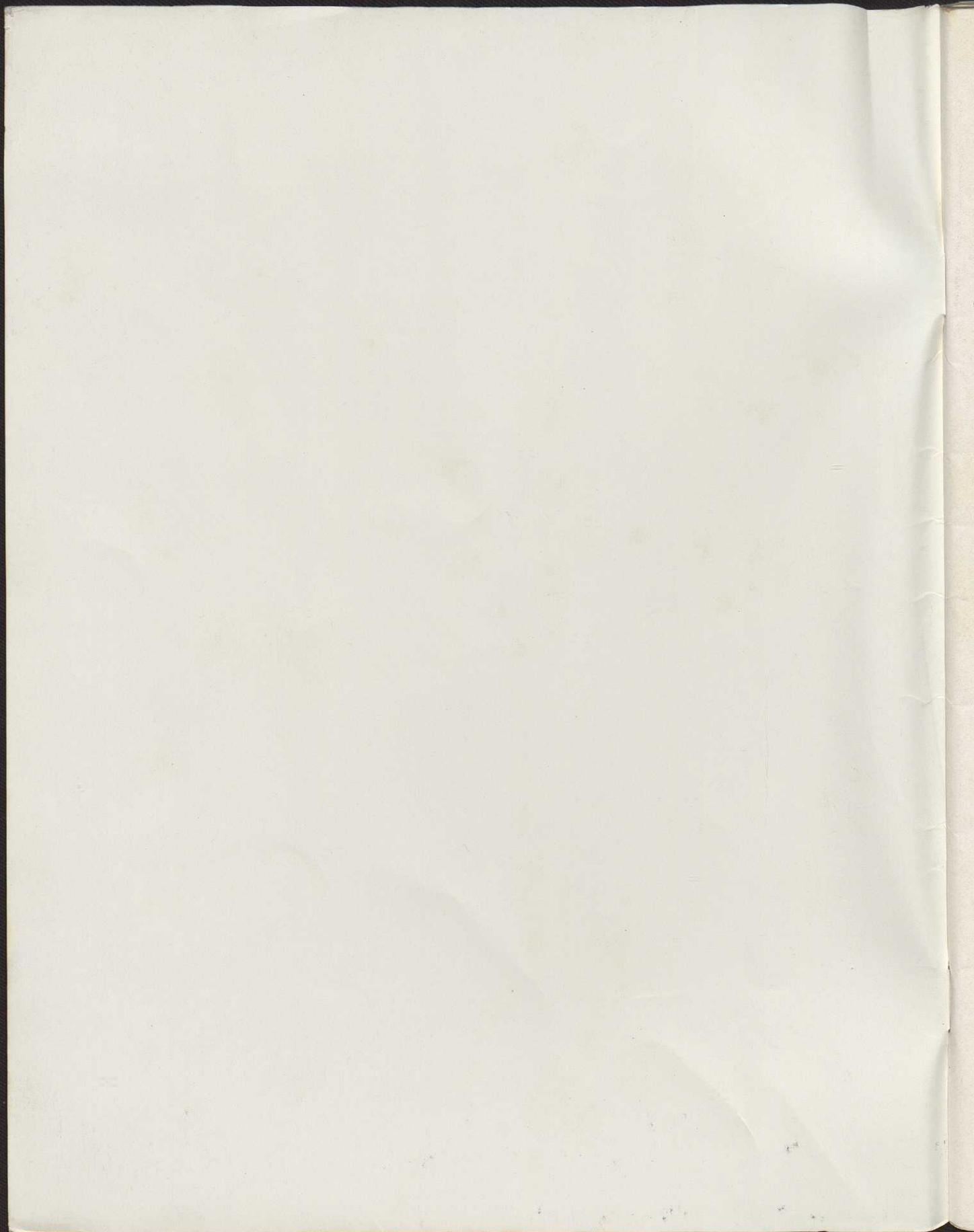
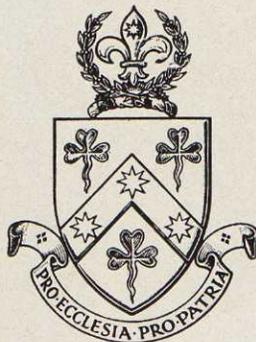
A black and white photograph of a church spire silhouette against a light sky and water, with foliage on the right.

THE FLEUR DE LYS, 1967



FLEUR DE LYS

The Magazine of
Trinity College and Janet Clarke Hall



MELBOURNE 1967

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FLEUR-DE-LYS

EDITORS: Jacqueline Gurner, Janet Sells, Ian Langman,
David Fitzpatrick

THE College Appeal and women reform have come and gone this year without causing great indigestion pains. The women hours question sparked off a heated debate on some aspects of college discipline last year, so perhaps the wider question of disciplinary power in the life of the college might be happily reviewed at this time. The task of keeping the Warden's Peace has been vested in the members of the Senior Common Room since time immoral, and, while this has been attacked from time to time, like Johnny Walker it's still going strong. There is an alternative to the present system, however, and it bears serious consideration at this time.

In a college such as this it is accepted that each member of the community may study, amuse and discipline himself in whatever manner he chooses, so long as his behaviour does not interfere with the privacy of his colleagues. Granted this, is it not reasonable that the members of the college should themselves have the major say in college discipline and that this be achieved by vesting most of these powers as they stand at present in their elected representatives, the committee of the Associated Clubs? The Senior Common Room tutors would then teach and advise and would be able to devote more time to their present task of raising the quality of college life by personal and academic contact with the college's undergraduate base. They would no longer be forced to assume the role of the bad-tempered house-master-cum-policeman which inevitably creates unpopularity and petty personal frictions. As in other similar institutions, it would be the committee's responsibility to keep order, to fine and to walk the corridors at midnight, responsible as it is to the seething mass of Junior Common Room humanity. Of course, both the college tutors and the authorities would of necessity be involved with questions of discipline. But the work-load would be reapportioned and the character of college administration changed considerably.

IN its ninety-five years of life Trinity College has seldom been acclaimed as a centre of adventurous thought. Its scholars have been noted more for their solidity, their commendable mastery of formal disciplines, than for intellectual passion, radicalism and controversialism. This magazine will, the editors hope, once again be an appropriately heavy-weight testament to the activities of its heavy-weight readers. Perhaps some outsider, taking the College less seriously than do its members, might find 'Fleur-de-Lys' a little ponderous, even lacking in wit; a trifle archaic by way of contents, conservative in production; its facetious articles tedious, its serious articles laughable . . . Such an unhappy contingency is unlikely to arise, however, for our modest circulation is practically confined to sensible students in the College and its adjuncts. The editors never cease to silently express their heartfelt gratitude to the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys for its failure to induce any but the faithful few to read the magazine.

Secure in their knowledge that they are among friends, the editors wish to admit a few tiny innovations, minute deviations from custom. Our cover has maintained last year's blackness of aspect, alleviated by an exciting patch of gleaming white and a sober representation of life on the roof of Cowan. A few careful drawings have been prepared, depicting various aspects of the College scene. A trifle prosaic, you say? Yes, but our aim is not to amuse but to edify. The most serious change relates to our name. The editors' collective conscience has compelled them to insert hyphens between the three words 'fleur', 'de' and 'lys', thus restoring the traditional spelling, so wrongfully abandoned in 1966. Our French friends have made it clear that the Académie Française will terminate its subscription unless the 'y' of 'lys' is struck out and replaced by an 'i', but we stopped short of so radical a change: after all, we could not risk offending our friends of the Union — of the Fleur-de-Lys.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are a pedantic quadruple. But we recognise our failings and, like true Australians, make them into virtues instead of remedying them. We are proud of ourselves, of our magazine, and of our College or Hall, but we are humble enough to admit it, and is that not something? Any reader who says 'no' is a radical, an upstart and very probably in the pay of the Bolsheviks. We ourselves have always had a leaning towards the Black Hundreds.

IN the ocean of possible editorial topics, one is apparently expected to snatch from the flotsam such diverse issues as:

Is the Bursar a kleptomaniac?

Or: Does freedom of conscience exist in colleges?

Never having been lucky anglers, we were left feeling hopeless, with yards of seaweed, three dead crabs, and the old boot of Trinity-JCH relationships.

IN the last few years the 'Great Divorce' has been verbally flung around with gay abandon: the Marriage of Convenience broke up, it is assumed, because of sexual incompatibility

and mental cruelty. With a certain arbitrariness, one can outline the proceedings of the divorce in the usual terms of changing perspectives in college life. This seems somewhat simple-minded and not particularly worthwhile.

There is no reason to assume that a relationship exists on this scale, or is worth analysing and discussing. The previous tendency to visualise the colleges as those personified figures, the College Gentleman and Lady, who have an immediate merging of interests, seems redundant. The 'natural' consequences of their legal separation is a state of hostility—for those who think it worth worrying about.

While not denying that the colleges have a certain amount of common experience, which has been distorted by most into an easily classifiable relationship, there is a more meaningful, if more nebulous, one: of individual responses between individuals. There should be no prescribed reaction between these two groups. Mere proximity should not inhibit the spontaneous response of each member to any other within or between colleges. On the contrary, if viewed without prejudice, colleges should provide an environment for the full expression of total individuality.



CONCERNING TWO COLLEGES

'HAS OUR DAY COME?'

TRINITY SENIOR STUDENT: Adrian Mitchell.

SECRETARY: Peter Hughes.

TREASURER: Alfred Smith.

INDOOR REPRESENTATIVE: Graham Brown.

OUTDOOR REPRESENTATIVE: Ian Mitchell.

GENERAL REPRESENTATIVE: John Forbes.

Traditionally, one must present a philosophical rationale of our governmental system, thus adding a new, fresh and tasty coating to the rather cracked icing of our predecessors on a cake which has become oh, so stale! The alternatives to stale cake are too un-British to be contemplated, and so convention becomes tradition merely because it is perpetuated.

It is doubtful that the College would ever be perceptive that, in matters of policy, its Committee might have been militant, but not aggressive, firm yet non-committal. However, whether or not recognised as such, they are indispensable (and happily nebulous) characteristics for 'the efficient running of student affairs within the College.' Many previous régimes have adhered to the philosophy that the Committee must set itself a goal which, once accomplished, can be counted the measureless achievement or 'pièce de resistance' of its reign. In practical terms it may not be appropriate, or in fact possible, to have such a set aim; but the fundamental prerequisite that the Committee show vision in the reality of its daily affairs is indisputable.

Now to relate the tapestry of events which have made this year so colourful!

A basic reorganisation of the Freshers' Dinner made it worthy of being redesignated the Commencement Dinner. Professor A. G. L. Shaw (sometime Dean of the College) and Doctor Lempriere (President of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys) were guest speakers.

To give freshmen and Senior Gentlemen of the College opportunity to meet at the outset of the Academic Year, it was arranged that a senior man in College act as host to two freshmen who were assigned him as guests to the Dinner.

The ambition of three or four years ago that the Junior Common Room become the

'hub' of the College is being fulfilled. This year new curtains were hung; the Brack painting returned to a place of honour; and the Alexander Leeper Chess Table (gift of the First Warden on his departure from the College in 1917) restored for chess enthusiasts and the general enhancement of the room.

Furthermore, the Billiard Room will now dazzle the eye. New lighting has been installed and tier after tier of ancient Trinity Gentlemen have emerged from the dust of obscurity now to be clearly discerned by those with a bent towards such 'antiquities'.

For three years the College has been rewarded in its enthusiasm for a 'good cause'. Last year, three hundred and sixty dollars of money raised in an appeal provided for the construction and equipping of a playground in Koke, New Guinea. This year the College supported World University Service, and the appeal was conducted by the T.C.A.C. Committee. Events included the judging of Miss JCH — Trinity, won by Miss Cathy Elder; a barbeque and Common Room Dance; and, above all, the generosity of individual members of the College in direct giving; from all of which some six hundred dollars was raised.

Our day has come, and we no longer have a bee in our bonnet. The old chestnut cropped up again this year — and cracked! Prejudices (like the bee) were thrown to the winds, and it was a cool, calm College which handled the hotcake of previous generations, and who welcomed the announcement that the women hours, not relegated to the mothballs after all, would be extended. Last year's decision (which did, in fact, include concessions) was the inevitable result of a political stalemate. Consequently the most amateur of politicians might plumb the depths of the recent decision as one not necessarily indicative of a change in attitude, but, in fact, of the practicalities of the situation.

If any of us need a 'breather', another trip to New Guinea is planned this year, and it is hoped we will produce the physical labour as well as academics in the clerical line.

Inter-collegiately, Trinity has distinguished itself as Host College providing a meticulous Chairman in the figure of Mr. James Merralls and a Secretary and Treasurer in Mr. David

Elder and Mr. Alan Higgs. The Annual Dinner had a little more spark than last year, although the Presbyterians, as totally unvictorious on the sporting field, swept away with the Cowan Cup . . . to the Newman Ball?

One of the most recent events was Prosh. Planned as a 'festive week', Prosh activities penetrated the whole student body of Melbourne University so that (in the words of an S.R.C. representative) some life might be injected into the campus. In addition, it was just as important that a favourable impression of the University be created in the public eye. The events fell into two parts, the first including an Orphans' Picnic, the Mr. University contest, and a scavenger hunt. A blood drive operated during the whole week. The proceeds of blood sold to business houses (who later gave it to hospitals) aided the Abschol Foundation. The second part took place in the City of Melbourne itself. Trinity provided numerous stunts and collectors for charity. The theme of its stall was 'temperance', and a sermon decrying the Demon — drink — was delivered at opportune moments in such places as we were wont to speak: the C.M.L. Plaza, the steps of the Australia Hotel, and Woolworths, Bourke Street. Many were guided into paths of true peace and abstinence!

Were one to mention the members of the Committee in terms of 'achievement' one could not do better than to quote Mr Sydney Arthur Wynne's description of the Indoor Representative (Mr. Graham Brown) as a 'good, clean, upright, honest sort of a chap who bloody-well knows how to ask for things . . .' After-Dinner Coffee is now served in large cups by courtesy of both the said gentlemen.

With quiet, unrelenting devotion, Mr. Ian Mitchell pursued his task as Outdoor Representative, while the life of the Committee and the whole College was aroused from its resignation to mediocrity in matters pertaining to morals by Mr. John Forbes, our Social Secretary, who took an especial interest in the sexual education of Trinity gentlemen (and of the ladies of the Hall).

Midas was but an amateur in the realms of gold compared with Mr. A. W. Smith, who instilled into our fiscal system such efficiency as it had not previously experienced. On the other hand, Peter Hughes was the *littérateur*, while Adrian Mitchell, as the first of four Medical Students dominating the supersonic six, wielded the tools of his trade and operated on the College as our most excellent Senior Student in the year that was.

STRIVING FOR TRUTH

JCH SENIOR STUDENT: Elizabeth Eaton.
SECRETARY: Sarnia Tardif.
TREASURER: Joan Foley.
HOME SECRETARY: Janet Lobban.
LIBRARIAN: Judith Synnot.

Perhaps I may be accused of donning the proverbial rose-tinted glasses even before my term as inmate has expired. Nevertheless, as we strive for truth, so must I report, not that general apathy prevails, but rather that the year has been marked not merely by increased interest and participation in the affairs of JCH but also in the other colleges and the University at large.

College does offer a unique quality, the importance of which increases as does the vastness and the impersonal character of the University. Sporting, debating, social service, essay reading and the musical activities of the Hall all reflected the fellowship only found in small communities such as ours. Participation in these events is supplementary to the necessarily larger, more competitive and less congenial university organisations.

At least around the Crescent, JCH has become renowned for her hospitality. We have been delighted to entertain to dinner Senior Students from other Melbourne colleges, the artists playing in the Inter-College Concert held in JCH, a group of English Speaking Union students, as well as other guests, including Dr. Molly Hollinan, who spoke at the Blackwood Dinner.

The Student Club Committee has functioned well as a team, and although, as is to be expected, it is the most obvious policy maker in the college, it is not the only one. Sub-committees and interested individuals have been both active and effective. We welcomed Miss Lucy Grace to the Senior Common Room, and the College Bursar, Mrs. Eldridge, who is now in residence. Dr. Eden will doubtless return from her whirlwind tour with the latest gossip on developments in collegiate living overseas.

We have all heard enough of the Great Divorce, but is it all as true as they say? For instance, would the ladies have breakfasted with the gentlemen on the Vatican lawns, and would the Trinity Dining Room have been graced with feminine charm, even after one hundred years of unadulterated bachelordom? Just as tea and toast on the Vatican lawns is a new symbol of a long-standing and much-valued tradition, so I have suggested that, beneath the changing face of JCH, remain the values enshrined in the traditions we willingly preserve.

APPEAL ADDRESS

The Warden's Speech at a Dinner to
launch a College Appeal, held in the
College Dining Hall on June 23,
1967

It is no secret that I am not a mathematician, and I think it can safely be revealed that 'Russell and Whitehead' is a closed book as far as I am concerned; so it may be that there is a great deal more in this decimal business than I am aware of — it may be that the decimal system does have some absolute validity in the cosmic ordering of things. Because otherwise it seems to me that we do pay a most extraordinary deference to the number one hundred, a deference which falls little short of a species of tribal magic. Why do we commemorate centenaries? Why do we regard the one hundredth anniversary of something as so much more significant than the ninety-ninth or the one-hundred-and-first? Have you ever heard of some dear old lady receiving the royal telegram when she was ninety-nine in the twilight village to which her devoted offspring had consigned her? And will the ABC report to us on the national news that a certain Australian jockey in England has just ridden his two-thousand-and-first winner? No, I think not. It is the century which steals the limelight every time.

Well, gentlemen, who are we to resist its ancient lure? Let us note, therefore, with proper awe, that this College has already entered upon its centennial mysteries. It is true that the feasts and the fireworks, the really jolly part of this centenary rite, will be postponed until 1972, which will be the centenary of our opening. But other anniversaries of a centennial nature have occurred, or are quite close at hand. One hundred years ago we already had our name, given to us in honour of His Grace's College by His Grace's predecessor, Bishop Perry. We even had a notional constitutional existence (in conjunction, I am sorry to say, with Melbourne Grammar School, but there you are). The College Committee was actively planning our foundation. It was already in negotiation with Leonard Terry, the architect of Leeper Building. Money

was in hand. One hundred years ago last year our site was reserved for us by the Government. One hundred years ago, then, the whole enterprise of Trinity College was afoot.

And so the old magic begins to work upon us and invites us to reflect both retrospectively and prospectively. One hundred years. What have we done in our first century? What might we do in our second? Now I must, of course, leave something to say in five years time, but I should like to offer some preliminary reflections of this nature, both retrospective and prospective, because they do bear, I believe, on our present situation.

I would say that the most striking achievement of Trinity College in the last hundred years has been the establishment of a collegiate tradition, a university collegiate tradition, unrivalled in this country. That is a very strong claim to make, but I believe one can support it. There are, of course, other fine university colleges in Australia, but there is a quality about the tradition of this College, and a continuity, and an initiative within it, which marks it with a special eminence. As one who has been only recently associated with the College I believe that I can make that claim with a degree of objectivity.

What do I mean by its collegiate tradition?

I mean in the first place its sense of community. I am sure it is very largely this sense of community into which a student enters, the fellowship of those who have gone before and of those who are to come after, as well, of course, of those who are his contemporaries—it is very largely this sense of community which accounts for the extraordinary reputation of the College. We are, after all, only a handful of men. We never have been more than a handful of men. Even now, after one hundred years, the living Trinity graduates number well less than 2,000. And yet such is the

sense of belonging amongst these men, and such is their pride in belonging that we are known and respected to a degree quite out of proportion to our size and quite out of proportion to our wealth (for we are, as it happens, far less well endowed than at least two other colleges here in Melbourne). I believe that the whole idea of community is one of the most fruitful inventions of the human mind, and it stands today in this overcrowded world in peril almost everywhere. How fortunate we have been to achieve it here. It is nurtured, consciously and unconsciously, within these four walls. I am not referring merely to the life of the students but to the whole common life together lived here — the common aspirations, the common undertakings of Warden, Tutors and Students alike, of all who live as members of the College within the nine acres; a common life, the like of which I have not seen anywhere else. Nurtured here, and in a Christian tradition, too, that sense of community remains with Trinity men all their lives, and it is demonstrated on occasions like this tonight. It is an essential base of our claim to be a college in the fullest sense of the word.

The second element of this collegiate tradition is the firm insistence within Trinity on the academic priorities. It is this College, as we all know, which founded the Australian college tutorial system (invented by Dr. Leeper) — its greatest contribution to the university life of the country. We have always maintained this tradition. Each week now we hold some eighty-five classes in seventy different subjects. We continue to build up the library which Bishop Perry founded so that now, rehoused in the southern end of Leeper Building, beautifully rehoused, it contains about twenty thousand volumes and is being added to at the rate of about a thousand items a year. Our biggest endowments, almost our sole endowments, are on the academic side: for scholarships, for studentships and a few for lectureships.

Closely associated with this stress on the academic priorities — not, of course, that they are our sole concern, but they are the concerns to which we give the first priority — closely associated with this is the role of the Senior Common Room. Trinity has always insisted on the need for a number of senior men in residence. One of Dr. Leeper's first acts on becoming Principal was to recruit J. Winthrop Hackett as Vice-Principal and Tutor. It has always seen the need for senior men to live with the more junior men in order to provide them with both academic and pastoral over-

sight — to exercise this kind of responsibility both formally and perhaps in a more subtle and significant way informally by living amongst undergraduates. It is not always easy to find the right men or to achieve the right balance, but we have on the whole been extremely fortunate and all that I have described of the collegiate tradition of this place has been influenced enormously by the leadership of its senior residents.

And finally, in this account of what I mean by its collegiate tradition, last but not least, I mention the enthusiasm of generations of college students in all their multifarious activities too numerous to describe — social, cultural, sporting and all the rest of it. It is the students, year by year, who breathe life into this place, and without their marvellous vitality, wearing though it may be at times, Trinity would be an empty shell — beautiful but empty, like a stranded nautilus.

Well that, gentlemen, is the collegiate tradition which I think is the greatest creation of our first century, and as I hinted before, it is perhaps necessary not to have been a Trinity man to see it most clearly.

And the setting which has been provided for this tradition is also, I believe, a major achievement. I mean, of course, the College buildings and grounds. It is true that we do not have the craggy baronial splendour of Ormond, the bland Whitehall facade of Queen's, or the sheer blocky eccentricity of Newman. But what we do have is a charming and livable group of buildings, of human scale (and how important that is), grouped round 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 set in a park of what are now most beautiful trees and gardens. You may not know, many of you, how widely Trinity is admired for the serenity and grace of its buildings and grounds. We are, I think, extraordinarily fortunate in the setting of our College and grateful to those who have created it over the last hundred years. I am sure you will permit me to note our especial thanks to the family of Sir Rupert Clarke (he is here tonight), who gave generously to the construction of Leeper Building and Bishops' in the early years, and financed the whole of the building which bears their name; who built the College laboratory (now the music room); who gave us Janet Clarke Hall; and who again contributed magnificently to the building projects of the '20's.

Now that for one family is a magnificent record, and I do not detail their support of our educational endowment funds. No one knows, gentlemen, how much that sense of community of which I spoke a few minutes ago owes to the manner in which the College has been planned and built, but I suspect that it owes a great deal.

Well, there are some thoughts, not altogether at random, I must admit, on Trinity's first century. Now what about the second century?

In the years that lie ahead I see our principal task as the preservation and maintenance of all those matters of which I have spoken, and their continual development within the context of this University, this city, this country and the Church as they evolve in their respective and related ways. Because I am sure we believe in all these things and believe in them very strongly.

Let me be a little more explicit.

Take the matter of our buildings and grounds. We must preserve this splendid heritage and that means, of course, that we must continually have available to us the resources which we need to maintain them at their proper standards. Our older buildings are for the most part below these standards at the moment, and we do not have the necessary resources. All this is explained in those little booklets which you found discreetly tucked in the menus and I shall not say more about it. A modest amount of new building is desirable—highly desirable, if we are to develop our tradition in this area along our chosen paths. Again the reasons are set out in that little booklet, but I would single out one problem, and that is the need we have to make a substantial improvement in our facilities for conferences. Vacation conferences may have played little part in the College that many of you knew, but these days in this College, as in all others, we have become economically dependent upon them, and we gain immeasurably from them in terms of sheer goodwill in the community.

I am glad to say, however, that though we may in some respects have to tell you that we lack the financial resources to do what we want to do, I do not believe that we lack the human resources. I am sure we already have and we will continue to have the human resources to maintain and strengthen our collegiate tradition. We are thinking hard for the future in each of the areas, each of the aspects, of that tradition which I outlined earlier.

So far as our students are concerned, we think that they have gained far more than they

have lost by the increase in their numbers in recent years. We are still a single community, but we are more vital and more varied than ever, and more young men have been enabled to share the benefits of college life. We do not for a moment contemplate an indefinite expansion, and happily nor does anyone else. I mean by this that we are not under any such pressure from the Australian Universities Commission or from this University or from Government. But we do believe that we can and we should take in fifteen to twenty more undergraduates, and that we should plan a building programme accordingly. More students should mean an increase in our endowment for scholarships and bursaries, because these have always been such an important means of giving protection to meritorious young men against the high costs of living in college; scholarships and bursaries have enabled many students either to join or to remain members of our community.

We look forward, too, to increasing somewhat the number of senior people in residence, to strengthening the Senior Common Room as we continue to strengthen the Junior. This means expanding and improving our accommodation for senior men, so that more of the right kind can be attracted into residence. It is no good blinding ourselves to the fact that residence at student standards is no longer as attractive to university staff or young professional men as it was when those occupations were less properous. Nor can we ignore the fact that such men are marrying younger.

On the academic side we shall continue to provide as best we can an educational programme suited to the needs of today's students, developing it along whatever lines appear to be most profitable to them. Because of the problem of costs and fees, which is outlined in the booklets, we ought, as far as we can, to finance this side of College life from endowment income. Scholarships and bursaries, academic stipends, the library—all of these we are determined to maintain at the highest standards.

In the century that lies ahead of us we must not fail. In the century that lies ahead of us we cannot fail while we who are members of this collegiate community know its worth. For it is our sense of community, fostered here while we are yet students, carried into later life, it is this that underlies the whole enterprise and provides it with the necessary foundation. It always has been so, and despite the generosity of governments I hope it always will be so, or the special character of this place will wither away.



'I really think, if anyone should ask me what qualifications were necessary for Trinity College, I should say there was only one: Drink, drink, drink.'

[*Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman*,
ed. Ann Mozley, London 1891, v.1, p.30.]

THE HOSTAGE

by Brendan Behan

'Well,' said the fat lady in front of me, dancing heavily down the foyer, 'I've always said I was broad-minded and I think it's true, but I did think that was a bit much.'

And later, at a party, an intense young man put down his beer deliberately and said, 'I suppose I must be conservative or something, but I do think a play ought to give people something to think about, especially the College play.'

So that, after three or four weeks, a socially acceptable comment came to be, 'Well, yes, it was very entertaining and really they all did it very well, but the play itself, wasn't it just a little over-crude and pointless?'

Balloons and raspberries to such critics. Good plays do not achieve their success because they pander to the demands of the dull wits. The best plays establish their own terms of reference, and they make their own demands of an audience. If an audience is entertained by such a play as 'The Hostage' it is not enough to confess within oneself a certain weakness for bawdiness and ridicule. If people find something funny that is really not sufficient grounds for dismissing it from serious consideration: 'Entertaining, yes. But scarcely "relevant" [or "important", "significant"]. Relevant to what? An answer to the problems of existence in This Modern Age? Moral Penetration and Vision? Clearly to apply pedantically even thoughtful criteria becomes useless and frivolous in discussing this play.

How serious a play is 'The Hostage'? Well, on paper it's quite serious and rather boring. In the script it scarcely amuses: the jokes seem thin and old, and its wit scarcely non-existent. And the plot! . . . Revelations in darkness at the end only make the train of thought more and more perplexing. Who is who, and why? It really is very dull and strange to read.

So it was written to be produced: and the people all laughed and said 'Naughty and not very nice'. And they laughed uneasily. The whole thing was so unreal.

'The Hostage' is unreal: but it hinged upon reality: it swings open towards the audience and reveals a frightening chasm of deepening hysteria. The stranger events become, the more ridiculous the characters become, then the more questioning does the play become.

I would not say one actually feels the play becoming more threatening as one watches it . . . but to leave it and remember one's laughter—that is the threatening experience. It is precisely because of this unreality that the characters of the young soldier and his love for a day, Teresa, seem awkward and gaunt and pathetic in that tatty old brothel in Dublin. Nothing is resolved at the end of the play: maybe death has lost its sting and the grave its victory — but only because life itself has been reduced to believable absurdity. And the absurdity is believable: the illusions and deceptions of each character are based upon lurking memories of the past, a past which was real. The memories have become more remote and less relevant to anything: they have never been questioned nor confronted by any other ideas.

Leslie and Teresa discover only in each other something which may be believed in: but they are trapped by the fading wall-paper and the musty stench of stout. It is only when Leslie dies and then rises to sing the last challenging chorus that he, too, becomes part of the unreality. He does not accept death, and because he does not, then he accepts the whole wild meaninglessness of this grim and macabre pageant. Then there is laughter and song because the whole cast lurches and reels towards an audience which must either die with Leslie and accept the pathos of such a death or climb upon the stage and thumb its nose at the rest of the world. No wonder, then, it is a frightening play.

I did not share some of the last writer's experiences. He suggests that 'The Hostage' set up a pole of unreality into which the audience was cunningly lured. Only the young lovers were real, and when they swung over to the unreal pole the audience was forced to swing over with them. On looking back, they frightenedly realised they had crossed a chasm. As I saw it, however, the play was not sufficiently taut to produce such a polar effect. All the actors played their parts consistently, some brilliantly, but there was little tension or interplay of feelings between the various sets of characters. To me, it was the young lovers alone who seemed hardly real: surely they were romanticised almost mawkishly. No overall effect of unreality was created, so no frightening leap was demanded of the audience to keep in sympathy with the action.

The effect of Kendall's production was to suggest liveliness, high colour and happiness. On to a lean script he grafted little antics which kept the audience craning. The door with the reversible sign, one side saying 'lavatory' the other 'HQ'; the gangling slapstick of the volunteer (Michael Taylor); the byplay between players not in the main action . . . the whole spectacle looked fine on stage. Some of it might have been criticised as unsubtle, but it was all superbly theatrical. The audience wanted to be part of the coarse, exciting life on the stage. It was not a full life, or an emotionally intricate one. The production attracted us because of its colour and movement, not because it inspired feelings of fear and awe into us. What was paraded before the amazed gaze of the audience was an impressionistic phantasmagora. And that was the way that Behan wrote the play.

Pat, the Grand Old Man of the brothel, well played by Miles Kupa, tirelessly carried on with his wife, aggressively and amusingly portrayed by Kerry Higgs. The gentleman friends, Rio-Rita (Wilfred Last) and Princess Grace (Howard Parkinson) added a measure of gaiety. The young lovers, Leslie (Gus Worby) and Teresa (Anne Kupa) both started rather slowly in each performance, but really 'clicked' in the third act. As an individual, Monsewer (Ted Blamey) was excellent. Cathy Forsyth, as Miss Gilchrist, and George Myers (Mr. Mulleady), presented striking caricatures, the latter reminiscent of Bluebottle. This was the collection of the characters, and the audience enjoyed watching them live their parts on stage. But the elements of the collection were linked together neither by emotion nor, in fact, by plot. Perhaps if there had been more sense of threat to Leslie, a stronger fear of the hanging, the police and such-like, the play might have been more unified. Though Mike Hammerston played the I.R.A. officer competently, the part was not well written. Surely the officer could have provided one focus to the play by building up the danger of Leslie's death.

Despite this estrangement of the characters, the play was full of extremely funny sequences: Mulleady reading the newspaper and crushing it in his hands with a slobbering sexagenarian smirk; Miss Gilchrist's singing of hymns; Monsewer's song wherein he beat time with a cup on and finally through a saucer; the sodden Russian sailor (Robert Southey), with bottle but without trousers, wrestling with the gor-

geous harlot (Libby Eaton) . . . these will be remembered. The friendliness of Rio Rita and Princess Grace will be remembered forever.

To be as subjective as my fellow critic, I would say that 'The Hostage' had an effect on the audience rather than an impact. It didn't give out any rousing message, or display any social consciousness on its author's part. Its effect was that of bawdiness and pleasure. We were elated. We felt that victory was not the grave's . . . the victory belonged to life . . . liveliness was on stage . . . life was in us . . . we were victorious!

MUSIC

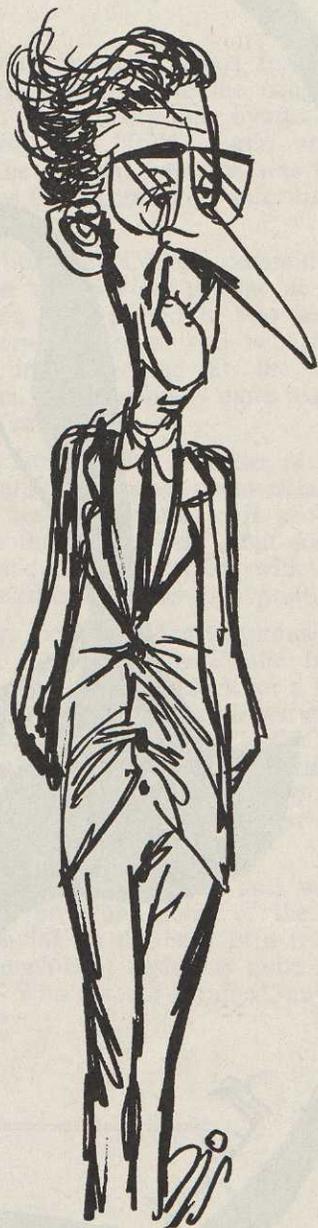
The nature of the College's musical activities varies from year to year, and the variation from 1966 to 1967 was marked. Whereas last year our music mainly centred around John Shepherd, Ross Nankivell and Ken Griffiths, we now turn to Barbara MacRae and Geoff Simon. Geoff returned to College this year after a year's absence. In 1967 he reached the State finals of the A.B.C. Concerto and Vocal Competition, playing the 'cello; he is also very active in the Melbourne Youth Chamber Orchestra. Barbara is a well-known organist, and recently came third in the first National Organ-Playing Competition, won by Michael Wentzell. She has had much to do with church music at Christ Church, and is a pupil of Sergio de Pieri. Under her professional hand and stern eye, the College choir has done well, although we had to battle at the start of the year against depleted ranks of basses and tenors (that is, against the depletions, not the basses and tenors).

We regularly sang anthems for both morning services, showing our versatility by singing music of almost any period from 1500 to 1900. Perhaps our greatest achievement was the Sung Eucharist of Thursday, 10th August, celebrating the jubilee of the Chapel's foundation. We sang Parry's 'I Was Glad', Stanford's 'Beati Quorum' and Palestrina's 'Missa Brevis', which had been mastered somewhat hastily in the Warden's drawing-room just before the service. Despite competition from about a dozen robed gentlemen in the sanctuary, we were also able to sing two psalms.

The Warden has again played host at a number of Sunday salons, which, as always, have been greatly appreciated. Three artists from the outside world performed this year. First there was Peter Webb, from Queen's, who played oboe and cor anglais to the accompaniment of Barry Firth; his programme ranged from Telemann and Handel to Britten and Hindemith. Then Geoff Simon arranged two delightful evenings: the first featured himself on the 'cello, accompanied by Conservatorium student Di Hoffmaer; in the second, he accompanied soprano Helen Kirby in an interesting and varied recital. Despite these attractions, attendances at the salons have been disappointing. Should we attribute this to the prevailing morality of virtuous toil, or Bill Wakefield's magnetic personality, or the loss of Ross Nankivell's gourmet suppers, or the bad weather? Anyway, those who did come heard music of high standard.

The College Concert was imaginatively organised by Geoff Simon, and began with a buffet dinner in the Dining Hall — a radical break with tradition. (College gentlemen who did not want to come to the concert that evening were relegated to . . . JCH.) We heard several interesting items. Dian Booth (violin), Peter Webb (oboe), Richard Gilmour-Smith ('cello) and Barry Firth (piano) played the D minor concerto for oboe and violin by Bach, and Richard joined Geoff Simon in some music for two 'cellos. A group of sober-looking characters under Simon performed varied pieces for male choir. The highlight of the evening was, of course, the performance of the JCH contingent, including pianists and a string quartet.

Music continues to make its presence felt in College, not only by these internal manifestations, but through the distribution of tickets to the A.B.C.'s concerts in the 'red' and 'blue' series, and to Musica Viva and Youth concerts. Most College men, whether they are themselves musicians, or appreciative listeners, or 3UZ lovers (a dwindling crowd, but cock an ear when next you stroll past Cowan), agree that nothing but music stimulates in so many ways, or so surely soothes the spirit.





LANG IS GREATER THAN LENIN.

[J. T. Lang, *The Great Bust*, Sydney 1962, pp.1 et seq.]

THE MOST MEN: Bruce Sterling Reports

'The "powers that be" are often blamed for many things; this year, the "power that is" was Ray Elliott, who didn't really get blamed for anything. His first task in the capacity of group manager (unanimously elected) was to suggest that we revert to the original name for the Trinity Chapel band: the "Most Men".

'Brought back to the fold for most of the season was bass player Laurie Buckland, who, after having been given about six farewell parties in July, was subsequently obliged to seek his fortune in Queensland. His bass fiddle gave the sound of the band more depth necessary for modern jazz, and it was probably this, along with "Hot" Roger Sharr's trumpet, that caused the general standard of playing to rise over last year's efforts.

'As many people discovered during the year, "Cool" Charlie Kemp has bought himself a "new unit". In addition to his clarinet and two flutes, he now blows down a rude-sounding machine with a built-in loud speaker; he tells me that it's called a "baritone". Apart from a few noises of doubtful origin, Charlie added much fun and amusement as well as plenty of really cool sound.

'Lead-wise, Roger blew the tunes like a veteran, and Ray (who also made his debut as lead singer), could beat out seventeen variations on the rhythm of Dr. Jazz without batting an eyelid. In the harmony section was Bruce Sterling, who tickled the ivories (or whatever the keys of the vestry piano are made of).

' "Tuesday Specials", apart from providing stimulating lectures, gave the congregation a chance to learn many new hymns and tunes in modern jazz, "folk", Latin and "rock" styles. The original intention was to prepare the College for a jazz mass: unfortunately, this did not eventuate.

'In addition to College commitments, the Most Men were invited to play at a number of parishes. We played in two jazz masses, two modern evensongs, and two services for students, including one at the Cathedral! There were, however, many more requests than we could satisfy.

'Father Jim Minchin (founder of the M.M.) led the band to possible commercial fame by having a record produced. It probably will not make the "Top Forty", but some of the tunes should displace "Abide with Me" from the ecclesiastical number one position.

'In July, the Most Men temporarily became "Jock St. . . . and His Elastic Band" and appeared on the bull paddock for a lunch-time jam session. No one quite knows who "Jock" was, but rumour has it that "Cool" Charlie was unanimously elected. Laurie decided that he was a ukelele player: this provided a base for playing some "Trad" in amongst the more Modern numbers.

' "Prosh" week could not pass without the Most Men providing some of the entertainment. Playing on the back of a truck during the city lunch-hour rush was quite a new experience. Who cares if it rained, anyhow? . . .'

THE LANG FACTION IS NOTHING BUT A CROWD OF
LEATHER-LUNGED LOWBROWS.

[E. G. Theodore, late Treasurer of the Commonwealth,
quoted in the *Bulletin*, October 21, 1931.]

DISCUSSION AND DISPUTATION

DIALECTICAL SOCIETY

It ought to be one of Parkinson's Laws that each year every society in existence has a new look committee which proclaims the same aim of promoting communications with the rank and file. The Dialectical Society this year conformed to such a rule. We spread culture thickly all over the College, and even let outsiders partake of our beneficence, for their good and our prestige.

We started promisingly by inviting Dr. J. F. Cairns, M.H.R., to speak on problems of developing countries in Asia. As Dr. Cairns remarked, he was tired. But if he said nothing to cause his hundred hearers to leap to their feet, he certainly proved to us that he was a polite, amiable and rational human. Reverting to our traditional debating role, we then staged an exhibition debate for the forty-odd people curious to examine our exhibits. In what proved to be an innocuous but amusing affair, our speakers discussed the potentially lively issue of whether the College had a juvenile attitude to sex. John Morgan, soon to leave our world for the higher existence led by a theological student at Oxford, was the most accomplished speaker. Other performers were Messrs. Lewisohn, Last, Ames and Harper, together with the vigorously expressive Dr. McCullagh.

Doubtless inspired by these stalwarts, six students appeared in the annual freshers' debate. After some intra-committee bickering, the leaner topic that newspapers should be used for wrapping garbage was selected. It proved to be within the scope of our new-found talent.

Discarding introversion, we turned to the Great World in time to witness the advent of Dr. Frank Knopfmacher, a prominent Melbourne mystic, with the forces of history behind him and the forces of darkness beneath. Dr. Knopfmacher spoke of Australian intellectuals and politics. Their function was not activism but the manufacture of 'Critique', which often gave them a sense of Alienation (a pertinent comment from the Doctor), and induced them to react against their own society by identifying with exciting foreign movements: Maoism, Sartrism or Hippieism. The College exotics might well have blushed.

Having noted the dialectical battlings of Messrs. Telfer, Callaway and Myers, which ended in defeat by the tongues of the scholarly theologs of Ridley in the second round of Inter-collegiate debating, the College turned to the more serious business of sex. Reaction to the talk by psychologist Dr. Ball was mixed. His insistence that practically all deviations were basically 'pathological' made some feel that he should have been a contemporary of Havelock Ellis's grandfather. Others found his simple, frank exposition of a number of sexual activities a welcome airing: just to talk about these matters was therapeutic. A sex speaker may become an annual attraction.

A dash of colour flashed into view late in second term when two French films were screened: 'Mime' by Marcel Marceau, and 'The Golden Coach' by Jean Renoir. Marceau 'grabbed the audience where it lived' (to use Frank Sinatra's phrase), continually re-channeling its emotions. Renoir's rich and vivid film of the doings of Spanish aristocrats pleased simply as an unalienated farce.

So that was our year. We hope we furthered the tradition of putting on functions worth going to, and even gone to. A College generation is three years: so in about nine years' time lots of people may feel that, next to themselves, they like the Dialectic Society best.

POLITICS, SEX AND . . .

by C. B. McC.

Of course, people at Trinity talk about religion, too, from time to time, though not many find time to think hard about it, except perhaps when they are in chapel or in the chaplain's flat. Which seems regrettable. It is strange how men are willing to be least informed and least critical about matters that touch them most closely: politics, sex and religion. A university college is the ideal setting in which to investigate these things. It provides the time and the opportunity. But at Trinity it has not been easy to get such investigations under way.

There are traces of a tradition at Trinity which is typically conservative, that serious subjects deserve respect but not serious thought. It is hinted that there are gentlemanly traditions concerning serious matters which all wise men will follow. In politics one should respect those whose birth and education naturally qualify them to govern; in sex, one may play in the sitting-room but not in the bedroom; and in religion, one believes in God and goes to church unless it is seriously inconvenient to do so. By following these principles one will be sufficiently secure to be able to pursue one's own interests in peace. To examine these principles critically is felt to be unnecessary, and slightly subversive.

It is also thought to be in slightly bad taste. This is the reaction which another faint Trinity tradition excites. Gentlemen are sufficiently independent of God and man not to have to worry about them seriously. Seriousness is equated with dullness and is therefore not to be tolerated. A gentleman's aim should be to make his existence as pleasant as possible. Church-going can be pleasant, but inquiry into religion, when not dull, might raise all kinds of doubts that could only be disturbing. Surely God would not wish us to suffer these!

It is worthy of note, therefore, that this year in Trinity a number of those who do not frequent either the chapel or the chaplain, and a few of those who do, decided to meet for an hour or so each week to talk about aspects of religion that interested them.

The meetings were not subversive, but constructive. Each was introduced by a semi-learned paper on a topic of the speaker's choosing. These were usually quite informative, ranging over matters of anthropology, philosophy and psychology, as well as making occasional reference to theology, depending on the speaker's interest. The only limiting factor was that all had to have some connection with religion. The outcome was a considerable increase in understanding. Personal convictions were left unmolested.

Nor, of course, were the discussions dull. Certainly they were serious, but never solemn. Usually they were quite vivacious, and probably the more entertaining for being informative and critical.

The same can be said of other paper-discussions held in College this year. There have been several meetings of what was formerly the LBJ Society on science and politics; and

in second term a series of papers was given on existentialist writers. Perhaps a new tradition of critical inquiry has now been formed, one for which university colleges have always been designed, and one which can bring life and light into their old walls. But the light will only burn while there are men willing to tend it.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

by W. Wakefield

Even among regular chapel goers there is little more than a simple understanding of what Christianity has to offer. Most people work out their problems, hopes and doubts fairly much by themselves and in their own time. But some have felt the need to discover more accurately — and more practically, also — what it means to be committed to Christ, and to discuss this with others of a similar bent of mind. The group I have been connected with has not been concerned so much with the borderland between faith and doubt as how to work out a commitment in daily college life. Discussions have ranged freely wherever people have wanted to take it, but at the same time we have tried to see what light classical theology can throw on our present enquiry. Meetings have usually been opened with a short paper — Ray Elliott gave several on the atonement — and then the general group discussion began.

During first term the manner of God's reconciliation to Himself was discussed fairly thoroughly, and Dr. Max Thomas was invited to give a paper on what contemporary thinkers have said on the problem. Usually, it was found that everyone had something to offer in discussion and many new aspects of the question emerged in the course of this. This had the effect of disturbing easy solutions and of challenging us to think more accurately. This enquiry then merged into a discussion on the problem of how God's objective work of atonement could become a reality to the individual believer. Attention centred on how St. Paul's concept of 'being in Christ' could be realised in the college community.

But, when all these things have been said, in one sense the seminars were a disappointment. The discussions could have been more

searching, the questioning of our commitment could have gone far deeper. What, perhaps, is needed is an increased willingness to venture into the discovery of faith on a personal basis, for when this is attempted not only does one achieve a better understanding of Christianity, but this very process gives rise to a radiance which awakens faith in others.

... ENTIRE OF ITSELF

by Stephen Ames

A discussion group met several times during the year in Behan B3. Its aim was to discuss some of the problems associated with being a Christian. The obligations on a Christian, if he were going to talk about being a Christian, especially when the talking was with non-believers, were considered. Instead of defending a Christian point of view from within against an objection from without, he should imaginatively adopt the whole position behind any particular objection, and move subsequently, where possible, to some other position. This required the acceptance first of the other person, and then of his point of view. The objector should be free to communicate personally and intellectually, and free not to communicate. The Christian should develop the mental agility and willingness to step outside the bounds of a Christian mind, and the capacity to talk in a non-Christian language. The 'subsequent movement' should consist not in seeking to replace every aspect of the other's viewpoint, but in suggesting amendments within the framework suggested by the objector. Although the group was comprised of Christians, its discussions proceeded in accordance with this approach. So the significance of not needing God was discussed as well as how the life of Christ could affect us today. The group went on to discuss the grounds for belief in God and in his good intentions towards us.

A PART OF MANKIND?

by J. M. Gardiner

Last year the inhabitants of Lower Jeopardy, together with a few kindred spirits from other parts, formed a society which, in honour of

(among other things) our PM's famous PR blue, was called the LBJ Society. Its purpose was to put on a slightly more formal basis the numerous discussions, more or less philosophical, in which we dissipated our time. We hoped in this way to provide for ourselves the sort of intellectual life that a college like this is supposed to provide, and also to promote a bit more activity among others and in other directions.

The idea was quite a success, and this year, although our geographical cohesion is gone, the LBJ Society has lived on in a vague sort of way, its membership rather variable, and its meetings erratic. A certain embarrassment at the possibility of cliqueness we had often derided may have caused the society's slow start this year, but we have tried to widen the circle, with some success. It is also apparent that in second year there seems less time for purely educative pursuits such as preparing a paper for discussion. We suffer from the apathy we set out to oppose.

Of the three meetings so far, the first saw Jamie Gardiner speak on 'The Structure of Scientific Revolutions'. The main idea was that the commonly accepted view of scientific 'evolution' is wrong, and that the correct view is that of T. S. Kuhn, an American, who holds that our scientific knowledge progresses, and indeed must progress, by a series of revolutions. The paper was long and the discussion astounding in its vigour.

The second meeting heard Gary Bigmore speak on the question that 'Peace is Attainable'. The many points made in his paper promoted much discussion on the nature of peace, the possibilities of more wars, especially nuclear, and the extent to which peace was contrary to human nature, whatever that may be. The meeting was not entirely optimistic.

At our third meeting David Fitzpatrick gave a 'Marxist View of Australian Society'. He tried to find the dialectic most suited to this society, and presented some evidence that all is not as lotus-like as we are wont to think. After considerable discussion it appeared that we were on the whole unwilling to contemplate any catastrophic collapse of the Australian social and economic fabric. The social conditions at present disrupting American society are fortunately absent here.

AESTHETICS, SCATTERED THOUGHTS UPON . . .

by Peter Hughes

It is impossible to construct a concise rational framework to aid the discussion of beauty or aesthetics. Thus one only engages in personal speculation, and although an acceptable philosophy might not be the result, this is how things are.

Perfection or beauty is described by Clive Bell as 'significant form'; and the function of art, as the discovery of beauty. 'It would follow that significant form was form beyond which we catch a glimpse of ultimate reality. . . . Call it what name you will, the thing that I am talking about is that which lies behind the appearance of all things, their individual significance, the thing in itself, ultimate reality.' A plausible theory of aesthetics (he writes in another place) is only the result of artistic sensibility and rationality. You begin in aesthetics with the personal experience of a peculiar emotion, and the objects which provoke this emotion are called works of art.

Eric Newton, in a more refined analysis, interprets the response to beauty as an instinctive recognition of law beyond behaviour . . . and that the origin of beauty is only to be found in a study of these laws. So, at least it may be said that there is undoubtedly a desire in the human mind and heart for the knowledge and enjoyment of beauty. This beauty, however revealed, invokes immediately an instinctive response . . . and consequently it seems the ultimate purpose of art, as it emerges from experience, is the search for self-fulfilment in beauty.

One of the most effective explanations of the immediate purpose of art lies in a comment by Herbert Read speaking of Tolstoy's conclusion that the activity of art is to transmit to others the identical experience of the artist. Contradicting this, he comments: 'I would say that the function of art is not to transmit feeling so that others may experience the same feeling — the real function of art is to express feeling and transmit understanding. It is true that the work of art arouses in us certain physical reactions; we are conscious of rhythm, harmony, unity — and these physical qualities work upon our nerves. But they do not agitate them so much as soothe them — and if we must, psychologically speaking, call the resultant state of mind an emotion, it is an emotion

totally different in kind from the emotion experienced and expressed by the artist in the act of creating the work. It is better described as a state of wonder or admiration, or more coldly but more accurately as a state of recognition. Our homage to the artist is our homage to the man who by his special gift has solved our emotional problem for us.'

Read claims that the work of the artist, if successful, will not necessarily invoke the same emotional reaction from the observer, but at least there may be recognition and understanding of the artist's experience.

Consequently, two things seem to be required of the artist: first, the essential vision and inspiration, and then the skill to communicate that vision to others. If the artist succeeds in communicating his vision and, with it, an understanding of his own emotional reaction to it, his work is a work of art — if not, it is a failure. Eric Gill's words that: 'there is no such thing as good art or bad art — there is only art and failure', suggest that art must be both communicable and communicating; otherwise it is only the result of the indulgence of the artist, and has no significance outside his own experience.

However, this is too simple. Reynolds, on the other hand, argues that the aim of painting is not to be naturally pleasing. Collingwood unfolds the dichotomy from the artist's point of view: 'Are you painting that subject in order to enable other people (including yourself on another occasion) to enjoy an aesthetic experience which, independently of painting it, you get completely from just looking at the subject itself; or are you painting it because the experience itself only develops and defines itself in your mind as you paint?'

'Any artist would answer promptly and decidedly "the second, of course". He would probably continue by saying, "One paints a thing in order to see it. You see something in your subject, of course, before you begin to paint it, and that, no doubt, is what induces you to begin to paint it . . . but only a person with experience of painting can realise how little that is compared with what you come to see in it as your painting progresses." A good painter paints things because until he has painted them he doesn't know what they are like. . . .'

This, of course, is where the perception and the creative skill of the artist emerge.

Complementary to the creative artist's attempt to communicate is the observer's attempt to understand. In a clipped phrase, the observer is simply looking for beauty which, once found, will be called an 'aesthetic experience'.

Beauty is never defined with great success, but these two attempts are noteworthy: the first, 'that which gives pleasure . . .' and the other, 'that which being seen pleases; or that of which the mere apprehension pleases'.

The words 'seen' and 'apprehension' are important because they point to what is central to a knowledge of beauty, which initially seems more intuitive than an act of reason. It is the mind recognising instinctively and immediately something corresponding to a form within itself.

Thus we appreciate things aesthetically because they are congenial to the mind, and this we call the aesthetic experience. The recognition of the 'rightness' of the thing seen is not an act of reasoning but a spontaneous, instinctive intuition.

However, I don't think it can be argued as a corollary that if the object itself does not inspire recognition or appreciation it cannot be beautiful. Reynolds claims that the aim of painting is not necessarily to please. 'The higher efforts of the arts', he says, 'do not affect minds wholly uncultivated — refined taste is the consequence of education and habit.' Further speaking of the part played by personal taste, he observes that taste is 'that act of the mind by which we like or dislike . . . anything at all. However, the natural appetite of taste of the human mind is for truth. It has a fixed foundation in nature and is investigated by reason and known by study. . . . But beside real truth, there is apparent truth or prejudice, and it is on this level that taste varies . . .' Benedetto Croce also asserts that we must rely on the educated to test this inevitable variation in taste.

I suggest that the aim of the artist may not be merely to secure favourable judgment of his work; but this may be, in fact, the result of his being honest to his own creative insight. On the other hand, the observer himself must be creative in his perception and understanding of such insight.

[This paper was originally presented to a College forum on aesthetic values in modern art. Visiting speakers were Patrick McCaughey, an art critic, and Professor Burke, a fine artist. The panel was complemented by Wilfrid Last, an artist.]

CONCERNING SARTRE'S EXISTENTIALISM

by Michael Baxter

Philosophies of existence have emerged at all times, and Sartre's philosophy of existentialism is merely among the most recent developments arising from our concern with the form of Man's existence. Existentialism is largely a personal code of existence, heavily dependent on the concepts of 'choice' and 'freedom', a reaction against the formality which philosophy can involve. Though Sartre, particularly in his early years, was neither exclusively a writer nor a philosopher, his literary works, such as 'Nausea', are, in fact, a vulgarisation and exploration of one particular aspect of his philosophy. In the pamphlet 'Existentialism and Humanism', he gives a straightforward definition of his concept of existentialism. Despite the fact that this lecture, delivered in 1944, bears signs of urgency and crypticism, and contains statements the emphases of which Sartre was later to alter, it remains a valuable declaration of the essential point of his existentialism: that existence proceeds essence. Its purpose was to offer a defence of Sartre's thought against some criticisms, which appeared important to him at the time, and which are still commonly held today. In a way, such criticism, however irrational, was due to Sartre himself, through his insistence on popularising his philosophy, which led inevitably to misinterpretation.

The first claim which Sartre attacked was that the picture painted by the existentialists was such that it could only invite men to dwell in a quietism of despair. A reading of 'Nausea' perhaps leads to this conclusion. Sartre appeared to allude to this when he concluded the argument in 'Being and Nothingness' with the sentence: 'Man is a useless passion'. Related to this was the belief that Sartre's rather base examination of sex bestowed on people fears of infectious erotomania, and the deification of all that was evil and ignominious. Publishers are able to reap enviable rewards through the exploitation of such subtle selling-points. The third criticism which Sartre thought worth commenting upon was the claim that existentialists were destroying that elusive concept of the 'solidarity of man'. Existentialism was held to be purely subjective and individualistic. This criticism, like all the others, was particularly potent in those years of destruction and genocide in the Second

War. Finally, some believed that existentialism denied the serious and human side of life, as if it were parodying these vital necessities. People found it difficult to find grounds for judgment of fellow-man with all so individual and voluntary: a serious matter considering the low life Sartre was advocating!

The first principle of Sartre's existentialism is that existence proceeds essence. In the world of manufacture, essence proceeds existence. Before an article is produced, there is in the mind of the craftsman a set of formulae and qualities which define in advance the nature of the article of manufacture. A similar situation is posited by those who regard God as the Creator, a supernal artisan: man has no influence on his own form. In such a sense, this vital essence of man will govern his behaviour, his very existence, throughout life. Sartre's rejection of such determinism opens great possibilities. The sole function of man is to live, to exist. Only then 'he encounters himself, surges up into the world — and defines himself afterwards. If man as the existentialist sees him as indefinable, it is because, to begin with, he is nothing. He will not be anything till later, and then he will be what he makes himself.' ['Exist. & Hum.', p.28.] Hence man is only what he makes himself. No alibis are tenable. And man is free to form himself. No God is needed to dispense this freedom out to him. He is free to remain in a lowly state; he is free to reach for the stars. Far from being a doctrine of despair and pessimism, existentialism adopts unprecedented optimism.

Such a concept, of man entirely self-made, makes conflicts inevitable, as Sartre freely recognises. With such tremendous possibilities before him, man can only be overcome by a feeling of rending anguish. Man cannot avoid this, as he realises that what he does is being sanctioned for the rest of mankind. Kierkegaard studied this in relation to Abraham's being told to slay his son. Military leaders ought to face such anguish when issuing orders in combat. But would not such awareness of responsibility infringe upon man's freedom of choice, making him take for granted a set of values to which Sartre is unwilling to admit? Such questions are best examined by using some of Sartre's novels as a base.

Related to this sense of anguish is the feeling of complete abandonment which the man who is, in effect, forming himself, will be

affected by. Abraham experienced this. There are no supreme values, no absolutes to which man may refer, by which he can evaluate and justify his action; no residual human nature by which he can gauge his development. Everything is permitted. 'Man is free, man is freedom', notes Sartre drily. 'We ourselves decide our being . . . abandoned by all that guides.

A third and related feeling is that of despair. Such a feeling does not come from an absence of hope in life, but rather from all the responsibilities and alternatives which one faces. However, man is never able to resort to quietism, for there is no reality and potency without the life-giving action. Through action one exists. This does not necessarily imply physical action: even by thinking, by refusing to act, one is acting, in the sense of giving power to existence. Man is defined through his actions alone. 'There is no love,' claims Sartre, 'apart from the deeds of love; no potentiality of love other than that manifested in loving; there is no genius other than that which is expressed . . .' ['Exist. & Hum.' p.28.]

This wholly ephemeral definition of man by his actions alone points out the quality that makes man so different from anything else. A man who is also a cripple is different to a man who is a coward. The crux of the matter lies in words like 'choice', 'possibility', 'decision'. Being a coward, a homosexual, a tram-conductor, a student, implies (in most cases) a personal decision for which the individual alone is responsible. A coward is a coward not because cowardice was his essence so pre-conceived, but because he has either given up or given way. He has made cowardice his essence through his existence. Man alone may be responsible for his condition, but he is able also to alter it. Such is Sartre's doctrine of optimism; it demands discussion!



WIGRAM ALLEN ESSAYS

ON THE INEVITABLE

by David Fitzpatrick

Philosophers used to melt much midnight candle-grease as they meditated upon what was inevitable. Once upon a time they concentrated on proving either that man's actions were wholly determined by previous events, or that man was free to choose between several possible actions at any given moment. But in the middle of the last century, the sharp-tongued Schopenhauer put an end to that controversy by declaring: 'The question of the freedom of the will is really a touchstone by which one can distinguish the deeply thinking minds from the superficial ones.' The legion of embarrassed free-willers retreated in disarray, eventually to reappear armed with the holy spirit, and so impervious to the barbs of atheists and heretics. The determinists, a humble crowd who had seldom before been accused of thinking deeply, touched wood, if not stone, and set forth to apply their intellects to more important problems. And since Schopenhauer, philosophers have been assailing any doubters with a barrage of 'proofs' that the problem their fathers had tackled really wasn't a problem at all. Some, like Schopenhauer, found that the will could not be free, since an act of will is an event, and, of course, every event must have a cause. Others, like the contemporary philosopher, Gallie, decided that the problem was undecidable, since the arguments for the freedom of the will could not be verified in particular instances, whereas the determination of acts of will could not be demonstrated in general. Gallie wrote that: 'the philosophy in question is, in a vicious sense, subjectivist or relativist'. Today, most philosophers, if asked whether every event were the inevitable consequence of other events, would mutter irritably: 'What an uninteresting question!'

But for ordinary people, and even for philosophers when they shut their eyes and sheathe their mental rapiers, questions about inevitability are anything but uninteresting. To be sure, the ordinary person would probably slam the door in Dr. Gallup's face if asked whether

he believed in free will or determinism. But embedded in the souls of all sorts of unphilosophical people are the psychological roots of the old philosophical dilemma, the vague wonderings which philosophers tried to translate into precise terms. The 'sense of the inevitable' and the 'sense of freedom' are feelings which have affected most of us, not because we have analysed inevitability or freedom, but because the conditions of our lives or the characteristics of our personalities have forced us to sense them. Indeed, it was not the analysis which gave rise to the feelings, but the feelings which provoked the analysis; and the apparent failure of the analysis should not divert us from looking more closely into the feelings.

I am not suggesting, of course, that the analysis gives rise to no feelings at all. After all, some groups of ordinary people, like the Calvinists and the Marxists, have been taught how to analyse the problem of inevitability, and they would be very extraordinary if they felt nothing after such unaccustomed exertion of their very ordinary mental faculties. But, strange to say, the feelings which the determinist analyses of life arouse in the disciples of Calvin and Marx are far from the feelings which induced those great prophets to analyse in the first place (that is, their sense of inevitability). Instead, the young determinists turn out to display an astonishing sense of freedom — witness Chairman Mao's Red Rebels. Isaac Deutscher, a Marxist historian who has just concluded an heroic life which he devoted to the expression of his sense of freedom, wrote of Trotsky that he 'often compared Marxism with Calvinism: the determinism of the one and the doctrine of predestination of the other, far from weakening or "denying" the human will, strengthened it. The conviction that his action is in harmony with a higher necessity inspires the Marxist as well as the Calvinist to the highest exertion and sacrifice.' What matter though choice be predetermined? To the act of willing, these philosophies impart a new nobility, a new 'point'.

We have digressed from the feelings which tend to provoke analysis of the notion of inevitability. The victims of a static society

with long-established, apparently eternal customs and social relations often develop a sense that to will anything other than what society dictates, would be absurd if it occurred. This is but a particular case of the feeling that the individual is impotent in face of the force of circumstance. This is the sense which enabled the Russian peasants to accept for so long without protest the abominable condition of servitude, the estate of the humble worm, who turns over the soil on the fruits of which his superiors grow stout. In his 'Sketches from a Hunter's Album', Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenev, the subtlest of men, depicted some macabre manifestations of the peasants' fatalism in the 1840's. In death itself, the peasant submitted to his fate without either hope or regret; and once threatened by death, he would refuse to accept any medicines or potions, for the first glimpse of the spectre revealed to him the irrevocable Judgment of the Almighty. 'What an astonishing thing is the death of the Russian peasant! His state of mind before death could be called neither one of indifference, nor one of stupidity; he dies as if he is performing a ritual act, coldly and simply.' For those who have no freedom, there is no choice but to accept life's misery, to look at life as a succession of steps downwards towards the end, rather than onwards from the beginning. Perhaps it is fanciful to mention that this determinist frame of mind seems manifested even in the Russian language, in which the words for freedom and will are the same, *volya*. One pities any Russian philosopher who might try to argue for the freedom of the will in such a language!

If the servile spirit is characterised by the acceptance of some picture of the inevitable, like the workings of Divine Providence, even the emancipated mind is often haunted by different pictures of the same concept. The sense of the inevitable is a Hydra, a venomous snake whose many heads start growing again when they are lopped off, and emancipation merely consists in lopping off one ugly head: that of servility. For the acute observer who is also introspective, this sense may originate in his belief that in similar situations he has reacted again and again in the same way. The sense is retrospective, for it is not at the moment of willing that we reflect upon the nature of the act, but afterwards. Eliot wrote that 'history is a pattern of timeless moments'; but the pattern itself exists in time, and to many self-analysts it seems their own acts of will move

irresistibly in phase with the pattern. To take an illustrious example from the class of self-analysts, the Austrian philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein was ceaselessly plagued by the fear of recurring disaster. He moved in a terrible half-world of mental anguish and mental triumph, unable to tear himself out of his misery, into the world of men, of comfort, imprecision, unawareness. When in Cambridge, Wittgenstein lived in terrifying isolation, in two bare rooms, containing one wooden and two canvas chairs, a card table, a fire-proof safe and a number of empty flower-pots. Writes Ved Mehta: 'His other concession to life was a bed, in the second room.' But even these congenial surroundings could not comfort the philosopher, and pursued by the ghosts of his three brothers who had committed suicide, and of his own discarded philosophies, he fled from place to place, waiting for the pattern to recur, for his own self-imposed death. But it was cancer which eventually destroyed him.

In poets the sense of the inevitable tends to be especially marked. All manner of marvellous metaphors and elaborate analogies for man and his activities pour forth from their fecund imaginations: fecund, alas, in both senses of the word, both fertile and fertilising. How often have our great poets sung of the cycles of life, the inevitable repetitions of situations and the invariable response to them which they draw forth from us! From Yeats, this sense of the inevitable brought not only a fat volume of immortal poems, but that mysterious subject called 'esoteric Yeatism', the meeting of the ways of Madame Blavatsky, Sir Roger Casement and all sorts of other worshippers of the occult. Yeats succinctly expressed his sense of the eternal cycle in the famous phrase 'To perne in a gyre'. To the uninitiated, this phrase probably seems less succinct than monumentally absurd; but to the readers of Yeats's mystical tract 'The Vision', and no doubt to the inhabitants of Sligo, the poet's home town, where the word 'perne' was evidently in colloquial usage, the expression neatly describes man's cyclical movement. Yeats sees himself constantly circling round within the surface of a gyre, or cone, each revolution being smaller than its predecessor, until at last he reaches the apex of the cone . . . only to find himself at the base of a second gyre, analogous to the first. And T. S. Eliot, for all his anglo-Catholicism, transmits a rather similar vision in his 'Four

Quartets', a beautifully constructed pattern of memorable images, intricate like the basket which a blind man weaves.

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

These visions which Yeats, Eliot and their like have transmitted to us are the creations of minds which see in their every action another step towards some predetermined, though perhaps imperfectly predictable, state of being, just as the unfortunate Wittgenstein stepped towards the predetermined state of non-being, the condition of death. But it may well be that these visionaries are not truly prophets, offering by their insights into the future a guide to action in the present; but rather mourners, seeing in the times to come the caricatured image of the moment.

And so it is that the sense of one's actions being predetermined bears down on many varieties of people, poets, philosophers and peasants, to name a few; and drives them to sing to us, if they are poets; to study determinism, if they are philosophers; and to drink, if they are peasants. But perhaps at the bottom of all these urges, to sing, to philosophise, to drink, there lies the death-wish; and our sense that, whatever we do, we are moving in a predestined pattern, is at least closely connected with our knowledge that death is the culmination of every effort. It was Yeats who wrote the poem from which these thoughts on the inevitable were gleaned, a poem which he called 'The Wheel'.

Through winter-time we call on spring,
And through the spring on summer call,
And when abounding hedges ring
Declare that winter's best of all;
And after that there's nothing good
Because the spring-time has not come—
Nor know that what disturbs our blood
Is but its longing for the tomb.

RECOGNITION

by Stephen Ames

You have heard it said by them of old 'Seeing is believing' as shown, for example, in various forms of bird-watching. However, I say to you that to know is to see, where 'seeing' now refers to an act that enjoys only limited encouragement and then only in a few directions. This act or event or intrusion is commonly called 'perception' or 'insight', but I shall call it 'recognition'.

Although the use of this capacity for recognition receives limited encouragement, it is nevertheless used on a fairly low level in all that we do, but with its true character and importance largely unnoticed. Our glorious ally—you know, Uncle Sam, not the one recently betrayed I mean portrayed—would call it a potentially multi-level phenomena generally occurring at ground level.

Just how unnoticed is this act of recognition can be judged from considering the seduction scenes in many of the recent adult movies. You recall the plot, I'm sure. He sees Her on a passing bed, cleverly disguised as one of the Intelligentsia, by reading a book upside down. He approaches and says, 'What are you reading?' She replies, 'It's terribly difficult, I'm sure I don't understand'. He sits with one leg on the bed next to Her. 'May I help you?' he says. She questions (with what is really an Invitation), 'Can I trust you?' He answers in words pregnant with meaning, 'I couldn't bear to see you labouring under any misconceptions'. After that it's all a bit of a bore.

Now here we have an occasion of insight, of perception, of recognition, but as such it is unnoticed. What is recognised dominates over the act of recognition. First there is what he wants and then how he is to get it. If 'this' then 'that'. A kind of inference, in fact.

How much this kind of recognition permeates our life can be seen by considering things like being late, crossing the road or playing sport. With regard to some goal the situation that confronts one can first be recognised as meaningful and then one can see what must be done.

If it takes five minutes to walk to the train which leaves in four minutes then I must run, and in running off the act is unnoticed. On a squash court the direction and speed of the ball, the opponent's position as well as his likely anticipation, can all be recognised as meaningful in relation to the aim of putting the ball where he cannot hit it. Of course, the game is too fast to notice all of what you are doing.

Then there is a whole stream of psychological explanation which says that we often recognise in a situation the possibility of denial, of not existing and recognise, too, what it is that threatens and how it can be coped with.

Now all of these are in their different contexts, acts of recognition. The form is: If

'this' then 'that'. It doesn't always occur at the forefront of our consciousness, but even when it does, the act of insight is unnoticed. The recognition in all of these cases is of what is rational.

Thus the actual event of 'seeing' in these cases is the same kind of event which occurs in all of the academic contexts from Physical Sciences through Biological and Social Science to History, Theology and Philosophy. While the context in which insight occurs differs in each case, there is a common element and that is the presence in each discipline of the recognition of what is rational. Here I am also appealing to the actual character of the event and it holds true even though our insights can often be seen to be false.

Fortunately the act of recognition isn't confined to 'seeing' what is rational but is present in acting, teaching, in making music, in composing, in writing and, I think, in the perception of beauty.

It was in the areas of teaching and trying to find out why my friends could say a piece of music was beautiful that I became aware again of the presence and importance of the acts of recognition. The acts of recognition in these two areas were found to be the same kind of acts as were present in the occasions of insight associated with doing research, where it was the rational that was recognised. Of course, what was recognised was different in each case as were the contexts in which insight occurred. Another striking difference was in the case of communicating verbally just what was 'seen'. While these differences were present, nevertheless the act of recognition always had the same character or 'feel' about it as experienced.

In teaching, the problem was first to uncover the circumstances and means by which understanding increased. Then came the problem of how to assist this and enable the student to develop his own capacity for learning. The means were these acts of recognition. The assistance was aimed at creating the circumstances in which insight would be likely to proceed and this was done in two main ways. Firstly, insight above the ground level was unlikely to come if the pupil was simply concerned with what to do next. (In this case it was a prac. class.) When he knew the relevant facts and was free to press on various points with the questions, Why does this occur? What grounds are there for that? What are

the implications of this fact? and so on, then the occasion was set for insight to occur. Thus fairly obviously students had to be continually reminded to prepare their work. Secondly, the teaching act required an imaginative act to 'see' in a pupil's questions and answers the condition of his ignorance. Then one had to take that ignorance to oneself and ask for him the next question along the path to the answer. One had to keep a vision of both where the student was and to where he had to come.

If one thinks now about acting a similar process will be noticed. Talking with those who have done some acting I found agreement. One begins with words written by the author then there is the recognition of the character and the taking of him to oneself. This recognition is non-pictorial and non-rational and may only partially be expressed in words. How to portray the character with one's whole self must then be 'seen', too.

My friends agreed that in these other areas of listening to and making and composing music there were similar occasions of recognition. Verbal expression of the reality 'seen' is very limited but its full expression can be achieved by other means, and just what expresses the reality 'seen' is itself the fruit of insight.

Now as with rationality — there are low level acts of recognition corresponding to those in the areas just considered. Examination of the world of fashion, pop music, and dancing, for example, reveals the actor, teacher and musician roles with their characteristic acts of recognition and expression. Again, what is recognised dominates over the act of recognition which passes by largely unnoticed.

This brief examination suggests there is in men a capacity for recognition which operates in a variety of directions on fairly low levels. Its development on higher levels is rare and often limited to one direction. Furthermore, the presence and therefore significance of the act of recognition in all our actions is largely unnoticed. Even the recognition of what is rational is not encouraged, except for the exam or employment. Outside of specific academic contexts there is little encouragement of this capacity in this direction.

There may be important implications for several areas of thought in the suggestions presented above, but I wish to consider briefly one consequence of what has been suggested.

The failure to notice and develop this capacity has serious consequences. In the absence

of the development of this capacity, the way living is experienced tends to be unbearably flat and static. This causes a need which is met by a kind of entertainment where one is simply fed, accompanied by a continuous and rapid quest for novelty. Now it is just these conditions of being fed and the pace of living and craving for novelty that precludes the development of this capacity in any direction, let alone on all fronts, and thereby precludes the intimate continuous and conscious experience of recognition, with its attending experience of newness and of reality and of hope.

The matter becomes more serious because while this capacity is largely unnoticed there is one context where its true character is seen and then lost. The pop tunes are full of this, it's the occasion when someone is met and recognised as lovable. From this recognition the world is seen anew. Yet because this capacity is fragmented, unknown, and undeveloped, the one experience which opens up new possibilities and real hope is lost. The relationship cannot be sustained on that level and subsides into a transient means of entertainment and novelty which subsequently fails. Many pop tunes reflect the despair arising from and enforcing this failure.

The relationship cannot be sustained on this initial level for loving someone is an integrating force that tends to draw together this fragmented capacity and to draw it on to higher levels of functioning. For to love someone requires, for example, the recognition of what is rational; the recognition that goes with the teacher's role in order to be compassionate and patient; the recognition of beauty in the other as a continuous motivation towards the other.

Thus, if we wish to live 'authentic' lives, as many do urge us, then I suggest it is not a matter of accepting the absurd but of the universal development of this capacity for recognition.

It is interesting to speculate on the means of doing this. Doubtless there are important means open in the field of education. An alternative, that follows from our first example of insight, would be to whisper, 'Darling, what a beautiful insight', the next time you are being seduced. Perhaps you could try and catch the insightful processes going on in you when a traffic light changes, although the consequences could be devastating.

A more direct means would be to love each other. If we are to live full lives then we need this capacity for recognition developed and united, and to do this we must cease the quest of our own fulfilment as it is normally conducted. A traditional theological explanation is that you must die to yourself to find yourself, that death and resurrection accompany each other.

It is an advance to say 'love is all you need' and I offer this as an account of why we need love and what we need to love.

'TELL THEM I'M HAVING THE SAME'

by George Myers

'War or no war, Churchill or no Churchill', said my aunt Barbara, 'I'm going to have my gin!' So she tore herself away from her son and flung herself up the burning staircase of the bombed hotel. Up to the third floor and into the bedroom, across the floor, and triumph, from under the bed a bottle of gin. Then down the stairs again, through the flames she went, tearing her black nightdress as she went, but clutching the small bottle firmly to her breast until she flew on to the pavement outside where she sank in exhaustion against a letter box. 'I may not have needed that drink before', she said, 'but, by God, I need it now.'

She was a great-aunt really, and only by marriage, but ordinary aunts related by blood seem somehow much less interesting. Great aunts come in large numbers, but most of mine are dead now or live under the obscurity of names like Agnes, Louise and Bessie in little farmhouses in Cumberland. Shy old ladies wearing black sombre dresses. Barbara was not a shy old lady. She died last year, not exactly mourned by a grateful nation; but her family thought it was the best solution. She died in a rest home in Somerset, but she had not become mad or even senile: she had just lost her sense of the excitement of life and faded quietly like a tired daffodil. In a home where all your companions are in wheelchairs with hearing aids and thickly-lensed glasses, there was little interest in being eccentric. The opportunity for fun had quite disappeared. There were no fancy dress balls now for a slim young woman, where she could

slip on a black moustache and emerge as Clark Gable. No pianos now in which to pour one's drink in order to discover whether it altered the pitch of the notes. Not even a crowded breakfast room into which one could make a sudden entrance, dressed in a brilliant dressing gown, clutching a daily paper with Wallis Simpson's photo on the front and crying 'A whore! A whore! my kingdom for a whore!' My aunt Barbara was what everyone except her family described as a genuine eccentric; her family called her a problem, or to the world they said that she had difficulties in overcoming the troubles of her life; her son said she had become a withered grape.

She was born at the end of the last century in a slum in the north of England, and never knew her father; he was what the family called a mystery. Her mother, who died just before the second world war broke out, was the character in Victorian literature who used to appear as an old crone. She had flaming red hair and wore gaudy dresses covered in shining sequins; worked in a cotton mill and sang songs in the pubs for the workers at night; very heavy ear-rings, a good-natured, jolly face, thick black boots, bunchy petticoats, and she went through life thumbing her nose to the world. That was Stella.

Barbara grew up in the dark city of smoke and chimney, soot and coal, wet slushy pavements, and afternoon murk. All the people in the street worked at the same factory. In the mornings the depressed little mob would trudge into the humid darkness of the looms and frames. The early morning light would shine through for a few hours; then dark again by half-past three in winter, cold and wet, and home late in the evening for the stew and hot pot. If you were Stella, though, it was home for a good wash and a generous douse of perfume, and then back to the men in the pubs. The pub was warm and crowded, filled with tired but cheery faces. Stella knew them all by name, and many better; she was full of life, her long red hair flung loosely over her shoulders, serving the drinks, singing a song and always, always ready with a reply, 'Don't be so cheeky, Charlie, or I'll tell you what I'll do and I'll come and marry you.' Singing a song, drinking the gin, washing a glass or two, life wasn't so bad. But at one o'clock, when Stella struggled home along the slippery pavement, she was sick: sick in body, sick in mind and sick at heart.'

'Barbara,' she'd cry, 'open the bloody door and let your mother in or I'll wake the whole grimy street.'

So that was Stella's life: Barbara decided it would be different for her. One night before Stella returned she wrapped all her belongings into a pillow-case and left for London. She was sixteen, with long red hair, a husky voice, and a brazen bronze beauty. She was going on the stage.

So Barbara became a chorus girl. She lived in a garret with three other girls and they slept all day and danced all night. Barbara never was a lady and never tried to be one; probably there wasn't even the redemptive heart of gold, but she enjoyed life. Her voice deepened, she acquired manner and a certain graceful languish, and she had wit; wit enough to see, as she looked in the mirror, that the Grandeur that was Greece would not last for ever. So she began to hope for a husband: not prowling along the London streets at night but just quietly deciding to take good care of herself. The first world war started and all the young men left, so she packed up her troubles in an old kitbag and smiled and smiled and smiled until her face ached and she longed to be able to remove the mask. Then all the young men trooped back again, or at least some of them did, and Barbara realised that she was older and that all the men she knew were either too young or too old, they were all far too hot or too cold. So she stayed on the stage and instead of being chorus she became a character: not sophisticated theatre but music hall and vaudeville up and down England, the voice becoming more like gravel at every song and every glass. Then finally she bumped into somebody at Blackpool. His name was Nosmo King — a corruption of the classical tag, No Smoking — but known to his family as Vernon.

Vernon was a success — for Barbara and for himself. She, in a lady-like manner, retired somewhat shakily from the stage and became a hostess for her husband's parties. Extravagantly cheap parties where Barbara floated wistfully on alcohol from one interesting young man to the next . . . and party by party, bottle by bottle, drop by drop, the voice became huskier and huskier. No money was ever saved: all was spent happily as it rolled in. Up and odwn the country they went from hotel to hotel, always by train, to one cheap theatre and then to another. Barbara became

a patroness of the second-rate hopefuls of the theatre and night after night would be spent talking and drinking in cheap little boarding houses. Occasionally she saw her mother. Stella was nearly seventy now and long past singing in the pubs — she had just become a hideous charcoal sketch of withered beauty. She sat in a dark room in Manchester in a rocking chair with a budgerigar and a bottle, and she rocked slowly to a drunken death. Barbara took a bunch of lilies of the valley to the funeral, locked up the old house, and went back to London.

A second war came and Barbara decided to do something for the boys. She sent post-cards to them with little verses on the back:

Keep yourselves for me, boys, keep yourselves for me;
I've got the home fires burning boys, I'm just across
the sea.

I may not be so chaste, lads, I may not be your wife,
But I've buckets full of coal, lads, a furnace full of
life.

Some were more refined, but not many. They had a certain happy lilt about them:

When you're getting on for forty
It's harder to be naughty
So hurry home at once, chaps,
Before my powers collapse, chaps.

These little lyrics were never actually published but they had a wide circulation, and my aunt Barbara achieved a small but ever-widening reputation. Each important event was greeted with a small tribute not only from John Masefield but also by Aunt Barbara. At the end of the war, when the victory celebrations were in full swing, the Royal Family emerged from their home to wave to their cheering throng. My aunt took up her pen, screwed up her eyes, and, with the spark of creative genius in them, began:

The King was on the balcony and it was made of
glass.

You may guess the style if not the content.

Then her husband died and Barbara emerged from a glamorous cocoon and became a Problem. In a group of entertainers Barbara had been harmless, exhilarating and amusing. Now, however, everybody whispered that she was an alcoholic. She went to visit her son in Bath.

She arrived at eleven o'clock one evening outside a stately Georgian house, dressed in her husband's army uniform, flourishing an umbrella and holding a pillow case full of her possessions.

As the door opened and she saw her son, she raised her umbrella slowly and said, huskily, 'I ain't dirty; I washed my face and hands afore I come, I did.' To which her son graciously replied:

'Mother! What the hell are you doing here?'

Barbara had come to stay. She was now a grandmother and what her daughter-in-law described as a dangerous influence. At dinner, when the roast had been carved, she stood up in her place, took up a serviette, and walked to the sideboard. She lifted what was left of the joint from the tray and, drifting through the dining room door, said shyly: 'I think I shall eat in my room.' Several hours later she was discovered fast asleep (or at least unconscious) in her bathroom with the bone resting on her breast and an empty champagne glass resting beside the sponge.

From that day on precautions were taken. Very often, when we children went for holidays to Bath, Aunt Barbara would not be there: so it was a surprise one evening, as I bolted up the stairs to bed, to meet Aunt Barbara slowly advancing along the corridor, clutching her pillow case, saying slowly:

'I don't want to set the world on fire; I only want to start a flame in your heart.'

'Hello, my sweet', she said. 'Hello', I said, 'I didn't know you were here!' 'Neither did I, my pet, neither did I', and she drifted past me. I once thought those words had some sort of mystical meaning, but I am doubtful about that now. I turned around and watched her for a moment. She sat herself in a window seat and began to empty the pillow-case, repeating aloud: 'Article I, a passport; Article II, a pair of red stockings; Article III, last theatre programme'. So she sat, and I moved off to bed . . . a very puzzled little boy.

It was not until two years later, when I was nine, that I began to have a firm impression of my aunt. We spent a holiday in the large old house, alone except for Barbara. The first morning she appeared at breakfast in a kind of Japanese tea-gown. She flung out her arms and cried, 'Charades!' Then she opened the palm of one hand and began picking at it with her other. 'What am I doing?' she challenged my mother. My mother smiled uneasily. 'Telling your own fortune.' 'No', said Barbara sternly. 'Try again!' 'Looking for silver threads among the gold?' my mother hazarded.

'I am picking the legs off flies', said Barbara, and sauntered complacently from the room. Later in the day she appeared sitting on a deck-chair, knitting in the sun, wearing a top-hat. 'This evening', she said, 'I propose to give a concert.' Shakespeare selections set to music. And after dinner we sat in the drawing room awaiting Barbara's entrance from the hall. Suddenly there was a furious knocking at the window; and my aunt appeared making gestures for us to 'open up': it was pouring with rain outside. She threw herself through the window we had opened and cried, brandishing her knitting needles:

'That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold.' Then she collapsed.

It was shortly after this that she was placed in the Somerset Holiday Rest Home, which was expensive and well-guarded. Quietly her sense of the excitement of life sank; she wrote long, scrambling letters, but did not protest at her imprisonment. After one Christmas she sent us a concert programme from the Somerset Holiday Rest Home. Item III was Shakespeare selections set to music. She wrote that unfortunately she was unable to complete her selections because of her physical condition—'as sober as a glass of water', she complained.

Then she died, and two people went to her funeral.

Barbara lived her life on her own terms and she died on them, too. Before she died she murmured, 'I should like a sip of something stronger; I don't like wine and gin lasts longer!' Thus she faded defiantly out of the world and went to meet her fate.



JCH DIALECTICS

There was a dialectic society,
Which, with the utmost propriety,
Conducted discussions
Without repercussions
On subjects of greatest variety.

Our heroines dwell at the Hall
Midst red-brick towers so tall;
They're clever and witty
And learned and pretty
And brilliant debaters withal.

With internal debates not content,
A challenge they eagerly sent
Against other colleges'
Superior knowledges.
Defying the fates forth they went!

They cast down the gauntlet to Trinity
(The college in closest proximity)
They summoned their nerve,
And bios, and verve,
Their dictionaries and femininity.

Caves were the subject at hand;
The ladies looked beautiful, and
Their thoughts were so telling
On a life of cave dwelling
The gentlemen were quite unmanned.

Next against students Malay
The ladies went forth to the fray;
The debate was great fun,
But alas it was won
By he who was seeing fair play.

Then Whitley the ladies defied,
That Ignorance is Bliss they denied.
By defeating the men
They showed once again
What they could do if they tried.

By all these successes elated
With champions next they debated,
Queen's College it was,
So fearsome because
For skill they were much celebrated.

This contest we have to bewail
For they were both clever and male.
We don't say they cheated,
But we were defeated,
And that is the end of our tale.

JCH PRIZE ESSAYS

A FATHER IS A BANKER PROVIDED BY NATURE

by Jacky Gurner

Fathers have been a social institution ever since the chroniclers adopted the attitude that the simplest launching point for a narrative was the formula 'A begat B, and B begat C . . .' In these early days of man's tribal wanderings, father occupied an ambiguous position in the hierarchy. From the dignity of the patriarch Noah to the simplicity of Jesse the farmer, his status could plummet to the degradation of an Oedipus, married to his mother and murderer of his father. His functions and usefulness are relative, no doubt, to his historical situation and economic position. In former times he has been judge, breadwinner, soldier or king, and sometimes a combination of all these in a patriarchal society such as ours. Nevertheless, fathers had little social significance among the Amazons, or in the world of bees, where the drones exist merely for the service of the Queen Bee in perpetuating the species. In fact, father's position is very hard to classify generally until the fifteenth century or thereabouts, when the expansion of trade and commerce after the Renaissance enabled the metamorphosis of father from drone to his present-day character of banker.

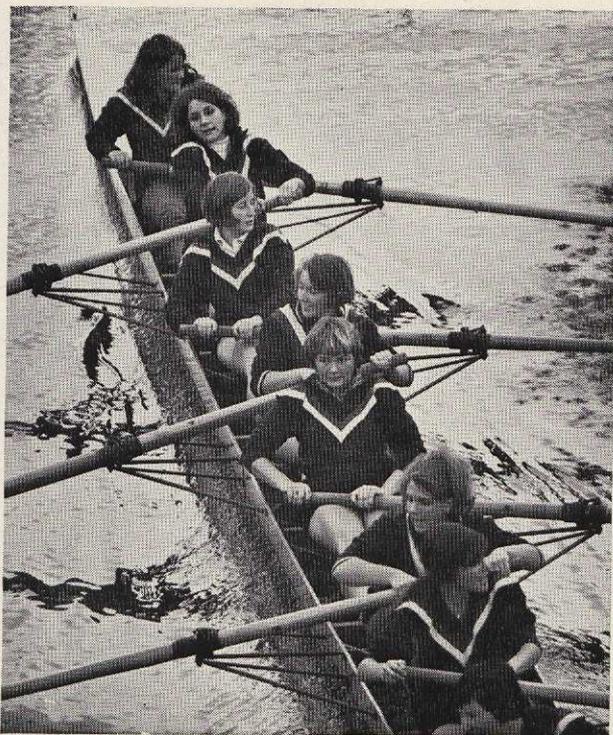
The child, once beyond the stage of perceiving father as a bristly, cooing face, or a makeshift rocking horse, thinks of him as an immense institution. He is seen usually less frequently than mother, and has all the qualities of mystery and enchantment that the child expects to find in the world outside, from which father arrives every night at five-thirty. Apart from thus establishing a secure timetable, father has other special attributes. Because he is usually less tired than mother, who has spent the day wrestling with the washing machine, he is the obvious source of knowledge, to be tapped by constant questioning. A magical aura surrounds his books and tools, and when the child asks where Daddy goes in the morning, the answer 'To Work' is generally sufficiently awe-inspiring. If further questioned, mother can reply, like Mrs. Darling in 'Peter Pan', that when Daddy comes

home, he says, 'Stocks are up and shares are down' in a way that makes Mummy very proud of him. Father is also the source of authority as well as knowledge. If answers multiply like the columns of figures in a bank book, rewards and punishments appear like unexpected and pleasant interest payments or guiltily forgotten slips written in red ink.

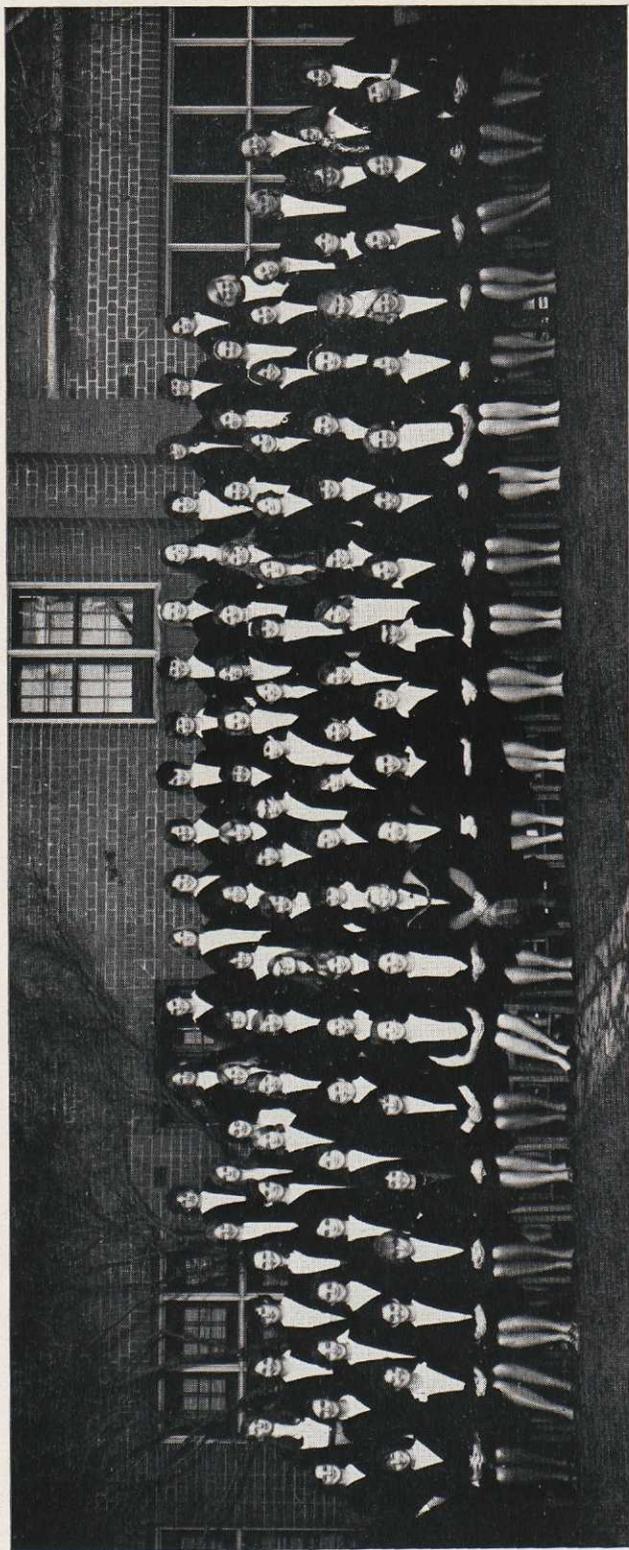
Policemen are the figures who combine these aspects best from the child's point of view. 'My daddy's a policeman, so just watch out!' is a common defence mechanism for representing authority; although 'My daddy's a doctor and he knows' runs a close second. These are awesome thoughts, and calculated to produce nightmares. The reverse side of the coin, reward, is smilingly incarnated in venerable old Father Xmas. Why he is Father Xmas and not just Uncle, when he has no known wife or offspring, is a puzzle, ignored for the material excitements of one morning every year. But still, behind the festivities, stands Father the Banker, down to the very supper left for Father Xmas — biscuits and a glass of milk, or beer, depending on the perceptiveness of the children. His is the wallet and the fulness thereof.

With the growth of the child into an adolescent arise idealistic and romantic dreams. Father is often idolized, often revolted against, but his prestige as a banker is undeniable. To the well-known truism 'Father knows best', could be added the equally familiar rider, 'Get with the strength'. Father supplies pocket money, education and discipline, usually in that order of priority. The child's vision having broadened, father no longer possesses magical powers; these being enlarged, are conceded to God, the ultimate source of authority. From being God the Father, God now becomes a more complex Trinity. To the boy, therefore, father becomes a model or rival; to the girl he is a useful reference on male reactions to important issues such as clothes and hair styles. He can also be a source of prestige, depending on his occupation, the car he drives, and where he chooses to spend the holidays. However, father, like a true banker, is primarily a custodian of interests and the embodiment of conservative forces. He has a moral and economic investment in the person

*'Row, girls;
Tim Harris
is
catching
us.'*



JCH TENNIS TEAM
Helen Apted, June Nicoll, Vicki Cameron, Anne Grimmer.
ABSENT: Karen Frede.



JANET CLARKE HALL

BACK ROW: Helen Vogal, Helen Apted, Francis Frew, Mary Lahore, Judith Kennett, Rosemary Hammond, Heather Stuchbury, Lorraine Emslie, Sally Andrews, Jenifer Hooks, Georgina Haigh, Elizabeth Stewartson, Roselyn Shade, Faye Stuckey, Katrina MacLeod.

FOURTH ROW: Janet Browning, Margaret Morton, Janet McCalman, Jane Nicoll, Elsie Hill, Heather Clarke, Diana Skues, Meredith Kefford, Suzanne Donnelly, Rosalie Atkins, Dorothy Johnston, Helen Blair, Elizabeth Barrow, Valerie Godson, Seonaid Kellock, Anne Heazlewood, Mary Lush.

THIRD ROW: Judith Earls, Patricia Lamb, Elizabeth Young, Elizabeth Blackburn, Felicity Williams, Anne Gardener, Ann Thwaites, Jennifer Hughes, Catherine Forsyth, Anne Bruce, Helen Tom, Dianne Boehm, Kay Elsworth, Eve Borthwick, Katherine Derham, Glenda Harvey, Judith Pownall, Jane Drewett, Catherine Willis, Pamela Kaye, Suzanne Tonkin, Vicki Cameron, Anne Lamont.

SECOND ROW: Margaret Charles, Diana Brett, Joanne Heinz, Elizabeth Hutchinson, Susan Cooke, Margarethe Wainwright, Janet Hose, Maria Threlkeld, Leah Stubbings, Margaret Jones, Margaret Lowing, Helen Roddis, Kerin Brown, Leona Donnelly, Katherine Rose, Helen Hartley, Catherine Elder, Rosalind Wright, Victoria Owen, Karyn Small, Lynette Gillett, Janet McKenzie, Patricia Bambridge, Anne Grimmer.

FRONT ROW: Deidre Goldsmith, Anne Kupa, Rosemary Withcombe, Helen O'Neill, Mrs. Caro, Miss Forbes, Miss Grace, Miss Booth, Miss Aitken, Dr. Eden, Elizabeth Eden, Sarnia Tardif, Joan Foley, Janet Lobban, Judith Synnot, Anne Barwick, Heather Munro, Margaret Lush, Elizabeth Nash, Elizabeth Herington, Diana Martin.

ABSENT: Bronwen Birrell, Robyn Fraser, Jacqueline Gurner, Valerie Hewitt, Nicola Lang, Norma Long, Elizabeth Maddison, Jan McGuinness, Janet Sells.



JCH ATHLETICS TEAM

BACK ROW: Sally Andrews, Pamela Planner, Anne Gardener, Anne Grimmer, Rosemary Withcomb, Diana Skues.

FRONT ROW: Vicki Cameron, Anne Lamont, Judith Synnott, Suzanne Tonkin, Karyn Small.



ATHLETICS TEAM

BACK ROW: R. C. Mackay, A. L. Cunningham, J. E. Tibballs, R. D. Hocking, A. F. Guy, C. A. Buckley.

FRONT ROW: M. R. Williams, P. J. Kennon, T. Hasker, I. R. Hopkins, A. D. Minson.



TRINITY

BACK ROW: R. M. Niall, P. L. Weickhardt, G. A. Ross, E. P. Hobson, D. P. Garrott, O. S. J. McGregor, J. E. Tibballs, A. de P. Godfrey, S. D. Trinca, J. T. Patten, A. L. Tronson, P. B. McPhee, A. K. Hopkins, G. S. Lester, R. J. Wakefield.

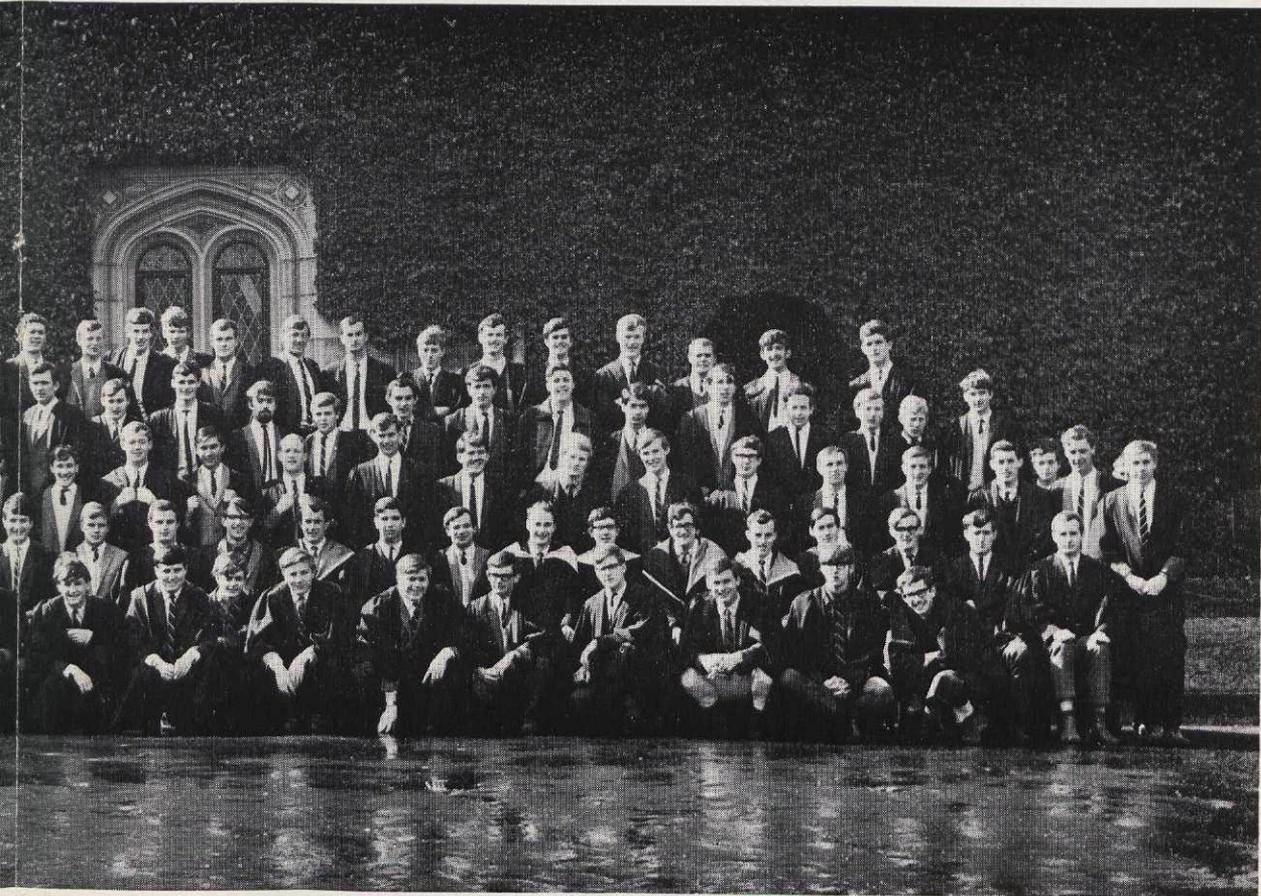
FOURTH ROW: A. P. Blakey, J. F. Langdon, R. N. Thomas, B. E. Firth, D. J. Walker, G. Fitzpatrick, I. J. Gude, T. I. Sedgwick, M. J. Standish, R. I. MacKenzie, R. W. Harp, S. S. Viravaidya, G. R. Wiese, H. F. Parkinson, W. F. Foster, C. H. Sargood, A. W.

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FRONT ROW: R. L. C. Hoad, E. R. J. Heywood, P. R. Newton, I. D. MacLeod, C. R. Mander-Jones, C. M. Fido, M. Forwood, R. C. A. Southey, M. J. Crossley, J. A. Wil, D. J. Oppenheim.

ABSENT: I. A. Alexander, S. A. H. Ames, B. D. Apsley, J. G. Baillieu, J. R. Bain, I. L. Cameron, C. E. Carter, P. E. Cohen, J. D. Corbet, A. F. Cox, A. L. Cunningham, H. C. McA. Foster, J. M. Gardiner, M. R. Gaylard, S. J. Gaylard, M. R. Gibbons, I. R. D. Hocking, D. T. B. Hornsby, P. W. Howard, P. A. Keath, D. J. E. King, D. T. D. Mackellar, R. C. Macaw, O. M. Mace, A. T. Mitchell, C. G. W. Mitchell, P. P. S. Smith, P. A. H. Spear, R. L. Spokes, A. N. Stokes, W. E. Sykes, M. J. Taylor



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 Minson, J. D. Cloke, T. G. R. Clarke, C. A. Buckley, P. J. McCallum, A. F. Guy, R. K.

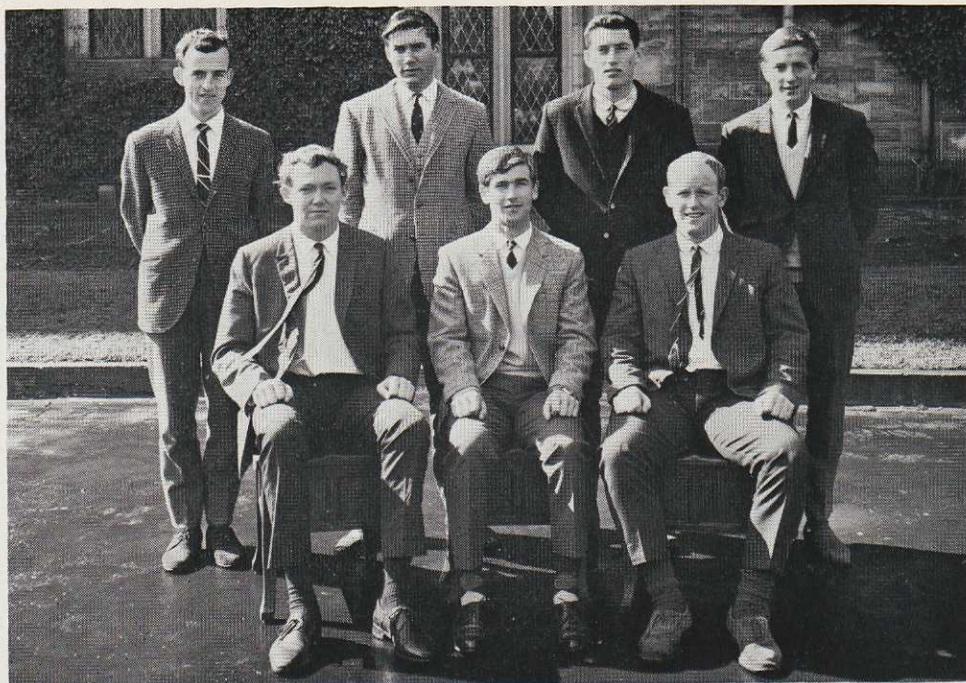
G. Myers, J. R. Fullerton, P. B. Seddon, A. W. Grimes, W. S. Clarke, J. F. Henry, D. P. B.
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 K. Guthrie, B. A. Keon-Cohen, P. E. Rhoden, R. A. Ladbury, R. T. Sharr, C. J. Arup,
 elsworth, G. N. Withers, P. A. Thomson, G. T. Houghton.

R. P. Lewisohn, N. G. Ross, A. C. Archibald, R. A. Guy, A. D. Holmes, T. Hasker, A. W.
 nstern, R. K. Woodruff, R. J. Gilmour-Smith, D. E. Gallagher, T. F. Brown, R. H. Elliott,
 ewart, D. N. Lowy.

Stockdale, R. McIver, D. C. Dumeresq, J. R. McK. Selkirk, J. R. Gill, W. G. Barton, R. G.
 ilson, B. J. Cutler, R. C. Mackay, R. I. Rex, I. E. Penrose, J. S. T. Dudley, T. J. Colebatch,

Barker, B. N. J. Benson, A. G. Bolton, A. W. Boyd, R. Buchanan, F. H. Callaway, E. A.
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 I. R. Gowrie-Smith, I. J. Gude, M. W. Hamerston, D. L. Harper, J. R. Harry, R. F. Haskett,
 D. E. Langley, I. R. Langman, W. G. Last, G. D. Liddell, R. C. Mackay, L. S. Mackellar,
 Nisselle, R. H. Noble, B. G. Owen, C. Praser, G. J. Pullen, J. A. Renowden, G. P. Simon,
 or, R. K. Watson, D. M. R. Were, B. W. C. Wilson, P. J. Wookey, G. R. Worby.



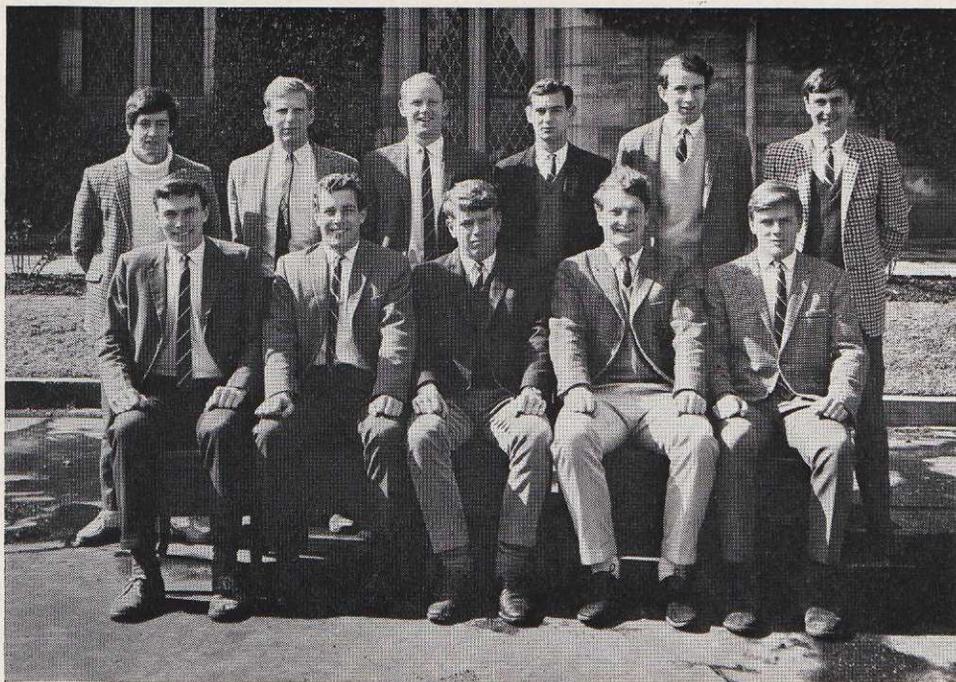
GOLF TEAM

BACK ROW: G. T. Houghton, B. A. Keon-Cohen, G. G. Fowler, S. C. Fowler.
 FRONT ROW: M. G. K. Guthrie, A. F. Cox, P. H. Rhoden.



ROWING TEAM

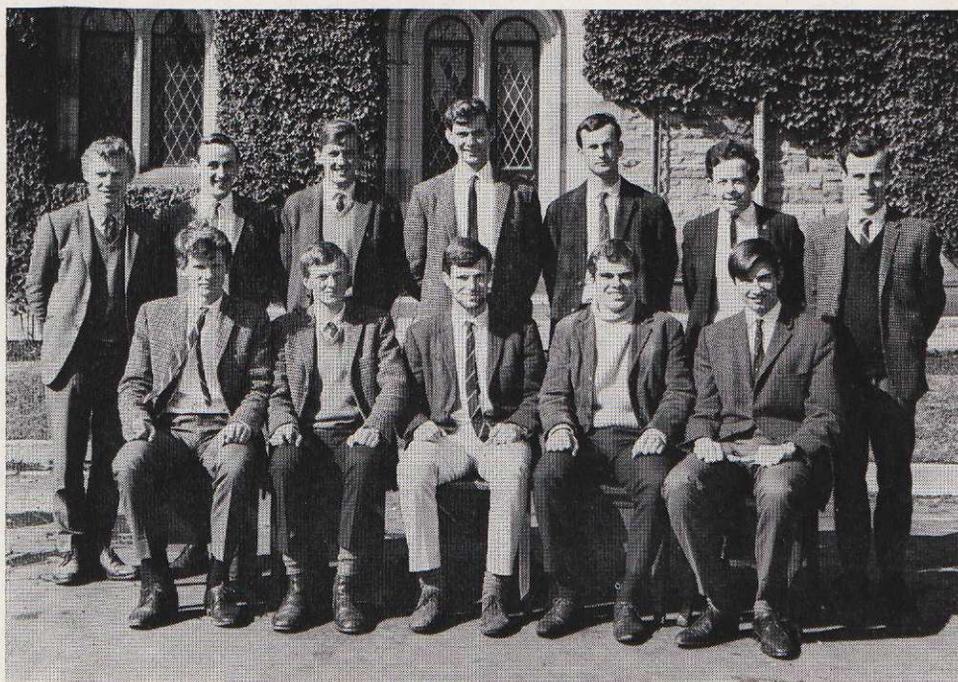
BACK ROW: D. T. B. Hornsby, A. de P. Godfrey, C. S. Keon-Cohen, R. J. Stewart,
 J. D. Cloke.
 FRONT ROW: G. N. Withers, B. A. Keon-Cohen, D. D. Elder, R. J. Wakefield.
 FRONT: G. A. Nice.



FIRST ELEVEN

BACK ROW: P. E. Cohen, J. R. P. Lewisohn, P. H. Rhoden, A. J. Higgs, G. R. Wiese,
E. R. J. Heywood.

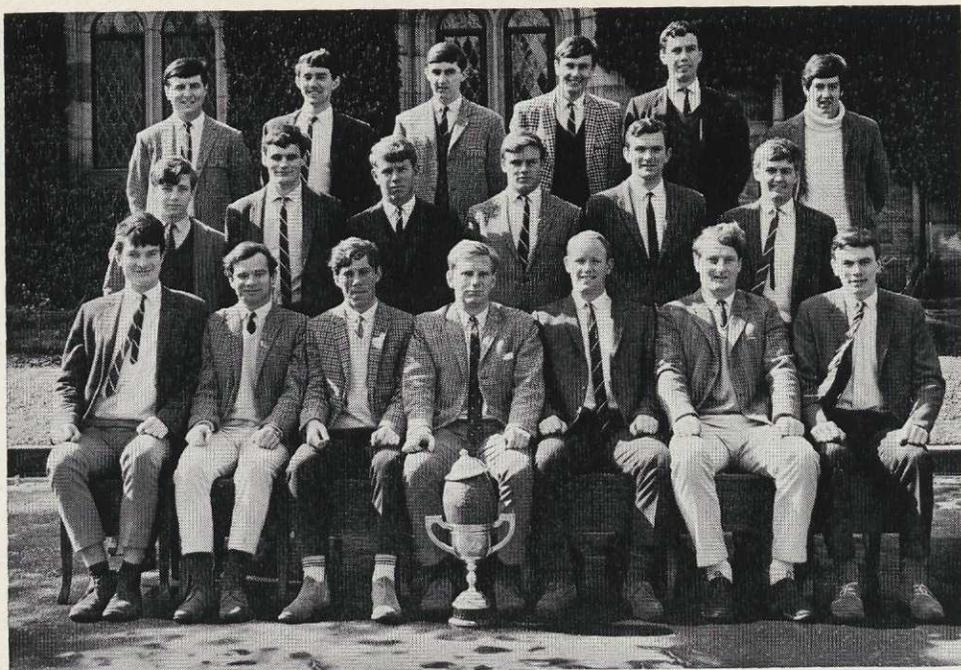
FRONT ROW: S. J. MacGregor, D. L. Harper, R. C. Macaw, R. A. Guy, I. R. Hopkins.



HOCKEY TEAM

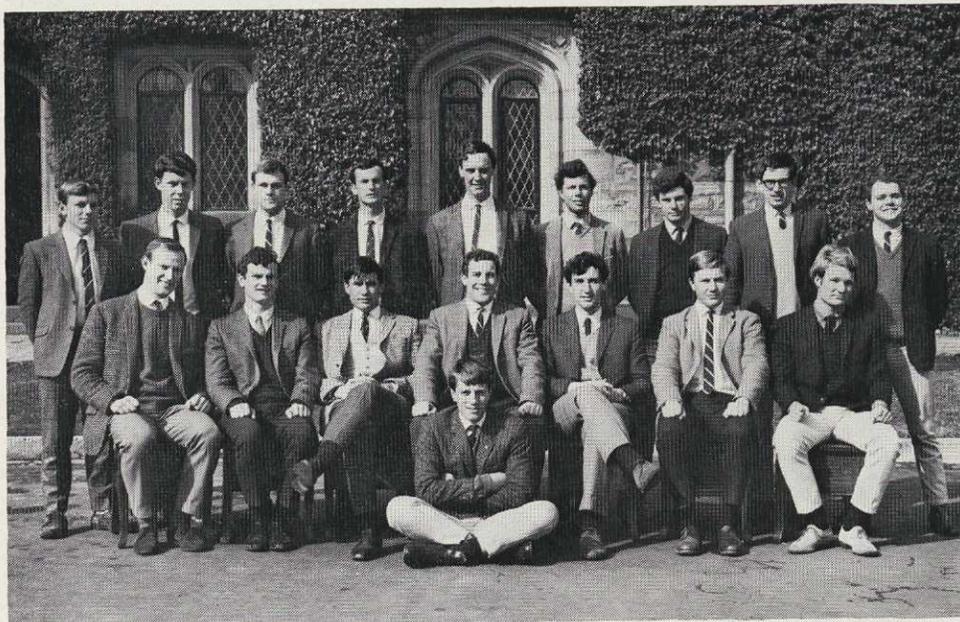
BACK ROW: P. B. Seddon, T. E. Blamey, T. G. R. Clarke, R. Ladbury, C. A. Buckley,
H. S. Parkinson, G. T. Houghton.

FRONT ROW: A. D. Minson, S. D. Trinca, P. W. Haskett, B. D. Grutzner, G. V. Brown.



FIRST EIGHTEEN

BACK ROW: M. J. Crossley, G. A. Ross, D. B. Cottrill, E. R. J. Heywood, R. E. Gaylard,
P. E. Cohen.
SECOND ROW: M. Forwood, R. W. Harper, R. C. Macaw, I. R. Hopkins, M. J. Standish,
P. S. Everist.
FRONT ROW: I. C. Mitchell, T. F. Brown, M. Pruden, J. R. P. Lewisohn, P. H. Rhoden,
R. A. Guy, S. J. MacGregor.



SECOND EIGHTEEN

BACK ROW: C. R. Stockdale, S. J. Gaylard, J. D. Cloke, C. A. Buckley, G. N. Withers,
P. J. Kennon, D. T. B. Hornsby, D. J. Oppenheim, A. K. Hopkins.
FRONT ROW: W. S. Clarke, A. F. Guy, B. A. Keon-Cohen, D. L. Harper, A. C. Archibald,
B. J. Cutler, C. J. Arup.
FRONT: P. J. McCallum.

of his children, which he feels obliged to protect in the hope of future dividends.

Where father's greatest task lies is in this capacity for speculation. Having produced a pedigree of some sort for his children, he now ensures the maximum yield by extending their activities. His interpretation of current social values, such as curfews, may not be as liberal as his offspring would like, but his assessment of the prospects of future sons- or daughters-in-law is based on a lifetime of study. There are yet few fathers as shrewd as Laban, who worked on the principle of deceptive packaging and sold old stock to Jacob before Rachel was finally won. Long ago, this sizing-up process was based on rank and nobility and battle prowess, but since the Rising Middle Classes actually rose, income brackets have proved a more reliable indication. This cunning is, to be sure, greatly dependent on the adherence in our society to monogamy. When one man collects a plurality of beautiful wives, he benefits much more than do his fathers-in-law. The institution has obviously been preserved by fathers, who would otherwise have each to contribute a dowry and receive in return only a fraction of the husband's true worth. If he has ten wives, each would get only a tenth of his estate, which is not much of a proposition. The emphasis switches here from the wife's father to the groom, and probably future father in his turn. Again the role of banker is incumbent; he can minimise expenditure on children by birth control, or make it profitable by exploiting the avenues of child endowment and tax deduction. He holds the purse strings, he makes the decisions, and he banks the difference.

But in each family cycle the pattern is intermittently interrupted by the advent of Death. The popular image of Death is a grisly skeleton, but he cannot arrive until his time has come. And who is it that invariably represents Time? Another hoary old gentleman, probably brother to Father Xmas, named Father Time. He, too, is a bachelor, and the nearest he can get to visualising Mother Time is in contemplation of the shape of his hour-glass. Being the immutable element par excellence in our existence, time is a difficult concept to grasp; even though he is periodically dismembered by calendar and watch makers, he must be related to some practical end like Not Wasting Time, or Daylight Saving, or Night Life.

The most sophisticated embodiment of the father-banker image has consequently been

developed by man in one of his more politic moments. It is the Paternal State, interested in the welfare of its humblest dependents, jealous of other claimants to its children's allegiance, and prepared to wage war over paternity suits on a national scale. The concept is supposed to have started with Louis XIV, who considered himself literally and probably correctly as the father of his people. Others had made ineffectual attempts to define their peculiar status as guardians of the masses. Alfred the Great was one such claimant, but his people would have starved waiting for him to realise that the dinner was burning. Canute knew no better than to entrust his chilblains to the cold Channel waters; while Louis XI of France went gadding about treasure-hunting in Palestine on the pretext of Church business. Charles II's irresponsible approach and juvenile passion for climbing oak trees need not be mentioned. These flippant fathers have been replaced by the dignity and power of the modern State, which dispenses health benefits, makes provision for time payment, and preserves historical relics, such as pensioners. It is the all-seeing and all-knowing figure of childhood; it organises the future productive capacity of its subjects as carefully as any father at a parents' association meeting; and it is notably indulgent to waterside workers and nursing mothers.

Nature has provided us with this most bountiful of her blessings in the shape of a stern but kindly Father Figure. He is director of what is called by capitalists the Piggy Bank, and by others the People's Reserve — a fund of endless possibilities. He has some religious status in possessing a right and a left wing, which can be agitated like those of an angel; and he watches eternally over the destiny of his healthy and obedient children.

AS YOU LIKE IT or WHAT YOU WILL

by Catherine Forsyth

Friends, Romans, Countrymen,

I come before you tonight to bring to you a reappraisal of Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare. Julius Caesar has always been regarded as a theatrical misfit; something indubitably great but not falling into any of the

three categories: history, tragedy or comedy. It is my contention that Shakespeare himself was quite clear about all this; Julius Caesar contains elements of all three. It is a tragedy in an historical setting and the comedy lies in the joke Shakespeare has been playing on us for 368 years. For a close examination of the text shows that Mark Anthony is unmistakably a woman. I shall henceforward refer to her as Marcia Antonia — note the easy change of sex.

As everyone knows, in the time of Shakespeare it was very difficult to differentiate between the sexes, especially in the theatre. Girls kept dressing up as boys and then falling in love with each other. Shakespeare himself was often found in bed with the wrong sex. But, although superficially and physically the sexes were often interchangeable, there is no doubt that Shakespeare defined the minds of woman and man very sharply indeed. In many of the great plays it is the figure of the woman, a thousand times more subtle than the man, which dominates the action. Othello would still be in the moors without Desdemona, Hermione and Perdita prove themselves easy victors over Leonte's coarse masculinity, and it is hardly possible to visualise a lady-less Macbeth. Similarly, the figure of Marcia Antonia dominates Julius Caesar, and the reader finds a certain feminine fascination in her without which the play would simply be boring.

Marcia Antonia is the prototype of the modern woman; indeed, she is almost the ideal woman. She is Boadicea, Good Queen Bess and Christine Keeler combined; she has the qualities of vigour and determination which are normally, however falsely, attributed to men, and also the obvious charm of all fair females.

Her relationship with Caesar is only a fraction less interesting and complex than her relationship with Cleopatra, which I will not discuss here. It is quite plain that she was Caesar's mistress, and treated in some ways as his paid servant, but he was fully cognisant of her stateswomanship abilities, and thus she was one of the people at the top of the Roman government, although she could hardly have been his heir. Caesar's wife, Calpurnia, was sterile, and Caesar hoped that continued contact with Marcia, who was anything but sterile, would restore Calpurnia her womanly heritage. The first words he says in the play are:

. . . Calpurnia!

Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse . . .
Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Here the roughness of the language leaves no room for ambiguity.

Marcia (Antonius is Caesar's pet name for her, just as Mrs. Holt calls Harold 'Flipper'), Marcia is placed in direct contrast to Calpurnia and Portia, one of whom is sterile (and has correspondingly sexual dreams) and the other, though a 'noble wife', is weak and despised by her own sex for ex:

How hard it is for women to keep counsel.
Ay me, how weak a thing the heart of woman is!

But it is not her relationship with the others which convinces me of Marcia's real identity; it is the strictly feminine way in which she uses all her considerable natural abilities to achieve her own ends. Shakespeare throws out several big hints, like

See Anthony, that revels long o' nights

to indicate her forceful sexuality, but it is really the events which follow Caesar's death that show her in her true lights. First of all she runs away to think how best to avenge Caesar, instead of rushing straight out to kill the conspirators, as most men would naturally do. Then she set acts a magnificent part by pretending to join the conspirators, and throws herself at them (some of them, at least, are aware of her real sex) with words which could hardly be more explicit:

Now, whilst your purple hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die.

We must remember the Elizabethan pun on the word 'die'.

But it is in the speech beginning 'Oh pardon me thou bleeding piece of earth' that Marcia reveals — and revels in — the qualities which make her great. This speech bears more than a coincidental resemblance to Lady Macbeth's 'Unsex me here', and contains both Marcia's femininity, shown in the sensual images of

which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue . . .

and her triumph over her weaker, less ruthless part; a triumph which Lady Macbeth never

achieves, because Marcia's life is given greater purpose from the love she bore to Caesar. Occupied with the enormity of Caesar's murder, she finds the strength to deny her weakness, and can declaim without fear such lines as

Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war.

(Note the maternal imagery.)

In the famous ears speech, Marcia uses her feminine wiles to show Caesar as one more sinned against than sinning — she shows the 'honour' of Brutus to be something very doubtful indeed, and such is the charm of her clever words that the crowd forgets that Brutus has in fact shown his honour by telling them the truth, something that no woman would do under the circumstances. The crowd has no idea that Marcia is a woman; she admits this when she says:

But, as you all know me, a plain, blunt man.

She has to keep her identity quiet because of the inferior position of women in the Roman society.

But her preferences, and the reasons for them, clearly indicate she is female — for example, when she is accused of being unfair to Lapidus, she compares him to a horse and says,

He must be taught and trained and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow.

She has an eye for a handsome face, as when young Lucilius, her future eunuch, is captured, and she says:

This is not Brutus, friend; but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies.

From this we infer that Brutus is not unattractive, but hardly Marcia's type.

Some people have argued that Marc Antony was Caesar's homosexual partner; but Shakespeare makes nonsense of this theory by making Caesar say:

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.

This obviously does not apply to Marcia. She is just the opposite, in sex as well as characteristics.

The question then arises: is she a prostitute? Although she is never costumed in mini skirts and black stockings, as the best stage prostitutes are, men went for flowing robes in those

days. She is naturally fun-loving (Brutus says she is given 'To sports, to wildness and much company'), but I don't think she is a professional; she is a dedicated woman, prepared to do anything to attain the things she wants, which are power and the avenging of Caesar's life.

The play, of course, ends triumphantly with most people dead, Marcia very much on top, and everybody is going to live happily ever after.

The question remains: why did Shakespeare do it? I do not think it was because he wanted to show how much more efficiently women can run the world, or because he wanted to study a woman who successfully combines her career and her home-life. He certainly portrays magnificently a woman with singleness of purpose, and shows how powerful such a person can become, but this, too, seems to me to be incidental. He may have wanted a way to smuggle a woman into his company of players, for women were only acceptable if they were disguised as men. But I think his main purpose in writing a play round the central figure Marcia Antonia was to see how far he could take his audience in — to see if posterity would ignore such hints as Cassius to Marcia Antonia:

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's.

and fall for his big game . . . for it is very cunningly contrived—

The play is gentle; and the elements
So mixed in it that Actors have stood up
And said to all the world, 'This was a man'.

EXIT — IN RED by Sarnia Tardif

In the middle of the drudgery of suburbia, of the metropolis or of the wide open spaces, the havens of self-esteem and individuality provide for those seeking support, encouragement and diminution of tension, a shrine with hallowed portals, though few recognise it as such.

The old regulars come in every afternoon and sit out their usual before rolling contentedly towards the door, feeling pleased with themselves, with the world and with their lot, or else muttering oath after profanity in their complaint against society and what it has taken from them. The other mob, seeking to impress and to express, establishes its pattern, but basically all here can be individuals and

a source of fascination to themselves and to those with whom they imbibe, whether they demand a drop of the usual or branch out with whiskey and coke they know what they want and that in doing so they know a little of what they are.

At some stage he must move because the powers that be have set the limit. Although the sun and the street light shine on the good and the bad, the law knows what is best for him. He can trudge off home with his heart according to his mood, lost in the oblivion of the rolling masses until once again he can be his own when he sits down with his glass to ponder, to conquer and to bask in his own reflected glory.

I can think whatever I like to think,
I can play whatever I like to play,
I can laugh whatever I like to laugh,
There's nobody here but me.

[A. A. Milne: *Now We Are Six*]

But once outside those hallowed portals, the vice of authority and the code of behaviour set up 'by the people' for the good of the people, clamps down to demand obedience. The sign says 'EXIT' but it is red. Once passed it, the risk is his. If he dares to do what he wants, the chances are strong that he will countermand some rule laid down 'for his good'.

Society is such that its measure of toleration varies only slightly around a given point according to atmosphere, generic conditions and part of the world. In that world where one must be 'in' to be anybody in particular but just apathetic and mediocre to be tolerated, one wonders about those who are on the outside of the 'EXIT' sign by choice and ready to be themselves in defiance of the mob who demand allegiance and concomitant obedience. But mere obedience is not enough — his very character must be moulded to conform to the standards laid down by society.

In the release from the confinement and falsity of world standards, he imagines himself as A Little Furry Animal, much loved by all and living a life of his own, free from attaining heights beyond the reach of all, this futility unacknowledged by any but humanitarians. But where are they? A Little Furry Animal is free and fulfilling the ideal of Man — free from restrictions of utility or religious ideals confining the dominance of instinct. Man must live in conflict with himself, with his contemporaries, elders and successors and with what God demands. To be A Little Furry Animal is to be able to 'stand and stare' . . . but this

is only a beginning. Even A.L.F.A.'s live according to a set pattern and acknowledge that if they are to survive they must abide by basic regulations for survival. But the complications of human society do not interfere and the need for a shrine in which to escape from the 'extras' which tie and choke or strangle disappears.

It's full again and for a moment the din of a room filled with individuals confident of themselves invades the reverie. Back again and away. 'Way out', 'Zoo this way', 'Do not open', 'no smoking' and the sheep of humanity obey on penalty of exile, of being forever on the outside of 'EXIT' and never able to follow 'WAY IN'. All is governed. But all involves component individuals. Each unto his own but the world cannot agree. Classification and orders of organisation demand obedience to rules of what may or may not be thought, done or encouraged.

Free society? Free when all is false, brazen and tarnished? It is not even free to be false, brazen or tarnished. The Rules say that this must be cleaned up, that eating people is wrong and that flowers in his hair is a sign of depravity. 'Consider the lilies of the field', but they are wrong and will be taken away if any possible psychedelic existence depends on anything which is 'unnatural', where the haven is not a foul-smelling, over-populated box on a street-corner but a quiet solitude reaching to the heights of ecstasy through abandonment to fantasy after a needle prick. No matter that they are teaching love of man and that they live in simplicity away from what they despise in society. Unnaturalness which rejects the progress made by Man through the Ages must be wrong if the 'Mod Cons' do not give them satisfaction to the utmost. If for this he must resort to poverty, to colour, to fragrance, to sound, he must be wrong? Take it away from him!

The blur of man, smoke, sweat and beer clears for a moment and the glass is filled again. Time for a couple more. Out and away from here. 'EXIT.' It's Red. But here is warmth and solitude in company . . .

A fly on the wall. What does he see? This mingling mass of monstrous humanity seeking relief and escape for a few precious minutes or hours? With those compound eyes swamped with life all around, that doomed short span sees much, understanding one knows not what. But that life is individual and free

and lived to the full. And it is regarded by humanity as foul, dangerous and revolting. Is freedom then foul, dangerous and revolting? Man's ideal is freedom.

'God give me the detachment to accept those things I cannot alter . . .'

Freedom, for what? He could not stand having anyone else being as free as he was, for if all were free his very existence would be challenged and unsafe from pulsating individuality.

Befuddled. Repetition. Fill it up again. What a mess this place is in! But everyone is happy except that bloke over there blubbing in his beard. . . . Each unto his own . . . his own but the world cannot agree. 'Possession is nine points of the law.' So what? What can be possessed, anyway? — solitude here, in this shrine or their shrine of flowers and weeds. This way the Rules are in a closed book and understanding takes the place of strict obedience contrary to a humanitarian code. The individual sets his own standard here, is his own master and fights at the deepest level his own battles. The sorting ground divides itself and reveals the baseness or truth of what is predominant in the soul. He acknowledges his own inadequacy and humbly seeks support and individuality in other far greater Love, or drowns it in his own cocksureness by creating himself lord and king in the reality of his reverie.

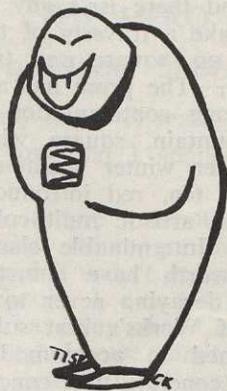
'Time, gentlemen, please!'

'Who cares about the law — it's a free country, isn't it?'

EXIT — IT'S RED.

'Come on, Pop, you're drunk, blind drunk.'

'That's right. Perhaps that's why I can see . . .'



SERMON ON A MOUNT OF ASHES

Upon a mount of ashes I have stood,
And wondered at the pulsing of my blood.

Amidst grey ash I longed to find
The rhythm of a living mind;
I scratched the ashes, longed to feel
Warm forms, pulsating, changing, real.
I stared across the flaking land,
And thought I found a throbbing heart,
I grasped, I kissed, an ashen hand,
And etched in ash the face I sought;
Behind white eyes I tried to see
The thunder of carved ivory . . .
Then was there nothing but a mass
Of indistinguishable ash?
Was life a castle built of sand,
Condemned to end at height of tide?
I stared across the flaking land,
And wondered why the world had died.

These memories which soothe and sadden me
Are dreams, perversions of reality,
The specious spells of sensual sorcery.
Last week's skin is shed.
Last week is dead.

The blinking specks which pricked the sky
Shone cold upon my fleshy frame,
Fear fled, and understanding came:
The world was dead, and so was I.

Upon a mount of ashes I have stood,
And mauled at broken bodies for my food,
And known blood turn to ashes, ash to blood.
Ash is my daily bread.
I, too, am dead.

The bloody ball which fired the earth
Shone bright upon my knobbed bones,
Flesh crept, as moss creeps upon stones,
And blessed my body with rebirth.
The mount of ashes flaked apart,
The living world flashed into flame,
Death fled, and understanding came:
The world was all a throbbing heart.

I grasped the green of grass, I kissed the earth,
And sang the epic of a dead man's birth . . .

Upon a mount of ashes I shall start
To wonder at the puzzle in my heart.

TOBIAS

by Dorothy Johnston

'Tobias Clauzritzer!' I said. 'Now that's a name.' The little man swelled visibly. 'But you see, it is a family name. My ancestors wrote hymns for the German Church. My great-great grandfather — I don't know how many greats — was a monk.'

He was wrinkled black with the merest suggestions of legs and arms which had been distorted by the careless folds of the demonstrator's paper. His head was round and shiny under the projector. It was impossible to know what he was thinking.

Tobias took me with him. We left the tinsel and rasp of the half-dark laboratory. The directions on my lab. sheet, the rows of students' faces, the instructor's monotone melted, drifted and flowed together with the screen.

Tobias had five sons. They were respectfully indicated behind him. As he told me of his work as a bootmaker, shadow-like, monk-like he faded and I saw rows of small houses with smaller shops adjoining and overhanging shutters, the streets narrow enough to touch across the folds of white paper.

The shops were made of uneven grey stone, quarried nearby, and the air of the street was grey working air, but friendly and even invigorating.

Mrs. Tobias made a home out of one of the smaller shops. They lived on the second floor and she kept it sparkling right to the window-frames. The shop was her despair — it always had a thrown-together look which completely upset the balance. She told Tobias it looked like a man in overalls with a top hat and tails.

Mrs. Tobias was large, with the resignation of a bootmaker's wife and a hand like a steel clamp. Whenever Tobias spoke of her he lowered his head and looked coquettishly through his eyebrows. She moved like a determined wave, seeming to spread out and cover the screen.

Tobias had five sons. The two oldest worked with him in the shop and swapped boys' talk over the leather cutter and the lathe. Its blurred whirring outlines were superimposed on the sane. The youngest went to school, loved to play in the shop. They made barri-

cedes out of the boots and shelves and swung the model shoe on its stand like a maddened gun, in a furious whirling battle.

One of them was delicate. He liked the feel of the cold iron curves of the shoe against his head and to hold the new leather against the polishing belt until the friction made a rhythm in his toes.

Tobias had great hopes for his future. 'An artist perhaps, or a musician.' His name was also Tobias. 'I think perhaps he looks like me', said the old man apologetically.

As he spoke, the image moved forward. The brilliant spotlight white of the screen revealed infinitesimal lines in a boy's face; the slant of an eyebrow, his father's eyebrows, not white but bright black and capable of great eloquence.

And then back, receding back to the wholeness of his being in the half-light. The image split in two and there was Tobias — and behind him still the shapeless mother.

A sudden blinding yellow hurt my eyes. I almost cried out in pain. The voice of the demonstrator reached me across grey depths. 'Right then, your three minutes are up. And now, Miss Johnston, what did the inkblob mean to you?'

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG POSE

by Kerry Higgs

I was sitting, late this afternoon, hunched earnestly above my pristine page, white cuff on white paper, knuckles somewhat tensed in anticipation of the creative process; so appropriate, this garret of mine (pity about the fireplace, but keep the pale green walls austere, unhung — and there isn't any wood). The tram wires make a travesty of twilight, brutally dividing up, square and trine, the unoffending grey. The prose has a ring. Derivative? A long contemplation of that unforgettable fountain, square with a barbed bottom to deter winter swimmers; green at nine, white at ten, red introduced subtly at eleven, and an artistic multi-coloured splash at midnight. Interminable chance perhaps; didn't Wordsworth have something to say about woods decaying never to be decayed? The Board of Works's best substitute, of a quality designed to accommodate the surroundings — concrete into concrete, signpost

into signpost 'Don't Paddle Here', dust is dust. On an old man's sleeve when they sit antagonistic and muttering (alienated if only they knew it) on Sunday benches. That purse beside my pipe's got gas bills in it — also appropriate. What else would one require?

La grande passion. Tristant many times over, overdone. Spoils it if you've had six lovers. Ah, but there's still the sanction of artistic excess: correlates with the brief intense existence. Died at twenty-four, brittle beach sunrise, tragic exposure. Yeats mourned romantic Ireland in a Celtic tower. Shelley was drowned in a leaking ship, dust scattered on the Italian seashore; magnificent gesture; sorry he would have been to miss it if he'd had a choice. Byron washed up in the Bosphorus, death by water; and Chopin spitting blood on the ivory keys in the film with Cornel Wilde —took Polish soil to Paris.

I was sitting early this evening, approving the appropriate phenomena, reviewing precedent and practice. Shakespeare under a cloud, de Quincey normally in one, the oddity of that wise man, T. S. Eliot; even the sane suspect. Pernicious; Plato right.

Or perhaps the imagination secures itself from

That defiling and disfigured shape
The mirror of malicious eyes casts
Upon his eyes, until at last
He thinks that shape must be his shape.

Not Shelley contemplating Shelley contemplating Naples, but conscience and vanity appalled. The cost paid only but those rich enough to spend out posing, to be bankrupt, understanding it.

THE HERO

by Roger Sharr

It was a lovely day. It really was.

I'm sorry now that I spoiled it by doing what I did.

I worked in a tyre warehouse on the west side of the city. Mum got the job for me because she said it wasn't doing me any good staying at school. I didn't mind really because I didn't have any what I call real friends at school, though I must admit I used to like colouring the maps in geography. Once I

coloured in a map of Africa all yellow (my favourite colour) and the teacher drew a big red line across it because he said I was supposed to put the various countries in, etc. . . . I hated him then because of that, and then I saw that Mum was right. Just to show how much I hated that teacher I let his tyres down after school one day and he never found out. When the other boys found out what I'd done they left off teasing me for a while, and I was a bit of hero you might say. I felt really terrific because of that.

Another reason why I didn't mind leaving school was because of the girl who lived on the other side of the street. I liked her a lot. She had lovely black hair and she looked like one of the girls I'd seen on television. One night I could see her getting undressed through her bedroom window. I got a funny feeling inside me, and after that I watched her get undressed every night until the time when she saw me and closed the curtains and her Old Man came over and had a big argument with my mum. I had thought that when I left school and had some money of my own I could buy her things and get dressed up like the detectives on television and then maybe she'd talk to me instead of crossing to the other side when she saw me coming down the street.

It wasn't really any better at work. When I started at the warehouse the other people ignored me at first like everybody did, but then they started teasing me like the boys at school. Only they didn't hit me; they teased me with words, so to speak, and they said things I couldn't understand but I knew they were laughing at me because when I asked them what they were laughing about they all turned away looking at each other and laughing louder. The worst thing was when the girls in the office giggled to each other when I passed them in the mornings. I guess it was because of the funny lip I had, but sometimes I used to get so flustered I didn't know which way to look.

What I had to do at the warehouse was to take the tyres off the trucks and put them in piles according to their size. Because nobody used to speak to me, I would make the day go by setting myself little competitions. When a truck came in I'd say, 'Right, you've got to stack sixty tyres before lunchtime', and if I did it, I'd feel terrific. My little competitions used to make the others laugh, and this rather took the fun out of them.

I bought things with the money I earned from working. I bought shirts like the boys up the street wore, and I bought some scent for the lovely girl over the road, but her father brought it back. Mum said I should save up to go to a special doctor who'd do something about my lip to make me look better. So I did save up, but the doctor said he couldn't do anything for me. He was a nice man. He took some pictures of my lip and this made me feel really good, because nobody had ever taken my picture before. He didn't tell me what he wanted them for.

The day it happened Mum was sick and I had to get her breakfast, which made me late for work. I used to catch an early train, which got me to work half an hour before the warehouse opened; I filled in the time by walking in a little park two blocks away. That was the nicest part of the day, because nobody laughed at me there and the trees didn't turn away from me like everybody else did. The early tram suited me nicely because there weren't many people on it and sometimes I could go the whole way without anybody getting into the back compartment where I used to sit.

But this particular day I had to catch a crowded tram; two of the blokes from work were on it, and that made it worse. I saw them through the window as the tram drew up. They were nudging each other already. I nearly didn't catch the tram, but I knew I'd be late for work if I didn't. I pretended I hadn't seen them.

I was just about to get on when a man pulled me away from the door.

'Didn't they teach you no manners at home?' he said, 'can't you see there's ladies waiting to get on?'

I hadn't seen the two girls. They gave me a real dirty look while the man still held my arm. Inside the two blokes from work were laughing and staring at me in that funny way they always did.

I squeezed my way on to the tram and the conductor took my fare. All the time he stared at my forehead; the only time when people looked me full in the face was when they were laughing at me. Otherwise they just looked at the top of my head or my neck. For some reason people had to laugh in order to be able to look at my face.

'Do you mind?' said an angry voice behind me. 'Why don't you tread on both my feet while you're about it?'

I was only just inside the doorway, and if I'd moved any further out I'd have fallen off.

'I'd mind your new shoes if I were you, darling,' said the angry voice to the lovely girl beside him. 'We have a carthorse in the tram.'

A few people sniggered at this, and I stared at the floor, going red all over. Just then the tram lurched sideways and I fell on to the lovely girl, hitting her in the chest. Then the angry man went right off.

'Get up, you lout,' he screamed. 'If you can't stand up straight, then get off and stop getting in the way.'

Everyone on the tram was looking at us now. They were either giggling or staring. It was then that I felt something I'd never felt before. Usually I'm all confused, but when that man told me I was getting in the way everything became clear. The way he said it made me know he was wrong, and I felt even better than when the doctor took my photo. I felt sort of clean. Even though the people were laughing at me, I turned round and smiled at them. That stopped them, because I don't look very good when I smile. A little girl in the corner started crying. That made me laugh, because I knew I had just as much right to be on the tram as she did. I wasn't listening to the angry man. I just kept on saying over and over again, 'He's wrong, he's wrong, he's wrong'. I was the only right person in the tram. I wanted to jump up into the sky and kiss the trees.

Although the tram was full, we pulled up at the next stop and a blind man tried to get on. Nobody had moved for me, but as he came fumbling towards the tram people drew back to make room; just because he couldn't see he seemed to have friends wherever he went. His white stick kept prodding me in the leg as he climbed up on to the running board.

'Up you come, mate', said the angry man, who was helping him.

Even now I don't really know why I did it. The tram rattled off and the blind man was saying thank you to everybody. Because he couldn't see he thanked me, too, and the angry man sniffed loudly. My good feeling was going and I couldn't think of anything

except how much I hated that blind man. I hated him worse than the teacher at school. I hated him because he couldn't see and I could. I pulled my shoulders back and for the first time in my life I hit someone. I knocked the blind man clean off the tram and three cars ran over him before anybody knew what was going on.

Mum was very upset, of course, and as I said, it really spoiled such a lovely day. Really it was all the fault of the way I look, but I didn't say that in court, because I didn't think anyone would understand.

YOU

You would be first with everyman:
Including the starving millions?
Hitler mildly consented
To limit his hopes to the Aryans.

You would be loved of all
Supplanting wives and heirs:
You will finish cold, nailed
In a most explicit garret.

You would be first with me
Who would have no firsts,
Who cannot guarantee
More than this common warning:

You would do better to drive
A long sleeping way into nowhere,
And reinstate the first of yours
As I am first of mine.

'IF KIPLING WERE TWO LETTERS'

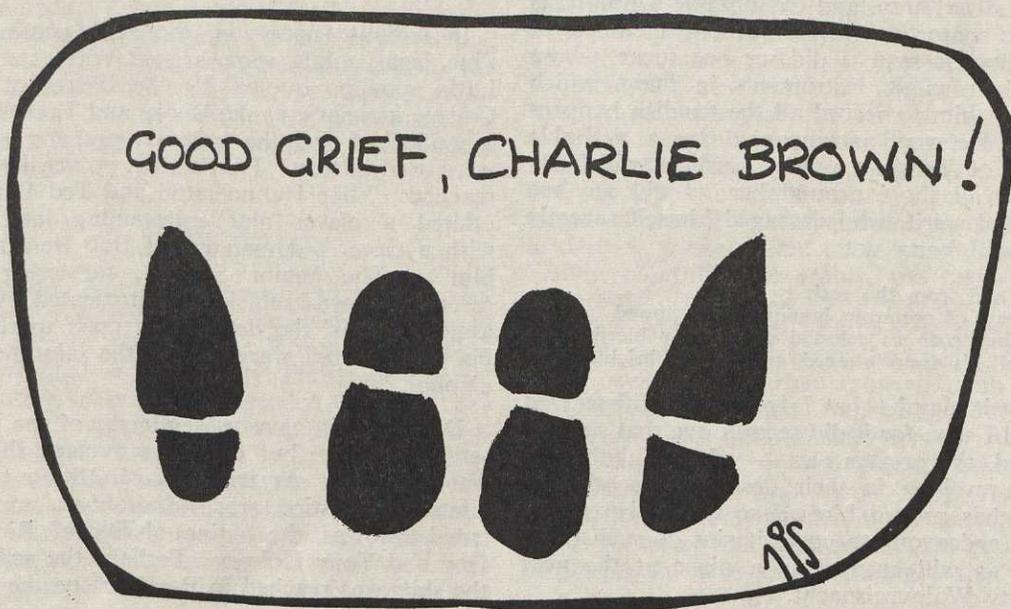
by T.I.S.

If
is a word like the sound a fat
man makes
when someone punches
him in the gut. It is not
a pretty-flowing word that soothes
and murmurs, nor does it shine and sparkle
or race shimmering in a glistening pool of sun-
light.

It is not a bubble
of a world
that gurgles and gushes
and chuckles at itself.

It is the noise a fat man makes when someone
socks him in the belly.

It is a word thin lips say when
they are dying.
If.



WALPURGISNACHT, FORSOOTH

25 July: Alas, what sights I have seen! For today was granted me a great privilege — or a great torment, I know not what to call it. For I have been to the place where he resides, he of whom it is forbidden to speak — yes, I have been to the very depths of hell.

It is as they said, it is divided into many varied compartments; I saw, at first, a lot of spirits talking and drinking together — but see! Suddenly, at a sign from Assistant-devil Hobson, they all sprang on to a shrieking, multi-coloured mechanical monster which carried them right through the bowels of the earth to the central pit, governed by Chief Under-devils Haskett and McKenzie. And what a to-do was there! All the ladies and gentlemen (for that is what they call men and women in Hell-language) were first gorging themselves with sumptuous devilish delicacies. But the half-crazed look that soon imprinted itself on their faces was caused by that wicked glittering sparkling liquid of which they partook so freely.

Then my escort, the Devil, began to show me some individual souls in torment. First there were some on a raised platform who emitted most terrifying shrieks of agony. In especial there was a black and white she-devil. But soon all the spirits joined in, and writhed around the bottom of the pit. I did see many faces which were well known to me; saw a noted silver siren, and did observe a notorious couple contorting themselves with members of the opposite sex! I did see one spear, whose eyes had magic instruments in them, which enabled him to record all the fiendish happenings. He was accompanied by a veritable Helen of Troy in a fiery garment which inflamed all those around her. I did see one youthful spirit, who damaged himself severely — how, I know not . . .

. . . and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humor issuing flowed
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
And all his armor stained, erstwhile so bright.

But it may be that I, too, was a trifle crazed by all I saw; for it did seem to me that some — indeed, the greater part — of the inhabitants were revelling in their destiny; forsooth, the devil has proved himself so persuasive that I shall endeavour to commit sins of such enormity as will ensure me a place at the next Trinity Walpurgisnacht.

JUTTODDIE

Juttoddie is now one of the more firmly established traditions of the College, so that alterations in its form are difficult to engineer. However, within the determined framework, there is still considerable opportunity for worthwhile entertainment. This year, the organisers were determined to raise the afternoon above the miserable standard of 1966. And, indeed, Juttoddie in 1967 showed a marked improvement, although limitations remained apparent: perhaps student skits just can't reach a uniformly high standard . . . perhaps Juttoddie just must drag out through a whole afternoon no matter what the weather conditions are. As long as these conditions keep being necessary, the audience will continue to dwindle.

The confusion of the Arab forces in the Arab-Israeli conflict was adequately emulated before a frozen crowd of about 150. The armaments of the Arabs turned out to be fizzers, and, true to life, the Arabs were incapacitated when the first tank arrived. Close on the heels of this initial bang, a timid Prince Charles and Princess Anne arrived to open proceedings, filling in for their enthroned Mama. The Princess hoped, as she stripped the ceremonial ribbon, that the runner with the most valiant heart might drink from the cup. [Raucous laughter.] Meanwhile, the ecclesiastical party had arrived, as were the Books and Tote to do soon after, all with a corresponding air of dignity.

In tedious succession, the skits continued. Fine legal points were argued and extensive Latin maxims quoted by the cream of the College judiciary, as the Books and Tote (those sanctifiers of sin), the freshmen and the bricks were tried in turn. Predictably, no verdict was reached. Mike Hammerston and Ted Blamey offered a clever and entertaining interview with a clever old man called Bob (remember him?). The Senior Student, mastering the ceremonies, was sufficiently intoxicated by the atmosphere of the defenceless mass to repeat his oft-delivered warnings on the iniquities of alcohol.

Dorothy Dix gave us a glimpse of the tasks set before her, but even the nursery rhymes were not new. America's blasé attitude to the Vietnam question was admirably communicated, as was the acting ability of Richard Guy and Tony Holmes. Perhaps the nadir of the skits was reached in Breakfast on the High

Table. A few of the shafts were well directed, but others left the audience perplexed at the ill-conceived viciousness so clumsily manifested in them. Despite this, however, the skits were generally pleasing and clever, with that so important spontaneity that was missing last year.

The skits went on for a long time, and when the first race came, it was no surprise that the crowd had diminished somewhat. With an unethical combination of avarice and triviality, the bookmakers and organisers prepared to fleece the people, as the final heat was so clearly to show. The Jeopardy obstacles, now among the accepted hazards, were of no mean form, though they were characterised less by imagination than effectiveness in irritating the contestants. Phil Rhoden and John Renowden were meanwhile commentating over the P.A. system via the medium of sportsmen's clichés.

Sneddon was a good bet in the second heat, winning on a protest. As usual, the favourites fared badly, though Gowrie-Smith scrambled home in the fourth. Smoke was added to the array of hazards, but no attempt was made to exploit its more sophisticated potentialities. Punting was on a microscopic scale, a state which will continue until an end is put to interference with the horses.

Some of the spectators re-emerged into the rain to follow the final run of Messrs Yates, Sneddon, Cutler, Gowrie-Smith, Cunningham, Wookey, Scott-Fowler, and Baldwin. The field soon sorted itself out into an order of merit, and by the final hurdle Sneddon was in command: a fine investment for his old cronies from Ballarat Grammar. In a dour ceremony, the Acting Warden presented the cup to the joyful youth who, we hoped, was already planning ways of developing the improvements initiated by last year's winner, Stuart MacGregor.

ELLIOT FOURS

'Twas the Thursday of swot vac and the day dawned to reveal a quiet backwater, the proud possession of the Footscray Rowing Club, sober and virginal as about fifty Trinity gentlemen, adventure seekers all, descended upon it. They bore in their hearts the admonition of a certain College dignitary not to destroy the peace of this tranquil haven and the training of the fair horses at Flemington which, it is rumoured he held dear, that went about their work that morning across the water. But they also bore with them 27 gallons of the stuff of good liv-

ing. Jim Bain surveyed the scene and smiled menacingly.

With Chris Lang as Master of Ceremonies, the whole ghastly charade set itself in motion. The first of the races begun. A crew of valiant freshers, with a boat full of water, were beaten in a close finish by Bain's crew, who survived the loss of one of their seats and the flour bombs of their enemies. His teammates, Renowden, Gallagher and Hopkins, with their faithful cox Dave Were, rejoiced at this. Bain merely smiled menacingly. The victors of the other preliminary encounter—the fine team of Ross, Rhoden, 'Gorbie' and 'Guffa' with the Buzzard as crew— marvelled in awe as Renowden proceeded to demonstrate the effectiveness of his patented Otway Fish Shocker and steeled themselves for the contest to come. By this time the muffled roar of fireworks and the sweet sounds of the free-flowing barrels and the expiring bodies rent the ether and a mysterious blue sedan pulled up to observe the proceedings. The races between the finalists then drew the attention of all. Wondrous to behold, despite the three-length margin between the boats, the first race was declared the traditional draw and the Master of Ceremonies, asserting his control, called for the on-shore boat races to decide the issue. Bain smiled menacingly.

Time after time arm and glass were raised to toast Bacchus and his pards. The non-contestants looked closely to find the first tell-tale signs of the effects of these rapidly consumed drafts. For a while this was impossible as these were mighty men, but the quest for pure drinking speed finally caught up with our hardy gallants as they were cheered to alcoholic near-oblivion. Suffice to say, 'Guffa', with his years of training on harder material than this, acquitted himself with his usual studied finesse. His ever-alert cox also did his share to ensure victory, but our intrepid Master of Ceremonies was reluctant to declare a winner after such close drinking. Slowly, painfully, inexorably, the material at hand was disposed of— a mighty task all agreed. And so the Trinity gentlemen ran, jumped and crawled from the sheds of that great western suburban rowing club and headed back to their respectable Parkville dwellings. This quiet backwater was then left to its own devices. It was deserted, except for a solitary figure who stood there for the second time surveying this now peaceful expanse of water and thinking of the mysteries of the Cowan stairs and cascading waters. Jim Bain smiled wistfully.



"THAT ENIGMATIC SMILE."

WEDGWOOD

SPORTS AND GAMES

CRICKET

It's early morning and yah look out the window and there's some crazy guy trying to net fish on the bulpadok — now I'm not especially religious, but if he'd just throw it over the other side of the boat . . . Anyway, the mist lifts and your favourite story from the best-seller fades. Yah can see that it's actually one of our boys throwing up a cricket net that looks as if it's been worn to bed by Phyllis Diller. Well, it gives our lads in here the chance to develop a bit of Jayne Mansfield. Not that anybody in the College has a reputation for cricket, but it's common knowledge that there's no shortage of guys that can really handle a bat, and on the ball side, there are some fantastic performers. Once the word goes round that it's on we get swamped by lovers of the old game, eager for a bat and roll. We head 'em back from JCH and the big cat (he's in season) explains the position. It's a new one to me, but a few of us stay on, anyway. There's a rumour that we got a couple of new boys in the team: Sally 'I'm not altogether new here' Rhoden, a youngster from Barkersville; Ted 'don't mind if I do' Heywood, a typically well-bred infant from Grammarsville; and Prince 'he's number two to sit on the throne' MacGregor, a rural lad with an aristocratic future. Of course, our experienced players — last year's proved failures — are back, and each of us's keyed up to play a leading role.

Now the day comes, and it's a credit to the Cat and Quick Draw 'if he's human that's not alcohol we were drinking last night' Macaw, who've got the boys off the boards and broads and to the field. We win the fairy floss and just to get acclimatised take the field. Since we got more trundlers than batsmen this could be our day. Get one early and it looks like the Prince going to give 'em the royal routine. Now we're getting 'em regular, and by 3.50 p.m. they're 7/202. Gorbie 'he's the brains behind the whole debacle' Guv's master-plan (getting Sheahan transferred to New Zealand), is working lovely. Then we get these two unlikely

Presbyterian parrots. You'd have thought leather was out of style the way they slathered us, and our boys are really taking a beating. Now we take stock of ourselves, and with a few quiet verses from that evergreen, the monarchy finishes 'em off for 309. Now it's 5.20 p.m. and our blokes are about as keen to bat as Mussolini is to make a comeback against General Dayan. Finally Pork and Gorb open to a smorgasbord field and last till the big clock gives in.

Seventeen hours and eleven phantom cheers later they're at it again. We get a 63 opening stand and Pork, who's been difficult to budge, pleads ignorance to the 'clean-bowled' rule and is escorted from the arena. Like a I(only) B(illious) W(idow) Gorb follows Pork. Super Jew 'if war's declared I'll have to leave' Cohen plays an Arab's shot and is caught by the near-sighted Nasser of Magoosville: 1/63, 2/63, 3/63. Now you're not going to believe me when I say the lads were still sweetly confident, so I won't deceive yah. But the Cat and Quick Draw restore the position and we're 3/170. Then when everyone's wondering 'will he budge?' he does, and the big cat's astray again. Well, it's getting to look like Alcoholics Anonymous as Quick Draw and Heysplinters are cut down minutes after and we're 6/229. Yah think it's fallen apart, well yah ain't be told anything yet. 7/244, 8/244, 9/244, and now you have. Strawb, the Prince and Twiggs fall as 'there's not a cloud in the sky but it's lightning' Hopkins looks on. You're not wrong in thinking the end is near, and so it was at 258 with Dave 'if I'm back next year I'm batting on' Harper not out five.

The more perceptive will already have sensed defeat — heathens, for it is not to win, but to take part when you lose — and our lads are the best bartakers in the business. For when the liquid settled down, the sight of Quick Draw ravenously chewing the empties with his team-mates serenely playing 'Flakes and Bladders' around him was a pleasant reminder of the talent to manifest itself later in the year.

TRINITY v. ORMOND

TRINITY INNINGS

Guy, l.b.w., b. Williamson	16
Rhoden, b. Budge	45
C. Mitchell, c. Willie, b. Budge	63
Cohen, c. Steven, b. Williamson	0
Macaw, c. Budge, b. Williamson	60
Heywood, c. and b. Budge	24
Lewisohn, l.b.w., b. Budge	21
MacGregor, c. and b. Williamson	5
I. Hopkins, c. Merry, b. Williamson	9
Higgs, b. Budge	0
D. Harper, n.o.	5
Sundries	10
<hr/>	
TOTAL	258

BOWLING.—Budge 5/62, Motteram 0/25, Wilcox 0/31, Williamson 5/67, Steven 0/32, Courtis 0/28.

ORMOND INNINGS

Stewardson, c. Hopkins, b. MacGregor	48
Courtis, c. Macaw, b. MacGregor	7
Sincock, c. Hopkins, b. Higgs	42
Willie, c. Macaw, b. Rhoden	3
Anderson, c. MacGregor, b. Harper	53
Williamson, n.o.	90
Wilcox, c. Rhoden, b. Guy	5
Merry, b. Rhoden	6
Budge, b. MacGregor	33
Motteram, b. Cohen	9
Steven, l.b.w., b. MacGregor	5
Sundries	8
<hr/>	
TOTAL	309

BOWLING.—MacGregor 4/93, Harper 1/52, Rhoden 2/48, Higgs 1/46, Hopkins 0/28, Cohen 1/13, Guy 1/20.

SWIMMING

'I'll see you all at eight o'clock every morning in the pool,' said captain-coach Gallagher at the end of the first meeting of Trinity's potentially inter-collegiate swimmers, so setting the tempo for future training.

As the newly reincarnate sun peered disappointedly into the chlorinated haze of the pool on subsequent mornings, he revealed but one member of the red, white and green clan (one guess, no prize) among multitudes whose allegiances were sworn to other, less-pleasing

combinations of colour. The bulk of our team preferred to do their own, less-demanding training at their own, more-demanding convenience.

For all that, we did well enough. Though we lost almost certain first place in diving when the event was cancelled for lack of a board, we again managed third place over all, behind Queen's and Ormond. Ted Gallagher was runner-up in the 100 and 200 metre freestyle events, Garry Bigmore came second in the 50 metre breast-stroke and third in the individual medley, and Peter Selby-Smith won third place in the 50 metre back-stroke. The evening's entertainment proceeded with an under-water swim, in which the crowd sadistically sweated its way through more than two lengths of the pool in company with the indomitable Sev Clark. The gentlemen's relay encouraged numerous college personalities to strike a happy balance between exhibiting their physiological attributes and simultaneously displaying their good taste in swim-wear. The spectators' spirits, down after their traditional hosing from the relaying gentlemen, were right up for the women's dog-paddle. The night ended with the attempted drowning of certain loud-mouthed pool-siders. . . .

ROWING

Another season over, and Trinity College has regained its rightful possession of the Mervyn Bourne Higgins Trophy, together with its associate, the John Lang Cup, after a brief loan to Newman and Ormond Colleges.

The Trinity Crew was seated as follows:

Bow, A. deP. Godfrey; 2, R. J. Stewart; 3, D. D. Elder; 4, R. J. Wakefield; 5, D. T. Hornsby; 6, G. N. Withers; 7, J. D. Cloke; Stroke, B. A. Keon-Cohen; Cox, G. A. Nice; Coach, C. S. Keon-Cohen.

Owing to a Melbourne University Boat Club Committee ruling, Inter-Collegiate rowing this year was very early in first term, and training was commenced during Orientation Week. The Melbourne University's effort to boat an inter-varsity eight from the beginning of the academic year had a short-lived existence and Trinity College regained some of that crew when it disbanded at the end of Orientation Week. Training in earnest was commenced in the first week of term, and the crew seating was swiftly settled. The crew this year was rowing an adaptation of the 'Razenberg' style developed by Dr. Karl Adam, the coach of

various winning German Olympic and National Crews and which involved the development of a continual smooth and flowing movement throughout the stroke, emphasising continuity of motion and energy. Under the keen eye of their coach, Chester Keon-Cohen, and the infectious enthusiasm of their captain, David Elder, and stroke, Brian Keon-Cohen, the crew knuckled down to some very strenuous training rows and exercises which culminated in a most enjoyable and successful 'pot-hunting safari' to Mildura and Wentworth during the Easter vacation.

The regatta racing of the Trinity crew was quite successful, beginning with a fourth place in the 5½ mile Head of the Yarra. This marathon race was rowed the day after the Freshers' Dinner and the College oarsmen gave their coach direct evidence as to the probable prognosis of any similar evenings in the near future. Three wins out of four races in the Mildura-Wentworth Easter regattas were recorded. In the fourth race the coxswain, taking too literally the fable that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, steered outside his allotted course with dire results for the crew — although the heat was easily won the crew was disqualified. Many hard courses were rowed over the 3½-week season, and it is without doubt that the Trinity crew was the strongest and fittest of the four intercollegiate crews.

In the heat Trinity were opposed to Newman, and after a ragged start they settled down and rowed away from the Newman crew to win by approximately 2½ lengths. The heat was not a particularly satisfactory row from the coach's point of view, excepting, of course, that the win took them into the final against Ormond. The rowing was strong, but ragged, and the crew's timing was very much astray. However, the heat gave the coach much food for thought and much to work on in preparing the crew for the final.

The final was rowed into a strong headwind, and the conditions were very trying. The Trinity crew, benefiting from racing experience that it had obtained over the Easter regatta and the hard row it had had during the heat, rowed well in the final to defeat Ormond by approximately four lengths. The Ormond crew contained most of its winning crew from the previous year. However, Trinity, rowing with great strength and long hard strokes into the wind, rowed right away from Ormond to win easily.

By winning the inter-collegiate competition the Trinity crew then had to repair themselves from a short but strenuous evening's entertainment in College, and this was done by an enforced rest period during the following 48 hours so that the crew could be reasonably coherent for their race against the Extra-Collegiates. This race was not in any way taken lightly. Crew members realised that, for those who had made themselves available for intervarsity selection, this was their opportunity to impress the coach of intervarsity, and this they proceeded to do in no uncertain manner. In perfect conditions the crew rowed well and defeated the Extra-Collegiate crew by some ten lengths in the very fast time of six minutes and ten seconds. This was an incredible margin and demonstrated the superiority of this year's Trinity crew over the other colleges. Congratulations are due to the whole crew for a very satisfactory and successful season.

It is interesting to note that all the Trinity oarsmen who made themselves available to row in the Melbourne University Boat Club's Intersivity crews were selected. Those crew members and the positions they occupied are as follows:

B. A. Keon-Cohen (Stroke), G. N. Withers (6), D. D. Elder (4), A. deP. Godfrey (3), D. T. Hornsby (Bow).

All rowed in the Intersivity eight; and R. J. Stewart rowed Bow in the Intersivity four. G. A. Nice coxed the Intersivity eight. Both crews recorded good wins in their respective races.

The second eight trained with enthusiasm and perseverance. It was a credit to their coach, Mr. Geoffrey Ripper, that he was able to produce a crew from four semi-experienced oarsmen, and at least two complete novices. The seconds eventually succeeded in reaching the final by a sterling rowing performance against Newman in their heat. In the final, however, the very strong Ormond crew defeated Trinity by approximately four lengths.

The break with tradition this year, in that no trip to the Anglers' Arms at Essendon was accomplished, meant a subsequent lack of the sense of achievement which has dominated Trinity College second crews and their coaches for a number of years. This break with tradition was obviously more than sufficient to deny the seconds their victory.

TENNIS

In inter-collegiate tennis, Trinity won its first premiership for twelve years. In 1965 and 1966 we had been able to win our first round matches but had been narrowly beaten in the following round. In 1967 we played Ormond in the first round and comfortably defeated a very weak opposition. We had then to play Newman, knowing that the victor in this rubber would enter the final, and, according to the consensus of opinion, would probably bear away the trophy. On performance, the teams seemed evenly matched, but things did not turn out that way. Trinity won five out of the six singles, and easily clinched the match with two doubles victories in the afternoon.

Meanwhile, Queen's fought its way into the other finals position. Its team was far stronger than we expected, but the Trinity men played exceptionally well to win all the singles matches. Geoff Ainsworth and Terry Brown formed the one successful doubles pair, but their win was sufficient to take off the rubber.

As well as congratulating the team on its creditable performance, we should note that there were several players who missed selection only by the narrowest of margins.

HOCKEY

Much to the concern of those who are still apprehensive of these foreign sports, hockey has finally been recognised as a sport worthy of official competition between the colleges. Perhaps the doubters were consoled by Trinity's well-regarded reputation in this sport, and could easily remember our success last year against those formidable foes to our north.

It was, no doubt, with the hope that history would repeat itself, and this time with all the ceremony of an 'official' victory, that captain Paul Haskett organised such professional devices as a training list and a match against the University XI. The 'old' Trinity hockey men will be relieved to know that the latter break with tradition did not materialise.

The other less serious training was, of course, undertaken. The match with M.G.S. was a pleasant afternoon's training, although the second half demonstrated our usual lack of fitness at an early stage in the season. Rick Ladbury, playing his first game in four years, somehow survived the full match; this, 'L.B.'

claimed afterwards, was only the first stage of a comeback bid.

The Ballarat trip saw the social side of College hockey in action — mainly off the field. Resplendent in his old football boots, Tony Gregson rattled B.G.S. by playing most positions on the field; on many occasions fully occupying the attention of two of their defenders. Jim Selkirk made a tremendous bid for team selection by entertaining the team after the match and certainly helped to convince us what a worthwhile trip it had been.

On hearing that Ormond had fallen to Scotch College, we set off to Glenferrie to restore their respect for Collegiate hockey. Alas, we reached a compromise at three all, Trinity winning the last half 3-0. Our defence, it is true, caused certain problems, for our kicking back, Rick Ladbury, was an adventurous type, and a long run to the goal area was not a suitable tactic for the other backs. Still, argue the backs, what does a couple of goals matter if you have a good forward line?

During the last week before the first inter-collegiate match the training proper commenced. We had been unlucky to draw Ormond for the first game, and ostentatious training was undertaken on the Bulpadok. This feverish activity, which the rest of the College could hardly fail to observe, would surely convince them that the hockey players were far from complacent.

At the end of both halves in the Ormond match the game was drawn, with one goal each. Both sides had battled well: Chris Buckley, in goals for the first time, concealed his nervousness and stopped some difficult shots; David Grutzner, using his experience and coolness in times of crisis on the back line, helped to put the team back into attack. Paul Haskett took some spectacular tumbles, and the forward line, constantly fed by centre-half Graham Brown, was often within scoring distance, but only Peter Seddon's goal was on the board.

Being a knock-out series, a winner had to be found. A very tense five minutes each way and a goal was scored — by Ormond. Minutes later it was all over. The large group of enthusiastic spectators who saw the game as being similar to Australian Rules but with new weapons, quietly drifted away, some commenting knowledgeably: 'it was bad luck', 'we had our chances — but missed them', 'next year will be different'.

FOOTBALL FIRST EIGHTEEN

'Well, Strawb, you finally made it.'

'Yes, Lou. The College did have quite a good win this year.'

'Haven't won for a while?'

'That's right, Lou, it's been a few years since Trinity last won.'

'The team looked most impressive in the Ormond game. Watching from the press box I said to Jack: "This looks like the side to beat."'

'Yes, Lou, it was a fine team effort. Our teamwork was very good and at times there were patches of brilliant football. In particular, the new recruits from the country, Bill Sykes, Bruce Cottrill and Ted Heywood, did a good job.'

'Phil Cohen had a bit of a lean day?'

'Yes, Lou, he only kicked five.'

'You got rolled in the second game, against Newman?'

'A fairly even match, Lou, but Newman were the better team on the day. We had a sixteen point lead shortly after the start of the last quarter, but Newman, playing like a team inspired, attacked relentlessly and eventually took out the four points.'

'It was a bit unfortunate losing Pruden at a vital stage.'

'Actually, we told Marc before the game not to get more than four feet off the ground when going for his marks, but he wouldn't listen.'

'Wilson's been around for a while. How did he go?'

'Showed a ton of dash. All in all, he didn't do a bad job for an old bloke.'

'The supporters weren't too pleased after Trinity's effort in the Queen's game.'

'We took the match too casually, Lou, and before we knew it Queen's were seven goals ahead. There was no stopping the bastards. After half-time we settled down to a bit of football and came home well, but just went down by four points. Even so, a little more steadiness in the last four minutes and we could have won.'

'Jack, who was covering the match for Channel Seven, said the blow that downed Pete

Everist was one of the best straight lefts he'd seen in a long while.'

'Well, Everist will go round picking fights.'

'Very lucky to be in the final, Strawb, with one win and two losses. Personally, I didn't fancy your chances.'

'We were quietly confident, Lou.'

'The team was strengthened by the inclusion of Rhoden and MacGregor?'

'Yes, these lads had been moving well with the reserves, so we thought we'd give them a run, despite their lack of experience.'

'The final was a pretty torrid affair?'

'It was a real ball-tearer, Lou. I think most people thought we were done at three-quarter time, when we only led by fifteen points and Newman had the wind in the last quarter. However, our defence, capably led by Gorbie, refused to crack under pressure and played very cool football. Brown, Rhoden, Macaw, Mitchell, Wilson, Cohen . . . there were many good players, but above all it was a team effort in which every man played his part.'

'Well, Strawb, to what do you attribute the team's success this year?'

'Guts, determination, perspicacity, will to win, maintenance of speed and accuracy throughout.'

'Roy Stabb, Strawb, how'd he go?'

'He did a wonderful job as coach, Lou. If you're watching, Roy, I'd like to wish you all the best, on behalf of all the boys, and we look forward to seeing you back next year.'

'Finally, Strawb, how do you rate Trinity's chances for next year?'

'Personally, Lou, I think it would be rushing things a bit if we won again next year, but some of the boys are a bit keen, so I wouldn't like to say.'

SECOND EIGHTEEN

It is tempting, when preparing to record the events of this Seconds' football season, to seek inspiration from History. Tempting, but futile: for 1967 has been quite unique. We were not inspired to the gay light-heartedness which characterised our play in the early sixties, because we did not have to accept the futility of it all: we had a chance of winning. Nor were we moved to the earnest endeavours of a team

emerging from the wilderness: we had arrived. We had experience and youth, a vast pool of candidates to pick from, and a number of regular footballers. Nevertheless, our play was dreary: its quality is perhaps expressed most appropriately by some such tired phrase as this: 'Never in the history of Seconds football has a team with such promise played so little for so little result.'

A glance at the lists would convince any reasonably well-informed observer of the power of the team. When, previously, had the Trinity Seconds last boasted names so illustrious as Arup, Mackie, Forwood, Mitchell? Or Guy, Keon-Cohen, de Crespigny, Gaylard? Alas, our high hopes were dashed by the lack of teamwork and individual fire. It was not so much the losses which galled us — for they were narrow ones — it was the deflating of great expectations.

GOLF

The Royal Melbourne East course saw the demise of Trinity's traditional golfing supremacy in the inter-collegiate golf. In the morning the Trinity men calmly set about putting together a respectable aggregate on stroke play to get into the final with Ormond. At lunch they could reflect upon the fact that Ridley almost made the final for the first time. Perhaps this was an omen, for that afternoon, despite a 79 from Mike Guthrie, the Presbyterians played their way to an easy victory, $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$, with even, consistent golf. It was the first loss by a Trinity side for five years.

Kew Golf Club was once again the venue for the annual swot vac Golf Day, and those with either short memories or endless courage braved the course, under a threatening sky, to show their skills. The agony and the ecstasy began. Frank Callaway, despite his notorious fairway control, was showing the effects of his Tasmanian socialising and expired decorously on the river bank. Dale Pullin, fresh from his trials in the Sydney sand belt, neglected his form in favour of Phil Cohen's portable nineteenth. Chris Hamer not only found some form, but also the six balls he lost last year.

After lunch, the rain took charge of proceedings. In the championship at the half-way stage, Cox had a seemingly unbeatable ten-stroke advantage over the philosophic 'Guffa',

who savoured his midday beers wistfully. The tenth was the crucial point in the contest: Cox crashed with a seven to 'Guffa's' eagle two, and Guthrie from there took the points, to win by two strokes. In the handicap section, 'Dirty Dick' McKenzie shared a net 52 with Pete McCallum to win as the greens passed from sight in the rising flood waters.

THE CRICKET MATCH

by C. B. McC.

It was a cool, cloudy afternoon at the beginning of April. For a week or so the Bulpadok had grunted with the kicking of footballs. But this afternoon it lay still.

The two teams began to collect — the tutors or 'players' near Jeopardy, the 'gentlemen' near Cowan. The tutors took the game lightly-heartedly, but not altogether frivolously. You could tell that from the way they dressed, mostly in traditional white, and from the way they began throwing a ball snappily to one another. It was the gentlemen who displayed happy eccentricity. Not a team, this, but a collection of distinguished senior students, each appearing in his own style: one with smoking-gown, cravat, and big gold cuff-links; another plain save for a tall straw hat decorated with a red poppy; another with sword and cloak; and so on. The Senior Student had got himself into the traditional suit worn on this occasion, a suit worn more comfortably by his shorter predecessors. Long socks covered the considerable gap between trouser-cuffs and shoes.

Two tall, clean men in black dinner suits stepped smartly on to the field. They wore black academic squares, mortar-boards, on their heads, which gave them a judicial look. They were the umpires.

No one had quite got around to providing bats. The senior tutor had brought one of his own, which he kindly allowed to be used. Appeals to college men finally yielded another, an old veteran of a bat, signed by Hobbs, too fragile to be used much, but good for holding on to and running with.

The tutors won the toss and batted first, and in the hour or so that they stayed at the crease hit up quite a good score. They were assisted by a fault which the umpires were quick to notice: bowlers who took wickets before the batsman had scored invariably

had been careless enough to bowl a no-ball. This, together with fumbled, almost juggled catches, made it possible for the tutors to retire at tea time with about 130 runs on the board.

Tea on the Deanery lawn, provided by Professor and Mrs. Poynter, was as elegant and delicious as ever, and particularly appreciated since the afternoon was cool.

The gentlemen batted hard. Some tutors proved unexpectedly neat bowlers. Others obviously had not had enough practice when this game was played last year. Of course, they were not hampered by fancy dress—one of the gentlemen who had appeared as an Arab had his feet caught in his skirts when he bowled, and his eyes blinded by his flowing head-dress. The umpires, keeping a close watch on the number of runs being scored, allowed wickets to fall until all were out, the gentlemen having made roughly as many runs as the tutors.

Both teams adjourned to the Senior Common room to drink beer out of the college pewters, and discuss the day's play.

ATHLETICS

'... And we look forward to competition next year.' For this year three of the Colleges competed keenly for the Cato Shield only to see it carried from whence it came.

Newman's superiority was marked, but it appears that the competition is becoming more even. The second place was decided by Ormond's strength in the middle distance events, leaving Trinity to hold a slender lead over Queen's at the final tally.

To find good individual performances one must go beyond the Newman team effort to the high jump in which Coster of Queen's, returning after a year's absence, was the only competitor to clear 6 ft. 4 in. For Trinity, Captain Hasker was not disgraced in finishing third with Freshman Cunningham close behind.

The highlight for Trinity was a courageous win by Ian Gowrie-Smith in the 200 m. who, by using the inside running to advantage, beat a strong field. Adding this to a good 400 m. run shows that the College has gained a fine athlete. John Harry again proved the value of size and strength in the shot put while Chris Mitchell showed that both attributes could be applied to any event from hurdles to 400 m.

In the 1500 m. 'The Nag' really showed the results of a concerted effort by finishing strongly in third place. The only other performance worth noting was Marty Williams' burst of speed in the relay which surprised the third leg runner as well as Marty.

The overall effort was marred by the poor performance of the Jeopardy stable of half-milers who could only manage one point towards the College total. The trouble lay partly in the large number of freshmen who hid their lights under bushels because they did not want 'to become involved in too much sport'. Athletics suffers from this excuse more than any other sport, although it shares with swimming the virtue of being a one-day affair. The real trouble is that it is thought of as a sport which requires a lot of individual effort. Yet if men could train together the load would be lightened and a better result achieved. Next year we must train as a team, help each other, and see if the Cato Shield can help fill the new trophy cupboard.

JCH SPORTS

'In the interests of the whole woman'

Athletes, that's what we are — merely limbering up for the main social events of the season. Vicki Cameron raced off with three events, so our congratulations go to her and her team mates for winning every event in the athletics championships. Our other success came in the squash competition, whether by sheer good play or on account of the liquid incentive provided, and our opposition here once again retired well and truly beaten.

Elsewhere there are only losses to be recorded. We almost won the swimming. After gaining victories in the butterfly, medley relay and places in most other events, we were pipped at the post, but our congratulations go to all the swimmers for a great improvement on last year. Tennis, usually our claim to fame, must also be recorded among the losses. The form of previous years did not see the light of day, unfortunately. The sad tale continues in the case of the rowing, where we seemed more intent on crabbing than on repaying the cox's efforts.

A stick wrapped around a tree put paid to our changes in the golf, and we extend our sympathy to the proud possessor of the black eye in the hockey. Our losses in basketball and tabel tennis complete the story.

ACADEMIC DISTINCTIONS

JCH

FIRST CLASS HONOURS

Elizabeth ARNOLD: Classical Studies IV, French IV.
Anne BARWICK: Physics IIIA, Physics IIIB.
Elizabeth BLACKBURN: Biology, Chemistry IA, Physics IB.
Anne CALLOW: Bacteriology (Sci).
Leona DONNELLY: Music A.
Virginia DUIGAN: Ethics, English Literature IV, Greek Philosophy.
Rita ERLICH: English Literature I.
Karin FREDE: German I.
Peta HAYDON: Modern Government B, International Relations B.
Carolyn HOPPING: British History, European History A.
Ann KUPA: Physics I, Chemistry I, Biology I (Med).
Diana MARTIN: Ancient History II.
Katherine PATRICK: Theory and Method of History, General History II.
Margaret PELLING: History and Philosophy of Science I, English IV.
Judith PURSER: Germanic Studies.
Diane ROBERTSON: English Language and Literature I.
Ann THWAITES: Science of Materials A, History of Architecture II.
Rosalind WRIGHT: Dutch II.

SECOND CLASS HONOURS

Mary Ellen ABBOTT: Psychology I, British History.
Helen APTED: Chemistry, Physics IT (Vet Sci).
Rosalie ATKINS: Economics A, Economic Geography I.
Penelope BAKER: English Literature I.
Elizabeth BLACKBURN: Pure Mathematics I.
Eve BORTHWICK: English Language and Literature I.
Dian BOOTH: Psychology III.
Anne BOWMAN: Fine Arts B.
Anita BROWN: Biology (Dent).
Kerin BROWN: English Language and Literature I.
Sylvia CAMPBELL: French II, Latin II.
Margaret CHARLES: Criminology A.
Elaine COUNSELL: General History IV, Theory and Method of History.
Christine COWAN: Ancient History II, Geography III, Political Geography.
Belinda DALE: Geography IV.
Anne DALRYMPLE: French II.
Leona DONNELLY: Piano II.
Catherine ELDER: Italian II.
Rita ERLICH: French I.
Catherine FORSYTH: English Language and Literature II.
Frances FREW: Biology, Physics (Med).

Deidre GOLDSMITH: Biology.
Jacqueline GURNER: History D.
Georgina HAIGH: British History.
Rosemary HAMMOND: Class Singing I.
Peta HAYDON: Modern Government C, Political Sociology.
Elizabeth HERRINGTON: Geography III, Political Geography, History D, Ancient History II.
Jennifer HUGHES: General Microbiology.
Meredith KEFFORD: Biology, Chemistry IB.
Esther KLAG: Psychology I.
Norma LONG: Chief Practical Study I.
Diana MARTIN: General History IIIC, General History I.
Janet MURRAY: International Relations B.
Janet MACKENZIE: English Language and Literature II.
Barbara McCRAE: Chief Practical Study V.
Judith POWNALL: French I, English Language and Literature I.
Judy RHODEN: Physics IT, Chemistry IB.
Diane ROBERTSON: Fine Arts A.
Margaret ROBERTSON: English Language and Literature I.
Susan ROYLANCE: History D, History E.
Janet SELLS: Psychology I.
Ann SMITH: Geology I.
Elizabeth SMITH: Latin II.
Ann THWAITES: Building Construction II, Surveying.
Helen TOM: Physics, Chemistry (Med).
Alison WILLERSDORF: Economics A, Psychology I, Social Biology.
Roslyn WILSON: History and Principles of Education.
Margaret WOOKEY: Psychology IIIA.
Rosalind WRIGHT: German II.

DEGREES CONFERRED, 1966-1967

BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE: Marion Lobban.
BACHELOR OF ARTS (Honours): Elaine Counsell, Belinda Dale, Roslyn Hayman, Katherine Patrick, Roslyn Wilson, Elizabeth Arnold, Penelope Baker, Virginia Duigan.
BACHELOR OF ARTS: Jennifer Bryce, Wendy Cameron, Elizabeth Douglas, Patricia Eddy, Jill Gutteridge, Jane Marwick, Jane Pyke.
BACHELOR OF LAWS: Jennifer Lush.
BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY: Mary Cheesman, Joan Nielsen.
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE (Honours): Ann Callow.
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE: Pamela Conway, Margaret Drysdale, Patricia Major, Diana Pearson.

TRINITY COLLEGE

FIRST CLASS HONOURS

- I. A. ALEXANDER: Physics (Med).
 A. C. ARCHIBALD: Evidence, Equity, Mercantile,
 M. W. P. BAXTER: European History A, Geography I.
 A. W. BOYD: Physics (Med).
 A. W. BURGESS: Chemistry IIA.
 F. H. CALLAWAY: Contract, Economics B (Arts).
 P. E. COHEN: Economics A.
 H. K. COLEBATCH: Final Year Politics.
 A. L. CUNNINGHAM: Physics (Med), Chemistry (Med).
 J. M. DAVIS: Physiology IIA.
 R. H. DRUCE: Engineering I.
 O. M. EVANS: Electronics II.
 B. E. FIRTH: Chemistry IA.
 J. M. GARDINER: Physics IA, Chemistry IA, Pure Mathematics I, Applied Mathematics I.
 D. P. GARROT: Economics A.
 R. E. GAYLARD: Economics A.
 P. H. GERRAND: Engineering Mathematics IV.
 A. K. GREGSON: Chemistry IIIA.
 P. A. GUY: Economics C7.
 C. J. HAMER: Physics IV.
 I. J. HARDINGHAM: Constitutional Law I, Evidence, Equity.
 A. J. HIGGS: Engineering Mathematics II, Applied Thermodynamics I, Engineering Materials, Strength of Materials II, Electrical Engineering I.
 R. D. HOCKING: Physics IA, Chemistry IA.
 P. F. HOWARD: Process Chemistry.
 P. R. JUST: The Law of Torts, Legal History. Law, Constitutional Law I.
 C. M. KEMP: Final Year History.
 J. F. LANGDON: Physics IA, Chemistry IB, Pure Mathematics I, Applied Mathematics I.
 R. G. LARKINS: Medicine, Obstetrics and Gynaecology.
 G. S. LESTER: European History A.
 D. J. LOWY: Physics IIIA, Physics IIB.
 M. R. LUXTON: Physiology, Biochemistry.
 O. B. MACE: Applied Thermodynamics I, Engineering Mathematics II, Strength of Materials II.
 P. B. McPHEE: Ancient History.
 I. J. MIDDLETON: Chemistry (Eng).
 R. M. MOLESWORTH: Chemistry Pt. 1 (Ag Sci).
 G. MYERS: English Literature II.
 R. M. NIALL: Physics I (Eng), Chemistry I (Eng), Engineering Mathematics I, Engineering I.
 K. W. OGDEN: Structural Theory and Design.
 G. L. PIKE: English Language and Literature I.
 M. PRUDEN: The Law of Torts.
 D. I. PULLIN: Physics IIIA.
 R. J. RAMSAY: Physics (Med).
 A. W. SMITH: Final Year Commerce.
 P. S. SMITH: Physics I (Eng), Chemistry I (Eng), Engineering Mathematics I, Engineering I.
 M. J. STANDISH: Legal History.
 A. N. STOKES: Pure and Applied Mathematics IV.
 R. N. THOMAS, Latin I.
 J. E. TIBBALLS: Physics IA, Chemistry IA, Applied Mathematics I.
 D. J. WALKER: Physics I (Eng), Chemistry IB.
 R. K. WATSON: Theory of Statistics.

- P. L. WEICKHARDT: Physics IA, Chemistry IA, Pure Mathematics I.
 G. R. WEISE: Chemistry IIA.
 J. W. WILSON: Accountancy Part IIB.

SECOND CLASS HONOURS

- W. L. ABBOTT: General History IIIA, Ancient History.
 G. W. AINSWORTH: Legal History.
 I. A. ALEXANDER: Biology (Med).
 K. J. F. ALLEN: Physics IV.
 A. C. ARCHIBALD: Conveyancing, Public International Law.
 T. E. BLAMEY: Industrial Science I, Economic Studies I.
 A. W. BOYD: Biology (Med).
 J. O'N. BRENNAN: Final Honours Arts.
 J. H. H. BROOKES: Chemistry IIIB.
 T. F. BROWN: Economics B.
 C. A. BUCKLEY: Chemistry IA.
 T. D. BUICK: Veterinary Microbiology.
 F. H. CALLAWAY: Torts, Property, Legal History.
 P. D. COYNE: Physics IT, Chemistry IB.
 A. L. CUNNINGHAM: Biology (Med).
 D. F. L. Ch. de CRESPIGNY: Economics B, Economics C, Economic History A, Statistical Method.
 J. A. DARLING: English Literature II.
 J. M. DAVIS: Pharmacology B.
 M. DOWNING: Final Honours Combined Course in French and German.
 R. H. DRUCE: Physics I (Eng).
 R. H. EARL: Constitutional Law I, Evidence.
 G. W. EDELSTEN: Medicine.
 O. M. EVANS: Economic Studies II.
 B. E. FIRTH: Physics IA.
 D. B. P. FITZPATRICK: Pure Mathematics I, British History.
 G. R. FLEMING: Physics IA, Chemistry IB, Pure Mathematics I.
 G. K. FORBES: Pure Mathematics III, Applied Mathematics III.
 J. R. FULLERTON: Physics IIA.
 D. P. GARROT: Accountancy I.
 R. J. GILMOUR-SMITH: Music A.
 P. B. GREENBERG: Medicine, Surgery.
 T. W. GRIFFITHS: Physics IIB.
 A. W. GRIMES: Chemistry IA.
 P. A. GUY: Economics C3, Economics C5, Economics C8.
 M. T. HAMERSTON: Honours History B.
 I. J. HARDINGHAM: Public International Law, Conveyancing, Mercantile Law.
 J. R. HARRY: Introduction to Legal Method.
 J. F. HENRY: International Relations A.
 A. J. HIGGS: Dynamics of Machines I.
 E. P. HOBSON: Introduction to Legal Method, Modern Government A.
 R. D. HOCKING: Pure Mathematics I.

G. W. HONE: Constitutional Law II, Private International Law.
 D. T. B. HORNSBY: Engineering Mathematics II, Metallurgical, Engineering I.
 P. R. JUST: Contract.
 P. J. KENNON: Property, Torts.
 D. J. E. KING: Electrical Engineering II, Engineering Mathematics III.
 J. O. KING: Medicine.
 M. KUPA: English Literature II.
 I. R. LANGMAN: General History II, General History III C and D.
 R. G. LARKINS: Surgery.
 W. G. LAST: English Language and Literature I.
 P. R. LEMON: Property.
 A. H. Le PAGE: Business Administration.
 G. S. LESTER: Philosophy I.
 J. R. P. LEWISOHN: Public International Law, Constitutional Law I, Conveyancing.
 R. C. MACAW: Trots, British History (Law), English Language II, English Literature II.
 O. M. MACE: Engineering Materials, Dynamics of Machines I, Electrical Engineering I.
 R. J. MACKIE: Applied Thermodynamics I.
 R. R. MacDONALD: Organised Behaviour.
 S. J. McGREGOR: Economics A.
 W. T. McKAY: Constitutional Law I, Conveyancing.
 R. J. McKENZIE: Legal History.
 P. B. McPHEE: Economics A (Arts), Psychology I.
 R. L. McPHEE: Modern Government A.
 D. S. MEAKIN: Final Honours Combined Course History and Politics.
 I. J. MIDDLETON: Physics I (Eng).
 A. D. MILLER: Psychology IIIA, Psychopathology.
 G. G. MITCHELL: Physics IV.
 R. M. MOLESWORTH: Biology.
 G. D. MUNN: Economic Geography.
 R. J. MURRAY: Physics IV.
 R. H. NOBLE: Physics I (Eng), Chemistry (Eng).
 R. J. O'DONOVAN: Economics B.
 K. W. OGDEN: Engineering Mathematics II, Engineering Materials.
 J. G. W. OLIVER: Final Honours Combined Course Commerce and Politics.
 J. T. PATTEN: Physics (Med).
 G. L. PIKE: British History.
 M. PRUDEN: Legal History, Property.
 G. J. PULLEN: Oral Surgery.
 I. J. RAYMOND: Strength of Materials.
 J. A. RENOWDEN: Zoology IIIA.
 J. S. ROBERT: Business Administration.
 G. A. ROSS: Physics IA.
 P. B. SEDDON: Physics IIA.
 R. B. SEWELL: Physics (Med).
 P. A. H. SPEAR: Mercantile Law.
 M. J. STANDISH: Property.
 J. H. TELFER: Legal History, Property.
 A. B. TELFORD: Microbiology.
 S. L. THOMAS: Elements of Building Construction.
 R. N. THOMAS: French.
 M. J. THWAITES: Law Relating to Executors and Trustees, Company Law.
 J. E. TIBBALLS: Pure Mathematics I.
 D. J. WALKER: Engineering I, Engineering Mathematics I.
 R. K. WATSON: Pure Mathematics III, Theory of Computations.
 P. L. WEICKHARDT: Applied Mathematics I.
 D. C. WITHINGTON: European History B.
 G. R. WORBY: English Literature II.

DEGREES CONFERRED, 1966-1967

BACHELOR OF APPLIED SCIENCE (Honours Degree): O. M. Evans.
 BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE: C. H. D. Stevens.
 BACHELOR OF ARTS: G. R. Davey, P. J. Hughes, R. K. Jackson, J. R. P. Lewisohn, T. B. Minchin, A. J. Nickson, C. J. S. Renwick.
 BACHELOR OF ARTS (Honours Degree): J. O'N. Brenan, H. K. Colebatch, M. Downing, C. M. Kemp, D. S. Meakin.
 MASTER OF ARTS: G. C. Rennie, B.A., B.Sc.
 BACHELOR OF COMMERCE: N. B. M. Buesst, F. G. Davey, LL.B., P. A. Guy, W. R. Stokes.
 BACHELOR OF COMMERCE (Honours Degree): J. G. W. Oliver, A. W. Smith.
 BACHELOR OF EDUCATION: T. M. Thorn, B.Com.
 DIPLOMA OF EDUCATION: T. M. Thorn, B.Com.
 DIPLOMA OF EDUCATION: G. J. Aplin, K. R. Griffiths.
 BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING: W. D. T. Cowan, S. Eckersley, P. H. Georrand, A. K. Heard, W. S. Kimpton, J. S. Larritt, A. H. Le Page, J. S. Robert.
 MASTER OF ENGINEERING SCIENCE: W. S. Matheson, B.E., V. S. Ramsden, B.E.
 BACHELOR OF LAWS: R. J. Kemelfield, D. B. McCowan, A. G. McCracken, I. R. Monotti, B. I. Ogilvie, A. R. G. Orr, C. J. S. Renwick, B.A., T. Sephton, J. D. B. Wells, B.A., J. C. Wilson.
 BACHELOR OF LAWS (Honours Degree): D. J. Fenton, B.A., G. W. Hone, W. B. Strugnell, M. J. Thwaites.
 BACHELOR OF MEDICINE & BACHELOR OF SURGERY: G. W. Edelsten, P. L. Field, C. J. A. Game, P. B. Greenberg, I. J. P. Henderson, J. O. King, R. G. Larkins, J. M. P. Robinson, R. D. Weymouth, G. H. T. Wheler, J. R. E. Wilson, W. F. Wilson.
 DOCTOR OF MEDICINE: V. D. U. Hunt, M.B., B.S.
 DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY: R. G. H. Cotton, B.Agr.Sc.
 BACHELOR OF SCIENCE: J. J. Amos, J. H. H. Brookes, J. M. Davis, G. K. Forbes, M. P. Georgeff, C. J. Hamer, J. A. Renowden, R. E. H. Wettenhall.
 BACHELOR OF SCIENCE (Honours Degree): K. J. F. Allen, G. G. Mitchell, A. N. Stokes, J. P. Warren.
 MASTER OF SCIENCE: D. J. H. Cockayne, B.Sc., A. J. R. Prentice, B.Sc.

TRINITY MAJOR SCHOLARS

A. M. WHITE SCHOLARS: A. C. Archibald, J. M. Gardiner, A. K. Gregson, D. J. Lowy.
 CHARLES HEBDEN SCHOLAR: R. M. Niall.
 R. & L. ALCOCK SCHOLARS: I. J. Hardingham, A. J. Higgs.
 HENRY BERTHON SCHOLAR: P. L. Weickhardt.
 CLARKE SCHOLAR: F. H. Callaway.
 PERRY SCHOLAR: G. R. Wiese.
 ALEXANDER C. THOMPSON SCHOLAR: O. B. Mace.
 F. L. ARMYTAGE SCHOLAR: M. W. P. Baxter.
 ALBERT GUY MILLER SCHOLAR: G. P. Simon.

COUNCIL'S SCHOLARS

A. L. Cunningham, R. D. Hocking, J. R. Langdon,
P. S. Smith, J. E. Tibballs, D. J. Walker.

TRINITY MINOR SCHOLARS

CHARLES HEBDEN SCHOLAR: G. S. Baldwin.
CHARLES HEBDEN BURSARY: K. L. Chelsworth.

ELIZABETH HEBDEN SCHOLAR: R. N. Thomas.
SIMON FRASER (THE YOUNGER) SCHOLAR:
K. W. Ogden.

BATH MEMORIAL SCHOLAR: M. J. Hamerston.

COUNCIL'S SCHOLARS

I. A. Alexander, C. J. Arup, G. T. Bigmore, T. E. Blamey, A. W. Boyd, D. F. L. Ch. de Crespigny, J. M. Davis, R. H. Druce, B. E. Firth, G. R. Fleming, G. K. Forbes, H. C. McA. Foster, S. C. Fowler, D. P. Garrot, J. R. Gill, C. P. Lang, S. C. J. Laugher, G. S. Lester, J. R. P. Lewisohn, P. B. McPhee, S. G. Moroney, R. H. Noble, D. J. Oppenheim, H. S. Parkinson, G. L. Pike, M. Pruden, C. H. Sargood, M. J. Standish, R. J. Stewart, J. H. Telfer, R. K. Watson.

GRADUATE SCHOLARS

C. M. Kemp, A. N. Stokes.

NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONS

W. L. Abbott, A. W. Burgess, R. H. Earl, T. G. Glanville, E. M. Gurney, P. R. Just, M. R. Luxton, I. J. Middleton, A. M. North, P. R. Rayment, I. G. Seddon, J. W. Wilson.

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS

BISHOP'S STUDENT: S. A. H. Ames.
MARLEY STUDENT: G. R. Davey.
MOORHOUSE STUDENT: R. H. Elliott.
HENTY STUDENT: P. J. Hughes.
UPTON-EVERIST STUDENT: G. Myers.
COMBEDOWN STUDENT: R. T. Sharr.

JCH

MAJOR RESIDENT SCHOLARS

Anne Barwick, Elizabeth Blackburn, Pamela Kaye,
Ann Kupa, Janet McCalman.

MINOR RESIDENT SCHOLARS

Dianne Boehm, Dian Booth, Leona Donnelly,
Karin Frede, Elizabeth Herington, Meredith Kefford,
Mary Lahore, Diana Martin, Victoria Owen, Ann
Thwaites, Rosemary Withecomb, Rosalind Wright.

NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONERS

Maryellen Abbott, Sylvia Campbell, Christine
Cowan, Rita Erlich, Jo Gome, Sarah Hamer, Shurlee
Hateley, Peta Haydon, Kerryn Higgs, Carolyn Hop-
ping, Louise Langford, Frances Muecke, Diane
Robertson, Vivien Santer, Heather Simmons.

MIGRATORY MOVEMENTS

SALVETE, 1967

C. J. Arup, J. G. Baillieu, G. S. Baldwin, W. G. Barton, G. T. Bigmore, R. Buchanan, E. A. Cameron, K. L. Chelsworth, T. G. R. Clarke, T. J. Colebatch, D. B. Cottrill, D. F. L. Ch. de Crespigny, M. J. Crossley, A. L. Cunningham, B. J. Cutler, R. H. Druce, J. S. T. Dudley, D. C. Dumaresq, C. M. Fido, G. K. Forbes, M. Forwood, H. C. McA. Foster, W. F. Foster, G. G. Fowler, S. C. Fowler, M. R. Gibbons, J. R. Gill, I. R. Gowrie-Smith, M. G. K. Guthrie, A. W. F. Hamer, I. J. Hardingham, E. R. J. Heywood, R. L. C. Hoad, R. D. Hocking, R. Hutchings, P. A. Keath, B. A. Keon-Cohen, M. Kupa, R. Ladbury, D. E. Langley, S. C. J. Lughar, R. C. Mackay, L. S. Mackellar, I. D. McLeod, R. W. McIver, R. G. Mander-Jones, S. G. Moroney, P. R. Newton, G. A. Nice, D. J. Oppenheim, H. S. Parkinson, J. E. Penrose, R. I. Rex, P. H. Rhoden, A. J. Salter, C. H. Sargood, J. R. McK. Selkirk, R. T. Sharr, J. D. Sneddon, R. C. A. Southey, R. L. Spokes, R. J. Stewart, C. R. Stockdale, W. E. Sykes, M. J.

Taylor, P. A. Thomson, R. K. Tronson, J. A. Wilson, G. N. Withers, D. E. Yates.

JCH

Sally Andrews, Patricia Bainbridge, Elizabeth Barrow, Bronwen Birrell, Dianne Boehm, Diana Brett, Janet Browning, Vicki Cameron, Susan Cook, Katherine Derham, Suzanne Donnelly, Jane Drewett, Judith Earls, Kay Elsworth, Lorraine Emslie, Robyn Fraser, Lynette Gillet, Anne Gardener, Valerie Godson, Glenda Harvey, Ann Haezelwood, Joanne Heinz, Valerie Hewitt, Jenifer Hooks, Elizabeth Hutchinson, Pamela Kaye, Judith Kennett, Seonaid Kellock, Ann Kupa, Mary Lahore, Mary Lush, Margret Morton, Carolyn MacDowall, Janet McCalman, Katrina MacLeod, Elizabeth Nash, June Nicoll, Helen O'Neill, Victoria Owen, Judith Pownall, Roselyn Shade, Diana Skues, Leah Stubbings, Karyn Small, Faye Stuckey, Heather Stuchberry, Felicity Williams, Catherine Willis, Rosemary Withercomb, Rosalind Wright, Elizabeth Young.

VALETE, 1966

K. J. F. Allen, G. J. Aplin, G. J. Betley, J. O'N. Brenan, J. H. H. Brookes, T. D. Buick, H. K. Colebatch, D. C. Cowan, W. D. T. Cowan, J. A. Darling, P. D. S. Dennis, D. A. Ellerman, P. J. Elliott, O. M. Evans, D. J. Fenton, D. D. Field, P. L. Field, I. K. M. Galbraith, C. J. A. Game, P. H. Gerrand, D. G. Gome, P. B. Greenberg, K. R. Griffiths, P. A. Guy, C. J. Hamer, A. K. Heard, G. W. Hone, D. S. Houghton, R. K. Jackson, R. J. Kemelfield, W. S. Kimpton, J. O. King, G. M. Knight, S. G. Larkins, J. S. Larritt, A. H. Le Page, R. J. MacGregor, C. D. McKellar, D. S. Meakin, A. D. Miller, G. G. Mitchell, R. J. Murray, R. M. C. Nankivell, J. G. W. Oliver, P. S. Osmond, D. O. Owen, J. F. Patrick, R. J. Peers, A. J. R. Prentice, D. I. Pullin, R. J. Ramsay, H. G. Richards, J. S. Robert, J. M. P. Robinson, R. B. Scott, W. D. L. Sear, J. H. Shepherd, W. R. Stokes, J. G. Stuckey, S. L. Thomas, M. J. Thwaites, J. P. Warren, R. D. Weymouth, G. H. T.

Wheeler, S. J. K. Wigley, J. C. Wilson, W. F. Wilson, D. C. Withington, D. S. Woodruff.

JCH

Jane Barnaby, Jill Barton, Rae Bell, Abigail Bolton, Robyn Bromich, Anne Bowman, Jennifer Bryce, Wendy Cameron, Barbara Carr, Suzanne Champion, Mary Cheeseman, Carolyn Coffey, Anne Colebatch, Pamela Conway, Elaine Counsell, Joanna Cowan, Anne Dalrymple, Susan Dalrymple, Mary Day, Elizabeth Douglas, Margaret Drysdale, Virginia Duigan, Barbara Dunbar, Patricia Eddy, Helen Goldsmith, Jill Gutteridge, Peta Haydon, Rosemary Haymen, Jane Howie, Gillian Keon-Cohen, Janet Knewstub, Marion Lobban, Patricia Major, Jane Marwick, Robyn Mason, Janet Murray, Barbara McCrae, Elizabeth Newton, Joan Nielson, Katherine Patrick, Diana Pearson, Claudia Radock, Diane Robertson, Diane Sampey, Ann Smith, Bailey Ann Smith, Bronte Stuart Smith, Elaine Spry, Lea Stogdale, Jane Stoney, Gillian Triggs, Penelope Weatherley, Margaret Wookey, Roslyn Wilson.

UNION OF THE FLEUR-DE-LYS

COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT: Dr. W. W. Lempriere.

COMMITTEE: Sir Clive Fitts, J. H. B. Armstrong, F. F. Knight, C. Keon-Cohen, Dr. W. W. Lempriere, M. M. Smith, R. K. Todd, P. Balmford, Prof. J. R. Poynter, W. B. Capp, J. K. Nixon, N. A. Lane, Dr. C. E. G. Beveridge, J. A. Strahan, Dr. M. R. Jones, N. M. Carlyon.

HONORARY SECRETARY: J. A. Court.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting and Dinner of the Union were transferred this year from their regular date on the Friday nearest Trinity Sunday to the last week of the summer vacation. A dinner which was attended by many members of the Union was given by the College in June to mark the opening of the College Appeal. The Union dinner will revert to its old place in the calendar next year.

The Annual General Meeting preceded the dinner and was disposed of with the usual expedition. Once again the committee was elected unanimously with acclamation.

The Incoming President, Dr. Lempriere, in proposing the toast to 'The College', said that he had thought that he had earned a lifetime reprieve from having to speak in Hall, not having been asked to do so as a student, but he was glad to be able to express his gratitude for the happy years he had spent at the Col-

lege. The Warden and the Senior Student, replying, reported that the College was in good heart. Achievements in the examinations were equal to the College's best, and failures were fewer than ever before. Performance on the playing fields had also improved and the College was confident of winning at least one of the inter-Collegiate sports. The toast to 'The Union' was proposed in stirring manner by Mr. Justice Starke. The College should accept the fact that it belonged to 'the establishment', he said, but it would be failing if it produced men with establishment ideas and attitudes. F. F. Knight responded to the toast and related the beginnings of the Union

OBITUARY

The list of College men of whom the death has been noted during the year is unhappily longer than usual. We record the following with regret:

William Edmund Moorhouse	1903
Victor Paul Hildebrand Stantke	1904
Clifford Plessay Brown	1905
Henry Arnold Crowther	1906
Sydney Bernard Buckley	1906
Albert Valdemar Roy Hansen	1906
Thorold Thomas	1907
Clive Latham Baillicu	1909
Maurice Edmund DeBurgh Griffith	1910
Eric John Quirk	1910

Edward Druce Yencken	1910
Alexander Rud Mills	1911
Arthur Reginald Mace	1912
Joseph Edgar Newnham	1912
John Charles Ross	1913
Cyril Ednott Crooke	1914
Godfrey David Cecil Garde	1914
Leslie Anderson Love	1918
William Edward Hasker	1919
Tamillas Robert Mappin	1920
Henry George Laughner	1927
William Richard Charles Stevenson	1935
John Alexander Le Page	1939
Alan Adrian Russell	1940
James Gordon Robertson	1944
Adrian William Riordan	1945

NOTES

In June an appeal was launched to the members and friends of the College for \$150,000 which is urgently required to make it possible for new buildings to be built and old to be renewed and to augment depreciating and inadequate endowment funds. A committee was recruited with N. H. Turnbull as its chairman with the object of approaching personally every Trinity man living in Victoria and as many as possible elsewhere. There was a gladdening response from the men who were approached and asked to contribute, but the progress of the appeal was hindered by there being too few workers in the field. In the circumstances the amount of \$103,000 subscribed or promised by the end of September was a signal achievement and there is every reason for confidence that the target amount will be reached. Any member of the Union who is prepared to help, if only to approach one other person, is asked to get in touch with Nick Turnbull, 23 Berkeley Street, Hawthorn (81-2695).

The Union congratulates N. V. Henderson, who was awarded a C.B.E. in the New Year honours, and J. S. Bloomfield, who was knighted in the Queen's Birthday honours. In January also H. R. Newton was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Victoria. In March F. S. Grimwade was elected to the Legislative Council and P. Ross Edwards to the Legislative Assembly.

The Warden left for the United Kingdom at the end of second term. He will be away until February. His path crossed in New Delhi with that of the Chaplain, Dr. B. R. Marshall, who has returned to the College after a year's study leave at the Sorbonne and Oxford. He brought

news of Dr. John Emmerson, now a Fellow of New College, A. B. Swanson, reading for a doctorate in chemistry, P. F. Johnson, reading theology at Christ Church, P. F. Druce, whom he saw in London, Oxford and Paris, and A. G. Richards, who is working as an engineer in the Midlands. Just before his return he was at the marriage of David Cockayne at the Parish Church of Shilton in the Cotswolds. Trinity neo-Oxonians C. I. E. Donaldson (Fellow of Wadham) and T. W. Quirk (Research Fellow of St. John's) were in Melbourne for short visits during the year. D. J. Daley, now Ph.D., en route from the United States to Selwyn College, Cambridge, and J. L. Duncan, who read a paper at an International Conference of Metallurgists in Adelaide, also visited the College. John Duncan is living with his wife and family of three children, all English-born, in Cheshire, and lectures at the Manchester Institute of Science and Technology.

R. B. Lewis has been appointed first Master of Menzies College at La Trobe University. He will leave St. Mark's College, Adelaide, where he has been Master since 1957, to take up his appointment early next year. The Master of the other college at La Trobe is also a Trinity man, B. C. J. Meredith.

A. W. Hamer will leave Australia soon to live in Calcutta, where he will be chairman of the Indian subsidiary of I.C.I.

S. P. Gebhardt has been appointed headmaster of All Saints' College, Bathurst.

Professor G. M. Badger is the new Vice-Chancellor of the University of Adelaide.

R. A. Woolcott left for Accra at the end of October to become High Commissioner in Ghana.

A biography of the late Sir Russell Grimwade by Professor J. R. Poynter was published by the Melbourne University Press in October. It is the first book to have appeared under the imprint of the Miegunyah Press.

MEMBERSHIP

Once again it is pointed out that all former members of the College are eligible for membership of the Union. Anyone who is not a member or who knows other members of the College who would like to become members, is invited to contact the Hon. Secretary at 430 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, and he will be happy to add his name to the list of members. Annual Membership remains at \$1.00, and Life Membership \$16.80.

TRINITY WOMEN'S SOCIETY

COMMITTEE, 1966-67

PRESIDENT: Mrs. M. Letts.
VICE-PRESIDENT: Mrs. R. Kinneer.
HONORARY SECRETARY: Miss J. Tarlin.
HONORARY TREASURER: Mrs. A. Smithers.
REPRESENTATIVE TO COLLEGE COUNCIL:
Mrs. A. Asche.
COMMITTEE: Mrs. S. Alley, Mrs. C. Baird, Mrs. J. Grice, Mrs. F. Derham, Mrs. J. Guhrle, Mrs. G. Trinca.
CO-OPTED MEMBER: Miss Margaret Drysdale.

THE YEAR'S ACTIVITIES

The ANNUAL DINNER for 1966 was held at Janet Clarke Hall on Saturday, August 20, and once again Mrs. Dodds provided us with an excellent dinner. Guests were the Principal and Senior Student of the College, Miss Joske, the Presidents of the V.W.G.A., the Wyverna Club, Ormond Women's Society, St. Mary's Hall, and University Women's College Past Students' Associations, and Lady Loder and Mrs. Jackson from St. Hilda's Auxiliary. Toasts to the Queen and the College were proposed by the President, Mrs. Letts, and the Principal and Senior Student responded to the toast to the College. Miss Sybil Burns proposed the toast to Absent Friends.

We were honoured and delighted to be told at the Dinner by Mrs. K. Emmerson, on behalf of the College Council, of the appointment of the first four Fellows of Janet Clarke Hall. They are Dr. Margaret Blackwood, M.B.E., Dr. Margaret Henderson, Dr. Helen Knight, and Miss Yvonne Aitken. Dr. Blackwood responded on behalf of the Fellows.

The ANNUAL MEETING preceded the Dinner and was attended by 55 members. Much of the business of the meeting was concerned with the approaching Book Fair and with final arrangements. It was announced that the Committee planned to hold another Dinner and Film Evening and a Jumble Sale to raise money in 1967.

Mrs. S. Alley gave an interesting account of the activities of the National Council of Women. Mrs. Alley and Mrs. K. Emmerson were re-appointed delegates to the N.C.W. During the year we were informed by the N.C.W. that we could have two proxies, so the Committee co-opted Mrs. E. Webb-Ware and Mrs. R. Hallenstein as our proxies to the N.C.W.

Dr. Eden announced that the Trinity Women's Society Scholarship has been awarded to Elizabeth Blackburn, who is the daughter of a past student of the College, Marian Jack. Elizabeth topped the State in Matriculation Biology and General Maths, and in her first year at University has gained top places in three Science subjects.

As a gesture of thanks for her many years of service to the College, Dr. Helen Knight was made an Honorary Life Member of the Society.

The day after the Dinner, on Sunday, August 21, an ANNIVERSARY CHAPEL SERVICE was held in Trinity College Chapel to celebrate the eightieth anniversary of the founding of Janet Clarke Hall. The Service was conducted by the Chaplain of Trinity, Dr. Barry Marshall, and the address was given by the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Reverend Dr. Frank Woods. Miss Valentine Leeper read the Lesson. After the service the 400 guests were invited to a Buffet Luncheon at Janet Clarke Hall.

The BOOK FAIR in aid of Janet Clarke Hall and St. Hilda's College was held at Melba Hall from Tuesday, October 18, to Saturday, October 22. Members gave willingly of their time, and their hard work resulted in a total of \$7,600 being raised. In November Dr. Eden gave a celebration dinner at Janet Clarke Hall at which Mrs. A. Asche, as Joint Treasurer of the Book Fair Committee, handed to our President, Mrs. Letts, a cheque for \$3,800, and a cheque for a similar amount to Mrs. D. Habersberger, representing St. Hilda's Auxiliary. Once again we would like to thank everyone who worked so hard to make this Book Fair such a success.

The first social function for the year was a Luncheon Party held at the Vice-Chancellor's residence on Thursday, April 13. Over 100 people were present, and as it was such a pleasant day we were able to have lunch in the garden as well as inside. After lunch we were able to see a most interesting collection of old and rare books at the Baillieu Library, after which we visited the Percy Grainger Museum. Our thanks go again to Mrs. Dodds and to all those who worked so hard to make the luncheon a success. As a gesture of appreciation, our President, Mrs. Letts, presented Lady Paton with an azalea bush to plant

at her home after Sir George retires. We raised \$354.44 from this function, and after consultation with Dr. Eden, the Committee decided to give the money to the College to purchase new cutlery for the Dining Hall at Janet Clarke Hall.

The JUMBLE SALE was held on 4th May at St. George's Hall, Malvern. We did not have as much jumble this year, but in spite of this we raised \$325.38 for the Appeal. Our thanks go to all those who gave their time to help in this effort.

In March the Committee was invited to meet the Council of the College at a Luncheon Party at Janet Clarke Hall. Members of the Student Club Committee were also present, and it was gratifying to see the interest shown by the students in the Trinity Women's Society.

In April, several of the Committee were present at a late afternoon function at which the new tapestry by Mrs. Sonia Carrington, given in memory of Mrs. McMahon by her family and friends, was presented. Miss Joske spoke of Mrs. McMahon's work for the College as Chairman of the Janet Clarke Hall Committee from 1931 to 1939. Dr. Blackwood accepted the tapestry on behalf of the College.

This year we have been concentrating on finding the addresses of past students who entered College in the years 1957, 1947, 1937, 1927, 1917 and 1907, but there are many whose address we have not been able to find. We would be grateful to hear from anyone with news of past students. This is a long-term project, but by the end of 10 years we hope to be able to locate most of the past students of the College.

There are now 284 Life Members and 56 Annual Members of the Trinity Women's Society.

NEWS OF PAST STUDENTS

HONOURS AND AWARDS

At the end of 1966 Dr. Kate Campbell was awarded the degree of LL.D. (Honoris Causa) by Melbourne University. Dr. Campbell, who is well known for her work with children, was, with Dame Jean McNamara, the first woman graduate from Melbourne University to be accorded this honorary degree.

Anne Shanahan has gained her F.R.A.C.S. She is tutoring in Anatomy at Janet Clarke Hall.

Last year Dr. June Howqua, who is an Honorary Physician at the Queen Victoria Hospital, was awarded the Pfizer fellowship in Clinical Medicine by the Royal Australian College of Physicians, to study medical problems occurring in pregnancy, and to investigate rationalisation of patient care and medical teaching methods in Britain and the U.S.A. She visited Britain last year, and this year will visit the U.S.A. Last year she organised a refresher course at the Queen Victoria Hospital for married women who wished to return to medical practice. This was a most successful course attended by twenty women, and by the end of the year two-thirds had returned to medical practice.

Miss Dorothea Cerutti was appointed Headmistress of Toorak College, Mt. Eliza, at the beginning of this year. Prior to this she had been Senior English Mistress at M.L.C., and also senior resident Tutor at University Women's College. In recognition of her work for Women's College, she has been made a Life Governor of the College.

Members will be pleased to hear that the Council of Janet Clarke Hall has granted the Principal, Dr. Eva Eden, two months' study leave. Dr. Eden leaves in August to attend the Biochemical Congress in Tokyo, and will then go on to New Delhi to attend the Council meeting of the I.F.U.W., as the Australian delegate. She will study methods of student selection and scholarship examinations in the United Kingdom and the USA. Last December the University of Melbourne bestowed on Dr. Eden the degree of M.Sc. without examination.

ENGAGEMENTS

Peta Haydon to Mr. Hal Colebatch.
Jean Kerr to Mr. David Cockayne.
Fairlie Rathjen to Mr. George Kermode.

MARRIAGES

Wendy Cameron to Mr. F. Baarda.
Betty Cole to Mr. M. J. Loorham.
Jane John to Mr. Richard Fletcher.
Gillian Lang to Mr. Anthony Montgomery.
Pamela Oddie to Mr. John Larritt.
Claudia Radok to Mr. Malcolm Downing.
Carolyn Spear to Mr. J. T. Dowling.
Margaret Tait to Mr. Ian McCay.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. J. Anselmi (Beth Muller) — a daughter.

Rev. and Mrs. R. Deasey (Oenone Gardner) — a son.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Ennis (Faye Hunt) — a son.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Everist (Jill Holman) — a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Everist (Barbara Pickford) — a son.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Foster (Faye Ellis) — a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Halbweilt (Jill Lobb) — a son.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Kinnear (Dallas Heath) — a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauer (Julian Riordan) — a son.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Linsten (Barbara Hurley) — a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Mott (Margaret Gutteridge) — a son.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Murray (Frances MacPherson) — a son.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Proper (Fiona Weir) — a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Purvis (Margaret Brown) — a daughter.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Reid (Janet Campbell) — a son.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Salmon (Leslie James) — a son.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Smithers (Jenny Muntz) — a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Varley (Rosemary Barham) — a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Ward-Ambler (Barbara Bult) — a son.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Woods (Susan Horne) — a daughter.

OBITUARY

It is with regret that we record the deaths of the following past students of Janet Clarke Hall:

Miss Cecily Dennis, Mrs. Gladys Geddes (Bates), Mrs. Mary Jackson (Crowther), Mrs. R. H. Schmidt (Ruth Glancy), Mrs. Mavis Tisell (Taylor), Mrs. Isla Wimpole (Murphy).

'The Fleur-de-Lys' was set up and printed by the Austral Printing and Publishing Company for the editors, Janet Sells, Jake Gurner, David Fitzpatrick and Ian Langman.

The editors would like to thank all those who have helped in the preparation of this number: Mr. J. D. Boneham, factory manager at Austral, for his patience and assistance; Terry Sedwick, for his illustrations; our photographers, legion in number, for their fine work in the field; John Telfer, for his typing assistance; Jan McGuinness and Catherine Forsyth for their sweet smiles; the Censorship Board, for its tolerance; Rob Niall, Jamie Gardiner and Phil Cohen, for reading the proofs; Feargus O'Connor, for his much-needed advice; Myers Dark Mocca, for inspiration; all the contributors, known and unknown, whose labours may or may not have seen the light of day; and finally the staff of Austral, whose deft handling of Times Roman has produced a thing of beauty.



TENNIS TEAM

BACK ROW: A. F. Cox, G. G. Fowler, S. C. Fowler.

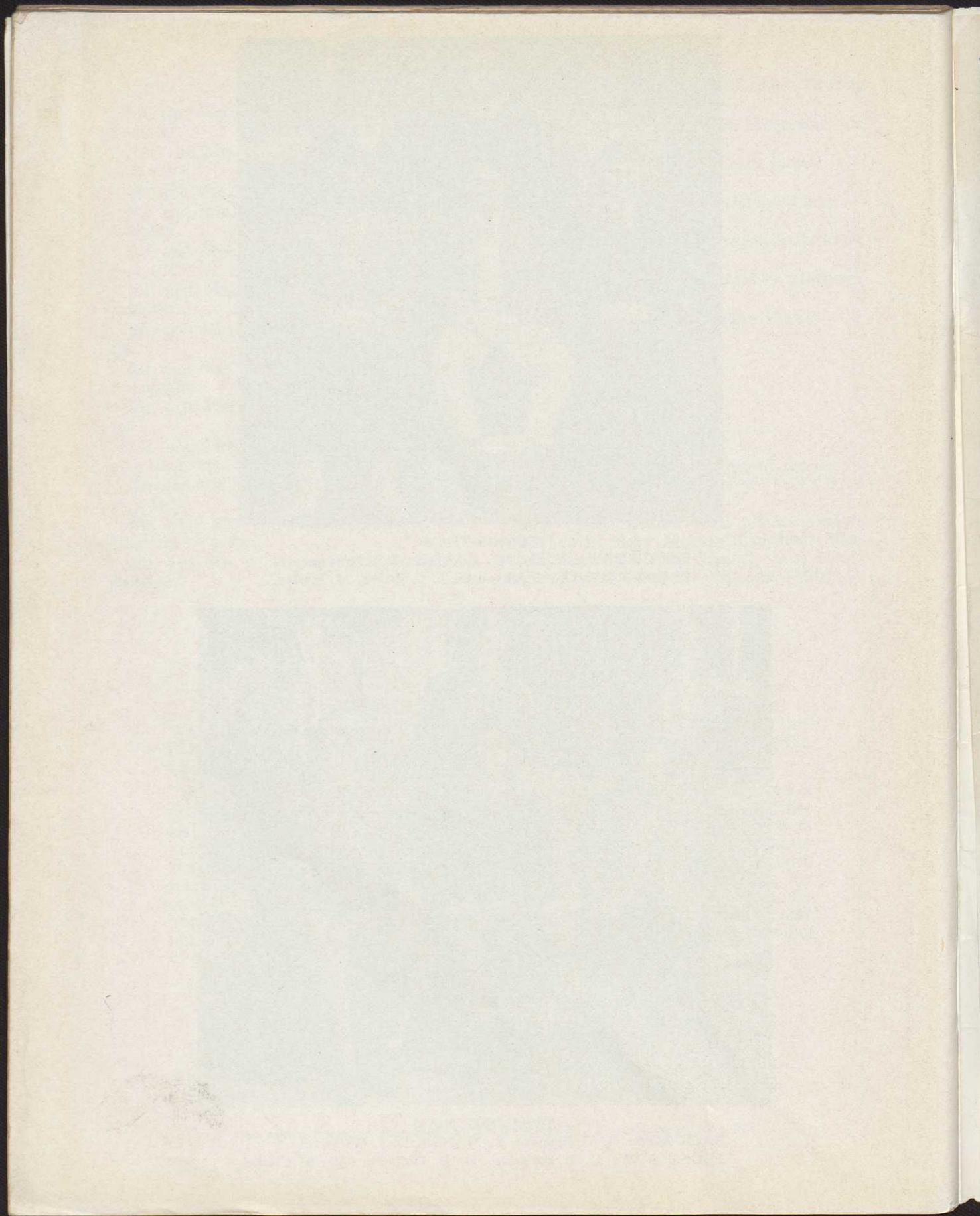
FRONT ROW: G. W. Ainsworth, T. F. Brown, M. Pruden.



SWIMMING TEAM

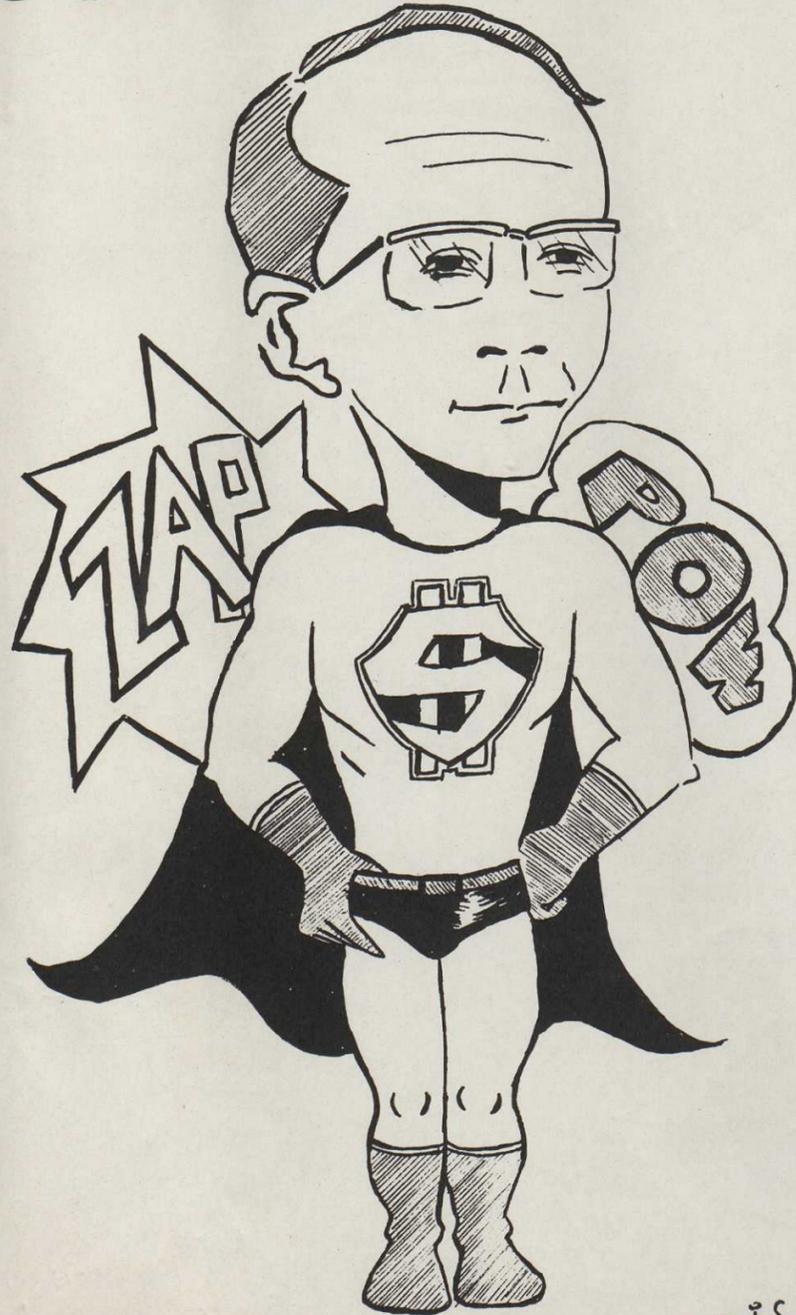
BACK ROW: G. T. Bigmore, R. M. Niall, D. J. Walker.

FRONT ROW: J. R. Fullerton, D. E. Gallagher, W. S. Clarke.



SUPER.G. & ROBIN

THE BOY WONDER.



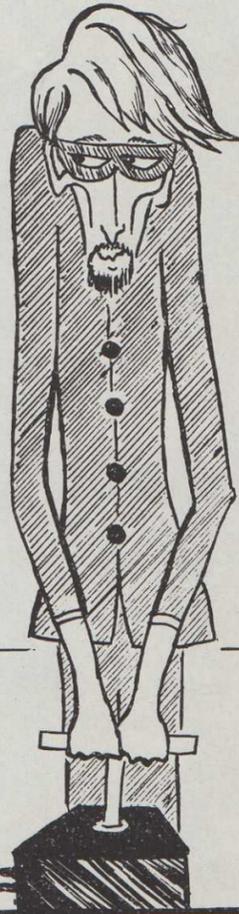
T. I. Seagwick

WHEN WE LEFT OUR DYNAMIC DUO, ROBIN HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY "LAME-ONE", SWORN ADVERSARY OF THE "JEW-NOR KORMAN ROOM SET", AND IS NOW TIED TO THE FLAGPOLE ABOVE THE "RODEN GORBY-ROSS" BUILDING, WITH TONS OF TNT AT HIS FEET. BUT STILL OUR YOUNG HERO REFUSES TO SAY WHERE WIFRED OF TARTAN IS HIDDEN.
—READ ON—



HA! I'VE TRAPPED SUPER G INTO THE OPEN IF HE WON'T TELL ME WHERE WIFRED IS, HE CAN SAY GOOD-BYE TO ROBIN!

WAIT!
WAIT, 'LAME-ONE'. DON'T PUSH THAT PLUNGER! WE CAN COME TO SOME SORT OF BARGAIN ABOUT WHAT YOU WANT!



MEANWHILE ROBIN IS SUMMING UP THE DIRE PLIGHT

JUMPING CATFISH! SUPER G IS FALLING STRAIT INTO LAME ONE'S DABOLICAL TRAP. I MUST DO SOMETHING DRASTIC! OH, YES! THE SUPER G SECRET FORMULA FOR INSTANT RESCUE!

HIAFEES!
OR P AISELCEE ORP AIRTAP



WHILE ROBIN VALIANTLY STRIVES TO ESCAPE — BELOW TWO SINISTER CHARACTERS SEEM AMUSED BY HIS PLIGHT.



TO BE CONT'D

