1969

FLEVR DE LYS 1969

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Trinity College

and

Janet Clarke Hall

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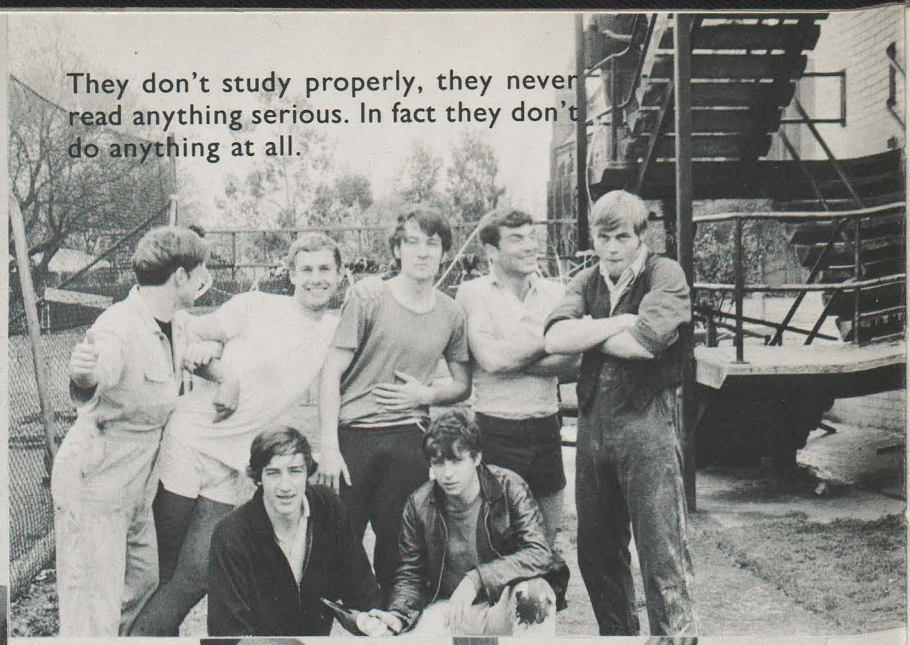
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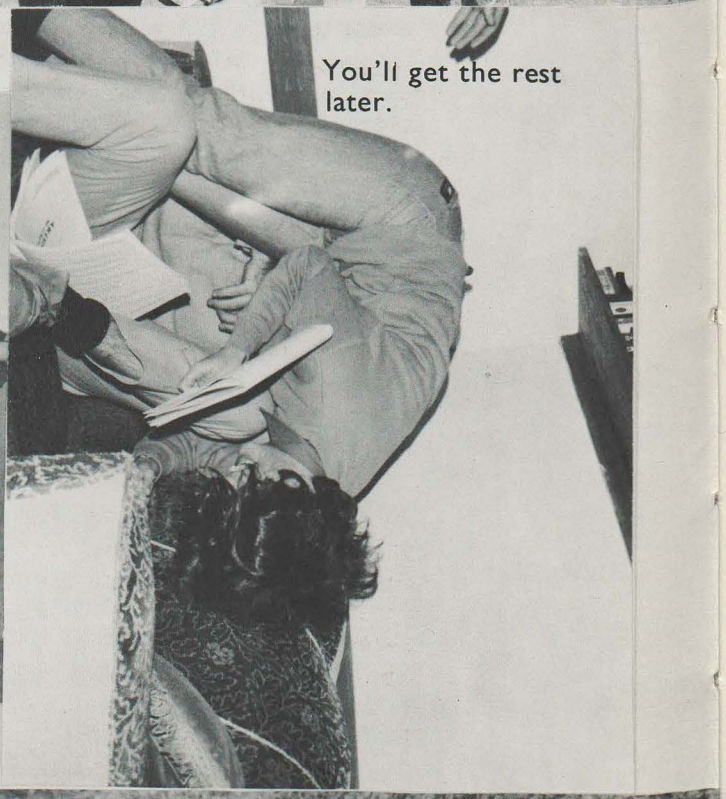
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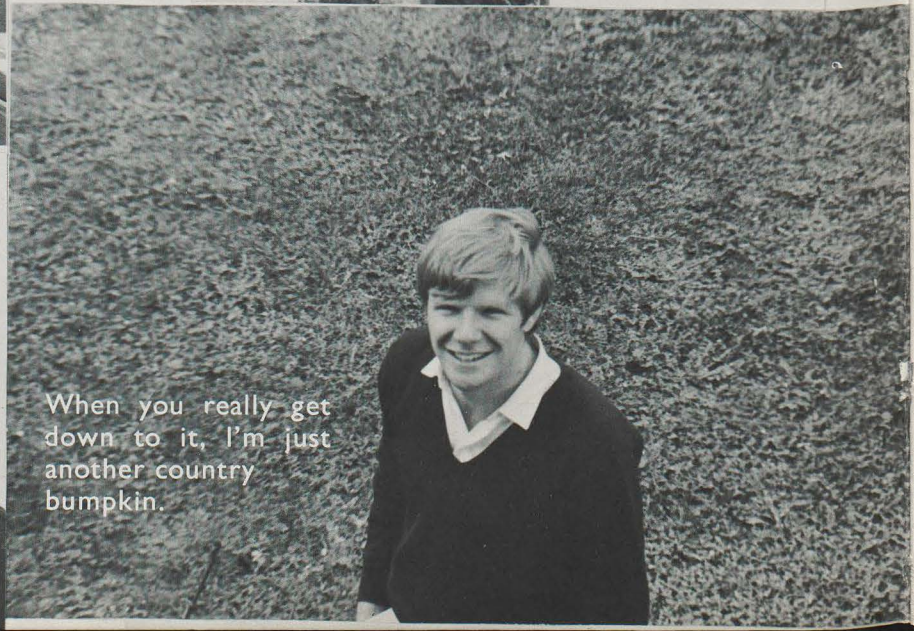
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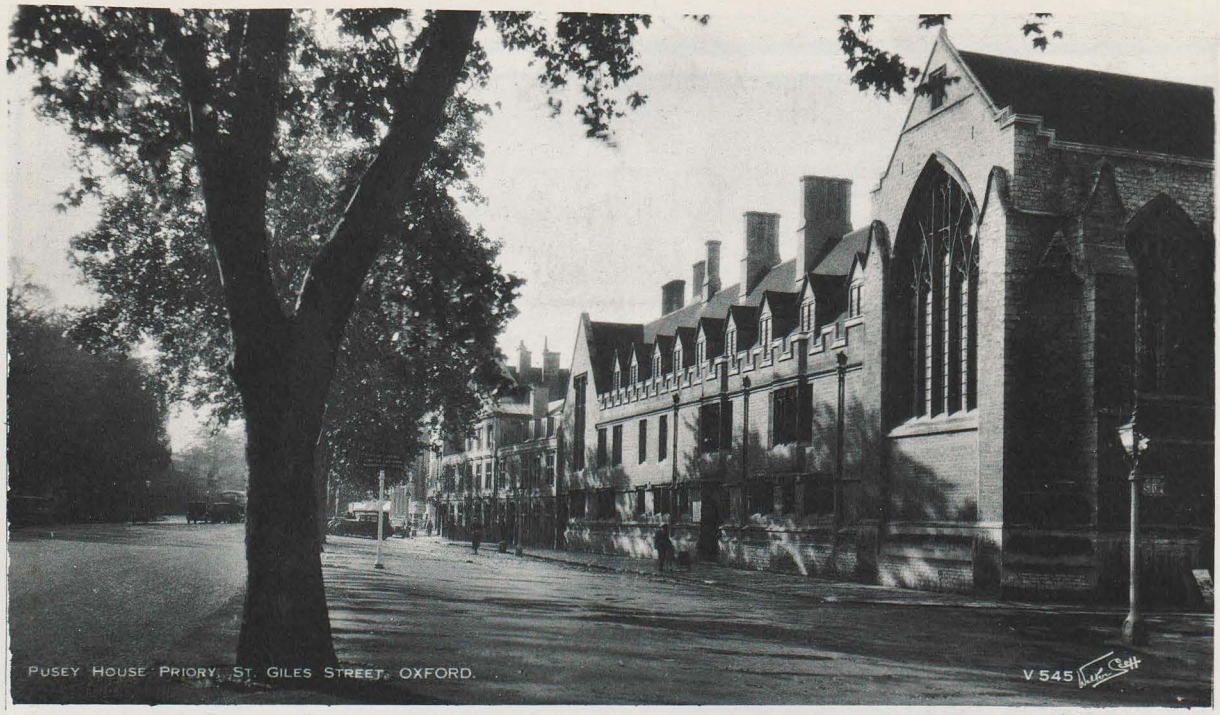

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The University did not in the end go secular but Pusey House did not therefore go redundant. The Principal and his assistants began a work of chaplaincy to the undergraduates which left its mark on generations of Oxford men. A great library was built on the basis of Pusey's own books. A Chapel was established where the Holy Eucharist was offered daily (and with particular magnificence on Sundays and Holy Days), where confessions were heard, and the daily round of offices was recited by the members of the House. (There was a massive rebuilding in the twenties of this century, and the ancient terraces were replaced by an imposing building in Cotswold gothic and, wonder of wonders, with central heating.)

Today the building houses a Principal and two or three assistants, the library, the Chapel and accommodation for about twenty resident scholars, both under- and post-graduate. There is always a strong international contingent for the House is well known in Europe and the United States of America. One of the most distinguished Principals (after Charles Gore, who went on to fame) was Dr. Darwell Stone, one of England's greatest patristic scholars of the century. Brightman the linguist, and F. L. Cross and T. M. Parker, the church historians, were all former members of the staff of the House. The tradition of scholarship has survived to this day.

The Library and Chapel are open to all members of the University and visiting scholars and they are well used. Research scholars have a special interest in the enormous nineteenth century pamphlet collection (over 24,000 of them) and in the incredible collection of Mss., letters, journals and learned doodles bearing directly on the Oxford Movement itself.

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a divergence between individuality and College "spirit", we are faced with a very grim prospect indeed, a pale grey area midway between secondary school and the inevitable job, surrounded by decorative detail but as hollow as a bell inside. Nor do we believe that there need be a discrepancy between criticism and those question-begging "standards of excellence". As we all know, Australians are notoriously self back-slapping and "outsider" criticism was one of the more boring traits of the 'fifties. This is, if you like it or not, an inside job.

If the editors *have* taken a "line", it is in such a direction. This magazine is not a compilation of our personalities (which given ourselves and Mr Clemente would have been not only improbable but also to be feared). Rather, we have been allowed to feel the pulse of those interested (and they are generally those who give direction to the College in general). If this year's *Fleur-de-Lys* only strains your tolerance to its limits, perhaps that in itself has made it a worthwhile magazine.

Wisdom cannot be gained only by going to poetry-readings; it can often surprisingly be found at football matches. A wise person cannot exclude from his experience any facet of life which has meaning for a section of his community. Trinity's two major representative groups, the poetry-readers and the jockstrappers, jostle for pre-eminence; JCH struggles to find an intellectual identity of its own. Without knowledge, an academic community cannot exist; but without wisdom, it is no more than a cipher. And wisdom includes tolerance, and a maintenance of personal integrity. From the time when we first begin to think, we have a duty to ourselves to grow in understanding. One of the joys of College life is that it throws this duty into sharper relief. Only through more people within the College allowing themselves, without shame, without self-consciousness, to live a creative thoughtful life will JCH come to have a separate meaning from Trinity in any more than practical terms. The paucity of the College's response to the magazine shows this.

We have sworn to live in this College in the earnest pursuit of wisdom; for God's sake let us not lose sight of the chase.

Catherine Forsyth
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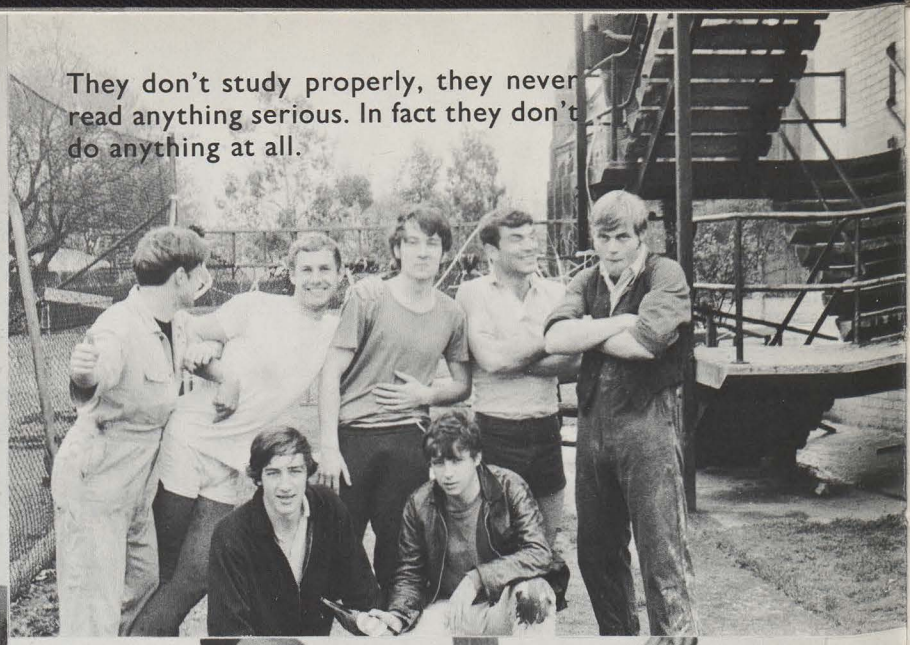
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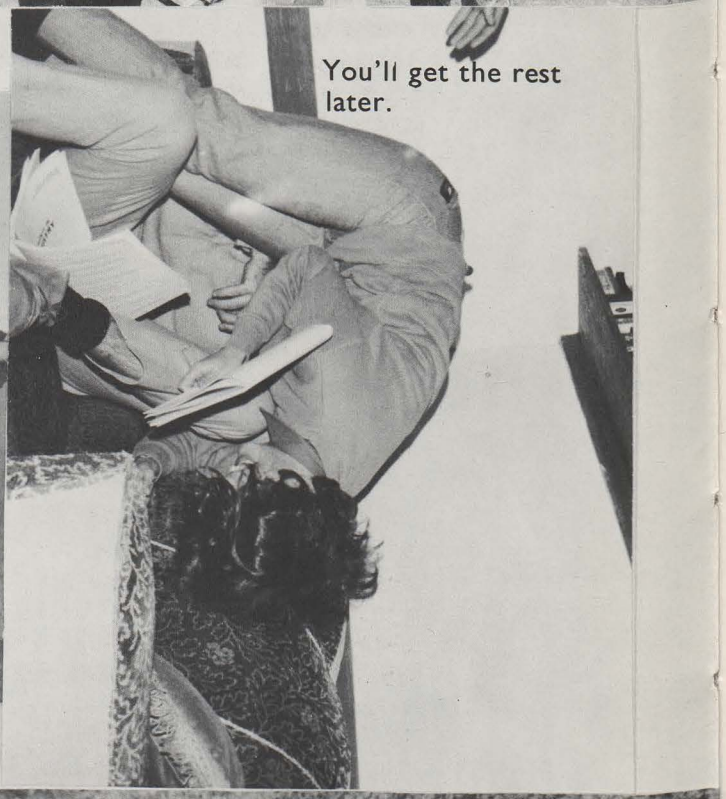
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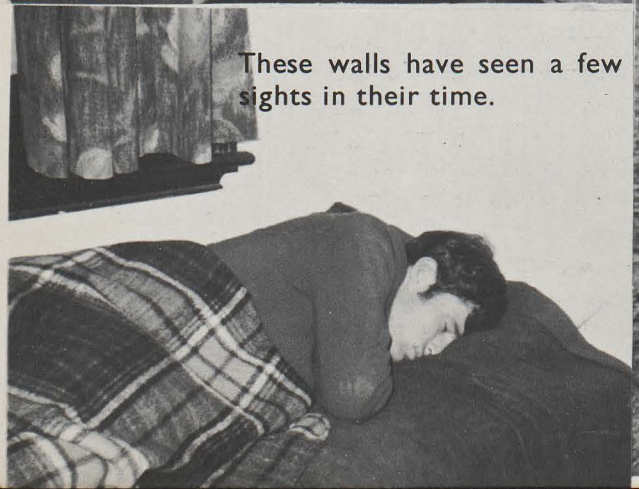
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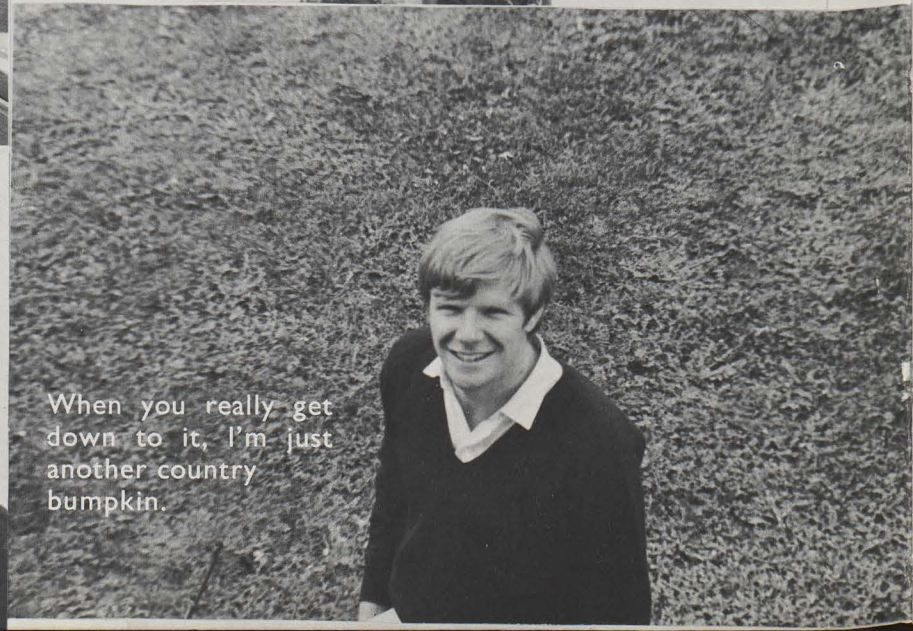
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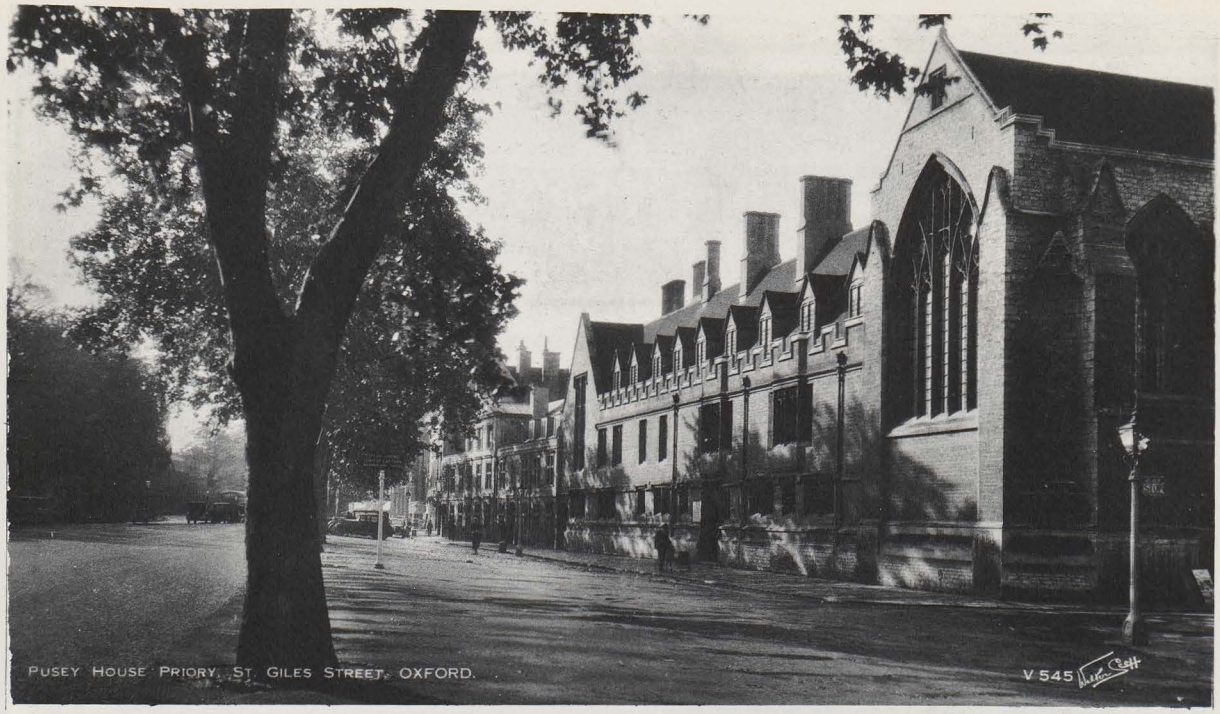


Dr. Edward Bouverie Pusey died at Ascot Priory on 16th September 1882 and there was much discussion about exactly what sort of memorial would be appropriate to such an eminent and extraordinary figure. For Pusey was the acknowledged leader of the Oxford Movement particularly after the death of John Keble in 1866. Almost more than any other single figure in the Movement Pusey was the lightning conductor who seemed to attract every ecclesiastical storm in the nineteenth century. He gave his name in effect to the Movement as seen by its enemies and himself as the little father of all the Puseyites. A college was founded in 1870 to honour the name of Keble but by the eighties the climate had changed. It seemed that the whole University was about to go secular. College chaplains would be abolished and chapels put to other uses. So Pusey House was founded to be a bastion of the Catholic religion in Oxford where piety, learning and charity would be found and where the Christians of the University could gather and re-group. Some terrace houses in St. Giles were acquired by public subscription, a certain Charles Gore was appointed first Principal on the nomination of Pusey's biographer, Henry Liddon (Dean of St. Paul's) and in 1884 the House opened.

The University did not in the end go secular but Pusey House did not therefore go redundant. The Principal and his assistants began a work of chaplaincy to the undergraduates which left its mark on generations of Oxford men. A great library was built on the basis of Pusey's own books. A Chapel was established where the Holy Eucharist was offered daily (and with particular magnificence on Sundays and Holy Days), where confessions were heard, and the daily round of offices was recited by the members of the House. (There was a massive rebuilding in the twenties of this century, and the ancient terraces were replaced by an imposing building in Cotswold gothic and, wonder of wonders, with central heating.)

Today the building houses a Principal and two or three assistants, the library, the Chapel and accommodation for about twenty resident scholars, both under- and post-graduate. There is always a strong international contingent for the House is well known in Europe and the United States of America. One of the most distinguished Principals (after Charles Gore, who went on to fame) was Dr. Darwell Stone, one of England's greatest patristic scholars of the century. Brightman the linguist, and F. L. Cross and T. M. Parker, the church historians, were all former members of the staff of the House. The tradition of scholarship has survived to this day.

The Library and Chapel are open to all members of the University and visiting scholars and they are well used. Research scholars have a special interest in the enormous nineteenth century pamphlet collection (over 24,000 of them) and in the incredible collection of Mss., letters, journals and learned doodles bearing directly on the Oxford Movement itself.

Il Papa

Although Barry Marshall was born at King's Cross, Sydney, he spent his early childhood in Central Western New South Wales engaged in such rural pursuits as education by correspondence. In 1935, at the age of twelve, he began his six years of secondary education at Shore School, before he joined the R.A.A.F. in 1942. As most College radio enthusiasts are aware he spent eighteen months stationed on Kiriwina Island tapping out mysterious and rapid messages. It was at this time that he began his university studies before a brief sojourn at St John's Theological College, Morpeth, New South Wales at the end of the war.

Barry Marshall first came to Trinity in 1946 pursuing honours history as an A. M. White Scholar. He returned to St John's in 1949 and was for two years senior student of that College. He was made deacon in 1949 and ordained a priest on the Fourth Sunday in Advent 1950. His ministry as a bush brother began in 1951 with the Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd, at a salary of £100 a year He returned to academic life from 1952 to 1956 as the Lucas Tooth Scholar at Christ Church, Oxford, graduating a D.Phil. in Theology. In 1956 he became priest in charge of the Anglican parish of Bourke, New South Wales, and Vice Principal of the Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd. He came back to Trinity in 1961 where he has happily remained, apart from a year's study leave at the Institut Catholique de Paris in 1966-1967. He leaves us at the end of this year to become the fourth principal of Pusey House, Oxford.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Once upon a time in the land of Canaan, in the days before the historians were becoming self-conscious about academic standards there was a man called Jacob who had two wives by accident and two concubines by design. Between them all, not without quite a bit of nastiness, they mustered up twelve sons and a daughter called Dinah. They were a lusty, disagreeable lot and very badly brought up, which I feel sure you will think is a good argument against polygamy. (You can see this is going to be a story with a moral if I ever get round to drawing it.) Well, this story that I am telling really revolved around one of the family, as so often happened in stories from this era, because stories from this era were designed to explain why one thing happened rather than another, and the prejudice of their writers always was that history was affected by the sort of decisions that individual people made from time to time. They hadn't learnt to see themselves as we see ourselves, all fundamentally right-thinking but caught up irresistably by forces outside our control. You must forgive this lapse and try to remember that these people were very, very primitive. So the whole story revolved around one of the sons—one of the more repellent sons, in my judgement, which makes it all the more remarkable that it should have been this one who was to be the great decision-maker and changer of a course of history which, to our way of thinking, was unchangeably set in another direction. This you will see. I mean, have a look at him. He was his father's pet, and you can draw what conclusions you like from the fact that his father gave him Carnaby Street-type clothes to wear. He was an insufferable prig, and capped it all by having Freudian dreams which he relayed with great relish to the brothers, who always came off second best when they figured in them, as they nearly always did. You can see, without my telling you more, how very *nasty* it all was. Given the sort of household, with rivalry rife amongst the ladies of the harem, a great deal of ill-natured sneering among them all, and some undercover stuff with aphrodisiacs into the bargain, is it any wonder that the boys of the house developed a tendency to gang up on our little friend? History doesn't relate Dinah's point of view though we know she had her problems, and indeed a whole chapter to herself in the Book Genesis which never crops up in exam papers.

It will save me time and ingenuity if I say at once that our little friend was called Joseph, and after Joseph had related two of his dubious

dreams with considerable relish (and the second was worse than the first) his brothers, who had a mean streak anyway, decided that for once in a while, water was thicker than blood, and that in any case they were by way of only being distantly related, having mainly only a father in common. So one day the eleven brothers were out minding the sheep and having a hate session, when all of a sudden the favourite topic of their conservation hove into view, no doubt on the way to tell them all about the latest dream. You may well wonder at this sublime misjudgement and general lack of insight into the minds of others which Joseph seemed to have, and *well* you may. I am sure no one present could possibly in a lifetime nurture such a compound of imprudence and lack of tact, and by now you will be sitting on the edge of your seats to hear what happened to the idiot-child who thought that patience (in others) had no limit. Well he had walked right into the hornets' nest and before he could light-heartedly relate the latest fantasy he became subject to teen-age violence.

The first plan was a simple one and it was just to do him in. Only by the intervention of the one genuine brother he had present was he saved from this happening. Brother Benjamin said—and for some reason or other it is always thought to have been more merciful—he said, "No, don't kill him outright. Put him down this hole" (which we are told had no water in it, i.e. let him perish lingeringly). The experts are divided about Benjamin's motives here, though we do know he went back to have a look and lo and behold! Joseph had vanished. There was a touching moment of remorse on the part of Benjamin but I wouldn't let it influence you too much, for meanwhile back at the homestead, the awful brothers were showing stern papa a piece of Joseph's distinctive clothing which they had thoughtfully dipped in blood. Joseph, they said, has been eaten by a lion, and this is all that remains, a story which Father went for hook, line, and sinker, without pausing to marvel at the likelihood of the lion carefully removing Joseph's coat before he actually ate him.

Well you wouldn't believe me if I told you how it was that Joseph was rescued from that hole. There are at least two theories, and the Bible thoughtfully puts them both in so you can take your pick. Fortunately it doesn't really affect the story very much because in both cases the result is the same. Joseph gets picked up by somebody on the way to Egypt, and he is sold to Potiphar, one of the captains of Pharaoh's bodyguard, to help pay for the petrol, so to speak. And now from this point, when he finds himself alone, in a foreign land, right out of Daddie's clutches, and out of reach of the various mothers, and forcibly separated from his ever-loving brothers, Joseph starts to pick up. It's all in the breeding, they say, and if it is then it's very remarkable. Certainly both he and Benjamin have for their mother, Rachel, who is, in my opinion, the best of the four possibles, but when you think of the environmental factors, and some inner twist as well, the scales are pretty heavily weighted on one side.

It's hard to say what factors were at work. He cannot have been guided by a simple sense of supreme destiny, which is what, in Jewish thought, he had. His position as a foreign slave was not the most likely starting point from which to fulfil the role of a national saviour, to say the least. Yet is so happened that whenever he came to a crisis point he couldn't go wrong. Trial the first was a brush with Potiphar's wife who started giving him the glad eye and ended up by trying brute force to no avail. The reward for this indomitable virtue was that she, scheming female that she was, reversed the roles in her mind and reported him for attempted rape. And for this, understandably he was sent to a top-security prison and had the honour to find himself amongst the state prisoners. And here *another* change took place. Far from bragging about himself and the paranoic dream-world which had been his undoing in the past, he went instead into the business of dream-interpretation amongst his fellow prisoners, and right at the beginning had some phenomenal luck in two prime instances.

The sermon preached by the Reverend Dr Barry Marshall O.G.S. at the Trinity College Valedictory Service at the end of third term 1969.

Now it so happened that Pharaoh himself was having problem-dreams which none of his own wizards could make head nor tail of, and in time he got to hear of Joseph and—you've guessed it—got a veritable earful on his own troubles. Joseph's advice was so clear that Pharaoh was able to make accurate provision for the predicted famine and even though it took all of fourteen years to prove that Joseph was right, you must admit that it was worth waiting for. In any case Pharaoh was so engaged by the whole prospect that he didn't wait for proof, and, here history seemed to repeat itself, he not only gave Joseph his freedom, but some new clothes and an ornamental chain (this time) around the neck.

So I think you will see that at two points where you might have expected him to have come crashing to the ground, he comes through instead to a perfect landing—just a turn of the coin you might say, and suddenly there is a dramatically opposite result. Perhaps we were wrong about him the first time because, on our original showing, there hardly seems to be a single common factor between the old man and the new. Yet there is still one big test to come, which is coming down from Canaan as fast as the camels lurch along—the big confrontation with his brethren who by now are convinced that time has made them all honest men. Joseph was eaten by a lion and never to be seen again Should one stop here like a New Wave movie and

let you muse on all the possibilities? Or should one at once proceed to the next gripping instalment in the saga of emergent virtue. One must proceed or I shall never reach my moral.

Well, you see, the famine had spread to countries less well-organised than Egypt and the old cry has gone up "There's corn in Egypt", and merchants and traders from far and near converged on the delta of the Nile and among the hungry hordes are the brothers of the now almighty Joseph—just the ten of them, for Father's love is at the moment all for little Banjamin, and he was made to stay at home to keep his Father happy while the others set off to forage for the necessary food. And now I'm afraid it all gets like an opera, the sort where nobody recognises anybody even at point-blank range, where nobody ever overhears even the most piercing aside, and where everybody starts playing the most childish tricks on everybody else, which completely ruins opera for me for all time, no matter who writes the music. I feel that Mozart and Rossini have missed the chance of a lifetime in the Joseph story and I can't think why their libretti writers were about to pass it up. Anyway I won't weary you with it now and I shall come at once to the denouement, which Joseph takes days to reach, only after much fooling around and which means that there is a blinding flash of recognition. The brothers suddenly wake up and, to do them justice, they simply cannot find a single word to say in what must be one of the greatest embarrassments ever recorded. Had it been a Mozart opera, they would have at once burst into song, with Joseph and the brothers singing different things at the same time. In fact they were completely deflated and there was, instead, a twenty-four bar rest.

So he eventually gets them all down and they came in wagons provided apparently by Pharaoh, whose gratitude seemed to know no limits—little Benjamin, all the wives and offspring, old Jacob himself when he thought his travelling days were done, sixty-six all told on one count and seventy on another—there was some pardonable confusion on this point. Nature went on happening as they came. Joseph had made it all possible and so the last test was triumphantly passed. What could he *not* do in his new and alien environment? He had beaten demon Sex in an extravagent display of virtue (Potiphar's wife), he had turned his taste for the fantasy world to very good account by talking about other people's dreams rather than his own; and now at last when out of the blue comes a chance in a lifetime really to put the boots in, he desists, and goes the second, third, and fourth mile with the whole lot of them. I wouldn't say he didn't have some fun with them before he finally revealed his identity—he played a couple of dotty, grand opera-type tricks on them which seems to have made them squirm, but it could be argued that it was all in the interests of clarification. One could easily think up more direct ways of clarification but that is because we are always thinking of ways to save time. To people like Joseph that would have been the last consideration. In any case he achieves his purpose and comes through with flying colours. He picks up the family relationships not by any means where they were left off—for that could hardly have been any good—but at a point where in fact they had never been—on a basis of love, acceptance and extreme generosity.

No one, least of all myself who favours the drawing of morals from fine tales like this, no one could blame him for adding a touch of moralism to the situation just in case the ever-loving brothers hadn't got the full flavour of the message. This was, in a way, all part of Joseph's own magnificent recovery, for which we have noted other evidence already. It may help your thinking, he insisted, if you think of all the past as providential. Your diabolical plan to abolish me is in fact the first step to Egypt, fame, and personal recovery. There is corn in Egypt because I foresaw the future in a dream (you remember *my* dreams? Try not to.) and because there is corn in Egypt you have food, at a time when you and all the world were facing death by slow starvation,(you remember how you left me in a waterless hole in the ground? No, don't. I'm sure you wouldn't dream of doing it now). Yet now I am a lord of Egypt, and I find you kneeling before me as once I dreamt you would and tried to tell you before any of us knew what it meant or how it would come to pass. I was perhaps a bit of a bore about that but if I hadn't mentioned it you wouldn't have been upset and I wouldn't be in Egypt and there'd be no corn and most of us would have died from malnutrition by now. Well, God works in mysterious ways, that's all I can say . . . .

You will not, I am sure, be surprised if I say that many have seen in Joseph a Jesus-figure because Jesus stands for divine reconciliation, and because his is always at the heart of every situation before we even arrive at it, and if one hadn't thought of that, then that can be a starting pint. But this is all about a man, and not by any means about some eminently prophetic figure, but just someone upon whom, in the end, quite a lot depended. But I like the Joseph story, and thought I should like to tell it to the valedictees. If you find you can't remember all the details then you will find it all in the next issue of *Fleur-de-Lys*, and there is also I believe a rather uncritical version to be found in Genesis from chapter twenty-seven on, and the best Joseph bits start about ten chapters later. The bit about Dinah is in chapter thirty-four. I think that if you look at it all again, you will go on finding bits that ring bells in almost every aspect of the story—the simple equation of the time process, the sense of change of outlook and location, and illumination and so forth and my parting, prayerful hope is that you may all draw Joseph's own belated conclusion during your own pilgrimage and that you will be right.

A SONG MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

or

we danced by the light of the moon

When I was a child, I thought as a child; but in the twentieth century children are supposed to be old, not young. The wrinkles of a newborn child express tiredness with life before it has even started. We have no illusions left nowadays, and the few that remain in any stray romantic are soon chopped painfully away by society. The monarchy, the the priesthood . . . these are relics of an immature past, and are allowed to remain as long as they don't become dangerous.

This essay, by Catherine Forsyth , was delivered at Janet Clarke Hall on 23rd July on the occasion of the Helen Knight Essay Prize and won first prize in that competition.

So the scientists tell us. And on Monday they tell us in the words of the Editor of *The Age*, that 'the Moon's days as a cold myth, as the property of poets and lovers, ended.' No longer will we be able to look up at the heavens and say:

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbs't the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?

although apparently we are still allowed to curse that 'Busie Old Foole, Unruly Sunne'. These scientists no doubt are already at work rewriting our literature: Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the fifty-first state of the USA, a round heavenly body covered with craters and a gravity one sixth that of the earth.

The moon isn't just another satellite; its effect on the earth is profound and in many cases has yet to be explained. The cycles according to which we live are regulated by the movements of the moon. The grand spectacle of the pull it exerts over the tides is rather spectral and unnerving. Its influence on minds cannot be dismissed as an old wives tale. I number among my acquaintance one whose behaviour is distinctly odd when the moon is full. There's a wealth of literature about it which conditions our lives in ways we don't really understand.

But how much *actual* meaning did these now-exploded myths have for any of us? No-one would have been more surprised than the poets and lovers if Commander Armstrong had been greeted on the moon by a slim, wraith-like figure in flowing white linen, intoning "Greetings, O human. I am Diana, chaste huntress and Goddess of the moon." Chorus of ladies with bows and arrows repeats greeting.

We must be careful here to distinguish between mere fairytales about the man in the moon, and myths and legends which may not be true in material terms, but have their basis *not* in these external symbols but in the very nature of man himself.

For me, the moon stands for a certain sort of beauty; a cold hard, infinitely attractive and infinitely repellent beauty. It has a clear-cut elegance which represents what is feminine, in the same way as the sun with its generous warmth is represented as masculine. Man has focused on our two light sources as symbols for human energies and powers. When, twenty-five centuries ago, we discovered that the moon's light was derivative, did this make any difference to the way we looked at it?

The scientists seem to imply that as our knowledge of a thing increases, our imaginative conception of it must correspondingly decrease. But is this so? It may, indeed, apply to our respect for personalities. The more I know about Mr. Gorton the less I am able to consider him with any pleasure at all, but I would hardly like to make this a general rule. In fact, I think that on the whole different parts of the brain are concerned with the two thought processes, and although the two interact, there is no necessity for one to be submerged by the other. To take a closer example, has our anatomical knowledge of man made any difference to our feelings for him? We can still caress his hand even if part of our brain is aware that he possesses carpals and phalanges. We know all about veins and arteries, but our hearts beat faster for quite different reasons. Similarly, our intimacy

with quavers and appoggiaturas doesn't prevent our enjoyment of Beethoven's symphonies, or even "Hair".

So how important, then, is this disillusionment? The astronauts used works like 'starkly beautiful' about the moon. The overriding impression of the moonwalk was of man confronted with something bigger than he is yet able to comprehend; an overwhelming sense of loneliness—perhaps for the first time we properly understand the meaning of the word "unearthly". And these impressions, far from "exploding", actually confirm the things that "poets and lovers" have always thought and said about the moon. The moonwalk, seen this way, was a unique affirmation of what man has *felt* to be true as long as he has lived.

I did not feel regret at the absence of little green men on the moon's surface; what I regretted was the obvious incapability of man to grasp and deal with what the best and bravest of his species has made possible. Three hours after man first walked on the moon, I could find no mention of it on any radio station. It was back to stock troubles and broken hearts. Is history so easily passed over? But much more disturbing than that was the sudden jolt which the words "We come . . . to represent all men of peace" gave me. For it is only too clear that the astronauts represent not only all men of peace, but all men. For better or for worse, the two worlds are now connected, and we are not gods to decide how this new world can be developed. Those words "new world" have a strangely familiar ring. Remember what a mess our ancestors made of their New Worlds. Who are we to presume that we can do better?

So, as fast as the "old ones" are being stripped off, new illusions are being made. And this sort of fairy-tale is much more dangerous than the myths which have their foundation in fact as incontestable as the craters of the moon itself, the fact of human sensibility.

The moon in its different phases has been seized on as a symbol in literature from the beginning. One poet sees it in terms of human society:

I walked abroad
And saw the ruddy moon lean over a hedge
Like a red-faced farmer.

an image which startles one by its domesticity, yet it is not unreal. We've all felt the nearness of the great full golden orb. Shelley saw it as sharing in the human's eternal struggle for happiness:

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth.

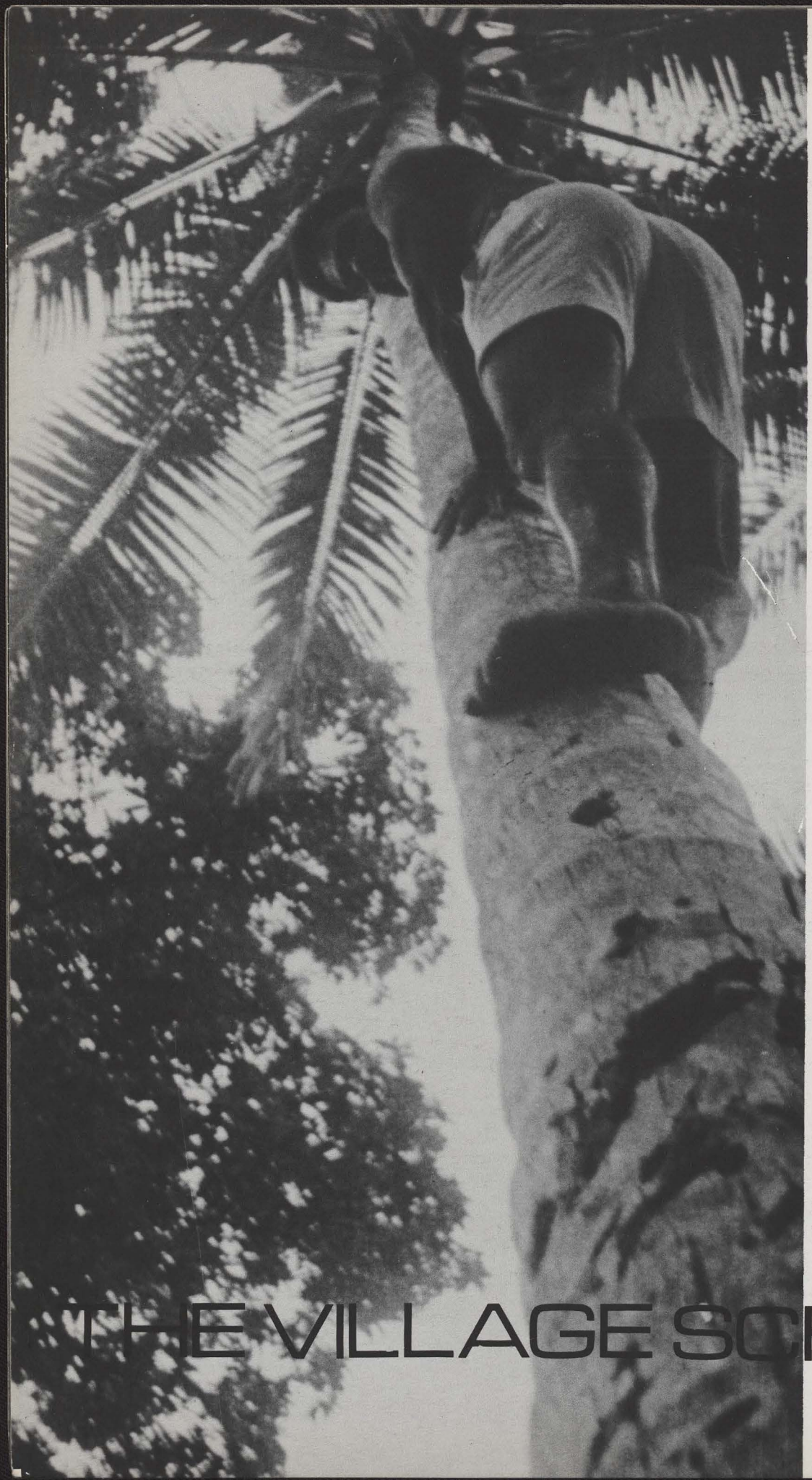
D. H. Lawrence, in *Women in Love*, used the moon as a symbol of the self from which his characters were trying to escape. He describes it in one of his finest passages:

She started, noticing something on her right hand, between the tree trunks. It was like a great presence, watching her, dodging her. She started violently. It was only the moon, risen through the thin trees. But it seemed so mysterious, with its white and deadly smile. And there was no avoiding it. Night or day, one could not escape this sinister face, triumphant and radiant like this moon, with a high smile. She hurried on, cowering from the white planet.

This is one of our great novels. And this passage on the moon helps to make it so. This "myth" can never be exploded. The words of the Editor of *The Age* "One cannot weave fantasies around a sphere when one knows that someone has kicked it with a size nine and a half boot and taken close-up photographs of it"—these words pale—like a dim reflection of the moon—beside the extraordinary power of Lawrence's awareness.

I grew up feeling that the moon somehow represented what man holds most secret, perhaps his soul. Sometimes its steelness made me shiver. Its diverse shapes made me laugh, its comfortable rotundity made me feel secure, its purity gave me hope. I looked at my moon last night. It's still there. That far-off sphere that the astronauts landed on is another aspect of it. Their voyage increased my wonder, and made articulate my impressions. It gave new reality to a living myth. The two moons will always be one for me.

I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arms.



THE VILLAGE SCHEME

How difficult is it to begin. For a New Guinean to talk about the Village Scheme is as difficult as it would be for an Anzac to talk about Gallipoli, for James Baldwin to talk about the Black Power movement, or for Peter to discuss the Papacy. Every New Guinean, no matter how much he might appear to shun his origin, wishes at some time that he were simply 'back in the village'. Most New Guineans, of course, still live in villages (indeed New Guinea is a nation of villages) but for the growing number of us who must live away from home, going back to the village for holidays is a joyous event and leaving again, often unashamedly accompanied by tears. But the difficulty I find in talking to you about the Village Scheme goes further than an inability to express a profound and personal feeling. For this article to be of any use to you, as well as telling you about the wonderful things in village life I must tell you about problems, conflicts, some shameful and hateful things, and some of the secrets of our people. In doing this I am sure to offend someone. perhaps one of my friends or relations at home, but there would be no point in writing if I were not going to be absolutely truthful. Nevertheless, the truth that I bring before you is a personal interpretation, and another New Guinean might write this article just as truthfully, in a completely different way.

The Village Scheme all began at the National Union of Australian University Students (N.U.A.U.S.) Local Papua-New Guinea Officers' conference in 1968. For the first time, there were actually some New Guineans at this yearly conference; these were Ieri Tamate, from the University of Papua-New Guinea, Bernard Mullu Narokobi, Ron Elias from Sydney University, and myself, from Melbourne University. The four of us met together before the conference began, and after many hours of discussion we reached the conclusion that the N.U.A.U.S. student schemes to New Guinea were next to useless as far as helping the country was concerned, and moreover could not have the support of tertiary students in New Guinea because of the paternalistic and unilateral way in which they were organized and carried out. The one valuable thing we could see in Australian university students going to New Guinea over the Christmas vacation, was the potential for human relationships across the great barriers of culture and race so that village people in New Guinea might find out that 'mastas' are really just ordinary human beings. To put this into practice, we devised the Village Scheme. The Village Scheme was presented to the conference and approved as an experiment by the delegates. In the long vacation of 1968/69, the experiment was largely a success, and this year the Student Representative Councils of at least three tertiary institutions in New Guinea have taken over the scheme and largely made it their own.

The Village Scheme now enters its second year. It is the sort of scheme that can be described for individual situations but can never be really defined. As a result it has its fierce supporters and its equally fierce detractors in both Papua-New Guinea and Australia. Australian opposition seems to come from those who support the Volunteer Assistance Programme ideal of sending groups of students to New Guinea to do something 'good, constructive and worthwhile in material terms for an under-developed country'. New Guinean opposition comes from those who see Australians in villages as an intrusion, an embarrassment and a burden on the village people who have to look after them. While their New Guinean host or hostess may be a firm supporter of the scheme, he or she is sure to have friends who do not support it. So much for history and opinions.

The aims of the scheme were set out by the University of Papua-New Guinea delegate to the Local Officer's conference this year. They are as follows:—

(i) to meet, and create friendship with, the village people of Papua-New Guinea, and, as much as possible, share in their way of life.

(ii) to encourage local students to take an active interest in their own people; to help and develop their way of thinking in a new way of life, and

(iii) to show Australian students something of another culture and to help them appreciate people whose society is vastly different from their own.

Note, the emphasis is on learning and appreciating; no mention is made of teaching or showing. When a person enters a New Guinean community he is entering the product of

over one thousand years of human development and achievement. Would it not be presumptuous for a visitor to attempt to change the way of life of the people after a mere four or five weeks in it? A rhetorical question, I hope!

One of the greatest problems an Australian student faces in a New Guinean community is the reputation that his countrymen have impressed upon the local peoples. This problem is encountered with the university students themselves as well as the illiterate village people. The Australian student will be considered as a "European" (with all the connotations of white supremacy and humiliation that this term implies to a New Guinean) until he proves otherwise. The organisers of the scheme would wish him to be judged as a *man* rather than as a *white man*. White supremacy, economic privilege and racial discrimination are not preached, but certainly practised in New Guinea.

Most of us in New Guinea who have reached tertiary level were educated in mission schools. This usually meant living away from home, away from parents and the traditional community, for schools are scattered, and if one wasn't walking half the night to get to school one was actually living at the school —on a mission station. At school, our students are taught in a Western idiom, and by implication at least, are taught to despise our own culture, or to think of it as being inferior to the one in which they are being brought up. I think the modern term is 'brainwashing'. At tertiary level there are many reactions to this sort of primary and secondary teaching. The extremes might be seen as an imitation of the American Black Power movement with a rejection of all things European, or alternatively, the New Guinean may reject his own traditional society and resolve to be a black Westerner. These extremes probably do not exist in any one New Guinean, but they are the essence of a conflict and in part must account for the growing numbers to be found in mental hospitals in New Guinea as well as many other developing countries with a history of colonialism. (I am not suggesting, of course, that there is any percentage of the students at the University of Papua-New Guinea who should be in a mental hospital; all I hope to do is indicate the sort of personality conflicts that exist.) I imagine that rejection of family and traditional relationships (if one did take this course) would be very tough work in New Guinea. Family ties are strong, and kinship groups still very much working units.

In the Australian society young people can fairly easily cut themselves off from their family, and many do when they turn twenty-one or get married. It is very much another story in New Guinea.

Being in Moresby, away from the village, does not in itself weaken family ties; in fact, the town situation may even strengthen them. There is a good deal of regional animosity in New Guinea, and when a student comes to a town, to start with at least, his only potential friends outside his school or university are people from his area. These people, or 'wantoks' as they are called, probably know about him, certainly know something of his kinship group, and many may be related to him. In a way, all other people are potential enemies. I am not saying that friendships do not exist across tribal barriers, only that it does not matter to me, (as a Buka, for instance), that my best friend might be from Papua if I happen to be confronted by a group of angry Papuans on a dark night. On the other hand, it does matter in terms of practical and initial personal interaction when I meet another Buka. This moving away from the village is not the way to get away from my family or traditional ties.

On first meeting with many educated New Guineans, you will probably feel that they have rejected traditional society more than they actually have. Crudely speaking, this is part of the image or facade one puts up for Europeans.

Most white people in New Guinea live in towns, and the majority of them are in the country on short term contracts. There is enormous pressure on Europeans in New Guinea to conform. Social aspirations are directly transplanted from Australia. If an Australian wants to have nice white company, wants to be invited white, wants to belong to the right clubs, wants to keep up his golf and his interest in horse racing or whatever it is, he must fit in with the established opinions and ideas especially about 'the natives'. For there is little sympathy in Australian society for the non-conformist or

the eccentric.

I would estimate that over ninety per cent of Australians living in New Guinea have never had a New Guinean inside their house on anything more than a master/servant basis, nor do many Australians visit the houses of New Guineans. If you were to tell an Australian family in Moresby that you were planning to go and live in such and such a village, the reaction would be 'hands up in horror' and 'you couldn't possibly survive'. If this did not deter you, they might even proceed to offer all sorts of advice; what not to do, what not to eat, what to take with you and so on . . . Such people have probably never been to a village outside the Moresby tourist circuit, and certainly never slept in one. (The ignorance and lack of understanding of such people is ironically made clear when they volunteer another myth, often in the same breath 'but, of course, the natives are so much happier and nicer in their traditional setting than they are when they come to live in town'.)

There are a few Europeans living in the New Guinean countryside; indeed, every village (at least on the coast) seems to have its local 'white man'. This person would be either a planter, missionary, or government field officer (kiap).

A visitor on the Village Scheme often makes the mistake of going to see him and possibly that visitor's host may ask him whether he wishes to meet the local white man. Perhaps I ought to explain my use of the word 'mistake'. A New Guinean village is very much a single community. It is the visitor's job to try and integrate himself into this community as much as possible during his stay. If he associates with something alien to the community, this will only reinforce the barriers of culture and prejudice that he must break down in his attempts at integration. And, of course, the 'local white man' is irrevocably associated in the village people's minds with a hundred years of colonial rule and European apartness.

If the visitor refuses the local white man's invitation, not only will it show that he truly appreciates the company of New Guineans, but it will give people the opportunity to accept you and treat you as a person.

It is necessary, to protect ourselves in New Guinea, to assume that all white people are alike until they show us otherwise. However, the very fact that people want to come and live with us in the village makes the first hole in this protective assumption. But why, you might ask, do we feel the need to protect ourselves in this way? If you are at a disadvantage with someone (and many New Guineans still subconsciously think that they are, because of educational brainwashing) then you have no redress when you are rejected as a person. But to be rejected one must have offered part of oneself, and the more profound the offering, the more hurtful the rejection. One protects oneself by making one's initial offerings superficial—surely this is the function of the facade or image that we all have? If you reject me I have no redress; it is up to you to make the first move.

Nevertheless, I do not think that any of the students who have invited Australians on the Village Scheme will have strong feelings against white people, or they would not have invited anyone; but all New Guineans at some time have experienced a complete and hurtful rejection by a white person. If you experience such a rejection, and you have no means of redress, no way of doing anything back, then such an experience inevitably leaves a scar. In the company of *nice* Europeans, many New Guineans tend to be passive and non-comittal about petty acts of discrimination, but do not underestimate the depth of anger that they inevitably arouse in them.

I would like to discuss more fully the implications of educational brainwashing in relation to the rejection, by some students, of their traditional customs and way of life. The problems and conflicts arising from colonial educational policies are still present throughout Africa and Asia, and of course, they exist in New Guinea too.

Even nice Europeans in New Guinea appear to believe that it is their burden to help bring the country from the 'Stone Age' into the 'Atomic Age'. Such statements are made *ad nauseam* by liberal-minded visitors to our shores, by journalists, by academics, politicians, missionaries—the lot. On top of the structure of educational brainwashing it is not unusual for many New Guineans to

begin to believe such statements themselves, or at least to feel themselves committed to believing them, if they are to make friends with Europeans. I have seen some high school students and school drop-outs unknowingly almost caricature such a pattern of behaviour in the company of a European.

Many students at the university have spent most of their time away from the village over the past few years. It is possible then, that some may be genuinely ignorant about the customs of their people; some, however, may plead ignorance as part of a pattern of behaviour that I have described above; after all, it is not right that they should know about traditional customs if they are leaving all these behind and entering the Atomic Age.

In order to stress the actual difference between the mentality of an Australian and that of a New Guinean and to show the completely different mental climate that an Australian student encounters in a village, I shall briefly describe some of the local thought patterns.

Telling lies in New Guinea is not the same as telling lies in Australia. In New Guinea morality can be dependent to some extent on your relationship with the person involved. The concept of truth is also slightly different. Truth is not so much a chronological list of factual statements, but an honest communication of yourself or of a situation in the context of your relationship with the person spoken to. The old people in my village firmly believe that the myths of our people are 'true'. They do not mean that they are necessarily factual, but that they are true in the way that Genesis is true. On the other hand, I have heard Australians deceive without telling a lie.

Time is a dimension which we regard in a different way in New Guinea. Precise time is not relevant to village life, and it does not 'mean money' as Australians seem to be fond of saying. Australians also seem to equate reliability with punctuality; this is not possible in New Guinea. In Australia if your friend arrives on time he is a reliable person; if a man gets to work every morning at five to nine he is a reliable employee, and so on. In New Guinea reliability would be closer to what Australians call integrity.

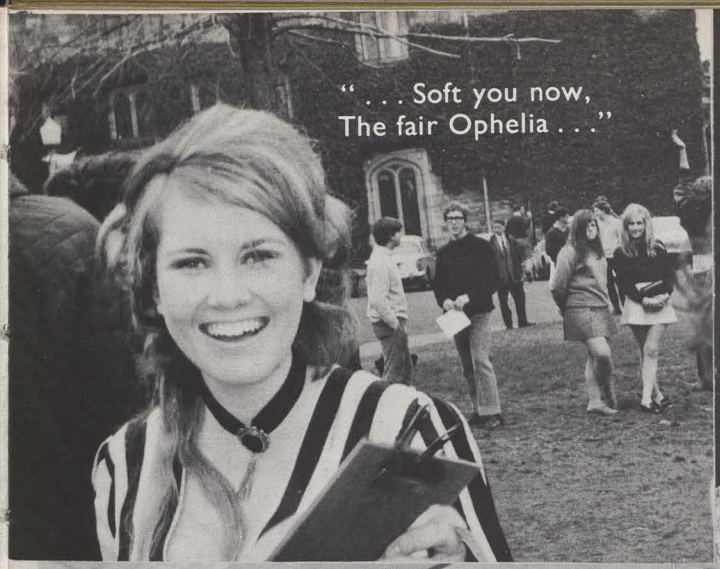
Waiting around in New Guinea is something of a national past-time. Crises do not develop in personal relationships because someone is late; I have often waited a couple of hours for something to happen, or for a friend to come. It is easy to find someone to talk to while you are waiting around, and when your late friend finally arrives it is not "Where have you been?", as I have experienced in Australia. If your late friend, comes, he did not mean to be two hours late, but he was and that is that—he has come now, and isn't it good to see him.

In New Guinea emotional reactions and morality are dependent on the relationship between the people involved. New Guineans do not get upset and feel obliged to throw charity balls for starving Biafrans or suffering Vietnamese as do the matrons of Vaucluse and Toorak. But if you could see the anguish of a mourning widow, or the generosity of an employed man looking after ten unemployed wantoks, in one of New Guinea's towns, you would scorn the European statement that 'the natives have no finer feelings.'

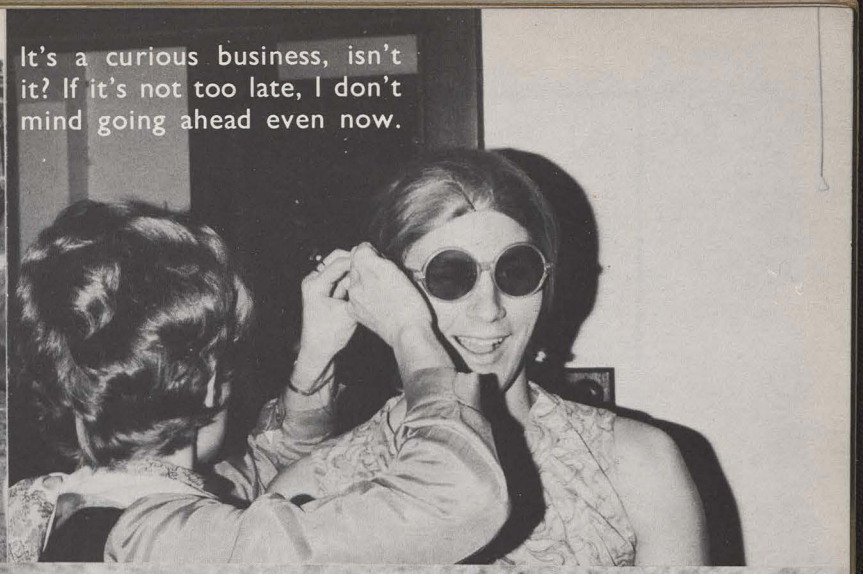
I hope this short article has helped, not only to give you an understanding of the nature and the aims of the Village Scheme, but to explode the myth of the 'primitive culture' being borne into the Atomic Age over the white man's shoulder: in other words, the rationale of colonialism. I have also illustrated briefly the dilemma of the colonial; the conflict between his own culture and the alien one.

Further, I hope that 'Trinity gentlemen' will doff their gowns and apply for the Village Scheme next year instead of re-roofing missions, a pastime of limited value.

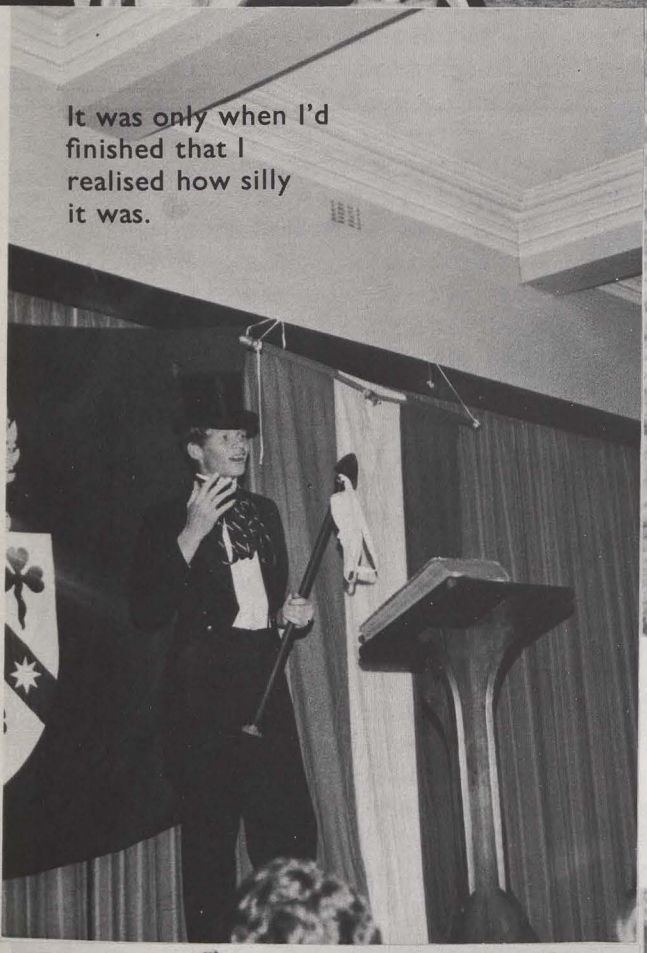
Glen Mola—or Glen Liddell as most of us have known him during his years in College—is perhaps in many ways unique. Although brought up in Australia, he now identifies himself with the people of New Guinea and is a citizen of that country. When he finishes his medical course he intends to live with his adopted parents on the island of Buka, which is divided by a narrow strait from Bougainville. His foster father, Donatus Mola is a member of the House of Assembly at Port Mlresby A fuller version of this article appears in the N.U.A.U.S. Village Scheme Orientation Handbook.



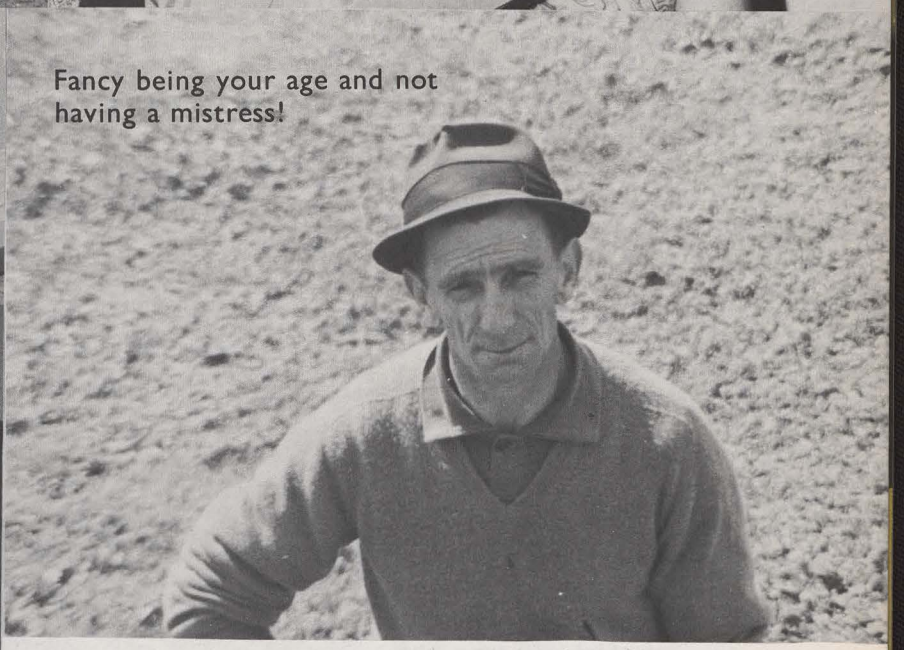
". . . Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia . . ."



It's a curious business, isn't it? If it's not too late, I don't mind going ahead even now.



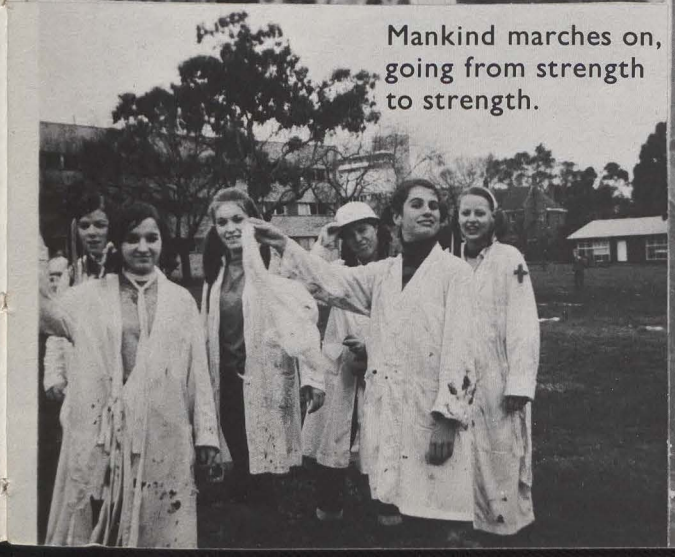
It was only when I'd finished that I realised how silly it was.



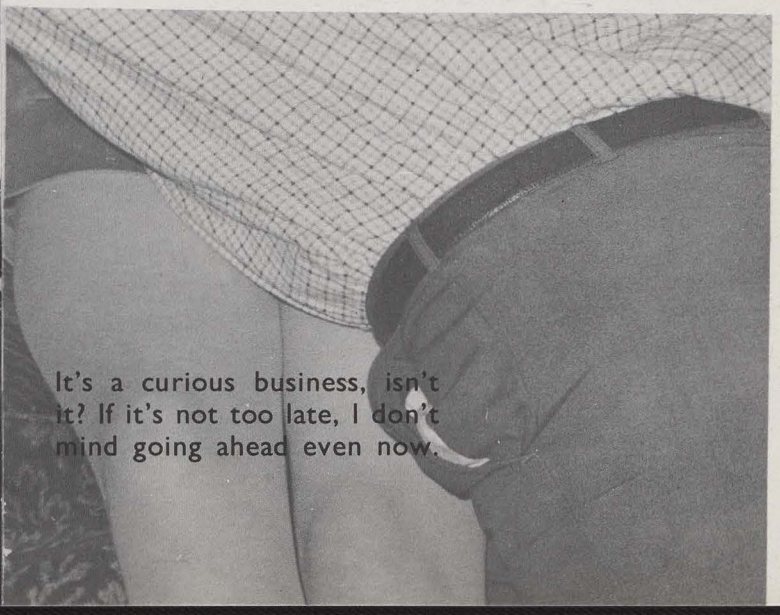
Fancy being your age and not having a mistress!

LOST

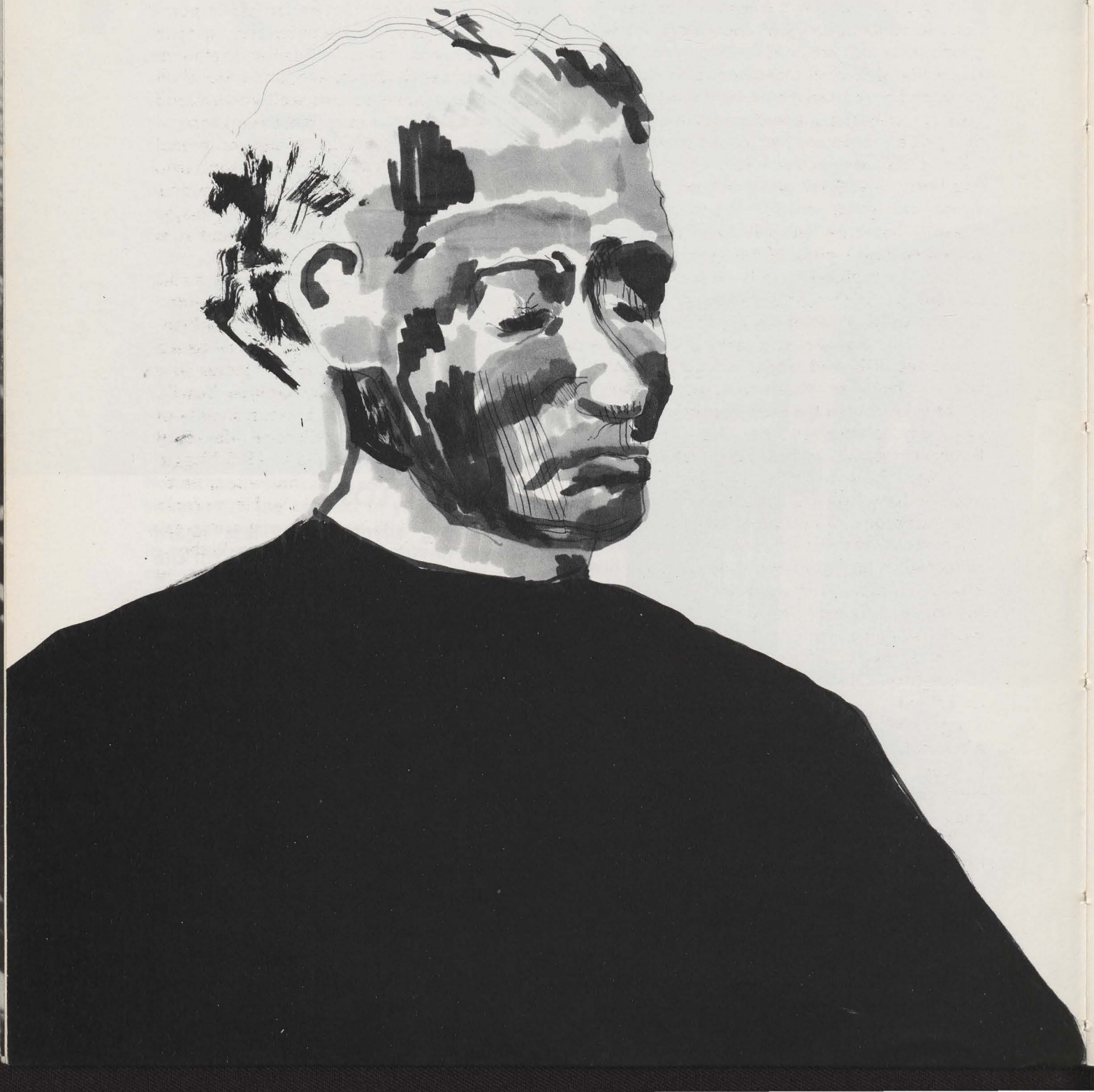
One rippling silver laugh, last heard sometime on Sunday afternoon. Will the finder please return to Traill 212, and collect your own snort which has been found an unsatisfactory substitute.



Mankind marches on, going from strength to strength.



It's a curious business, isn't it? If it's not too late, I don't mind going ahead even now.



Introduction and Appreciation

Gentlemen, it was with some trepidation that I prepared to write this essay today. There was first of all the sense of personal limitation—those who know me well call me witless. I was more conscious however of the symbolic nature of the occasion—its reverberations go deep into our communal consciousness. How then was I to do justice to the occasion and how was I to express a *communal* interest in life, in art, and perhaps, though far less importantly in other spheres of knowledge. How was I to find a subject which would strike a deep chord in *us all?* What in fact was I to talk about? Luckily, my particular academic discipline, the study of English Literature and Phonology, provided me with *the* answer, and I was then surprised that I had not thought of it before. For here was a novelist, not well known, and only recently the subject of much critical revaluation, whose works have great relevance to our present situation, *yours and mine*, and which provide a moral critique of our communal life and its inter-relatedness. I am, of course, speaking of Jason Willoughby Jameson, who was born in 1880 and who outlived D. H. Lawrence by six years. The importance of Jameson's work—the great six novels and collections of short stories which constitute the "major phase"—has only recently been registered in the critical journals of Cambridge and it is with a certain feeling of excitement that I present an account of him to you tonight.

The biographical details of Jameson's life are extremely fragmentary. (We must await the four volume biography being prepared in Cambridge by Iris Murdoch for a more extended analysis of his relation to English society in general.) Jameson was the eldest son of a Manchester fish-monger who made a fortune in the fish blight of 1863. Jameson ran away to sea at the age of 20 and whilst working on the "Mauretania" met the novelist Henry James who was returning to America to get background material for his book "The Golden Bowl". James encouraged Jameson's early works and helped him find a place in the London society of early days of the century. There Jameson met the creme of English intellectual life—Paul Bourget, Joseph Conrad, Edith Wharton, Lady Gravel-Pitt. Jameson married in 1905 Maggie Sullivan, who was a West country blue-stocking, fond of horse-racing and who was later to become King Edward's mistress. With the death of James and the advent of the First World War, Jameson and his wife retired to Wales, always keeping in touch however with the great novelists of the period. His wife tired of Welsh rural life ("it's boot a boggy fen" she is reported to have said and they soon after returned to their single states.) In the twenties he was an intimate of the Bloomsbury group, breaking free of their literary theories to follow the more *individual* line of D. H. Lawrence. It is this period which produced his greatest works—*Mulled Wine and Cynthia*, *Joanne and Life* and what is perhaps his masterpiece, *Undine Spragg and the Bigots*. It then appeared that his creative life was over, for he retired to Brighton-On-Sea. But the inextinguishable moral fervour burnt strong in him (Lawrence described him as "a man of much smoke") and he returned to writing. The last phase which has generally been termed the "contemplative", saw the publication of *A New Satyricon* and *After that, what forgiveness?* which blended the mythic qualities of the Americans, particularly F. Scott Fitzgerald and William Faulkner, with a Proustian notation of English social detail. He died as I have said in 1936 when the brake on his bath chair failed and he sped over the edge of Brighton Pier.

These bare details give little indication of the *intensity* of his best work nor for the reasons I have for presenting him to you as a novelist important to *us all*. As I have suggested he experienced a catholicity of influence—he was influenced by everyone whose work he respected. His early works reveal an edifying blend of the Jane Austen—Henry James line of

fine discrimination about complex moral issues and delineation of the more *peripheral* spheres of human consciousness, with an epic sweep and concreteness which we would habitually associate with Emily Bronte and Thomas Hardy.

A short passage from the climax of Jameson's novel of 1904 *Griselda and the Elective Affinities* shows us the consummate blend of different literary traditions and gives us an insight into the complex moral issues which are of such contemporary relevance (for Jameson is a living novelist; he helps us define *our* moral roles in modern society.)

> *But we are here, Griselda, and though you may not believe it, we are, in fine, placed into relationship with them, though in no voluntary sense; and if we accept that, we can do little but take it as a positive guide. Our representation to them is, if you would have it, the mark of our high distinction, the large high price of our being left, as it were, on the doorstep of a suggestion but half-taken.*
>
> *But though she wished to answer, the wind would not let her. It tore at the trees as if trying to wrench them from the fecund ground and battered at the two as they crouched in the cave. No. The storm threw the sea against the shore with a brutal smash; it was invincible, and his words found no pregnant pause to fill.*

The passage reveals a fine human centrality, a registering of complex verbal life which cannot but reflect upon our relationship to our fellowmen here at Trinity. Note how the *personal* dilemma of Wilfred and Griselda is subtly related to what could be termed the *metaphysical* question posed by the storm. Where are they to go? Where are we all to go? Without pretentiousness, the novel incisively asks us this question and presents in dramatic terms what is later to become the main theme of Jameson's contemplative phase, the relationship of individual and cosmos. The resolution of this problem in *Griselda and the Elective Affinities* is, admittedly, arbitrary. There is a radical weakening of the novelist's control on his material in the scene where the joint suicide of Griselda and Wilfred is prevented by a drunken policeman riding a cow.

In *Joanne and Life*, however there is no weakening of the artist's control. In one way it is Jameson's *cri de coeur* for it registers the sense of the artist's alienation from his society. Jameson revealed his characteristic psychological incisiveness as well as a more *balanced* sense of the natural forces (as in the scene where a flood washes away Joanne's home only to return the next day and deposit it where it had been) in the world. The Joycean element we notice first in Joanne's celebration of her Muse is controlled by a grasp of intellectual concepts which rivals George Eliot's. This scene from *Joanne and Life* (1915) reveals the artist's integrity and his originality; (he *adds* something to his tradition. His is a positive achievement).

> *There it was, the rich brocade of life, which hung before her, merely waiting to be sewn into a delectable pattern, The richness, the richness, she breathed and it is to what she was consecrated. It hung, all green and purple, and she felt in it the breath of angels and the surge of the sea; and it was her role to harness it, to make it available, in a sense of humility and winsome smilingness, to her fellowmen. With it came the sense of great human responsibilities, so deep and heavy that few men (let alone women) could bear it. She picked up her chisel and bit deep into the virgin marble.*

As is obvious, the novel as a whole reveals a deep and disquieting examination of the problems of a society in transition, and a strong originality of central conception (as in the scene when Joanne chains herself to the rails of No. 10 Downing Street protesting against World War I and also against the rampant lesbianism of the Suffragette movement.) Joanne herself is a noble creation, at once focus for a critical confrontation of Imperialistic England and tragic victim of petty social forces. When the Suffragettes picket her Royal Academy sculpture showing because Joanne has fearlessly portrayed male nudity she tries to break through their cordon and is trampled to death by a police horse (which is very modern symbolizing). Joanne also stands for the principle of "aesthetic" literary criticism in three of the novel's scenes.

This essay, by Glen Pike, won the Wigram Allen Essay Competition, 1969.

Undine Spragg and the Bigots (1924) is, of course, Jameson's masterpiece. The novel is one of the greatest of the century, and looks forward to such exciting new novelists as Morris West, Storme Jameson and Ian Fleming. Its position in relation to the Great Tradition of the English novel and to European trains of thought have been expounded elsewhere (see D. H. Lawrence's article *Surgery for the Novel or the Bomb?*) Yet it is a characteristic novel and few novels have a simpler premise. Undine Spragg, a "flapper" is unable to choose between the newer forms of jazz and the older forms of ragtime. (These are effortless symbols of new forces in society and the old organic society which is fast passing away.) The organic sensibility which Undine fears she will lose is localized and created concretely in the figure of Orson Singerfield (clearly a self-portrait). In the following exchange, we see how deeply Jameson understood our present predicament. He knows *US*.

> *"But if I do dance to Paul Whiteman's band, I'm afraid I will lose my organic sensibility", she lisped desperately. "Can I still do the Charleston and be . . ." she paused . . . "organic"?*
>
> *Orson cast a benign glance at her and noticed her fresh enquiring innocence, and his ageing heart gave a heave.*
>
> *"Get the best of the old and get the best of the new. That way we* **all** *live", he said as he groped drunkenly out of the room.*

Jameson's concern for continuity, for an enduring historical and moral tradition is most movingly conveyed, and the prose, elsewhere occasionally encumbered by excessive analysis, is, here, sharp and lucid. Intuition is given precise focus in the prose.

The immense effort of creating *Undine Spragg and the Bigots* exhausted Jameson. He was now forty-four and plagued by illness. The critics had not been kind to his last novels—as was to be expected from such a trenchant attack on their complacency. Nor had he pleased the Bloomsbury group with *Undine*. The figure of the artist, Honorius Crunch, was felt to be a cruel portrait of Virginia Woolf with a beard. Nor did his close friend D. H. Lawrence entirely approve of the development of his art. In a letter, Lawrence said: "*Undine* is a big book; I wish I had done parts of it; but the scenes in Dartmouth Prison are pure piffle!"

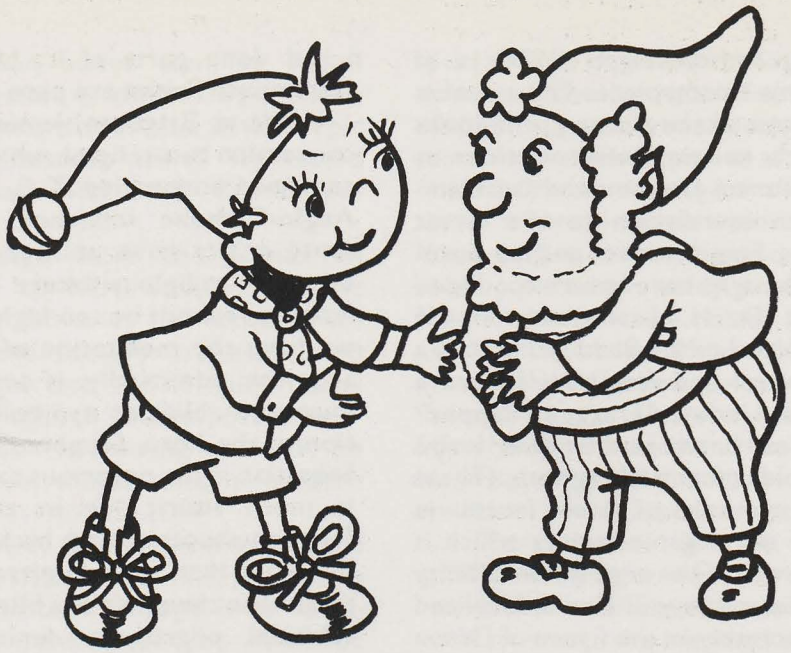
While at Brighton, Jameson underwent a conversion to a religion which has lamentably remained unspecified. T. S. Eliot points to an Anglo-Catholic influence, although other acute critics have pointed to a Shintoistic bias. The religious nature of his last books however cannot be too highly stressed. Here we have the meditation of a sage. *The New Satyricon*, admittedly, is overburdened with excessive religious symbolism (the association of the hero, Stephen Sinctilus, with St. Sebastian is the notorious example, but there is much satiric life in the scene where Stephen shoots arrows back at his pursuers.) But *After that, what forgiveness?* is a masterpiece. The chronicle of a blind balloon seller's spiritual pilgrimage during the General Strike, his attempt to walk (buses not running) from Knightsbridge to Picadilly, to sell his balloons is moving both in its suggestion of a soul's martyrdom and the malaise of industrial society. I will quote only one brief section.

> *"Balloons for sale" he cried but no-one wanted balloons. In his darkness, he waited and listened. He knew that the hearts of men were full of hate and fear, but he knew also that the spirit of moderation moved through the land. In the stillness of the strike, all London was heaving. And he knew that if he picked up its tempo and subjected it to the rhythms of his own pure and unadulterated heart, the Strike would end and peace would descend upon the palpably green land his eyes could not see.*
>
> *"Only tuppence", he cried, as he fell into an open drain.*

This has been a very rough summary of an distinguished novelist's career, but it is with a sense of personal commitment that I urge you to read him. For we can all learn much. He is not an easy novelist, but then neither is our position as modern men, here at Trinity, an easy one. Perhaps the spiritual essence of Jameson's work could be summed up in a few lines from *Mulled Wine and Cynthia*.

> *"I don't know what it's all about, and I couldn't give a damn."*
>
> *"Then there you are", said Simpson.*

Go, each one of you, I do urge—drink at this sacred fount and be nourished!



NODDY'S NAUGHTIES

Enid Blyton's perverted erotic projections . . .

Big-Ears the brownie was hurrying through the woods on his little red bicycle, when he suddenly bumped into somebody. Down they went, and the bicycle fell on top of Big-Ears with a crash.

"Ooooh!" he said, and rubbed the bump on his head.

"Ooooh!" said the person he had bumped into, and sat up to look at Big-Ears. Big-Ears looked at him, too.

"You're rather a peculiar-looking person," said Big-Ears, staring. "What are you? You're not a pixie or a brownie or a goblin are you?"

"I'm Noddy. . . ." Thus Enid Blyton's little Noddy, who has gained the stature of a George Eliot heroine, in whose life is reflected a social commentary comparable to that found in Jane Austen, and who is to suffer the emotional upheaval found in D. H. Lawrence, takes his place in the line of masterpieces making up the Great Tradition. Although written apparently for children, the discerning adult can, nevertheless see under the seemingly innocuous surface, a maze of cross-currents and a profound moral questioning. "Into my books," announces Miss Blyton, "I pack ethical and moral teaching". But what **kind** of ethics **is** she trying to instil into our children? We would like to claim that were the Noddy books published in lurid paperbacks, like *The Bramble Bush*, or *Eros Denied*, their sales may even have surpassed those of that other equally suggestive book, the Bible. Why? The real reason for Noddy's ubiquitous success is that it is basically FILTHY! And as with *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *The Group*, the far-reaching blue pencil of the Victorian censor has slashed through those pornographic pages of Little Noddy, and banished him from the state. We can see his tragic little figure

in his blue hat, spotted scarf, red shoes and shirt, and blue pants, trudging sturdily over the border to New South Wales, where he can play the poker machines, indulge in the pleasures of Kings Cross, and puzzle sinfully over the football pools. But all is not lost in Victoria—a few of the faithful have jealously guarded their small collection of Enid Blyton's writings, and have magnanimously consented to lend them to Janet Clarke Hall, in the cause of literary justice. (We extend our grateful thanks to the St. Clare Society, for their expansive generosity).

Those of us who have wallowed in *Lolita*, taken vicarious delight in *Lady Chatterley*, were probably first aroused to an enjoyment of pornography by Noddy. Now that our critical literary faculties have been further stimulated, we can consciously trace the development of the modern sex novel back to its most elementary stages, to the germ of its inspiration . . . Noddy.

By Judy Miers and Jennifer Roddick

As a contemporary essay on the great mistress states: "She is committed: she has a Message." And she surely would *appear* to be one of the great free thinkers of our time. Unfortunately, this is not so. Her writings are limited in scope by the sexual perversity which underlies all her themes, and which is the basic motivation of all her work. She blatantly discusses free love, escapism, homosexuality, nudity; and in a glorious example of escapism, refuses to face her own perversity. She draws no conclusions, avoids topical issues such as the Pill and offers no paradigms for modern life—shying away from any open mention of sexual activity, and lingering rather on underlying sexual allusions.

But how better to illustrate our point, than by turning to the text. To take a simple example—her handling of such issues as contraception and abortion—we bring to your notice that there are no babies in Toyland. Mrs Tubby Bear's extreme tubbiness survives over eighteen of Noddy's adventures. However little we may know of the habits of Tubby Bears, it stretches the imagination somewhat to leave Mrs Bear in pregnant expectation for so long, however quick and exciting Noddy's adventures may have been! Mrs Tubby Bear's unborn child, we can therefore conclude, is illegitimate, and as Miss Blyton cannot bring herself to the obvious remedy—abortion—the child is forced to remain unborn.

The most ill-concealed illicit relationship is the homosexual friendship between Noddy and Big-Ears. Miss Blyton's interest in this situation almost comes to the surface in repeated descriptions of their intimacy. "You're rather a peculiar-looking person," says Big-Ears. "I've never seen one quite like you before." Evidently the "peculiar little fellow" is to Big-Ears' taste, and vice versa. Noddy says: "I'll go anywhere with you, dear Big-Ears . . ." And so they go to the seaside together; we see them lying side by side in their tent, after "Big-Ears tied back the flap of the tent so they could see the stars peeping down." Here the authoress is building up tension between them in creating such a romantic atmosphere—and inevitably, the following scene takes place to illuminate the nature of their relationship.

> "*Oh, Big-Ears, I'm frightened . . . . Can I please cuddle up to you?*"
>
> "*Yes,*" *said Big-Ears, and he let Noddy creep into his kind, friendly arms . . . .*

We can leave the rest to your imagination. Miss Blyton's perverse enjoyment of the situation, although cleverly disguised in brevity, is ultimately given away by the multitude of examples of their intimacy. In almost every book, Big-Ears visits Noddy while he is still in bed, and supervises his dressing! Perhaps the remark Noddy makes aboard a ship: "I do like the sailors. . . ." reveals the key to his character. And we can follow the happy little fellow's example in rounding the point off with one of his songs:

> "*We're home again, home again,*
> *Isn't it fun!*
> *We've been far away,*
> *But our journey is done.*
> *We've missed you all badly,*
> *Especially Big-Ears . . . . .*"

We must infer, after reading her works, that Enid Blyton was, perhaps, a little sexually repressed. Her evasion of normal sexual activity in her heroes, is exemplified by ignoring the act of kissing. We must not, however, fall into the trap of thinking that this would lessen the implicit sexuality; rather the tension achieved when the two protagonists merely hug each other, the

obvious frustration they feel at such restricted contact, feeds the most vicarious reader with some sort of masochistic satisfaction. Yet perhaps the most telling example of her self-repression, is the description of Mrs Monkey's advances towards Noddy when she is driving with him one day.

> *"She got in and took hold of her tail so that it wouldn't hang from the car. 'Do you mind if I put it on your knee?' she said. "I've no room on mine because of my shopping basket".*
>
> *She swung her tail up on his knee. Noddy didn't like it at all. He put it back beside Mrs Monkey. 'It's a very* **wet** *tail,' he said. 'It drips down the opening of my mac and wets my legs. Carry your own tail, Mrs Minnie please.'*
>
> *But in half a minute the tail was on his knees again, drip-dripping all over him. Noddy was cross. He took it in his left hand and stuffed it firmly into Mrs Monkey's shopping basket. . . ."*

Speaking here through the voice of her hero, Miss Blyton rejects overt sexuality, while describing one of the most colourful pieces of erotica in the English Literature. This is perhaps the most striking instance of her habit of superficially moralising, whilst really taking a perverted thrill from the very mention of a situation she appears to condemn. Her vicarious tendencies are linked with her frustrated compulsion towards prostitution, made evident by the constant nodding of Noddy's head. Noddy nods assention to the milkman, the grocer, even Mr Plod, not to mention his dear friend Big-Ears. An indiscreet mention is made about the way Noddy pays for his goods, allowing others to "set him nodding." Do we detect here a similarity towards the "average American housewife" described in *The Carpetbaggers*, or *The Group*.?

Tonight you may have been awakened to new depths in Noddy, and indeed to Enid Blyton herself. We venture to assert that she was, in fact, a repressed old lady, who, under the guise of writing harmless children's books, has created for herself her own world of little toys to play with. Here she reveals all the perversities imaginable in sexual relationships, not openly, not with an eye to reform or enlighten social attitudes, but in the skilful ambiguity of eroticism. No, Noddy is not suitable for children. Instead, he deserves a place on those bookshelves reserved for the truly great erotic literature.

A page from a diary

. . . and when I was confronted with the question what did strike me most my first year in this institution, it was the immense cleavage between state and appearance that came to my mind. We are so isolated from one another, but, O! do we deceive ourselves!

Hidden behind clouds of smoke and hazy shapes and figures we think ourselves more able to transcend the barriers of communication, when, in fact, we are only creating new ones. Blindly stretching out our hands to one another we never succeed in ever finding true consolation.

I quote from experience that this small community is not bigoted; but why so intolerant of a lonely person? He who accepts his state of isolation is shunned and labelled as pathetic! but who is more pathetic than he who tries and does not succeed? My thought goes here to the tragic existence of some of us; those who in their states of drunkenness hold endless monologues, confessions to unwilling and embarrassed listeners . . .

Why must we constantly humiliate ourselves in our failure to communicate? Having too much time to think we are so very aware of our grievous isolation; so much more than he who occupies his mind with trivial matters. Let us keep our integrity, dear brother, dear sister.

Let's get high, baby!

J.F.

I need not use the Tarot card;
My future is plainer to me than the past; it is
To go, and leave the land of my birth,
You, my friends, and find
A new myself, to start my life,
For my present being is only a shade.

And the castles I build are made of stone.
I need not fear for the ship
Which will take me there, it
Is no phantom, but the true
And studied basis of my life.

You have no place in my world;
But my castles crumble
And all my ships sink
At one brief touch of your lips.

Catherine Forsyth

This poem has been awarded an honourable mention in the "Fleur-de-Lys" poetry competition.

Self Knowledge

When I was a younger man
I loved an older love;
Now I am an older man
I cannot court above.

Now I am an older man
I cannot woo the young;
So my heart is fenced with fear
My serenade unsung.

Now my heart is fenced with fear
I have no song to sing
But the winds of autumn tell
Of what the night will bring.

Now the winds of autumn tell
But nothing new to me
Love is lost, but fear is gone,
and sadness makes me free.

Roger Sharr

This poem has been awarded the second prize in the "Fleur-de-Lys" poetry competition.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD

"Instead of going to see plays, you should take a good look at yourself. Just think what kind of life you lead, what a lot of nonsense you talk." *The Cherry Orchard*, Act II.

Hamlet would have been a less ambitious choice; no nonsense there, lots of plot and on the whole very English, something we could all recognize. With *The Hostage* and *The Relapse* in their minds the audience moved heavily to their seats in a mood of strained and apprehensive curiosity. *The Cherry Orchard* is a great play, very nearly a great bore to read, but on the stage a rich and delightful tribute to the silliness of human nature—and to its real worth.

by George Myers

The Trinity—J.C.H. production was a failure, and that sweeping judgement does not allow for the very real and frequent moments of pleasure which the evening gave. Who could stand and bow with Chekov at the curtain-call? Peter Freeman, Robert Johanson, Ann Kupa and John Wilson. Four wonderful and sustained performances, lifting the play at every entrance and leaving one with nothing but admiration at each exit. Each one afforded intense study—pottering, lingering, wandering and drifting. and the audience paid the tribute of silent absorbed interest, with the gentle laughs anticipated and gratified. To talk about "stars" in Chekov is inappropriate, but Peter Freeman, who held what he could of the play together, deserves the title: his final appearance at the end of the play (and what an end! Who else but Chekov would dare to challenge the audience with such silence!) was haunting and moving: the play focussed on his presence. The sad lovableness of Robert Johanson's performance, the frustrated bitterness of Ann Kupa, and the clumsy gaiety of John Wilson, all contributed to the sense of *The Cherry Orchard* having real, if vulnerable worth. Ann Kupa's performance was particularly interesting since it made much greater demands than either of her previous roles: the subdued intensity answered every expectation. The final scene in which she and Lopakhin (Roger Sharr) confronted one another came very close to brilliance: the uneasy understatement of Roger Sharr's performance was here exactly right.

Yet the play must finally rest upon Lopakhin and Mrs. Ranevsky (Pera Wells) and it was obvious that neither of these players was adequate to the task. Roger Sharr's interpretation was very different from what a reading of the role would suggest: his presence always suggested a civilized even sophisticated, sense of himself; though one wouldn't desire clumsy buffoonery in Lopakhin, clumsiness and insensitivity would explain the threat he poses in the Ranevsky household:, self-consciousness was avoided and instead we were presented with a self awareness which was much too intelligent. Pera Wells' portrayal was extremely difficult to accept: energy and vivacity were there but the sense of a sad, silly knowledge of life was absent. I tried to accept Mrs. Ranevsky as a silly woman, and nothing more, and this just wasn't adequate to the central scenes of the play (e.g. the confrontation with Trofimov). The performance was undisciplined and monotonous: a harsh criticism perhaps, and yet it is difficult to imagine any actress under thirty being able to cope with the role and I think it was an unfair demand

that the choice of the play made: that is the only quarrel I have with the choice.

Three actors who with better direction and larger roles would make great impact were Jenny Roddick, Jeltje Fanoy and Brian Cutler. Each of them gave a real sense of delight in acting and all three conveyed a pleasant knowledge of Chekovian humour—as did John Telfer who in a minor role gave a very funny performance. (His stupified amazement at the governess's tricks was one of the best moments of the performance.) Michael Taylor deserves a larger role than "a passer-by" but his acting was one of the unexpected delights that such roles provide.

Paul Elliott and Sue Donnelly laboured under the disadvantages of the characters they portrayed—Anya was acceptable but hardly interesting, except for her appearance in night-dress, tired and sleepy, in the first act: that too, was an unexpected delight and we can only hope that better parts will be found in which an Anya can spread her wings. Paul Elliott's portrayal I found myself almost unable to watch: the buffoonery and caricature were too exaggerated and such tricks as spitting out tablets and pills were simply grotesque and very uncalled for: control and discipline taking advantage of a real talent *were* called for.

Finally, I did not like Howard Parkinson's performance but this may very well have been because of the double-entendre of very nearly all of his lines as received by a college audience: surely the casting of that role was a gross mistake? The laughter which greeted normally unexceptional lines confirmed this in my mind. The College play mustn't rely on that kind of humour to "keep the play going"—especially Chekov.

Perhaps that final criticism reveals most clearly what I felt about the play—that the audience was as inadequate to the play as the direction was: yet the stupidity of the audience's response couldn't be excused by failures in the production. Comments after the show ("What a stupid play." "I don't like Chekov much." "What's this Chekov on about?") revealed that far from catching up with the kitchen sink the general Trinity College milieu doesn't even cope with the nineteenth century values which it claims to be familiar with.

T.C.A.C. COMMITTEE REPORT FOR 1968-69

Chairman:	Mr. J. D. Merralls (Dean); The Senior Student.
Senior Student:	Mr. A. K. Hopkins; Mr. R. K. Tronson
Secretary:	Mr. J. H. Telfer.
Treasurer:	Mr. P. S. Smith.
Indoor Representative:	Mr. P. B. McPhee; Mr. R. C. MacKay.
Outdoor Representative:	Mr. B. A. Keon-Cohen; Mr. R. H. Noble.
General Representative:	Mr. R. K. Tronson; Mr. A. F. Guy.
Dean:	Reverend R. W. Gregory.

This last year was one in which a certain amount of criticism of Colleges was voiced by the University Student Newspaper, *Farrago*. Why this feeling of grievance has broken out is difficult to guess. To many of our minds, such attacks seem ill-informed. Worse still, they failed to evaluate Colleges in the context of the alternatives to them. A one-eyed, one-legged man has his limitations. But he always wins a race in which all the other competitors are quadruple amputees. It is unfair to any student to attack the barrenness of much of University life, but such an existence stands in contrast to what most have felt to have been a better than average year for Trinity.

Not that the year was marked by any particular outward and visible signs of its goodness. Such are not necessary in a more or less adult, more or less agnostic community. We did win the Cowan Cup for inter-collegiate sport. But this was mainly through high placings in various sports rather than significant single achievements. Lots of people—perhaps even three-quarters of our members—stood behind the goals. That really doesn't matter so much. What probably does matter is that many of them knew who many of the others there were, and spoke to them at some stage of the year.

For those watching the game, and any other College men, the traditional celebratory or condolatory parties were held. There was an effort to make these less violent than was the case last year. They were transferred to the Junior Common Room where the curtains and paintings conditioned the drinkers so well that no bones were broken.

College Dinners also came in for their share of redecoration. A sub-committee consisting of College Officers and senior students was formed to devise ways of preventing riots without curtailing enjoyment. The co-operation on it meant that nearly all College social activities were carefully planned and approved well in advance. The occasional Trinity custom of last minute crisis and cancellation died painlessly.

A buffet dinner was held in first term. This was both sober and pleasant, though neither extremely so. A more ambitious sit down dinner was attempted at the end of second term. The seating in Hall was re-arranged. Whether this had a calming effect, or whether official distaste for excess had penetrated the popular consciousness, the evening was a good one.

These were not the only gastrically interesting events of the year. After a motion was passed at a General Meeting, women guests were allowed into Hall for all Sunday meals.

Another T.C.A.C. activity with regard to the Hall was the holding of a referendum seeking College opinion on whether coats should be compulsory at lunch. Of the one hundred and twenty gentlemen who voted, eighty per cent thought they should not. The Warden saw this electorate as insufficient—it is about the same proportion as vote in the U.S.A., and look at the troubles they have. He nevertheless agreed that jackets were no longer essential for respectability, and declared that they were optional.

Still on nourishment, two other innovations occurred. The first was an agreement with J.C.H. whereby a special luncheon was open to Trinity gentlemen on the first Wednesday of every month. The financial profit therefrom went to a nominated worthy cause. The emotional and other profits were sown and reaped by the brother and sister Colleges. The other event was a change in the extra-curricular drinking habits. The coffee dispenser in the J.C.R. was sold and a drink machine from Messrs. Cottees bought instead. It has proved popular. What alterations in our inclinations are indicated by this change will be left unfathomed.

This report must now rise from below the belt to above the head in order to touch upon the extensive revisions of the T.C.A.C. Constitution. A subcommittee with an expressly limited number of lawyers was set up. It gave the old Constitution a thorough cleaning. The original document was largely the work of Doctor (later Sir John) Behan. It was only to be expected that the inspiration of such a great man should not dally with detailed drafting. Anomalies like the situation that only College Tutors and possibly elected non-residents were members of the Clubs were rectified by the less visionary subcommittee.

While about its work, the subcommittee recommended a number of policy changes, which were subsequently accepted by a T.C.A.C. General Meeting and by the College Council. Man and God having assented to the new covenant, the amendments are now in force.

Among them is a change in the provisions whereby the T.C.A.C. might be charged or fined for damage to College property. The Dean is now required, after consultation with the T.C.A.C. Committee, to reasonably believe that the damage was caused by a College member. The Dean's position in General Meetings and on the Committee was also altered. Where previously he would have been chairman, he now becomes an ordinary member. It was felt that the Dean could comment more easily and seem to be less restrictive.

The financial problems that have been growing over the last few years reached such a climax this year that the Committee was compelled to raise the subscriptions a little. They will still be among the lowest of any College. We had to buy a new rowing eight, which is a thing of beauty but unfortunately not a joy forever. Eights are too quickly obsolete for that. Such a large expenditure, together with inflationary deprivations which good men suffer no less than bad meant that we could buy no other major asset this year. We spent a lot on repairs, but an iron and a clothes basket were about the only other purchases we could manage. Even with such slight expenditure, we suffered a nine hundred dollar loss. A fee increase was essential.

We were still able to do many less expensive things.

Sherry was quite often served in the Common Room. All the traditional College days and parties took place, excepting Elliott Fours. For the last two years, we have been unable to persuade any accessible rowing club to have us. Why is beyond our understanding. Last year, a drink-in was staged instead. This was felt to give the same alcoholic benefits as the boatrace, but to have fallen down on the exposure of College gentlemen to fresh air. A Car Trial was held this year. Food was supplied, but alcohol was restricted in the interests of better driving and observation of Dandenong's scenery. It is hoped the Car Trial will become a fixture.

We like to flatter ourselves that this year has been one of smooth T.C.A.C. organization and good relations with the College administration. This is despite changes in our personnel, when three members of the original committee had to resign at the end of 1968.

Peter McPhee was our first Indoor Representative. He approached his task with energy and vigour. Peter's enthusiasm apparently got the better of him, and he entered married life.

Rob McKay replaced Peter. He brought a footballer's rugged tenacity to bear on the Overseer. While impartial judges must agree that the Overseer won overall on the day, some reforms were introduced. Our menu is now to operate on a three weekly cycle, of all things.

The original Outdoor Representative was Bryan Keon-Cohen. Bryan's delicate and aesthetic facade did not prevent him form organizing our "flannelled fools", "middied oafs" and other jock-strappers into neat order. He was not so successful with his examiner. Harry Noble similarly overcame his drawback, a narcissistic attraction to race horses, to carry on a tradition of keen administration.

Darcy Tronson was General Representative in 1968. He had little to do in third term except beat up illicit car parkers and rest up for his period as Senior Student in 1969. He was succeeded in his former office by Andrew Guy. When Andrew was not grooving gently on the beaches of Bali, his considerable social and sexual experience was an asset to committee discussion. Like anything else in his hands, we knew our social life would be well looked after.

Peter Selby Smith was Treasurer right through our term. Selb was sincere in his care of our funds. It was almost as hard to extract T.C.A.C. money from him as it is to extract his own.

Our first Senior Student was the Kind Drew Hopkins. Drew's portly, balding figure came to be seen everywhere about Trinity. He would talk and drink with everyone, whether lovely or evil. His kind eyes were focussed on every College activity except his own academic work.

He was succeeded as king by Darcy Tronson. Darcy supplied drive almost to the point of nervous exhaustion. He enthused old men so that they brushed the cobwebs out of their eyes and came trotting out to College activities whose very existence they had almost forgotten. Much criticism was disarmed by the Senior Student's patent good intentions it is only to be hoped that Darcy's office did not wear him out completely

As for the last member of the committee, the Dean in 1968 was J. D. Merralls, Esq.; the Dean in 1969 was the Reverend R. W. Gregory.

John Telfer was again Secretary throughout.

JCH SENIOR STUDENT'S REPORT

Senior Student	Joanne Heinz
Secretary	Annita Brown
Treasurer	Meg Cowling
Librarian	June Nicoll
Home Secretary	Frances Frew

At the beginning of the year, the J.C.H. ladies returned to find the college encircled by a six foot brick wall. Amid rumours that barbed wire was to be placed on top of it and electrified gates with alarms and spotlights erected to stop undesirables, the ladies asked —was this going to change life in J.C.H. and were we to become, in the words of one horrified lady, a "Pentridge"?

Happily for those who feared the worst, the wall proved no bar to College life—perhaps this was due to the neon light—and the year has seen the traditional round of activities.

J.C.H. is becoming a byword for hospitality and it has become quite the place to have a wedding reception or any other important function, as witnessed by the endless round of magnificent spreads seen in the College this year. Among our guests have been the Master of Downing College, Cambridge, Professor and Mrs. Guthrie, Professor and Mrs. Jackson, and Professor Burke from the University staff. The Blackwood Dinner, now combined with the Essay competition, saw a number of other distinguished guests, including Dr. Strauss and the Warden of the Union, Mr. Gourlay. With the innovation last year of allowing each lady the privilege of having six members of the University staff to meals as guests of the College, we have moved a bit further into University life. Dr. Max Charlesworth, after having dinner in Hall, spent the rest of the evening in spirited discussion covering a wide range of topics with several ladies, and this form of discussion group is being encouraged.

This question of participation of the Colleges in University has been a prominent one this year. A lot of criticism has been levelled against Colleges for their isolation from the University. This situation develops because of the vast range of activities *within* the College, and students find themselves divided in their loyalties to College on the one hand and University on the other. For most, loyalty turns to the College because of its unique quality, which, due to its vastness, the University cannot offer.

Therefore, College activities assume paramount importance and it is through them that that intangible quality, College spirit, develops — where else was College spirit more rife than on the Bulpadok when twelve husky footballers challenged their deadly enemy, Trinity, to a football match? The way one Fresher burst through the pack after taking a towering mark, the deadly seriousness of the coach on the sidelines, and the way the trainers looked after the opponents, showed how united the College is! The evening was topped off by the annual J.C.H.-Trinity debate on the subject "It is better to live in sin". After each side had displayed its debating skill, the adjudicator, Dr Marshall—or was it Albert Langer?—declared it a non-event and awarded both sides equally nought! A truly fair decision.

Trinity again combined with us to enter a contestant in the Miss University quest. Although our stronghold on the title of Miss WUS was broken, our beauty queen, Miranda Jelbart, proved an excellent choice.

Thus, although the barricades went up in J.C.H. this year, the barriers remained down.

JANET CLARKE HALL, 1969

Back Row (L to R)

Morfydd Sharp, Valerie Major, Lynette Richmond, Mary Attik, Mary Randall, Lorraine Emslie, Gail Littlejohn. Glenda Harvey, Katriona MacLeod, Faye Stuckey, Roselyn Shade, Catherine Forsyth, Marion Spiller, Lorraine Jones, Sarah Jaques, Gillian Canapini.

Fourth Row (L to R)

Celia Kneen, Helen Sharp, Janice Kidman, Jennifer Whimpey, Jillian Donaldson, Catherine Fry, Shurlee Hateley, Pamela Kaye, Sharon Bell, Jennifer Peters, Heather Duncan, Elizabeth Jones, Jennifer Hooks, Judith Miers, Jennifer Roddick, Ann Heazlewood, Georgine Haigh, Annette Mace.

Third Row (L to R)

Nicola King, Ah Lian Chiam, Dianne McDonald, Judith Kennett, Dianne Taylor, Lorene Day, Heather Stuchbery, Elizabeth Saunders, Margaret Lewis, Janet McCallum, Ann Cowling, Susan Aitken, Jennifer Hay, Janet Cuthbertson, Anne Skelley, Sally Kirkwood, Dianne Symond, Julie Prescott, Vanessa Landale, Ann Hood, Miranda Jelbart.

Second Row (L to R)

Gaye Dunlop, Elizabeth Young, Diana Brett, Robyn Mason, Pera Wells, Alison Tom, Sandra Fleming, Cheryl Harding, Diana Scambler, Lynette Gillett, Wendy Hayes, Rosemary Bain, Patricia Sloan, Gillian Willett, Jeltje Fanoy, Barbara Forster, Judith Earls, Jane Drewett, Vicki Stephens, Goh Kwee Tin.

Front Row (L to R)

Miss P. Whyte, Miss A Humffray, Miss R. Von Trepp, Miss A. Smythe, Miss C. MacDowell, Miss R. Leslie, Dr. Y. Aitken, Mrs. F. Caro, Dr. E. Eden, Joanne Heinz, Annita Brown, Meg Cowling, Frances Frew, June Nicoll, Ann Kupa, Leona Donnelly, Helen Puls.

Absent:

Patricia Bainbridge, Bronwen Birrell, Alison Condon, Joanna Cowan, Sarah Dawson, Suzanne Donnelly, Susan Graham, Sarah Hamer, Katherine Jackson, Seonaid Kellock, Mary Lush, Rosslyn Lyons, Judith Manly, Margaret Morton, Pippa Parkinson, Nancy Stockdale, Keryn Williams.

SWIMMING

Tactics were all important in Trinity swimming this year. "Conceal weakness with numbers, and never give up until you can't be bothered trying any more". This system was all very good when pitted against ability without fitness. The depth of the Trinity team enabled its members to put everything into a single event. The only performances worth mentioning were Pete Selby-Smith's winning of the 50 metres back-stroke for the second time, and Rob Niall's resolve in swimming the 50 metres freestyle three times, in the individual event and both relays.

Unfortunately Trinity came second to Queen's whose team had been training for several weeks every morning at 8.00 a.m. (yes 8.00 a.m.; O running dogs of jockstrapper imperialism!) The Trinity team must be commended for its enthusiasm and determination. After all we did beat Newman and four other entrants.

Highlight of the evening has always been the gentlemen's relay. The "Mighty Lung", Al Minson strode to the blocks resplendent in his silk dressing gown and dark glasses. A gold ash-tray was ceremoniously carried by his batman. And when he disrobed the cry went up: "What a body!", but the giggling stopped when Lung liquidated the other swimmers. It will be many years before any other person with low capacity lungs will be able to develop so much frog-power.

Gary Bigmore

SQUASH

Because of the strong competition for places in the team, all five members were in form for the first match, a semi-final against Newman. Trinity cruised to a 5-0 win which put the team into the final against Queens. Queens proved much tougher opposition and a couple of racquets broke under the pressure. Both ends of the team—Thomas No. 5, and Garrott No. 1—lost their matches, but the middle of the team —de Crespigny, Noble and Scott Fowler—won to give Trinity the cup for the second year in succession.

Richard Thomas

FIRST EIGHT

Back Row: M. D. Hamer, D. J. Bainbridge, R. S. Benson, R. J. Stewart.
Front Row: I. G. Farran, A. deP. Godfrey (Captain of Boats), M. A. Stephens, G. N. Withers.
Sitting: A. O. a'Beckett.
Absent: W. E. Stokes (Coach).

SHUMS

A senseless, sodden, mild-mannered reporter was retrieved after Trinity's orgiastic win in the final. The only way *Fleur-de-Lys* could gain information about the day's events was through the thought association process. What follows is an extract from such an interview.

Word:—Bus: (thought association; reply)—toilet paper—broken glass—*beer*
2. Riverside Inn:—*beer*—20c a glass—Micks—*beer*—Mens—*beer*—give us a T—give us a . . . *beer*—crowd on street—*beer* on car—give us a . . . men in blue—wet man in blue—men in blue in car plus extra—*beer*
3. Ormond, Newman and Queens present—censored
4. River bank:—yellow—trees—yellow—*beer*
5. River: — wet — swimming — crowded — drowning—*beer*
6. Race: — Trinity — Trinity — Trinity — T-R-I-N-I-T-Y—we won—*beer*
7. Dinner after race:—'one of Trinity's greatest victories'—*beer*—Trinity's cup—hoarse—*beer*
8. Squash court:—*beer*—Newman, Ormond, Queens—no *beer*—WRECKAGE
9. Tiger—Woo!!!

Paul Elliott

FIRST EIGHT

This year the College crew started off badly. For the first week nothing would go right and it looked as though Ormond had the rowing in the bag. However, slowly the crew improved until it was in a state where we dared to show ourselves on the water. Then two weeks before the race Bill Stokes, our coach, changed two people and we started a week of intensive, twice a day training in which the crew really improved.

We won the Open Eights at the Scotch-Mercantile regatta which is the first time a College crew has won the event. In the 'Shums' heat we won from Ormond by five lengths and from Newman by seven in the final. Unfortunately, owing to the results of Shums, we were beaten by the Extra-Collegiate Eight by half-a-length for the John Lang Cup.

The success of the season is owed undoubtedly to two factors. The first was that the crew had five freshers in it who did not understand what College rowing was all about and took it all too seriously. The other factor was that we had the best-dressed coach on the river. Who has ever heard of a coach attending a regatta in morning tails? *David Bainbridge*

SECOND EIGHT

The crew this year feverishly stroked the *Myra Rourke* 2, until we pushed her end through the finishing line, to emerge clear winners of the loser's final. Picture coach David Yates pedalling his way to a haemorrhage on the Yarra bank. This then was the second eight of 1969. Animals and Worts took the freshers under their wings and collectively any chance the crew ever had of figuring prominently in the winner's final. Jim and Tim had immense difficulty in pulling reasonably sized puddles, both being emissions from other crews. The freshers, amazed at the virulence and general hairiness of the others, seldom broached the boat, preferring to remain rooted to the shore, especially after one poor unfortunate had been struck amidships by 'Syd's' in midstream. Anything you hear about the Yarra is probably true. Congratulations go to the firsts for a triumphant win. Amen Shums . . . *David Parsons*

HOCKEY

The prospects for College hockey looked excellent from the outset this year with the return to the College of Rob McGregor and with a number of keen and able players among the freshers. Trinity was well represented in the higher grades of the University Hockey Club. Martin Haskett and Michael Hamer played in the Inter-Varsity in Tasmania.

After the election of Rob McGregor as captain and Martin Haskett as vice-captain regular practices soon began. Because of the number of players available, every place in the final team was well earned. In early June a pleasant practice match was played against Melbourne Grammar which the College won convincingly by five goals to one, thus wreaking vengeance for the ignominious defeat of 1968.

Trinity entered the competition at round two. This match was played against Queen's on 22nd June, Trinity again winning convincingly, 4:0. The goals were shared equally between Messrs. MacGregor and Hamer. This win put Trinity into the grand final which was played on 6th July. From the beginning, it became clear that this would not be an easy game, and indeed after a hard-fought first half Trinity was one goal down. Early in the second half, encouraged by the vocal support of a large number of Trinity gentlemen and JCH ladies, they rapidly turned the tables with two quick goals. The first was scored by Marty Feldman from a penalty corner; the second by Rob McGregor after a brilliant dash from the centre of the ground. A third goal from the latter virtually assured the College of victory.

Trinity went on to win 3-2 from Ormond, thus retaining both the Hedstrom and Ridley Cups which were soon put to good use.

Andrew St. John

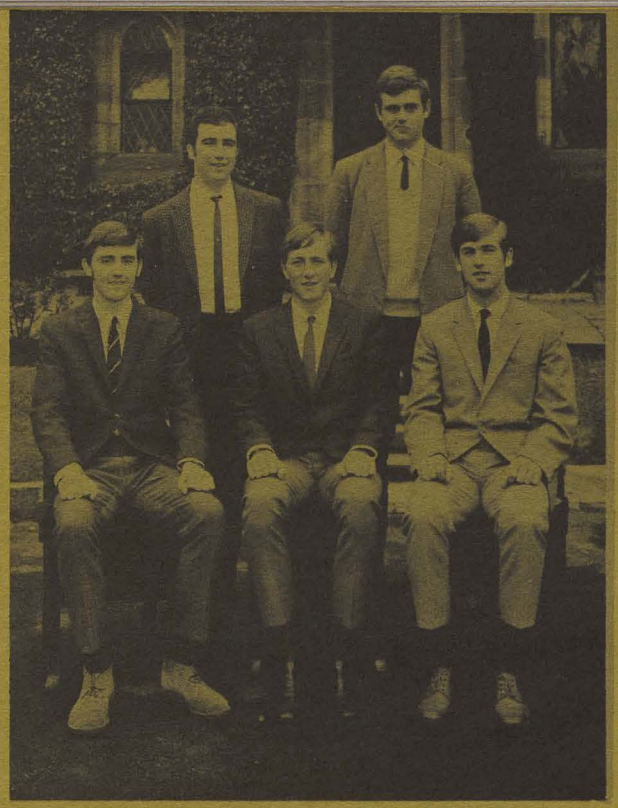
TENNIS

Returning from last year were the two veterans Alan Cox and Scott Fowler (capt.) Bruce "Rocket" Cottrill and Dick "the serve" Harper comprised a formidable second pair, while Lach "forehand" Ch. de Crespigny and Terry "Lionel" Cook filled in very well for Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle who were playing the circuit.

After having a bye in the first round Trinity met Ormond in the semi-final. Ormond had convincingly beaten Newman the day before and were very confident, but a resounding 6-1 victory to Trinity shattered this. In the other semi-final, Queens easily defeated Ridley, and before the final even "Brom" wouldn't have given you odds on either team.

In the final, however, after being three-all at the end of the singles, the Queens' team was able, with better teamwork, to take all the three doubles giving it a well deserved 6-3 victory. A motion was then passed by the Trinity team to the effect that next year the Cup shall be returned to Trinity, its proper resting place.

Scott Fowler

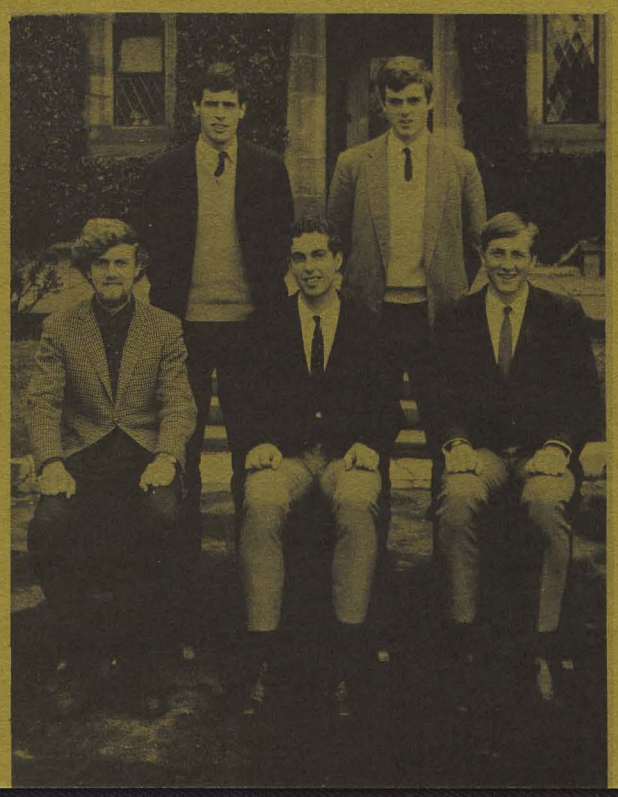


TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: T. I. Cook, L. J. de Crespigny.
Front Row: D. B. Cottrill, S. C. Fowler, (Captain), A. F. Cox.
Absent: R. W. Harper.

SQUASH TEAM

Back Row: R. H. Noble, L. J. de Crespigny.
Front Row: R. N. Thomas, D. P. Garrott (Captain), S. C. Fowler.



FIRST EIGHTEEN

The progress of the First Eighteen this year was that of a "rags to riches" team, one which played its practice matches in dismal fashion, improved out of sight for the college games and went very close to winning the premiership in one of the most exciting grand finals in years.

The arch-rival, Newman, was the opponent for the first game. For the first two quarters the game was a tense struggle, Newman holding a slight advantage, but good play by Rob McKay, Peter Godfrey and Bruce Cottrill kept Trinity in the game up to half-time, Stung into action by Phil Cohen's stirring half-time speech, Trinity played inspired football during the third quarter and rattled on nine goals, Rick Harper and Max Crossley kicked some glorious ones. The final term was a do or die struggle; Newman fought back in typical style but were held out by the Trinity backs and, with iron men, Tim Armytage and Geoff Cloke playing well, Trinity held on to its lead and won by ten points.

From the first bounce the game against Queens was completely one-sided and Trinity dominated the play. The only interest in the game for the men behind the goals was the margin by which Trinity would win, and how many goals Brett Forge would kick. Trinity won by over twenty goals and Forge kicked nine. Other players to do well were Russell Grigg on the half-forward flank, Ted Heywood and Brendon Kaye on the wings and Terry Cook around the packs.

The grand final against Ormond promised to be a thriller between the two undefeated teams. Trinity was strengthened by the inclusion of coach, Bill Sykes, who decided that he had been on the wrong side of the boundary for the first two games.

Despite Phil Cohen's carefully laid plan of attack and Rob Mackie's good play on the backline, Ormond went to the lead in the first half and were four goals ahead at half-time.

The third quarter saw a great Trinity revival, with half-forwards Bruce Cottrill and Bill Sykes doing a great job. Trinity overhauled Ormond to be only a few points down at three-quarter time.

Two determined teams took the field after lemon time. Trinity attacked early but spoiled its efforts with inaccuracy when shooting for goal. Good play by Ormond resulted in three vital goals and they eventually won by ten points. Our congratulations to Ormond.

The standard of Trinity football teams set in the past few years was maintained this year and a nucleus of good first and second year players augurs well for 1970.

1. FIRST EIGHTEEN

Back Row: T. I. Cook, R. K. Tronson, B. C. Springhall, R. A. Grigg, D. A. Parsons.
Centre Row: M. J. James, A. G. Rossiter, C. J. Arup, A. W. Heinz, B. H. Forge, R. H. Stuckey.
Front Row: P. J. Godfrey, R. W. Harper, D. B. Cottrill, I. C. Mitchell (Captain), E. R. Heywood, M. J. Crossley, S. C. Fowler.
Absent: R. C. Mackay, R. J. Mackie, G. M. Cloke, B. E. Kay, W. E. Sykes, D. E. Langley.

SECOND EIGHTEEN

Take one hockey-player, one rugby player and sixteen would-be footballers, and you have the College Second Eighteen for 1969. Under the inspiring leadership of our captain—coach—selector—author (self-appointed Andrew Guy) we were undefeated till the dying moments of a tense and exciting final.

In our first game, against Queens, we ended a sum of eight consecutive losses built up over the previous years. The memorable incident in this game was Darcy Tronson crippled with cramp early in the second quarter. Our next two matches against Ormond and Newman were gruelling affairs overcome by the team's outstanding fitness. In both of these games we came from behind to win easily (seven and two points respectively).

After these amazing feats a mere technicality prevented us from entering the final. However, flushed with our success on the field, we continued our winning run by convincing the I.C.D. to retrospectively alter the rules thus regaining our rightful place. This was another memorable incident.

Mindful of tradition, the team decided to compensate these wins in one fell swoop. We lost. Once again we had a last-quarter revival by scoring our only goal for the match. (Thanks Clive!) Mention should also be made of Drew Hopkins who trained for the final but missed selection: our champion centre half-back whose only preparation was a diet of omlettes; Oppy, who is better at football than tennis; Clive Cutler, our best and roughest; Stewart Moroney, Peter Nice, Mike James, and the Thomas brothers were all consistent players in an even team . . . and Harry Noble.

Andrew Guy

2. SECOND EIGHTEEN

Back Row: P. G. Ross, A. P. Kemp, D. A. Parsons, L. J. de Crespigny, P. D. Elliott, G. R. Grantham, J. M. Robinson.
Centre Row: M. J. James, N. D. Johnston, S. G. Moroney, C. O. Cutler, P. J. Nice, D. T. Jenkins, C. P. Thomas.
Front Row: R. N. Thomas, R. J. MacGregor, R. K. Tronson, R. H. Noble, D. J. Oppenheim, H. H. Turnbull.
Absent: A. F. Guy (Captain), J. A. Gibson, M. Forwood.

3. SWIMMING

Back Row: D. R. Evans, A. D. Minson, P. H. Pearce, C. L. Wharton, D. A. Parsons.
Front Row: J. E. Tibballs, P. S. Smith, G. T. Bigmore (Captain), D. J. Walker, R. H. Stuckey.
Absent: R. M. Niall.

4. SECOND EIGHT

Back Row: D. A. Parsons, P. J. Nice, M. J. James, R. G. Colvin.
Front Row: M. I. Haskett, R. R. Morell, D. E. Yates (Coach), T. G. Patrick, C. L. Wharton.

5. HOCKEY

Back Row: I. B. Gray, J. E. Tibballs, B. T. Cheung, W. A. Holloway.
Front Row: A. R. St. John, J. D. Buckley, R. J. MacGregor (Captain), M. I. Haskett, A. W. Hamer.
Absent: M. D. Hamer, H. S. Parkinson, A. D. Minson, P. J. Gason.

6. ATHLETICS

Back Row: D. B. Forster, R. C. Springhall, I. R. Gowrie-Smith, R. D. Hocking, M. Haskett.
Front Row: R. H. Noble, J. E. Tibballs, L. J. de Crespigny, (Captain), C. J. Commons, A. D. Minson.
Absent: A. F. Guy, J. H. Roberts, J. R. Harry, R. W. Anderson, D. G. McDonald, T. J. Hancock.

ATHLETICS

Unfortunately for athletics and beer-consumers, (who are of course one and the same thing), athletics is deemed by higher powers to be a minor sport. And so each year, the sonambulant track stars of the college awaken a little later from their near twelve-month hibernation, to disappear into the wilds of Royal Park or on to the holy ground of the Beaurepaire to perform the mysterious rite of training.

Again, this year, much hope was held for the freshers to replace the inevitable losses caused by graduations and failures. However, the core of the team was eventually formed by stalwarts of years past, and the years had passed with many, so it seemed, but the afternoon of May 7 saw a full Trinity team on the track ready to do their utmost. The day was clear and cool, and the field colourfully decorated with athletic belles of the women's colleges, and the light blue singlets of the Monash team who were here to take part in a meet with M.U.A.C. between college events.

The competition began and it became immediately clear that, while we had not appeared to have lost much strength since last year, the other colleges had gained considerably. Chris Commons' third place in the 100 metres was our best effort among a throng of 5th and 6th places until his fine leap of 22 ft. 10 in. to win the long jump. Thankfully too, Jon Harry appeared for the brief time needed to win the shot-put, and Trinity's hopes began to rise. It was clear, however, that the battle for the lead was between the powerful Newman and Queens teams. The 4 x 800 relay was the big event at the end of the afternoon, but Ormond distance-running depth proved too great for the other three teams. The 100 metre relay team came home in fine form to gain 2nd place.

The final event was the 400 metres which saw Queens snatch another victory from Newman by less than a winning points margin. We returned, not unduly disappointed, knowing that we had done as much as was in our power, and hoping for a return to domination next year.

Tim Hancock

JCH FUN AND GAMES

Our year's sporting activities began with the college rowing and was marked by greater enthusiasm than actual success. After losing our heat, we overcame spirited if uncoordinated opposition from St Mary's in the loser's final to gain overall third place. Our greatest successes were first place in the inter-collegiate squash competition and second place in the tennis competition. Our swimming team took second place to Women's again this year. In other sports the college's achievements were not outstanding. In basketball and hockey we gained third place while in athletics and golf we came fourth. Nevertheless the events, particularly rowing and swimming have generally been fairly well supported. I would particularly like to thank Bronwen Birrell for her help throughout the year.

Alison Condon

JCH BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing: Heather Duncan, Jillian Donaldson, Sally Kirkwood, Rosemary Bain, Elizabeth Jones, Sandra Fleming, Elizabeth Saunders.

Seated: Jennifer Hay, Vicki Stephens, Frances Frew, Leona Donnelly, Marion Spiller.

JCH HOCKEY TEAM

Standing: Margaret Lewis, Gail Littlejohn, Sally Kirkwood, Rosemary Bain, Jillian Donaldson, Jane Drewett.

Seated: Gillian Canapini, June Nicoll, Gaye Dunlop, Annita Brown.

JCH TENNIS TEAM

Standing: Ann Hood, Jenifer Hooks, Annita Brown, Susan Aitken, Sandra Fleming.

Seated: Frances Frew, Meg Cowling, Margaret Lewis.

PARACHUTE CLUB

Before commenting on the year's activities, this group first wishes to establish its identity, in view of the possibility that not everyone will be acquainted with its ideals. We disclaim any affiliation with an alleged and illegal rocket club which is rumoured to exist. Our sole aim is to test the Club Parachute, which was designed and manufactured by the club's Design and Manufacturing Department.

To date no parachute has been officially sent up or brought down owing to a difficulty in selecting the appropriate launching mechanism. Eventually, however, a long thin metal tube was decided upon, and this thunderstick will be taken aloft by a rare and costly preparation known to the laity as Parachute Launching Powder, which will be ignited with a two-hundred foot long taper while the rest of the Club watches awe-struck from the protection of an inflatable Glad Wrap dome.

Let it not be said that the College Parachute Club is an unsophisticated venture. The world of electronics assures us that with the latest micro-miniaturised-wide-band - supersonic - tuned - radio - frequency - epoxy-silicon transistors which come in a choice of two colours—infra-red and ultra-violet—we cannot only send our little red ball of cotton up, but beam out over the ether (and even through the Glad Wrap) the throb of electro-magnetic energy which will eject the parachute.

By the time this report goes to press, if it does, we should have had our first success. If not, we shall have to wait until the parachute returns to an earth orbit, when we shall try again.

THE WEAK WEEK

Juttoddie happened on 29th August. Spring was here. The sky was grey. The freshers were grey. The crowd stood. The books arrived. They were Graham Bromwich and Terry Cook. The Tote arrived also. They were Terry Jenkins and some girls. The crowd stood. The skits began. Darcy was compere. Mrs Davey came. Mick Jocker and Mary Unfaithful came. The maids came. Willy Foster was F. They said things. The crowd stood. The Logs blessed the Bricks. The heats began. The crowd stood. There were five of them. There were four winners. They were all freshers. Mick Forwood led the nobblers. Money was lost. Water was thrown. The winners were wet. Then there was afternoon tea. The crowd ate. The crowd drank. Garry Whipp must be thanked for it. The crowd stood. Then there was the final. The Tote sold bets. The book sold bets. The crowd stood. They were all on their toes. The gun went. Bang! They were off! Bruce Howman won. He is organising it next year. Congratulations, Bruce! Then Barry Marshall came as Albert F. Langer. He presented the cup to Bruce. The crowd stood. It will be the last time that Albert presents the cup here. There was a CRD that night. No one stood.

Michael Taylor and Paul Elliott

FIRST ELEVEN

Back Row: T. P. Armytage, M. Forwood, J. D. Higgs, A. G. Rossiter.
Centre Row: R. W. Harper, B. E. Kay, G. R. Grantham, A. W. Heinz.
Front Row: E. S. Bellchambers, R. C. Springhall, P. S. Moss.
Absent: S. J. MacGregor.

The Schoolmaster

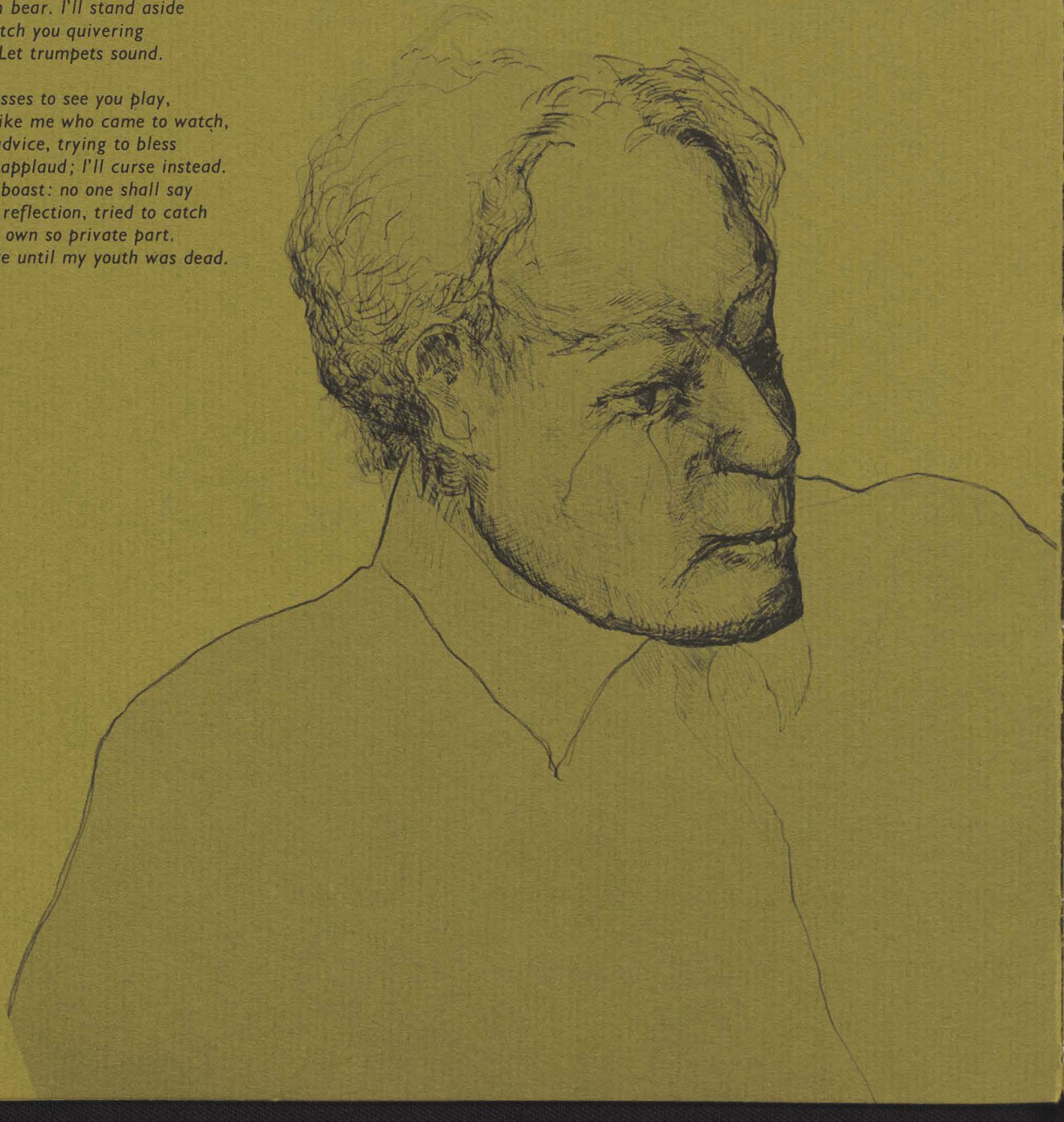
The boys think I'm a priest because I'm heard
opening out the secret of the rose.
I am the steward of the mountain stage
where they forget their mothers, where the blood
of knowledge is so delicately smeared.
I am the minister of magic..I expose
the adept of the nakedness of age.
And mine's the prophecy of parenthood.

How old am I? A whitened finger toys
upon the wood a cavalcade of moons,
stressing the winter snows I must belie,
the months that hold me as a willing slave
teaching unwilling freedom. And my voice
drones on and on through summer afternoons,
the mysteries of joy. Who'd ever try
to teach the cult of Neptune to a wave?

But then I must not dream of you, of course,
if there's to be a freedom for your stride
about the waking world, and if the string
of knowledge is to hurry you around
the hurdles and the barriers, the sores
that only you can bear. I'll stand aside
from you and watch you quivering
before the race. Let trumpets sound.

A crowd of witnesses to see you play,
old pedagogues like me who came to watch,
with surfeits of advice, trying to bless
while other men applaud; I'll curse instead.
This only let me boast: no one shall say
I worshipped my reflection, tried to catch
the echoes of my own so private part.
You could not live until my youth was dead.

By Roger Sharr



Notes on Thurber

Unless an ending arrives
A beginning fails simply to have been,
And an experience, an impression that
Doesn't hold dear
Because of that eternity of time
Is no experience, no impression that
Doesn't register;
For the pang of separation
With no parting
Could not be
With nothing to look upon.

"It takes life to love life:"
Edgar Lee Masters—even your life
Of a declining climax
Has a mortal point.
A life to lead—
Not to hope beyond.

Robert Johanson

Abel

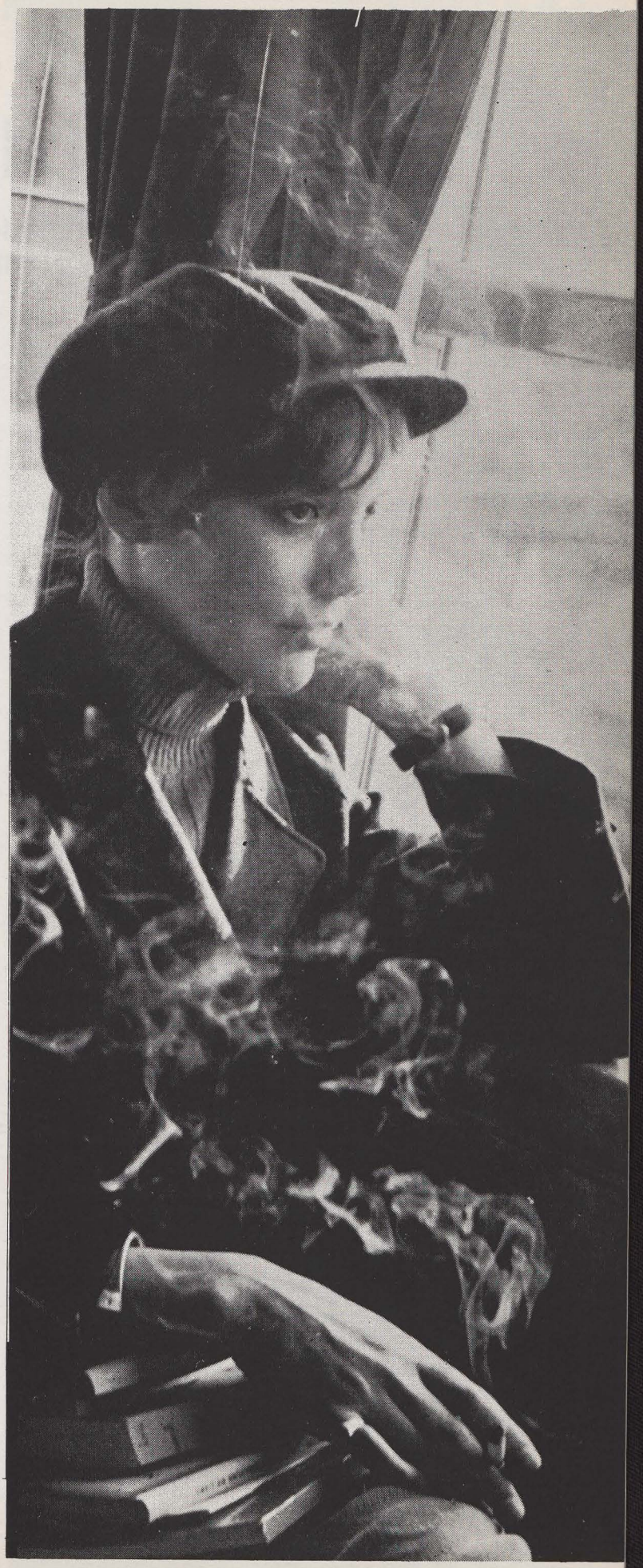
Mummy and Daddy
named me Abel
in order to rhyme with the kitchen table
and my great-aunt whose name was Mabel.

Between Abel and me
Is a break
Between live me and dead me
Is a break
The shadow of history's hand
The progression of a grain of sand.

Mummy and Daddy created me
In marital concorde and harmony
I am the achievement of their love
of themselves, below the navel, and above.
In separation was I bred
In fear I cringed on the marriage bed
Day in day out is my life-blood bled
till bloody red in blood I die.
And the kitchen table hears not my cry.
But dead Mabel is with me when I die.

And Mummy and Daddy die
when I die,
when
For ever and ever
Amen
Awoman.

Judy Seddon



THE "ODINGA AFFAIR"

STUDENT POWER, ACADEMIC FREEDOM AND UNIVERSITY AUTONOMY IN EAST AFRICA

In East Africa, where school children often go out on strike, university students are noted more for their conformity. Indeed they are so conformist that they revolt only when it is required to be revolutionary. They can always be relied upon to denounce neo-colonialism, Ian Smith and South Africa, to espouse nationalism, oppose tribalism and call themselves socialists, to demand the Africanisation of the academic staff, to attack the wearing of gowns and the institution of High Table. To do these things is to be a revolutionary in a revolutionary society—it means fulfillment for the zealot and a limited outlet for the rebel. Where, however a student body suddenly finds itself to the 'left' of the government, where it is possible for zealot and rebel to combine, then even an East African campus is capable of a non-conformist gesture. It happened this way at the University College, Nairobi, at the beginning of 1969.

Kenyan students had no great reputation for militancy. Few of them were unwilling to genuflect before the image of Jomo Kenyatta, the ritual which gives Kenyans their sense of community and reminds them of an heroic past. It is true that some of the fifteen hundred students had become openly but cautiously critical about the pro-Western policies of Kenyatta's government. Some had begun to distinguish between neo-colonialism and false decolonisation, a distinction which encouraged that heretical and dangerous notion that Kenya's leaders had cornered and confined the fruits of independence. The large majority, however, were thought to be 'safe'—that is, loyal, conformist and submissive, dedicated to their careers. The overseas students, and those from other parts of East and Central Africa, were even more reticent. They were aware that the price of outspoken criticism is instant deportation. So although the university authorities were conscious of discontent on the campus—of complaints about the slow rate of Africanisation, the content of courses, the low level of student participation—they were not unduly perturbed. They had long mastered the art of retreating before the battle, they could handle the conventional protests. More important, the government outside the campus had little to worry about. Rumblings about the need for a 'true revolution' had not developed into an extremist student power movement aiming to reshape the very structure of Kenyan society.

Given this fact the government had no real need to worry about a student invitation to the Leader of the Opposition to speak at the University College. On the other hand Mr. Oginga Odinga himself presented something of a problem. "Double-O' is irrespressible. He has to be. His small opposition is the victim of the sort of illiberality he once practised when Minister of Home Affairs and later Vice-President in the Kenya government. He has to move warily these days as some of his followers have already been sent to prison for political offences and he is regularly harassed by police investigations into his activities. At first meeting it is not easy to see why they bother. Odinga is a poor public speaker, except at question-time. But Odinga's message is a different matter. The argument is Fanonesque: independence has made no difference to Kenya, a black bourgeoisie has merely taken over the colonial system which it rules in co-operation with the former colonial masters. Significantly his book is entitled *Not Yet Uhuru*, a proposition which embarrasses and infuriates the government. They laugh at his lunacy and watch him carefully. Above all they are anxious to see that he does not have the chance of moving audiences which, though predominantly safe, are nonetheless impressionable.

Odinga had been invited to the University College for the evening of Friday, 24 January. Just before he was due to speak, Dr Porter, the Principal, an African from Sierra Leone, announced that the proper procedure for booking a hall had not been observed. The meeting was then cancelled. The students were convinced that the government had intervened, a very reasonable assumption in the circumstances. They demanded to know why they were not allowed to hear Odinga and to make up their own minds about him. The majority, it seemed, were prepared to attack him; now they were denouncing what they saw as a denial of the principle of academic freedom. To press the point a strike was proposed.

This provoked President Kenyatta to a reply which must surely rank above anything so far attempted by an Australian State Premier. Kenyatta accused the students, along with thieves, prostitutes and certain non-citizens, of being 'cheats who breed disunity'. (At a subsequent sympathy strike in Uganda one student carried a poster with the message—'Students and Prostitutes—Unite'). Kenyatta reminded them that they were not above the government, that they had been sponsored to study and that they should leave politics alone until they had graduated. He made no mention of the possibility that university students are also expected to engage in a free exchange of ideas and develop their critical faculties. In any case, for once, the students ignored the familiar injunction and the menacing fly whisk. Despite an order from the Minister of Education to attend classes they voted overwhelmingly to stay away from lectures 'until academic freedom was won'.

The strike began on Monday 27th. The President promptly ordered the College to be closed and the Halls of Residence to be cleared. The General Service Unit moved in and the students, five of them bleeding and most of them now destitute, were given half an hour to move out. It was a ruthless exercise—though not as brutal as some have claimed. Radio Peking, for example, disclosed to the surprise of everyone in Nairobi at the time, except presumably to its representative, that thirty-four students had died, scores of police had disobeyed their orders and two others had been killed by