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

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

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

Now for the Credits: The editors send bundles of thanks and bouquets to Peter Ward whose magnificent efforts as Art Director are sprinkled throughout the magazine. Many thanks also to Ray Norton for her impeccable and 24-hour-a-day job as typesetter.

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

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

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

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

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

Sandra Fleming
Alison Finlay
George Abrams
Dirk van Dissel

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

This magazine was typeset by the Swinburne College of Technology and printed by Competent Print, Croydon, Victoria.
while places, where students will be proud to live. May this magazine contribute to those aims.

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

and as a reward for your kind attention...

LINES WRITTEN BY A BEARABLE OF VERY LITTLE BRAIN.

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

Alison Finlay.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I have no desire to portray myself as any kind of a problem-solver or advice-giver: I only say that most people never reveal every aspect of themselves, every consideration that worries them, and it is not reasonable to expect them to do this. But perhaps just the bearing in mind of this factor is desirable. In the exaggerated closeness of the College atmospheres perhaps more understanding could be had and fewer blind and petty hostilities aroused between cohabitants if we all realised that others are more like ourselves than we often bother to think — and just as complex too.
In the beginning was Trinity, and Trinity was run by Dr. Leeper. He visited England and saw the provisions made for women in University — and they were good. He said "Let there be a college for women," and created Trinity Hall in the image of Girton College.

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

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

It was formal and she was inhibited by the dreary lofty common room. Fortunately the nearby rustic scene of the Bulbodok was sufficient to compensate her aesthetic leanings.

For her coming-of-age the foodgates of St. Kilda Town Hall were opened. Trinity College launched forth with the ladies for one wild delirious evening of utter abandonment. Wide bands of white and green and red bedecked the Hall — it was surely a frivolous introduction to the adult world. Seven ladies for one wild delirious evening of utter abandonment.

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

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

The second Warden of Trinity, John Behan, was quite critical of Janet — calling the Hostel “A third class boarding house.” She was upset. A formal apology was made in the following year but Janet lost her appetite for courses.

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

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

The third Helen Knight Essay Award was given in 1965 to an essay by Vicki Stephens on "The Loves of F.A. L." A large number of women students entered, but only one essay was selected for the prize. The essay was written by an anonymous student,

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

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

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More building took place in the form of the Joske Wing and some students were farmed out to a Vice Chancellor's flat. Janet just ran out of room.

Throughout her life the ties with Trinity were always close. There was not in fact a happy one — so much so that it was decided on “the final solution.” The Great Divorce of 1961 marked the independence of Janet Clarke Hall when Janet declared her autonomy as a single educational unit.

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

At the ripe young age of 52 Janet had a sudden second childbirth, the baby of the first was still in dry and gloomy — she just had to have a final spurt before old age caught up with her. Sir Furness of Scotland decided in his benevolence that Janet’s front teeth were in need of urgent repair. As a new plate he designed an iron gate in between two red brick pillars with lamps on top of them. The mould was put in position one day before the plate was to be installed but Janet lost them in a sleep. Next morning they were found in Bishops Court just in time to be replaced. Trinity gentlemen, in one of their waggish moods, called the Fire Brigade. They arrived when the spoils were about to begin and Trinity men threw crackers. Three ladies attempted to douse them with water from a balcony window but succeeded in wetting the Vice Chancellor and Mrs. Medley and the designer of the gate. Fortunately order was finally restored and the ceremony proceeded.

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

This essay by Vicki Stephens was awarded equal First Prize in the Helen Knight Essay Competition.
Hello Darlings! Hasn't it been just the most fab. year socially?
The Old Coll. hasn't seen such a super dooper merry-go-round of functions since the Warden last had a Victoriana night.

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

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

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

Having just recovered their voices, all and sundry had quickly to search for proper attire as the dazzling carnival of Juttodie was upon the Coll. I mean the whole day was just too stunning for words. The Miss J.C.H. contest was just too stunning for words. I mean to say it simply left in the shade Quest of Quests, Miss Australia and the Sun Beach Baby of the Year. Martin "Stand-Up" Haskett was simply superb as compere. Marty, dear, you’d have to go a long way to find such suave, debonair, and witty gems as “What course are you doing?” and “Do you like College life?”

The girls were so glamorous and gorgeous that only a few stand out in my tiny memory. There was Rose Thornton who was thoroughly overwhelming in a turquoise and mauve plastic jump-suit which daringly revealed her head and navel. Miss Robyn Vines was prominent in a magenta and mushroom neck to knee crushed crepe velvet brocade tent dress. All those lovelies and more paraded and I was non-plussed as to which of the beauties would prevail. But at last it was announced that Miss Penny-Lopes Sanderson would reign as Queen of the Hall. She certainly did look attractive in a pink and yellow flowered crinolene hoop dress.
The most important business of the races came. We all jumped, and shouted and lost bets. Nice young Ian Cordner was the jolly wet winner. After kisses and champagne he was crowned and will have the delightful task of organising the carnival next year. The lads and lasses then retired to a really super duper Barbecue and really swinging dance. In all a really fab, super-duper, terrific, whizzer do.

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

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

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

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

Well darlings it has been a great year of gaiety has come. With many sniffles I must sign off – with a cheerio and a hope that next year’s social round will be just as super as this one.
Some months ago my colleague Doctor J. R. Simple a scholar for whom I have the highest regard, created a considerable furor in academic circles with the publication of his erudite Shakespearean study, intriguingly entitled "Shakespeare," in which he put forward the startling proposition that the works of William Shakespeare could conceivably have been written by William Shakespeare. This view, though attractive in its ingenuity, is surely too superficial to be seriously held by the intelligent critic, as Dr. Simple, (a man whose professional attainments I value highly,) was himself forced to agree when I presumed to dispute the point with him. For as I put it (and he was forced to agree,) it is likely that the Shakespeare (assuming for the moment that it was in fact Shakespeare, as the eminent Dr. Simple suggests) who has remained a baffling enigma throughout the most searching critical investigation, could be so inconsistently straightforward in private life? Therefore, deeply pained as I am to refute Dr. Simple (whose scholarly writings I so much admire,) I must venture to suggest that he has committed an embarrassing breach of professional etiquette in defying our noble tradition of Shakespeareology.

Admitting Dr. Simple's theory to be unfounded, then, the question remains: Who wrote Shakespeare's plays? Critical opinion is divided. In an effort to be completely accurate and impartial, I shall for the purposes of this survey lay aside the difficult decision between the spellings "Shakespeare," "Shakespear," "Shakespere" and "Shakesper," and indeed the unwarranted and misleading assumption that the author of these works was called Shakespeare, by referring to him throughout as "X".

The plays are unaccountably sparse in biographical information, a serious defect not altogether redeemed by their admirably brilliant dramatic and poetic qualities. The sonnets are a more fertile source (though still suffering from a basic escapist tendency to concentrate on the poetry,) and speculation is rife concerning the identity of the "Mr. W. H." to whom the sonnets are dedicated. No conclusions have as yet been reached on this point as researchers do not by any means feel bound to limit themselves merely to names beginning with "W. H."

The theory attributing the authorship of the plays to Francis Bacon is so straightforward and widely known that it is little regarded today by progressive scholars, though it has always had a distinguished supporter in that fine scholar of the old school Professor Henry Porker (heatedly denounced as "pig-headed" by the rash young critics.)

A more appealing but unfortunately implausible contention was advanced by Sir Archibald Monarchist, B.A., in a volume published shortly before his knighthood entitled "Royalty and Royalties: a Royalist Approach." Though much impressed by his painstaking proofs that D. H. Lawrence was the illegitimate offspring of Queen Victoria's second son, and that "Catch 22" was pirated from an original manuscript found among the private papers of the Duke of Edinburgh, I found myself unable to accept his assertion that the entire corpus of "X's" work was written by Queen Elizabeth I. This he supports with a reference made by Ben Jonson, friend of the unknown writer, to Shakespeare's red hair. However, as detailed historical research by Doctor G. Carbon Dater has established that the Queen's red hair was in fact a wig, the theory that our dark horse was a red-haired blue-stocking becomes a red herring.

The Monarchist theory was refuted (in a biting and, to my mind, improperly forthright manner) by Mr. Mervyn Redde of Redbrick University, interpreting the plays in a socio-economic basis and acclaiming them as the work of a certain Sir Ditton Cromwell, an ancestor of the famous Oliver and frequently described in contemporary records as "revolting," who produced them as propaganda for an anti-Elizabethan rebellion, aiming to replace the monarchy with a crown co-operative.

This theory was itself hotly attacked by the Reverend Father A. Faith who pointed to several examples of Catholic doctrine in the plays which, he claimed, proved them to have been written by defrocked priests as a desperate financial measure (or, as he phrased it, monk-ey business) undertaken as a means of livelihood after Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries. However, as these dissolute monks had been educated in Latin and were lost for words in the vernacular, this may also be dismissed. Yet another misguided but most thought-provoking article has been published by two young American academics, Harvey L. Freud and his assistant Elmer Bandwagon, presenting an almost watertight case for identifying "X" with a little-known homosexual Italian nobleman, based on research from "Two Gentlemen of Verona." However it is nothing short of wilful to persist in
attributing Italian origin to "X" in face of the fact that in his sonnets he employed not the Italian rhyme scheme abba abba cde cde but the English form abab cdcd efef gg.

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

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

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

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

A WHITE FLOWER SEEN.

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

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

George Abrams

WHIM

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

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

April 1971

Graeme J. Bennett

THE COAT

Run, run, run, wherever you can.
Said the tattered grey coat to the skinless man.
Run as fast as you can, and hide from view,
Because everybody, man, is hunting you.
They want your lungs, and they'll pick your liver,
They'll strip you bare till you won't even quiver,
Because nothing will be left but some dry, brown bones
Singing low with the wind in its westerly groans.

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

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

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

Mexico is much the same size as Alaska but lies between 30 and 15°N and is much more varied in climate. Although mostly in the Tropics, the central plateau (as high as our Mt. Kosciusko) increases the zone for temperate plants. Climates range from cold to hot and the types of vegetation from desert to wet tropics. With warmer climates than Alaska and more suitable native plants (maize, beans, pumpkins, peppers) the early peoples in Mexico changed from the hunting of both Eskimo and Indian geared to the habits of the wild life in the sea along the coast or inland in forest or tundra. In the continuous light of the brief Arctic summer, surplus meat such as salmon was dried, berries and roots gathered for the long dark winter and skins prepared for the protection against the cold. But from the 18th century onwards, the fur and whale hunting Europeans began to upset the delicate balance between the natives and their food supply through more efficient weapons and transport.

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

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

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

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

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

It was important to her that her tutorials should go well, and it was mistaken as one of the Freshers".

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

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

It is impossible for me to describe adequately Penny's many-sided personality. I knew she had friends from many walks of life. Your presence here today bears witness to this.

SYD WYNNE

Mr. Syd Wynne, Catering Manager of Trinity College from 1950 to 1969 died April 22nd, 1971. Mr. Wynne had been in the employ of the College since 1920. On his retirement the Council instituted a scholarship in his honour of which the first holder is Chris Cordner. Further details about Mr. Wynne will be found in the Fleur de Lys 1970, p. 61.
To say that man is set on destroying himself is a truism nowadays. What an extraordinary fact to have accepted so coolly! If we don't deliberately put a match to the wick, stringing us together, we will expand until we burst off the globe, sink with a feeble squeak into a world-sized heap of compost, or drown in our own tears of inadequacy.

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

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

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

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

Consider that chair on which you sit. Physicists inform us that it is not as solid as you hope. It is in fact a hive of forces. Unquestionably, all this orbiting and colliding is a noisy business, an atomic cacophany which we cannot hear, because we have ears.

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

Only a Caliban, that embodiment of all earthy, natural forces in Shakespeare's 'Tempest' is sufficiently integrated to be able to hear it.
Like all students, I sometimes become disillusioned with the work I am doing at the University. It is at these times that I feel the need to question the value of the courses I am engaged in. This in turn provokes questions about the function of the University as a whole, and how well it is fulfilling that function.

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

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

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

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

As a member of the English and Philosophy Depart-
ments, I am perhaps more qualified to speak of them than of any others, and I feel the need to question the value of the roles to play in the University. Of course, they do sometimes succumb to the over-specialising tendency I have been referring to. In Tolstoy's novel, 'Anna Karenina', there is a philosopher by the name of Koznyshev. His brother, Levin, criticizes him for always turning away from arguments and philosophical questions, which of course anyone may ask and anyone may attempt to answer. It is just that the philosopher is probably better equipped to address these questions and to give fuller (if not always truer) answers.

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

Gaining a literary education is a cumulative and gradual process. As we read more, our critical appreciation is informed and modified by all that we have read before. Slowly we develop a sense of the relationship of the various parts of a text to fit them, only of course in so far as they will fit, into a general cultural pattern. A literary education, that is to say, is not 'got' just by the close study of a handful of isolated texts. Becoming bogged in that rut is the ever-present danger with the academic study of English.

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

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

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

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

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

These remarks are, necessarily, far too brief. They are meant to achieve two purposes: first, to point out some of the problems in academic work in general. Although I have confined myself to English and Philosophy. I am sure that other students could level analogous criticisms at their own departments, and the disciplines they are engaged in. Secondly, I want to indicate the sort of originality for what I have said; but that is not the only measure of relevance.
This essay by Stephen Mills was awarded First Prize in the Wigram Allen Essay Competition.

Quickly, he closed the book. His hands trembled, and his palms and forehead were damp with perspiration as the words he had read thundered in his mind. He stood up and with awkward limbs tottered to his seat by the window which gave onto the patch of lawn of his parents' home. He opened the window and sat in the breeze and calmed down — because he had to. He was not like this because the day was hot, although it was very hot — the trees did not move and the sun prowled about the sky. His weakness was a result of the book he had read. It was a French paperback, Camus' *L'Étranger.*

That this copy had been read again and again was a conclusion of no great merit when you had observed the dirty marks where his sweaty fingers turning the pages had picked and scratched at the corners of every leaf. And for each time the pages had been thus fingered, there was a time when as now, he had had to recover.

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

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

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

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

— How’s your work going, darling? she chirped. Taking a spell?

— Yeah, he replied sullenly. I've been doing that... history essay for Monday.

— That one about the mad priest from Florence who burnt all the books and things? (She was referring to Savonarola.)
... and another person as he had been in that shop. He had come into town to spend some of the money his parents had given when he passed his final exams. He had entered this menswear shop, one of those seldom-visited establishments he decided to look around and accordingly sauntered over to a stand on which were displayed expensive pairs of trousers. The colours — crimsons, blues, a sienna, all in velvets and corduroys — had made him stop for a moment and gaze at them, although he was not going to buy anything except the socks he had come for. The salesmen had approached him, and asked in a gravelled voice whether he could be of any assistance. Paul considered this to be quite likely in an area, and was about to reply that he was "just looking" when the salesman, adopting a more officious tone, asked him whether he would be so kind as to leave. Paul was amazed and frightened but managed to push out a stammered, "Why?" In reply, the salesman looked down his nose and said as if ready from a rules-book, "The Management considers it a risk to its stock to have small boys loitering on the premises with no intention of purchasing any of the stock. Would you be so kind as to leave?" Paul would have done well to leave then so that he could look back on the event as yet another example of "unreasoned bourgeois commercial mentality." However, he was so heated that it had started to melt in spots, and this heat was so soft. The air was heavy and quite. There was no wind, and the harsh, shrill voices of the Kiosk ladies wafted almost accidentally to the consciousness of the weary, impatient ticket-holders who waited, perched uncomfortably on those hard wood-slat seats which were placed formally under the narrow verandah in the shade. Still smarting from the platform, whilst not being really aware of it. However, wandering to the centre of the huge patch of sun-boiled grass, to even attempt to cease its stomping, Paul was still out in the open. He noticed himself becoming pale; the blood was leaving his face. He shouldn't have run from the shop, or let his family seem so far away: he had often made mistakes, but that others made far more than...
“Blessed Dharuma,” I cried, “how favoured are the devotees of Twining’s! What other teas have given me such satisfaction? Twining’s alone delights my nose and gratifies my tongue, warms my stomach and dims my brain, loosens my conversation and soothes my sphyncters. No other teas (whether I savoured them alone or in the society of dear, like-minded friends) helped me to cover my timidity with complacency and condescension. Make me the prophet of Twining’s Tea, Dharuma. Use me to make it the badge of every cosy coterie and cult. “There are (O hateful fact!) those upon whom Twining’s Teas have no effect at all. Those who drink them merely because they like them. There are (more hateful yet!) those who point out that beer and sex do just as much. Would that I could deny this. But Thou, Blessed Dharuma, Thou dost know what Keemun, Formosa, Oolong, Lapsang Souchong, Orange Pekoe, Russian Caravan, Vintage Darjeeling, Ceylon Breakfast, Irish Breakfast, English Breakfast, Earl Grey, Prince of Wales, Queen Mary and Gunpowder do for the Elect. For them each cup of Twinings brings its unique vision. Darjeeling conjures up the Himalayas and Rishis; Russian Caravan the Khirghiz riding o’er the steppe; Jasmine hallucinates Jade Pagodas, courtesans and silks. I’ll speak no more lest ears profane should hear me, but ere I cease, I beseech Thee, sleepless Saint, to smite all those who malign Twining’s Teas and the Elect. Turn whate’er they taste into—Bonox!”

“There is a place betwixt earth, air and seas, Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease;” wrote Pope. I am convinced that Dharuma had retired there for the same purpose when my prayer ascended to him; for not long afterwards, I began to have those visions which drove me to investigate the life of Edmund Twining, the Founder of the Firm. A very little of that life I mean to divulge now.

.. My first vision revealed that Edmund Twining was not the son of Josiah and Dorcas Twining, dissenting farriers of Pump Lane, Southwark, but—and this should please all those who love rank and station—the son of Sir Preening Preciously and Dorcas when she was a scullery maid at his manor in Dorset. Only this explains why Josiah received £3 2sh. 6d. (a handsome sum in those days) from Sir Preening two days after our hero was born. This also explains why Sir Preening (who never married) took such an interest in young Edmund whenever he came up to town. From Sir Preening our hero inherited a fondness for fine living. Josiah and Dorcas instilled the scarcely less commendable virtues of piety, thrift and grit.

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

The rest is mere history. In 1709 the first brew of Twining’s Orange Pekoe was drunk at Vauxhall against a background of fireworks. Richard Steele reports that the Countess of Kingston consumed as many as six dishes and left for her residence in a great hurry. By 1710 Edmund was supplying tea to the beau monde and changing his silk stockings twice a day. In 1711 he was prevailed upon to describe his fortunes. He did so in an Epic of twelve books entitled the “Teasiad”. The following lines were
greatly admired and quoted at Button's Coffee House up to the time of Erasmus Darwin. They are (I believe) a description of a Chinese woman brewing Orange Pekoe.

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

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

He was buried privately under a tea bush.

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

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

What shall it be?... Wagner?... How dreadful!... Let's have Mozart... Mozart? Oh no! He is far too energetic! As Donald Tovey says... Tartini then... Well, Tartini if you must but remember only Opus 114 in C sharp minor... God! I haven't got it!... What do you have? Oh well, play what you like but excuse me if I prefer to read Cynara. "Last night, ah! yesternight"... Degas' is the Master... How I love Beardsley!... Thank God, here comes the tea! Wonderful! A silver teapot and cups of fine blue porcelain... What will you have? Jasmin? Keemun? Earl Grey?... Oh! Could I have them all? There is a tolerant silence as you help yourself. Suddenly you hear the scrunch of boots in the corridor outside. A throaty voice calls out: "Gawd! The bloody **** are having a tea party! Hey Mac! Like to come up to my room for a piss-on with the gang?"

You raise your brows and sip your tea. And if the fragrant steams should let the suspicion rise that the Praise of Twining's Tea is not unconnected with The Praise of Folly, I should be gratified.
The noise merely became muffled, not less loud, and so he reopened the door and was assailed once more by the waves slightest draught. There was none, however, in the sullen heat swimming. A hawk floats on the currents of the wind waiting him downwards. The breeze on his face was not cooling him down. He was in fact gave way only to the silent breathing of the stale air inside. He was in a like struggle himself; to be in one and to have to act was I say in such a struggle now, and that was why the mare. He took pleasure in that now, a bit, but his pleasure was I say in such a struggle now, and that was why the mistake the approach of the train for some shrieking night-

The train reached the top of the hill. There was no relief from the warm wind and the jangling of the train on the rails did not alter or vary change its pitch but continued with its hollow, metal sound. He reached up and closed the door of the carriage and shut the painful ascent. The noise merely became muffled, not less loud, and so he reopened the door and was assailed once more by the waves and rush of tepid air.

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

The train was one of those very old red ones with the uncomfortable seats next to the doors. The heat had not left Paul and he sat close to the door in order to catch the slightest draught. There was none, however, in the sullen heat of the train. The carriage was only where the heat had blown and they began to move that there was a breeze. It was a hot wind of course, but he undid the top button of his shirt and let it flap. The cumbrous train lumbered over the level crossing and the scattered houses of the district. It was overlooked by the picturesque green hill, studied as it was by the homes and numerous willows surrounding it. Over the blue waters of the harbour, yachts moved not as if subject to the fancies of a dazing breeze but as if of their own volition. The sky contained the simple shape of a Wedgwood basin, and fanciful shapes were sculptured upon it. But this beauty was lost on Paul. From his seat in the dirty train he could have seen spread below him what was renowned as a scenic delight. Whilst the train coasted down the long valley was where there was no wind. The paddocks were full of scorched grasses; the houses glared in the light. The hollow places in the hillside were stained beneath the sun, which was an egg, on an alien plate, which was the baking land. He realised that he was fortunate not to have to walk in the heat, like Meursault. At least he was more experienced in the train than to rush in his face with the promise of a spring in which there was no-one hostile. Thus comforted, he settled down as best he could in the heat and began to daydream — it was a common pastime for him. But today of course his thoughts wandered more than usual, and with a bitterness to which he was not accustomed.

He thought of his book that he had read so much. The idea struck him as rather humorous that he was in a similar situation to Meursault — each of them a human being pinned beneath the sun, which was an egg, on an alien plate, which was the baking land. He realised that he was fortunate not to have to walk in the heat, like Meursault. At least he was more experienced in the train than to rush in his face with the promise of a spring in which there was no-one hostile. Thus comforted, he settled down as best he could in the heat and began to daydream — it was a common pastime for him. But today of course his thoughts wandered more than usual, and with a bitterness to which he was not accustomed.
and a knowledge of the theory of the experiment is often made unnecessary by detailed technical instructions. The demoralization, and makes me wonder why the Chemistry Department is at a University and not at a Technical College. There is little love of the subject. There is little love of the subject. One aim is to show the impression it has on the students' eyes, stands a tiny lecturer. He raises his voice in the University. The Theatre is the largest, steepest and most poorly lit. The course is oriented towards technology, and the needs of the students. What they are learning is, for most of them, a part of a programme for other subjects, or a subject to give them understanding of computer science. In front of the huge, mechanical blackboard, far below the students' eyes, stands a tiny lecturer. He raises his voice as he speaks, pausing to let each phrase penetrate the gloom. The students, isolated rather than superior in their great height, take notes in oppressive silence, then at the end of fifty minutes queue in the precipitous aisles to leave.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Trevor Kuhle (alias the golden Koala) played six, to add some depth to the team. Fitting Trevor for his British Open, Frank Price gauged the right length of stroke for all occasions, and despite being his postponing his win in order to build a Thirst. Everyone knows he doesn’t need a Thirst!

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ATHLETICS

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

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

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

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

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

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

C. J. Commons

SWIMMING

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

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

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

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

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

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

The writers of this article wish to squash any rumours that the Trinity Rugby XV was defeated 17 — 3 by Newman; rather they would like to report on what really did happen — a Sly talk in the Barn on who's who and what's what in Rugby — numerous training sessions (31) — and a CRUSHING VICTORY over Ormond.

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

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

Francis Price
The Trinity crew this year was potentially very strong, with five members of last year's crew returning and the addition of College freshmen Greg White and Andy Smith. However poor timing and differences of style hindered early progress, and it was not until well into the season that the crew began to combine effectively and confidence began to grow for the inter-collegiate regatta. It was in the troublesome first part of the season, and especially after the crew had rowed poorly to lose the final of the Open Eights at the Scotch-Mercantile Regatta, that the patience, good spirits, and inimitable charm of coach Bill Stokes played their greatest part. After several changes the crew managed to strike form at the eleventh hour, and after beating Queens by 2' lengths in the heat of the College rowing, were able to go on to win the final from the lighter Ormond crew by 1Y4 lengths in a well-fought race. As might have been expected the "Shums" celebrations of the Tuesday night took their toll on the Wednesday, and the crew, in the strange garb of red Naughton's tee-shirts, lost to the University crew in the race for the John Lang cup. It had been an enjoyable and rewarding season in which the emphasis had been again, perhaps unfortunately, on the traditional rivalry between Ormond and Trinity.

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

Simon Jaques

The gentlemen's eight had a particularly interesting season, rowing at dawn to avoid the riverside dockers doing their hard bursts under the bridges. Late training occurred occasionally, usually over several beers at Naughton's and the dedication shown by all members to training deserved better than second to Ormond in the final. Barney, our only voice, rowed in The bow seat between engagements and found pulling different oars developed different callouses.

Andy Fraser wanted to finish earlier due to military commitments and moved from the seven seat to number two. Marty the medic springing onto his catches continued the productive work at the Austin later in the day. Mike James, our in hand appeared each morning ready and willing to fill the four seat.

Dave Alsop at six for the first time in his life found the water of ten enough to prove he is still not a spent force. Dave Berry, our nomination for the College's best sportsman set ratings slow enough for an unfit coach and somehow rower to keep up. Trevor Chatham left Jo a rowing widow for the week and showed he hadn't lost any ability.

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

Geoff Nice

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

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

Chris Cordner
FOOTBALL

First Eighteen Football this year was certainly not the most successful sport for the College. We managed to lose all games except one. However our form can be excused a little, when one considers for each game 5 "stars" were sideline bound with injuries, and the team in the main was inexperienced. Starting with the "veterans" — "Porter" Godfrey, only play ed once but still managed to top the goal kicking, Stewart McGregor led the rival backs a merry chase, Rob Springall's golden locks flowed as he streamed goal-ward, Captain Fox ended his usual fight with a bang, Brett Forge kept the goals well covered, Mike James and Jeremy Long . . . Oh well Mike James and Jeremy Long . . . . Greg White proved his ball game ability wasn't affected by stroking an oar.

Of the newcomers Crow Baulch came good after a couple of games, Stair Armstrong, if he could kick 10 yards would be a champion. Ian Cordner showed promise, Chris Maxwell held the side together most of the time, Max Haycroft showed class on the wing, Pat Grant was an interesting performer, Arthur Yencken "done" a few good things, Tim Cunningham is one for the black book, Tim Thwaites is a stranger among colonials, an Englishman amongst mad dogs, — though hard on freshers, a fine lad through and through. There was Solid Grant Rowley; he made it all possible by providing the footy, Trevor "Muscles" Kuhle was present too, ready to assert the skill and strength which made his four eyes stand out above all. Among the strong were the doubting Thomases of Rugby, Vickery, Bainbridge, Fitts, Smith and Long — keen but ignorant. Also present was a strange among colonials, an Englishman amongst mad dogs, — Francis Caradoc Rose Price — our goal umpire.

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

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

POST-MATCH:

The season ended with the Lads Skolling themselves stupid at the pie and pizza night kindly provided by Don the Cook. The fitting finale of the season came on the Behan Balcony with Mr. J. Merralls kicking of Mr. Jenkins half-time oration are available from Yooralla Sportsman of the year — Mr. David Berri.)
The following is a tribute to our well loved Jack Sainty, a gentleman aptly named by one as "the Soul of Discretion"; a man who can fix anything from a collapsed bed to a self-flushing toilet.

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

Dear Mr. Sainty,

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

B. Friday

Dear Mr. Sainty,

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

Dear Mr. Sainty,

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

H. Scott

Dear Mr. Sainty,

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

S. Bennett

Dear Mr. Sainty,

Could the axe be sharpened please?

P. Silvers

Dear Mr. Sainty,

Please close window in Common Room.

E. Eden

Dear Mr. Sainty,

My door is falling apart!

L. Patrick

Dear Mr. Sainty,

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

A. Lewis

Dear Mr. Sainty,

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

V. Stephens

Dear Mr. Sainty,

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

Suzanne (213)

Dear Mr. Sainty,

One of my power points has its top knocked off and its inside is showing dangerously and the switch on the other side)? The older style, cream, straight-back chair doesn’t seem very secure, too. Thank you.

Dear Mr. Sainty,

I have beaten him to it, as she had so many times that evening.

Dear Mr. Sainty,

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

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

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

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

"You’ve been to Newman a lot lately."

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

She didn’t like anybody, least of all the King, to get possessive with her. Bungle, thought the King to himself. During the rest of the ascent, his attempts to set a romantic scene were confined to repetitive and tedious comments about his poetry. The way he depreciated his poetry annoyed her. It was only false modesty. He folled his own feeble attempt by a stumbling glissando at the top of the stairs.

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

The Queen censured him with silence. He made no more attempts to break the monotony during the remaining minutes of the journey to her room. They reached it in due course without further incident. She unlocked the door. For the first time in his life, he was glad he didn’t have a key to the room because, by not having one, he had unwittingly possessed with her. Bungle, thought the King to himself.

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

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

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"I always trip over this bloody carpet," said the King apologetically.
If you prepare to walk the narrow road today
Don't buy nor steal nor bop and neither from it stray;
Perchance to meet a Kaiser Bill, in demonstrating colours,
Who'll mention you in saintly terms to one who leads the fellows.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No money may be spent;
No transport of your own;
Return all things you borrow;
We'll see you then at noon.
I am a pessimist by experience, but an optimist by nature. Experience is depressing, and it would be a mistake to be willing to learn from it.

That quotation from Edward Bond is indicative of a paradox that is inherently present in much modern drama, at least that since the arrival of the plays of Osborne and Arden. For so much of the writing is concerned with a world that is seen as dissolute and uncertain, and with finding a way of accepting, or at least coming to terms with, that world which it seems quite powerless to change; and yet, that world is seen in the coherent and ordered situation of the theatre.

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

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

The performance was able to catch up all these things and one's interest and involvement was sustained by the sheer energy that went into it, so that, finally, the issues of the play and the demands it made were given greater strength and impact than is there in Edward Bond's text.
Robert Colvin, Paul Elliott, Jeremy Harper and Eric Bellchambers as the four priests were indicative of this vigour and force. The ease with which each took his part and the sense of real pleasure they showed when, for example, they were drunk and when they were ordained into Georgina's priesthood, was quite delightful. Yet each remained individually important and the freshness with which they were able to sustain the action seemed almost regenerative.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bishop Crowther, who was deported from South Africa because of his opposition to its politics, and more specifically because of the political opposition to himself, saw in Perth the White "rugby" player having to get their own luggage out of the plane and carry it to the terminal — the plane had stopped at the other end of the runway where they were greeted with jeers. Just like the blacks in their own country. He had seen them in Adelaide being continually reminded of the hatred some Australians at least had for South Africa's politics for which they were ambassadors. He hoped to see the same thing in Melbourne. He urged us to demonstrate against the South African's white's they were here, and when they had gone to continue opposition against the cricket tour which has, thank God, recently been called off.

With infinite patience he answered questions about the prima-donna of the Bolshoi Ballet Company (?) and then, after selling and signing copies of his book, "Where Religion Gets Lost in the Church", he was gone, as suddenly as he had come. He had another speaking engagement.

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

Stephen Mills

Visual Arts

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

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

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

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

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

The principal protagonists in the "Melodrama", Dirk van Driel and Rosemary Thornton, both passionately and nauseatingly over-acted in their respective roles, although the effect was somewhat spoilt because...
Lys of Lyfe would have been neither complete nor representative without the contribution of the Vidyada and the Schweizer. They undertook an arduous little soldier, complete with military moustache and British flag, was identified as our own Robin Sharwood, the audience convulsed with laughter; and his song, "When Are They Going to Hang the Kaiser?", proved as superb and hilarious as his appearance. Jerome led the Parkville A.I.P. in a chorus of anti-Government propaganda and his parody of "Tinor", "Alcoholics Anonymous" and "Take a Pew" were well-written and competently performed. "Sports Report" was often funny and fell flat in places but was certainly whole-hearted. The First Parent's Christmas dinner...
Elliott and Cordner. The motion was carried by nine votes to four. The sparkling performance of the six speakers was well complemented by a fabulous supper from the College kitchens.

(4) Art Exhibition

This was our final function for 1971. "That Trinity Expect Every Man to do his Duty" was affirmed by Messrs Van Dissel, Cordner and Moodie and denied by Messrs Hughes, Wharton Rules Committee. It is important that in each future years members continue to hold, this Annual Report was read and a motion of censure was moved Committee for their hard work during the year and to wish the 1972 College Appeal.

(5) Janet Clarke Hall Debate

This has been an active and successful year for the Dialectic Society. The Revue (to a lesser extent) provide the compelling exceptions to that, of which only becomes apparent in retrospection. But this year the College Appeal Committee and the Secretary was Robert Johanson. Secretary T.C.A.C.

(11) Tutors' Debate

As Treasurer, Michael Hamer was tenacious while the Dean, Father and held the reins with great assurance being always available for consultation and a cup of instant coffee.

(2) Poetry Reading

The Secretary was Robert Johanson. Secretary T.C.A.C.

The trike race was again well attended and a social success by a change of hotel and the promise of a ride on a barge down the river (which unfortunately did not eventuate because of a broken shaft). The trike race was again well attended and a social success.

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

Informal dinner remains one place where, it is thought, the college community can be "seen", but it has become a tedium, and allowed to have become a tedium, too easily for too many people. Many find it still very enjoyable, but it is to be hoped that it can become more. The interminable complaints about institutional food remain, but we tried a new way of seating allocation whereby the table presidents would seat tables; but more significantly, amongst other arrangements was the introduction of meal vouchers for lunch, allowing people greater flexibility at that time, and which was so well received that it seems to be perceptibly changing to a position of administrative insensitivity; as having become outmoded and essentially constrictive institutions, as becoming obsolete and essentially 

Colleges have been threatened; Trinity has remained unfilled through-out the year and with increasing costs it would seem to be becoming increasingly expensive to them in terms of all the reports. But n.b. — the 230 paying guests made the evening a financial success. But this year the College Appeal Committee and the Secretary was Robert Johanson. Secretary T.C.A.C.

Eric Bellchambers was the Indoor Representative and carried the fight right up to the Overseas; but if the incidence of diarrhoeas did not seem to matter to the Dialectic Society co-sponsored a talk by the Federal Minister for Customs and Excise, Mr. Donald Chipp, were among the minions and guests to whom the College gave about thirteen hundred dollars during the year.

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

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

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The Secretary was Robert Johanson.
Arrival of Mr. Ian Campbell, a Lecturer in the Department of Psychology
Macquarie University, has been appointed as a Tutor in History.
Mr. Campbell is currently a Ph.D. candidate in electronics at the
University of Technology, Sydney, and is expected to commence his
appointment by January 1

The price we pay for these very welcome arrivals is the sad
news of the retirement of Mr. Donald Handley, who has
been a member of the Common Room for many years. Mr.
Handley left the College last month, after having served for over 25
years in various capacities, including as Secretary and
Chairman of Committees. His contributions to the College have
been invaluable, and he will be greatly missed by all.

Most recent additions are Dr. Kingsley Gee, Tutor in Medicine,
and Dr. John Warren, who are both returning to the College after
stint abroad. Dr. Gee has been in New Guinea, while Dr. Warren has
been working in the United States. We wish them every success in their
new positions.

In addition to the academic appointments, the College has also
welcomed a new addition to the administration. Mr. A. J. Buzzard, who
recently joined the College as the Director of Development, has
already begun work on several important projects.

It is with particular sadness that we have to say goodbye to our
Dean and Acting Warden, Rev. R. Gregory, and to our Senior Tutor,
Mr. A. J. Buzzard. Mr. Buzzard left us after having received the very
high distinction of being made a Fellow of the Royal Australian
College of Surgeons, to take unto himself a wife. We wish Tony and Gaye
every success in their new venture.

Society:

The Society is pleased to announce the election of Miss S. Fleming as
Co-opted Member.

Concert:

The College Concert on Sunday, September 12, was a resounding
success. The programme began and ended with Bach: an unimpeachable
balance. The performance of the Trio Sonata, done by Dr. G. Trinca,
Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Miss Vines, was particularly praised. The
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By contrast there arose the Phoenix of Sonatas by Richard
Rodney Bennett — and a dashling, if ungainly form it proved to be.
Moe Rudden's expertise, one suspects, lent to the music merits
which itself did not possess. The sounds and sweet airs of recorder
duets provided by guitarists and banjoist, though rather at the expense of
measurably less satisfying in performance: a piece of such perfect
treatment as yet lacks the discipline demanded by such music as Ravel's
Pavane for a Dead Infant. The ensemble work, however, was
impeccable, if not impossible dream, in the approved Kevin Dennis
style. For the purist and connoisseur, it is very creditable that there exists in the
College an orchestra of any description: however the Workshop Orchestra as yet
is lacking in the E Major Trio Sonata, and indeed in all the violin work
undergraduates, and belongs to me, it was because of the refrigeration for egg-sellers
that Jazzy Hutch

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

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

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

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

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

King William I, who became the King of the Netherlands after the Congress of Vienna, worked hard to revive the City’s prosperity. It was he and his successors who promulgated the now decreed Culture System — a system which unscrupulously exploited the wealth of the East Indies. Slowly, as trade revived, the City recovered from the economic depression, but it was not till 1850 that it expanded beyond its early 18th century fortifications.

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

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

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

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

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

The lighting arrangements in the palace were of the most primitive kind. In the great Ball Room, the chandeliers were supplied with
patent oil; in the adjoining halls, however, candles provided the only form of lighting, and these candles had the irresistible tendency to drip. After a reception at the Palace, one could in most cases write off one’s own gown with train, or evening dress or uniform; everything had become thickly coated with candle grease.

The good Burgers of Amsterdam must have sighed with relief as they turned to their own cobbled streets. They could return to their counting houses. Life in the large houses along the Keizersgracht and Heren gracht resumed its normal course, and by the 17th century this rambling gothic castle became the palace of the Prince of Orange and the seat of the Court and Government. The State Opening of Parliament on the third Tuesday of September, the Royal family arrived in The Hague from their summer residence (either by late Spring preparations for moving to the country estates began to be made. In summer, the stench from the canals became unbearable and all those who possessed country residences, left the city. The Royal Visits to Amsterdam remained an intrusion into the life of the merchants, they led their lives in a different sphere from that of the aristocracy and the court.

If Amsterdam typified the merchant princes, The Hague certainly symbolised the aristocratic tradition in Dutch society; the Hague was not a Flemish commercial centre, it had grown up in the 16th century around the residences of the Counts of Holland; it was the city that became the capital of the country. In the 17th century this rambling gothic castle became the palace of the Prince of Orange and the seat of the Court and Government. The State General were housed in the centre of the city in the old buildings which had once been the palace of the Counts of Holland and later of the Princes of Orange. The King himself moved into a new palace, half a mile away in the busy Noordwijk. To the north-west of the city, a new and fashionable suburb, Prinsenlaan (Square 1815), commemorating the throwing off of the Dutch aristocracy. Throughout the 19th century, the aristocracy kept up their fashionable townhouses and palaces at The Hague. Life centred around the Court at the Royal Palace, a very modest, though stately, two-storied building situated in a busy commercial thoroughfare. The Royal family arrived in The Hague from their summer residence (either the Palace at Apeldoorn or at Soestdyk) in mid September, in time for the State Opening of Parliament on the third Tuesday of September, and remained there until late Spring, with the exception of one week taken up by the annual State Visit to the Capital. During the winter various functions were held at the Palace – Levens voor men, Drawing-rooms for women, balls and receptions. A number of the aristocracy were permanently in attendance as Ladies in Waiting and Court Chambers. Life at Court was more noted for its stiff formality, solemnity and stuffiness, than for its splendour or magnificence. Foreign visitors, then as now, never tired of commenting on the simplicity of the home life of the members of the Royal Family. It was only for a brief period, during the reign of William II, who had married the daughter of the Czar of Russia, that court life took on an unusual atmosphere; they remained one of Parthenon, and the atmosphere they breathe is one of dignity, aloofness, even foreignation. These palaces are the symbols of the aristocratic tradition, which although few people in Holland may speak of it, is still a real and life force in Dutch history and society.

By 1875, both the aristocracy and the merchants had to adapt their way of life to changed conditions. The merchant princes of Amsterdam mansions have become museums or offices, or have been subdivided into flats. The palace of the Counts of Wassenbergh-Oostdam is now an office building, the palace of the Counts of Nassau-Weilburg is now the Royal Theatre, various foreign Embassies are situated in the old townhouses of the Dutch nobility. Yet the shadow of the past still remains, and it is not difficult, whenever it did occur, the members of the aristocracy, unlike their counterparts in England, seldom applauded it as a means to increase the declining family fortune. Another contrast with England was the complete absence of anything like the English Public School system. The children of the aristocracy were privately educated at home by tutors, or else went to the Royal Naval Academy or the Military College. This had the effect of isolating them from contact with the merchant classes, whose sons were usually educated at the local grammar schools; it also prevented the school system from developing into a 'factory for turning out gentlemen', – Lloyd George's characteristic phrase – but in so doing limited the contact which the aristocracy had with the other classes of society, and isolated them as a group. This tendency was further underlined by the fact that the language spoken at Court and by most of the aristocracy was French, and not Dutch.

Yet the shadow of the past still remains, and it is not difficult, when one wanders on a quiet evening past the stately façades on the Herengracht in Amsterdam, to imagine the carriage of a now forgotten merchant prince draw up outside the ancestral home. Nor is it difficult, as one walks through the quiet Lange Voorhout or along the Vijverberg in The Hague, to recapture the time when instead of the sound of a kindly cleaning woman going about her work, or a night watchman doing his duty, the walls of the offices of the banking houses were filled with the strains of the dance music of Strauss or the chatter of sociology or related disciplines.
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Sarah Jacques
Botany — Branching Prizes
First Branching Prize
Alison Tom
Chemistry — James Curtin Memorial Scholarships — Major
Rosemary Kelly
Economics C.3 — (Economics of the Firm) Melbourne Chamber of Commerce Exhibitions.
Elizabeth Adney
German Part I — Exhibition
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German Part III — Exhibition
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Psaltries — Currans Award

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Ross Campbell Mazur (Shared)
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Richard Ka Yiu Chan
Applied Mathematics Part III — Dixon Scholarship
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Chemistry Part II A — Dixon Scholarship
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Chemistry — Professor Kernot Research Scholarship
Robin Douglas Hocking
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History — Final Examination in Arts — Margaret Kiddie Prize — Early
Alan William Hodgart
History of Economic Theory — Ian Parcey MacNeill Memorial Exhibition
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Medical Psychology (Division II M. B. B.S.) — McGregor Prize
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Now in the green growing old of summer
burnt to brown. Soft, autumn-told trees, the town
and like a fool year to year so one other
season seeks its end by cold morning blown.
Comes winter gnawing light quite out the hours
to hours do tell their story. False flowers
fade, beauty being, and flaming fires
though not of us good measure or of power
were but the silent singing of those birds.
But no voices spoke and who were not words.
Then winter comes upon us grown older
fire spinning into night and spins colder.

George Abrams

May 30, 1971

And the silver moon
accuses me too
of staying late
and wanting simply warmth.
Not the others, no,
not their talk.
I came for something in myself.
The moon is cold
above the cold clouds.
It warms me now
as always.

George Abrams

THE OLD WOMAN BY THE BINS

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

A. Reeckman

“WAS IT YOU THAT I REALLY DID SEE?”

I
that you
see me

I feel what
ain’t been felt.

I know that this could only be,
what it must only be,
for if it weren’t
it would be
something
else.

Something
that we two,
if we were lucky,
could have been able to feel.
But, since we did not feel it,
I wonder
if it was
you that
really
see.

C. Laycock