

PROSPICE



1993



EDITORIAL

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The 1993 edition of PROSPICE was produced by a volunteer committee as an extra-curricula activity and not, as in the previous two years, as a class project. For their consistent effort and imaginative application to the various tasks of production, grateful thanks to editors Angela Ferguson, Yasotha Sithrasenan, Rishma Vidyasagar, Du Nguyen, Paul Graham, Bruce Sherman; designers Alexander Murray, Sandra Antunes; graphic designer Alexander Murray; photographers Matthew Gray, Roger Chandler, Amber Owen; word processors Yasotha Sithrasenan, Bruce Sherman. Thanks to the contributors. The information you have provided about the often frenetic, at times heart rending and always interesting year that has just passed can now be read by the whole school community, with pleasure for what has been achieved.

MS TUCKETT, GENERAL EDITOR

MAT GRAPHICS AND MARKETING, PRINTERS

حیاز کا انٹرنیٹ پبلیکیشنز

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PRINCIPAL'S

When we review the 1993 school year, there will be a feeling of frustration over what we haven't achieved in our Community efforts to make Camberwell High School an even better learning environment for our students. The enrolment of nearly one hundred extra students from closed schools and the lack of necessary teaching spaces especially in Art brought cramped conditions during the early weeks of the School Year. In addition there was the necessary period of assimilation so that new students and staff became accustomed to the Camberwell culture.

The desire of the School Council to have a sports-hall complex built has been thwarted so far because of factors beyond the School. This delay has caused much frustration to the dedicated Sports Hall Committee. School cleaning has been a vexatious issue since contracts were introduced in January. The changes to the time and scope of cleaning meant a period of readjustment by staff, which at times proved frustrating. In July the contract was re-let and the consequent improvement has been pleasing. Further as the year has progressed and the realities of further stringent measures being taken by the Victorian Government have hit us, there has been frequent industrial action taken by teachers. At the same time, the School Council Parent Members have organized three public meetings to maintain ongoing opposition to the "cuts" which must effect our delivery of education.

Having written of the frustrations, I must also refer to the achievements which in 1993 have built on those already made over the previous fifty one years at this illustrious School.

The parent body is to be congratulated on its wonderful work this year. Eight parents accepted positions on the newly constituted School Council at a time of rapid change in educational management. These good people have worked assiduously on sub-committees in four vital areas of school operations: viz Finance, Publicity, Buildings and Grounds as well as Education. The Education Sub Committee has worked through Curriculum modification and has approved key policies for the school operations to enable Camberwell to continue in the forefront of educational services. The annual A.V.G. James Lecture was again organized by this group and is a classic example of the proactive role this school takes within the Victorian Educational System. The lecture entitled "Families, Schools and the Recession" was delivered by Ms Merle Mitchell, the recently retired President of the Australian Council of Social Service. I am sure the facts presented in the Lecture were revealing and thought-provoking to all in attendance.

Once again the Parents' and Friends' Association has proven a tower of strength to the school. Their ability to generate funds for the purchase of new equipment has been quite remarkable. The culmination of the work was the annual "Camberwell Cup" held on October 23rd. The day, both in social and financial terms, was a great success.

The 'Friends of Music' during Term 1 provided a real coup for the School and especially the Music Faculty when they organized a piano recital by world renowned pianist Izumi Tateno. Aided by a generous sponsorship, the concert, which was most enjoyable, generated sufficient finance to clear commitments on the 1992 purchase of the school grand piano.

Again the Ex-Students' Society, (C.H.E.S.S) has proven of great assistance to its Alma Mater and our present students. Financial support, employment opportunities as well as the vital "Networks" which open doors to opportunity are areas of assistance which we greatly appreciate.

To our student body, I extend my thanks for their attitude to study and to the wider school curriculum. I hope that each earns the success and satisfaction which is deserved. For our students, 1993 has been a trying year with the assimilation of many students from closed school as well as the sheer physical cramping of extra rooms and people onto what is really a small school site. Success has come to many students in class, on the sporting field and in the arts. This reflects well on them, their parents and their teachers as well as further embellishing the good name of Camberwell High School. Within the

REPORT

حیازا کشف باغ کتب و دانش

School, the House system is a real strength. House Leaders have accepted responsibility for regular school assemblies as well as for the inter-house competitions in sport, music and drama. To these student leaders and to the Student Representative Council executive I say a sincere "thank you" for a job well done.

The teaching and non teaching staff have coped remarkably well with the increased work load resulting from changes in conditions of employment. I have been constantly gratified by the good will of these people who are dedicated to their work and to the continuing success and access at Camberwell High School. At a time when many schools were compelled to prune programmes, our staff made the positive decision to proceed with the planned programmes because they were in the best interests of our students.

A special word of thanks to the two Vice Principals Mr. Geoff Sinclair and Mrs. Sylvia Kolarik with whom I have worked closely during the year. Geoff with his knowledge of the school and its members has been a great source of help: I know that when I was absent he led the school with dedication through a difficult time as many adjustments had to be made in line with changing circumstances both at the school and within the Directorate of School Education. Sylvia has brought to Camberwell enthusiasm and talent which have enabled her to work through many necessary but not glamorous tasks such as uniform supervision and modification as well as persisting in the preparation of policy and review of the staff manual. As these are put in place by the School Council they will be vital as we evolve as a self managing school in line with current government policy. I appreciate the efforts too of Coordinators who have insured the continued smooth operations of the school.

In closing, I would like to record my personal appreciation of the way I have been accepted into the School in a time of revolutionary change in Victorian education. I believe the organisational health here is excellent and confidently foresee the day when Camberwell will as a "self managing" School, have the sports hall and master plan as reality.

I wish everyone the compliments of the season.

N.W.Nugent



N. W. NUGENT

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

When it comes to the Big Issues, 1993 has been a year of frustration.

In January, the area extending from the back of the hall across the tarmac to the fence was fairly vibrant with anticipation. I sensed the asphalt calling out, "Destroy me, destroy me. Build your Sports Hall on me. I am ready."

Now, in November, the asphalt has a resigned look about it. It has not been carved up to receive the foundations of the Sports Hall. Outdoor basketball (during the school day) and manical skateboarders (after hours) still hold sway.

The tenders have been let, a magnificently successful Fair has boosted our reserves to \$150 000, the Co-operative could be expanded to the required level without much trouble, the Committee is poised to supervise the construction . . . all we need is the green light from the Government.

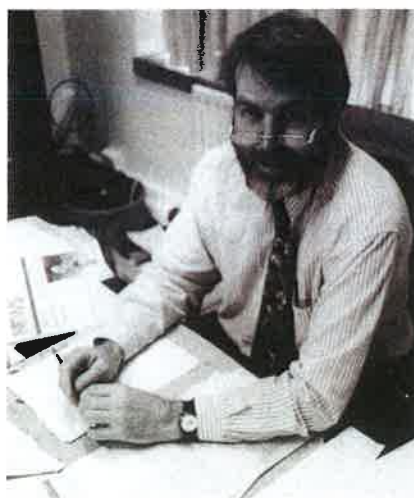
We are told we cannot borrow the money.

On top of the news that the number of teachers available to us in 1994 is to be severely reduced, we are told the Central Swimming Pool is closed. What joy! What rapture! It will be opened so we can continue with our physical education program, provided we open it and pay the bills.

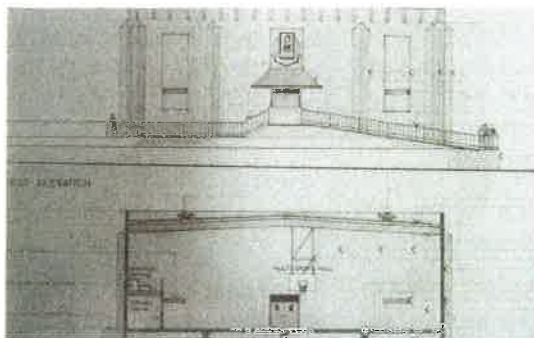
Thank goodness that these tragedies are played out in front of the backdrop of a terrific school — a committed and dedicated group of teachers, students who want to learn and who are proud of their school and parents who support their children and the school they attend. Without this, I might be tempted to lock myself in the boiler room and never come out.

GEOFF SINCLAIR

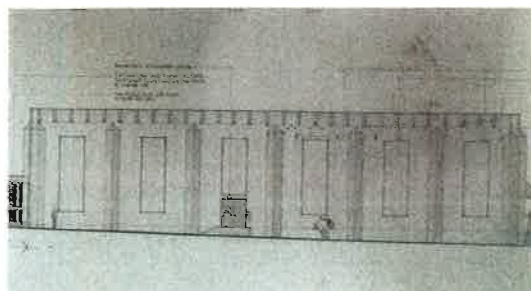
DEPUTY PRINCIPAL



*Mr. Geoff Sinclair at his
desk - Photograph
Roger Chandler*



*Sports Hall - Architect's
Drawings*



DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

LIFE AS THE NEW VICE PRINCIPAL AT CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

How delighted I was at the end of 1992 when I heard I had been given the school of my first choice. I had heard a great deal about Camberwell High School from my friends and colleagues and looked forward very much to my first visit to the school to meet Miss Rusden (the then Principal) and especially Mr Sinclair, with whom I would be working closely as fellow Vice Principal.

What are the unique and positive things that I discovered about my new school that made it different from other schools that I know of within the state system and which contribute to its very sound reputation? These included, among many others, the very strong tradition of the House system, the Whole School Assemblies that are held in a very formal manner, the traditions of the Drama Festival, House Choral Festival and participation in debating. The support of the ex-students of Camberwell High School through CHESS and the strong involvement of parents through the PFA, the Friends of Music and the recently formed Friends of the Arts were also aspects of the school that surprised and delighted me.

Other aspects of school life that have impressed me have included the activities of the SRC. The Talent Quest was a multi media extravaganza indeed and the SRC Fair at the end of Term 3 was also a great success. Both of these events and many others reflect the level of involvement and hard work put in by the members of this student body. Their constant efforts to raise money for worthwhile organisations such as Kairos youth housing, by running stalls is a credit to them and they are certainly to be congratulated.

The difficulties facing state education over the coming years, with budget cuts and the continual change that is demanded of us in the profession have left many staff, parents and students reeling with shock. However, I believe that Camberwell is in an exceptionally good position to weather this storm with the strength of support that is constantly shown from the whole community.

A great pleasure for me has been getting to know many of the students, parents and, of course, staff in the school. I now feel quite at home here and look forward to working with you all in making Camberwell High School an even stronger educational establishment and community resource in the years to come.

SYLVIA KOLARIK

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL



*Ms Sylvia Kolarik
at the SRC Fair*

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY REPORT

The Equal Opportunity Committee has been active for a number of years and many people from various parts of the teaching and student body have been involved in the Committee. Ms Robbins is currently in charge of Equal Opportunity in the school. Despite her and other staff involvement, the Committee has been organised to ensure equal opportunity for students and, for this reason, it is vital that students are involved on the Committee. This year, between ten and fifteen students attended meetings regularly, with more involved at various times throughout the year.

The main issues with which the committee has dealt throughout 1993 have been the girl's uniform and harrasment. Throughout the year the committee, with the help of Ms Robbins, has passed an harrasment policy which deals with the unjust treatment of members of the school body. Bringing this policy to the attention of the students in information sessions and during school assemblies has been an on going project. The matter of girl's uniform is ongoing.

The Committee has achieved a number of other things throughout 1993. The placing of noticeboards throughout the school is just one of these. These noticeboards allow a focus on various cultural groups found in the school, members of which are now able to display news for each other and the wider school community. Lunch time activities for girls have also been the result of the work of the Equal Opportunity Committee. Walking and self defence classes have been held, with positive results for numerous students.

Members of the Equal Opportunity Committee will continue to strive to ensure the school is a pleasant environment in which to learn and socialise, and will, no doubt, continue to achieve positive results for the students of the school.

MANDY WHARTON 12

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY ASSEMBLY.

One assembly was devised by Ms. Robbins to commemorate International Women's Day as part of the School's Equal Opportunity Program. It was memorable — Ms. Jane Hansen was the guest speaker. Ms. Hansen has a senior position in a large international banking corporation. Jane offered some pertinent advice to all students about their educational pathway. At all times each of us should be ourselves and not give in to what can be considered group accepted behaviour. Secondly, we should all be hungry for learning and should study as much Mathematics and Science as is possible because the logical processes used in these subjects are applicable in all business dealings.



*International Women's Day
Assembly*



Self Defence class for girls

EXTENSION EDUCATION NOTES

PLAIN ENGLISH SPEAKING COMPETITION: Students from Year 7 and 8, Leighton Vivian, Colin Byrne, Amy Wennan, Stuart Wilson, Hugh Watson, Ian Sherman and Ted Toone all participated in the Junior Legacy Plain English Speaking Competition. Amidst stiff competition all of our students spoke with sincerity and knowledge about the work of Legacy. Their impromptu speeches were refreshingly direct and we look forward to the development of the oral tradition which these students are helping to build.

Mrs. Gray

SRC REPORT

1993 saw many successful events instigated and carried out by the Student Representative Council. To start the year off, a co- President and Vice President were elected to share the work load and responsibility. This year the Talent Quest and the SRC Fair dates were changed to suit the winter weather.

The Talent Quest brought out many different "talented" performers from the school community. A range of bands, dances and comedy routines was performed and judged by a panel of three, Adam Digby,

Mr Frost and Michelle from Channel 10.

Almost every year it rains on the day of the SRC Fair. This year the changed date — from the end of second Term to the end of third Term — gave us a lovely sunny day. The most popular parts of the Fair were the circatron, the computer games and the dog show.

Unfortunately the SRC was only able to attend one Doncaster Regional meeting this year. In the meeting all the SRCs from other schools came to share with us what they were doing. We had a very interesting and informative time.

The usual donations to different charities were made. We gave \$500 to the State School's Relief and raised money for Kairos, the Camberwell High School student housing program, through a raffle, cake stall, sausage sizzle and drink stalls.

The SRC has done many more things this year for the school and its community, for example, providing some money for the House Captains to paint the back wall of the stage and run a sausage sizzle and drink stall at the Inter-House athletics at the end of Term One.

More students should make the effort to join the SRC. They do not know what they are missing.

I would like to thank Mr Nugent, Mrs Thompson, Mrs Kolarik and Mr Sinclair for their constant support throughout the year. Also, thank you to all the Representatives for their hard work and dedication this year.

GARETH SHAW, CO-PRESIDENT, SRC



James Thompson co-President of the SRC busy at the SRC Fair



Food Stall at the SRC Fair



James Benson performing in SRC Talent Quest

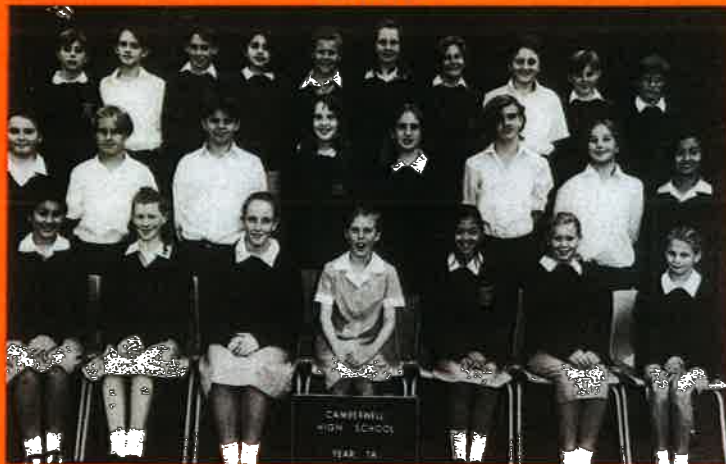


Merryyn Powell and Face Painting at the SRC Fair

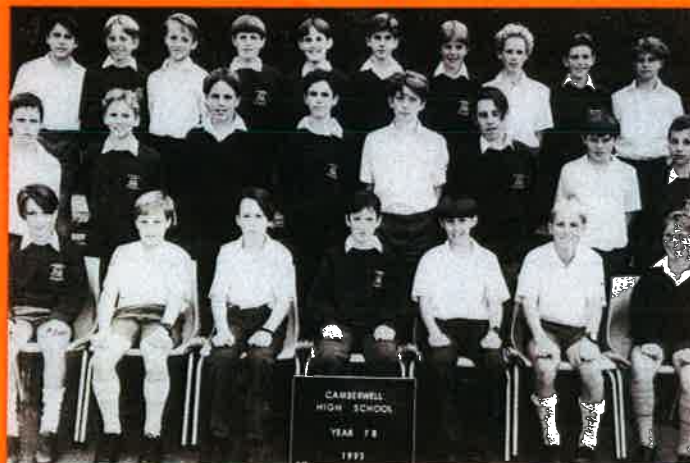
YEAR 7

حیازا کشف ایک ایسی دنیا کا اظہار

YEAR 7A



YEAR 7B



YEAR 7C



Lauren BARNES
Travis BULL
Joanna CANTY
Brooke COLBERT
Emily DONKIN
Darren DRYDEN
Alison EATON
Justin GADZE
Tom JACKSON
Dakhylina MADKHUL
Guy MARTIN
Ben MATERAZZO
Dolly MATTA
Nick MCKENZIE
Alice MOLAN
Sancho PANETTIERI
Tarren PETERS
Rebecca PETIT
Salome ROMERO
Ari SMITH
Paul STEPHENSON
David TRICKEY
Christine WADDELL
Kristin WALKER
Renaë WHITE
Peter WILLIAMS

Ian ANDERSEN
Seamus BARKER
Nicholas BODY
Rod BOONE
James BOWER
Jonathon BOYD
Bill BROWNELL
Julian BUGG
Damien DOYLE-BULL
Jonathon GIDDINGS
Gavan HAYES
Andrew HIBBERT
Carney KUCHARSKI
Joel MURRAY
David PERRY
Benjamin PRIEST
Stephen RAWLINSON
Philip REDFEARN
Trevor ROBINSON
Mark STRACHAN
Rick TURNER
Lachlan WALKER
David WARNOD
Hugh WATSON
Jeremy WHITE
Stuart WILSON

Aiswariya CHATTOPHADHYA
Cassandra CHEAH
Ilias DIMITROPOULOS
Marilou FLORES
Andrew FRAWLEY
Jens GLAHN-BERTELSEN
Mark GRAY
Rebecca HOLBORN
Matthew JORDAN
Lucas KOTROS
Sheree KOZARIC
Kim KWOK
Gareth MEDCALF
Bianca MERCURI
Kirsten MISCAMBLE
Samantha O'ROURKE
Natalie PORTER
Luke PORTER
Mark ROSTHORN
Ian SHERMAN
Michael THOMSON
Kathy VARELAS
Danielle VICTOR
Rachael YOUNG

YEAR 7

حیازا کشفه ایکنه دایره داظله تشا

YEAR 7D



Greg	ADAMS
Lee	CLAGUE
Matthew	COLLINS
Sam	CURRIE
Mark	HATTON
David	HINCHEY
Tam	HONG
Simon	JACOMBS
Rhys	JONES
Ivan	JURIC
Tim	LAMACRAFT
Simon	LANSBURY
Michael	MCKENZIE
Simon	MOLAN
Hieu	NGUYEN
Kris	ORIGINES
Matthew	POC
Chris	RATHGEN
Benji	READE
Jay	READING
George	VARELAS
Rory	VERRENKAMP
Nathan	WONG
Tristan	WONG
William	ZHENG

YEAR 7E



Chris	BROWNE
Michelle	CHIANG
Melissa	COROVIC
Cassie	DAVIS
Poppy	EFSTATHIOU
Lindsay	GEORGE
Dylan	HAUSER
Elyssa	HENERY
Kylie	HOPPENJANS
Ana	JURIC
Hoi-Min	KHOO
Byong	KIM
David	KOVIC
John	KRAVARITIS
Nicole	MATTINGLEY
Allister	MISCAMBLE
Jenny	MOFFATT
Nicolas	ORBITANI
Siobhan	PATERSON
Jeremy	SHARPLES
Tahli	SHIELDS
Jonathon	SPIVEY
Brandon	STUDHAM
Jeremy	TOMPKINS
Natalie	WYGERSE
David	WYPUTA

COLOUR POEMS

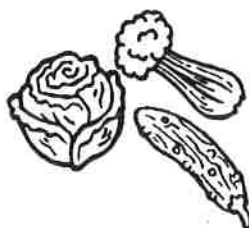


Indigo is for a mountain
in the dark, that howls
in its loneliness.
As the waves of the swell,
slowly crashing
onto the shore.
It's the cave that grows
darker and echoes in the
silent loneliness.

JONATHON SPIVEY 7

What is red?
Red is the planet that wanders in circles through the empty plains,
weaving and dodging the asteroid showers,
Red is the rose that leaps out to be admired,
Red is the blood that jumps when hit by a gun,
Chilly and cold it climbs down the spine,
Red is the fiery sun, that lights up the day,
Red is the poison in the apple that killed Snow White,
Red is the pulse that beats a heavy thump,
Red is the colour that makes you jump.

JEREMY TOMPKINS 7



Purple is grapes
Lavender is purple
Sunsets are purple
There are purple fish.
What a lovely purple sea!
I love my purple umbrella.
Also I love my purple jumper.
One last thing: I love everything purple.

MICHELLE CHIANG 7

Blinding Black
Lacking any colour but itself
After twilight
Coldness creeps upon
Knowing the dark in every way.

JEREMY SHARPLES 7

Black is the midnight sky
And the black clouds up so high.
Black is darker than any colour
And black is unique — like no other.
Black cats walk down dark black alleys
And black is the smoke from car rallies.
Black can be pitch, slate or Chinese
Or any other way you may please. Black is

ELYSSA HENRY 7

Blue is the ocean that reaches out to grab us
It is the colour of depression and anguish.
Blue is the sky that looks upon us.
The saddest colour of all. I got the blues.

CHRIS BROWNE 7

AUTOGRAPH HERE

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ORIENTATION CAMP

EIGHTY-EIGHT YEAR 7 STUDENTS TOOK PART IN TWO WEEK-LONG ORIENTATION CAMPS AT COOLAMATONG IN GIPPSLAND. THE CAMPS PROVIDED A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR STUDENTS TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER AND THEIR TEACHERS.

One of the activities at the camp was the obstacle course, where you and your group had to get a hanging rope from the middle of a tanbark pit without stepping in the pit. Once we got the rope we had to get everyone across the pit. Then there was the giant spider web where we had to get every one through a giant rope web. It was quite hard, but we managed.

Then there was horse riding. The group was split in half. While one group was horse riding the other group was cleaning the leather gear and doing an activity sheet. After both groups had ridden you got the person from the other half who rode the same horse as you and you had to unsaddle the horse and take off the bridle. Both these activities were great.

NATALIE WYGERSE 7E

In Bushcraft we had to be lead through the bush blind-folded following a rope and then a string. We had to make our own fire after our leader had shown us three ways of lighting a fire. When we had lit our fire we could make popcorn, pancakes and damper. Our leader made scones which were beautiful.

In abseiling we had to climb a seven metre wall which had little things sticking out, which a lot of people found difficult. When we got to the top we could go down abseiling or go straight down on a rope. You had to put lots of equipment on yourself so you would not fall. You could hang there in mid air!

MELISSA COROVIC 7E

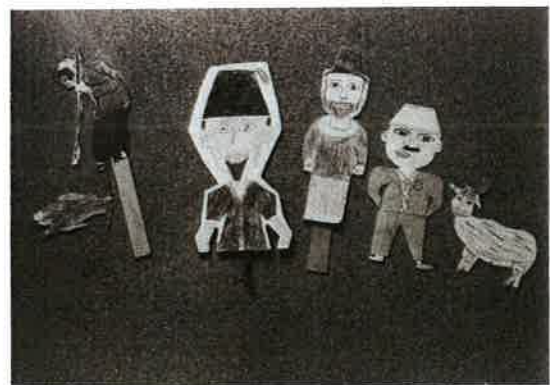
INDONESIAN PUPPET SHOW

For two days this year the Year Seven Indonesian class put on puppet plays for the French and German classes. Unlike the traditional Indonesian "wayang-kulit", or shadow plays with leather puppets, the students made their own puppets out of cardboard.

The two stories performed were "Mr Stupid" and "The Widow and the Gabus Fish". The first was about a very simple man who was easily tricked, but got back at the trickster from fear of his wife's words. The second explained about a poor widow who begged Allah (the Muslim God) to give money after seeing some fish ask the same way, but their request was for rain. The story included a character, a rich and grumpy man who, out of greed, in turn became a poor man.

Both French and German classes showed immense interest and we hope that another event like that happens again.

DAKHYLINA MADKHUL 7



Puppets made by Year 7 Students of Indonesian



Luke Porter and Andrew Frawley with their Edible Island, product of Geography Class.

CHURCHILL

HOUSE REPORT

HOUSE CAPTAINS: ALISTAIR STRAUGHAN, NADIA BERKAOUI

CREATIVE ARTS CAPTAINS: GEORGE MAKIN, VISHMA VIDYASAGAR

1993 has proven to be yet another good year for Churchill. The year started with the swimming carnival which is traditionally one of the worst events for Churchill. We fought hard all day and finished a close second, so things looked good for the rest of the year. There were many highlights during the year, including the Choral and Drama festivals, where Churchill again performed well, although we all feel we were robbed at the Choral Festival! There was no shortage of enthusiasm in the sporting events and this showed through on the field.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank every member of Churchill who participated and contributed to the House this year. Most members were more than happy to participate when asked and it was this spirit which saw us through the year. I would also like to thank the other Churchill House Captains, who helped run and control the many House meetings and organise teams for each event.

I would also like to thank and congratulate all the other Houses for the fierce competition they provided. All Houses tried their hardest to win, but it certainly was not a case of win at all costs as the whole competition was very fair. Finally, I wish good luck to all Churchill members for next year and beyond, and that they will show the enthusiasm and commitment they did this year.

GO CHURCHILL!!!!

ALISTAIR STRAUGHAN

SPORTS REPORT

Throughout the year, in my eyes, Churchill performed creditably. In fact, our effort was remarkable. Churchill House participated and is participating in all activities pleasurably and confidently.

SWIMMING: Throughout the swimming carnival day Churchill performed, as was expected, to the best of the participants' ability. The whole day Churchillians were lively and energetic. We had many excellent performances. Churchill contested the lead all day with Roosevelt, Roosevelt ending up the victor at the end of the last event. Although an outstanding effort was witnessed, we were pipped at the post.



Liana Herman

CHURCHILL

ATHLETICS: The athletics carnival was close between all Houses. Again, we gave it our best and thanks must be given. Most events were fought to the end. Although Churchill did not come out on top, we performed with maximum effort and that was encouraging. We remained in good spirits and thoroughly enjoyed the day's events.

BASKETBALL AND SOCCER: Churchill made a gallant effort in these competitions and performed honourably. The talent was obvious to the many spectators. Great potential was shown by many of Churchill's competitors and we hope there will be rewarding futures for you. Good luck.

FOOTBALL: After the turmoil at the beginning of the competition Churchill performed well and was eventually placed second. Great spirit and love for the game were obvious and every game was played fairly.

INDOOR VOLLEYBALL AND CRICKET: Currently, both these sports are being contested and Churchill is performing with excellence. Both teams have strong line-ups and are expected to rate highly. Good stuff!

To conclude, Churchill had a pleasing and successful year in sport and I hope this continues. Special thanks must be given to Ms Gray and the Sporting Department for an excellent effort in providing thoroughly enjoyable sporting events. Also, I would like to thank Ms Gray for the opportunity to enhance my abilities in holding a position of responsibility.

GEORGE MAKIN

CREATIVE ARTS REPORT

The year was a very pleasing one for Churchill House, with excellent efforts shown in the Choral and Drama competitions. Support for these events was very evident, with a mass of Churchillians participating.

CHORALS: At the Chorals some excellent musical talent was shown in both singing and playing a chosen instrument. The choirs sounded splendid and the musicians showed great potential by displaying brilliant abilities in their fields. To our amazement, Churchill came third; but from our point of view we were victors on this memorable evening.

DRAMA: The drama evening was marvellous and thoroughly enjoyable. The competition was extremely close and suspense at the end overwhelming. After a very interesting speech by the adjudicator, notable actor,

Mr Ernie Gray, places were announced, with Churchill second. To an extent a place did not really matter because we were very pleased with our effort and were full of self congratulations. Special mention: Jackie Arena presented an excellent and emotional performance in her role. Well done!

In conclusion, Churchill's effort was very rewarding to all who participated because everyone was part of a team. As well Churchill possessed some exceptionally talented performers and we all encourage those people. Special thanks to Ms Gray and the Music Department for organising such successful competitions.

GEORGE MAKIN

YEAR 8

حیازا کشفه ایکی کشفه دایر دایر

YEAR 8A



YEAR 8B



YEAR 8C



Adam AFIFF
 Jamie AGALOTIS
 Brad ANDERSON
 Casey ASMUS
 Campbell BENSON
 Carolyn BORTHWICK
 Simon CASEY
 Catriona DUNCAN
 Robyn ELLIS
 Maggie ENE
 Jacquie EVANS
 Michael FOROPOULOS
 David HEDGER
 Rebecca LEARMONT
 Alysia MATTINGLEY
 Sarah MAWSON
 Claire MC FARLANE
 Stacey MITCHELL
 Robert OWEN
 Liam PATERSON
 Kon PROFITIS
 Bonnie STEPHEN
 Amanda VINCEC
 Rod WISENDEN
 Lonar ZHANG

Douglas CHEN
 Alister CROW
 Evan DAVEY
 Chris DIMITROPOULOS
 Darryl EDWARDS
 Hugh KENDALL
 Luke KNIGHT
 Luke LALOR
 Lee LE-
 Michael MCMAHON
 Luke NELSON
 Anthony NICHOLAS
 Evan PAPILO
 Tim PERKINS
 Alister QUINN
 Sam RAYDAN
 Richard SABBAGH
 David SEDDON
 Paul SZARLAT
 hi-Kin (Jack) TANG
 Rory TIDBALL
 Alex WIGNALL
 David WOOD

Tom ALLAN
 Tim BURGER
 Alexandra GIANNOPOULOS
 Carl GOODIN
 Tom HURLE
 James JAO
 Joan KEVREKIAN
 Taya KOH
 Ashley LYALL
 Astrid MC CORMACK
 Nina MCLEAN
 Beau MILES
 Miki NAKAGAWA
 Josh NEILSON
 Chris O'GRADY
 Jacqui PLASTO
 Christopher POC
 Jim RYAN
 Antonia SEMLER
 Aimee SHANKS
 Kim STANNING
 Karen WHARTON
 Joanne WITHY
 Toni ZANKER

YEAR 8

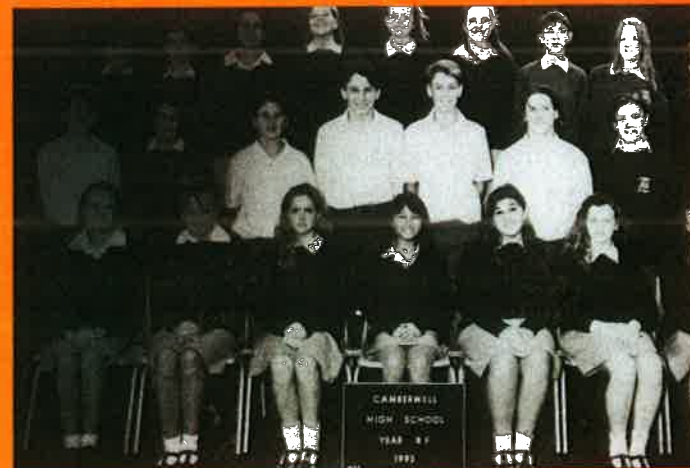
YEAR 8D



YEAR 8E



YEAR 8F



Jo	ALBERT
Fletcher	BARKER
Nicky	BIDLO
Emma	BUCKLEY
Luke	CARLSON
Marcus	DJURIC
Nara	GASCO
Lee	HAUSER
Terri	HILARIS
Emma	JUNIPER
Wade	KOHARI
Kon	KYPARISSOUDIS
Andy	LAM
Jasmin	LESNIAK
John	LINFOOT
Jonathon	MOLONEY
Yolande	NICHOLSON
Daniel	RULE
Ian	TWOMEY
Angela	VARELAS
Elizabeth	WALKER
James	WIGHT

David	BEATTIE
Ross	BOWLBY
Colin	BYRNE
Nicholas	COOK
Duncan	ELLIOT
Dom	GADZE
Nick	HAUSSEGGER
Javed	HENDERSON
Stuart	IRWIN
Stephen	JOYNT
Nick	KIRALY
James	PICKARD
James	ROCHLIN
Mark	SALEM
Andre	SCOTT
Heath	SHAKESPEARE
David	SHIELDS
Gideon	TUINAUVAI
Dennis	VALETIC
Leighton	VIVIAN
Ben	WILHELMS
Paul	YOUNG

Denis	AARONS
Cameron	BAKER
Marlon	BRIGGS
Sarah	BUCKINGHAM
Warwick	COLLINS
Kimberley	COLTMAN
Nick	DALRYMPLE
Catherine	FISHER
Jane	INGRAM
Stella	KOKAI
John	KONDRES
Daniel	KUKIEL
Skye	MAKIN
Jana	MARCAK
Marc	MARTIN
Robert	MASON
Guy	MASON
Gamalo	MIZRAHI
Ryan	NELSON
Tammy	NGUYEN
Nina	ROSSI
Raelene	SCOTT
Stefanos	STEFANAKOS

AUTOGRAPH HERE



TALES & MORALS حكايا الكنتاف بياض شعله واطل نسا

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

Once upon a time in Africa there lived five animals, a giraffe, a zebra, a cheetah, a monkey and a hippopotamus. One day they were all running around and playing animal games in the long grass near where they lived. Because the hippo. was a little clumsy and because he looked so funny the other animals laughed at him when he ran and when he tripped over his feet. He felt so sad and silly that he went and hid in a bush. The other animals did not seem to care how the hippopotamus felt; they just laughed and made fun of him, no matter what he did.

As he hid, the hippopotamus saw a terrible sight. Behind a clump of bushes lay a lion ready to pounce on the other animals. The hippo. charged out of his bush screaming and screeching at the lion. When the lion saw the great hippo. charging for him he jumped out of the bushes and ran away. Once the lion had gone, the hippopotamus started to feel much better. He could just imagine how proud all his friends would be. When he turned around he was heart broken to find that all the animals were rolling around on the ground, laughing and shouting, "Did you see him run?" and "I've never seen his tummy wobble so much before!" Their laughter was because of him. The hippo. turned and ran back into his bush.

As he was sitting there crying, a horrible thought dawned on him. Perhaps he was useless. The other animals could all do their own special things. The monkey was very smart and he could climb trees with the greatest of ease. The zebra was beautiful with his black and white stripes and the cheetah could run like the wind. The giraffe was so tall he could see far into the distance and could reach the tops of the trees, but the hippopotamus was not tall, nor fast, nor clever and he knew he was not handsome. What was he good at? The hippo. could not think of an answer to this question so he ran far away where he could be by himself and where there was not anyone to make fun of him.

The other animals did not even notice that the hippopotamus was missing, until one day the lion came back. The animals pleaded with him to spare them, but there was no clumsy old hippo. to save them, so the lion ate them all.

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS THAT YOU SHOULD NOT MAKE FUN OF PEOPLE IF THEY ARE DIFFERENT. EVERYBODY HAS THEIR GOOD POINTS.

HUGH KENDALL 8B

THE BOY WHO GREW A TAIL

There once lived a nasty boy called James. James was horrid to any animal who had a tail, for he would always pull their tail. His family owned a dog and a cat and every time James saw them he would pull their tails. His mother told him over and over again not to do it for they would bite and scratch him. But James just said, "No, they won't," and he was right, for the dog and the cat were too kind to do anything like that.

The animals would try to sit on their tails, but James would just push them off and pull their tails as before. Finally, the dog and the cat became so tired of having their tails pulled that they decided to teach James a lesson, so they went to see a friend of theirs who lived in the forest. Their friend was called Wagtail; he was a dog with wings who knew a bit about magic. They told Wagtail how James had been pulling their tails and how they wanted to get back at him. The dog and the cat asked Wagtail for a magic spell that would make James grow a tail. Wagtail gave them some green powder to put into James' drink, so that when he drank he would grow a tail. The dog and the cat took the green powder and went home.

When they arrived home they managed to slip the green powder into James' drink. As soon as he had taken a sip James felt a tail beginning to grow. He ran screaming into where his mother was. His mother nearly died of fright when she saw that he had grown a tail. The next day James did not want to go to school, but his mother said he had to. At school James was teased and made fun of. All the children ran around pulling his tail. James was in pain. They made up a game that everyone had to chase James and try to be the first to pull his tail. Even the teachers laughed at him.

When he arrived home James went and sat in the corner and cried and cried. The cat and the dog came up to him and James said to them how sorry he was to have pulled their tails, that he now knew how painful it was and that he would never do it again. The dog and the cat began to feel sorry for James and they thought that he had learned his lesson. So they went back to Wagtail and asked him how they could get rid of James' tail. Wagtail gave them some purple powder to remove James' tail which, if James pulled another tail, would make his own grow back again. When they arrived home the dog crept up behind James and sprinkled some powder on to James' tail. Instantly it disappeared and once again James was a normal boy. He promised the cat and the dog that he would never pull their tails again in his life, and he did not.

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS TO DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO TO YOU.

ALISTER CROW 8A

MACARTHUR

SPORTS CAPTAINS: EMMA JENKINS, DANIEL SIMOS

CREATIVE ARTS CAPTAIN: JENNY REDGEN

HOUSE CAPTAIN: MEGAN O'SULLIVAN

Irrepressible smiles, nervous giggles, the smoothing of hair and uniforms, the overwhelming sense of excitement . . . For me, this was the most memorable moment of House activities for 1993. These were the Macarthur choristers, half hidden in the dimmed lighting of the school hall, waiting in anticipation for their cue to stand up and move onto the choir stalls. This particular night, the evening of the annual Choral Festival, was one of the occasions where I felt that everybody was really pulling together as a team. And, judging by the smiles, everyone was as elated about it as I was.

We were lucky enough to experience many other moments similar to this throughout 1993 and I hope that every Macarthur member will retain one memory of a good feeling they had about themselves or about being part of a team. Whether it was the swimming sports, the athletics, the chorals, drama, debating, volleyball or soccer, we all had tremendous fun and this was what we, as House captains, were hoping would occur.

1993 was the first year in my memory that Macarthur did not have the full compliment of House captains. This did not prove to be any problem, thanks to the support of the whole House and some dedicated Year 11 students who deserve a special thanks here. We managed one addition (thanks Simos!) to our all female group of captains only a short time into the school year and it is a credit to Macarthur that we were supported so well.

On behalf of everyone in Macarthur, I would like to thank Emma, Jenny and Simos for all the work put in all year. Many thanks should also go to Ms Gray for her insight, encouragement and organisational skills.

The last word should go to those in Macarthur — thanks for all your effort and a great year.

MEGAN O'SULLIVAN

*Aaron Clark at the
MacArthur House Marshalling
Table.*



SPORTS REPORT

The swimming sports marked the beginning of 1993 sporting festivities. The outstanding participation from all Macarthur athletes in both decoration and competition was inspiring. In decoration we faced the problem of a misplaced banner, but banded together to make the best of a bad situation. In competition we all tried to perform to the utmost of our abilities (with the exception of those suffering from a variety of mysterious aches, pains and tropical illnesses).

The days of the Athletics Carnival are always a time when Macarthur shows its real strength. Participation was tremendous this year, with strong performances from all participants placing the House second overall. I enjoyed working with such dedicated, bright and outgoing individuals in the House, who made the workload a lot lighter for me. A huge thank you to Jenny, Meg and Simos for their phenomenal support, and to all Macarthur people who contributed to the success of the sporting year.

EMMA JENKINS



YEAR 9

Olga	BELLOS
Dylan	BOONE
Sam	BUGEJA
Rebekah	COUNIHAN
Jason	CUMMINS
Brendan	FERREIRA
Michael	FURZE
Michelle	GIBLETT
Daniel	GRIFFEY
Laura	GRONN
Anne	HARITOS
Luke	HIGGINS
Julia	HURLEY
Chris	KARADIMOS
Natalle	KITSON
Vicky	MARANGOS
Ryan	MC CARTHY
Adam	MIATKE
Rachel	MIZRAHI
Peter	OLIVEIRA
David	SCOTT
Kerrie	TROUNSEN
Chris	TUCK
Edward	VAWDREY
Christian	WANIS
Stephen	WATSON

Danielle	AMAD
Kate	BOTHAM
Lin-(Elizabeth)	CAO
Mat	CHAFFER
Simon	CRAIG
Sally	DAVIES
Michael	DENOVAN
Jacqueline	ENTWISLE
Daniel	HARRIS
Vanessa	HAYES
Mary	HENERY
Timothy	HOLBORN
Rebecca	JAMES
Lucy	JOHNSTON
Hee-Jong	KIM
Rachel	LARMOUR
Timothy	O'CONNOR
Kristan	O'ROURKE
Amy	PORTHOUSE
Jai	RENTON
Simone	RILEY
Aristoteles	SIMOS
Myles	TAUCHERT
Margaret	WANG
Richard	WHITEHEAD

YEAR 9A



YEAR 9B



YEAR 9C



Warren	ADAMS
Ben	ANDREWS
Alexander	BARRETT
Paul	BIVIANO
Benjamin	CHAN
Johnny	CHO
Dick-Kheen	CHUAN
David	COLGAN
Grant	DE ZILWA
Steven	ELLIS
Justin	ENTWISTLE
Peter	ILIAKOPOULOS
Toby	LAI
Joel	MILLER
Robert	MINNELLA
Loc	NGUYEN
Yuri	PAVLINOV
Konstantinos	SKOLARIKIS
James	STOCK
Chan	TIET
Si-Mei	ZHANG

حِزْبُ الْكُفَّةِ
YEAR 9

Nathan	ABRAHAM
Paul	ALLAN
Stefanie	ALLEN
Daniel	BANFAI
Brent	BARNETT
Ben	BUCKLEY
Sam	GADZE
Erika	HELDZINGEN
Rebecca	HOPKINSON
Daniel	ISLIP
Kurt	LANGE
Tamara	LARNACH
Stewart	MUIR
Amelia	NEEDOBA
Liam	O'SULLIVAN
Julia	PULSFORD
Travers	PURTON
Aveena	SIDHU
Adam	SLOAN
Mathias	STEVENSON
Lauren	STOCKER
Vasilios(bill)	TAHTIS
Damian	TOOMEY
Peter	VAPP
Paul	VINCEC
Amy	WENNAN

YEAR 9D



YEAR 9E



YEAR 9F



Oliver	AYRES-WEARNE
Richard	CAIN
Stuart	CALDWELL
Stefan	COOK
Rhian	DICKINS
Christopher	EVANS
Daniel	GADZE
Bruce	GREEN
Nick	HARBISON
Jacob	HATTON
Ashley	ITTER
Daniel	KALATHENOS
Peter	KATZOURAKIS
Daniel	LITTLEJOHN
Edward	MUIR
Zeyad	NAIM
Joel	NELSON
Christopher	NOWLAN
Adam	PETERSON
Ben	POWERS
Julius	SMITH
Damon	SMITH
Alexander	TWOMEY
Ta-	WU-

Michael	ANDERSEN
David	BARNETT
Edward	BURDEN
Matthew	CANTLON
Ross	CARTWRIGHT
Thuan	CHAU
John	DOAK
Paul	FENTON
Andrew	GIDDINGS
Milos	GLISOVIC
Tim	HARWOOD
Chye-Hwa	HENG
Robert	KELLY
Kwo-Hsiun	LIAO
Bill	MIHELAKIS
Timothy	PRICE
Tobias	REEH
Rhys	ROBERTS
Andrew	ROBSON
Steven	TAME
Nicholas	THORLEY
Darren	WIERZBOWSKI
Anthony	WIJESEKERA

Justin(chye-Hwa	HENG
Robert	KELLY
David-Kwo-Hsiun	LIAO
Bill	MIHELAKIS
Timothy	PRICE
Tobias	REEH
Rhys	ROBERTS
Andrew	ROBSON
Steven	TAME
Nicholas	THORLEY
Darren	WIERZBOWSKI
Anthony	WIJESEKERA

HOT COLD

19

YEAR 9

VALE CHRIS ROHAN

Chris, a Year nine student, died suddenly and unexpectedly of a rare heart condition at the beginning of Term three. The following are extracts from tributes written by classmates.

"Chris was determined and very creative. I had known him mainly from the instrumental elective class. He would write and play music on the keyboard. He was determined to be a great music writer. He would have made it." Chris Evans

"Last semester we both did computers, but not on the same day. However, I sat next to one of his best friends and we ran the programs he wrote about the Beatles and British Rock n' Roll from the 1960s. He was really into model trains and brought the catalogues to school." Chris Newlan

"Chris was a great lyric writer. He could make up poems on the spot and had books full of lyrics and chords. He would sit in class and just make up poems and lyrics without hardly thinking about them." Oliver Weame

"He was always playing the old piano in room 104 with his friends and trying out melodies. Our music teacher told him once that his music was something and to learn some harmonies." Margaret Wang

"I remember when the class photo was being taken Chris was sitting next to me and he was laughing at his friends who were making really funny faces at him. They were being so stupid I began to laugh as well." Kate Botham

"I remember once I left my diary in the classroom and when I got to the next class I started to worry, but then Chris came into class with it in his hand and while he was giving it to me he sang a song about losing things." Mat Chaffer

"He had a locker next to mine. In his locker was a shrine to George Harrison. We used to discuss new additions to the shrine when we were at our lockers. He had a bit of wall paper hanging up in his locker. I asked what it was for. He said, "Interior decorating." Chris eventually changed lockers. He told me that he now had a renovator's dream locker upstairs and that he was hoping to build a new shrine to George Harrison." Alex Twomey

SOMALIA

Somalia,
A melted pile of dust.

Bodies young and old are disappearing.
No chance to smile, grow, love

Newborn babies' eyes,
Some filled with hope.

Many diseased too soon.
Death steals a vision of the world.

Somalia,
A melted pile of dust.

Bodies young and old are disappearing.
No chance to smile, grow, love.

Worried children's fears,
So much death.

Their world is withering away.
Is it worth living?

Somalia,
A melted pile of dust.

Bodies young and old are disappearing.
No chance to grow, smile, love.

Teenagers see the problem,
No way to stop the death.

Life becomes a struggle,
Their vision is fading.

Somalia,
A melted pile of dust.

Bodies young and old are disappearing.
No chance to smile, grow, love.

Young men's hopes
Have become nothing.

Nowhere to go,
Death is everywhere.

Somalia,
A melted pile of dust.

Bodies young and old are disappearing,
No chance to smile, grow, love.

Adults' dreams
Are washed away.

There is nothing in this world,
Nothing but despair.

Somalia,
A melted pile of dust.

Bodies young and old are disappearing.
Slowly their lives are torn apart.

DANIEL BANFAI 9D

POETRY

CAMP WOLLANGARRA:

Late in May, a group of Year 9 students set off for Camp Wollangarra. Because half of us had already been there most people knew what they were in for. The first day was a settling in day for people to explore and learn how to pack the rucksacks and how to put up tents. Day two, we set off early for the beginning of a two day walk to Lake Tali Karng. We walked through flat land until we came to the bottom of Rigles Spur. From then on it was tough mountaineering each of us had to complete. Finally we reached the camp site. It was a cold night's sleep but all of us survived. Day three was a down hill journey all the way; half way down the hill we stopped for lunch and then followed a track down to Lake Tali Karng. From then we breezed through the rest of the day and we managed to get to camp site B. Day four was best of the lot. Before we even started we knew we had to complete sixteen river crossings. When the day finished our boots were soaked and everybody was looking forward to getting home.

RHIAN DICKENS 9E

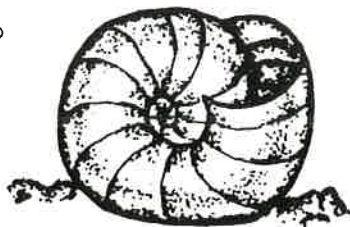
WHALES
Giant Swimmers
Kings of the Great Ocean
Eaters of all types of Marine Life
Possibility of Extinction
Hunted and slaughtered
INNOCENT

CHRIS ROHAN 9

(A seven line diamante completed for Geography as part of the study of Antarctica.)

IRA BOMBINGS

The Belfast Catholics
discriminated against
the Protestants now set out to set
the score straight
a man on the bench
drinking coffee
poor Pom hit by IRA bomb
a car in place
in front of a
government office
the IRA chant
poor Pom
hit by IRA bomb
religious yet distant from
God himself
who owns who
what owns
what but you will always
pity the
poor Pom killed by IRA bomb

**BILL TAHTIS 9D**

AUTUMN

Whirling leaves, golden and brown,
Twisting and turning,
Hurrying down.

Driving wind, gusty and strong,
Whistling and sighing,
Rushing along.

Scudding clouds, grey leaden sky,
Laughing and playing,
Gallop^{ing} by.

Roaming birds, gathered for flight,
Chirping and preening,
Seeking sunlight.

Curling smoke, mindful of fires,
Blowing and puffing,
Hiding the spires.

Drooping rose, scattered to earth,
Dying and fading,
Waiting new birth.

MATTHEW CANTLON 9A

LOSING SIGHT

A single bullet.

All sight is lost.

And now, all issues are just thoughts,
Seen through the mind's eye.

Faces, images of people, are now
Just like solitary still photographs —
Memories that will never be updated.

The cause — some thrillseeker with a gun.

PAUL ALLAN 9D

MONTGOMERY

HOUSE CAPTAINS: CHANTAL AGUSSOL, SCOTT FACCIONI

SPORTS CAPTAINS: REBECCA EDWARDS, JAMES BENSON

Montgomery, as a whole, did exceptionally well this year, in all events. We improved somewhat in our athletic and swimming events and overcame problem after problem to secure a first place in the House Drama Festival.

I found that as an actual House Captain this year, as opposed to being a spectator, I was given much help and support from my peers and my teachers and, most importantly, my fellow House members. They were all very cooperative in all of the House events and it is only fair to say that a House's success depends, not only on an organised leadership, but a commitment from House members as well.

As an overseer of most of the House activities, much responsibility is placed upon you, and I feel lucky that Ms Gray chose me to represent and lead Montgomery House. Captaincy has been beneficial in terms of developing my organisational skills. It has directly benefited my Year 12 studies and I recommend that anyone willing to take up such a position do so.

Amidst all of the varied results that we achieved, most memorable were the play rehearsals and the trials for the House athletics and swimming. We really were a team, then, and it obviously paid off in the end.

I would like to thank Ms Gray and all of the Montgomery members for the wonderful work they did. I am glad that Montgomery House in 1993 had such unity and I hope that it will continue in the future.

The director of this year's Drama Festival, Marcia Ferguson, in collaboration with the highly experienced adjudicator on the night,

Mr Ernie Gray, decided that two students displayed exceptional talent: Belinda Heywood in THE 'PHONE CALL and Jeremy Prien, of Montgomery House, in MOBY DICK. These two students received awards of excellence. Congratulations.

SCOTT FACCIONI



*Scott Faccioni at the
Montgomery House
Marshalling Table.*



MONTGOMERY

SPORTS REPORT

As usual, Montgomery was the underdog, but our confidence and our taste for success prevailed and, overall, Montgomery did reasonably well. First task, swimming carnival. Well, it is quite embarrassing for anyone to get up in front of their friends and swim in those Speedos, but, as usual, the cajoling and berating of all House members began. James and I soon realised how difficult it is to actually convince people to freeze to death, all in the name of House points. After all the heartache, Montgomery came third, better than coming last.

The athletics sports came and went. Participants flocked from everywhere, surprising, considering our swimming effort (even I had to swim!). Montgomery again came third, but not by much. I was beginning to feel quite proud of our efforts, but the best was yet to come.

It took until the end of third term to prove our worth. House volleyball began. First game, a win to us. But a controversial finals game proved Montgomery has, in fact, a conscience, although not a guilty one. Someone from another House was playing in the opposition's team and there is to be a rematch in term four. We will prevail in the end. Cricket, both senior and junior, junior volleyball and the netball competitions will continue throughout term four.

I take this opportunity to thank James Benson, my fellow sports captain and Scott Faccioni and Chantal, House captains, for all their hard work and dedication to a House that is usually behind, but this year I think we proved ourselves a force to be reckoned with. I hope that next year I can continue to develop the sportsmanship that was shown by most students in Montgomery this year. Thanks Montgomery!

REBECCA EDWARDS

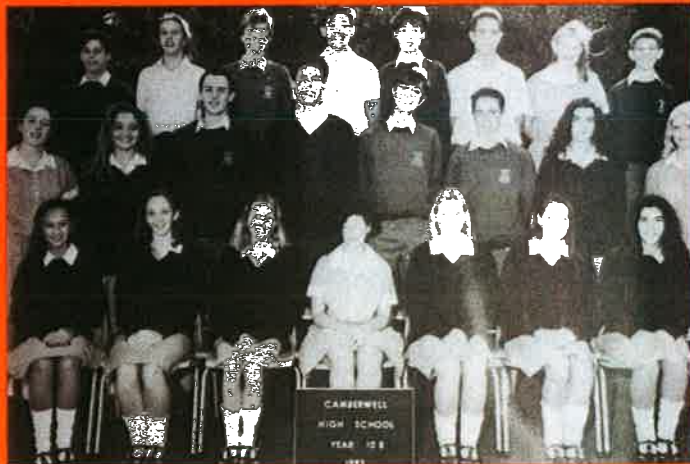


YEAR 10

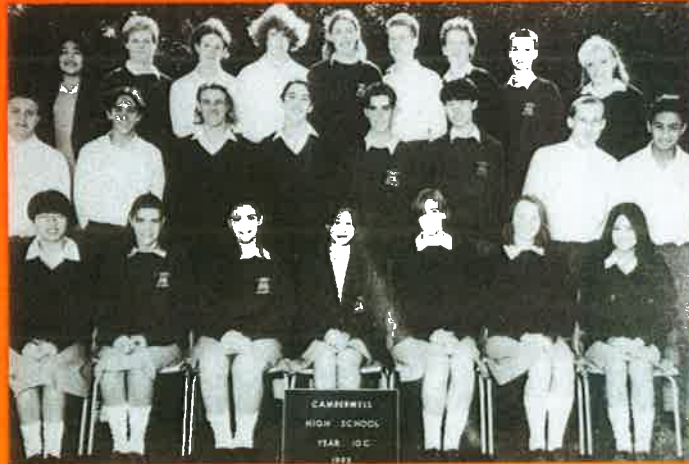
YEAR 10A



YEAR 10B



YEAR 10C



Mandy	ABEL
Angela	BROWNE
Jared	FLEINER
Dean	GANGELL
Peter	KOUKOVINOS
Joanna	LEEMAN
Elina	LEVINSKIKH
Emma	LOVE
Sherry	LU-
Per	MADSEN
Luke	MAKIN
Emmaline	MARTIN
Justin	MARVEN
Li-Wei	PAN
Joanna	PAPAGEORGIU
Peter	ROUSIS
Belinda	RULE
Sherry	SHENG
Daniel	STAINSBY
Katherine	STAPLES
Isabelle	STEAD
Jie-Le	SUN
Sampson	WONG
Owen	ZHOU

Jade	AMANTEA
Theodore	BUKKA
Edward	CHOU
Anita	COOK
Edwin	COROVIC
Nicole	D'ARCY
Vin	DU
Campbell	ELLIOT
Sarah	FABBRICOTTI
Matthew	GRAY
Narelle	HOLZER
Justin	HORNE
Yi-Min	HUANG
Karley	MACRAE
Jackie	MAREN
Claire	MIOVICH
Lisa	MONTESALVO
Holly	MUNDAY
Cameron	QUINN
Trent	SHIELDS
Georgina	SMITH
Effie	STEFANAKOS
Kerry	STRAUGHAN
Fotis(Frank)	VRIONIS
Kenny	WANG

Tim	BISHOP
Kristen	BYFORD
Zachary	CLARK
Paul	COATS
Jared	COLLINS
Sengdara	DARAVONG
Andrew	DOUGLAS
Steve	ELEY
Laurent	GUERIN
James	JENKINS
David	JL-
Matthew	KNIGHT
Annie	LEE
Matthew	MC LENNAN
Belinda	MINNELLA
Matthew	MISTER
Lucy	MOORE
Ashley	MOYD
Jake	MYERS
Kimmy	TANG
Michael	TIDBALL
Kim	TOZER
Nhung	TRAN
Phillip	TUINAUVAI
Tamara	WHARTON

YEAR 10

حیازا کنگا باجی تفره داظر لاشا

YEAR 10D



YEAR 10E



YEAR 10F



Jamie ANDREWS
Suzana BAJER
Harmony BARON
Clair BARRETT
Nicholas BUGEJA
Simon COAD
Caroline DUJELA
Lauren DUNN
Joseph FOREMAN
Rory GEORGE
Travis GRAY
Alistair LARMOUR
Siran MARRIOTT
Amber MARTYN
Donna MIOVICH
Sarah MORRIS
Blair NEWSOM
Paul O'ROURKE
Steven O'ROURKE
Samuel RICHARDS
Eleni STEFANAKOS
Peter STILVE
Craig WILSON
Scott WITHY
Sa'Arda WONG

Robert BEECROFT
Richard BENSON
Jan CAGE
Michael
chi-Hao CHIANG
Timothy COSTELLO
Samuel HAMMINGTON
Walter HARWOOD
Mustaf IBRAHIM
Benjamin JAMES
Cameron KING
Andrew KOZO
Mason KUCHARSKI
Keir LARTER
Daniel MAEA
David MANTON
Ashleigh MC DONALD
Michael MORVAN
Binh NGUYEN
Jaycee PHUA
Benjamin STONE
Ali TAJVAR
Benjamin TYZACK
Nick VALIOTIS
Neil WARDELL

Jaymin AFIFF
Heather ANSELL
Andrea BORG
Kingsley CLARKE-WHITE
Justyna CZATKOWSKI
Adam DAY
Alexandra GRAF
Kelly HATZAKIS
Stuart HENDERSON
Grayton HEVERN
Kathy LAZARI
John LENTZOS
Matthew MARSHALL
Sheridan MC GUANE
James MIRAMS
James MOLAN
Jacob MYSTAKIDIS
Grace PIZZAIA
Brendon POLLOCK
Eric PRESCOTT
Belinda SMITH
Cameron STEIN
Toby STONE
Kelly THONG
Timothy WALKER

WORK EXPERIENCE

YEAR TEN WORK EXPERIENCE

"I had to test the leads, open them up and find where the bad joint was, cut the lead back if necessary and solder the joints together. On Fridays my boss did the sound for a band at Charltons, so, on Friday afternoons I helped him take down some of the P.A. and set it up." **David Manton**

"My job was to scan a photographic image into the computer, clean it up and 'cut out' the foreground on the screen. The images I was working with were of kangaroos and, over a period of time, I had to scan and manipulate about nine kangaroos. This gave me an insight into how photographic images are converted into computer graphics and then used in magazines, newspapers and other printed material." **Tim Costello**

"I assisted people with any problems they had with their computer over the telephone, or on the site. In this case it involved assisting in not just the building where I worked, but, actually the whole of Australia. At first this was hard to believe and I assumed this was a joke, but then I received a call from a business man in Queensland. Although I did not successfully fix his problem, I was able to give him enough assistance for him to eventually fix it." **Jaycee Phua**

"I learnt how to address letters to important clients, how to answer telephones, how to fax letters, file documents and make slides from photocopied papers. I worked for Monash Community Services. There were a lot of young people there and they were really friendly. I learned how a doctor's clinic works." **Narelle Holzer**

"I was told how to mix cement and then lay bricks. First I was told to put 1 part cement, 2 parts sand, then as much water as you need. Then I tried it. I put too much water in. I layed some bricks in the way I was taught. It was hard because the mortar was too wet. The next batch I made was good and the bricks came up well." **Jake Myers**

"I learned how to change oil in a car and check brake pads, change the car's transmission and take out the motor. I mainly checked all the tyre pressure and cleaned everything up." **Blair Newsome**

"Not only were we cooking for the canteen which the kitchen staff ran, but for the two weeks we were also going to be catering for fifteen to thirty Japanese trainees. We were not going to cook, but waitress for them. The food was supplied by a restaurant and the first day it arrived quite late. This made things very hectic and the staff were all very appreciative of my being there and the extra hands." **Tamara Wharton**

PERFECT



*Dean Gangell and Frank Vronis
of Year 10*

POETRY

SOLDIER

The bombs again.
And the earth shuders
And my ears implode
On my wretched,bleeding soul.

And the bombs keep falling,
Deaf from the cries,
Distant from the agony,
Numb to the pain.

The corpses used to bother me,
Purple=white lifelessness
Strewn like unwanted meat
Across this enemy-ridden landscape.
Now they are just another part
Of the whole surreal trip That I hate.

Head up soldier,
Fight for your country.
Forgotten beliefs,
Drowned in patriotic blood.

While our kings and queens
Sit wrapped in silk
And suck rich, fatty flesh
To the dry bone,
We fight
For their peace of mind,
For their freedom.

And I wanna go home
For chrissake!
I wanna spit in the faces
Of my kings and queens!

But the scary thing is, I don't know if I believe in home
Anymore.

DANIEL STAINSBY 10A



*Belinda Heywood in the House Drama -
Photograph by Matthew Gray Year 10.*

رواقظلش ROOSEVELT

1993 has proved to be a year of contrast for Roosevelt House, as we drifted from highs to lows on several occasions. The highlights of the year for Roosevelt were perhaps our winning performances in both swimming and athletics. Roosevelt has been known to dominate the pool for years and there was a lot of pressure put on our House members to keep up this winning record. It was most surprising, however, when it was announced that we had also won the Athletic's competition. We won not so much because the other Houses were not competing well — in fact the contrary was the case — but because we had so many people wanting to be part of it all.

Next came the Choral Festival which was perhaps the most disappointing event for the House. It was clearly recognised that our House had the least number of people involved. I would, nevertheless, like to commend the junior members of the House for their efforts. Although another House won the Drama competition, no-one can accuse us of not trying. Unfortunately our Creative Arts Captain, Emma Rodenberg, fell ill unexpectedly, and was unable to perform in our play. However, David Bear stepped in and learned Emma's role in an extremely short period of time. Other members of the cast who should be commended for their efforts are Nina McLean, Elsa McLean and Paul Coats. Those involved in the Drama Festival found they had a lot of fun working together and were well rewarded.

Best wishes to next year's Captains and we hope you will continue to support them as you have us this year. We have been grateful for the opportunities given to us as Captains and have some unforgettable memories!

DU NGUYEN
ALEX MURRAY
 (Roosevelt House Captains)



*Roosevelt House
 Captain Du
 Nguyen giving
 her victory after
 the Swimming
 Sports.*



رواقظلش ROOSEVELT

ROOSEVELT SPORTS REPORT

SWIMMING SPORTS: Early in the year the swimming sports were hotly contested by all Houses. The Trophy eventually went to Roosevelt by an extremely small margin of 12 points, just pipping Churchill, who put up the best fight in years. But Roosevelt held onto its fine tradition of victory at the swimming sports. A special mention to Liana Herman in the Open Girls Freestyle Relay — and to every one else who participated.

ATHLETICS SPORTS: At the end of first term the House athletics were the event to watch. After the field events on the first day, the competition was shaping up to provide an exciting second day. However, this day was dominated by Roosevelt who finished by winning the Athletics by over two hundred points. Thank you to everybody who participated and won and went on to Eastern Zone athletics competition.

CRICKET, VOLLEYBALL: Roosevelt performed extremely well in the House Volleyball competition and has high aspirations for the final. We also hope our cricket team will perform next term to the standard already set by our past sporting achievements.

JUSTIN ALLEN

VICKY KANNELOPOULOS



*Roosevelt supporters, Marni Henry,
Vicky Kannelopoulos, Anna Casiano
and James Duncan*

HOT COLD

YEAR 11

حیازا اکتشافیات و داخل نشا

Angelica ALLERMO
John ANDERSON
Louis BOUREKAS
Dee CHANDLER
Yu CHEN
Bradley DEAN
Dale EWERT
Cristina FLORES
Paul GRAHAM
Alwis HOHLWEG
Emily KELLY-MUMFORD
Wayne KENAFACKE
Nick MA
Andrew MENELAOU
Yen NGUYEN
Robert OLIVER
Trevor REDGEN
Barbara SKOLARIKIS
Alex STAMATOPOULOS
Ba-Guy TRAN
Emelia WILMOT
Bevis WORCESTER

Nicholas ADAMS
Sandra ANTUNES
Jolyon BOYLE
Sarah(kit-Ling) CHOY
Che DEGENHARDT
Rod FARMER
Joshua GUY
Marty
(Pai-Chu) HSIAO
Jackie KIRK
Scott KITSON
Ashley MAGNUS
Eva MINAS
Daniel MOODY
Amber OWEN
Owen PERROTT
Brad ROSS
Karen SPIVEY
Daniel STANNING
Phung TRUONG
Andrew WORLEY
Megan ZUPANEK

Christopher ANDREWS
Tania ARMSTRONG
David BRIGDALE
Joseph CHOU
Paul DEMKO
Shane FERGUSON
Simon HANNA
Johanna HASEK
Nicholas HURLE
Yuri KOH
Uyen LE-
Daniel MAJOR
Emilia MURRAY
Leigh NELSON
Steven PERRY
Kate PRIEST
Benjamin SCOTT
Betty SPYROPOULOS
Phillip STOCK
Louie VASSOS
Leon ZHU

YEAR 11A



YEAR 11B



YEAR 11C



YEAR 11

حیازا کنتی بکافیتف و داخل تشا

YEAR 11D



YEAR 11E



YEAR 11F



Suzie ASTEN
Mahesh ASWANI
Sophie BINKS
Winston BURCHALL
Sarah COLGAN
Lloyd DENO VAN
Mark FERREIRA
Belinda HEYWOOD
Adam JOHNSON
Theo KONTARATOS
Jennifer LONGMUIR
Chamoun MALKI
Khoe NGO
Lan NGUY
Dean PETROULIAS
Tony POTO CNJAK
Katerina PROXENOS
Richard SCOTT
Sarah STARR
Mark SWIFTE
Trevor WARD

Daniel BARKER
Joshua BURGOYNE
Marc COULTER
Marcel DOREMBUS
Dean FRIBENCE
Paul HARMAT
Kim HONG
Thong HUYNH
George KOUKOUVAOS
Kim LU
John MATTA
Ngoc NGUY
Anh NGUYEN
Rohan PFISTERER
Phuc PHAM
Margaret POTO CNJAK
Justin PRESSER
Cameron SETCHELL
Anthony TAMBURRINO
Jessica TANG
Aaron WATTS

Paul BARTON
Gerhard BURKE
Ryan COUNIHAN
Moiri DUNCAN
Andrew FURZE
Stuart HATTON
Chau HUYNH
David INGRAM
Adam LEARMONT
David MAWSON
Elsa MCLEAN
Oanh NGUYEN
David
Cuong-Nhu NGUYEN
Quoc PHAM
Jonathan PRIEN
Natalie ROSE
Bruce SHERMAN
Christina THEODOROPOL
Adam THOMAS
John WHITEMAN

YEAR 11

حیازا کشفیات

Nick BELL
 Matthew CARTWRIGHT
 Ada CHAN
 William DAVIES
 George ECCLES
 Rebecca EDWARDS
 Anthony GADSDEN
 Vijay HENDERSON
 Jane HUYNH
 Chris JENNINGS
 Julian LEE
 Scott MCCUBBIN
 Phuong-Thao NGUYEN
 Anthony NOWLAN
 Hoa-Hiep PHAN
 Michael RAO
 Satbindar SINGH
 Phong TIET
 Thu TRAN
 David WICKHAM

YEAR 11G



YEAR 11H



Dario BIVIANO
 Robert BURDEN
 Fai-Lee CHANG
 Clement CLARKE
 Julian DEAKIN
 David ELLIS
 Angela FERGUSON
 Ari GEKAS
 Darren HOGBEN
 Chris KAGIAROS
 Justine KELLEY
 Eddie LOVE
 Andrew MC CULLOCH
 Michelle MEERBACH
 Sean O'BRIEN
 Jenna SHUTTLEWORTH
 Benjamin SMITH
 Adam TOBIN
 Kylie WALLER
 Marsden WILLIAMS



YEAR 11

BRAD ROSS

Brad Ross played in the Victorian lacrosse team which contested the Australian Under 17 Championship in Adelaide in July. Victoria was undefeated in the Championship, winning all games by a margin of ten goals or more, and defeating Western Australia in the final, sixteen goals to six.

Brad co-captained the Victorian team and won the Best and Fairest Award for the Championships — which makes him the best under 17 lacrosse player in Australia. Brad has been selected to play in the Australian All Stars team. We congratulate him and wish him well.



Brad Ross

YOUNG ACHIEVERS

The Young Achievers Business Alive Program introduced Year 11 students this year to marketing and business management and information systems, through a five week course. The leader of the course was Richard Rowan, Human Resources Manager of UNISYS. Students investigated library systems and produced a report on which they would buy.



Young Achievers' Award Presentation at Assembly.



YEAR 11

WITHOUT A GREEN HOUSE

My garden is very thirsty and becoming quite forlorn
 And in this messy garden, frustration has been born.
 Flowers are being undermined by weeds fast growing high.
 The gusty wind is echoing my disillusioned sigh.
 Anxiety and problems are strewn across the lawn
 Like a flower from its stem my love for you is torn.
 Maybe I should water it and prune the dead away.
 But I cannot see the reason why, when snails are all you say.
 The rampant mess of garden I'm looking at this morning
 Is derelictly evident as the sun comes quickly dawning.
 The merry daisies that used to dance all throughout the night
 This morning are dead and what I believed is now a
 blooming lie.
 The soil of this disgusting bed stinks beyond belief.
 All I can do is get rid of the shit, so the air will have relief.
 In the course of this progressive writing,
 You may have found the meaning biting
 Like thunder turning into lightning.
 The garden I'm in is really frightening.
 The roses left are rapidly thorning.
 My heart is pricked and this is your warning -
 REMOVE THE DIRT YOU HAVE LEFT BEHIND OR
 A STAKE IN YOUR CONSCIENCE IS WHAT YOU WILL FIND.
 Extract the thickly growing weeds
 And your ploys on which they feed.
 Around my heart, without a gate,
 Build a fence to seal out fate.
 Daffodils grew a season ago.
 All that is left is a garden of woe.
 So,
 Mr Gardener, clear up the mess
 And maybe the flowers will one day hurt less.

BELINDA HEYWOOD
 11 LITERATURE

MY IVY SON

I have a little friend,
 A little enemy.
 He is green like me,
 With leaves like me,
 But a friend I'm not, to him.
 Sweet smelling, strong and green,
 So much like me I'm told.
 But as he grows, I shrink away.
 And his hunger never fades.
 For he sucks my life from my very
 limbs,
 And he grows with every day,
 And he wraps himself around my
 soul,
 'Til I lie in a bed of decay.
 And when I do and his job is done,
 He shall still live about myself,
 'Til he is greater and grander than
 ever I was
 But I still shall give my love.
 For he is green like me,
 With leaves like me,
 And his veins run with my blood

EMELIA MURRAY
 11 LITERATURE

POEMS BY EMELIA MURRAY AND STEPHEN WATSON WERE SUBMITTED TO THE DOROTHEA MacKELLAR MEMORIAL SOCIETY COMPETITION, AN AUSTRALIA WIDE POETRY COMPETITION, THIS YEAR, ALONG WITH THE WORK OF OTHER STUDENTS. BOTH STEPHEN AND EMELIA RECEIVED MERIT AWARDS, EMELIA FOR HER POEM, "IVY SON".

POETRY

THE EMPIRE

Don't we all adore the eternal mother land?
 Her stature over the years surpasses grand.
 Aren't we proud to be a mere flag hoister,
 Sitting in seclusion, revering from the cloister?
 Our lives are so enriched by her culture and tradition
 We almost uniquely remain in her institution.
 See this wide and brown land? — it is the Queen's
 And don't we feel proud, as her face in the tabloids gleams?
 Our history books are full of England's splendour and magnificence
 And her current great leader, no doubt, is personified in significance.
 We revere the great poetry, art and theatre which abounded in times imperial.
 (It is mere aberration that they now flock to the girl material.)
 Fifty years ago the world was astounded by British athletic glory.
 Today though just don't mention it as now it is another story.
 The former noble and romantic pastime was to hunt the fox.
 Now our glorious superiors are content to sit and watch the box.
 It seems obvious our marvellous loyal relationship is doomed to end.
 So from me it is goodbye (later dude) from a changed friend.

BEN SMITH

11 LITERATURE

"I WANT TO SEE THAT FILM, MUMMY!"

I watch in stunned silence as the dinosaur dismembers yet another innocent victim.
 Countless children around me giggle in amusement.
 A handful plead with their parents to leave the cinema, on the verge of tears.
 In semi-darkness and sea of sound no-one hears their cries.
 We had all been swept up in the propaganda.
 We had all seen sections of the film before, and knew what to expect.
 The media had done its work.
 And now we were here, watching the over-hyped, artificial, prehistoric creatures prance around a series of lavish sets.
 I, for one, was desperately trying to enjoy myself. This was the film that you HAD to like.
 I refuse to believe that the degree of advertising related to it had been an attempt to milk as much as profit as possible.
 It was, in all honesty, a big-budget sendup of a serious scientific experiment.
 The lights came on to signal our release.
 "I don't know how you couldn't have liked it!" an unseen person remarked as they exited, wholly satisfied, from the movie theatre.
 Yet another in a long line of converts to the blind faith of Spielbergism.
 Never to think an original thought.
 And this was the thing that the director (a modern equivalent of an artist), had all his career been afraid of.

STUART HATTON

11 LITERATURE

YEAR 11

CANNED CHILDREN

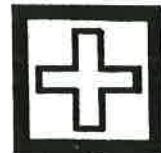
Step into line, pull up your socks
 Jesus kid, get rid of your locks
 This is school; you're here to be taught
 You've got to be kidding, there's no free thought
 Eat your lunch, there's work to be done
 Education ain't supposed to be fun
 You're only machines under my thumb
 Cram in the can until you're numb.

DEAN FRIBENCE
11 LITERATURE

HOW?

How should we think?
 How do we know if it is all worth it — the stress, the bother and the worry.
 "Oh no, the ozone layer, the pollution, the earth!" Do we care?
 How should we feel? How do we know what we're meant to feel?
 "She said she doesn't know what her feelings are anymore."
 I know that feels painful, but do I know why?
 How should we treat?
 How do we know how to treat those who aren't like you?
 We are told to make special exceptions — is it fair?
 How should we act?
 How can we try to keep on top, make it look like we're doing OK?
 We need not act.
 How should we live?
 How can we get by when everything centres around things
 completely separate from what counts?
 Stock markets, politicians and the American dollar.
 How can they change?
 How can people who won't even stop to think
 place importance on anything but themselves and their bank accounts?
 They must!

NICK HURLE
11 LITERATURE



POETRY

THE STUDY OF WHALES

86 000 whales
 Slowly migrating northward to feed.
 The research boat in their midst
 Following, waiting, Mum slowly frying the steak.
 Piercing its flesh.
 The shout rings out.
 The harpoon impales the unsuspecting mammal.
 It thrashes in agony,
 Blood seeping from its dying form,
 Marring the pristine surface of the sea.
 Fat dribbles and bubbles,
 It runs down the fork
 As we amble toward the table.
 Its eyes roll back
 As its jerking form slides up the ramp
 Awaiting dissection, its baby skewered in the womb.
 "Looks pretty good!" Dad says as he strikes the meat.
 Our eyes look on, glazed with lustful anticipation.
 Facts compiled,
 Measurements recorded,
 The meat is shipped back,
 Boxed and ready to cook.
 85 700 whales swim lazily onward.



STEVEN PERRY

11 LITERATURE

THE SUPER SELL

Style and grace, elegance and space appearing in a diaphanous swirl.
 A seductive swing, an anorexic grin
 To the powdered, pampered pussy cats below.
 Oh, yes, they'll have one of those!
 Cameras flash and pop
 What luck the Kodak shop is just across the way.
 The Revlon girls pout and purr in the chemist right next door.
 Yoghurt will leave you fresh and vital, take a look at Elle.
 Coke to lift you up and make your day.
 The magic cream to vanish wrinkles from a geriatric paw, demonstrated by the young models
 around the floor.
 The walk-way long and narrow vibrates to applause.
 The super model, the star, sylph-like slips into the Porsche's leather seat
 And changing silky gears, she disappears;
 Oh, yes, she can afford all those!

EMELIA WILMOT

11 LITERATURE

حكايا الكشاف DRAMA WINTER ARTS



Drama Productions



*Thu Tran and Sandra Antunes -
Moby Dick*



*Hiep Phan -
Winter Arts*



House Drama, Moby Dick.



Love is a Hot Fudge Sundae

MUSIC

حیاتی کا کشف باغ و باطن نشا

MUSIC REPORT

One of Camberwell High School's main aims is to cater for the many different interests of each of its students. In order to provide students with experience in many different fields and to enable others to improve talents and interests, a wide range of subjects are offered as part of the curriculum.

One area which is an important part of Camberwell High School is the music department. This year approximately one hundred and sixty students were involved with the department, both in and out of classes. These students participated in theory and instrumental classes, taught by Ms Cirrito, Mr Brookes and Mr Cairns and in extracurricular bands and instrumental lessons.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC Apart from classes, the music department is responsible for a number of bands and instrumental groups. Students have the chance to participate in such groups as the concert and stage bands, the orchestra, the string groups, specific instrumental groups and choirs.

The department also helps further students' musical futures by organising AMEB examination entry. This year ten students from Camberwell High School were awarded A for their exams. Teachers were especially proud of one of their music students, Margaret Wang, who achieved the impressive result of an A in eighth grade piano. It is great achievements such as these which are a strong encouragement to the music department.

This year, the Camberwell High School band has represented the school on a number of occasions. Early this year the band played at State Parliament for our former and current Premiers, Ms Joan Kirner and Mr Jeff Kennett, toured Tasmania and performed in the Great Hall Combined Concert, with Canterbury Girls' Secondary College. One of the final activities of 1993 was the South Street Competitions in Ballarat. Camberwell has been represented in past years, but this year our results showed steady progress in such competition, with the concert band moving from B Division, which the band won last year, to A Division. Such exercises are hard work: the practice, the organisation and the performance. But it would seem that staying sane throughout this particular excursion was the hardest work of all! The students were troubled with bus confusion, lost music scores (which reappeared in the back of a taxi a short time before the performance) and the pouring rain for the duration of the trip. Still, students managed to remain calm and the results were positive.


Choirs from various age groups performed, with impressive results, in the annual Camberwell High School Choral Festival. One of the year's final activities was the Year Twelve Final Assembly, an important event, with musical items helping to create the atmosphere of excitement.

IZUMI TATENO RECITAL One event which was brought to the community, thanks to the music department and the Friends of Music, was the Izumi Tateno recital at Melba Hall in the University of Melbourne. Izumi Tateno is a world renowned pianist and the father of one of the year's finest musicians at the school, Janne Tateno. Originally from Tokyo, Izumi Tateno now lives in Finland with his family. Janne joined the Camberwell school community half way through 1992 under an international exchange program and stayed with us, gracing us with his formidable talent for the violin, until returning home in mid 1993. Janne's return home was a sad event for many students, as he left behind many friends and admirers. Thanks must also be given to NEC, who donated five thousand dollars, which enabled us to complete the purchase of a grand piano which is now a vital part of the music department.

The benefit from the Izumi Tateno recital has gone towards a trust fund bearing the musician's name, to help with tuition for worthy students of music.

TO OUR EARS

Special gala concert one Australian performance only
IZUMI TATENO ~ Piano



Presented by
 Fisher Productions
 Beethoven
 Sonata No. 17 'Tempest'
 Schubert
 Fantasia in C Major 'Wanderer'
 Nordgren
 Two Ballades on Japanese Ghost Stories
 Chopin
 Sonata No. 3 in B Minor

Melba Hall
 University of Melbourne
 Royal Parade
 Parkville
 Wednesday
 March 3rd 1993
 8.15 pm
 Supper
 Provided
 Sample reservations only
 Phone: 889 1157

Why do the teachers and students, as well as the parents involved in the "Friends of Music" organisation, work so hard to maintain the wide range of extracurricular activities available to the students attending our school? Being involved in a band provides students with the opportunity to explore different areas of music and improve their talents in music. It also provides them with the chance to enjoy themselves, socialise with students with similar interests to their own and meet and learn about other members from our community and abroad. Many of the students who are involved with the department meet people and make friends, which they might not otherwise do.

If asked in years to come, many of the music students would be bound to tell you that one of the most enjoyable and memorable aspects of their school life was being involved in the music program. Many thanks must be extended to the students, the teachers and Friends of Music, who all help to provide the school with this invaluable program.

AMANDA WHARTON 12



ABOVE: Queen's Hall, Parliament House, Mr Brooks speaking with the Premier. **LEFT:** The Band performing in St David's Cathedral, Hobart.

BELOW: Queen's Hall, Parliament House, Mr Brooks Conducting. **BOTTOM:** Janne Tateno and Friends.



حیات کا کنفلیکٹس
YEAR 12
داخِل تَشَا



AUTOGRAPH HERE



YEAR 12

حیاتیہ کا کشف و کشف و داخلہ

YEAR 12 A

Rebecca ABRAHAMS
Chris AINSWORTH
Jacqui ARENA
Mark BREEN
Ana CASIANO
Alex CHEN
Mariusz CZUBEK
Kylie DUONG
Sze-Chiat(Jared) GAN
Justin HASEK
Mami HENRY
Samantha JACKMAN
Patrick KENDALL
Stacey LAY
Maria MARSHALL
Andrew MUNDY
Trang-Thao NGUYEN
Marcus QUARTEL
Melissa ROSSITTO
Gareth SHAW
James THOMPSON
Robert TURNER

YEAR 12 B

Justin ALLEN
Fanny AU-
Nicky AVGERIS
Marisa CASTILLO
Seng-Keo DARAVONG
Bridey DWYER
Benjamin EMMETT
Jesse GAYFER
Nicholas HASTINGS
Liana HERMAN
Emma JENKINS
Adrian KING
Cameron LITCHFIELD
Natalie MARVEN
Alexander MURRAY
Meghan O'SULLIVAN
Dallas RAFT
Daniel SIMOS
Kristen SINCLAIR
Martin TOOMEY
Angela VALIOTIS
Benjamin WESTCOTT

YEAR 12 C

Chantal AGUSSOL
Sam ARAMBATZIS
Jan-Paul BUXTON
Fleur CHAPMAN
Gin CHUAH
Paul DE OLEVEIRA
Gregory EVANS
Mark HENDERSON
Phuong HO
Elizabeth JONES
Jamie KOLAR
Colleen LITCHFIELD
Phong LUU
Nikki MC BAIN
Adam NEWSOM
Lee-Anne PAGE
Omar PALACIOS
Suzannah PEARCE
Adam RILEY
Yasontha SITHRASENAN
Tim STONE
Mara VENN

YEAR 12 D

David BEAR
Nadia BERKAOUI
Ben CAIN
Jacphanie CHEUNG
Arran CLARK
Dennis DECKAS
Scott FACCIONI
Fung FOO
John GEORGAKOPOULOS
Vanessa HO-
Rohan HOLT
Vicky KANELLOPOULOS
Francis LAI
Kim-Yen LU-
Frank MAGUIRE
Hannah MORTON
Thanh-Binh NGUYEN
Merryn POWELL
Barbara SKLAVENTIS
Alistair STRAUGHAN
Peter TRAN
Rishma VIDYASAGAR
Joshua WILLINGHAM

YEAR 12 G

Nadine BERRY
Mathew CARUANA
Eva CHO
Damian COAD
Alexander DOUGLAS
Brendan FOOTS
Priscilla GAFF
Toby GIBSON
Kristina HOEL
David HORNE
Nam LAM
Cobie LY
George MAKIN
Du NGUYEN
David PHAM
Carrie QUAlFE
Orlando RODRIGUEZ
Jamie SUTHERLAND
Jacquelyn TIMBURY
Terry TSAKIRIDIS
Lain ZANKER

YEAR 12 F

James BENSON
Natalie BORG
Joseph CARUSO
Joshua CONNOR
Jesse FOSTER
Bill GATSIOS
Laurine GEORGES
Clare GROVER
Bianca HUMPHERY
Tina KOSTOPOULOS
Chris LEE
Mandy LY
Ha NGUYEN
Matt PRIATEL
Jennifer REDGEN
Paul RUNCO
Giang TRAM
Amanda WHARTON
Darshan WIJESEKERA

YEAR 12 G

Louise BRABY
Michael CHANG
Xuan-My-(Karin) DIEP
James DUNCAN
Nicholas GALATAS
Jacqueline GRAF
Tony GRAY
Thai-Son HUYNH
Minh HUYNH
Nicholas IBRAHIM
Elisa LAY
Jay LEE
Kate MAREN
Quentin MARSHALL
Thanh-Tu NGUYEN
Louie SALEM
Evan TAYLOR
Roshani THURASINGAM
Melanie TRICKEY
Nicki WILLIS

YEAR 12 AWARDS

GENERAL AWARDS

CHESS OVERALL ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT AWARD: **Jacphanie Cheung**

PRESIDENT OF SCHOOL COUNCIL EXCELLENCE IN LITERATURE AWARD: **Belinda Heywood**

ENGLISH SENIOR WRITER'S PRIZE: **Daniel Barker**

DON ANDERSON AWARD: **Bradley Dean**

CALTEX ALLROUNDER AWARD: **Jacqui Timbury**

SPORTS AWARDS **Martin Toomey**: athletics, swimming, crosscountry **Liana Herman**: swimming **Jacqui Timbury**: swimming, athletics **Emma Jenkins**: swimming, athletics

OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION TO CHS LEADERSHIP AWARDS: **Du Nguyen, Justin Allen, Rebecca Edwards, Megan O'Sullivan, Rishma Vidyasagar, Nadia Berkaoui, James Benson, Gareth Shaw, James Thompson**

PRINCIPAL'S AWARD: **James Thompson, Gareth Shaw**

SUBJECT AWARDS:

ENGLISH: **Alex Murray**

ESL: **Jacphanie Cheung, Ha Nguyen**

ENGLISH LITERATURE: **Maria Marshall**

AUSTRALIAN HISTORY: **George Makin**

ASIAN HISTORY: **Rebecca Edwards**

FRENCH: **Megan O'Sullivan**

GEOGRAPHY: **Jesse Gayfer**

POLITICS: **Frank Maguire**

GRAPHICS: **Jesse Gayfer**

STUDIO ART: **Merryn Powell**

ART: **Tony Gray**

MATERIALS AND TECHNOLOGY: **Carrie Quaife**

HUMAN DEVELOPMENT: **Elizabeth Jones**

MUSIC CRAFT: **Rebecca Abrahams**

MATHEMATICS: **Megan O'Sullivan, Jacphanie Cheung, Justin Allen, Joseph Caruso**

PHYSICS: **Jacphanie Cheung**

CHEMISTRY: **Megan O'Sullivan**

BIOLOGY: **Nadia Berkaoui, Lee Anne Page, Amanda Wharton**

PSYCHOLOGY: **Elizabeth Jones**

PHYSICAL EDUCATION: **Liana Herman**

INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY: **Cobie Ly, Wayne Kenafacke**

LEGAL STUDIES: **Colleen Litchfield**

ACCOUNTING: **Cobie Ly**

ECONOMICS: **Joseph Caruso**



AND SO... حی از اکسپریس

FLEUR CHAPMAN

Fleur Chapman consolidated her position this year as one of the country's best women competitors in Mirror Class dinghy sailing competition. In January she and her skipper, Lucy Matthews, were first of the women's teams in the Open Division of the Australian Championships in Albany, Western Australia. Later in the year they repeated their performance in the Victorian Championships, which were sailed over two weekends at Carrum and on Lake Eppaloch, near Bendigo. They were awarded first women, first junior and second overall in the Open Division, out of the twenty boats that were entered. The boats were raced over Olympic style courses, triangular and sausage shaped.



Fleur Chapman



Jesse Foster and Claire Grover.

JESSE FOSTER

Jesse Foster has represented Victoria in State hockey competition for the past five years, having started in the Under 13 team. This year he was part of the Under 18 Victorian team which came second in the Australian Championships. The competition was held in July, in Goulburn in New South Wales. Jesse plays in the position of right inner and he trains locally, in Camberwell.

Fleur Chapman and Matthew Priatl obtaining careers advice from Royal Australian Navy Personnel.



House Captains in meeting. Left to right: R Du Nguyen, Justin Allen, George Makin, Rishma Vidyasagar, Nadia Berkaoui, Jenny Redgen, James Benson, Rebecca Edwards, Alistair Straughan, Scott Faccioni, Daniel Simos, Megan O'Sullivan.



Paul De Oliveira and David Horne in the SRC Talent Quest.

حیازاکنفایح ZONED

ATHLETICS REPORT

The last day of term one dawned clear and fine for the annual Athletics carnival. Mr Smith had spent many hours marking out the oval for the events. The normal rivalry between the four houses, Roosevelt, Macarthur, Montgomery and Churchill was evident everywhere around the school. New talents were seen from our new bunch of year sevens, with this being their first High school athletics competition.

All the houses supported their competitors and there were some excellent results. Although the results between the houses were close, Roosevelt was able to win the athletics cup with Macarthur second followed by Churchill and Montgomery.

The participants who came first in an event then went on to the Whitehorse Athletics group championships at the Nunawading sports track. Outstanding performances were recorded from all the participants.

The participants who went well in the Whitehorse group went on to Eastern Zone. At this stage the competition became tough, but Camberwell were able to hold their own. Superb results came from: Sarah Starr; who came first in seven events, Martin Toomey, Brad Ross, Jonathan Prien, Jared Collins, Brendan Ferreira, Emma Jenkins, Daniel Simos, Duncan Elliot, Jacquelyn Timbury, Nina Mclean, Natalie Porter, and Claire McFarlane. All the other students participated well in their events.



SPORTS

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SWIMMING REPORT

1993 was a successful year for the Camberwell High School swimming team. The year began when the annual swimming sports were held in March. Victory went to Roosevelt house and a very ecstatic Du was presented with the house shield. Churchill came second, with Macarthur third and Montgomery fourth. There were many strong individual performances, a sign of things to come.

Two weeks later the Camberwell High swimming team travelled to the State Swim Centre for the Whitehorse Group Swimming Carnival. The team performed excellently with the boys taking out the Boys' Aggregate while the girls put in a strong performance coming second to Canterbury Girls' team. The Grand Aggregate Trophy, hardly surprisingly, went to Camberwell High's team.

Then one week later, those who had gained a first at Whitehorse returned to the State Swim Centre for Eastern Zone Swimming. The team put on a strong showing but was unable to gain a place. Strong individual performances came from Liana Herman, who broke the record for the girls U / 21 400m Freestyle by 15 seconds with a time of 4:42.08 minutes. Liana then went on to win a further three events and latter that week she competed in All High swimming. Bruce Sherman came second in the U / 21 100m Butterfly as well as collecting three thirds. Martin Toomey and Kim Tozer both collected a second and a third each. Other good performances came from Mason Kucharski, Chantal Agussol, Sophie Binks, Ben Buckley and Bonnie Stephen. In the diving R. George performed excellently obtaining a second and continued on to the Victorian Secondary School's Sports Association. Well done to all those who participated.

PERFECT



ARTISTS

حی از اکسپریس: فنر و داخل تشا



Omar Palacios 11 Lino Cut



Alexander Murray 12 Graphics Interior



Sarah Morrison 10 Pastel Drawing



Le Lee 8 Lino Cut



Nina Rossi 8 Lino Cut

AUTOGRAPH HERE



IMPRESSIONS



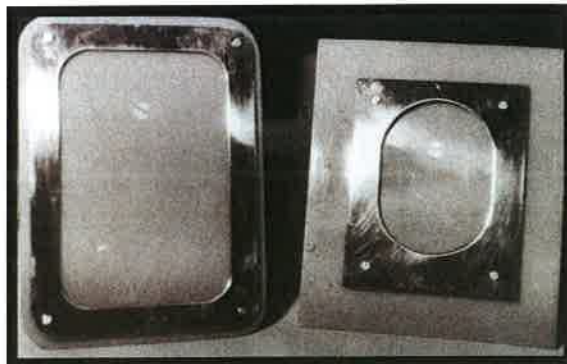
Patrick Kendall 12 Painting



*Matthew
Mister, Peter
Koukovinos 10
Candlesticks*



Roger Chandler 11 Photograph



Matthew Gray, Kingsley Clarke 10 Picture Frames



Robert Mason 7 Cast Aluminium Sculpture



Timothy Costello 10 Silk Painting

JHOG'S STORY

THE LITERATURE PRIZE FOR A STUDENT OF NON-ENGLISH SPEAKING BACKGROUND WAS AWARDED TO YASOTHA SITHASENAN. THIS STORY IS PART OF HER ENTRY.

As you all know I am Jhog, the elephant. My keeper gave me this name when I was first brought in and I use it because you are all familiar with it. My real name, the only one I like best, is Dinu. My parents, family and friends lovingly called me Dinu. We were a close-knit, happy family and we lived in dignity.

I was born free and lived a free life in the jungle. It was a beautiful, happy place and my best friend was Chik, the cheeky little monkey. We both loved bananas and sugar-cane and often went in search of these and ate to our hearts' content. Chik and I often romped together without a care in the world. Sometimes we played with the other young animals who lived nearby.

One day, all this came to an end. My mother had often warned me not to go near human beings. They were our greatest enemy, she said. Unlike their forefathers of my grandparents' time, who lived in harmony with all fellow creatures, the humans of today plundered, killed and destroyed, just to satisfy their ego, greed and vanity. I often heard stories of how men had mercilessly killed large herds of elephants for their tusks. Tusks that are invaluable to elephants. This mindless poaching and senseless carnage still goes on even now.

On this ill-fated day, Chik and I were playing together as usual. A truck rolled past us and came to a stop. Two men lowered a cage and then walked away. Chik and I watched wide-eyed. There were fresh, ripe bananas and mouth-watering sugar cane inside the cage. Curiosity and greed got the better of me. As I moved closer, Chik tried to pull me back, but I shrugged off Chik's restraining hand and charged towards the cage. I soon found myself trapped. The two men reappeared and padlocked the cage. I cried aloud in dismay and anguish, but to no avail. They had no compassion whatsoever. Chik was very upset and clawed at the cage, crying. The men tried to kill him. On seeing this, I told him to run off and get help quickly. That was the last I saw of him. I felt a sharp prick in my side and knew no more until I woke up in this zoo. I was just a baby then and I had been wrested from my beloved mother and loved ones.

I have no friends and I am lonely and unhappy here. I am kept confined in an enclosure. I am forced to perform tricks to entertain people who come to gape at me. They often poke and feel the different parts of my body.. I have been turned into a showpiece and I have no dignity left. Sometimes, I take children on rides. I love them because they remind me of my friends, especially Chik, but I hate this life. Would these humans like it if they were in my shoes? They have no feelings whatsoever towards fellow creatures. They are cruel and heartless. They know how to cling to their little children, but do not realise that I am a child, too, who needs a mother to smooth over the rough spots. My mother always guided me along in front of her with her protective trunk over my body and I felt safe and secure then. I wish she were here now, with her "arm" around me! I often "hear" my mother crying for her baby Dinu in anguish. Why cannot humans live and let live? They indulge in wanton killing and destruction. They have spoilt the natural habitat and environment of my species which has led to our dwindling numbers. It would never occur to us to torture and kill other species. Animals kill only for food, survival or in defence. Animals now live in fear of humans — food and shelter in captivity and to be turned into an exhibit is not what we want. We want to live in freedom and free from fear and anxiety.

I have spent two very long years here in this zoo. It is living death and I seek an escape from it. I long and bleed for home, my family and friends. I often dream, hope and pray for the day when I will be back in the wild — free again. Now I cry out to you, children and all who are children and righteous at heart, to consider my plight and the plight of other animals in captivity. Please help set me and my fellow captives free in our natural habitats and learn to live in peace and harmony alongside us, your fellow creatures, just as your forefathers used to.

POETRY PRIZE

THE SENIOR POETRY PRIZE WAS AWARDED TO AN ANONYMOUS WRITER.

BREATHE. BREATHE.

I hear
the creaking of the stairs
the footsteps — coming closer and closer and closer.
I lie,
Frozen.
Yet with my mind
Exploding quietly inside,
Not daring to hope
the footsteps will continue
But not able to cope if they don't.
Please, not again.
Fear.
Rushing over me.
I think I will die.
Words.
Quietly spoken.
It's going to be bad tonight.
Breathe. Breathe.
Concentrate on breathing.
Oh my God — Oh my God
Don't panic.
Breathe. Breathe.
The pain.
From deep inside —
A whole soul
Breaking in half.
But the, oh, peace.
Out in the flowers, so near the clouds
And stars.
Somewhere far far away
From anywhere.
Calm.

What is all this fuss over there?
Oh my god — Oh my God —
The soul is cracking.
Breathe. Breathe.
The footsteps now continue on their way.
But it's too late.
Breathe. Breathe.
It's nearly too much this time.
Breathe. Breathe.
Too scared to move —
but, oh, so dirty.
Twelve
One
Two O'clock
I need to use the bathroom.
Finally.
Then
On the way out, "What are you doing up
so late?
Nothing Mum."
And in the morning,
"The dog vomited outside the bedroom
door again."
Breathe. Breathe.
It doesn't matter.
Breathe. Breathe.
It could have been worse.

THE JUNIOR POETRY PRIZE WAS AWARDED TO PETER VAPP.

THE SOMALIAN WIND

We hope to survive
But it is not our hope
Not our will
For as our bodies die, our souls reach for the sky
And ask that others do not suffer our fate.
We cripple in the sun and freeze in the moon
We stand in a huddle
the mercy of god
And as the wind blows we fall.
Each has their turn;
One at a time.

We are falling
We have not the strength to pretend.
We see the hope, almost feel the help
But it is just too far away.
We feel nothing but pain.
It thrives on the sun; the moon; the
gunshots that break the still night.
It grows strong and presiding
And what if we live with no culture, no
meaning
What then?
There will be another wind
And again we will fall.

THE DON ANDERSON AWARD

THE DON ANDERSON AWARD WAS AWARDED TO BRADLEY DEAN

The 1993 Don Anderson Award Bradley Dean — Year 11 The History of the Creation & The Lands of Feanóren

The Becoming

In the beginning before all other beginnings there were none but The One, and The One was all. Slowly the conscious of this god came to be, a creature of thought and nought else. The One began to feel its way around the emptiness of what was not yet created and was overjoyed, here was a purpose above all others. The creation of time and space, in all places and for all time, itself.

Then The One looked for those to help her, and was begotten of a rude shock. For the first time she realised what she was to all that would be, and what in turn all that would be to her. The created would be her child, and she its mother. But she still sought for many years for those that could help her complete her task, and slowly the thoughts of The One became the lesser gods. In one moment the stark nothingness of the pre-creation was lit with the light of Cantherþnean, the first of the lesser gods. Great was The One's joy, for now she had company in her lonely task. But with light came a necessity, the necessity of dark and slowly parts of Cantherþnean became stained with smears of darkness. These smears quickly grew and separated from Cantherþnean to form themselves into the second of the lesser gods. There was now the power of darkness, the god Pelanthra.

These two lesser gods were in harsh opposition and from that first moment the war of light and dark began. Yet the two god of darkness had come from the god of light, and both had come from The One, thus their powers were equal and the battle a never ending one. Thus the night and day became, for if at once one god was winning somewhere, always somewhere else they would be losing themselves, and so the battle continues.

After the gods of light and darkness there was still nothing of essence or soul in all creation, so out of that necessity there became the god Ballissina, the god of life. This god was of The One, just as the others, and as such had no greater powers. But this god had the power to bring into being the creation of living thought and being. So was the first mortal created, but its existence was short for the moment it existed its form was twisted with death. Quickly death spread through its form and took over. Now before all other gods was a truly destructive god, the god Daagon. For in darkness there is still existence, but death was a real end to an era and cursed to be feared by all for eternity. And for this eternity the gods of life and death continually battle, taking from each other and hating each other.

Finally their came the need to forge all powers in one, to enable the creation of matter. For only the combined powers of all the lesser gods could start such a massive project. So there was needed something to take the four powers and bind them in one. Thus was the Jelentronas begotten, the god of the Magickal energies. The Jelentronas raised its eyes and wept, for by its art it could see the very future of the gods. For not even The One could see the future, as she was not a user of the powers of the gods, but a creator and user of the gods that existed. The Jelentronas saw ignorance of the lesser gods, and even of The One. And worse, the unstoppable path to this conclusion of their part in history.

Now the five powers combined performed rituals of thought for many uncounted millennia, and finally their task was complete. Now there lay but a grain of sand, but within lay four new powers, actually four new gods. These gods were the elementals of Fire, Water, Earth and Air, but they were not anywhere nearly as powerful in thought as the lesser gods and The One. But these four new creatures of magic held the power of matter, the creation and destruction of the matter of all universes. And from the grain of sand, all four began to work... Earth, first, created the base for all others, producing rocks and soil, mountains and valleys, and all land forms in existence.

Then came Air, which provided the simple but vital medium for all else to exist in. Now that created by Earth could have a place to exist, and the two combined allowed Fire and Water to take their part.

Then came Water, filling the deepest canyons with water and ice, soaking the rocks and soil, and putting water vapour into the air.

Then, last of all, came Fire, feeding infernos deep beneath the surfaces of planets and creating huge balls of flame all throughout the universes so that the planets could be warm and alive.

And now there existed the basis for all the gods to work upon, and so they did. Quickly the gods of light and dark moved in, Cantherþnean and Pelanthra. And on all planets there became a night and a day, never together in the same place and always changing position. The powers of light fed off the fire elemental, using the energy given off by the stars for the

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light they needed. And darkness used earth, shading its realms with the planets that had been formed.

Now entered Ballissina, god of life, and began the first plants in their conquest of the rocky planets. But not all planets were selected, so many remained the mere battleground of light and dark, condemned for eternity. And of those planets that had life, life thrived and soon covered all regions. But water, the saviour to life in so many ways, set a stop to this growth in some regions, utilising ice as a weapon, and in these regions of cold, stark ice, virtually no plant life could exist. For the time being death remained silent, watching and waiting for its ultimate strike against all other gods. The One also remained silent, watching as a proud mother would as her creation took shape through the powers of her children.

Now Ballissina made her next move. Seeing now that the planets were ready in their plant life, she created the first living creature. This was the pinnacle of creation, and one of the few times when The One actually intervened herself.

So joyous about the creation of life, she reached out her heavenly hands and gave her highest blessing to the life of creatures, and with her blessing the creation was complete. Now the gods could watch their universes grow and enhance their own powers further.

But there was one god who would not rest. Instead would begin its reign of terror. Daagon, god of death, had found his target. Now death began to stain the existence of all living, including the beloved of The One, the living creatures. This one act brought hatred onto the god of death from all other gods, but his revenge was complete, nothing could stop the death of the living. For the blessing had been given, and all other gods were restricted from utilising their powers. Of my gods, Children of my thoughts, Comes that which has been so long sought.

The Creation complete, Under the eyes of The One, And produced by the powers, Of her children's work.

Canthernean, God of the Light, Pelanthra, The opposite in night.

Ballissina, The Life and the Soul, Daagon, That takes away all.

Jelentrinas, A god of great magick, And yet a god in great sadness, By the powers in his hand.

And finally the four, Fire, Water, Earth, Air, The tools of creation, And the conclusion of our task.

My Blessing to all, And to signify for all, That creation is finished, The completed creation lives!

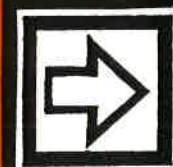
Thus the blessing was, and by its power none could affect the creation personally without the consent of The One, all but Daagon...

But life continued, and though it was no longer immortal to time, it grew and continued to spread. Quickly the seed of the living creatures took root, and new forms appeared on all living planets, where the plants thrived. Divisions fast became evident in the creatures, some simply knew to eat, whilst others thought the most vital question in all history, 'why?'. Thus creatures became hunters and prey, where prey ate the plants and the hunters ate the plant-eaters. Slowly a completely different strain came into being, creatures that stood and thought, and these became the rulers and users of all civilisations.

Feanċren

But now the image changes, becomes more focussed. There, amongst a group of dead planets is one living planet, named many different names by many different cultures. This is a planet almost completely shaped by magic. There are eight major continents, and all vary wildly from each other. Spread widely over their planet, separated by seas owned exclusively by playful water nymphs, escaped from the Lands of Ice. The Lands of Ice are equal in power to that of the Lands of Fire. These two regions are not so much continents as hells on earth and doorways to the spheres of the fire and ice elementals. These two regions are at far north, the Lands of Ice, and at the far south. The constant battle between the Ice and Fire causes the seasons of this planets, which move up and down the planet. These two regions are entirely magical, inhabited only by the elemental lords and their magical slaves. No mortal may enter the regions, or death shall become them, for the Lands of Fire have the sun of this planet constantly overhead, and the rocks themselves boil. And far north there is the Lands of Ice, where everything is frozen and covered with ice and snow. Between these two battling lords are the continents of Feanċren, meekly allowing themselves to be frozen and burned at the whims of the elements. Here the earth and air elements form the basis for the creatures of this planet.

The creatures of this planet are as varied as its lands, from the humans who inhabit and spread over the planet where they can, intelligent and inventive, to the dumb beasts which work for them. And from the Lands of Ice and Lands of Fire



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there have also been additions to the life-pool. Escaped slaves of the lords of these realms slowly change to a mortal existence outside the Magickal protection of these realms. Thus the Flaming Beasts and Icerians have evolved. Within these two distinctly different creature races is a semi-culture, with the more intelligent beasts taking control over small tribes of those not. These beasts, so heavily dependant on the elemental magick from which they have come, are brought to mortality and death most quickly by the opposing power. Thus an Icerian may never venture too close to the warm south, nor be touched by the powers of flame, for fear of an instant and horrible demise. And of course the fire beasts may not enter the cold of ice.

And finally a new race, inter-bred of creature and human society, and well learnt in the powers of their half- elemental side. Within the Icerian and Firen cultures are these inter-breeds, more resistant to the temperatures of their elemental lord, and more able to traverse into the realms of, and come in contact with, the powers of their opposition. This ability has made them the highest of the Icerian and Firen cultures, and are recognised as high lords to be served.

Soon after the four races of Fean'oren had taken firm hold of their realms, the Firens in Firen Rikana, the Icerians in Colden Rikana and Kaltland, and the humans in Zentrallis and Melan the gods started to become anxious. For all their work, they had no influence in the spheres, nor in the knowledge of their creatures. Thus a great movement took place, and the gods 'left home'. Leaving The One to her own devices all the lesser gods took strongholds in their magick and began campaigns to achieve acknowledgment and worship from their creations, all, that is, except for the Elementals, for those four had come into existence for the purpose of intervention and control, and were content in their powers.

Soon it was that in Fean'oren there had been the presence of the gods felt. The humans, most perceptive because of their higher intelligence, were most affected. Over hundreds of generations the gods wove their powers and influences throughout their society and great believers in the gods were rewarded by the powers of their gods. And soon society was split asunder, great differences in who's god was the all high leader of the others, and infact the continuation of the ongoing wars of the gods taking hold of the humans. But for the fact that there was in the seas powerful water spirits who destroyed all those who attempted to cross them the societies would have quickly spread over the world to all realms and Fean'oren would have been over come with battle and decimated. Instead great continents split apart in beliefs. The already evident split in the Firens and Icerians became stronger, the humans of these societies no longer leaving their realms, and there was a new split in Melan. Here the believers in Earth and Fire were most strong and the two societies took half the continent each.

Within these cultures were the believers in the old gods, in Life, Death, Light, Dark and Magick. These were outcasts in all societies, and though more powerful then their opponents, they were far outnumbered.

Finally The One summoned up her powers and created the Isles of Isolation. She first created the six isles, then built upon them the mountains and forests, and finally she created the empty cities and tunnels beneath the oceans which interlinked the islands. Then she summoned the most powerful of the humans and revealed herself to them, for never before had her presence been known by the mortals, or even the immortals of the Lands of Ice and Lands of Fire. After achieving their devotion, The One instilled in this group of mortals the powers of herself. These became the most powerful mortals ever to exist, and their life-spans were longer by 1000 years than the common humans. These she placed on the Isle of The One, and from here all other isles would be ruled. Then she called upon her lesser gods to take from their believers the most powerful and to place them in their respective isles. Thus were the other five isles filled, The Isle of the Birthplace for Life, The Isle of Light Bringer for Light. Then the Isle of Way's End for Death and The Isle of the Place of Dark for Darkness. Finally the Isle of Magick for Magick.

Here the believers in the old gods took hold and lived in harmony that was required for their survival, for they soon became the last of their kind. Back upon the other continents those not selected were quickly searched out and destroyed. Thus the elemental gods took over the belief of almost all the world, except for The Isles of Isolation. For here the inhabitants had enough power to use the very powers of the lesser gods, and on the Isle of The One the inhabitants could use all powers. The Practitioners of The One had the ability to control any lesser god's power, and any elemental god's power. Yet what set them so distinctly apart was their ability not only to use these powers, but to weave all powers into one, just as their god could.

And here it was that tales and legends sprang throughout the lands, for the Elemental practitioners were not without power and could detect the new lands in the middle of the Waveless Sea. And there grew a great fear of the six strange islands, which were always shrouded in mist, where there lived seemingly no one. For in the one venture to reach the islands, the monks all disappeared into their underground city, Wenthrane. Leaving their cities deserted and deathly quiet. And it was rumoured that the islands were the home of the spirits of the dead, for strange murmurs and shrieks



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echoed around the islands. Finally this one venture of humans were forced to flee, as the leader could see that his crew were close to mutiny. That party that left the islands was not a happy one, but almost half were laughing as they left, laughing the deranged laugh of insanity.

After this one venture the rumours spread further afield and became to almost all not rumours any more, but fact. None have ever dared to venture too close to the Isles of Isolation since.

But for all the fear and mystery that surrounded the inhabitants of the isles, it was in fact they who worked constantly for the inhabitants of Fean'eren, And it was a massing of all their powers, and an act which almost destroyed them, that caused the one act that brought all the planet together in peace...

Balthasar Chenzor

Dark chanting echoed across the Waveless sea and surrounded the six isles of the Isles of Isolation. The chanting was a dull throbbing group of voices, voices so dark as to chill the very soul. The waters in the very center of the isles began to ripple in the darkness of the night...

Then just as dawn broke another group of voices joined the fray, lilting and bright, skipping daintily across the rippling seas and rippling them a little more. The voices became louder in the day, whilst the voices of the night became softer. The two voices of night and day continued to change over as time went by, until a full month had passed. Now the peaks of these two voices, at midnight and midday, shattered any pretence of silence in the isles and penetrated to the very depths of the earth.

And now another voice joined in, a grey, cold and violent voice, a steady drone that continued throughout day and night, a voice to cast down the souls of any who might listen unprepared. In this voice was the death of all mortals, and the powers of the end of all living.

But this voice had gone for only an hour before the next voice joined. This voice began with a clamour of joyousness and raised the spirits of the soul. With the addition of this voice, which was neutralising the strength of the death voice, the seas churned and boiled. Great clouds of mist covered the islands so that nothing could be seen.

These four voices continued on for well another month, always in battle, never at an equal harmony, and the seas became heavy with salt. As time passed the mist slowly became darker and darker, finally blocking out all light from the isles.

Now entered a single tone, a note which brought all voices together in chorus, and the one note caused a chord so beautiful and terrible that the mist itself crashed steaming back into the frothing sea. And the sea began to churn less, and less. Slowly losing its violence as the voice of magick slowly formed all the voices into harmony. This was as long as all that had been, and six months after the first voice had sounded there was a harmony unequalled anywhere and a song of power tremendous. Now the sea was flat again, but moreso than before the voices. Now it lay so flat as to not allow even the smallest ripple, so enchanted was it of the voices.

Then the voices of The One entered, piercing the entire planet and at that moment all eyes of the living turned in wonder to the skies, and to the ground and to each other, for the voice came from everywhere at once. But nowhere was it more powerful than at the Isles of Isolation. Here the enchanted sea began to change, slowly forming itself to the figure of a man. Then earth was brought up from the ocean floor and filled the figure with matter and there stood a man, so terrible to look upon, even in death, that the eyes of the voices were all down-cast. And then the fires of the planet coursed through the figure and he glowed red hot, and all matter within him melded to become flesh, and finally the air that surrounded the figure rushed in and breathed life to the figure. And in all of one moment the voices stopped, in a clash of silence so deafening that all mortals on the planet were cast to the ground in agony.

The man that stood upon the Waveless sea began to speak... "I hear, I hear the sound of water splashing, I hear the sound of mortal breath and the beat of my own heart...

I smell, I smell the salts of the sea, I smell the odours of life and the perfume of my own body...

I feel, I feel...cold." His eyes opened in an instant. "I feel the coldness of hate and disunity, this world, it is so cold." And he cast his panicked eyes around. "What is this world, that it may hate so much? Who are my creators, where are you? I am here, created, born of all powers in one ... Why?"

Slowly he turned until he faced towards the isle of The One, and determination filled his soul. "There must I go." He cried in



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a voice filled with power and majesty, and he ran on the sea as if it were ground, and the world breathed once more, for nothing more was there to see.

"Balthasar Chenzor, speak thy name..."

"I am Balthasar, first and last of the immortal men."

"What is thy purpose?"

"To find unity, to save this land of mine, my land of Fean'c'ren."

"You are ready, we have prepared you over the last years to save this world; go now. Leave your home of the Isles of Isolation and your creators and complete your task...Balthasar, who are your parents?"

"My parents, they are the gods of the olden times, creators of all. They have channelled their powers through their children, their believers who live here in the Isles."

"Always remember that Balthasar, for you are no mortal and will never die by the hands of a mortal. Go now, leave us, save this world and reign."

"I go, farewell."

Of the other Lands

Whilst much has been said of the Isles of Isolation, little yet has been said in detail about the other lands. There are four other major continents, Rikana, Zentrallis, Melan and Kaitenland. Of these four, no two are the same. Zentrallis is a land of men and science. Here no magick is used, and all that is magickal is feared. The men and women here live in a harmony unmatched in any other continent until the forming of Central Rikana. The cities here are full of eager merchants and life is much the same year after year. One major difference between Zentrallis and all other continents is the fact that humans live the shortest lives, mostly about one half the length of the other creatures. This causes the human culture to seem a rushed and unworthy ordeal to the longer living creatures, and is the cause of the fear of magick in Zentrallis. For the humans are weak and jealous of the other creatures, the creatures which have been born of magick. There have been few great wars in Zentrallis, and the inhabitants try to have as little to do with the outside world as possible.

In direct contrast is Rikana, a land almost entirely inhabited by creatures of magick. In the north of this "Pole-to-Pole" continent live Icerian beasts and lords, as yet untouched by human culture. In the south are the Firen Beasts and lords. The continent of Rikana is a constant representation of all seasons on Fean'c'ren, as it stretches far enough north and south to have all climates. From the extreme colds of the Rockwater sea, to the boiling and frothing waters of the Steamwater sea. Thus the different races can live on the one continent, and their interaction is non-existent. The two races of Rikana, the Icerians and Firens, cannot exist in each other's presence and so the region in the center of Rikana remains inhabited by only the trees. The northern regions of Rikana are named Colden Rikana, whilst the southern regions are named Firen Rikana.

In many ways similar to Colden Rikana, Kaitenland is a land of the Icerians. But here the entire land mass is covered with ice and frost, and not just the northern regions as in Colden Rikana. The Icerian lords here are the most powerful of the Icerians and have managed to keep the whole continent iced-over for time-out-of-mind. There is no civilised culture here, and the entire population is made up of quarrelling nomadic tribes.

The vast continent of Melan is split into two major factions, that of the Earth practitioners and that of the Air practitioners. Here is a culture devoted to magick, with man and beast working together, or fighting for the cause. Melan was split in two when the elemental gods took hold and different people started worshipping different gods. Here faster than anywhere else were the believers in the old gods destroyed, simply because the elemental gods took their most firm hold on the humans here. Melan has many major cities, and trading does go on between the two halves, Melan East and Melan West. However there is a constant battle between the major powers in Melan, so though on one day two cities might be trading, it is entirely possible that the next day that they will be at war. This unstable environment has stayed the inhabitants at a medieval level of civilisation.

There is one more place that needs to be introduced, the Lone Isle. Home of the Dread Lord. The Lone Isle is not so much a continent as an intrusion into the physical world from death's realm. The Dread Lord is Fean'c'ren's agent of Daagon, and it is he who presides over peoples souls, waiting to snatch them away the moment they are free of their physical being. It is the Dread Lord that causes the spirits of the dead to hurry to their end, instead of lingering around Fean'c'ren



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after having overstayed their welcome. The Dread Lord takes all souls he caught back to his great palace of the Dead, where he condemns them to slavery under him for all eternity. He makes himself known in the World of mortals for the one reason of putting fear into the hearts of mortals, and to take away all, when everything seems to be turning out right. It is the Dread Lord that causes that final arrow to strike the valiant hero in the heart, and for the new-found lover to fall from a cliff. The Dread Lord has another name in the world of mortals: they call him Fate. Feançren

He Comes

There came a time when Balthasar Chenzor had travelled the whole of the planet of Feançren and had seen its woes. Deeply struck was he with any sadness and none more-so then the disunity of all the different continents. Balthasar had suffered great pain over his journeys and had come close to death at the hands of the Ice Maiden in the Lands of Ice, the Flame Maiden in the Lands of Fire and the Dread Lord on his Lone Isle. These three great Magickal lords disliked the ideas of Balthasar and had done all they could in their powers to end his existence. In the Lands of Ice Balthasar had been frozen solid by the Magickal ice of the Ice Maiden, but just in time he had been thrown out of the Lands of Ice so that he could use the magick of fire to thaw, for his magick was restricted in the Magickal areas of Feançren. Then in the Lands of Fire he had almost been roasted, but for his defences which he had put up before entering. But even all his powers had almost been destroyed by the power of the Fire Maiden. And in the Lone Isle had Balthasar his highest challenge and worst threat met. For the Dread Lord had watched Baltasar's progress and the moment Balthasar had entered his realm he took hold of Balthazars heart in his deathly chilled hands. He had seen the failed attempts to use Magickal spells against Balthasar and had instead taken the more risky but more potent form of attack. As he had squeezed Balthazar's heart the spirit of Balthasar had been slowly pushed out of his body. But slowly, hour by hour as the struggle progressed, Balthasar managed to free himself of the Dread Lords grasp. The Dread Lord had floundered and disappeared; so great was the energy he had put into the battle that he had no strength to continue the conflict. Balthasar had survived his three main challenges and now rose into the air and cried in a voice as to shake the very mountains...

"I have come, the first and last of the immortal men! I have conquered all of your gods and have battled with death itself. Do any question my powers now?! Your lords dare not approach me, and now I undo all that has been done. You shall send your greatest mortal lord to me in the center of Rikana, and there shall I build a palace, made with the powers of the gods. Come!"

And soon all lords and beasts had paid homage to Balthasar Chenzor, and a massive city was built in the center of Rikana, and a massive ring-lake was built surrounding it. Within the bounds of this lake no violence in arms or magick was allowed and in the center of the city was the great palace of the High Lord. The High Lord Balthasar. And around the city were build eight more palaces, and the practitioners of all the gods had a representative council in them.

The point at which the throne of the High Lord Balthasar was built was named the center of Feançren, and all the palaces combined were known as the Central Powers. The palaces of the old gods were to all but the High Lord empty and pointless, yet none questioned his motives. Yet in each of the old god's palaces there was one representative, and it was with these that Balthasar would speak in earnest when some great trouble plagued the lands.

A year after Balthazar's proclamation to the world all was complete and the world of Feançren was declared united. The first council of the Central Powers came together exactly one month later.

The room was filled with banners brightly coloured and the laughter of happy people, then the great golden door swung open and many knights and robed men and creatures entered. Taking their places around the throne of the High Lord they fell silent as Balthasar entered the room.

"The High Lord Balthasar Chenzor, son of the gods and uniter of our fair world!" Proclaimed the crier. Balthasar sat on his throne and looked around. "My Lords, I call together the first council of the Central Powers. Our world is complete but not yet totally at peace. We must bring the entire world to peace Only then can we enjoy victory."

All voices cheered and praised the High Lord,

"Now", said Balthasar, "let us begin..."

The Beginning

JUNIOR WRITER'S PRIZE

THE JUNIOR WRITER'S PRIZE WAS WON BY STEPHEN WATSON.

IT CONCERNS STEPHEN'S VISIT TO MEET HIS KOORI PEOPLE. STEPHEN'S TRIP AND HIS IDEAS ABOUT IT WERE ALSO WRITTEN ABOUT IN THE AGE IN SEPTEMBER THIS YEAR.

SPIRIT OF TANAMI

The car drove along the road. It seemed like forever as we continued along a thin black strip of tar through the red desert. On the horizon was sky and land; the distance seemed to meet with the sky and blend into one. Overhead hung a blazing, golden sun that relentlessly beat down on us like laser against earth, burning everything up in its golden radiance. Above us stretched sky, still blue, eternal sky, the desert trees whispered and sometimes roared and the almighty voice of the flat, lonely Tanami Desert drew us on and on into the sea of red dust.

The rumble of the wheels over the gravel put me to sleep. Colin, who worked out at the settlement, just drove on; him, the car, the day and me continuing on across the red landscape, heading for Yuendumu. The sun seemed to have dropped low in the sky. Its full on orange light fell over the car. There was nothing to shield us from it except for a few shrubs that stretched out away across the road. The only living thing we saw was a dingo, that flashed across the road like an arrow, disappearing into the scrub again.

The sun sank low into the horizon. It seemed as if it was sitting far away on the edge of the world, just about to fall off. With no warning, it did and the night came creeping in like an intruder, bringing with it stars and crickets.

We reached Yuendumu. It wasn't much, just a small town with two shops, a school, police station, adult education centre, hall, recording studio and health clinic. This was where I was staying. We got out of the car and were surrounded by the night's black arms. The stillness embraced us, gripping like a vice and shaking my deepest yearnings until I couldn't stand it.

The feeling around the place was one of pure elation, one of hope and excitement. I felt as if I had actually achieved a goal, reached the end of my search, reached heaven, fulfilled the mission impossible; I was home. My uncle interrupted the tranquillity by asking me to help unpack the car. That took a little time, but it didn't take away the Yuendumu atmosphere, which hung around like a radioactive cloud.

Later on, we went for a walk around the place. It was a peaceful night; the stars stood out like the eyes of angels or dreamtime spirits. The stillness penetrated everything and the fact that there were no cars around also gave the air a freshness that the city couldn't offer.

We had just reached the hall when they all started coming; it was like a storming wave as uncles, cousins, brothers, second uncles and many other relations from the past came hurtling out of the darkness.

I was born in Yuendumu. My twin brother Shaun lived there. I looked exactly like him, except that I was taller. Everyone was amazed at how much I looked like him. The way they all stared at me and made me feel as if I was some kind of museum artefact that had been brought back from a thousand years ago. I was glad. The feeling of love from everyone radiated out in their personalities and attitudes to me. I was treated like the prodigal son who had come back after a million years of being away in the unknown.

Everyone wanted their photo taken, so my Aunt Mary brought out the camera. All the young people crowded around me, keeping me in the middle of them. Arms were around me, eyes were on me and spoke to me in Walpiri. I felt overwhelmed, but accepted and mega glad that I had actually met my people.

That night in bed at the flat, the Walpiri voices still echoed in my dreams. I knew God had brought this time of experience to me and He would lead me into a deeper understanding of my people. I knew that I was going to love them and they would be the best people I had ever met.

All I could think of was the desert outside, the spirit that called me to stay forever. I would have to leave on Friday and go back to the city. I would not be alone there. I would have the spirit of the Tanami with me.

حيازا الكنفط SENIOR WRITER'S PRIZE

THE SENIOR WRITER'S PRIZE WAS AWARDED TO DANIEL BARKER. THIS IS A SELECTION OF DANIEL'S WRITING.

PAPER CUT

I watched you open your eyes, and from them poured coloured streamers,
And you opened your mouth to speak, and it vomited the same bright fountain,
I saw your mind had finally burst its warm and overburdened cell,
And now it spilled into the world.
Higher, higher piled the mountains of curled paper, red, yellow, blue,
And in it was the final beauty of the dying child.

Soon the vulture children came, is this you my god! they screamed,
Laughing, laughing took the streamers,
Christ! held them in their hands,
No, they did not tear them. They did not burn them.
Helpless on the end of your secrets, your bright inside sparklers,
You watched them play with you. I watched you watch them thread you around the lamp-post, decorate the bench,
Wrap themselves in curled paper, spinning red, yellow, blue,
Watched you watch their cruel tongues silk their cruel teeth,
Watched you bring your hands up to your eyes and mouth, tearing, tearing,
Tearing, tearing with blank torment at your streamers until the world grew silent.

I could paint three pictures,
The first of the blind agonised beauty of your soul
Pouring free at last, from the grey depths of its confinement,
The second of the vulture children, a sea of carefree rapists
Killing an afternoon and more.
And the third, the third —
I would blink through the glimmering tears
And paint a portrait,
Paint the ragged edges of the streamer tips, hanging broken from your eyes,
The echoing grief I held in my arms, pretending it was you.
But you were beyond all comfort now.
I loved you, but when you opened up your throat, out fell the dust.



LEAVETAKING

by Daniel Barker

I step into the carriage and take stock of the new world that stretches before me. A few moments to adjust, then I take my place in an empty seat and wait for the train to begin motion. Outside is a sea of darkness. Neon-capped waves of traffic flow amidst streetlight buoys of eerie yellow, all sliding liquidly beneath me as the train picks up speed. The technological world has its own beauty, too, if you take the trouble to look.

Some nights the faces that surround me are those of the dead, sightless piercing eyes unforgiving of the sin of my existence, but tonight they are fellow human beings. I wonder about their worlds, at the gleams on life's diamond seen from the corners in which their minds crouch.

My station. I sling my bag over my shoulder and step free of the train. Rachel's already here, dark eyes musing over me as I walk towards her,

"Hi."

"Hi."

She turns as I reach her and we fall in step. Rain begins to fall. A drop strikes her T-shirt on her small breast, spreading quickly into a dark blotch on the white cotton.

"So you've decided to go through with it."

"Yeah."

Her face is a cold mask. There's an invisible field around her, I can't touch her.

"Come on, then."

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She turns and strides away. I follow a step behind. We cross a small park, mud flicks up on the ankles of my jeans. Her back fence is low and missing boards, easy to climb. Then in the back door and up the stairs - we meet Angela coming down.

"Hi, Ange," I say.

She hits me with her soft, sad smile, ragged eyes slam into me with their helplessness. Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, fragile as charred paper, one touch and it crumbles.

I follow Rachel up the stairs without more contact.

Her room is a jumble of clothes and old albums. It's her hobby - vinyl relics of gods of latter days, collected for years. Every week she goes to second-hand shops to buy one old record - just one - and then throw it on the pile with the rest. "It's my anchor," she told me when I asked her about it. I thought I understood.

She turns to me.

"You're really gonna go."

"Yes."

"Curse you, then."

Her mirror cracks and I glimpse her tearing pain, see her reach for it, hold it to her till she's part of it. She comes to me then, eyes reaching out and wrapping round me smooth as spider silk, drawing me forward, into the centre of the diamond.

We linger there a long time.

Later I stare into her elfin face, searching for salvation, but before I find it darkness comes to claim me.

Morning. She finds me in the park, staring at a grassy hill. A lone flower stands bravely against the drizzle.

Life is the greatest poet.

"Move over," she says. She sits down next to me on the log. The rain has made tendrils of her hair which clings to her forehead for comfort.

"When does the bus leave?"

"4 o'clock."

I get up. Time has stopped, I'm in Limbo for now. I have seven hours (forever) until I leave, seven hours (forever) as a lost soul, waiting for Heaven or Hell to take me. Colours seem sharper, more feined, I hear Rachel talking like she's under water. The cords tying me to this world have been cut, but I've not yet moved on to the next one. I feel a freedom I have not felt before - this place has no more power to touch me than a chiseler has to mark a pool of water.

"Let's get breakfast."

"O.K."

We walk to the main street. The footpath blurs beneath my feet. We've been to this cafe many times. Rachel used to work here. I think that's where we met, but those days dissolved into grey mist long ago, and I can't be sure. I order a sandwich, take a swallow of Rachel's coffee. My sleeve knocks over the salt shaker, salt spills onto the table like a fallen angel.

Rachel's eyes are deep blue, forever searching for chinks in the limits of perception. The way she stares I think she's found one in the sprawled shaker, but no, once again she's pushed back. Abruptly she stands and walks out of the cafe. I float after her, trying to ignore the traffic's gleeful rape of silence.

Once-bright street signs pale in the light of day. They come to me like lonely elder aunts still painting themselves in garish make-up in an attempt to trap their youth, succeeding only in destroying the dignity of their age. It's not sad; come nightfall they'll get their taste of the water of life, return to seductive beauty. A strange god that gives this gift to such things but denies it to the people.

Why don't I care about Rachel's pain? Which surgeon amputated my emotions? Same one who cut my anchors, set me adrift? Was it the same act? I can still feel their phantoms, but I can't retain their insubstantial flesh.

It's strange how silent things can be on a busy street.

And then the silence is broken, smashed beyond repair. Metal shrieks in agony as I turn to see the car shatter like a fallen chandalier, bury itself in the side of a truck. Something flies from the window, something shapeless and unknown until I see the blood and everything dissolves into grey mist, into a dream. Everything except the

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child and the blood red shining through the fog as it arcs to the ground. I drift through dim figures shouting noiselessly drawn by that red beacon to the child. Peace smooths over his face like morphine as he floats in his gentle red pool he's not lost he's going home. Home I cradle his cheek in my hand sigh in envy. My hand is full of blood smears his face a red mask a safety charm for his journey and everything crystallizes into violence.

"Get off him, you beast!"

I'm jerked around, angry eyes send me stumbling backwards, spinning autumn leaf thrown to the harsh earth, falling, lost.

Until strong arms enfold me. Rachel.

"Why the hell did you do that?"

Tears in her voice.

"Sorry," I mutter, but I don't know whether it's an apology or a question as I sink into darkness.

Sweet peace, held close by caring arms. No harsh consciousness, just the beauty of here and now. But nature abhors a vacuum - soon the thoughts come rushing in.

"Rachel?"

"Here."

Something in the way she holds her arms forces me away from their comfort. I pull myself to my feet.

"Where are we?"

"Carpark. You are a weight to carry, you know."

Her mouth twists.

"Yeah, well ... what time is it?"

"Nearly twelve."

Four to go. My eyes are sticky, I'm hungry but the thought of food makes me sick.

"I've gotta go. Let's go."

Pray she'll come with me, last anchor I've got, without her I'll drift forever.

"Where?" she asks.

"Carnival."

Her eyes become guarded. Carnival's our name for the old amusement park, closed after some kid died years ago. We all used to hang out there, got in through a hole in the fence. There was always a tragic artistry in the skeletal remains of the roller-coaster that appealed to us young intellectuals. We were so profound, staring out at the shadow-clad sea, vomiting up our emotions like poet blemics. And we thought we'd grown out of playing dress-up.

I haven't gone for ages - it's been a long time since I've been able to talk with any of them. But I want to see Carnival again. We've got something in common now, both ghosts.

"Why?"

"It'll be my way of saying good-bye to the others."

She considers.

"O.K."

She turns to walk away.

"You coming?"

"Yeah," but I just stand there, staring.

"Rachel -"

"What?"

She half turns, expectantly. You're my guiding star, my anchor, lighthouse, guardian. Love.

"Thank you."

She smiles.

The train journey is a long lullaby. Grey, grey, grey the windows sing at me and endless telephone poles keep time. Get off at a wind-blown wasteland station; smell of the bay clinging to my nostrils, matchstick silhouette of Carnival in the distance.

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A cold wind follows us as we walk from the station. Streets are silent, empty of people, traffic's scream a part of the weather. Soon Carnival looms before me, bright paint smiling, blindly optimistic.

Everything's the same. Clamour through the hole, climb over discarded machinery. The empty grounds are the loneliest place in the world. Carnival's children left long ago. Ungrateful, uncaring, never took the grandchildren to visit, never even thought about it again, left only crumpled newspapers blown in circles in Carnival's heart. Sadness, overwhelming sadness drew us here. We fed on it, gluttoned ourselves on it. Such intensity of emotion! How wonderful it was.

How could we?

I stare at the blank eyes of the horses on the merry-go-round, heart weeping salty stinging tears that pool in my chest and spread outwards, outwards to my fingertips, to the air around me. Born up on a current of sorrow I float amidst the wreckage of a shop of souls, gladness drowned beneath the grey cold sea.

Somewhere in the brooding sky a gull calls.

Rachel stares at a shard of broken glass, turning it over and over in her hands.

Waves mutter in the distance.

I fall to my knees, sadness coursing through me, washing out my colours until I'm clean, transparent, invisible to light, cast no shadow. But then I don't think I've cast a shadow for a long while - until now it's just been the stains on the glass.

"David?"

I look up, She stands over me, eyes reaching out.

I stand up.

"I'm O.K."

"I think we should go, It's not out place, not anymore."

"It never was. I want to go up to the scaffold first."

She stares at me, shakes her head no -

"Pledge, Rachel."

Scaffold. An old roller-coaster tower looking out over the sea. Memories are locked away there like a mad uncle. Uncle David maybe. The wind blows colder, but Rachel says "O.K."

Up high, in full view of the sky, there's nowhere to hide from the hostile wind. It doesn't matter, it blows straight through me. Rachel hugs her jacket tight around her, stares down hard at the ruins of Carnival, back to the sea. I wonder why she can never do anything soft, but it's not really wondering. I know, but I can't bring myself to think it.

Why did I come up here?

Yes, why? drone the waves.

Ghosts can't move on to the next world if they've got unfinished business in this one.

True, true.

What is it?

We know, we know! they drum. But we're not going to tell you!

The sun shows through the clouds, a warmthless patch of white among the grey. Three ships ride the sky's fickle mirror. Piers protrude from the sickle coast, fleeting attempts to brand the unbrandable as man's own.

Rain or mist brushes my face like a cobweb.

A gull's feather floats past my face and everything spirals away.

Sounds of laughter, music. Bright circles painted by spinning catherine wheel rides. Bright circles painted by spinning catherine wheel rides. Carnival glows with pride at her children's happiness. Roller coaster whirls past, delighted screams in its wake, everything is joy.

Joy, joy, joy, the waves sing.

Man sells balloons, three-year-old lets one go. Up it flies, far away, higher, higher, an amusement parks holy star. Child cries, Here you are, says the man, Have another one. Child smiles, wipes eyes, Carnival smiles to herself, all is well.

Roller-coaster blurs past again. Eight-year-olds giggle at distorted reflections, flap arms and giggle more.

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Father tries to cajole son onto a ride, son cries no. Anger! No, Carnival will not allow it! Father buys son a fairy-floss, apologizes, all is well.

All is well! The waves laugh.

Roller-coaster clatters up the great hill. Laughing boy with friends. Whispered dares, brash confidence.

Roller-coaster tops the rise, clatters faster, faster, faster! Laughing boy stands, arms upraised, challenges the world.

All is not well, No! cries Carnival, Not there!

Too late, sing the waves, Too late!

Laughter changes to terror. flailing arm strikes wooden beam at fifty kilometres an hour. Boy screams, roller-coaster turns, no change, falls.

Boy's scream ends as crowd's begin. Circle of emptiness expands, broken body at its centre. Expanding forever. Grounds are silent.

Good-bye, call the waves, Good-bye.

Carnival weeps for her child. No one to comfort her, no one returns. Do they blame me? she weeps. Why do they blame me?

The waves are silent. Soon Carnival weeps no more, her only voice now the cry of the gulls.

And the feather is lost below.

Rachel leans against the low wall, staring through the cracks in the floor. I touch her shoulder.

"Let's go."

Midnight eyes stare up at me. She reaches out and touches my face, brushing my cheek with a fingertip, then walks away. I follow, two steps behind all the way to the station.

The train is warm, but unfriendly. I hold myself close, watching Rachel's face pressed against the window. That's what life is like for her, I think.

"What's the time?"

"Three-thirty."

Time to go.

"Come with me to the bus depot?"

She nods, once.

Stations skim past. People get on and off, me as small a part of their world as they are of mine. How different everyone's world is! I'm one of Carnival's lost grandchildren, never known, never seen, but I heard her story. That means something, doesn't it? If a tree falls in a forest and no one hears it ... does the tree care?

No.

But others do.

My station. We get out of the train. The wall clock says ten to four. It's a short walk to the depot. My bus is already there.

I turn to Rachel.

She looks at me for a long time.

"I've got to go."

"I know."

I love her. We're never going to see each other again.

"Good-bye, Rachel."

"Good-bye, David."

I step into the bus, take my seat. Through the window I see Rachel gaze hard at me, then turn and walk away.

The bus rolls forward.

I'm a lost soul. Somewhere out there is the rest of me, waiting.

I run to meet it.

SCHOOL COUNCIL POETRY PRIZE

THE PRESIDENT OF SCHOOL COUNCIL AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN LITERATURE WAS AWARDED TO BELINDA HEYWOOD. THIS IS A SELECTION OF BELINDA'S ENTRY.

THE NOISY SMILE

I sensed contagious complications
I perceived extra kinks in the corkscrew Of his purpose.
Some detour beyond the devious.
I splayed my elbows on the table I held my breath
Then my eyes leapt out. . .
And. . . rolled under his feet. . .
I never thought that would happen . . .
Now I am blind. . .
I can't see his face. . .
But I can hear the crack of his smile.

VINEGAR TEARS

Being flimped by a felon in a fog
She cried puffily, her body shaking and adribble.
She had a rare skill for weeping.
Her vinegar tears set colours permanently
In the facade of her life.

She was beauty bent on burning
Like some gaudy moth
Wanting no more than to incinerate itself
Against the heat of a light bulb
Or the flames of a candle.

Her bloody sap numbed the scalding.
The colours melted and trickled down the walls
Of the facade that fumed and boiled
As hailstone tears drowned her in the blaze.

SKIN MARKET (or Dear Poverty)

Waifs huddle like rats in sewers for warmth
Men settle debts by slicing through faces with razors
Mudlarks swim through sludge to scavenge rags
Soot-sweeps get roasted up chimneys
Fathers and Mothers sell sons and daughters
Women shed feminine flesh
And stick creatures purchase it as silicone
Society is a market of skin
'Tis better to be teeth than toast
'Tis better to be toothless and toastless



MUTUAL DISDAIN

Over the nervous surprise of sparrows
I hear a distant, dismal hammering
It is the coming of darting eyes
Casting dainty daggers of cynical scrutiny
The sight of me ploughs furrows in their brows.
My body laughs with chilling grace
And my mind burns them with scorching pace.



AUSTRALIA

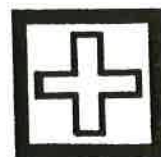
On January 1, 1901, Australia was established as a Constitutional Monarchy. The process was called Federation. The new nation kept the British monarch as Queen of Australia and Head of State. After ninety-two years nothing has changed in relation to our form of government, except for the fact that during early last year the debate on whether Australia should become a Republic came under heavy fire.

Australia was once a British colony and, earlier in this century, most of the Australian people were of British ancestry. By the mid 1950s a great majority of the immigrants came from Great Britain. These people brought many British customs with them. On January 1, 1901 an Act of British Parliament gave us our Constitution and our six colonies became states of a new nation which was called the Commonwealth of Australia. This new nation kept the British monarch as Queen of Australia and the country's Head of State. It was by no means an independent, sovereign nation in the great days of British power.

But since World War II, Australia has admitted about seven million immigrants. Most have come from mainland Europe, especially Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, West Germany and the Netherlands during the 1950s and 1960s. During the 1970s and 1980s the number of immigrants from Asia increased rapidly. Australia has had a large foreign-born population because of the high rate of immigration since World War II. Today Australia is known as a "multicultural society" and the people of Australia have developed a way of life of their own. The steady flow of non-British migrants and increased contacts with the outside world have both played a major role in creating a lessening sentiment and distancing of Australian society and, in fact, many Australians themselves, from the British monarch and what it stands for.

There can be no argument against the fact that Australia has ceased to be a colony and dominion of Great Britain, even by those people who wish to retain the Constitutional Monarchy as our form of government and the British monarch as Queen of Australia and the Country's Head of State. Many Australians have valid reasons for being so disappointed with the British monarchy. They all seem to stem, however, from the one most important fact. To a large extent the Queen has become the figurehead of an Australian society which no longer exists. Today, the Queen represents an old order and a vanished age which can claim no part of the social, moral and political realities of modern Australia. The present government has served its purpose, but now is inadequate and demonstrably colonial. The current generation has not been able to see Australia's identity as capable and independent, when it consists of the British monarch; the monarch of another nation. There should be no reason why there should not be an Australian Republican government to accurately demonstrate Australia's true national identity and independence.

NICHOLAS GALATAS 12



REPUBLIC

OR NOT?

Lately there has been a push by sections of the community for Australia to become a republic. There are many reasons given for the change to a republic, but none of them are good reasons. Some of the supporters of a republic are only pursuing their own thinly veiled agendas.

The present system of a constitutional monarchy works perfectly well and has been running since 1901. In fact, only five other countries have a single democratic system older than Australia's. The republican movement wants to replace Australia's successful system of government with something they seem not able to agree on.

Australia, with its present political system, is a sound and functional society. Immigrants from dozens of different cultures now live here in a strong, multi-cultural society. Republicans say that Australia should become a republic because of the large ethnic presence in Australia. The ethnic community, they say, would prefer Australia to become a republic. This is hypocritical. When migrants come to Australia they accept the system of government this country has. If they do not like Australia and its constitutional monarchy, they should consider emigrating to a republican country.

The only reform Australia needs is a revamp of the Constitution, not a complete overhaul of the Australian way of life. Some "Australians" may say that Australia needs to become a republic so as we can enter the twenty-first century as a twenty-first century country. This is wrong. All we need is a better constitution, one that is up with the times.

What changes would be made if Australia were to become a republic? Obviously we would have to get rid of the Governor General. But who would be his replacement? A president is an option, but how would he or she be appointed and how much power would the president be given? Would the president be a figurehead or a person with a real say in government? The people arguing for a republic do not have answers to these questions, so what are they arguing for? The people arguing for a republic should decide the form of an Australian republic before they start debating, not after.

What we need is people debating the real problems in Australia, like unemployment, poverty, crime and the economy. A change to a republic will not solve these problems. The bottom line is that our current system has served us well, and will continue to do so.

ADRIAN KING 12

HOT
COLD

REPORTS

PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

This highly dedicated group has worked in coordination with the Fair Committee to make the second annual Camberwell Cup a great success. The Camberwell Cup, with its bizarre sulky race and the competition for The Longest Kick in the League, is held in order to fund the proposed Sports Hall and this year's Cup was highly successful in fund raising terms and in terms of school community involvement. Members of the PFA and many others associated with the school worked tirelessly for many weeks preceding the Cup.

The PFA enjoys a good association with the school community. It enjoys a high profile in school life because it gets involved.

It has played a leading role in the school community's campaign against the State Government's Budget Cuts to education. It has assisted in numerous ways with providing suppers, personnel and faculty support in a wide range of school functions. It provides the Year 12 students with lunch on their last day and welcomes the new Year seven students into the school with a sausage sizzle.

PFA also helps to raise funds for the school by way of pie drives, cake stalls, second hand book sales and Wellswear. Its social event for the year was a "Birthday Party" for families in June.

MS JEANETTE BOTHAM

PRESIDENT OF THE PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

REPORT FROM THE CANTEEN MANAGEMENT

What the D.P. didn't tell me:

He didn't tell me, when we joined the school, that everyone likes the blue neon bandits (especially Belinda), nor that Merryn would need at least one milky way and a strawberry yoghurt to get through the day; that Dee and Cameron would need a large iced coffee Big M to get to roll call.

Nor that every third photography student would want to take our photo; that Evan and Chris would drink so much coffee that we'd have to erect a memorial plaque.

Nor that chocjam donuts are much more popular than cornflakes for breakfast; that Scott would break records for 500ml milk drinking, nor that most students, red jumper or not, would claim to be in Year twelve between bell times.

Nor that students would rather die than have their hot dog encased in a wholemeal roll.

That Lauren and Kelly failed dismally in Genealogy and, finally, that Year twelve girls will eat anything if you cross your fingers and tell them that it's low calorie, low cholesterol and will help them drop a dress size by 3.15pm.

CAROLINE AND DIANNE



Dianne and Caroline at work behind the counter.

KAIROS

HOUSING PROJECT

"Kairos" means home to fifteen young people in the Camberwell area. The actual word "kairos" means "new opportunity". The housing project grew out of concern for the number of young people who were wanting to stay at school but for many reasons were unable to live with their families.

Camberwell High School and the Salvation Army worked together to address this problem. We started fund raising and the first White Water Classic raised \$10 000. The Balwyn Rotary Club agreed to pay the rent for a house and the first house in Dominic Street opened its doors.

The house was in such demand that it was necessary to move on to bigger things. The demand continued to grow and a second house was opened. The project now has three houses, each with a leading tenant and one of the houses is specifically for girls. Two part time youth workers work with the young people and provide support in whatever way is appropriate. The project also has access to a flat which is used to give young people greater independence.

The Camberwell Salvation Army administer the program under the guidance of Ms Wendy Gale.

Funding is obtained from Federal and State grants but we are still very dependent on community support. The School Council of Camberwell High School supports the project with \$6,000 and the students raise money through activities including the White Water Rafting.

The program has seventeen beds and in each year provides 10 000 nights of shelter. Its services are in great demand. In 1991/92 there were 232 requests for shelter and only 34 could be directly accommodated at Kairos. The demand for the service far outweighs its capacity to provide. Many students from Camberwell High have used the program but it is available for students from other schools.

Thank you for the wonderful support you have given to Kairos. We are going to continue to need your support in the future.

MRS MARY SINCLAIR



Ms Mary Sinclair, initiator of student housing for Camberwell High School.

THE SALVO'S WHITE WATER CLASSIC

The Salvo's White Water Classic was organised to raise money for the Kairos housing project which provides accommodation for youth aged sixteen to twenty-four. The Classic is now run annually in Licola on the McAllister River. This year's Classic ran late September to early October and about twenty of the competitors were from Camberwell High, all of whom had a great time, developing new friendships — and bruises. The trip to Licola took ages, but those in my bus were entertained by Ferg's marvellous singing talent.

On arrival, we set up camp — with the obvious complications, lost illos, tent pegs and poles. That afternoon we had a half hour rafting session, to get to know the river. None of us had any idea of what we were doing, at least I didn't, but it was fun anyway. That night (and every night) we had a "general meeting", but that first one was memorable thanks to two nameless individuals who modelled their PJs for us. As for the rafting sessions, they were excellent! Especially the Nutcracker on Thursday. I can't really say how anyone else went, but my team managed to sink our (supposedly unsinkable) raft twice. At one point it ran away and we had to chase it for about fifteen minutes. Thankfully we didn't fall to the same fate as one other team, which, due to a puncture shortly after starting, was on the river for nine hours.

There were mixed feelings about returning home, but we all dutifully packed up and left before the rain came. We stopped for lunch, a food fight and group photos in Traralgon, then headed home.

ANGELA FERGUSON 11

حی از اکثظ الجامع کفله و اظلنشا

VALE ALAN SCHWAB

ALAN SCHWAB, PAST STUDENT AND PATRON OF THE CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS HALL DIED THIS YEAR WHILE WORKING FOR THE AFL IN SYDNEY.

Alan Schwab's death was a great loss to Camberwell High School. He had dedicated his time and the resources of the AFL, in the form of The Longest Kick Competition and the dining room facilities at the MCG to fund raising for Camberwell High School's Sports Hall Complex.

Alan Schwab was the Executive Commissioner of the Australian Football League. Areas within his responsibilities included the adoption of new Player Rules on the recruitment of players as the League expanded into a national competition, operation of the salary cap, promotion and development of Australian football, programming of matches, tribunal, umpiring, final series, "State of Origin" matches and communication with all other interstate Leagues and bodies such as the VCFL, VFA and amateur football.

Alan Schwab began his career as a Junior Clerk Administrator and editor of "Football Record", with the Victorian Football League. He was secretary to two League clubs before becoming Administration Manager then Assistant General Manager of the Victorian Football League. In 1985 he became the Executive Director of the Victorian Football League and from 1986 until his death was the Executive Commissioner of the Australian Football League. From 1985 until 1991 he was the AFL Delegate to the National Australian Football Council. During his career the following awards were presented to him: Life member of the Richmond Football Club; Outstanding Service Award for services to the Victorian Country Football League and the Victorian Metropolitan Football League; Life membership of the Victorian (now Australian) Football League.

Alan Schwab spent three years as a student at Camberwell High School, from 1955 to 1957. He was an excellent student and dedicated cricketer and footballer. He was captain of Form 3D in 1955 and, for his subsequent years at the school was a member of the 1st XI Cricket and the 1st XVIII Football. The 1957 XI was a "young team and sixteen year old Alan Schwab was an outstanding performer with the willow." (PROSPICE 1957) He read about sport when he was not playing it and it was obvious sport would play a large part in his later life.



Camberwell High School is one of the beneficiaries of his dedicated and enormously productive career in sports administration.

SCHOOL COUNCIL NOTES

حیاز کا کشف اور غفلت کا اظہار

SCHOOL COUNCIL FROM A PARENT POINT OF VIEW.

School Council is a body legally constituted under the Education Act to provide an overall management role for the school.

The responsibilities in broad terms are the formation of school policies, expenditure for all funds excluding teachers salaries, maintenance and improvement of the buildings, long term planning. Many of these are in the conjunction with the Directorate of School Education.

The School Council consists of elected parents, elected staff, parent association nominees, student representatives, the Principal (who is also the Executive officer), and the Deputy Principals. The Council has the power to co-opt up to three extra members for specific purposes.

The Chief Executive of the school is the Principal and that person is responsible for all the day to day activities, for the staffing and for the co-ordination between the school and the Regional Education office. The Principal is also the Chief Executive of School Council. A strong working relationship is essential between the Council and the Principal.

Council runs on a committee system with reports brought forward to the full Council meeting. All Council members are on a committee. Major items and policy items are always discussed at Council. Current Committees consist of Finance, Education, Building and Grounds, and Sports Hall.

Council has undertaken some major initiatives in recent times including establishing a co-operative to try to fund and build a sports complex costing \$550,000, purchasing two new computer systems costing over \$30,000, and financing a grand piano for \$13,000 as well as being highly involved in the restructuring proposals that the Ministry had proposed.

The annual budget is in excess of \$300,000 much of which has to be raised by the school community from parent contributions. This covers all the extras that students at Camberwell High have come to expect.

It is a rewarding experience to be able to work with the school and staff to assist in improving the education our children receive.



SCHOOL DEBOUNCE

PERSONNEL

SCHOOL COUNCIL

Dr P. Gronn (President)
Mr G. Henderson (Treasurer)
Dr M. Robson (Vice President)
Mr C. Denovan Mrs H. Elliot
Mrs D. Reading
Mr A. Sloan
Mr C. Stocker
Mr N. Nugent
Mrs J. Bloumis
Mrs G. Frost
Mr P. Frost
Ms E. Hamilton
Mr G. Sinclair
Mrs S. Kolarik
Rev R. Cleary
Gareth Shaw

CHESS

Bernard Corser (President)
Pat Douglas (Secretary)
Bob Knowles (Treasurer)

CANTEEN

Dianne Ellis
Caroline Higham
Julie Kitson

S.R.C.

Luke Porter
Dakhylina Madkhul
Jonathon Spivey
Emily Donkin
Colin Byrne
Edward Toone
Simon Craig
Beau Miles
Paul Vincec
Lauren Stocker
Aveena Sidhu
Paul Coates
Bevis Worcester
Angela Ferguson
Kylie Waller
Sarah Colgan

James Thompson
Gareth Shaw
Du Nguyen
Rishma Vidyasagar

P.F.A.

J. Botham - President
J. Taylor - Secretary
I. Andrews - Treasurer
H. Elliot - School Council Rep.
D. Reading - School Council Rep.
M. Edwards
C. Wignall
D. Henderson
M. Counihan
S. Tyzack
K. Nicholas
P. Stocker
C. Stock
P. Hasek
B. Pickard

HOUSE OFFICIALS

CHURCHILL:

Captains Alistair Straughan, Nadia Berkaoui
Creative Arts Rishma Vidyasagar
Sports Natalie Marv, George Makin

ROOSEVELT:

Captains Du Nguyen, Alex Murray
Creative Arts James Duncan
Sports Vicky Kanellopoulos, Justin Allen

MONTGOMERY:

Captains Chantal Agussol, Scott Faccioni
Sports James Benson, Rebecca Edwards

MACARTHUR:

Captain Megan O'Sullivan
Creative Arts Jenny Redgen
Sports Daniel Simos, Emma Jenkins





BUT WE ARE ALL

HUMAN BEINGS

