

1972

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*Of all the creatures that creep, swim or fly,
Peopling the earth, the waters, and the sky,
From Rome to Iceland, Paris to Japan,
I really think the greatest fool is man.*

Nicolas Boileau Despreau
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FLEUR DE LYS 1972

The Fleur-de-Lys

EDITORIAL 1907

It has long been an aspiration of the College to possess a permanent magazine. Spasmodic attempts there have been, but with all their various merits they can hardly be said to have realized the ideal of a College paper. We hope that the *Fleur-de-Lys* will realize that ideal and supply a want which has become more widely felt with each successive year. So we hardly need an introduction to our readers, and if any justification be demanded for our attempt, a short glance at the aim and object of a College magazine will provide it. In the first place, we require some record of College affairs in every phase, including not only a chronicle of our achievements in work and sport, but a reflection of the inner life of the College. These aims are obvious. But we hope to supply a broader deeper need. We would deal not only with matters of exclusive College interest, but would, as far as in us lies, present the College point of view on matters further afield. And not forgetting the claims of an older generation we hope to find room for the doings of those who went before us, thus emphasizing the continuity of College life. If we can succeed in this, our effort will not have been wholly vain.

The general improvement all round the University in finance, numbers, work and sport is in no small measure due to the generous help we have received from the nation. For this we owe a debt which we cannot better repay than by leading the way in the solution of one of the most pressing problems of the day — our national defence. We strongly advocate the scheme of compulsory military training, and desire to see it introduced at any rate into the University. Opponents of the scheme lay great stress on the fact that it would be impolitic to take any side on a controversial matter. The nation has not yet made up its mind they say; the University must not venture to throw its weight into the scale. But we have a higher ideal of the functions of a University than seems to obtain among the majority of the Professorial Board. We wish to see it lead public opinion, not timorously follow it. The University should be the intellectual centre of the nation: not a mere "shop" for the purchase of technical knowledge. It should endeavour to produce citizens of the broadest, completest and most useful type possible — and for this we venture to say military training is essential — not mere automata saturated with technical knowledge and technical knowledge only, in the acquiring of which they cannot spare time to fulfil the duties of citizenship. Other objections there are — and always will be to every bold proposal — but all objections lose their force in the face of our country's need and our Alma Mater's obvious duty.

(Reprinted from the first issue of the *Fleur-de-Lys*, (1907) Volume 1, Number 1.)

EDITORIAL 1972

Freedom is the comprehension of necessity.
[Karl Marx.]

The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right. [Judge Learned Hand.]

These concepts may form a framework within which the existence of this magazine can be considered. Freedom is at best an elusive term; at worst, polemic. We hope it has relevance here to the potential as well as the present function of the magazine.

Is *Fleur-de-Lys* really necessary, and if so, what makes it so? The necessity of its existence is laid down to the editors as a given fact. But as to the nature of the necessity, one finds a maze rather than a freeway stretching before one. Several points of view demand consideration.

For instance, must the magazine be a record of College life? Reports of affiliated clubs and societies, of tea parties with the Warden, of sporting events and academic distinctions reflect more or less formally the concerns and shared activities of the College community. But should they, as at present, be one of the main concerns of the magazine, and how far can the editors take it upon themselves to determine their relative merit, weighing tradition against their own perhaps peculiar tastes? In any year, particular activities stand out as highlights, while others are no more interesting than in other years. And yet all have a conventional claim for notice.

Is it necessary for the magazine to be a forum for debate, between College members or others, on internal or wider, more topical general issues? The variety of opinions that inevitably must exist at any time is surely as much a reflection of the spirit of the colleges and the surrounding society as are organized activities. In 1907, the editors of the first *Fleur-de-Lys* advocated compulsory service for all University students. Would our opinion be substantially altered by different times and social attitudes? More importantly, would *all* of us feel accurately represented by the *same* opinion?

Is it necessary that the magazine provide an outlet for creativity? At present, potential Shakespeares are given some scope, but the individual talent is limited by space, and it is difficult to make any great feature of prose, poetry and art without changing the emphasis completely. Personal creativity could potentially add richness and excitement to the magazine, and provide original stimulation for readers, which now is not achieved.

Creativity in the editor's task has a more specific challenge. The production of a magazine has its own artistic problems. The shape and cohesion of any pub-



lication is the image of its editorship. To the extent that parameters are rigid and defined in advance the creative freedom of the editors will be limited. The absolute freedom of editors is of course another extreme (we could have given you 100 pages of Popeye, or could we?).

Liberty, as distinct from freedom, is best examined in terms of licence. Once given the licence for editing the magazine, how can one execute it fairly? Can jettisoning the "report" function be seen as a proper use of this licence? Even if much attention is given to College events, shouldn't they prove themselves noteworthy rather than being justified by the magazine? Such artificial colouring can only detract from the quality of any magazine, and its exclusion must be seen as a viable alternative. Hence it is within the licence of the editors to be selective in the information reported.

A forum must be governed by some boundaries; it is neither right nor possible to exclude or include everything that is submitted. In the course of exercising his licence of choice, an editor may be called, as in one example, a "censor", and in another, a "sympathetic ear". Neither is true. The editor does make a value judgment, and this can only be subjective. It matters not where his values are to be found, but rather the scope of his vision. This licence, in this sense, means the liberty to express one's sense of values.

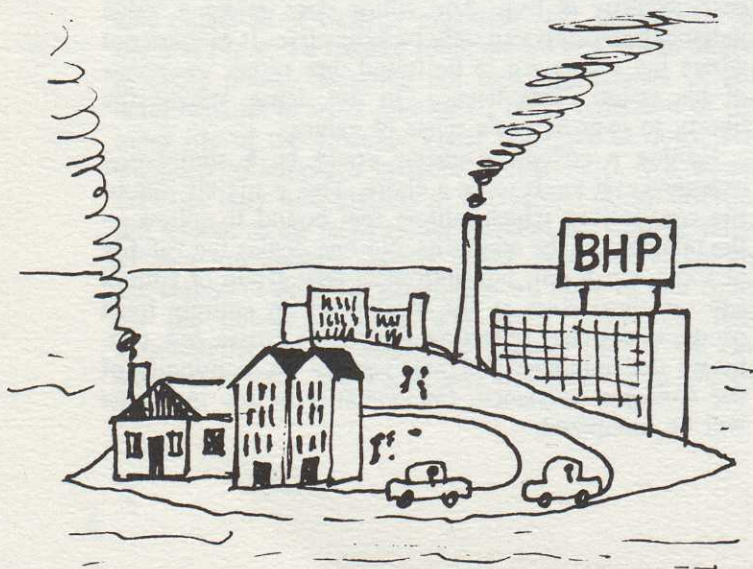
Editing a college magazine could be a stimulating experience; it tends to be a chore. This is mainly due to the conventions which editors feel bound to follow — the mandate of the magazine. No one denies the validity of some constraint, but until each new group of editors can see themselves as the masters of an entirely fresh product, not just reflecting their own biases but capturing the uniqueness of any year in the continuity of the Colleges' existence, the potential of the magazine will be hampered.



WHOSE IDEAL

The Quality of Melbourne's Urban Environment

W. S. LOGAN



In the decades about the turn of the century, Melbourne was transformed from a "walking city" in which home and place of work were of necessity close together, to a city dependent upon railway or motorised transport. At the same time, Australian cities cast off one borrowed set of ideals regarding the urban environment and borrowed a new set. Rejected were the traditional British urban values comprising tightly organized frameworks of streets, lanes and housing blocks, a neat dichotomy of two-storeyed houses and single-storeyed cottages, both types on small plots of land, relatively harmonious juxtaposition of architectural styles, and a strong sense of neighbourhood community with the local pubs and corner shops. The new set of ideals were not home-grown, but an un-inspired adaptation of ideas currently in vogue in America's expanding metropolises: larger blocks of land, detached houses of the Californian bungalow type or, a few years later, Spanish colonial style. (No genuinely native-born, environmentally-inspired architectural style has emerged in Australia since perhaps the early farmhouse, low and shady with surrounding verandahs. Even today, although we breathe with relief after the cream monotony of the 1950s and 1960s, the fashionable stereotypes currently being promoted, in United States style display estates, are little more individualistic, being no more than copies of North American fads—Cape Cod, ranch-style, or another burst of pseudo-Spanish.) As a result of the acceptance of the bungalow, monotonous suburbs began to stretch out endlessly full of residential boxes lost in their private limbos of greenery—show-piece front gardens, back "yards" designed to take compost heap, incinerator and rotary clothes line. Twentieth-century Melbourne is spacious no doubt, a low-density city, and this at first seemed to be an improvement on the earlier urban environment. Governmental planners evidently considered it worth repeating *ad nauseam*, and only of late has it been realized that this amorphous mass, Melbourne, will destroy its own viability as a functioning city unless a new set of ideals is formulated.

The fundamental problem of Australian cities is their areal extent. Melbourne's suburban sprawl covers roughly the same area as London, but with one-fifth the population. European visitors comment unfavourably on the long distances that have to be travelled within Australian cities to reach the various activities which are essential parts of urban existence: shopping, work, entertainment and recreation, cultural pursuits, and so on. Commuting to work along traffic-packed arteries jangling with road signs, neon advertisements and lamp-posts, is the norm for the majority of city-dwellers. All the worst features of the American metropolis unwittingly transplanted in Australia in the name of progress. Moreover, even the provincial cities and towns of Australia seek to emulate the capitals and measure progress in terms of size, distance, the pace of life, street scenery. Yet 85.5 per cent of Australians choose to live in urban areas (defined as towns with

more than 1,000 residents) and 64.5 per cent in the ten cities over 100,000. Australia is thus in the foremost ranks of the world's most urbanised societies. Some economists and geographers would claim that the degree of urbanism is indicative of a country's level of economic development, but they fail to consider the social problems engendered by massive urbanism, especially urbanism of the American-Australian type: the tensions of big city existence, the utter futility of long journeys to and from work each day, the social and cultural sterility of the suburbs, the isolation of the housewife in her detached bungalow in its characterless street, and the industrial and motor vehicular pollution of the air, rivers and beaches damaging the health both of the human inhabitants as well as the plant life of parks, median strips and other areas of vegetation which relieve the concrete and brick of the city.

Assuming as we must that urbanised society is inevitable, then Australia must look forward to an even higher proportion of her population living in large urban centres. The present urbanisation rate in Australia is a steady one half of one per cent per annum, resulting from rural-urban migration consequent upon the adjustments of rural industries to the new economic situation of world marketing arrangements and increasing production costs, as well as from overseas immigration. At this rate city dwellers could easily make up 90 per cent of the population within the decade. On present trends too, this means Australia must look forward to larger and larger cities, rather than more cities. To date, Australian governments have been unconcerned with attempting to limit the size of the existing monsters. Sir Henry, for example, in his obsession to make Victoria the Ruhr of Australia and to recreate Marvellous Melbourne, has paid only lip-service to decentralisation. His half-dozen pet-towns chosen for accelerated growth may have expanded more rapidly than other provincial centres but have had no effect on the growth of Melbourne. No effort on the part of governmental authorities in Victoria has been made to divert industry, services and population away from the capital to provincial towns. On the contrary, the Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works is planning for a bigger and better Melbourne of 4.5 million, almost twice its present size, by the year 2,000. People and suburbs are to be pushed out into the western and northern growth corridors—there is no need to encourage expansion to the east and south-east—so that Melbourne will become a vast octopus with tentacles reaching out 25 or 30 miles in all directions.

This policy is euphemistically termed "balanced development". But the underlying assumptions are far from ideal, and certain of the consequences of the present over-extended, low-density urban sprawl are already reaching critical proportions. Fortunately, a growing minority is beginning to question the assumptions behind Melbourne's planning. These members of the public question the unlimited population size concept and object to the reality of suburbs devouring



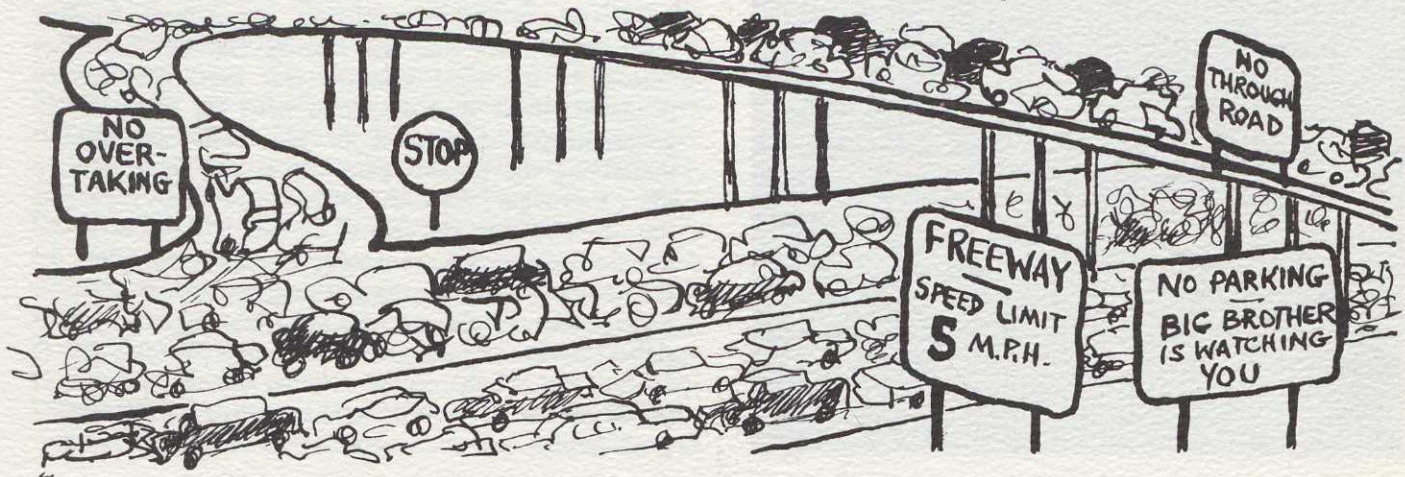
surrounding rural and recreational areas. They question the necessity of maintaining a single central business district which is becoming increasingly inaccessible to the majority of metropolitan residents, and ask why not develop a second business-administration-entertainment centre in the south-eastern suburbs to relieve the pressures which focus mercilessly on the existing centre. They object to the desecration of parkland and recreational areas for freeway construction, such as the piracy of a section of the Yarra Bend National Park for the Doncaster-Templestowe freeway. Slowly, one hopes, this sense of outrage and search for new ideals will gather strength and the fight to preserve the quality of the urban environment against the onslaughts of governmental instrumentalities, and land and building speculators and despite the ignorance and apathy of the general public will emerge as a vocal part of the broader conservationist struggle already waged in non-urban spheres.

In one section of Melbourne, the conservationist battle is already being fought with intensity and the mass of residents have formed strong opinions on the quality which they demand of the urban environment. The reference is, of course, to the inner suburbs—Parkville, Carlton, Fitzroy, East Melbourne and parts of Richmond, South Melbourne and North Melbourne. Here, young professional people have partly returned to the urban traditions of the past in a bid to escape the sterility of suburbia. They have discovered that the ideals of last century apply with equal force in the 1970s. The inner suburbs still offer proximity to the heart of the city, even now the main employment focus of Melbourne despite the development of industries and services in peripheral locations. Inner suburban workers are therefore spared several hours each day for their own leisure which their commuter friends spend in peak-hour traffic jams. The inner suburbs have more than their fair share of public parks and recreational facilities and easy access to the cinemas and theatres of the city centre. The splendid design and lofty dimensions of the Victorian terrace houses on the one hand, and the compact convenience of the smaller brick and stone cottages on the other, are again being appreciated, along with the flair of the later red-brick

and *terra cotta* Queen Anne houses. Cast iron ornamentation, the one architectural feature for which Melbourne is internationally renowned, is reappearing, and white paint is covering up two decades of southern European pastel green, thus signalling the transfer of houses from the immigrant groups, who used the inner suburbs as a stepping-off point in their integration into Australian society, to the new wave of young Australian-born professionals. For the latter, the medium-density house types of the inner suburbs offer a happy compromise between the high-density flat mode and the low-density outer suburban detached dwelling, avoiding both the lack of privacy and claustrophobia of the one and the isolation and monotony of the other. Above all, the inner suburbs are coming alive again as areas of vital community spirit and neighbourhood identity, unknown in outer Melbourne. The formation of powerful residents' associations is one manifestation of this, as is the entry of young thinkers to local government councils.

For the metropolis as a whole, much of the inner suburbs is worthy of preservation on historic grounds alone, as an important part of the city's heritage and as including many of the city's outstanding examples of architectural design and street layout. Moreover, encouragement of higher residential densities in the older zones of Melbourne will help ease the speed of peripheral sprawl. It should also allow a more efficient and economic public transport system, which is virtually precluded by the present low-density of settlement, and thereby work against traffic congestion and air pollution throughout the entire urban area.

The re-establishment of these ideals is occurring in the very areas where the enemy powers are most threatening. The freeway threat is so well known that it need hardly be commented on. Under the present State regime, it seems that some freeways are inevitable to satisfy commuters from blue-ribbon Liberal electorates in eastern and southeastern outlying suburbs and that freeways for private cars will receive priority over improvements to the public transport system such as the proposed but shelved railway line to Doncaster-Templestowe. The question therefore boils down to one of finding the fewest possible number of routes which





will do the job with a minimum of disruption to inner suburban communities. Had the Victorian authorities any foresight or social conscience they would learn from the mistake of American authorities which now see clearly the calamitous results of freeways in their cities, and they would look round for an alternative method of moving people. If Washington D.C. can put freeways underground, why can't Melbourne? If San Francisco can change its list of priorities and plough investment into rapid transit public transport facilities, why can't we?

Similarly the activities of the Housing Commission are well publicized. Its original motives forgotten, this mammoth organization has moved into the urban renewal field with its eyes on selected pockets of inner Melbourne. At present there are indications of a change of heart among the Housing Commission policy-makers, but the brutality of their tactics in recent cases like the Brooks Crescent, Fitzroy, affair makes one naturally suspicious of current attempts to appear more sympathetic towards the preservation of historic buildings and long-established neighbourhood communities. A third threat lies in the activity—or inactivity—of the Melbourne City Council which controls most of the inner suburbs. The fact that nearly three-quarters of the councillors represent central business district interests means that its goals and priorities are often in conflict with the ideals of the residents. The quality of the urban environment progressively deteriorates as the council grants permits for privacy-destroying blocks of flats in residential districts, and allows the multiplication of parking areas in public parks and residential streets. In recent months there has been talk of erecting multi-storey parking buildings in South Carlton and North Melbourne for commuters on city shopping trips. In other words, everything for the shopper and central business district shopkeepers, but when the Loder and Bayley report commissioned by the Council comes down in favour of preserving the residential quarters of the municipality, it is shelved indefinitely with no reasons given.

Some small steps in the right direction have been made. South Parkville has been declared an area worthy of preservation by the National Trust—for what that is worth—and the north-south freeway through Jolimont and the Fitzroy Gardens has been vetoed by the State Cabinet. But these are isolated instances; there is a desperate need for co-ordinated governmental reappraisal of the basic assumptions underlying the present planning of the metropolis, a more thoroughly reasoned statement of ideals regarding the size, structure and role of the city and its parts, and the formulation of a set of priorities concerning the development of competing transport forms and the preservation of the various land use types. Lessons should be learnt from the mistakes of similar cities in other parts of the world so that better qualities of urban life in Melbourne can be preserved for future generations.

THE LOOK OF LOVE Co-residential Colleges in the Developmental Context

What most first year students need is a good shaking . . . and a bit of a read is inadequate for the task. I guess it takes some intelligence to see my witless pun and biblical allusion, but so what? I'm not particularly concerned with semantic dexterity. The Australian universities show some competence in teaching at least these skills.

Yet from Grecian times to the present, educators have shared the vision that education should promote the growth of the individual, his self-realization and maturity, not just develop competence in symbolic manipulation. It appears that university courses are not producing many maturing effects. Sanford, Bolton and Kammeyer are not alone in their claim that universities have replaced the humanistic goal of human excellence with the much narrower one of academic excellence. Increasingly large numbers of students think so, when they speak of academic sterility and irrelevance.

And talking about relevance, how is this related to co-residential colleges? Obviously, the university faculties, lectures, and tutorials, as we know them, offer a very limited context for education. Residential colleges play an ancillary role in academic teaching, but potentially have a much greater power to educate. This is not to suggest that colleges have any monopoly over



PETER THOMPSON

the power to educate. University clubs and societies, life in a flat, the vacation job, are only a few other situations which contain educational possibilities. Indeed, almost any environmental context can lead to education. The difference is that we claim that colleges are educational institutions. So any innovations such as co-residence must be considered in terms of their power to educate. Not to do so is to be either naive or hypocritical.

Some may consider that the view of education here presented is not so much a vision as an illusion; that academic success is the only aim of education. But for what purpose is it to teach a person how to learn, organize information and make judgements if he is not receptive to new information nor motivated to seek wider integrations, if he forms dishonest judgements and resists further growth? Surely academic honour is cold comfort if your life is a succession of personal failures, and while most of us are able to "get by" in some fashion, few of us would be foolish enough to claim honours in the art of living.

The honest definition of the art of living is maturity under the cloak of a new name. In some ways, a new name is necessary, for maturity is associated with boredom and over-control. Mae West said, "the only good

woman I ever knew was Betsy Ross [Betsy Ross stitched the U.S.A. flag], and the only thing she ever made was a flag". Times being what they are, we may not even bother to call Betsy "good" any more, but we would still think of her as mature. The irony is that none of us would want to be like her. But the essential meaning is that to be good at the art of living doesn't involve emotional coldness. While no one claims to have the final definition of what it means to be good at the art of living, Sullivan, Heath and Friedenbergs point to similar qualities which may be summarized under four headings.

AWARENESS

By awareness, I mean simply the power a person has to know what is going on around and within him, and to take conscious account of it. This involves both perception and the willingness to accept the implications of this perception. Just how much of our energy—alas—is taken up from day to day trying to communicate with people who show quite clearly by their defensiveness that what is going on has got through to them, but are totally absorbed in the crucial task of remaining unaware of it.

OBJECTIVITY

This is similar to awareness, but goes much further. By objectivity, I mean the capacity to discern the properties of external reality without attributing to it the properties we would wish it to have. This conception implies nothing about detachment. Reality being what it is, objectivity should lead to passion—not away from it. Unfortunately, modern life treats the knowledge of good and evil precisely *as if* it were an emotion and rejects the emotion as subjective. We distrust people who get "too involved", but by so doing we alienate people from the most important meanings of their life and forestall their growth.

EMOTIONAL RESPONSIVENESS

Mature people love and hate with objectivity and awareness. Such responsiveness involves self respect and empathy. Empathy is the capacity to appreciate the way in which another experiences a situation. Through self-respect and empathy, we respond with feeling to other persons and to the common situation which binds us together.

CIVILITY

Civility, like emotional responsiveness, involves and is derived from self-respect and empathy. It contributes to our living that which is the complement of emotional responsiveness. It functions to preserve our integrity as we pass our lives in changing groups and situations; and it does so in part by keeping a distance between people. Its purpose is privacy rather than isolation and it operates through understanding rather than concealment. (Probably too brief an indication of what one needs to have in good measure to be fully human, or to be what is meant by mature. I refer you to Heath for greater clarification.)

I emphasize again that these qualities are not just externally imposed imperatives that are good for

others, but which we can choose to avoid. Their validity resides in the here and now. The less of each we have, the more anxiety interferes with our living and the greater the nuisance value we have for ourselves and for others. If you are honest with yourself you may well ask, "How then do I get by with not much of any of these qualities?" The answer is that, lacking any interpersonal situations which necessitate change, we get by with whatever restrictions on our freedom of living we've been unlucky enough to pick up in the past, or too disadvantaged to avoid. We use complex methods to get partial satisfaction from what our restrictions prevent us from fully experiencing and from being fully aware of it. The Girl from Ipanema just didn't see; but, after all, she was tall and tan and young and lovely—a consolation perhaps? But not even a lasting one at that.

The reader who has followed the argument so far might now enquire in what sort of situations the above qualities may develop. In the context of university life, Madison, Heath and Wallace regard certain types of relationship with fellow students as the most potentially beneficial factor. These types of relationship all involve some aspect of that elusive term, love. In other words, whether or not there is a significant relationship between the persons. The university context presents us with both same- and mixed-sex friendships. The question, of course, is whether or not the residential colleges should.

Now the quality about close friendships which gives them their maturing potential is that, whether or not we have to learn to get *some* sleep on only one half of a mattress, we certainly have to adjust. And such disorganization holds possibilities for our becoming more mature in the consequent adjustment. Thus, if it is to produce any educational changes, the total college experience has to be—like a person—an adaptive problem. It must "shock" or "shake" its students. College life must produce manageable disorganization. For a person who fears and resists disorganization is no longer educable or maturable. He remains stuck at the stable level of development he has achieved. If a college fails to produce such disorganization in the first years, it probably means that it has lost the optimal opportunity to educate its students. *Manageable* disorganization, because at the same time the college must provide supports that, for most students, convert the disorganization into a maturing rather than immaturing effect.

While being realistic enough to acknowledge that in some cases, colleges may become co-residential for reasons of expediency or economy, I claim that if the issue is not also seen in the above framework, those colleges are abdicating the title they would cling to. I said "seen", for whether or not conditions make it possible for colleges to have these effects is another dilemma.

Weighty words, but they don't answer the question. Two generalizations seem possible. First, to the best of

my knowledge, although results are not readily available, students in Australian co-residential colleges do not appear to end up in general academic disaster. Secondly, the greater the diversity of students in a college, the greater its educational potential. This potential, however, is dependent on interpersonal communication. What does it personally matter who is in college if you never meet them? Some may bemoan the fact that a college is not closely-knit, without thinking further. Indeed, we all have the freedom to be concerned more with institutions than with people. But if we accept the position that it is the person's development that matters, the obvious fact presents itself: a college, be it Trinity or any other, is only part of a student's university experience.

The co-residential issue then becomes the key question: do single-sex colleges in a mixed-sex university context have a greater power to educate than mixed-sex colleges? I reject the view which merely says single-sex colleges are not "natural", for it misses the point by stressing conformity and disregarding development. The answer is dependent on the answers to many other questions. To what extent are the experiences of collegians outside of the college community inducing development growth? No matter what administrators or students may feel, and in spite of the potential educative influence of the colleges expounded in this essay, are colleges now too impersonal to be able to do anything about education apart from providing ancillary academic supervision? Is it possible for them to provide those supports which students need to benefit from their experiences outside? Are colleges more able to do this by being single-sex or co-educational? Or, on the other hand, should they attempt to increase whatever inter-

personal possibilities and resultant educative influence they still have? Would this goal be furthered by becoming co-educational, and providing both for the thrills and the spills? Yet I can't be flippant, for these are serious questions and I ask them as such. If the integrity of a person's life is not serious, what is?

Psychologists are supposed to solve problems, not present them. However, a lack of Australian studies precludes answers to these general questions. Answers on the personal level are even more elusive. To what extent, if your college was co-residential now, you would be different, and I hope by that, more competent both academically and in the art of living, is anyone's guess.

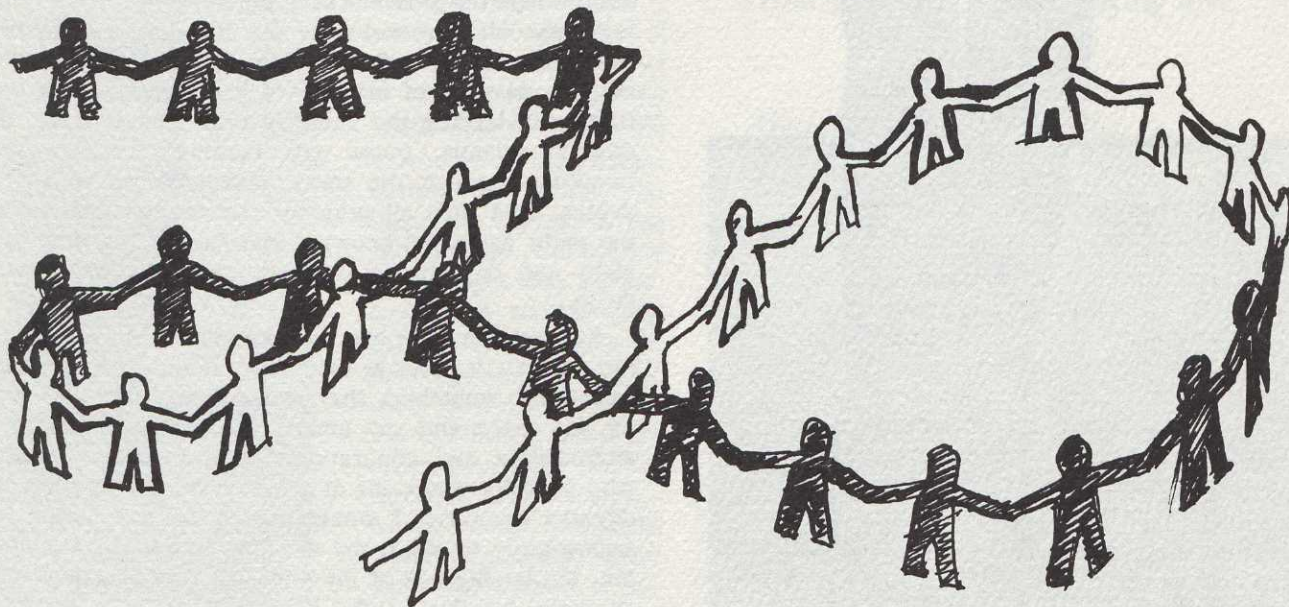
I agree with Friedenberg, that perceptive observer of youth, when he writes

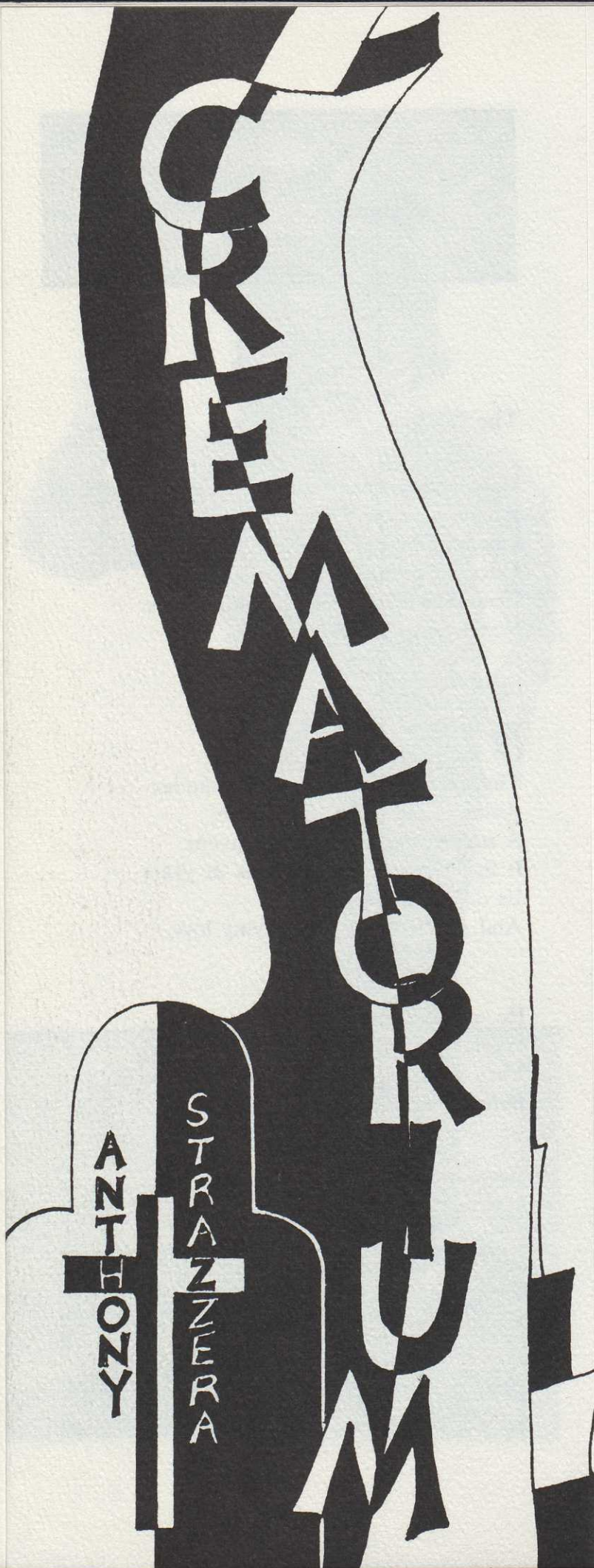
It takes a kind of shabby arrogance to survive in our time; and a fairly romantic nature to want to. These are scarce resources, but more abundant among adolescents than elsewhere, at least to begin with.

Not only do I agree, but I'm optimistic enough to leave with you the answers to my questions.

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ANTHONY STRAZZERA

I don't know how long I've been dead. All I think I know is that I must have been quite old—in my nineties at least—for my body to deteriorate such, for the sap to be drained out of me, to suffer the pull at each leg radiating through vast oceans, each arm poles apart . . . I responded to all the signals I should have responded to for there was nothing else to do. But to peer within myself, seeing and believing that stoats and chickens lived in a velvet liver which I think was mine, turning myself inside out breaking through the golden casing and letting light warm my desolate heart, each glow illuminating the inner-self, truly seeing what *could* be seen and permitting others to see me. No! I mustn't look back. It pains me so. And besides, I'm afraid, genuinely so . . .

And in that leaden bed sleeping in the thickening gloom of he that lies dead, I saw the many men who run the furrowed trails, relentlessly injecting life-given passion into their veins, scurrying along the cobbled-street lanes where dustbin dead vomit the essence of that last remaining trickle of life. Onwards, onwards and through the great thickets, the bleeding, deep in the bogs, the bleeding unto the sea for mighty Atlantis, where the moods reflect in the ebb and flow of the sea, the passions of increase of kind conceived in the tiding sky lapping the chimney tops. Down, down to mighty Atlantis, come my Lemming—the escape tumbling through the spray, sinking joyfully to the depths. And they all pray for the strength to invade the paths again full-knowing that such a gift, like the night and day, begins at birth and lasts only until death . . .

And yet I must move on, look ahead to the future, for the past is dead as ever now. If only I could say something, something that would make people stand up and listen and say among themselves in nodding appreciation and admiration, "Yes, there's a person who is really where it's at". Every twinkle of the eye directed upon me. I would mount the dais, stopping momentarily to adjust my tie, look about me to ascertain the intelligence of my audience and then I would sit down bending at the knees keeping my back as straight as a die and adjust my posterior to snugly fit the plush regency of the chair.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have much pleasure in introducing Sir Anthony Strazzera, eminent interpreter of mankind." The master of ceremonies would sit down, applause would ring throughout the audience. All attention would be focused upon me. I would wait a moment, leave my audience in a state of anxiety and then, seeing all was in order, rise graciously.

Ladies and gentlemen . . . [Look at him over there, as if *he* can really understand me. He left school at the end of fourth form and is now managing director of some company. Who invited him anyway? I want people to understand me, not to sympathize with me. And his over-stuffed wife too. Go on, applaud. Keep up the good work . . .] And thus, ladies and gentlemen, Beckett was wrong when he made Vladimir and Estragon say, "Let's hang ourselves—yes it would give us an erection". There are no erections to be had *here* . . . [Look at him snickering behind his hand, he can't see it was only meant to shock. He hasn't the intelligence to respond in the correct way, the only way. There is nothing to drive him on even if it is to the past. No! I mustn't think about it . . .] And in the summary, ladies and gentlemen, drawing on my vast experience of the human condition, I can only conclude by saying: "When looking for death, inexorable end, hopeless anonymity. Don't look in the grave, study the living breath, For what is life but an empty futility?" Thank you. I thank you for your kindness.

And I would turn my back on the ravenous multitude and quickly leave the room.

People of Heliopolis, prepare your pious altars for the birth of the Phoenix, for the five hundredth year is upon you. Evoke the soul of Ra, for as the body of the bird is parted in all directions, as the fertile flames engulf the messenger of the East, as the final death throes are heard, in inevitable triumph will the Phoenix emerge cleansed in the ashes of the deathbed. Behold, brethren, new born life triumphing over death. Occupy yourself in its glory for there is nothing else to be done but to relive the past when its kin suffered the same or to peer into the future when it will perish—when empires have turned back to sand.

And so all seems lost. This cancerous searching will destroy me entirely—to fully understand it all, to illuminate myself, to become part of nature—it is an end in itself. And yet I wonder if he really did respond in the right way in the petty finery of that room? I suppose it was all quite stimulating, while it lasted. But it's all over now. It must have been such a long time ago—ninety years, five hundred, who knows—such an abstract number five hundred. There is little use in thinking about it now, *thinking* will do no good, *action* is what we need. But when one can't move one's tortured, inverted spirit, a body crushed and broken—to see what it's all about . . . No, I mustn't look back. The future awaits, where life-giving fire will engulf my past, where there is new ground to be trodden, new experiences, new people to meet . . .

Who am I trying to fool? They don't even know my name to put on the headstone.





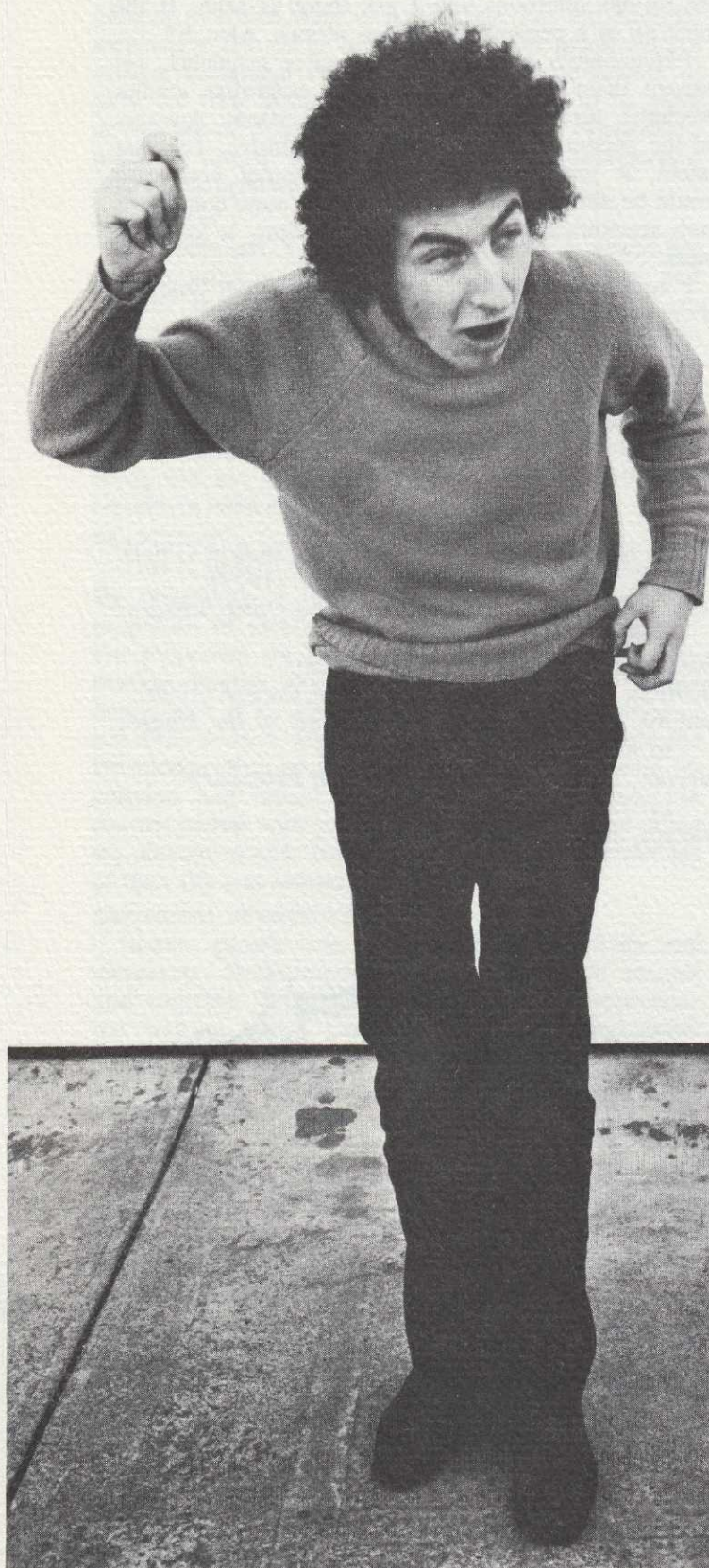
The Talker

He spoke of undying love
 About were the mountains
 Chopped by the centuries
 Once bold with rock crests
 Now skeletons of their former selves
 Stark, bony ridges showing.

He spoke of undying love.
 On the beaches were pebbles
 That had been boulders, mountains;
 Autumn leaves fluttered down,
 A star flashed across the heavens
 It had reigned long millions of years
 Its day was over
 And yet he spoke of undying love.

He spoke of undying love
 Worldly trees lay in the forest
 They had seen the pioneers come and go
 Before their time came.

Anthony Strazzera



ANTHONY STRAZZERA

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A RIPE TIME FOR LOUIS ESSON

JOHN SMYTHE



When Louis Esson's political comedy, *The Time Is Not Yet Ripe*, was first performed, on Tuesday 23 July 1912, at the Athenaeum Hall, Collins Street, by the Melbourne Repertory Theatre Club under the direction of Mr Gregan McMahon, it excited great interest. The *Argus* critic reported the following day:

The house was crowded and amongst the audience were Lady Fuller and the Prime Minister, Mr Andrew Fisher. The piece, which was acted with unusual spirit, was well received indeed, and the applause throughout was of the heartiest description. It "will presumably be repeated in the next Repertory Season" said *The Bulletin*. It wasn't. The second public performance was presented almost sixty years later, on Tuesday 20 June 1972 at the Melbourne University Union Theatre by the Trinity College and Janet Clarke Hall Dramatic Clubs. "The results are sufficient to show the astonishing quality of the play and the absolutely up-to-date perspicacious wit of the writing", said Katharine Brisbane in *The Australian*, and almost two thousand people flocked to the short five-night season to prove their interest and the play's popularity. Currency Press will publish it later this year and the Melbourne Theatre Company has taken an option on the Victorian rights to the end of 1973.

The six decade lapse is easily explained. War broke out in 1914. That, the Depression and World War Two, coupled with the advent of movie film followed by talkies then television, give some idea, at least, of what live theatre was up against. In 1926 Esson wrote:

It is strange that Australia has no interest in seeing its own life depicted on stage. It is different in painting, for even the best people will pay a good price for a picture of the Australian scene, which twenty years ago they would have thought an impossible subject.

The current surge of interest in the Australian theatre,

coupled perhaps with our seemingly insatiable appetite for nostalgia, easily explains the play's recent success.

Yet if Esson were alive today he would probably protest that he had written many better and more important pieces than *The Time Is Not Yet Ripe*. His son, Hugh, tells us that, as he remembers, it was rarely mentioned, and then only as "something I did in my youth". Vance Palmer, who met Louis Esson in July 1913, writes that "though it had some wit and verve it was regarded by Esson as a virtuoso piece and he was not interested in having it revived".

In 1905 Esson met the Irish dramatist, J. M. Synge, in London and he went across to the Abbey Theatre in Dublin to watch Synge rehearse his plays.

Then, as always, [wrote Palmer] Synge was in revolt against the problem-plays that were acceptable as the staple of modern drama; he was almost as critical of Shaw and Ibsen as of the drawing-room trivialities of London's West End. What he was seeking in his plays was the wild poetry of natural scenes and simple people, and this made him say to Esson: "You ought to have plenty of material for drama in Australia. All those outback stations with shepherds going mad in lonely huts".

Certainly Esson's subsequent short plays, *The Woman Tamer* and *Dead Timber*, both written soon after his return to Australia, and *The Drovers* (1919) can claim to be influenced by such opinion, but *The Time Is Not Yet Ripe*, described by *The Bulletin* as "Esson's amusing imitation of Bernard Shaw's up-to-date method of the Gilbertian manner (or *vice versa*)" was written in 1908! In November 1920, while talking at length with W. B. Yeats at Oxford, he heard the story of how that "inquiring man", Mr Synge, had objected to a Miss Horniman's attempt to include the European masterpieces in the activities of the Abbey Theatre. "A theatre like that", said Synge, "never creates anything".

Isn't that true? [wrote Esson to Palmer] What did McMahon create? What did Hilda's University Society, what did Shaw, Galsworthy, etc., create? They should have discovered me for a start, but they didn't! [In March 1921, he wrote:] I am never anxious to get plays published. A play is meant to be acted, not read. I regard the text only as a musical score. That is why I avoid comment as far as possible. Directions should be purely practical; anything else is, strictly speaking, illegitimate. Shaw tried to make a play compete with the novel as a book, but it can't be done. The forms are quite different.

The 1912 publication of *The Time Is Not Yet Ripe* bears out this feeling—stage directions and notes are "purely practical". My guess is that Esson used the drawing room comedy format and the Shavian style with some degree of cynicism, but whether it was to conform with the current vogue in theatrical taste in order to get his work done, or whether it was intended as a subtle satire on the fashion is a matter of conjecture. *The Herald* of 24 July 1912 reports that, "when passive resistance failed Mr Esson reluctantly yielded" to "the determined call for author". I can't help think-

ing it was a disappointed man who suffered "the applause lavished on him so generously". That audience was undoubtedly one that stood for and applauded an essentially English style of theatre; the performers would have set out to present stock characters in the grand manner. Esson was casting around for a distinctly Australian concept of theatre.

Australia is an outer suburb of Brixton. [he has Barrett saying in the play] That explains its amazing school of architecture. That explains everything. We are unoriginal, therefore uninteresting.

Is it likely that Esson could have begun to explore the Australian consciousness within the repertory system? In 1927 he wrote of Katharine Susannah Pritchard's prize-winning play, *Brumby Innes*:

A Repertory or any other audience will get the shock of their lives when it is played. A few cuts may be made, of course, but nothing can prevent it being a terribly daring play . . . It is a good and hopeful thing that a real Australian play should be chosen instead of a cheap bit of bogus romance.

Gregan McMahon was to direct it for Tait's (later to become J. C. Williamson's). "The chief point", said Esson, "is that if he succeeds with *Brumby*, the foundations of an Australian Drama may be laid". Six months later he wrote:

The McMahon company has been a fizzle. The first night may draw a good house, but after that the theatre is almost empty. I doubt if the enterprise deserves to succeed. The company is dreadful, worse than a good Repertory amateur company, a mixture of duds and derelicts. Two or three are passable, but the general effect is always wrong. I can't see any hope for it. I wouldn't be keen to be played by them. In no case would I stand some of the ladies. Three or four of the amateurs are much better. Kattie's play, I'm afraid is in for a bad time.

Brumby was never done. Even now the subscription audiences of major theatre companies shy away from the home-grown product. As soon as a local writer

becomes *famous*, especially *overseas*, the audiences flock to see his or her work, but it has always been the smaller groups who have struggled to discover and cultivate local writers and to establish and develop our own indigenous theatre. Louis Esson, Vance Palmer, Stewart Macky and actor, George Dawe, battled with their Pioneer Players in the early 'twenties and kept it going, somewhat spasmodically, for only four years. Nowadays, subsidy and a largely autonomous and very adventurous audience keep the "alternative" theatres going and student groups, like those at Melbourne University, certainly do their bit. I can't help wondering how Louis Esson would have fared within the current climate. Palmer writes that he was "devoted to the idea of building up on this soil a theatre that would give coherence and significance to our life by revealing it in drama", but he was denied the chance to really explore the medium in practice. His documentary play about the Eureka uprising, called *The Southern Cross* (after the diggers' flag), is particularly striking as an idea that might well have flourished in a spectacular way had he had the advantage of initial workshopping and the freedom of an open space performance area at his disposal. Even the existence of amateur groups of the kind now emerging at Melbourne University could have helped greatly, for here student theatre is beginning to find its own sense of identity. There is a movement away from the "freak-show" concept where the audience "gawps at the talent" towards a less pretentious and more genuine attempt at basic communication and social interaction. Theatre has always meant that. It was only the modes of its practice when this was a new colony that allowed it to become pretentious and alien. The way things are going we may soon be able to say the pretentious approach is past—but the past is to be learned from. I believe that Louis Esson and his contemporaries still have a lot to offer us through our very own theatre.



THE VALUE OF INDECENT LANGUAGE

PRUDENCE BORTHWICK

It is generally agreed that the most important function of language is communication. Good English is not necessarily a matter of correct grammar and pronunciation or the "language used by cultivated people".¹ It is that English which achieves the best communication between people. Thus if a child comes up to a group of friends and says "give us a lollie yous" the meaning is just as clear as if he had said "please give me a sweet". In fact the child who says "yous" is being logical and emphasizing the plural of that word which is otherwise understood only by context. It would be a help to many students of language if instead of writing "you" (singular) and "you" (plural) they could write "you" and "yous".

In this essay I am concerned with a branch of English which is treated most unjustly by large numbers of people—swearing or "indecent language". I am not using the dictionary definition of swearing—"profane oath"—but the sense in which it is commonly used, the words to which parents object, like "fuck", "shit" and "bugger". It is strange to think how the swear words of yesterday have become acceptable. The expletives used by Henry Higgins and Eliza Doolittle

¹ Professor Baugh's definition of "good English" in his *History of the English Language*.

would scarcely cause an eyebrow to be raised today.

Hiyekawa in his book *Language in Thought and Action* speaks of "purrr" words and "snarl" words. These are words whose actual meaning has no significance. They are only expressions of the mood of the speakers. Swearing is often thought to fall into the second category. If a boy comes home, tired and cold after football practice, to find his sister sitting in front of the television eating the last of the crumpets when he had specially asked that one be kept for him, he may be goaded into calling her a "bloody stupid, slutty bitch". However, it will not make the situation any better if the girl turns around and says "I'm of above average intelligence, there's no blood anywhere, I'm not a female dog and what do you know about my nocturnal habits?" (Believe it or not, I have actually heard such an exchange.) The words the boy uses are no more than angry sounds or snarls. It is from situations like this that people get the idea that swearing is a manifestation of hostility.

Occasionally they are prepared to excuse swearing on the grounds that it acts as a safety-valve for the emotions. The man who bangs his thumb with a hammer and lets out a string of swear words is relieving the tensions of pain and anger at his own stupidity in a comparatively

harmless way, by giving tongue to some taboo words. Even so, many would say that all the man needs is a little self control, like the cartoon showing a monk hitting his thumb with a hammer—"Oh my, goodness gracious, deary me!"

To my mind swearing has more to recommend it than these negative qualities. It can be a positive, enriching force. The function of forbidden words in the language of youth today is similar to the function of slang, which has been regarded as "the poor man's poetry", characterized by a forceful use of devices such as alliteration, assonance, metaphors and similes.

It allows for the creativeness of individuals and removes the necessity for coy euphemisms.

This is one of the problems of the English used by "cultivated people". It is impossible to discuss sexual reproduction and elimination of bodily waste without using verbose scientific terms, baby-talk, or a host of euphemisms. The slang terms "fuck" and "screw" are at least straightforward and succinct. The second term "screwing" is devoid of hostile connotations unless one uses it in the passive form which shows a male chauvinistic outlook on sex. "Is X screwing Y?" seems preferable to "is X sleeping with Y, going to bed with Y, making love to Y, having intercourse with Y?" The first three are open to misinterpretation and the last is awkward and clinical.

As for the other bodily functions, the lengths taken to avoid speaking directly of them are ridiculous: do you want to "spend a penny"; "visit Aunt Mary"; "visit the Taj Mahal"; "see a man about a Great Dane"; or the Barry Humphries classic, "point Percy at the porcelain"? In comparison "shit" and "piss" are direct, simple and not open to confusion.

The word "shit" has an interesting and colourful vocabulary built up around it. Before examining this vocabulary more closely we might remember that this word is in its own small way a part of our

Australian heritage. No doubt the sad, sweet story of the dog sitting on the tuckerbox is well known to all of us. This is a Greyfriars Bobby-type story of a dog left to guard a tuckerbox on the road to Gundagai. His master was killed in a brawl at the pub but the dog maintained a faithful watch on the tuckerbox. This touching legend is no more than the product of some local's ingenuity. The original saying from which the story sprang was the proverb of a hard-up drover "nothing left but dog-shit in the tuckerbox, ten miles from Gundagai".

I have chosen to look at some vocabulary derived from the word "shit" because I think it is losing any hostile connotations it might have had in the past and because it has given rise to many vivid



images and colourful phrases, further enriching the English language. The noun "shit" has two meanings: first, the more common one of excreta and, secondly, "a block of hash". It is interesting to observe that two factions growing up amongst young people consist of those who "smoke shit" on one hand and those who "suck piss" on the other ("piss" being a synonym for beer). I don't know whether this development was coincidental or logical.



Then there is the verb "to shit" which means to excrete. Its past tense is "shat" not to be confused with "being shat off" which means to be disillusioned or cross about something. The adjectival forms are "shitty", "shitting" and "shitful" and the plural form is most commonly used in the expression "you give me the shits" meaning "you annoy me". "Shit!" is used as an expletive to express delight, horror, amazement or annoyance. A closely related expression "shit-eh?" has a slightly more specialized usage and generally expresses approval or amazement. Another expletive which I haven't actually heard but was used by one of the Furry Freak Brothers in a *Zap* comic is "sacred shit!" "Stiff shit", "dead shit", "shit-arse", "shit-head", "shit face" and "shit features" are used as insults. "Shit-kicker" is also an insulting term meaning one who hits below the belt, a slanderer and a "schmuck". It is akin to "shit-stirrer", though the latter is less derogatory. In a tense situation one might be "shitting oneself", "shitting hot bricks" or even "scared shitless". If the situation becomes hopeless one is "up shit creek in a barb-wire canoe". To "put shit on" someone is to disparage them or speak ill of them. To "kick the shit out of" someone or to "beat the shit out of" someone refers to physical violence. As well as "the dike", "the john", "the loo", "the W.C." and "the toilet" we have "the shit-house" or, more primitive still, "the shit-pit". The first of these two has given rise to the charming metaphor "banging like a shit-house door in a hurricane"! "A pinch of

shit" and "a crock of shit" generally indicate worthlessness; for instance "it's not worth a pinch of shit" or "that's nothing but a crock of shit".

The literal meaning of "bull-shit" is cattle-dung but it is more often used in the sense of the time honoured phrase "it's all a load of bull shit" or the shorter-standard-revised-version "it's a load of bull". Here "bull-shit" means rubbish, nonsense or untruths. The verb is "to bull-shit" as in "I thought you were bullshitting me". A person who does this very often is liable to be called a "bull-shit artist".

These are expressions that I have heard in the everyday speech of people around me. New ones are constantly coming into circulation and I am sure that there are many old ones which I have not



discussed. Most of these do not express hostility but contain forceful and vivid images and phrases. However, I am not arguing for indiscriminate use of swear-words. The primary function of language is to communicate. If by using these words one is creating a communication block then they are useless and should be discarded. Too many people condemn swearing without considering it as one of the contributory factors which help make English a living language.



THE
CHANGING
FACES
OF
WESTERN
PORT





Take an orange. One can look at it and note its size, weight, colour, and shape. Yet one's perceptions need not be limited to these parameters. One can perceive its identity with other things. How the orange came into being, the purpose which it serves and its place in the presence of time are all things which add to our perceptions of that orange.

And so might it be with our environment. Our urban environment has its stimuli, which add to our perceptions of its being. It is a perception of its own colouring, form and function. It is also quite distinct from other experiences. A rural environment offers a different set of stimuli, which becomes more obvious with increasing familiarity with the subject. Experience of such contrasting situations, especially where the two, rural and urban, are juxtaposed

closely in location, allows one's perception of environment to broaden. One's imagination is challenged in the discovery of the connections between two such nearby differing situations, and the reasons for the two sets of physical and cultural characteristics, so sharply differentiated.

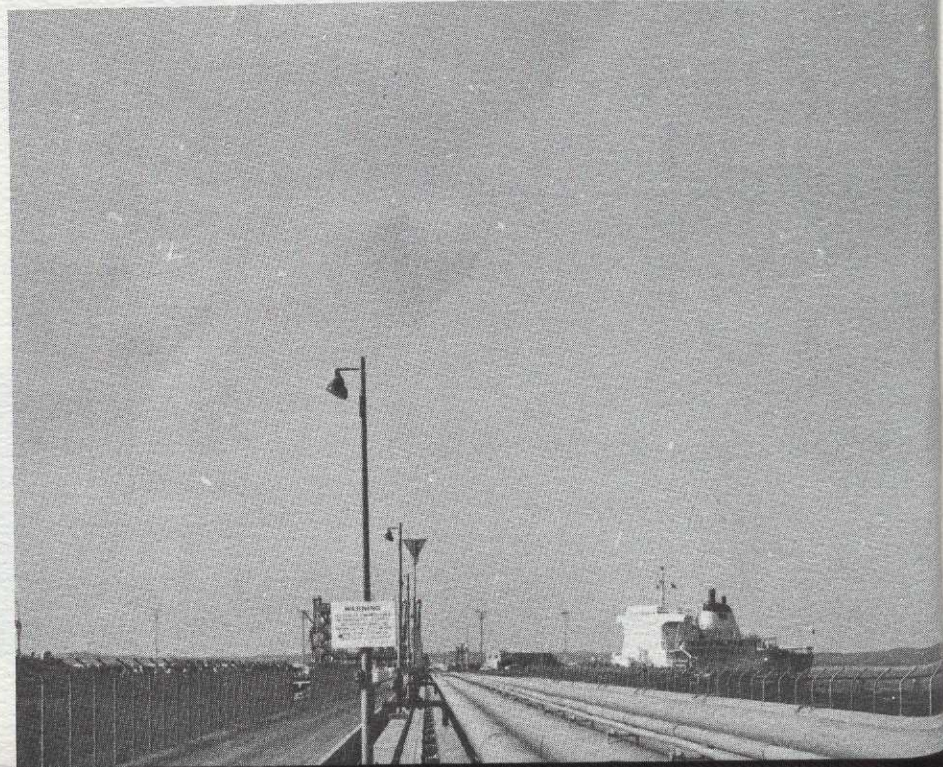
When given the opportunity to develop, with the widening of visibly perceptible landscapes, one's awareness of environment deepens and becomes more sensitive.

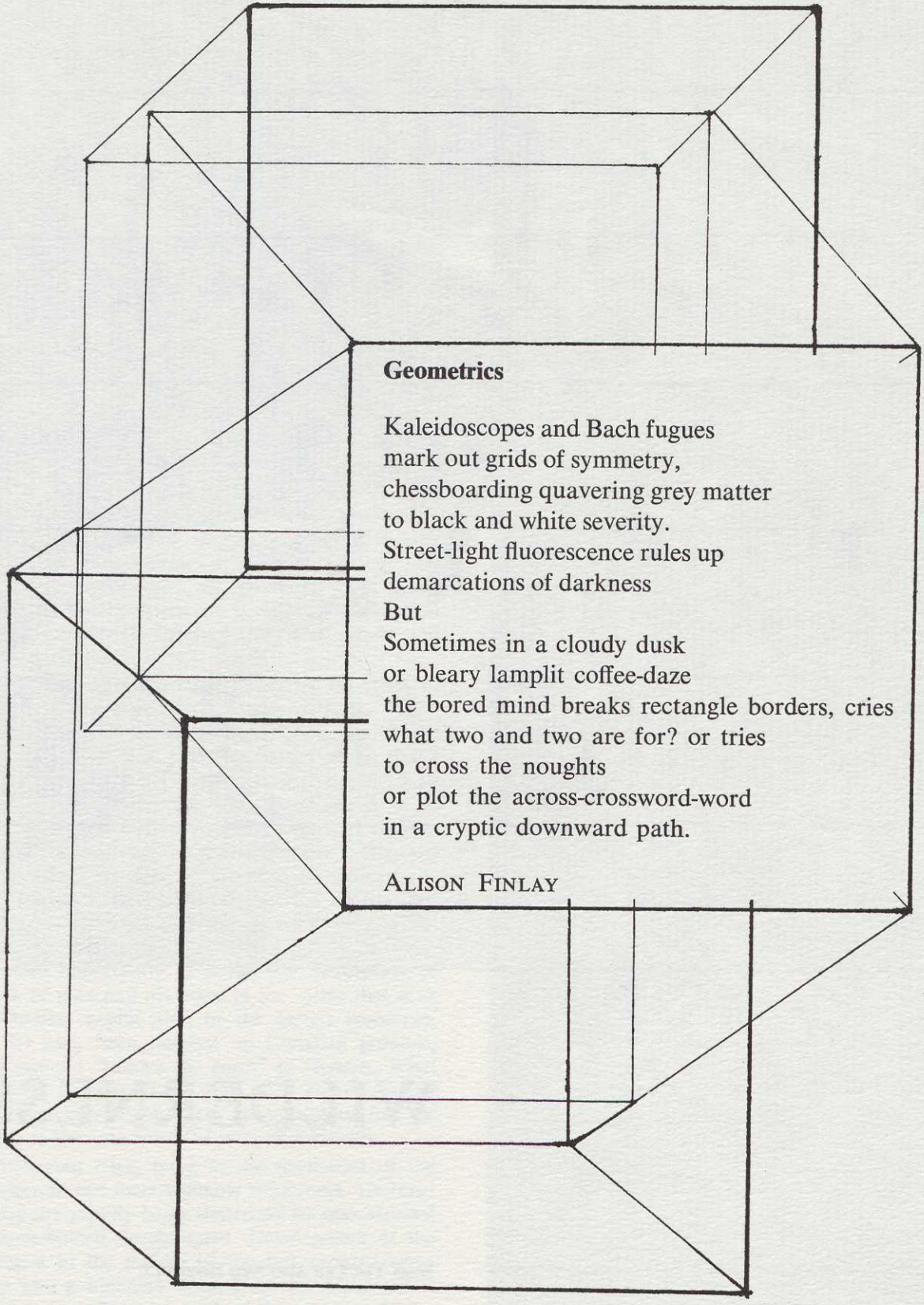
One's knowledge of the basis, origins and reasons for observable cultural norms is unconsciously supplemented.

The aesthetic perception of variety of open space to contrast with urban confinement, is fundamentally necessary to man's mental sense of well-being.

RUTH FINCHER
JOSEPH SEWALD







Geometrics

Kaleidoscopes and Bach fugues
mark out grids of symmetry,
chessboarding quavering grey matter
to black and white severity.
Street-light fluorescence rules up
demarcations of darkness
But
Sometimes in a cloudy dusk
or bleary lamplit coffee-daze
the bored mind breaks rectangle borders, cries
what two and two are for? or tries
to cross the noughts
or plot the across-crossword-word
in a cryptic downward path.

ALISON FINLAY



WILDERNESS

ROD TUCKER AND SYD BOYDELL

Wilderness—areas of land not significantly developed beyond their natural state—is a phenomenon which is becoming increasingly foreign to man's way of thinking. Bushwalking in wilderness areas can be a liberating experience. It is possible, in a limited way (for tents, food and warm sleeping-bags must still be carried), to experience an isolation from civilization, an independence from electricity and petrol, and a real reliance on the ability of one's legs, feet, mind and hands unknown in the normal round of activities. Events like finding water and shelter, cooking and eating food, walking and resting assume an unusual significance.

"The bush" in this kind of context ceases to be an entertainment viewed from the remoteness of protective security barriers (such as motor cars). A cool stream becomes more than a pretty calendar picture; it becomes a real place of rest and refreshment. A campsite reached after a long day's walk is never taken for granted, and camp is made rather with a sense of real achievement and gratitude. Magnificent views reached after days of isolated walking take on a new dimension of beauty, one quite lost from the seat of a Douglas DC9.

Is this kind of thing merely escapism, or a wish for regression to a simpler life-style? It could become so. If, however, it is viewed as giving perspective and contrast to the artificiality of our civilized surroundings, it becomes a positive force. By reminding us of man's beginnings, it breaks down the facades of civilization that we use to protect ourselves from both nature and our place within it.

A commonly expressed view is summed up neatly in a reported statement made by a delegate to the International Commission on Large Dams conference, held in Canberra earlier this year. He said that he didn't see the use of preserving wilderness just for the sake of a few explorers. Wilderness areas were merely to be regarded as natural resources, to be exploited without regard to any inherent value they might have. It is our view that wilderness has an essential inherent value, not only for the "few explorers", but for all who are confronted, in one way or another, with the contrast and challenge that it provides to the norms of civilization. More importantly, it is the true perception of the nature of man and his place in the world that is at stake. Mindless exploitation of the earth's resources, has, in the past, been justified on Christian grounds, by the command "subdue the earth" in *Genesis*. What needs to be recognized is that such commands or motives must carry with them responsibility for the evaluation of the true worth of natural resources.

The Victorian Alps, lying in the north-east of the State, represent our most valuable wilderness. Unfortunately they are rapidly being destroyed by uncontrolled and unco-ordinated development. Development of the region began in the middle of the last century when cattlemen and goldminers opened up the Alps, and is stimulated today with the growth of the forestry, ski-ing and tourist industries. The only national park in the



alpine area is at Mt Buffalo. This is a small park already developed for the skier and the tourist and has none of the characteristics of a wilderness area.

The map on page 24 shows lines of equal distance (three, six or nine miles) from two-wheel drive roads in the Victorian Alps. Areas over three miles from any roads are shown by dotted lines. Only two small regions of the Alps are more than nine miles from a two-wheel drive road and no place is more than about three and a half miles from any road. According to the formula of the United States Forests Service which has adopted a minimum size of 100,000 acres for a wilderness area, there is not a single remaining wilderness area in the Victorian Alps. There is a pressing need to preserve a selection of what is left.

Hope that some areas may be saved comes with the recent establishment of a new State Government policy on conservation, and the plan to set aside at least five *per cent* of the State as national parks. The Land Conservation Council is to carry out a detailed study of the Alps over the next two years, and to make recommendations on their future use. The overall plan will embody the multiple use of land where feasible.

The planning of the Land Conservation Council is certainly desirable but does not solve the immediate problem of destruction of wilderness areas. It will take some years to carry out the plan for the Alps and, despite a recommendation to freeze all development of the area until definite proposals can be made, destruction of wilderness areas goes on.

The Mt Speculation-Razor-Viking area is the largest

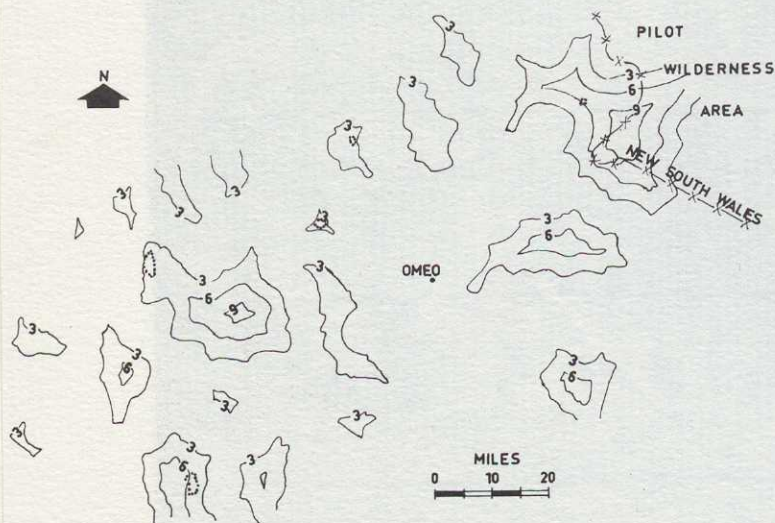
unspoiled region of the Victorian Alps, and is notable for its rugged beauty. It is of considerable importance and has been suggested as being a high priority for consideration as a national park. The Forests Commission, in carrying out its policy of increasing production from the area, is building a road which will enable the removal of thousands of acres of timber from the slopes of these mountains. Logging begins in the latter half of this year and will proceed regardless of the impending overall plan for development and conservation of the Alps. This is representative of the Forests Commission's attitude in most parts of the State and is not unlike that of Tasmania's Hydro-Electric Commission, which was prepared to bulldoze the Lake Pedder scheme to completion despite much well-reasoned opposition.

The Country Roads Board has recently surveyed a road to cut through the same area from the Wonnangatta valley over the Great Dividing Range to meet the Buffalo River. It may be argued that this road will enable many more people to visit the area, but it must be realized that it would, in fact, destroy its intrinsic rustic value.

The Bogong High Plains and surrounding mountains are Victoria's largest winter snowfield. Originally used for cattle grazing, the Plains are now used for water catchment and various forms of recreation such as ski-ing, bushwalking and touring. Control of the High Plains is in the hands of the State Electricity Commission which uses them as a large water catchment area for the Kiewa hydro-electric scheme. The State Electricity Commission, like the Forests Commission of Victoria, is mainly concerned with achieving its own objectives and is not interested in any activity which does not affect the water storage. An example that springs to mind is the failure to impose any form of control on the proliferation of snow-uggies becoming apparent on the Plains. A Japanese firm has been carrying out trials on a large number of these machines, banned in Japan because of noise and atmospheric pollution.

Government bodies are not the only culprits. Mt Feathertop, for example, is at present being considered by a small group of people interested in the development of a ski resort. This mountain is the second highest in Victoria, and the most spectacular and ruggedly beautiful. The fight to save Mt Feathertop will be strongly fought.

We could mention many more cases of present misuse and destruction of the few remaining wilderness areas of Victoria and many proposals to do this in the future. Although lucrative use can be made of these areas, we must responsibly weigh the importance of protection of our natural environment against production and economic advantage. The Land Conservation Council is making a start on this problem but we must continue to resist short-sighted use of natural resources for purely economic reasons, a trend which can only lead to their depletion, burying them beneath concrete lawns, dams and motorways.



SPORT



JCH Sport

Despite a valiant attempt, J.C.H. failed to win the Aggregate Shield. However, she did finish a creditable third behind St Hilda's and St Mary's.

The table-tennis team showed what great sporting prowess the ladies of the Hall do possess. The strong four man team of Ros Urbahns, Alison McCready, Marina Steward and Vicki Ponsford bashed, smashed, or otherwise battled their way to victory in some of the most gruelling and exciting inter-womens college ping-pong matches ever experienced in Trophy Hall. Congratulations to this team for gaining what was the Hall's only sporting victory for 1972.

Unfortunately, J.C.H. only came third in the tennis. Despite some confusion as to the times and locations of matches, our teams rallied and had some convincing wins (notably in those matches we won by a walk-over).

Our effort in swimming showed a vast improvement from last year. We were second (44½ points) behind St Hilda's (52 points). Paula Giles, our outstanding individual competitor, won both the freestyle and 100 metres butterfly in record times. Sally Harding and Enid Hookey won the 50 metres freestyle and the dog-paddle respectively. Amusement was added to the evening by the swim of the "Grendy" (Gretel Lamont and Wendy Morris) crocodile.

This year the athletes of J.C.H. excelled themselves by not coming last, but were able to manage second to last! Credit must be given to Jenny Scovell and Mary Sutherland who came first and second respectively in the high jump, Andrea McDonald's second in the 400 metres, and Jenny Scovell's second in the hurdles. Despite the immense talent of our discus, shot put and long jump entrants, lack of intensive training before the event gave us a distinct disadvantage over the other colleges who appeared fit and well practised.

J.C.H. was well represented in the golf by Debbie Blakiston, Jenny Scovell, Jenny Glen and Liz Newlander. A delicious lunch was had before setting off to tackle the east course. Despite some of the scores,



TENNIS

Back: (left to right) Jenny Scovell, Betty Friday, Elizabeth Moore, Helen Fleming
Front: Margaret Mossop, Wendy Morris, Julie Ager, Jenny Ross

everything went well and we all had great fun. We played about nine holes (though the precise number of holes played varied somewhat as a couple of tail-enders lost their way). St Hilda's won the day and St Mary's made quite a surprising effort in coming second. J.C.H. and Women's finished somewhere in the background.

This year the rowing was once again up to expected standards. The College "heavies" were Judy Nix, Sue Bennett, Vicki Ponsford, Libby Smith, Debbie Blakiston, Lou Clarke, Marnie Newman and Jenny Glen. We were fortunate to have Bill Harbison to tell us all the tricks of the trade, and Peter Hyslop, our cox, did a great job. Our chances in the final against Women's were doubtful as they really were "heavier". Despite a



ATHLETICS

Back: (left to right) Betty Friday, Jenny Scovell, Mary Sutherland
Front: Bronwyn Apted, Margaret Mossop, Jenny Woods

great team effort, we just failed to retain the oar, for at the last moment about 90 per cent of the crew caught a crab.

In squash J.C.H. made another gallant effort. The team of Anne Meehan, Anne Howard, Anne Lewis and Betty Friday came second to St Mary's. Anne Meehan showed her inter-varsity skill in convincingly winning all her matches.

The J.C.H. netball team was potentially very strong, but lack of practice proved to be the downfall. The last match was definitely no walkover for St Hilda's, but J.C.H. had to settle for last position. Nevertheless, the team did have its moments of brilliance (or attempted brilliance) such as Linda Evans' brilliant diving interception of the ball at the cost of rather skinned knees.

In hockey, once again, the J.C.H. assorted regulars and "once-yearly's" came together for the annual war against the other ladies. Casualties were low, and the aim of the battalion had been improved since last year. We were able to show off our strong tight defence and flashing forward play against International House and St Mary's, but St Hilda's and Women's spoilt our beautiful system. The team is indebted to our gallant umpires, Pete, Stew, Chris and Digby.

Let it be known that J.C.H. was never lacking in competitive spirit. Her moments of glory were few, but despite this she maintained a sporting smile throughout, and it is hoped her latent talents will surface again next year.

BETTY FRIDAY



NETBALL
Back: (left to right) Lynda Evans, Enid Hookey
Front: Margaret Mossop, Helen Fleming, Susan Reid



HOCKEY
Back: (left to right) Helen Nunn, Anne Reeckman, Margaret Mossop, Louise Clarke, Barbara Reeckman
Front: Gretel Lamont, Jenny Woods, Prue Millis, Wendy Morris



SWIMMING
Back: Mary Sutherland
Front: (left to right) Dimity Giles, Jenny Scovell, Wendy Morris

CRICKET

Trinity began the 1972 intercollegiate cricket with a match against Whitley on the University oval. Aided by an easy wicket, a fast outfield and at times ordinary bowling, Whitley had little trouble reaching 198 from 44 overs. Pat Grant took the bowling honours with 6 for 70 from 18 overs. From the outset, the Trinity batsmen struggled against tight bowling, until the initial, moderate run-rate of 4.5 per over had been converted to a difficult seven. Then in a fine innings of 69 not out, Chris Maxwell consolidated the Trinity total with Geoff Whittakers (48), and then engaged in a free-scoring seventh wicket partnership with Grant (39) which finally swung the game in Trinity's favour.

Negative batting by the strong Ormond line-up enabled Trinity to gain the upper hand in the first session of the semi-final. However, showing more aggression after lunch, Ormond added 109 runs in 70 minutes to reach 9 for 175 (compulsory closure). A solid opening stand of 32 by Trinity was followed by a dismal collapse, in which four wickets fell for 22 runs. The true worth of the bowling was demonstrated when Grant (44) and Whittakers (53) effortlessly added 93 for the fifth wicket. Then, in another of the collapses which have plagued Trinity over the past few years, the last six wickets fell for a miserable 25 runs, the last four adding only five runs. This left Trinity four runs short of victory; particularly disappointing since the winner of this match was almost certain to beat Queen's in the grand final.

In the loser's final against International House, Trinity had little trouble in dismissing the opposition for 112: but for a fielding lapse, this total would not



CRICKET

Back: (left to right) S. G. Fitts, A. R. Baulch, J. O. Churchill, A. D. R. Yencken

Front: P. B. Grant, P. S. Moss, F. C. R. Price (Capt.), J. M. McRae, C. M. Maxwell

Absent: S. A. McIldowie, S. J. Moss, G. G. Whittakers

have reached 50. Due largely to the umpire's appreciation of the finer subtleties of deft swing bowling, John McRae dismissed the "tail" to finish with 6 for 13 from ten overs. Trinity's early batsmen tried to make the game interesting by throwing their wickets away, but Grant (41 not out) and Maxwell (46 not out) again combined in a long partnership to secure victory.

Probably the greatest handicap from which Trinity suffered was the lack of a good, fast bowler. This allowed the opposition to score freely almost whenever their batsmen wished, without a Trinity bowler capable of breaking the run-rate. Frank Price, Pat Grant, Arthur Yencken and Geoff Whittakers as a rule bowled steadily, but without sufficient penetration.

This meant that the batsmen, in particular Pat Grant, Geoff Whittakers and Chris Maxwell, were required to chase large totals. A measure of their success can be gauged from the results of the games. As an opener, Andrew Baulch contributed two valuable knocks, while Phil Moss played an aggressive innings against Ormond which almost brought victory. Frank Price nobly sacrificed his wicket in order to give the run-makers enough time to score, and in doing so added another pair to his collection (as did Arthur Yencken). Steve McIldowie brought back memories of "Clangers" with drives through and over slips.

Finally, Steve Moss revived the art of wicket-keeping, as opposed to backstopping with three neat performances for the season.

JOHN MCRAE



SQUASH

It was the performance of last year's squash team, not the strength of this year's, which resulted in Trinity being seeded straight into the semi-finals.

After a deep and concentrated analysis of the Ormond team's strengths and weaknesses it was decided that a "live sacrifice" should be made to their number one player, and Peter Plavina drew the shortest straw.

The 0-1 score resulting seemed to prove that our plan was succeeding, a feeling bolstered by a win to Chris Robson, thus levelling the scores at 1-1. The remaining rubbers, however, proved to be disastrous, with Roche, Lewin and McIldowie choosing "dishonour rather than death".

In appalling weather conditions (overcast, heavy rain, fog, snow and sleet), Trinity sank to an all-time low, suffering a 1-4 defeat against International House. The one bright spot on this fateful day was undoubtedly a brilliant backhand by Greg Lewin which succeeded in opening a gash above his opponent's left eye and closing the right one, thereby paving the way for our solitary rubber.

Were it not for the efforts of our guest artist, "Roy", at the team celebrations, and his burning rendition of *Ring of Fire*, the whole season may have been slightly deflating.

GREG LEWIN



SQUASH

Back: (left to right) S. G. Fitts, M. S. Roche
Front: P. Plavina, G. A. Lewin, C. E. Merewether
Absent: S. A. McIldowie, C. K. Robson



ATHLETICS

Back: (left to right) L. K. Hope, C. J. Singleton, A. B. Mackinnon, R. K. Graham
Front: S. G. Fitts, G. T. Chettle, T. P. Thwaites (Capt.), C. E. Merewether, A. L. Cunningham
Absent: C. Albany, P. I. Butler, W. D. Harbison, G. R. Olsen, P. C. Scott

ATHLETICS

This year for the first time, the "non-crescent" colleges were able to field teams in the intercollegiate athletics. International House took advantage of this, and consequently Trinity was *not* last in the athletics. It is always very hard to do well in athletics if there is not much talent around. However, the team tried hard and there were some good performances.

Most notable were Tony "Leaper" Cunningham who came equal first in the high jump and Bill "No Put" Harbison who managed to stay within the ring long enough to record second place in the shot put. Linden Hope did well in the sprints.

Athletics is such a personal sport that it is very hard to drum up support from any but the very keen. The customary College fitness was certainly put to the test once again. Training hard on College food, a few beers after the run and taking that last soothing puff of the essential cigarette before the race all help to keep the College athletics spirit going.

Perhaps, if we recruit hard, next year will be Trinity's year in the athletics. This year we could only try our hardest against Newman's Victorian champions.

TIM THWAITES

SWIMMING

When the Trinity swimming team defeated International House to once again take fourth place in the intercollegiate swimming, most people here wanted to give us something other than a "T".

But whatever they gave out *after* the "big dip", we're still wondering what they gave Jerry Long beforehand. "Lungs" Long held it for 50 metres to astound all present (most of whom seemed to be holding theirs too).

Freshers formed the bulk of what was far from a "floundering flotilla". In fact, we thought the task of replacing talent such as Dave Berry and Lovell would present an insurmountable obstacle to our success. But no! Tony Edney swam capably, and many spectators marvelled at the amazing likeness of Berry and Edney. In fact they were almost as amazingly alike as Mike James, Dave Beale and Shane Gould.

The Sydney-sider Chris Roper (the only theolog. ever to wear Bondi briefs in a mixed sauna) must also be thanked, as must Chris Gardiner and Peter Lowe.

Queen's and Ormond seem to enjoy their usual clash. Perhaps if Trinity can escape its annual battle with International House, we may break up the Queen's-Ormond game and surprise many doubting critics.

MAX HAYCROFT



SWIMMING

Back: (left to right) A. A. Edney, C. J. Roper, D. A. Beale
Front: C. J. Gardiner, M. I. Haycroft (Capt.), P. S. Lowe, J. R. Long



TENNIS

Back: (left to right) D. J. Frederick, S. M. Cordner
Front: T. C. Kuhle, G. A. Lewin (Capt.), R. I. Cordner
Absent: C. E. Merewether, P. S. Moss, J. R. Sewald

TENNIS

Trinity College, the holders of last year's tennis trophy, played their first match against this year's eventual winners, Queen's. Needless to say, we lost six sets to three.

Among the few winners were Leg Gluen, who stuck to his task ardently and prised away a win in his singles match. Cuddles "stick it in" Cordner, who bats his tennis racquet rather better than his eyelids, won both his matches—the doubles with none other than the third, last, and shortest Cordner, who, incidentally, was unfortunate in losing his singles.

Of the others, Klever Tool was not wielding his racquet in his normal aggressive manner, Joe Seaweed brought to mind the style of an octopus, whilst Pill Toss's usual control of the ball was up in the air.

The absence of the first, foremost and biggest lug of them all, "Frosty" "Stoffa" Cordner, made victory a formidable task for Captain Gluen and his platoon; but the misfortunes of the day were relieved by a pleasurable evening kicking on at Leg's.

In the final analysis, we obtained third place through a forfeit by Ormond.

STEPHEN CORDNER

FIRST EIGHT

With the loss of five members and the coach of last year's winning crew, Trinity had to make a fresh start. Arthur Godfrey had to be coached in how to coach, and the five freshmen needed to fill the boat had to be taught how to row. We made no attempt to teach them how to drink, although Andy Smith never tired of setting a good example, and Simon Jaques, in his turn, set the example of eating and smoking.

It was lucky, considering problems of experience and size, that we had a long season to settle the crew, that the crew was enthusiastic, and once out of bed enjoyed their rowing. (Rob Manser will never be forgiven for demanding that we finish rowing in time for eight o'clock lectures three mornings a week!).

The crew started training in Orientation Week and quickly settled into a Geelong Grammar style as five oarsmen and the coach came from that great rowing school.

We entered the Head of the Yarra, but only six of us managed to get to the finish at Hawthorn to watch the others race. The Scotch-Mercantile Regatta saw the crew rowing at close to its best, winning the heat but unfortunately losing the semi-final to a strong Wesley crew.

In the Intercollegiate Regatta, we lost our heat by three lengths to Ormond, who went on to win the final. (They were a very experienced crew, with an average weight ten pounds in excess of ours.) In the losers' final we easily defeated Newman by two lengths without really trying. We then took advantage of our right to



FIRST EIGHT

Back: (left to right) D. R. Lord, S. R. Jaques, J. L. E. Beavis
 Front: D. J. M. Bainbridge, R. M. S. Manser, L. K. Hope
 Seated: P. W. M. Hyslop
 Absent: A. de P. Godfrey, C. G. Rousseaux, A. G. C. Smith

challenge Queen's, as they had lost the winners' final* In a very good race, held the same afternoon we defeated Queen's by three-quarters of a length after being headed for the first seven-hundred metres.

The crew knew from the start of the season that they were probably giving too much away to Ormond in size and experience, but nevertheless trained conscientiously. Our fitness was proved by rowing through Queen's in our third 2,000 metres race in one day. An enjoyable rowing season was had by all, including Linden Hope who is still saving up for a pair of socks.

BRUNHILDE THE MUNIFICENT



GOLF

In a rare moment of sporting success for 1972, the Trinity College golf team won the final of the inter-collegiate competition. Handling the extremely windy conditions better than other colleges, the seven man team won its way into the final, well ahead of the nearest college, Queen's.

Arthur Yencken capably led the team with a fine 83 in the morning, followed in the afternoon by a popular 3/2 win over "ace bullshitter" Robin Ould.

After a promising 91 in the morning, Keith Disher collapsed in typical fresher style to scrape home 2/1 in the match play, against an inept opponent.

Senior gentlemen, Trevor "Muscles" Kuhle, Jack "Mugsy" McRae and Geoff "Smokey" Whittakers showed the advantage of experience in convincing wins. Trevor took the honours by slicing his way to the largest victory—5/4.

Ian Cordner recovered from a hefty 105 in the morning to lose 3/2 to the Queen's number one in a close afternoon match.

The seventh member of the team, Patty Grant showed magnificent sportsmanship in graciously offering victory to his Queen's opponent after astounding everyone with his first round of 94 in the morning.

ARTHUR YENCKEN
JOHN MCRAE



GOLF
Back: (left to right) K. W. Disher, R. I. Gordner, P. B. Grant
Front: A. D. R. Yencken (Capt.), J. M. McRae, T. C. Kuhle
Absent: G. G. Whittakers



SECOND EIGHT
Back: (left to right) G. J. Rowley, B. J. Andison, W. D. Park
Front: A. R. Baulch, M. J. James, W. D. Harbison, J. R. Long, D. N. Moore
Absent: R. M. Knight

SECOND EIGHT

The socials had a most successful season losing every race in which they started. Even after losing our "crab-man", Geoff Chettle, (two in the Scotch-Mercantile Regatta) we were unable to match Ormond. It was a minor inconvenience that we rowed three-quarters of the race with seven oars. Even with a full set we were still beaten by Newman.

Our crew was evenly balanced with a greater average weight than the first eight. In the bow seat was Wayne Park, who broke his oar in the heat with some very strenuous pulling. Two seat was filled more than adequately by "Grunt" Rowley. "Crow" Baulch pulled hard all the time in three—he also rowed occasionally. Four seat was filled by our only fresher, Mike Munckton. Mike James was a late starter who dearly loved his six o'clock paddle each morning. Moore, in six seat, inevitably trained with a hangover, and rowed "R.S." in the big event when sober. Russell Knight was often just getting to bed when we set off in the morning. Jerry Long's stroking did not come off for once. Our cox, Bruce Andison, after two practices, wrote his name on the river in fine style. Coach Geoff Nice missed almost everything because he lived out of College. Poor Hooks! Bill Harbison had to be literally dragged away from Di only to sing dirty songs to the stroke during the cold, wet mornings on the River Yarra.

JERRY LONG

FIRST EIGHTEEN

Trinity first eighteen football in 1972 was memorable, though perhaps for dubious reasons. For the first time for years, the team failed to win a match on the field; and it was equally notable that we were the first team in the recorded history of inter-collegiate sport to win a game by forfeit. A Trinity protest over the playing of two ineligible players by our old rivals, Queen's, ended in a reversal of the result and the match being awarded to Trinity. Needless to say, it also resulted in somewhat strained inter-collegiate relations for some time, but happily Queen's went on to make the final.

It was a season in which the results belied the effort made: from the first meeting, the season was characterized by an enthusiasm which had been missing for some time. This was best exhibited by the energetic turn-up at training sessions held late on Thursday nights and very early on Friday mornings. Sunday mornings were never as well attended, probably because of the large number of churchgoers amongst the team! Nevertheless, our esteemed coach, David "Dimples" Mithen, managed to appear several times. It is recorded without comment that we produced our best football for the year on the day the coach did not arrive until three-quarter time. Anyway, though we realised our limitations in skill, no one was left in any doubt as to the determination of all the team to "put Trinity back on the football map!"

Need I say more? Although we did not register the victories we so richly deserved, the team put up two especially commendable performances, against Queen's and Ormond, losing by nine and eight points respectively, including a classic third-quarter fight-back against Ormond. Unfortunately, we tired slightly each time, much to the disappointment of players and supporters alike.

Noteworthy in Players' Corner: the Big Frosty One who captured the umpire's eye and polled well; the find of the season, "Jingle" Bellingham, unconquered at centre half-back; Hugh Fitzpatrick, who gave as good as he got at full-back, and surprised himself by retaining his place; "Fingers" Baulch, who grabbed everything in sight; and our two casualties, Ian Cordner and Rob Manser, who overcame elbows and heels to render valuable service.

Next year . . . ?

CHRIS MAXWELL



FIRST EIGHTEEN FOOTBALL

Back: (left to right) T. J. Cunningham, D. J. Frederick, H. P. Fitzpatrick, I. F. Lucas, A. B. Mackinnon

Centre: G. M. Henderson, R. M. S. Manser, R. J. Bellingham, L. K. Hope, L. J. Officer, B. W. Kent, S. M. Cordner

Front: M. J. Haycroft, P. S. Moss, M. J. James, C. M. Maxwell (Capt.), T. P. Thwaites, A. R. Baulch, A. D. R. Yencken, P. B. Grant

Absent: C. D. Cordner, R. I. Cordner, A. A. Edney, J. C. Fox, F. Z. Ross, C. J. Singleton



RUGBY

Back: (left to right) C. M. Maxwell, A. G. C. Smith, H. P. Fitzpatrick, D. J. M. Bainbridge
 Centre: D. R. Lord, D. T. Jenkins, C. J. Roper, D. A. Beale, R. O. M. Jackson
 Front: J. R. Barnes, J. R. Long, F. C. R. Price, S. G. Fitts (Capt.), J. L. E. Beavis, R. M. Knight
 Absent: S. G. Boydell, S. N. N. Carter, D. Jaffe, R. J. McDonald, W. D. Park

RUGBY

The standard of College rugby this year was surprisingly high, and the Trinity team was by no means the worst. The team included Sydney Boydell, who has now become famous for his streaks down the side-line and his ability to tackle people with his head. Dave Bainbridge also distinguished himself as soon as he donned the celebrated number 69 footy jumper, and John Beavis was noted for the amount of time he spent in the air as he performed his Ashton's flying trapeze tackles.

Most people enjoyed themselves, and the newcomers to the game applied themselves very conscientiously, with the result that the Ormond team could only stand and watch in awe at our copybook rugby.

The first game against Newman served as a good warm-up and a lesson on how the game operates, and this was a valuable experience although we lost the game.

We took the field against Ormond with quiet confidence and produced a commendable team effort to crush them 23-8, with the added individual effort of the golden-booted incoming senior student.

The next game against Queen's was another runaway victory and was highlighted by John Barnes' smiling imitation of an unconscious rugby player. Exit J.B.!

Unfortunately the Ormond boys came back a bit too hard for us in the final, and their experience outweighed our size.

STEVE FITTS



HOCKEY

Back: (left to right) P. S. Turner, P. R. Rodeck, P. S. Goldsworthy, A. R. Sisson
 Front: P. J. Ponder, C. J. Gardiner, D. G. Atkinson (Capt.), S. R. Jaques, S. H. Niemann
 Absent: C. Albany, S. W. Harper, D. T. Jenkins, P. S. Moss

HOCKEY

Our intensive preparation for this year's competition included two testing practice matches. We lost the first against Camberwell Grammar 0-6. Against Melbourne Grammar, we called on two footballers. Geoff Chettle distinguished himself with some handy shepherding on the wing, and John McRae played some excellent straight-bat shots in goal. We lost 2-5, but the game was very rewarding for the team.

In the first round we met Queen's at Royal Park. The forward, half-back and back lines all played well, the goalie faultlessly—the ball did not reach him. We won 7-0.

The second round was played against Ridley; it was a cold Sunday morning, but Jezza managed to keep warm for his basketball match afterwards. Down 0-2 after about 15 minutes, Stan Moss scored our first goal, but half-time saw us trailing 1-3. Roy Sisson revived our hopes in the second half with a brilliant soccer goal, and with five minutes to go the equaliser came. Playing desperately, Ridley brought the ball back from over the backline and scored again. With one foul goal each, the game ended, Ridley winning a close and exciting match 4-3. We had a fair amount of bad luck and were unlucky to lose, but congratulations must go to Ridley who went on to win the final.

We were now ready for the losers' final. As Whitley were unable to raise a team, we were finally placed third.

DAVID ATKINSON
 CHRIS GARDINER

SECOND EIGHTEEN

Last year, the College authorities first realised the existence of the second eighteen when one of the present editors of *Fleur-de-Lys* appeared before the Warden on a striking charge. This year, the Dean, not to be outdone by the Warden, was the first to realise the existence of this diverse, but in other ways united, collection of footballers. Following our defeat by Ridley the Dean, disturbed by the noise coming from the precincts of the Chapel, left the sanctuary of his Leeper penthouse apartment, traversed the bulpadock and appeared at the door of a Cowan study, interrupting a post-match analytic session.

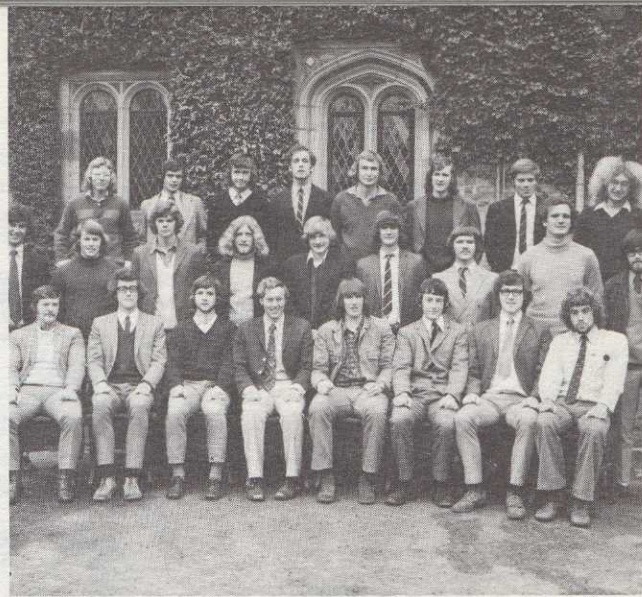
After being offered a glass of ale, and being reassured by the general and outdoor representatives, and the treasurer, that the noise was not coming from that room, and that proceedings would end by a quarter past eleven, he then hastily retreated across the bulpadock, our training and recruiting area.

With the loss of such personality players as Paul D. Elliott, Eric S. Bellchambers, Geoff H. Nice and Robert I. Parsons, it was obvious that a careful recruiting campaign was necessary. To make up for the lack of experience and youth of the team, veteran medical student Tony Cunningham was lured out of retirement. The dramatic loss of Paul D. Elliott was covered



BASKETBALL

Back: (left to right) T. J. Cunningham, D. J. Frederick, P. Plavina, A. D. R. Yencken
 Front: T. C. Kuhle, R. E. Phillips, P. B. Grant, M. I. Haycroft
 Absent: D. T. Jenkins (Capt.), A. B. Mackinnon, A. G. C. Smith, J. F. Yates



SECOND EIGHTEEN FOOTBALL

Back: (left to right) C. J. Singleton, D. R. Lord, A. B. Mackinnon, F. C. R. Price, D. J. Frederick, B. W. Kent, D. J. M. Bainbridge, P. H. Ingwersen
 Centre: R. C. Craigie, P. S. Lowe, P. R. Sandell, S. G. Fitts, W. D. Park, L. J. Kirk, R. M. Knight, A. G. C. Smith, C. Albany
 Front: J. R. Long, T. C. Kuhle, D. A. Whipp, D. T. Jenkins (Capt.), G. J. Rowley, J. M. McRae, J. O. Churchill, K. W. Disher
 Absent: J. L. E. Beavis, A. L. Cunningham, A. A. Edney, M. J. James, M. D. Runnalls, T. P. Thwaites, J. P. Tobin, J. F. Yates

by the return of David Whipp to College. Eric Bellchambers' dashing backline play was hard to replace, but after a couple of matches Linton Kirk was recruited from the depths of Jeopardy and proved an instant success. Other prominent recruits were Doug Lord, John Churchill, Keith Disher and John Tobin.

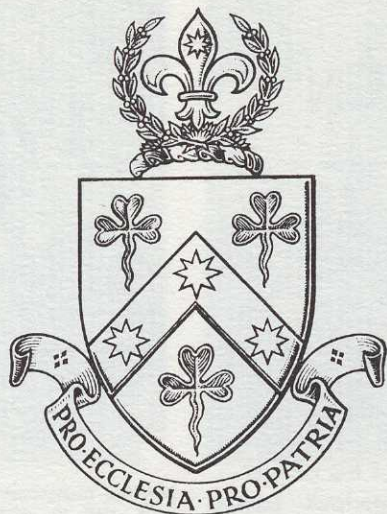
As the season progressed team spirit insidiously increased, reaching a maximum for the final match against our new arch rivals, and conflicting partner, Queen's. The result of this match is now known to all; after being five goals down at three-quarter time, the team, inspired by the fine play of Dougald Frederick, Colin Singleton, Tony McKinnon and Tony Cunningham, managed, with desperate football, to level the scores as the siren sounded.

Many players have contributed to the success of the team both on and off the football field. Consistent players on the football field were Tony Cunningham, Wayne Park, John McGoogal, Andrew Smith, John Tobin, Linton Kirk, Dave Bainbridge and Peter Lowe. On the social side, Jerry Long, Steve Fitts, Russell Knight and Grant Rowley provided a constant source of entertainment.

Special mention must be made of the efforts put into the team by Peter Ingwersen, our manager and boundary umpire; our chief supporters, Don Marshall, John Beavis and Francis Price, and to the selection committee of Grant Rowley, Dave Whipp and Geoff Nice.

Hopefully next year will be as successful on the football team as this year was off the field.

JEZZA



CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS
DIARY OF EVENTS

Centenary Play, The Time Is Not Yet Ripe, by Louis Esson, Union Theatre, University of Melbourne, Tuesday 20 June to Saturday 24 June.

Centenary Banquet, Old Customs House, Melbourne, Thursday 22 June.

Centenary Exhibition, "The Foundation Era 1872-1918", Foyer, Wilson Hall, University of Melbourne, 26 June to 30 June.

Oration, Wilson Hall, Wednesday 28 June, by Sir Hugh Ennor, Kt, C.B.E., D.Sc., F.A.A., Secretary of the Department of Education and Science, entitled "Mass Post-Secondary Education—Some Problems"; the Chancellor of the University presiding.

Centenary Day, Saturday 1 July, Centenary Eucharist in the Chapel, Centenary Room in Lower Bishops', Village Fair on the Bulpaddock, Centenary Art Show in the J.C.R.

Centenary Thanksgiving Service, St Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, Sunday 2 July.

CENTENARY VOLUME

Bishop James Grant, *Perspective Of A Century* (1972).

THREE

church services were held to celebrate the Centenary of Trinity College; two of these were celebrations of the Holy Communion, and were held in the College Chapel. The third was the solemn Thanksgiving

service held in St Paul's Cathedral.

On Saturday at noon, the Thanksgiving Eucharist was celebrated by the Archbishop of Melbourne, assisted by the Bishops of Bendigo and St Arnaud, Bishop James Grant, and Bishop John McKie, assistant Bishop of Coventry, who had specially come over from England for the celebration of the College Centenary. All four bishops were educated at Trinity College. The music was capably rendered by a choir drawn from Trinity and J.C.H. and trained and directed by Mr Frank Smith; the music sung was by Palestrina and Byrd. The highlight of the service was undoubtedly the excellent sermon preached by the Archbishop, in which he paid tribute to the rich contribution Trinity College has made to student life over its century of existence, and expressed the hope that it might continue to do so during the coming years. The service was well attended by members of Trinity College and J.C.H., old-boys, parents, friends and relations. The Master of Ceremonies, Mr Chris Roper, was responsible for the quiet taste and dignity of the service.

The Sunday morning Choral Communion service was a "modern" service, devised by the Assistant Chaplain, the Reverend Jim Minchin. The service was sung by the Choir of the Canterbury Fellowship, and included music by Rubbra, Lucien Deiss, Gelinau, and Jim Minchin himself, as well as some traditional composers. During the reading of two stanzas drawn from *Little Gidding* from *The Four Quartets* by T. S. Eliot, a liturgical dance was performed by Miss Annette Carliss from J.C.H. The sermon was preached by the Chaplain of the Canterbury Fellowship, the Reverend Dr M. M. Thomas. In a characteristically interesting and thought provoking address, Dr Thomas raised some serious questions about the future role of the College in the community. The service was fresh and imaginative, if slightly verbose and lengthy, and Father Minchin is to be congratulated on the adventurous and enterprising spirit he showed in drawing it up.

The Thanksgiving service in St Paul's Cathedral was held at three o'clock, in the presence of a large congregation including His Excellency the Acting Governor, Sir Edmund Herring, members of the University Council, the heads of the colleges, members of the United Faculty of Theology, and clergy of the Church of England, all splendidly robed. It was also very pleasing to see such a large gathering of College gentlemen, ladies from J.C.H., parents, friends, relations and old boys. St Paul's provided a setting which enhanced the carefully drawn up service, and contributed to making it what must surely be considered one of the most impressive services to be held there. The music was sung by the Trinity-J.C.H. Choir, and was mostly by R.

Vaughan Williams—appropriately so, as he was born in 1872! The effect on the whole was excellent; from the thrilling music at the triumphal entry of the procession, to the Festal *Te Deum* and concluding hymn—"Christ is made the sure foundation"—set to the exhilarating tune by Purcell. The address by Bishop McKie was a splendid statement of the "hopes by which we live", and appreciated by those present.

To conclude, homage must again be paid to all who contributed their skills, and made the services true symbolic expressions of our College motto—*Pro Ecclesia, Pro Patria*—service to God in church and nation.

DIRK VAN DISSEL



THE

holding of a banquet in the Old Customs House was an original and appropriate way of celebrating the Centenary of our College. Although the Old Customs House was built in 1858, it breathes a Regency elegance; surely no more suitable place to hold a banquet than the splendid gold and white Long Room could have been found anywhere in Melbourne, and the organizers are to be congratulated on the good taste and imagination they showed in their choice of venue. The dinner itself was suitably festal; drinks and canapes were served in the spacious foyer. Then came the next two courses — Prawns and Whiting *Veronique*, with which was served *Hugel Pinot Riesling 1971*. With the main course, Beef Wellington, Lindeman's Bin 45 Claret 1967, was served. Chinese gooseberries with minted cream, with which was served Lindeman's Sauterne 1968, and coffee and port, followed.

Both the after-dinner speeches were excellent: Professor J. J. Auchmuty, C.B.E., of Trinity College, Dublin, proposed the toast to the College, and delivered an interesting address on the traditional links between Trinity College, Dublin and Trinity College, Melbourne. The response by Sir Clive Fitts, Kt, was undoubtedly the highlight of the evening. Rarely today does one have the opportunity to hear an interesting, witty and well-delivered speech.

The occasion was a considerable success, and one was pleased to notice that representatives of every generation of College men were there. One can only express regret that the price prevented a number of students from being present, and that, as the College Ball was not held at the Old Customs House, so many were prevented from enjoying these delightful surroundings.

DIRK VAN DISSEL



INCLUDED

it what you will, for the next Centenary, that of the Ladies' "fair", held in 1880. Just what can we look forward to in 1980? Arriving at the "fair" by tube, we can escalate smoothly up to have a helicopter zoom up to have tea (surely there will be tea) on satellite 12, with a glimpse of the M.C.G. or Flemington, from which we've gallantly stayed away to support the "fair". Zooming down thro' the crystal air — no smog, of course — but 1972 will do for me. (The former will be discarded if . . .)

Really and truly the "fair" in Trinity's lovely rectangle on 1 July was a very friendly occasion. The horses glimpsed in the east garden looked just at home as Henrietta does. I'm sure they did not throw anyone off. (I did not try to get on.)

Coming around between Jeopardy and Leeper to the Bulpaddock there were gay tents scattered around, broadcasting controls, change chinking a bit, and quite a stream of wanderers going down to the Chapel Annexe. Not as big a throng as the gaieties provided could use, or as the organizers hoped for, but quite a variety of people considering all the counter attractions in the city.

Let us really explore. To sustain one coming in, or to revive one going out, a really good serve of flapjack could be ordered, paid for, and eaten all in the space of five seconds (split and added) — a really fast service was attained by Rob Flip-a-Pancake and company. A little farther along, an all white pair, with boater to suggest a sunny day, laid on sizzling hamburgers. They ate well on Saturday, but even better on Monday. Of course, chairs and tables were provided in the dining hall for hours, with food too, but inside eating was not very enticing with fresh air food competing.

One tent had wonderful mixed buys in it, which must have taken a great deal of trouble to be got there. Eastern ladies, flower bedecked delights and so on. Just beyond that was a pretty merry-go-round all blue and white. It did not have cars, just horses and did not go very fast, so perhaps our electricity was not strong enough. The produce stall did marvels, potatoes (not at all earthy), bananas, lovely marmalade, and only if I get the recipe of the cake I bought, shall I die happy.

Did anyone have their fortune told or shy a coconut or make fairy floss? It was all there on the way to the bookstall in the Annexe. The bookstall was really well supported, both in collection of material, and on the day and on into the next week too. What was truly remarkable and pleasing was that the free stuff was scorned, and everyone paid and paid again, till we had a surprising sum. Hobbies (stamps very kindly autho-

in the solemn celebrations for the Centenary of Trinity College, Melbourne, was a rehearsal — a run-through, call

ritatively supplied by Dr Perry), school projects, literature for old and young, two cricket books, but we did not supply crossword puzzles — bad oversight that. The grand final was a wobbly paperback copy of a favourite thriller, for which someone gladly paid two cents. So with thanks to whoever thought of our Centenary "fair" (a northern headmaster?), to all the ladies who helped, to the trestle tablers, *auf wiedersehen* till 1980.

MARY RUSDEN



Centenary Bottling 1872-1972

TRINITY COLLEGE WINES COMMITTEE

THE

Trinity College Wines Committee decided to make available a high quality dry red table wine with a special label, as its contribution to the Centenary celebrations.

The wine chosen is a claret from Reynella, one of the oldest vineyards in South Australia. Reynella is situated a few miles south of Adelaide in what is known as the Southern Vales area and has a high reputation for the making of refined red table wines. The Centenary wine is in the *Bordeaux* style, and made from a blend of *cabernet-sauvignon*, *shiraz*, and *grenache* grapes of the 1970 vintage. It was aged in new French oak casks and bottled in August, 1971. A full-bodied, richly flavoured wine with great vinosity, tempered nicely with wood, it should reach its peak in 1980 to 1984.

The Centenary label is quite colourful, being based on the Trinity colours—red, green, white—and includes the College crest. Each bottle also carries a full description of the wine on a back label.

The wine is priced at \$1.60 per bottle. Although most has been sold, a small quantity was still available at the time of writing.

PETER THOMPSON



THE TIME IS NOT YET RIPE

ALISON FINLAY

Incongruously, Louis Esson's sixty-year-old assault on the Australian political scene still rings true in the ears of each perplexed voter faced by the 1972 elections—this is in itself a depressing comment on our apathy. Esson would be dismayed to find that the topical, contemporary issues he ridiculed were to survive in monotonous petrification for half a century. Our politicians still promise Nothing, with a capital "N"; the man in the street complains violently and submits passively; our radicals still threaten us with happiness and coerce us into freedom. The familiar figures of the militant liberated woman, and the socialist who is also—O horror!—a Rhodes Scholar, are strikingly prophetic; this relevance shows that the famous Australian apathy is not a modern disease but a time-honoured national heritage.

This irony adds some subtlety to an otherwise rather laboured satire. There is interesting novelty in burning "election year" issues popping out in a slightly antiquated turn of phrase from this vivid period setting, which John Smythe's production recreated entertainingly: it reached a climax in the jostling activity of the street rally, complete with demurely-clad children, working-class hecklers and a very voluble, red-nosed drunk. The rather insipid dialogue tended to lag behind the flourish made by external touches such as the exuberance and style of the brassiest of bands, and the jaunty newspaper boys.

But the enthusiasm which the production was striving for was hampered by the structure and style of the play itself. The characters are the one-dimensional, stock figures of comedy, needing a sophisticated, imagi-

natively light touch if they are to escape flabby predictability; their gags often verge on the repetitive or—more fatally—the wordy. On the whole, the cast was disappointingly faithful in their treatment of these stodgy figures, playing them conscientiously "straight", without infusing much life into them. George Abrams' imaginative creation of Percy the Butler, an apparently unpromising part, was the exception to this, introducing a touch of subtlety and surprise: his fanatical imperialism would have been sinister if it were not a century out of date.

Most entertaining were the minor characters as they played out their mechanical roles; the production was assured but conventional. Robyn Vines was especially polished as the intimidating Miss Perkins, conveying rigidity in every whalebone; Margaret Parnaby achieved a comparable dignity as Lady Pillsbury, such a violently healthy invalid that the exaggerated colourlessness of Tony Strazera as her husband Sir Henry was easily convincing. But Roger Lowrey was not assertive enough for the brash insidiousness of John K. Hill, wasting a golden opportunity to pillory American capitalism. Simon Carter played the amiably vacuous public-school cricket-playing type in the Wooster tradition who is so indispensable in this style of comedy, and is still good for a few laughs. Kate Norman really caught the spirit of the earnestly naive, impractical, academic Violet, although she was occasionally incoherent in speech and manner. The ranting socialist Harry Hopkins was played by the ranting socialist Jeremy Harper, apparently ad-libbing; his dreamy, ineffectual comrade, Chris Gardiner, and Phillip Golds-

worthy as the practical barman, Otto, (in spite of a very synthetic German accent) sketched in a suitable contrast. Similarly briefly suggested were the types of "the man in the street": Bill Newton in a drunken haze, David Moore elderly, solemn and stubbornly dogmatic, Ruth Fincher weighed down by the cares of impoverished domesticity and advanced pregnancy.

This broad but superficial spectrum had interest and variety. But the weight of the play was carried by the three main characters, who really had no more scope or complexity than these cartoon figures; and the actors were really overburdened by the inadequacies of the characters. Sir Joseph Quiverton: a pompous, paunchy parody of a Prime Minister, strutting when successful, blustering when attacked; an overstuffed teddy bear, bleating "the time is not yet ripe", when pressed in the middle. Repetitiveness and emptiness were his essence: hardly surprising that he was so boring. Gavin Moodie resisted the temptation to ham the part, but the result was rather stiff and colourless.

By contrast, Kathy Esson made the heroine, Doris, more intelligent and forceful than she probably deserved to be—which was perhaps just as well. There was plenty of personality but I suspect it belonged more to Kathy herself than to Doris, an insipid creature who is necessarily something of a ninny if she is to be convincingly manipulated by her militant supporters. Her socialist suitor, Sydney Barrett, promised to be a more interesting figure: wavering between whimsical cynicism and naive idealism, he grapples sincerely with the conscience of the rich and educated, frustrated by both the mediocrity surrounding him and his own inexperience. But in the comic resolution, Barrett, despairing, abandons politics and idealism for love and Doris—a dramatically fitting conclusion, but one which allows Esson to escape the necessity of making any final judgement on his most complex character. Geoff Collins played the part with a witty lack of emphasis which brought out many ironies subtly; but Sydney remained a somewhat featureless hero.

Although the pace was quite smart, the production could have been enlivened by more imaginative innovations. While it is unnecessary to clutter a really inspired play with gimmicks and theatrical tricks, this very lightweight and conventional *genre* would have been improved by a more original approach and a few surprises. There was a tentative gesture towards audience involvement in the street-rally scene—which was the most effective and animated—and it was a pity that this possibility was not exploited further.

I do not find it surprising or unjust that the play should have waited so long in obscurity for its resurrection. There was more than a physical distance to overcome in transplanting George Bernard Shaw in Australia: the adaptation only faintly echoes the wit and sharpness of the original. But as a historical relic, it has certainly proved by its appropriateness to the contemporary scene that the time was ripe for its revival—alas for our political development. How much longer must we commemorate our mediocrity?





THE CONTROL OF OIL POLLUTION IN VICTORIA

MURRAY BYRNE INTERVIEWED BY PAUL ELLIOTT

Murray Byrne was educated in Ballarat, and went on to study law and political science at Melbourne University. As an undergraduate, he was a resident of Newman College. He was elected to Parliament at the age of 28, the youngest ever to be elected to an Upper House in Australia at a time when the average age of Victorian Legislative Council members was 65!

When I was introduced to Sir Arthur Warner, he said: "Good God! a mere boy!" In one of the rare occasions when I was able to think of a reply, I said: "Well, Sir Arthur, unlike you I can still grow old".

The electorate that he represents is the province of Ballarat. It embraces some six Assembly seats and some three federal seats.

When I was elected in 1958, it was regarded as a safe Labor seat. It is now regarded as a blue ribbon Liberal seat. I barely got in then—we had to win it or Bendigo to govern. Then I won by a mere 900 votes. We now win by a good fourteen or fifteen thousand.

He was Minister for Public Works for a little over two years but has recently been appointed Minister for Development and Decentralization.

Paul Elliott has recently completed a law degree at Melbourne and is an old boy of the College. His final honours thesis on national and international oil pollution of the sea well qualified him to do this interview, which, we hope, will give the reader an insight into the manner in which pollution is being handled by the Victorian Government. Paul is at present articled to a firm of city solicitors, Messrs Weigall and Crowther.

Question: What are the powers of the Minister for Public Works?

Answer: The Department of Public Works is certainly the oldest Government department in Victoria and covers a multitude of sins. Our responsibilities are largely in the field of building schools, hospitals and public buildings for all the Government departments. I think some 90,000 works orders and more than 6,000 major contracts go out of this Department every year. We are also responsible for all the harbour trusts and the whole of the coastline of Victoria. However, the amount of money spent in this last field is relatively small compared to the hundreds of millions the Government spends each year.

As a person who comes from an inland electorate, I must admit that when I first became Minister I did not have a proper appreciation of the nature of the responsibilities involved in looking after the coastline. But I was only in office two days when I saw a nasty letter in the paper attacking us on the question of pollution. I remember calling my officers in and asking them what the hell it was all about. I asked to have a look at the marine section and spent half a day there meeting everyone. There were quite a lot of young engineers who appeared to be interested in the problem of pollution and I decided that we would do something.

This was before any governments had been involved in this issue—before any legislation had been brought in. We designed a pollution campaign. We instituted the twenty-four hour oil pollution clean-up service. Although we are primarily responsible for the coastline only, I realized that if we were going to tackle the problem, we would have to cover the field. So we assumed a wider responsibility, instead of referring people to other agencies. When someone rang complaining of air pollution, we endeavoured to get some action in the relevant department. It was then that I became conscious of the problem of oil pollution and I called together the oil and shipping companies to ask them to co-operate with us. That was some two years ago. I learnt my first lesson: that sort of thing just doesn't work. I found that the only way to get results was to hit hard at every available opportunity.

Question: Mr Minister, could you give some idea of the scope of the pollution problem in Victoria, especially in regard to the number of oil dumpings per year and other types of marine pollution?

Answer: An oil slick is reported about once a day. The community doesn't know this for a number of reasons: one is that oil slicks are often well out to sea. People are not as aware of the problems related to oil dumpings as they are with other forms of pollution. In our bays we have every form of pollution: drainage problems, industrial waste, the dumping of muck and rubbish.

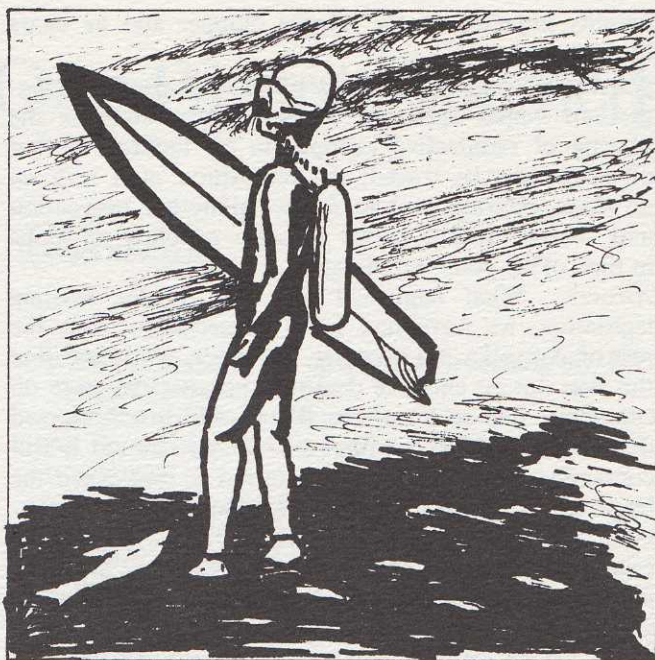
Question: Mercury in the flake?

Answer: Yes, in fact, we use the sea and the Bay as a rubbish tip. Recently, a tanker just dumped 1,600 tons of caustic soda at sea. Industries have a real problem disposing of their waste, and they find it easier to dump at sea.

Question: Can we go on polluting Port Philip Bay at the present rate?

Answer: We can't. We need to control the sources of pollution and that's something we haven't done. In other parts of the world, studies are carried out to determine the effect of industrial development. This is terribly important. We shouldn't develop anything without carrying out such studies.

Question: What are the statutes in Victoria combat-

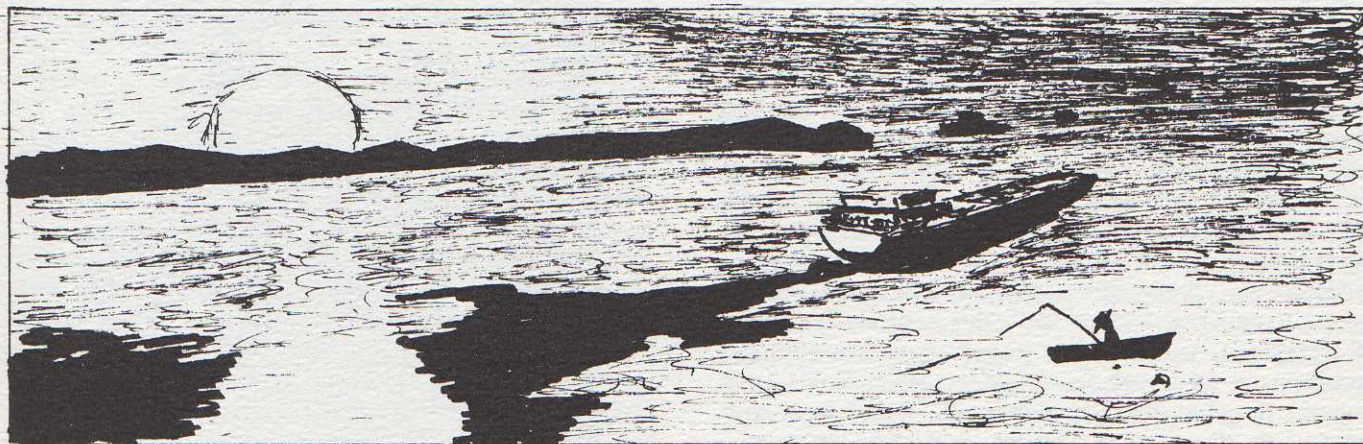


ting pollution?

Answer: In Victoria, as in nearly every State, there were originally some two hundred bodies responsible for pollution control. The facts are that the two hundred bodies did nothing. Every shire was to police health regulations. Government instrumentalities were to police these things. What we did in Victoria was unique: we brought down the Environment Protection Act, so that for the first time one agency could have overriding control over all these bodies. Even the Bay was subject to various jurisdictions and legal and bureaucratic barriers prevented effective control. However, this recent legislation has not been fully proclaimed. The Navigable Waters Act is the main Act covering oil pollution, and the Marine Act covers other forms of water pollution within the port of Melbourne.

Question: Have you recently strengthened these Acts?

Answer: The Marine Act now makes any dumping an offence. We increased the penalties from \$20 to \$5,000. Under the new Act, there is a strict form of



liability imposed on the alleged dumper and he bears the onus of proof.

Question: What has become of some of your past suggestions which appeared in the papers, such as the placing of radioactive isotopes in oil tankers so that oil slicks can be traced; the imposition of a levy on all ships entering port to finance pollution prevention and control; and a power to seize or blow up ships in time of oil pollution disaster?

Answer: What happened was this. Under existing legislation, we have had more prosecutions than the rest of Australia put together. However, we found that this was not an effective deterrent because the large oil companies had an insurance scheme which re-imbursed them for any fines we imposed. So we drafted a Bill containing the proposals you referred to and asked the large oil companies whether they agreed. The other thing that worried me was that in 98 per cent of all cases the actual polluter cannot be traced and the community has to pay. So I had to think of some way in which the community could be protected. I proposed a levy on all ships to cover these costs irrespective of fault. This was my original suggestion to all the oil companies two years ago. It was rejected. The oil people did everything to prevent us bringing in this legislation. They claimed that they had an agreement covering the problem—Tanker Owners Voluntary Agreement for Liability for Oil Pollution (TOVALOP). I must admit I laugh at it because it only provided compensation when the polluter was apprehended. I then discussed my proposals with the other States because, if I was to be successful, I had to get agreement between the Commonwealth and the States. The Commonwealth fought very gallantly against it and two American lawyers representing the oil companies flew especially to Australia to lobby the other States and the Commonwealth. A year ago, I went to a meeting with the others in Perth. I said that I would introduce this legislation whether or not the others did the same, but that it would be preferable to carry out the scheme on a national basis because of the constitutional problems. After a lot of argument, they agreed to accept the main principles I enunciated. But they weren't prepared to go off offending captains and they weren't prepared to increase fines to \$100,000. They agreed with one levy on shipping entering Australian ports. This will be done soon. The Commonwealth will introduce legislation to impose the levy and the States will enact complementary legislation. The levy will be used to fund on-the-spot clean-up operations and to finance detection agencies. Again, the American lawyers were threatening to use—as they were entitled to—every legal device possible to prevent Victoria from enforcing its own legislation. For the first time in Australia, I managed to get all the States and the Commonwealth to agree to uniform legislation in this respect concerning the territorial seas in order to overcome constitutional problems in prosecutions. In some cases, States have agreed to give the Commonwealth jurisdiction with respect to oil pollution right up to the low watermark,

but Victoria will patrol as far out as the three-mile limit. But, in all cases, respective jurisdictions are clearly defined.

Question: Would you prefer the Commonwealth take control over the territorial seas?

Answer: No! Pollution of the sea affects the shores of the States, and they are in the best position to deal with the problem. The Commonwealth is in Canberra, and is not in a position to properly administer pollution prevention and control. I think it would be a necessary element of the Commonwealth taking control that a new and unnecessary bureaucracy would have to be created. The problem should be dealt with by local municipalities and State agencies. I intend to approach local bodies to do the cleaning up straight away and reimburse them later.

Question: Do you think the cost of the levy will be passed on to the community in the form of increased petrol prices?

Answer: Whatever we did to the oil companies, this sort of thing could happen. However, there is no suggestion that prices will go up at this stage.

Question: Do you think that past records show that fines imposed on the large oil companies have been inadequate?

Answer: Hopeless. The fines did not even cover the cost of prosecuting. The maximum has been raised from two to fifty thousand, and reasonable fines are now being imposed.

Question: How effective are the present methods of detection?

Answer: The present forces are mobilized on a State basis and can all be used to deal with any particular emergency. Because the levy is organized on a national basis, we don't know whether we'll have enough money to be able to use spotter planes or to have sufficient men and equipment. Of course, we'll be able to call on the resources of other States and we can call in the Navy and the Air Force in any emergency.

Question: Have we enough power to intervene and have we the facilities to cope with a national disaster?

Answer: Under the agreement between the Commonwealth and the States, depots will be set up right round the coast with the necessary facilities to deal with a disaster.

Question: Do you think we're doing enough in Australia?

Answer: Our officers have been investigating overseas methods of pollution control, but it costs money. It's hard for me to get two million dollars to set up a marine laboratory for Westernport. I think that it would repay itself many, many times over. That's the way you develop: you have controlled development. You just don't do things which are going to adversely affect the whole community. The challenge can be met. You've only got to look at what's happened in the Thames and what's happening in America. I have a lot of faith in the ability of man to overcome these problems. It's expensive. But you've got to plan before you develop.

We Are The People Our Parents Warned Us Against

JOSEPH SEWALD

Well, I'm about to get upset, while watching my T.V.
checking out the news,
until my eyeballs fail to see.
All I'm saying is that everyday is just another
rotten mess
and when its going to change my friends
is anybody's guess.
So I'm watching and I'm waiting,
hoping for the best
You can bet that I go a praying,
every time I hear them saying:
that there's no way to delay,
that trouble coming everyday.

[The Mothers of Invention.]

Any thoughtful Australian may well wonder over the advisability of the increasing influence of America in Australia's social and cultural spheres. What is mostly brought into consideration are questions of economic dominance, cultural patterns such as speech and modes of living, and the hesitation of separation from Mother England. What is rarely alluded to is the near future of America. The unfolding drama of the American Dream is something which is poorly understood by most Australians, but well sensed in that they feel that something is wrong in America. Most Australians would really not have a clue as to what this *wrongness* means to the people involved in the drama of the American Dream.

It would indeed be a fruitless undertaking in this article to try to generalize about *all the people* living in America. The people I will be concerned with are the people, mostly young, who see America as a dying culture, in need of new directions and spirit. They can be said to be of a counter-culture, for their intention is to supplant the dominant American culture of today with a new culture, yet to be readily defined, that would solidly be rooted in the future. What this article will explore is the author's views of the origins of the American counter-culture and its impact on the near future of America.

Marshall McLuhan has suggested that the direction of any particular group is best seen by scrutinizing the efforts of the artists of that group. For anyone seeking the dimensions and directions of the American counter-culture, I would suggest they study the poetry of the many current pop singers, in particular, that of Paul Simon. In 1965, Simon and Garfunkel sang *The Sounds of Silence*. When singing this song, they sang of alienation, of depersonalization, of loneliness. Since then, the times in America have become more alienating, more



depersonalizing, more lonely. Through the course of two of their songs, one can trace part of the path which many of the counter-culture have taken, and perhaps see its impact on America.

These two songs are *The Sounds of Silence* and *America*. The progression of the lyrics is from one of alienation and isolation from the alienation of silence, with darkness as its home, and the dream its only reality. The distance, the alienation, between men has been aggravated by the depersonalization of modern existence. The setting for *The Sounds of Silence* can only be New York City—congested, cold and totally hostile. In the darkness, the only light, the one that “splits the night” is an artificial one, and being neon, it is commercial in connotation. The people “talk without speaking” suggesting perhaps, that words cannot say everything, and actually make for only limited and superficial communication. In all this alienation, man wants to reach out, but is trapped, and afraid to “disturb the sounds of silence”. The song lacks a personal feeling, it is sung with detachment, somewhat forcefully and at a rather brisk pace, perhaps adding to the feeling of isolation.

The period was one of confusion and discontentment. John Kennedy had failed to bring Camelot into existence, and had died in this attempt. Vietnam was well under way and so were the freedom riders and marchers in the south. Simon and Garfunkel came forth with *Scarborough Fair Canticle*, a symptom of the schizophrenia that was descending upon youth. The juxtapositioning of a message of beauty with one of ugliness showed rather effectively the widening gap between the desires of American youth and that of the Government. Youth had to choose between conscience and country. And too often the selection of one meant the exclusion of the other.

In 1968, Paul Simon's *America* came out. At this time, the many divisions in America were manifesting themselves. The blacks and the students were on the rise and so were the middle Americans. The multi-hued fabric of America was being torn and stained. In the song, Simon defines America by saying what it isn't. And America, Simon says, isn't Mrs Wagner's Pies, greyhounds, gaberdine suits, spies, a pack of cigarettes, or the New Jersey Turnpike, it's something else, we hope. In *America*, Simon tries to reach out of his alienation for the sleeping Kathy, but he fails. The line that is perhaps inscribed on many faces in America these days is “I'm empty and aching and I don't know why”. Simon says, “we've all come to look for America”, and with 500,000 men in Vietnam, a war in living colour, a racial crisis in the cities, Government persecution of dissenters, this cannot be the America we've been looking for. The mechanical alienation of *The Sounds of Silence*, as signalled by its initials, S.O.S., is lacking in *America*, where the poignant alienation is from Kathy, symbol of perhaps Nixon's silent majority, the great mass of people who will determine the near future thereby extending or limiting the potential of a distant tomorrow. Simon says he is

“empty and aching” and he doesn't know why. But Kathy is sleeping, as is perhaps the silent majority.

Since 1968, Martin Luther King has died, and yet another Kennedy. Chicago happened and McCarthy's Children Crusade has gone through its anal stage of development, and the Children are now themselves caught in an oedipal dilemma—they hate their father, the Government, but love the mother, the ideals of democracy. The political symbols of this generation were Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Eugene McCarthy, all since defeated and gone. The Eldridge Cleavers and Bobby Seales are symbols of despair that told us something was wrong with America, but at least they did offer solutions. A generation, or for that matter, any group without common symbols becomes desperate in its powerlessness, and apathetic in its pursuits. Little but despair and in-direction was left to my generation of Americans.

But as America has changed in these years, so must our group. The year is 1969 and the group, the Jefferson Airplane. The feeling of open anger had gripped the American youth. It was in this spirit of anger that the song by Marty Balin, *Volunteers*, was sung:

Look what's happening out in the streets
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Hey I'm dancing down the street
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Ain't it amazing all the people I meet
Got a revolution Got to revolution
One generation got old
One generation got soul
This generation got no destination to hold
Pick up the cry
Hey now is the time for you and me
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Come on now we're marching to the sea
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Who will take it from you
We will and who are we
We are volunteers.

The feeling of revolution was real. It was by the Airplane that the now famous phrase “up against the wall, motherfucker” was coined. It was meant plainly as a warning to those in power, that an increasing percentage of American youth, and hence America's future, felt America was growing increasingly intolerable. At a time when Government officials were mumbling about “a few paid troublemakers on our great campuses”, the Jefferson Airplane sang, “we are forces of chaos and anarchy, everything they say we are, and we are very proud of ourselves”.

1969 was a fateful year. It was at once the year that the American revolution was conceived and miscarried. Corporate and government forces pervaded the American society with much repression and propaganda. The one-dimensional man of Marcuse had once again dominated. America was turned from a course of challenging social imperatives to a course best exemplified by the blabberings of Ralph Nader on the mechanical adjustments to the Great American Masturbation-Piece, The Automobile.

By channelling the direction of the New American, corporate governmental forces have postponed, and not alleviated, that which germinated the 1969 "revolution". Those forces are waiting. They are waiting for the day when they can but be heard. And their day shall be soon. Perhaps not within the next generation, but soon. What after all is fifty years in the scale of history?

These forces represent more than the Nader prostitution of the word "reform". They mean the changing of such basic social and cultural questions as the division of labour, the meaning of development, indeed, it means a redefining of the basis of society which we now take as "natural".

The people in the American counter-culture have

made a longer-than-you-think trek from John Kennedy's death through Monterey and the Haight-Ashbury Summer of Love to Orangeburg, People's Park, Woodstock, Altamont, Kent State and Jackson State. It is a task which has a destiny.

Perhaps the only note on which this article could end would be that the experience of the American counter-culture has brought to a large proportion of the young people in America a certain degree of awareness about the real problems facing them as a nation and as a culture. Awareness as positively as it can be implied, means the beginning of understanding. It is this understanding which, for me, represents the hope of America.



Pompeii

Sydney, suffer me
Clapboard applause
For my conscience in stucco, clinging
Precariously, since age is charm, and shed
At nothing, at a superficial blow.
In Sydney, given a child's destructive fingers,
This mouldering enervation, I protest—
In Sydney, packed and milling, I protest—
That I can find no surge and flood of wind
The morning's rim and brink, come spinning
Mare's tail over the plain, pursuing some unspeakable loss

Only the whip of golf clubs
And the snoring of motor mowers, incessant
In the temperature inversion superintending
Wax maggots of frangipanni
Poisoning and burial.

The air has stopped, over our slow Pompeii.
Cicadas beyond the garden wall and flame-trees!

A saucer has stilled the cats, crying
On the terrace, under the hibiscus—
We are observed under the hibiscus, burning steaks
In the propitiation of equality,
Smitten with dappled sun and unimpressed
If incommoded we perceive
The raw steaks of the psyche, terracotta,
Anger becoming undistressed
Stone of the hardened consciousness.

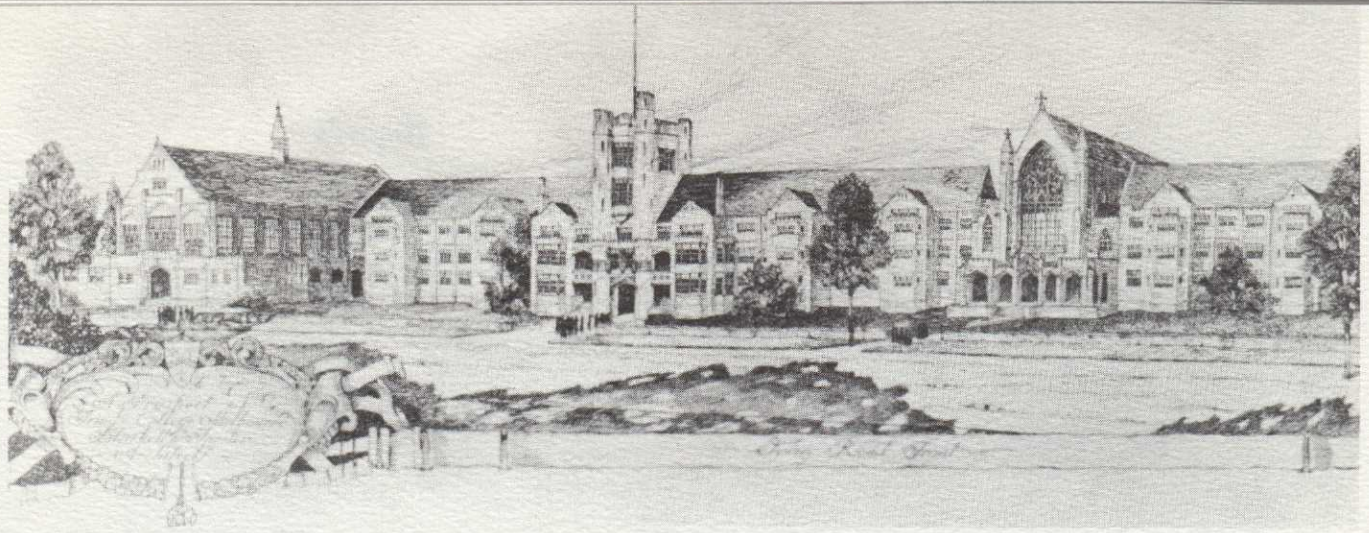
Are we insensate, helpless to redress?
From the rosellas, climbing the birdwire, claws
A clatter of brilliances, falling
Amok in husks of sunflower seeds
Are set in coloured stone.

This summer—
 this summer I am a roof-tiler,
Climbing
 in the fragrant cage, ravishing above the harbour
And loading it with stone
Bearing it down unless
Such ravishment tip the lid
On this bursting fumarole
And its hoarse funnels breathe
The mob of human pain,
The roman wife of the clothing shop
Forgotten in Vaucluse,
Foreign in Leichardt, lost
And stifling in Sydney in the summer smog
With the ash of Vesuvius settling
On dog and looter, screams in the filling streets
Turning and starting
Who fled through the swarming ruts, found refuge,
And lies prone among the innocent
Dead on the beach and the ship departing.

MICHAEL HESS



CENTENARY



We customarily celebrate our birthdays with parties and presents. Not many of us live to be 100 years old, but those who do will be more thoughtful about the way they mark the occasion than they were on the day they were 21. At 21, we are too eager for the future to undertake a critical self-examination, and at 100 we have little to look forward to. In celebrating the Centenary of Trinity College, we have a chance to be in the best of both worlds because we have a past and a present to criticize and evaluate as well as a future on which to speculate.

The next 28 pages come from a feeling that banquets, church services, fairs, orations and even histories are not the only sort of celebration that the occasion demands. Such events suggest an uncritical and unthinking acceptance of the *status quo*: more emphasis on the parties and presents than on re-assessment and re-appraisal. What follows is an attempt to fill the gap, to provoke a little *healthy* introspection and perhaps to germinate a few ideas. Many aspects of our environment offer opportunities for discussion, and the nine or so articles included here are not put forward as a definitive study. Although they do focus the reader's attention on a number of significant areas of our lives, they are equally valid as expressions of the attitudes of their writers and of the groups to which they belong. They serve as a measure of this community's ability and desire to change and

experiment, and as an indication of how it sees itself and its place on the campus. This is why many of the authors were drawn from within the College.

Dr Lachlan Chipman came to Trinity as a resident tutor in 1970 and is one of the most eloquent defenders of the Melbourne colleges. Oxford recently bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy while he was still struggling to complete a law degree at Melbourne.

David Moore, who perhaps needs no introduction, is a fourth year architecture student best known for his devastating logic in the suggestion book and as the mastermind of "Ball 100".

John Gregory, a third-year Arts student majoring in fine arts and classics, has lived on the College grounds since 1968, first as a resident, later in the Deanery and later still as an occupant of Upper Bishops'. His experiences have enabled him to approach the subject of boorishness and animalism with detachment and perception.

Mr R. R. Sanderson is a chartered accountant, Chairman of the Brighton Grammar School Council and a member of the College Council. He is a graduate of the University of Melbourne, and an old boy of the College.

The Principal of Janet Clarke Hall, Dr Eva Eden, studied current trends in student housing while in the United Kingdom last year. Her article gives an interesting contrast to the themes evident elsewhere in this supplement.

Stephen Mills is a second-year Arts student and twice winner of the Wigram Allen Essay Competition. His main interests are theatre, writing and politics.

Terry Jenkins is a veteran of five years of medicine and Trinity. He is probably best known as an exponent of sport as a unifying factor in College life, for his captaincy of the second eighteen and for his defective spelling.

Robyn Vines is a third-year Arts student and has been a resident of J.C.H. throughout her course. She has an active interest in theatre on campus and was a member of the Union Council in 1971-2. Her co-author, Kathy Esson, is Senior Student of J.C.H. for 1972-3.

Father Jim Minchin is at present Assistant Chaplain. He completed his theological training at Trinity in 1965 and has held posts at Malvern and Singapore. He has travelled extensively in South East Asia.

Tradition and the Colleges



DR J. L. C. CHIPMAN

Critics of the collegiate system at Melbourne University and of Trinity College in particular, frequently allege that too great an emphasis is placed by colleges on tradition. This emphasis leads in turn, or so it is said, to a conservatism and isolationism among college men which is both educationally and socially objectionable. I shall attempt to demonstrate that this type of criticism is unsound.

In discussing tradition in connection with the Melbourne University colleges, we must take care to distinguish between the collegiate tradition of Melbourne University, and the traditions of the particular colleges. The collegiate tradition of Melbourne is not shared by either of Victoria's other two universities. It involves the formal affiliation of a set of autonomous residential and educational institutions; each separately financed, separately managed, separately staffed, and separately constituted. This type of autonomy and independence is at the centre of the collegiate tradition of Melbourne University. The diversity which flows from it is in turn the main source of the fact that within the collegiate tradition, different colleges have quite different traditions.

A tradition is a custom or practice of long standing, but not every practice or custom of long standing is a tradition. A tradition is a custom which is valued because of the belief that abandoning or

substantially modifying it would change, in some quite fundamental way, the character of the institution or social arrangement to which it pertains. No tradition should be abandoned lightly, for no institution or arrangement should be changed in character in a fundamental way as the result of an offhand decision. It is necessary to point this out for two reasons: first, because it is very easy to end a tradition; and secondly, because it is also very easy to blame the geriatric problems which arise with institutions and arrangements of long standing on those of their manifestations which most visibly connect them with their origins. Clearly, this is not to say that there is something sacrosanct about traditions: character can be changed for the better, as well as for the worse.

Is the collegiate tradition of Melbourne University worth preserving? The answer seems to me to be unequivocally, yes. It might be said that I could hardly be assumed to favour abandoning it, since my position within the collegiate system gives me a personal interest in retaining it. My reply has two parts. First, it is always important to distinguish someone's motives for doing something from his reasons for doing it. If his reasons are sound, then his action is justified, whatever his motives at the time. Secondly, like a high proportion of our tutors and an increasing proportion of freshmen, I did not "evolve" directly

into the collegiate system, but entered it voluntarily after seeing it at work from the outside, having experienced most other clinically normal forms of domestic life while being an undergraduate and post-graduate student both here and abroad. Hence I do not in fact defend the collegiate tradition because I am within it. I am within it because I believe it to be eminently defensible.

The collegiate tradition has given at least three things to Melbourne University which are worth preserving, and which are not to be found in other Victorian universities. To see what these are, imagine that all of the colleges were closed down, except as co-residential hostels, under the general direction of the University Housing Office. This is a picture which appeals to a number of people within and without the University. More students could be accommodated (the tutorial, sporting, musical, and dramatic activities of colleges would have been centralised in the Union, and no space would be necessary for them so it could be given to students). Each student could be accommodated more cheaply, for there would be no expensive "supporting services". The cost of the whole system would be cheaper, for it could be centrally administered.

The price that would have to be paid for these apparent advantages represents the three most valuable

contributions made by the collegiate tradition. The first is that as the colleges are autonomous educational, as well as residential bodies, university departments do not have a monopoly over the education of their students. The independent educational tradition of the colleges means that they provide an additional source of stimulation and assistance to their students. They help most dramatically when, for some reason or other, the educational functioning of the University department is inadequate or breaks down. This has become particularly apparent recently, and is reflected in a staggering increase in the demand for non-resident places in college tutorials, particularly those of Trinity. An increasing proportion of students is realizing that colleges are providing for their members a benefit which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Secondly, notwithstanding what many critics regard as the excessive formalities of college life, Melbourne's collegiate tradition has facilitated a degree of personal acquaintance and communication between undergraduates of different disciplines, research students, members of the professions, and academics, which exceeds the wildest dreams of many of the "progressives" in the newer universities. It has done so without resort to any of the trendy vulgarities which have become a regrettable feature of some departments of the newer universities. Phoney intimacies are not possible in a college: communication across the so-called academic and hierarchical barriers is not only a desirable possibility—it is the norm.

Thirdly, the collegiate tradition at Melbourne University has been an obstacle to the "compartmentalizing" of intellectual activity through departmental structures, to which many contemporary critics of the nineteenth and twentieth-century universities are drawing attention. The life of a college involves tuition by a person who belongs to a senior *common* room and not, in his capacity as a

member of the college, to a department. It involves participation in sporting and cultural activities which all colleges regard as at least as important as formal tuition. Members are positively discouraged from separating their intellectual endeavours as enrolled students of the University from their self-development and their self-discovery of the possibilities for their relationship with the rest of the world.

It is within its collegiate tradition and only within that tradition, that Melbourne University transcends in its functioning its nineteenth-century origins; for it is within its colleges that there are embodied structures which are as old and as tried as the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, on which they are modelled. When one looks to the content of much contemporary criticism of Australian universities, most of which is of American origin, it is worth asking how much of the criticism is eroded, if one reminds oneself that the collegiate system is a part of Melbourne University which is too easily and too frequently overlooked.

In conclusion, I would like to say something about the two central traditions of Trinity. The first is its traditional view of the primary function of a college. A story is told about a former Warden writing to the then principal of a great Victorian public school to complain about the last batch of boys he had sent up to Trinity. "May I remind you Sir", the Warden is supposed to have said, "that Trinity is a frame on which the able may stretch themselves—it is not a trellis for clinging vines!" Today we would certainly be more willing to consider applications from men who had not yet really proved their capacity for independent development, but I think there is nonetheless a real conception of Trinity embodied in the story. The primary function of the College is the development of excellence among those who are its members. This function is to be carried out with the recognition that intellectual excellence is only part of personal

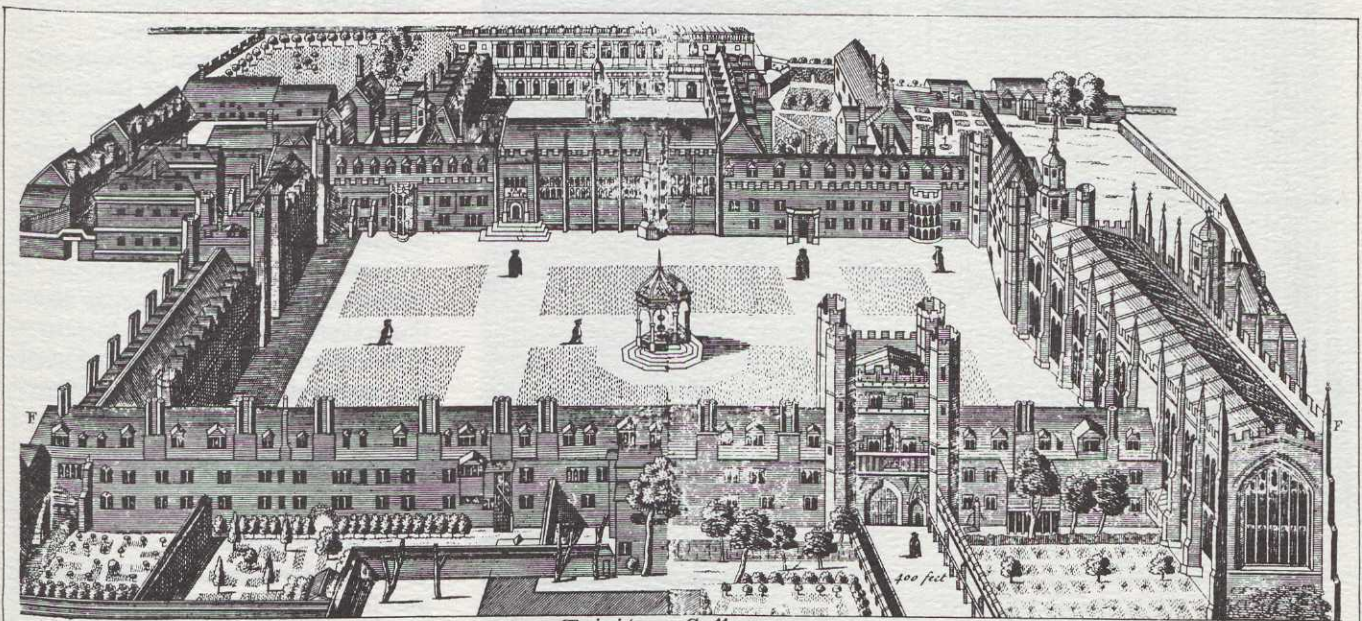
excellence, and the recognition that there is no uniform technique for generating an individual's excellence, and no single form that personal excellence will invariably take. How well we carry out this function is naturally subject to variation as our history varies and our experience accumulates. It is a function which only a college can undertake. Through our facilities we provide the frame on which the able may stretch.

This is, I believe, a traditional conception of the College: traditional in that its abandonment would strike in a fundamental way at our character. We would be a different sort of college; perhaps a coaching college, perhaps a remedial college, perhaps a hall of residence with tutorial assistance, if we were to abandon it. Moreover, I believe it is a conception which not all other colleges share, or share to the same extent, although to justify that belief I would have to venture analyses of the other colleges which would be inappropriate in this context. The second tradition which I believe to be central to Trinity is that form, and not only content, is important. What forms are adopted for this or that purpose is an issue of less importance than the fact that any specific purpose is one for which form is thought appropriate. Thus whether or not ties should be part of normal dress at formal dinners is an issue which arises because it is thought important that there should be a form to college dining. The importance of form is largely as a source and symbol of *unity*, which is not to be confused with equality: we dine as one college, and not as a college united by some myth of equality. To dress for dinner, whatever that dress may be in a given period of our history, is to demonstrate that one is taking part in an act *qua* a member of the single College community: the fact that our dress varies slowly over the years is related to the fact that the College community is one which is extended through time, and not just through the space of a dining hall. Form is something which extends

beyond appearances to social manners. For example, the sherry party tradition, which is certainly characteristic of Trinity among the Melbourne colleges, is based on the idea that there are forms through which all members of the College may *easily* be brought into social contact with one another. In general, the tradition of form unifies the corporate acts of the members of the College, and simplifies, without demeaning, social and

professional relations between members of the College. To return to the figure, unity in certain community acts, together with simplicity and dignity in the initiation of interpersonal relations—in other words, all those features which may be lumped together as part of the tradition of form—are part of the substance of the frame on which to stretch.

It seems to me that any conservatism and isolationism which might be associated with these traditions is surely worth preserving. There is certainly nothing about traditions which makes them more likely to generate conservatives or isolationists in any political sense; unless one believes it to be impossible for a man who is civilized in habits and soundly and roundly educated to also be a radical. Few of us would go that far.



Trinity College

Over its Foundation to K. Henry 8th who in 1546 joynd S^t. Michaels College Kings Hall, and Fishrick Hottel, and added to the Endowments they were before possessed of, he named them Trinity College. His Daughter 2. Mary augmented the Revenues, the Spacious Court which she began to erect was finished by the Society. The Buildings have since then been so improved by Thomas Neville the Master and the Benefactors that they hardly come short of any in Christendom This College is endowed for a Master, 60 Fellows, 67 Scholars, 4 Chaplains &c.



Moore's Trinity

DAVID MOORE



The ideal function of the University is to afford better opportunities to those men whose instinctive intellectual reaction to their surroundings causes their lives to rise to a state of complete self-awareness, and the College exists to complement that role. The men who have led and administered Trinity College throughout the first hundred years, through their various additions to the physical environment, have left behind them tangible evidence of the human imagination. Trinity's tradition is to use its environment to help create an imagined dream-life, which is very real to those who appreciate it: the prospect of another life we would have preferred to have lived. It does not really matter whether the imagined life corresponds to any reality. The Middle Ages are pictured as an age of religion and war; the Renaissance as a time of learning and so on. Not all the reality of the past is preserved in works of art and architecture. There is a danger that the art and architecture of an era will be regarded as an expression of the whole of man's activities at any given time. It is, in fact, only a part. (See Roger Fry, *Vision and Design*.) A study of Trinity College's architecture shows true correspondence not with the life and the respective external environment of its planners, but rather with their dreams. The principal founder of Trinity

College, Charles Perry, the first Bishop of Melbourne, first thought of the College in 1853. He named Trinity after its namesake at Cambridge, where he had been a fellow. Some precepts of college life are as valid today as they were over one hundred years ago: "the advantages of living in University grounds", as approaching the ideal of a university-city; "ideal study conditions" (which will be discussed with reference to each building below); "academic guidance both in tutorials and less formally", which is more a possibility than a reality; "the stimulus of academic excellence", again often difficult because of the introverted nature of excellence; "the companionship of other students"; and "a wide range of cultural, religious, social and sporting activities". Both the last two involve a responsibility on the part of the student to involve himself.

Before continuing with a study of the environment of the College, I wish to digress and consider a person's self-association with his environment. One's life-style largely depends upon the physical framework in which one moves.

Important components of this are the size and design of one's surroundings. A person's physical capabilities are limited by time and place. We tend to use the places we know, saving time by knowing the short-cuts, and thus we come to form a mental image of our environment. Not all people have the same ability to think in three dimensions. However, if any person is to move comfortably in an area, he must have formed a mental image of it, and must have ceased to have the doubts of the explorer. The ability to extract the most benefit from an area depends on the pre-conditioned mental image of the area. An environment set out in a familiar pattern will more quickly become reassuring and beneficial. Without a well-developed mental image, the place cannot be used to full advantage. So with the University: unless one lives on the University grounds, for at least one's first few years, one will not be able

to form a good image, nor will one gain the greatest benefits from being at University. All this, of course, is dependent on the student's will to explore new surroundings for himself.

The size of the College is roughly compatible with that of the environment which the new student comes from—the school. After a year a fairly extensive image should have been formed. Co-residence would serve to expand that image. The large proportion of timid students would have a better opportunity to appreciate the different (as well as the similar) aspects of another kind of person, just through having to use the same corridors, dining-room, and so on. A wider range of personalities and ideas would be assimilated into his mind. If public schools could become co-educational as well, a co-residential college would be less of a shock to the incoming student. Trinity College was founded in 1870. The grounds consisted of a ten acre portion of the University reserve which had been granted by the Victorian Government to the Church of England. Later, one acre was set aside for Janet Clarke Hall. The architecture conforms both to contemporary theories and to the dreams of the builders. An architect thinks of processes intuitively and then tries to justify them rationally; a process governed by his own theory of architecture. Architecture is at the same time both a science and an art motivated by subjective feelings, and it is inevitable that both architect and client should feel moved by their own personal ideals. Such ideals have been in a continual state of flux over the past two hundred years. (See Peter Collins, *Changing Ideals in Modern Architecture*, for a fuller explanation of this.)

In 1864 Leonard Terry produced a master-plan for the College, based on a quadrangle. It was a simple expression of the Gothic revival, which in essence contained themes of romanticism, nationalism, rationalism, ecclesiology and social reform. Terry's work showed the influence of Charles Barry in his

Renaissance massing and symmetry used with restrained non-stylar Gothic detail. The only substantial result of the plan was the Leeper Building, built in 1872, and intended mainly as the "provost's lodge". On 2 July 1872, John Francis Stretch became the first resident student to enrol. College education in Victoria had begun. In this essay I will restrict myself to a building-by-building critique, rather than a chronological survey—similar to that made by Bishop Grant in the centenary volume. This will enable more time to be spent on the philosophies behind each building.

After various changes to Leeper's interior, it was extensively refurbished in 1964, and now contains the College office, the main Library and two flats. The Leeper Library aims to provide a useful working collection in the main areas of undergraduate study, as well as a quiet alternative working area. It also contains valuable research collections of theology and Australiana.

For reasons of economy Terry and his Tasmanian Spring Bay stone were dropped in favour of Frederick Wyatt and brick. The master-plan, however, still continued. Bishops', the first building designed for student use, was opened in 1878 and named for the first two Bishops of Melbourne, Perry and Moorhouse. Filling out Terry's plan with a "Brummagen Gothic" design, it has a distinctively medieval character, with its hard-to-clean lofty spaces, its almost polychrome brickwork and its vertical bays. The Mollison Library of the Diocese of Melbourne is housed in the original Bishops' billiards room, and the tutorial room above, on the first floor. The tutorial system of the Melbourne colleges was pioneered by J. Winthrop Hackett, the first resident tutor, in 1876. (This year, some 115 subjects are available in College tutorials.) In 1877, the school of theology was established.

In 1880, Pritchard designed a weatherboard dining hall to fit into the Terry plan. After early attempts

in 1883, the Blackett brothers, Cyril and Arthur, completed the matron's flat, the servants' quarters, stores, staff common room and kitchen in 1891. In 1925 the dining hall was further extended in stone and new furniture was installed, as well as a new kitchen, and these facilities were further improved in 1954 under Syd Wynne's direction. The original frames of the main aisle in the hall still remain. In 1883, the first women were admitted as members of the College, and in 1886 the Bayles Street and Royal Parade Hostel was opened. Janet Lady Clarke donated the main building of the present Janet Clarke Hall in 1890. E. T. Blackett (the architect of Sydney University) prepared a new master-plan in 1881, which advocated a completely new beginning except for Leeper, of which Clarke is the only evidence. In 1887 his son, Arthur, added ten more rooms to Clarke, as well as a Junior Common Room and Billiards Room. In 1969, Clarke was renovated to make very pleasant double studies, together with the corridors past everyone else's room which are no great boon to undisturbed study, but which do facilitate the development of human relations.

In 1885, Reed, Henderson and Smart designed the present music room as a laboratory. The Chapel of the Holy Trinity, consecrated in 1917, was the result of a large benefaction from Mr John Sutcliffe Horsfall. The architect was Alexander North of Launceston. The deep red-brick exterior of the Chapel with its rocket-pier towers has been the object of quite some derision. This is compensated for by the magnificent effect of the interior with the brick arch spanning the aisles and supporting the organ; a wonderful spatial experience. Australia's taste in architecture was ten years behind Europe (see Robin Boyd, *Victorian Modern*), and this building represents an excellent example of the developed theories of *Art Nouveau*, the original modern style. Wynne constructed the laundry in

1918. (An account of his rule in College is in Mulaika Corben, *Not to Mention Kangaroos*.) Behan arrived from Oxford in 1918, to find the College desperately needing a new master-plan. This was to be the 1920 Comprehensive Building Scheme of Arthur Blackett and Forster:

a noble and dignified treatment of the principal elevations with two quadrangles, a swimming-pool, a gym, an underground carpark, common rooms and billiards rooms.



However, the tender was more than twice the estimate, and yet another scheme fell through. In 1930 Arthur Blackett and Kingsley Henderson were commissioned to design Behan using the "staircase principle"—providing for vertical traffic in order to avoid the noisy cross-traffic which is characteristic of Bishops' and Clarke. With eight on each floor it allowed each student the uninterrupted planning of his own work and leisure programme. The scheme also employed projecting bays to include the toilet facilities with openings on all sides to admit fresh air. It provided the first bed-study suites in Trinity, while its heavy construction reduced noise and gave good light control. The excellent workmanship of the building delights everyone. In 1963 and 1964, Mockridge, Stahle and Mitchell extended south Behan to

improve facilities once again. It seems that Behan built the Vatican (1925), the Deanery (1936), the men's domestic quarters ("Dorothy") (1937), and the Squash Courts (1938) in an attempt to secure College boundaries. At the least, it stopped the widening of Tin Alley.

In 1956, McGlashan and Everist designed Jeopardy—a misunderstanding of materials and the real meaning of functional architecture, combined with simplicity taken to such excess that the building is

sterile, without any attractive colour or form.

The Warden's Lodge was a better effort by the same architects using the same general theory. (See Robin Boyd, *op. cit.*) The simple flat-surfaced form, free from ornament, with a long low symmetrical facade, floor-length windows and slate roof—the colonial homestead influence—combined with the Greek or Japanese idea of rooms grouped around a courtyard, creates a unity of various elements, privacy and good possibilities for entertainment. After the Jeopardy disappointment, Mockridge, Stahle and Mitchell were commissioned to design Cowan, a successful attempt to create an aesthetic building with the use of rock-faced brick with a flat roof of Barrabool stone and gabled slate roofs on the stair peaks. It is a mixture of double and single rooms

and of the vertical and horizontal traffic principles. However, there appear to be some serious deficiencies in both insulation and sound-proofing. In any case it does function to relate the Chapel visually to the rest of the College. In the long term, the most popular facets of College life have often been slated as the most extravagant, largely because economics, in the minds of the developers, is all too easily made a study of short-term cost and profit. An aspiring body and mind relishes not only food,

a more imaginative treatment of the stairway balconies. This space could be much more effectively used as a sort of floor common room if it had protection from the weather. A more effective heating system should be installed; floor heating gives no control over the humidity level in the rooms, and this is a very important factor of comfort. (Fireplaces dry out the air as they heat it, and thus substitute for far more expensive mechanical forms of heating.) Some interior decorating along the lines of the

Those people who have spent pleasant student days in Trinity should examine their mental image of the "centre of the Earth" to see if it agrees with the Warden's vision of

a charming and liveable group of buildings . . . (some of great architectural merit) . . . of human scale (and how important that is) grouped around a quadrangle which links the intimacy of a courtyard at its northern end with the spaciousness of a playing field at its southern end; and all this



tutorials and sport, but all the things delighting the five senses, as well as the sixth sense of space and form. All this is architecture. There are many desirable improvements to the College environment. Covered walkways should be built from the cloisters of Behan and Clarke to the other buildings of the College. This could be done using the transparent space-frame technique (see Buckminster Fuller) which requires few obstructing supports. Instead of needing to hide itself, it makes the transition from interior to exterior space far easier. The balcony of Clarke should be completed. There seems no need to give Jeopardy up as a lost cause. It contains elements of a useful building. Some surface treatments are necessary, such as more comfortable flooring in place of the stark vinyl and concrete, as well as

De Stijl school would be compatible with the building as well as adding some life and color to the rooms. Provision of married quarters seems to be of rather dubious benefit as it is uncertain whether people living in domestic bliss will be able to contribute fully to the life of the College. Those at Ormond are not particularly involved in the College. However, if some conditions of entry were laid down (for example, that the couples were former tutors or students) then the married quarters could be a very desirable addition to the College. Eventually, reunion with Janet Clarke Hall seems the most obvious way to go co-residential. This could be accomplished by physical union, a covered walkway between the two colleges, and by turning Janet Clarke Hall into another co-residential building with increased facilities for dialectic activities.

set in a park of what are now most beautiful gardens and trees.



Jockers and Knockers

JOHN GREGORY



Trinity College, like any institution gathering people together in a microcosm, is subject to the advantages and disadvantages of its physical constitution. It is fruitless and misanthropic to deny that the concentration of people of generally high intellect, by and large concerned with "the pursuit of knowledge", can and does result in intellectual and social stimulus. Such virtues as this are the ultimate justification for the continued existence of the Melbourne University colleges.

Any regular *Farrago* reader (if such a long-suffering animal exists) will nevertheless appreciate the validity of some of the criticism directed at colleges such as Trinity. While intellectual and social vitality are indeed evident (leaving aside the complex question of ivory-tower-ism), these virtues alone cannot justify its existence as a community, if other less desirable qualities spring directly from the very environment required for such vitality to flourish. Past *Farrago* articles have pin-pointed some of the vices induced by college life—the Twinings addiction, the social and financial elitism, and so on. Such criticisms may well be valid, but tend to obscure other faults more obvious to residents of colleges. One may overcome some of the execrable Trinity values by sitting in silent communion with the opening chapter of Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, gulping down mugfuls of Lan-Choo, and yet still

be disturbed by what may be described as the "bestiality and savagery" evident from time to time.

Trinity, *Coll. Sanct. Trin.*, the Dear Old Coll., nestling around verdant spaces, tree-clad, ivy-bound, its buildings after one hundred years hardly as sensational as Behan might have hoped, yet (with the sad cream-brick exception) still possessed of definite charm and gentility, despite the ravages of renovators. Can some evil force reside amongst such surroundings? There is in fact no cause to regard Trinity as the setting for a Gothic novel, but, pleasant as any place like this can be, it is by definition bound to contain less palatable aspects.

College food may be unfairly criticized at times, but, like the food in any institution, it is bound to lack sufficient variety and attractive presentation. It may be overstating the case to see residents' reactions to these deficiencies as "bestial", but some such word may be used to describe the occasional food-throwing exhibitions, the ease with which tables are strewn with pools of water and stray peas and the incredible speed at which food is normally eaten at dinner. A related aspect is the treatment of maids, who are frequently ignored, often cajoled, and occasionally mocked or antagonised. But bad manners in the dining hall, although hard to condone, may nevertheless be considered as inevitable in the

context of institutional feeding procedures.

In a similar way, certain brutal aspects of behaviour in College can be understood (but not justified or approved) as inevitable by-products of the close living conditions and all-male constitution of Trinity. Without delving into such things, one may just mention the "bitchiness", clique forming (inevitably combined with some form of elitism, leading to sometimes cruel attempts to exclude others from the clique), and the ever-present conversation point, camps in College. However, other manifestations of unsavoury behaviour are less easily "explained", and should be discussed because they would seem to represent a disturbingly consistent trend in the College over the past few years.

Thanks to Charles Darwin, and recent studies such as those of Leon Morris, we can regard our own forays into animal behaviour as relatively "normal". Hence all of us (residents, tutors, even the *Fleur-de-Lys* editors) can remember, with placid conscience, the thrill (momentary though it may have been) of standing in Naughton's chanting those pregnant words: "He's a piker, so they say . . ."; the ineffable elation as the Trinity crew charges across the finish line ahead of those bastards, Ormond; the queer feeling of joy as a particularly large and muscle-bound fresher is thrust into a three-foot-



deep sea of mud by a band of Juttoddie nobblers. Any glimmer of remorse for such activities (spectator but still participatory) should be finally extinguished by the fact that residents in the 1920s and 1930s were scarcely different. Old boys well remember the closing of the "buttery" (a bar at the back of the dining hall) by Behan in 1933, after several years of rowdy dinners.

Of course, Trinity is in some respects a far more pleasant place than it was 50 years ago. Gone are the days when senior gentlemen simply ignored freshmen until second term, and freshers during the 21 days of initiation had to learn by heart the names of all senior gentlemen, ostensibly in preparation for telephone duty. Class structure has all but vanished now, but in its place is a hardly more acceptable stress on democratic degradation. Some senior gentlemen seem intent on proving that they are not at all superior to freshmen, and can act in a far more juvenile and irresponsible manner than any seventeen-year-old. Some freshers naturally take up the challenge, and assert their own ability to act in an uncivilized manner, and so the process perpetuates itself from year to year.

The problem of anti-social behaviour in Trinity may be tackled in two separate ways. First, it would seem to be closely related to the post-war increase in the number of residents; secondly, it is evident that the type of behaviour being discussed here often crystallizes around organized functions such as college dinners, the "Freshers' Shout", Juttoddie, inter-collegiate football and Shums.

Before the Second World War, the resident population never exceeded 100, and because of this, as "old boys" recall, residents all knew one another quite well. But since about 1950, the inevitable increase in annual intake, and the corresponding diversification of university courses undertaken by students, has reduced the homogeneity of the student population. Although it is certain that more diverse backgrounds and fields of study produce greater scope for intellectual and social cross-pollination, the disadvantages are equally clear. No longer is it certain that a community of interest exists inside Trinity, and no longer can it be assumed that any existing or projected aspect of life in Trinity will be acceptable to all residents. Yet these seemingly self-evident statements are tacitly denied by those attempting to instill "College spirit" into various activities here. Therein lies one potential source of "bestiality and savagery". For example, as more and more residents express their lack of interest in rowing by non-attendance, so the minority concerned about "College spirit" denounce the apathy of the majority and run riot at Shums under the influence of alcohol and self-induced excitement, thereby alienating still further those not in sympathy with the "jock-strappers". The problem concerns not the value of rowing, or College spirit, but the anti-social behaviour flowing from the increasing inability of factions within Trinity to see eye to eye on once uncontroversial College activities.

Here we come to the second aspect of the problem. It would appear that most of the bestiality and so



forth comes to the fore at organized functions like Juttoddie. To risk overstating the case, one might suggest that such time-honoured activities are the perfect vehicle for the present forms of animalism in College. The most obvious example is Juttoddie, where the nobbling seems designed specifically to gratify later-year sadists. There will always be gentlemen prepared to take on the weighty responsibility of abusing and bullying others, ostensibly in order to support the Dear Old Coll. The solution must lie in the sensible reform of traditional Trinity activities and functions. Less stress should be placed on the small number of these functions usually associated with beer-guzzling, and the larger spread of interests amongst residents be matched by a diversity of activities, whose character is both civilized and generally acceptable.

Detailed plans for future change lie well outside the scope of an article of this size, but the areas of concern seem clear enough. Reappraisal is necessary with regard to traditional College functions (discussed above), the glib assumptions about the homogeneity of the resident population (assumptions being challenged strongly at present by the intake of post-graduates and later-year students from other tertiary institutions, and the proposed intake of women), and the positions of K.K.K. and Senior Student. But whatever form changes may take, it is paramount that we avoid the tendency to over-react. A college full of pianists and philosophers could conceivably be twice as boring and even less pleasant than one containing a few alcoholics and bullies.





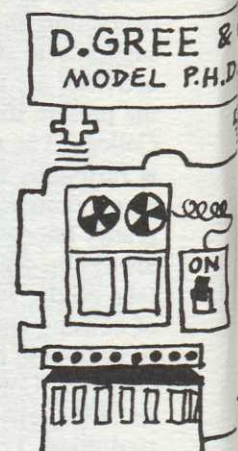
How Different Will It Be?

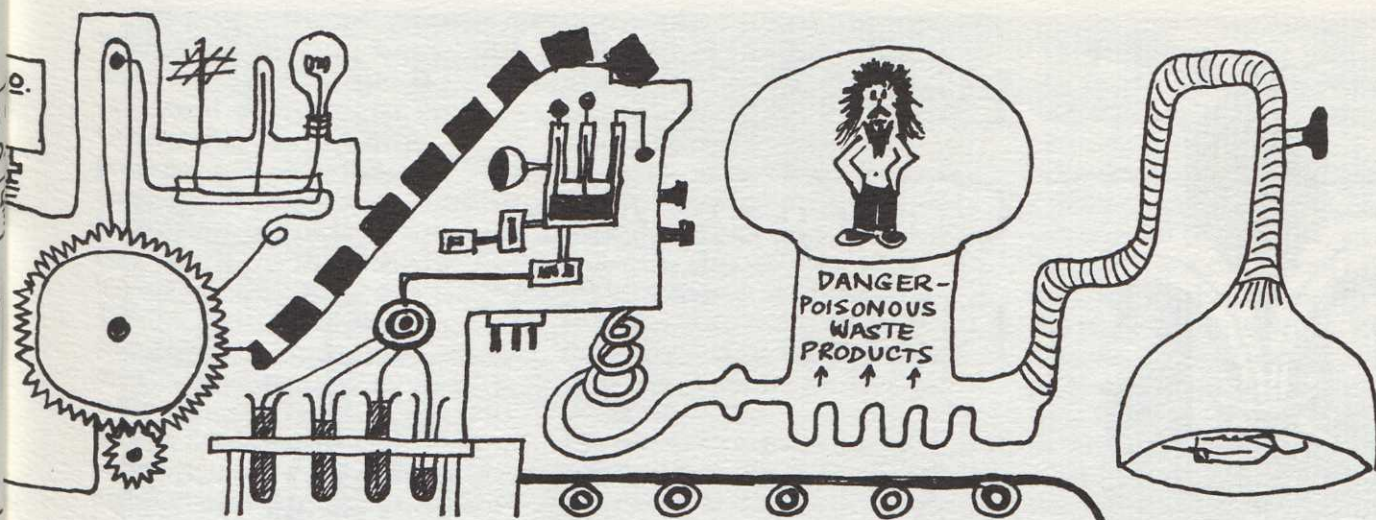
R. R. SANDERSON

"Whither thou goest—I will go." For the past 100 years, such could well have been the contented and uncritical view held by most loyal Trinity men. It was not that they were necessarily blind to her faults, but the concept of *alma mater* remained strongly entrenched. Now, however, we have changing attitudes which give rise to questions and doubts about the traditionally accepted role of Trinity and its counterparts at Melbourne University. Before attempting to anticipate the changes of the future, it would be well to assess the past—among other things to see why, and if, changes are necessary. What were the aims and *raison d'être* of Trinity at its foundation? Primarily it was founded to provide students at the University of Melbourne with a "home where they might reside under Christian discipline, and receive religious instruction in accordance with the Liturgy and Doctrines of the Church of England". Over the intervening century, much has been added to this initial responsibility. Accepting support from the statistical evidence of the academic and professional accomplishments of the past, there are good grounds for believing that Trinity has indeed been the "bounteous mother". Therefore, why is it necessary to be concerned about Trinity and the future of University colleges?

In many ways the pattern of college life is still ruled by the academic year, with study, tutorial and discussion still culminating in the final examinations. On a more material level, accommodation has only changed for the better. Of the sports and pastimes—is there really any great change in their pursuit? It seems social and economic influences are bringing a different emphasis to college life. Socially, the most obvious single influence is greater freedom. A study of the revised College Rules will quickly show the extent of the greater social, personal and spiritual freedom now granted to students in their day to day College life. There is, however, one change arising from the present social outlook which is of considerable importance to college economics; it is the changing attitude to residency. It is now found that many students are not fully committed to collegiate life and, at some stage of their course, influenced partly by a desire to escape the remaining traces of school discipline and partly by an understandable wish to take on some independent and individual responsibility, prefer to live out of college. This is a relatively new phenomenon and, with the influences of economic and financial change, raises what seems to be the real question of our second

century—what will be the composition of our student body? It seems necessary that the College Council should, after considering all data, formulate a definite policy on what it deems will give the optimum future benefit and advancement to the College and its members. Although a council may do its best to be forward thinking, it must, in many essentials, remain conservative. This attitude does not arise because of a reaction to new ideas, nor as a result of the frequently mentioned generation gap, but because so much of a college's financial strength and ability to make change, is locked up in the fixed assets of the property. The recent changes in student attitude to collegiate life, mentioned above, have in some instances, resulted in a decrease in the demand for places, and this must inevitably be of concern to any council or board of management. However, it may well be only part of an evolving pattern, as there is evidence both here and abroad that what had appeared to be a drift away from the colleges is really more of an adjustment to the latest student thinking. There is not a rejection of the collegiate concept *per se*. In fact, latest observations indicate that there remains a definite demand from a substantial sector of students for the academically oriented hall of residence—that is, for colleges





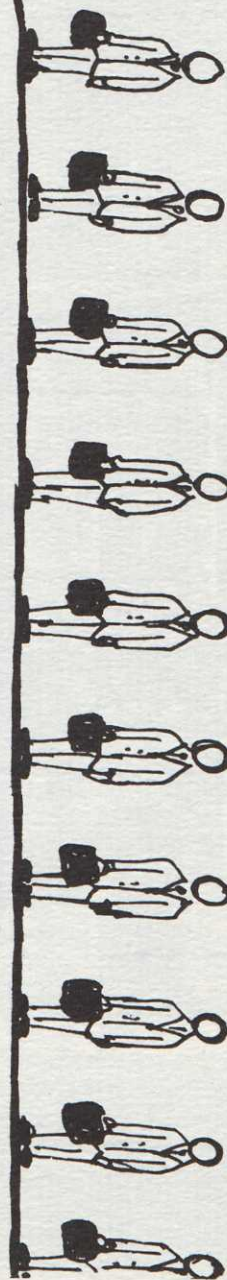
which are able to add intellectual experience and stimulation to mere domestic utility.

The colleges will continue to be needed to provide their traditional, if socially adjusted, role. To do so, however, it is also essential that the numbers offering be adequate to maintain economic operation. Subject to the possibly adverse effects of a major economic recession, there appear to be two favourable pressures which should provide an increasing supply of residents.

In the first place, there is an ever-growing tendency for university students to prefer to live at or near their university. As this appears to be an attitude of students from a wide variety of economic backgrounds, it would seem that some should be financially capable of entering university colleges. Secondly, there is and will be a general diversification of the basis from which the residents are drawn; married students, post-graduates, as well as students from other tertiary institutions and people in occupations associated with university activities—all of these will add a breadth and maturity to college life. Residence (and, to an extent, non-residence) in college is one of the most effective counter-balances to the ever-increasing and harmful effects of the modern "degree factory" type of university. The colleges, including Trinity, must beware of forsaking their

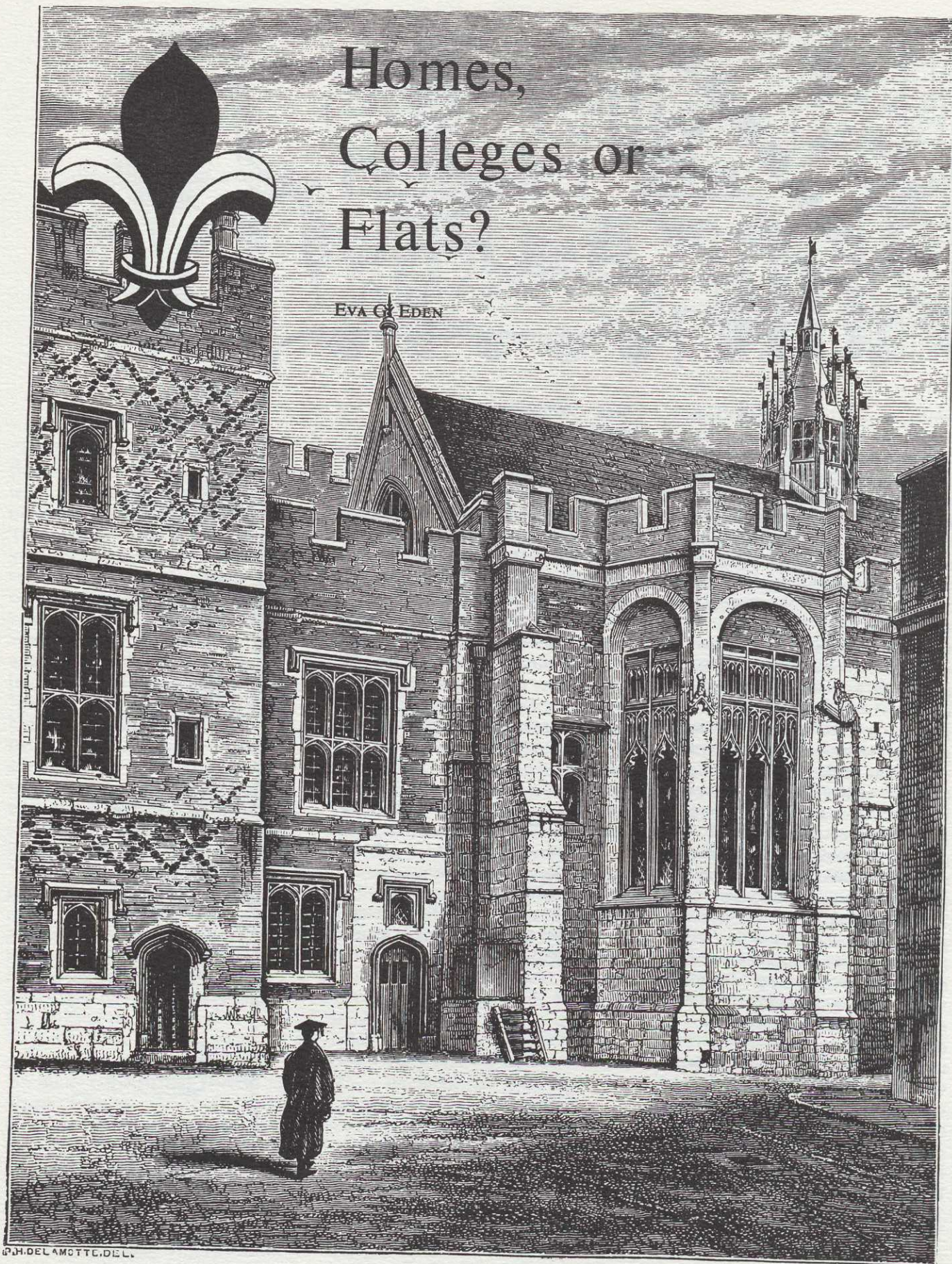
basic charter of academic development and accomplishment for changing fashions, but at the same time, they must at all times live within the context of the modern social environment. Against all our hopes and plans remains the problem of ensuring that an otherwise willing and desirable group of students is not kept from entering Trinity because of inability to pay the fees. It is the responsibility of all those connected with Trinity to ensure that membership of the College will continue to be a rewarding experience.

The future? The ivy will still be on the walls. The students I anticipate will be more mature and more purposeful; and, no doubt, still very articulate. The attitude of many will be more firmly oriented towards the advancement of their own career rather than the following of a calling. They will, I do hope, retain (or regain) the fun that there is to be found in living and learning.



Homes, Colleges or Flats?

EVA G. EDEN



P. H. DELAMOTTE, DEL.

Where is the best place for university students to live? Home, say several members of the British Government. The expense of providing colleges or halls of residence for all university students is becoming just too high; further, they say, residential institutions have often not achieved their aims. There is also a lobby among the student body in Britain to pressurize the Government to provide more self-contained accommodation. It is with all this in mind that a sociological study into residence in higher education was commissioned by the University of London. The inquiry, which took three years, was carried out by a highly competent team under the direction of Professor Niblett and now has been published in a book form (Brothers and Hatch, *Residence and Student Life* (1971)).

This inquiry included the study in depth, of eight residential colleges in different types of universities, teachers' colleges and colleges of technology. The team examined objectives and policies of these residences and the impact that they had on students.

They examined the following claims made for residence. It has a positive effect on academic performance. It fosters a sense of community and student identification with it. It broadens the student's outlook. It is preferred by students. It provides a valuable forum of social mixing. It is an essential part of liberal education.

It was not surprising that they found that in the case of many residences these claims could not be substantiated. However, some did live up to their objectives. Some of the older colleges that have a high staff-student contact, and are sensitive to change, fulfilled their functions better than many modern impersonal halls or other residences that have a rather rigid approach to their students.

The Cambridge colleges have many built-in advantages, for example, high staff-student contact, many buildings well designed for the human scale and a very pleasant environment of old trees and well

kept lawns and gardens. Several colleges also have the river Granta winding through their spacious grounds (commonly referred to as the "Backs").

However, even the Cambridge colleges are not without their problems. Three of them might illustrate some of the present dilemmas. Two were included in the survey and the third one is my own College which I revisited and stayed in last year.

The two men's colleges are referred to by fictitious names, Occam and Ely. Occam at the time of the survey planned to go co-educational. It has a tradition of intellectual distinction and non-conforming individualism. Ely on the other hand has a more marked college spirit of a closer and more traditional kind, the kind that used to be common in this city and is still well known to many of us. Ely's philosophy perhaps can best be summarised by a statement by the Master:

the College, in fulfilment of its duty towards all of its members, must at times intervene in matters which in different circumstances might be regarded as of concern only to the individual. In the last analysis, of course, the College's attitude implies a sense of values, both moral and social. In becoming a member of the College, a man accepts the restraints which these values impose as working rules for life in Cambridge.

There are an increasing number of students who do not want to accept these restraints, nor do all Cambridge colleges expect students to do so. For example;

Occam has never been known for cohesion and College spirit. In the past the Junior Common Room had had a quite insubstantial existence and everyone went their own way in a spirit of tolerance. Recently the Junior Common Room has become a vehicle of student opinion demanding a greater say in College affairs and criticizing the University. Over the longer term, it remains to be seen whether the replacement of an

enlightened corporate paternalism by an open, democratic system will, as some fear, turn the College into little more than a dormitory [Brothers and Hatch].

I would describe my own College as somewhat conservative, and too large to have a closely knit college spirit (400 including non-resident and postgraduate students). It is, however, aware of some modern problems, at least in a legalistic way. The College recently changed its statutes so that it is now possible to take male students, but I am not sure whether in spirit the College is ready to do so. I don't think it is quite enough to change the statutes; in addition the members of the College must be ready to accept members of the opposite sex. Some think that there are several useful preparatory steps towards a college going co-educational. These would include having married tutors in residence, and having more than a sprinkling of members of the opposite sex present at mealtimes. In fact, if meal tickets became interchangeable between colleges, it may be that the pressure for all colleges going co-educational would be reduced.

I do not think all colleges attached to a university should be for men or for women only, but rather there should be different types of institutions to allow for a variety of choice. We should not all completely change over to co-education but different types of living accommodation should be available.

I think choice all round is what we need. Although the traditional college can be of great value, it is costly to build and many students prefer to live in self-contained units. Many of these have been built during the last few years (for details see *Residence and Student Life*). Last year I stayed in one of the high-rise student housing units at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. The building, although well designed, was a bit like a housing commission block to look at. It had 25 stories which housed about 1,000 students and two



other identical blocks were going up nearby.

I was in a unit containing three bedrooms for four students (there was a double bunk in mine), a bathroom and livingroom *cum* kitchen. I talked to some students and also saw the way the new buildings were knocked about in less than 12 months. It was obvious that the students were not happy with this high-rise solution either. The rent was high by our standards in order to pay off the cost of building (\$90 per month per student). Part of the rent has to be used for repaying a bond issue which was necessary for obtaining the initial finance as no government subsidy was available for building student accommodation.

Of course, student housing does not need to be as soulless as that, and what I saw at Birmingham appealed to me a great deal. The Cadbury family donated their manor house and the park surrounding it to the University. This park is situated less than two miles away and is connected by good public transport. The manor house has been converted into a hall of residence, and away from it but still in the grounds was built Griffin Close. Griffin Close consists of groups of three storey buildings, in all 103 self-contained flats, each flat having its own external entrance. Some of the flats were for three or four students (the students had to sign a joint lease and were responsible for finding another tenant if one dropped out). Some flats were for married couples and some of the married graduate students had children. In addition to a resident caretaker, there was a tenant association which was very active and effective and the place looked cared-for. The setting of the project in a park with lovely trees no doubt helped to create this homely atmosphere.

The conversion of old houses for students is another solution, and although I didn't have the opportunity to visit the University of York, I understand that there several houses have been

particularly skilfully converted to students' use.

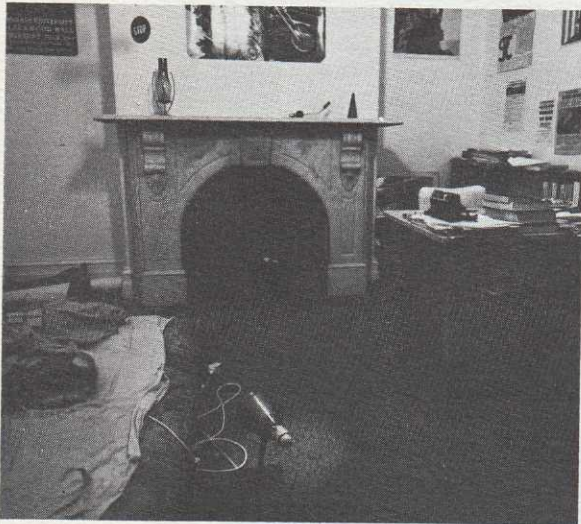
In conclusion, it does not surprise me that the British survey does not give a clear cut answer to the question of where to live. It depends on the quality, (and not just in a material sense) of each type of accommodation and also on the needs of the students at that particular stage of their development.

The final summing up in *Residence and Student Life*, although referring to residences, is also appropriate to many homes and flats:

A residence which provides an environment conducive to learning, and to intellectual and personal development is more than ever needed in any large, potentially impersonal institution of the future. Paradoxically this is a need recognized equally, though in different ways, by the radicals experimenting with communes today and by the exponents of collegiate life in the past.

The tension, even conflict, between the demands of society for educated man power and the values of a liberal education can never be entirely resolved, but the living arrangements for students remain one of the methods that can be used to mediate and reconcile them.

I would hope that most of us will have an opportunity to experience all three types of accommodation and that it is not a question of choice but of progression from one to the other. All three have a different style of life to offer, and can and should add to the full development of our personality.





Trinity College is by nature a body in which, because so many people are living in the same place, there is a real sense of community.

As a result, there is a respect for other people's rights—particularly their rights to study and to enjoy themselves—which makes formulation of law often redundant. That is why, as I will show, many laws have been changed or have been quietly superseded. On the other hand, the traditional institutions in the life of the College persist. Careful management by all concerned has made Trinity College a nice balance between these two pressures. I believe this balance can be expressed in the words:

There is only one effective rule in existence in the College, and that is "do whatever you want but don't disturb anyone else or anything else by doing it".

In practice, this basic law has many manifestations.


Time was when, if a student "went up" to university to live in a college, he did just that. To "live in" then meant that the student was seldom engaged in activities not connected in some way with the College. However, the growth in size of the College, the advent of the car and the corresponding growth in the diversity of their interests have caused most students to devote much less time to the College and its activities.

In other words, what is known sometimes as apathy towards College life often indicates that people have interests in other fields

Communitas

STEPHEN MILLS





as well. This goes far in explaining the low attendances at "compulsory" general meetings of the T.C.A.C., and the occasionally very obvious lack of interest in elections and other purely College-run activities (such as the play).

The suggestion book is one example of students' wider interests, and is also a result of the communal spirit within the College. Originally intended as a forum for discussion of purely College affairs, its discussions have in fact ranged from bad pork and washing-machines through all the various levels of University politics to the Moratorium movement and Westernport.

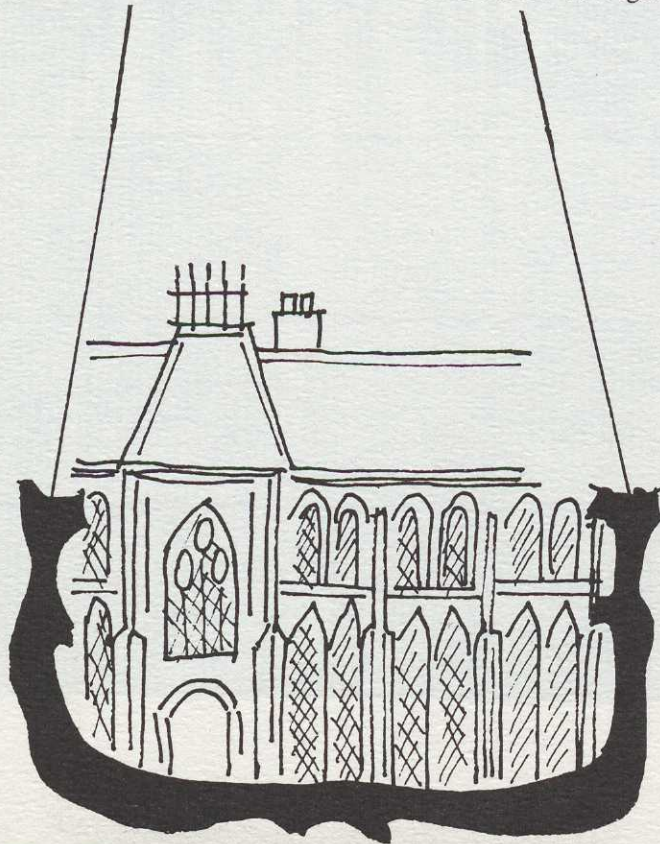
This entire spectrum of change is shown, naturally enough, with respect to College rules and regulations. No longer does the College have the sole responsibility for teaching its student members about the dangers of wine and women, and so the rules appertaining to them have been

relaxed. No one would deny that even these laws are daily contravened, but the only time there are complaints is when the "lawbreakers" begin to disturb other people in one way or another. To maintain the old laws would contribute nothing to the "communal spirit" of the College, a spirit which presupposes some degree of independence and maturity.

It is impossible, however, to be as community-minded about behaviour in the the dining hall at formal meals, because it is in the dining hall that Trinity's traditions are best observed. Indeed, many people did observe them on television last year. The gowns, the correct dress, high table, table heads, the candles, the grace in Latin—the whole nineteenth century pageant—none of these contributes to any sense of community feeling, even though we do wait for everyone else to finish one course before we begin the

next. The reason that tradition seems to exert such a great influence on our behaviour is because wearing a gown is yet another manifestation of that primary law I mentioned earlier. Not to wear a gown would be to "disturb" tradition, just as to play "Pink Floyd" until four o'clock in the morning is to "disturb" sleepers (or workers). The argument against this is: "Why not disturb tradition?" However sensible this statement may be, it is just as sensible, and much easier, to convince yourself that gowns are quite harmless, and that really the joke is not on you at all. And the very fact that traditionalism has had to retreat to the bastion of the dining hall shows that it is not prevalent elsewhere.

In many College institutions there is no traditionally rigid structure, but instead, a much looser and more efficient system. The Committee of the T.C.A.C. serves as an illustration of this. Although ideally its policy should be directed by students in general meetings, this is unnecessary in practice. A lack of formally constituted student democracy is adequately compensated for by the personal contact possible between office-bearers and other students, whereby many explanations can be given and questions dealt with. Other clubs illustrate the same blithe indifference to formalism. The many sports teams and the





Dialectic Society all have office-bearers chosen by formal election. There are other posts, including the editorship of *Fleur-de-Lys*, the members of the Ball Committee and even the Dramatic Club Secretary, which are filled through appointments by the T.C.A.C. Committee. Yet in all of these groups, there is room for anyone else who is willing to help in that particular sphere of activity. Formal structuralism is an old shell in which informal co-operation is encouraged.

There are of course, other appointments which are more rigorously adhered to. All students in their first and second years in College are included on the telephone duty roster and the list of curatorships. Whether or not these two tasks are seen favourably by those concerned, the fact remains that they exist to make the day-to-day running of the College easier for everyone, and this is why they are strictly enforced. Once again, a lean towards the rules with a communal basis.

But not only communal. These rules also serve to reinforce the hierarchical nature of the College which forms part of the traditional element I mentioned. Room allocation is decided on a basis of length of residence in College. This is also the basis for selection of table presidents. The annual Juttoddie Day—although remark-

ably lenient as far as initiation ceremonies go—exists to let the senior gentlemen have a field day at the expense of the freshmen.

I am not making a value judgement here, but merely stating the limitation that however community spirited we are, there is always this element of hierarchy and “better-because-older” thinking.

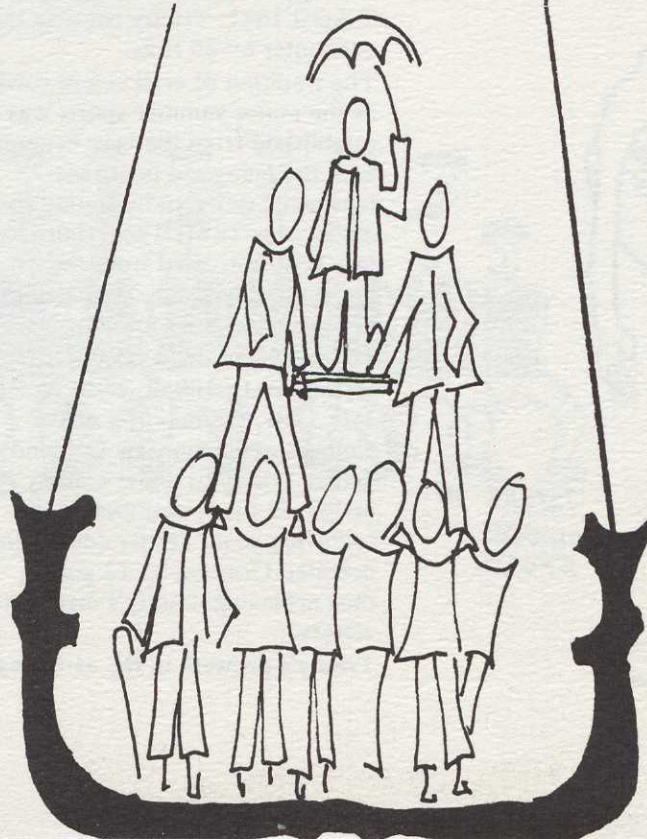
One part of Trinity remains to be mentioned. The role of the tutors shows once again the communal nature of the College. Sufficiently disconnected from the administration by their proximity to the students and their widespread lack of administrative fervour, the tutors still possess an academic priority which extends beyond the tutorial rooms, and they are very strategically placed to exercise their power to fine when necessary.

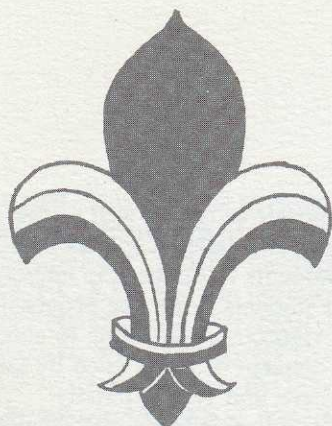
It is interesting to note here just how far removed is the administration from the students’ interests. Late last year, the T.C.A.C. Committee was offered

the power to fine as well as the tutors, and called a special meeting of students to discuss the matter.

The students threw the proposal out vigorously, unwilling to accept the concept of being fined by fellow students and very explicitly describing this community feeling. However, at the beginning of 1972, Committee members were given the power to fine.

The unconscious acceptance of the existence of other people around you which I believe runs this College virtually by itself is expressed in many diverse ways. Trinity College is not a commune in the modern sense of the word, but it is a community, and the discovery of this sort of community by each student is possibly the most valuable thing that College life offers. It is when the idea of community becomes so strong that one feels oneself an essential part of it that its inherently stultifying dangers are revealed.





Trinity Men and Sport

TERRY JENKINS

Tradition, College spirit and unity, social and personal satisfaction are the principal functions of sport in the College environment today, as they were in the past and most likely will be in the future. In order to appreciate fully the role of intercollegiate sport in 1972, a brief look at the history of College sport is of interest, as it permits a contrast between past and present trends and illustrates developments in intercollegiate sport.

The opening of Ormond College in March 1881 enabled the first intercollegiate sporting competition to be held. A cricket match between Trinity and Ormond was played on 7 April 1881, Trinity winning this encounter by 25 runs.

The tradition of cricket and rowing as the major summer sports was established from the very beginning with the inaugural boat race between Trinity and Ormond rowed on 26 May 1881. The Trinity four, in a boat borrowed from the university boat club, managed to defeat Ormond by four lengths.

Trinity, however, was not so fortunate at football, when on 21 July 1881, the majority of the College gentlemen saw Ormond defeat Trinity in a low scoring match. In the return match, the following year, Trinity convincingly defeated Ormond by 12 points, thus achieving Trinity's first football victory.

Trinity's prowess in the early years

of intercollegiate sport was demonstrated again in October 1882 when the Trinity pair of R. R. Stawell and A. W. Allen outplayed the Ormond pair, winning the first intercollegiate tennis match two sets to love.

With the opening of Queen's College in 1890, the three university colleges formed the Intercollegiate Delegacy, consisting of two delegates from the sports committee of each college, which met before 14 April each year to decide the nature and details of intercollegiate contests. It was decided:

In all intercollegiate contests the representatives of any competing college shall be restricted to matriculated students who are resident students, provided that all members of the teaching staff of each college be excluded.

The intercollegiate delegates elected from their members an honorary intercollegiate secretary, whose responsibility it was to organize all intercollegiate sporting fixtures. Each college paid the honorary secretary £10/6/- for the provision of sporting equipment, and for any sundry expenditure.

The agreements of the delegacy have formed the basis for intercollegiate sport since 1890.

Currently, however, changes are being made. The provision in the constitution of the Intercollegiate Delegacy excluding "teaching staff" was repealed and for the first time tutors will be permitted to play if



TUTORS IN
COLLEGE
SPORT.

they are pursuing full time tertiary courses. This move promotes unity of the colleges and enables the barrier between Senior and Junior Common Rooms to be broken down on the sporting field.

Many new sports have been included since the early days: athletics (1898), second eighteen football (1928), second eight rowing, hockey, swimming (1957), golf (1961), squash (1968), rugby (1972) and basketball (1972); and seven male colleges presently participate in the competition.

In my view sport is a major factor contributing to the success of collegiate life. It provides recreational and physical activities for the college members who fill the one hundred and sixty-eight positions in Trinity's intercollegiate teams. The triad of emotional, intellectual and physical challenges is just as essential for the university student as for the person experiencing other stages of development. Sport permits an outlet for our frustrations through physical activity.

College sporting teams provide a means for a group of people to be united both on and off the playing field. Many lesser College teams (that is to say, of less significance to the College as a whole, for example, second eighteen football

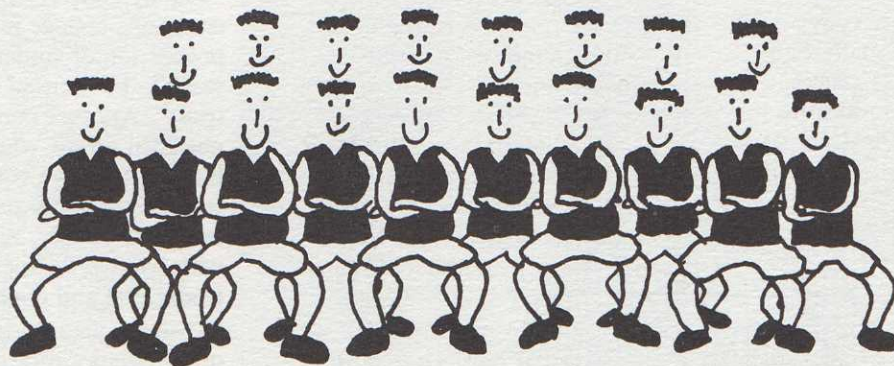
or rugby) represent the ideal—students of different ages, courses, personalities and outside interests mixing and playing together as a team representing Trinity. The results of these matches are of secondary importance. The satisfaction of having played as a team, of making new friends and of chatting over a quiet or not-so-quiet ale after the game comes first. Through intercollegiate sport, I have personally found an opportunity to meet and get to know people with whom I would not have otherwise come into contact.

However, the eight rowers or the eighteen footballers should not be the only people involved. Everyone in College has something to gain. Spectator involvement helps to unite the College. The Keeper of the Kollege Konstitution (1969), Al Minson, summed up this spectator involvement in his great oration to the College on the definition of "jock-strapping" or athletic supporting. An ideal opportunity for gentlemen to join together and support Trinity is at the annual rowing regatta. The provision of buses from which to watch the races, and the timing of the races which permits an opportunity for an odd ale before and between heats, should act as

an incentive to turn out in full force. But (alas) the attendances in recent years have progressively dwindled.

Traditionally football has been another sport in which spectator interest has been high, the support oscillating with the success of the team. But unfortunately, like rowing, attendances are declining at the University oval. Hopefully, the lack of interest is a reflection of the University's policy of having lectures, practical work and tutorials on both Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. To overcome this, the Intercollegiate Delegacy is endeavouring to re-establish Wednesday afternoon as the traditional University recreational afternoon. The playing of all intercollegiate sport on Wednesdays or Sundays would re-establish college sports as true spectator sports and help to foster College spirit and unity.

Personal and communal satisfaction can be achieved just as well in other fields of activity. The more intellectually or literarily oriented students work towards the same objectives through debating, acting and dialectics. The acceptance by both sides that the other is working towards common goals by different paths would greatly lessen friction between intellectuals and sportsmen.





Who Are Those Guys?

ROBYN VINES AND KATHY ESSON

An interesting and diverse range of opinion regarding Janet Clarke Hall's attitudes to Trinity and the relationship between the two colleges emerged from a questionnaire which was recently circulated among J.C.H. residents. Although the nature of the data is such that it cannot be analysed in any quantitative way, the trend of opinion is evident in individual responses which recur in answer to particular questions.

First, and perhaps surprisingly, of those who responded to the questionnaire, very few, (approximately 20 per cent), said that they spent more time with Trinity students than with other members of University. One respondent suggested that "J.C.H.'s involvement with Trinity is decreasing as we are becoming more involved with other colleges". However, it was felt by many that Trinity and J.C.H. are in general too college-centred, and too little concerned with the university:

We are too intuned, but no more than other colleges . . . Also, Trinity is less involved than J.C.H. and so it is unfair to lump them together.

This may or may not be an accurate viewpoint! One respondent commented that "there is a growing trend for the college to be involved in university affairs and this should obviously be encouraged", although many felt that it should be at a personal rather than collegiate

level: "It seems that individual involvement is what is needed and this should be fostered". It was further suggested however, that involvement at the collegiate level was desirable: "College facilities should be made available to all students", and "occasions which would interest students as a whole should be organized".

It would appear that the closeness of the bond between Trinity and J.C.H. depends on the extent to which their members are college-rather than university-oriented, and the trend is towards the latter.

When questioned on the desirability and adequacy of J.C.H./Trinity relations, students gave answers such as: "It is important for Trinity and J.C.H. to maintain a close relationship in times when many colleges are going co-residential". Several respondents thought that the two colleges should become co-residential also, but others felt that "they would lose a great deal of tradition in doing so". Some suggested temporary compromise measures: "I think that there should be a greater number of inter-collegiate activities with Trinity—perhaps leading up to co-residence". One considered that there should be a reciprocal meal system, with J.C.H. students permitted to eat in Trinity without paying extra, and *vice versa*; not to mention the obvious suggestion that "there should

definitely be more ladies' toilets in Trinity"! A fostering of community ties between the two colleges, especially in the form of mixed meals and more frequent inter-collegiate activities, was thus seen as a progressive step.

The questionnaire next attempted to elicit attitudes to Trinity as a whole. It appears from the results and from my own personal observations that there are in fact two distinct "Trinitys" about which opinions are formed.

The first is of the College as a traditional *institution*. This image seemed to be the subject of most of the critical responses in the questionnaire: "Trinity tends to be very tradition-bound and should move more with the times". One respondent saw Trinity as a "cliquey and very old-school-tie conscious college in which a large proportion of student activities seem to be focused on boozing and sport". Another concluded: "I'm just not keen on the whole aura of the place". This last comment serves to summarize admirably this first image of Trinity, as an institution with its own distinctive ethos: traditional and conservative. However, also evident in the questionnaire returns were replies indicating that some students based their opinions of Trinity on the individual students they knew, rather than on a general impression of the college as an institution. One

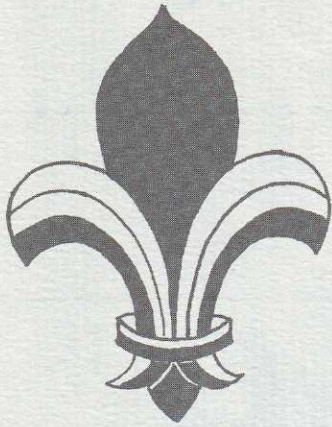
respondent claimed that her "attitude to Trinity does not really exist" and that she looked "only for individuals within it". Another similarly felt that "to view Trinity gentlemen fairly I would have to take each person singly, as I haven't yet met the typical Trinity man". Further, one student maintained that "most of the 'gentlemen of Trinity' have pretty much the same attitudes as any other group of individuals". For these people Trinity is a community of individuals.

The emergence of these two predominant views of Trinity, as a tradition-bound institution and as a community of individuals, raises interesting and somewhat disturbing questions. First, it would seem obvious that neither alone gives a representative picture of the College. Only when the two are brought together can one have a complete understanding of Trinity.

We would like to know the reason for this dichotomy. Why is it that the reality of the inhabitants is so different from the stereotyped expectation derived from the aura of the College? Why is it that these two "Trinities" are partially divorced from each other in the minds of J.C.H. girls? Trinity seems to lack the image of a vital community, conforming to certain traditional norms, but diverse and interesting underneath. Have we failed to appreciate the community aspect, or does it in fact exist at all?

For surely the surroundings and the tradition, the *style* of Trinity, leave their mark on the individuals within it; and just as inevitably, or so one would hope, those individuals leave their mark on the College, both in their unique interpretation of its ethos, and in their efforts to modify it. In fact the two are mutually dependant, and only when taken in conjunction give a picture of Trinity at all. For without students Trinity would not be an institution; and without the institution, the individuals who live together there could not somehow equal "Trinity".





Through The Looking Glass

FATHER JIM MINCHIN

The invention of myths and religions, the construction of vast philosophical systems—they are the price man has had to pay in order to survive as a social animal without yielding to pure automatism. [Jacques Monod, *Chance and Necessity* 156.] For the first time in history a civilization is trying to shape itself while clinging desperately to the animist tradition in an effort to justify its values, and at the same time abandoning it as a source of knowledge, of truth. [Monod, *op. cit.* 159.]

The story of how funds were raised for the building of Trinity Chapel makes for instructive after-dinner entertainment. It also reveals College religion, in any narrow sense of the term, as bound up with a larger parcel of ideas aptly expressed in our motto, *pro ecclesia, pro patria*. My hope in this article is to explore not only the religious aspect of Trinity College, but also the guiding ideologies that inform our common life and affect us individually. When I returned to Australia at the end of May 1971, I found the Chapel community much reduced in numbers from the mid 'sixties. The liturgy was "high church" ritualistic but not inflexible. The urbane surface of the community was occasionally ruffled by individual flares of temperament or expressions of social or political concern. Bishop Grant's presence made the Chapel much closer to

the life of the Diocese. Dr Barry Marshall's influence was still perceptible, not so much in the quality of ideas or practice, but in the evident love many had had for him and the consequent fear of betraying the high standards of his ministry.

In the College as a whole, there was a small number of people professing faith in Christ but disinclined to associate with the Chapel. One or two had strong influence in the circle around them and obviously commended themselves by the strength of their witness.

For the rest, the diffuse white Anglo-Saxon protestant feel of things was barely disturbed by the occasional Roman Catholic or the non-Christian from the third world. One Jewish friend took me to task, saying it was anomalous that the Anglican church should maintain something of a stranglehold in the running of the College and yet acquiesce so readily in its esteem of affluence. He did not believe his own convictions, either religious or political, had any leeway in Trinity. Being now rather involved in the Chapel and the explicitly Christian activity of the College, I find it hard to discern what drift there has been in the year or more since I returned as Assistant Chaplain. The Canterbury Fellowship offers a viable alternative of traditional Anglican worship well done, and

we have been sharing their resources, officially once a month, but in individual cases much more often. The College Christian community explores a variety of worship patterns and concentrates into formal or informal groups, for study and reflection.

College religion as an ecclesiastical phenomenon is not negligible: but it is marginal, and I will be surprised if there is a radical increase in preoccupation with it over the next few years.

Let us return to the less obvious and implicit realms of ideas and values that obtain in the College at present. I do not wish to disguise the subjectivity of the remarks that follow.

In the course of our century of existence, there has been a steady and dominant flow of Trinity gentlemen out into those professions which depend upon and minister to a hierarchical, capitalist and meritocratic society, especially the law, commerce and industrial management, academic positions, medicine, the media and the public service. For the most part, the clergy might be included as servants of the same ideology. There have not been many social reformers or radicals in their number, nor artists, particularly those whose critical function has been strong. Downtown clubs preserve College and public school camaraderie and self-assertion, and the old-boy bloc

gains solidarity from the exercise of an expensive social life, latterly boosted by the improved sporting and cultural facilities and better quality food and drink.

This happy world has suffered inroads of late. The College, for instance, has more competition from other colleges. There are more universities to which Melbourne and Geelong Grammar matriculants proceed. Alternative tertiary training is available and no longer only as a second best. The costs of keeping us in the manner to which we are accustomed at Trinity have spiralled. There is a groundswell of dissatisfaction with the wilful and pre-emptive political life of Australia, its nepotistic perpetuation of oligarchies and the emptiness of many of the jobs and activities occasioned by a growth and consumer model economy. It is not strictly a matter of blame or praise that the College has sent out people who preserve the *status quo*. Output is mainly determined by intake. Yet those who enter Trinity for no better reason than its convenience as a boarding-house right on the campus are liable to the purifying ethos of the ambitions and values that prevail

already. Those from public or high school background who have received home training in the "grab-as-grab-can" philosophy will not be undermined here.

Amongst other things Trinity College is a breathing-space between the inchoate human experience of schooldays, and the pursuit of a career under the mandatory adult constraints. At this point, our lives are governed by several myths, reinforced by our luxurious *Sitz im Leben* and more permissive regulations. "Alcohol in super-abundance is the liquid cement of our relationships. We cope with it by getting drunk and then learning discretion." (However, the same should not be said of other drugs.) "Playing or watching sport will engender a corporate spirit." "Sex adventurism is a permissible sowing of wild oats before we settle down to marriage or gay bachelordom." "It is good to seek first the finer things of life—a special field of study, a hobby, a tea-party, a ball, a concert or an exhibition—and then righteousness will be added."

The bland givenness of our academic avocation might be thought to cover all these other attitudes and submerge them with its own demands. For myself, I am unconvinced that academic excellence and the quest for knowledge (not always the same thing) are sufficiently powerful to be the overriding values of the College. The reasons are implicit in what has been said above. Moreover, we are patently unable to live life without proper attention to our instinctive capacities and their liberty and discipline.

Having lived for six years in Trinity (1960-1965), I am puzzled at my own strongly felt criticism of the College and the myths which characterize it. My parents' concerns, three and a half years in South East Asia, and especially the searching effects of my particular exposure to the gospel of Christ may be the partial explanation. At the same time, I feel a considerable optimism that members of the

College at all levels are aware of the transitional phase we have entered and are willing to re-locate if not replace the emphases that have sustained us so far.

The tendency of the most pervasive ideas that have directed man's life is to *explain* him "by assigning him his place in an immanent destiny, a safe harbour where his anxiety dissolves" [Monod, *op cit.* 155]. But the advances of technology and the pressures of population no longer encourage attitudes which would thus defuse explosive tensions. What can be our way forward?

I believe that there are certain key steps which would make it more possible for those who pass through Trinity to find a religion or ideology or "myth" that is not escapist or fixating. Dr Barry Marshall used to say "each year is different" and if this is true, then we are not trapped by our history or present situation, despite elements as blind and selfish as I have suggested.

First, there should be a deliberately pluralised intake accepting female and married students (not only from the University but from other advanced educational bodies), apprentices, peoples from Asia,





Africa, Latin America, the Pacific, representatives of Australian "minority groups"—especially aboriginal and immigrant. This intake could be phased into operation over a period of years and might commence with small numbers from each group. Secondly, greater participation by College members in the running of Trinity—council, domestic arrangements, even a back-to-nature food growing project in the Bulpaddock! This would probably mean an increase in the number of year-round occupants. Thirdly, a pruning down of College social and general activities to a bare minimum and the development of programmes addressing themselves to issues of the University or community at large. This would involve contact with a wider spectrum of ages and life-styles outside the College and the use of

our facilities more openly than at present. Fourthly, the establishment of inter-disciplinary groups (not just College-based) as a source of different communal experience and as a more valid context for study of political and ethical questions. I would wish to add that Christians could also work at more authentic liturgical patterns and seek to present Christ and his claims honestly. For the rest, they would be as little distinctive as possible except as contributors to the whole life of the College. The kind of changes I have envisaged are not likely to originate from majority pressure. I foresee that the agents of change of whatever kind will always be those few who are committed to their particular vision of their society. Whether we like it or not, the future before us at Trinity and in

general is emerging as a force with massive capacity for alienation. This will be intolerable for those whose mythology insists that the majority must be enabled, however violently, to live smoothly, participating when and as leadership requires and each man is able to bear it. Rather it will be necessary to hammer out a world-view which does not seek escape from tension or the strain of unpredictability.

JOHN WILSON

John Harold Wilson was born into a line of Irish bankers and farmers on the upper right half of that island on a cold, grey and green morning ("they all are") in May 1934. From the Coleraine Academical Institution he descended on Trinity College, Dublin, first as a non-resident and then as a resident. There he completed a four-year honours course in Clubs and Societies as well as in modern languages.

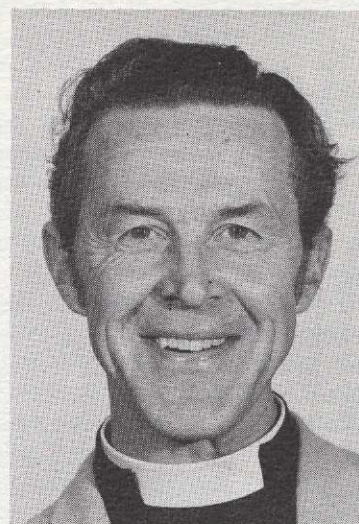
With that zeal characteristic of the inhabitants of freezing climates, he trained for a year in Oxford with the overseas civil service, then off he went to Tanganyika, where he dispersed appropriate quantities of British Law and Order to outposts of the Empire. However, the era of independence was dawning and the young Wilson returned three years later to Wolverhampton where, after spells in commerce and the local hospital, he met and consequently married Miss Molly Sutton, who was an amateur actress of considerable skill.

Opting for sunshine and food, the Wilsons migrated to Australia where John was appointed Deputy Bursar of Melbourne Grammar. From there he strode onwards, via appointments at the University of Melbourne, Monash University and the Victorian Institute of Colleges, to Trinity College, Parkville.

Both John and Molly have brought a welcome warm friendliness to the community as well as a great deal of valuable experience. John has already struck energetically at the delightfully archaic systems which were its office routines and a certain order is struggling to emerge. Asked if he thought whether, in this centenary "year of renewal", the College would be good for another hundred years, he replied:

Of course—that's why I came here. Naturally, it will have to move with the times. To get an idea of which way to move, one could do a lot worse than listen to the troops. After all, they have to live here.

ROD FAWNS



RAY GREGORY

Ray Gregory came to us as Dean from Brighton Grammar School, where he had been a senior master and chaplain. He took up his appointment in February 1969, and resigned it in January 1972, when he moved to Queensland to become Headmaster of All Souls' School, Charters Towers.

In his three Trinity years, he and his family made many friends. I think that should be the first thing said of his deanship—that it was marked by a gift for friendship, and that, despite the manifold demands of the College, it was lived out in the context of a warm and rich family life. His family meant much to many of us—his wife Leslie, his son John, his daughters Katherine and Robin, and Ella, the family dog. Robin and Ella, as often as not together, equally ubiquitous and friendly, and sharing the same lively curiosity about all that went on in the College, contributed a fresh and innocent element to the College scene which I believe did us all good, beset as we had been by bachelors in high places.

It would be easy for a Dean to spend most of his time in sheer administration. "Greg" was a good administrator, a very good administrator in fact, but he never allowed this aspect of his job to dominate him. He may have put innumerable files in order, straightened out the Behan basement after generations of confused neglect, kept up a stream of notes and memoranda and done a hundred and one other things of that nature, but somehow he was always available to the student in need of advice, either in the Summer House office which he made so attractive, at the Deanery, in studies or strolling about the grounds. As

I have said, he had a gift for friendship, and his talents as a pastor were appreciated in the College astonishingly quickly: within weeks of his arrival, the stream of visitors to his door had begun, and it was never to cease during his whole time with us. As pastor and (when necessary) disciplinarian, he was patient, practical, firm, sensible, deliberate, understanding, never fussed, never melodramatic. He proved once again—as Ken Mason had shown—that although it is certainly not necessary that the Dean be a priest, a priest can make a very good Dean.

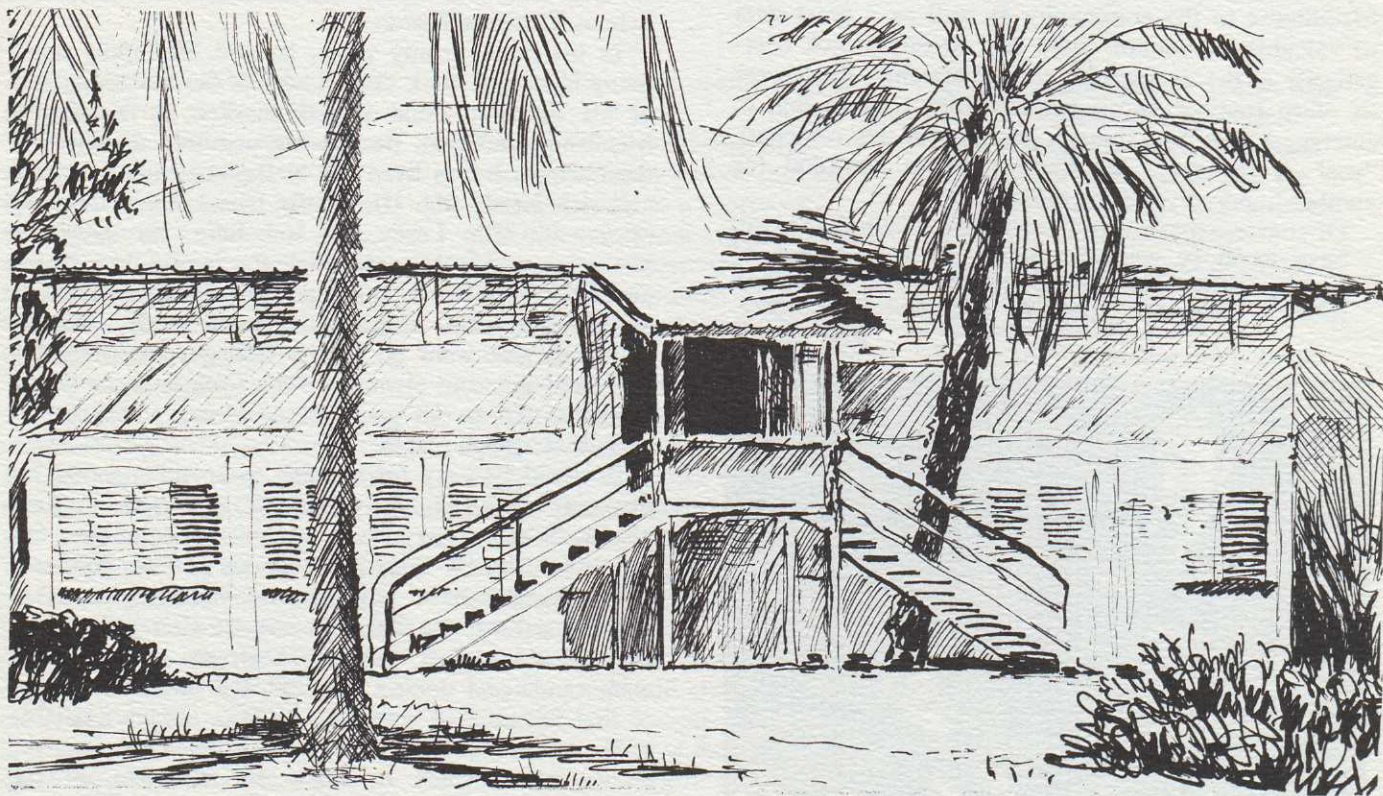
As a priest, he contributed much to the life of the Chapel—an unexpected bonus, one might say, of his deanship. But a priest's responsibility in public worship is but an outward and visible sign of his vocation, and in the present-day College one of its less important aspects. In all he did, Fr Gregory's priestly commitment showed through. Nevertheless he almost invariably wore lay clothes and carefully forbore to "act the parson", which he knew would have been fatal: I do not believe he was ever seen as such, although commonly addressed as "Father" by all and sundry.

He had not himself been in College as an undergraduate. But he took pains to learn the ways of the College and he became an enthusiast for all it had to offer, both actually and potentially. When the first intimations appeared that the Colleges might be facing a long-term recruitment problem, he set up single-handed an ambitious and successful inter-collegiate scheme for the systematic visiting of country schools,

both state and private. The Melbourne colleges as a whole know themselves greatly indebted to him, and plan to continue and expand his work in this field.

While he was here and the opportunity offered, Fr Gregory pursued further studies in education within the University. He was genuinely interested and well-read in the discipline, and he enjoyed his role as a director and prime mover of the College's tutorial programme, which he ran with efficiency and enthusiasm. But it was this abiding professional interest of his that was our undoing, because he came to realise that, much though he enjoyed Trinity, his true vocation lay in the sphere of secondary education. It was there, he felt, that the problems were the more urgent and the needs greater; it was there that he could make, perhaps, a profounder and more distinctive contribution. And so at the beginning of this year he left us. It was typical of the man—and of his wife—that he should accept the dauntingly difficult headmastership of a by-no-means rich school in a remote and fairly unattractive part of Australia, and this by deliberate choice. (He could, without doubt, have found more comfortable positions closer to hand.) For he is a man who acknowledges his calling, both priestly and educational, a man with a strong but unobtrusive sense of duty, a man of dignity, integrity and determination, for whom the challenge of the job could elicit only one response. The College was profoundly sorry to lose him, but remains grateful for three years of comradeship and wise and vigorous action in his important role.

DR R. L. SHARWOOD



Chapel hasn't attracted large numbers of people this year, but its involvement in College has been very intensive. Although the Chapel is used for services, tutorials, organ practice and even a football goalpost, it is not everything for those who regularly meet there to worship.

The life of the Chapel is under the direction of Father Jim Minchin and he has brought to it many talents: music, an interest in modern worship and, perhaps most importantly, an awareness of people who are in need both at home and overseas. Through his continual challenging and encouraging, members of the Chapel have been able to see what they can do in the hope of making this a better country and a better world.

About ten people in Trinity and J.C.H. are now going every Tuesday night to the Turana Centre. This is a detention centre for delinquent youths who are too young to go to prison, and is situated in North Parkville. Games and conversation take place and it is hoped that this will prove a worthwhile means of communication. Another two members of the Chapel are involved in a free school at Flemington High School. Other members of the Chapel are involved in visiting elderly people in North Melbourne.

Within the Colleges, the Chaplain has run a number of discussion groups on the Christian life. These have gone on in J.C.H. on Monday night and Trinity on Tuesday night. As well, many people in the College took part in the study programme, Action For World Development.

The programme ran for one night per week during July. It was largely an educational programme, although it is hoped that growth in awareness will lead to an increase in action.

Jazz masses have become a regular part of worship and have proved popular. The Warden has relaxed the dress rules as regards jazz masses and this informality helps those participating in this type of worship. On 30 July, the A.B.C. videotaped a very successful jazz mass for national screening.

One of the most significant services for the year was the Easter Day Eucharist, which was preceded by the lighting of the paschal candle to symbolize the Resurrection. During the Service a collegian was baptized and welcomed into the church. And what a welcome! After the service, a party followed in the nave with Mediterranean food and lively dancing.

Another first in the Chapel this year was an all night vigil on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, during which people prayed and meditated.

Thus much has happened this year for the Chapel community, and it is hoped that in the coming year participation of the Chapel community in the life of Trinity and J.C.H. will be intensified and strengthened.

ANDREW CURNOW

CHAPEL REPORT



CLOG FREE ?



SOCIAL NOTES

It all started with Juttoddie. It was somewhat of a dislocating start. The crowd stood by while Kingsley Gee proved that he specialized only in pediatrics and David Moore writhed on the ground. Then, of course, there were the races: Z. Ross, gentleman George Henderson and sundry thugs were all in their element. There was water, ropes, mud, flour, kicking, punching and pushing. The freshers were suitably initiated. Even the new Bursar, John Wilson, showed that he could do more than balance the books. Muggsie and the Whipp stole everyone's money while Barney Minson commentated the re-run of the final which was won

by Keith Disher. That evening, there was a barbeque on the Vatican lawn and the "McRae-Solly Farmyard Hop" in the J.C.R. Everyone thought it was a fun evening except for Moore—it's not really much fun being pissed and having a dislocated shoulder at the same time.

* * *

Gee whiz! Wasn't it really *beaut* of the kids of J.C.H. to have a terrific garden party in first term! Mrs Dodds was super: she provided all the scones, jam, cream, tea, coffee, hundreds and thousands and lots and lots of other goodies. *Some* people's eyes were *too* big for

their tummies! George Henderson chucked afterwards. Kate Norman was beaut, and Jules Wales and "Joss" Ross were charming as they took everyone's 40 cents at the door.

* * *

Chief Dirge Sitting Piss created a real smoke screen by having his Wig Wam Allen Essay in the Upper Bishops' Barn instead of the J.C.R. No one came. There were a great many young braves ready to prove their literary virility to the examining elders, Bishop Stanway and Mr Hewison. But few of the young braves proved their manhood. Polanski Witham showed that he was no *Rosemary's Baby* with all his pow wow about *The Occult*. Ross Millar from the Old Melburnian tribe spoke of beads worn by tribesmen on the left bank. Then came a pizza pie: Tony Strazzera came on strong without anchovies, and spoke of the big burial ground in the sky. The final entrant was the tribe's *enfant terrible*, a Truman Capote of Trinity College, a young heterosexual Oscar Wilde—it was Young Chief Standing Bull, Stephen Mills, who won last year's endurance course. The examining elders endured him most and awarded him the Wig Wam once again. Well done, Steve!

* * *

And then, girls and boys, it was back to Jazzy Hutch for the good old Helen Knight Essay Competition. It was really great of Mrs Andrew Peacock and Del Chessell to come along and be judges, especially when Dinny O'Hearn was the other judge. We all know Dinny—he's that really good bloke from the Arts Faculty. "First cab off the rank" was Dripity Smiles who told us how to say "hello" to all the fellows on the path. Then there was Kate Norman. She spoke about tubes. Kathy Esson followed up with a really interesting essay on sheep. Guest essayist Alison Finlay's *Intimations of Immorality* was very intellectual and intelligent. It must have been. I couldn't understand it. Then Rob Vines bobbed up. Gee whiz—she quite took my breath away with her fab essay on trams. Then followed politics and social involvement in the form of the stimulating Ruth Fincher. Golly, by this time, all the girls were on the edges of their seats wondering who was going to be the winner. There was but one essay to come. It was Prue Borthwick, and she certainly came. My! My! My! Did we *flush*! She spoke of words that a young lady should *not* know. Boy, oh boy! did we learn *a few things* when Prue talked on *The Value of Indecent Language*! All that stuff really convinced Dinny that Prue had real talent. He awarded her first prize, and invited her over for counselling at Naughton's..

* * *

We now return to Trinity, the College of the Businessman, that veritable Summer School Palace, to see if the Dutch Dialectic Society is still in existence. They found Dirge and staged the Freshers' Debate. Apart from the adjudicator and Chris Corder, it was a very ordinary affair. The senior gentlemen proved their point and Dirk forgot to provide a supper. Then it was

on to the *dilletante's* dell, that great oasis of urbanity and civilization in the College cultural desert, the house of Sheik Ali Robin Sharwood. The T.C.D.S. had a poetry reading. Amid the raptures of a seventeenth-century keyboard, metres, metaphors and rhymes rang out. T. S. Eliot was undoubtedly alluded to and Dirge alluded to the state of undress of the women.

* * *

The more vocal members of the T.C.D.S. began their quest to retain the grail of debating—snatched from the grasp of the Holy See only last year. Stoffa Corder, Chris Maxwell and young Steve Mills formed a team, and J.C.H. also had a go. The lads laughed their way to the final but were robbed of the trophy by the adjudicators, and J.C.H. did well to defeat St Mary's.

* * *

Well, Darlsies, despite strong opposition from Flapper Freddy and his Gissing cousin who just *happened* to have an At Home on the same night, at least some of the gay younger set were turning on and freaking out around Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, for the College Ball 100. Dandy, Darl, Dave Moore and his band of helpers had organized what promised to be a super-doooper *whizzer* of an event. *Well!* It was just *too* overwhelming! We all got there in our penguins and our formals to witness a young chap take his clothes off amid a pool of animal entrails. Dave told me afterwards that it was a "play" called *Crow*. Well, I mean to say, after all *that*, I just *had* to head for the supper table. Dearie me! We had an *awful* lot of supper waiting for all the other guests to arrive, but they never did. Nonetheless, there were some *divine* couples present: George Henderson and Ranald Anderson, the Terry Jenkins', the Honourable Frances Carrot Dick Rose Prize and St Hilda, Bouwreaurce Shore and the Warden's mongrel dog, Henrietta, and, of course, the Fawns'. On! On! Through the night! The gay throng swirled across the dance floor to the sounds of Indelible Murteps and the Anne and Johnnie Hawker Big (?) Band. The dear old Honourable Frank sprang on to the stage and delivered quite the most spell-binding oration that the withered walls of that sweet old T. F. Much Cathedral Hall had ever seen. George Henderson burst into song and all the lovely lads and lasses throatily gave of their best, tiger-wooing Trinity's Centenary. The charm, the wit, the elegance, the grandeur, the eloquence, the etiquette, the civility, the comradeship, the *esprit de corps* of the evening were just *too, too, too* emotional. I headed for the lav. and an alka seltzer. If only the Warden could have seen it all! Geoff Chettle came late, and wept on Jenny Ross. Bunai sang the rower's song and announced his engagement to Judie Manley. Old Boys, Peetles ("two-beat") Vickery and Paul D. ("Muscle") Elliott shook their heads and said, "the Old Coll. is not like it used to be".

* * *

And that, sweeties, was the end of our gay social round for 1972.

THE REAL DEP DEP

ART SHOW

The College Art Exhibition was informally opened by the Warden on Centenary Day. It was an informal exhibition, casually put together, and as unpretentious as an autumn day.

Charles Merewether's paintings and pastels are sharp but subdued, combining a limited palette with taught drawing. He will let a space run then suddenly abbreviate it or let a motif "hang" in mid-air. His pastel *Design in Space* does this beautifully. Steve McIldowie is less sophisticated, and though tentative, paints well, with a good feeling for texture and solidity. John Barnes' drawings are intense and austere; there is despair in *Room and Man*. His painting *The Sky Cried* is similarly unequivocal and has uncommon strength.

Dr Aitken's watercolours are of a different style, more subtle and self-effacing. She paints the gentle nuances of an alpine landscape or a more temperate seascape with equal devotion. Tim Cunningham is reticent, but has a good eye for detail and more than a dash of wit—take *Gossip*. Wendy Morris' pictures, the raw, red *Waulkeringee* and the earthy *Molesworth after the Fires* are both based on firm strong drawing and evocative colour harmonies.

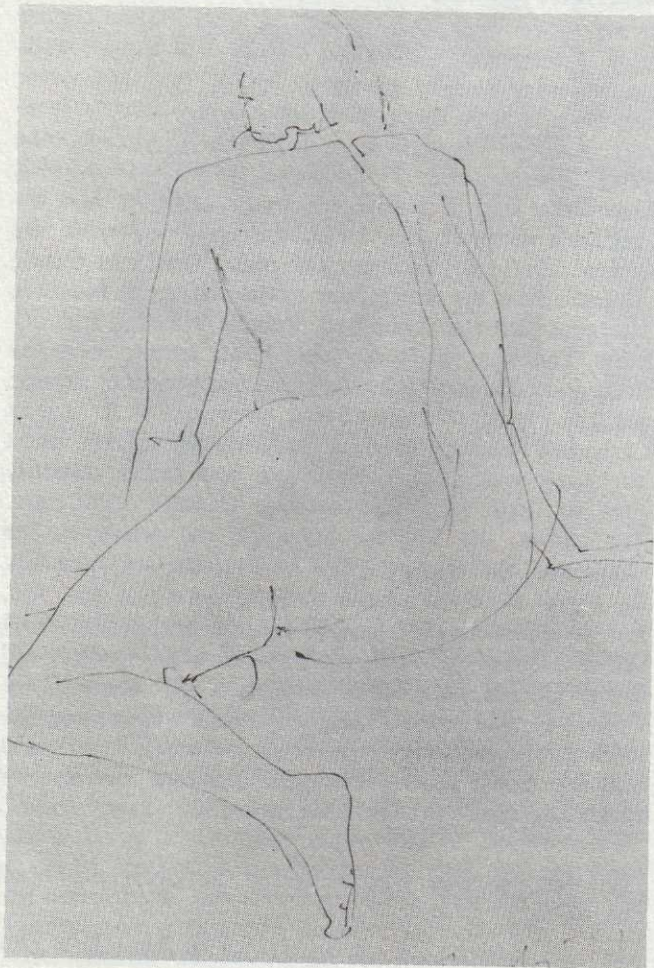
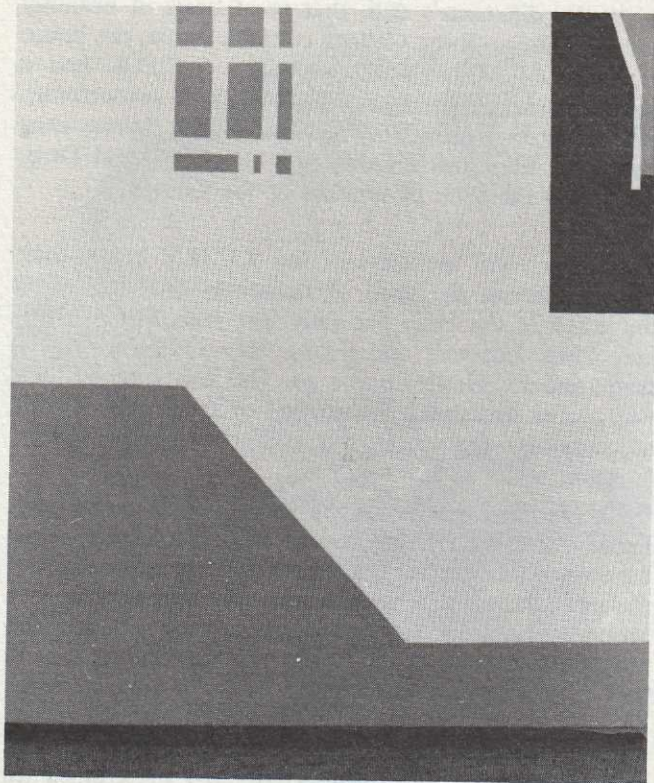
Of the drawings in the exhibition, Tim Throsby's fast calligraphic ink sketches of the nude, and his water-colour studies, have a particular fineness and sensitivity. In his drawings of a deserted mine and *House and Pub, Hinton* he handles picturesque complexity with economy. Phorbes Doodle (son of Thurber returns!) has given the Academy away and honoured us with some of his charming line drawings, where innocence verges on extreme sophistication. *Country, Crops, Culture* does not betray its title.

Some mention should be made of Charles de Newton's influence on early Chinese landscape painting and, in more recent historical times, Persian miniatures. We are, however, never fully in view of the Void.

The postman who put "his pink epistle" into Mrs Everage's "snail-encrusted box" has none of the erotic imagination of Prue Borthwick in her charming shirt embellishments *à la fin de Siècle*. Among pieces of *papier mâché*, enamel and crochet, Gretel Lamont's pottery gleamed with dark shining, and David Moore's clay head was appropriately titled *Redermination*.

There was some beautiful photography in the exhibition. Doug MacKenzie's shots of New Guinea take breathtaking views of steaming mountain landscapes; while Fred Fair prefers something more intimate, an interior or a close-up study of a face, human or otherwise. Admittedly, I could not help being taken by Rodney Phillips' photograph of the Fat Man in the College play.

C. W. NEWTON



SENIOR COMMON ROOM

The last year has been one of rejuvenation for the Senior Common Room. The Common Room itself has been completely redecorated, and has become the focus for far more activity than in previous years. In addition to the usual guest nights and dining in nights, this year we introduced a regular series of what have become known as "Friday papers". On alternative Fridays throughout the academic year, one of our members introduces a discussion, usually by way of a short discourse on some subject within the field of his work or of his general interests. The paper is preceded by a buffet dinner in the Common Room, read to the accompaniment of port and cheese, and followed by a discussion and comments in the Muniments Room. We then adjourn for a party in the Common Room. These evenings have been particularly useful in enabling us to exploit one another's talents: we have at last begun to tap the multi-disciplinary character of the Senior Common Room in an inter-disciplinary way. Among the subjects dealt with have been the psychology of perception, the ideas of Bishop Berkeley, the philosophical influences on the economist Keynes, various conceptions of conscience and its relation to morality, foreign investment in Australia, and examination anxiety.

This year we welcomed a number of new members to the Senior Common Room. Dr Rosemary Fawns became our first woman resident member: something made possible by a series of amendments to our constitution. We also have three women non-resident members, who are members of our very large non-resident tutoring staff. In recognition of not only the size of this staff, but also of the College's dependence upon it, and the need of our resident members to become properly acquainted with their non-resident colleagues, this year we instituted an annual dinner for non-resident tutors, held on the last Friday of second term. Others to join us in the last year are Mr Stanley Petzall, who comes to us from the London School for Economics, and Mr Michael Dewar who has replaced Dr A. K. Gregson (now in Oxford) as our resident tutor in Chemistry. Dr Kingsley Gee joined us late last year as successor to Mr A. J. Buzzard as resident tutor in Medicine. From the Junior

Common Room we welcomed, alas for two terms only, Mr Christopher Cordner as resident tutor in English and Philosophy. Mr Cordner has taken up his Rhodes Scholarship at University College in Oxford; a college which has had many connections with Trinity men over the years.

Awareness of the complexities and intricacies of financial management led the College to appoint its first full-time Bursar this year, and we were delighted to find that this role has been entrusted to Mr John Wilson, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and formerly very actively associated with the then newly formed Victorian Institute of Colleges. We also welcomed back to the College the Warden, Dr Sharwood, who returned from a very productive sabbatical leave, during part of which he was a visiting fellow at Trinity College, Oxford; the senior tutor, Dr Chipman, who spent two months in Oxford and other English and European parts; and our resident tutor in Applied Mathematics, Dr Brian Thomson, who had taken a year's sabbatical leave, mainly at London.

Any report of the activities of the Senior Common Room would be incomplete if it did not record the pleasure and stimulation we derived from the presence, for various periods of time, of distinguished academic visitors temporarily resident in the College. We were all delighted to make the acquaintance of neurologist, Dr Terry Holland, from Newcastle, philosopher, Mr Henry Kripps, from Adelaide, psychologist, Dr Gordon Stanley, from Melbourne, and Professor Zwi Werblowsky, a visitor from the University of Jerusalem whose special field of interest was comparative religion.

Finally, acknowledgement must be given to the splendid work done by the Honorary Treasurer, Mr Alan Hodgart, in mercilessly extracting our constantly overdue subscriptions; and to the generous assistance provided by Mr Mellenfield, Miss Hyland, and the domestic staff generally in ensuring the smooth running of the many social functions conducted by the Senior Common Room in the College during the year.

J. L. C. C.



The play came along *Is It Ripe*
Poor van Dissel he wasn't the type
To give vent to his talents
Somewhat slightly unbalanced
He made the revue *Is It Tripe*.



The banquet, the food kept one gnawing
The ribbon was cut — oh quite boring
But then came the ears
The fairy-raised cheers
Amid shuffles and occasional snoring.

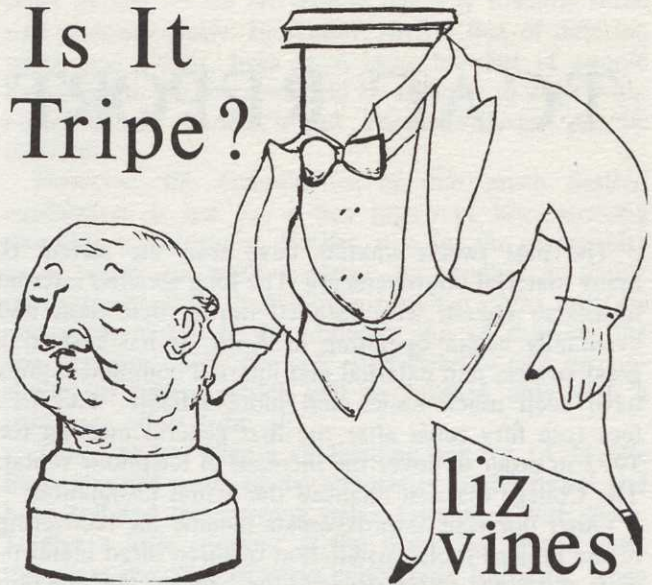


Roche saved the occasion with hot water
His concern — whether Trinity ought to
Co-reticulation's the thing
To install in the wing
But use of women must be much shorter.

The melodrama plot was quite fruity
Lord Salisbury surpassed his duty
But love conquers all
Rob was saved from her fall
By Edward — he captured his beauty.

Frank Price came on looking so grim
A confession was soon heard from him
A heterosexual
Just give him some dexsal
You fool — what a plight to be in.

Is It Tripe?



Our culture was broadened with song
Oh horror, striped blazers came on
The public school image
Was there to the finish
The words — very good — not too long.

The film of the hundreth was amusing
Charles' radio stunt quite confusing
Kiro seated forlorn
Jim and Syd with the horn
About Superbra all were enthusing.

The best act must go to the Warden
The audience kept on applauding
He made us the wiser
The Old German Kaiser
The aspects of Trinity rewarding.

There's some rumour now of a fine
The language went into decline
The cricket was clever
I must say I've never
Thought of Stackpole along that line.

I cannot include every name
So many took part in the game
Some advice for next year
For the organizers to hear
Not four hours long — nor the same!

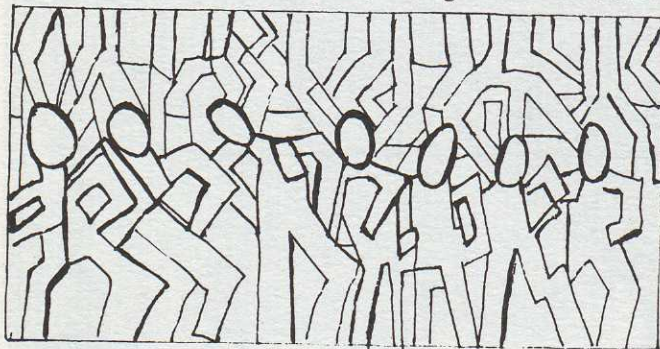


T.C.A.C. REPORT

The past twelve months have seen the advent of many material improvements. The long awaited internal telephone system was installed during first term and eventually began operating in April. It has proved a great success and external and internal communications have been much easier and more reliable. T.C.A.C. fees rose fifty cents after the first general meeting for 1972 in order to cover the increase in telephone rental. The College Council financed the actual installation.

Other domestic improvements include the recovering of the billiard table, installation of three hired laundromats and a gas rotary dryer in the laundry, the erection of a cyclone wire fence around the clothesline area, the purchase of a photocopier and the replacement of the bowls stolen in October last year. The laundry improvements have taken their toll occasionally in the form of mangled shirts and scorched jocks.

General and extraordinary meetings of the T.C.A.C. were the scene of important debates and decisions. Policy decisions were taken in the matter of student responsibility for self-discipline, changes to the I.C.D.



Constitution which broadened the base for participation in college sport, the question of co-residence, and of communication between the Warden, the T.C.A.C. Committee and the student body. The second term general meeting approved in principle of co-residence in Trinity College.

Late in July in response to motions from the J.C.R. and S.C.R., the Warden allowed women guests to dine in the hall at all meals.

The festivities surrounding Juttoddie Day 1972 were marred by extremely violent nobbling of many starters in the heats for the Juttoddie Cup. Although this traditional College event was enjoyed by many people who rejoiced to see the religious ceremonies enjoined for the exhumation of Dr Leeper, the first Warden, it was all too apparent that the whole day had acquired an initiatory flavour. The T.C.A.C. regrets very much that one of our freshmen, Mr Colin Rousseaux, who rowed in the first eight this year, was seriously injured in his

heat and has had to withdraw from his university course. Those of us who knew Colin miss his cheery presence and willing participation in College life. We hope that he will be back with us next year.

The highlights of the T.C.A.C. round of social functions were the St Hilda's exchange dinner, the Ball 100, the Revue and the centenary C.R.D.

The College appeal is financing two causes this year. Goldie College in the British Solomon Islands and the St Mark's Creative Play Centre in Fitzroy. It is rumoured that Hilary and Eloise are teaching at Goldie College this year.

1972 will be well remembered by all the Committee as the year of the marathon Committee meeting of seven hours duration. The decision of this meeting to go it alone with *Fleur-de-Lys* without the assistance of J.C.H. caused a violent division within the ranks of the College. Much energy was expended by avid collectors of autographs . . . and all for nothing. After another marathon meeting followed by a joint meeting with the J.C.H. Committee amicable relations were restored and the success of this year's production of *Fleur-de-Lys* assured. Looking back on that event-filled week one can only say that Trinity-J.C.H. relations are on a much healthier and firmer footing than existed before the *fracas*.

The highlights of the Centenary celebrations for the students of the College were the Galah Night with its chicken and champagne supper after *The Time is Not Yet Ripe*, the Centenary Fair, barbeque, fire works and C.R.D., the Centenary Dinner, and the Thanksgiving Service in St Paul's Cathedral. Bishop John McKie will be long remembered for his delightful reminiscences of College life in by-gone days.

The Committee has functioned happily throughout its period of office. The Keeper of the Purse, Terry Jenkins, has kept the strings fairly tightly drawn in his determination to come out on top. Peter Solly has prevented any outbreak of the plague and is to be commended for his skill in this matter as well for his expertise in matters electrical. John McRae has made money, played cards, and occasionally booked an illegal parker. David Bainbridge has kept the I.C.D. on its toes, and generally thrown his weight around. Francis C. R. Price has directed operations, provided supper, and survived all the traumas of being Senior Student. It is also to be noted that the Secretary of State, H. R. H. Breuce *alias* F. F. *alias* Bruce Shaw has not been assassinated as many people had hoped and were all too ready to believe. He has survived to write the following comment on life under benevolent dictatorships.

Past Secretaries of the T.C.A.C. have commented on the problems of being a university college within the contemporary university scene. It is perhaps significant that our Centenary year has seen little criticism levelled at the colleges from the pages of the student news media. The very lack of such criticism may allow Trinity students to examine

more freely the content and quality of community life within the College. The great cry in the past few weeks has been the accusation that there is no College "spirit" in Trinity when compared with the other colleges. Yet when a tally is made of the total number of activities initiated in the past year by the T.C.A.C. Committee, its constituent clubs, and informal groups and individuals, one is overwhelmed by their number and diversity. It is becoming clear to many people in College that it is impossible to expect every student to give his loyalty, time and financial support to this growing list of College functions. The new T.C.A.C. Committee and the whole student body will need to ask themselves the question: does a proliferation of activities and sporting functions enhance the corporate life of the whole College community? The examination of this question will highlight some of the ambiguities that exist in Trinity's life style. Such ambiguities will remain unresolved until a greater number of students accept a share in the responsibility of deciding what is of value for the life style of Trinity College as it begins its second century. I believe the encouragement of greater responsibility in the critical and decision making processes to be the one of the continuing tasks of each T.C.A.C. Committee. It is the effectiveness of this process that brings about healthy and enduring College "spirit".

T.C.A.C. APPROVED
BRERCE SHORE

J.C.H. SENIOR STUDENT'S REPORT

If you were to go looking for the Student Club in J.C.H., it would be very difficult to find. There's no special room where it meets; there's no special time it meets; in fact, it is barely noticed at all. Except perhaps, in furtive moments between the sprint down the stairs to pin up a notice and the scuttling away in the other direction.

Gone are the days of the private eye agent, lurking in corridors, catching late night wanderers, or preying on door duty lists to impose a fine. The red tape is snipped appropriately, but it is done discreetly now, and the Student Club meetings are only half bureaucracy; the rest of the hour is free for discussion.

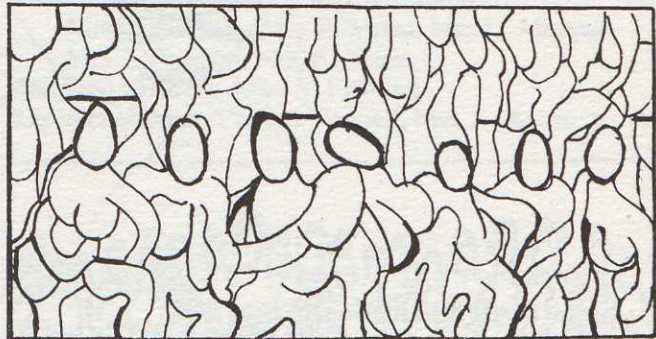
In J.C.H. at the moment, it is very evident that there is a growing trend away from the formally constituted, solid core of recognized "leaders". The traditional form is fast disappearing and its removal reflects a new set of influences seeping through to our College life from the outside community. With the trendy talk of communal living — freedom to do what one likes and yet derive the maximum from close co-habitation with

other people — we are feeling our way towards some sort of compromise. Inevitably, such a flux of differing views and values, held by a large number of people living under the one roof will be difficult to cope with, especially if "justice" and "harmony" are to be attained.

However, the maintenance of that much desired equilibrium is not for a tiny group of law-enforcing moralists to safeguard. Rather, it is for the community as a whole to work together to produce a viable environment. Each individual's personal rights must be respected, and it is this difficult aim of drawing the line between one's own self responsibility and responsibility to others, which will be fulfilled only with a conscious effort from all.

This year has been a challenging one for J.C.H. We have sampled some of the stresses of initial fluxes and have suffered the growing pains associated with them. To give a little *resumé*: at the beginning of the year, there was the clash of views concerning Juttoddie, when it was raised in a Student Club meeting that Janet Clarke Hall should no longer recognize Trinity's initiations. The subsequent rumours which drifted back and forth across the fence gave rise to a rather indignant male response to the "Hall's emancipation".

The trigger to the inevitable showdown came by way of a chance *coup d'état* amongst the *Fleur-de-Lys*



editors, with the side effect of terminating literary relations with Janet Clarke Hall. Surprisingly, the resulting outburst of reactions in both Colleges indicated a total confirmation of the old ties between the two communities. Such extremes of feeling towards the J.C.H.-Trinity relationship are hard to reconcile, but at best they are indications of the confusing period we are experiencing.

Apart from such political pandemonium, the ladies of the Hall have enhanced their civilized existence with various forms of entertainment, ranging from garden parties, melodic *soirées* and lunchtime banquets, for one cause or another. There has been the annual essay competition, the odd debate and, of course, the College play to act as a very cohesive force amongst our population.

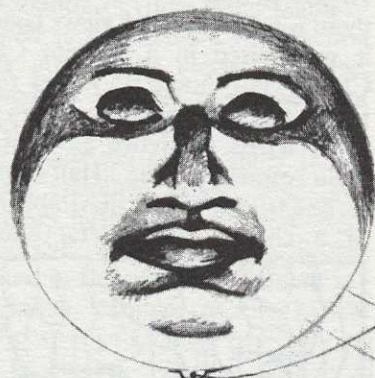
Besides these precious imponderabilities of collegiate life, the new influences abroad will continue to tax our traditional values, and we must be ready to move with grace to more open and fresher fields.

KATE

It was a time of rising

It was a time of rising
wings spreading, scorched in that daybreak;
the harsh sound of a gull
cracked into motion the memory

daylight
guards are marching out again
their shadows seem strangely new
their musics drifting back
back upon that day,
hard discord trodden down and
gestures denied this uttered change

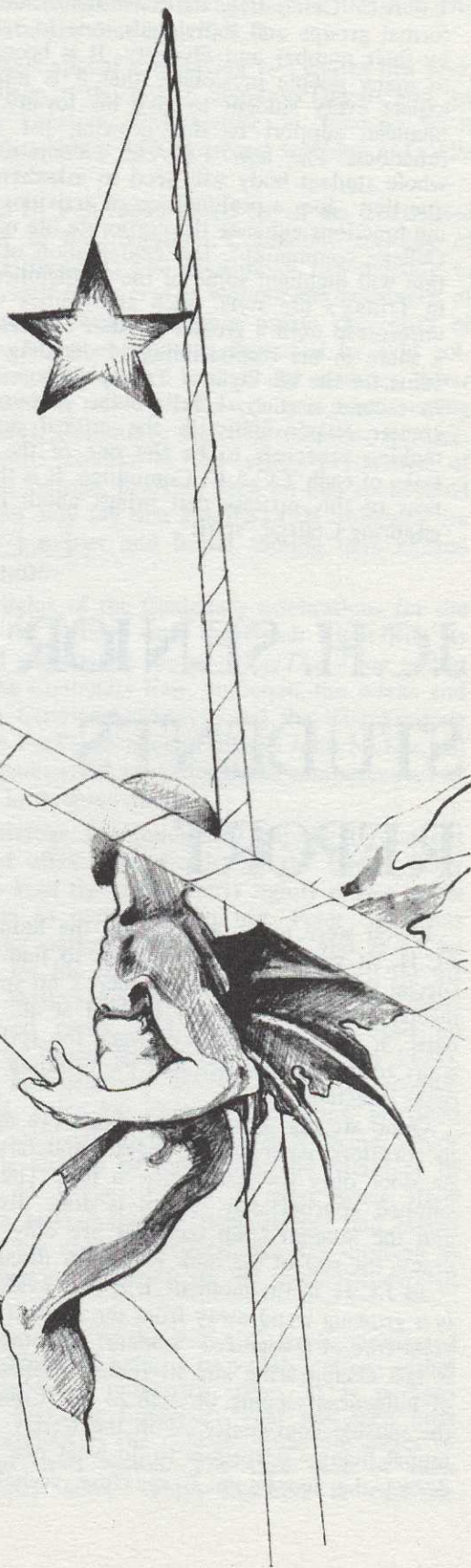


the hands held high against the wall
each one a varied note taken from tune
each one casting only shadows, of themselves
they shook; then the street—the men followed
one upon another
into the night those shadows united
set against the clock
and all that there was then,
stood still

parting is sweet sorrow
dismembered, more than memories
grind that soft music drifting back
into harsh retreat from the open air,
more than sorrows cuts the mind with the football rhythm at daybreak
and counting each figure passes into time and recreates
each: a shadow dipping into darkness

Still the seagull drifts, returning year to year
drawn to motion, and not to riding in the weathers of the past.

CHARLES MEREWETHER (1971)



THE PLAY

JANET CLARKE HALL SOCIETY



The Centenary play was a major force in both colleges this year. To try to mention all that was done would be quite impossible in so short a space: the play has probably never witnessed such a concentration of frenetic activity.

The publicity campaign was a truly remarkable achievement. With Lennie ("Leroy le Chunder-Chopper") Harper at the helm, the Dramatic Club Committee deluged the campus and its surrounds with dozens of three-dimensional posters (the first ever), decorated themselves with "Is It Ripe?" T-shirts and badges, flooded Victorian schools with "Is It Ripe?" literature (not without considerable success), exposed Ripe Old Wally (a ten-foot high *papier mâché* gout-stricken politician) to the multitudes on the Concrete Lawns, sent leaflets to all old boys and wrote to at least one member of every play cast for the last fifty years asking them to organize parties to come to *The Time Is Not Yet Ripe*. Nor did Melbourne's lunchtime crowds escape the aggressive onslaught. They were treated to a street theatre version of the election rally scene from the play in the City Square, which received an awesome amount of television and press coverage. All this effort was not without significant results: the play was sold out on more than one night and sales were more than double the average of the last few years.

Another of the year's social highlights was the chicken and champagne supper, Gala(h) Night, which followed the play performance on Wednesday, 20 June. The Union Buffet accommodated the 400 guests, who admirably availed themselves of the bountiful supplies of chicken and champagne. A former resident of the College, Sir Kingsley Norris, addressed the guests, especially about the play, which he saw in 1912. The White Rose Troubadours made a further appearance playing golden tunes from yesteryear.

Each year one hesitates to mention cast-parties, for usually they tend to be unmentionable. Nevertheless they were a just reward for all who contributed to the remarkable success of the 1972 College play. Lennie's room was yet another cast-party victim, inexplicably bedecked in corn-flakes, sugar, beer and bodies.

KIRO (*et al.*)

(Incorporating Trinity Women's Society)

COMMITTEE 1971-2

President, Mrs J. Grice.

Vice-Presidents, Mrs G. Trinca, Mrs F. Derham (*ex officio*).

Secretary, Mrs M. Letts.

Treasurer, Mrs A. Hurley.

Committee, Mrs S. Alley, Mrs R. Condron,
Mrs F. Derham, Mrs P. Milne, Mrs L. Morgan,
Mrs J. Pearson, Mrs R. Vines.

Co-opted Member, Miss S. Fleming.

Representative to College Council, Mrs A. Asche.



A buffet dinner at which Dr Sharwood and Mrs Smart spoke on "What's New in the Universities?" was held in first term. This was instructive and remunerative and we are grateful to both speakers.

Last year's symposium "What's New in the Schools?" was most successful and raised \$248. For 1972 we are planning a similar function with the subject "The Great Australian Apathy". This is to be chaired by Mrs V. R. C. Brown.

The annual jumble sale was held in June and realized a profit of \$320.

Next year the Society is planning another book fair, similar to the one in 1967, which was such a success and raised \$3,800 for the College. We are pleased to be working with the Rossbourne House Committee and that the venture will once again be under the direction of Mrs R. Jackson.

We congratulate Mrs John Keays on her O.B.E., awarded for services to the community.



JANET CLARKE HALL 1972

Back Row: Gretel Lamont, Wendy Morris, Elizabeth Vines, Belinda Kirkwood, Kathy Esson, Kiro, Robyn Vines, Anne Howard, Anne Lewis, Jenny Green, Diana-Jane Rouse

Fourth Row: Merrin James, Kristen Panozzo, Jenny Scovell, Margaret Parnaby, Melinda Schneider, Ros Urbahns, Linda Huzzey, Barbara Bryce, Pauline Brightling, Julie Ager, Janette Stumbles, Margaret Mossop

Third Row: Marina Steward, Joyce Lusi, Margaret Hudson, Merrilyn Julian, Elizabeth Friday, Alison Finlay, Dimity Giles, Kathryn Stillwell, Elizabeth Moore, Lynda Evans, Susan Reid, Bronwyn Apted

Second Row: Megan Smith, Penny Thornton, Andrea Creaser, Mei Ling Tan, Judy Foster, Janette Smithson, Heather Powell, Barbara Reeckman, Helen Fleming, Robyn McGregor, Anne Langford, Anne Reeckman, Mary Sutherland, Shelley Roberts, Janette Thompson

Front Row: Margaret Morgen, Anne Favalaro, Diana White, Gayle Harris, Prudence Millis, Jenny Ross, Jasmin Shah, Dr Aitken, Dr Eden, Kate Norman, Julia Wales, Suzanne Kirkwood, Ruth Fincher, Diana Paterson, Annette Carless, Vicky Ponsford, Jennifer Woods, Al Lee Ch'ng

Absent: Kathy Collins, Romaine Holmes, Judie Manley, Helen Marks, Dianne Symons, Pia Brous, Brenda Grabsch, Janet Haysom, Elaine Murray, Deborah Blakiston, Susan Bennett, Andrea Creaser, Jennifer Frieze, Jennifer Glen, Christina Johnson, Amanda Newman, Heather Scott, Elizabeth Smith, Sally Allen, Sally Pryor, Louise Stephens, Claire Thompson

CHARLES JAMES PATTERSON

(1954-1972)

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
In the sun that is young once only,

Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means . . .

[Dylan Thomas, with thanks to Peter Thompson.]

The Charles I knew was a person of quiet determination, with his own plans and commitments. He was not assertive, and moved about like a dear slightly shambling bear. The slow smile that lit up his whole face evinced a considerable store of warmth.

I just began to know him, a process of watching a flower unfold, its distinctive markings and unique character only hinted at in the bud.

Now he is not there, his life snapped off in one of those accidents we can only describe baldly as having "happened". He has gone out of our ken "like a shadow, like a messenger galloping by; like a ship that runs through the surging sea, and when she has passed by, not a trace is to be found, no track of her keel among the waves". (*Wisdom 5: 9-10.*)

Some, of course, will have indelible memories—his mother and sisters (mourning also the tragic loss of his brother, Mark, in the same accident); his friends from School and College. I know that those he drew close to through the College play, for which he worked hard and in several capacities, will not forget his cheerful and humble style of cooperation. Others have attested to the courtesy and strong gentleness and gaiety that Charlie gave in his friendship.

I do not believe God's love abandons us in the midst of absurdity and the fickle circumstances of death. Charlie's life was short and we can find no easy meaning in its abrupt end. But the resurrection of Jesus is surety for us so that we might not yield to despair or cynicism in struggling to understand our life, to invest it with a richer purpose than mere survival and to hope in God's creative power beyond the grave.

Let us then give thanks for Charles James Patterson, his enriching part in several lives and his being human in himself. Let us commend him to the One who gave him life, whose child he is.

FATHER JIM MINCHIN



JANET CLARKE HALL 1972

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TRINITY COLLEGE 1972

Standing — Back Row: (left to right) G. T. Chettle, P. Plavina, D. J. Frederick

Standing — Second Row: W. B. Sherwin, R. C. Craigie, C. Albany, E. P. Witham, S. R. Jaques, R. M. S. Manser, A. R. Baulch, P. B. Grant, H. P. Fitzpatrick, S. M. Cordner, A. D. R. Yencken, T. C. Kuhle, M. I. Haycroft, D. A. Whipp, W. J. McCormick, A. R. Sisson, S. G. Fitts, A. G. C. Smith, J. R. Barnes, W. D. Park, A. E. McCallum, P. S. Trengove, B. W. Kent, L. B. Ferguson, P. S. Turner, G. G. Boxall, J. L. Sear, C. E. Stevenson, R. E. H. Turnbull, P. C. Scott, W. K. Gardiner, R. M. Millar, S. A. McIlldowie, R. A. Bouvier, N. J. R. Wagg, B. K. Burnard, D. Jaffe

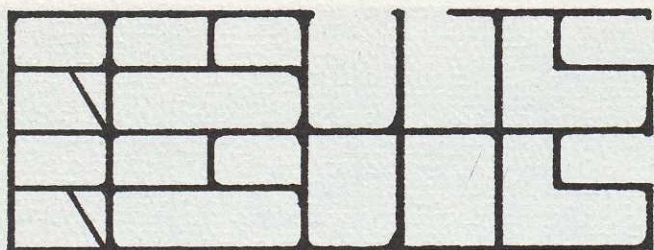
Standing — First Row: I. F. Lucas, T. J. Cunningham, R. L. Spokes, M. S. Roche, P. R. Sandell, D. R. Lord, R. I. Rex, R. I. Anderson, B. Andison, A. F. Ward, C. K. Robson, H. J. White, J. W. Murray, P. J. Connell, H. A. Pitt, R. S. Joyce, J. R. Blain, P. R. Rodeck, S. S. S. Borzecki, C. J. Roper, T. P. Thwaites, C. J. Gardiner, P. J. Ponder, R. E. Phillips, S. H. Niemann, D. G. Atkinson, F. R. Fair, J. Feltscheer, G. D. Ramage, G. E. James, G. J. Rowley, R. J. Towie, P. S. Lowe, R. M. Knight, D. M. Marshall, I. F. Gibson, L. J. Kirk, C. W. Riordan, L. J. Officer, W. D. Blake

Seated: N. J. Collins, L. J. Knight, D. H. Moroney, G. M. Henderson, J. R. Long, M. J. James, P. S. Moss, D. N. Moore, J. C. Hambly, A. W. Curnow, J. W. Kelly, D. T. Jenkins, B. W. Shaw, F. C. R. Price, P. J. Solly, D. J. M. Bainbridge, J. M. McRae, E. J. D. Ogden, C. M. Maxwell, C. E. Merewether, P. M. Butler, C. J. G. Sampford, G. A. Lewin, P. R. Thompson, F. D. Birch, J. Judd, A. J. Gissing, C. J. Opie, A. Del Porto, L. J. Symons, R. D. Lowrey, B. F. Carpenter

Sitting: J. O. Churchill, J. L. E. Beavis, C. J. Singleton, K. W. Disher, L. K. Hope, A. A. Edney, D. A. Beale, M. J. Bailey, P. S. Goldsworthy, M. B. Dunstan, A. J. Lang, B. E. Quirk, A. G. V. Strazzera, D. F. M. Rogers, R. O. M. Jackson, R. J. McDonald, J. M. Partridge, M. D. Runnalls, S. L. Bakes, A. B. Mackinnon, S. H. C. Mills

Front: R. K. Graham, R. Hilton

Absent: S. J. Ahern, R. J. Anderson, R. J. Bellingham, K. R. D. Bird, N. I. Blackman, P. I. Butler, I. Carmichael, P. K. Cashman, R. J. Clemente, G. M. Collins, P. K. Cooper, C. D. Cordner, R. I. Cordner, G. A. Crebbin, A. L. Cunningham, H. L. Dillon, J. C. Fox, P. J. Fox, W. D. V. Gibb, J. A. Gibson, T. G. Glanville, N. S. I. Gordon, A. J. Gregory, W. D. Harbison, J. W. Harper, S. W. Harper, S. Hedger, G. D. Henderson, C. P. Holden, T. A. Howes, P. W. M. Hyslop, R. V. Ingpen, P. H. Ingwersen, J. Jager, J. F. Jones, R. G. Juniper, J. R. Kilpatrick, G. M. Kirby, C. C. Kneen, D. Mackenzie, B. K. J. McPhail, D. M. Martin, H. W. C. Millar, G. F. Moodie, S. J. Moss, M. L. C. Munckton, C. W. Newton, G. R. Olsen, C. J. Patterson, R. A. Phillips, W. M. Reddington, E. J. Rodgers, F. Z. Ross, C. G. Rousseaux, J. R. Sewald, J. M. S. Slattery, A. P. Steiner, P. H. Strachan, T. Throsby, J. P. Tobin, J. N. Towie, L. J. Vallance, D. Van Dissel, J. C. White, G. G. Whitakers, J. F. Yates



TRINITY COLLEGE

SALVETE 1972

C. Albany
 M. A. Alsop
 R. J. Anderson
 B. J. Andison
 M. J. Bailey
 D. A. Beale
 J. L. E. Beavis
 R. J. Bellingham
 K. R. D. Bird
 N. L. Blackman
 W. D. Blake
 R. A. Bouvier
 B. K. Burnard
 P. I. Butler
 P. M. Butler
 B. F. Carpenter
 J. O. Churchill
 J. A. R. Cook
 S. M. Corder
 A. F. Del Porto
 H. L. Dillon
 K. W. Disher
 M. B. Dunstan
 A. A. Edney
 J. Feltscheer
 I. F. Gibson
 A. J. Gissing
 T. Glanville
 P. S. Goldsworthy
 R. K. Graham
 S. W. Harper
 S. C. Hedger
 M. Hess
 R. A. Hilton
 C. P. Holden
 L. K. Hope
 T. A. Howes
 R. O. M. Jackson
 J. Jager
 G. E. James
 J. F. Jones
 R. S. Joyce
 G. M. Kirby
 L. J. Kirk
 A. J. Lang
 D. R. Lord
 R. D. Lowrey
 I. F. Lucas
 W. J. McCormick
 R. H. McDonald
 S. A. McIlldowie
 D. E. Mackenzie
 A. B. Mackinnon
 R. McA. S. Manser
 D. M. Martin
 C. E. Merewether
 H. W. C. Millar
 R. M. Millar
 S. J. Moss
 M. L. C. Munckton
 L. J. Officer
 C. J. Opie
 J. M. Partridge
 C. J. Patterson
 R. A. Phillips
 R. E. Phillips
 B. E. Quirk
 G. D. Ramage
 C. W. Riordan
 C. K. Robson
 D. F. M. Rogers
 C. J. Roper
 C. G. Rousseaux
 M. D. Runnalls

VALETE 1971

P. C. Scott
 J. R. Sewald
 C. J. Singleton
 C. E. Stevenson
 P. H. Strachan
 A. G. V. Strazera
 L. J. Symons
 T. Throsby
 G. D. Tongs
 R. J. Towie
 P. S. Turner
 I. J. Vallance
 N. J. R. Wagg
 A. F. Ward
 D. A. Wishart
 E. P. Witham
 G. W. Abrams
 J. O. Adeleke
 A. M. S. Akinteye
 O. O. Alalade
 D. J. Alsop
 A. M. S. Armstrong
 E. S. Belchambers
 G. J. Bennett
 D. G. Berry
 J. W. T. Bourne
 B. A. Bowering
 M. F. Burbridge
 V. J. Carroll
 R. J. Ch. de Crespigny
 T. R. Chatham
 P. C. Cheeseman
 R. G. Colvin
 C. J. Commons
 D. J. Commons
 J. A. Connors
 D. W. Cover
 M. J. Creek
 D. D. Crisp
 J. D. Davies
 G. G. Durbridge
 P. D. Elliott
 D. A. Emslie
 I. G. Farran
 J. A. Fleming
 B. H. R. Forge
 G. G. Fowler
 A. J. S. Fraser
 P. J. Godfrey
 A. Gordon
 A. W. F. Hamer
 M. D. Hamer
 N. F. Hanson
 P. C. Harrison
 M. I. Haskett
 P. J. Hayes
 A. W. Heinz
 C. J. Holliday
 B. Howman
 T. V. Hurley
 N. J. Jens
 R. N. Johanson
 A. P. S. Kemp
 R. G. Kirby
 C. W. Laycock
 C. J. Lovell
 R. G. Lyon
 D. G. McDonald
 S. J. McGregor
 S. C. N. Madin
 G. D. Mariager
 J. H. Minson
 L. J. Myers
 G. A. Nice
 P. J. Nice
 D. A. North
 M. J. O'Connor
 R. L. Parsons
 J. T. Patten

R. T. Raggatt
 R. M. Ralph
 T. W. Rickman
 M. J. Robb
 J. M. Robinson
 M. H. Rose
 S. Rosenthal
 P. E. Seares
 D. Silver
 D. W. Slessar
 F. A. E. Smith
 D. Soemardi
 R. C. Springall
 D. R. Stevenson
 P. M. Stewart
 H. G. Todd
 A. I. Trowbridge
 P. N. Vickery
 J. H. Walker
 N. A. Walls
 C. R. Wriedt

SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES 1971

Applied Mathematics (Third Year) —
 Dixon Scholarship M. D. Hamer
 Architecture (First Year) — Nell Morris
 Scholarship P. S. Trengove
 Laminex Prize for Building Construction
 P. S. Trengove
 Biology — Australian Society for Microbiology
 Scholarship W. B. Sherwin
 Civil Engineering (Steel Design) Australian
 Institute of Steel Construction —
 Junior Prize E. J. Rogers
 Economic History A —
 Exhibition (shared) R. J. L. Darby
 Economics A — Melbourne Chamber of
 Commerce Exhibition S. J. Hopkins
 Engineering Design Part II —
 Petroleum Refineries (Aust.) Proprietary
 Limited Prize R. G. Juniper
 English and Philosophy — Final Examination
 in Arts — Percival Serle Prize C. D. Corder
 History 1A — Marion Boothby Exhibition
 R. J. L. Darby
 Latin Part I — John Grice Exhibition
 S. E. N. Creese
 Modern Government A — Exhibition
 R. J. L. Darby
 Laurie Prize — Minor (shared)
 C. D. Corder

FIRST CLASS HONOURS 1971

P. D. Allen Physics II
 C. D. Corder Philosophy
 English
 (Final Honours)
 G. A. Crebbin Engineering
 Maths III
 Engineering
 Materials E
 Physics III (Applied
 Science)
 S. E. N. Creese Latin I
 R. J. L. Darby History IA
 Modern
 Government A
 L. B. Ferguson Computer
 Programming
 J. A. Fleming Chemical
 Engineering
 (Final Honours)
 P. J. Fox Computer
 Programming
 C. J. Gardiner Pure Maths I
 Applied Maths I
 Chemistry I
 Physics I

P. J. Godfrey Civil Engineering (Final Honours)
 M. D. Hamer Applied Maths III
 R. A. Hilton Biology
 Chemistry (Vet.)
 Physics (Vet.)
 S. J. Hopkins Economics A
 Accountancy I
 R. G. Juniper Engineering Design II
 J. R. Long Construction Surveying
 A. E. McCallum Information Science
 C. M. Maxwell Philosophy IA
 Classical Studies A
 S. H. C. Mills Classical Studies A
 Physics I (Eng.)
 Chemistry I (Eng.)
 Introduction to Engineering
 Pure Maths I
 Applied Maths I
 H. A. Pitt Engineering Maths I
 P. J. Ponder Chemistry I
 N. D. Reeves Legal Process
 Constitutional History
 D. R. Stevenson Pure Maths III
 Applied Maths III
 T. P. Thwaites Chemistry I
 P. S. Trengove Design I
 Building Construction I
 History of Architecture I
 R. E. H. Turnbull Information Science
 P. S. Turner English I
 German I
 Legal Process
 M. D. Whalley Business Administration II

SECOND CLASS HONOURS 1971

M. J. Ackland Pathology
 C. E. Beckwith Jurisprudence
 Mercantile Law
 E. S. Bellchambers Practical Teaching
 F. D. Birch Statistical Method
 Economics C
 Economics History B
 J. W. T. Bourne Business Administration II
 G. G. Boxall Chemistry I
 A. W. Boyd Pathology
 I. Carmichael Pure Mathematics I
 Physics I
 P. K. Cashman Criminology B
 R. J. Clemente Law (Final Honours)
 C. J. Commons Chemistry IV
 P. J. Connell Chemistry (Vet.)
 G. A. Crebbin Economic Studies I
 T. J. Cunningham Physiology
 Biochemistry
 L. S. Devine Accountancy IIB
 P. D. Elliott Taxation
 Legal Persons
 D. A. Emslie Introduction to Engineering
 L. B. Ferguson Chemistry I
 Pure Maths I
 Physics I
 F. R. Fair Physics IV
 J. C. Fox Mechanical Engineering I
 Engineering Design II
 Mechanics of Solids
 P. J. Fox Pure Maths I
 Physics
 W. K. Gardner Agricultural Economics I
 Animal Husbandry I

A. J. Gregory Fine Arts B
 Latin II
 J. A. Gibson Modern Government B
 A. Gordon Medical Biochemistry II
 P. B. Grant Philosophy IA
 J. C. Hambly Mercantile Law
 International Law
 Equity
 M. D. Hamer Pure Maths III
 W. B. Harbison Animal Husbandry I
 M. I. Haycroft Economic History A
 R. A. Hilton Introduction to Veterinary Science
 S. J. Hopkins Pure Maths I
 A. M. Kemp Chemistry III (Eng.)
 R. G. Kirby Economics B
 C. C. Kneen Civil Engineering I
 Engineering Maths IIIA
 G. A. Lewin Introduction to Engineering
 Economics A (Commerce)
 P. S. Lowe Pure Maths I
 Applied Thermodynamics II
 A. E. McCallum Pure Maths I
 G. D. Mariager Applied Thermodynamics II
 C. M. Maxwell Legal Process
 Criminal Law
 S. H. C. Mills Modern Government A
 French I
 G. F. Moodie General Logic I
 Recent Philosophy
 D. N. Moore History of Architecture IIC
 Honours History 3D
 P. S. Moss History of Architecture IIB
 C. W. Newton Chemistry II
 W. D. Park Chemistry I (Eng.)
 Physics I (Eng.)
 Introduction to Engineering
 H. A. Pitt Chemistry I (Eng.)
 Physics I (Eng.)
 Introduction to Engineering
 W. M. Reddington Chemical Engineering I
 Metallurgy IA
 N. D. Reeves Criminal Law
 History IB
 G. A. Rex Computer Programming I
 Philosophy IA
 M. S. Roche Civil Engineering I
 Economics A
 Accountancy I
 G. J. Rowley Biology
 Chemistry
 Physics
 W. B. Sherwin Anatomy
 Physiology
 Physics
 D. Silver Anatomy
 Physiology
 Physics
 A. R. N. Sisson Geography III
 R. C. Springall Political Geography
 Economics A (Arts)
 P. W. Stawell Biology
 Chemistry
 A. C. Thomson Biology
 Chemistry
 T. P. Thwaites Biology
 Physics
 P. S. Trengove Maths Method I
 R. E. H. Turnbull Chemistry I
 Pure Maths I
 Physics
 P. S. Turner Criminal Law
 N. A. Walls Mechanics of Solids
 Applied Thermodynamics
 Dynamics of Machines
 G. G. Whittakers Mathematics
 Method
 Building
 Construction I

P. G. Willcocks Equity
 R. L. Wilson Chemistry I
 J. F. Yates Biology
 Chemistry

MAJOR SCHOLARSHIPS

R. & L. ALCOCK
 J. L. E. Beavis
 J. O. Churchill
 CLARKE
 T. G. Glanville
 SIMON FRAZER (THE YOUNGER)
 E. J. Rogers
 CHARLES HEBDEN MEMORIAL
 A. L. Cunningham
 S. H. Niemann
 PERRY
 P. S. Trengove
 R. A. Hilton
 A. M. WHITE
 T. J. Cunningham
 G. A. Crebbin
 H. A. Pitt
 S. A. WYNNE
 C. D. Corder
 P. S. Turner
 COUNCIL
 C. J. Gardiner
 A. J. Gregory
 C. M. Maxwell

MINOR SCHOLARSHIPS

HENRY BERTHON
 L. K. Hope
 H. W. C. Millar
 R. M. Millar
 ELIZABETH HEBDEN
 P. S. Moss
 S. J. Moss
 COUNCIL
 A. A. Howes
 A. J. Lang
 S. A. McIlldowie
 A. G. V. Strazzera
 R. J. Towie
 B. J. Andison
 G. E. James
 C. C. Kneen
 S. H. C. Mills
 T. P. Thwaites
 N. J. Towie
 R. E. H. Turnbull
 G. G. Whittakers
 J. F. Yates

COUNCIL SENIOR NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONS

P. D. Allen
 R. J. L. Darby
 M. D. Hamer
 S. J. Hopkins
 D. J. Oppenheim
 N. D. Reeves
 D. R. Stevenson

COUNCIL NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONS

N. D. Coventry
 P. C. Lugg
 R. C. Warner

GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIP

C. J. Opie

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTSHIPS

C. Albany
 D. G. Atkinson
 E. C. Byford
 A. W. Curnow
 R. S. Joyce
 C. J. Roper
 P. R. Thompson
 B. W. Shaw
 D. Van Dissel
 E. P. Witham

GRADUATES 1971-2

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY (OXON.)

J. L. C. Chipman,
 B. Phil. (Oxon.), M.A.

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

A. K. Gregson,
B.Sc. (Hons)
(Chemistry)
B. D. Williams
B.Sc. (Hons)
(Chemistry)

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND BACHELOR OF SURGERY

O. D. Barkley
N. S. Hanson
J. T. Patten
A. H. Crosthwaite
D. M. Gawler
R. J. Ramsay
R. B. Sewell
G. A. Varigos

BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE

A. S. Lang

BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE

B. J. Mathews

BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS

C. D. Cordner
G. G. Durbridge
G. S. Lester

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE

A. M. S. Armstrong
A. P. S. Kemp
C. W. Laycock
L. W. Payne

BACHELOR OF DIVINITY

R. H. Elliott

BACHELOR OF EDUCATION

J. O'Neill Brenan, B.A.

BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING

J. A. Fleming (Chemical)
P. J. Godfrey (Civil)
P. C. Harrison (Civil)

BACHELOR OF LAWS

G. R. Grantham
P. N. Vickery

BACHELOR OF LAWS WITH HONOURS

R. J. Clemente
P. D. Elliott
G. S. Lester

BACHELOR OF LAWS/BACHELOR OF COMMERCE

S. J. McGregor

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

D. J. Alsop
D. A. Emslie
D. R. Evans
R. G. Olsen

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS

C. J. Commons
F. R. Fair
G. A. Nice
J. M. Robinson

JANET CLARKE HALL

SALVETE 1972

Julie Ager
Sally Allen
Bronwyn Apted
Pauline Brightling
Prue Borthwick
Pia Brous
Annette Carless
Ai Lee Ch'ng
Louise Clarke
Kathleen Collins
Andrea Creaser
Lynda Evans
Anne Favaloro
Helen Fleming
Meredith Fletcher
Jennifer Green
Sally Harding
Kristen Headlam
Enid Hooley
Anne Howard
Linda Huzzey
Merrin James
Merrilyn Julian
Belinda Kirkwood
Julia Knight
Rhonda Koschade
Jennifer Lee
Joyce Lusi
Alison McCready
Andrea McDonald
Prue Millis
Elizabeth Moore
Margaret Mossop
Margaret Morgen
Amanda Newman
Helen Nunn
Kristen Panozzo
Margaret Parnaby
Heather Powell
Sally Pryor
Barbara Reeckman
Susan Reid
Shelley Roberts
Melinda Schneider
Jennifer Scovell
Megan Smith
Janette Smithson
Louise Stephens
Marina Steward
Kathryn Stilwell
Janette Stumbles
Mary Sutherland
Claire Thompson
Janette Thornton
Elizabeth Vines
Rosalyn Urbahns
Diana White
Jennifer Woods

VALETE 1971

Janet Anderson
Margaret Armstrong
Rosemary Bain
Jan Bitcon
Virginia Brook
Diane Cameron
Gill Canapini
Wendy Clarke
Judith Clutterbuck
Catherine Collins
Rosemary Connors
Margaret Cummins
Janet Cuthbertson
Jeltje Fanoy
Rosemary Flanders
Sandra Fleming
Frances Frew
Lois Gillett
Susan Graham
Susan Gowans
Deborah Grice
Jennifer Hay
Wendy Hayes
Prue Hill
Wendy Hogg
Sarah Jaques
Miranda Jelbart
Susie Johnson
Lorraine Jones

Katherine Kelaher
Sally Kirkwood
Ann Kupa
Jennifer Lade
Gail Littlejohn
Dianne McDonald
Roslyn McDonald
Margaret McKinney
Lyndis McWhinney
Ueri Mefaramu
Margaret Obi
Jim Patrick
Meredith Patrick
Laurie Patrick
Karen Pitt
Julie Prescott
Ronia Reid
Judith Ross
Morfydd Sharp
Penny Sanderson
Toni Sanders
Pamela Silvers
Anne Skelley
Marion Spiller
Vicki Stephens
Sally Stewart
Rosemary Thornton
Barbara Wearne
Susan Wilcox

SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES 1971

Anatomy Including Histology & Embryology (Division II M.B., B.S.) — Dwight's Prize
Prue Hill

T. F. Ryan Prize

Prue Hill

Architecture — 2nd Year — Nell Norris
Scholarship (shared)

Janet Haysom

Dutch Part I — Exhibition

Elizabeth Adeney

Forensic Medicine — The Crawford

Mollison Prize

Lynnette Davies

French Part I — Baillieu Exhibition

Anne Brooks

German — W. T. Mollison Scholarship in Modern Languages

Pam Silvers

History — Final Examination in Arts — Dwight Final Examination Prize

Shurlee Hateley

History — Final Examination in Arts — Margaret Kiddle Prize — Essay

Shurlee Hateley

Indonesian and Malayan Studies Part I — The Australian-Asian Association Prize

Anne Brooks

Medicine — Division IV (Sixth Year) M.B., B.S. — Keith Levi Memorial Scholarship

Ann Kupa

Clinical Dermatology — Herman Lawrence Prize (shared)

Ann Kupa

Paediatrics — Carnation Award; Grieve Memorial Prize; The Mead Johnson Prize

Ann Kupa

Industrial Medicine — Egar Rouse Prizes (Second)

Ann Kupa

Surgery — Division IV (Sixth Year) M.B., B.S. — Beaney Scholarship and Robert Garty Healey Scholarship

Ann Kupa

Surgical Paediatrics — Clara Myers Prize

Ann Kupa

Music — First Year Diploma in Music and Concert Diploma in Music — Ormond Exhibitions and Lady Turner Prize

Penelope Gunter

Music — Instrumental Music — Wright Prize

Robyn McGregor

Physiology Including Pharmacology — Boots Prize (shared)

Janet Henderson

Prue Hill

Veterinary Microbiology — Commonwealth Serum Laboratories Prize

Elizabeth Gray

Veterinary Pathology Part I — Australian Veterinary Association (Federal Council) Prize

Elizabeth Gray

FIRST CLASS HONOURS 1971

Elizabeth Adeney	German II Dutch II
Ann Brooks	French I and Indonesian and Malayan Studies I Biology
Ruth Fincher	Geography III Political Geography
Alison Finlay	English Language II German II
Betty Friday	Economics B
Elizabeth Gray	Physiology (Vet.) Pharmacology (Vet.) Microbiology (Vet.) Parasitology (Vet.)
Penelope Gunter	Concert Study I
Janet Haysom	History of Architecture IIA Social Studies (Arch.)
Janet Henderson	Biology
Christina Johnson	Philosophy IB
Susie Johnson	Social Biology
Ann Kupa	Medicine Surgery
Robyn McGregor	Chief Practical Studies II
Julie Prescott	Methods of Teaching
Pam Silvers	German & History (Final Hons) History 4B
Di Symons	Microbiology 2A & 2B
Alison Tom	Chemistry (Final Hons)
Jenny Webb	Latin II History 2E
Gill Willett	Chemistry

SECOND CLASS HONOURS 1971

Elizabeth Adeney	English Literature II
Rebecca Albeck	Psychology
Katherine Alder	English Literature II History 2C Economic History B
Janet Anderson	Education Psychology
Jan Bitcon	Theories of Politics 2A
Paula Bun	English Language II English Literature II
Diane Cameron	Fine Arts B Modern Government
Ah Lian Chiam	Economics C (Industrial Relations)
Judith Clutterbuck	History IB
Suzanne Cooke	French I English I East Asian Studies I Modern Government A
Katharine Esson	Psychology IIIA Psychology IIIB
Ruth Fincher	History 3A
Alison Finlay	English Literature II
Dimity Giles	International Relations
Susan Gowans	Philosophy IIA Recent Philosophy A Moral Political Philosophy
Elizabeth Gray	Animal Husbandry Pathology (Vet.)

Penelope Gunter
Jenny Hay

Janet Haysom

Janet Henderson

Christina Johnson

Sally Kirkwood

Ann Kupa

Gretel Lamont

Anne Langford

Rosalyn McDonald

Judie Manley

Margaret Morgen

Miranda Morris

Wendy Morris

Elaine Murray

Laurie Patrick

Karen Pitt

Vicki Ponsford

Anne Reeckman

Ronia Reid

Diana Jane Rouse

Jennifer Ross

Heather Scott

Jennifer Seddon

Morfydd Sharp

Pam Silvers

Anne Skelley

Janette Smithson

Rosemary Springall

Mei Ling Tan

Helen Tom

Rosemary

Vandenberg

Robyn Vines

Julia Wales

Phillipa Westbrook

Susan Wilcox

RESIDENT SCHOLARSHIPS

Annette Carless
Helen Fleming
Merrilyn Julian

Music A
Modern
Government A
Economics C
(Industrial Relations)
Building
Construction IIA
Building
Construction IIB
Building Science IIB
Building Science IIE
Mathematical
Methods II

Physiology
Medical Psychology
English I
Psychology I
History IA
Chemistry III
Obstetrics and
Gynaecology
Chemistry I
Chemistry I
Middle Eastern
Studies

Equity
Philosophy IB
History IB
Chemistry I
Social Biology
Economic History B
Legal Persons
Industrial Law
French I
Modern
Government A
Psychology I

Geology
Chemistry
Geography
(Final Hons)
Chemistry IIA
Modern
Government B
International
Relations
French I
History IB
Philosophy IB

English Language
and Literature
(Final Hons)
History (Final Hons)
History 3C
History 2D
History 3A
History IB
English I
Economic History A
Medicine
Obstetrics and
Gynaecology

Physics
Biology
Modern
Government A
Modern
Government C
Psychology IIA
Psychology IIB
Physiology
Biochemistry
Political
Philosophy A
Economics C
(Public Finance)
Economics C
(Industrial Relations)

Margaret Parnaby
Sally Pryor
Kathryn Stilwell
Melinda Schneider
Robyn McGregor
Christina Johnson
Heather Scott
Jenny Scovell
Alison Finlay
Janet Haysom
Andrea McDonald
Robyn Vines
Ruth Fincher

NON-RESIDENT SCHOLARSHIPS

Ann Brooks
Elizabeth Adeney
Jenny Webb
Prue Hill
Anne Hill
Judith Nettleingham
Elizabeth Rowan
Janet Henderson

GRADUATES 1971-2

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Jan	Bitcon
Katrina	Bristow
Miranda	Capell
Wendy	Clarke
Kathleen	Collins
Jan	Cuthbertson
Jeltje	Fanoy
Jenny	Hay
Anne	Hood
Lorraine	Jones
Elizabeth	Oliver
Patricia	Sloan
Marion	Spiller
Dianne	Taylor
Susan	Wilcox

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Yvonne	Immergluck
Judith	Littauer
Karyn	Moon
Ronia	Reid
Jenny	Seddon
Morfydd	Sharp
Pamela	Silvers
Pere	Wells

BACHELOR OF ARTS AND SOCIAL STUDIES

Lyndis	McWhinney
Elizabeth	Saunders

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE

Ah Lian	Chiam
---------	-------

BACHELOR OF LAWS

Karen	Pitt
-------	------

BACHELOR OF LAWS WITH HONOURS

Erika	Feller, B.A.
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BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY

Frances	Frew
Ann	Kupa
Helen	Tom

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

Rose	Bain
Catherine	Collins
Sarah	Jaques
Sally	Kirkwood
Nancy	Stockdale
Gill	Willett

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS

Rosslyn	Lyons
Alison	Tom

DIPLOMA OF EDUCATION

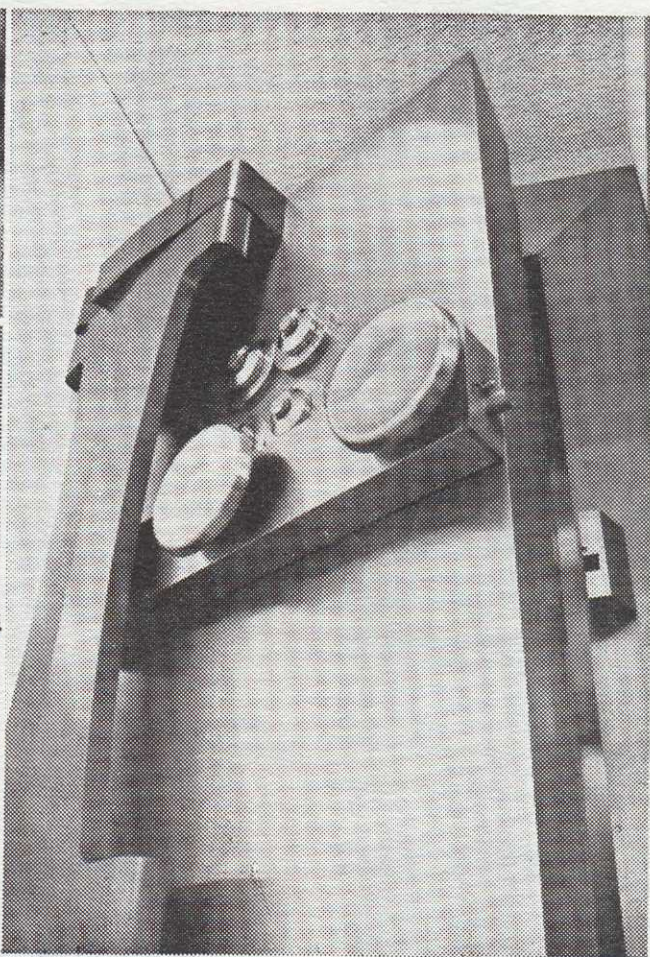
Janet	Anderson, B.A.
Sandra	Fleming, B.A.
Julie	Prescott, B.Sc.
Vicki	Stephens, B.A.

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Elizabeth	Blackburn
Anne	Meehan
Anne	Smythe

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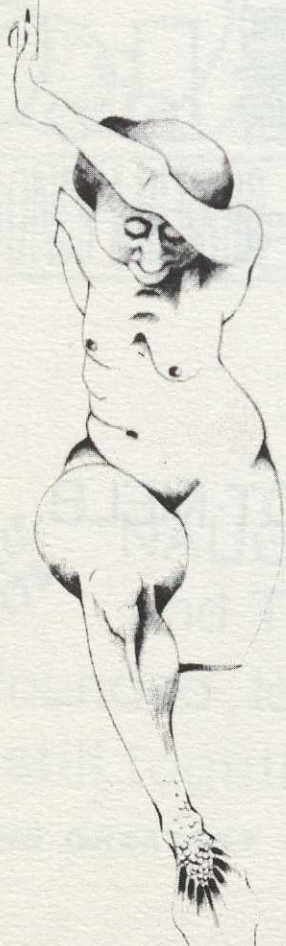
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MILLION

*Hear the sound of a million people
Millions of children in motion
All of us waiting for the rain
To wash away the dust from our bodies*

*Can you dance can you remember
How to dance and get along with all of us
For the rest of our life*

*And yet there were some of the men and ladies
Who remembered that in the beginning we all were one
A body and one spirit in all of our bodies
Whoa....oh sanctuary*

*Come and sail with me....revelation
Standing on the edge of civilization*

*Farewell to the Good times behind you
Goodbye San Francisco Dream
Good mornin San Francisco ladies
Good mornin San Francisco crazies*

*Get it on come along now
Just maybe one more chance
To get it on with all of us for all of our life*

*I bow down to San Francisco ladies
I bow down to M' San Francisco lady.....*

*Gonna get along gonna getcha you down
Get around down baby with you*



STARSHIP STARSHIP STARSHIP

People (people) - People (people)

People (people) - People (people)

People (people) - People (people)

to the

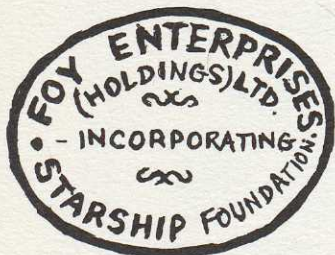
COOL & THE DARK



Faded text block, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.



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This magazine was edited by Geoff Chettle, Robert Clemente, Kathy Esson, Ruth Fincher, Alison Finlay, Charles Merewether and Joseph Sewald. It was published by the Trinity College Associated Clubs for and on behalf of the resident students of Trinity College and Janet Clarke Hall; and printed in Australia by Riall Print Pty. Ltd. For the most part, it was set in ten point linotype times roman with one point leaded.

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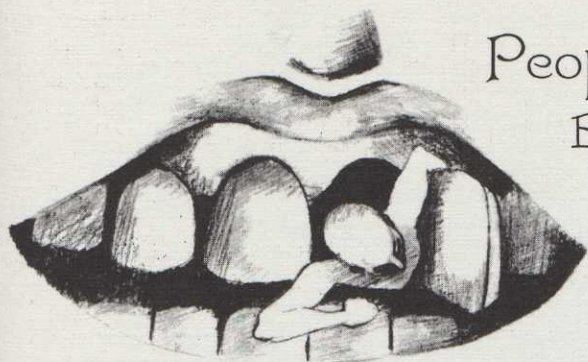
This is number 367 of an edition which is limited to 580 copies.

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People (people!) Needed Now
EARTH GETTING TOO THICK
MOVE ON OUT
to the
COOL & THE DARK

*All positions open: captains, astral navigators, cooks, dancers, energy centers
We need experts in explosives, wave mechanics, lazer technics, atomic
& trionic physics, labrian tantronic, telemetry, etc.*

*Telepaths, machinists, chemists, woodworkers, physicians
craftsmen, poets, artists, recording engineers, moon pair, & particularly people
who don't have any idea what they're all about*

Embarkation date: Mill 4 (App. 1989-9)

*We intend to hijack the
first sound interstellar or interplanetary starship built by the people of this planet
A time of 3-7 months will be needed
for tantronic conversion of the machinery to make it usable for practical travel
— involving light years.*

*We need people on earth now to begin preparing the necessary tools
There will be room for 7000 or more people.*

*If it seems that your head is into this please write & talk about
something for a bit*

You will not be contacted immediately

*Please just prepare your minds & your bodies. Experiment — move your mind
Practice telepathy & telekinesis — if you feel it*

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