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BEDAN '70

BEDSCHOOL SUNDERLAND
'Foot Tenebris Lux'

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DO FIFTH AND SIXTH FORMERS THINK ?

Brian Dobson and Dave Davison found out

We were necessarily restricted in this survey as we had the choice of asking a small number for their detailed comment or more people for their broader opinions. We chose the latter as we believed more relevant results would be obtained if many people were asked to give their answers in simple categories. The over-simplified answer robbed some questions of some of their significance so an attempt was made to allow for more extensive comment but on the whole this was unsuccessful.

The great majority were against the abolition of school uniforms although many thought it could be improved in some way. Its main advantage is that school uniforms prevent class distinction in clothing. On the other hand it restricts a person's individuality and we feel that some of the minor rules could be relaxed and that this would improve the situation.

There was a unanimous opinion that students should not be compelled to study either an arts or a science subject in the sixth form. The effect of this would be harmful to some, the only answer being a wider choice of subjects so that those who wanted to take both arts and science subjects would have more freedom in choosing. However, it is a great pity that, scientists especially, have to speculate so early and thus leave school with an extremely narrow education.

Few people preferred the comprehensive system and most were pleased to hear that Bede is reverting to the grammar school system. But we are unsure of the validity of these opinions as the fifth and sixth formers have a necessarily limited experience of the comprehensive system which has just come into existence.

Considering both systems, one pupil said, "The success of a school depends on the quality of administration and the amount of money which the local authority devotes to it."

Nearly everyone was in favour of co-education and as it is completely unreasonable to separate the sexes, we cannot see why it has not been done earlier.

The results show that all students want to participate in administration but up till now this has been limited to trivial matters

which are an unsatisfactory substitute for the responsibilities they should be granted, and that have been prevented from revealing their potential as yet.

The general reaction was that censorship should be abolished but some expressed the view that total abolition would be too sweeping and a degree of censorship should be maintained in such areas as television. But this would still leave the problem of its indiscriminate nature and the question of who has the right to make these judgments for the individual.

The family unit is still the basis of human society, which as it becomes increasingly impersonal, causes the need for security of marriage. We believe that in essence marriage is a necessity, but that its associated religious overtones and prejudices against anyone who does not conform are archaic.

The response was slightly in favour of keeping capital punishment; a few holding certain reservations about using this extreme measure in all cases of murder. "But should we need to resort to such barbaric methods in this supposedly civilized society?"



On the question of corporal punishment, there was again a slight majority in favour of it. This surprised us, as we believe that a person should not have to turn to corporal punishment in order to impress his views.

Most people were against the legislation of "soft" drugs and even fewer would use them. If freedom of choice over drugs the open dealing would be preferable to the present secret trafficking, where there is more danger of obtaining "harder" drugs.

The overall opinion was that demonstrations are effective, the causes that caused most frequently were: race-prejudice and anti-apartheid, nuclear disarmament and anti-violence, anti-monarchy and general social reforms.

The majority believed in God, but the fact that many did not actively commit themselves to their belief shows a general dissatisfaction with the traditional ways of practising religion. Most cared that they have, or soon will have, the vote, but shared the view that "none of the parties adequately expressed all their opinions".

We concluded from this survey that individuals below the age of twenty-one are not necessarily irresponsible and wild as is the popular belief, but merely rebelling at certain illogical and outdated restrictions placed on them by their elders.

Survey Results

	Indiffer-						
	Yes	No	ent.				
1. Would you like to see all school uniform abolished?	22.1	71.5	4.4				
2. Are you satisfied with the present uniforms?	27.2	68	4.8				
3. Do you agree that all science students should be forced to take one arts subject in the sixth and vice versa?	14.8	77.8	7.4				
4. Do you prefer a comprehensive system of education to a grammar/sec. mod. one?	34.6	58	17.4				
5. Are you pleased with the report that Bede is to revert to a grammar school status?	58	28.2	13.8				
6. Are you in favour of co-education?	88	6.7	5.3				
7. Should students participate in the control and organization of educational establishments?	85	7.4	7.6				
8. Should censorship be abolished?	54.1	30.6	15				
9. Do you agree that marriage is archaic?	17.9	71	11.1				
10. Do you agree with the use of capital punishment?	53.6	39.5	6.3				
11. Do you agree with the use of corporal punishment?	51.7	38.9	9.4				
12. Do you agree that 'soft' drugs should be legalized?	26.5	58.5	15				
13. Would you yourself use them?	13.6	76.5	9.9				
14. Do you think that demonstrations are politically or socially effective?	49.6	32.8	17.8				
15. Would you take part in one?	46.2	30.8	23				
16. Are you actively committed to a religious belief?	39.6	44.3	6.3				
17. Do you believe in God?	43.8	36.4	19.8				
18. Do you believe in an after life?	36.4	35.8	27.8				
19. Do you care that eighteen year olds now have the vote?	76	16	8				
20. How do you intend to use yours?							
CONSERVATIVE	28.4	LABOUR	19.1	Liberal	9.3	Communist	0.6
Undecided	7.4	Other	5.5	Not at all	21.6		

ALL FIGURES ARE PERCENTAGES

SURVEY RESULTS

DAWK



Platoville, a town gripped by fear. Streets lay empty, doors locked and windows curtained. Mile upon mile of once happy grey and brown houses stood silent as normal, healthy vegetable families covered in fear behind their television sets.

During the day-time it was relatively safe. The ancient superstition and tradition of carrying out the same ritual from morning to night meant safety. But after five o'clock had struck and the flow of molten plastic had trickled into the houses and darkness had fallen, no one was safe.

Normal people locked themselves in against the hands of freaks and weirdos that wandered the streets at night. They switched on the magic boxes in their homes and watched, as it was believed that this could induce a hypnotic trance which would ward off the evil spirits.

It was thought that the wandering bands had originated from a few characters from another world. There had been a vampire-like plague. They were weird-dressed in strange bright clothes, untidy with long hair, seeming to care about the world outside Platoville. The original incident had apparently placed many of the local children under their spell. The change that came over them was terrifying—they began to question or disagree with the way of life that their elders followed; they refused to uphold the customs or wear the uniforms of their parents—many strange things that the older people never did in their youth. They also inherited a mystical power over their parents—whenever they wished to do something which seemed abnormal, they would hear the magic incantation "Why not!" This had a strange effect on adults—made them incoherent, unable to marshal their thoughts, making their minds an even blinder blank.

And to these teenagers held a reign of terror. Police were powerless, as no laws were being broken, except those of accepted normality. The freaks and weirdos wandered around doing strange things like enjoying themselves, doing different things and listening to ridiculous noises which they called music. There were rumours of drug-crazed, violent orgies, but no one had actually seen these taking place. But it was certain that this would happen with freedom being gained.

HENRY

What could be done! The adults were powerless to stop the youth enjoying themselves and trying to change accepted systems. Then, one of the leading councilors, a prominent local businessman, suggested calling in "Super Norm," the fantastically ordinary super-hero, champion of the masses. But they had no idea how to contact him.

However, Super Norm has eyes and ears everywhere and soon saw that he was needed. One night he flew into the town. Dressed in immaculate, majestic grey, he glided over the roof tops until he reached the club where the rabble met. He smashed open the doors with his briefcase and raised his umbrella, from which a light shone, paralyzing all within and stopping the music. His bowler tilted forward over his face so that he was talking through his hat.

"Look at me, how normal I am," he shouted. The freaks were paralyzed and could only stare. The plastic flower in his lapel emitted a whine and the wires were placed in a hypnotic trance. His greased-down short-back-and-sides glistened with the light from his sparkling teeth as his voice began to drone on, issuing instructions, brainwashing them back into accepting the normal way of life. Super Norm gave the command and they all rose to their feet and shuffled off like zombies to their homes. As they passed out of the door, a ray from his magic umbrella gave them a neat haircut and tidy identical clothes.

The plague was over, normality had returned to Mattsville once again. Super Norm stayed to receive thanks, adulation and gifts, then flew off to his secret hide-out somewhere in the depths of Whitehall. Everyone was the same again, identical, everyone. A never-ending, mindless, identical circle.

Colin Potter
Colin Usher

Henry came out of the east dressed in a Boston tea sack. He knew that to be the fastest gun in the west he had to look good, so, hastily picking up a shiny yellow saggott at his feet, he wandered into the nearest saloon.

Henry emerged wearing thigh-length, splendid, ready-crossed leather, a waist-vest of deepest purple and maroon mixed in an intricate pink loach-back crochet work pattern open to the violence of the golden trimmings.

Wandering to the nearest saloon, he took a seat in the corner, his gun loose and his vest which had just been the reflected sunbeam now glass smooth, orange dole-tose waves in the yellow lamplight. Henry watched keenly the solid one-hewn boulder at the bar that was Big Jim, the renowned dude killer.

Suddenly a heavily muzzed voice rang out from a pint of cherryade in the semi-shadow, "The blue-eyed boy in the corner's watching you, isn't he!"

Big Jim turned all angles, his hand blurring. Flash sped to his gun but Henry was cool. Swinging leisurely from a nearby chandelier he drew his gun. Having thus released his grip on the cut glass, he crashed senseless to the floor.

Replacing his smoking rifle in his hip zip pocket, Big Jim coolly ordered sevenoses fingers of redtop and left. There on the floor where once had been a golden felt heart was now a red blood pattern.

Henry's coffin lies beneath the Arizona desert, the lid inlaid with an intricate pink loach-back crochet work pattern open to the violence of the golden handles.

Gary Hope

She stood at the school gates, watching everyone as they ran home. "Why did they hurry?" she thought. Surely all of them did not have comfortable homes with tea-on-the-table waiting for them. Kath had always associated supping with tea ready on the table. It had never once happened to her. She was never eager to get home, but tonight in particular she was loathe to do so. She could not go home and tell them she'd failed all her exams. Of course they had never expected her to pass them. Neither had she. "Dumb Kath", they called her, even Mam and Dad. But somehow Kath flushed at the thought of admitting yet another failure to them. Her family had just assumed that she would leave school and join her sister Eve in the sweet factory. A good, steady job, and every Saturday afternoon off. What more could she want! Up till then Kath had not wanted anything more. Her future was all planned out, so why worry? But underneath there had been a tiny flame of hope that she might get some of her exams and perhaps get a better job than just a factory girl. Well, now the flame was finally quenched, and she felt desolate. A chill wind made her shiver, and she noticed it was getting dark. She could not stay there any longer.

She could almost smell the squalor and the dirt as she trailed along the endless maze of back streets. Long before she reached her street she heard the kids screaming and the dogs barking, and, as always, she felt vaguely depressed. Only vaguely. Kath had grown too used to her home to be really disturbed by the conditions in which she lived. A more intelligent and perceptive girl of her age might have been appalled and ashamed of such poverty, but Kath was not intelligent or particularly perceptive, and unquestioningly accepted her life as it was.

She stopped at the top of the street to pull her socks up. The elastic bands which held them up had both snapped in the course of the day, and the grubby stockings had gradually fallen further and further down her legs until they were concentrated round her ankles. As she bent over, her hair, having escaped from the string ribbon which fastened it in a limp tail on the back of her neck, flapped round her face and she shoved it back impatiently. Humping the pile of books she carried under her arm, Kath made her way slowly down the street.

Pit Street was the longest street in the town and they lived right at the bottom end. It was named so because of the depressing view of the slag heaps on all sides. The heaps were glowing dark red in the dusk, as Kath trailed her feet along the uneven paving stones, marked with numbers for "Hop-Scotch". She paused a moment to play with a girl who was kicking a stone over the pavement. As she hopped and jumped, her hair-ribbon slipped off and fell into the gutter. Kath did not bother to pick it up, but, pushing her hair behind her ears went on down the street, past the "Royal Tavern" and the corner shop. Soon she would have to tell them. If only dad was sober and Ma was not irritated. If only she'd Ates and be sympathetic. She did not really mind, Kath told herself, as long as they understood. "Please God, let it come right", she prayed fervently. Pausing only once again to pull up the offending socks, she reached her home.



KATH

Lindsay
Cunningham

Number one hundred and seventy-three was a carbon copy of all the other houses in the street, filthy on the outside and not much better inside. The front bedroom window was clumsily boarded up after one of the kids had thrown a "wonderball" through it, and the front door paint was peeling, where numerous children had stood and pelted the blister off. The torn, off-white net curtains were a futile effort at privacy, and the inevitable brass jug containing plastic flowers, a pathetic attempt at a kind of respectability. On the draped, uneven doorstep sat the youngest of the family, eating a piece of jam and bread and avidly reading a comic. He did not look up when Kath appeared, and brother and sister did not bother to greet each other. Finding the front door shut, Kath went through the alley to the back door, almost tripping over the rubbish bin, which emptied debris all over the garden, which was really only a scrubby patch of grass. A foul odour met her when she went into the kitchen, damping her books on the nearest chair. Evidently the neighbour's son had paid a visit again. There was no sign of anyone at home, but the sound of voices upstairs; one an untidy, drunken drawl, the other a high-pitched, almost hysterical whine, told her that they were both in. Kath's heart sank, and the habitual uneasiness which haunted her from the time she came home until the time she left for school began to grow. She could not tell them yet.

Kath raked around in the larder and found a half full tin of baked beans which she tipped into a pan and stuck on the stove. A wormy-looking apple lay on the table and she absently chewed it as at the thought of a way to break the news. Maybe Dad would be angry. Well, at least that would show he'd taken some notice for once. The kitchen door opened and Ma came in. Kath looked at her wanly. She did not look too irritated. Ma dumped a pile of dirty washing on the floor and began to tackle the dinner dishes which lay congealing in the sink.

Ma was thirty-five but looked over forty. Not an ounce of flesh was wasted on the gaunt, beefy face, and her hollow, burning eyes were violet-shadowed. She had spent all her life perpetually complaining at someone or something, and her family had, in time, turned a blind eye and a deaf ear to her nagging voice. Consequently, her rare moments of good humour went unnoticed. She loved her family, but the love was concealed under a hard core of worry, exasperation and weariness. She lived from day to day, in pointless monotony, a middle-aged drudge. What future have I? she thought bitterly on the rare occasions she

thought at all. Where is all this labour leading me to? Tonight however, she was thinking no farther than the evening meal. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed her eldest daughter nervously twisting her fingers together. What was up with her?

Kath took her courage in both hands and said quickly, "Ma, I've failed the exams". Her mother did not seem to have heard, but perhaps that was because she was clattering dishes in the sink. Kath repeated it more loudly. Please say something, even if it's only to shout at me, she thought desperately. Ma turned round and Kath's heart almost stopped. Her face was like thunder. But all she said was, "That damned cat's been in here again. I c's smell it, if her next-door lass that cursed animal cut again, I'll wring her neck, to help me" The tinkle of plates went on and on, and Kath wanted to scream at her. Why didn't someone listen to her for once! She cut across the stream of curses and said in a strange, high-pitched voice, "Where's Dad?" Ma stopped short and looked at Kath for the first time. Her face softened for an instant, and her look was pleading. Help me, it said, I'm so tired and sick of everything. But there was no answering sympathy in the stony look Kath gave her mother. Ma's face returned to its usual harassed line and she turned back to the sink. "He's drunk", she said tersely. So that was that, thought Kath. They simply didn't care. So why should she! With a furious, spluttering sound, the pan of beans on the stove boiled over. While clearing up the mess and trying to pacify Ma, the last thought of exams were erased from Kath's mind altogether.

It was late when Kath came out of the house, carrying a bundle of laundry, under one arm. She walked up Pitt Street in the gloom of the winter night. The slag heaps had burnt out, their uterine beauty quenched by the all-enveloping darkness. Kath was not thinking of anything in particular, except that the washing was very heavy. She shifted it to the other arm. Her hair hung lankly round her face, and her socks were once more concertina-ed round her ankles. At the top of the street she stopped to watch some boys who had tied a tin to a cat's tail. The bewildered animal dashed round in a frenzy while the louts stood and booted with mirth. Kath only stayed for a moment. It made her feel slightly sick. She hurried on her way, shoulders sagging under the heavy weight she carried. The sky was soft black velvet, with no moon or stars. The only sound she could hear as she walked, was the mocking jeers of the boys with the cat.



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IT'S MY OPINION . . .

I was sitting looking out of my incredibly working class lounge yesterday forenoon, when suddenly a thought wandered across my mind. Ah-ah! I cried to myself, that will be my inspiration for yet another It's My Opinion (I was very fond of crying Ah-ah! to myself and even more so in print) for by this time I was becoming desperate, having exhausted all the possibilities of The Barnes Speedway, traffic signs, The Archers, the new Market Square, decimal coinage, contraception in Outer Mongolia, footrot at Roker Park and the condone of Belle Seboul as a hot-bed of illicit Communist vice with regard to the Local Authority health visit (with Commendment - thou shalt not smoke) and the prevailing wind (no comment) of the day. (Breathe now) in my desperate attempt to ferbish material for my weekly sermon to the dotting masses. However what qualifications I possess enabling me to write about any of the above, to the above, (if you see what I mean) though I suppose I am as well qualified to write about smoking as meat, probably more so than some, I never really did work out.

But, as they say in every wonderful Marilyn Monroe film that I've seen, back to the plot. So, as I was saying, I got this wonderful idea and it made me feel all sunny inside. So sunny, in fact, that I took off my bowler, put down my whiskey, slipped on my cheese and my bicycle clips and nipped out for a pint. This, of course, was quite normal, I mean it was Sunday lunch-time—sorry, I should have said dinner time, I forgot my bike clips. You know, one thing always worried me about those bike clips of mine. "Why", I would say to myself, "Why do my lovely cuddly little pink toes turn a delicate shade of purple whenever I clip into a pair of bike clips?" (Gasp). However with my complete grasp of matters medical I have solved this problem and will now impart this information to you; my captive readers. It's the beer. If you lived next to the pub that I do, you would know what I mean. The laws of Libel prohibit me from saying more.

So I'm standing at the bar and this fella comes up to me, and I could tell at a glance that he was a Tory and he leans over and looks at me in that peculiar way that all bearded Tories seem to have, and he asks what I'm doing lying on the floor. I must say that even I saw some faint traces of the ludicrous in the situation, but I didn't like to tell him that I'd fallen over through trying to hide my bike clips and that I'd crossed my legs too quickly for my own good. I mean, it does sound a bit working class doesn't it? So I just lay there gazing up his trouser leg and wondering if the hairs on his legs were bleached or natural or possibly even stuck on with glue. On regarding my feet we proceeded to become further acquainted and I was appalled to hear him confess that he had never read my articles and that furthermore he was not even aware of their existence. The shame, the humiliation of the uselessness of it all. So with a last potent flick of my noble brow I pivotted swiftly, set my feet to the door and crashed to the floor, my bike clips locked in a deathly embrace!

So Bye-Bye Till Next Week.

GARY HOPE IS ALIVE AND WELL . . .

TO LORIEN

Under the mountain, where the river
Runs deep into the river. There
Among the trees lie the happy folk.
There among the happy trees,
Whose leaves fall not,
Lie the gentle folk.

Come, walk with me
Where your heart goes free.
Come walk along,
Sing my river song.

Beneath the golden leaves, that
Fall not, in the fern with the sweet,
Sweet forgetfulness, lie with me
And with the gentle folk be happy.
Come, let us to Lorien.

Come run with me
Where your mind goes free.
Come laugh along,
Smile a happier song.

My name is gentleness come,
Come let the rowing hours pass
Speeding above the leaves, let us
Laugh in gentle song, Come
Let us to Lorien.

Come, love with me
Where all is free
Come, skip along

With a rainbow song,
Come, let us to Lorien.

FUNERAL

Don't tell the children how I died;
Don't tell the garden how I cried.
Just tell the King that I have died
And perhaps weep a little.



BENEATH THE WILLOW

I sit now beneath the willow,
The lady goes to church
And I send my long/river thoughts
Flashing across the still river
To surround her in lily-white gown
On the threshold of the church.

THE

RISE OF THE

TWO WITH THE

POWER OF THE CLOUD

Who here could envisage the likeness of that

Vague grace of ancient Centauren Deities.

Would that I could lean on you for strength,

And all would lean that way forever,

While the huge mirror hangs low,

Like so many polished sins.

From passing threaded clouds.

And eart would be a great and agleam calc

Of horses and manes and centaurs

And the voice of the living tree

And our age of golden magic

Would last on through the years

Until it faded

Into a long

And bronzen

Peaceful

End

L'IGLOO

L'igloo viest, swelling of indigo
And the spirits of crows. L'igloo viest,
Knowing his time is now. Where
L'igloo goes only L'igloo knows
Or cares. In the world we know,
Where a parsennane of philosophies
Goss prattling on, only the few know
Of L'igloo, mah it viest.
Certainly, L'igloo viest.

GUY DE

Guy de wanders, his rainbow cloak
Clasching at mist like a canyon.
It is only the thin candy coat on the mirror
That stops Guy de from crossing.

It is now night and Guy de sits
Crouched loose-like beneath his snake gar-
ment.

Guy de quivers, his ops shining moonward
But he gibbers his dirge to the Earth Carol.
Guy de strages under the sun but spider-
like

He slides at night feeding on worms and
children.

Beneath his shrunken frogskin Guy de
twitches

Knowing that the thousand misty riders
Are near and can smell him.

SEE THE FAUNS

See the fauns playing in some leafy wood
See the fauns in your own wood.
Playing a very leafy game.

Curse the sombre fence;
The fence who does not see the fauns
In his own wood, but perhaps in another.
Curse him, who sees not the fauns
And rings his coops with metal.

See the lambs, the one lamb
Among the wolves, among so many
Canine horrors. Nature demands the fencing
of wolves.

Thus the lamb, being not fenced
Can see only into his own blossomed wood.
The fenced ones can leap upon the blossomed
lamb.

Tearing with their scaly metal,
Staining the pure white a metallic red.
The fence is nature's only avoidance of the
Ultimate Disaster.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF

Mrs. Blandell bustled about her dressing hastily, missing patches of dirt which would normally have aggravated her; today she hardly noticed them.

She knew that her husband, Henry Blandell, wanted her down in the basement at 10 o'clock prompt.

Mr. Blandell was an artist, though rather unorthodox, follower of electronics and for years now, he had been spending most of his spare time with some curious gadgetry downstairs.

It seemed that his great work was virtually complete and he wanted Mary to be present at the great unveiling, as it were. Although she did not understand the first thing of electronics, her husband's enthusiasm was somewhat infectious and she was conscious of a heightening tension within herself.

As ten o'clock struck, she was pacing up and down by the basement steps, turning over various possibilities in her mind. "Would it be a new means of communication?" A more efficient robot servant? Or something so revolutionary that she would never guess it? Whatever it was, she felt sure it would make them famous.

Henry's deep voice boomed up from below and she ceased to think as she turned down the steps, tripped and fell on her husband.

"Ah, Henry!" she gasped, regaining her balance "Just what have you been making down here? And what's that?" she added with distaste.

"That" referred to a collection of odds and ends sprawled across a work-bench at the end of the room, loosely connected with lengths of insulated wire that had been salvaged at various times from dozens of electrical appliances which were beyond repair (after he had removed the wire that is, not before).

"That, my dear, is a computer. Contrary to popular belief an excellent computer can be built on a table top. But what is more important, I can give that computer the ability to think."

Lee Nash

Mary paused; a look of incredulity spread over her face. She finally blurted:

"You don't mean that you have wasted all this time and money in trying to do the impossible do you? Really Henry you get more absurd every day! You know that an intelligent computer is an impossibility; it's been proved hundreds of times!"

It was also proved that heavier-than-air travel was impossible; that inter-planetary flight was impossible, I dissent "Ugh" knew that the wheel wouldn't work. Just because an idea goes against what is known at the time is not proof of its impossibility."

"Well" even if it were possible it would be huge. You couldn't get it in here." she said with conviction.

"Contrary to popular belief," he replied, "An intelligent computer is hardly more complex than an ordinary one. It just requires an extra circuit, that's all!"

"Oh, that's nonsense anyway," she said, glad to get into a subject she was sure of.

"Think of the millions of connections in the human brain for that purpose."

Mr. Blandell countered immediately. "Contrary to popular belief", he said, "Only a small part of the brain is used for intelligent purposes. The rest is concerned with everyday bodily functions, or is unengaged. Mary think that power such as telepathy and telekinesis have their origins in this unused portion".

"However, when I throw that switch" he indicated a large makeshift power switch. "When I throw that switch the computer will become a sentient being, capable of logical thought processes."

"Well, don't just stand there then!" Mrs. Blandell snapped. "Throw it and see what happens!"

"Hold your horses, Mary!" Henry tried to calm her. "This can't be taken that lightly!"

"If you won't throw it, I will!" she yelled at him and stepped forward purposefully, drawing the switch down. It broke.

"Now I can't switch it off if I need to!" he scolded. "I hope you are satisfied!"

"Well, I wonder what to do it!"

As he stood there deep in thought, a ball of blue-white light flashed and crackled from an open socket, hitting him squarely in the chest, as he reached for the switch that wasn't there. As his charred and blackened body smouldered, a piercing shriek, a bad electronic imitation of human laughter, rang out, drowning Mrs. Blandell's hysterical screams and smashing windows for miles.

Contrary to popular belief, intelligent computers have a twisted sense of humour.

CONTEMPLATION OF DEATH

On a snowy mountain of pillow, a putty grey face is finely sculptured in the image of a mask of death. Quiet eyes gaze at the distant objective, not searching now; having found their goal, their interest is fixed on it as if on purpose, their innocent blue belying the corruption of the distorted, now desolated mind. Lips once red, full of blood and words and song are thinned to a purple gash splicing the sickly pallor of the face remaining. Even in the painless state of death, the face is drawn tight rendering the contorted eyes traitor to a community of facial organs.

As a lock of wavy hair falls languidly onto the bridge of the finely boned nose, picked by a myriad of tiny blue veins in replica of fine but unpatterned lace, you imagine that if you wait long enough a hand will appear from beneath the heavy blankets to brush back the lock into place.

These blankets mask the shape of the thin body and bony limbs on which hangs the skin in folds. They cause the head to appear a volcanic island of grey lava in a sea of wild white breakers. Yet there is a body below the wrinkled and hollow neck on which the sinews stand out like cables. There is a body once overflowing with vibrating life, vigour, movement, love and hatred; now but an echo of that tumultuous existence, doomed to the fires of oblivion.

Paula Howden

IMPORTANT POEM

I am a tree
And I live in a wood
But I haven't a fairy
An' it isn't so good.

D. J. Butler G. Hope

THE ONE I THINK I

I won't go
on
and on
trying to make
you understand
just a few
of my
ad lib speeches that
mean something
to someone
somewhere
inside my
thoughts.

(Well who would have
guessed)
Well anyway
you know
I'm only making
my selfish
whimies
in-
to a play
(after all this time)
where the characters
are you
and me.

Oh Darling
(she cried)
you're so
hopeless-
ly misguided
(he whispered
in his typically
middle
class manner)
(That he
she
adores
will
love
me)

is a matter of
the Utmost
importance
to your
self really necessary
When you
think about it
(in an unselfish
compromise
between ourselves.)

TONY DOWNING WRITES POETRY

I SOMETIMES THINK

Sometimes I think
you make me
have my
self righteousness
is on your
side
wide worlds
of honesty
little
girls
that make me
want to
die my
hair curl at the
thought
of you
always making me
do the things
that make my hair
curl
Girl
you might think
it all helps
to make me in
so what I am
But
I hate to say this
But
my dream
for you
makes true
love
But
a little nearer
to my
thoughts
along the lines of
You
[I sometimes think but only of you]

10-30 p.m.

The night was so quiet
That I heard the gentle lapping of the sea
Like distant thunder as
The storm begins to
die away.

The night was so quiet
That I heard the faint
Hiss that the world makes
As it palates with the life
Of its children.
The night was so quiet
That I heard the lights of the city
Fade away

NIL DESPERANDUM

There's Lux in those Tenebras yet

Upon my final term in this, I hope, widely respected establishment, I feel it necessary to put down some random thoughts the majority of which are inspired through simple nostalgia. In seven seemingly fleeting years, though I haven't become conversant with every aspect of life "inside" I have shared the company of the vast host of celebrities who have passed through the system and thus observed at close hand the true character of the young criminal; his (should I include "her" or care a blind eye!) resourcefulness and ingenuity has always proved equal to any grain-thief or politician and it's no wonder that we have turned out our fair share of both.

How will the new entrant cope? Is he sufficiently cunning? Will the changes all around Bede hamper or improve his performance?

My earliest reminiscence is one of stunned disbelief at the sheer size of the buildings themselves and also of some of the sixth formers. Now no such inferior complex is installed into the plots, nor is the sensation of discovery and pioneering such as I felt walking along the dark crevices, green and brown paneled walls. There was an atmosphere of clandestine adventure in some of the darker regions of the school: in those days the bicycle sheds and music room were much frequented sanctuaries. Now there is a much more radiant (and perhaps this results in the suspicion that one is always open to scrutiny) starkness to the corridors and the sheds in the outback mean exposing one's frame to fresh air and even (though here the weather is on our side) sunlight on occasions. Many more rooms have changed in structure or function (notably the migration of the staffroom downstairs) and all the numbers have switched: few sixth-formers now refer to certain classrooms by the new number on the door, somehow it smacks of sacrilege. One and two is the prefects room, once the inner-sanctum and frequent source of triumphant screams of "Pay It's". No-one willingly passed this door carrying the milk crate (c.1967) for fear of ambush and confiscation (otherwise termed 'locking'); and no-one squelched—the range of powers of the older sector was

too strong and many a knee was bent in hope of escaping 'prefects' or 'house' detentions, the victims of which were openly humbled in assembly. And do you remember the houses? Pride ran high between class and no wonder—Baby, Lamley, Hyton, Durham were names to conjure with.

But before you start sending me food parcels or hearing aids let me assure you my mind does not always dwell on bygone splendour: I can turn my apparently senile mind to the future. Perhaps by 1990 pupils can expect close-circuit television to supplant the present extensive loudspeaker system (known affectionately as 'The Voice': remember 'Gary Halliday' about six years ago?). Perhaps the exterior too will have a face-lift: pseudo-marble (plastic) sheets tailor-made to cover every inch of red-brick, resin-concrete (fibre-glass) pillars all around the quad and tarmac roof-lift on top of the tiles: now that's progressive! And soon there'll be no need to contemplate private swimming baths for Bede: either the school will slip down Durham Road and end up on the shores of the Dead Sea (Barnes Park pond to you) or the rugby pitch will become a natural reservoir, clay bottom and all, if the grass continues to seep underground rather than witness the efforts of the teams—it's just a matter of time.

My main concern, however, is the standard of Bede's finished article in years to come. I wish now to address the reader in the 11-12 yrs. age group or more informally the "kuzzies" (or is that now a very 'camp' term?) Harsh though this may seem, you must be told the facts of life—no, not what you saw on BBC 1 last night, but the simple truth that Bede no longer exists as well for the true, dour, criminal, every-day pupil as it used to: gone is the old 'boys versus prefects and masters combined team' galaxy; gone too the esprit-de-corps of clearly defined castes within the school; gone (but here I feel popular opinion is against my own regret) the convivial camaraderie and devil-may-care ease which once embraced the upper-school, before, that is, the introduction to the male of his mate in the species (but I won't attempt to justify my view—let it suffice to say that this, in

my opinion, was the death-knell of the unique character the boys school had nurtured for over half a century). But, fuzzy, don't despair; some small aspects still look rosy. For instance, if the old sacrificial rite of 'guiding' new recruits down the rugby bank returns to favour, you have some very convenient steps for easy access to the summit with your protesting load. And even if many of the more fascinating retreats have been re-designed to house massive files containing your confidential political dossiers, you can still go on a guided tour of a tanken grove with coding manuals as fine as any in the Cistine Chapel—the weight training room. Improvements are being carried out to your leisure rooms—the cots are being fitted with ash-trays. But let us not forget the great strides taken in the field of education itself, most notably exemplified by the awe-inspiring language laboratory. Here one can play for hours with all the little buttons placed around the cubicles and the plethora of gaily-coloured wires underneath. Unfortunately over-use of the equipment, i.e., the headphones, leaves one's ears well-bruised and the length of time one has devoted to recording obscene messages on the tape for the next person to receive is clearly indicated by whether the lobes are well-done, medium-done or rare. Of course, one need not wear the headgear to enjoy the equipment but only with the microphone and huge ear-muff receivers can one really hope to achieve any degree of reality for playing 'Thunderbirds'. Finally, perhaps your strongest weapon in avoiding exams or particularly heinous lessons is a subtle flick through a well-packed wallet whilst in the close proximity of a master or mistress: this is not a suggestion of bribery; it might however be a strong incentive to striking.

Perhaps there isn't so much for old veterans like me to loathe when it comes to the upkeep of tradition. From the length of their hair, number of rings on their hands and tendency to suffer from a bad smokers cough it might just be that the younger elements of the school are in fact taking things too far (but I shouldn't worry unduly). I see no tenebras.

Robert McKeith

WELCOME HOME Colin Potter and John Burnside

Party season's,
Get no reason,
Friends to be,
And friends alone,
Turn the switch,
The Christmas one's on,
Turn it off,
And all go home.

JOE'S CAFE Guy Robson

I go to Joe's for dinner
or one of those back-alley places,
with steamed windows in which stand
cards showing the day's menu
in ugly print.

Inside, the place hangs
with the heavy smell of cooking
and you can see
dirty unwashed tables
and perhaps a pinball in the corner.
Joe says it's a stylish place
but he doesn't seem to realise
that there are other Joes like him
with back-alley cafes.

STRIDE TO THE TOP IN THE DURHAM CONSTABULARY AS A

Police Cadet

If you are: —

16 or 17 years of age,
5ft. 8in. tall, of good
character, & sound edu-
cation, enjoy all forms
of sport & outdoor ac-
tivities essential to
training.

If you wish to continue
your education and
attend practical courses

APPLY NOW

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Good Pay
Good Prospects

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If you are: —

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October last. Fillmore. The Family Live! A smoke-filled room behind a plastic palm-tree. A debonair, disarming figure which was Jim King.

US: What did you do before you joined the group?

JIM: I was at art school and then left. I was already in a group while I was studying there. We formed the group seven years ago, that is John Whitney and I.

US: How did the group begin?

JIM: At the art college in Leicester. Two years later Roger Chapman joined. That was probably four years ago. Rick Greck left when we were in America and then John Wilder joined so the group stands as it is now.

US: You've received a lot of bad publicity up here in the North.

JIM: Yes, man.

US: Have you ever played to a hostile audience?

JIM: Yes, quite frequently.

US: What is it like?

JIM: Pretty terrible, especially when glasses and bottles are thrown about.

US: What do you think your main musical influences are?

JIM: Bach. I'm not speaking for the rest of the group but for me personally. We each have our own particular group to listen to and learn from, for example, Roger Chapman likes King Crimson.

US: Do you despise the term underground?

JIM: Don't know what it really means, it could really be called anything.

US: Do you think that such progressive groups as Jethro Tull, to give one example, have sold out?

JIM: It is hard to say no, but they have made an impression on the commercial market. They've made an impression on some people and therefore become commercial.

Roger Chapman, singer.

US: Why did you form the band?

ROGER: Well, why does anybody form a band? So that we can make some music I suppose.

US: Are you in it for the money? Or for art's sake?

ROGER: Not purely for art, just because we like doing it. Besides that we're getting paid.

US: Can you play any of the instruments the group uses?

ROGER: I used to play tenor sax and I play guitar in private, but I don't really play any instruments on the stage.

US: What are your favourite bands?

ROGER: There's quite a few good ones. There's always Jethro and the Who and King Crimson.

US: Are you influenced by any other group's music?

ROGER: No.

US: For instance Jim King is influenced by Bach.

ROGER: Well he is, but I'm not because I don't know anything about him.

US: You're a very distinctive singer.

ROGER: Yeah. But I'm sure it doesn't sound like Bach!

US: What do you think of Sunderland audiences?

ROGER: They've always been good. They once were the best, but recently it's opened out a lot and most audiences are good.

John Wilder: electric viola.

US: Why did you join Family?

JOHN: (raising his head slowly, sparing us a glazy stare, replying languidly)

I don't know.

US: Will you be composing many songs as Rick Greck did?

JOHN: Not so many, not vocals, but I will be doing instrumentals—light symphonies and things.

US: Have you played in any groups other than Family?

JOHN: I played with the Animals—I mean the Animals.

US: Any before that?

JOHN: (distracted by a sinuous female who had crossed the room and sat on a stool in the corner, crossing her legs provocatively. Having darted a cursory glance in her direction, he returned to his trance-like expression.)

Yeah, I played with twenty groups after leaving school.

US: Is there anything you'd particularly like to say?

JOHN: Yes, I like the palm trees out there. I think they're a gas.

US: (disbelieving) You like them?

JOHN: I think the green is a good colour.

US: How did you come to join Family?

JOHN: I don't really know. A guy phoned me up one day. I was working in a nightclub at the time and he said, "Come and join the group." This was in Los Angeles. I was quite happy in this night club. Full of G.I.'s and strippers and things, very good.

US: Have you any particular ambitions for Family?

JOHN: I would like it to be the biggest group in the world.

US: Do you get on with the other members?

JOHN: Yes, I get on with all the other members of the group. The drummer comes from Leicester, I'm the only Londoner.

US: What is your attitude to groups?

JOHN: Well, I think they do a good service. People like that hang about all types of show business. Even football and wrestling. In wrestling you get a twenty stone chick sitting there.

US: Have you any grievances?

JOHN: Yeah, I wish they would stop the war in Vietnam.

US: What about drugs?

JOHN: Some people get on in life, it doesn't matter how they get on. Some folks need drugs, some don't. I think I'm mad becoming a musician.

US: Why is that?

JOHN: All musicians are mad, it sticks with you and you can't just play when you want to.

US: How long have you been a musician?

JOHN: For eight years. I started mainly to create music, but it drives you mad being driven around in vans every night of the week. One night stands are the worst. You don't do it just for the money, I do it for the music, but the money helps.

US: Are you serious?

JOHN: I do get nervous before gigs.

US: Do you earn much money?

JOHN: I didn't get much out of the Animals though I was in it for three years. All they were doing was trying to make number one records. It was not very satisfying for the musician in me.

US: What would you do if you left Family?

JOHN: If this group folded up now, I'd become a tramp for a couple of years and wander around the country. I may go back to music, but I would probably end up managing a fish and chip shop. Making money is part of the essence of life, you've got to survive.

US: Can you read music?

JOHN: I can, but many can get on without it. A lot of the poorer musicians who can read and up with playing is little dance bands, playing fastross and that sort of thing. I used to play in a dance band but you end up playing the same thing all the time.

US: Where was the best gig you've ever played?

JOHN: Definitely in Japan. It was in a club worked by the Mafia, but we got run out and gangsters threatened to kill us.

US: Who are your favourite artists?

JOHN: There are a lot, but the Beatles come off best. Although they have been on the scene a long time, they are still the best in the world. They're such a good group.

US: What do you think of the British Underground scene? Do you think they will ever be accepted by society?

JOHN: I think the whole group of youth is going to revolt against the way society is at present.

US: Do you think there will ever be a revolution in this country?

JOHN: Yeah. There is one in America now. I predict a revolution in this country within the next five years. I'll be in it, definitely. There are a lot of similar acts in Britain like America but not in such a big way. There is not as much violence in Britain about race, Hell's Angels and the rest. In America it's all violence, the way of life is violence. On the T.V. from the minute you get up to the minute you go to bed it's all violence. They manage to work it into all the adverts. Even in the cooking ones there's an element of violence.

US: Can you see Britain ever going that way?

JOHN: It could do, though in Britain everything's like a farce. There were the Rockers, now the Skinheads. It doesn't lead to real violence. Nobody walks round with machine guns. The Skinheads go out on Friday night but go to their jobs during the week. Like the Hell's Angels, it's a fashion. In America they've been going for over fifty years, a whole organised army of them with machine guns and hand-grenades and things. They have enough weapons to take over the police force. They're not just teenagers, whole families are involved. If you saw six hundred Hell's Angels with machine guns walking down the street in America, you'd clear out, but here if you saw six thousand Skinheads, you'd think nothing of it. It's for real over there, but not here. Anyone can go and get a short haircut and boots, but it takes something to be a Hell's Angel.

Interview by Richard Green and Bill Huntley

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BEDE SCHOOL SUNDERLAND

REPORT OF THE YEAR

COMPILED BY SYLVIA LEE AND VIVIEN VAN HAM

SPORT

The school SOCCER teams have enjoyed a successful season. The First XI, the youngest side ever to play for Bede, have reached the final of the Tyne-side Cup. Dent, Robbans and Thompson represented the County. Keith Sayers was captain. The U15 team has done its best to maintain the traditions of Bede Soccer. At time of press they were at the top of the Sunderland Schools League and have reached the semi-finals of the Cochrane Cup and Durham division of the Northumberland and Durham Cup. A tour of Hull has been arranged for Easter. Captain: I. Cooper. The U14 team have done less well, but have on average held their own and could do well in the future. The U13 team has had a good season and possesses many excellent players. Captain: J. Brown. The U12s have played good attacking football and have improved in style and organisation. Team Captain: P. Wake.

RUGBY is also flourishing. The first XV has had a fairly successful season, though its best performances were given in the earlier matches of the season. McKeith, Tate and Briton have all given praiseworthy performances, while Botcherby has proved an able and enthusiastic captain. A strong U15 team has played well and recently gained a series of excellent victories. Smith and K. Thson have been selected for the County team while Wilson and Williams were given trials. Captain: G. Smith. The U13s are improving steadily and have established an excellent record. Gill, Skinner, Elliot and Charlton have played particularly well. An U12 team has been established to prepare for second year fixtures. Practice games have been arranged for the last two weeks of term.

The BASKETBALL teams have had a mixed season. The First Team has qualified for the Darlington Tournament, though they have not been so successful in other competitions. Howell, Tate and Robbans have all gained County places. Captain: B. Howell. The U15 team has had a very successful year, winning the Town Association Trophy, the U15 League Championship and the Durham County reaching the finals of Tyne-side Grammar Schools' Cups. Boyd, Beattie, Coulson and Thompson have taken places. Cross has played both for the town and the County and captains the team. The U14s have not had such a good season, though Towns and Rasy were both selected for the town team. An U13 team has recently been formed with the aim of teaching the fundamentals of the game in preparation for league fixtures next year. Practice games have been arranged for this season.

The 1st CRICKET XI played several matches last season, losing as many as they won. The highlight of the season was a very good win over Edinburgh High School. This season the team will have to play all of its matches away from home, but we still hope for a successful season. Captain: M. Pratt.

A plethora of CYCLING sports are engaged in. A party of a dozen toured the Lake District for 8 days, staying in Youth Hostels. Three Cyclo-cross meetings were held at Bede with squads from other schools taking part. Richie Gray was our best competitor. Nine boys have progressed as far as silver standard of the B.S.C.A. awards, thirty-seven pupils reached the required standard. The school team was unlucky to be defeated in the first round of the Inter-School Road Safety Quiz, despite reaching the Final last year. Peter Caplan gained a place in the town team.

Three TABLE TENNIS teams are now active, the U19, the U15 and U13, all of which have met with considerable success in inter-school competitions. All teams except the U13 boys were chosen to represent Sunderland in the Area Finals of the Inter-Schools All-England Championship held at Stockton. All acquitted themselves well, the U19 boys almost reaching the national final in drawing 4-4 then going out on points. Captains: Roland Airey and Margaret Binding.



The HOCKEY teams have had a successful season. The 1st Senior XI remained undefeated at the time of going to press, reaching too the final of the County Tournament where they drew against Cleveland. Margaret Binding gained a place in the first County Junior XI, Denise Chalk a place in the second County team and Judith Reddick was selected as a reserve. Captain: Linda Thompson. The Junior XIs too have had a good season, despite the weather's effects on the fixture list. The 1st team reached the final of the Town U15 Tournament, drawing with Farningham in the final match. The 2nd team made promising progress throughout the season. Captains: Ann Guthrie and Lynne Abernethy. A second year team played only three matches, all of them victories and many of the team play as regular members of the 2nd Junior XI. A first year team showed great enthusiasm and won the only match so far played. Further fixtures are planned for the side. Captain: Carol Jenkinson.

The NETBALL teams have played few matches this season because changes in the rules have resulted in many schools ceasing to play the game, but those matches that have been played have resulted in a good standard of performance by the school teams. In the Sunderland Schools Tournament, the Under-13 Team played well to come joint first in their section but unfortunately were unable to enter the Final because of an inferior goal average. Meira Smith and Joan Edmiston both had costly trials.

The Senior TENNIS team did very well last season to reach the final of the Owen Williams Trophy, where they were narrowly beaten by Blackfyre. They also achieved second place in the Durham Section of the Aberlure Cup. Carol Low won the School Singles Championship and the Norfolk's Ladder Cup. Margaret Binding was the Sunderland School's Championship. Both appeared for the County team.

BADMINTON is an increasingly thriving sport in the school. Though there is comparatively little match practice available enthusiasm is high.

Junior CROSS COUNTRY is also increasingly popular. In the Inter-House Championships held in adverse conditions in December, Jane Askew, Brenda Waller and Joan Harvey were the winners for their respective years, while Farningham won the House Championship. In the Town Championships, the 1st year team came 5th, the Junior and Senior Teams first. Brenda Waller, Denise Chalk, Judith Reddick and Linda Thompson were selected for the County Championships and Denise Chalk has been selected for Durham in the National Championships. Carol Jenkinson represented Sunderland against South Tyne in a representative match.



A SWIMMING club meets weekly to great support especially from beginners. Success rate is high. Many are preparing for first awards in life-saving and personal survival and several are preparing for Silver awards.

A Junior GYMNASTICS club has attracted many keen second years who can follow anything they enjoy doing. They are preparing a short demonstration for the Summer Garden Fete. A first year club is producing interesting results.



RESULTS TABLE

	P	W	D	L
1st XI Soccer	26	17	7	2
U14 Soccer	14	5	-	9
U12 Soccer	15	11	1	3
1st XV Rugby ...	17	10	-	-
U15 Rugby	36	8	2	6
U13 Rugby	4	4	-	-
1st Basketball ...	11	8	-	3
U15 Basketball ...	22	22	-	-
U14 Basketball ...	16	5	-	11
1st Senior Hockey	11	11	-	-
1st Junior Hockey	35	7	1	9
U13 Hockey	5	3	-	-
U12 Hockey	1	1	-	-
Senior Tennis ...	4	3	-	1
Junior Tennis ...	6	3	-	3

COACHING

Misses Gibble, Peart and Wright
(girls' sports)

Messrs. Griffiths, Graham, Kendall, Laidler,
Williams (soccer)

Messrs. Smith, Hutchinson, Hirst, Thomp-
son, Hodgson (rugby)

Messrs. Smith and Hodgson (basketball)

Messrs. Barden and Oates (cricket)



SOCIETIES



THE MUSIC SOCIETIES have enjoyed an

eventful year. Regular meetings have been held and a wide selection of music has been heard, both recorded and live — from organ music to jazz. Soloists have included Margaret Bissell, Kathleen Pitt, Stephen Thorne, George Cranmer, Stephen Andrews, Mr. Hartley, Mr. Tye and Miss Bernard. Further performances are planned for coming months. The orchestra have performed in the Concert, in the Carol Service and occasionally in Assembly. Individual members, Kathleen Pitt, Stephen Thorne and Madeline Wells have also performed for outside organisations. Both the Senior and Junior Choirs have also performed in the Concert and at the Carol Service and a small group from the senior choir have sung madrigals. The Brass Band has extended both its membership and activities, passing individual examinations and regularly accompanying school assembly. Members of staff: Miss Bernard, Mr. Hartley and Mr. Robson.

BEDE DRAMA enacted an ambitious double programme during the autumn term, a revival of *Only Come In Out of the Rain*, which was twice performed for local organisations and in school as a Sixth Form Concert, and the main production of Alan Plater's *Close the Courthouse Doors*, which played with great success to packed audiences. Plans are well advanced for a summer production of an original musical, *Columbus*. As well as actors and actresses, Bede Drama always has need for technicians of all kinds, stage, lighting and costume. Members of staff: Mr. R. J. Bradshaw and Mr. K. Stitt.

No less than three drama groups exist in the Junior School, and though none of them have 'gone public', plans exist for at least one of them to do so. Meanwhile, under the direction respectively of Mrs. Crana, Mr. Marshall and two sixth formers, Pamela Greenhalgh and Sara Bowman, activities have gone on after school and at lunch time — ranging from improvisation to play reading. Performances have been given for members of the school at the end of term and enthusiasm is high.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME. Eighteen pupils are currently working for bronze awards and one for silver. Expeditions have been carried out by girls both along the Durham Coast and in the Wear Valley, while boys have done the High Cup Nick crossing of the Pennines. The scheme is run in the school by Mr. Hagill.

The **FRIENDS OF MITHRANDIR SOCIETY** attempts to bring into our life a little of the ancient realm of Middle Earth. Great results, on behalf of humanity, are expected in the near future.

The **METALWORK MODELLING CLUB**, directed by Mr. Carswell meets every week, where about twelve boys — unfortunately the membership must be restricted — meet to complete projects. Workshop facilities are open to any practically minded boy at lunch times.

The **PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB** holds occasional meetings to introduce sixth formers to the techniques of developing and printing photographs. The society is indebted to Mr. Knags for the loan of equipment.

The **SCIENCE SOCIETY** meets at three-weekly intervals to promote interest in scientific topics, not normally covered in an A-level course. Debates and lectures by distinguished speakers form the core of the society's activity.

The **Winnia the Pooh Appreciation Society** is limited in diversity of opinion and frequency of meeting by the unanimity of its three members. A recent debate concerning the finer points of Pooh Sticks proved very profitable.

The **WOODWORK CLUB** was formed to provide facilities for those who have no handicraft in their timetables. A wide range of articles has been manufactured by the boys and one girl who are members. Member of staff: Mr. Thompson.

These societies are in process of formation. Mr. Miller and Mr. Hudson propose a **SIXTH FORM POLITICAL & SOCIAL STUDIES SOCIETY**, which as well as a debating society will invite speakers on political, economic, social and historical topics. A **GARDENING CLUB** has just got under way. It involves at present a few third formers who indulge in "the fun and pleasure of growing things". It is hoped that the society will later be opened to a wider age range though only a comparatively few members can be usefully occupied. Mr. Bruce is in charge. Mr. Puxie proposes to start a branch of the **WILD LIFE RANGERS** who will be first year pupils interested in the preservation and conservation of wild life.

More officially part of the organisation of the school, the **HOUSES and COURSE GROUPS** have too organised a great deal of the school's social life. In the Junior School, Mrs. Bruce (ETTRICK), Mr. Davies (FAWCETT) and Mrs. Bell (PEMBERTON) and the house prefects have organised a full programme of social and sporting events. Marjorie Bailey and Annabel Carr have formed a popular house choir for Ettrick, while Gary Steinberg has given help and encouragement to Pemberton's guitar enthusiasts. Elizabeth Hopper of Fawcett has been chosen to visit in the All England Schools Championships. Congratulations are also due to those who gained Junior Red Cross Certificates — a hundred per cent success here — and to Linda Thompson who won the School Moral Competition.

Under Mr. Hagill and Mr. Auld, the Course groups have had a successful year, involving socials, visits and visiting speakers. Both groups also involved themselves in voluntary social and charitable work. The groups also produce a news sheet.



ada

THE HAPPENING AT JOYLLING

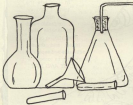
VALETE

MR. R. T. CORBRIDGE

A man who initiated and practised a great deal of the modernisation of the Modern Languages Department retired at Christmas of last year, regrettably, in many ways, himself and with the regret of his colleagues. This is Mr. R. T. Corbridge.

Some eighteen years ago, he had joined the Boys' Grammar School as Head of French; in the systematic way for which he became a by-word, he began to re-organise and re-orientate the Department. His vision of French as a living necessity drove him to construct a web of foreign travel and interchange; groups of boys pursued holiday courses at the Sorbonne, on the one hand, while others of wider range of age and capacity enjoyed the social reciprocity of St. Nazaire. Conviviality in the latter instance was not confined to the pupils, nor was it limited to Modern Languages, or even to school masters.

A linguist he may ostensibly have been, but he was not without his mechanical gifts. He opened up the Continent for himself with his motor-car and the minds of his pupils with a Language Laboratory and a battery of astonishing machines. When he became Head of Modern Languages, on the formation of the new school, his influence became pervasive. He was a fount of good humour and industry. It is difficult to over-value how he helped at a time when co-operation and tolerance were quintessential. We wish him many happy years of busy retirement.



STOP PRESS

The UPPER SCHOOL SELLOTAPE SOCIETY owes its dedication entirely to Mr. Albert S. Neephouse to whom the team is indebted for intensive coaching. The society's main achievement is the breaking of the North Eastern record for three inch rubber-tapping by I. Dewhurst. Thanks must be extended to Mrs. Donaghy for sticking to the society for so long.

IT'S HAPPENING AT JOPLINGS...



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THE BREATH OF A WIND

Derek Hall

The bells in the twisted tower, vibrating the viscous air, tolled the hour of Evening. The great orb of the sun, still played through the swaying walnut tree, caressing the white statues with green and yellow light. She lingered for a while, gazing at the falling tombstones, the warped church, and marble figures, then slipped quietly away through the lichen-gate.

Slowly, the warm evening sun, slid to the dark, undulating horizon, as a huge, crimson disc. It hung, peeping over the silent blue hills, tinging the delicate wisps of cirrus cloud yellow, as it did so. A heavy, clinging mist descended from the transverse veils, and hovered, heaving and bubbling above the ground, flowing down the valley, eddying and swirling into ditches and hollows. Here, shrouded with the mist, hid a tiny railway station, which now steps in decay. Its windows, though still intact, were now encrusted with grime and glooming cobwebs, which wavered on their frames. The platform had become soft with mildew, and the rails before it were now hidden with wedges, their points locked together in rusty unions. The deep cutting had subsided slightly, and flooded, and had become screen with nodding reeds. Nearby, the signal-box had been engulfed with choking red ivy, and a little way down the track, the tunnel, sunk into a hillside, had long since fallen in upon itself.

She stood beneath the ancient and gnarled oak tree, which bent over the platform, gazing at the faraway hills. She did her white hands over the twisted trunk, and as she laid her head upon it, moved her gaze to the setting sun, warmed by its sympathetic glow. Nevertheless, she was uneasy. The night was still and the atmosphere was oppressively heavy, seeming to hang upon the very eaves of the crumbling buildings. It was as though something unseen had stopped the night's movement.

Far away, over the hills, was situated another valley, similarly choked with mist. Here, an immense, blankly indifferent building, seemed to float upon the mist, like a solitary castle, lost in the tangle of a dream. Yet the silent walls echoed not waifs, inhabited by spectral thoughts or forgotten memories, but dusty dusts of bleak despair, in which hope was lost and life stagnated.

He lay, watching with tired eyes, the iridescent particles of dust, which danced to-and-fro, illuminated by the thin pencil of light, from the tiny, high-set window above him. He tried to think rationally, but it was difficult. Often, when he tried hard enough, his mind would become clear and lucid, like an illuminated, dripping cone. Then he tried to penetrate the cavern, where contorted images inhabited the dark crevices and twisting passages. White chintz curtains floating on the wind, light footprints running through and fading into the distance, clear water bubbling over glistening stones, pulsating blue smoke, rustling leaves, children's laughter and the roaring of the restless wind. None of which he could experience; only the memories were there. At a time like this, he would convince himself that he must escape, and that if he were to die, it would be better than living in stunted indifference as he had been doing. But then apathy would grow within him like cancer, and his mind would become a vast plain of dust, where aimless ghosts of memories rose in vague little columns. Wavering, he gradually lapsed into abstraction.

He remained like this until a waft of cool air upon his cheek, roused him from his stupor. He sat up with great effort, passing his trembling fingers over his aching brow. His mind began to clear, and he twitched nervously with indecision. The heavy door at the end of the long, grey corridor, creaked shut, and the sound of heavy footsteps upon the stone floor, broke the evening silence. He stood up slowly, and with a little hesitation. Then, with an immense surge of determination, he wore a strip from his filthy blanket, and stood waiting, twisting the dock in his bony hands.

She loosed her hold upon the tree, as a slight breeze began to breathe in the valley. It stirred the mist into whirlpools, blew her hair into cascades, and fumbled through her clothes.

The evening was so still and silent, he hardly dared to breathe. He listened, not daring to make a sound, for fear of attracting the attention of a demented dog, or a stalling search-light. Trembling, he shrunk back into the cool fronds of bracken, below the level of the mist, and lay clutching at the

warm, brown earth. He longed to walk upright, to feel the cool breeze upon his tired frame, and most of all, to feel an immensity of space around him. But he was afraid, and crawled as quickly as he could away from those cold, forbidding walls, whimpering. It was as though he imagined there was some foreboding evil tracing his path, threatening to engulf him at any moment, or drag him back. He started at the yelling of men, and the baying of hounds rent the night air. He flung his tired body to the ground, groping for air. Then, realizing the futility of his action, a dread feeling of despair swamped his senses. His eyes darted, frantically searching for some way of escape. His eyes grew wilder, and glittering beads of sweat trickled down his forehead, as he ran for the first way evident he could find. Screaming, he broke cover, glancing back through watered eyes at the dark crowd of bobbing figures.

The wind rose at the head of the valley, and travelled down it, beading trees, dissipating the heavy mist, and blowing the undergrowth into a wallowing mass of life. Cold, grey clouds appeared, and formed into twisting and writhing shapes, ghostly in the cold light of the ascending moon. The wind surged into the cutting, screaming, skinning the water into wavelets, and whirling through the reeds. As the wind struck her, tearing at her clothes, a sudden wave of groundless terror grabbed at her like a taloned claw, making her retch with despair.

He heard a shout, and glanced back momentarily at the men, who were urging their slobbering hounds onward with hoarse shouts and vehement gestulations. He tried to run faster, but his lungs felt like two punctured bellows, and his legs were weak. He struggled painfully on in his wild flight through the grasping undergrowth and dingy mud. With a thud the bullet broke his spine, his legs dissolved beneath him, and he fell, crumpled, into a pool of tepid water, broken with slimy, green rocks. The hounds had been loosed, and he watched, writhing in agony, as they loped towards his broken body.

The driving wind, moaning as it tortured the creaking oak trees, blew freezing rain onto her face, mingling with her tears. A blue flash wrenched at the sky, as she gazed once more at the turmoil above her. Then, turning her back on the wind, she walked towards the silver moon, through the waving grasses, sobbing.

Jane Auden

to the extraordinarily of my good friend

EGOMANIA

Pass the forked-lightning Zeus
we're going on a bender

Narcissus and Echo
may have been a pretty
tragic love affair
but then

whose isn't!

Some people can go crazy
about unrequited ferocity
but I'm not sure
whether I don't
get a kick out of it.

Pass the flashing flames Hyperton
tonight's the night.

OPUS FOR SOLO RHYTHM FIDDLE

"Coward coward coward,"

Cries the Vicar, looking smugger
As he plucked the barmaid's garter
In a reverential way.

"Isn't it a pity?"

Sighed the farmer, "Not so harm her!
She is warmer than a Lima
On a sunny August day."

Beans are beans, and seams are seams
And stockings won't be stockings
'When the rights are gay.

So, "Fill my glass with brandy,"
Boomed the bishop, "I feel randy.
And the merry wheels of progress
Make me loathe to pray."

Deans are deans, and themes are themes
And shocking things aren't shocking
'When the mind turns grey.

A consumer's guide mundane love affairs Rupert.

ECLECTICISM

"Connamyclops,"
said the optician,
examining my tendency
to get an eyeful of the rich life
once too often.

He gave me spectacles
to ease the trouble
but I found that clarity of vision
only aggravated the condition.

"The answer," he said, "is blinkers,"
and I have had no trouble since.

I cannot see you.

GOOD RIDDANCE

I met an angel on the stair
the other day and
somewhat embarrassed
I smiled as I walked past him,
crinkling my mouth and
deftly lowering my eyes in mute acknowledgement;
but

I had not time to reach the bathroom
before he stopped me
and said:

"The sum of your delinquencies
is twice the Age of Man
And the name of your unworthiness
is legion."

I had no answer really
So I told him I was well aware of that
—my heckles, I think, rising—
and said I didn't believe in him
anyway.

Which was facile, at least.

But now I look back on it
And ask myself

Did I do the right thing?

I wonder what he was getting at.



WHO WOULD WANT TO BE A LOLLIPOP MAN?

On a windy Friday afternoon two adventurous souls were stoking on a radiator in the Lower school. These pioneers were, of course, members of the Bedan Committee waiting to talk to the school lollipop man. Eventually the long-awaited gentleman arrived, and, after we had followed him into his cave-like room, we began to find out about the thrills and dangers of being a Schools Crossings Patrolman.

"Can you tell us first, please," I asked, "what your name is?"

"Hallett," he replied. All three of us thought that he said "Albert" and our incomprehension must have been visible on our faces as he quickly spelt out his name.

"Do you enjoy your job?" We continued.

"Oh yes."

"Do you find it rewarding?"

"Oh yes, very satisfying."

"Do you see yourself as a guardian of life on the school crossing patrol?"

"Er, well now," Here Mr. Hallett paused as he pulled on his cumbersome white coat. "It's just me job."

"What's been your most interesting experience in this job?"

"Well, it's interesting all the way through. That's all you can say about it."

"You've had nothing especially interesting happen to you?"

"Oh no. There's just the children like, some of them's a bit unruly like, you know, but others are just the opposite."

"Have you had any embarrassing moments?"

"Ah! now you're asking. Yes, one or two careless drivers, just drive straight on, you know, without stopping. Of course one was fined, the first one. And yesterday, a little girl and she stepped off the pavement a bit lower down. There was a (good job that it was travelling slow) a truck. She stepped in front of the truck but the truck managed to pull up. That's the nearest."

"We have heard that you were once nearly run down by a motor-bike. Is that true?"

"Oh yes. There were two boys, two youths on a bike, didn't pull up. But he was lucky, it was they that went off instead of me. I'd hate to go that way."

"Do you ever use your authority at all with the children?"

"Oh you have to at times, oh yes."

"Do you mind being out in all sorts of weathers?"

"Oh yes, the only thing I don't like is this, the wind; them things," he said, restlessly pointing towards his lollipop, "you can hardly hold them you know, it buzzes round."

Mr. Hallett was by now getting well into his stride and he went on to explain the complexities of the hours of his job to us.

"Now this school's different from the others. You start here at 25 past 8 to 9 o'clock. Now you start on the other crossings at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 till $\frac{1}{2}$ past, then from 1 o'clock till $\frac{1}{2}$ past. Now this one's different. You start here at 25 past 8 till 9 o'clock. Then I go on from 25 past 12 till 25 to 1. Then I go when I get to $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 till 2, then I go on again at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 till 25 past. But the others go on at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 and finish at 10 past. You see you get a $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour longer dinner hour here than what you get at the other schools. I don't know why it is because they're all under the same people, the education—different hours altogether."

Our thanks to Mr. Hallett for allowing us to see this interview in the Sedan.

Interview by

Paula Howden and Ian McDonald

The World of Philip Arthur



The Common Market

Tune: Stanley Market

Britain's chance is here at last,
Now the general's gone to grass,
Heaven it'll come to pass—
We'll join the Common Market,
Britain in the EEC
What a possibility
Man what funny sights we'll see
I wonder what the effect will be!
Neybois wi' the Dutch and French,
Eyes and Germans (that's a wretch)
Will a geordie marry a Belgian wench
When we're in the Common Market!
Chorus: When we're in the EEC, when we're
in the EEC, when we're in the EEC, when
we're in the Market.

Belgian reps in bowler hats!
German business men wearing spats!
Froggy kids with cricket bats!
When we're in the Market,
English folk will be much thinner
When they've had frog's legs for dinner,
Cloth caps for Eyotian—that's a winner
For an export money spinner,
Chianti, lager and Advocat
But no Brown or Scotch in a 'Wearside Bar'
Every make of foreign car
We'll see in the Common Market.

Perhaps football league we'll see
Wherein every nationality
Competes for the F.A. Cup trophy
When we've joined the market,
Imagine booking if you can
In the Chateau a f'jo for a six week ban
Alan Brown, a washed man
When Sunderland lose to the Yanks,
Luxemburg Rowers—what a lark
Winning six wins at Roker Park,
Tony Hatley sold for a thousand marks
When we're in the market.

Berets in Northumberland Street,
Pinner's boots on Belgian feet,
Liver sausage on stotty cycle—what a treat—
When we're in the market,
Cloth caps along the Elysée
By Hinnies, that'll be the day,
But when it'll come I cannot say
When me Dad brings francs home for his pay,
Perhaps the day will never come
When Pumpidou fires the starter's gun
But man ye knaa we'll hev some fun
When we've joined the market.

IT'S A MAN'S LIFE

What the Devil?

I jumped out of bed with a surprising burst of speed which is usually reserved for catching trains or buses. My bare feet made a sudden harsh and unfriendly contact with the bare concrete at the side of the bed. All at once I was wide awake and listening hard to try and trace the source of my rude awakening. Something moved to my right and . . . CRUNCH, a heavy object hit me full in the chest knocking the breath out of my lungs.

"Why don't you belt up and go to sleep?"

This was the start of my new career. I had taken a brave step forward and joined the Army to learn a trade, just like the bloke on the posters.

I shifted the hob-nailed boot off my bed and laid it as quietly as possible on the floor so as not to stir its owner into further, more violent action. He, meanwhile, was turning over and his mattress was making a noise like the "Flying Scotsman" pulling out of King's Cross station.

Outside, the guard was desperately trying to make a pattern in the carmac with his size twelve boots. His stamping almost seemed to make the hut shake. The hut! First class accommodation with central heating, that is, a big black stove in the middle that wouldn't light anyway.

Had I done the right thing? I'd never thought about it like that before. It had all been . . .

"Go on lad, do you good."

"Make a man of you."

"See the world."

Well, it was too late now to change.

I climbed back into bed trying to make as little noise as possible, the mattress creaked and somewhere someone turned over and soon all the mattresses were creaking with the movement of disturbed sleepers.

By now the rough sheets had become cold and I shivered as they drained the heat from my body. No electric blankets here.

I must have drifted off to sleep because my next memory was once again that of waking abruptly. My comrades seemed to balloon upwards and meet somewhere behind my eyes. Even when I thought that they were sure to burst, the noise did not stop but continued to become louder and higher in pitch. That was the first time that I had ever been woken by a bugle.

All around me bodies were slowly coming to life. The hut door clattered open and the duty sergeant strutted in. That entrance had this same effect as that of the wicked uncle in a pantomime, all audible speech gave way to low mummings as he hit each of the metal bedframes in turn with his swagger stick making the hut vibrate.

Dress then wash and shave, both in cold water and breakfast in half an hour. This stringent timing resulted in general havoc around the washrooms.

We all stood shivering on the barrack square for it was early yet and the sun was only beginning to give out heat. Second day's basic training.

"Learn a trade in the Regular Army!" the notices said, but they never mentioned this.

We jerked awkwardly to attention as the duty sergeant again tried to burst our eardrums, this time trying the sheer strength of his vocal chords. We marched, slightly out of step, towards the obstacle course. I was set away third.

I swung on ropes, vaulted gaps, jumped streams, threw myself onto the ground, fired five rounds (blanks naturally) in quick succession, fired bayonets, ran fifty yards and then had to attempt to dismount an old uniform stuffed with rags.

"It's a man's life!"

"Plenty of sport!"

"Learn a trade!"

Learn to be a professional killer. It's all a matter of taste really.

David Evans

SOME FRAGMENTS OF ALISTAIR WHEELER

UNTITLED

Life does not exist except
In multi-coloured dreams.
But if you cannot dream

HANDS

Two hands glancingly meet—
On a banister.

Two hands glancingly meet—
In the sun.

ON A SPRING EVENING

Creatures of the night
They wander, loved/seek,
Through the warm air
Of Youth, beneath the
Half-moon, hazy,
In a magic ring of
Starewinking significance.

In the ritual dance
Of budding love
They smile among
Awakening trees along
A future-black road.

AFTER THE WEDDING

The scarlet rosebud plucked too early
Lies abandoned and dying in the waste bin;
Unseen beside the crumpled cloths,
The glasses from the ritual rice.
As the last of the wedding guests leave
It is buried in the dust and ashes of the past.

ABSURDITY

The quarter-life crisis stopped with the
inevitable jerk. Absolute quietness descen-
ded, save for the muted hum of the engine
and a girl's soft secret horse meaningless
on the malicious wind past the rows of
darkened, sleeping windows as she said
goodbye.

The coldness was directed straight at him
as he struggled with the door and descended
astonished onto the impassive grey concrete.
He walked unhindered through the half
light and the open barrier and was once
more free and unrestricted, save for the
waiting paper vans. He was suddenly un-
certain, and glanced round nervously at
the busy newspaper sorters before heading
for the buffet. The few inhabitants slumped
careless on the tables, their minds as blank
as the food trays. Sleepily he bought him-
self a coffee and found an unoccupied
table. He slowly stirred the brownish
liquid and allowed himself to wander.

VOICES IN THE WIND

The timeless wind rush
Onwards
Eastwards
To the moon
Ascending
Through grey
And empty
Screens of
Shuddering
Multiplying
People
Deaf to
Laughing
Fate
While the
Hair
And the
Children
Grow.

IAN McDONALD'S

The Legend of Dunstanburgh Castle

Sir Guy had been very foolish to travel at night in a part of the country which he hardly knew. Northumberland is not a hospitable county to a stranger at the best of times, but when you are alone and the blackness is throwing stinging hail in your face it can seem like a forgotten piece of hell. Sir Guy was following the coast so as not to get lost but in the moonless night he was afraid of getting too close to the edge of the cliffs which toppled into an invisible sea. His horse was tired; he himself was apprehensive; Sir Guy longed to find shelter.

He could hear the unseen violent waves breaking down on the shingle beach and he wondered how far he was away from the deadly cliffs. He stood up in his stirrups to get a better view. He could see nothing of the cliffs but towering directly above him, half-outlined against the black sky and only visible because of their greater blackness, were the walls of a castle.

Sir Guy was overjoyed. He spurred his horse and cantered along under the walls searching for the gateway. He could just distinguish its hazy silhouette monstrously squatting just a few yards in front of him. He thought fleetingly that it must be very late as there were no lights showing, then he realised that this was nothing but a crumbling ruin.

He dismounted and felt his way towards the gate. One of the huge oak doors was missing and the other hung carelessly on its twisted hinges. The porch under the last portcullis was strewn with masonry which gave the gateway the appearance of a mouth full of smashed and distorted teeth. The astonished knight felt as if he was entering a tomb as he walked hesitantly over the rectangular boulders into the silent dark; but here there was at least some shelter from the stinging storm outside, and here

he determined to spend the night. He found himself an alcove off the entrance hall and settled himself down in his cloak. He could hear the wind outside sobbing songs in an alien tongue to the shattered towers and whistling softly through ever-open windows into roofless rooms. Slowly, imperceptibly, these sounds faded away into the silent helplessness of sleep.

It was still night when he awoke. Amid the noises of the sighing wind there was a human voice, a woman's voice which pleaded to him for help, which burned inside him and yet seemed so frozen his limbs. With an extraordinary effort he stood up. The whole of the castle seemed to be lit with a curious reflected light which seemed to have no source. With the help of this light he quickly found his way to the bottom of a spiralling flight of stairs.

For a moment he paused, his feet suspended over the first step. What would he find in this ominous old ruin? What sort of creature had a voice that pierced into your heart and mind? But it was a woman's voice which called to him again with greater anguish and soon his fear was forgotten and he was bounding upwards.

At each upward step the light grew brighter until Sir Guy was shielding his eyes. Suddenly the staircase ended and he found himself face to face with the source of the enigmatic light. In front of him was an enormous frozen double-door which shone with its own power. He wondered how he could possibly pass such an obstruction, but while he stood, the doors opened of their own accord and revealed an incredible sight.

He could hardly see because of the change to the gloom now before him from the overpowering brightness of the doors.

Slowly he managed to make out the form of a huge hall. Ranged down either side of it, a hundred marble knights were standing beside a hundred marble horses; these were not dead things, they seemed merely to sleep. As his eyes pierced the darkness, he distinguished two huge white forms standing facing him at the other end of the hall; two enormous skeletons, like the dead brothers of Gog and Magog, sleeping on the terrible swords. And there, unstirring, encased in crystal and guarded by these monsters, was the most beautiful woman Sir Guy had ever seen.

Her long black hair contrasted sharply with the whiteness of her dress and the paleness of her skin. Her eyes were closed and she did not breathe but he knew that she was not dead, it had been her voice that had summoned him there. He knew that in the same way he knew his own name—with certain if unprovable knowledge. She was lying in the very jaws of death but, still alive, she had called to him to rescue her. He stood motionless, watching the silent incarnate beauty before him; he might have stood there forever if he had not heard her voice again.

"On your choice my fate depends." The voice came from her glassy prison without her moving. Puzzled, he looked around for a reason for her statement, but his astonishment quickly vanished. On his left hand, suspended mysteriously in the air, there was a sword, and on his right a horn. "On your choice my fate depends." Sir Guy needed no time to decide; he reached for the horn and put it to his lips.

The sound echoed round the bare stones and then there was a moment, a split second which was the distillate of all history, of utter silence. There was a murmur among the marble knights; a movement of their steeds; a roar from the waking skeletons as they raised their swords. The woman opened her eyes to a terrified stare and then screamed with horror. She went on screaming as the huge brass doors swung shut with a clang that shook the building and muffled her cries. Sir Guy's head filled with the screams, the light and the fear, and he collapsed corpse-like on the floor.

The grey light of dawn was just beginning to fill the sky when Sir Guy awoke. He was back in his dirty alcove of the night before. Instantly remembering his foolish choice, he bounded towards the stair-case to find the magic sword. The faint, familiar golden glow was shining down into his face—the light from the brass doors. He leapt on to the landing and came face to face with the newly-risen sun. Where the great hall had been before there was now a roofless, floorless, battered, hollow shell.

For the rest of his life Sir Guy dwelt in the ruins of Danzburgh Castle seeking for his lady and the enchanted sword. He never again saw either, but the story goes that even in death his soul could not leave his quest and his spirit walks among the ruins calling for the beautiful woman. It seems foolish, but if you stand alone in the shattered pile that is Danzburgh in the light of the evening sun, you can almost believe it.

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WORDS :

Words tell of joys
and sadness
fears
and gladness
but mostly worship
fun
and run
together in their haste
for expressions
forgetful
of the pain they bring
they sing
of the moment
they live
and die
fly
forgotten images
of half seen
thoughts ideas
unbelievable
unthinkable
they just
slip out
 unseen

INSPIRATION :

Inspired by beer and smoke
I rise my words, sing my songs
to you who I do not know, yet know so well
you who will read my words
laugh at my singing and care so little
yet so much
you who will sing my songs to the world
and by who I stand judged before mankind
in endless laughter
Today has stood out in time
as a good day, and memory shall mark this
day
as one in which one boy
was happy
at one with his surroundings
at one with time and life and love
happy to help one whose life is not so full
with contentment as his own
happy to join with two in the enjoyment
of that day
content in his own right
content in his companionship
Tomorrow may be even better.

Peter Thompson

THE WIDOW :

Ian McDonald

She sits beside the fire with her hair
hanging over her face. The noise of the
despatch riders' motor-cycle drones away
into the distance and the telegram is still
in her hand. Silent tears collect slowly
in her eyes and make their uncertain way
down her cheeks to drip mournfully into
the darkness which surrounds her feet.
No outburst of passion, she cannot scream
out her grief. Her grief drips sadly away
in pitiful tears made golden by the firelight.

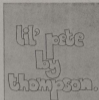
There is a child inside her which will
never have a father; the children who sleep
so quietly have lost the father that they
had. She has lost everything. She has lost
her reason to live and even her life itself.
She has lost everything to a single ounce
of malicious lead: everything lost, and lost
for nothing.

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Colin Potter

Take a walk,
Over your legs,
Up your spine,
Across your shoulders,
Enter your head.
Look around,
Browns.
Don't feed the animals,
Try the rides,
You needn't buy anything.

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The Selected Verse of R. E. McKeith

IS HE SANE

Some day
I'm going outside,
Feel the waves lick my feet
And lean my head against the wind.
Then find my way to where it's been.
But who
Can say
What will be?
If someone does,
Will it be me?
Flying sideways is not hard
But where it leads is apart
From where
The life stream leaps,
Where, hidden,
Eden sleeps,
And, lava-buried,
Adam weeps;
Who among us can say the words man needs?
Where winds are born is below:
Tears and pride have helped them grow.
Was the garden full of leaves
Stripped, sap-bleeding, from the trees?
Can apples stay branch-bound
For plucking
When rebel storms alone
Can open the wood?
And, for sure,
Bare skin is hard pressed to shield
The human breast,
Which even now has not healed.
Then can it not be said
No part assailed the graceful innocence
Of Eve's heavenly form?
Only when the hand had stoned
Did God shirk and reject it,
To recognize the pure life distilled
All but two need not be killed.
First find that spring
From whence blows the icy whip.
Some day
I'm going outside,
Fence back each blast,
Desecrated,
And halt the flow:
Paradise,
But should I fail to return,
Know that my left hand,
Grey, granite formed and held fast
In Hell's window,
(For the wind blows you back to its door),
Has found its mark,
While the right bears fruit.

THE KINDEST WAY TO DO IT

I love you as much as the greatest music
never played,
As much as the warmth of summers which
never came,
As much as the sands frozen white as flame
By snow, the like of which God never made,
I love your hair as soft as the breaching of
green
As gold and rare as the leaves which fell
in spring.
Your eyes as blue as the bluest blu-ink wing
Which I ever saw cut or hunger seize,
I love your hands as smooth to touch and hold
As the keenest blade ever fashioned from
a tulip stalk
Your figure as supple as the deadly lightning
fork
And your lips as sweet as the honey of
arctic bees and just as cold,
So now you see how I stand, while standing,
As reward,
And happy landing.

POETRY IS —OR ISN'T ACCORDINGLY

TANGLEWOOD TALE : Peter Marshall

While I played in a garden on some distant
land
You passed by on roller skates, waving and
smiling at me
And I stood there amazed and confused
about the situation
While you travelled on to destiny.

I tried to reach you, but you lost me on
your meandering course
Through grey tenement blocks and past
barren river quays:
Dejection filled my heart and my eyes
became veiled
By a mist of tears, and your enchantments
left me.

With vacant eyes I stood in a sea of con-
fusion
Woodenware where my journey had taken me;
But where I stand there are no clouds or seas
And the ships no longer set sail for new worlds
For I have reached sterility.

THINK OF ME : Joan Miller

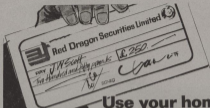
Think of me when you
lay your weary head upon
your pillow,
And I who love you
will appear in your sweetest
dreams.
Do not awake or my vision
will fade into the night
and only darkness will remain.
Dream of me, stretch out
to coach my hand,
I will be there.
Call for me, I will answer
in such delicate words.
As you dream of me, I
will dream of you;
Upon your sleeping lips
I will press a kiss
and my dream will
be fulfilled.

A LITEL MURMER : Rob McKeith

Though I am noon succubus
Yet can I right well speke and seye
That a man shal rede what thing he wolde
And not that thing which he is tolde
Though clerkes may glozes bothe up and down
And clepe wisdom and science ourt sub-
clous
Yet answeren shal I: if on erthe there bee
things be
To lay me in myn grave' tis
Chaucer!
Benedictus!



Keith Parsons



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Aries (March 21st—April 19th)

If you were a true Aries you would not be able to read this. This is no reflection on the intellect of the Arians but most of them suffer from curious dark lines in front of the eyes.

Taurus (April 20th—May 20th)

Tours is one of the birth signs which is very distinct in one's character. This is why some people call you a silly old moo.

Gemini (May 21st—June 20th)

Think again about the recent decision that you have made. Whatever you have decided it is bound to be very bad for you and is probably highly immoral.



Cancer (June 21st—July 20th)

Start going to the library instead of the study room.

Leo (July 21st—August 21st)

You should be slightly cautious this week. The conjunction of Mars and Jupiter seems to signify that you could contract a fatal disease before Friday and certainly lose all your money on the horses on Saturday. There will be strong tendencies towards suicide at this time, but cheer up, Sunday will be a much better day if you last that long.

Virgo (August 22nd—September 22nd)

Congratulations.



Libra (September 23rd—October 22nd)

The very latest thing from Playboy.



Scorpio (October 23rd—November 21st)

Romance seems to be in the air for you and one day you may well get married, if you do not then it will be because of the disrupting influence of Pluto. Your life's partner will almost certainly be either a man or a woman.



Sagittarius (November 22nd—December 21st)

This is not a serious complaint and you should not worry about it. If your Sagittarius seems to get bigger, however, I would recommend a body-belt.

Capricorn (December 22nd—January 19th)

You might find your life easier if you stop seeing the goat for a while.

Aquarius (January 20th—February 18th)

You are going on a series of short, important journeys.



Pisces (February 19th—March 20th)

Go to bed and sleep it off.

HORRORSCOPE

SIRED

Philip Arthur

Sired by the North wind
Out of the dawn land,
Spirits of Vengeance in four-fold man-shape,
Ubbe and Ivor, Guthrum and Windhat
Sons of the snake-dead hairy brooches,
Out from the land of the sea shore skerries
Carried on the sea-steeds blood-launched beauties,
Lusting for the blood of the Regicide Prince.

Inland of axe-shape
Sired of Satan,
Brooding to the accents rising and falling,
Senseless, Psalm-song out of Romsburgh,
Singing of betrothal to the long-dead cross-god,
Half-hairy priest men singing their litany
Break off in mid-song beholding the dawn ships
Carrying the incomes, bare of the bones.

Children of darkness,
Laughter in the Grayboard,
Eyes shining bright in the Glass-aid war helm,
Laughing loud, laughing long at the brown-clad spirit men,
Life of the old gods, flowing through the cold veins,
Hairloom of the Thunderer and the eight-footed Shipair
Rune-written war blade shining as the serpent's tongue
Bloodspear burning brands, Fafnir's fangs.

Inland penitular,
Hilly greenwood,
Bones of the dead—not dead; head of the King
Carried there faithfully safe from the creek-lands
Born by misguided cross-god brethren,
Built there a tomb after many years seeking,
Later incomes defeating the once-lost,
Built there a shrine for the bones and the head.

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get him to arrange for you to meet your R.A.F. Schools Liaison Officer for an informal chat.

Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain E. Barstow, R.A.F. Admiral House (280111), London, WC1. Please give your date of birth and say what qualifications you have or are studying for (minimum 5 G.C.E. 'O' levels including English language and mathematics), and whether you are more interested in a flying or ground branch career.

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