

2004

Ex Students  
**CHESS**  
**Camberwell High Ex Students Society**

The Jubilee year of 1991 witnessed a renowned interest by ex students in their old school. Membership of CHESS is \$10.00 per annum and the CHESS newsletter is mailed quarterly.

**Activities 1994**

Vocational breakfast for year 12 students where six students spoke on their career paths.

Compiling of a data base of ex students

and to mail out the annual school program to over 2000 ex students.

CHESS organised the design and construction of a sign at the entrance to the school and donated \$1,000 towards the cost.

You are invited to join your Ex Students society and maintain the links with school friends throughout your life

**1994 Office bearers**

President	Bernard Corser	Class '71
Secretary	Pat Douglas	Class '49
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A special thanks to all those who took the opportunity to write for this publication, all those who produced work for themselves or as school work. Thank you for allowing us to use your work. We regret that we could not include all the work we received, much of which was worthy of publication.

This magazine was produced with the financial advice and technical assistance of Ms Tuckett, Ms Greenough, Ms Dean and Mr Phillips.



# Prologue



*What else should our lives be but a series of beginnings of painful settings out into the unknown, pushing off from the edges of consciousness into the mystery of what we have not yet become.*

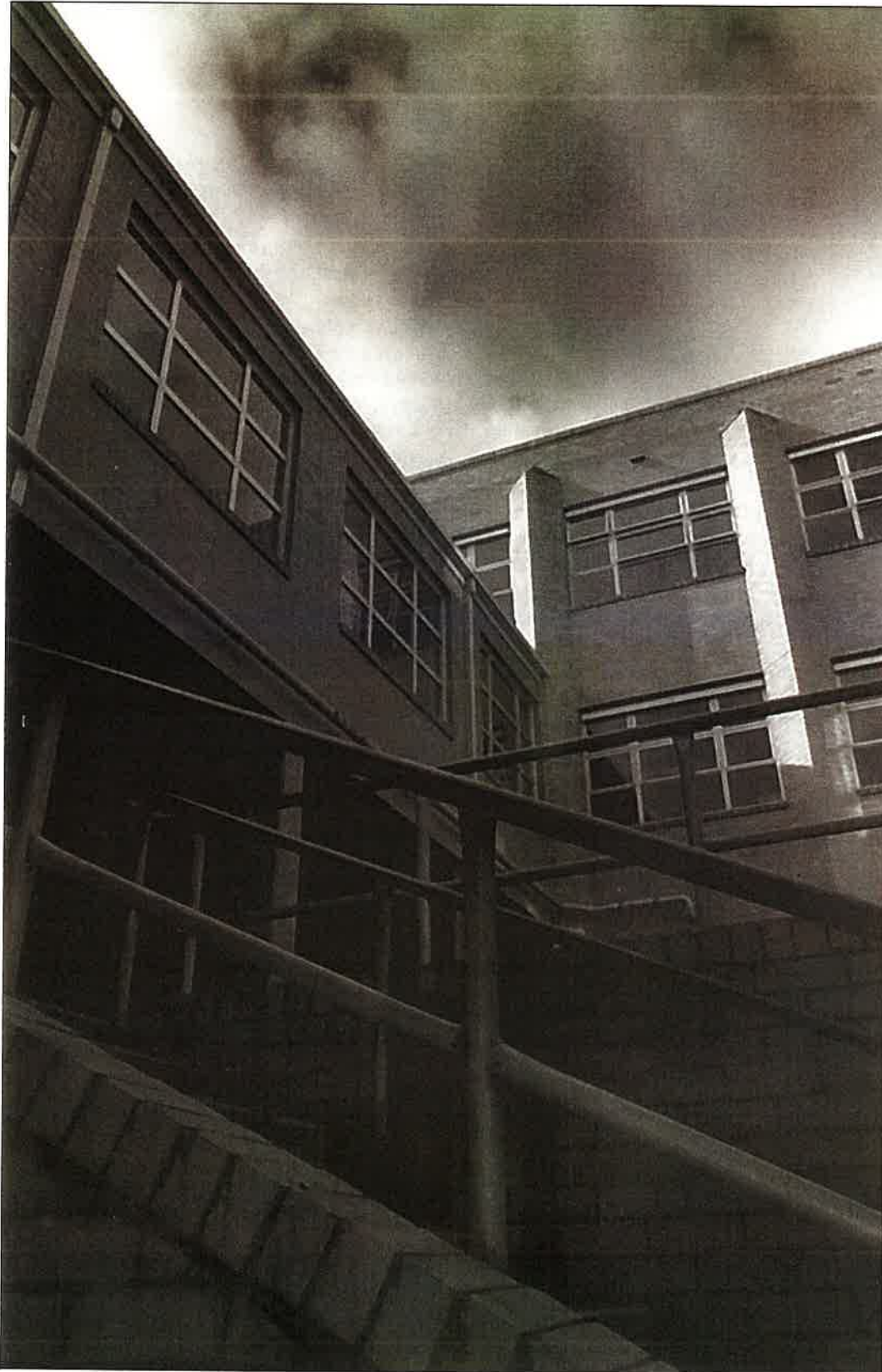
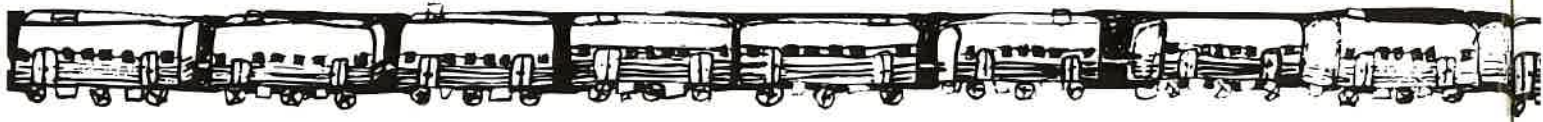
David Malouf

We are all on a journey, unique to ourselves, on a road the foot of no other traveller will ever touch. Although the world is a globe and our spatial life shows no sign of a set path, twisting and turning, going in circles, often stopping for years at a time, we can not avoid the sense of an eternal moving forward, deeper and further into . . . life? ourselves?

What ever it is, the importance of the life journey must be affirmed. Although we may meander in space, we travel steadily onwards in time, and it is from this that we gain the experience of the journey, repeated again and again in myth and fairy tale – *Odysseus, King Arthur's Search for the Grail, Lord of the Rings, Where the Wild Things Are, Erik the Viking* – where progress is not measured in miles but in years. Without this sense of the quest, of the continual exploration, then what happens to us? Without the concept of inner progress, of meaning, we turn to false, external paths to travel, seeking wealth, power, objects, status; anything to represent our advancement in the world, to give structure and meaning to our lives.

Sadly, using the external world as a substitute to inner life can only lead to misery, the trappings of meaning only ultimately that – lifeless and hollow. It is self understanding that we strive for, every step taking us further into an awareness of the motives behind our actions. Many travellers may quail – the way ahead is uncertain, shrouded in the cold mist of the future. Yet there are guides, sign posts to help us on our way, if we but look – in myth, in legend, in art and literature. What are these but expressions of our attempts to understand ourselves? What can we do but to live and try to learn, navigating our own path with the help of our symbolic heritage of three millennia of like travellers?

In your hands waits another journey, through the minds and experience of our school's community. We hope it holds riches that make the road worth travelling. But of course, when the truth is known, the only reason we journey is... to journey. Fare well.



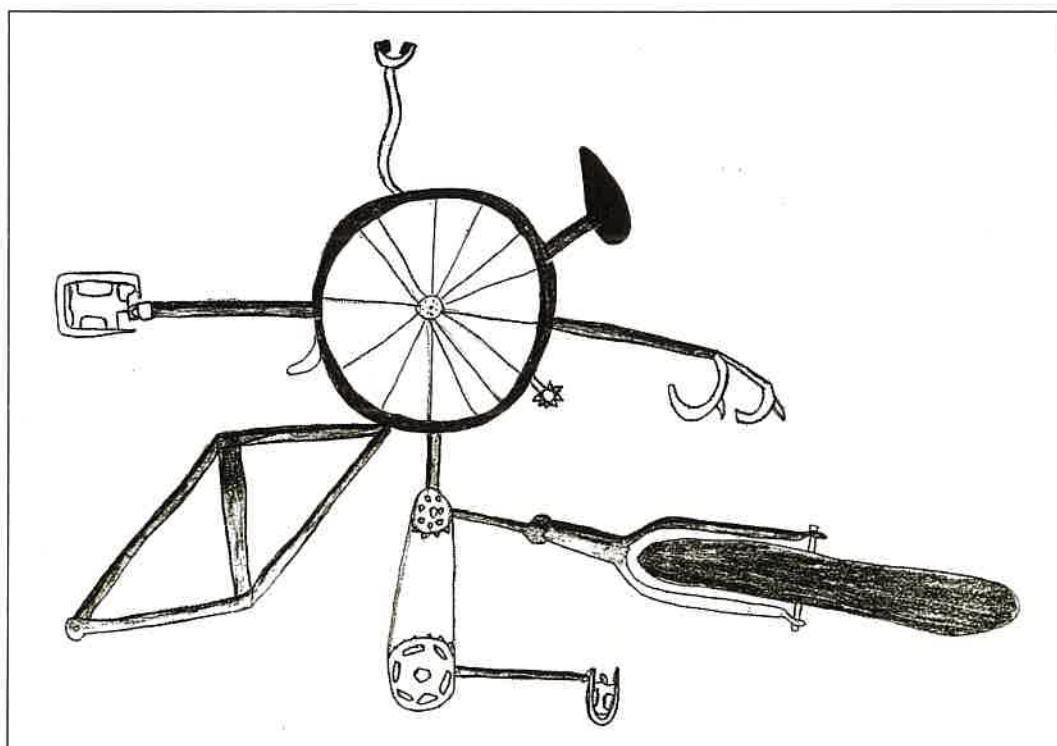
Photograph by Michael Denovan Year 10



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# Reflections

## Elida Brereton on Camberwell High School

Principal

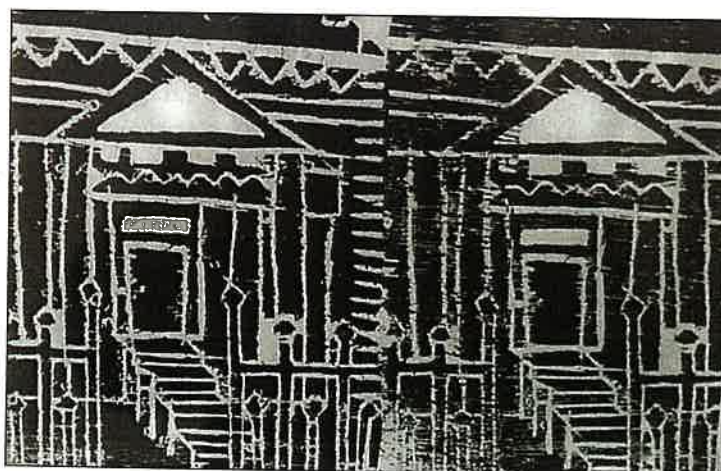
What kind of school do I want Camberwell High School to be? I want a school that each student and each member of the staff is proud of, and for which each person feels a sense of ownership and commitment. Each morning as students and staff arrive at school I want them to come with optimism, anticipation of achievement, a sense of well being, acceptance of the daily challenges, and the desire to produce their best work. The choice of a wide range of subjects, individual counselling especially as choices for V.C.E. are made, conscientious and exciting teaching in an atmosphere which encourages and rewards academic, artistic, musical and sporting success – these must be provided by Camberwell High School.



Above all however, I want staff and students to work in a fine partnership based on mutual respect, honesty, good humour, role-modelling, tolerance of differences, and loving but strict discipline. Each student should develop self discipline, consideration for others, and the ability to learn for themselves as a result of attending Camberwell. The excellent socialisation and understanding of the differences between the sexes, and the opportunities for leadership experience offered to male and female students means that our co-educational basis will be fully maintained.

On a more personal note I wish to thank all students, staff and parents who have welcomed me to Camberwell, as I arrived at a late stage in the year. My private passions – classical music, the theatre, the Arts, photography, beautiful books, the Geelong Football Club, the conservation of our native forest, cricket, travel (usually to countries experiencing their once-a-century revolution), walking, and watching British police programs on T.V. – are all shared in part by members of the Camberwell High School community. So, too, is my desire that students and their families feel that this school is their school, that it is a school which offers a relevant curriculum, strong welfare and fair discipline, and that we produce informed, capable and well adjusted students!

You are all wished health and contentment over Christmas and the New Year.



# Reflections

**Geoff Sinclair**

Assistant Principal

For me the year at Camberwell High began in six inches of genuine, old fashioned slime. It reminded me of how life began on this cold star in ooze just like this which we were shovelling and sweeping towards the deep end of the Central Swimming Pool. (One gets philosophical, standing in slime.) Perhaps if we'd have left it undisturbed for another couple of warm months, a new life form would have emerged. We did come across a basketball ring, a garden rake and several bricks, but nothing you'd call the newspapers for.



There were kids and parents and teachers shovelling slime, washing the tiles, mowing the lawns, vacuuming, sweeping and standing round feeling very pleased with themselves. We then turned the tap on and filled the pool with water which went yellow and then green after a few days, but we soon fixed that. We threw exactly the right amount of chemicals in and the water turned blue.

Magic!

From then on it was swimming and bombs, bombs and swimming. I counted 324 different varieties of bomb throughout term one.

I taught 10A English during the first semester. Well, to be more precise, we taught each other. On one memorable occasion we had a very animated discussion – that means everyone was awake and there may have been some raised voices – a very animated discussion on the types of parties Year 10 students attended. You know, what the rules should be, how late, alcohol or not to alcohol – that sort of thing. In the end, we put several of the issues to the vote and I was relieved when I won the voting, 26 – 25. It was by the narrowest of margins, and some of the students expressed concern about the voting system I used.

Even when I told them that as a fifty-year-old I had had much more experience in a democracy than they had, there were rumblings of discontent.

One day during term 3 I went for twenty minutes without seeing a boy with his shirt out, or pretending to tuck his shirt in. I was unsettled by this. (I had to be careful, there may have been a reason for this. Was it a curriculum day? Had Bon Jovi started to tuck their shirts in?) I should have been overjoyed I suppose, and immediately rung the Director and the Minister and informed them of yet another triumph of the Victorian education system. I resisted this, and instead took up my quill and dashed off an article for the Newsletter, proclaiming the good news to the proud parents.

Sadly, as I was writing the article, I was called to the corridor where the Year 11 boys' lockers are housed. (You can't miss it – this part of the school is as clean as an operating theatre.) There was Claude, shirt billowing out of his college grey trousers, opening and shutting his locker in a demented way.

'Claude', I said gently – for I am nothing if not gentle and I sensed Claude was stressed.

'Claude', I said rather less gently as he continued frantically opening and shutting his locker.

'Claude!' I screamed hysterically.

'Yes, Sir.'

'Why are you opening and shutting your locker, Claude?'

'Well, Mr. Sinclair, you said we could have our shirts out at recess or lunchtime if we were engaged in a physical – well, sporting – activity.'

I thought of reminding Claude that it was ten o'clock in the morning and that opening and shutting lockers was not even an exhibition sport at the Olympics, but I resisted the temptation. Instead I went back to my office and looked at the wording of the rule relating to shirts (section 4, sub-section 3, dot point 8).

# Plastic Chicken

## JUNIOR WRITER'S PRIZE

By Jenny Moffat (Year 8)

'Oh look at the time, I've gotta go. There's some rice and left over stir-fry in the fridge for tea which you can heat up yourself. Do I look OK? I'll be back around 12, see ya Jane.'

I heard the front door close behind Mum; she was going out to an opera with some friends. She always did that when Dad was out of town. It was her way of having fun. I considered going back to reading my book but I was tired, the lines of strange words would merge together and the words become even harder to read. I decided to watch TV. I walked into the lounge room and picked up the TV guide, football, doco, game show, nothing really on, oh, hang on what's Narnia? I read the description below the strange title. "*Adaptation of C.S. Lewis' 'Tales of Narnia', four stars. Will have you thinking you are really there.*" I read the rather descriptive comment; might be worth a look, who knows? I walked over to the TV. set and switched it on. Advertisers voices blurted out luring words so you will buy their products, then finally the movie started and I was addicted to every word.

As the credits rolled past the screen few thoughts entered my mind then I realised I hadn't eaten my dinner, so I stumbled into the kitchen. The kitchen clock read 10.30. I had no idea it was so late. I wandered over to the fridge and looked at the sad stir-fry, rejected it and put a bowl of cold rice in the microwave to heat up. I heard a long beep, the microwave pronouncing that it had finished the task that I gave it, so I took the rice out, grabbed a fork from the drawer and sat down at the kitchen bench to indulge myself in the white, tasteless, fluffy stuff.

After I finished the meal I decided to go to bed because I was so tired. As I drifted into a pleasant sleep I was looking at my dolls' house in the corner of the room.

As I rubbed my eyes I realised that I hadn't heard Mum come home. She must have come in while I was asleep. I suddenly felt a stabbing pain in my back. I opened my eyes and looked around the room. This wasn't my room and no wonder my back was painful. I had been sleeping in a bath tub. What was I doing in a bath tub? What's more this was not my bathroom. I slowly looked around. All there was in the room was a bath tub, a basin and a toilet. The walls were lined with pretty pastel pink wallpaper. It suddenly occurred to me where I had seen this room: it was the bathroom in my dolls' house. I was in my dolls' house. No way. I can't be. I hauled myself out of the bath, the pain in my back intensifying and I made a mental note not to sleep in a bath tub ever again.

I slowly wandered into the next room. If I was right and this was my dolls' house, then this room would be the Child's room. As I walked in I realised the truth. The bunk bed immaculately made, the wardrobe in the corner and the dressing table, without a single item on it, was under the window where it belonged. Everything was where it belonged. I made my way down the stairs in disbelief.

In the kitchen I found a porcelain figure standing by the stove putting a plastic roast chicken in the oven. As my foot left the last step, the figure turned, 'Hello,' her small, frail voice said.

'Er, hello,' I said in bewilderment.

'Is that all you can say? You must be hungry. I've got some fruit around here somewhere.'



'No, don't bother,' I replied, 'I don't feel like any fruit, um, may I ask a question?'

'Why yes, of course, I'll be happy to answer any of your questions,' the figure said, 'what is it?'

'How did I get here and how do I get back home?' I asked.

'Your subconscious brought you here and only your subconscious can send you back,' she said.

'I don't understand,' I replied.

'It's easy, you weren't happy with how you were living. You thought your life was too complicated, so you wanted to live in an easier life. And this is what you thought it was.'

'But how do I go home?'

'You have to want to go home.'

'But I do.'

'Do you, really?'

'I suppose in a way I don't. It could be fun living here for a while.'

'Maybe. Shall I send Little Girl and Dad to get the spare bunk ready?'

Little Girl...Dad. Why didn't she call them by their real names. 'Why didn't you call them by their names?'

'They don't have names. You never named them.'

'You mean it's my responsibility to name them?'

'We are your dolls!'

At that moment the Dad and Little Girl walked into the room.

'Well,' I said, 'now is as good a time as any to give you names. Mother, your name can be Rose.'

'Oh, I like that name a lot,' Rose said with a tone of excitement in her voice.

'And Father, you can be called Peter.'

Peter's voice spoke for the first time, 'I like that, it sounds strong and masculine.'

'I'm glad you like it. Now Little Girl your name can be Jane.'

The Little Girl spoke. 'Jane! What kind of name is that? How about something original?'

'Don't knock it, it's mine.'

'I think Jane is a nice name,' interrupted Rose.

'I agree,' I said, 'but if you want something original how about Enaj. That's original.'

'I like it. Thanks,' said Enaj.

'Come on Enaj, help your father set up the bunk,' said Rose in a fussy tone.

'You can sleep in my room,' said Enaj with great excitement.

Then Enaj and Peter went off to set up the spare bed, leaving Rose and I alone in silence.

Rose broke the silence, 'It's roast chicken for lunch.'

I instantly thought of what I had seen Rose put in the oven before. 'I'm not feeling that hungry, but thanks anyway.'

'Maybe you'll change your mind come lunchtime.'

'Yeah, maybe.'

At that moment Peter and Enaj came trampling noisily down the stairs. 'What's for lunch, Mum?' Enaj asked eagerly.



'Roast chicken.'

'Oh, yum!' replied Enaj.

Suddenly Rose screamed a terrifying hollow scream. A scream beyond screams.

'MOOOOONSTER!'

'Monster,' I thought, 'what Monster?' I turned to find my cat staring into the dolls' house kitchen. And was he big! He filled a whole room.

Rose, Peter and Enaj ran upstairs and left me to face him. I tried to call his name but he couldn't hear me, I was too small. I decided to stand very still. That way he would get bored and leave.

Half an hour later he did. I sighed with relief, and Rose came running down the stairs in a panic.

'My roast, my roast! It'll be burned!' she said pulling a perfect plastic roast chicken out of the oven. Enaj and Peter quietly came down the stairs, both in a state of shock. Peter was the first to speak.

'That darn Monster. It's in here like that everyday. One day I'll pluck up enough courage and I'll...'

'Don't you dare!' I yelled. 'He's not a monster, he's a cat and his name's Floyd. And if you lay one finger on him, why, I don't know what I'll do, but it will be bad!'

'Let's drop the subject,' suggested Rose.

Enaj added to Rose's suggestion, 'Yeah, let's eat!'

Peter went off to set the table, while Enaj helped her mother with the food. Enaj ran ahead of her mother to the next room and sat down at the perfectly set table. Rose followed carrying the plastic roast and placed it on the table. Peter was now at the head of the table and to his left sat Enaj.

Rose quietly sat at the other end of the table and told me to sit opposite Enaj.

Silence was all I could hear. Then Rose spoke, 'Enaj, will you help me put the roast away. And Peter, would you unset the table?'

'Hang on,' I said, 'aren't you guys gonna eat?'

'Oh, we don't eat dear. We just sit here and pretend to eat,' said Rose in a calm voice.

'But don't you need food to live?'

'We're dolls. We don't need to eat like the animal kingdom does. We need to pretend to eat,' explained Rose.

My stomach rumbled inside me. I was starving. I'd skipped breakfast and lunch, and I was dying for some real food to feed my hungry stomach.

'Do you have any real food?' I asked.

'Why no, why should we,' said Rose rather rudely.

'Sorry,' I said.

'That's all right. Now go off and play with Enaj,' said Rose, still rather hurt by my comment.


Enaj darted from the table and ran upstairs, calling behind her, 'Come on Jane.'

I excused myself from the table and slowly walked up the stairs behind Enaj. When I reached the top Enaj inquired about my mood.

'What's buggin' ya, Jane?'

'Oh, nothing. Don't worry,' I lied.

Enaj went over to the dressing table and posed as if she was doing her hair.



'What are you doing?' I asked with fascination

'I'm posing,' replied Enaj in a sophisticated voice.

'I thought we were supposed to play.'

'We are. You're sitting talking to me and I'm pretending to do my hair.'

'But that's not playing. Playing is having fun. Playing games. Going outside and stuff like that.'

'How, may I ask? We have no games to play with. If we go outside the Monster, sorry the cat, will eat us. And as far as I am concerned, this is having fun!'

rudely replied Enaj, sounding rather like her mother.

Many hours passed, then Rose called from downstairs, 'Dinner!' Enaj went down the stairs in a great hurry and then came back up again.

'Aren't you coming to dinner?' she asked.

'Why should I?' I replied, 'You only pretend to eat.'

'True, suit yourself,' said Enaj, running back down the stairs to the pretend dinner that awaited her.

I sat on the bunk thinking. My stomach suddenly announced its starvation by rumbling and grumbling out aloud.

'Oh, I wish there were some real food in this house,' I complained aloud, 'I'm really hungry. How do these people amuse themselves? They sit around and pretend to have fun. I wish I were at home.'

I heard the gentle footsteps of Enaj slowly climbing the stairs. As she emerged I noticed the depressed expression on her porcelain face.

She slowly came towards me. 'Peter's broken,' she said in a very quiet voice.

'What do you mean "broken"?'

'The light fitting fell on his head and broke it into six pieces. We can't put him together!'

'Where is he?' I asked.

'He's still in the dining room. Mum sent me up to say that it's time for bed. You can sleep on the bottom bunk and I'll sleep on the top.'

Enaj jumped onto the top bunk and hopped in and went straight to sleep. I curled up in my bed and pulled the flimsy, inadequate blanket over me. Soon I fell asleep

As I awoke, I became aware of my surroundings.

'I'm home, I'm home!'

I ran over to the small dolls house in the corner of the room and looked into the dining room. I saw that Peter was still in pieces on the table. I ran into the kitchen and grabbed the super glue. I began to stick each piece of Peter's head into place. As I held the fixed doll in my hand, it may have been my imagination but I'm sure he winked at me. I place him back at the dining table. I heard Mum's footsteps in the kitchen. I ran in to meet her.

'Your probably didn't hear me come in last night: I got home a bit late.'

'Last night? But...'

'What was that, dear?'

'Oh, never mind. It's not important.'

Just then Floyd came up to me and rubbed against my legs. I picked him up.

'Just a little secret between Floyd and myself!' I added.

# Geography

## Geographical Communication Project

During term two in 1994 I spent most of my long service leave travelling around Western Australia. When we were in the far north at Halls Creek we met a husband and wife who were teaching at the Aboriginal Community School of Mulan. They invited us to visit them so we took the unique opportunity to travel down the eastern edge of the desert along the 4WD Tanami Track. You won't find Mulan marked in your atlas but you should find Balgo and Lake Gregory alongside which Mulan is situated.

The school is run by the Catholic Education Board and there are about 60 students including only 15 in the secondary level. When I came back to Camberwell High School I shared my experiences with 8B and we decided to start an exchange of letters and videos. It is a slow process – especially because there is only one mail delivery a week to Mulan!

Miss Anderson and 8B Geography class  
to Mulan Aboriginal School, Western Australia

PMB 6  
Mulan Community  
Halls Creek WA 6770  
9.9.94

Dear Salome,

Hi, my name is Tanya Ronald and I am in year 9. I go to school at Mulan High School. I like this school very much, the boys are very funny. My other name is Napanangka. This is a skin name. We all have a skin name.

We talk our own language in class. Our teacher understands a bit of our language. I live in the Great Sandy Desert of WA. We go hunting for goanna, frogs, snake. We eat them. They are nice tucker.

I have one big sister. Her name is Rowena, and a little brother, Jason. Rowena has gone to high school in Perth. She is 16 years old and she is married. My brother is 6 years old. I have 9 cousins, too. My birthday will be on January 19th. I will be 15 years old. My cousin's names are Shaun, Renata, David, Vanessa, Danika, Natasha, Lionel, Nazareth and Chris.

We showed your teacher, Miss Anderson, some bush tucker during her visit in Mulan, and also we told her the story about the big snake in the river.

We are going on an excursion to Perth. All of my class, years 8, 9, and 10, are going. I have never been to a big city before in my life. I hope you like my letter.

From Tanya Ronald

Dear David,

It was good to receive your letter. I read all the letters from your class.

My name is Clifton. I am 16 years old. I like playing football, swimming and going out hunting. Sometimes I like playing guitar. The Mulan football team is called the Mulan Saints. We have red, white and black colours, just like Saint Kilda. We go to towns in the Kimberleys to play football. In 1996 a team from the Kimberley will be going to Melbourne. I'm hoping to be in that team.

I'm interested in playing the guitar. My friends, David, Shaun and I, always play guitar in school. Sometimes we play at school assemblies. We have 10 guitars in our class. The teachers bought them in Perth. Sometimes bands come from Balgo Community and play in our shire hall. I like listening to their songs.

When I leave school, I'd like to be a stockman. In the last ten years, the stockmen from Mulan Station have bought lots of cattle. Each year they go mustering 2 or 3 times and bring the cattle back to Malarn. A cattle train takes them to Broome. The cattle yards are close to the school. All the little kids tease the bullocks.

I hope you will write back soon.

From,  
Clifton Guguman

19/10/94  
Dear Tanya,

Thanks for writing, back. At the moment everyone is getting ready for our school fair, which is being held on Saturday 22nd October, there's going to be lots of stalls and games and competitions. After the fair my friends and I are going to the Wattle Park bonfire, where there's going to be fireworks and food stalls. Then all my friends are going to stay at my house and they are, Dakhylina, Lauren, Alice, Renae, Brook, Christine and Emily. Have you ever had a sleep over? I think they're cool fun, we sit up really late and talk or watch movies and listen to music.

At lunchtime my friends and I hang around in a big group on the oval. We fight over silly little things, but they're funny. Mostly the boys play soccer and football on the oval, but there are a couple of girls playing. The boys always play basketball, not many girls do. I better go mum's calling me for tea. We're having sausages and mash 'gross'.  
See you,  
Salome Romero

### Cathy's golden moment of Triumph ...And a flag controversy yo go with it

At the 15th Commonwealth Games in Victoria, Canada on 24th August 1994, Cathy Freeman won gold for Australia in the 400 metres. After running a remarkable Commonwealth Games record, 50.38 seconds, the 21 year-old Aboriginal draped herself in both the Aboriginal and Australian flag proudly for a victory lap of the Centennial stadium. Unfortunately, this innocent act of joy, loyalty and patriotism caused quite a stir for her back home. Although she was congratulated by the Prime Minister, Mr. Paul Keating and Aboriginal groups other Australian leaders have criticised.

Cathy was accused of dismissing the national flag which she also carried on her lap of honour settling to second place behind the red-black-gold Aboriginal flag.

The admirable role-model intended to carry the flag in hoping that it would motivate other young Australians, especially Aboriginals, to go out and follow their goals and make something of their lives.

I believe what Cathy Freeman did was perfectly harmless and did not mean to bring about such a disturbance. I hope that her actions brought more determination among the Aboriginal community of Australia which will bring even more young Aussies to go out there to represent their country and go for it.

Dakhylina Madkhul (Year 8)



Colleen Bradjo and Genina Matthews with headbands they painted



# Poetry



## TRAPPED

---

Walls surround me  
Darkness provides a veil  
Insanity rules my world.  
Crowded with the unreal,  
Control is unknown.  
Tranquillity is ruined –  
Screaming never stops.  
Wires distract my view.  
Pining for real life  
Bad people have their ways.  
My mind is sapped.

Kate Botham and  
Laura Gronn (Year 10)

## WOLF

---

'Wolf, wolf, on the prowl,  
Wolf, wolf, hear it howl,

A ripper, a gouger, a render of flesh,  
Hot breath on your neck means the  
coming of death;

Savage but noble, its bearing is proud,  
Fades like a shadow, darkness its shroud.

Wolf, wolf, feared and hated,  
Wolf, wolf, never sated.

The wild beast, the uncontrolled, bows to no rule  
Growl deep in its throat, eyes yellow... cruel.

Wolf, wolf, at the moon it bays,  
Wolf, wolf, never stays,

It is the wild dog, it hunts alone,  
Ever one step ahead, into the unknown.

Seamus Barker (Year 8)

## BLUE BOAT

---

As I enter the centre  
of Phong's emporium  
I look up at the tall shelves  
I spin, trip.  
I see shadow men  
lurching in the darkness;  
I look away.  
I pick up a jar of beads.  
In the glass reflects a  
picture of dancing and dining-  
a sailor singing.  
The jar drops.  
A man in knickerbockers  
with a long staff asks me  
have I seen what he has lost.  
I haven't.  
Another jar I see has a boat  
laced with paraffin wax  
probably lost down a drain –  
a blue boat;  
But I'm not looking for a blue boat.

Rachel Lamour (Year 10)

## THE SENSUALITY OF POETRY

---

I heard the buildings talk,  
When I walked down the street,  
They told of polluting cars,  
of broken down lifts,  
of screeching tyres,  
of innocent sparrows,  
of hurried footfalls,  
of still nights,  
of the moon,  
of the stars.

I heard the buildings talk,  
When I walked down the street.

Stuart Wilson (Year 8)

# Visual and Art



left -Oliver Wearne Year 10

below -Joel Miller Year 10

below left -Kon Skolarikis Year 10

below right -Michael Denovan Year 10





# Reflections



## Vicky Marangos

on Work Experience

During the last two weeks of Term 2, all Year 10 students at Camberwell High School participated in a two week work experience program.

It was up to us, the students, to seek out and independently find jobs. Most of the students successfully obtained work in their particular areas of interest.

Some of these jobs included working in retail stores, architectural firms, gymnasiums, kindergartens, service stations, primary schools, restaurants, business enterprises, libraries, theatres and ethnic community centres.

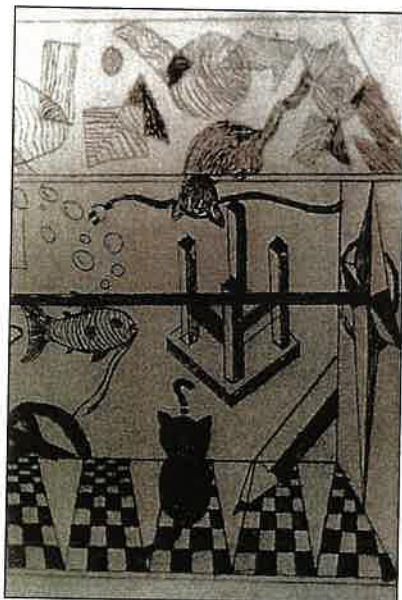
We didn't really know what to expect, as many of us had not been exposed to the workforce. But we were all warmly welcomed and treated pleasantly. Our employers made a strong effort to make us feel accepted and taught us all they could about the job and how it all worked. We were generally given small jobs around the work, which at times was a little tedious, but we didn't complain! Although on some occasions we were introduced to some of the more important areas and jobs of the workplace.

Some of the various things we did were serve and assist customers, answer telephones, clerical/administrative work, run errands and of course, making coffees!

All of us were paid at the end of work experience and some even got bonuses! Although the two weeks ended quite promptly and before we knew it we were back at school.

We are all very grateful that all of the places we worked at were kind enough to take us on and help us learn something new and valuable about the workforce, and assist us in deciding on and choosing a career for ourselves in the future.

I'm sure that it was an experience that many of us will remember for some time.



## Memories

You're cold, wet and starving. There's a light drizzle, and most of all you're scared. You and two other soldiers are sitting in the middle of a tall clump of grass, with no food and a pocket full of ammunition and a rifle each. Around the edge of the grass are ten Nazi soldiers. For the last couple of days you've been hearing them quietly whisper to one another. Then there is a cry from one of the Nazi soldiers and screams of pain from your companions. Blood starts to seep from their wounds. In desperation you blow a hole through the wall of death and run. From behind there are screams of pain and more gun shots. Fifty years later you're marching down Swanston Street in the ANZAC parade and all you can think of is that one moment in your life.

# Still They Fall

## Junior Poetry Prize

By Alister Crow (Year 9)

Where a man prayed for his wife,  
As he buried her alive because  
Her father was Tutsi and his was Hutu and,  
Still they fall.

Where one out of every ten people are butchered  
In just over three months,  
At the encouragement of the government and,  
Still they fall.

Where a refugee lies in the mud  
In the agony of dysentery and  
Another steps over to stir the dinner and,  
Still they fall.

Where Hutu machetes flash in the moonlight  
All Spring long, filling the night with screams.  
This place is Rwanda and  
Still they fall.





# Red Jumper



Don Anderson Award:

By Stuart "Hatty" Hatton, (Year 12)

## INAUSPICIOUS BEGINNINGS

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Picture this: a seemingly average day: myself and my close friend since grade five, Vijay Henderson, have caught the bus together just as we had every other day. Without meaning to repeat myself, a seemingly average day. We maintain an almost religious silence for perhaps three minutes. Vijay is uncharacteristically quiet.. Otherwise nothing is out of the ordinary. Vijay opens his mouth to speak. His lips then clasp shut again, and he shakes his head, seemingly dismissing an idea. Then a dialogue resembling the following takes place:

'What?' I ask, urging the words from his mouth, desperate for a conversation to take seed.

'Nothing.'

'What?'

'Well... Don't you think it would be a good idea to have a school newspaper? Like, once a week or once a month or something?'

'Yeah... why?'

'Do you think we could start one up?'

'Er... yeah. But why?'

'Why not?'

'Dunno. Yeah, it could work...'

If war is the greatest catalyst for invention and ideas, then surely boredom must rank a close second. The drudgery of our daily bus trip, and the banality of the preceding school day had spawned a mighty idea: a veritable monster.

The exchange of ideas began in earnest. How often should it come out? Daily, weekly, fortnightly, monthly or whenever we felt like it? How could we produce it? Who were the people we should speak to? Who would make up our audience: the entire school, VCE students or just Year 12? Should we charge money for it?

Drawing on our limited knowledge of things, publishing-wise, the last question was perhaps the first to be answered satisfactorily. The school students were, we reasoned, a bunch of cheapskates, who wouldn't fork out the change from their lunch money to get their hands on a student-produced newspaper, no matter how good it was! Besides, my own limited experience with a low-budget, one-issue, self produced epic entitled 'Stu's News', suggested we should keep it free. That little gem, a distant childhood memory, had run to three copies, because I had to stick each one together in the absence of a photocopier! The cover price was the equivalent of twenty cents. Eventually I think my Grandma bought two of them out of sympathy, and my little brother ripped up the other!

Our first think tank session had left many questions unanswered and many stones unturned. We reluctantly went our separate ways and slept on it.



Stuart Hatton and  
Vijay Henderson



## IDEAS AND INSPIRATION

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The next day our dream began to bear fruit, at least in our optimistic minds. Firstly, we decided that the newspaper, not a magazine, would be aimed solely at VCE students, as opposed to the entire school. We also agreed that it should come out on a fortnightly basis. This decision took several factors into account: how often we would be able to physically produce a quality publication, without it infringing on valuable time for other activities, such as school work; the length of time we could leave between issues without running the risk of presenting old news; how often our projected readership would be willing to actually read the paper; and the cost involved for production.

The latter was still an unknown quantity. Vijay and I hoped that the school would finance our periodical to a large extent, but as yet we weren't sure on their commitment to our project. We agreed that we must speak to someone in a position of authority at Camberwell High, who could give us the go ahead and guaranteed financial support from the school. Our decision was to aim for the top. We would go and have a chat to Mr. Sinclair, our principal at that time. He was a man with vision, so surely he would see the niche that we were aiming for, and would give us his full support? Before paying him a visit, we knew we must get some ideas on paper and let a few more people in on the idea.

So it came to pass that we transcribed our dream to paper (no pun intended). We jotted down ideas on the format, possible staff members, style, layout, and of course the actual content. The initial idea for our newspaper consisted of four pages, printed two-sided on A3 paper. The front page would be a front page; nothing more, nothing less; and would feature headline stories, plus the obligatory heading and a table of contents. Page two would probably include several reviews of movies, CDs, books and the like; and a special report, if he so desired, from Mr. Sinclair. Consisting of CAT tips, and possibly student writings or artwork, page three would be the most school-orientated page of the paper. The final page would be made up of sports reports, a puzzle section, some jokes, perhaps a cartoon... or whatever else people felt it needed.



## NAMES AND PEOPLE

It was only after deciding on our format and layout that we considered a name for our (potentially) legendary fortnightly production. Several names were tossed about, as we racked our brains as the sun shone through the windows of the VCE study centre. The suggestions became increasingly ridiculous, and our voices raised in volume. Several students surrounding us obviously thought we were simply trying to outdo one another by dreaming up preposterous (and at times obscene) phrases. They elected to join in the fun, sparking a near-riot which was spoilt by a peace-loving teacher. Before the dust could settle, the multitudinous motes were attracted to a beam of sunlight which shone through the window, and came to rest on me.

'How about "Red Jumper"?"

So it was decided. Red jumpers were what set VCE students apart from the rest of the school, and since our newspaper was aimed specifically at VCE, the name encapsulated our intention brilliantly... even though I say so myself!

A good name is priceless. A good name is memorable. A good name is marketable! As yet Red Jumper had been an idea kept almost exclusively between two people, Vijay and myself. We had to broaden our horizons and spread the word! We set out to let everybody we thought would consider making a contribution know about the Red Jumper, and our plans for it.

Justin Presser, a primary school friend of mine and Vijay's, was the first person we approached. He suggested he could write a section offering advice for CATs, a subject constantly on the mind of anyone studying Year 12. He even had a great name for it: CAT's Basket! It was a terrific idea. Sadly, it never came to see the light of day. Justin would be perpetually snowed under with that which he had planned to write about! Still, it was an idea, and we were open to anything remotely resembling a good one.

By this stage, we had a fair gist of what would go into the very first issue. We would have a story on the upcoming Choral Festival; reviews of 'Ace Ventura', a film which Vijay had seen recently, and Pink Floyd's 'The Division Bell' CD, which I had bought on the first day of release; and a story on South Africa. Nelson Mandela had just been elected as the country's first black president, and Ms. Kavonic, a member of staff who had grown up there had given an unforgettable, heart-rending speech during school assembly. We chose to interview Mr. Pick, another member of staff who had resided in the country, to report on his attitude towards the recent developments.

All of the above filled up the first two pages without any room to spare, which was no mean feat considering we had put it together entirely by ourselves. We collectively decreed that it was now time to pay our visit to Mr. Sinclair, armed with our 'prototype' issue.



*Clockwise  
from left:*  
Clement Clarke,  
Justin Presser,  
Bradley Dean,  
Stuart Hatton and  
Vijay Henderson



## AN INFORMAL MEETING

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It was with a certain amount of trepidation that we budding media moguls fronted up to Mr. Sinclair's office. A long wait for a break in the principal's tight schedule didn't help to lessen our nervousness. After all, this was the moment of truth! We hadn't bothered to make an appointment, in view of us only needing five minutes with the guy. Finally one of the school's secretaries motioned us to enter Command HQ for our unannounced conference. He gestured us to be seated, and we played an impromptu game of musical chairs, before assuming a seated position. I handed him the paradigmatic piece de resistance, if you will, and the sparkle in his eyes swept our remaining inhibitions away. Left them for dead, in fact. He shook his head, but in that decidedly affirmative, approving fashion, which means 'what can I say?' He indeed said nothing for what seemed an eternity, and contented himself with merely beaming back at the two of us.

'Fantastic,' he might have said, or some such superlative. For this was not so memorable as the sweet words which followed –

'We'll cover the costs of printing or photocopying, and what have you. I love it. Get to work, and get a full issue out, pronto!'

Elation then took a firm hold, and the remainder of our meeting is a blur. What does stick out in memory, however, is the ecstatic cry of Vijay, which was echoed by one of my own, and the firm handshake we exchanged. This was a proper handshake mind you, not one of those spurious thumb-twining affairs. We were newspaper men, after all, not home boys!

## THE FIRST ISSUE

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was brought to you by...

We were now ready. But two people alone couldn't successfully produce a student newspaper. We needed help, and we got it. Our first ever meeting was quite a success, drawing some thirty people, all of whom were keen to contribute to Red Jumper. The ideas brought up in this brief session would essentially cement what, exactly, Red Jumper was to become. We assigned people to various tasks, and many simply put their names down to basically say they would be there if we needed them.

We didn't lose too much sleep figuring out what our very first cover story would be. The Choral Festival was to be held several days before our date of publication, the 25th of May. The event was bound to be spectacular, and was to be adjudicated by Wilbur Wilde, of 'Hey, Hey, It's Saturday' fame. We assigned two Year 11 girls, who were eager to be involved, to interview the night's celebrity judge. Unfortunately, Mr. Wilde was less than co-operative, and the interview fell through. However, Bradley Dean's cover story still managed to convey the excitement of the evening.

A brief synopsis of what made up the first issue: my first Editor's Report wasn't too ambitious, as my job, as I saw it, was to merely introduce this VCE newspaper which had appeared out of nowhere. We stuck with our own reviews mentioned above, and Mr. Pick's commentary also retained the space it had occupied in the prototype issue. The very first Puzzle Corner, compiled by the somewhat zany Alwis Hohlweg, gave readers the chance to make their own VCE student, by cutting out the body parts, colouring them in and assembling with pins. A sample head of Alwis's beloved Jake Blues (from 'The Blues Brothers') was provided, and trivia questions concerning 'The Simpsons' were billed as 'Sample GAT questions!'

The first issue managed to cause some controversy, though only a ripple, via Daniel Barker's essay on the state of the school's discipline policy, which was our first piece of work placed in our 'VCE Folio' section. All in all, a reasonable debut, with something for everyone.



## HOT OFF THE PRESS!

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Having glanced at what went into the premier edition, we mustn't forget all the hard work we put in to see it hit the streets, so to speak. I had typed up, edited and layed out the whole on my computer at home, with a bug-ridden but useful program, Microsoft Publisher. Issue one took a surprisingly long time to put together, but my speed of production improved as I got to grips with the software and also encouraged our writers to provide me their work on disk rather than in written form.

I printed it out on my humble dot matrix printer, and the effect was readable but not exactly sharp or professional. Subsequent issues were to be laser printed by a kind friend of mine, Bevis Worcester. However, issue two could not be printed by Bevis, but the story behind that must be saved for later...

Our intention was for Red Jumper to resemble a newspaper in every conceivable way, so we would not be satisfied by simply stapling the pages together. No, we had to have it in folded format. This meant photocopying double-sided on A3 paper, which is no easy task, as we were to discover! Our first run took probably two and a half hours, due to the stubborn nature of the only available photocopier. Paper jams were frequent, and were it not for the aid of a particular science teacher, who happened to be a dab hand with copiers, we could have been there all night. From this day forth, Bradley Dean assumed the role of head photocopier, while the rest of us made jibes at the teachers who spent their lunchtimes playing pinball on the Macintoshes in the same room!

It became customary from this early stage that we should have to assemble the 'extra' parts of the newspaper (picture, puzzles, cartoons), which we couldn't produce on computer, with scissors and glue, at the last possible minute...

We eventually managed to reel off three hundred copies of the first edition, and we were left with only one problem: how to distribute them. Initially, myself and several helpers combed small sections of the school, giving Red Jumpers to anyone who was wearing one (comments like 'I've already got one on - see, I'm wearing it' fell on deaf ears on that day). After having given out approximately one quarter of the total first print run, we resolved to find a better method of getting our product to the people. We quite foolishly left the remaining two hundred or so copies outside the Deputy Principal's office, and made an announcement over the PA system that Red Jumpers could be obtained there. At the end of the day there were still over one hundred unclaimed. On ensuing occasions we counted up enough copies for each form and placed them in each form's role book. The first time we tried this several role-call teachers commented that they had picked up their book in the morning, and been presented with a autumn-leaf like effect as the Red Jumpers dropped out of the role books, as they had been inserted loosely in the books rather than in their pockets!



Vijay Henderson  
steering the Red Jumper  
Committee



## THE YEAR'S HIGHLIGHTS

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Now that you have a rough idea of what went into the production of each 'Red Jumper', let us look back fondly on some of the newspaper's most entertaining, controversial, hilarious and downright pathetic features throughout the year...

And on this night of nights, let us begin the awards ceremony with the award for most controversial article. Several likely nominees spring to mind. We have already touched upon Daniel Barker's essay on the discipline policy, which frankly raised more argument than sheer controversy. An incident of some controversy involved a review by Uyen Le of Pavement's 'Crooked Rain Crooked Rain' CD, where I decided to censor the f-word. Free-speech campaigners including the author, were not impressed, but I said that it forced readers to 'exercise their imagination'. Can't be a bad thing! Sean O'Brien's 'Preaching to the Perverted' column frequently raised the eyebrows of the less fun-loving staff. Some of his gems included his liking for 'certain Canterbury Girls that just keep me going all day', his exploration of 'underage night life', including his reminder of the \$100 fine for drinking or 'anything else you might be pursuing (imagine.)'; and his half joking demoralisation people whom he termed 'catholics'; 'you're being fooled: us (sic) highly intelligent wise people all know Christianity's popularity has been brought about through propagandist advertising regimes.' Anything else controversial? No, except perhaps for Alwis Hohlweg's handy tips for avoiding ski lift fares, or Cameron Setchell's article, 'GAT increased Sex Appeal...'

Most entertaining, you ask? Tim Costello's reviews never failed to reach out and grab you, and were always full of innovative metaphors, such as 'the background music sounds like it's being played by a spastic hippopotamus with an electric organ and a second hand clarinet (previously owned by a fishmonger who kept his 'nose excavations' under the reed!)' Nor did the cartoon entitled 'CATaclysm', a horror story involving student-eating CATs and principals brainwashed by aliens ever fail to inspire the imagination. Bevis Worcester's article concerning the Melbourne versus Monash University dilemma was also guffaw-inducing, to say the least. Take this as an example: 'For along time, getting into Melbourne University has been the dream of every two-bit high school student and his/her/its Venezuelan butter-yak!'

Least entertaining? Without wanting to hurt anybody's feelings, Alwis Hohlweg's 'Goat-O-Maze' (the poor boy has a fixation with goats, not to mention potatoes), was downright impossible to negotiate and about as much fun as mashing potatoes with a goat (ahem this thing is catching!). Chris Andrews' review of 'Demon Flower' by Hunters and Collectors could best be described as 'meandering', while an article, evocatively titled 'Nothing', didn't quite live up to its name of utter uselessness. No, in fact it managed to waste space quite effectively.

Downright pathetic was our having to resort to copying a puzzle from a book to fill up the Puzzle Corner in issue two. Equally ridiculous (and lazy) were the countless 'silly advertisements' we decided to include for some reason. These ranged from an ad saying 'Raped? Burgled? Run over? Why not call the Police?', to one about 'tropical house cultivation', to an absolute classic offering readers to 'Come Scootavanning in Wales!'



## WHAT A YEAR!

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Ah yes, in retrospect, 1994 was a superb year for Red Jumper. Hopefully it will not be its last. Who knows, it may live on for many years. My task henceforth until the end of the year is to 'blood' this year's Year 11's to become a well-oiled Red Jumper-producing machine reminiscent of this year's model.

Certainly the whole venture has been rewarding. The feedback I have received has been of an almost exclusively positive (or at least constructive) nature, and it gave me great pleasure to hear that one student would 'treasure them forever as a reminder of Year 12'.

This is neither the time nor place to thank people, but I must say that without everyone's co-operation, teachers and students, 'Red Jumper' would have remained an unrealized dream, rather than the reality it became. Sometimes it looked as though we'd never make it, and there were occasions when meeting our publication dates seemed impossible.

Perhaps when I look back many years down the track, my fondest memory will be of the attempted modem link-up between my computer and that of one Bevis Worcester. Bevis had provided me with everything I needed for the link, including a modem, because I didn't own one. My computer was set up on the floor of my study, which was necessary for the serial cable to reach a telephone point. A series of cables flew off in every conceivable direction, most of which were taut, due to the positioning of the computer in relation to power points. Not since Vietnam has so many trip wires been set up! I rang up Bev and confirmed (I thought) that I'd connected everything correctly. Little did I know that this would be the first of approximately thirty phone calls between us! As I was using the nearest telephone connection for the modem, I had to run the length of the house each time I wanted to use the 'phone, and at the same time dodge countless tripwires, not to mention marauding parents screaming 'What on Earth is going on?' Eventually we gave up because Bevis' modem was being its stubborn self and wouldn't receive the file I was attempting to transmit. Truly it was a completely disastrous night, but I can laugh long and loud in retrospect.

When it comes down to it, Red Jumper was a group production which only worked because of the team work its staff developed over the year. We all received collective pats on the back throughout the year, but one which stands out came out of the blue during a school assembly. Mr. Sinclair rounded off one of his informative and motivating speeches by saying 'I'd like to commend the producers of the VCE newspaper, 'Red Jumper', for what I think is a fantastic publication. Damn good show!' His approval alone was, personally, enough reward in itself, but I hope that my experience gained as Editor of Red Jumper can spur me on to greater achievements in the future. Who knows?



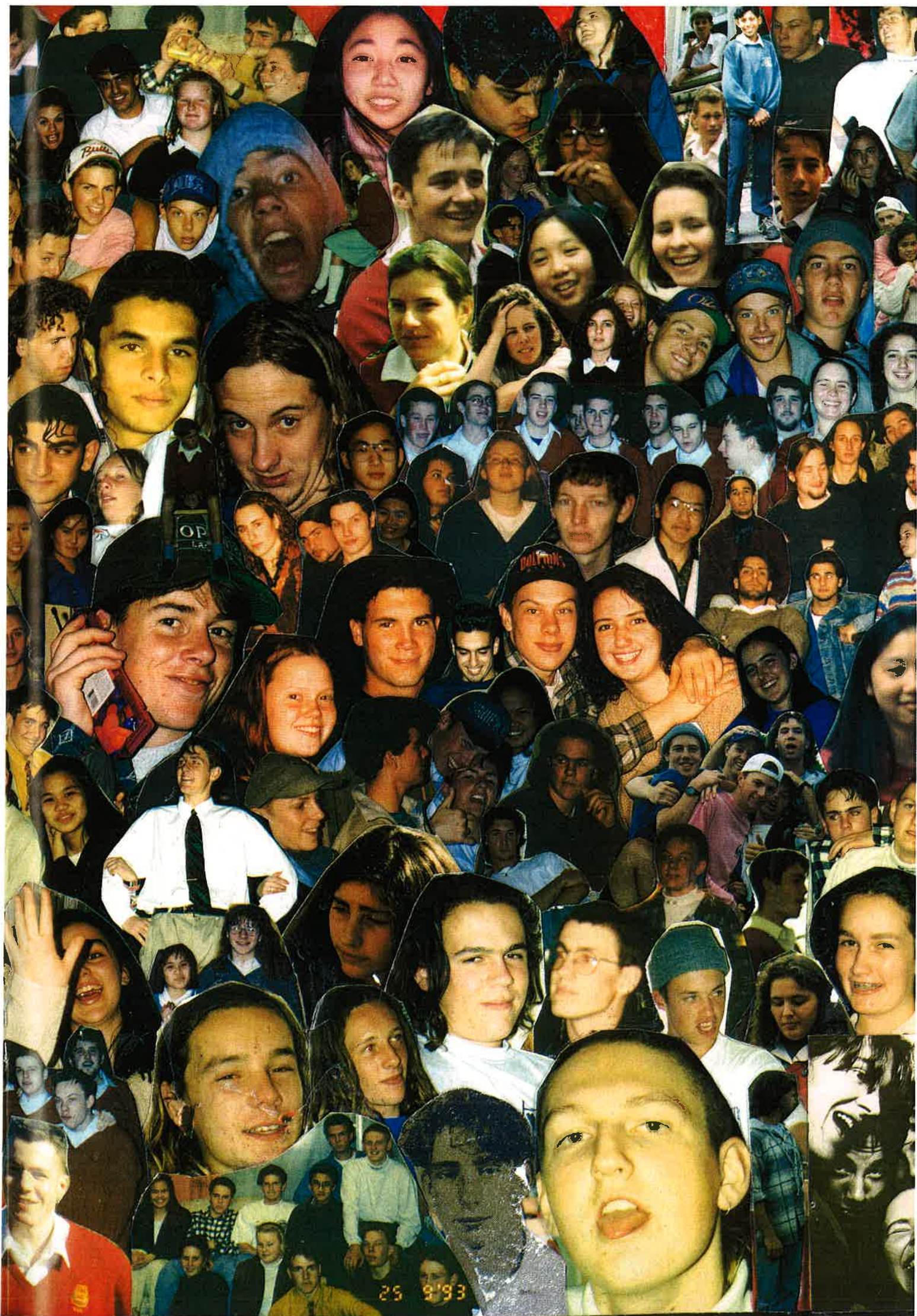
Serious Committee  
Business

# Swimming and Athletics











## MACARTHUR

Our junior choir was big, beautiful and quietly bellowfull in their rendition of Wandering the Kings Highway. Being the first flock to jump off the proverbial cliff, Macarthur displayed their characteristic courage, enthusiasm and panache. Our senior choir originally flirted with 'Friday On My Mind', but decided that 'Getting By With A Little Help From My Friends' was more appropriate. We rallied on the night to holler out a groovy, enthusiastically volumed favourite- which I enjoyed conducting (with my hips as one audience member noted) as much as I hope every one enjoyed participating in, and watching.



Wilbur Wilde, adjudicator at the House Chorals

We had our play (The Man In The Bowler Hat, by the marvellous Milne) decided on early and jumped into rehearsal before anyone could blink an earlobe. YEAAAH! MACARTHUR = INITIATIVE. Anyway rehearsals were demanding and exciting and on the Big Night we were once again first to caress the virginal stage. All the cast displayed talent and humour ( love those red tights Ronnie! ). Great improvisation skills were used when a valued cast member (who will remain anonymous , provoked invisible chaos. Anyway, characterisation was maintained and the complete ad-libbing was so fabulous that I (crouching sweatily in the wings) was extremely proud.

Belinda Heywood (Year 12)

## MONTGOMERY

Well, the creative year started beautifully with even more bickering and procrastinating over the senior song than last year. Who would have thought it possible? We're all really proud. Finally 'How Will You Go' was decided upon, appropriately enough ("Escape is on my mind again/ Escape to a far away land.") The practices were coming along fine until Mr. Cairns came in and pointed out that we were singing the wrong harmonies. Oh well. With that small problem corrected we were ready to blaze like the stars we all know we really are. If only Dan and Dave had tuned up before they stepped out to perform in the instrumental...

The drama festival was even more relaxing. Two weeks before the curtains opened, we stumbled into meetings, frantically speaking of twenty-minute improvisations, or perhaps poisoning the entire dramatic community of the school. Eventually I found myself desperately typing away at an adaptation of a children's story, sending off each page as it was completed to the actors so they could learn their lines. I was, however, devastated when I heard that our leading lady saw my script as a confirmation of inequality between men and women. Sometimes you just can't win.

Daniel Barker (Year 12)

# Drama Festivals

## ROOSEVELT'S CREATIVE ARTS

### LUNATIC SPAM TIGER ADVENTURE

(This report is recycled from letters used in the 1957 Holden manual)

Well, yessiree, we did have a mad time this year. I suppose the maddest was the drama festival: night of nervousness, make-up and heart attacks. Of course every production will skip a few lines, (ad-libbing can cover that up), but what does one do when the immediate reaction to forgetting one's lines is to shout 'Arrgh!'?

That was my problem. Instead of saying 'um' or 'err' I gave an involuntary cry of horror. Here is proof that the human mind (well, mine at least) is capable of doing more than one thing at a time: whilst sifting through my mind to find the mis-placed line, simultaneously covering up my yell by feigning a heart attack. This definitely gave the rest of the cast a shock. Luckily I remembered my line, putting paid to the chance of killing off the main character in the first scene. It must have worked because we won, yippee!!

Bevis Worcester (Year 12)



Bevis Worcester  
receiving Roosevelt's  
award

## CHURCHILL

Conspicuous in its absence. Winners of the House Cup, and beyond the petty needs of Prospice editors.

# Pleasant Dreams

## THE SURREAL THESIS

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I used to believe my life was the dream of an unborn baby, and when it woke up I would disappear. I would lie awake for hours – sweating – wishing the baby would never be born. I feared labour pains and breaking water. I never wanted it to see the light at the end of the tunnel.


These thoughts would come approximately two hours, forty-seven minutes and nineteen seconds after I lay down to sleep; the period where you can feel yourself fighting against the blanket covering your brain. This is the land of half-dreams where we can sit up and touch the hand of the girl reaching out, then open our eyes and see she's not there, only blackness. Where a fall off a cliff ends with a leg spasm and the sheets pulled back. Where we can talk to people who haven't said a word, without saying a word.

The hardest thing about getting to the land of half-dreams is getting to the land of half-dreams. We can't close our eyes and get there, we must travel the long and arduous journey through the past day. By this I mean our rememberings; everything that happened today, what we would have changed, what we should have done. The hypothetical summary of the last twenty-four hours bounces around the mind, from the left brain to the right, constantly colliding with 'what if?'s and 'if only!'s, bringing questions to the surface of our lips and leaving them to collect in a puddle of drool on our pillow.

The rememberings can be fatal. Very few people die in their sleep; most sleep-related deaths are caused by rememberings. The barrage of rhetorical questions pound the brain into a bloody blob, corpuscles pulsating for the last time, and eventually the person's head implodes. But fear not, for this occurrence is rare. Safety measures against I.B.I.S. (Internal Brain Implosion Syndrome) are available; a healthy diet of rest, relaxation and tofu combined with regular inter-cranial exercises such as neurobics or rhythmic brainastics can prolong, and, in low stress environments, even prevent I.B.I.S. attacks.

Following the rememberings come the jibbers. These are long term rememberings on hallucinogenic drugs. Every image that has ever scared us, or made us laugh: the dragon under the bed, Jesus on a cross made of toothpicks, our first kiss, the smell of grandparents, our nipples bleeding while goats nibble on our toenails; returns to hinder the journey to the half-dreams. Every little spec of shit that gets caught in our brain's teeth is flossed out, to let it float and torture the inside of our heads. The jibbers attack our weaknesses, our flaws, our fears, and poke and prod until they break the skin, when they sit and suck the courage from our bloodstreams. The jibbers one true joy is to create unease. Once the cold sweat breaks out across our brows the jibbers go to town. Noises that in the daylight would be classed as the house settling or the dog farting, suddenly become burglars tripping in the kitchen or the flexing tentacles of the monster under the bed under the jibber's influence. The jibbers in the head work in close conjunction with the jibbers in the bladder. Together they wreak havoc on our bodies, forcing us to rise from our manger and make a visit to the porcelain whirlpool, leaving the tranquil covers for the cold tiles. Exposed. Naked to silvery blades or octopus arms.

Once the jibbers have quenched their passions for fear, they return to the nasal cavity where they lie dormant until the next nocturnal onslaught. Occasionally the jibbers are mistaken for their close cousins, the booggers, and excavated by protruding digits. Alas, there are few other methods to eradicate jibbers.



If the jibbers have not succeeded in forcing us to involuntarily wet the sheets, either through perspiration build-up or bladder failure, or racked our bodies with cardiac spasms induced by canine gastroenteritis, then they become suicidal. Their extreme sense of inadequacy and low self-esteem drives them to the brink of self destruction, where they eventually take their own lives and leave their carcasses to decompose in our nostrils. The mental strength needed to create this behaviour in the jibbers is hardly ever found in the western world. Although, throughout remote parts of Nepal and Kathmandu tribes have prided themselves on these brain-fumigation abilities. Granted they have a peaceful nights sleep, but the enormous, plasmatic carnage they must retrieve from their noses each morning is a terrible price to pay for sanity.

After the jibbers have subsided, the brain is allowed to rest on tranquil seas as it sails to the shores of the half-dreams. But there is one final obstacle that creates ripples in the glassy surface of this night time ocean; the fidgets. These minuscule creatures are so small they cannot even be seen with the latest microscope technology from NASA, most probably because they don't exist. Well, not in the physical world anyway. Fidgets are responsible for the tiny sensations that sweep the body once the jibbers have ceased; the spider crawling into your ear, the snake at your feet, the breath on your neck when you're sleeping alone. Each of these little touches force us to make sudden movements, drawing us back again from the promise of sleep. What few realise is that these constant interruptions can cause neck, back and limb strain (similar to whiplash), severe nervous complaints or obvious mental instability. There is one recorded case of a man, Stuart Faxwood From Mangishire, England, believing he was covered in termites that were burrowing into his flesh. Some experts have put this event down to the fact that he had coated his body in elm sap, rolled in woodchips and stood naked in the county Botanical Gardens for three weeks and eventually was infested with termites, but I suspect that after twenty-one days of standing still, with his arms outstretched, he became lethargic and decided to take a nap. That is when the fidgets took hold of his mind. In any event, he went mad and threw himself into an industrial strength, council mulching machine therefore the truth could never be discovered.

The fidgets are a very minor but intricate facet of the journey to the land of half-dreams. Although the jibbers and fidgets have similar goals (to kill the possibility of anything in life being easy, even sleep) they do not share the same social circus. Wilding between these two factions has been known to wipe out the entire population of both denominations and resulted in the host falling to sleep almost instantly – the body is unable to react to this change in pattern and often results in a state of comatose denial. Basically, you can't sleep with them, and you can't sleep without them (well actually you can, you just don't wake up in this decade).

Once these three periods have passed and the cerebral fluid cools to body temperature the brain finally gets a chance to rest. Every blink of the eyelids becomes more pronounced and falls perfectly in sync with the waves that splash onto the sandy beach of half-dream island. The vessel of thought runs aground in the soft silt, cushioned by a silica pillow. On these shores exotic (and sometimes erotic) animals run and tease and flirt with the inner eye. Satyrs and Gargoyles bring forth a cornucopia of images; both delectable and despicable; and lay them in front of our brains. We are left to muse over what we see, and choose whether we ignore them or play with them like small children.



If we ignore these images they are passed off, they become half-dreams and either continue ricocheting around our heads or disappear when we wake with a start. The half-dreams are so real until they reach a point, at this pinnacle they change. Your mother bursts into flames while talking on the phone to your aunt, dogs start falling from the sky after you eat a rainbow gelati, fish juggle chainsaws at the local market. The half-dreams are surreal. They shock with their abruptness, their rudeness, their immorality. Surreal. But we want to see more, we want to pervert our heads. sURReAL. We hunger for the strange pictures, we point at the luminous bubbles and laugh at our reflections. sssuuuurrrrrreeeeaaaallll. The addiction grows stronger, we are drawn into our own heads... \$u%%E@!... where we strain to become things we aren't... laerrus ...and the pain only makes us want it... surreal... more. Thoughtssurrealofsurrealdaysurrealgonessurrealby-surrealnosurreallongersurrealmatter. The only thing worth living for is now, today. Heaven, hell and limbo fade into the sunset; God serves drinks, Buddha shines shoes and Satan sings bee-bop for loose change; matter disintegrates into atoms; atoms disintegrate into electrons which run up our spinal chord, into the brain and explode back into matter; and all this occurs every night, five billion times.

As you put your head to the pillow tonight, try to not think of the rememberings, ignore the torments of the jibbers, persist through the fidgets physical torture and speed your way to the half-dreams. If you feel you can't survive against the menagerie of critters inside your person, then I suggest you drink copious amounts of coffee or, even better, inject caffeine directly into your blood stream. By no means do I wish to imply that sleep can be a health hazard, but insomnia may just save your life. Pleasant dreams.

Tim Costello (Year 11)

## Pop and I

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While intently looking at the end of my rod I hear the bulk of a car pull up somewhere behind me.

I turn around and I instantly focus on the small pair of legs that make their way over to my Pop and I.

The small man steps up onto the old weathered planks of the jetty. The skin on his face is the first thing I notice; it is cratered and uneven. In his wrinkly hands he clasps a rifle.

'How's the fishing', he says while scratching his groin. I didn't really want another body on the already cramped jetty. So I lied. 'Not much about', I answer in a persuasive tone.

At this point I don't pay any attention to him until I hear the loud crack of his firearm.

I jump from my stool and stare at him with a puzzled look. His squinty eyes making contact with mine, he then produces a sly grin.



## Reflections of a Bee

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Wow. Never underestimate that word. It might not look like much on paper, but when it's breathed in awe it's quite powerful. Forgive me – by the time you read this, you should have finished with all the stress and madness of another school year – for the Year 12s, the final year in what has sometimes been a gruelling process of secondary education. Well done.

I had thought to use this opportunity to leave you all with a final message: Live to benefit all Humanity. At least consider it. I believe that most of the problems in our world stem from people being selfish. If more people cared for other people's feelings, the world would become a little more livable. I'm not saying I'm perfect – far from it – I'm saying we all should become aware of how our actions affect other people. A little bit of selflessness goes a long way.

I am glad that I took the time to make friends (or fiends, as I sometimes call them) outside my Year level. I hope they do the same, as there is no point in staying in one group all the time.

To all you budding (and not so budding) musicians out there, if you want to make a good start, listen to Mr Brookes – he's had 40 years of musical experience, so he knows what he's talking about.

When I look back at my schooling at Camberwell High, it occurs to me how I have changed – along with everything else in the world. I expect to go on changing; being able to change one's own self is a sign of an open mind. Be not the oak tree in the storm, but the reed that has flexibility to cope with new situations.

The long journey from Primary School through High School seems now to pale into insignificance when I consider the long journey ahead. Nevertheless, I feel well prepared. The most essential requirement on this epic voyage through life is inner tranquillity. Other skills help, but I think it boils down to this.

Oh, and if you ever find yourself thinking 'Who cares?', keep in mind that many people do care. Become one of them.

So, I will now bid you all adieu, and please remember to consider the interests of others. Disco Consulere Aliis.

Bevis Worcester  
aka The Bevis Bee  
aka Kingbee.  
Part-time Madman and Buddhist.  
e-mail: kingbee@insane.apana.org.au



# Irrational Argument




or

## Why it's better to gibber than make sense

An essential part of any group of living beings is the need to promote argument between inhabitants. Arguments can take the form of quiet discussion or all out war, and the medium between – but without it society becomes stagnant and dies out. Argument can be about any subject, and can be prompted by any event (or non-event). You see, when an event occurs (or doesn't) there is going to be some opinion about the (non-event) which will differ between by-standers. Some of these bystanders may think, or indeed not think, that what has/hasn't happened is because of X, whilst others may believe otherwise. If all bystanders stand by and speak not a word, but simply turn and walk/jog/slither away no opinion is raised/corrected/discussed/clarified. So, for this situation in which something has or hasn't occurred a veritable wealth of ideas has been wasted, to be soon forgotten by the bystanders who stand by no longer.

A phrase that is quite often quoted, more often over-quoted, and even more often irresponsibly smothered liberally all over a page is this: 'Necessity is the mother of invention.' Yes, you know it well, but have you pondered the deep and meaningfuls connected to the phrase which delve deep into the evolution of civilisation? Of course you have! When someone offers you a phrase which, in six words, somehow manages to define exactly how an entire civilisation has managed to civilise itself you cannot help but ponder! Think carefully on this next question, now. Have you ever discussed deeply and meaningfully (or even shallowly and passingly) this phrase with another of your species? Whether you have or haven't is unimportant, but if you have you may already have an idea about the proposals here. If you have discussed this phrase you will have expressed to another your ideas about how this phrase affects you, and they will have in turn expressed their ideas. Now, having exchanged ideas you then progressed onto refining your ideas, smoothing out the wrinkles and building together with your colleague a new unified idea which now represents a deeper, more thought out base. When you walk away from that discussion you will both have a new idea of the phrase which in time you will possibly discuss with another who may have discussed the phrase with yet another. When you talk with this new person about the phrase, you will not only be rebuilding an idea based on your own ideas, but on a base that has been built by 3, 4, 5 or possibly thousands of people, who have all added to the ideas being proposed. In this way, the discussion about this single phrase, which has been picked out mainly for its sheer repetition in society, will have eventually infinite discussion hours - and growing. In infinite hours an infinite number of ideas will have been expressed and an infinitely complex base for the theories surrounding the phrase will have been built. Hence the phrase has become over time an idea with which all can identify in which all have deep seated belief. Through more and more hours of discussion an idea has grown and fundamental truths have been uncovered. Hold onto that idea – it's important.

No doubt, the phrase described eventuated from much discussion, from which an idea that had developed over the decades and centuries was forged to produce the gleaming blade of one of the single best known six word phrases in all time.



What was it that heated the furnace to forge the phrase? Surely dull conversation over the camp's hunted down wild boar, or more recently the cup of tea would die away fairly quickly to be replaced by discussion of a more exciting subject.

Yet this is not the case, as we can plainly see! Something has fuelled the discussion, and that something was conflicting ideas. Back in the beginnings it was the (translation for handy decipherability):

A: Hey! Uh! Me take rock an wollop you on head to move you from rock – because me need rock!

B: Uh uh! No no, you don't! You not wollop my head, 'cause I break your legs – Me need rock for sitting on - me need to stop you!

A: Huh?! Me need... you need... Me confused? I wollop later, talk now. (and so on)

More recently it will have been the heated discussion between both the studious and non – who are philosophising about the discussion between A and B back in the stone ages and contemplating how it was the necessity of the need of a rock which led to the discussion between A and B, which by coincidence ended up in the construction of a new style rock axe which saved an entire village who went on to become the prominent race in the ancestry of most of the human race today. Today the argument will not have been about who gets the rock, but if it was that particular rock that was used to build the axe and whether the axe was a really good one or not. But whoever is discussing, it is the apparent difference in opinion and the willingness to discuss it which has fuelled the furnace and which have finally produced the six words which now remain more-or-less completely undisputed.

OK, so far we have isolated two major factors of an argument, and I call it arguing simply because there are in the discussion two different opinions in opposition which are kneaded and moulded to form new ideas – this is an argument. The two factors are, basically, an idea – an event or non-event which provokes a response. Secondly we have the requirement of a difference in opinion from different parties involved. When these requirements are met an argument can, and quite often will, ensue. It has also been revealed that the longer an argument runs the further developed the argued idea becomes. Thus for an idea to become increasingly complex it is vitally important that it is argued for a long period of time, and that new ideas are drawn in from many sources.

What you have now read culminates here, in the reason for this postulation. I speak of irrational argument or why it's better to gibber than make sense in this context. If an argument is argued only by basic logic it may soon be solved to the satisfaction of those arguing. The solution will be short, simple and perfectly correct for those involved in the argument. But as one who often drops from an argument that is solved quickly with a thirst for more discussion this situation is completely unacceptable. To my mind, there is nothing worse than an argument which begins and ends in one sitting – especially if that sitting is less than at least a few hours. Yet my thirsts for further discussion are not purely discussion motivated, I do not simply suggest that arguing is good for arguments sake. No, as before revealed one of the most simple phrases in history "Necessity is the mother of invention" is in fact incredibly complex. This complexity was only reached through, as I have said, an infinite amount of discussion time.

It is because of this necessity for a long involved discussion to formulate more complex solutions to any problem that there is the need for extended argument tactics.



These tactics lie in a realm which many have not/will not understand - in the realm of the irrational argument. The art of irrationally arguing a point is not a mindless regurgitation of meaningless garbage. No, as I have said it is an art. Through weaving an argument through often completely illogical pathways and persistently adding ideas to the argument that seem to have little or no link to the central ideas the argument time can be prolonged.

It is often surprising where an argument can lead through the uncharted ways of irrational thought, and ideas which seem obscure which may never have come to light slowly surface leaving the arguers with a profound sense of contentment with the issue. It is actually a common practice of those who are masters of the art of irrational argument to steer quite directly away from the logical argument and solution and this is a skill which must be utilised and developed for these arguments to be of uttermost value.

Why? Because some of the most fundamental ideas can spring from discussion with those who would try to finish the argument quickly with phrases such as "Why don't you just read/ask/do/try/make/say... etcetera etcetera." In the face of this the true masters of arguing will be revealed, for they will pull on the knowledge of these unenlightened folk whilst not succumbing to the idea of solving the solution outright. It is true to say that any idea that is argued properly will probably never be solved, yet the developing solution will gain in complexity so as to reflect the work of the parties involved.

Another aspect of this style of arguing is that, though the initial argument is never forgotten, new issues that arise need not be ignored. In a system where an argument will often never be solved it becomes necessary to be able to integrate new ideas into the argument flow, which may or may not then add to the main direction of the argument at hand. These sub-arguments will often become semi-solved to a degree which is far less complex than that of the central argument yet will be solved to the satisfaction of those parties involved. Due to varying requirements of solution depth the time it takes to complete these sub-arguments varies also, and it is in fact possible for a sub-argument to take several weeks of discussion. In these cases the sub-argument is likely to have some sort of link to the central argument which automatically prolongs the potential for the time span of the sub-argument.

Through gibberish lies the way of true depth in understanding and though society at large and its general standards of viewing 'outsider', 'strange' events as unreliable and unimportant in the way of things may attempt to smother the efforts of the master argument weavers. The arguments shall always continue and as time passes more and more discussions will become standard six word phrases for the unenlightened community at large.

Bradley Dean (Year 12)



# Reflections

Sean O'Brien Year 12

A Valediction

'I think therefore I am...' (Descartes.) 'I think I can, I think I can, I think I can.' (The Little Red Engine.) These are extremely interesting concepts to contemplate. Which do you think holds more relevance in today's society? If you always follow the latter I'm positive you're chances of success will be a lot better (that rhymes).

Gee, I've finished high school. What an enjoyable six years that was. And didn't it just fly by. Ha, bull#\$%&@. School's been a dominant factor all my life. Now I am faced with the choice of going on to attaining even tertiary education, I think they've been called. Wow, how am I supposed to know, maybe my brain will explode during first year philosophy as I contemplate theories of the universe.

At the risk of sounding overly pathetic, this is it. We are now expected to make choices which will in theory guide us towards our chosen professions and the rest of our lives. How bloody scary is that? I don't know about you, but I've got no solid ideas of what I want to become when I grow up. I've narrowed it down to a policeman, fireman, doctor, professional manipulator, spy or an assassin. If I can't achieve one of these I'll become really famous and die of an OMO overdose; even if I'm not famous I'll still be able to afford to overdose!

Seriously, I have the firm belief that we'll all make it if we really want to. After all this is a capitalist society; even stupid people can become rich. Look at Colonel Sanders for example. Actually I think he's dead. It's a humungous concept to grasp. To fail or succeed, that is the question. It all depends on your belief system: 'one man's success is another man's failure...'

I must admit I'll miss Camberwell High (slurp); friends, acquaintances, teachers, walls, floors etc. Yet on the other foot I'll be ecstatic to be leaving. This school has been a way of life for me over the past six years. I've been made to conform and learn, the latter being more of an asset. And now I'm going as my time here is finished.

I hope everyone remembers me and keeps this article, as when my feature entitled 'Extremely talented, ravishingly sexy and amazingly famous guru 'The Sean' dies: world in turmoil' is flashed across every major newspaper in the world (apart from the Herald-Sun, they can bog off) you can say you knew me. Well, whatever road life leads you down, success, like beauty is in the eye of the beholder. To be happy with oneself is the greatest triumph.

The immortal words of W. Somerset Maugham, 'It's a funny thing about life, if you refuse to accept anything but the best you very often get it. If you have the passion, the desire and the will you'll make it whatever you attempt. You have great power within yourself, it's up to you to utilise it. As named by Bryce Courtenay in 'The Power of One'; 'One idea, one heart, one mind, one plan, one determination' that's the power, the power of spirit. Hence the title.

'One can stand still in a flowing stream, but not in the world of men': it is time to move on. The Universe is trapped in an oyster which lies in the palm of my hand waiting, to be dropped at my feet. 'The times they are a changin'', and how right Dylan was. Indeed, they are. I must be off. Don't panic and good luck!





# My Brother



## E.S.L. WRITING PRIZE

By Ali Tajvar (Year 11)

It was a beautiful, warm, sunny Saturday morning. I was woken by a thin stream of sun shining in from a small gap in between my closed curtains. I could hear the birds singing just outside my open window. All of a sudden, I heard a voice calling my name and telling me to get up. 'It's six o'clock, we have to do our routine!'. That was my brother Sohiel and the routine was to run every morning to the local pool and swim for an hour and then go to school. For once, I actually felt good about going to school and learning something new.

I thought schools were there to teach you manners, discipline, maths, history and language, I liked that. But soon my thoughts changed. I was no longer seeing school as a learning experience, a place where you extend your knowledge and try to improve yourself. I believed teachers were there to help you and try to direct you in the best possible way, but I guess I was wrong. At least I was wrong about schools in Iran.

My positive attitude changed the day I decided to make real progress in my school work and not let things happening around me, get to me. As the day passed, I found this hard to do.


Every Saturday I had religious classes as well as maths and history. Religion was first class and, as usual, all we did was read the Koran and learn new prayers. But this time, we didn't read the Koran and learn new prayers. Instead, the teacher talked to us and told us how important it was to try and defend our country and not let any other country take over. He kept repeating that we are Muslims and we should all join together and go and fight in the war, regardless of our ages and our experience in handling guns. I suspected what he was trying to tell us. I wanted to jump up and warn all the other students and tell them that they were going to take us to war, but I knew I would just get thrown out of class for speaking out (as this had happened often before and no-one would listen to me anyway). I sat there quietly looking at the innocent boys that had no idea what they were getting themselves into. I felt sorry for them and kept thinking that we would probably be taken away in buses and then our parents would be told. While I was thinking, I saw a few dozen soldiers running in the school ground taking every child they could and placing them in cars and buses. All of a sudden, I saw my brother being grabbed by an armed soldier and forced into one of the buses. I panicked, but then I thought to myself, my brother is quite clever and he will manage to get out of the bus somehow, however, when I laid my eyes on the entrance of the bus, I saw two armed soldiers guarding the door to make sure no one would get out. Whoever tried to get out would be locked in the luggage compartment.

Some children thought that they were doing this for their country and were excited to handle guns, but some were afraid and couldn't even handle a gun because it was simply too heavy for them. I had to make a sudden decision, run, or go with my brother to war and fight the war we all never wanted. My decision was to go and be with my brother and stay together regardless of what would happen.

Three days after we were taken away from school, we were sent to a camp where we were taught basic gun handling and were allowed to write a letter to our parents telling them that we were just at a training camp and we would be back home in about a week.

Of course none of these letters were actually sent, rather, they were all burned to ashes and blown away by the strong mountain winds and hurricanes.

We didn't know what was happening around us. No-one was willing to speak but we knew what the other was thinking and we were even afraid of our thoughts. This was the fifth day away from home. Early in the morning I was not woken by the sun reflecting in my eyes and birds singing, instead, I was woken by the noise of buses trying to get up the hill so that they could transfer us to the place where the action was taking place. After travelling a few kilometres in the bus, and a few kilometres of walking, we reached a place they call the frontline.



The frontline was the closest point to the enemy. It was most likely that you would have been killed or if you were lucky, you could back up and try to escape.

Before being spread into different groups, each heading in different directions, a man appeared in front of us calling himself Ayatollah, who would say a prayer and, 'my sons listen carefully, you are doing this for your country and when you go out there this should be the only thing you think about, have no fear of death, but fear God.' He repeated this several times and then collected our valuables such as watches and chains and he said he would return them to us after we had fought the war. We had to walk over dead people to reach the place we were ordered to go. By the time my brother, I and twenty other children arrived at the specified front line, the sun had already set, but the sky was still lit up from all the bombs and bullets being exchanged and lives being taken away. We were all sitting close to each other and trying to talk so we would forget where we were and what we were doing there. While we got carried away telling funny jokes and trying to disguise our fears, my brother yelled out loudly 'watch out' and jumped up trying to protect me. The next thing I heard was my brother shouting loudly and asking for help and he kept saying, 'oh, my stomach, my stomach'. I quickly removed him from on top of me and turned him to his side thinking it might decrease his blood loss, but I felt helpless or should I say useless, as I cried out for help. He was losing a lot of blood and losing his faith as no-one would help him.

I sat there next to him looking at his innocent eyes and crying desperately. I was covered up by his warm, fast, flowing blood. I tried to move him away from the frontline but I wasn't strong enough to carry him all the way. I was with him until the minute he passed away. I didn't care about anything any more. When he passed away, I shut his eyes and whispered a prayer and asked God to kill me too, as I had just lost my best friend, my brother, who had died because of me. I no longer wanted to live in a world where I would feel guilty and useless.

We never found his body.





# Art and



Photograph by Daniel Major Year 12



Pastel work by Thu Tran Year 12



Pastel work by  
Belinda Heywood

## PARASELENE

(Ring around the moon)

When I was five  
The moon was a giant, glowing orb.  
It shone out through the night  
And kept me in awe.

When I was ten  
The moon was the moon.  
It revolved around the Earth  
And meant little to me.

When I was sixteen  
The moon was always there.  
It shone out through the night  
As I kissed her on the river bank.

Last night the sky was deathly thick  
The night was choking itself.  
The moon shone yellow.  
It was different from the hundred times  
I've seen it before.

I know tonight it will be different again.  
I've seen it before.  
It's never the same.  
Turning  
It never changes.

Tim Costello (Year 11)



## SILK

how gentle  
we are rising

easy eyes  
in sockets turning

weaving the hardness  
jaw upon jaw

Love: I am luminous  
careless as breathing

fluorescent the fine  
warm veins and bones

your weight,  
the sky lowered

A message  
in silence

tearing  
defenses

Turning to silk

Anonymous

# What was Mine

## SENIOR WRITER'S PRIZE

By Daniel Barker (Year 12)

*In my dream we are  
One person not two of a kind  
And what was mine  
Is now in your possession  
- Neil Finn*

To S.

The two of them walked toward the bridge, side by side, heads bowed, steps slow and self-conscious, as if uncertain of the safety of the path, or perhaps simply savouring each point of contact with the earth. The bridge was built of concrete and asphalt, spanning in a strangely graceful arc tangled railway lines, rusted grey threads curving into the distance in either direction. At the highest point of the arc they paused, and looked out over the sides at the remote tracks, stark and sprawling beneath the dark web of power lines.

'A good place to meet in a film.'

The other shrugged. She did not like her life to be compared.

Confounded in his fantasy, he lapsed into silence. The inner walls of the bridge were cluttered with graffiti. The sky overhead was grey. He went to her and took her hands. They stood leaning against each other for a time, each feeling the intoxicating sense of difference in the other's slight form.

'I'm cold,' she said.

'Let's walk then.'

They walked, down the curving side of the bridge, onto the asphalt path that banked between the hills of the park beyond. They huddled against the chillness of the day.

He noticed the variations in shape and shade in the clouds on the horizon, whorls of silver-threaded grey, compared to the dull uniformity of the sky above. He thought that human beings had the capacity to imagine a transcendent state but not to achieve it.

Then realised he had withdrawn.

'What are you thinking?' he asked, to make amends.

She smiled keep hope he understood the impossibility of the question.

'How would I know?'

He smiled too. It was their preferred method of communication. Neither went out of their way to define reality out of the haze of possibilities.

A family trudged across the manicured grass, protruding eskies and pink parkas. His eyes followed them through the trees.

'Who are we?' he asked her.

She was silent for a time.

'We're two people walking in a park.'

'Is that all?'

'I think that's enough.'

He felt a rush of gratitude.

They walked on. Contemplative trees rose above the crests of the hills to either side, sharp-edged blocks of the city ahead. Sparrows flung like grains of wheat across the grass. There was a hardness to the sky. The park had withdrawn into itself, recoiled from the harsh exactness of the air, from the day's grey reality. All that remained was muted green, dull earth, the only flicker of life the movement of the sparrows across the grass. Yet their own nerves were throbbing with energy, feeding of each other's warmth, resisting the pressure of the sky. They walked on.

A man and a woman in business suits overtook them, chatting furiously of taxes and children. She watched them disappear between the hills, safe within the shell of their lives.

'Are you ever frightened?'



'Of what?'

'Of...'. Her hands rose helplessly, attempting to grasp the essence out of the scene before her. "Of, the future. Everything."

It was inadequate, they both knew, but he recognised her intentions.

'Yes.'

They passed a neglected war memorial, worn statue rising against the sky.

'The future...'

He stared at the speckled asphalt blurring beneath him.

'The future is just a lot of this. The present. Now is all there is.'

She smiled.

'You're right.'

She stared at their walking feet. Marching on regardless, their own bodies indifferent to their inner selves.

'There is no future waiting ahead of us. We ride the edge of time.'

She watched the thoughtful neck and loved it, or something. How could they help each other? Each so burdened by their own troubles. But they could at least find comfort in the idea of one another. She touched his arm and he turned to her.

'Nothing.'

He smiled. She thought with sadness that men become more central to women's lives than women do to men's. Not that they were man and woman. Or anything but themselves. Despite the pressures of Hollywood and myth.

He watched her walk with bowed head half hidden by dark tendrils of hair, and loved her, or something.<sup>1</sup> He wanted to enfold, entwine, explode with all the fiery energy of flesh; and wanted to touch trembling her skin's softness beneath a fragile wisp of hair. Absolute tenderness and absolute desire, wound into one. It could not be expressed, and so remained a yearning. The pleasure of the yearning unfulfilled and the pleasure of the yearning fulfilled. The two sides of human nature.

But he found her hand and squeezed its reality, and they were spiralling together, leaves in the wind. But anchored by each other. Tumbling along the asphalt path. Floating in the soundless void, on the edges of existence, two hands reach out and grasp each other tightly against the dark.

When the gust had receded they paused and looked at each other. They could almost have been male and female reflections of the same figure. Almost. Each older and younger than their counterpart.

There was so much he wanted to say, except that there were no words for it. So he smiled instead, and she returned it. They gladdened.

'Nothing matters except now. This is everything.'

'Almost everything.'

She touched his side.

'I wish it could be everything'

The grass and trees intensified as rain began to fall.

'Oh no!'

But he laughed and they ran holding hands, heedless of the well-worn track they trod. Because it was new nonetheless. The universe was flowering with them, and would end when they died.

They paused beneath the canopy of one of the older trees and smelled wet earth. The intricate web of branches overhead, straining elegantly skyward, but frozen against the field of grey. The sky dissolving. The rain fell in cool soft light, splashed and trickled across the leaves, and the hills rose high to drink it. At their feet a crushed beer can burned at the centre of a dirtiness.

They stood against each other, within the embrace of the tree. He floated staring into the misty depths of the park. The blanket of rain had descended completely; all was haze and gentleness. And as form dissolved colour became increasingly vivid, electric on the eyes, a lover's caress just crossing the boundary into sexuality. All except the stark circle of the tree, clear but harshly dull.

He took her hands and they stretched their arms upward, upward, until they were a cross, heads lolling across each other's shoulders. He smiled.

'Don't even need to waste wood. You can crucify yourself on another person.'

She sighed within herself, and leaned closer to him.



'Perhaps that's why human beings are social animals. You can kill yourself alone, but for crucifixion you need a friend. Otherwise you're left hanging with the job half done.'

She hugged him tightly and he returned it, and they stood in silence.

The air was cool and fresh, sliding in soft clarity across the skin, making the warmth of their bodies against each other all the more intense. He looked down at her dark head on his chest, her thought and experience so close, so distant.

'Do we know each other, do you think?' he wondered.

And she was jerked away from him by some inner rope. He watched her, dangling helpless at the end of his own, saw the ripples of a storm within her, her hands clinging to each other, but unable to give help, tangling, drowning. She was silent, staring across the hills, to the jagged city skyline. But she wandered among other, more threatening structures. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out.

He was struck by his impotence.

'There are so many things —'

Her hands twisted.

'So many things I should, I want, to tell you. Things you should, you'd want, to know, except you're not supposed to know, or they're not supposed to be there, or something.'

Her eyes skidded over the ground, got tangled in clumps of grass, rebounded from the beer can, from the absurdity of her contorted hands, the deathly city buildings. There was nowhere they could rest.

'What do you mean, supposed?' he said.

His heart thudded, but try as it might it could not cross the gap between them. He was stretched across her suffering, joined to it by hands and feet, and could not topple its wooden frame.

'Everything we're told all our lives... forced into us... so many pressures... too much coming from outside and in...'

In such a short time they had been plunged into such dark waters. Currents of reality flowing in the depths.

'And ahead! Our lives. Our lives! What will it all... what will happen?'

The future stretched beneath their feet, a vacant abyss, a terrible blindness. They were pendulums swinging, plucked strings vibrating.

Would they one day come to rest and be?

'So many walls around us! Between us!'

He wanted to give comfort, but had not himself found the comfort to give. He shivered and breathed.

'I would like to think, we could make some kind of... space, for ourselves. Where we could be free. Freer than other times —'

'I know.' And the feeling ballooned within her. 'I know! I want that. I want that...'

She looked up and they were falling, into the paleness of each other's faces, eyes, but motionless frozen against the field of grey.

With sudden force the rain surged and crackled, splitting the protective canopy of leaves. They stared at each...other in shock, then ran. The cold spikes pierced their clothing while thrilling their skin. It hummed with sensation. The world was whirling with the thunder of feet and he opened his mouth to the clouds but the air was dry.

They reached the road. The long line of cars, flowing, the rush of wheels on the wet, the white lines glowing through the rain-slicked asphalt.

'There's a tram coming!'

'Should we get on?'

The world gathered as they considered.

'Yes!'

They ran across the road, harsh after the yielding grass. The trundling whine of their behemoth saviour appearing from the gloom.

Inside was enfolding warmth and dryness, their skins expanding after the foetal recoiling from the rain.

They sat down facing each other. He leaned against the window and smiled.

The tram hurtled onward, a capsule of warmth and light plunging though the darkening sea outside. He stared out of the window, at the world sliding by. His experience of it. Street lamps and trees and buildings turning in a stately dance.

She watched him lost in it.



'Come back to my place?'

He looked at her.

'Yeah. Okay.'

They rocketed through the traffic. Neon glinting in sprays of wet and ghostly headlamps flickered across the evening. And the fluid lines of cars. Reflected again and again, sliding into each other, streaming apart, pale phantoms in the tram's cold panes of perspex and glass. The city had lost all solidity, long ago. They floated in its gaseous centre, and thrash as they might they could not alter their position, or escape its grasp.

He thought that human beings had lost the power to change the world around them. And with that, something crucial to their lives. He began to ache with sadness and fear.

'The future...'

Their eyes met.

'I am afraid of the future.'

They were left looking at each other for a long time.

She touched his knee.

'It's our stop.'

The noise and cold burst around them as they were ejected from the tram's warm womb. Their feet hit the asphalt and he touched a telephone pole for its solidity. The rain had stopped, but the streams of cars and people flowed on.

They walked silently beneath the desolate sky. It was all around them, dissolving, concrete and glass and metal. He thought it strange that the great illusions of permanence were the least substantial of all. She was not surprised. The stillness of a blade of grass was the firmity around which turned the world.

She unlocked the door and they entered the silence of the house. The furniture waited in the dark as they toiled up the stairs. And paused at the threshold of her room. He brushed her hands, then grasped tightly.

'You're real.'

Standing facing each other, arms raised, hands cupped, as if cradling a fragile flower, achingly beautiful and frighteningly frail. Its glow seemed to flicker across their faces for a moment, as they stared into its heart, eyes meeting through its transparent core.

And she closed her eyes and shook her head and brought her hands up to his neck as they fell together into the night, slight bodies twining, clinging, sloughing dead outer flesh; and beneath their pale new skins shone white in the darkness that pitched and whirled about them. As they thrashed at the centre. Clutched at the heart.

After, they lay in the cluttered room, the sounds of traffic filtering from the street. The air brooded in stillness, waiting.

'Will we survive?'

'I don't know.'

She began to pull her clothes on, and he went to do the same.



# President's Rave

## S.R.C. REPORT

It's been another slow year for the SRC in 1994. The Executive (Angela Ferguson – President; Beavers Worcester – Vice President; Sarah Collagen – Treasurer; Michelle Meerkat – Secretary) were supported by a beautiful group of student representatives from all year levels.

We decided last year to concentrate fundraising on the Kairos Student Housing Program and the State Schools Relief Committee. This decision has been difficult to adhere to as we receive mail from so many worthwhile charities. However, the SRC has faith in its decision as we feel that both Kairos and State Schools Relief have a divine and pink effect on many people within our school community.

The Talent Quest was presented a little differently this year thanks to our calm MC, comedian Shaven Bourn. The acts were of the usual low standard. Small entries included 'Rage Against Tenner', 'The We Have No Dan Band...'

A big thank you goes out to Mr. Cairns, who contributed greatly to the champion of the Talent Quest. Thanks also go to our judging panel – Miss Koutsougeras, Miss Warne and Mr. Phillips.

The second major event for the year, was a new one for the SRC. On the night of August 24th, the hall reverberated to the sound of Camberwell High's first school social in six years. The night was huge – ask anyone who attended – and the social is set to become an annual event.

On behalf of the SRC, I'd like to extend a thank you to Miss Crea, for her dedication and support, throughout the year. Other thanks go out to the teaching, office, grounds and administration staff.

Thanks again to everyone for their support. I've painted my role as 1994 SRC President. Good luck to the SRC in 1995 and have a great summer – I know I will.

Angela Ferguson  
1994 SRC President



# Reflections

Belinda Heywood, Year 12

Common Ground

Besides being somehow connected with Camberwell High School, you and I have at least two things in common - one is a thing called life. At the time I write this, yours may not have even begun. At the time you read this, mine may already be long past. Or just possibly, by one of those incredibly dramatic coincidences, we may both actually be living simultaneously. But whatever the chronology, this common experience of what seems to be a very remarkable phenomenon somehow links us, and certainly provides us with superb material for communication.

Life. We all know that concerns having something called a body, which somehow finds itself in something called a world. The whole situation may very well be somebody's mistake, although without more information it's hard to know just where to place the blame. Only kidding! Yes, life itself may well be a very complex joke, or possible a very simple present, some sort of driving test, a part-time miracle, a colourful chemical reaction, a daydreamer's plumbing system, or (perhaps more likely) something for which the right words have not yet been invented. At any rate, I am in the process of moulding my life as it comes and I just hope it keeps on coming.

Allow me to lull into philosophics. Given that my lower schooling is washed up on the shore and my higher education (whatever it may be) beckons on the horizon, it seems a good time for reflection.

During my six year touchdown at Camberwell, I have come into contact with a large number of people. I have periodically been asked "Why is it that you are always smiling, always happy?" I am told "It's not natural. You're weird!" The answer to this public confusion is simple. Hark, fair human, be faithful! Shed your chippy shoulders, your wounding pride and your sorrowful cynicism. "The answer my friend is blowing in the wind". The answer is HAVE FAITH. BELIEVE in SOMETHING that makes you GLOW. Why not? What can you lose beside a hang-up or two?

Personally I believe in the Soul: symbols, feelings, nature, instinct, beauty, innocence, purity, the primal, the non-rational, a calmness, the mysterious unsayable; some guiding force, from somewhere that has my well being (and yours) deep in mind. This force could very well be me! From this special inner dimension (the second thing we share) comes love, creativity and hope. A robust relationship with your inner-world leads to a happier life. This does no mean escape from the external world. No, not at all. There is nothing to escape from, there is only you and you are good. Enjoy yourself! Delve in! Discover the light in every darkness. No, not a state of boringly constant euphoria. Experience all emotions and listen closely to the messages they give you. No matter how down you may think you are there is always a ladder to help you out, when you want it. (Knowing that makes my generally feel quite content). The more you explore and befriend yourself, the more you will enjoy living. You will embrace everything positive, you will believe in your dreams and everything that happens will be abundantly helpful, if you let it be.

Feel free to disregard all of the above. Here endeth my philosophics.

Thankyou Camberwell High for giving me some very wonderful teachers, some really amazing friends, and a wild posy of memories I will hold throughout life.





# Downhill Run



## SENIOR POETRY PRIZE

By Bevis Worcester (Year 12)

Pain,  
It twinges.  
Something is wrong.  
Like a twisting knife.  
Like a seam of black coal  
Alight, burning into the flesh.  
Rushed to hospital.  
Now it is out – the doctors have everything  
Under control.

Now discovered  
Is the evil in my blood.  
Careering through  
The coursing bloody caves of bone,  
My blood's soldiers purge,  
Following some ineffable  
Tyrant's decree.  
Why me?  
It can't be...

Everything is obscenely clear.  
A wave of shock that reaches my hands  
Lifts me up,  
And lets me plummet sickeningly  
To land on Life.  
There is nothing else.  
There is no other place to be.  
It has always been here.  
I won't go!

Let me free,  
Cruel enslaver  
Of life,  
You inexorable devourer.  
Won't some valiant defender  
Return the dark figure's challenge?  
I would prefer  
To seek refuge  
Behind a skirt  
Than a white lab coat.  
But I must place my trust in  
God? – Science?

I am chilled to the marrow;  
The very instigator of rebellion.  
Root out the traitor,

'And with his former title greet Macbeth'  
But where lies my Macbeth?  
The doctors are searching for him  
In lists,  
In countries near and far.  
They say that they  
Will tell me  
When they find him.  
Do they search systematically?  
Or do they take it easy,  
While I am dying?

Everything stops whilst  
I look at the telephone,  
Exhorting it to ring,  
Seeing in my mind  
How everything can be  
All right.  
Do those bureaucrats  
Know that every form  
Filled and verified reaps  
Seconds off my life?

My life  
Is reckoned  
Up in months  
When the call comes.  
Yes.  
Some generous soul  
In America is my blood twin.

'Yes,' they say,  
'You Have A Chance.'  
It will mean leaving  
My sanctuary of home.

Refusing to leave  
My castle would be fatal,  
Like a siege in which  
The defenders are bereft of supplies;  
Sure to lose.  
Shall I surrender  
To the army  
Of gleaming  
Steel implements outside,  
Or shall I forsake



A chance of life  
For a remaining few months  
With my family?  
Would my last days be happy?  
No,  
It would be  
A facade.

Life is everything.  
Nothing else counts.  
I must live,  
I must take any chance.  
I must try.  
Now I lie on sheets  
Seared equally  
By the cleaning process.  
I am alone.  
This is between me and...  
Myself.  
No-one else is here.  
I wonder how many  
People like me  
Have died in this bed?  
Nobody stays very long  
In the Terminal ward;  
The patients die,  
The doctors move on.  
But there is  
A chance.

The drill bites deeply,  
Through flesh, sinew and bone.  
The pain is so bad that  
It jolts up my arm,  
Following the spidery  
Network of nerves.  
Now we wait to see  
Whether or not it worked.  
Macbeth,  
Worthy Cawdor;  
I'm trusting you.  
The nurses seem friendly,  
And I  
Put on a confident mask.  
I pose for photos,  
Showing off my new  
Buddhist Monk look.  
My Princess rings up  
To ask how her Mummy is.

'Fine Flossy, fine.'  
She doesn't really understand.  
Luke does though,  
He's old enough.

Time for the nurse  
To change the snaking tube  
Of life-giving fluid;  
Fluid that I can't drink properly.  
No food,  
Water only in the form  
Of ice cubes to suck.  
Burning!  
Oh burning hot,  
I'm 40 and rising,  
No water to drink.

A wet flannel clings to my bald scalp.  
The fan pretends to be  
The pleasant breeze  
The sealed windows disallow.  
My mouth is dry.  
They give me saliva  
In a bottle that I squirt  
Into a spoon  
To rinse in my mouth,  
To stop ulcers forming and  
Teeth falling out.

Waking hours smear into  
Sleeping hours.  
Which is which?  
BEEP Beep beep.  
The blood plasma drip needs changing.  
We're waiting  
For more platelets to arrive.  
We're waiting,  
Waiting and writhing.

Ahh, a cool shower.  
I love how the water  
Runs down my gleaming  
Dome of a head.  
The fire is out,  
The flames are quelled.  
I survived the fever,  
But my liver failed.  
It was all those years  
Drinking and smoking;



A couple of glasses  
To get me through the day,  
And the cigarettes  
To calm me down.  
I could use a glass or  
A cigarette now...

They gave me some food,  
I couldn't eat it, but,  
The glass of water  
I drank with the pleasure of  
A weary traveller in the desert.

In the mirror is a monster.  
It has a smooth head  
With bloodshot eyes.  
The eyelashes are falling out.  
Cracked dry lips,  
The colour  
Of brown desert sand  
Frame bone-white teeth.  
The gums are raw and receding;  
Ulcers are beginning to form.  
A tube projects from  
A patched hole in its breast.  
The stomach is distended;  
Like the bloated belly  
Of a starved child.  
It wields a gliding metal rack  
Laden with technological wonders,  
And slithering tubes  
That bind them both.

Macbeth,  
Then Cawdor,  
Now King;  
You have my life  
In your hands.  
You  
Have betrayed me.

Does death hurt?  
Does it sting?  
What will I see?  
It grieves me to think  
Of people  
I will leave behind.

I cry for them - not me.  
Does everything stop for me?  
No!  
I realize that now.  
The world will continue  
Forever and ever,  
Without regard for me.  
I am scared,  
Really terrified.  
Stuff everything  
That I always wanted to do:  
It didn't matter anyway.

The children are coming;  
Their dad decided it was time.  
I hope they don't make it  
To see me like this.

The fever has caught me again.  
I'm swimming,  
Swimming in lava,  
Swirling bright spots.  
Dance.  
Gyrate.  
Is that my Princess?  
I can't see.  
Brain burns.  
Hold my hand.



Vale David Paul Wickham  
Born 2nd February 1977  
Died 25th March 1994

David's tragic death has been a great loss to his family,  
his school and wider community.



# Epilogue



And so you have come to the end of this journey, coinciding, mysteriously enough, with the end of one of our journeys. We have finished our secondary schooling and now wait with excitement and trepidation, to take our first step on the vast road which stretches ahead of us. It is an open road, through lands unprotected from the elements. Dangers are greater, but it is a road we all must eventually tread, out of childhood into adulthood. We shall be weary of the lure of the Sirens and somehow find a way through the crushing rocks, and hopefully will avoid falling off the edge of the world. The glitter of illusion will not bedazzle us and we will try to be both honest and true, to others and to ourselves.

There is, of course, no final goal, no paradise that may be reached if only we travel far enough. There is only the imagined ideal, to point us in a general direction, something to fix our eyes upon as we walk. But the ideal must be always changing, to account for our newfound understanding. It must always remain on the horizon, out of reach. If it were tamed, how could it be an ideal? All that may be hoped for is greater self knowledge and even the possibility of that at times seems hopeless.

Yet we must continue, not thinking of the journey's end, but of the next step. In the end all that any of us may do is try to make that next step a good one; If we succeed, the journey may be judged a success. Goodbye, you who remain behind; well met, you who wait ahead. It matters not where you are in relation to others: judge yourself by your own inner standards, but do not torment yourself if you fail to meet them. Good standards should be nature impossible to always live up to. They are part of the ideal.

So we walk, minds simultaneously fixed upon the golden light ahead and the richness of feeling all around, as we negotiate the ideal and the actual, journeying even further into our life and ourselves.



