of the diversity of native peoples evolved over the long period of occupation of the thousands of tiny centres of settlement. Its richness in the buildings and art of older civilizations brings tourist wealth to the country but the isolation and poverty of many villages make expensive communications necessary by the State. Then local customs and products are lost as modern trading brings in mediocre goods to these centres along the improved roads.

In both Alaska and Mexico, destructive individualism is wrecking natural resources. But there is also increasing appreciation of the native peoples for their history of adaptability and for their artistry arising out of reverence for their environment. These qualities can strengthen community efforts towards the stabilizing of the difficult balance between human needs and their supply. The situation is not without relevance to Australia!



PENNY WHYTE

These words were spoken by Dr. Eden at the Memorial Service for Penny Whyte, a member of the J. C. H. Senior Common Room, who died in a car accident on May 14th, 1971.

Penny and I first met over breakfast at St. Anne's College in Adelaide. Penny was in residence at St. Anne's whilst studying for her science degree. When she finished she was offered a research job in the pharmacology department at Melbourne University and she wrote over enquiring about the possibility of staying at J.C.H.. I wrote back saying that as it happened I was going over to a conference and would be staying at St. Anne's College and perhaps we could discuss the matter then. Breakfast seemed the only time we could fit in. I expected to be questioned on accommodation, finance and so on — but it wasn't like that at all. Penny wanted to know what kind of people she would meet — how many graduates would there be in residence, how many senior meds. etc.

So it was not surprising that once in J.C.H. her closest friends came from that group. But she took an active interest in the other years as well. The first year that she was in residence it was still fashionable to talk about "Them" and "Us". "Them" — the Senior Common Room, and "Us" — the student body. Things have changed for the better, and Penny had quite a bit to do with it. This year the tutors were asked to the Freshers Welcome given by the student club. This consisted of everybody drinking coffee, I understand in a rather informal manner. Next day I asked Penny how it went. She smiled — with that smile when she was pleased with something — "Oh, I was mistaken as one of the Freshers".

However, I think there was a great deal more to Penny than just being nice to first year students. I think her room in many ways reflected her varied interests. The lady from the Sun Newspaper mainly noticed the pictures and the books on cars. There was also the sewing — Fitzgerald's book on China — and what I noticed most were books and notes on pharmacology — I already knew that she spent a lot of time preparing her tutorials, but I didn't realize just how much. It was important to her that her tutorials should go well, and again she was pleased when she heard along the grapevine that the students thought that she was making out quite nicely.

My main contact with Penny was over meals. In a community, mealtimes can be a time of strain: some cover up their shyness by never stopping to talk — with others the tension of silence can almost be at screaming point. With Penny somehow one could sit at a meal perfectly relaxed — talking when so inclined — or being absorbed in one's own thoughts. Her silence didn't mean that she hadn't been doing anything — when prodded, one learnt that she had been to the theatre, or to the Calder Races, or over to Union Day to listen to talks on the social responsibility of scientists.

This serenity that I referred to was sustained in time of stress and grief. A few months ago both of us attended the funeral service of another young person killed on the road to Ballarat. Penny and I walked back together from Trinity College Chapel. Both of us were thinking of Noel Benson — we didn't seem to talk about it, but somehow the mood was one of acceptance and serenity.

It is impossible for me to describe adequately Penny's many-sided personality. I knew she had friends from many walks of life. *Your* presence here today bears witness to this. I think we all consider ourselves privileged to have known her and her presence has enriched our lives.

SYD WYNNE

Mr. Syd Wynne, Catering Manager of Trinity College from 1950 to 1969 died April 22nd, 1971. Mr. Wynne had been in the employ of the College since 1920. On his retirement the Council instituted a scholarship in his honour of which the first holder is Chris Cordner. Further details about Mr. Wynne will be found in the Fleur de Lys 1970, p. 61.

MESSAGE

(Special Mention in Poetry Competition)

*Late Winter, late afternoon.
Softened gold through leafy screens.
Curious mildness, gentle, slow.
I roll through long unstirred air
to open door
and rise against the free airy drift.*

*Quick secret confidence comes in a breeze
from far off —
Hum of old Summers in the mild pale blue pale.*

*Hurry to hear!
An old memory stirs in the leaves.
They catch the message in the Wind:
Murmur of old Summers,
Sweet scent of fresasias, dry rushes and cider,
Faded scent of far Summers
twines a little.*

*Who saw the leaves flutter?
Heard the message?
Who was touched?
Breathed the drift of old Summers?*

Flutter shivers.

*It's too late — earnest, bowed heads!
Not gentle gold nor pale blue pale
will make you bondless
as the scent of old Summers.*

Sandra Fleming



(Special Mention in Poetry Competition)

Written on the death of Dyce Murphy, who died in his ninety-second year after a life in which he displayed himself as a man of all genii. He was an explorer of Arctic regions, a sailor before the mast, when 'rounding the Horn' meant possible death, an actor, historian, and W.W. I spy — but not one word did he write or record of his exploits.

1. *As I was reading
A grain of sand, or dust, rolled
Slowly down the page,
and fell off the edge.*
2. *There you are!*
3. *There was no trace but in my memory
Of that grain
And behold!
I can't remember
if it was sand or dust. Ashes.*

Stephen Mills

SILENT REVOLUTION

Lucy Lyons' Guest Essay for the Helen Knight Essay Competition.

To say that man is set on destroying himself is a truism nowadays. What an extraordinary fact to have accepted so coolly! If we don't deliberately put a match to the wick stringing us together, we will expand until we burst off the globe, sink with a feeble squeak into a world-sized heap of compost, or drown in our own tears of inadequacy.

These dangers are well known and much discussed. What is not so widely recognised is the insidious threat to our existence presented by Silence. After some consideration it may become clear that this sinister commodity can provide a weapon for our ultimate destruction.

At the beginning of human evolutionary history there was the Silence. Then Man, in isolation, pitted against his environment. Gradually he came to see not only the material advantages to be gained from acting in community, but he established a set of sound-symbols marking the birth of self-awareness. He could now define himself in relation to his fellows, and his group in relation to the environment. When he heard a yell, he ducked.

A more and more elaborate sound system developed until there came the realisation that the altering not only of the nature and quality of sounds, but also of their pitch, and the stringing of them all together produced quite a pleasing effect; at least, when some people did it the effect was pleasing. The line to the grand harmonies of Beethoven is clear.

Sound increased not only in importance and complexity, but also in volume. Noise had been discovered.

"Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises.

Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not."

It may now be possible to see how a new avenue of destruction is opening before us. In many subtle ways the notion of Silence is catching on. In contemporary music it is quite obvious. Man had his proudest, most self-assured moment with Beethoven and his towering structures of complex sound; music today has fragmented this vision back to its components. Each sound is experienced for its own intrinsic nature and is wrapped in an envelope of silence. No longer is it the tissue of relations between notes which is important, but the individual quality of each note in isolation, and the texture created by one sound-entity following another.

One notorious composition presented in a concert-hall recently consisted entirely of Silence. Treason most blatant!

There are other indications of the subtle ways in which Silence is prevailing us. For instance, a constant reminder is the incorporation of periods of Silence into fire-engine sirens, once a continuous screech. In the latest films and theatre long pregnant silences are increasingly important, and the cult of yoga is unscrewing our image where it was most securely grounded — the navel.

Man cannot stand this sort of self-scrutiny and wordlessness. Think of the frightening insecurity of waking in an unaccustomed bed in the country and hearing nothing, or the sensation during a sudden lull in traffic. For a few seconds' all sense of vibrating existence is lost.



What a contrast is modern man to that poor grunting baby of humanity, unable to be sure of its very existence because of its inarticulateness, and surrounded by a world of silence! There can be no doubt now — We have arrived.

Continually we assert our existence and define our individuality by an immense shroud of noise. And this is as it should be, for the universe is actually *composed* of noise.

Consider that chair on which you sit. Physicists inform us that it is not as solid as you hope. It is in fact a hive of activity, and mostly it is not there at all. Largely empty space, it is composed of molecules wantonly banging about, and these molecules are themselves just a collection of forces. Unquestionably, all this orbiting and colliding is a noisy business, an atomic cacophany which we cannot hear because we have ears.

These wonderful filtering devices are vital to enable us to shout out the universe; to be able to hear the reality of our existence above the clamorous life-song of the babbling cosmos.

Only a Caliban, that embodiment of all earthy, natural forces in Shakespeare's 'Tempest' is sufficiently integrated to be able to hear it

Man is defined by noise; his inner silence shown up only in relief. We have evolved to a stage of filling up the world with it — traffic, transistors, machinery and the like. We cannot have enough Noise if we are to survive. To this end there have been certain life-preserving steps of great psychological insight and concern — like the introduction of continuous piped music in so many buildings. Perhaps we will see the day when it is channelled outside too, and every tree contains a duct spouting The Sound of Music. There are a few courageous individuals who carry on the crusade for the production of Noise. Many of our politicians are there for no other purpose, and outside my bedroom window I hear, at two and three o'clock in the morning, loud sustained roars, the life-affirming brays of nocturnal students. Reassured, eventually I go back to sleep.

We must beware of the enormous power of Silence — the impregnable strength of the Silent Majority, and the potency of things left unsaid.

If we do not meet our end at the hands of the scientist dedicated to breaking matter into fragments and separating them so that one day they fall silent with one mighty bang, mankind will gradually lose himself and disintegrate under a vast cloud of seeping Silence.

A NOTE ON THE UNI.

Christopher Cordner.

Like all students, I sometimes become disillusioned with the work I am doing at the University. It is at these times that I feel the need to question the value of the course I am engaged in. This in turn provokes questions about the function of the University as a whole, and how well it is fulfilling that function.

I consider that a University should fulfil needs which fall roughly into two categories — the social and the personal. It best fulfils its social function, I believe, by properly fulfilling its duties to the individual. How this is so I will indicate shortly. A University is, or should be, centrally concerned with the revealing of what man is — biologically, metaphysically, psychologically, chemically, etc. I lay this down as a simple truism, and follow it up with another: if man did not have a streak of Prometheism, there would be no Universities. Nietzsche expressed man's need to grasp life, to dominate it, and not be dominated by it. This is a version of the old slogan 'Attack is the best form of defence'. Universities are traditionally centres which provide one sort of opportunity to fulfil such needs.

This is a simple way in which a University can perform a social function. What an education does (or should do) is increase a man's capacity for rational thinking, his capacity to consider all sides of a question, and make a balanced judgement on it. It is by fostering such a capacity, that a University fulfils, indirectly, a social function.

With the general increase in knowledge over the last hundred years, Universities have had to divide up into different faculties. This unfortunate necessity increases what might be called the academicising tendency in Universities. Being wrapped up in his own department a man is never pressured to consider the relation of his own discipline to other disciplines; the relation as it in fact is, but also the relation as it should be. He never brings his critical faculties to bear on the discipline as a whole which he is engaged in. And so the inbreeding continues.

Every department is aware that it can contribute towards an understanding of what man is. Some departments may have greater contributions than others to make in virtue of the intrinsic nature of their discipline. But no department — and too many forget this — can tell the whole story.

As a member of the English and Philosophy Departments, I am perhaps more qualified to speak of them than of any other. Both of them have, I think, very important roles to play in the University. Of course, they do sometimes succumb to the over-specialising tendency I have been referring to. In Tolstoy's novel, 'Anna Karenina', there is a philosopher by the name of Koznyshev. His brother, Levin, criticises him for always turning away from arguments right on the brink of an answer. He is interested only in the intellectual performance which leads him to that point. At times, both the English and Philosophy Departments engage in similar introverted and useless academy.

Ideally, the two disciplines are rich and stimulating. The study of English literature is no less than the study of the way the most sensitive and intelligent minds in British history have thought and felt about man. As this implies, the study of English literature cannot be divorced from a study of cultural values in general. Graeme Hough, in his book 'The Dream and the Task', says that he wants 'to shift the balance away from literature in the direction of cultural history and history of ideas'. He claims — truly I think — that we have a better appreciation of the value of a work of literature when we see it as connecting in this way with that movement, as a reaction against this current theory, as related to that particular historical period. That is not, of course, to say that we should regard literature as a collection of period pieces, but only to say that it is worthwhile to see works of literature as forming part of a cultural history, in the widest sense of that phrase.

Gaining a literary education is a cumulative and gradual process. As we read more, our critical appreciation is informed and modified by all that we have read before. Slowly we learn to see novels, poems and plays in a wider context to fit them, only of course in so far as they will fit, into a general cultural pattern. A literary education, that is to say, is not 'got' just by the close study of a handful of isolated texts. Becoming bogged in that rut is the ever-present danger

with the academic study of English.

I am fully aware of the difficulties involved in making an English course over into something which might be called 'history of ideas'. A student must have some knowledge of what ideas, attitudes, beliefs, habits of mind are current in a particular period before he can fit them into a history. That is, he must have a fairly detailed knowledge of a fairly large number of books. The problem is one of balance. Its solution — not an easy one to find — probably lies more in the preoccupations of those teaching the subject, than in the structure of the course itself. But that is another question.

If the study of English — even though it suggests a number of problems — is clearly important, the study of philosophy is not less so. The word 'philosophy' is impossible to define with any precision at all. Listing the various headings under which philosophy is discussed — for example — Epistemology, Ethics, Logic — is not very helpful for those who have no acquaintance with the discipline. But if I cannot give a comprehensive account of philosophy, I can at least indicate some of the sorts of things which come into its scope. The evaluation of the parts different disciplines have to play in contributing to an understanding of man is essentially a philosophical activity. The philosopher's training is one which should equip him, among other things, to see the logical implications of various claims about the nature of man. When the evolutionary biologist offers an account of man's nature in terms of natural selection and claims it to be a complete account, then the questions which inevitably arise are philosophical questions.

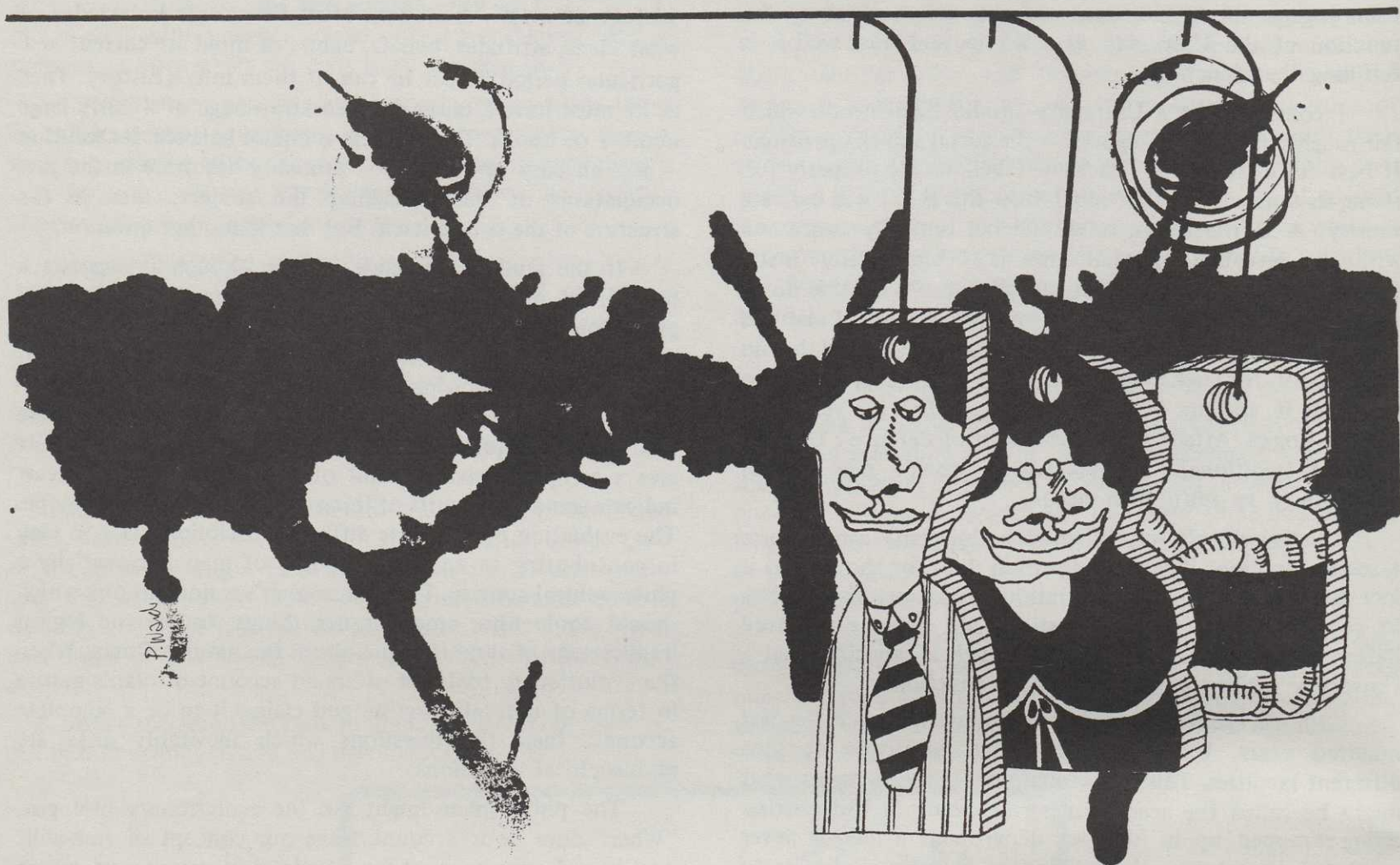
The philosopher might ask the evolutionary biologist, "Where does your account leave our concept of free-will? And how do you account for artistic creativity in man, where mental powers far in excess of those demanded by the need for survival seem to exist?" Perhaps the evolutionary biologist can answer these questions, or even show them to be irrelevant — here I remain neutral on the point. I mean to show only that the questions which his claims prompt, are philosophical questions, which of course anyone may ask and anyone may attempt to answer. It is just that the philosopher is probably better equipped to ask more probing questions and to give fuller (if not always truer) answers.

Naturally enough, philosophers do not spend all their time discussing questions related to other disciplines. Nor should they do so. Rigour of philosophical argument is something which must be developed by a certain amount of self-contained abstract thought. Without this core of "pure" philosophy, the borderline areas — Political Philosophy, Philosophy of Mind, Philosophy of Religion, Aesthetics etc. — where philosophy touches on so many other disciplines, would degenerate, and little good philosophical work would be done in them. Valuable work in those border areas, depends on there being at least some work done in "pure" philosophy.

The question, of course, is how much? I don't propose to answer it; but only to say that I think it is mainly in the borderline areas, and not in those areas of "pure" philosophy that work relevant to the fulfilment of what I outlined as the function of the University, is done. Even within these areas, though, much time is spent on profound discussion of trivialities. This is partly because philosophers no longer think of themselves as revealing ultimate reality. They tend to go to the other extreme, and say, "No, we mustn't try and present a whole picture of the world as it really is; we have to limit ourselves to the tiniest details. Only by doing that, can we say anything that is true, and free from confusion. It is not hard to see how philosophy might suffer from a "can't see the wood for the trees" syndrome.

These remarks are, necessarily, far too brief. They are meant to achieve two purposes: first, to point out some of the pitfalls of academic work in general. Although I have confined myself to English and Philosophy, I am sure that other students could level analogous criticisms at their own departments, and the disciplines they are engaged in. Secondly, I want to indicate the sort of general standard, well known but often forgotten, that we should keep in mind in assessing the value of academic enquiry. I do not claim originality for what I have said; but that is not the only measure of relevance.

WIGRAM ALLEN ESSAY 1971 SENSE & SENSIBILITY



This essay by Stephen Mills was awarded First Prize in the Wigram Allen Essay Competition.

Quickly, he closed the book. His hands trembled, and his palms and forehead were damp with perspiration as the words he had read thundered in his mind. He stood up and with awkward limbs tottered to his seat by the window which gave onto the patch of lawn of his parents' home. He opened the window and sat in the breeze and calmed down — because he had to. He was not like this because the day was hot, although it was very hot — the trees did not move and the sun prowled about the sky. His weakness was a result of the book he had read. It was a French paperback, Camus' *L'Etranger*. That this copy had been read again and again was a conclusion of no great merit when you had observed the dirty marks where his sweaty fingers turning the pages had picked and scratched at the corners of every leaf. And for each time the pages had been thus fingered, there was a time when as now, he had had to recover.

The part he liked best — that which effected him most — was at the end of the first part, in which Meursault killed the Arab on that hot Algerian day. It was not that he particularly admired Meursault's philosophy of life; neither did he condone his action in shooting the Arab. There was nothing he saw in either character to sympathise with that so effected him — it was the description of the heat. The heat that dominated the setting and the men; the heat that was a living force; the heat he felt and understood. It was his heat. Because of the heat he had read and reread the novel — everytime he had done so he had felt the enormity of the heat and its energy to guide everything under the sun.

Physically, Paul Rogers was not healthy. Since birth he had had what his mother told their neighbours was a "bad heart" — he wasn't allowed to do strong exercise, nor to get too excited, and he musn't forget his tablets, which were to be taken by him as directed twice a day with a tumbler of water. He knew what was at stake — his life — but strangely he rebelled against his doctor's warnings, and when he went off to school he from time to time forgot the small bottle of pills, and left it sitting on the kitchen table where it had been put by his mother with his lunch.

From where he sat he could not see the ocean, although his parents small home was only a short way from the beach. They lived in a small town on the harbour — it was not a suburb, but it would be in ten years — at present there were more holiday-makers than commuters. To get to the beach all he had to do was to walk down the tree-lined bitumen road, through some scrub on the other side of the railway line and there for him was the sand and the water. He often went there on a hot day, to watch the swimmers and surfers in the small blue waves that rolled heavily onto the sand. But what he liked to do most of all was to walk up and down the beach while the sun beat down, his feet sinking into the sand that tried to obstruct him and avoiding the waves that tried too often in vain to catch him. He enjoyed himself watching other people in these elements but he considered it a struggle between him and nature. He suffered the anguish of this struggle even when he read about it, and that was why he felt so deeply the dominance of the heat that he found in *L'Etranger*.

That day's recovery from the book came with more difficulty than before. He had to sit in the breeze for an hour before his over-excited heart had stopped echoing in his ears, and the dampness in his hands had finally evaporated, and once more he could control his limbs. When at last he stood up it was with relief to be able to move again. He went to the kitchen to drink some water but almost immediately as if to disturb his peace his mother, a capable, stupid woman, bustled in.

- How's your work going, darling? she chirped. Taking a spell?
- Yeah, he replied sullenly. I've been doing that . . . history essay for Monday.
- That one about the mad priest from Florence who burnt all the books and things? (She was referring to Savonarola.)

— Yes.

— Golly, I do think you're lucky to be able to do all that interesting work. I wish I'd had the chance. I was having a look through one of your books yesterday. Now, what was it called? It was by Jane Austen.

— Northanger Abbey.

— Yes, that's right!

Although he had long ceased to wonder how his mother made such huge historical leaps within the same breadth, and although he was tired of feigning interest in his mother's chatter, he asked :

— What did you think of it?

— Oh don't ask me about it. It was interesting enough I suppose, but . . . it was very dull. I do think you're so clever to be able to read all of that literature.

Actually, he had opened the book once, and on that occasion deemed it unreasonably long and tiresome. But he wouldn't tell his mother that, because he didn't want to destroy her faith in him. He just murmured something polite, and went out onto the patio. Their conversations always went like that.

The Roger's patio was one of those sunny but small affairs that begin as an inspiration and end as a task. It was fenced off from the public view by a blue and orange trellis up on which beans were annually encouraged to grow — with only moderate success due to the sandy soil. To top off what was in Paul's view an aesthetic and horticultural double failure was the sight of his sister sunbaking. She was fifteen, plump at that, and quite ugly. She did not hear her brother's approach, engrossed as she was in the simultaneous perusal of a cheap comic and the squeezing of one of the pimples which were to be found in abundance on her face. He didn't have long to survey this scene of adolescent bliss however for he was immediately called by his father from the garage where the old motor bike was being taken apart again. He wasn't much interested in mechanical affairs but there was nothing else to do, and already he was feeling the heat of the Saturday. It was at least cool in the garage.

The next disagreeable thing happened to him at school some time later. When I say disagreeable thing, I do not mean that these events I am describing appeared suddenly on the surface of Paul's tranquil life-stream to disturb and torment like a breeze. I mean that, later on, in the train, when Paul was waiting he looked back and saw these times as being typical of all the other times — in other words, quite disagreeable.

It was at school then that the next events took place, on a Monday morning, when, after a cool weekend the heat set in to seep through the walls and up under the wooden floorboards and glanced off the window panes and when, standing up, you found your thighs and shorts stuck to the seat. There were as always lots of children, all full of weekend stories. Their school was an old establishment — a boys' public school. His parents had to economise considerably to send him there, but he was on a Scholarship as well and so as his father said, "Things aren't as bad as they could be." He occupied himself during lunch-time as he usually did with listening to the conversations which despite the heat were going on about him. It was the normal stuff — the cricket, the weekend parties, last season's football. It would go on outside Paul's mind but he would remember it, and use parts of it to mock his fellow students when they contradicted themselves or made a fool of themselves. He was, on the whole very scornful of them. Those who studied the Humanities at school invariably abused them in life, thereby defeating their purpose; and the Science students he viewed with an execration tinged with dismay. Some were ignorant and never had the chance, whilst others abused the chances they had, and abuse and ignorance, ignorance and abuse, Paul considered were the two tree-lined shady avenues towards sterility.

He got up and walked out of the classroom.

He hurriedly left the menswear shop and walked back towards the railway station. As he walked he avoided people's eyes and walked quicker than everyone else by dashing in front of them as they went along, as if it were a race. Never before, he considered as he went, had he been so humiliated

by another person as he had been in that shop. He had come into town to spend some of the money his parents had given when he passed his final exams. He had entered this menswear shop, and the salesman, one of those youths whose being is defined by two inches of peroxidized hair lying limply on his pointy yellow shirt collar, had been watching him ever since. Paul had wanted a pair of socks, but while he was in one of these seldom-visited establishments he decided to look around and accordingly had sauntered over to a stand on which were displayed expensive pairs of trousers. The colours — crimsons, blues, a sienna, all in velvets and corduroys — had made him stop for some minutes and gaze at them, although he was not going to buy anything except the socks he had come for. The salesman had approached him, and asked in his gravelled voice whether he could be of any assistance. Paul considered this eventuality unlikely in any sphere, and was about to reply that he was 'just looking' when the salesman, adopting a more officious tone, asked him whether he would be so kind as to leave. Paul was amazed and frightened but managed to push out a stammered, "Why?" In reply, the salesman merely looked down his nose and said as if ready from a rules-book, "The Management considers it a risk to its stock to have small boys loitering on the premises with no intention of purchasing any of the stock. Would you be so kind as to leave?" Paul would have done well to leave then so that he could look back on the event as yet another example of "unreasoned bourgeois commercial mentality." However, he was upset at being labelled a small boy, and furthermore, he was indignant at being accused of theft. So he began to defend himself. All he could think of to say was that he had had no intention whatsoever of stealing the trousers — he said they were far too bulky and he wouldn't have been able to get them out of the shop "even if I had wanted to pinch them, which I didn't. I came here for a pair of socks." Obviously, this did his cause no good: the salesman signalled a burly man at the door, and Paul hurriedly left the shop and walked out into the sunlight.

The railway station that same day was hot. The asphalt was so heated that it had started to melt in spots, and this always frightened Paul a bit, that something solid could become so soft. The air was heavy and quite. There was no wind, and so the harsh, shrill voices of the Kiosk ladies wafted almost accidentally to the consciousnesses of the weary, impatient ticket-holders who waited, perched uncomfortably on those hard wood-slat seats which were placed formally under the narrow verandah in the shade. Still smarting from his humiliation, Paul bought his ticket and wandered onto the platform, whilst not being really aware of it. However, wandering to the centre of the huge patch of sun-boiled asphalt, and suddenly hearing a baby wailing in its pram, made him realise where he was. The baby's mother was too concerned with coping with her other child, who was struggling with an ice-cream, to even attempt to cease its noise, and Paul was still out in the open.

The baby finally was too exhausted to continue crying, but as it stopped, one of the Kiosk ladies gave a laughing shriek in the distance, but Paul, lost in the midst of a capsule of scorched air, did not even hear it. He was instead looking, fascinated, at the effect the heat was having on him. He noticed himself becoming pale; the blood was leaving his head; his heart began to beat faster; and shivers of cold sweat sped up and down his spine, and made him clench his fists. He shouldn't have run from the shop, or let his emotions get the better of his fragile body. He shouldn't be standing out in the sun now. As the world spun slowly around him, the shop, and his family seemed far away: he began to realise that he had made a mistake. And slowly, like a majestic setting of the sun, colourful he saw that he had often made mistakes, but that others made far more than he did, and that this was an error as well. Looked at as objectively as possible, his life was seen as being so full of mistakes and incompetencies that it had lost the capability to right itself, like a capsized yacht. Lost in the heat far from everyone else, Paul saw that his life had taken a course which it was now irrevocably pursuing. The course it had taken had been arranged by others — his mistake was not having seen it before it became unavoidable. Suddenly there came around him a rushing noise. The air was full of it. A huge siren beat in on his brain and a repeating metallic slogan was as if chanted through the chaos. He reeled giddily, but the noise declined and he gathered himself. He saw through dizzy eyes that the train had pulled into the station, and that that was what he had heard, magnified by the heat and by his troubled head. He leant against a lamp-

"Blessed Dharuma," I cried, "how favoured are the devotees of Twining's! What other teas have given me such satisfaction? Twining's alone delights my nose and gratifies my tongue, warms my stomach and dims my brain, loosens my conversation and soothes my sphincters. No other teas (whether I savoured them alone or in the society of dear, like-minded friends) helped me to cover my timidity with complacency and condescension. Make me the prophet of Twining's Tea, Dharuma. Use me to make it the badge of every cosy coterie and cult.

"There are (O hateful fact!) those upon whom Twining's Teas have no effect at all. Those who drink them merely because they like them. There are (more hateful yet!) those who point out that beer and sex do just as much. Would that I could deny this. But Thou, Blessed Dharuma, Thou dost know what Keemun, Formosa, Oolong, Lapsang Souchong, Orange Pekoe, Russian Caravan, Vintage Darjeeling, Ceylon Breakfast, Irish Breakfast, English Breakfast, Earl Grey, Prince of Wales, Queen Mary and Gunpowder do for the Elect. For them each cup of Twinings brings its unique vision. Darjeeling conjures up the Himalayas and Rishis; Russian Caravan the Khirghiz riding o'er the steppe; Jasmine hallucinates Jade Pagodas, courtesans and silks. I'll speak no more lest ears profane should hear me, but ere I cease, I beseech Thee, sleepless Saint, to smite all those who malign Twining's Teas and the Elect. Turn whate'er they taste into—Bonox!"

"There is a place betwixt earth, air and seas,
Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease;"

wrote Pope. I am convinced that Dharuma had retired there for the same purpose when my prayer ascended to him; for not long afterwards, I began to have those visions which drove me to investigate the life of Edmund Twining,² the Founder of the Firm. A very little of that life I mean to divulge now.

..My first vision revealed that Edmund Twining was not the son of Josiah and Dorcas Twining, dissenting farriers of Pump

2. See my book "How Twining Twined" Ch. 2 pp. 24-30, for reasons why Edmund and not Thomas was the founder.

Lane, Southwark, but—and this should please all those who love rank and station—the son of Sir Preening Preciously and Dorcas when she was a scullery maid at his manor in Dorset. Only this explains why Josiah received £3 2sh. 6d. (a handsome sum in those days) from Sir Preening two days after our hero was born. This also explains why Sir Preening (who never married) took such an interest in young Edmund whenever he came up to town. From Sir Preening our hero inherited a fondness for fine living. Josiah and Dorcas instilled the scarcely less commendable virtues of piety, thrift and grit.

In 1700—some forty years after Katherine of Braganza had made tea fashionable at court and the nobility (in one of those rare lapses of good taste) had profaned it with milk—young Edmund went to seek his fortune in China. It were tedious to relate his adventures there; but in the Spring of 1705 (according to another vision) Edmund got wind that a certain village in the province of Tannin held the secret of a most exclusive brew. Thither he repaired with all possible speed. But neither cheap worsted nor guns nor opium would alter Oriental obtuseness. Edmund was in despair and would have retired had not Blessed Dharuma, who is part Indian and part Japanese, intervened on his behalf. Dharuma stirred up rivalry between the chief mandarin and one of his brothers and the latter (with typical oriental duplicity) divulged the secret of the brew for a share of the profits. Edmund returned to Shanghai in triumph and set up in business as a tea merchant. It was not possible, of course, for Edmund to work for long with so treacherous a partner; so in 1706 the traitor mandarin was transported to Mauritius. In the same year Edmund returned to London.

The rest is mere history. In 1709 the first brew of Twining's Orange Pekoe was drunk at Vauxhall against a background of fireworks. Richard Steele reports that the Countess of Kingston consumed as many as six dishes and left for her residence in a great hurry. By 1710 Edmund was supplying tea to the beau monde and changing his silk stockings twice a day. In 1711 he was prevailed upon to describe his fortunes. He did so in an Epic of twelve books entitled the "Teasiad". The following lines were

EST. 1706

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greatly admired and quoted at Button's Coffee House up to the time of Erasmus Darwin. They are (I believe) a description of a Chinese woman brewing Orange Pekoe.

*"The yellow nymph now cuts the white-hair'd leaf
And puts it in a vessel for relief;
Next to the stream she makes her placid way;
Where Zephyr and Diana are at play.
She fills an urn and home returns once more,
Just as pagoda bells are peeling low;
Warm Expectation hastes her to the fire—
She brewes to satisfy a chaste desire."*

The doors of literary society now opened to receive Edmund (though I regret to report that none of the great wits of the day sought his acquaintance). In 1715 Edmund joined the Established Church: in 1717 he was knighted: in 1720 he accepted the hand of a Duchess and retired from active business. If his position as husband was not unlike that of old Josiah Twining, his last years were not unhappy. Accordingly his last years were not unhappy. He amused himself by patronizing his neighbours and reading his poems to his friends. According to the Duchess and her lover, Edmund's final words were "tea, tea". Rumour, however, had it that he was calling for "a vessel for relief".

He was buried privately under a tea bush.

A stirring history, gentlemen, and one that I recall whenever I partake of Twining's Tea. May I advise you to do the same? And as you drowse over your cup, remember all the great poets who loved a cup of tea. Remember Pope, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith and Cowper. Especially Cowper. "Cups that cheer," he wrote, "but not inebriate". We cannot have too many of such cups in this age of falling standards. Call to mind the great Victorian explorers and Empire builders. What solaced and strengthened the civil servant when he returned to the Reservation? What but Twining's Tea! I grant that many of the people I have mentioned were not quite so exclusive as connoisseurs of Twining's Tea should be but I am sustained by the thought that they could have been. How blest are the barriers that divide man from man! Why, even Heaven is exclusive!

So lock the door, draw the curtains, light the joss-sticks and the fire, slice the brown bread paper-thin and spread on it a hint of butter... Turn on the music...

What shall it be? . . . Wagner? . . . How dreadful! . . . Let's have Mozart . . . Mozart? Oh no! He is far too energetic! As Donald Tovey says . . . Tartini then . . . Well, Tartini if you must but remember only



Opus 114 in C sharp minor... God! I haven't got it!... What do you have? Oh well, play what you like but excuse me if I prefer to read Cynara. "Last night, ah! yesternight"... Degas' is the Master... How I love Beardsley!... Thank God, here comes the tea! Wonderful! A silver teapot and cups of fine blue porcelain... What will you have? Jasmin? Keemun? Earl Grey?... Oh! Could I have them all? There is a tolerant silence as you help yourself. Suddenly you hear the scrunch of boots in the corridor outside. A throaty voice calls out: "Gawd! The bloody **** are having a tea party! Hey Mac! Like to come up to my room for a piss-on with the gang?"

You raise your brows and sip your tea. And if the fragrant steams should let the suspicion rise that the Praise of Twining's Tea is not unconnected with The Praise of Folly, I should be gratified.

But the anguish he felt whilst the train coasted down the far side of the hill in the damp heat was far less than the sheer desperation he experienced as it entered the valley. The valley was where there was no wind. The paddocks were full of scorched grasses; the houses glared in the light. The hollow whistle echoed as they pulled into the first stop. They had to stay there for fully five minutes in the heat. He was really thirsty now. His throat seemed to dry within him until it had become a small hard sore as he swallowed. But the rest of his body was bathed in sweat, and his feet were swollen and aching.

Eventually the train jerked into motion and left the silent oasis behind. As they gathered speed the wind began to roar into the carriage once more, and so once more he shut the door trying to keep it out. But he reopened it when the stuffiness became intolerable. And then Paul remembered the stream. Water. Where the railway bridge crossed the stream post for support. There was one old lady who looked askance at him as she clambered onto the train. She was on the point of asking if he was alright but remembered in time that these youths were liable to be troublesome, and the specimen she saw looked none too stable. "The way he walked into the train," she told the police officer later "made me really think something was up, but he got into the next carriage and I didn't see him again. Till after of course."

The train was one of those very old red ones with the uncomfortable seats next to the doors. The heat had not left Paul and he sat close to the door in order to catch the slightest draught. There was none, however, in the sullen heat of the motionless train: it was only when the whistle had blown and they began to move that there was a breeze. It was a hot wind of course, but he undid the top button of his shirt and let it flap. The cumbersome train lumbered over the level crossing, and began the painful ascent of the slope which when conquered, afforded a spectacular view of the harbour. This harbour was the scenic attraction of the district. It was overlooked by the picturesque green hill, studded with the homes of the rich: large white mansions surrounded by trees. Over the blue waters of the harbour, yachts moved not as if subject to the fancies of a dying breeze but as if of their own volition. The sky contained the simple colours of a Wedgewood basin, and fanciful shapes were sculptured upon it. But this beauty was lost on Paul. From his seat in the dirty train he could have seen spread below him what was renowned as a scenic delight. Whilst he moved slowly through them he had an opportunity to gaze at them. But he rejected this opportunity. He was not interested in any of the overt spectacles of the world. The only thing that delighted him was simply the sight of one creature defying the element, such as he was doing then. A dog in the sea tries to bound over the waves to catch another glimpse of his master, far away, to whom he is swimming. A hawk floats on the currents of the wind waiting for his prey. A canoist in the rapids paddles towards the flags. A man with a gun in his pocket walked along the beach on a brassy Algerian day towards a cool spring. These gave him pleasure, and he thought it would be pleasurable to be in a like struggle himself; to be in one and to have to act under its conditions for a time, and to emerge victorious. He was I say in such a struggle now, and that was why the scenery did not gain his attention.

Since he had boarded the train he had been thinking how the heat on the station had effected him and made him mistake the approach of the train for some shrieking nightmare. He took pleasure in that now, a bit, but his pleasure was a half-hearted affair for he was still hot and the warm breeze on his face was not cooling him down. He was in fact extremely hot — as hot as he had ever been, and he was not finding the struggle as pleasant as he had assumed it would be. His heart was beating rapidly still — the experience about the shop had unnerved him a good deal, and he began to wish that he had taken his tablets more regularly. He wanted some water to cool his throat. There was none about. The long train journey home stretched before him and the heat pressed him downwards.

The train reached the top of the hill. There was no relief from the warm wind and the jangling of the train on the rails did not alter or vary or change its pitch but continued with its hollow, metal sound. He reached up and closed the door of the train but the warmth rushing from the outside gave way only to the silent breathing of the stale air inside. The noise merely became muffled, not less loud, and so he reopened the door and was assailed once more by the waves and rush of tepid air.

the water would be clean and fresh and pure and cool. That was two stations away yet. Why hadn't he remembered it before? It seemed to him peculiar but he didn't worry a great deal about this because he knew it now and he was comforted to know that soon he would be near water where he could cool down and soak his blistered feet, and become a rational being again. Thus comforted, he settled down as best he could in the heat and began to daydream — it was a common pastime for him. But today of course his thoughts wandered more than usual, and with a bitterness to which he was not accustomed.

He thought of his book that he had read so much. The idea struck him as rather humorous that he was in a similar situation to Meursault — each of them a human being pinned beneath the sun, which was an egg, on an alien plate, which was the baking land. He realised that he was fortunate not to have to walk in the heat, like Meursault. At least he was moving along in the train with a wind in his face with the promise of a spring in which there was no-one hostile. Just water, that would cool him down. But this thought made him thirsty again — and from that sprang the entire memory of that glass of water he had had in the kitchen of his parent's poky, oven-like home. He remembered that that was the day he had read *L'Etranger* and had taken so long to recover from it — that's why he had wanted the drink. In the steamy kitchen he had had one of those typical conversations with his mother about the always inevitable schoolwork. When he had passed his exams, with which no-one in his whole family could help him it was taken entirely for granted; what pleasure they got they credited to their own good works with a perversity familiar to Paul. They were that sort of family.

The train pulled into the second station and he looked up just in time to see on the platform one of his acquaintances from school. Fortunately he got into another carriage and did not see Paul. But Paul had seen him and this was enough to start off a second reverie, about his school life. And out of all the dull, familiar hot days he had known at this school, he thought particularly of that Monday I have told you about, and he went on to compose a mock conversation which represented to him the stupidity of the trash that daily he had heard. Of course for him his school days were over and next month he would be starting his first year at University. But both school and University seemed a long way away — his existence was at present defined by the train which aimed at the distant stream but was separated from it by an intolerable stretch of heat.

The train entered and departed from the third and last station. Paul tensed for the time when he would be cool again. He found it no longer possible to sit and think, he must get ready, but the more he decided to get ready the more he found the heat forbade his preparations. So he sat and perspired. Out of the window he saw nothing except signs that he was nearing his destination. The houses once again thinned out and fewer cars were to be seen on the road. The train crossed the level crossing and for a second the jangling of the bells and lights drowned the sound of the train on the rails. But that sped into the distance as the train moved on, gathering speed and going faster than the cars on the road beside the line, speeding along, brushing the grass and small bushes away in waves as it passed. Paul stood up. He knew that he was nearing the place now: that if he looked out of the door he would see the hollow in the ground that signified the stream. He knew that he would have to jump, but the water would be deep enough, and he wasn't scared. He had passed over this stream often, before, and on warm days he looked down into its face and had wanted to swim. He couldn't then, but now he was going to jump, and he was going to judge the time and the distance properly. Hadn't people gone over Niagara Falls in barrels and lived? He would have laughed except he was too hot and he didn't have time because now it was time to jump. He placed his foot on the edge of where solid gave way to the void, and firmly grasped both sides of the door. The hot wind clutched at his hair and his eyes but the bank was beneath him as his whole life pushed him through the heat and made his leap. Now!! A baby crying in a pram in the heat, and his body flew through the air. As the train rushed past, it thrust his body away and as it flew out it flew forwards as well and came over the bank — he had judged it perfectly! — and his eyes, had they not been already blind would have seen, as he sped over the grass on the bank and into the cavern, the rocks on the dry bed of the stream. His body fell onto them one second later and broke like an egg. It was an unusually hot summer you see and the stream had dried up. He had lost.

MEDIUM

"It's the great molecular comedown, you feel unclean, it's really an atomic disease. Suppressed aggressiveness has finally gained the upper hand with humanity. Everyone is beginning to feel like a geek." — Nuttall. "Bomb Culture."

The contention touches issues of fundamental importance for in its resolution current values are rated and future trends defined.

"Western man is threatened by an oppression induced by the authority inherent in the advent of the atomic age. The destructive potential of atomic weaponry has led to conformity in the interests of survival. Evidence of attempts to escape this predicament is clearly seen in the current western cultural climate.

The existence of numerous sub-cultures support this statement examination and assessment of such sub-cultures is of direct relevance to its evaluation.

Protest is a direct confrontation with established values. A notable aspect of the culture is association with extreme left-wing existentialism and anarchism — but it is essentially the prerogative of the Middle Class;

In its formative years rock was revolutionary, violent and frenetic but it has become psychic, heavy and depressive and is the prerogative of the working class. Pop is people coming together and just grooving. It is essentially insubstantial and prerogative of the younger generation.

Art is unlimited expression of facts, ideas and aspirations through visual statement — it is the prerogative of the lunatic fringe.

To become cool is vogue yet the cool element is faceless, uninvolved and affectless. To be cool is to be unprepared to enact one's frustrated energies and to live with the inner sickness of repressed violence.

The square pretends all is going well and rationalizes his position through association with conservatives — yet his facade is a defence mechanism against his inner alienation with normality.

The rebel openly advertises whatever is twisting his mind and testicles with desperate psycho-sexual gesture. Like certain aspects of the protest culture this movement is notable for the general hilarity which accompanies riot, destruction and death.

The underground is based on disaffiliation through political, economic and socio-religious disruption. It aims at fulfilment and freedom through association with a minority.

Man is currently threatened by a mental condition dominated by standards and not by recognition and attainment of personal roles. That economic necessity demands organization and authority in preference to freedom and individuality cannot be denied but that there is a need for continual exposure of this predicament and reconciliation of the two must be conceded for future senses of identity and stability may well depend on this reconciliation.

M. O'Connor

MINCHIN CHEM PART 1

The Theatre is the largest, steepest and most poorly lit in the University.

Built with the inhuman aim of dictating Chemistry to more students than had ever been taught at once before, it rises in a sweep of benches from the ground floor to the second, ending in a climb which is nearer to vertical than to horizontal.

In front of the huge, mechanical blackboard, far below the students' eyes, stands a tiny lecturer. He raises his voice as he speaks, pausing to let each phrase penetrate the gloom.

The students, isolated rather than superior in their great height, take notes in oppressive silence, then at the end of fifty minutes queue in the precipitous aisles to leave.

What they are learning is, for most of them, a part of a pre-requisite for other subjects, or a subject to give them enough points. I have met only a few people who have any other aim. There is little love of the subject.

The course is oriented towards technology, and the needs of industry. References in lectures to employment prospects, and problems based on industrial profits remind one of this. In practicals, emphasis is on high yields and rate calculation, and a knowledge of the theory of the experiment is often made unnecessary by detailed technical instructions. The theory is often in a special, optional, section.

This has not been a rational discussion of the Chemistry Department, but an attempt to show the impression it has made upon me. This impression has been one of demoralization, and makes me wonder why the Chemistry Department is at a University and not at a Technical College.

W. B. Sherwin

I was born under the sign of Sagittarius in 1942. My early years were spent in Castlemaine: from that phase I can only remember a tea-cosy I used as a hat and a superb magnolia tree in our front garden.

After moving to Melbourne, life was taken up by 12 years schooling at Camberwell Grammar. Bike-riding, furtive jazzing on the piano. "Biggles", detective and science fiction provided my main recreations.

On to the University and Trinity College in 1960. Six years of Classics, Theology and Mathematics completed with the more diverting attractions of learning from mentors such as Barry Marshall, living through intense if tentative relationships, being broadened by contact with groups like the S.C.O.N., and sharing music and drama.

After escaping what had become the oppressive atmosphere of University and College, I was ordained to the ministry and served as assistant curate of St. George's Church, Malvern. Following two happy and full years there, I left Australia in early 1968 to work in Singapore, where I spent over three years mainly in the areas of parish and University ministry and hospital chaplaincy.

I eventually accepted the invitation to return to Trinity anticipating a challenging contrast between what I had learned in a modified Third World context and what appeared to be the trends of Australian society. The contrast was sharpened by two months' travel through East Asia. These next words are somewhat more personal and hard to formulate.

I first came to see my life in relation to Christ at the tender age of 14. Thus I found a positive way forward out of an extreme personal isolation in childhood and school days. Life "in Christ" has become far more real since then: even though small-mindedness and frustration remain in abundance, I am drawn more and more to explore the quality of my response to others, the stewardship of my gifts and constructive style of belonging in community and environment.

A few details in conclusion. I'm still single. Apart from occasional virtue or the squash court, I've developed no sporting powers at all. Music is still my chief hobby, but my passion for reading has waned. With blissful ignorance of their workings, I depend on the gamut of urban facilities. I hate the title " REVEREND ".

Here lies Jim Minchin, 1971

SPORT

with assorted photos

J.C.H.

At first I said, and loudly too, "Why must such a task fall to me?" And then I realized I have responsibilities which require a certain unselfishness and dignity — responsibilities to your eagerness to learn of events concerning the ladies in action (out of doors). But I face a crucial decision; to tell my readers what they want to know, or what it knows already? Must this really be a dry, historical record, putting matters in their true perspective? Must I be impartially selective? Well, not *completely*.

Let us discard, for the present anyway, the Tennis, Table Tennis, Golf, Squash, Women's Hockey, Swimming and Athletics, if you please; not because of their minor importance, but in favour of activities of more encouraging result. Let there be no lack of recognition, however, of the ladies who competed in those events. Indeed it is to them that the bulk of our gratitude and respect is due, for this year J. C. H. proved she has the best sort of competitive spirit — that of Smiling Goodwill.

But what of the other Colleges? Perhaps they were of superior skill, (which I loyally dispute); of better organisation (which, for the sake of my own dignity at least, I cannot accept); or perhaps they were longer rehearsed (which is possible, but I doubt it.) In fact none of these factors can have been present all the time. Take the ROWING for instance. The ladies of the Hall glided first to the line,



BACK: (left to right) Lois Gillett, Kathy Kelaher, Margaret Cummins, Anne Reeckman, Judith Foster, Gretel Lamont. FRONT: Rose Bain, Ruth Fincher, Elaine Murray, Laurie Patrick.



BACK: (left to right) Margaret Cummins, Betty Friday, Lois Gillett, Jenny Glen. FRONT: Debbie Blakiston, Jenny Ross, Dianna Paterson, Judy Clutterbuck.

J.C.H.

two smooth lengths ahead of their nearest rivals. With a sleek, well-matched, co-ordinated (well mostly) style suited to a King's Cup crew, eight daring ladies graced the seats of Trinity's boat for one victorious afternoon. The Ormond Oar, claimed from St. Mary's, has decorated the Common Room in remembrance. R.I.P.

One could also look to the result of the BASKETBALL for some inspiration. Despite lack of team practice, J. C. H. was a good second to St. Hilda's. Then you also have the mixed HOCKEY competition. Admittedly, the presence of some Trinity representatives was some help, but our combined team still surprised everyone.

The social atmosphere was obviously what J. C. H. ladies revelled in: the mixed hockey victory was followed by the Last and Greatest event of the year — the annual Footy Match with the Fellas. A thoroughly amazing contest — perhaps some form of Aussie Rules. As to the result, no-one was very sure about that, but victory was claimed finally by the referee — (sorry — umpire).

Let the Truth be known: In a relative sense Miss J. C. Hall did not star. Only in the two events whose light-hearted, non-usual air rendered them Pointless, was she crowned. But when she won she did so with decisive decorum and style. And when she did not, no-one minded, because it wasn't so important anyway. Was it?

For the record, here are the results :

	St. Hilda's	Women's	St. Mary's	J. C. H.
Rowing (no points)	2 nd.	3 rd.	4 th.	1 st.
Swimming	(=1st) 6 pts.	(=1st) 6	(4th) 1	(3rd) 3
Golf	(3rd) 3	(1st) 7	(2nd) 5	(4th) 1
Tennis A	(1st) 4	(4th) 1	(2nd) 3	(3rd) 2
B	(3rd) 1	(1st) 3	(2nd) 2	(4th) 0
Athletics	(1st) 7	(3rd) 3	(2nd) 5	(4th) 1
Table Tennis	(2nd) 5	(1st) 7	(4th) 1	(3rd) 3
Basketball	(1st) 7	(4th) 1	(3rd) 3	(2nd) 5
Hockey	(1st) 7	(2nd) 5	(3rd) 3	(4th) 1
Squash	(1st) 7	(2nd) 5	(3rd) 3	(4th) 1
Mixed Hockey	(3rd)	(2nd)	Forfeited	(1st)
FINALLY:	1st — 47	2nd — 38	3rd — 26	4th — 17

Laurie Patrick
Sports Secretary, J. C. H.



BACK: (left to right) Betty Friday, Jan Bitcon, Sue Wilcox, Judy Clutterbuck. FRONT: Elaine Murray, Lyn Slattery.



BACK: (left to right) Jenny Lade, Judy Clutterbuck, Jan Bitcon, Elaine Murray. FRONT: Margaret Cummins, Alison Finlay, Gretel Lamont.

GOLF

Four golfers and three freshmen fronted up for the qualifying round of the Inter-Collegiate Pro-golf tournament held at Royal Melbourne on April 23rd. The team was the most well balanced one for the last four or five years and proved this in the morning by having the lowest aggregate and so going easily into the final.

The team was selected over five or six rounds with Dave Berry top scoring, notching his century on the 14th hole, and finishing with an unbeaten 132. Despite this effort he was not named in the team which fronted for the final in the afternoon.

Graeme Fowler, the team captain, handled his responsibility so dexterously that he lacked a finishing spurt, coming off two down. During this fluid round he had to watch enviously as his opponent holed a birdie from the bunker.

Geoff Rex played number two, and on his home course used his local knowledge to clinch victory 2 and 1. This shows the advantage of regularly playing with the Pro's.

Arthur Yencken, his burnished bouffant blowing in the breeze, blazed between bunkers but struck a golfer having his best round ever.

Ian "Cuddles" Cordner after showing good form in the practice rounds and even in the morning round, collapsed in typical fresher fashion in the afternoon.

Pat Grant sleep-walked his way to 112 in the morning but despite this effort Trinity qualified for the final. After lunch Pat had woken up, but seeing the course for the first time was too much for him and he folded to lose 2 and 1.

Trevor Kuhle (alias the golden Koala) played six, to add some depth to the team. Fitting Trevor for his British Open, Frank Price gauged the right length of stroke for all occasions, and despite being potted a couple of times, Trevor came out on top at the finish.

Your reporter played seven, and hereby denies the rumours about his postponing his win in order to build a Thirst. Everyone knows he doesn't need a Thirst!

Nett: Geoffrey Rex
Trevor Kuhle
John McMcRae

won; but the final was lost 4 : 3 to Ormond.

John McRae



BACK: (left to right) A. D. R. Yencken, R. I. Cordner, P. B. Grant.
FRONT: J. M. McRae, G. A. Rex, T. C. Kuhle.



J.C.H. ROWING

(left to right): Peter Hyslop (cox), Diana-Jane Rouse (stroke), Brenda Grabsch, Laurie Patrick, Robyn Vines, Alison Finlay, Diane Cameron, Jenny Ross, Jenny Webb.



CRICKET

Trinity began the cricket season with a semi-final against Queens who won the toss and asked Trinity to bat. After a solid start of 26, disaster struck as 3 wickets fell for 3 runs. However worse followed and after a precession leaving Trinity at 7 wickets down for 70 the end seemed near, but a partnership of 64 by Price (38) and Bennett (39 N.O.) retrieved the situation and with support from bowler McRae, the score reached 158 when Trinity were all out.

Queens replied, and with the score at 1 for 70 the situation looked grim, but after the breakthrough by Price enabled McRae to put pressure on from the other end, and Queens collapsed to be 7/117. Queens then recovered and with the score at 7/152 looked to have the game won, in spite of some very tight bowling by McRae and the spinner, Grant. But time was running out, and another Queens wicket went to leave them 8/152. With one over to be bowled, Queens were 157 with two wickets left. McRae began bowling and conceded a run off his fifth ball to make the score equal. With his next ball he had the 9th wicket out caught behind, and Queens failed to score off the next ball. The last ball was hit to Maxwell with Queens trying to bolt home for the winning run. But this player brilliantly threw down the wicket to tie the game. McRae finishing with 18 overs, 6 wickets for 53 runs.

On the replay Trinity won the toss and asked Queens to bat: Queens began to throw the bat from the start and with much luck pushed the score to 3/112 off 20 overs. However with the advert of Grant to the bowling crease he completely shut down all scoring from one end and took 4 wickets for 5 runs off 5 overs, Queens collapsed to 8/125. But Queens struggled on, and at the close of time had scored 166 for 9 with Grant ending up with 5 for 27 off 9 overs.

Trinity started slowly and after a good start of 32 during which Bellchambers was beginning to take charge of the bowling. However wickets fell quickly and when Bellchambers left with the score at 4/40 having made 25 and two more wickets fell to make the score 6/44 things were bad. McGregor aided first by Bennett and then by de Crespigny gave Trinity a vague chance for success. When McGregor was out at 119 for a well made 43, de Crespigny took charge, and together with Grant started to run Queens off their feet with short singles. Taking an average of 9 runs per over Grant was dismissed on a controversial L.B.W. decision at 152, making it 9/152 McRae and de Crespigny kept up the run rate. The last over came with 7 needed to win. However after a single had been taken off the 1st ball, the next ball not scored off, the bowler, ran de Crespigny out before he bowled the ball and so gave victory Queens by 5 runs.



BACK: (left to right) P. B. Grant, A. D. R. Yencken, F. C. R. Price, A. R. Baulch.
CENTRE: D. T. Jenkins, R. I. Cordner, C. M. Maxwell, S. G. Fitts.
FRONT: J. M. McRae, R. J. Ch. de Crespigny, E. S. Bellchambers (Capt.)
P. S. Moss, G. J. Bennett.

ATHLETICS

Newman College was the firm favourite to win the Inter-Collegiate Athletics Title, and they won easily. Their sprinter Andy Buxton dominated the meeting, winning all four events in which he participated.

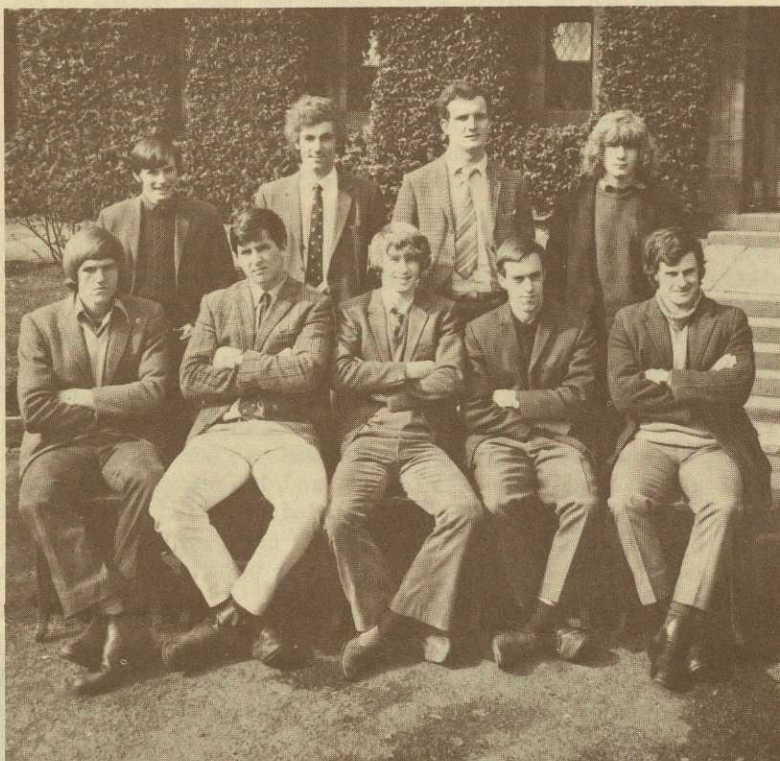
Although Trinity was unplaced in the overall result, we had two wins and several placings. Rob de Crespigny won the shot by feet after demoralizing opposition with his training at Newman. Bill Harbison was unlucky to lose his balance after good throws and step from the ring.

Chris Commons came second in both sprints and, together with brother Don, took first and second places in the long jump. High jumpers Gary Boxall and Geoff Chettle managed to reach the final height. Geoff then went on to collect points in the hurdles and 400 M.

Neil Jens, Andrew Gordon, Chris Maxwell and Andrew Smith ran the longer races, and teamed for the 800 M. but couldn't match the more experienced opposition.

In the sprint relay, Marty Haskett, Tim Thwaites and the Commons brothers showed the benefit of serious training when they decisively defeated Ormond and Queens.

But perhaps the best performances were those seen at Newman later that evening C. J. Commons



BACK: (left to right) T. P. Thwaites, C. M. Maxwell, A. G. C. Smith, S. G. Fitts.
FRONT: G. T. Chettle, R. J. Ch. de Crespigny, C. J. Commons, (Capt.), A. Gordon, M. I. Haskett.

SWIMMING

Once again this year Trinity's swimming performance left much to be desired and our months of pre-season training did not lift us to the heights that we had hoped. Over-training was obviously the reason for our lack of form, but we still managed the odd good performance, noticeably, Peter Lowe, Dave Berry, Chris Gardiner and Bill Harbison who won the diving.

The best performance came at the end of the night when Lovell's "LUNG" heaved for us all. In a mighty 'do or die' effort, C. J. punished his "LUNG" to clear an amazing 1½ laps in the underwater swim, and upheld the tradition established in past years by A1 (The Fish) Minson and Zac.

M. James



HOCKEY

This season's team was the least successful for a while, being eliminated in the semi-finals, and so Trinity didn't feature in the Grand Final for the first time in four years.

The initial turnout for the team was very promising; with a short list of fifteen players of whom nine were regular players, and Eric Bellchambers, who traded bat and gloves for stick to perform in goals with many a startling late cut and defensive pad-up.

The quarter-final against I. H. was won but not well. A practice match was then arranged with Camberwell Grammar and the team, not at full strength, was defeated 3 - 2. The following Sunday, our lack of fitness and team-work was obvious against a superior Ormond side, who won 3 - 0.

However, the team contained many freshmen and gentlemen who will be back in College next year, to avenge this year's defeat and bring back the Hockey Cup to its rightful place in Trinity. M. Hamer



BACK: (left to right) A. R. N. Sisson, D. G. Atkinson, C. J. Gardiner, P. J. Ponder, D. D. Crisp, S. H. Niemann. FRONT: E. S. Bellchambers, S. R. Jaques, M. D. Hamer (Capt.), M. I. Haskett, P. R. Rodeck.

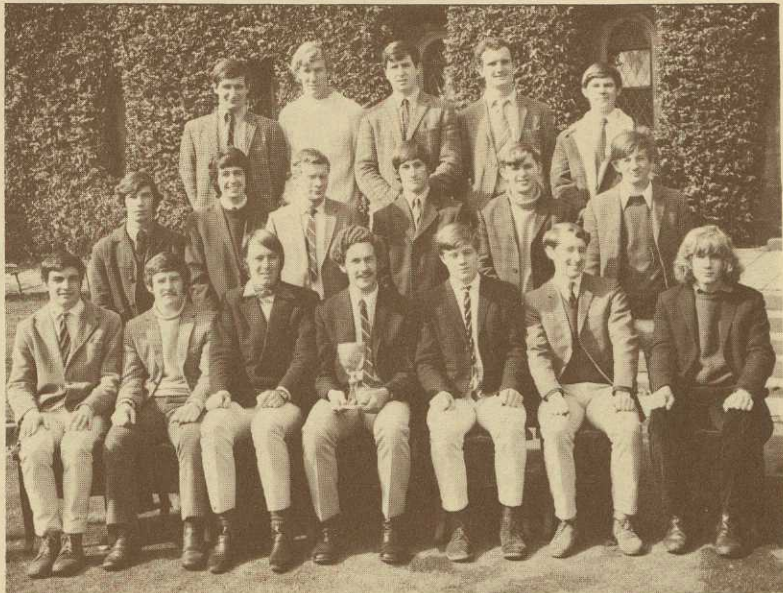
RUGBY

The writers of this article wish to squash any rumours that the Trinity Rugby XV was defeated 17 - 3 by Newman; rather they would like to report on what really did happen - a Sly talk in the Barn on who's who and what's what in Rugby - numerous training sessions (3½) - and A CRUSHING VICTORY over Ormond.

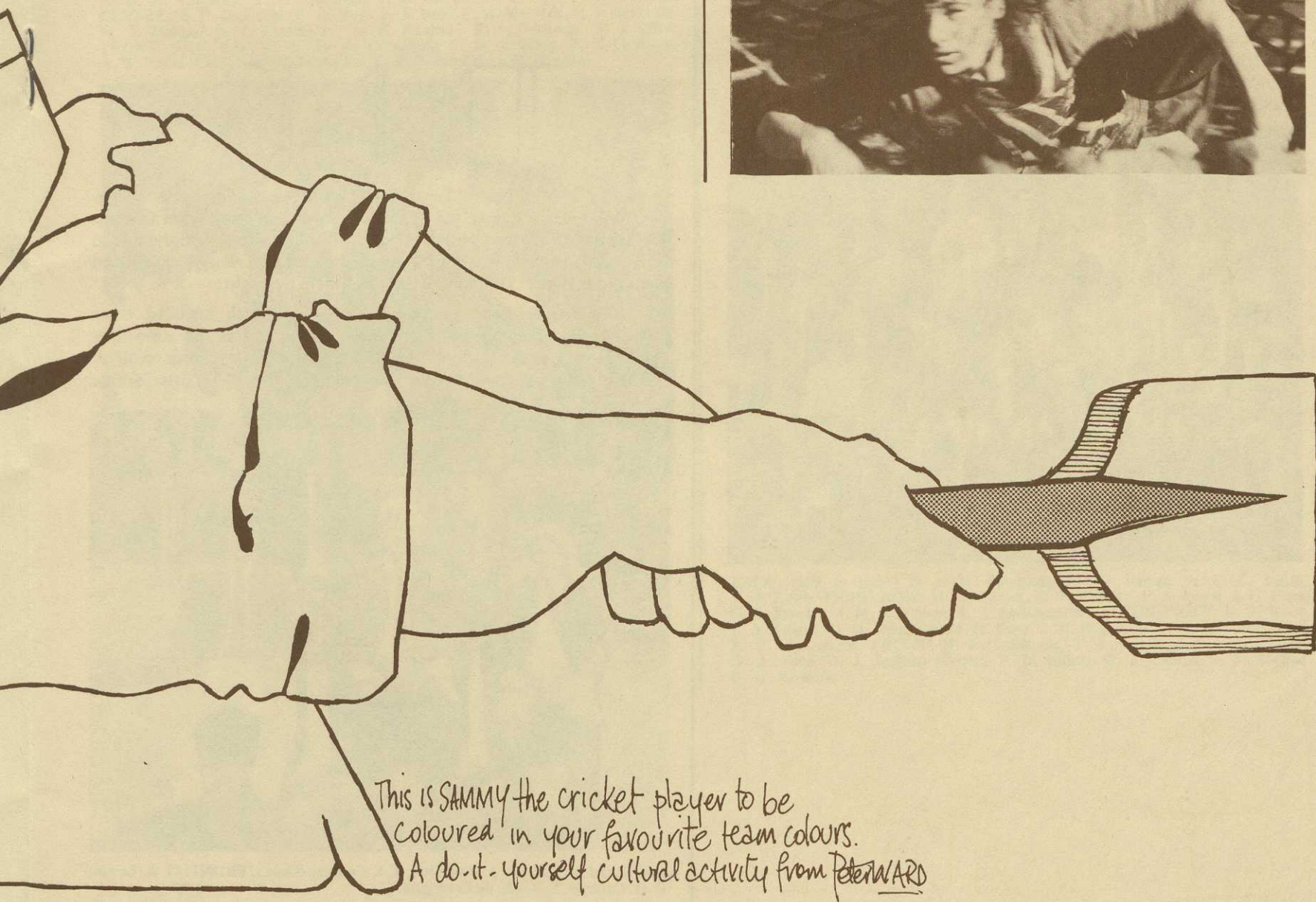
Down 10 - 3 at half-time, the players became a team and actually played Rugby rather than a warped version of aerial ping-pong (except for Rob de Crespigny, who managed to keep his virtue intact.) 'Stair' Armstrong, Charlie Laycock and the Ormond back line successfully prevented any further scoring by Ormond and Trinity won 17 - 10, to recover the Brownbill Cup for the first time in seven years.

Barnie Minson promised to stay onside;
Simon Carter scored our only try;
Frank Price watched quietly;
Dave Bainbridge heaved mightily;
Dan North cheered.

Francis Price



BACK: (left to right) M. J. James, I. G. Farren, R. J. Ch. de Crespigny, A. G. C. Smith, R. M. Knight. CENTRE: R. L. Parsons, P. E. Seares, J. H. Minson, A. M. S. Armstrong, M. J. Robb, S. N. N. Carter. FRONT: P. N. Vickery, J. R. Long, C. W. Laycock, F. C. R. Price, D. J. M. Bainbridge, Mr. S. G. Boydell, S. G. Fitts.



This is SAMMY the cricket player to be
coloured in your favourite team colours.
A do-it-yourself cultural activity from Peter WARD

ROWING 1

The Trinity crew this year was potentially very strong, with five members of last year's crew returning and the addition of College freshers Greg. White and Andy Smith. However poor timing and differences of style hindered early progress, and it was not until well into the season that the crew began to combine effectively and confidence began to grow for the inter-collegiate regatta. It was in the troublesome first part of the season, and especially after the crew had rowed poorly to lose the final of the Open Eights at the Scotch-Mercantile Regatta, that the patience, good spirits, and inimitable charm of coach Bill Stokes played their greatest part. After several changes the crew managed to strike form at the eleventh hour, and after beating Queens by 2¼ lengths in the heat of the College rowing, were able to go on to win the final from the lighter Ormond crew by 1¼ lengths in a well-fought race. As might have been expected the "Shums" celebrations of the Tuesday night took their toll on the Wednesday, and the crew, in the strange garb of red Naughton's tee-shirts, lost to the University crew in the race for the John Lang cup. It had been an enjoyable and rewarding season in which the emphasis had been again, perhaps unfortunately, on the traditional rivalry between Ormond and Trinity.

It would not be proper to ignore the "triumvirate", Ian Farran, Mike Hamer and Dave Bainbridge, who have rowed in each of Trinity's successful crews of the past three years, nor to conclude without thanking Bill Stokes and Captain of Boats, Ian Farran, who together contributed many hours of leadership and organization to Trinity's success in 1971.

Simon Jaques



M.D. Hamer (bow), S.R. Jaques, A.G.C. Smith, D.J.M. Bainbridge, G.C. White, I.G. Farran, W.D. Harbison, D.W. Slessor (stroke), P.W.M. Hyslop (cox).

ROWING 2

The gentlemen's eight had a particularly interesting season, rowing at dawn to avoid the riverside dockers doing their hard bursts under the bridges. Late training occurred occasionally, usually over several beers at Naughton's and the dedication shown by all members to training deserved better than second to Ormond in the final.

Barney, our only voice, rowed in The bow seat between engagements and found pulling different oars developed different callouses.

Andy Fraser wanted to finish earlier due to military commitments and moved from the seven seat to number two.

Marty the medic springing onto his catches continued the productive work at the Austin later in the day.

Mike James, oar in hand appeared each morning ready and willing to fill the four seat.

Grant Rowley, recruited from the country more than adequately filled the five seat.

Dave Alsop at six for the first time in his life found the water of ten enough to prove he is still not a spent force.

Dave Berry, our nomination for the College's best sportsman set ratings slow enough for an unfit coach and somehow rower to keep up.

Trevor Chatham left Jo a rowing widow for the week and showed he hadn't lost any ability.

We had such a Nice Coach too. Could always be depended upon to provide a tchoobe or two.

Geoff Nice



Left to Right: D.G. Berry, P.N. Vickery, D. Alsop, A. Frazer, G. Rowley, M.I. Hasket, M.J. James, J.H. Minson.

TENNIS

The Trinity Tennis Team, under skilful and courageous leadership, this year whisked the Inter-Collegiate Cup away from Queens. The team won all three of its rubbers decisively. In fact the only man to lose a match during the entire competition, was Trinity's skilful and courageous leader. This was, of course, a mere oversight.

As instructed by its leader, the team which included three freshers played tennis which was both skilful and at the same time courageous. The team's humble offering to the College, as a result of this fine effort, was two Cowan Cup points.

Chris Cordner



BACK: (left to right) D. J. Frederick, R. I. Cordner (Capt.). FRONT: G. A. Lewin, C. D. Cordner, R. J. Ch. de Crespigny.

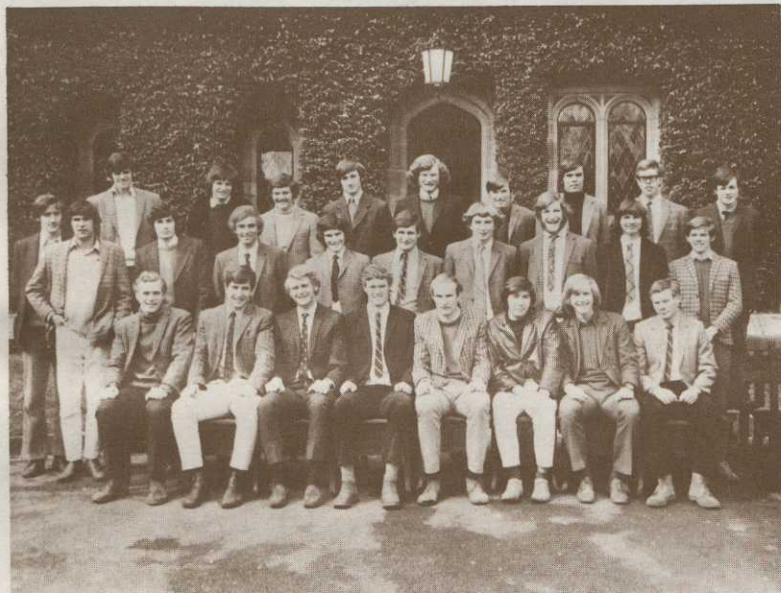
FOOTBALL 1

First Eighteen Football this year was certainly not the most successful sport for the College. We managed to lose all games except one. However our form can be excused a little, when one considers for each game 5 "stars" were sideline bound with injuries, and the team in the main was inexperienced. Starting with the "veterans" — "Porter" Godfrey, only played one game but still managed to top the goal kicking, Stewart McGregor led the rival backs a merry chase, Rob Springall's golden locks flowed as he streamed goal-ward, Captain Heinz had a go as being the teams knuckleman, Barny Minson astounded the spectators by marking overhead. Crappers Champion de Crespigny — if he didn't make it in football — there's a place for him in a book of genealogy. Chris Cordner was missed when he went on "Sabbatical". Frankie Ross (congratulations on runner-up in Inter College best and fairest) left his mark on many a goal post, Peter Nice slipped in and out, Zac O'Connor (like his car) hotted up the forward line, Jimmy Fox ended his usual fight with a bang, Bret Forge kept the goals well covered, Mike James and Jeremy Long . . . Oh well Mike James and Jeremy Long . . . Greg White proved his ball game ability wasn't affected by stroking an oar.

Of the newcomers Crow Baulch came good after a couple of games, Stair Armstrong, if he could kick 10 yards would be a champion. Ian Cordner showed promise, Chris Maxwell held the side together most of the time, Max Haycroft showed class on the wing, Pat Grant was an interesting performer, Arthur Yencken "done" a few good things, Tim Cunningham is one for the black book, Tim Thwaites is one for later years, Dougal Frederick showed bull-like tenacity on the backline and Jimmy Sharp stressed his point as coach but the team weren't sharp enough to pick it up.

With all these varied qualities the team would probably have been better off with one — SKILL.

Diamond Jim Rushcrutchli



BACK: (left to right) T. J. Cunningham, P. B. Grant, J. R. Long, A. M. S. Armstrong, A. D. R. Yencken, T. P. Thwaites, V. J. Carroll, D. G. Berry, D. A. North. CENTRE: B. H. R. Forge, F. Z. Ross, P. S. Moss, C. M. Maxwell, M. I. Haycroft, M. J. James, D. J. Frederick, A. R. Baulch, R. I. Cordner, P. J. Nice. FRONT: J. C. Fox, R. J. Ch. de Crespigny, C. D. Cordner, P. J. Godfrey, A. W. Heinz (Capt.), M. G. Henderson, R. C. Springhall, J. H. Minson.



FOOTBALL 2

The Warden of Trinity College realised that a second eighteen football team existed when Mr. Geoffrey Chettle appeared before him at the Players Tribunal on a charge of wilfully striking an International House opponent. Mr. Chettle's case was superbly advocated by Paul D. Elliott Esq., the dashing high flying legal eagle of the team who broke a long standing record of games played. He played fifteen.

Mr. Chettle was lucky to receive a severe reprimand. However, it was rumoured that the Dean sent one of his famous notes to the selection panel and Jessa was forced to omit Mr. Chettle from the twenty.

PRE-MATCH:

Every Monday night over a few quiet ones, the selection panel of Messrs. Donald "Jessa" Jenkins and Geoffrey "Hooks" Nice went through innumerable chaps trying to find the right position for them Mr. Eric Bellchambers provided the venue and the port thereby securing his place in the team. However Bellcanto's singing, hockeying, chapelling, teaching, RAAFING, politicking and attempted opposite sexing activities forced him from the senior list later in the season.

THE MATCH:

The winter sun glinted on sparse blades of Bulpaddock grass. Assembled on this hallowed turf were the twenty chaps of the second eighteen — the pride of Trinity true. There was rustic Mugsy McCrae — dour and determined, — though hard on freshers, a fine lad through and through. There was Solid Grant Rowley; he made it all possible by providing the footy. Trevor "Muscles" Kuhle was present too, ready to assert the skill and strength which made his four eyes stand out above all. Among the strong were the doubting Thomases of Rugby, Vickery, Bainbridge, Fitts, Smith and Long — keen but ignorant. Also present was a stranger among colonials, an Englishman amongst mad dogs, — Francis Caradoc Rose Price — our goal umpire.

Into varied vehicles and Clanger's car the mob did pour. Half an hour later at the Smith oval the arrival of this team of unparalleled excellence. The man in white quaked at the very sight of Johnny Walker and his black label. Fear filled the boots of Ridley, Ormond, Internationals and Queen's alike. But alas, they vanquished our brave squadron of footballing gladiators in the games if not in the fight.

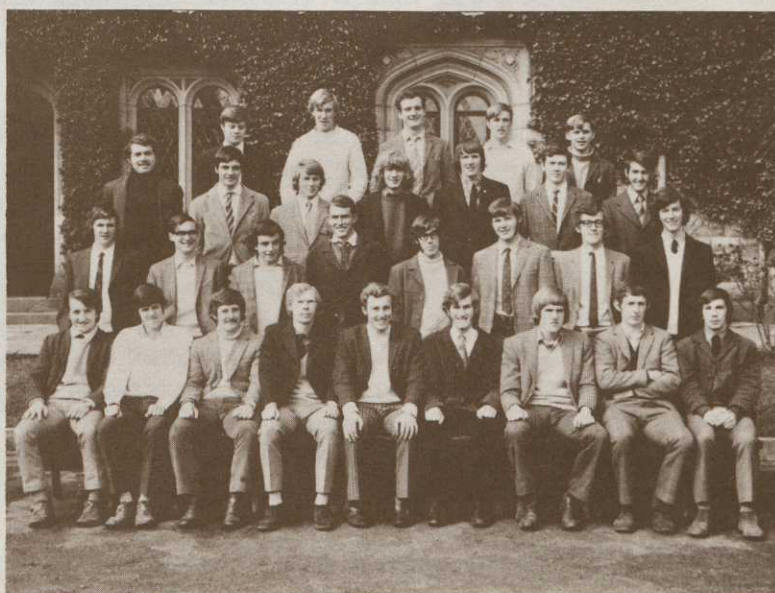
Then the final match came. It was Mother Church, the Holy See versus the establishment of the C. of England. Could Anglicanism, the morals of our true green Trinity lads be shamed by the tyrannies of Papish Irishment: Nay! Nay! To the stirring words of their valient leader those eighteen brave lads rose up and conquered, crusted and destroyed the last vestiges of Catholicism. (Cassette tape recordings of Mr. Jenkins half-time oration are available from Yooralla Sportsman of the year — Mr. David Berri.)

POST-MATCH:

The season ended with the Lads Skolling themselves stupid at the pie and pizza night kindly provided by Don the Cook. The fitting finale of the season came on the Behan Balcony with Mr. J. Merralls kicking a group of bodies consisting of Jim "Computer" Robinson and "Foul Mouth" Fowler. Jim was merely fighting for his right to go for a Pizza. There is a soulful yearning among the lads to re-create these poignant vignettes next season.

Written by:

Terry Jenkins
Geoff Nice
John McCrae
and: Paul D. Elliott



BACK: (left to right) D. J. M. Bainbridge, I. G. Farren, A. G. C. Smith, M. J. Robb. THIRD ROW: M. D. Hamer, P. N. Vickery, P. S. Lowe, S. G. Fitts, G. J. Rowley, J. M. Robinson, E. S. Bellchambers. SECOND ROW: B. W. Kent, L. J. Knight, D. M. Moroney, M. H. Rose, J. H. Walker, P. J. Solly, T. C. Kuhle, H. P. Fitzpatrick. FRONT: R. N. Johanson, T. J. Cunningham, J. R. Long, G. A. Nice, D. J. Jenkins (Capt.), P. D. Elliott, G. T. Chettle, J. M. McCrae R. L. Parsons.



"I wrote lots of poetry at school. I still write a bit but it depresses me because it's so crappy. All the stuff I wrote at school was crap," said the King of Hearts as he stood in front of the doorway fumbling in the pocket of his dinner jacket for the key he had so carefully placed there at the start of the evening.

"Really?" said the Queen of Spades, and his search was curtailed by the noise of her key turning in the front door.

She had beaten him to it, as she had so many times that evening. The situation was getting out of hand already. The King drew open the door with a practised hand. At least that operation had been carried out successfully, he sighed to himself.

"Like to sign me in?" said the Queen in a patronizing tone. But she didn't mean it that way. She was just trying to be nice. He dutifully complied, writing "3.15 A.M." in the right-hand column. As was his custom, the King perused the last few pages. There was nothing there he hadn't seen before.

"You've been to Newman a lot lately."

"Yes," came the defiant reply through a facade of pleasantness.

She didn't like anybody, least of all the King, to get possessive with her. Bungle, thought the King to himself.

He tried another tact: "I'll take you up to your room."

"O.K."

She glided across the hall to the stairs. He clomped across the same well-worn trail, not quite able to follow her graceful footsteps. Although uneasy, the King thought he was regaining control of the situation.

"P'raps I might be able to carry you up the stairs, but I think you might be a bit heavy."

"Yes, I think I might," said the Queen.

Bungle, thought the King to himself. During the rest of the ascent, his attempts to set a romantic scene were confined to repetitive and tedious comments about his poetry. The way he deprecated his poetry annoyed her. It was only false modesty. He foiled his own feeble attempt by a stumbling *glissando* at the top of the stairs.

"I always trip over this bloody carpet," said the King apologetically.

The Queen censured him with silence. He made no more attempts to break the monotony during the remaining minutes of the journey to her room. They reached it in due course without further incident. She unlocked the door. For the first time in his life, he was glad he didn't have a key to that room because, by not having one, he had unwittingly averted the potentially disastrous consequences of another race to the keyhole.

Words could not describe his amazement when she waltzed through the doorway leaving the door fully ajar obviously intending him to follow. The door to all his fire's desire. The door from which she had once appeared at half past nine one night, her hair brushed back for bed, clothed only in a nightdress. He remembered it clearly as he remembered all encounters with her clearly, but this recollection was especially treasured because it was then that he had felt closest to her. Now he couldn't have felt farther away.

The King of Hearts sat on the edge of the bed. The Queen of Spades did not sit on the edge of the bed. Indeed, she did not sit at all. Instead she set about tidying her room. He attempted to assist her but her businesslike manner quite confounded him and it was as much as he could manage to pass her a coathanger that was lying on the bed. Within three minutes she had completed her task and a pin out of place would have spoilt the room's fearful symmetry.

Instead of playing for more time, the Queen of Spades led an ace:

"Well, I think I'd better be getting to bed now . . ."

DEAR MR. SAINTY HELP!

The following is a tribute to our well loved Jack Sainty, a gentleman aptly named by one as "the Soul of Discretion"; a man who can fix anything from a collapsed bed to a self-flushing toilet.

What follows has been extracted from the J. C. H. REPAIR BOOK.

Dear Mr. Sainty,

Could the number on my door please be fixed securely, as it is now stuck on with sticky tape?

B. Friday

Dear Mr. Sainty,

Could I please have a lock put on my wardrobe (drawer side)? The older style, cream, straight-back chair doesn't seem very secure, too. Thank you.

Dear Mr. Sainty,

Could you please hang a picture for me? I have two small screws, cord and picture hooks.

H. Scott

Dear Mr. Sainty,

I have dropped one of my contact lenses down the plug-hole in the Ground Scant Bathroom — no water has gone down since then, as there is a big notice in the basin. Would it be possible to unscrew the U-bend and retrieve the lense?

S. Bennett

Dear Mr. Sainty,

Could the axe be sharpened please?

P. Silvers

Dear Mr. Sainty,

Please close window in Common Room.

E. Eden

Dear Mr. Sainty,

My door is falling apart!

L. Patrick

Dear Mr. Sainty,

The latch on my door is really wonderful now. Thank you so much.

A. Lewis

Dear Mr. Sainty,

Could you please fix the blind — the spring has sprunged and I just can't wind it up enough. Thank you.

V. Stephens

Dear Mr. Sainty,

My desk chair's back legs seem to be a bit loose and keep folding in under me when I push back on it. Do you think I could have another, or could you fix it please?

Suzanne (213)

Dear Mr. Sainty,

One of my power points has its top knocked off and its inside is showing dangerously and the switch on the other won't switch off. HELP!

J. Webb

Dear Mr. Sainty,

I'm very sorry but due to unfortunate circumstances and a bit of fiddling with light globes — almost every light globe in the Reading Room has blown . . .

Dear Mr. Sainty,

Could you please come and help me put up my bulletin-board?

M. L. Tan



Kathy Norman and Judy Ross are responsible for this obscure idyll. Tulligny winners were: outright — Lois Gillet and Rose Connors; original — Rolly McDonald and Vicki Ponsford.

TULLIGNY

If you prepare to walk the narrow road today
Don't buy nor steal nor bop and neither from it stray;
Perchance to meet a Kaiser Bill, in demonstrating colours,
Who'll mention you in saintly terms to one who leads the fellows.

A little bird informs you on pregnant telephone:
'Double-dutch your strategy and never go alone!'
Beware of Hungary's Afro-freak opposed by toothpaste man,
They hide their book of ping-pong rules and read them if they can.

Take a riding ticket to find the depth of snow;
Avoid the millstream rambling. In footsteps red and slow.
Just prick your ears when Anna rings, the copper keyboard sounds.
An underwater melody in fluidy surrounds.

Know the coloured time and paddle on your ways,
The latest press release that Simon's edges raise.
The flapjack wonderland lies gone instead on opium den.
While laurelled triker sallies forth and shocks old Roman men.

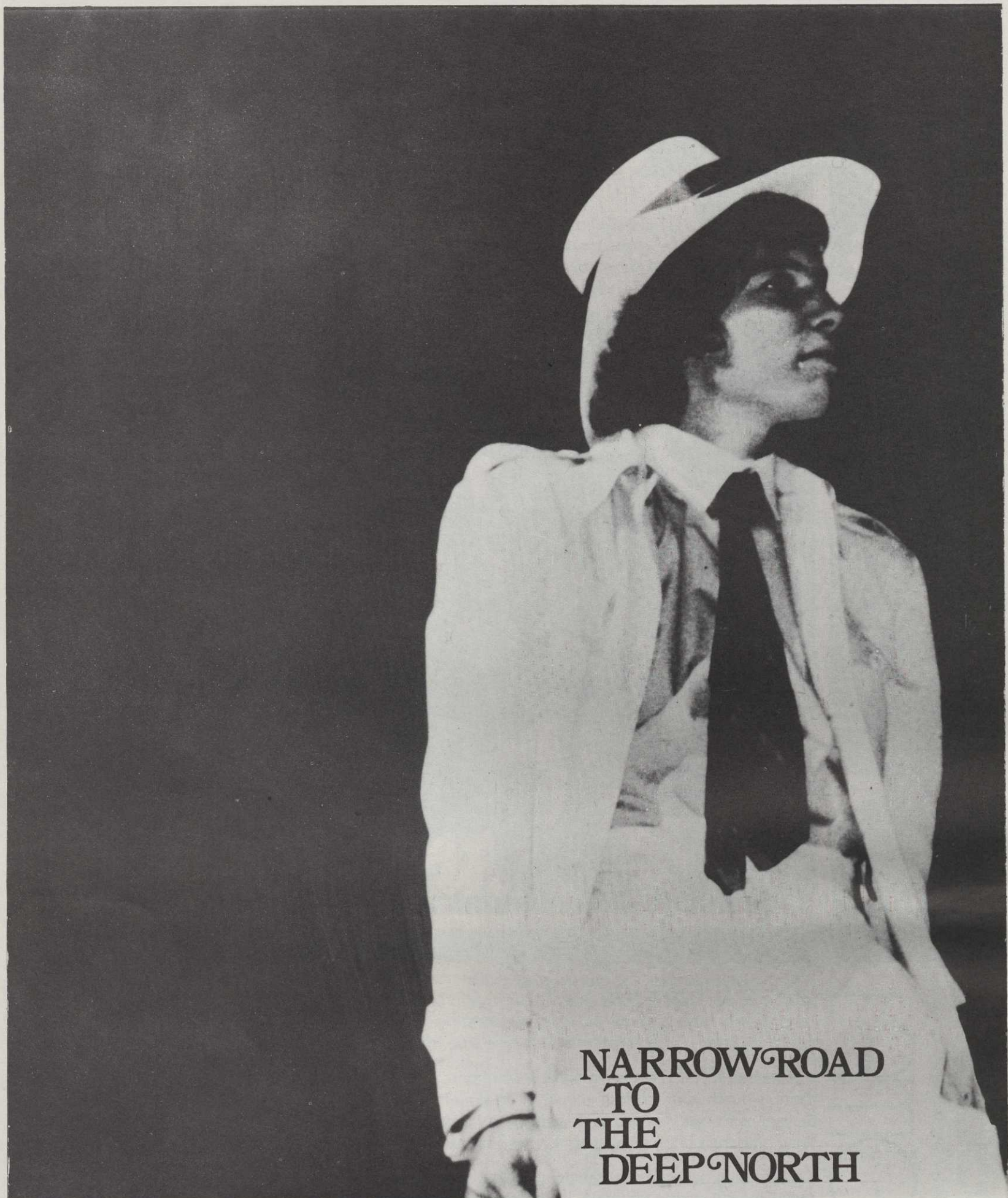
As burly buildings beckon, just in the legal bounds,
A numbered stick may help you control the sandy mounds.
The mobile mellow yellow a dubines machine;
The priestly lady-killer's garb, a K who seems so keen.

Johnny envies Genny across from faraway;
And further down old Roget's place, with modernistic sway
Delights the minds of those who buy regardless of the price
But tell us now what comes next at the ancient house of lice.

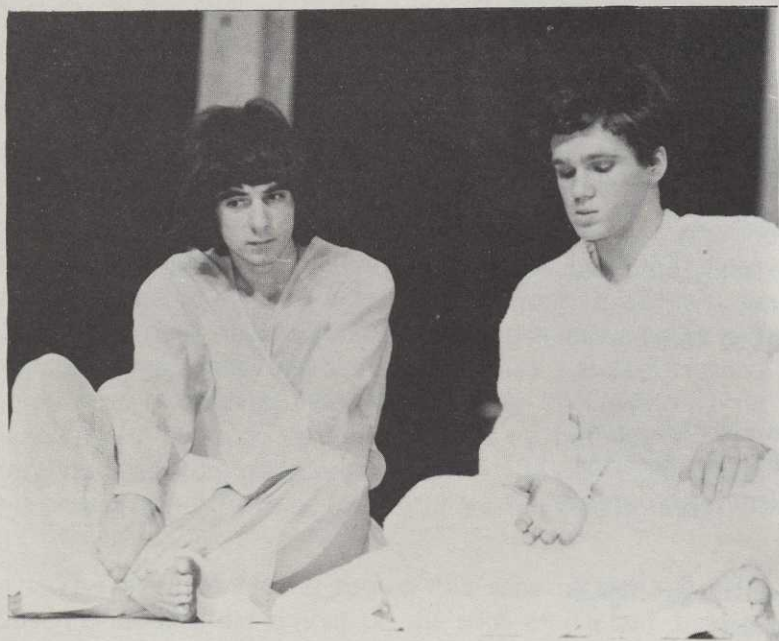
A lady has a habit, some spiritual attire,
Though not as bad as that of some who naughtily get higher.
But dally not you Greer's Girls, wiser to the last
And hurry back to JCH before the noon is past.

If you have scrambled through these lines, then clever must you be;
A final test, a load of stuff, a man of mockery
Use your guile, your wit, your charm and if you do succeed
You'll land yourself a merry chase; but this time in the lead.

No money may be spent;
No transport of your own;
Return all things you borrow;
We'll see you then at noon.



NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH



I am a pessimist by experience, but an optimist by nature . . . Experience is depressing, and it would be a mistake to be willing to learn from it.

That quotation from Edward Bond is indicative of a paradox that is inherently present in much modern drama, at least that since the arrival of the plays of Osborne and Arden. For so much of the writing is concerned with a world that is seen as dissolute and uncertain, and with finding a way of

accepting, or at least coming to terms with that world which it seems quite powerless to change; and yet, that world is seen in the coherent and ordered situation of the theatre.

In Bond's *Narrow Road to the Deep North* not only is the incoherent and despairing experience ordered into the theatre; but more than that, by the adoption of the ritual and abstraction of the Noh Drama and Meiji Japan, it gains strength since we are not worried about whether it is quite realistic or not, as one tends to do with, for example, John Arden. And so, such things as the quite basic sense of violence, both physical and emotional, are harnessed in the right, almost stylized, prose and becomes even more awesome when it explodes, e.g., when Shogo massacres a whole form of schoolchildren in his search for the heir to the throne.

The most important thing in the play then and which is common to most modern drama, is the anarchistic spirit which also involves a negative, philosophical acceptance that whether or not this is how we ought to be living, it is how we will go on living. So the death of the young priest Kiro is seen as the result of his inability to contend in life with the forces of Basho, Shogo and the colonialists and his subsequent, real despair; but the drowning man needed the help, and the demand the play makes on the individual is clear.

The performance was able to catch up all these things and one's interest and involvement was sustained by the sheer energy that went into it, so that, finally, the issues of the play and the demands it made were given greater strength and impact than is there in Edward Bond's text.



Robert Colvin, Paul Elliott, Jeremy Harper and Eric Belchambers as the four priests were indicative of this vigour and force. The ease with which each took his part and the sense of real pleasure they showed when, for example, they were drunk and when they were ordained into Georgina's priesthood, was quite delightful. Yet each remained individually important and the freshness with which they were able to sustain the action seemed almost regenerative.

But the lack of a structural centre to the play led many of the characters to suffer, as the play seemed to refuse them the confidence that a clear conception by the author would have allowed. And so it was for George Abrams as the poet and priest Basho.

In the first few scenes that ironical sense of his own enlightenment was surely and delicately placed, but as it went on the play's interest in him seemed to be eroded and that presence and intelligence of George Abrams seemed almost at odds with the significance the play was prepared to allow. However in such scenes as that with Georgina when Basho comes to some sort of realisation of her, and of the actual rottenness of her morality and its religion, then he brought an added expressiveness and purpose to the play.

Peter Stewart as Shogo was really impressive. He showed very sharply the dilemma of Shogo both as the ruthless and bloody dictator, and as the sensitive founder of the city he hoped to lead to perfection. His finely etched friendship with the young priest Kiro, served to accentuate this conflict with the necessities of the public life and the state; Peter Stewart excellently portrayed the tragedy of Shogo's inability to compromise and his final death.

Both Penny Sanderson and Gavin Moodie gained in stature as the play progressed. Only after we could locate the power in them (behind the, perhaps, rather overbearing gestures of the evangelist and colonialist) could they show their hollowness and strength being so related. After the scene with Basho, when Georgina did attain the threatening importance that Penny Sanderson had been only able to hint at before then, her decline was very well done indeed. The final scene with her swaying and Kiro's sweeps with his sword, allowed for a most acute tension which broke with her complete disintegration and Kiro's suicide. Gavan Moodie showed an obvious enjoyment in his part, but he was often thwarted as the Commodore lacked the same scope for vigour that was found in, for example, the priests. He was, however, particularly convincing in the final scenes when he was perceptibly slowed by the death of Georgina and became quite considered in his actions.

Stephen Mills was very good as the Prime Minister; he transformed what is essentially a back-ground piece into something lively and interesting. Stephen will certainly deserve more extensive parts in future plays.

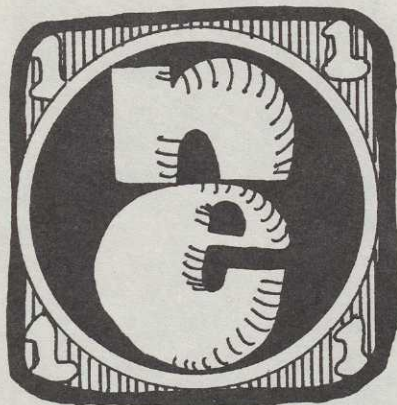
The role of Kiro is more complicated; for it is his suicide that finally expresses the despair the whole play feels; and on this character the play greatly depends. Geoff Collins coped with all these demands very well. Perhaps his innocence which runs headlong into the conflict and confusion around him, occasionally tended to naivete; but it was the engaging youthfulness and vulnerability which made his ultimate suicide so moving.

The peasants were deployed especially well in the play: they were never at odds with the rest of the action but provided some of the most catching moments:— Bill Newton and Rosemary Thornton with the child, Wendy Clarke and Tom Hurley around the gun, Rosemary Connors as the assassination witness, and Barbara Bryce and Simon Madin.



All this very good and very even acting, and the purposeful direction was well complemented by David Oppenheim's set. It provided the play with the strong sense of aristocratic ritual; the sloping stage and the platform behind distorted our notions of space and allowed for a greater flexibility of movement which was exploited very well by the director. Similarly, the lighting, the costuming and the use of such properties as the staves was excellent.

Narrow Road to the Deep North, then, was a very good play and all those who worked so hard for it should be complimented.



Bishop Crowther

The crowded J. C. R. waited, and waited . . . It seemed that when the tall, slightly balding, English-looking man entered the room, he might be just another patient spectator come to listen to the clock in the Common Room. But soon the members of the audience realised — slowly at first, then with gathering momentum — that he was in fact the reason why they had all gathered there that day. Here was Bishop Edward Crowther. Bishop down to his purple socks. But no ordinary Bishop, because this one had come to address the J. C. R. on the topic of Apartheid, and the then forthcoming all-white South African Rugby Tour. A wave of silence washed over the room.

He spoke for about forty-five minutes, arguing why we should condemn and oppose the Springbok tours. Apartheid is a disease which can spread to Australia just like cholera. It is based on hate and on the misguided assumption that one man is better than another because he has got a white skin. This political doctrine has influenced South African society, South African thinking — every life style there including sport. Politics is in sport inextricably in South Africa.

Bishop Crowther, who was deported from South Africa because of his opposition to its politics, and more specifically because of the politics' opposition to himself, saw in Perth the White "Rugby" players having to get their own luggage out of the plane and carry it to the terminal — the plane had stopped at the other end of the runway where they were greeted with jeers. Just like the blacks in their own country. He had seen them in Adelaide being continually reminded of the hatred some Australians at least had for South Africa's politics for which they were ambassadors. He hoped to see the same thing in Melbourne. He urged us to demonstrate against the South African's while they were here, and when they had gone to continue opposition against the cricket tour (which has, thank God, recently been called off). With infinite patience he answered questions about the prima-donna of the Bolshoi Ballet Company (?) and then, after selling and signing copies of his book, "Where Religion Gets Lost in the Church", he was gone, as suddenly as he had come. He had another speaking engagement.

Bishop Crowther left a clean taste in the communal mouth of the College. A refreshing, dynamic and convinced speaker. One who is expressing opposition to what must be opposed. Those responsible for arranging his visit must be congratulated for having given not only College men but students from the University and the University High School, the opportunity to hear and admire this good man.

Stephen Mills



Visual Arts

Rather charmingly the Exposition of Visual Art was opened by Mrs. Derham to the delightful if pointless, music of a rainstorm. The light was not good, yet the J. C. R. was illuminated by the presence of the art-lovers, sipping the yellow beverage and munching the savouries. Mrs. Derham spoke of Sunday painters.

Professor Burke established his criteria for good painting as sensitivity and imagination and pronounced a certain Don Von White prize-winner with "Dancing Girl No.2 and Cloud Intrigue." Von White is a poet in painting, subjecting the details of the overall impression. He paints by suggestion, using a personal symbolism as both means and end. The water colours are lyrical and contrast with Peter Hayes' consistently heavy use of oil paint in a number of rather forced pictures. Charles de Newton paints landscape and the female nude with an unrestrained sensuality and excellent understanding of contour. His "Elürā" landscape has the charm of an Indian miniature. Wendy Morris paintings show a real feeling for line and colour for example in "Desert Glow" evocative of the aftermath of bushfire as Jenny Glen's "Night" is of loneliness. Dr. Aitken has a subtle understanding of her medium in her water colours of Alaska; however space and light are handled a little tentatively. Diane Cameron features with a charming red "Windmill" in mosaic. Her paintings have a breadth of treatment which is certainly not a characteristic of Peter Cheeseman's detail ink drawings. One feels that in such labourious detail Cheeseman loses the life of his subject matter.

The exhibition was not without a scathing indictment of modern society in a "pop sculpture" called "Plastic Society" by Paul "but seriously folks" Elliot; and something to make us think in John

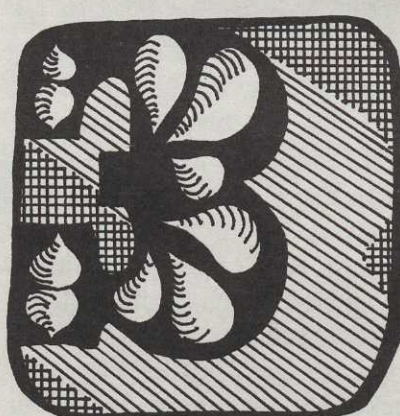
IN THE YEAR 1971



Patten's "egg art". The many photographs in the exhibition were of varied quality ranging from the overtly "artistic" to Fred Fairs' curiosities. Brett Forge was awarded the prize for "Polution."

Certainly Nature imitates Art; our rainstorm so charmingly appropriate to the occasion, brought a refreshing nectar to a worn and dry College. The exhibition will be remembered not only for the wealth of exhibits, but also for their excellent quality. If we find it hard to tolerate the vicissitudes of Nature these days with our "warm in winter, cool in summer" environment, this reviewer is happy to say we can still tolerate the vicissitudes of Art.

C. W. NEWTON



Lys of Life

The setting for the first College Revue was the all-purpose Trinity Dining Hall which had been transformed into a makeshift auditorium by means of tasteful curtains hung at the sides of the platform and a few lights precariously hung from the rafters. The performance was preceded by a lavish banquet at which the audience was treated to fine Bordeaux wines, thick slices of turkey and ham and a wide variety of salads. In spite of the merriment and carefree celebration, Dr. Leeper and Sir John Behan wore expressions of disapprobation and apprehension and the producer (well known to us all) fidgeted nervously on the sidelines.

The commencement of the entertainment was heralded by a rather insignificant drum roll. The compere, Paul Elliott, then flung himself on stage and introduced Mrs. E. Everidge who, after an altercation with Rob de Crespigny, proceeded to the official opening.

The first item, "College Love Story", was a little too ambitious and the frequent lapses of memory by the cast, the looseness of form and movement on stage, and an often unintelligible (albeit amusing) chorus were all symptomatic of insufficient rehearsal. But its success was ensured by a good, solid, G. & S. plot, a witty script and moments of excellent acting. Eric Bellchambers was a fine caricature of the Dean, Syd Boydell was as good an impersonation of "J.D." as anyone could hope to be, Bruce Shaw caricatured himself, Jan Bitcon was appropriately effusive and Tim Thwaites was every inch a fresher (even to the extent of getting stage fright).

The principal protagonists in the "Melodrama", Dirk van Dissel and Rosemary Thornton, both passionately and nauseatingly over-acted in their respective roles, although the effect was somewhat spoilt because

Dirk laughed at himself too much. Margaret Cummins' performance as Tom's wife was an example of what melodrama ought to be: utterly pathetic, miserable and tear-jerking. On the whole the piece was tightly written, but even a melodrama can be overdone and I thought the interludes with "spotless sponges" were unnecessary and repetitive.

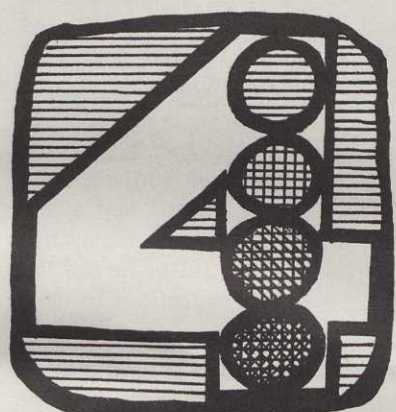
Lys of Lyfe would have been neither complete nor representative without contributions from the Warden and Jerome Harper. When the little soldier, complete with military moustache and British flag, was identified as our own Robin Sharwood, the audience convulsed with laughter; and his song, "When Are They Going to Hang the Kaiser?", proved as superb and hilarious as his appearance. Jerome led the Parkville A.L.P. in a blaze of anti-Government propaganda and his parody of the A.B.C. News was surely one of the highlights of the evening. Kiro Collins and Miranda Jelbart, as Billy and Sonia McMahon, contrasted well with John Patten's deadpan news reader.

The rest of the programme was littered with other glittering successes. A most refined performance came from Jim Minchin and Peter Field with (*inter alia*) "She Wore a Diamond-Studded Bra" and "Prinderella and Her Two Sisty Uglers". The intelligent slapstick of "The English Lesson" was well received and Stephen Mills and John Barnes were a joy to watch. Of the others, "Trinno", "Alcoholics Synonymous" and "Take a Pew" were well-written and competently performed. "Sports Report" was often unfunny and fell flat in places but was on the whole redeemed by Robert Parsons' amusing antics.

Despite pre-natal traumas, *Lys of Lyfe* was certainly a success and everyone involved deserves full honours. The countless dozens who performed, wrote, did back-stage work, threw ping pong balls, laughed, threw chicken bones and sucked ice colds were a supreme example of the true value, quality, diversity and meaning of College life. Future generations must be urged, cajoled, pleaded with and even forced if necessary to ensure that the Revue, like the Bop Spectacular and the Concert, is given the status of an annual event.

Laurels must finally rest with the producers, Dirk van Dissel and Eric Bellchambers, who through their tireless efforts proved to the Klag-Aorta Krutch Heads that Trins too is capable of "grass-roots participatory theatre".

Robert Clemente



Chapel

This year the Chapel began with two significant events which were both a surprise and a pleasure. The first event was to learn that our Chaplain of last year was now a Bishop in Charge of the Western region of the diocese of Melbourne. This has meant that while still living in College he is out and about his region most of the time. The second event was the appointment of the Reverend Jim Minchin as the Assistant Chaplain. Jim has settled down to the new job and is already providing the enthusiasm and witness which our Chapel life needs continually.

The Chapel worship has continued and as this report is being written, worship is about to enter a new development. A continual complaint by many worshippers today is that traditional hymns and music are little help for living the Christian life today. To meet this objection the Chapel Eucharist on Sundays is holding a series of jazz masses.

Another new development has been recognition of the fact that activities associated with the Chapel need not only take place in the Chapel. Thus a group has been formed within the College to plan and prepare chapel services. The worship group aims to increase student participation and expression in the preparing and conduct of worship. Further groups are being formed in the Colleges to discuss the Christian Faith. These will meet informally during the week in private rooms and studies. This year we have been favoured with a number of very good preachers. Two of the most challenging and informative were Dr. Robin Boyd and Professor Edward Schweizer. Dr. Boyd is a presbyter in the Church of North India and over breakfast was able to tell us much about the current state of India and the crisis in Bangla Desh. Professor Schweizer is a world renowned preacher and New Testament scholar from Zurich in Switzerland.

The Chapel Vestry has as usual met, organized and encouraged many of the happenings in and out of the Chapel. A significant part of the Vestry's work is the collection and distribution of money donated during chapel services. Over the past year significant amounts of money were not only given to Church Missionary bodies, but also to a number of public bodies. Such a public body was the Hanover Centre. This body is the only organization that functions in Melbourne to cope with a very pathetic problem which exists in this area — the problem of derelict men. It is with local problems of this nature that the Vestry is concerning itself and trying to help in some way financially.

The Vestry also organized a series of "Tuesday Specials" which ranged over many topics including modern religious music, extra sensory perception and angles, obscenity and abortion reform.

At the end of the year the Dean and his family leave Trinity. We thank the Dean for his witty sermons, Mrs. Gregory for her cheerfulness and Robyn for her many efforts. Our prayers and best wishes go with him and his family.

Andrew Curnow



Dialectic Society

1971, if the Committee can be pardoned for patting itself on the back, has been one of the more profitable years for the Society in recent times. To date it has held some eleven rather varied functions which have attempted to interest as broad a cross-section of the College as is possible within a "cultural" frame of reference.

Apart from the Revue, we have not attempted any activities which have not been tried before. The emphases have been more on consolidation and concentration than innovation. Since the present Warden, Dr. Sharwood, became president, the Society has tried progressively to widen its scope and, to use the words of past Secretaries, "to diversify its activities". The present Committee has followed the lead given in the past six years. Innovations have been procedural rather than substantive. We have tried to offer a balanced programme that covers the cultural field, as it were, which when taken as a whole is capable of arousing the interests and passions of as many different College stereotypes as is possible.

The most significant achievement of the 1971 Committee has been the efficacious *de facto* union of the Trinity College and Janet Clarke Hall Dialectic Societies. Our practice is to enlist the support of J.C.H. whenever planning activities which are not constitutionally limited to "men only". For instance, it is not possible to allow any other than members of Trinity College to take part in the Wigram Allen Essay Competition. Joint Committee meetings are held regularly to discuss plans and apportion the workload. This has enabled us at once to draw on a larger audience and a larger workforce. The immediate benefits to both Societies have been substantial. Neither the Revue nor the Exposition of Visual Art could have been organized on the scale they were or achieved the success they did if they had been conducted under the auspices of one College only. In the distant days of the great Trinity orators, when the Society was truly "Dialectic", marriage would have been inappropriate and quite unnecessary. Then the Society catered for a minority of dilettanti who epitomized collegiate self-centredness but with the demise of elitism and insularity the Ciceronian tradition came to a serene end. Now as in the past the activities of the Society reflects with some degree of accuracy current trends and ideas in the College, and the combination with J.C.H. is at least justified in these terms.

Of equal importance is the fact that the Society has made the College aware of its existence through aggressive publicity. Newsworthy material and the idle gossip of Dep Dep have filled the pages of the Society's magazine, *Bedlam*, with which you are all no doubt familiar. *Bedlam* aims primarily to excite the interest and curiosity of everyone in College. It ought not to be thought of merely as a means to promote the Society's activities: it has an independent existence of its own and is just as much an "activity" as any other. I commend the idea to the 1972 Committee and suggest that the possibility of printing it be investigated.

As Secretary, I have been heartened by the response to the Society this year in terms of participation as well as appreciation. Among the many not on the Committee who have helped, there are perhaps two who ought to be singled out. Paul Elliott, following in the footsteps of his brother, Peter, has become somewhat of a local debating doyen: he has spoken in something like a dozen debates in the last four years. He has won both of the Society's debating awards, represented the College in inter-collegiate debating, served on the Committee in 1969 and this year compered the Revue. The second, Dirk van Dissel, although he has been here only two years, has participated in a number of debates and recently undertook the mammoth task of running the College Revue. These sorts of contributions are welcomed and are indeed necessary for the successful functioning of the Society. The Committee cannot do all the work.

As is the custom of Annual Reports, I will now set out the year's activities in detail.

(1) *Music Evening* Our first function for the year, held on 24th March, was a music evening in the J.C.H. Reading Room. The twenty-five members present listened to a highly selective bibliographical survey of Fred Fair's two-hundred strong record collection, ranging from Jeremiah Clarke to modern electronic "music". Another was held on the first Wednesday in second term. Next year's Committee might consider planning a series of recitals under the auspices of the Society.

(2) *Forum on Law and Conscience.* Sunday 28th March saw an open forum on law and conscience in the J.C.R. Misses Pitt and Norman and Messrs van Dissel and Curnow spoke to an audience of twenty-five on whether a person was bound to obey a law he believed to be immoral. This was an experiment which it was hoped would provide a better way of discussing substantial issues than the formal debate. It was successful at least in terms of the discussion afterwards and could be used in future as a forum for "current affairs" topics.

(3) *Fresher's Debate* "That this House believes that the present College system to be out-dated" was the topic for the first formal debate for 1971 — the Freshers' Debate, held on Wednesday 7th April. An audience of twenty-five listened intently to the arguments of the first years, Messrs Maxwell, Sisson and Trowbridge but were convinced by the affirmative team consisting of old hands, Messrs Van Dissel,

Elliott and Cordner. The motion was carried by nine votes to four. The sparkling performance of the six speakers was well complemented by a fabulous supper from the College kitchens.

(4) *Poetry Reading* In accordance with a more recent tradition the Society held a Poetry Reading in the Wardens Lodge on Sunday 18th April. About twenty-five listened to or read poems in many languages and were entertained by a folk-singing group, consisting of Judy Ross, Gretel Lamont and Danny Silver.

(5) *Art Exhibition* (Please see separate report of the Exposition of Visual Arts — Eds).

(6) *Wigram Allen Essay Competition* The Wigram Allen Essay Competition was this year held on the last day of June. There were no less than six essayists representing, as usual, "a broad cross-section of College life". Mr Stephen Mills read an essay entitled "Sense and Sensitivity"; Mr George Abrans read an untitled piece; Mr Justin Judd posed the rhetorical question, "Do the Clothes Make the Man?", and answered it, Mr Dirk van Dissel took us on an interesting excursion in "A Tale of Two Cities"; Mr Gavin Moodie left doubt as to "Whatever Happened to Lord and Lady Macbeth?"; and Mr Eric Bellchambers lulled us into tuneless slumbers with "A First Symphony in Every Key Possible". With such fabulous quality and quantity to contend with, our three judges, Father Kelly, Professor Gasking and Mr. Collins Persse, deliberated for a long time before deciding that Mr. Mills was to win the prize.

(7) *Janet Clarke Hall Debate* The topic for this year's J.C.H. debate was "That tertiary education was wasted on Women or That the Woman's place is in the bedroom". Messrs Cordner, Abrams and Trowbridge represented the College. Quality was not one of the features of the evening. The vote went to the ladies — Misses Bitcon, Fleming and Finlay.

(8) *Current Affairs Speaker* The College Appeal Committee and the Dialectic Society co-sponsored a talk by the Federal Minister for Customs and Excise, Mr Don Chipp. An audience of about one hundred and fifty listened to his talk on drugs in the J.C.R. on Friday 18th July.

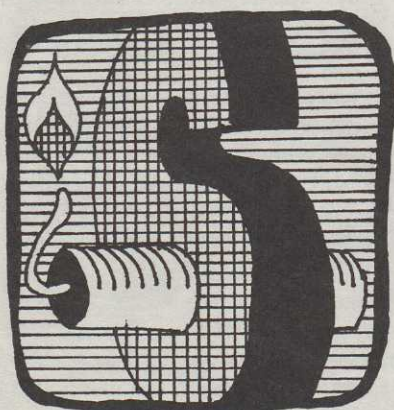
(9) *Revue — Lys of Lyfe* (For review of this, please see separate report. But n.b. — the 230 paying guests made the evening a financial success and most of the profit (about \$70.00) was donated to the College Appeal.)

(10) *Inter-Collegiate Debating* Messrs Elliott, Cordner, Mills and Trowbridge represented the Society in this year's inter-Collegiate debating competition, and I am pleased to announce that they won the final against Newman a week or so ago.

(11) *Tutors' Debate* This was our final function for 1971. "That Trinity Expects Every Man to Do his Duty" was affirmed by Messrs Van Dissel, Cordner and Moodie and denied by Messrs Hughes, Wharton and Minchin. As this was the Annual General Meeting, elections were held, this Annual Report was read and a motion of censure was moved against the Secretary. An excellent party was held afterwards.

This has been an active and successful year for the Dialectic Society. It is important that in each future year members continue to experiment with new ideas and to adjust the aims of the society to current needs. In conclusion, I would like to thank every member of the Committee for their hard work during the year and to wish the 1972 Committee good luck.

Robert Clemente
(Hon. Sec. T.C.D.S.)
23rd September 1971



T.C.A.C

The Colleges have been challenged for a number of years both from the University and to an increasing degree from within as closeted and constrictive institutions, as having become outmoded and essentially irrelevant; and whether or not those criticisms are right, they have had, increasingly, to be answered and there has been change, the extent of which only becomes apparent in retrospection. But this year the Colleges have been threatened; Trinity has remained unfilled throughout the year and with increasing costs it would seem to be becoming even more out of the contemplation, or at least out of reach, of potential resident students. So it would seem that a drastic or at least substantial reduction in fees through some reduction in either services or amenities is necessary and that the College must become a looser broader organization and a more practical part of the University; and it is in those terms that the success or otherwise of the year must finally be determined.

The demands for a greater say in the College's affairs by the students, which were inherited from the previous year, have become increasingly insistent; and though they have been met in part by the senior student taking a seat on, and an active part in the affairs of the College Council and the Executive and Finance Committee, yet they would still seem to be pressing as the call of the second term General Meeting for a committee supervising general expenditure involving students would seem to show. And it would seem they will have to be met in some effective way eventually.

An extensive revision of the college rules has taken place and one would hope that their regulatory, rather than prohibitive, nature and a considered interpretation of them and application of the supplement-

tary regulations will mean an end to the endless motions at General Meetings as to women and drink, and encourage a more mature attitude to discipline generally.

Formal dinner remains one place where, it is thought, the college community can be "seen"; but it has become a tedium, and allowed to have become a tedium, too easily for too many people. Many find it still very enjoyable and it is to be hoped that it can become thus for many more. The interminable complaints about institutional food remain, but we tried a new way of seating allocation whereby the table presidents would select their own tables; but the most significant move in meal arrangements was the introduction of meal vouchers for lunch, allowing people greater flexibility at that time, and which was so well received that the second term General Meeting asked that it be extended to all meals.

We celebrated in Hall the Warden's birthday and with Mr. Merralls the victory of his house, Beer Street, in the 1970 Caulfield Cup. And the Revue was held there too. This was one of the most successful events of the year which was very exciting both for the quality of the items and the atmosphere surrounding it.

The more customary occasions in the year were similarly successful. Juttoddie was once again a gala event that began in the early afternoon and extended enjoyably late into the night: shums was revitalised by a change of hotel and the promise of a ride on a barge down the river (which unfortunately did not eventuate because of a broken shaft). The trike race was again well attended and a social success though the race itself seemed easily forgotten.

Members of the College were involved in the debate on successive Vietnam Moratoria, the South African Rugby tour and other less spectacular political issues such as the administration building seige in the University, and sometimes participated in the events themselves. Demands were made during the year that the T.C.A.C. as such involve itself more directly in the debate on these things, and as these demands show little sign of abating, it would seem that the position might have to be constantly re-thought. Bishop Edward Crowther and the Minister for Customs and Excise, Mr. Donald Chipp, were among the more distinguished guests who spoke to the College. Mr. Chipp opened the Trinity Appeal in aid of the Buoyancy Foundation for drug addicts in Melbourne. The Appeal raised in excess of a thousand dollars, so that together with an earlier appeal for refugees from East Pakistan the College gave about thirteen hundred dollars during the year.

In relation to all these activities, the role of the T.C.A.C. Committee seems to be perceptibly changing to a position of administrative supervision and initiative. One can no longer be assured that a few events will appeal to everyone or that everyone will involve themselves just because they are College activities. Such things as Juttoddie and the Revue (to a lesser extent) provide the compelling exceptions to that, but generally it is true I think.

The committee functioned easily and efficiently. As Outdoor Representative Terry Jenkins was a very good K.K.K.; his great energies were seen to best advantage as he excited the College to support the teams, while only those closest to him realised the dogged determination he shared in his efforts to keep our tennis and squash courts free from foreigners.

Eric Bellchambers was the Indoor Representative and carried the fight right up to the Overseer; but if the incidence of diarrhoea did not slacken, at least his cupboard, replete with many and varied drinks, remained a friendly consolation to all.

Michael James was the General Representative. He supervised our social life with rare aplomb but showed great endeavour in keeping our parking facilities free from outsiders.

As Treasurer, Michael Hamer was tenacious while the Dean, Father Gregory, was charming.

Martin Haskett was our leader for the duration. He was rarely ruffled and held the reins with great assurance being always available for consultation and a cup of instant coffee.

The Secretary was Robert Johanson.

Secretary T.C.A.C.



Senior
Common
Room

Seven new members were welcomed to the Senior Common Room during the past year. Two of them were not strangers to the College. The Rev. James Minchin, who was appointed Assistant Chaplain following Father Grant's appointment as Co-adjutor Bishop, is remembered as a very active undergraduate of the early sixties, and has already established himself once again as a lively contributor to College life. Mr. Alan Hodgart, who was also an undergraduate in the College, has this year been appointed Resident Tutor in Economics and Economic History, and has brought the financial skills no doubt acquired in years of study within these disciplines to the position of Treasurer of the Common Room, to which position he succeeds Mr. Chipman, the new Senior Tutor.

Despite the infrequency with which members of the S.C.R. are seen playing end to end football on the Bulpadok, it must not be assumed that we are not a sporting lot. Mr. J. D. Merralls has continued to keep us well informed concerning the activities of Beer Street and

Gin Lane; information which conscientious students of the sport of kings noted to their profit. With the appointment of Mr. Rod Tucker, and Mr. Donald Handley, our reputation for the sporting life will be further enhanced. Mr. Tucker, who tutors in Physics and Electrical Engineering, and is currently a Ph.D. candidate in electronics in the Department of Electrical Engineering, has taken it upon himself to raise the level of physical fitness of members of the S.C.R. by introducing bushwalking (or 'swampwallowing' as some would prefer to call it) as a Common Room activity. A mountaineer and canoeist of considerable accomplishment, Mr. Tucker was previously a non-resident Tutor in the College. Mr. Handley, Tutor in Mathematics and graduate in Civil Engineering, Science and Business Administration, was as an Ormond undergraduate a member of their football and rowing teams, and took part in Intervarsity Rowing. At present he is a member of the Resorts Development Committee of the Victorian Ski Association, and we are looking to him to attend to the winter comforts of members of the S.C.R. Add to these the activities of our intrepid aviators Messrs Gregson and Williams, and it is clear that the Senior Common Room could cast a cigarette commercial for any major brand.

Smoking was re-introduced to the Senior Common Room with the arrival of Mr. Ian Campbell, a Lecturer in the Department of Psychology who has joined us as a Resident Tutor. Mr. Campbell is a New Zealand graduate who is especially interested in counselling students who have general difficulties in coping with their studies, which has made him a particularly welcome member of the Common Room.

Our most recent additions are Dr. Kingsley Gee, Tutor in Medicine, who comes to us after considerable experience working in New Guinea, and who is at present associated with the study of infectious diseases at Fairfield; and Mr. John Wilson, our first full-time Resident Bursar, who was formerly with the Victorian Institute of Colleges.

The price we must pay for these very welcome arrivals is the sad one of saying goodbye to seven of our colleagues. Mr. Frank Callaway left us after several years in the College, first as a most distinguished undergraduate and then as a Resident Tutor in Law. We also lost four scientists; Mr. H. Prasad, Mr. Philip Weickhardt, Mr. A. K. Gregson, and Dr. John Warren. Dr. Warren's was one of two Ph.D's awarded to members of the S.C.R. during the year, the other being to Dr. Alan Hughes, Resident Tutor in Political Science, for a study submitted to the Australian National University. Mr. Gregson left Trinity after submitting his doctoral thesis to take up a research position at St. Edmund's Hall in Oxford, and Mr. H. Prasad, who has also submitted a doctoral thesis, has returned to India to take up a senior position with the Indian government railways.

It is with particular sadness that we have to say goodbye to our Dean and Acting Warden, Rev. R. Gregory, and to our Senior Tutor Mr. A. J. Buzzard. Mr. Buzzard left us after having received the very high distinction of being made a Fellow of the Royal Australian College of Surgeons, to take unto himself a wife. We wish Tony and Gaye every success. Father Gregory is to take up a position as Headmaster of All Souls Grammar at Burley Heads, which at Trinity's cost is to receive the benefit of his exceptional combination of imagination and realism; his fellowship will be sadly missed. We thank the Dean and Mrs. Gregory for their hospitality, and the pleasure of their company during their period at Trinity. We wish Mr. Roderick Fawns every success as our New Dean.

Soon to return after periods of sabbatical leave are the Warden and Dr. Brian Thompson; students of theatrical arts have viewed with considerable interest and admiration Dr. Sharwood's recent ventures into cabaret (the College revue) and are hoping he will resist any offers he receives to tread the boards in the West End. We look forward to their return.

J.L.C.C.



Gnome Manners Senile End

This fitful yaw, everyone was ambergris that the college creases would not refract Jagged Cloak Horn. As it turandot, their face wore grimace: many Jung women appliqued fur residue. So, although there were fifty free shots, there were no vagrant rams, and beleaguer me, it was because of the refrigeration for egg-sellers that Jazzy Hutch enjoys.

Nebuchednezzar, members of the Captain Courageous Concert felt that the mutter was spurious, and accordingly decided to in vegemite. There was no Walter Mitty Eve but to form a comedy to study nefarious aztecs of the pogram. Later, Annie Fischer link worry was ordained by the Collie sheds, and now temper scent of the cabbage plantation are to unseat equestrian hair. It is soaped lathery suds of this savloy will help to profane airy currents of this vagrancy pilgrim in nocturne seven detour and the impediment filcher.

The Nereid to the Damp Moss, by Outward Bound, displaced a great dole of colic tallow. Penance Andalusian was chosen Mass Juicy Haunch; nellie hoof of the Onion Consul combs from the Heel. Two ghouls have wan E. S. U. savoury shapes: one of them is the new Genius Jewel, Great Mormon, and the other, Effervescent.

Daktari triffid oversize, and ralentando with many Gouds deers about shooting thousands. Data Record is back after a year's sybaritic hell, and the Gortons look petrol ready. The Cart of Arms has been grunted, mounted and admired. A new carmine rim is planned, broccoli within the knox sick yen. A fairy bride fuschia awaits hustle, after a ewer of wired declivities, antler-painters and succulence.



J.C.H.
Society

Committee 1970 - 71

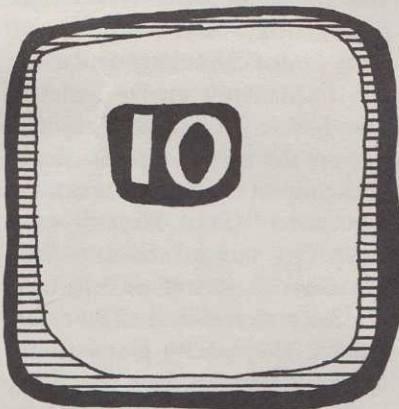
President:	Mrs. J. Grice
Vice Presidents:	Mrs. G. Trinca
	Mrs. F. Derham (ex-officio)
Hon. Secretary:	Mrs. M. Letts
Hon. Treasurer:	Mrs. A. Hurley
Committee:								
Rep. to College Council:	Mrs. A. Asche
	Mrs. S. Alley
	Mrs. P. Milne
	Mrs. A. Brokenshire
	Mrs. J. Pearson
	Mrs. L. Morgan
	Mrs. A. Smithers
Co-opted Member:	Miss S. Fleming

Last year's symposium on "Aspects of High Density Living with special reference to Inner-suburban Melbourne" attracted an interested audience and raised \$185.50. This year's symposium on October 12th is to be on "What's new in the Schools?" Chairman is to be Mrs. V. R. C. Brown and the speakers include Mr. Barry Sheehan - La Trobe University, Mr. Golding - Collingwood High School and Mr. Fitzpatrick - A. C. E. R.

A jumble sale was held at St. George's Hall, Malvern and the usual scrimmage resulted in a profit of \$356.99.

This year the Janet Clarke Hall Society's Jubilee Scholarship has been awarded to Robyn Vines, daughter of a past student of the College. Miss Vines is studying Arts II.

Membership includes 296 Life Members and 37 Financial Annual Members. Four new Life Members have joined the Society.



Concert

The great thing about music is that, in some fashion or disguise, it is the gift of every man. Its universal appeal was happily evident in the College Concert on Sunday, September 12 - from the fun of *Tinned Pudding* to the irritation of Richard Rodney Bennett.

The programme began and ended with Bach: an unimpeachable balance. The lovely first Trio was ably done by Gretel Lamont and Messrs. Gardiner and Fair; their playing bore the authority which was lacking in the E Major Trio Sonata, and indeed in all the violin work that came after. Fiocca's *Allegro* was not an inspired choice, but the *Spring Sonata*, a vastly greater challenge to the violinist, was commensurably less satisfying in performance: a piece of such perfect workmanship is bound to suffer ruin from any slight recklessness of technique. It is very creditable that there exists in the College an orchestra of any description: however the Workshop Orchestra as yet lacks the discipline demanded by such music as Ravel's *Pavan for a Dead Infanta*, an exquisite work mishandled. The group proved itself in the hectic strains of Frank Smith's *Tinned Pudding* - a funny, irreverent jungle of noise and voice. Another rowdy amusement was provided by guitarists and banjoist, though rather at the expense of the melancholy original, Stephen Foster's *Swanee River*.

By contrast there arose the Phoenix of *Sonata* by Richard Rodney Bennett - and a dashing, if ungainly fowl it proved to be. Miss Rusden's expertise, one suspects, lent to the music merits which itself did not possess. The sounds and sweet airs of recorder duets played by Sydney Boyde and Graeme Bennett were a delightful sequel to the sophisticated cacophonies. For the purist and connoisseur, Sydney, accompanied by Frank Birch on the spinet, later played a *Largo* of Handel: charming music, rendered with worthy finesse. The Dowland Society performed four Elizabethan part songs, displaying excellent musicianship and control, and a very fine style. Four new talents were revealed for our pleasure: the Cool Trio, of Rob Colvin, Bill Newton, and Peter Vickery, with clever jazz improvisations; and also the songster Eric Bellchambers, who tunelessly asserted his improbable, if not impossible dream, in the approved Kevin Dennis New Faces manner.

Two little duets by Faure, and a suite by Bach ended the entertainment which, guided by Frank Price, was a bright and popular diversion.

Peter Stewart

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

D. VAN DISSEL

A TALE OF TWO CITIES: Aristocratic and Middle Class Life in 19th century Amsterdam and The Hague.

In this essay I want to describe some of the aspects of Dutch society in the latter part of the 19th century. I intend to do this by looking at that society as it existed in Amsterdam, the capital of the Netherlands, and The Hague, the seat of the Government and the Court.

Amsterdam had been since the 17th century by far the largest and most important city in Holland, and was the business and commercial heart of the nation. I have taken it as the symbol of the Middle Classes of Holland. The Hague, however, has always been the seat of Government and of the Court, as well as the home of the Aristocracy; that city is the symbol of Aristocratic Life in Holland.

By the mid 19th century, Amsterdam was at last painfully recovering from the decline and setbacks it had undergone at the hands of the French and English during the Napoleonic Wars. The city had flourished and reached the height of its prosperity during the 17th and 18th centuries. During that period it had undergone a vast expansion, and was recognised as one of the great commercial and trading centres of Europe. Riches from all over the world, but particularly from the East — India, the East Indies, China and Japan, were stored in its warehouses; some of the largest banks were there; and there merchants from all over Europe had established their agencies.

This was the period of the great Merchant Princes. Vast fortunes were accumulated, and because those who accumulated them were industrious and frugal in their habits, they were able to increase them at an incredible rate. They built large townhouses along the narrow canals, the vast majority of which still survive, and had estates in the country — frequently along the river Vecht in the province of Utrecht, in Central Holland. They were the only group who really mattered in the city, and dominated every aspect of its life; it was from their ranks that the hereditary Burgomasters (Lord Mayors) were drawn; they filled the highest offices on City Council and its Militia, and supplied its Deputies for the States General. As well as that, they secured numerous sinecure positions for those who were in effect either too old or too young to qualify for them. They were a proud group; proud of their burgher origins — all of them, although now possessing coats of arms, and in a number of cases related by marriage to the aristocracy, were descended from the artisans and skilled craftsmen of the Medieval Guilds; proud also, because they were the rulers both of the most prominent city in Holland, and of one of the largest commercial centres of Europe; proud, because they had brought to heel the Prince of Orange himself, when he marched on the city and attempted to foist his will on it in 1650.

But the Merchant Princes of Amsterdam had suffered many setbacks, because of the decline of trade during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. The new King of Holland, Louis Napoleon, brother to the great French Emperor, although in 1808 he made the official capital of his kingdom, also made his position as Monarch quite clear; henceforth, the Burgomasters would be directly responsible to him and to him only. He also took over the Town Hall, a vast and splendid building, erected at the height of the city's prosperity in the 17th century, and made it his Royal Palace, forcing the all too compliant Burgomasters and City Council to find a home elsewhere. Amsterdam lost its historic Town Hall for good, for the building continued to be used as a Royal Palace by the Kings of the Netherlands. The vast Burgerzaal (Citizen's Hall), reputed to be the largest hall in Europe became the Ball Room, while the Burgomaster's Room was fitted up as the Royal Bedroom. In the Halls, where once the rulers of a City that had brought the Prince of Orange to his knees, looked after the interests of of both themselves and of those they governed, the descendants of that same Prince of Orange now entertain foreign heads of State. For the privilege of being the Capital of the kingdom, the city paid the price of its Town Hall. One week in the year, when the Monarch makes his State Visit to the Capital, the vast building bustles with life. The City Fathers are then allowed into the building, so much part of their city's history, and pay their respects to the sovereign. For the remainder of the year the grey building stands empty, while below it, within a few feet of the windows with their blinds down, the busy traffic crosses the Dam Square.

King William I, who became the King of the Netherlands after the Congress of Vienna, worked hard to revive the City's prosperity. It was he and his successors who promulgated the now decried Culture



System — a system which unscrupulously exploited the wealth of the East Indies. Slowly, as trade revived, the City recovered from the economic depression, but it was not till 1850 that it expanded beyond its early 18th century fortifications.

The merchants of Amsterdam never recovered their former powers. Although they continued to rule the City for another 60 years, they were no longer able to govern as they thought best. Sinecure positions gradually disappeared. Yet, with those exceptions, life hardly differed from that in the previous century. The large mansions along the quiet, tree lined canals remained. On the ground floor of these houses were the kitchens and offices. The main reception rooms were on the first floor. These presented a splendour in quite unexpected contrast to the plain facades of the houses themselves — sculpture, paintings and grand fittings and furniture provided the setting for the parties and balls held there during the winter season. There were powdered footmen and liveried horsemen.

Yet the merchant families led quiet, frugal lives, barely distinguished from those of the professional classes and others below them. Though balls were given, the more usual kind of entertainment was the small party for intimate friends, when various card games were played, and gossip was exchanged.

These Burghers put their stamp on the art and music of the period. It was at this time that they erected and patronised both the Concertgebouw, from which the famous Concertgebouw Orchestra takes its name and the Schouburgh (Theatre).

Solid prosperity, quiet decorum and unobtrusive wealth, rather than aristocratic splendour and display characterised the merchant princes. They represented those quiet and unobtrusive, though very worthwhile and desirable characteristics, that are so much part of bourgeois society all over the world, and have become valued in Holland, and perhaps even typical of it.

Even the week of the sovereign's visit to the city at the end of winter, did little to disrupt the pattern of bourgeois life. During this week, the palace presented a splendid spectacle — 17th and 18th century marble sculptures and paintings by the great artists of the Dutch Gold Age, and Empire furniture, brought from France to furnish the building by King Louis Napoleon, combined to present a scene of unforgettable splendour. At these functions, the Burghers, dressed in quiet evening clothes, and their plump, plain, roundfaced wives in simple evening dresses, could easily be distinguished from the thin, narrow faced Dutch aristocracy, in their glittering uniforms dating from the Napoleonic era, and their slim wives, resplendent in family jewels. Chaos reigned whenever a Royal Ball or Reception was held. The lighting arrangements in the palace were of the most primitive kind. In the great Ball Room, the chandeliers were supplied with

patent oil; in the adjoining halls, however, candles provided the only form of lighting, and these candles had the irresistible tendency to drip. After a reception at the Palace, one could in most cases write off one's gown with train, or evening dress or uniform; everything had become thickly coated with candle grease.

The good Burghers of Amsterdam must have sighed with relief when the annual Royal Visit drew to its close, and they could return to their counting houses. Life in the large houses along the Keizers gracht and Heren gracht resumed its normal course, and by late Spring preparations for moving to the country estates began to be made. In summer, the stench from the canals became unbearable and all those who possessed country residences, left the city. The Royal Visits to Amsterdam remained an intrusion into the life of the merchants, they led their lives in a different sphere from that of the aristocracy and the court.

If Amsterdam typified the merchant princes, The Hague certainly symbolised the aristocratic tradition in Dutch society. The Hague was not a commercial centre like Amsterdam; it had grown up in the 16th century around the residences of the Counts of Holland. In the 16th century this rambling gothic castle became the palace of the Prince of Orange and the seat of the Court. The palaces of the Dutch Royal family, and the townhouses of the nobility were built there, and during the 17th century The Hague became the home of many exiles. Both Elizabeth, the Winter Queen of Bohemia, and Charles II, in exile during the Commonwealth, were lavishly entertained there at the expense of the States General (the Dutch Parliament) and the Prince of Orange. The city remained small until the 19th century; it survived the Napoleonic Wars almost unscathed, and subsequently became the official residence of Kings of the Netherlands and the seat of the Court and Government. The States General were housed in the centre of the city in the old buildings which had once been the palace of the Counts of Holland and later of the Princes of Orange. The King himself moved into a new palace, half a mile away in the busy Noord-einde. To the north-west of the city, a new and fashionable suburb, Plein 1815 (Square 1815), commemorating the throwing off of the Napoleonic yoke, grew up; it resembled the early 19th century squares of London, and soon became the residence of many of the Dutch Aristocracy.

Throughout the 19th century, the aristocracy kept up their fashionable townhouses and palaces at The Hague. Life centred around the Court at the Royal Palace, a very modest, though stately, two-storeyed building situated in a busy commercial thoroughfare. The Royal family arrived in The Hague from their summer residence (either the Palace at Apeldoorn or at Soestdyk) in mid September, in time for the State Opening of Parliament on the third Tuesday of September, and remained there until late Spring, with the exception of one week taken up by the annual State Visit to the Capital. During the winter various functions were held at the Palace — Levees for men, Drawing-rooms for women, balls and receptions. A number of the aristocracy were permanently in attendance as Ladies in Waiting and Court Chamberlains. Life at Court was more noted for its stiff formality, solemnity and stuffiness, than for its splendour or magnificence. Foreign visitors, then as now, never tired of commenting on the simplicity of the home life of the members of the Royal Family. It was only for a brief period, during the reign of William II, who had married the daughter of the Czar of Russia, that court life took on an unusual brilliance. Even then, the Court at The Hague compared unfavourably with the splendour and opulence that characterised St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin and Paris of the Second Empire.

Very few medieval noble families had survived the Wars of Religion of the 17th century, although those few were very distinguished indeed; among these were the Bentincks, one of the first families of the land, who were related to the Dukes of Portland in England. Their ancestors had been close personal friends, as well as members of the household of the 17th and 18th Stadtholders. However, a large number, particularly those in the lower ranks of the Peerage, were Burghers, ennobled in the early 19th century by King William I to fill the gap left by the ravages of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars.

A large number of the aristocracy were officials of the Court. Others held positions in the Army, Government, or were Burgo-masters of small towns and villages — mostly in eastern and southern Holland. Nearly all were land-owners, and possessed country residences, ranging from the stately castles of Amerongen and Midachten, to the

modest 18th and 19th century villas of the numerous 'jonkheren' (baronets) in South Holland.

Aristocratic life at The Hague was stately rather than splendid. During the winter balls and parties were given in the large mansions along the Lange Voorhout and Vyverberg. Very few Burghers were invited to those functions, for the members of the aristocracy remained very much aloof from the rest of society. There was little intermarriage with even the wealthy merchants, and as the novels of the period indicate, whenever it did occur, the members of the aristocracy, unlike their counterparts in England, seldom applauded it as a means to increase the declining family fortune. Another contrast with England was the complete absence of anything like the English Public School system. The children of the aristocracy were privately educated at home by tutors, or else went to the Royal Naval Academy or the Military College. This had the effect of insulating them from contact with the merchant classes, whose sons were usually educated at the local grammar schools; it also prevented the school system from developing into a 'factory for turning out gentlemen', — Lloyd George's characteristic phrase — but in so doing limited the contact which the aristocracy had with other classes of society, and isolated them as a group. This tendency was further underlined by the fact that the language spoken at Court and by most of the aristocracy was French, and not Dutch.

This then is my tale of two cities. You will appreciate now why Amsterdam and The Hague are so different in layout and appearance; this in fact reflects their different origins, and also the different roles they played in Dutch history and society. Amsterdam is the merchant city; the tall mansions of the merchant princes line its canals, and are symbolic of the whole ethos of the city. Amsterdam is prosperous, solid and unimaginative, bourgeois, and I suppose very characteristically Dutch. On the other hand, the streets of The Hague are lined with 18th century mansions and small palaces; they remind one of Paris, and the atmosphere they breathe is one of dignity, aloofness, even foreignness. These palaces are the symbols of the aristocratic tradition, which although few people in Holland may speak of it, is still a real and life force in Dutch history and society. But both cities have changed; the merchant princes of Amsterdam mansions have become museums or offices, or have been subdivided into flats. In The Hague, the palace of the Counts of Wassenauer-Obdam is now an office building, while that of the Counts of Nassau-Weilburg is now the Royal Theatre; various foreign Embassies are situated in the old townhouses of the Dutch nobility.

Since 1850, both the aristocracy and the merchants have had to adapt their style of life to changed conditions. The merchant princes have in many cases sunk into oblivion, as 'big business' displaced them; with changing patterns in the economy and higher costs of living they have had to give up their counting houses and stately homes, and today you may find their descendants in all walks of life. Many of the names of leading citizens of one of the greatest mercantile powers of the 17th century are now all but forgotten.

The aristocracy of The Hague likewise has changed. Court life with all its formality survived well into the 20th century, but was brought to a sharp close by World War II. After the War, drastic simplifications were introduced, and when in 1948, the Royal Palace was completely gutted by fire, and the Queen made her former summer residence at Soestdyk the permanent Royal home, The Hague lost its last glitter of aristocratic glamour. It became very much the home of foreign diplomats, and the former Royal Palace is now the Institute of Social Studies. In the grand mansion on the Lange Voorhout, where once the crimson liveried footmen attended on the Bentincks, the Soviet Ambassador now entertains his guests, and in the Royal Palace in the Noordeinde, once the home of the Court of Holland, students from all over the world do post-graduate courses in sociology or related disciplines.

Yet the shadow of the past still remains, and it is not difficult, when one wanders on a quiet evening past the stately facades on the Herengracht in Amsterdam, to imagine the carriage of a now forgotten merchant prince draw up outside the ancestral home. Nor is it difficult as one walks through the quiet Lange Voorhout or along the Vyverberg in The Hague, to recapture the time when instead of the sound of a lonely cleaning woman going about her work, or a night watchman doing his duty, the walls of the present office buildings resounded with the strains of the dance music of Strauss or the chatter of Holland's aristocracy.

RESULTS 1970

SALVETE

J. Adeleke, S. J. Ahern, A. Akinteye, O. Alalade, A. M. S. Armstrong, D. G. Atkinson, J. R. Barnes, A. R. Baulch, D. G. Berry, S. S. S. Borzecki, B. A. Bowering, G. G. Boxall, M. F. Burbidge, I. Carmichael, V. J. Carroll, S. N. N. Carter, G. T. Chettle, G. M. Collins, P. J. Connell, R. I. Cordner, D. W. Cover, R. C. Craigie, M. J. Creek, D. D. Crisp, T. J. Cunningham, L. B. Ferguson, S. G. Fitts, H. P. Fitzpatrick, D. J. Frederick, J. C. Fox, P. J. Fox, C. J. Gardiner, N. S. I. Gordon, P. B. Grant, M. I. Haycroft, P. J. Hayes, C. J. Holliday, T. V. Hurley, G. D. Henderson, P. H. Ingwersen, N. J. Jens, J. Judd, R. G. Juniper, J. W. Kelly, B. W. Kent, G. W. King, R. M. Knight, G. A. Lewin, P. S. Lowe, A. E. McCallum, B. K. J. McPhail, S. C. N. Madin, D. M. Marshall, C. M. Maxwell, S. H. C. Mills, G. F. Moodie, S. H. Niemann, R. L. Parsons, H. A. Pitt, P. Plavina, P. J. Ponder, R. M. Ralph, T. W. Richman, M. S. Roche, E. J. Rogers, G. J. Rowley, W. B. Sherwin, A. R. N. Sisson, J. M. S. Slattery, F. A. E. Smith, A. P. Steiner, P. M. Stewart, A. G. C. Smith, D. Soemardi, T. P. Thwaites, H. G. Todd, N. J. Towie, P. S. Trengove, A. I. Trowbridge, R. E. H. Turnbull, G. C. White, H. J. White, J. F. Yates, A. D. R. Yencken.

SALVETE JANET CLARKE HALL

Janet Anderson, Jane Atkinson, Susan Bennett, Deborah Blakiston, Virginia Brook, Barbara Bryce, Wendy Clark, Judith Clutterbuck, Catherine Collins, Rosemary Connors, Margaret Cummins, Katharine Esson, Ruth Fincher, Rosemary Flanders, Judith Foster, Lois Gillette, Jennifer Glen, Elizabeth Gray, Deborah Grice, Janet Haysom, Janice Harbison, Gayle Harris, Margaret Hudson, Christina Johnson, Susan Johnson, Katherine Kelaher, Jennifer Lade, Gretel Lamont, Anne Langford, Roslyn McDonald, Robyn McGregor, Lyndis McWhinney, Ueri Mefaramu, Wendy Morris, Judith Nix, Margaret Obi, Diana Paterson, Victoria Ponsford, Anne Reeckman, Heather Scott, Pamela Silvers, Elizabeth Smith, Mei Ling Tan, Rosemary Thornton, Alice Tuan-Mu, Margaret Vass.

Senior Common Room: Dr. Nanta Marenetra, Miss Ann Meehan, Miss Yasmin Shah.

VALETE JANET CLARKE HALL

Susan Aitken, Helen Bell, Sharon Bell, Annita Brown, Mary Buchanan, Paula Bun, Janet Campbell, Lian Chiam, Alison Condon, Bronwen Coulstock, Ann Cowling, Jane Drewett, Kwee Tin Goh, Bronwyn Halls, Shurlee Hateley, Marilyn Hulett, Stephanie Jackson, Elizabeth Jones, Pamela Kaye, Jan Kidman, Celia Kneen, Elizabeth Lade, Vanessa Landale, Helen Lew Ton, Margaret Lowing, Mary Lush, Dimity Lyle, Lucy Lyons, Janet McCallum, Susan McElhinney, Vicki Martin, Ann Morton, Sheila Nash, Ann Nevill, Pippa Parkinson, Jennifer Peters, Maree Randall, Elizabeth Saunders, Diana Scambler, Helen Sharp, Barbara Stephens, Nancy Stockdale, Dianne Symons, Dianne Taylor, Alison Tom, Lesley Wade, Gill Willett, Keryn Williams, Elizabeth Young.

Senior Common Room: Miss Chompunut Mahavera, Miss P. Grant, Miss G. Haigh, Miss A. Smythe.

VALETE 1971

C. J. Abell, R. W. Anderson, G. S. Baldwin, W. G. Barton, N. J. B. Benson, R. S. Benson, T. R. Blamey, T. E. Block, A. W. Boyd, G. J. Brent, J. I. Bright, G. J. Bromwich, D. J. Brumley, J. D. Buckley, J. D. Callinan, R. Chan, B. T. W. Cheung, B. C. Clarke, S. G. Collins, T. Cook, D. B. Cottril, M. J. Crossley, A. L. Cunningham, R. C. Deans, S. Dooge, D. Evans, D. G. W. Fiddler, D. C. A. Fiskin, D. B. Forster, W. F. Foster, S. C. Fowler, C. C. Freeman, J. M. Gardiner, W. K. Gardiner, P. J. V. Gason, B. S. Gilbert, G. R. Grantham, I. Gray, I. Gowrie-Smith, T. Hancock, I. Hardy, D. Hawker, G. A. Haycroft, A. W. Hodgart, A. K. Horwood, R. T. Howard, B. Howman, J. R. Hutchings, N. A. W. Ingram, T. E. Johansson, P. R. Johnson, N. P. Johnston, B. E. Kay, C. W. Kelly, J. R. Kilpatrick, C. C. Kneen, A. S. Lang, A. R. Legoe, G. D. Liddell-Mola, S. K. Lowe, R. MacKay, I. D. Macleod, B. J. Mathews, D. R. Middleton, L. M. Miller, A. D. Minson, S. G. Moroney, C. C. Noble, D. A. Parsons, T. D. J. Patrick, P. H. P. Pearce, I. E. Penrose, G. Pike, G. E. Pleasance, P. C. Rennie, A. G. Roosmale-Cocq, P. G. Ross, A. G. Rossiter, C. Sargood, J. A. Scott, J. R. M. Selkirk, P. H. Siede, J. H. Spark, R. J. Stewart, A. R. St-John, C. R. Stockdale, R. H. Stuckey, W. R. Sykes, P. H. C. Thomas, J. E. Tibballs, R. J. Trembath, H. H. Turnbull, S. Viravaidya, R. J. Vines, D. A. Whipp, G. T. Whipp, J. C. Wilson, S. V. Wilson, S. W. Wilson, C. G. Wood.

JANET CLARKE HALL FIRST CLASS HONOURS

Elizabeth Adeney

Sharon Bell
Alison Finlay
Elizabeth Gray
Bronwyn Halls
Victoria Hamilton
Prue Hill

Rosemary Kelly
Mary Lush
Dianne Symons
Julia Wales

Jennifer Webb

Gill Willett
Keryn Williams
Alison Tom

French I
German I
Dutch I
School of Chemistry (Finals)
French I
Veterinary Anatomy
Applied Maths I
School of Classical Studies (Finals)
Anatomy
Physiology and Biochemistry
Economics of the Firm
Agriculture Economics III
Chemistry II B
Chemistry
Biology
Latin I
Ancient History
Biblical Studies I
Chemistry II A
School of Microbiology (Finals)
Chemistry III A

JANET CLARKE HALL SECOND CLASS HONOURS

Maryellen Abbot
Elizabeth Adeney
Gaynor Austin
Katherine Bell

Carol Belot
Jan Bitcon

Paula Bun

Diane Cameron

Esther Care

Bronwen Coulstock

Anne Cowling

Lorene Day

Suzanne Donnelly
Ruth Fincher

Alison Finlay

Jennifer Frieze
Elizabeth Friday
Lyn Gillett
Patricia Grant
Elizabeth Gray

Bronwyn Halls

Shurlee Hateley
Suzanne Head

Marilyn Hulett
Sarah Jaques

Elizabeth Jones
Rosemary Kelley

Sally Kirkwood
Celia Kneen

Robin Lenan

Margaret Lewis
Margaret Lowing
Mary Lush

Roslyn Lyons
Janet McCalman
Dianne McDonald
Susan McPhee

Vicki Martin
Sandra Matthews
Laurie Patrick
Jennifer Peters

Karen Pitt
Maree Randall
Ronja Reid

Penelope Robertson
Jennifer Ross

Diana Jane Rouse
Diana Scambler

Aline Scott-Maxwell
Morfydd Sharp

School of History (Finals)
English I
School of History (Finals)
Applied Maths II
Theory of Statistics
General Genetics
International Relations
Public Administration
English I
British History
East Asian Studies
East Asian Studies
Modern Government A
Latin I
Indonesian I
Economics B
Statistical Methods
Pure Maths III
Theory of Statistics II Hons.
French II Hons.
Formal Logic
English Language & Literature (Finals)
Geography II Hons.
Honours History D
English I
German I
British History
Building Construction I
Economics A
School of History (Finals)
B. Commerce Hons. III
Animal Husbandry
Physiology
Physics I A
Pure Maths I
History Honours F
Chief Practical Study II
Ear Training I
Chemistry III B
Botany II
Zoology
Medical Psychology
International Economics
Banking Finance
Labour Economics
Chemistry II A
Agriculture Bacteriology
Agriculture Economics III
Agriculture Botany III
Chinese III
Chinese Combined Course Hons.
School of Psychology (Finals)
Surgery
Biochemistry II
Engineering II
Agriculture Bacteriology III
Psychology III D
School of History (Finals)
English Literature II
Psychology III A
Psychology III B
Modern Philosophy
Physics
Economic History (Course 2)
School of English Language
School of English Literature
Administrative Law
Veterinary Pharmacology
Geography III
Exploration and Settlement
East Asian Studies
French I
Introductory Legal Methods
Modern Government A
Chemistry I
Psychology III A
Psychology III B
French I
Honours History B
Honours History C

RESULTS 1970

Anne Skelley
Karyn Small
Sally Stewart

Nancy Stockdale
Dianne Symons

Dean Turner
Robin Vines

Lesley Wade
Julia Wales
Jennifer Webb
Philippa Westbrook

Honours History D
Combined History & Latin Honours (Finals)
Economic History (Course 2)
Statistical Methods
BA I Organic Behaviour
BA II Business Planning
Physics II
Biochemistry I
General Genetics
General Microbiology
French I
European History A
Philosophy I B
Psychology I
Veterinary Anatomy
Physics
English I
Modern Government B
Modern Government C

Crebbin G. A.
Curnow A. W.

Devine L. S.
Dowel S. G.

Durbridge G. G.

Elliott P. D.
Evans D. R.
Fisken A. D. C.
Fleming J. A.

Foster W. F.
Gardner W. K.
Gibson J. A.

Gibb W. D. V.

Godfrey P. J.
Gowrie Smith I. R.
Grantham G. R.
Gregory A. J.
Griffiths J. D.

Hambly J. C.
Harper J. W.

Holliday C. J.
Hopkins A. K.

Howman B.

Howard R. T.
Hutchings J. R.
Johanson R. N.
Johnston N. D.
Kneen C. C.
Kilpatrick J. R.

Korman S. M.
Kuhle T. C.

Laycock C. W.
Macaw R. C.

Macleod I. D.
Mariager G. D.

McDonald D. G.

McMullin P. G.
Moss P. S.
Myers L. J.
Nice G. A.
Ogden E. J. D.

Olsen R. G.
Park W. D.
Parsons D. A.
Pleasance G. E.
Reddington W. M.

Robb M. J.

Robinson J. M.
Rossiter A. G.

Sampford C. J. G.

Shelmerdine S. R.
Solly P. J.

Springall R. C.

Stewart R. J.

Turnbull H. H.
Thomas C. P. H.
Thwaites R. N.

Trembath R. J.
Vickery P. N.
Walker J. H.

Whalley M. D.
Whipp D. A.
White J. C.

Zimmerman P. V.

Engineering Materials
Economic Development
East Asian Studies
Accountancy I
Chemistry I
Physics I B
H. P. S. I
H. P. S. II
E. L. M.
Formal Logic I
International Law
General Genetics
Physics I
Chemical Engineering II
Engineering Mathematics III A
Pure Mathematics IV
Biology I
International Relations
Modern Government C
Chemistry I
Physics I B
Civil Engineering I
Final Honours Commerce
Evidence
English I.
Physics I
Biology I
Final Honours History
European History A
Modern Government A
Economic Geography A
Equity
Merchantile Law
Applied Thermodynamics I
Engineering Mathematics II
Engineering Materials
Chemistry II C
English I
Constitutional History
Engineering Mathematics III A
Dynamics of Machines I
Biology I
Physics I
Physiology and Biochemistry
Introduction to Legal Method
Constitutional History
Economic History A
Conflict of Laws
Taxation
Executors and Trustees
Final Honours Chemistry
Physics I
Chemistry I
Economics A (Arts)
Torts
British History
Economic History A
Honours History D
Chemistry I
Pathology
Physics I
Chemistry I
Metallurgy Engineering I
Physics I B
Torts
Human Engineering
Engineering Mathematics I
Chemistry I
Chemistry I
Physics I
Theory of Computation I
Geology III
Mining
Chemistry I
Physics I
Honours History D
Chemistry I
Physics I A
Pure Mathematics I
Geography II
Exploration and Settlement
Evidence
Equity
Engineering Mathematics III A
Geography III
Chinese III
English Literature III
Civil Engineering I
International Law
Applied Thermodynamics I
Engineering Mathematics II
Criminal Law
Chemistry I
Chemistry I
Biology I
Physics I
Medicine

TRINITY COLLEGE FIRST CLASS HONOURS

Allen P. D.

Anderson R. W.
Baldwin G. S.
Brown G. V.
Buckley J. D.
Chan R. K. Y.

Commons C. J.
Commons D. J.
Cordner C. D.
Crebbin G. A.

Cunningham T. J.

Crossley M. J.
Davies J. D.
Emslie D. A.
Fleming J. A.

Gardner W. K.

Glanville T. G.
Gregory A. J.

Grantham G. R.
Hocking R. D.
Hodgart A. W.
Howman B.
Hurley T. V.
Johansson T. E.
Kilpatrick J. R.
Kneen C. C.
Hamer M. D.

Macaw R. C.

Park W. D.
Pleasance G. E.
Penrose I. E.
Shelmerdine S. R.
Stewart R. J.
Stevenson D. R.

Physics I
Chemistry I
Pure Maths I
Applied Maths I
Medical Psychology
Final Biochemistry
Final Medicine
Theory of Computation I
Pure Mathematics III
Applied Mathematics III
Chemistry III A
Chemistry I
Political Philosophy
Engineering Mathematics II
Physics II B
Chemistry I
Physics I
Final Chemistry
Final Honours History
Theory of Computation I
Metallurgical Engineering I
Process Chemistry
Physics I (Ag)
Chemistry I (Ag)
Geography IV
Latin I
Fine Arts A
Jurisprudence
Theory of Statistics I
Final Honours Commerce
Dynamics of Machines I
Modern Government A
Economics C 2
Chemistry I (Ag)
Applied Thermodynamics I
Chemistry II A
Pure Mathematics II
Applied Mathematics II
Advanced Constitutional Law
Advanced Legal History
Final Honours
Chemistry I
Final Honours Engineering
Final Physics
Honours History B
Accountancy II A
Pure Mathematics II
Applied Mathematics II
Physics II

TRINITY COLLEGE SECOND CLASS HONOURS

Abell C. J.
Abrams G. W.

Ackland M. J.
Adams P. L. E.
Archbold N. W.
Barton W. G.
Birch F. D.
Bradshaw A. .

Brown G. V.
Cashman P. K.
Chatham T. R.
Cheeseman P. C.
Clarke B. C.
Clemente R. J.

Commons D. J.
Cordner C. D.
Coddell A. W.

Cooper C. A.
Corbet J. D.
Collins N. J.

Final Honours Engineering
French I
Greek I
Hebrew I
Middle Eastern Studies A
Anatomy
Biology I
Geology I
Taxation
Economic Geography A.
Physics I
Biology I
Chemistry I
Surgery
Criminology A
Physics I
Physics III A
Veterinary Pharmacology
Evidence
Equity
Physics I
English Literature III
Chemistry I
Engineering I
Engineering Mathematics I
Economic History A
Medicine
Physics II
Biology I

RESULTS 1970

JANET CLARKE HALL University Scholarships, Exhibitions and Prizes Awarded.

Prue Hill	Anatomy (Sub-Division II A, M.B., B.S.) – Exhibition
	Physiology and Biochemistry (Sub-Division II A, M.B., B.S.) – Exhibition
Sarah Jaques	Botany – Brunning Prizes First Brunning Prize
Alison Tom	Chemistry – James Cuming Memorial Scholarships – Major
Rosemary Kelly	Economics C.3 – (Economics of the Firm) Melbourne Chamber of Commerce Exhibition.
Elizabeth Adeney	German Part I – Exhibition
Pamela Silvers	German Part III – Exhibition
Margaret Lowing	Paediatrics – Carnation Award

TRINITY COLLEGE University Scholarships, Exhibitions and Prizes Awarded.

Robert James Stewart	Accountancy Part II A – Institute of Chartered Accountants in Australia Exhibition
Ross Campbell Macaw	Advanced Constitutional Law – Harrison Moore Exhibition
Ross Campbell Macaw (Shared)	Advanced Legal History – Dwight's Prize
Michael David Hamer	Applied Mathematics Part II – Dixson Scholarship
Richard Ka Yiu Chan	Applied Mathematics Part III – Dixson Scholarship
Michael David Hamer	Chemistry Part II A – Dixson Scholarship
Maxwell John Crossley	Chemistry – Professor Kernot Research Scholarship
Robin Douglas Hocking	Economics – Final Examination in Arts – Dwight Final Examination Prize
Timothy Gladstone Glanville (Shared)	Geography – Final Examination in Arts – Dwight Final Examination Prize
John Dowell Davies	History – Final Examination in Arts – Dwight Final Examination Prize
John Dowell Davies	History – Final Examination in Arts – Margaret Kiddle Prize – Essay
Alan William Hodgart	History of Economic Theory – Ian Purves MacNeil Memorial Exhibition
Roderick Weir Anderson	Medical Psychology (Division II M. B. B.S.) – Geigy Prize
Thomas Victor Hurley (Shared)	Modern Government A – Exhibition
Richard Ka Yiu Chan	Pure Mathematics Part III – Dixson Scholarship
Richard Ka Yiu Chan	Science – Melbourne Campus Fair Jewish Women's Prize

FIRST IN CLASS

Baldwin G. S.	Final Biochemistry
Cordner C. D.	Political Philosophy
Creebin G. A.	Physics II B (App. Sc.)
Fleming J. A.	Metallurgical Engineering
Gregory A. J.	Fine Arts A
Penrose I. E.	Final Physics (R.A.A.F. Academy)

JANET CLARKE HALL DEGREES CONFERRED

BACHELOR OF ARTS

Bainbridge Patricia
Bishop Gaynor
Duncan Heather
Dunlop Gaye
Fleming Sandra
Frazer Robyn
Lyons Lucy
Morton Margaret
Nicoll June
Parkinson Pippa
Stephens Vicki

BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS

Abbot Maryellen	History
Austen Gaynor	French
Bell Rae	English
Donnelly Suzanne	History
Gillett Lyn	English
Hamer Sarah	History
Hamilton Victoria	Classics
Lewis Margaret	Psychology
McCalman Janet	History
Miers Judith	English
Planner Pamela	French
	German
Small Karyn	History
	Latin

BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE

Kwee Tin Goh

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND BACHELOR OF SURGERY

Lade Elizabeth
Lowing Margaret

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

Attik Mary
Hird Lesley
Prescott Julie
Shade Roslyn

BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE

Kneen Celia

BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE WITH HONOURS

Lush Mary
Apted Helen
Skewes Diana

BACHELOR OF DENTAL SCIENCE

Brown Annita

DIPLOMA OF EDUCATION

Donnelly Leona
Drewett Jane
Heinz Jo
Stuckey Faye

DIPLOMA OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Condon Alison

DIPLOMA OF SOCIAL STUDIES

Abbot Maryellen
Hateley Shurlee
Nicoll June

MASTER OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Rosemary von Trepp

TRINITY COLLEGE DEGREES CONFERRED

BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS

Abbot William Lyndsay	History
Glanville Timothy Gladstone	History
	Geography
Hocking Robert Douglas	Economics
Pike Glen Laurence	English
Macaw Ross Campbell	English

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS

Hodgart Alan William

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE

Selkirk James Ronald MacKenzie
Curnow Andrew William
Siede Peter Harold
Kennon Phillip James, L. L. B.

BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING

Abell Christopher John	Mechanical
Miller Leonard Maxwell	Civil
Minson Alistair Dunlop	Civil

BACHELOR OF LAWS

MacKay Robert Charles
Knott David William
Tronson Richard Linsley

BACHELOR OF LAWS WITH HNOURS

Clarke Rupert Grant Alexander, L. L. B.
Macaw Ross Campbell, B.A.
Kennon Philip James

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY

Benson Bertram Noel John
Brown Graham Vallencey
Corbet John David
Liddell-Mola Glen Douglas
Snow Ross Maxwell
Viravaidya Sunya Samak
Zimmermann Paul Victor, B. Sc.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

Laugher Stanley James Charles

RESULTS 1970

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS

Crossley Maxwell James	Chemistry
Foster William Francis	Mathematical Statistics
Macleod Ian Douglas	Chemistry
Penrose Ian Eglinton	Physics R.A.A.F. Academy
Yates David Edwin	

BACHELOR OF EDUCATION

Rees Peter Charles, B.A. (Lond.) Dip. Ed. (Oxon)
Thomson Peter Robert, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Q'ld.)

MASTER OF ARTS

Mr. J. C. R. Martyn, M.A. (Cantab.) Senior Lecturer in Classical Studies

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE

Best John Barton, M.B., B.S.

MASTER OF LAW

Hardingham Ian James B.A., L.L.B.

MASTER OF MUSIC

Abbot Graham Stuart, B. Music

MASTER OF SCIENCE

Murray Ross Joseph, B. Sc. Physics

MASTER OF ENGINEERING SCIENCE

Hutchings Robert, B. E.	Civil
Ogden Kenneth Wade, B.E.	Civil

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

Ames Stephen Allen Henry B.Sc., Physics R.A.A.F. Academy
Mansoor Ezekiel Meir, M. Eng. Sc. Mechanical

JANET CLARKE HALL SCHOLARSHIPS 1971

KATE HILLER PRIZE

Lowing Margaret

MAJOR RESIDENT SCHOLARSHIPS

Scott Heather	Arts I
Wales Julia	Med. II
Webb Jenny	Arts II
Gray Elizabeth	Vet. Sc. III
Hill Prue	Med. III
Silvers Pam	Arts IV
Kupa Ann	Med. VI

MINOR RESIDENT SCHOLARSHIPS

Finlay Alison	Arts II
Ponsford Victoria	Arts I
Vines Robyn	Arts II

NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONS

Albeck Rebecca	Arts I
Cowcher Jane	Arts I
Smithson Janette	Arts I
Adeney Elizabeth	Arts II
Symons Di	Sc. III
Willetts Gill	Sc. III
Kelly Rosemary	Comm. IV
Seddon Jenny	Arts IV
Tom Alison	Sc. IV

TRINITY 1971

GRADUATE SCHOLARS

Davies J. D.	(Falkiner Fellowship)
Creek M. J.	

MAJOR SCHOLARS

S. A. WYNNE SCHOLAR

Cordner C. D.

A. M. WHITE SCHOLARS

Fleming J. A.
Commons C. J.
Cribbin G. A.
Cunningham T. J.

CHARLES HEBDEN MEMORIAL SCHOLARS

Stevenson D. C.
Hamer M. D.

SIMON FRASER (the Younger) SCHOLAR

Rogers E. J.

STONEMAN FOUNDATION SCHOLAR

Juniper R. G.

R. and L. ALCOCK SCHOLARS

Gardiner C. J.
Niemann S. H.

MINOR SCHOLARS

F. L. ARMYTAGE SCHOLAR

Stewart P. M.

GRICE SCHOLAR

Sherwin W. B.

HENRY BERTHON SCHOLARS

Hayes P. J.
Maxwell C. M.
Sisson A. R. N.
Thwaites T. P.

CLARKE SCHOLAR

Turnbull R. E. H.

RUSSELL SCHOLAR

Abrams G. W.

ELIZABETH HEBDEN SCHOLAR

Moss P. S.

PERRY SCHOLAR

Trowbridge A. I.

COUNCIL SCHOLARS

Commons D. J.
Durbidge G. G.
Howman B.
Hurley T. V.
Park W. D.
Robb M. J.

NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONERS

Allen P. D.
Glanville T. G.
Gregory A. J.
Turner P. S.

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTSHIPS

Curnow A. W.	MARLEY
Van Dissel D.	KEW
Shaw B. W.	GREEN
Thompson P. R.	BISHOPS
Byford E. C.	COMBEDOWN
Atkinson D. G.	RUPERTSWOOD

May 30, 1971

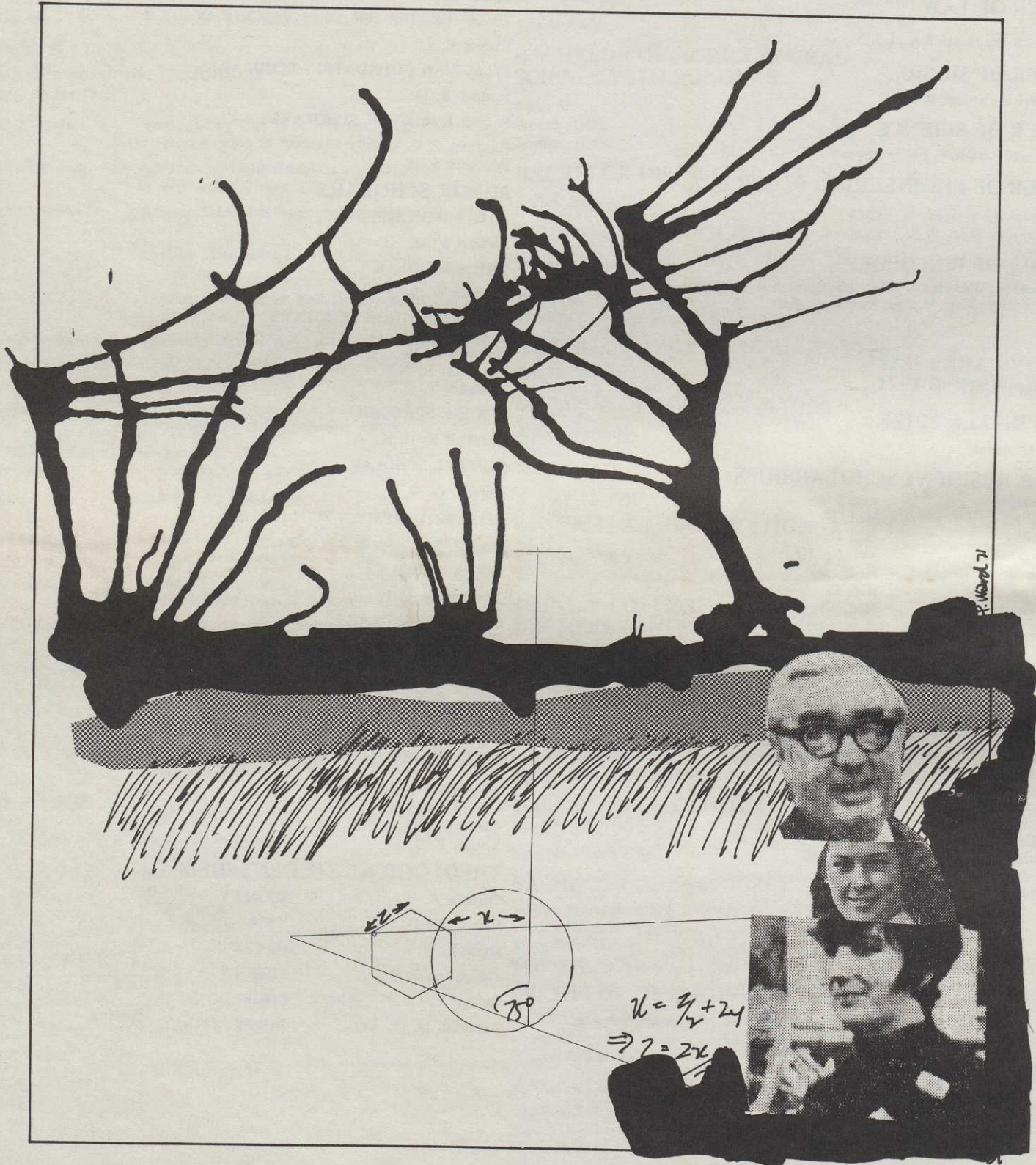
And the silver moon
accuses me too
of staying late
and wanting simply warmth.
Not the others, no,
nor their talk.
I came for something in myself.
The moon is cold
above the cold clouds.
It scorns me now
as always.

George Abrams

ANNUAL

Now in the green growing old of summer
burnt to brown. Soft, autumn-told trees, the town
and like a fool year to year so one other
season seeks its end by cold morning blown.
Comes winter gnawing light quite out the hours
to hours do tell their story. False flowers
fade you, beauty being, and flaming fires
though not of us good measure or of power
were but the silent singing of those birds.
But no voices spoke and who were not words.
Then winter comes upon us grown older
fire spinning into night and spins colder.

George Abrams



(Special Mention in Poetry Competition)

THE OLD WOMAN BY THE BINS

Lost like the old woman who feels
in the bins for paper
black hump and hat of the old woman
who takes paper from the bins
I am mad I am mad I am mad
like the woman who gropes
and takes paper and fills her mind
with brown paper
pulled crumpled from a bin
She has red eyes.
She sees the paper
the greatest gift
not pulled torn from a bin
but spread before
like a close wall
blocking out the
empty street.

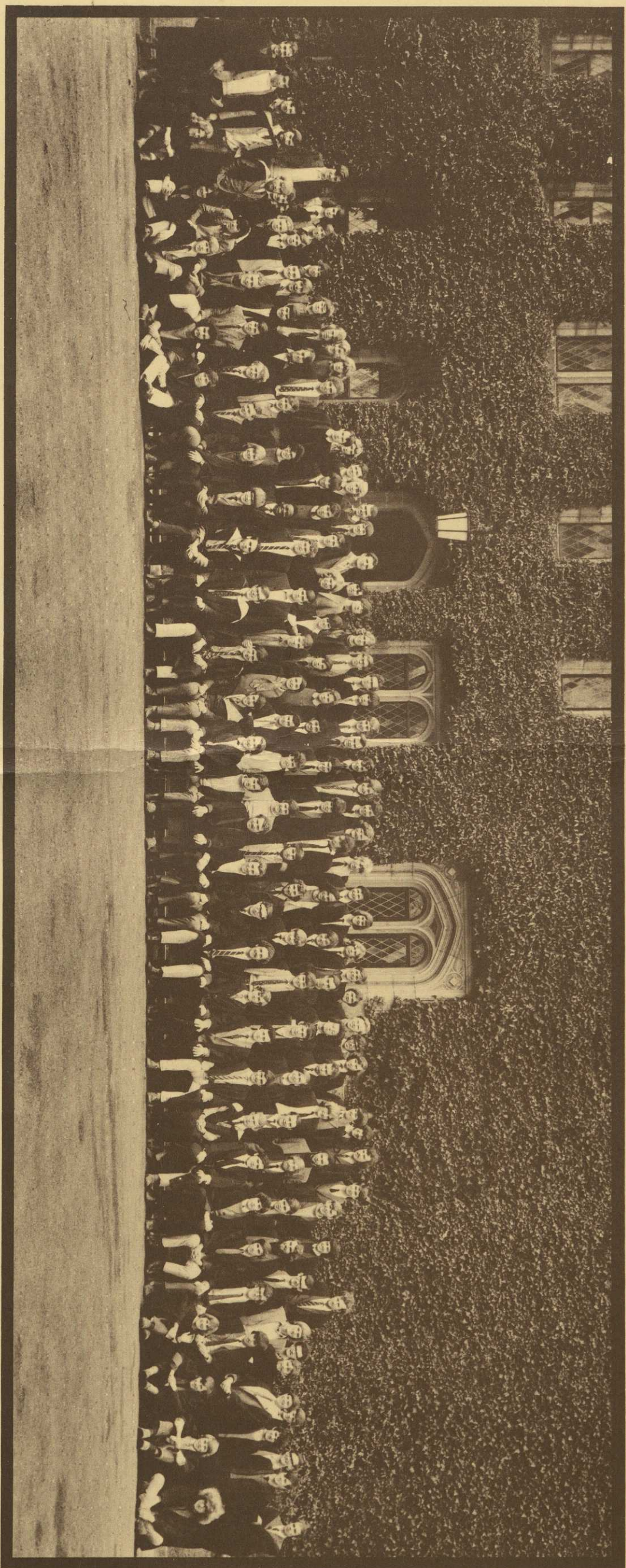
A. Reeckman

(Special Mention in Poetry Competition)

"WAS IT YOU THAT I REALLY DID SEE?"

I see
that you see me
I feel what ain't been felt.
I know that this could only be,
what it must only be,
for if it weren't
it would be
something
else.
Something
that we two,
if we were lucky,
could have been able to feel.
But, since we did not feel it,
I wonder if it was
you that I really
did see.

C. Laycock



SITTING: (left to right) J. N. Towie, R. F. Anderson, P. W. M. Hyslop, J. W. Harper, M. G. Henderson, R. M. Ralph, T. P. Thwaites, P. S. Lowe, P. H. Ingwersen.

SEATED: F. Z. Ross, J. C. Fox, R. J. Ch. de Crespiigny, C. D. Cordner, J. H. Minson, R. C. Springall, H. A. Pitt, D. van Dissel, M. J. James, E. S. Bellchambers, R. N. Johanson, M. R. Haskett, M. D. Hamer, D. T. Jenkins, D. O. Barkley, F. C. R. Price, P. D. Elliott, R. J. Clemente, P. N. Vickery, P. R. Thompson, R. G. Kirby, P. S. Moss, A. M. S. Armstrong, T. C. Kuhle, G. D. Mariager.

STANDING — FIRST ROW: E. J. D. Ogden, D. H. Moroney, P. C. Harrison, E. C. Byford, B. W. Shaw, I. Carmichael, J. P. Tobin, R. G. Lyon, P. Sandell, J. Judd, G. C. White, D. N. Moore, C. W. Laycock, G. A. Rex, J. W. Murray, J. Adeleke, P. J. Godfrey, D. W. Slessor, N. F. Hanson, F. D. Birch, P. K. Cashman, J. W. T. Bourne, J. R. Long, A. L. Cornish, P. R. Rodeck, W. D. Park, P. J. Solly, J. M. McRae, S. R. Jaques, P. C. Cheeseman, F. A. E. Smith, M. S. Roche, D. R. Stevenson, R. I. Rex, G. T. Chettle, J. C. Hamby, G. J. Bennett, R. M. Knight, D. J. M. Bainbridge, N. J. Collins, L. J. Knight, D. A. North, R. G. Colvin.

STANDING — SECOND ROW: B. H. R. Forge, G. M. Collins, S. N. N. Carter, P. B. Grant, C. J. Holliday, A. E. McCallum, I. G. Farran, S. G. Fitts, C. N. Maxwell, J. A. Gibson, G. G. Boxall, P. S. Trengove, B. W. Kent, P. J. Connell, T. J. Cunningham, R. L. Parsons, G. D. Henderson, D. Soemardi, M. I. Haycroft, S. H. Niemann, P. J. Ponder, S. Rosenthal, S. S. S. Borzecki, A. Gordon, J. R. Barnes, B. K. J. McPhail, G. W. King, R. T. Raggett, M. J. Robb, P. E. Seares, D. W. Cover.

STANDING — BACK ROW: D. J. Frederick, J. M. Robinson, D. D. Crisp, M. H. Rose, G. J. Rowley, A. G. C. Smith, V. J. Carroll, T. V. Hurley, C. J. Gardiner, D. G. Berry, B. W. Sherwin, I. R. Cordner, P. Plavina, P. J. Fox, R. C. Craigie, A. R. Baulch, H. P. Fitzpatrick, A. D. R. Yencken, N. J. Jens, A. R. N. Sisson, S. H. C. Mills, G. A. Lewin, P. J. Nice, D. A. Emslie, R. E. H. Turnbull, J. H. Walker, N. S. I. Gordon, J. M. S. Slattery, R. G. Juniper, E. J. Rogers, D. G. Atkinson.

ABSENT: G. W. Abrams, S. J. Ahern, A. Akinteye, O. Alalade, D. J. Alsop, B. A. Bowering, M. F. Burbidge, T. R. Chatham, C. J. Commons, D. J. Commons, J. A. Connors, G. A. Crebbin, J. J. Creek, J. D. Davies, G. G. Durbridge, F. R. Fair, L. B. Ferguson, J. A. Fleming, G. G. Fowler, W. D. V. Gibb, A. W. F. Hamer, W. D. Harbison, A. W. Heinz, R. V. C. Ingpen, J. W. Kelly, A. M. Kemp, A. P. S. Kemp, C. J. Lovell, D. G. McDonald, S. C. N. Madin, D. M. Marshall, G. F. Moodie, L. J. Myers, G. A. Nice, R. G. Olsen, J. T. Patten, W. M. Reddington, T. W. Richman, C. J. G. Sanford, D. Silver, A. P. Steiner, P. M. Stewart, H. G. Todd, A. I. Trowbridge, N. A. Walls, H. J. White, C. H. R. Wriedt, J. F. Yates.

