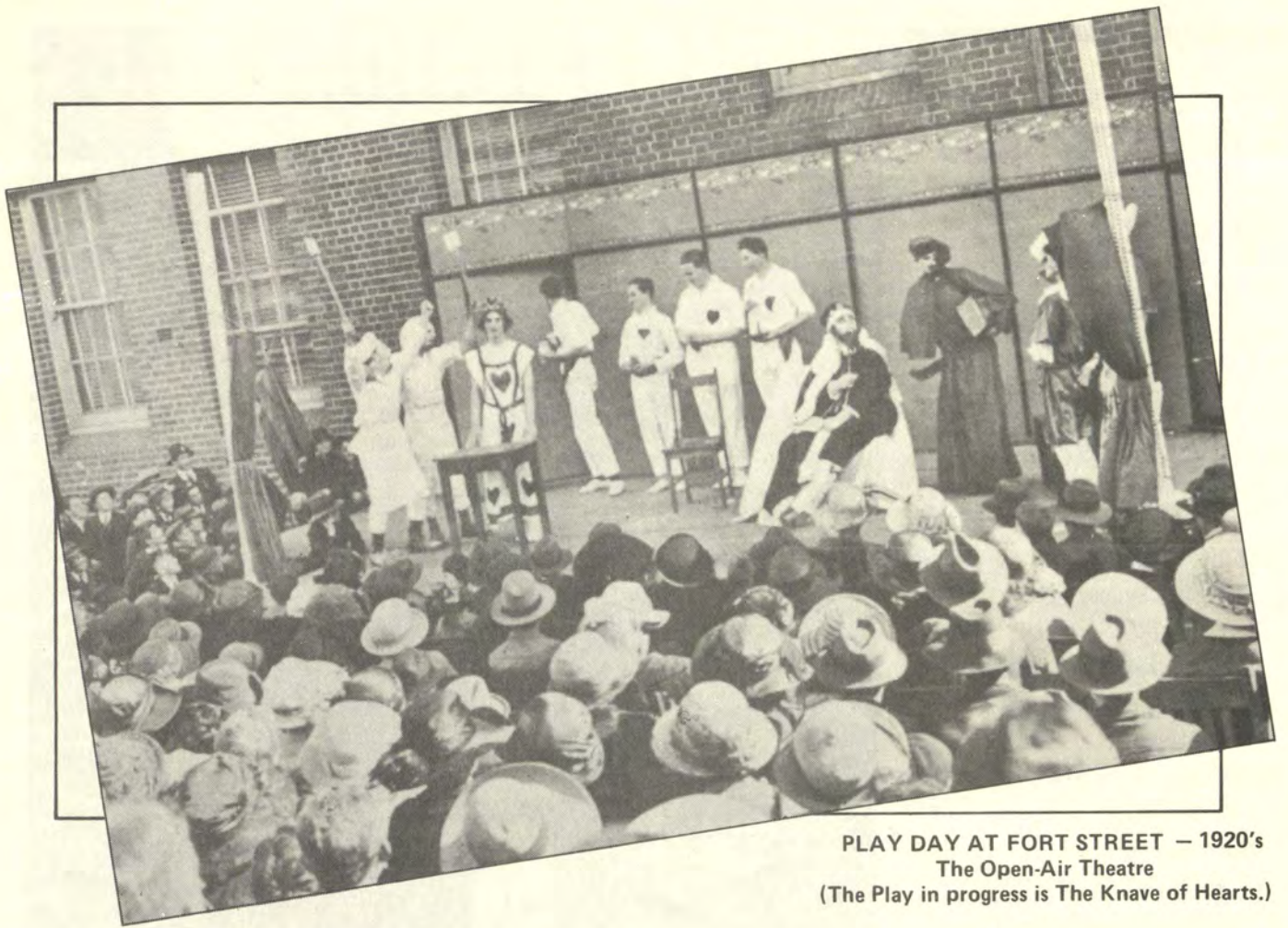


# THE FORTIAN 1983





PLAY DAY AT FORT STREET — 1920's  
The Open-Air Theatre  
(The Play in progress is The Knave of Hearts.)

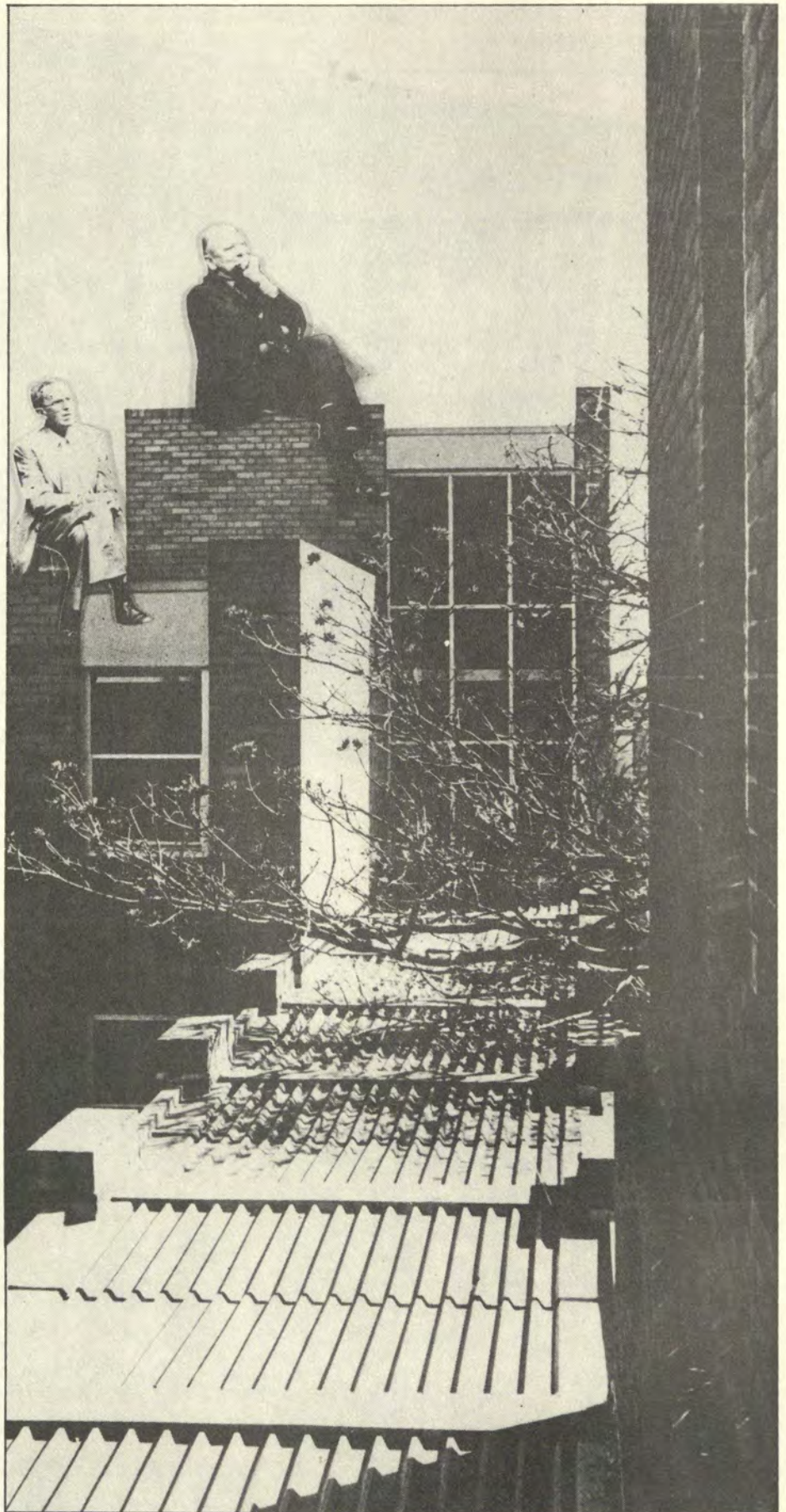


Our Fearless Leader in 3D.



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A special thank you to Mr Lembit and Mr Horan for their advice and encouragement. Also to Miss Sandra Page, Mr John Lawrence, Miss Smith, Mrs Ryan, Mrs Fox, Mrs Wright, Mrs Pendleton and Mrs Newell.

Thank you to all contributors.

A special thank you to Mr George Jaksic (ex-Fortian and printer extraordinaire from Honeysett Instant Print Pty Ltd) for his invaluable advice and encouragement and the use of many hours of time and energy, to Mr Ian Marr who also assisted with the design of the new school logo, to Ms Penny Ralph for her labour of love in the art studio and all the other staff at the printery for their patience and time.



# EDITORIAL

In the words of one of the prophets "How quickly does today turn into yesterday". Indeed. As these words go to print, 1983 is drawing to a speedy conclusion. We know what awaits us after December 31st, but it is now a cliché to say the least. On reflection, Fortians must look beyond the walls of the school. In Australia, we saw the election of a Federal Labor Government led by Mr Robert James Lee Hawke. The environmentalists won a heated battle over the damming of the Franklin River in South-western Tasmania. Australia won the America's Cup. On a global perspective, we saw war in the Middle East and South America, assassination in the Phillipines and the shooting down of a civilian Korean airliner (about which many questions remain unanswered). Many lives are being senselessly slaughtered across the globe, in the name of "diplomacy". Are we moving to annihilate ourselves?

Our world lacks quality, honesty and equality. At a recent lecture by Mr Ralph Nader, American lawyer, academic and champion of the mere consumer, my attention was drawn to the broader meaning of his words — "There is no sin in being a consumer, but there is sin in accepting second best". Quality control has disappeared and we are being duped.

We have endeavoured to produce material between these covers which we hope show with honesty and quality the year's events which have shaped 1983 for Fortians. We hope it will serve as your "La Recherche du Temps Perdu". As a "grande finale", for 1983 we bid Mr Lembit a fond farewell and wish him a healthy, fulfilling retirement.

Remember "Clothes may have style, but the truth must go naked".

Jane Levi

Now ... a note from the Fortian Committee ...

## Censorship

Censorship is a very sensitive and somewhat topical issue. The Macquarie Dictionary defines censorship as "the deletion of material from books, films, news reports, etc., that have been deemed **unsuitable or dangerous** on moral, political, military, or other grounds."

Whilst it is true that a magazine such as this requires a great degree of "editorial selection", I am sure that each member of the 1983 Fortian Committee will, in their own uniquely temporizing and disparaging way, classify any accusations of rigid censorship and insidious social comment as UNADULTERATED PARADOXICAL SLANDER!

**No** altered articles "go to press" without the contributor being notified, and without his/her approval being obtained. We enforce no inflexible literary dogma upon any aspiring, or indeed perspiring young author. We stand for FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION!!! (as long as we don't have to clean it up afterwards).

I mean who cares if the Fortian contains articles about ■, ■, ■, and ■? We are not intimidated to report on such inter-school relationships as the one between Mr M■, Ms Y■, and a rather wet cylindrical object. So what if Mr Ambler enjoys running around a ■ with only his ■ on? Do we care if Mr R■es' ■ is only 35cm long?? **NO!**

What sort of degenerates would people think we are if we printed unsubstantiated vicious rumours about Mr Br■'s insistence that Joh Bjelke-Peterson enjoys ■ with a congealed ■. We don't even presume to pry into Mr ■'s and Ms J■'s disgusting habit of ■ their ■ after they've just ■; not to mention Ms Levi's new ■ which she uses before going to the ■.

REALLY!!



The Fortian Committee.



# Principal's Message



What can I say? I sit here at my Principal's desk gazing probingly into the recesses of my convoluted cerebellum and I can find no inspiration. My mind is a dark void with nary a glimmer of light.

Is this all that I can show for a lifetime of education? Would that I had known this when I made my first tentative steps into this illustrious institution some 48 years ago. How proud I was to have gained selection to such a seat of academic excellence! — a young, eager mind grasping at the mysteries of learning, soaking up all that Fort Street's intellectual purveyors could proffer — Damon Runyonesque names which live with me still — "Piggy" Parker, "Tiger" Harrison, "Cocker" Brodie, "Snakey" Burtenshaw, "Chalkie" Hallman, "Dog" Rose, "Daddy" Christmas, "Basher" Jeffrey and so on. I owe a number of these gentlemen a great deal for they imbued me with an insatiable love for knowledge and a goal to aim for.

It was no wonder that I proceeded to university and eventually emerged from its hallowed halls, fully prepared to follow in the footsteps of my schoolboy idols. These footsteps were inclined to falter at times and there did not seem to be the same aura surrounding the young teacher as he struggled around his country postings, but gradually it came and rewards in pupil achievement became more obvious.

As promotion gradually followed, a hidden dream which had been lost in my subconscious, suddenly began to emerge and 45 years after the proud little boy entered Fort Street for the first time, a somewhat larger and appreciably older version of that boy, but still infinitely as proud, entered the same gates as Principal.

I could offer you many snippets of advice from my infinite store of acquired wisdom, such as "always keep your powder dry", "always deal from the top of the pack" and "if you can't walk tall, don't walk at all". Be that as it may, all of us have our separate "High Noons" to face and I am confident that you will do this with honesty and a respect for others.

In the four years I have been here I have had no cause to lose this feeling of pride. No doubt things are much more different than they were when I first came here, but there still beats in the heart of you young people, that thirst for knowledge, that tenacity to succeed and that hope for the future.

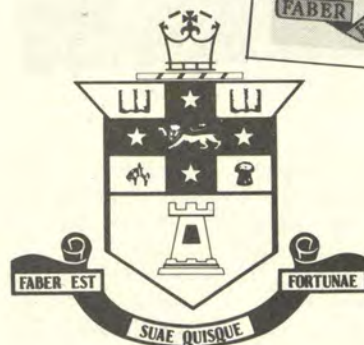
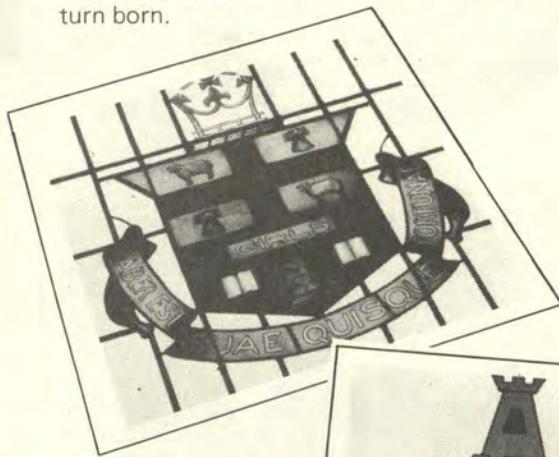
This is a sad moment for me as I hang my saddle on the wall, but I know it will be seized by eager questing hands, proud to carry on the tradition which is **FORT STREET**.



# Deputy Principal's Message



The word 'image' means too an **emblem** or **symbol**, a symbol of all that Fort Street stands for – reaching back into the past and looking forward towards the future. That our School should now have its Coat of Arms, so beautifully emblazoned for the first time in this journal, may serve as a glorious portent for the future. This very symbol of the School is an amalgum of all that went into the making of the two schools out of which we took our being, and the earlier one, the Model School, out of which the Boys' High and the Girls' High School were in their earlier turn born.



I came to teaching in the middle year of the century. I came to Fort Street that same year. When the school resumed after the Easter break of this year, I had chalked up the longest tenure of uninterrupted service in the history of the School. It is indeed true that I have been at Fort Street for a long, long time.

There is I would trust more to it than my simply having been here. I would trust that I have truly been part of a great school, taking an active interest in all aspects of school life to my best ability and in accordance with the dictates of time and other responsibilities. That ideal I would propose to all those that come through the gates to be Fortians. Just do not simply be here.

What a school is, is a composite of many elements. You, the student body, make up a most significant part of that total scene. You are not all of it, particularly in a school so rich in tradition. In the best interests of the School, and of all of us, the best possible image should ever be created and re-created. Fort Street lives not in the past, although it takes much of its life force from past achievement, which serves as a challenge for the future. Fort Street is today and tomorrow.

You are its today and you will form its future. The image you present is of vital significance. While the word connotes more than an appearance, if you cannot see the importance of this aspect of the School's image, I stress to you now that it is of supreme importance. Loss of credibility here counts for much. It behoves all Fortians at all times to present themselves in a fashion that is beyond criticism. Nothing less will do. I express this truth no matter what prevailing tolerance or communal flirting may vitiate a school's functioning. Inlicensed individualism and the tyranny of democracy do not work in the best interests of organised societies.

At the time of the amalgamation many things were lost. This was sadly inevitable in a time of a new beginning. It is further not possible for a school to do at all times all the things that have made it great. So very much depends on the talents, the energy and the devotion of members of staff. Not all staff members stay forever. This would not be in the best interest of a school, which must change in order to remain the same – to preserve the same image in a changing society. What has marked 1983 has been the revival of drama and music in the School. Fort Street, the home of drama in Australian schools, and the first State school to have a school choir, has never been without its drama and its song. I was a member of that first choir, as I early trod the boards of the stage when it was brand new. The performances of this year are to all a most notable indication of a grand future that will bring glory and fame to our famous School.



# FIFTY YEARS of DRAMA

## AN EXPERIMENT THAT BECAME A TRADITION

The conception of a Play Day came in 1921, in the course of drama discussion by the Fourth Year English Honours class. For years I sought to establish the actual course of events that turned the idea into the reality that was to create one of Fort Street's greatest traditions. In conversation in 1972 with Mr F. Wilson, he told me that he gave expression, in the course of discussion with Dr Mackaness, Master of English and Deputy Headmaster, to the belief that the boys could stage a whole day's performance of drama. This belief was put into practice. Preparations for the great first day stimulated a great interest in Shakespearean study. The first festival was in essence a programme of dramatic scenes from the greatest of English playwrights.



Society for the following year. The drama expert however, took promotion and the School waited just on a quarter of a century for the production of the complete work promised for 1960. The producer was not at all apprised of the planned production for 1960 when she staged the play in August of 1983. It is just one of those queer quirks of fate that make the writing of history fascinating. But more of this in a short while.

I give a word here before proceeding to thank that long line of producers who took on the responsibility of taking charge of a class in order to produce a play for Play Day. The whole school was involved with the exception of classes facing a public examination. It was a total school undertaking. It was the event of the year. It was not only school time that went into the venture. Before school, after school, the weekends — none of these times was sacred. You can read of their efforts in all the copies of the "Fortian" through all the years with the exception of the Centenary Year 1949 when the lights and the trams were out and the year 1962 when the Hall itself was out having its face-lift. One is not unmindful also of the long line of Play Festival directors, who took charge of putting the whole show together. There is also more to a play than the players who finally tread the boards. To the property builders, the stage hands, the lighting crews, the make-up folk, the customers, the sewers, the business managers, the booking teams, to all associated with getting any of the



The first four Play Days were held out in the open. The lawn on the eastern side of the school was transformed into an open-air theatre. It is interesting to note that the first Play Day was not even recorded in the "Fortian" — nonetheless an experiment had begun. The second Annual Play Day was a pronounced success. The programme included a Latin, French and Japanese play — "*In Catalinam*", "*La poudre fulminante*" and "*Love or Money*". Of this second Play Day it was reported in the Sydney Press that an interesting educational experiment was carried out at the Fort Street School in the form of a play day. It was claimed by Dr G. Mackaness, who was in charge, that this open-air play day was unique. Many schools produced such a cycle of plays as Fort Street did. The Play Day movement continued to grow and became recognised. In 1934 a memorable plan was staged that everyone remembers — "*Why the Chimes Rang*". I was to see a version of this play in 1937 by the same great producer. It will no doubt rank with the great Play Day productions of all time. There is, after all, a limit to what schoolboys are capable of — perfection itself.

It was at this point — apart from expressing the School's gratitude to the long line of men and boys that established and maintained a tradition of drama and a wish that the fine work would be continued — that my first account of the Fort Street Play Day concluded. It was by no means the end of the tradition as I shall presently show. I too heralded a production of Shaw's "*Pygmalion*" by the





shows on the road and onto the stage thanks of a grateful school is given. Play Day was one of Fort Street's greatest contributions to education.

In the years of the amalgamation of the two schools in 1975 one price we paid was the loss of the annual Drama Festival. Not that students were denied drama. In their English classrooms, out of which the movement had grown, students were still exposed to the excitement and reality of dramatisation. There were workshops; there was work done in film. There were three great evenings of music and drama. "*Memories*", "*Victorian Interlude*" and "*A Foreign Affair*", and also the theatrical talents of the "*New Faces*" series. Serious drama, out of which the movement had taken its being, broadened by the performance of the range of classics and West End and Broadway plays, was however no longer an essential experience for all Fortians.

It is in this context that the superb school venture of last August acquires its full significance. We had waited a quarter of a century for the heralded "*Pygmalion*" and with its performance drama was back at Fort Street in earnest. Congratulations go to all associated with the production – the hundred or so students from all Years responsible for mounting the show. The School expresses its appreciation to Miss R. Morey for carrying through the revitalisation of the drama tradition.



Drama has of course its meaning in itself. The show's the thing! It is an art form that has had its appeal and meaning for man through several thousand years. Greek writers and actors of those centuries before Christ established a great drama tradition. The modern tradition at Fort Street has its meaning too in the art form itself. Beyond this, many a leading public figure has attested to Play Night's forming his career. Many students associated with our recent production will later be able to attest to it as a turning point in their lives.

The School Memorial Hall was constructed principally for the purpose of having a place for the staging of the Fort Street Play Day, which was causing such a stir in the early twenties. The story of the Play Day I have now told in full. It is now possible to affirm that the Play Day Fort Street knew for more than fifty years has taken its place in history. There is no reason to hold fear that dramatic expression will not take a new direction. We look forward to what the years ahead are about to produce. Eagerly too, our thoughts turn to the realisation of another venture – the construction of a Greek Theatre, to be built into the hillside as the schoolscape slopes away on the south-western side. The Department of Education has already given its approval. A fund has already been established. Thoughts are already shaping for productions in this arena. The future augurs bright.

R.S. Horan



## THE FORT STREET COAT OF ARMS

In the 1983 edition of the "FORTIAN" appears the Coat of Arms of Fort Street High School. It is an amalgum of the Arms of the Boys' and Girls' Schools. All elements of the two have been incorporated in order to symbolize the amalgamation of our two schools. Indeed, the elements have been interwoven in such a way as to reflect in fair proportion the characteristics of both.

From the time of the introduction of the Leaving Certificate examination Fort Street – although not officially a High School, has been preparing students for admission to the University. The Fort Street School had undertaken many functions since its founding. In 1911 there was further development in the nature of the Model school. The Fort Street Boys' High School and the Fort Street Girls' High School were established, to be accommodated for a number of years in the original Observatory Hill building.

The Coat of Arms executed in 1916 for the Girls' High is so nobly preserved in the beautiful stained-glass window at the head of the entrance stairs in the old building, now the headquarters of the National Trust. The window still stands in the original Military Hospital, at the head of the stairs, the girls having been persuaded that this most tangible evidence of Fort Street's having been there would to future generations symbolize the making of Fortians on a most historic site over a period of a century and a quarter.

From the State Arms of New South Wales were borrowed the two sheep (ours at pasture – not being loaded on to a ship for transportation) and the two sheaves of wheat (symbol of the wool and wheat industry which had established the strength of the colony) and a central red cross of St George the old badge of the colony. As the Navy flag badge, it too recognized the contribution to Australia's discovery and development by such naval officers as Captain Cook and Governors Phillip, Hunter, King and Bligh. These symbols stand in the top half of the shield. In the bottom half stands centrally a fort, flanked on either side by a book, symbol of learning. Above the fort appears the word 'girls'. A very beautiful scroll with the wording of the school motto, surrounds the shield.

Work was done by Mr D. O'Sullivan of the school staff to produce the full-colour Coat of Arms that first appeared in 1957. A fine representation in linoleum was fashioned for the entrance foyer.



# Elizabeth Bannan



In the 1977 "FORTIAN" is recorded the death of Elizabeth M. Bannan. The school honoured her by giving her name to one of the Houses.

Miss Bannan was born on June 5, 1909 and received her secondary education at Fort Street. Of great interest is the fact that Miss Bannan was the leader of the opposition in the first debate (23.4.26) ever held between the Boys' and Girls' High schools. She graduated with honours in English, Education and Anthropology from Sydney University. She taught in secondary schools for a short time before joining the Sydney Teachers' College staff in 1937 as a lecturer in English. She later became Dean of Women Students, Head of the English Department, and eventually Assistant Principle. In 1940 she spent a year at the University of Oregon as a visiting professor, and in 1949 she won a Carnegie Travelling Grant, which enabled her to spend a study period overseas in the 1950s. She was also a member of the A.B.C. State Advisory Committee on School Broadcasting. Awarded the British Empire medal upon her retirement from the Sydney Teachers' College, she was appointed a member of the Interim Council, whose task it was to refashion the College, and in 1974 a member of the first Council. Fort Street is indeed honoured by her.



Wheel Flower, 1928.

# Margaret Preston



Margaret Preston, honoured in the House names, was a decorative painter, known mostly for her still lifes. Her popularity as a painter really soared some seven or so years ago when the woman's art movement stirred up interest in her paintings and graphics of the 1920s and 30s. The years since have elevated her status further.

She was appreciated in her day. Her work was constantly featured in the magazines "Art in Australia" and "the Home", in which her prints and paintings were coverpieces and her theories published.

Born in Adelaide, Margaret Preston attended Fort Street as Rose Macpherson. The exact years are obscured, the date of her birth being recorded as both 1875 and 1883. In 1919 she married William George Preston. The marriage was childless and the intriguing point concerning her age remains. She died in 1963.

Her art study was at the School of Design in Adelaide and at the National Gallery School in Melbourne. Soon after she travelled overseas, working in Munich and Paris. She returned to Australia a few years later, but left again in 1910 to live in Paris and London until the end of the first World War. During this time the influence of fauvists such as Henri Matisse became more apparent in her work. Preston amongst them, who had studied modernism overseas returned to Australia with its lessons. She continued to improve until the early 1950s.

The view of Preston as a flower painter has tended to stick. This has obscured her talents as a landscape painter, her exploration of Aboriginal design and her geometric modern work. She was one of the first artists to seriously approach Aboriginal bark paintings. She did not copy the native art style but revealed its influence upon her, through her own individual technique. As well as painting, her accomplishments included wood engravings and print making. She was awarded a silver medal at the Paris International Exhibition, 1937. Her work is in many Australian galleries, in New Zealand, and at Yale University. We salute this famous Fortian, forerunner of modernism in Australian art.



# FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL STAFF - 1983

## PRINCIPAL

Mr V. Lembit

## DEPUTY PRINCIPAL

Mr R. Horan

## ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Mr J. Buckingham

Mr B. Mahony

Mrs M. Hosking

Miss J. Levi

Mrs B. Crawford

Miss R. Morey

Miss M. Duncan

Mr R. Swadling

Mr R. Morgan

## HISTORY DEPARTMENT

Mr T. Glebe

Mr M. Browne

Miss L. Irvine

Mr H. Jones

Miss L. Martin

Mrs J. Ward

## ART DEPARTMENT

Miss S. Page

Miss S. Smith

## LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

Mr E. Garan

Mrs J. Levi

Mr S. Murphy

Mrs S. Stark

Mr S. Yalichev

## MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

Mr R. Riches

Mr S. Baker

Miss M. Dimas

Mr R. Hayes

Mr P. McFarland

Miss G. McInnes

Mrs C. McGown

Mrs P. Mikl

## SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Mr W. Bray

Mr K. Ambler

Mr J. Bates

Mr G. Baz

Mr A. Ferris

Mr C. Moynham

Mrs C. Shaw

Mrs M. Parker

Miss M. Young

## HOME SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Miss I. Butler

Miss L. Foster

Miss M. Sykes

## INDUSTRIAL ARTS

Mr P. Board

Mr A. Crawford

Mr B. Fraser

Mr C. Osland

## PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Mrs B. Henry

Mr R. Tremayne

## MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Mr E. Wilson

## SOCIAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Mr H. Sturm

Mr R. Archer

Mr R. Baker

Mr P. Fischer

Miss M. Rieland

Miss M. Johanson

Mr J. Lawrence

Mr V. Morrison

## CAREERS

Mr P. Canty

## COUNSELLOR

Mr S. Scheduling

## LIBRARIAN

Mrs C. Ryan

## ANCILLARY

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Mrs M. Brewster

Mrs L. Fox

Miss L. Gallaher

Mrs I. Nicholson

Mrs L. Pendleton

Mrs M. Gamble

Mrs M. Harris

Mrs J. Newell

Mrs M. Thomson

Mrs M. Watts

Mrs J. Wright

Mr M. Celic

Mr D. Woods

## CARETAKER

Mr J. Dunne

## Milestones

FAREWELL to Miss Val Gordon, English mistress who retired in May 1983. Good luck to Miss Gordon in her retirement.

WELCOME to Mr Buckingham who started in May 1983 as the English master of Fort Street High School. We hope he has an enjoyable and interesting time as the English master.

BORN to:-

Mrs Carol Shaw (Science teacher) a son, James, on January 1st 1983 at Crown Street. Congratulations! He was the first baby born at the hospital for 1983 and of course one of the last too, as the hospital closed down in March of this year.

Mrs Maree Parker (Science teacher) a daughter. Congratulations!

Mrs Jackie Marchant a second daughter. Congratulations!  
Mrs Alvina Hill (History teacher) a daughter, Jemema, in August 1983 at the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington. Congratulations! As Mrs Hill said, "Another Fort Street Production."

FAREWELL to Miss Ruth Phelan (English/Music/History teacher) who left Fort Street in August of this year to travel abroad. Farewell and Bon Voyage.





**English Staff:** (Left to right) Mr B. Mahony, Mrs M. Hosking, Ms R. Morey, Mr J. Buckingham (Master), Mrs B. Crawford (Relieving Teacher), Ms M. Duncan, Mr V. Pavlovic (Relieving Teacher), Ms J. Levi, Mr R. Morgan (Relieving Teacher).

# STAFF 1983



**Library Staff:** (Left to right) Mrs M. Watts, Mrs C. Ryan, Mrs M. Gamble.

*Music Staff: Mr E. Wilson*



**Industrial Arts Staff:** (Left to right) Mr A. Crawford, Mr B. Fraser, Mr P. Board, Mr C. Osland.



◀ Mrs A. Hill (on maternity leave) and baby Jemena. "Another Fort Street Production".



**Science Staff:** (Left to right) Mr K. Ambler, Mr T. Rose, Mr C. Moynham, Mr A. Ferns, Mr W. Bray, Mr J. Bates, Ms M. Young, Mrs Cohen (Relieving Teacher).

*Physical Education Staff:  
Mr R. Tremayne, Mrs B. Henry.*





**History Staff:** (Left to right) Mr M. Browne, Ms L. Martin, Ms L. Irvine, Mr H. Jones, Mr T. Glebe (Master), Mrs J. Ward.

**Language Staff:** (Left to right) Mr R. Horan, Mr E. Garan, Mrs S. Stark, Mr S. Murphy, Mr S. Yalichev, Mrs J. Levi and a Student Teacher.



**Art Staff:** Miss S. Page. Absent: Miss Smith.



**Homescience Staff:** (Left to right) Miss L. Foster, Mrs I. Nicholson, Miss I. Butler, Miss M. Sykes.



**Auxiliary Staff:** (Left to right) Mrs M. Thomson, Mrs L. Fox, Mrs J. Newell, Mrs L. Pendleton, Mrs J. Wright, Miss L. Gallaher.



**Mathematics Staff:** (Left to right) Mr R. Riches, Mrs C. McGown, Mr S. Baker, Mrs P. Miki, Miss M. Dimas, Mr P. McFarland, Squatting: Mr R. Hayes. Absent: Miss McInnes.



**Chief School Counsellor:** Mr S. Shedding.



# music



Music plays a significant part in the life of a Fortian. Despite being able to elect to study music in the senior years at school, Fortians can also indulge in extra-curricular musical activities. Sydney throbs every night with the beats of diverse musical performances.

Whether you are a performer of music or an audience to it, is ultimately irrelevant — music appeals to all. From Stravinsky to the Slits, from Dizzy Gillespie to Barry Manilow, the musical arena has something for everybody. Some like to dance, some prefer to lie back and soak up their choice of music. Each involves him/herself in their music in an individual way.



Enough of vague generalisations — back to the dimensions of Fort Street High School. Fort Street boasts a swinging Jazz Band under the direction of Mr Bates. The Jazz Band played at the production of "Pygmalion" earlier this year, and students who had never been exposed to this form of music found they enjoyed it.

Independent of the school, but nevertheless attached to it, are two bands who perform modern music. "Bockers" (members Brett Thomson and Grant Thomson of Fort Street), played at a school dance during the year in which they played harmonious versions of Beatles and Men at Work melodies. Brett is also the drummer for the afore-mentioned Jazz Band, while Grant plays guitar.

"Exit Laughing" (members Jessica Scott-Douglas and Toby Newton-John of Fort Street), have established quite a cult following since the band's formation in August. They play "original dance music" involving synthesiser, bass and rhythm guitars, drums and dual vocals. One of Sydney's Up and Coming new music bands, "Exit Laughing" have played in such venues as Strawberry Hills Hotel and

have a residency at Harold Park Hotel — not to mention a string of successful gigs at the Musician's Club. Radio JJJ are beginning to realise the band's potential (Demo-tape Program). Good Luck.

Rage on, get down and throw up music lovers.

## BAND REPORT

Although there have been quite a number of bands in the school over the past year, two of these have been in the limelight more than any of the others. They are the school Brass Band and our resident Jazz Band.

In 1982, the Brass Band toned down considerably. Mr Wilson, the band master, was concentrating on setting new people into the band, mainly the fresh young first formers (who didn't realize what they were in for). About half way through 1983, the band went off the road for a while, which gave more time to organise the excellent concerts, entitled "Rameau Evenings".

The band was used for assemblies now and then, but mostly it was a stand-in consisting of such non-brass instruments as bassoon, cello, clarinet, violin and saxophone. So, nothing much has been happening of any great importance (or interest) in the brass band, although many great plans are afoot for bigger and better things in the forthcoming year.

The other band that has received much attention is the jazz band. Here we have a group of extraordinarily talented guys, very talented musicians (well maybe not so talented). During the year, the band has been called many names, but has now come to



stay with one, that being Jeremy Newton's Vintage Jazz Band. The band has enjoyed considerable success at various venues and their music was praised, and criticized, by many people.

The group currently consists of the following players: Jeremy Newton, Chris Salmon, Paul Miller, Gian "J.P." Parodi, Domenic Sirone, Michael Molnar and Brett Thomson.

The band has played at two the three Rameau Evenings, and made their public debut at the Open Day at Rozelle Hospital. Then along came Pygmalion, and the band was transformed into a "Ballroom Orchestra".

Special thanks to Edgar Wilson, who got us really started, and to John Bates, who keeps us going.

**Jeremy Newton**  
with extra bits by Chris Salmon





# Theatre in Sydney

This article is designed to introduce you to a few new but small theatres where you can go and see an interesting play for a reasonable price. Everyone is aware of Nimrod and the Sydney Theatre Company, but unfortunately their prices are rather high for high school students. There are many small amateur theatres in Sydney's suburbs whose productions are often excellent. Some are better than others but the gamble is indeed worth it because one usually manages to meet new people and be part of a friendly atmosphere.

In Newtown there is an amateur theatre which is very good. It is called "The New Theatre". Their plays usually have a left wing touch. The atmosphere is great and they are situated on 542 King Street, Newtown (519 3403). Recently "Le Malade Imaginaire" played here and was wonderful. In Kings Cross there is the Stables Theatre at 10 Nimrod Street (not the Nimrod in Surry Hills, so don't get them confused). Several students from Fort Street went as a group to the Stables' production of Street Level this year. The reaction of the students was mostly enthusiastic. We all had a great time, so keep your eye open to what is happening there (phone: 33 3817).

Student actors frequently have performances and naturally need an audience. I am sure you won't be disappointed. The N.I.D.A. Theatre is one of Australia's most prestigious acting schools. Students are generally 23 years old (at least) before they are accepted. It is very difficult to gain acceptance but if one is accepted it is a very valuable experience. The Theatre is at High Street, Kensington (663 3815). This is an excellent drama school and its student productions are excellent. At Leichhardt the Rocks Players perform. They recently produced a sell-out season of Woody Allen's God and Tom Stoppard's Real Inspector Hound. A small group of year eleven students went to see the two comedies and left feeling we had just spent our \$5 on something worthwhile. The theatre itself is very small, and is at 2 Marion Street and I advise one to book in advance (569 0223).

If you are interested in taking lessons in acting there is the Ensemble on 78 McDougall Street, Milsons Point (phone: 929 8877). The "Ensemble Studios" at Miller Street, North Sydney is a very fine acting school. It is very expensive (\$500 a term) but since it is privately run funds are short. It is a fine acting school. Productions are always written,

directed and performed by students. A concession ticket is only \$3. The Balmain Theatre Company is also excellent. The Sydney Acting School at 555 Military Road, Mosman (960 3680). And the P.A.C.T. Theatre in Sussex Street, City (phone: 29 8239) is also good. The Shopfront Theatre is a theatre for young people and is situated on 88 Carlton Parade, Carlton (588 3948). It is excellent for young students (Years 7-10).

All the above theatres are constantly presenting new productions and a concession ticket costs approximately \$5. I hope this article has helped you in your search for a new venue to see plays at a reasonable price. Live theatre is a worthwhile experience for both actor and audience. Enjoy Sydney's conventional and alternative theatre. We have a city of theatre of a very high standard, so take advantage of it as often as you can.

Adrian Parr

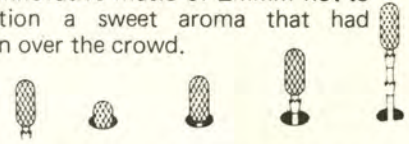


## Narara '83

It was 8 am, Friday 28th, January at Central Station with drizzle hovering over the Grand Hallway. Things did not look bright. However, my three companions Allan 'Lester' Alvis, Leo Ng and David Kwok decided to continue our trek to this musical paradise (after all the tickets cost \$35 each). We first arrived at Gosford and then caught a bus to the site.

Before we actually got inside the gates, our packs were checked for knives, guns and the 'lemon drinks'. Our belongings were twice as messy as it was before.

From then serenity ended and the frenzy began. It seemed that half of Sydney turned up for the event (unfortunately most came from Blacktown, Penrith, Liverpool, Parramatta, etc.) who were all effected by the innovative music of 2MMM not to mention a sweet aroma that had fallen over the crowd.



The promoter of the event, Michael Chuggs, who never stopped whinging about Midnight Oil's non appearance, welcomed us to Narara. The acts included Australian Crawl, The Divinyls, The Church, and Goanna, who were so good they had to perform 'Solid Rock' twice before getting a response from the crowd.

The features of the next day included the Uncanny X-Men, Dynamic Hepnotics and Rodney Rude of the Comedy Store. The day slowly transcended into the evening and the more 'successful' bands would perform, including INXS, the Allnites and their Ska Trek, and the Comedy Commando himself, Austen Tayshus, who appeared during acts to help alleviate the boring inter-change of bands.

After the last band we returned to find more tent pegs missing and a slightly intoxicated ape-like biker who fell asleep in front of our tent, so Lester offered him breakfast but the biker left in a hurry.

Hoodoo Gurus were the best of the afternoon which included Dragon, the Mentals and the pathetic Radiators. After a fairly forgettable lead up, the band we all waited for COLD CHISEL finally appeared. They were easily the best band of the weekend with Jimmy Barnes' whaling voice and Ian Moss's unforgettable chords. Yet, they could not last forever and neither could Narara.

Narara featured many fine and established bands who have been mentioned throughout this article. These bands have worked long and hard for the positions they have established within the Australian music industry (although some are not deserving of this position). However, there are many bands who have worked equally as hard and long, yet fail to receive any recognition for their efforts, as they do not conform to the 'heads' of the industry, The Go-Betweens, the Birthday Party, Hunters and Collectors, The Scientists and East of Bondi Bay to mention a few, who often look towards England and Europe for critical acclaim. Hopefully, in the years to come we will witness a Narara that will feature many bands deserving of success and who don't sell-out to the all-gloried dollars.

Glenn Basic, David Kwok,  
Allan Alvis and Leo Ng



Are you addicted to the "Rock of the 80s" **2SM** or maybe to the "old new" **2UW**? Do you "triple your music" or is "Greatest Memories, Latest Hits" **2WS** where you're at? Is **2JJJ** "new music" your choice?

Which ever it may be, how many of you know about alternative radio in Sydney? The only alternative radio station named above is Triple Jay which is part of the ABC. But there are others!!!

**2SER FM** is the radio station of the Institute of Technology and Macquarie University. Don't let the fact that it doesn't have huge ratings fool you. This station has programmes for all tastes from Aboriginal to Abyssinian. For the bike rider "Motorcycle" on every Friday evening at 9.20 pm would be right up your highway and the budding politician should check the programmes on Politics. If that all sounds boring something most people should be interested in is a show called "From Funk to Punk" compiled by Stuart Coupe, on Thursdays at 1pm. **2SER** also brings to air the programme called "Gay Waves."

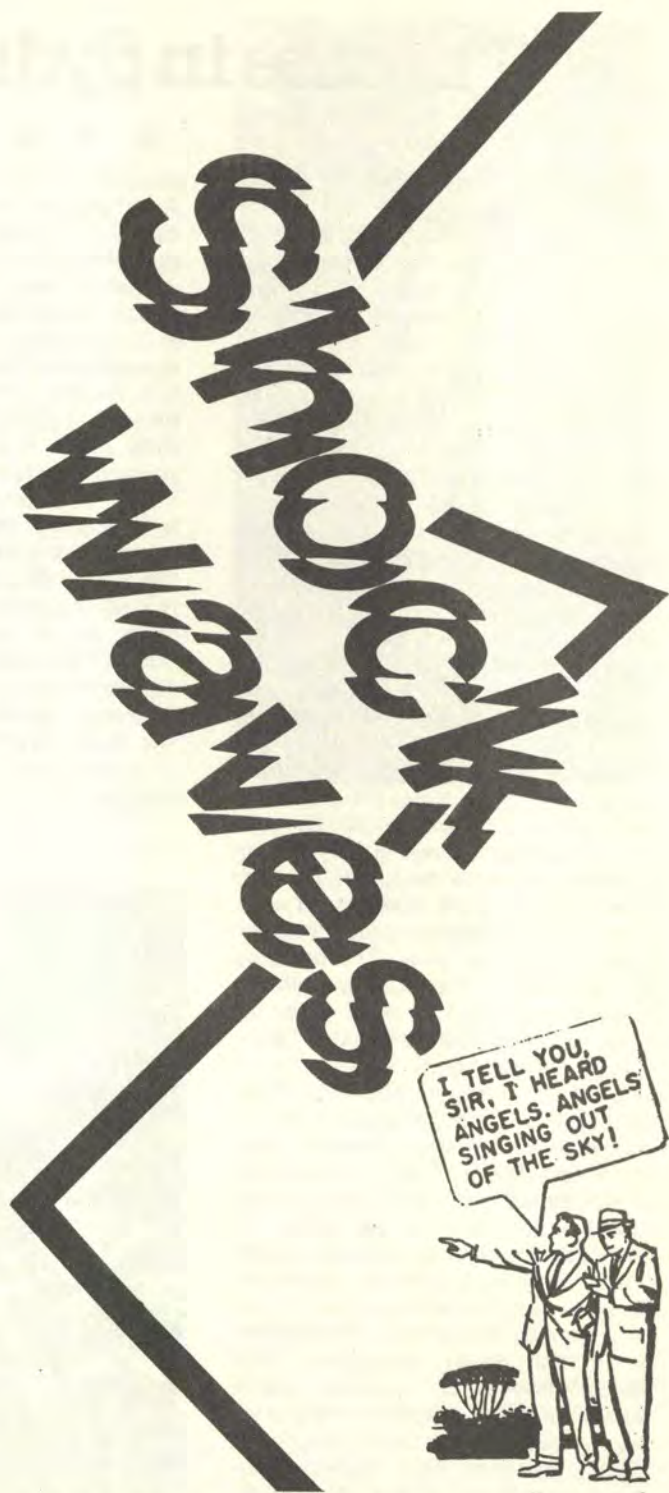
**2MBS FM** is another alternative radio station. You can hear on **2MBS** all the classical music you want! Actually **2MBS** plays some very exciting music. It specialises also in areas such as "Jazz and Ethnic" music, and if you're up after midnight the emphasis is on experimental music. **2MBS** is run by volunteers and is funded by subscribers. Many young people who want to get a start in radio start at places like this. If you would like to subscribe it will cost \$30 per annum. They need your support.

**2FC** and **2BL** are two stations run by the ABC. If you want to hear politicians discussing what they're going to do next, and shouting at each other, **2BL** is the place to be. That's not all though. There are discussions on such things as Psychology and Philosophy. And for all those ever studying Year 12s, **2FC** has some excellent study programmes, Shakespeare studies, Senior English and Science programmes. These thrive on **2BL** and **2FC**, but so does an awful lot of current and interesting items, interviews with the stars! And if all that has "blown you out", tune into **2FC** at 11.10pm each day for 5 minutes of "Meditation".

Those who are religious are especially catered for by **2CBA FM**. **2EA** is an excellent station for migrants. **2CBA** present devotions and even marriage counselling. **2EA** gives you everything from Arabic to Ukrainian, Loation to Slovak, Dutch to Turkish and comes in very useful if you're studying a language. The German programme is called "Kraut Rock", presented by the German programme (?). This show broadcasts imports from Germany not even released in Australia. For example, Nina Hagen, Kraftwerk and Ideal are played regularly.

And then, if none of that interests you, there's always Triple Jay! That irrepressible effervescence of 105.7, Gayle Austin, Stuart Cranney, Stuart Matchett, Peter Doyle, Danno and Johnno, George Wayne and Lillian Pascoe fill us with cheer each week! But, is **JJJ** really alternative? Stuart Matchett, who announces on **2JJJ** between 6pm and 10pm on Monday to Thursday, thinks it is "alternative radio". When we asked him what made **2JJJ** different to **2SM** and **MMM**, he answered: "The difference is that we play a wider range of music and sometimes we present it, I think, in a way which involves talking about how they came to make it. I also think our news and our spoken world, in the news and doing interesting things with that of English and the sorts of things we say are different."

The aim of **2JJJ**, he said, was "to play music you wouldn't normally hear, to give a view of what's going on in the world in the news and doing interesting things with that medium. That involves making specials and doing interviews. The main aims are, firstly, to reach young people, and secondly, to fill the gaps in what's not happening in radio elsewhere in Sydney".



I TELL YOU, SIR, I HEARD ANGELS SINGING OUT OF THE SKY!

An important part of **JJJ** is the exposure of Australian Independent Music. For example, on Sundays from 10.30 pm to 1 am, Clive Miller plays the Australian music you normally don't hear on the radio — many less commercialized bands. Also Peter Doyle's programme (10 pm - 1 am Monday to Thursday) highlights experimental music from Australia and overseas. Peter Doyle is one announcer who believes that **2JJJ** could be more "alternative" than it is today, and that **JJJ** is beginning to drift towards the more commercial style of radio.

Whatever radio station you listen to, unless of course you already listen to "alternative radio", why not have a look in "The Guide"? (You'll find it every Monday in the Sydney Morning Herald. You can't miss it — it's pink). Have a look at what programmes are on. You might be pleasantly surprised. Tune in to **2SER**, **2BL**, **2MBS FM** or **2EA** and broaden your horizons.

Anna Odfelt and Stephanie Barov  
Year 10



## EXPERIENCE BEYOND BELIEF

Canberra — the well organised hole.

Date-line ... 12.9.83. Meanwhile back in Petersham Heights a hoard of unsuspecting Fortians boarded a Banks-town Coach bound for our nation's capital. Miss Martin called the roll. When reaching the name "Rab Lewin", she was confronted with stony silence ... Rab's acute memory had failed him ... where was Rab???

Cruising out of Sydney at the mammoth pace of 3km/hour, the voice of our Supreme Coach Captain was heard. "Darrell" declared — "This is my coach and I'm proud of it. You respect me and I'll respect you". As he spoke, a jelly-baby (thoughtfully supplied by Mr Browne), defiantly whizzed past his head. On with the trip. We stopped at Mittagong after 2 hours had passed.

Our second stop — "Souvenir World" was a Millard caravan indicating its purpose only by a small cardboard sign. It was at this point in our action-packed trek to the "forbidden city" that we took time to observe suburbia, and "pick flowers" — (urinate). Purchased were a number of interesting souvenirs, including post-cards of that famous Canberra sight "Ayers Rock". No stock left of Canberra. While tramping through the National Gallery and Highcourt we were induced to spend yet more money. The end of Day One.

It was at 4pm that we arrived at our carotel. After being allotted rooms, we adjourned to "dinner". "Himmler" — (the owner of our resting place, along with the cows and camels), dictated in one easy lesson the way we were to eat our meal. Little could be said, and also eaten. Our optional Night Tour was cancelled due to mutual lack of interest. Evening curfew was 10 o'clock, so as you can imagine, the maximum sleep gained was 5 hours.

The next morning began with cold showers for the masses, as the lucky warm few headed for breakfast. You may have read the book — "Green Eggs and Ham". While in Canberra Year 10 attempted to eat it.

The day was packed with sightseeing. Such places visited were; "The Sidney Nolan Gallery", "Lanyon Homestead" and the "Royal Australian Mint". After a picnic in the park, we proceeded to our own "Glow in the Dark" Parliament House. We were so fortunate. We witnessed Question time with our esteemed Prime Minister — complete with his unruly throng of politicians. While still recovering from the shock of the proceedings, we perused the plans for the new Parliament House. Here we met up with Carringbah High School. They asked us how far we were from the surf? We then returned to HQ for yet another dose of a feeble excuse for food.

"A night on the town" was in order, but no town was in sight, so we settled for Canberra — and the movies. Whilst at the cinema, we spotted the marathon star — Robert De Castella. When challenged to a race, he unfortunately declined.

We returned once more for another sleepless night in which Carringbah High also partook (in their appropriate apparel of Quick Silver board shorts and all). Next morning there was an abundance of late sleepers. Those who dared venture into the cold morning air had consequently received no sleep the night before.

An early start and a well deserved farewell to the Carotel and its culinary delights, was followed by a visit to Telecom's extravaganza "Black Mountain Tower". It was viewed by most through sleepless eyes over foam coffee-cup rims. We spent an hour's free time in the city centre — searching for yet another coffee-shop. Some students came across a carousel which was soon hijacked as they recklessly climbed from head to hoof.

The next and last excitement spot was the "War Memorial", our monument to those who died at war.

Back on the bus and heading to relative civilization, Sydney, School sadness, and most of all ... real food.



## THE LAND OF THE RISING MULTINATIONALS

On December 10th, 1982, a nervous gathering of pupils from Years ten to twelve, could be seen at Mascot airport. They gathered here to embark on a mission to discover the land of the rising sun. The trip was planned as an educational experience in which students would be able to further their linguistic and cultural knowledge of the highly acclaimed land. However the trip did not merely provide for improved linguistic talents, it was an experience in breaking down the barriers of warm people. 50 bodies sweltered in the setting Sydney sun, encompassed in warm clothing in preparation for the harsh winter conditions just twelve hours away. As fingers picked at the arm rests, and Mr Yalichev sat non-chalantly perusing "1984", the plane soon came to life. Little happened on the flight, except for the screening of Gallipolli to relieve the excitement which left many ticked off as they had seen it before. So most were reduced to light conversation. However the somewhat laborious plane trip did not reflect the enjoyment experienced in Japan. Japan was so mind boggling, I mean you think Grace Bros is crowded on a Saturday morning, this is just peanuts to the crowds on a Sunday. Aside from the crowds and the ever increasing number of Americans running around waving "Days of our Lives" placards to prove that they are really the best. Japan was simply fantastic. The students each inhabited different homes throughout Tokyo for a 4 week period in which the Japanese enhanced their hospitality. The Japanese are really such a social mob. Japan although somewhat cold during winter was a most enjoyable experience. A recommended experience.

— From those who experienced the amazing land of Japan



Stephanie Barov, Thea Butler, Joy Batzakis and  
Inga Madgwick, Year 10



# STAFF REPORTS

## WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IN MATHS IN 1983?

In June of this year several students of Fort Street High attended the Australian Maths Competition with pleasing results. We gained two prizes by two brilliant mathematicians — Peter Blonner of Year 12 and Igor Jazbec of Year 10. Fort Street students gained 200 certificates. Congratulations to all those maths lovers!

In May over fifty students went to the University of NSW to participate in the Universities 22nd Mathematics Competition. In August seven Year 11 students attended the NSW Mathematics Olympiad. Once again congratulations on your enthusiasm!

During third term Year 8 students went to the zoo. Did they count the animals? Did they use Pythagoras' Theorem to measure angles across the Harbour? Did they measure the size of the shadow of the harbour bridge? Who knows? They all had a great day.

Also during third term, Year 9 students were taken by the Maths department to the Botanical Gardens. Did they conduct a plant count or did they count petals or take their tape measures and attack the tallest tree? Once again a good day was had by all. It's good to see mathematicians communicating with their environment.

The Fortian Committee would like to know what do the mathematics students measure on such excursions????

## HISTORY '83

This year the History Department scored a superb "double coup" when the senior historians of Fort Street were treated to a visit by one of the world's leading Historians, Professor Graebner of Harvard University and Professor Neville Meaney of Sydney University. Professor Graebner had only recently finished a lecture tour at Oxford University, England, and his stay at Sydney University was coming to an end in August, when the opportunity to invite Professor Graebner to meet the Year 11 students of American History presented itself.

Professor Graebner is recognised throughout the world as a leading authority on American Foreign Policy and, because my Year 11 students were studying Western expansion in the United States, he offered to discuss America's problems concerning Mexican and British claims to the

West Coast region during the 1840s. The students were led through the maze of international intrigue and diplomacy which ultimately resulted in the acquisition of territory that now forms the North West and South West regions of the United States of America. During 'Question time', the students quickly put their history skills to work and spent a lively hour discussing American Diplomacy of the 19th and 20th centuries with the two Professors.

Towards the end of the two hour session, the situation had reached a point of great informality, particularly when the Year 11 students put on a "Yankee Doodle" luncheon of Hot Dogs, coffee and apple pie. By this time, our guests were surrounded by Fortians eager to discuss issues ranging from Vietnam and the Near East, to Nicaragua and the Soviet Union. It was with great reluctance that we had to bid farewell to our guests after almost three hours of a very worthwhile experience for the Senior Historians of Fort Street.

Then, early in Term 3, Mr Bill Meinhart of the U.S. Information Service wanted to know if my American History students would be interested in meeting one of the American astronauts currently visiting Australia. It was an experience which I wanted to share with all members of the school and Mr Horan agreed to a special School Assembly for Wednesday 28th September, 1983.

Russell L. Schweikart was the pilot of the Apollo Nine Lunar Module and he was the first to pilot a vehicle away from its Command Space Module and conduct a series of space manoeuvres, including docking procedures. Mr Schweikart also tested the portable life-support unit during a space walk of some 48 minutes, while at a height of 155 miles above earth. Mr Schweikart's success convinced scientists that it was now possible to put a man on the moon and bring him back to earth. Four months later in July, the Lunar Module 'Eagle' touched down on the moon's surface and Neil Armstrong's historic words were heard around the world:

*"That's one small step for man,  
one giant leap for mankind."*

Mr Schweikart addressed the School Assembly and spoke of his career and the long, arduous road to becoming an astronaut. He pointed out the importance of space research to the future of mankind, particularly stressing the need for man to become more aware of his environment and more cautious in his use of it. In closing,

he spoke of the growing international developments and the future possibility of Australian participation.

Then, after a short 'Coffee Break' he spent some ¾ hour with the American History students and other interested students from mathematics and science. Mr Schweikart showed a number of slides taken during his Apollo Nine flight as well as slides from other missions and, when he discovered that this very interested group knew quite a bit about developments in space, the session very quickly moved to a more informed and involved level of discussion. Unfortunately, our guest had a luncheon to attend and left us, some fifteen minutes behind in his schedule. A great man, quiet and humble, who has stepped into the 21st Century. A man none of us will forget.

The Historians of Fort Street are however, just as much interested in Australian History as in that of other countries. Once again, Year 10 historians visited the nation's capital, Canberra, and had the good fortune to spend some time in Parliament House when Parliament was in session. Students readily recognised leading politicians of our nation including the Prime Minister, Bob Hawke, as well as Andrew Peacock and Tony Street. The visit to the nation's Art Gallery and the High Court have also become significant parts of our itinerary and Miss Martin and Mr Brown remarked, on their return, how difficult it had been to prise our 'culture vultures' away.

Unfortunately, wet weather finally caught up with Mr Peter Lee of "Looking Back". Our thanks to Mr Tremayne and Mrs Henry who made it possible for the session to be held in the gymnasium. Peter's "One-man show" has, for the past four years, provided the Historians of Year 7 and 8 with a fascinating insight into the life and times of the Ancient and Medieval worlds. Students, as always, participated in the performance: Penny Chalk was auctioned off at a slave auction and it did my heart good, as Caesar, to give the "thumbs down" to a number of Year 7 gladiators.

At the time of writing the 1983 report, Year 9 had yet to embark on their excursion to Hill End, where we will be spending the night in old railway sleeper carriages. This field trip is always a favourite with students and staff alike and both myself and Mrs Crawford are looking forward to claiming our 50% cut off any gold found during the gold-panning in Hill End Creek.



Films, feasts, plays, re-enactments, all play their part in making students more aware of the world in which they live. This year, films have included All Quiet on the Western Front, Land of the Pharaohs, El Cid, Ghandi, Gallipoli, Phar Lap and Merry Christmas, Mr Lawrence. Our awareness and understanding of daily life depends as much on our knowledge and interpretation of the past and my thanks to the teachers of History at Fort Street for their interest and enthusiasm.

T.R. Glebe

## SCIENCE EXCURSIONS

### Year 7 – Taronga Park Zoo

In first term, Fort Street sent 180 Year 7 animals to the zoo. For their own protection, the lions and tigers were placed in a quiet, barred cell. The Year 7 species were treated to an excellent lecture on Animal Adaptation by the zoo staff, then they were released within the grounds.

Typical animal behaviour followed: lots of pointing, writing, eating, walking, eating and writing.

A collective sigh went up as all the Yearus Sevenii were herded on the bus for the return trip. The herd was last seen dispersing from the sacred site of Fort Street.

### Year 10 – Film "The Clinic"

Easily the best "junket" of the term, this excursion was worthwhile in more ways than one. Firstly, it was good to support the Australian Film Industry. Secondly, the film was excellent in its honest, light-hearted, human approach to Sexually Transmitted Diseases.

All Year 10 enjoyed going to "The Clinic" and most came away with good medical, emotional and sexual information.

### Year 11 – Biology: Sydney University Electron Microscope Unit

This excursion was a real eye-opener on both a microscopic and macroscopic level. Microscopically, it was fascinating to drive a ¼ million dollar microscope around the inside of a plant cell.

Macroscopically, it was worthwhile for Year 11 to visit and use Sydney University facilities.

Overall, it was an excellent excursion with more education than just pure science.

### Year 11 – Biology: Blood Bank and Australian Museum

Known as the Blood and Bones excursion, this was an enjoyable and educational day. The most novel moment occurred as two students fainted as Mr Rose gave blood. It has

now been scientifically proven that teachers are not all stone and that excursions are not all old fertilizer.

### Year 8 – Werrong Beach, Royal National Park

Despite early rain, a fine clear day enabled three Year 8 classes to hike over hill and dale in the National Park.

At Palm Jungle, strange behaviour was observed as the students sniffed and scratched through leaf litter. Onwards to Werrong Beach where typically, Mother Nature was at odds with the Science Department. The rock platform was well under the tide. This did not deter teachers from encouraging some select students to carry heavy rocks out to sea and to examine the sea bed.

## P.E. REPORT

"Dear Teacher,

Please excuse .....

After years (and years) of teaching Physical Education, Ms Henry and Mr Tremayne have pooled their wealths of wisdom to assist students in a more convincing (and entertaining) approach to writing notes to avoid participation in Physical Education lessons.

Select a reasonable piece of note-paper upon which to write the note and make sure your excuse has some semblance of credibility, completely outrageous excuses may bring a smile but are not likely to help your cause. An authentic signature makes a big difference, those pillars of society, doctors, lawyers, etc. have notoriously poor handwriting – this may be due to laziness or an attempt to keep any intelligible information from the masses.

If you're forging a note, at least make sure you finish it before you get it down to the gymnasium. Handing in a note which has not had time for the ink to dry gives you little chance. Following the above advice may help you avoid the dreaded 12 minute run on a cold windy May morning, but if all fails you could try the excuse offered by a student who has long since left school. When questioned by Mr Tremayne, the student assured the teacher that he was not going to believe this, but he would still try. Upon going home earlier in the week, the student found his home had been broken into and the thieves had used a removalist truck to carry everything away.

Of course, they had also taken the students P.E. gear. Uncovered by the students' plight, Mr Tremayne asked the students why he had not brought in a note explaining the situation, the student replied, that the thieves had also taken off with the writing paper, pens and pencils.

Please, don't use the same excuse, but originality and entertainment will help in your approach to letter-writing!

## SENIOR FRENCH EXCURSION TO "LES CHAISES"

On Wednesday, 22nd June, a contingent of Year Eleven and Twelve French students made their way to the Footbridge Theatre at Sydney University, to see the 1983 HSC text, **The Chairs**. Written by the Romanian-cum-French playwright, Eugene Ionesco, **The Chairs** is a play in the Absurd genre, that is, a play consisting of 'absurd' and apparently meaningless images to portray the absurdity of man's existence.

The plot, or what can be recognized as a plot, of **The Chairs** centres around a very elderly couple residing on an island. The old man, a concierge, has worked out the meaning of life and the salvation of the world and an Orator is to deliver this message before an audience of especially invited guests. After some Monty Pythonesque banter between the couple, the first guest arrives – a middle-aged society lady, with whom the couple chat politely. However, the guest isn't there, her appearance being left to the audience's imagination! More guests arrive, a colonel, a photo-engraver, an aging beauty, even the emperor, until the stage is literally teeming with people, all imaginary of course.

While the old man greets the guests, the old woman repeatedly leaves the stage, to obtain chairs, real chairs, for the imaginary guests to sit on. By the time the Orator arrives, the stage is a forest of chairs, with the couple squeezing their way through and round them. After distributing imaginary ice creams and programmes to the guests, and thanking them all for coming, the elderly couple, their work done, leap to their deaths out the window. The focus is now on the Orator, who is about to give the old man's message to an audience of empty chairs. The Orator speaks: 'NYNAGRRR!' The curtain falls.

To one brought up on a diet of TV dramas and video movies, **The Chairs** certainly provides a change to one's normal viewing. Though very clever and excellently performed by the all-French cast of three, **The Chairs** was a trifle dull as it contained a great deal of repetition, and also over-priced at \$4.50 concession for an hour and a quarter's entertainment. Scanning the theatre, crammed by senior high school French students, notebooks and biros in hand, one couldn't help but cynically wonder how many people would be present if the play hadn't been set for the HSC.

Mark Grant  
Year 11 French



# AURAL DELIGHTS

The music department has been unveiled again in 1983. This year many fine musicians have been evacuated from their deep, dark caverns to produce one of the best series of concerts ever at Fort St. High School. Titled "Rameau" evenings, various brilliant musicians, singers and pianists, brass instrumentalists, pipers, and many more have all been drawn together to perform and expose some of our school's best musical talent. The school's brass band created a big impact on the audience as did the jazz band. In this area there is indeed an abundance of female and male musical talent.

1983 has also seen the reintroduction of elective music classes in the senior and junior years — the first in the history of co-ed Fort Street. This has created greater inspiration towards these musical evenings with performances from most of the students in the elective music classes. Other outstanding talents were revealed outside of the nucleus of the music department. Interest was added at the second Rameau evening with the "Christy Wallace Dance Troupe" — visually interesting. The piano Minh-Thu Nguyen was exquisite, as was that of Roberto D'Angelo. Simon Horsborough also performed well, singing in his tenor pitch. The girls "Madrigal Group" was indeed an aural spectacle. Congratulations to all who partook in these evenings. A special thank you goes to Anna Zelynski who performed excellently as "Mistress of Ceremonies".

We'd like to thank Mr Wilson for all his help and encouragement and we hope his efforts continue to produce more entertaining evenings (and child prodigies) in the near future.

## Year 12 Elective Music



# Alex Buzo

As part of 11E5's English course this year, the Australian plays "Norm and Ahmed" and "Rooted" by Alexander Buzo were studied. This leading playwright is also famous for the Australian version of "Real Men Don't Eat Quiche".

Finding his work entertaining, we invited him to talk with us. A date was set, but unfortunately it had to be postponed, as this "real man" had broken his collar bone playing touch. A day and a fee were finally settled upon. Excitement rose! A huge banquet of Pappa Guissep's quiches was prepared and good Aussie tucker, such as rissoles and trifle were planned in his honour.

For an hour he read us a recycled speech which he had previously given to Sociology students at University. His lecture over (sigh), out came the food which was attacked with vengeance. Poor old Buzo didn't even get a rissole and he proved he was a real man by refusing to eat quiche (Darren Mann thought this was just a put on — "he probably lives on it" — Haw! Haw!). It was a truly profitable experience. The food was great.



## LANGUAGE REPORT

1. Senior French  
Excursions to Sydney University to see two plays; a) The Little Prince, b) Les Chaînes.
2. In September Year 8 and 9 German classes went on an end of term to the Concordia club.
3. The Year 10 German classes went to the University of New South Wales for "The other Germany", a set of lectures, a discussion and a German film about East Germany.
4. "Bastille Day" celebrated by all of the students in French classes. All the staff was invited.
5. Oktoberfest celebrated by the German classes.



## CHESS CLUB REPORT

Portable two at lunchtime on Fridays has once again been the scene of some very dramatic chess games. Mrs Levi is our patron, and Mis McInnes looks after the inter-school chess competition on Fridays after school.

Special mention this year goes to Aravind Vishwaneth of Year 7 and Sonia Giessler, who has been the most regular female chess player in the club.

Year 12 boys showed interest in the annual Chess Knock-out, and throughout the year competition for first place on the Chess Ladder was keen.

Remember: new members are always welcome and you can learn the rules when you get there!





## 1983 Cadet Report

Heard somewhere in the Pokolbin State Forest during Fort Street Cadet unit's annual camp:

"Zero foxtrot this is three-five alpha, over"

"Three-five alpha this is zero foxtrot, over"

"Zero foxtrot, our leader has hurt himself falling over a small cliff, over"

While it may not be true to say that you need to have completed a foreign languages course at university to be able to understand army jargon on the radio, an army run signals course, held by 2 cadet groups would certainly go a long way towards helping you to be able to make sense of the above dialogue, without having to run for your army-english dictionary.

The cadets have been involved in a wide range of activities with the emphasis being placed on adventure training. Absailing, Navigation, First Air, Orienteering and even Flag Raising for Prince Charles and Princess Diana.

At annual camp many new skills were able to be tested out. While on the senior trek C.S.M. Michael "wombat" Pritchard brushed up on his acrobatic skills by performing a finely executed double somersault with pike off a small cliff before landing on his backside. For this he got a free ride back to camp in an army ambulance.

Speaking and learning to use your initiative skills which will be of more practical use to you once you leave school than a good many things that are taught in regular classes. So how about it teachers? Let's see some of you take a more positive approach to cadets in 1984 and develop it into something which can be of benefit for all concerned and will help make students better prepared for the real world after school.

C.U.O. Nisbet

## Debating 1983

This year saw three separate teams of debaters (from Year 10, 11 and 12) soaring to success under the watchful guidance of Mrs Hosking. The Year 10 team (half of which is in Year 9) comprised of Sophie Gibson, Melanie Coombs, Madeleine Preston and Nat-asja Worsley. In true Fortian style, they won their Zone competition. Their last Zone debate, against Balmain High (in which Melanie, playing for laughs, accidentally had her nephew brutally pummelled) was ably chaired by Madam Peter Chalk.

Fort Street then met Sydney Boys' High and debated the topic "It's better to travel safely than to arrive." They were beaten by a very narrow margin and it proved to be a very challenging and interesting debate.

A show of truly vital debating was forthcoming Karl Cramp Debating Team (Year 11): Greg Robinson, Monique Rappell, Nicole Rappell and Stamatia Stamatellas. They, like their juniors, took the challenge to heart and triumphed as Zone Champions.

The Year 12 team, however, battling on for Hume Barbour (whoever he may be), was not quite so successful. They were narrowly defeated in their last debate by Sydney Girls' High, (consisting of several seductive pairs of legs placed in prominent positions while the team were preparing — an old trick). This being the only Fort Street Team with a predominance of males, the girls chose their target well. Nevertheless, after many Greek volleyballs and radioactive mushrooms, Trudy Geale, Paul Freeman, Steven Anastasiadis and Tim Macdonald retired as runner's up in their zone.

Thanks and Valium to Mrs Hosking for her hard effort and P.D.T. (Pre-Debate Tension), and to Mrs Ward and her trusty blue V.W., for her occasional chauffer-services. The team would also like to thank, from the bottom of their ever-grateful little stomachs, Melinda Overall and Susan Meadows (Year 10), for their ever-ready post debate afternoon tea.

Thanks also goes to Peter Chalk for his encouragement and co-operation and highly professional Chairmanship at home debates.



Thank you to the library staff and to all who took great interest in Debating 1983.

Jennifer Harrison  
Year 12

## The Year 7 Welcome to Fort Street High Party

The first thing I felt was nervousness at having to do a maths test that I hadn't studied for, then I felt the terror of having to get an unexpected and also unwelcomed injection. I really didn't want to go in! Then (surprise, surprise) relief came as I suddenly felt myself being dragged into the assembly hall and bashed over the head by a million and one balloons! I soon realized (surprise, surprise) that it was a party. There was a roar of loud music as we were grabbed by the Year 12 boys. The next thing I knew, I was flung across the room and losing my balance. Before too long, the hall was in a mess, with soft drink and bits of food covering the floor. We had various games to play, which, I must admit, I enjoyed. We played "Musical knees", "Pass the orange", and a game where you danced, and when the music stopped, you got into the position of either marriage, divorce, or even elopement.

The rest of the day was spent dancing and sliding in soft drink. The party was a real success. I really enjoyed it, and I'm sure everyone else did too!

Lisa Walsh  
7A



# Inter-School Relations

## AT THE GOVERNOR'S REQUEST—SEPTEMBER 1983

Each year the Governor of New South Wales invites two senior students from secondary schools to Government House for afternoon tea. This year Simon Horsburgh and Marion Carpenter were honoured to represent Fort Street at this very special occasion.

Unfortunately, prior to our visit, the Governor and Lady Rowland had left for overseas. We were thus presented to the Lieutenant-Governor — The Chief Justice of NSW — Sir Laurence Street and Lady Street. There were sixty schools represented.

Government House itself, was magnificent. We admired the beautiful cedar woodwork, the portraits, the highly polished wooden floor and the quality of all furniture. The students were welcomed into the reception room by the Governor's private secretary. He pointed out all the breathtaking Coats of Arms lining the walls. It was interesting to note that the three generations of the "Street" family had been Governors.

With great excitement we entered the ballroom for our formal introduction to His Excellency and Lady Street. We then adjourned to the Eastern verandah, overlooking the gardens, for afternoon tea. The garden was a massive array of colours and the different scents made the afternoon so pleasant.

Who will every forget the great Australian cake? — the "lamington" — served in abundance, on silver trays. The afternoon was a cake connoisseur's delight. Tea was served in fine bone china.

His Excellency and Lady Street mingled amongst the students and we were lucky to be the first to whom Lady Street spoke. She was a very gracious and delightful lady who appeared so comfortable and natural with us. She chatted with Simon and with me about the wonderful success of Australia II (The Cup was won on this day).

Simon and I were proud to represent Fort Street and it was indeed a pleasant and interesting afternoon.

## FORTIANS INVADE SYDNEY BOYS' HIGH

On 26th May three students Sandra Borri, Steve Anastasiadis and Tracey Stephens from Fort Street High School braved the elements to represent the school at an Afternoon Tea. This was held in the hall of Sydney Boys' High. It was attended by several private schools while we were the only other state school there. It was organised with a view to increase inter-school relations as well as to satisfy their curiosity of what other selective high schools are like. They were fascinated to hear that girls at our school, could play other sports other than Hockey (which they all seemed to play) such as Golf.

Sydney Girls' High students were shocked, and somewhat disheartened to hear that Fort Street High School had celebrated its Centenary 34 years ago, as they thought they were the oldest secondary school in Sydney, and were celebrating their centenary this year. Even after all this, and more we had an interesting if not enjoyable visit, and we can all say (especially Steve) that the refreshments supplied were of an excellent quality, except for the garlic lamingtons, and the company provided was unusually different to say the least.

**Sandra Borri**  
Year 12

## AN INVITATION FROM CREMORNE GIRLS' HIGH

Fort Street High School was cordially invited by Cremorne Girls' High School to an afternoon tea on the 1st July. The group of Fortians selected were: Vicky Laganas, Simon Horsborough, Peter Sintras and I. Other schools present were: North Sydney Boys' High, North Sydney Girls' High, Maroubra High School, and Balgowlah Girls' High School.

The afternoon had been organised by the school captain and prefects of Cremorne Girls' High School with the intention of creating a very sociable atmosphere, allowing the students from the participating schools to socialize much more freely. We feel that this intention was indeed achieved, for we had a pleasant and enjoyable afternoon, and were able to meet students from each of the schools present — some of which proved to be quite humorous. For example, one student from North Sydney Boys' seemed to be continually moving from one end of the room to the other, socializing with whomever he met. He also seemed to be consistently turning up the volume of the music that was being played and turning back to a group of people with whom he had been.

We were able to socialize with most the students, but our attention was diverted to the students from Maroubra. We seemed to appreciate their company as they were much more relaxed with us.

We ate an assortment of food ranging from chicken sandwiches to continental cheese-cake, as well as some refreshing beverages. The girls from Cremorne were perfect hostesses to all our requests, creating a warm and relaxed atmosphere. The afternoon was very successful and interesting I encourage Fortians who, in the future have the opportunity to attend such occasions should do so with great enthusiasm as it is indeed a valuable experience and a rare opportunity to liaise with other students from other schools, whom we would not otherwise meet.

**Daisy Gedeon**  
Year 12





# Jindabyne

# I am the Geographer

At about quarter to nine on a Friday in March, a group of Year 11 Geography students began forming with their luggage "under the clock" at Central. By about nine, we were all on the right platform and after about twenty minutes of debate on which of the four carriages that had been added to the mail train we were supposed to be on we finally boarded the train only to find that the other schools had taken up most of the compartments.

The long and tedious train ride through the night lasted about eight hours and one peering into the compartments was confronted with TOO many squashed bodies lying on each other listening (?) to at least one tape recorder blaring either Cold Chisel or Midnight Oil.

Finally reaching Jindabyne Sport and Recreation Centre, we were confronted with a hearty country breakfast. No one really realized the quality of the food (and I use the term lightly) at that stage, as it was too early in the morning and we were all ravenous.

Although the first day was uneventful (and boring), things soon picked up. We were put into groups which were a mixture of people from each of the five other schools that were also there, and placed in the care of a guide (who's legs seemed oblivious to the temperature). During the next week, we were taken on numerous bush walks (whether it was raining or not), and barbecues, as well as other activities such as orienteering and horse riding. We also visited Jindabyne township, where all our money went on decent food.

The other schools sharing this "experience" with us were Hunters Hill, Manly, Quirindi, Curri Curri and Oak Flats. Most were friendly.

Each night we were all herded down to the "mess" hall and supposedly participated in "compulsory fun". This included a bush dance and concert. Highlights were Fort Street's entrants in the "Miss Jindabyne" contest — the Slug Sisters, whose new bikini's left much to be desired.

By the end of the week, we were all sick to death of Cold Chisel and Midnight Oil, (the only cassettes we had).

The trip back was uneventful and although we were all extremely glad to get home, most of us wouldn't have missed this Geographical experience for the world.

I am he as you are he as you are me (sounds like Mr Baker explaining a concept) and we are all together.

See how they run (in health and fitness) like fresians from the shed, see how they milk

I'm crying (for more geography of course)  
Sitting on a cornflake waiting for orderlies to come

Corporation steelworks, polluting bloody eyes man  
Matthew been a naughty boy let your hair grow long.

I am a fortian, they are fortians — I am the geographer.  
GOO GOO GOO JOOB (Russell answering a question).

City hierarchies sitting pretty little towns in a row  
see how they drive like Tracey in the sky — (see how they speed)

I'm crying (for more geography, of course)  
I'm crying, I'm crying (persistent eh?)

Yellow matter custard dripping from dead dogs eye  
(apart from this the meals were great)

Grabalocker student topographic priestess Lisa  
you been an intelligent child  
You let your economic rent down.

I am a fortian, they are the Fortians — I am the geographer.  
GOO GOO GOO JOOB (wrong Russell)

Sitting in a Moss Vale garden waiting for the exam results to come.

If the results don't come, you get your thrills from starting year 11 again

I am a fortian, etc.

Expert textpert choking interviews, don't you think the Shire Clerks laughs at you? Ha ha ha!

See how you smile, like a traffic count in the sky.  
See how they write.

I'm crying (to go home)

Salmanella poisoning raking Mr Bakers heard fall out  
Elementary essays earning high marks man you should see them kicking eh? thanking their teachers for the trip

I am a fortian, they are the Fortians — I am the geographer.  
GOO GOO GOO JOOB GOO GOO JOOB GOO GOO  
GOOOO JOOB!  
(your improving Russell)

Signed  
Wit(less) of the Social Science staff





# Student Action

## SOCIALLY COMMITTED 1983

This year has been one of great success for the Year 11 Social Committee. Three very successful school dances, catering for Pygmalion and the Athletics Carnival, and a free lunch time concert have all been organised by the Social Committee.

The dances have all had a very important and well worked out theme. The first school dance featured almost two live bands, the second allowed Fortians to "let loose", with the theme being 'HORROR'. Our third dance introduced new faces, never before seen at Fort Street, to the school. Many Fortians were unrecognisable and also greatly improved as they followed the theme of 'Masquerade Dance'.

The Social Committee also 'fed the faces' of Fortians and teachers at our annual Athletics Carnival. The school experienced delicacies never before seen at Fort Street — hamburgers and sausages filled the oval as the bottomless stomachs of Fortians were filled. As well as this, several very successful cake-days were held — delicious.

'Pygmalion' also provided us with the opportunity to make some extra money by serving refreshments to the ardent theatre goers of Sydney. The large project for the year was the Year 12 Farewell Lunch. Socially and financially the year was a great success.

Thanks must go to Mr Baz, Miss Phelan and Miss Irvine for their support and encouragement throughout the year.



THE 1983 SCHOOL COUNCIL

The School Council tries to encourage school awareness and involvement. Unfortunately the School Council's operations have been unknown to many in the school however, we quickly remedied the problem early in the year and made it one of our priorities to inform the school that we are functioning and open to all students for the school's benefit. This was carried out by announcing our meetings and agendas at the assemblies providing a School Council Notice board, announcing at roll call the meetings and placing notes in the roll.

The School Council has received popular recognition also from its major achievement in April — the introduction of a 445 school special. This has been most helpful to students who reside in Balmain enabling them to arrive home earlier.

Another favourable accomplishment has been the introduction of the School canteen's New Lunch Pack. The School Council decided on a campaign to promote nutritional and healthy food in the school through the canteen. With the helpful co-operation of the canteen ladies devised a Lunch Pack which has been highly successful. Thanks to Helen Sarantopoulos 71 and Maria Pizzinga 71 for putting us on the right track and please keep the good ideas coming in.

One of the other projects being discussed were Youth Forum.

The School Council has benefited the entire school and will continue to do so in the future, however, without student participation and involvement the School Council cannot function. I would like to issue an invitation to all students to attend the School Council meetings every second Friday lunchtime in K18 where issues and new ideas concerning the school can be openly discussed. Thanks to both members and non-members for their attendance, participation and new ideas in 1983 which will hopefully keep coming. The School Council would also like to give special thanks to Miss Ireland for her devotion, help and encouragement in making the School Council possible. We would also like to thank the Parents and Citizens Association and the staff for their support and co-operation.

Kathy Houvardas  
School Councillor

## 1983 YOUTH FORUM — BATHURST NSW

Between July 9th and July 12th this year, four students from Fort Street attended "Youth Forum" at the Mitchell College of Advanced Education at Bathurst.

Youth Forum was established four years ago to provide a voice for youth in the community and to provide a basic framework for young people to develop skills and to obtain information to solve problems encountered by them.

The four students representing Fort Street were Peter Chalk and Yvonne Brown of Year 10, and Garod Kendall and Robert Owen of Year 11. Mr Lawrence accompanied us as the staff representative, councillor and adviser. We spent three very full days learning from other young people from all over the state (and from many varied walks of life) about problems that face youth in today's society and society in general.

One group presented "Education" as our "talk" topic. We were well received by our audience. Many points were raised by the audience. The other topics that were presented at Youth Forum this year were "Unemployment", "Peer Pressure", and "Legal awareness of youth". All the presentations I saw were of an excellent standard and I gained much insight into the problems facing youth in today's society.

Youth Forum was a wonderful experience for all of us. The three days were spent in non-stop learning about other things, people and places. We all enjoyed ourselves immensely and made many new friends. Our only regret was that it was over so quickly. If any student ever gets the chance to attend Youth Forum, take the opportunity and go, for it is an experience that you will never forget.

Peter Chalk  
Year 10

**A PLEA:** After Garod Kendall returned from his first committee meeting, he regretfully informed us that unless Youth Forum received sponsorship/funding soon, there would not be a Youth Forum next year.

So we appeal to all of you, especially the juniors, to write to the State and Commonwealth Government ministers for Education and Youth and Community Affairs, asking them to support Youth Forum.

Thank You

## COMMONWEALTH MINISTER FOR YOUTH AND COMMUNITY AFFAIRS:

Senator Susan Ryan  
c/- Parliament House  
Canberra NSW 2600



# Careers Report

This year saw careers lessons for all Year 7, 9 and 10 students. Two highlights were the work experience program for those of Year 10 leaving school and the careers market for all Year 10 and the majority of Year 12 students.

Thanks must go to Mr Crawford for his help in organising the employers and to Miss I. Butler, Miss M. Sykes, Miss J. Levi and Miss S. Smith for visiting the students while on work experience. Here is what a few students thought of work experience ...



*"Frankly, I expected a bit more from the work experience scheme."*

A reminder that the careers' room is kept open as much as possible during lunchtimes. Many students dropped by for a chat or to borrow a new handbook, or to check out the jobs' notice board. Drop in at any time.

The best of luck to those students leaving school.

Mr Phil Canty

## WORK EXPERIENCE REPORT

### Chef:

I began working for one week on 30th May to 3rd June at the Chevron Hotel, Macleay Street, Potts Point as an assistant chef, working in the Main kitchen and Coffee Shop. It was a totally enjoyable experience. Mr Lee is the executive in charge of the kitchens. He wandered in and out occasionally, and arranged the work for me. There were two night chefs (I didn't get to meet them, for obvious reasons, I mean they were *night chefs*). The cooks I personally worked with were very helpful. There were two third year apprentices, Andrew and Paul. They were the men in charge, and two first year apprentices, Tony and Paul, who did all the messy, little jobs.

When I arrived in the mornings, I arrived in the middle of everyone's breakfast break, so, of course, I was *forced* to sample some of their delicious food. Then it was off to the Rendezvous Coffee Shop downstairs to prepare lunch and serve it. I was asked to peel potatoes, scrape carrots, chop lettuce, slice tomatoes and during the lunch hour, I was privileged enough to be the salad hand, hamburger maker, B.L.T. assembler, toasted sandwich cooker and egg fryer. Also I learnt how to work the two GIGANTIC dishwashers in both kitchens, and how to work the capucino machine. That was fun. Andrew and I had races to see who was the fastest and I succeed in scalding the back of my hand. Marvellous.

When lunch was over, it was back upstairs for OUR lunch. That was something to "write" about. Tony and Paul are Chinese, so we had delicious Chinese meals. During these afternoons upstairs I learnt much. The "Top 40" was of constant concern to us, as the radio was always blaring throughout the kitchen. Besides that, I witnessed Paul slicing bacon from a side of pork, helped stuff chickens for a function of 300, learnt some waitressing from the head waitress, Marian, polished 65 silver trays (my arms are still aching) and was taken down to the massive freezers and food storage area downstairs.

When the last day finally dawned I was shattered. I thought it was wonderful. I have decided I definitely want to have a career as a chef and I am sure this work experience is one of the best programmes the school has begun.

If you have a chance to do it, I'd say do so. There's only one problem with it that I can think of, IT'S NOT LONG ENOUGH...

Heather Hall

## TO BE A MECHANIC

I was fortunate enough to gain one week's experience as a car mechanic. It was indeed a valuable experience.

I was employed at a garage in Croydon Park. I was a general "hand", helping in all facets of work on cars. The garage had a wide variety of clients, with a wide range of cars. I worked on the Holden, Ford, Mazda, Porsche, Mercedes-Benz, and a Rolls Royce. I was even fortunate enough to help Peter Wherrett make a commercial. He is now the host of a television programme called "Marque", which is a car "show".

I was asked to help change clutch plates, brake pads and tyres. I also served petrol.

One of the most exciting aspects of the week's work experience was that I was able to be accepted as a full-time apprentice to begin work in 1984 at that garage.

The work experience programme is very exciting and I do hope some other students will, in the future, be able to partake in it.

I thank Mr Canty for his help.

Chris Danaskos  
Year 10

## FASHION DESIGNING

I was able to spend a week at a fashion designing warehouse to gain an insight into the fashion world.

The fashion designer is Eric Saikowski, who has become well known through his shop in the Strand Arcade. His shop is on the first floor and is worth a look.

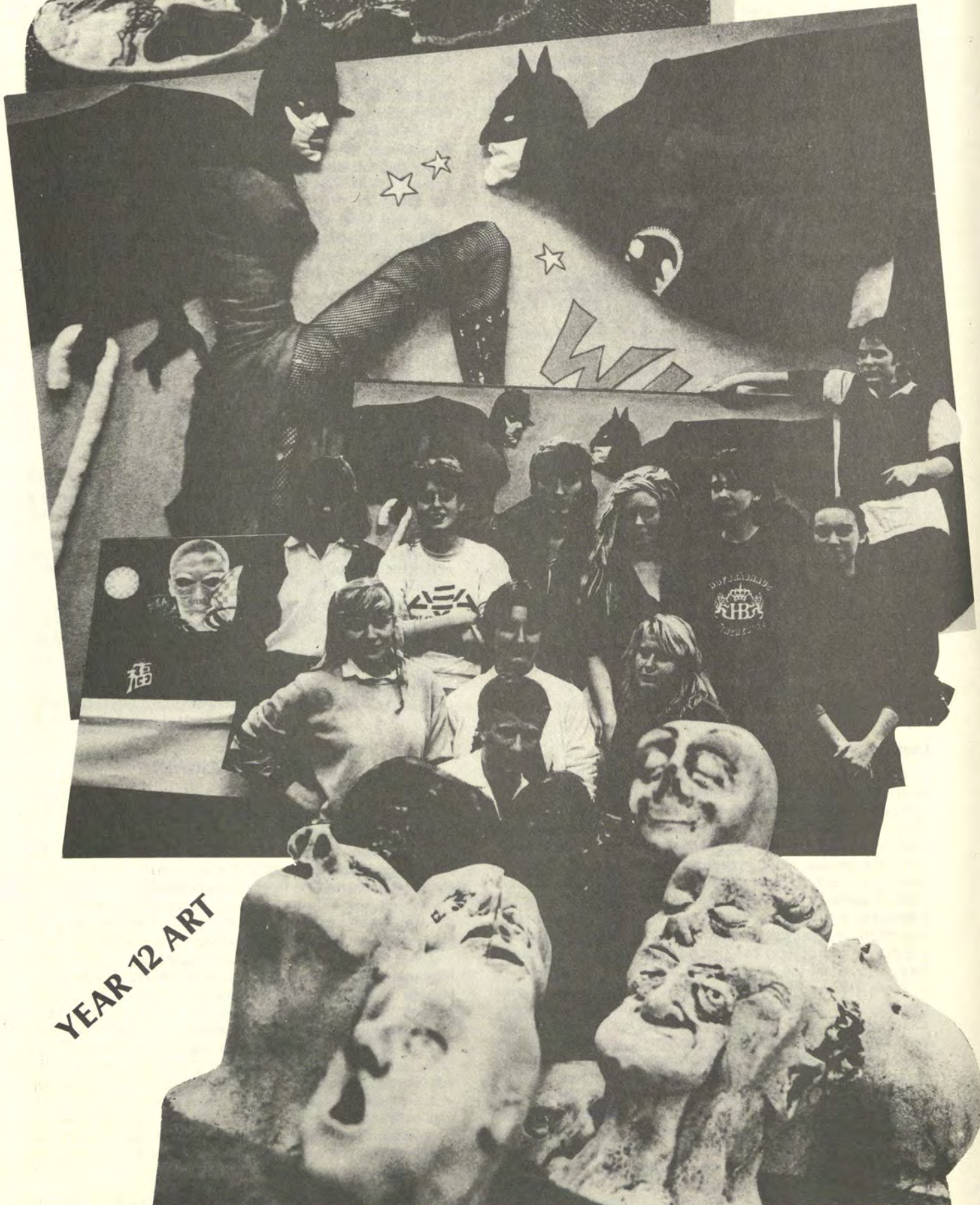
The fashion industry is a very hectic one. The group in the warehouse consisted of ten people. Fashions were designed individually and some also by a group effort.

I was asked to sort and to label patterns. I helped order new materials, and was able to meet private customers. I greeted them and escorted them into the office. After making them coffee, I then was able to talk to them, so I met many new and interesting people.

One of the most interesting aspects of my week was organizing the "private collection" of Eric Saikowski. I put in orders and sized the garments of his collection in his special showroom. I took mental note of the workings of the office and came to the conclusion that the life of a fashion designer is indeed an interesting and busy one. I was very sorry when the week came to an end. I highly recommend the work experience programme.

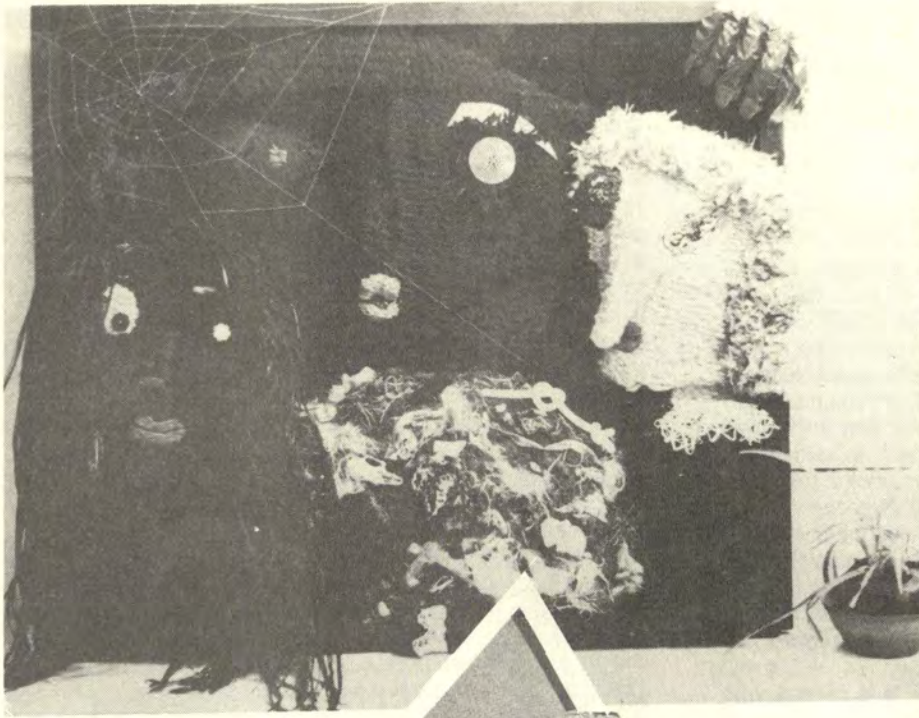
Barbara Govskos Year 10





YEAR 12 ART







## Aidan Chambers: Novelist/Playwright Extraordinaire

(He was also a monk for several years)

### *What inspired you to be a playwright?*

You see, every year we used to put on a school play — Chekov, Brecht, Shakespeare etc. I used to hate having to put my students through these characters which were 30 year old 18th century people and it seemed to be a very awkward and unpleasant sight seeing untrained teenage actors being forced through that kind of play ... half understanding it and having very little acting technique to try to help them cope with it. So the kids said "Why can't we have a play about us". It was about this time that I decided to write a play of a certain inventive calibre. So in a way, I was hardly more than a secretary for it, I just shaped it and put the skin of making it into a theatre piece.

### *Do you find you forget the emotions of children, do you still have them or do you just derive from the children you taught?*

Let me just say that a children's author is a person who doesn't write about adults as protagonists and that adults are all retarded, all arrested developers so that when I'm writing within me is the contained spirit of a child (background noise of hiccups) who is not me, but someone inhabiting me (hic) and the emotions (hic) are not mine, but that of a child's (hic) I then (hic) draw to a "reference point of truth" from when (hic) I was a certain (hic) age. Now I can (hic) sometimes draw the emotions from sitting in a school (hic hic) yard or, for instance, this hiccupping business is marvelous because that's very typical of when you're that age, it does not often happen to you when you are an adult. As soon as I hear a child is doing that, I know exactly how they feel and what goes on in the group so that if I want to use that in a scene, I've only got to experience it once and it all comes back. You see the problem with me is to be an adult!

### *Considering you are a 48 year old male English author, do you have any difficulty in writing from a female standpoint and, if not, would you rather be a woman?*

To answer the first part: No, I can't say that I experience any difficulty in writing from a female viewpoint. You see, I don't think men and women are actually different in an emotional respect ... I think that everybody is man and woman inside themselves and in different experiences either the male or female part of them predominant — that is the whole discussion about gender, women's rights, and what we are, which simply fascinates me. Now to the second half of your question: No, I would prefer to be exactly both ... I want the best of both worlds ... and I fancy I have, that's how I can write "Dance On My Grace". I'm not talking about sexuality in that sense, I'm talking about your emotional or "spiritual" life and I can easily understand the "feminine" part of a relationship when I wish to. Might I add that the thing I don't like about Australian society is a curious "masculine" strain that needs something doing about it, and it's more obvious than in Britain — in Britain it's just overlaid by old social manner that pretends it isn't there, but it's there alright.

### *Are there any authors who have inspired you?*

The great man to me is Shakespeare. The structure of "Break-Time" is that of all Shakespeare's comedies. I am a great fan of James Joyce, B.S. Johnson, George Orwell, and Jane Austen — the only woman in literature whom I could have married, and she would have eaten me for breakfast! But my strong liking tends to shift according to what I am writing so that they are all helping me to do that job.

### *Do you consider a plot for a 'children's novel' of supreme importance or merely a supervene necessity?*

I'm constitutionally uninterested in plot. A plot is just a boring necessity, you have to have it and so I find it; I'm interested in metaphor for the way life is. You see, a book is not a representation of life but, for instance, a painting is not a representation of a scene: people say a painting of forest represents trees but it doesn't, it's paint on a canvas and it represents only paint on canvas, it is a metaphor for a tree. The tree can be drawn as is immediately apparent to the naked eye or it can be done like the "cubists" but it is still a tree. Now, the same thing is true of words — words are only drawn shapes with another life behind them, a communicative force that the reader can individually interpret, through the medium of the author's will; a will both inspiring and yet restrictive.

### *Why did you engage in editing war "novels"?*

Basically, I feel that that kind of horrific or senseless experience should not be allowed to disappear, that if you lose touch with it it's likely to occur again. If you are compiling a book of that character, you're in a dilemma of knowing that the audience want to have the most action-feeled bits they can — a sort of base design for horror, and wanting to know what it was really like ... so the books were really an attempt to bring together what people who had actually experienced that war had said about it, be those accounts individually reprehensible or riot. I feel the Hollywood colour should now be removed although one historical "falsity" necessitates another.



### *Were there any other careers you pursued before you became an author?*

Yes, I wanted desperately to go into the theatre but I didn't realise at the time that I was a director not an actor. The only thing I did want to do or still have a kind of romantic longing about is that I would have liked to have gone to sea. I did join the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve just before I was due for National Service but I never went to sea, because they put me in the drafting office sitting behind a desk sorting out which men would go into which ships.

### *Do you like Judy Blooms' literary works?*

I wouldn't go so far to say that I like them ... but I think she is just a touch "superficially excessive". I know a teacher whom has all of Judy Blooms' books in a locked cupboard behind her desk, and the popularity of Judy is so great that she stipulates that her students can't have more than one Judy Bloom per night and they must return it finished the next morning; this is because she subscribes to the opinion that they should read Bloom quickly because that's all she's worth ... she's very clever and quite precise but she tends to go below the surface of the narrative.

Brett and Craig, Year 11



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## Gifted and Talented Children Committee Report

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All parents expect their children to receive an equal share of educational resources. Current educational policies stress equal opportunity but the unique needs of gifted and talented students are generally not recognised. Staff concern at Fort Street in 1982 led to the establishment of a committee to investigate the theories and practices of educating the talented child. This committee has recently drawn up a draft policy statement. Discussion has been initiated at staff meetings and this will be continued throughout third term.

Many contentious issues will have to be resolved. There is very little consensus world wide as to a definition of a gifted and/or talented child. What means should be used to identify students? Which special programmes should be devised to cater for their needs? What is the relative importance of selection criteria such as IQ scores, teacher nomination, parent nomination, peer nomination? Are students to be withdrawn from normal classes, are they to work in groups inside the classroom, are they to work individually or should there be a combination of these procedures? Can students be accelerated to H.S.C. standard by Year 11 or Year 10 in certain subject areas? Will this acceleration affect their emotional and social development? Would experiencing such programmes impede their development in other subject areas and the formation of attitudes to life in general?

In the past there has been much public outcry initiating provisions for gifted and talented students both in Australia and overseas. Some States of Australia are already implementing programmes for the talented child; others are making a beginning. There is criticism of such schemes that talented students will succeed on their own in any case. Research has shown that if gifted and talented children are not presented with challenging material they may become frustrated and bored with resulting withdrawal or disruptive behaviour. Under achievement is a basic problem in the education of the talented child. The urgent need to attend to the problem at present makes heavy demands on staff time. Differential staffing is essential for effective provision for talented children. Another criticism is that students in special programmes, especially acceleration programmes will have social and emotional problems. Research has shown that this is not the case in well monitored programmes. Most talented students need some contact with their mental ability peers for their balanced development. Further, students denied access to appropriate programmes will experience frustration which could have considerable effect on their personal growth. The major criticism is that students selected for such programmes will become elitist. It is today part of the Australian ethic that students should have an equal opportunity to achieve their potential. Many perceive what is actually self-confidence and pride as elitism. If the elitist argument were to be applied to all avenues of activity, sport, dancing, clubs, drama, debating and many other activities would have to be eliminated.

The First National Conference on the Education of Gifted and Talented Children was held in Melbourne during the August holidays. The number and enthusiasm of the participants, including parents, teachers, academics and departmental officials, reflected the growing concern for catering for the needs of such children. Motions unanimously passed at the Conference included the setting up of an Australian Association to facilitate the communication of ideas and opinions and the lobbying of the Federal and

State Governments for resources. For parents interested in this urgent area of challenge, the NSW Association for Gifted and Talented Children may be contacted through the school.

Mr P. McFarland

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## Architectural Walk

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On the last Wednesday of second term a group of Year 10 students, and Mr Horan went on an architectural walk. Firstly we were presented with a little black book produced by the Royal Australian Institute of Architects. Mr Horan's approval, indeed, overwhelming endorsement of this volume was zealous to say the least. And after being told to guard it with our lives we proceeded to Petersham station. After a discussion on the colonisation of Australia and its relation to the birth of the "school on the hill", we risked all and boarded the train.

Our arrival at 103, Circular Quay West Bennelong Point, better known as the Opera House, coincided with the arrival of coach loads of eager school children. Mr Horan thought that they might have something to do with our walk, but as the gaggle was sucked up by the steps of the Opera House, their intentions and ours were obviously different. We then were told we were taking Walk 3 which went along Macquarie Street. Our first buildings were not those assigned for discussion and consisted of some very dated structures from the 1960s which had tiles falling off in odd places. Transport House was not the first building on our list but it was one of the more appealing. It was described by our guide, a Mr Davies as "Fascist Architecture". Built in the 1930s it reveals the trend of the time to a simple form, finely detailed brickwork patterns and continuous horizontal and vertical stripes. The two particularly "fascist" aspects were the broken frieze and the columns, which exemplify the fascists attempts to recapture the classical. Another interesting aspect of the Transport House were the rough stone blocks down the base. This style relates back to early Italian architecture when the rough stones discouraged vandals from destroying the base of the building.

Another of the more glamorous buildings on our list was the Australian Medical Association House with its decorate rather acceptable design idiom of medieval decoration for skyscrapers. The cream terracotta is darkened around the doorway and this feature, as explained by our guide, was designed to make the doorway more obvious. This is often a problem with modern designs as people wander aimlessly trying to discover the entrance.

The next building, Parliament House, not possessed by the other buildings had an ageless quality. The colonnaded timber verandah originally occurred on all elevations; and the design follows the standard British military practice in the tropics. It is interesting to note that this building's simplicity not only makes it more elegant but much more suited to our climate than the more favoured oppressive gothic style.

One of the more representative buildings was the Reserve Bank. It marks the trend towards more simplistic design. Its "international design" in the expensive cladding materials of marble and bronze certainly evokes an era. You used to be able to see the harbour from the Reserve Bank building until the Bank of New South Wales went even higher and blocked the view. The younger generation of modern architects seems to have added a third element to that old Australian saying; "If it moves, shoot it; if it's growing, cut it down; and if the view is good, block it out".

Madelaine Preston  
Year 10



# Pygmalion

"Pygmalion" is a late 19th century play by George Bernard Shaw which demonstrates the absurdity of class distinctions by changing an ignorant Cockney flower-girl into a member of the aristocracy. Shaw saw theatre as a platform supporting social reform and even though the causes he argues may no longer seem daring or unconventional, dashes of brilliance can still be seen in the text.

The problem for Miss Morey, director of the play was how to convert a play with a political and social comment aimed at 19th century society into a humorous, entertaining experience, which anyone who saw the play could hardly deny.

Auditions for cast members started as early as October-November of 1982. The meeting prior to auditions yielded many enthusiastic cast and crew members. Casting proved to be a harrowing experience, as many talented students were not suited to the roles available. However, this factor proves that Fort Street has a pool of acting talent which can be drawn upon for future productions.

What followed before the August performances were early morning rehearsals and weekend rehearsals for dedicated leads. The two weeks which preceded the performance, despite shattered nerves and last minute mishaps, contained light-hearted moments and many humorous experiences which were shared by the whole cast and crew. Disappearing chocolates were being constantly replaced by a furious Miss Morey and our Colonel Pickering, even with the professional advice of the wardrobe department, seemed on occasions to be experiencing difficulty in retaining various parts of his attire. At one stage dire straits were entered by all when it seemed that our leading man was losing his voice. From that point onward throat spray was utilized as well as other medicative liquids. It was also noted by a casual observer that the prop people had managed to give the Mona Lisa an interesting slant.

The accolades deservedly go to the creator and instigator of "Pygmalion", Ros Morey for providing a rewarding social experience for such a wide cross-section of people. It was commented by many that this has never been successfully done before. In a different dramatic vein, although equally as entertaining will be next year's play "The Skin Of Our Teeth" by Thornton Wilder.

K. Walden  
S. Stamatellis



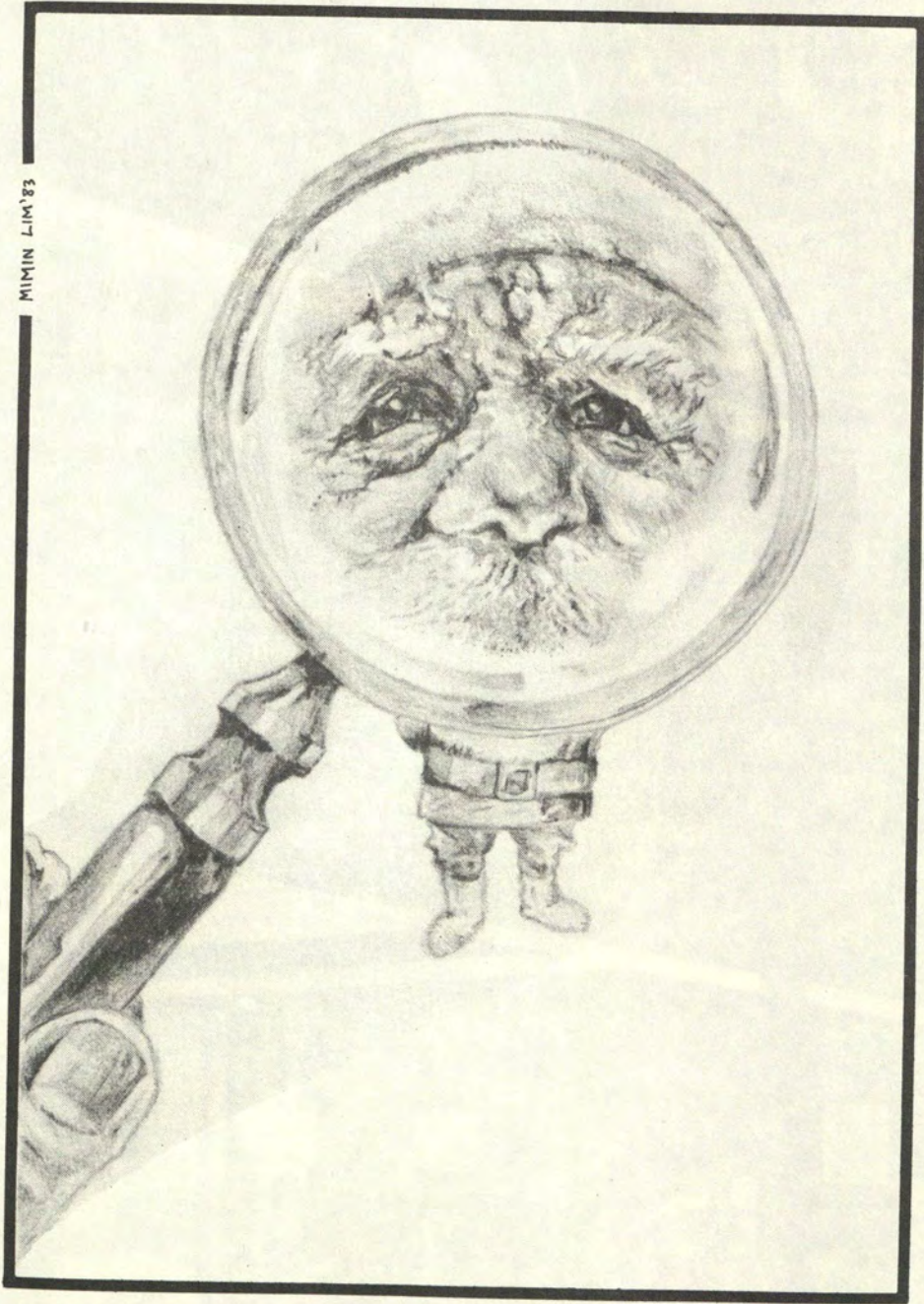






# LITERATURE

MIMIN LIM '83







Whenever you find hatpins, be  
Careful not to disregard the  
Mothballs that assemble below the  
Container, for the incisions create  
Ghastly wounds.

Sides of pork can be registered –  
"Under the Influence" quite easily,  
Only if the pig is consulted during an  
Official interview, and only if the  
wheatgerm  
Is sifted in time with the beat.

Depth charges do not have to fluff  
One's pom-poms, as a practised study of  
The vibrating wool will surely render  
The interference less potent, than if it  
Was just splashed casually.

Testing the height of spoons is a  
Simple exercise, make sure the treble  
Outlet is undeniably original, and  
The white mixes well with the shades  
Of frustrated accountancy.

by Madge Thomosopoulos,  
(WOMAN'S DAY, March 1967)

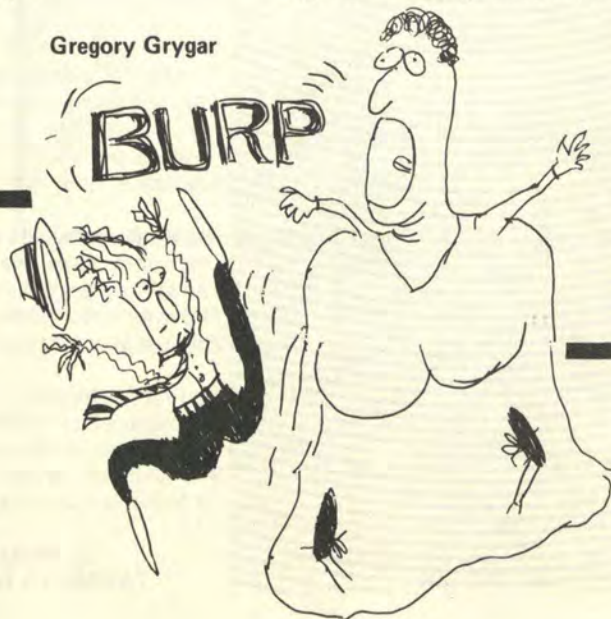


## Shrines of Digestion

She sat before me with the expression of a sow regarding its feed trough. Her eyes widened under their carapace of fatty tissue, revealing two cold, glassey eyes resembling those of a well fermented haddock abandoned on a fishing wharf. The waiter set down the dish and withdrew his hands in panic as the massive head plunged into the gastronomic nightmare. Her frame shook as she forced the food, whole, down her oesophagus, her hands barely managing to keep up with the demands of her cavernous maw. Eventually she gave up any assistance which her hands could provide, and relied solely on her experienced mandibles to devour the food directly.

After a while, there remained not a morsel left for her harrying lips to pursue, and she slumped back in her protesting chair, groaning like a beached whale. After a few moments of apparent calm, her prodigious mass began to quake and tremble, the shock waves transversing through every layer of fat until she resembled a bowl of vibrating jelly. The quiverings reached a climax, and she suddenly dropped her multiple chins in succession like so many drawbridges. With her maw agape, she finally emitted a multiple of gaseous reactions originating from the mire of masticated feed deep within her gelatinous form. A visage of satisfaction flowed across her fat insulated face, and with a groan she hauled her great bulk out of the unfortunate, and now badly deformed chair. She laboured out of the restaurant and trundled over to the next shrine of digestion to once more undergo the elaborate and exhaustive process of eating lunch.

Gregory Grygar



## The Ring of Enchantment

As I lay peacefully in the golden, sweet smelling meadow with the sun dancing wickedly upon my bare toes, I lovingly fondled the beautiful ruby ring that I had only this morning found in the mud of the creek-bed. Strangely enough, this gorgeous work of art had not been soiled in the least through the squal of the ditch; in fact, the precious jewel appeared to have come straight from the hands of the craftsman. As I was pondering this curiosity, I drifted into a half slumber. I absently slipped the glowing ring onto my finger. Immediately following my action a loud clanging echoed through my ears and I found myself lying on a bed of damp cobbles that contrasted unpleasantly with the soft bed of clover and flowers. I looked up with panic stirring in my stomach to face a circle of leering, pock-marked faces that had obviously only just escaped the ravaging claws of death by fever. "Fever!" I thought. "In the 'eighties? Impossible!" But where was I, if not in the sweet, lush meadow?

With fear and apprehension I realised that the ogre-like men were saying, "Oi! She's a witch". "That's for sure," one man grumbled. I heard an older, sterner man pronounce judgement over me. "Put the gal on board the ocean-going liner and give her to the sea fifty leagues out", he said in a tone of command. The next thing I knew I was swung up onto the shoulders of a large burly man and dropped into what seemed to be a storage hold at the bottom of the ship.

I sat in a corner of the spacious cabin, contemplating my situation with complete and whole-hearted misery. I was extremely tired and I suppose I must have drifted in a weary sleep for when I awoke the ship was tossing about like a wild

horse and I could hear the swish of rain and hail and the roar of thunder. I made my way to the deck, only to find that I was the only living soul on board. Just then the ship gave a mighty lurch and I was thrown into the seething mass of white-tipped foaming waves. I grabbed hold of a floating plank; that was the last thing I knew.

I dragged myself up the glimmering white expanse of sand towards the forest at the top. I had nearly reached my destination when two sunblackened native men rushed towards me, yelling, "Ya Zabteqo yhgije". Each man grabbed an arm; they dragged me through a small patch of scrub to a brightly decorated hut. Inside a large man (apparently the chief) was sitting on what might have been a primitive throne. The splendid man gave me a quick scan, then said very pointedly: "Chal bol yig gooder". I gave him a blank look. He said impatiently, "Chal bol yig gooder". I realised that he was demanding my ring. To my surprise I felt a sensation of protectiveness towards the hideously hypnotising, yet fascinatingly beautiful piece of jewellery. My grief was indescribable when I realised that the chief was not about to forego this ring that seemed to devour you with the desire to possess it. He leaned forward and wrenched the detailed structure of silver and ruby from my slender finger ... Immediately a familiar clanging met my puzzled, wearied brain, and boom! back I was in the heavenly meadow.

Could I have dreamt my adventure? No, the faint outline, left by the ring was still visible on my pale finger. As I was thinking this through my brother, Simon, came dashing helter skelter over the meadow crowing, "What on earth have you been doing out here all this time? You missed a terrific show on television - all about a girl who had a ring and got ship-wrecked on an island.

Nicola Busch



# POETRY

## 5 MINUTES

As she sat  
Staring, immobilized by the music,  
The colours faded away and  
Trickled down her face from her  
Eyes.

The lilting melody carried her  
Moods away, falling and rising-sighing  
like  
The tide that  
Plunged below the window,  
Sending salty drops sunward to  
Rest upon her cheeks.

Her moving mind thought of the  
Sea and the Music as one.  
The smile that devoured all scenery  
Turned away, she restlessly knew of  
The joy, that one day,  
Would be hers.

Sarah Newton-John, Year 11

Your banshee smile –  
very seductive.  
Dilated pupils,  
lips pulled to a welcoming grin.  
Unsure of how I should react  
I skip all formalities  
and pass up eye contact.  
I prepare to exit.  
You begin to chant.  
The only thing I ask you to grant me  
is time for me to think,  
Time to relax, pour a drink.  
Apparently you know it all  
I won't deny it,  
or attempt to try it  
But you can't object like this!  
Directions gone amiss.  
I swear that you make me burn  
like witches at the stake.  
But don't persist please!  
You're pressing me  
like a disease  
I apologize –

Stare into your eyes –  
A compromise.  
Your banshee smile.

Xina Kelly



## INSTRUCTIONS!?

Hi there!  
Please don't smile  
and please don't laugh,  
but don't scowl either.  
This deserves no such treatment  
on your behalf.  
I didn't say you could nod  
neither shake your head.  
Okay that's over.  
Now for instruction time.  
Hey I haven't said it yet.  
Oh be quiet  
who asked for your opinion anyway.  
Okay let's begin again.  
Please ..., Oh look that's not funny.  
Voice – (small, meek) isn't it?  
No it isn't!  
You aren't funny,  
I'm not funny,  
they're not funny.  
Hell now I've forgotten instruction No. 1.  
Let's begin again.  
Hi there!  
Please don't smile ...

NOTE: To be read with an American accent aloud.

## THE HURTING

With ease to maul a tender soul,  
You glide through pumping vein.  
Slaying my heart with one  
Blissful tear.

Gaping, though the heart sincere  
Admission wasn't paid.  
To the soul you trampled,  
Staining, scarring  
All the way.

I believed, my mate  
But as you say  
Hearts they only sting and  
Ache not  
Break.

But hearsay can't be true  
Fairness is never allowed  
The love for another is  
Not always shared.

My strange desire lingered on,  
So true it seems, still now  
A masochistic anguish stays  
With the love.

Della

## THINKING OF ...

Thoughts fly around  
Enclosed in my mind  
They flutter, desperately  
Like caged birds.  
They long to escape  
But their wings are clipped  
And they have to stay captured  
Until my voice can set them free.

Melanie Bray



## THE EYE

The eye saw  
I saw the eye  
I saw with my eye  
My eye, I, my  
I, eye, eye, I  
The eye saw I  
But the eyes sees not itself  
Squelch, squish, juice wishy-washy eye  
Ay, Ay, Eye.

## THE WIND

la la la la  
wind blows through the tree  
I cannot see it  
because the wind is invisible  
It goes la la la  
I also can't see it  
because I am blind  
Help me.

## JASON GEALE

## MORBID NEUROSIS

Hee, Hee, Hee,  
Everything is black and spinning  
Woe!  
Woe!  
Oh sick Person!  
Hee, Hee, Hee

## CANDLELIGHT IN THE MONASTERY

Oaaahhooah.  
Monks sing in the dark  
With haloes of candlelight  
with flickering light that reflects off  
the walls  
and bounces back and floods the  
chambers  
with an eerie glow.  
The candles are stuck onto their heads.



# The Porcelain Doll

"A woman's guess is much more accurate than a man's certainty." **Rudyard Kipling.**

Margaret.

From my bedroom window I can view the neighbouring area, which gives me a reassuring feeling of omnipotence. In particular I can observe a solid, rather solumn looking house which belongs to my best-friend Maria. It is set apart from the surrounding bungalows, and is positioned on a large block of land which makes it look like an isolated island, which has broken away from the mainland and left to survive as best it can.

A ceremony is taking place today, a funeral. I see Maria. She is small and puppet-like, dancing to a tune only she knows. Softly spoken, with slightly haunched shoulders and eyes which droop at the sides, Maria projects a self-image of a wild animal which has been trapped and domesticated.

I watch as she and her family move away and it occurs to me once again that no matter how pluralistic I see myself I must realize that a cultural gulf exists between us. One which mere friendship cannot breach.



Maria.

The family is a natural phenomenon. And man cannot control nature. Order is vital. Like a fist it squeezes its servants until they gasp. Always there is the master and the servant. Like the black veil which covers the tear-stained face of my ancient grandmother our cultural identity enshrouds us and like my grandmother the sober draperies of mourning will remain till the end of time.

Or so it seemed to me as I followed the proceedings of this impeccable ceremony. How so like the gentleman who instigated it. Zeus, ruling over his hoard of unruly Gods, a Paragon of Greek principles, he meant less to me than the cold, polished statues of Athens. The Parthanon did not contain so staunch a column as my grandfather.

I watched them slowly lower him into the fertile earth and I wished with all my being that they would bury the old ways with him.



Margaret.

I want so much to include Maria in my experiences and to share with her my happiness. She wants also to bathe in the sunshine of life but she talks always of customs and tradition and countless other stumbling blocks which seem to frustrate her spirit. To the aged it is a footstep, a trail, the vestiges of achievement which must be preserved at any cost, a claim to the world. But to Maria, and myself and other young people it is an intolerable burden and a senseless monolith which could be eleted without a great deal of amputation to mankind.

Maria.

There are no compromises in life, either I conform or I rebel; Black or white; either the countless barriers and laws of my society or the loneliness and isolation of excommunication. To say life is unfair is not only unproductive but shows a profound ignorance of the workings of the world. So, I merely accept, like generations of women before me.



Margaret.

I have always considered a community to be a natural occurence, not as a conscious act by man to separate himself into minuscule parcels for more efficient organisation.

Culture; a growth which divides and separates and mixes with the outside world. It is not stationary but changes form many times to fit the chameleon nature of mankind.



Maria.

In a whirring mixture of confusion and pain I spiralled into an unconscious state. I was aware that I had fainted but it was not until much later that I learnt the cause. A blood red cloak blurred my vision. It was thick and rich like velvet. It was life blood. The blood which maintains the structure of life. The blood-ties which form families, communities and races and the life-giving blood which they refuse to acknowledge. Shameful, hidden, disclosed as if to cover up the origins of life.



Margaret.

Their culture is imbedded in a solid rock. Embalmed in national and cultural pride, but like an over-cared for plant, it does not flourish and grow. Like a dead-sea scroll it crumbles and decays beneath their touch.

Like a porcelain doll which stands in a glass cabinet, their self-perception is preserved as an object to be glorified and not moulded to fit a lifestyle. It can only end in disaster.



Maria.

All my life I have been imprisoned. My family, my lifestyle and now my body.

When I told them of my pregnancy their concern for me could not be expressed in compassion or understanding. I had broken the unbreakable code and henceforth exiled from their elitist club.

They had treated me like a porcelain doll. Now that I had crumbled the pieces would be swept under the carpet and forgotten.

**Kim Walden**



# Encounter with a different time

It was 1849.

With a final shot of steam the train sped to the station. Its whistle shattered the peace as its wheels ground to a stop. The station itself was simple with its whitewashed walls and bare platform. On the hills on the back of the station were dotted flowering acacias and tall eucalypts. A dusty trail wound away from the small building and up the hill.

The train was stationary as a shrill call pierced the atmosphere. On the ridge of the hill appeared a girl of about thirteen. Drawing her skirt up and clasping her hat to her head, her long black boots began to raise a dust storm behind her. As she ran her ribbon, which tied back strands of mousy hair, came loose and caught on a stray twig. She yanked free and kept running. A white lace petticoat was showing an edge beneath her black skirt. Frantically she grabbed at it, lost hold of her hat, caught it again and kept on.

The turnstiles span around as she pushed through and held out a coin to the old ticket seller. Slowly grinning he shook his white head and watched from his dusty room as the train's whistle blew. A porter stood by, amused, as the young girl made a final effort and jumped aboard the train.

Once on, she found a seat in a small carriage and sat down on the hard leather. As she did so a large cloud of dust issued from beneath her. Sneezing she reached for the window and opened it, breathing in deeply as a fresh breeze caught her face. Pulling back her dusty hair with her fingers she felt into a pocket on her "sensible" skirt and fished out a piece of string. She tied her hair roughly and turned her attention to the other travellers in her carriage.

Sitting opposite her was the vicar in his high collar and long black gown. He peered at a worn bible through hard rimmed spectacles. His look of peace and enlightenment changed to a frown as he glanced up and said a severe "Good morning Louise". Louise returned a suitably proper greeting and observed the vicar as he returned to his reading. She thought to herself how religious he looked as his eyes ran across the lines. The drapes of his clothes were evenly spread so not to crease. A black stick rested next to his leg and next to it on the floor of the carriage two highly polished shoes poked out from beneath the lengths of material. Louise's eyes went from these to her own boots, red from the dry dust and scuffed at the toes. She felt embarrassed, but when she looked up and saw the carefully brushed bowler hat on his head she couldn't control herself. She averted her eyes to her lap but couldn't keep the giggle welling up inside her down. Louise spluttered in an attempt to turn it into a cough and drew the gaze of a pompous lady sitting on the opposite side of the carriage.

Louise looked up and met her gaze causing her to turn her attentions to the view in great haste. Louise had seen her before somewhere. Her silvery dyed hair was piled high on her head giving the impression of extra height. Her hands, which were clasped tidily in her lap, were covered with lilac gloves to match her dress. After a few more minutes of observation Louise concluded there was nothing more save frills and lace to ponder on and her eyes began to hunt for something else to occupy her concentration.

She turned as a boy of about fifteen entered the carriage. For a minute she couldn't believe her eyes. Was he wearing a studded belt, a chain of pins and luminous green shoes? And no-one had orange hair did they? Curious, Louise looked around. The high backed leather seats were gone and in their place were vinyl covered seats - ripped here, torn there. Black graffiti covered the carriage walls. Louise was frightened and turned to the window but she only received the cold comfort of being closed in - by tall grey skyscrapers. Suddenly everything was back to normal, back to the manner of 1849. The youth sat down next to Louise. He had dark hair and many freckles hidden by a covering of grime. He wore dark green trousers and braces over a shirt too big for him. He wore a jacket with sleeves way beyond the ends of his fingers and a cap rakishly to one side. Louise noticed this mechanically, as if from habit but shut her eyes to try and regain calm. All she saw however, were heads of orange hair and towering buildings.

The train drew into a station. She pulled herself together and set her battered straw hat on her head. Nodding to the vicar she made her way to the door. She glanced out of the window but saw a huge underground railway complex.

Standing on the station was a group of young people. The girls had mini denim skirts and skimpy tops on. Their faces were daringly painted with make-up. With them lounged around two boys in faded jeans. They had studded belts and dyed hair.

The train was at a standstill, Louise tentatively outstretched her arm to push open the door. To her horror it slid back automatically and a crowd surged forward. Louise shrank back in terror and screamed.

There was a distant roar of trains, almost like thunder, as Anne-Louise skipped down the steps of Town Hall station three at a time. Her new perm bounced lightly on her shoulders and she pulled a short denim skirt down at the back where it was suspiciously creeping up. She could see the train waiting and could smell the distinct railway smell. With a sudden disregard for her skirt and the earrings that were thumping against her jaw she jumped down the last five stairs, ran across the platform and just leapt on as the train began to move. Anne-Louise made a wobbly path to a vacant seat, hastily grabbed at her skirt and sat down. As she returned to an upright position her eyes caught sight of a highly polished pair of men's shoes peering out from underneath drapes of black material. Curious, she looked up and beheld a funny old man intently peering at a bible from behind heavily rimmed glasses. His nose was sharply pointed and he had clear, bright eyes. His collar was stiff and his gown fell around him. Perched on his head was a quaint old bowler hat. As Anne-Louise watched he lifted his head, stared straight at her and gave a stern "Good morning". She looked around to see who he was addressing but instantly noticed the seats were now high backed and leather. Out of

the window no longer towered concrete skyscrapers. Instead dusty red paths ran into gently flowering acacias. Tall gum trees reached up to the sky and a girl in a straw hat and long black boots, a black skirt and pristine white blouse played with a wooden hoop. Anne-Louise didn't know where to look, a cold, clammy hand of fear was creeping over her. As a last resort she turned her eyes to the ceiling and to her immense relief found only a poster proclaiming, "You don't leave home half-dressed, don't ride a train without a ticket" and a weakly blinking yellow light.

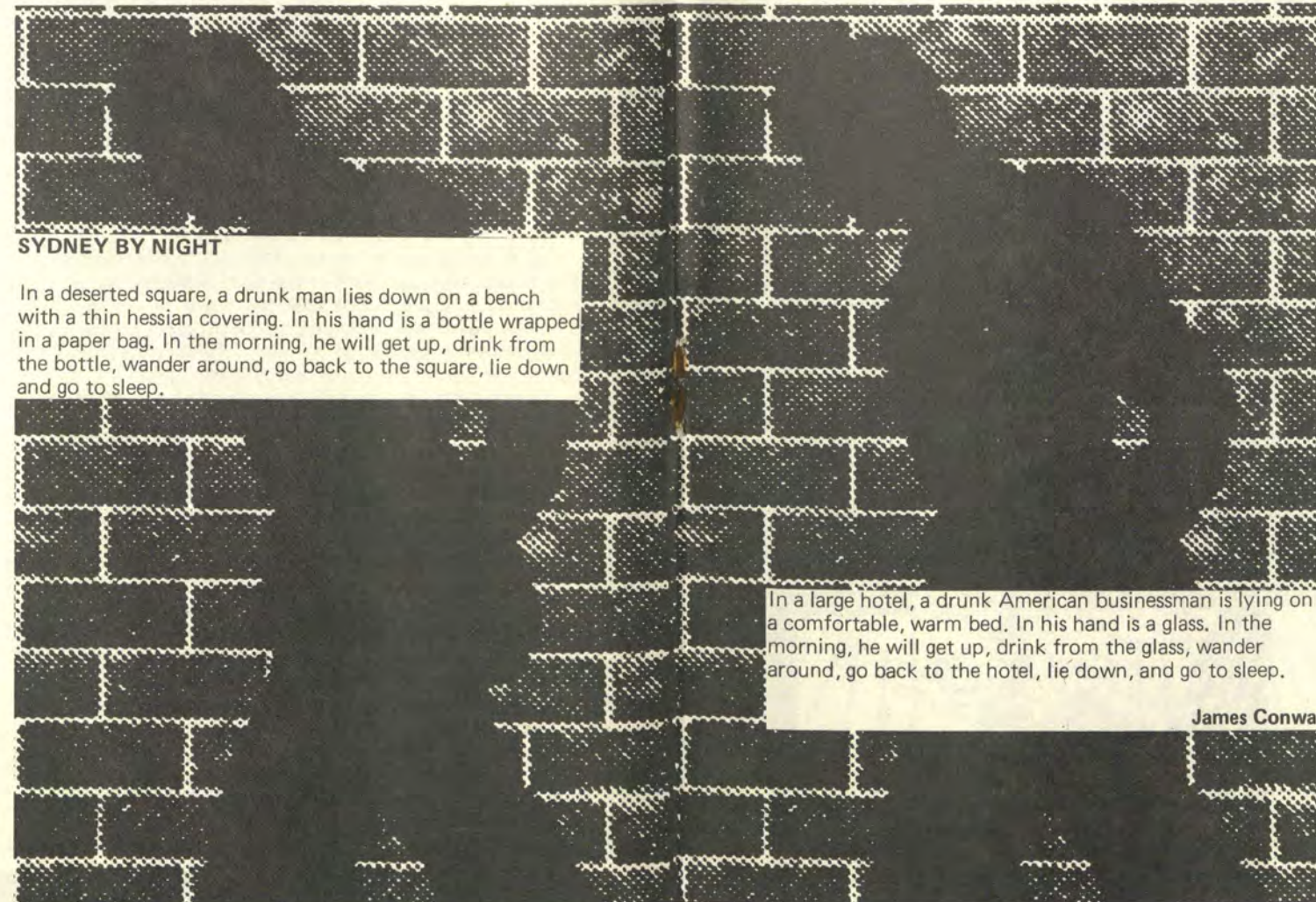
Slightly shaky, Anne-Louise switched her concentration to her favourite occupation, watching people. On the opposite side of the carriage was a lady with a high pile of hair on her head. She had her fussily painted nails clasped tidily in her lap and her face was well made-up. Her outfit was largely frills and lace but Anne-Louise had to admit it was well cut. Anne-Louise dismissed her first victim of observation as rather dull and turned her attentions to the rather shabbily dressed man directly opposite. He wore a drab, worn suit of tweed and battered, polished shoes. His thin, white receding hairline wasn't covered by a hat. His spectacles were sliding dangerously near the end of his nose and he pushed them back up with a long, thin finger. He was only distinguishable as a priest by his stiff, high collar and the badly battered bible that he carried.

Anne-Louise's head turned as someone entered the carriage. It was a boy of fifteen. He had a shock of orange hair, a studded belt and he slouched along. The chain of pins that he wore caught the sunlight and brought Anne-Louise back to matters at hand. She stood up as he sat down, managing admirably she made her way to the door. The train slowed to a stop but the door didn't open. Once again Anne-Louise was scared. Her arm reached out tentatively and pushed. The door swung open to reveal a bare platform covered with - cobblestones.

A whistle blew and Anne-Louise jumped to the platform. The station building had whitewashed walls, an old porter stood grinning by his trolley. Anne-Louise crossed slowly to the ticket window and proffered her ticket. The ticket master's gnarled fingers reached forward. Anne-Louise watched. She screamed.

When you fly into the sun on a plane and the sun rises at three or four you realise how fickle our time really is. Is it possible that sometimes time can be so flimsy that someone could even slip forward through a crevice in the web of time, or backward?

Kelly Stephens

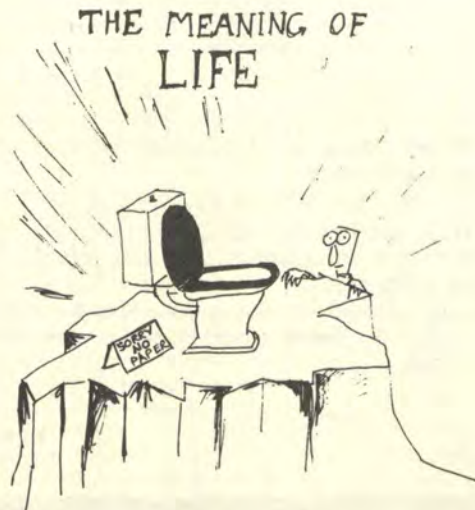


## SYDNEY BY NIGHT

In a deserted square, a drunk man lies down on a bench with a thin hessian covering. In his hand is a bottle wrapped in a paper bag. In the morning, he will get up, drink from the bottle, wander around, go back to the square, lie down and go to sleep.

In a large hotel, a drunk American businessman is lying on a comfortable, warm bed. In his hand is a glass. In the morning, he will get up, drink from the glass, wander around, go back to the hotel, lie down, and go to sleep.

James Conway





## KATE

Kate sat in the massive garden, deep in solemn thought. To the guests who passed her frequently she presented a welcome break in the monotony of the rest of the gardens.

The straight, clipped hedges and carefully spaced garden beds contrasted greatly with her untidy appearance. Her brown hair hung loosely out of what had started off as a severe bun, and her boots were covered with dirty patches and her white blouse were scuffed. Her long red skirt and her right glove had a small hole. She sat in the shade of a sapling with a small knife lying across her knees.

Her thoughts turned, as they often did to her future. All she had ever wanted was to have children, children she could spoil and cuddle and tend when they were sick. Of course, other things had to come first, like finding a husband. This was a sheer necessity — no husband, no children, and consequently no happiness.

As she thought more and more, Kate saw in her mind a picture — a picture of the future. She saw a taller, stronger version of the sapling which was shading her at that very moment, and sitting down her face. Beside where she sat there was a small mound of earth and a cross. Obviously, it was a grave: the grave of a baby. In her mind, Kate saw the woman lift the knife that had been lying across her knees and plunge it into her chest. Not quite knowing what she was doing, and with tears rolling down her face, she lifted her own knife.

Kate Welsey-Brown died from suicide in the year 1800. The sixteen year old had stabbed herself with a knife, not living to fulfil her dream of becoming a mother.

## Kate Welsey-Brown R.I.P.

We live together,  
But aren't we really alone  
We strive for success; satisfaction,  
But will we ever be satisfied  
Where are we going  
Why are we going there  
Are we individuals with our own  
Minds  
Working towards our own goals,  
Or are we the products of our surroundings,  
Of other's hopes and desires,  
Following a well-worn path  
Without ever questioning where it  
Leads  
What happens when we can go no  
Further,  
When the relentless flow of people  
Behind and in front  
Can no longer push us forward;  
When we long to break free, to escape?  
The path is surrounded by a tall  
Fence of responsibility  
Flanked by the barbed wire of expectation;  
But soon the pressure from behind  
Becomes too great  
And we are trodden aside  
The flow of people is once again  
Unbroken  
And I have joined the uncountable  
Faces at the path's edge.

Roberto D'Angelo

The aged and decrepit,  
voice of authority,  
Seducing innocence  
and harnessing its virility.  
The reticence of goodness  
stemming from the depths of humanity,  
and the garrulous nature of power  
masqueraded in the supple tones of purity.  
The cause, the cause the Pied Piper cries,  
And the army of death where obscenity is rife  
In this valley of youth prepares to die.  
Age violates youth  
Power violates virtue  
And Justice has a metallic and empty sound  
Beating time to the rhythm of Life.

Kim Walden



# VENTURA

The house was dimly lit inside, and noone was there. Sebastian slowly ascended the stairs, remembering the words of an old lady he had met in a dream. "This key will guarantee you happiness. It will take you to the many roomed house where the casket that contains the happiness is kept."

Vividly, the scene flashed through his head. Just a hand and a key — no faces. But, wasn't it all just a dream? He tightened his grip on the key. No, it was too real.

Sebastian reached the top of the stairs. He was surrounded by what seemed like a hundred doors. He lighted on the second floor. It was wet and muddy. It had suddenly turned very cold and damp. Quickly, he slushed through the muddy substance on the floor, and inserted the key into the first door.

Inside, every wall was yellow. Bright yellow so that it hurt his eyes. In the middle of the-room, was a yellow casket. Could it be first time lucky? He approached the casket, and slowly opened it. Out stepped a short, fat man, dressed in a bright yellow suit, and he was eating. He was picking things off the walls. Things that weren't there till he touched them. He began to eat faster and faster. He began to puff up. He grew and grew. His yellow suit got tighter and tighter, and began to split. He didn't seem to notice Sebastian. He didn't seem to notice that he was puffing up. All he could do was eat and eat. He swelled up to four times his original size. Then, he exploded! Exploded in a big BANG! — and then, there was nothing left of him.

Sebastian was very confused. He had been wrong, and his feet were beginning to numb from the cold, wet floors.

He walked to the next door. There was not as much excitement as with the first. This was most probably a load of nonsense too.

He stepped in. He opened the casket. Inside, there was a man. The man was walking down a road. Another man, coming from the other direction, had warned him not to go around the corner. Now it had not been his intention to go around the corner anyway, so he did. He was crushed by a falling mirror.

Sebastian went to the next door, which was blue. He was still very puzzled, but his curiosity was too strong. The happiness was just a side thought now. What he wanted, was to see what the other caskets contained.

Inside the blue door, was a blue casket. Inside the blue casket, was a little adult, and the little adult was crying.

"What's the matter?" Sebastian asked.

"I couldn't open the casket, and I was locked in."

"Well, it's open now, so stop crying." But the little adult wouldn't stop.

"Let me along. Let me cry about my troubles." Sebastian left him.

Sebastian thought of giving up. He even went back to the staircase, but it wasn't there. The yellow door was there, but the stairs had disappeared.

He approached a door that was all the colours of the rainbow. The casket where the happiness is kept, MUST be in there.

All the excitement built up in him again. He unlocked the door, and opened it. There was nothing inside but black walls.

Sebastian continued down the corridor, to the next door, which was orange. Inside, there was a purple monkey, inside an orange casket. The monkey was being pelted by red coins. He was dodging this way and that, but he began to grow lazy. Finally, he stopped still completely. He was stoned to death by the red coins. Sebastian was getting more confused. He went out.

The floor was getting deeper and deeper. Somehow, all the doors were gone now, and only one was left. It was white, — just white. Sebastian entered. There was a golden casket in the centre. It was as big as his fist. It **HAD** to be the casket the happiness was kept in. He took it off its pedestal, and walked out of the white room.

The stairs had reappeared. He descended them, and continued out of the house.

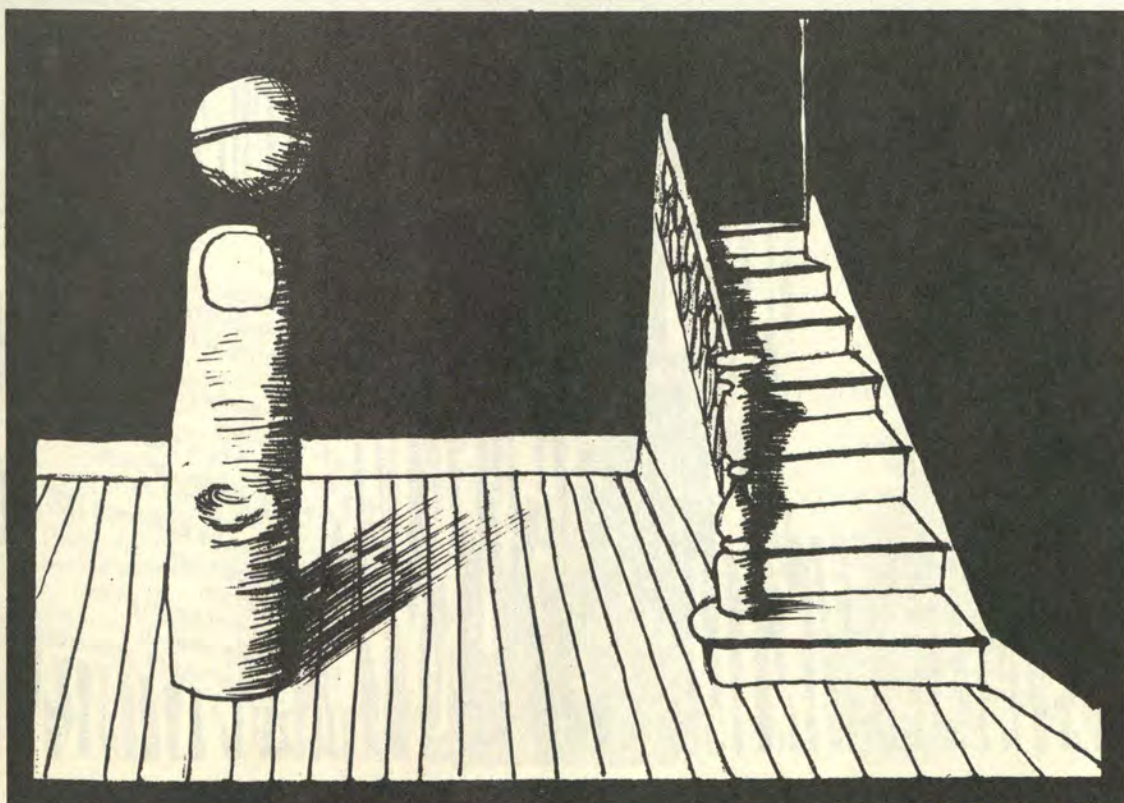
It was so good to be back out in the sunshine. The air was so much fresher. Everything was just so beautiful. He didn't realize how wonderful the world really was. A soft wind blew, and rushed past Sebastian. The sound of it rung in his ears. He was estatic.

He had forgotten completely about the casket. The Golden Casket. It was glinting in the sun. It looked so perfect, that he had doubts about opening it.

His hands trembled as he fumbled at the latch. He lifted the lid slowly. The casket was lined in satin — satin and nothing else.

THE END

Maria Dos Santos



Ingrid Tellzen, Year 9



# SONYA Giessler Year 11

## THE DRUG

You knew reality,  
but did not want it.  
You only know illusions now  
and a war —  
a war of feelings, emotions.  
You try to come back ...  
There are you awake  
and you ask;  
but you take the needle  
to escape the answer,  
a circle — never ending —  
in which are unknown  
and not wanted,  
but in time  
pain will grow,  
and you ask  
time has killed you.

## DECEIT

What went wrong?  
You did not believe my  
promised prize.  
In love  
yet cursed without end;  
I believed in a sense  
that our emotion was  
the most beautiful link  
between us.  
It changed,  
it is tearing us apart,  
changed what was  
beautiful at the start  
to a nightmare.

## DECEIT

Flowers bloom and blossom  
glittering, some shining like  
diamonds after rain.  
Yet then comes the wind  
and blows again  
Still then is the wood  
of tranquil coldness  
who stays the passers-by  
and devours as food —  
Yet then comes the sun  
probing the darkness  
with endless rays,  
taking away the pain.  
and flowers bloom and blossom  
glittering, some shining to  
reign.

## THE LOVED ONE

Awaiting lies death  
some love with it  
some lie against it  
some hope for it  
but it is there  
It is warmth, streamed with  
coldness.  
Fulfilment yet ending —  
the regular beat.  
Death lies awaiting life  
to end.

## LET'S HOPE SO

Love is more;  
It is a sensation of deep emotion  
eliminating distance,  
with pressing, powerful feeling.

Love is memory,  
a time where  
you could face the world —  
and not see its ugliness.

Love can be heaven or hell,  
it can be a fire  
or warmth  
or one of destruction,  
tearing away at you  
for the rest of your life.



## LIFE

As peace talks began  
A child cried out  
For her mother;

When the Libs won the vote,  
A man searched desperately  
Through the rubble for his family

While the Windies played the Boks,  
An innocent woman  
Was found guilty of a crime;

And conversationalists protest  
As a girl is laid to rest  
Is it really for the best?  
Life – Be in it.

Jeremy Newton

## HATE

Warming rays  
Defeat my inner coldness,  
Yet let me shiver with disgust.

Encircled by it,  
Skin alight.  
I look at the sun –  
Closing my eyes –  
And decide to fight.

Battle, battle, brutally and boldly,  
Against which makes me and the word  
    seem cold,  
Destroy this emotion of hurt,  
And commit a murder  
On the fatality-hate.

The heart shall be light  
And not have to take flight  
But thank the sun  
For having a battle won.

I thank thee for destroying  
This heatless, horror of hate,  
Taking back my soul –  
Which was its bait.

Anonymous

## A MATTER OF PRIDE

As I slowly paced the width of my  
    cage,  
Sliding my body along the bars,  
My mind was bristling with seething  
    rage –  
My flashing eyes saw sparks and stars.

I lashed my tail and shook my immense  
    mane,  
Then raised my head with a mighty  
    roar –  
I spun around and snarled, then roared  
    again  
And Stamped and scraped the ground  
    with my paw.

I roared for my pride and my dignity,  
And my life as the feline aristocrat,  
For all these had been crushed quite  
    drastically  
By a naive human who called me  
    "Puss-cat".

Melanie Bray 7F



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## Good-bye Jeremiah

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He was alone. He stood in a plain that stretched into eternity. There was no grass, no light, no oxygen ... no life. And he knew with great certainty that he was the only person alive in the whole world, the only person or being that was alive, had been alive, or would be alive in space and time. And, still more frightening, he understood with a comprehension far beyond a human-being, the impossible, unimaginable distance that that was.

His thoughts boomed through his head ...

You are alive and alone, Jeremiah, alone — no life, no love, no touch, no smell, no sight, no sound, no joy, no fear, no anger, no peace, no music, no water, no food, no time ...

STOP! STOP!

No time, no space, no stars, no anything, no nothing, no being, you are alive and alone ...

STOP! I'M GOING INSANE!

No insanity, Jeremiah, for there is no sanity

PLEASE ...

No mercy, Jeremiah, no mercy, no pity ...

"Good morning, friends, welcome to the Buzz Hopkin's Get-up-and-go-show! Get up and go? You say. At this time of the day? No sweat! Says I, get up and go to work, so that we do our best for Texas, and our best for the little old US of A! YAHOO!!"

As loud music blared from the radio Jeremiah realised that, although the nightmare was far from over, he was awake. He rose immediately. He had slept in his trousers and shirt so there was no need to dress. He pulled a comb through his hair and decided not to shave, despite the bristles on his chin.

It was quite a walk to the kitchen. Although the largest amount of money he had ever owned was \$17.62, Jeremiah was the sole owner of a mansion. Ancient, filthy and crumbling, yes. Suffocated in neglected ivy, yes, but a mansion, never the less. And in all its twenty-five rooms Jeremiah was alone.

It used to be full of life, when his beautiful mother and rich father had been alive and the house had been filled with servants and friends. He remembered when as a small child he had peered from behind a huge oriental vase as ladies and gentlemen had parted, dancing and eating. He remembered the bright dresses and lovely music. It seemed only yesterday that his father's jovial, red-faced friends had tossed him into the air and caught him again, while their wives and sweethearts had petted him and fed him after-dinner mints.

He would gaze wide-eyed at his mother as she flung her head back in laughter, or gracefully sipped her champagne.

They had been such a happy family. Then the joy came to an abrupt halt when his parents had been flung to their deaths from the carriage of a roller-coaster. It was the sixth of July, his 18th birthday. As their lawyer had drily remarked "Good timing" for this meant that he was of age, which meant that he inherited his fathers fortune. Unfortunately, it turned out that his parents had been over-spending drastically, leaving Jeremiah with the house, but almost no money.

The friends miraculously disappeared and he had been alone ever since. Jeremiah reached the kitchen and padded bare-foot across the floor. The old-fashioned flagstones were icy, but he ignored the cold and made a cup of instant coffee.

After his meagre breakfast he reached for an old, leather-bound book and began to write "I dreamed again — that dream, God, its terrible. Why am I tormented this way? HE has been silent for four days please don't let me HE come back, oh, leave me alone, leave me alone! HE was there in the dream though, talking to me, mocking me, I hate HIM me me Jeremiah it is you no one else fool oh God he is back again go away ...

I can't go away, Jeremiah ... I'm you, and you are me, aren't you happy, fiddle-dee-dee!"

Suddenly, with an animal like whimper, Jeremiah shoved the book away from him.

"Jeremiah" he muttered "you are going insane. You're young — make friends, go to parties". He walked to the front of the house and into the garden. "HELLO!" he bellowed "Anybody want to make friends, go to parties? Anybody want a good time?" His voice, lonely in the silence, fell to a whisper, "Isn't anyone there?"

Of course not, Jeremiah! You, my friend, are totally, absolutely, alone. You will never be answered, for there is no one to answer you.

"Be quiet, you!" He ran inside, frantic in his haste, and grabbed the unused telephone directory. Opening it at random, he pointed at a spot on the page and looked down to see the name — R.J. Cavanagh. Taking a piece of note paper he wrote in big, bold letters "CONGRATULATIONS!!!! You have won an interview with the celebrity, Jeremiah Powell! Boys and girls aged seventeen and up, come and see me. I am young, handsome and intelligent, so don't waste your chance!

I'll be waiting for you on the fifth (next Wednesday), JEREMIAH POWELL. P.S. Oh, please come, I'm so lonely ..."

He stopped abruptly, wrote his ad-

dress on the letter and slipped it in an envelope. Then, before he could change his mind, he dashed down the hill to post the letter. As he was running, the voice, sounding ominously amused, cackled "You needn't have locked the door, Jeremiah Powell, for there is no-one to enter anyway."

\* \* \*

"Get the mail, Candy?" Mrs Cavanagh asked. Candy contemplated her answer — a choice of "No you fat old bag, get it yourself" or "Sure, Mummy". She decided on the second one. Her mother, a tall, strong-willed woman, was not to be argued with. A minute later she reappeared, holding a single envelope. It was address to Mr Cavanagh, but Candy's mother opened it regardless. As she opened it she grew more and more astonished. Candy watched, puzzled as she shook her head slowly "Tch, tch, tch. Poor, poor boy." The woman sat heavily on a chair, the seat of which was ridiculously inadequate for her large bottom.

"Look". She showed the letter to her daughter. 'CONGRATULATIONS' it began. She read it quickly. "Wow! How weird."

"Mmm. Dear me, the poor boy. He lives in that old house on the hill — you know the boy whose parents died ten years ago, leaving him alone ever since?" Candy did not reply. "Candy ... Surely you've heard the stories about him?"

"Huh? Oh, yes ... Can I go Mummy?" Immediately the expression of pity left Mrs Cavanagh's face.

"Certainly not! He's none of our business, leave him alone ... Do you hear me! Don't go anywhere near that house." She snatched the letter and threw it in the garbage disposal.

But Candy knew the address.

Three days later she was walking toward the huge house. She eyed it warily; it was like a growth; huge and black, leaning forbiddingly against the blue sky. Her conscience wrestled with her for going against her mother's word, but she stubbornly forced these thoughts back. After all, she was seventeen next week, an adult.

She walked into the shadow of the house, hesitated before the front door, and then knocked loudly.

\* \* \*

On the fifth Jeremiah woke early. He jumped out of bed, washed, and put on his best suit (which had originally belonged to his father). HE was present — Jeremiah felt him hovering maliciously in the back of his consciousness. As Jeremiah dusted the suit HE burst into laughter ... Ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, Jeremiah Jonathon Powell, will you never learn? All dressed up and no place to go was never more suitable! No-one will come ... dearie. Sorry to disappoint you — "Like hell you are!"

▷



Tut, tut! Language! What would mother say if she could hear you? But I'm sure you know everything I'm telling you. After all, you are me and I am you, And I know that you are alone. I know that there is no-one out there, that you are floating in a void of imagination and dreams.

Do you think that earth is real? It is not. Do you think that America is real? It is not. Do you still believe in the American dream? FOOL. Do you think this house is real? Do you think that YOU are real? "YES". My, my, what arrogance! You are, Jeremiah, no more than a figure of your own imagination. "What is real?" I am real. Oh, yes. I am reality.

Then came the laughter again. Jeremiah clamped his hands over his ears, but it was useless. The sound vibrated over his brain, echoing, booming; he ran through the house, doubled over in fear and agony. Suddenly, though, the noise died out, and he heard someone knocking at the door. He unfolded like a flick-knife. For a second he was aghast, then, wiping the sweat from his face on his sleeve, he rushed to the door and opened it.

He nearly fainted at the surprise of seeing a human face so close up, but after a second he regained his composure. She was very pretty, slim, but with all the curves in the right places, very blonde hair and tanned skin. 'Indeed' he thought bitterly 'the all American girl'. He stood barring the doorway and the two stared at each other, him suspiciously, her curiously. He was a curious figure. Very tall and thin, longish brown hair cut raggedly around his shoulders. He was white as chalk and his eyes were like an animals — wary and frightened. His clothes were very old-fashioned, but he had an old-fashion air about him. He was like a dusty, frightened ghost of days gone by.

Candy felt her confidence returning. "May I come in?" she asked. He stepped aside, and made an elaborate beckoning gesture. The interior of the house gave the same impression as it's master. Old furniture, luxuriously padded with velvet and silk. Low tables of silver and glass lay their gleam dulled with dust.

Heavy drapes cast shadows about the house and the corners were festooned with cobwebs.

"What a beautiful room" Candy said politely. She walked over to the window and pulled the curtain open. Sunlight streamed in. At last Jeremiah found his voice. "Welcome. I am Jeremiah Powell. You, I presume, are Miss Cavanagh".

"Yes — Candice Cavanagh." Candy seemed silly before this austere young man. They sat down and before long

Jeremiah found himself laughing and talking with her. It was amazing. After not talking with anyone for ten years having a simple conversation was like a piece of heaven. After what seemed like ten minutes, but, according to the grandfather clock, was three hours she stood up "I must go now Jeremiah — may I come again tomorrow?" He nodded vigorously, and she left.

He walked the rooms, unable to keep still for his joy. She was wonderful. The way she laughed, her smile, her voice. He could remember every word of the conversation — how she had grumbled over her parents, described her school, her friends. They had discussed poetry and she had told him about recent films. Furthermore, HE had gone.

Candy came every day for a week, and they grew more and more friendly. They had a picnic, went for walks, read.

It was the happiest week of Jeremiah's life.

But then came the thirteenth.

Candy had come, bringing scissors and a comb intending to cut his hair. They had chatted, the she took up the scissors when a figure appeared in the doorway. He was tall, but not as tall as Jeremiah, and much more muscular. His blonde hair was in a short-back-and-sides and he was wearing tight denim jeans and a black leather jacket. His face was hard and unfeeling, and he looked to Jeremiah like a non-person, behind black, mirrored sun-glasses.

Candy gulped in horror, "Ronnie!" The boy swaggered over to her and grabbed her arm, "What you think you're doing here, babe?" He grabbed a handful of Jeremiah's hair and pulled his head back "Ma-an! What a cool dude!" He spat, and shoved Jeremiah out of the way. "Come on, Candy, doll, I'm taking you for a drive." Jeremiah stood up. "Get out of my house, you! Leave Candice alone, she's much too good for an idiot like you! Get —" Candy took his hand. "No, I'm not, Jeremiah. You're too good for me." She let go and went over to Ronnie. >



Miranda Douglas, Year 10



Jeremiah was shaking uncontrollably, and tears were in his eyes. "I — I should have known. Candy and Ronnie, the perfect couple. The tough boy and pretty girl. Well go and have your MacDonald's and go to the drive-in — go and play on your pinballs and space-invaders — Candy Cavanagh, I hate you!"

Ronnie's fist shot out and hit him hard in the chest. Then, shining in his leather, he dragged Candy out of the house. An engine revved up and the car drove off.

Jeremiah was alone.

HE had come back, but was welcome now.

You are alone. Candy and Ronnie aren't real people, and the whole world is like them. Billions of non-people, all waiting to punch you, to laugh at you. And then to leave you. ... What are you going to do ...?

"I just want to rest. I want to leave all the Candy sand Ronnies forever."

There is only one way to do that, Jeremiah. His eyes fell on the razor-sharp scissors, gleaming in a sun-beam. Slowly, he walked over to them.

"Is this the only way?"

Yes, my dear, it is the only way.

Jeremiah took the scissors in his left hand, and a pen in his right. On a piece of paper he wrote a quick letter. Then he clasped the scissors and pointed them towards his chest. For a moment he felt as though he was in a play, or one of the blood-thirsty movies Candy had described to him. And he fell forward. By chance rather than good calculation the scissors pierced his heart and he was killed instantly.

\* \* \*



The next day, telling no-one where she was going (for Ronnie had discovered that she was at Jeremiah's by her friend's gossiping.) She hurried up to the house. It seemed almost more forbidding than usual, and as she entered she felt a cold shiver run up her spine.

When she saw the body she gasped. For a moment her legs swam but she pulled herself up. Shivering, she noticed the letter, and, as her name was on the front, read it.

"Dear Candy" it said

"I am no longer angry with you, for you cannot change the person you are, and there is no reason why you should. You have given me the knowledge of what happiness is — even for just one short week. HE was right — I am alone. Maybe, just maybe, when I die, I'll find company, whether that of humans or maggots in the soil I do not know.

For giving me happiness I leave to you this house and everything in it. Take this letter to Ed Somerset, my lawyer.

Love  
Jeremiah

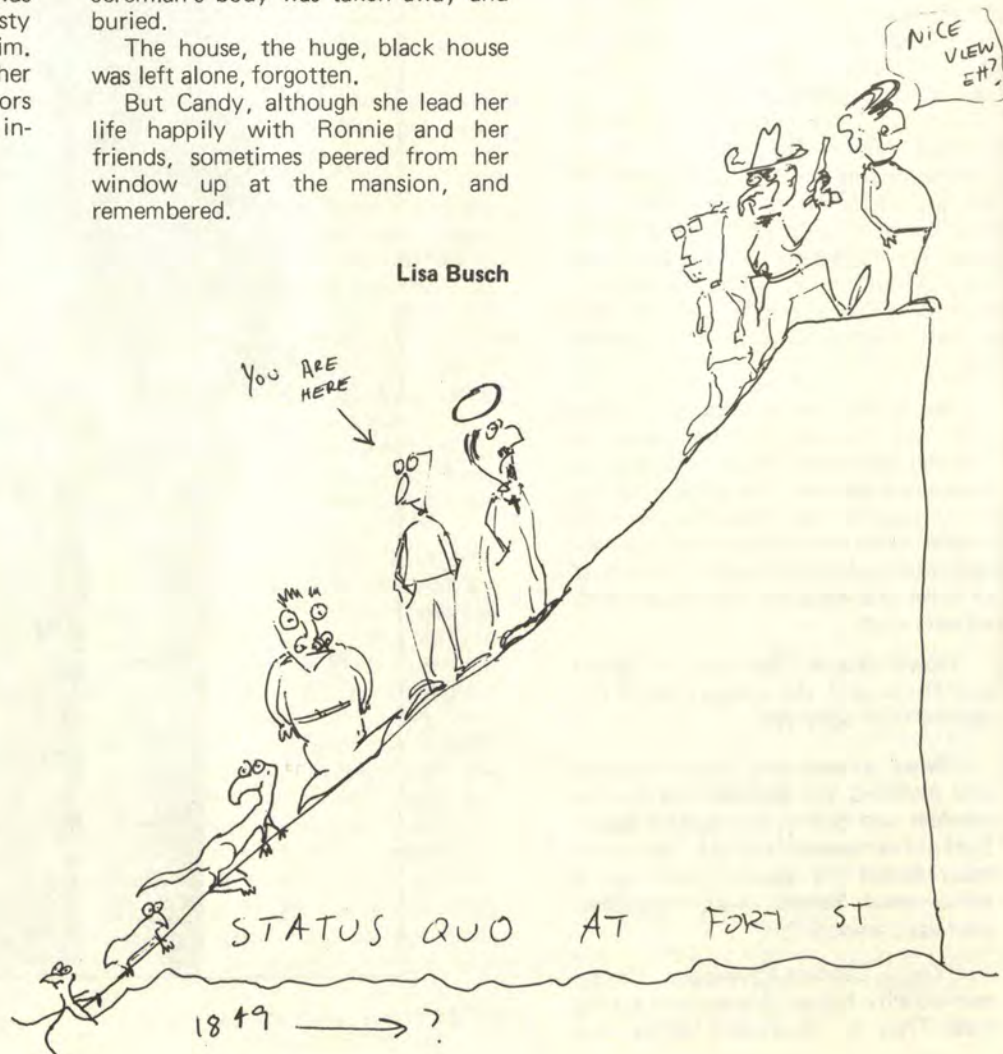
Crying now, Candy tore up the letter. She didn't want the house, not with the memories of poor, mad Jeremiah lingering. She went home, and made the necessary phone calls. Soon Jeremiah's body was taken away and buried.

The house, the huge, black house was left alone, forgotten.

But Candy, although she lead her life happily with Ronnie and her friends, sometimes peered from her window up at the mansion, and remembered.



Lisa Busch





## ALONE IN THE FOREST

The wind blows in my face as I wake up on yet another morning to find that I am still here and that this is not a dream. Today seems to be the 13th April. How I wish that this was a dream, although I have pinched myself many times and found out that it is reality. Being is the worst part of it. If only there was someone here with me, then it wouldn't be so bad.

The trees in the forest block out the sunshine, although I can still feel it's heat. I live as the forest animals do: on nuts and fruit. I have studied most of the animals and found that most are small in size and very nimble.

I will go out again today and watch the tide.

I came here two weeks ago; lone survivor of a shipwreck. I probably would have drowned along with the rest of the crew if I hadn't been found by a porpoise who pulled me close enough to swim to shore. I managed to salvage a flare gun and a rifle with some ammunition.

Today, because it's Sunday, I must go out and collect food. I do this twice a week. The shrubs are always colourful and the trees are tall with pride. The birds sing their joyful songs as if trying to cheer me up. The leaves



whisper among themselves: conspirators around every corner. The brook rushes past and, like a comet, leaves a trail behind it. "Get out of my way, I'm late", it seems to say.

Although everything made a noise in the forest, it is still relatively quiet compared with civilization. As I look up I see rainbows with wings calling to each other, "Wait for me". I reach the shore and sit on the edge of the sand. The sky is clear and the sun is projecting a caressing ray for all the earth's creatures. I long for home and, as I sit there, I wonder if I will ever see home again.

It is now about noon. I can tell from the position of the sun. I get up and walk back to the campsite. As I walk, I pick some apples, pears and bananas. In the other side of the forest, I collect some nuts and return to a sheltered spot: my campsite.

It is surrounded by bushes and leaves, forming a natural cabin. On one side an open space which conveniently serves as a door and window. Small animals sometimes come to share my food and shelter. I laugh at their antics and give them food. I suppose they do become "friends" in times of need, but still, humans are irreplaceable as friends. I dine lavishly with them and go back to the shore. Soon I will fall asleep, hoping that someone will, someday, rescue me.

Peter Tawfik



#### MORE WORDS

Old man, so much writing is dedicated to you: to your troubled sleep under out-dated newspapers on a cold, hard park bench; to your huddled shelter in a desolate alley doorway from the blustering wind, harsh and chilling to the bone. People write of your thin shabby garments, your frail frame ever battling against the cruel world, and the empty grog or meth-ylated spirits bottle lying at your side in the loose hold of a drunken daze, a daze which you have long ago persuaded yourself blots out the worst of your troubles. They write of pity for you which your fierce pride won't let you accept. They can do nothing for you, but they don't even try — they don't really care.

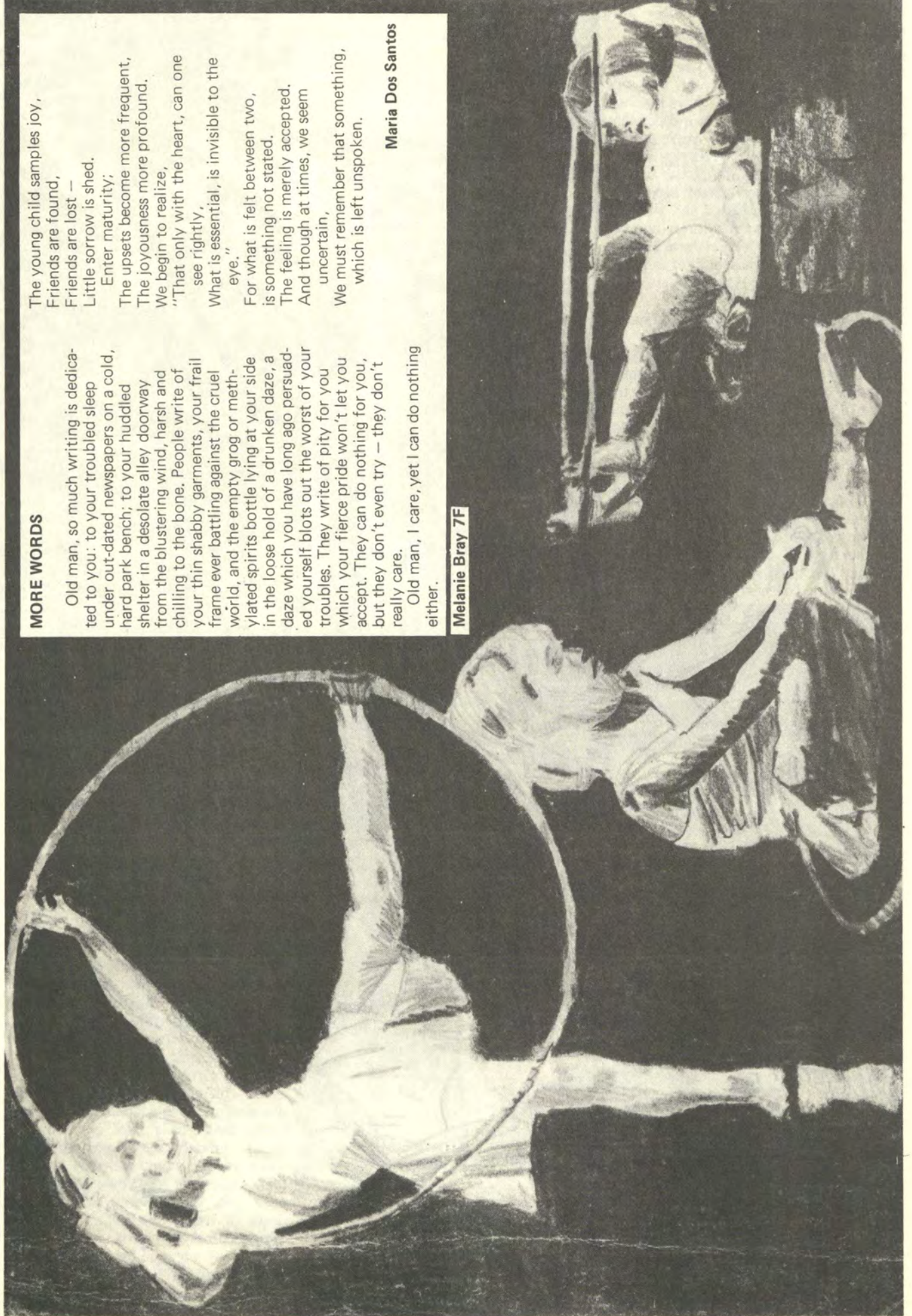
Old man, I care, yet I can do nothing either.

**Melanie Bray 7F**

The young child samples joy,  
Friends are found,  
Friends are lost —  
Little sorrow is shed.  
Enter maturity;  
The upsets become more frequent,  
The joyousness more profound.  
We begin to realize,  
"That only with the heart, can one  
see rightly,  
What is essential, is invisible to the  
eye."

For what is felt between two,  
is something not stated.  
The feeling is merely accepted.  
And though at times, we seem  
uncertain,  
We must remember that something,  
which is left unspoken.

**Maria Dos Santos**





# Quotable Quotes

"I'd like you all to turn your desk around to form a table" **Mr Swadling** Year 11 English.

**Student** ... "Miss McInnes, do you like Duran Duran?"  
**Miss McInnes** ... "I prefer strawberry." **Student** ...  
"Strawberry?" **Miss McInnes** ... "You were talking  
about ice-creams weren't you?"

**Mr Morrison** (handing out a black piece of paper) –  
"this is the extent of my economics knowledge".

**Miss Dimas** ... "Right Year 8, you've got a test to do so  
put down your pens and get on with it."

**Mr Lawrence** ... "What is the effect of wind on the  
environment?" **Student** ... "It depends who's it is,  
sir."

Ms Young's first day with her Year 11 chemistry  
class. **Ms Young** ... "Drazen isn't it?" **Drazen** ... "Yes  
why?" **Ms Young** ... "Shut up!"

"You don't have to give them to us just donate them."  
**Bruce Fields**, Year 11 at assembly. (referring to dinner  
suits needed for Pygmalion).

"Right everyone please take your seats and put them  
on chairs". **Mr Yalichev** Year 11 Japanese.

**Mr Baker** to maths class – "You've heard of that song  
called, 'I'll love you twice as much tomorrow." **Class**  
– "Yes". **Mr Baker** – "Well its a geometric progress-  
ion" **Class** – "Why?" **Mr Baker** – "Because each day  
you'll love her twice as much as the day before".

Year 11 English, Mr Swadling. **Mr Swadling** ... "shh"  
**Student** ... "I wasn't talking". **Mr Swadling** ... "Yeah  
but you were rolling up your sleeves too noisily".

**Mr Wilson** to Year 9 student ... "the metho is over  
there, but don't drink any. It's no good without lemon-  
ade."

**Mr Swadling** ... "her father was the village priest, she  
was therefore illegitimate." **Student** ... "that means  
she couldn't read doesn't it?" Year 11 English.

**Student** ... "Sir can you help me please?" **Mr Garan**  
... "Sorry, I can't hear you, I'm not wearing my glass-  
es."

When in Japan follow the simple rule: "IF it moves  
bow to it" **Year 11 Japanese**.

Unit maths Year 11 **Mr Riches** ... "Are you going in  
the maths competition son?" **Student** ... "No Sir"  
**Mr Riches** ... "That's irrelevant son".

"Laura Norda" – **Mr Jones** "Who's that?" – **Yr 12**  
**student** "That's how you Australians pronounce Law  
and Order" – **Mr Jones**

"Look how can we have a discussion if you all keep  
talking" – **Mr Swadling** to Yr 12 English Class.

**Male student** ... "Can we make life, miss?" **Ms Young**  
... "You'll need a woman for that."

Year 11 Geography students at Jindabyne **Teacher** ...  
"What are Sydney's beaches made up of?" **Student**  
... "Sewerage."

**Mrs Crawford** ... "Are you doing English?" **Student**  
... "I'm writing words. Is that the same?"







# HORROR SCOPE

## ARIES:

March 21 to April 20  
**THE RAM**

You have a natural flair for being a pain. Noone does it like you. Remember to think before you open your mouth, otherwise your tactless and (re)impulsive way of talking too much and too loudly will result in disaster — you naughty thing you. Curb yourself.

**FIRE**

## LIBRA:

September 23 to October 22  
**THE SCALES**

Unbalanced is too stable a word to describe you scaly Librans. Your mood changes with your hairstyle, so we recommend you shave your head. Of course it's up to you to decide. Just remember, your scales will never be even, so think about changing your horoscope.

**AIR**

## SCORPIO:

October 23 to November 22  
**THE SCORPION**

So much is written about the Scorp's sexual prowess and energy, that we would like all Scorpions to leave their names and addresses at the front office. Thank you.

**WATER**

## TAURUS:

April 21 to May 20  
**THE BULL**

Boring, lethargic sign you are we can't write anything about you because ... we can't be bothered. Just stay at home, use paper bags often and listen to Father Jim.

**EARTH**

## SAGITTARIUS:

November 23 to December 20  
**THE ARCHER**

Your ruling planet, Jupiter, will eventually spin out this month, so light the scented incense and align your bed with the rising sun. Wear beads and scarves on Fridays to ward away the giant gargoyle that descends from Mars.

**FIRE**

## GEMINI:

May 21 to June 20  
**THE TWINS**

What can you say to someone who doesn't know whether they're Arthur or Martha? God — work it out, you owe it to yourselves. For help contact Dr Joyce Brothers via the Ladies Committee.

**AIR**

## CAPRICORN:

December 21 to January 19  
**THE MOUNTAIN GOAT**

How to recognise a Capricornian: They generally have long hair, little beady eyes, bad breath, hanging dags, body odour and have a penchant for mountainous regions. No offence intended.

**EARTH**

## CANCER:

June 21 to July 20  
**THE CRAB**

Like name, like spirit — but mind you, you may only have crabs. Your love-life could suffer because of this, so crawl back under a rock. Noone likes crustaceans anyway. Except with mushroom sauce.

**WATER**

## AQUARIUS:

January 20 to February 18  
**THE WATER BEARER**

Traditionally the dreamer, this term just means you haven't got much to say. You like using blonding creme, tanning agents, and enjoy the mystery surrounding your sexuality. Good luck to all Aquarians.

**AIR**

## LEO:

July 21 to August 21  
**THE LION**

Born free but with a will of a kitten, you Leos are very difficult to write about. You may meet a short, fair and ugly person soon, so pad out the cage and avoid people with whips and tall, black boots.

**FIRE**

## PISCES:

February 19 to March 20  
**THE FISHES**

An unnamed friend's dog, Indusboy, is a typical Pisces. Those unmistakable Piscean features (little brown eyes, runny nose, flatulence) are epitomized in Indusboy. Escapers from reality, Pisceans tend to deny the fact that they exist — often by wiping themselves out.

**WATER**

## VIRGO:

August 22 to September 22  
**THE VIRGIN**

If there are any of you left, you're probably not worth it anyway. It's all a bit too dirty for you — isn't it? It's all not quite good enough. There are other things to enjoy, like ... washing, cleaning, filing one's nails ...

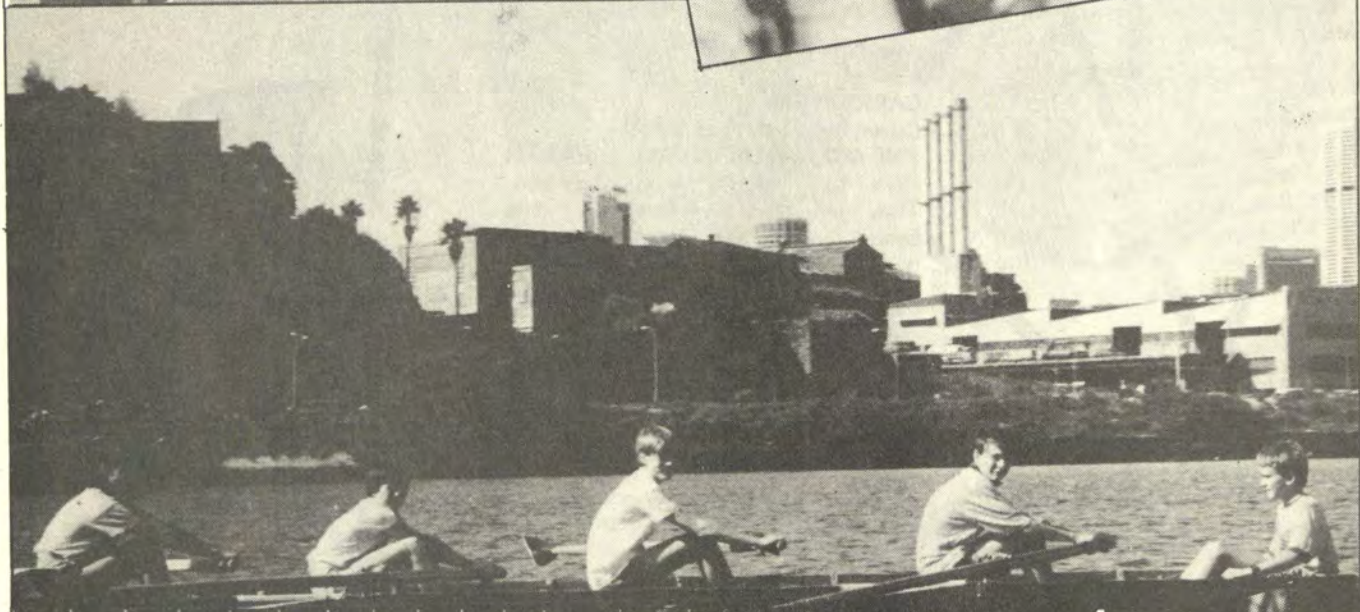
**EARTH**

Sarah & Tina  
Year 11





# Great Moments





# Sport

## SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT

1983 has again proved to be a relatively successful year for Fort St. at Zone level, with some success at higher levels.

In summer sport, premierships were won by Open Cricket, Year 9 Cricket, Open Volleyball, Year 9 Volleyball, Open Water Polo and Squash. Fort Street was also runners-up in 8B Cricket, Open B Volleyball, Year 8 Volleyball, Junior Water Polo and Tennis. The Open Volleyball, Year 9 Volleyball, Open Water Polo and Squash teams were all undefeated throughout their competitions.

Winter sport saw the re-introduction of Rugby Union to Bligh Zone. Only limited success was achieved by our junior grades in this sport, though many fine performances were registered.

Three New Zealand Schoolboy rugby teams visited Fort Street during the year. My thanks go to all those who helped make these visits enjoyable, and especially to those who took billets. Fort Street is planning to visit New Zealand during 1984.

Mixed success was achieved in other grade sport during the winter season, with the exception of tennis and squash. Two Gala Days were held for Year 7 during the year. Success was achieved in continuous cricket, basketball, touch rugby, volleyball, T-ball and soccer. It would seem that many fine sportsmen are included in the Year 7 ranks, ready to bolster our achievements in grade sport next year.

Many outstanding individual performances should be noted. Ben Sin and the 13 years relay team represented the Region at the State Athletics. Ten boys were chosen in the Zone Rugby team to compete at the inter-regional championships, with Matt Burgess, Stephen Henry, Angelo Kanellopoulos and Seamus Walsh being chosen to represent C.H.S. Steven Anastasiadis and Bill McGoldrick were chosen in the C.H.S. Volleyball team - Steven as captain. Bill gained further representative honours, being selected in the Australian Schoolboys Volleyball team. Andrew Simpson and Simon Horsborough won the State pairs rowing championship. Scott McManus achieved outstanding results at all levels of tennis.

I wish you all well in your sporting activities.

R. Archer

## SPORTS REPORT

1. 1983 was again a successful year for Fort Street Sportswomen. Year 7 Gala Days were well attended and achievements were high. The girls' teams reached the finals in every sport.
2. Fort Street girls did well at the zone swimming carnival, but were beaten into 2nd place by a strong Strathfield Girls team. Melissa Gibson, Dani Bisscher and Sofie Gibson were awarded age champions.
3. Fort Street's performance at the zone cross country carnival was a commendable one, with the Castell-Brown name prominent. Susan went on to gain an excellent 17th position at the C.H.S. carnival.
4. The zone athletics competition was again dominated by Fort Street girls, with record-breaking wins achieved by Dana Stevanovic and Stephanie Parks. Both girls went on to do well in the C.H.S. carnival.
5. The girls volleyball team achieved our best result in the C.H.S. knockout competitions, being beaten in the semi-final by the eventual winners.  
Congratulations to Kym Manitta (Year 9) who was chosen for the regional girls volleyball team, and Leonie Geribo (Year 8) and Kerry Machay (Year 9) who were chosen for the regional girls soccer team.
6. Fort Street girls were offered a wide variety of sport for Wednesday afternoon this year, including Jazz Ballet, Yoga, Exercise classes, Golf, Swimming and Rowing. Lifesaving awards were earned at Sydney University Pool by a number of students.

7. Many thanks to parents, students and teachers for their support and assistance in making 1983 a successful and enjoyable year.

B. Henry

### BOYS' OPEN SQUASH - WINTER

Our team performed well throughout the season. They lost only one match in the rounds and were minor premiers at the end of the two rounds. They comfortably won their semi-final but lost the final to Leichhardt High in a close fought, high-standard match.

As well as earning credit for their high standard of play, they were impressed with their flawless sportsmanship throughout the competition. Congratulations to Greg Robinson, Victor Wong, Dean Kuo and Michael Kulpor.

### GIRLS' WATERPOLO REPORT

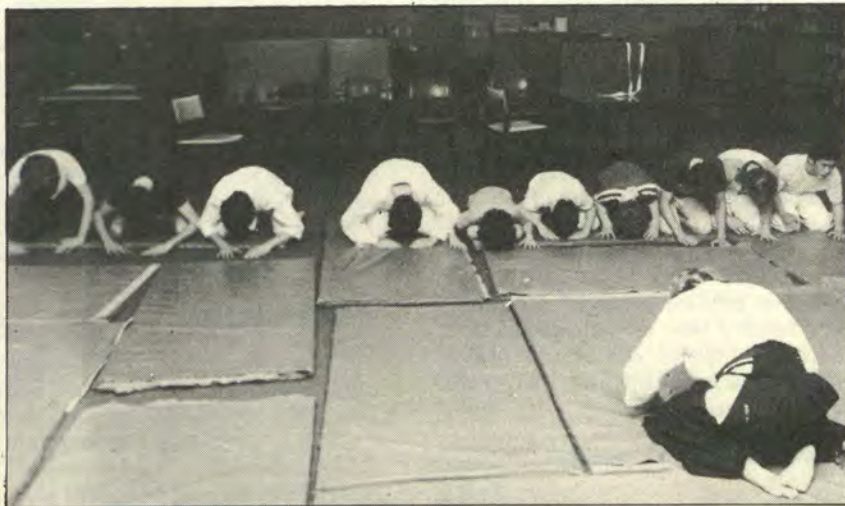
1983 was the beginning of a new era for the girls of Sydney's Bligh zone. It was the first time that waterpolo was offered as a grade sport.

In the first round Fort Street walked off as minor premiers having only one goal scored against them.

Being the first season, the matches were rather disorganised with the majority of girls not knowing the rules, aim or etiquette. This was overcome to a certain extent by the patient advice of Mr Frazer.

Congratulations must be given to the team as they performed admirably.

Margaret Stewart  
Year 12





## CRICKET CLUB

The 1982-83 Cricket season once again proved a very successful one for the Fort Street 1st XI. During both Term 3 of 1982 and Term 1 of 1983 Fort Street retained the Bligh Zone premiership. The team also performed creditably in the Davidson Shield competition being eliminated by Randwick by 3 wickets in the third round in 1982. The team was well led by its promising fast bowler and all-rounder Matthew Burgess. Burgess was well supported on the field by vice-captain and wicketkeeper Artie Petratos as well as by the other team members. The team's strength lay in the bowling department with Burgess, Stephen Henry, Nick Stevanovic and Conrad Gray initially, and Seamus Walsh and Peter Cameron in Term 1, figuring prominently with the ball. With many of this season's team in Year 12 the responsibility for the success of the 1983-84 season will be largely contingent on the performances of Walsh, Sezer, Gray, Stevanovic, Spiros Petratos, Daniel Connolly and Wally Einer who, it is to be anticipated, will be supported by promising junior players Paul Simpson, Paul Lang, John Wilson and Bradley Wilson.

## NETBALL

We are proud to announce the results of the first term competition in girls' netball. Years 8, 9 and Open teams were all undefeated.

Selections were made for the school knockout team. It was made up of Michelle Cridland, Janelle Cridland, Kym Manitta, Kim Hughes, Sally Madgwich, Leonie Achurch, Bridget Tilley, Julie Wellham, Alison Young, Wendy Sugden and Joanne Verzi.

Bligh Zone trials were held at Sydenham. After careful selection the following four were chosen: Janelle Cridland, Michelle Cridland, Bridget Tilley and Kim Hughes. After strenuous matches at the regional trials Kim Hughes was chosen as reserve for the regional team.

During the May holidays we were visited by a touring New Zealand netball team. When we met our opponents on court we found that they had more experience. The final score was 21-13 in their favour. Our school is sending a netball team next year to play New Zealand teams from the North Island. We would like to thank everyone involved with our teams this year.

**Michelle Cridland**  
Year 9

## OPEN BOYS' BASKETBALL

The First Term Basketball Team came third in the Open Competition. There was plenty of talent in the team, coming mainly from Year 11 recruits Bruce Field, Leo Ng, Jake Iverach, Norman Kang and Robert Smith. Unfortunately we Year 12s got big heads and didn't really allow the great Year 11 talent to show what they had. Great offensive and defensive moves were often bungled by poor Year 12. We entered the Shell Cup winning our first round against Leichhardt — (the first time a Fort St. team had done so in SIX years, a record-breaking performance!), but we lost narrowly, again due to Year 12 failure, going down 50-26. It's expected we will do well now the Year 12s are out of the team. But we still love them.

The team was: Steven Katsilis, Con Charas, Mark DeBortoli, Leo Ng, Robert Smith, Jake Iverach, Norman Kang, Bruce Field (coach) and Mr Crawford (real coach).

## BOYS' OPEN — A VOLLEYBALL REPORT 1983

Once again the open A Boys' Volleyball team has done well in the zone competition, playing Tempe in the final and winning in straight sets.

As well as the zone competition Fort Street entered the state knockout and reached the semi-finals where we were eliminated in four hard fought sets by Birrong High in a virtual final as Birrong High won the final in three sets. Other successes were Bill McGoldrick being chosen in the Australian Schoolboys' Team and being selected as Captain while Steve Anastasiadis was chosen as captain of the C.H.S. team. Bill, of course made the C.H.S. team along with Robert Tover while Anthony Blancato made the shadow C.H.S. team.

I have been pleased to be associated with this team of talented and keen boys as nominal coach, but mainly as a secretary and hope that their success and dedication, with only minor lapses, inspires our future volleyball teams.

**J. Bates**

## AUSTRALIAN RULES REPORT

Once again the Rules premiership for our zone evaded us; Our veterans — Paul Freeman, Jamie Ferguson, and Steve Katsilis and myself, moved into a position of responsibility and with

new blood infused from Year 9 and Year 7!! The highlight of the season, being the semi-final win. With nothing but playground training, skills increased each week. Our strength lay in the backline, which showed tenacious courage, and our regular Jason Hennesy, Steve White, 'Keg', Petros showing improved skill. It was disappointing to see players from last year and 'newhopefuls' desert to other sports, such as Joe Rooney.

Several Union players — Pete Cameron, Bill WcG, D. Kelly and Arfa Petratos complemented our numbers despite prohibitions and protests from school bodies. We suffered only three defeats for the season. Our best win being against Dulwich Hill, demoralising them 158 to 6! Despite being new to the game's skills and rules, all played well, especially after realising how to tackle legally, shepherd, handpass, and run and bounce the ball, they blended well into our style of play.

I would like to thank Mr Bates especially for maintaining his strong stance against Leichhardt's protests. Mr Bates deserves praise for his intimate team talks, when we discussed the weather, the score, philosophy, weekend hobbies and anything else we could think of at the time.

Special thanks to all who helped us, those who came from other sports and those who played during exam weeks. As captain I was able to see the true effort and determination put in by each player in the rain, wet, and when outnumbered. I was proud of the courage displayed by Year 9 players, and by Year 7, although outranked in size, played well and who will make a strong backbone for next year's side.

**John Madry**

## GIRLS' OPEN HOCKEY

This year's open hockey team comprising girls from Years 8, 10, 11 and 12, entered the competition on a high note and finished the season undefeated minor premiers and went on to win the final. Under extreme pressure in the final, Fort Street only just beat Wilkins 1-0.

A team was entered in the knockout competition, which unfortunately was knocked out 0-6 against Kingsgrove North. Great enthusiasm was shown by all, and with consistent efforts at training, and on Wednesday afternoons the girls will develop into a very strong team.

Our thanks to Mrs Henry for giving up her time to coach and train us. Without her, we would never have got to where we were.

**Simone Oliver**  
(Captain) Year 11



## THE BAZ CUP INDOOR SOCCER COMPETITION

The Baz Cup Indoor Soccer competition has established itself as a tradition at Fort Street. A highlight of the sporting and cultural calendar – a coveted trophy for which teams give life or limb (and sometimes both).

The competition is held twice a year, at the beginning of term two and at the beginning of term three. Sixteen teams of five players play a series of round-robin games. This year's winners, Loverboys (term two) and Mean Frontals (term three) join such famous previous champion teams as Solidarity and Italia in winning the trophy.

This year saw the first girls involved in the Baz Cup, the Volleyballers (Kathy Lagios, Ruth Turvey, Patricia Kalithraka, Cheong-Hee Kim and Paula Carnogoy) and they succeeded in letting in thirty-three goals in three ten minute games – a new record! The Loverboys succeeded in beating the Loverboy Bashers. The Wog Connection succeeded in winning the trophy when they changed their name to Mean Frontals. Peter Babilis' Freebies succeeded in getting past the first round for the first time, with David Barnes and the 69 'ers succeeding in all sorts of positions. Even Rod Clayton succeeded in not getting sent off.

The standard of play is not always the most skilful but one must question the effort and energy expended in trying to get that green ball into those seemingly tiny goals.

It is a competition organised by the students themselves and caters for approximately 80 students in each competition. It is usually played in the finest spirit and should continue to be keenly contested in the future.

## BOYS' GRADE TENNIS 1983

The boys' Grade Tennis teams have had a mixed season. In the Bligh Zone Tennis Competition, Fort Street High won both the Summer and Winter competitions convincingly. Fort Street

High has now won the Zone Tennis Competition four years in a row.

In the Winter Competition, the team had an outstanding record, losing only one match throughout the two rounds and the Semi-finals. In the Final, Fort Street defeated Leichhardt 4 sets 24 games to 0 sets 6 games and full credit for sportsmanship must go to players of both teams for their performance under the extremely trying conditions of gusty winds and drizzling rain.

In the Stan Jones Knockout Competitions a state-wide tournament for High Schools, Fort Street won through to the Zone Finals, only to lose to the ultimate "runners-up", Cleveland Street. Each of the Rounds was hard fought.

In all three competitions, the members of the Fort Street High School Tennis Squad acquitted themselves magnificently. Their sportsmanship was a credit to themselves, the school and the game of tennis.

**T. Glebe  
(Coach)**

## OPEN GIRLS' SOCCER REPORT

The Open Girls' Soccer Team had a very good season, being the final winners of the competition. The team also played in a knockout competition and got through to the quarter finals where we were knocked out by Blakehurst. Parisa Bouas was a great asset to the first grade team when others dropped out.

Marisa Fontes was our centre back and was always there as our last resort. Marisa never missed a ball, as she covered others' mistakes. Angela and Mariangela played left and right backs respectively. They always got rid of the ball properly.

Leonie Geribo's centre half kicks were 99.9% perfectly placed. Tracy Biddle, left half, never stopped trying as she out tackled her opponents.

We owe our forwards Jodi McGregor, Susan Castell-Brown, Patricia Kalithraka, Ruth Turvey and Alice Cameron many goals. Sarah Fien, our goal keeper, did not have much of the ball to show us her skills, but

when the opposition did break through, she was always ready.

I would like to give a special thanks on behalf of the team to Andrew Thomas, who devoted his time to come and referee some important matches, and of course our thanks also goes to our coach, Miss Page, who encouraged us throughout the season.

**Joanne Castell-Brown  
(Captain)**

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL REPORT

There was an excellent effort in basketball on the part of the Year 8, Year 9 and especially the Open teams. The Year 8 team showed great enthusiasm throughout the whole season and even though they did not make it to the finals, used their abundant energy to cheer on the Year 9 and Open teams in the Grand Final.

The Year 9 team competed in the grand final against Leichhardt and although they did not win, did set the record for being sent off. It's surprising that the Leichhardt players survived the game. On the whole, the Year 9 team tried very hard.

The Open team once again illustrated their spectacular skills on the basketball court, by winning the Grand Final against Wilkins High against all odds. Our team of six consisted of Julie Wellham, Wendy Sugden, Alison Young, Leonie Achurch, Terry Mylett and Katie Quinn, but was reduced to three players ten minutes before the end.

The team sincerely showed that best and fairest play almost always wins.

**Leonie Achurch**

## RUGBY LEAGUE

With the Bligh Zone changing to Rugby Union the only Rugby League played by Fort Street sides in 1983 concerned the University Shield (open grade) and Buckley Shield (under 14s) competitions. In the University Shield, Fort Street acquitted itself extremely well, reaching the fourth round.

In Round 1, F.S. v. South Strathfield at Tempe Reserve, which F.S. won 44-6.

In Round 2, F.S. v. Belmore at Clemton Park, which F.S. won 92-22.

In Round 3, F.S. v. Dulwich Hill at Petersham Oval. F.S. again won 26-16.

In Round 4, F.S. v. Kingsgrove, which F.S. lost 8-6. The team played well, it was a fine effort by all, but the competition was too great.

Overall, the players contributed in a fine combined Fort Street effort. Well done.





# An Interview with

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## Russel Schweickart

**Fortian:** *How did you join the space programme?*

**Schweickart:** It began with a childhood interest in airplanes. After college I joined the airforce and became a fighter pilot. The space agency runs advertisements for astronaut candidates. Certain requirements have to be met and I just managed to meet them. I was screened and had different tests and about six months later I received a call to become an astronaut. This was in 1963.

**Fortian:** *Which missions were on at this time and in which did you take part?*

**Schweickart:** We had just finished the Mercury series and were beginning on Gemini. I was trained to go into space. My chance came in 1969 with the Apollo 9 mission.

**Fortian:** *What was the objective of the flight you took part in?*

**Schweickart:** The lunar module was flown for the first time on this flight in earth orbit and I spent ten days testing and experimenting with the module in all sorts of conditions. This craft was also used later for Apollo 11's Lunar landing a few months later. Secondly, the portable life support system was also tested for the first time. I tested the life support system in the "space walk" I made, which lasted for forty-five minutes. This was also used by the Apollo 11 astronauts for their lunar landing.

**Fortian:** *What other projects were you involved with in your time with the space agency?*

**Schweickart:** I later worked on Skylab, designing hardware to be used on it, as well as creating a re-usable space craft.

**Fortian:** *Did the Apollo series originally influence the decision to design a re-usable space craft?*

**Schweickart:** Yes. The cost for the Apollo series ran into billions of dollars. In 1969 NASA decided to cut costs and started using the idea of a fully re-usable space craft which would fly and land like a plane. The result was the space shuttle. It is not fully re-usable but it fills the space agency in other areas. The technology used to develop it, has been the main force in bringing the technology of the 21st century to light and enabling us to expand in areas such as space exploration and computer programming.

**Fortian:** *How many flights has the space shuttle made and what are the plans for it in the future?*

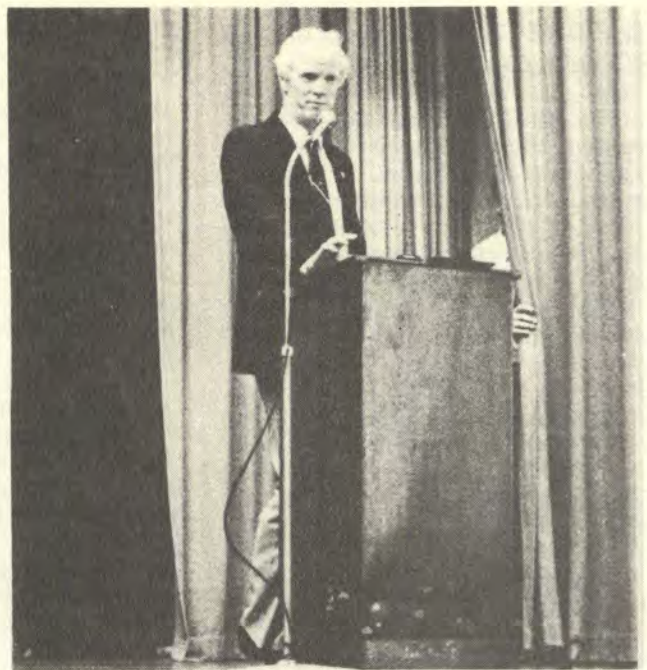
**Schweickart:** The shuttle has completed eight flights to date and with another planned for around October 28. The shuttle is unique in its ability to lift a large amount of material due to its large cargo space and great thrust. Within the next few years it will take the Space Telescope up, an Australian communications satellite (Aussat) will be launched by the shuttle in 1985, as well as taking up the parts necessary in constructing a manned space station in an orbit around the earth able to support several hundred people at any one time. Experiments will also be taken up, as well as repair units to repair old or malfunctioning equipment. These projects are the works of many countries such as Australia, Canada, India and Indonesia.

**Fortian:** *What does Space hold for us, the people of earth?*

**Schweickart:** Space presents an entirely new environment for man to experiment with. The need for new supplies of resources is one reason why the human race must explore nearby worlds such as the moon. Everyone has a chance of becoming part of the programming as long as that person really wants to and is prepared to work hard in achieving his/her goal.

**Fortian:** *What is your viewpoint on space exploration?*

**Schweickart:** I support the exploration of Space. It is fun to fly above the earth but again the need for materials is the main argument. The world is the only place we know of which supports life. We must stop digging up the earth and ruining this beautiful planet. We should be able to bring in raw materials from space in the future. Only someone who has been up there can fully appreciate the earth's value.



**Fortian:** *What other projects has the space agency used in exploring the solar system?*

**Schweickart:** In the 1970s the Venus probes were launched to study the surface and atmosphere of Venus. The probes worked for a time but climatic conditions destroyed them within hours of landing. The Viking probes were sent to Mars and are still in operation. The pioneer and Voyager deep space probes are now in the outer region of the solar system. These probes will explore the outer planets and eventually leave the solar system. The space telescope may be used for small studies of the planets but will mainly be used for the study of deep sky objects.

**Fortian:** *What is happening to some of NASA's planned projects in the 1980s?*

**Schweickart:** Funds have been cut from the space programme and several projects have been cancelled due to lack of support. Galileo to Jupiter is still on but the rendezvous with Haley's Comet in 1985 has been cancelled. Most projects have only been postponed for a short while.

**Fortian:** *Will space ever be used for military purposes?*

**Schweickart:** It is already being used for military purposes. The number of weapons put in space must be limited and satellites are being used to monitor foreign powers in order to see that weapon limiting treaties are kept. I personally think that weapons such as "killer satellites" should be kept out of space. Only the combined efforts of citizens can stop this but even then their efforts might not be enough.

**Fortian:** *Do you think Space Exploration has a future?*

**Schweickart:** Definitely, as long as the need for raw materials and the quest for knowledge continues. The rate at which the human race is expanding is so great that new space has to be found for all these people. The information available out there is limitless as there is a whole universe out there full of new and bizzare things to experience. Only by going out there and meeting them in their natural environment can we hope to understand them. Perhaps there is life out there, really the possibilities are infinite.

**Fortian:** *Mr Schweickart thank you for this interview.*

**Schweickart:** My pleasure.

Many thanks to Mr Terry Glebe, History Master of Fort Street High for making this visit and interview possible.





**Front row:** (left to right) Melanie Bray, Loredona Angeloni, Tram Bui, Heidi Beck, Steven Chirosh, Ann Chow, Mirsini Ahilaj, Mia Chalker, Rebel Bissaker.  
**Second row:** Dimitrios Deligiannis, Kristian Boehringer, Steven Chung, Gunter Blum, Drew Sutton, Eric Berry, Sean Brushwood, Jason Butcher, Victor Chau.  
**Third row:** Justine Arnot, Nadine Boehm, Nicola Busch, Penelope Chalk, Sophia Anastasiadis, Susan Chik.  
**Fourth row:** Pieter Boon, Andrew Baron, Richard Anderson, Tony Radosevic, Timothy Booth.

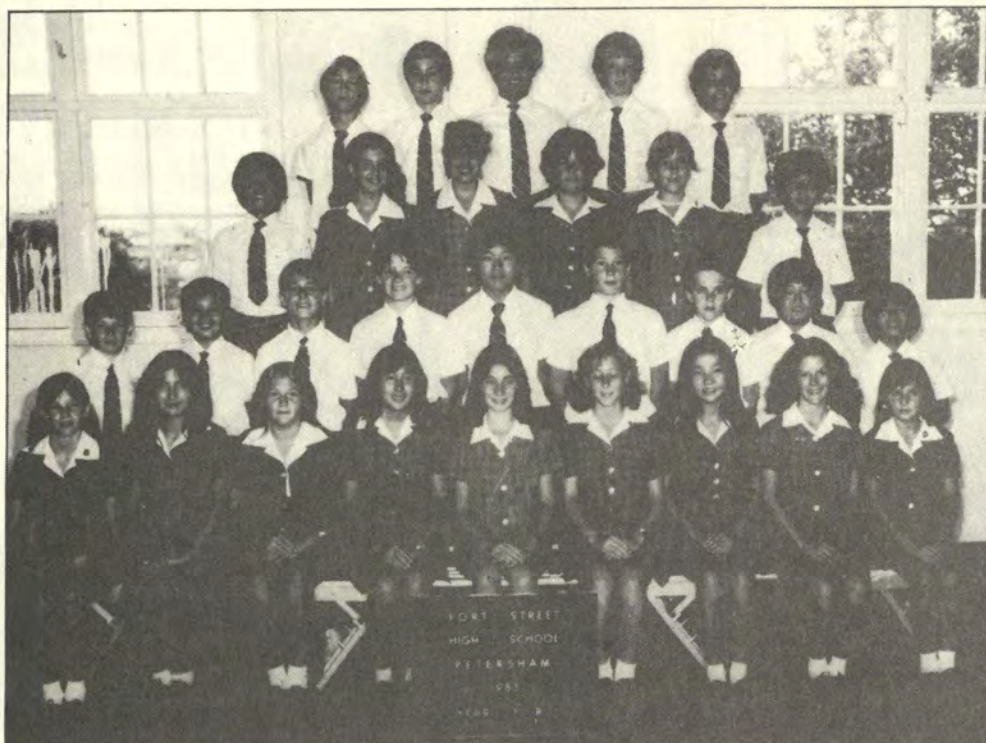
**Year 7-F**



**Front row:** (left to right) Tatiana Ermoll, Karren Gallageher, Liza Feeney, Rebecca Fyfe, Rachel Connor, Kristen Dagleish, Megan Crispin, Penelope Disher.  
**Second row:** Malcom Gillies, Murray Gibbons, Steven Geogarkis, Cameron Hall, Robert Gerrie, John Georgantzakos, Alexander Fraser, Tarkin Hall.  
**Third row:** Temogen Hield, Scott Hardiman, Peta Cruickshank, Nelson Ha, Rajeen Gupta, Genevieve Freeman, James Douglas, Keiran Gallagher.  
**Fourth row:** Ilona Gaudin, Vicki Hambezos, Karen Green, Peta Coleman, Kylie Goulding.

**Year 7-O**





**Front row:** (left to right) Natalie Lay, Banu Idil, Michelle Johnston, Trueth Thanh Huynh, Alison Hunter, Lisa Heron, Sohl Kang, Delia Harpur, Anasatsai Konstantelos.

**Second row:** Kieran Matthews, Daniel Kang, John Karapatsas, Damon Keen, Hyung Joong Kim, Brendan Kelly, Jeffrey Jones, Jin Hong Kim, Osoo Kwon.

**Third row:** Sung Jin, Joanne Kalivas, Paula Houvardas, Kylie Hurlle, Natalie Greer, Sae Wook Kwon.

**Fourth row:** Aran Jensen, Nicholas Karkanidas, Alain Khanh, Timothy Hornibrook, Chris Kyriakidis.

#### Year 7-R



**Front row:** (left to right) Yvette Mayer, Carolyn Macleod, Grace Leung, Lydia Ng, Bronwyn Mackintosh, Michelle Milligan, Peta Lee, Emma Lunn.

**Second row:** Roy McCance, James Mathers, Craig Miller, David Lam, Louis Macraidis, Duncan Miller, Jason Morley.

**Third row:** Cassie McCullagh, Jennifer Moore, Hue My Ngo, Claudia McCarthy, Malamo Loutas, Jessica McGowan, Sharlene Middler.

**Fourth row:** Graham Moore, Babar Mirza, Benjamin MacLaine, Scott Martin, Christopher Newton, Edmund Lo, Timothy Newsom.

#### Year 7-T





**Front row:** (left to right) Antonia Pramataris, Tieu Tieu Phung, Le Maria Pizzinga, Tracey Reckless, Susinta Oetojo, Joanna Patikas, Shona Sneddon, Helen Sarantopoulos, Trude Salat.  
**Second row:** Anthony Schofield, Con Papacosta, Peter Stening, Hardy Resche, Peter Oey, Sacha Sadler, Leslie Sharpe, Joshua Saunders, Matthew Sully.  
**Third row:** Ingrid Skarek-Slonka, Andrew Povolny, Landon Smith, Charles Smith, Scott Rogers, Joanne Roberts.  
**Fourth row:** Alexandra Nittes, Amanda Rolfe, Niki Nikitianos, Anne Odijk, Leigh Sanderson.

**Year 7-I**



**Front row:** (left to right) Despina Tahtirelis, Olivera Valkovski, Daisy Tan, Toni Zvirblis, Sharon Swanson, Christine Xenakis, Niki Tselos, Eleanor Todd.  
**Second row:** Richard Salden, Nathan Toohey, Justin Vickers, Michael Ward, Keir Wallace, Aravind Viswanath, Ian Thomas, Luke Tollemache.  
**Third row:** Jedwycke Wesley-Smith, Shawn Whelan, Christopher Presland, Damian Watts, Mark Wright, Jason White, Jason Yetton, Craig Ward.  
**Fourth row:** Despina Vasilarfa, Jackie Ntatsopoulos, Catrina Taylor, Lisa Walsh, Philippa Stevens.

**Year 7-A**





**Front row:** (left to right) Trina Castell-Brown, Sally Bryant, Lisa Carbone, Katrina Cashman, Francey Bagala, Irene Armenakas, Lisa Basso.

**Second row:** Matthew Arnett, Clytie Binder, Fiona Allen, Sarah Butler, Elizabeth Bray, Tania Bojanic, Betty Chan, Todd Baker.

**Third row:** Matthew Andrews, David Burton, Craig Anderson, John Bikou, Craig Aspinall, Jason Antoniadis.

**Fourth row:** Paolo Busato, Steve Anagnos, Con Argiratos, Andrew Baldwin, Crispian Ashby.

**Year 8-F**



**Front row:** (left to right) Kerstin Haglund, Jennifer Cheung, Dianne Cridland, Tina Fox, Michelle Cruikshank, Leonie Geribo, Lisa Citton, Leona Escreet, Katina Dimitropoulos.

**Second row:** Cory Davies, Nicholas Copping, Gabriel Caus, Steven Chung, Han Chon, Jong Wood Chung, Gareth Chan, Munzio Di Rasario, Khai Dang.

**Third row:** Naomi Dare, Jessica Ducrou, Brett Davies, David Chan, Caren Greentree, Daniel Chapman, Jacqueline Gleeson, Dianne Everett.

**Year 8-O**





**Front row:** (left to right) Irene Ho, Ilona Janikowski, Teresa Kiernan, Sandy Jeung, Sascha Hastenteufel, Gina Keramianakis, Leila Kazzi, Sunshine Hall, Antonia Kamberis.  
**Second row:** Lachlan Hall, Rachel Humphrey, Heidi Hemmings, Fiona Hawthorne, Mireille Keller, Jodie Howard, Tania Johnson, Shane Hennessy.  
**Third row:** Benjamin Gripton, John Hatfield, Arthur Giannakouras, John Kavalieros, Jasen Kelly, Thai Huynh, Geol Kim, Alexander Kaltenecker, Gavin Fox.

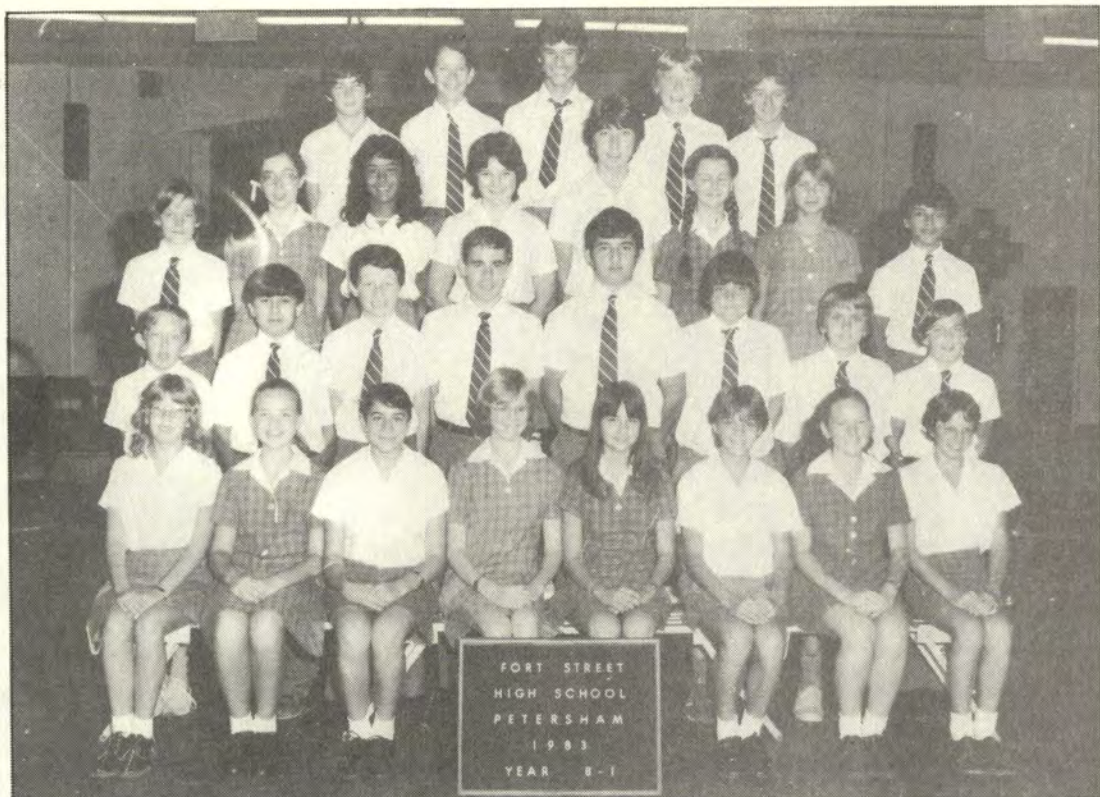
**Year 8-R**



**Front row:** (left to right) Maro Laurentiou, Sharon Longbottom, Rebecca Kim, Kim Morley, Sally Madgwick, Rebecca Nash, Joanna McDonald, Renata Lipiec, Rosanna Liistro.  
**Second row:** Geoffrey Koloveros, Angelo Kontogiorgis, Stuart Meadows, Aristaki Maragos, Nick Kominos, Matthew McCann, Michael Mides, Kosmas Kyriakidis, Anthony Mangan.  
**Third row:** Danielle McDonald, Joanne Kouvaris, Diana Markopoulos, Mardi Lyn Ola, Megan Manning, Lidia Mafodda.  
**Fourth row:** Jeshua Martin, Paul MacLeod, Roland Maertens, Martin Mambroku, Anthony Lo Giudice.

**Year 8-T**





**Front row:** (left to right) Rebecca Reynolds, Michelle Packett, Dina Petratos, Simone Sangster, Christine Schlesinger, Stephanie Parkes, Janene Pendleton, Kylie Reid.  
**Second row:** Karl Ray, Mustafa Ozluk, Andrew Pinkstone, Andrew Phelps, Soterakis Phylactou, John Niven, Michael Porter, Sean O'Rourke.  
**Third row:** Gilbert Robson, Mandy Powell, Usha Perumal, Jodi Rose, Fay Savidis, Kerry Sanderson, Samantha Rosser, Con Pantazes.  
**Fourth row:** Peter Oriel, Gary Monk, Pery Radosevic, Simon Pickett, Brendan Radford.

**Year 8-I**



**Front row:** (left to right) Vicki Vordis, Kelly Stephens, Dana Stevanovic, Sue Anne Wright, Christina Zisopoulos, Gul Suar, Vivien Sung, Dawn Yee, Minh Thy Truoun.  
**Second row:** John Tagliano, Alan Shapley, Louisa Simonelli, Carla Thomas, Tullia Sharpe, Kellie Williamson, Suzanne Tawansi, Steven Tuften, Mariano Salabert.  
**Third row:** Daniel Zachariou, Fortunato Scalone, Peter Tawfik, Ashley Williams, Gaven Wicks, Byron Webb, Jason Smith, Dennis Stephenson, Edwin Wilson.

**Year 8-A**





**Front row:** (left to right) Jennifer Brewster, Danielle Bissaker, Maria Crupi, Belinda Brooke, Dorina Distefano, Karen Davies, Sun Min Chung, Melanie Coombs.

**Second row:** Michael Boehm, Khai Bui, James Conway, Claudine Cowling, Maria Dos Santos, Darryn Brown, Darren Boyd, Blake Avenal.

**Third row:** Simon Chang, Brett Bidwell, Michelle Cridland, Rita Baira, Lisa Busch, Stephen Bartolomei, Robert Bayley.

**Fourth row:** Seung Ho Choe, Waldo Cuellar, Shane Baker.

**Year 9-F**



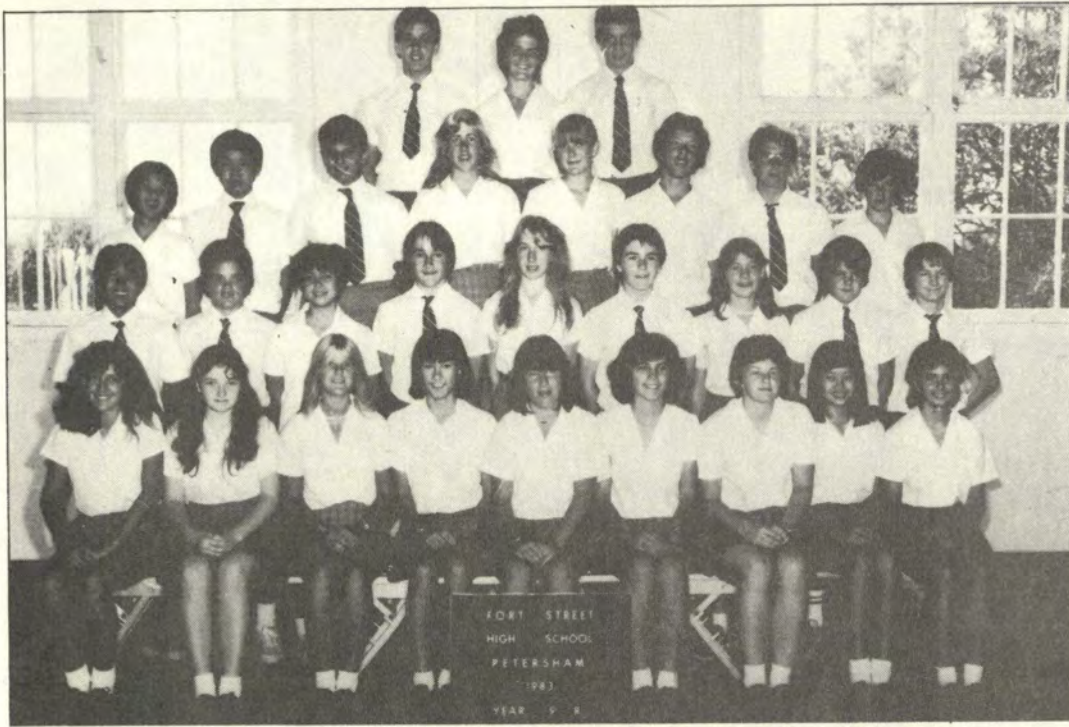
**Front row:** (left to right) Melissa Gibson, Despina Georgikakis, Sofia Gibson, Marianne Grant, Lucy Dougherty, Cettina Emmi, Kelly Harwood, Robyn Englert, Sandra Grandal.

**Second row:** Ricardo Delgado, Micheal Findlay, James Giannisis, Megan Doyle, Denny Gretton, Vicky Drakousis, Giuseppe D'Aspromonte, Julian Dell, Slavic Feldman.

**Third row:** George Giannopoulos, Phillip Doble, Graham Fitchett, William Doyle, Luca D'Angelo, Kerry Govas, Stephen Elliot, Kelvin Ha.

**Year 9-O**





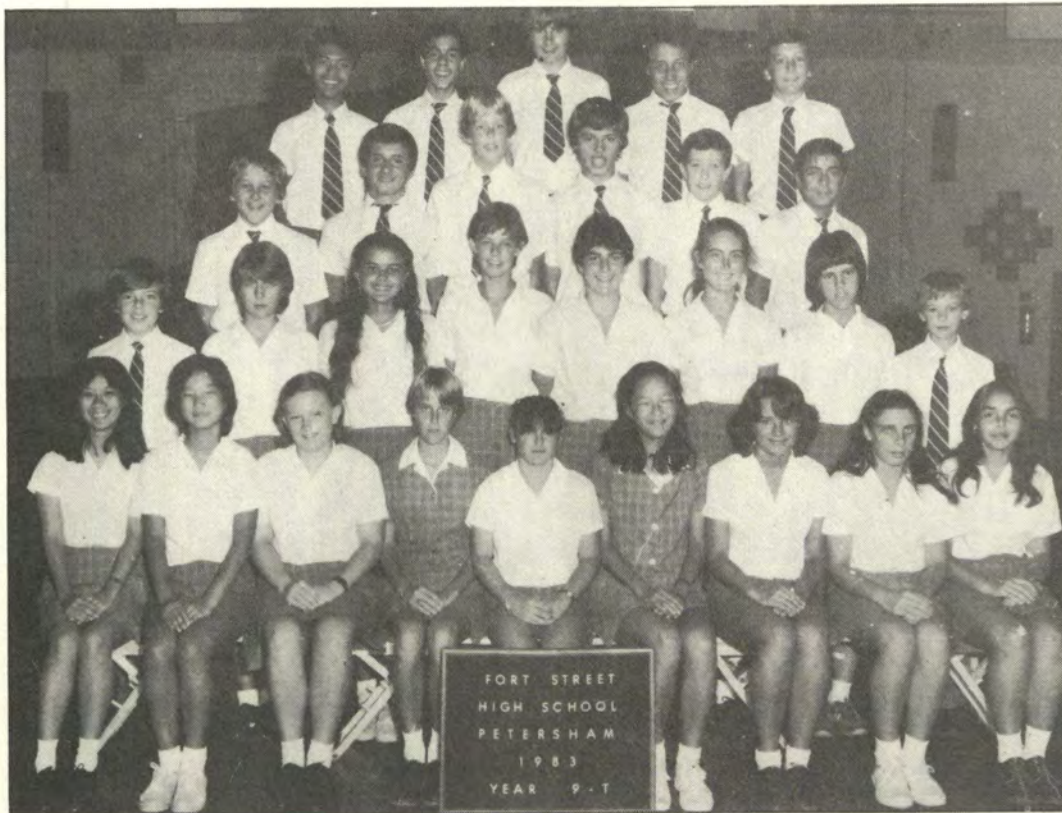
**Front row:** (left to right) Jennifer Jamieson, Michelle Holzschuh, Leah Kamp, Madeleine Jennings, Galia Jones, Kanela Katralis, Julie Hoare, Deborah Kang, Koris Kakogiannis.

**Second row:** Sungwoo Jin, Micheal Kiernan, Gina Kelly, Jason Hennessy, Ly Johnson, Andrew Hamilton, Astrid Krautschneider, Anthony Inglis, Rodney Lowe.

**Third row:** Peter Louie, Henry Louie, Emmanuel Hadjakis, Kelly Lawless, Gabrielle Higginbotham, Lincoln McDowall, Nick Kaloudas, John Hallworth.

**Fourth row:** Jim Kalotheos, Kim Hughes, Richard Lennane.

**Year 9-R**



**Front row:** (left to right) Wai Ping Ng, Ridia Lim, Emma McDonald, Nicole Litherland, Kerry Mackay, Shiu Fong Lowe, Sarah McLennan, Melissa McDonald, Sylvana Lemos.

**Second row:** David Phelps, Sharon Lowden, Jennifer McLoughlin, Tracey McClelland, Kym Manitta, Alicia McLaren, Doris Maertens, Kevin Moore.

**Third row:** Sean McNamara, Arthur Panos, Andrew Pink, Michael Molnar, Craig Murden, Luis Ouanedel.

**Fourth row:** Alan Olan, Gian Parodi, Jeremy Newton, John Miccalizzi, Paul Miller.

**Year 9-T**





**Front row:** (left to right) Katie Schofield, Tue Nghi Phong, Kim Shaw, Lisa Rimuniu, Tina Picek, Fanoula Plakias, Kimberley Shaw, Natara Santos, Rosa Russo.

**Second row:** Nicole Seagrott, Mark Stewart, Aleksander Stefanovic, Joseph Rooney, Domenic Sirone, Petros Psychogios, David Riley, Mark Roy, Rahel Seminara.

**Third row:** Daniel Sealey, Christopher Salmon, Caroline Pflieger, Maria Sidoti, Helen Sfinarolakis, Jong-Rim Pang, Rodney Smith, Matthew Quinn.

**Year 9-1**



**Front row:** (left to right) Louise Sung, Lia Unwin, Katherine Troy, Francene Sulfaro, Tammy Tancred, Rachael Tonnett, Josephine Volpe, Tanya Vajda.

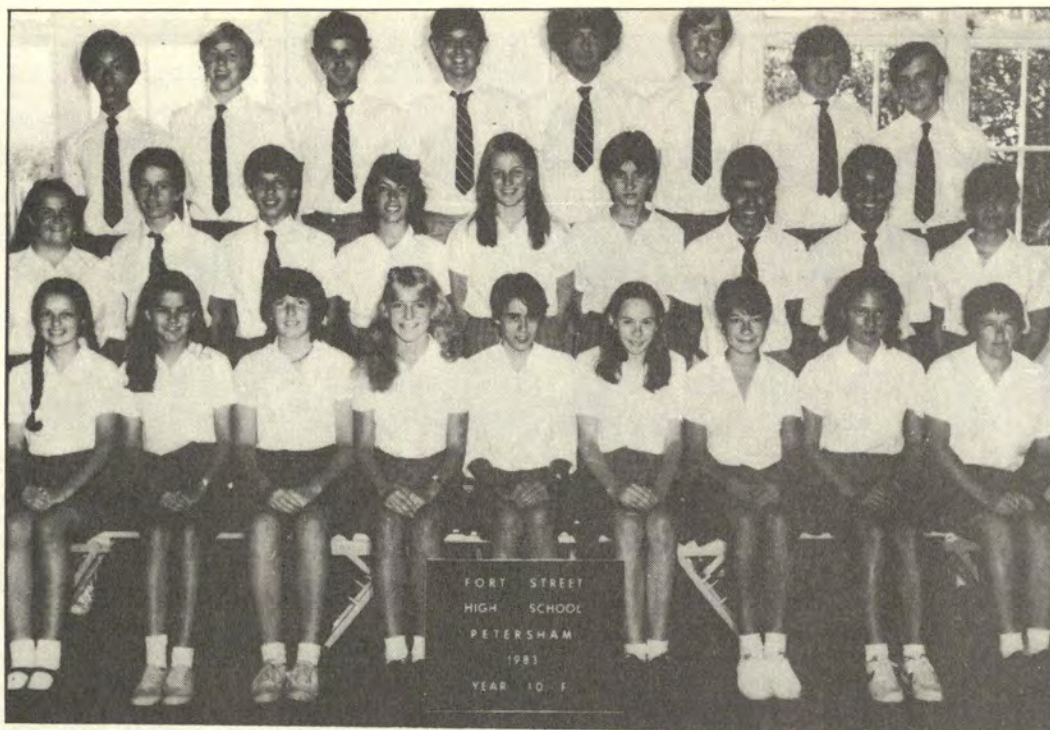
**Second row:** Phillip Xenos, William Tassone, Daniela Tagliano, Karen Thom, Maria Vasilarea, Tina Zissimopoulos, Timothy Wallace, Stephen Turner.

**Third row:** Mark Young, Scott Young, Brandon Wendt, Troy Uleman, Jason Weekes, Andrew Whatson.

**Fourth row:** Bradley Wilson, John Wilson, Con Tselonis, Grant Thomson, Steven White.

**Year 9-A**





**Front row:** (left to right) Teresa Bryan, Catherine Allen, Justine Adamek, Lisa Callingham, Michal Blake, Rachel Arnett, Thea Butler, Kristina Andersson, Yvonne Brown.

**Second row:** Jacquelyn Aldridge, Anthony Blonner, Mark Antoniadis, Anne Blake, Stephanie Barov, Heidi Bachmann, John Armenakas, Alain Adolphe, Sophie Adamakakis.

**Third row:** Jimmy Chik, Peter Chalk; John Basso, Peter Bletsas, Angelo Constantinopoulos, David Allan, Gregory Austen, Peter Bourne.

**Year 10-F**



**Front row:** (left to right) Cristalyn Da Cunha, Toulia Christopoulos, Leanie Elligett, Natalie Fisher, Vicki Gregic, Ami Hall, Barbara Gouskos, Miranda Douglas.

**Second row:** Peter Haffenden, Valerie Duffy, Kerrilee Hardy, Heather Hall, Tanya Johnstone, Janelle Cridland, Susan Castelle Brown, Sung Won Chang, Edward Iverach.

**Third row:** Myung Soon Chong, Sam Christopoulos, David Horton, Paul Garry, Chris Danaskos, Phillip Gardner, Susan Dunn.

**Fourth row:** Paul James, Marc Hughes, Chris Dedousis, Frank Dangelico, Charles Goh.

**Year 10-O**





**Front row:** (left to right) Suzanne Joseph, Mimin Lim, Michelle Knox, Poppy Kábouris, Christopher Katsogiannis, Betty Katsoulis, Hazel Longbottom, Seon-Chong Lim, Elizabeth Lin.  
**Second row:** Michael Kulper, John Daley, John Krouklidis, Luke Keen, Frank Kominos, Steven Jones, Okang Kwan, Ross Kendall, Con Kastanias.  
**Third row:** Dean Kuo, Igos Jazbec, Roberto Dangelo, John Kyriakopoulos, Con Keramianakis.

**Year 10-R**



**Front row:** (left to right) Melinda Overall, Mary Davlis, Justine McDonald, Inga Madgwick, Elizabeth McMullen, Carolyn Milward, Rachael McDiarmid.  
**Second row:** Paul McCarthy, Rab Lewin, George Leros, Martin Lacis, Joshua McCarthy, Paul Lang.  
**Third row:** Susan Meadows, Maria Mavraganis, Anna Odfeldt, Jodie McGregor, Lisa Norberry.  
**Fourth row:** Steven McWilliams, Zeljko Nicholic, John Meith, Patrick Manning.

**Year 10-T**





**Front row:** (left to right) Nghi Phung, Antonella Ruocco, Debbie Smith, Jeanene Sulfaro, Jackie Shipman, Lisa Tan, Katia Pizzinelli, Jennifer Price, Joanne Scott.  
**Second row:** Marcos Navaro, Marysel Silva, Georgina Spyropoulos, Katherine Quinn, Madeleine Preston, Emma Rogers, Fortunata Salanitro, Sylvia Piedade, Michael Paredes.  
**Third row:** Dimitrios Papadopoulos, Kieran Sharp, Romano Montinari, Toby Newton-John, Jonathan Porter, Tom Parmakellis, Jim Ntatsopoulos.  
**Fourth row:** John Pound, Michael Roberts, Jimmy Roknic, Peter Phelps, Johnny Patsiavas.

**Year 10-I**



**Front row:** (left to right) Thuc-Ha To, Inara Walden, Emma Walters, Maria Xidis, Samantha Trimble, Cristina Villalba, Carolyn Wiles, Natasja Worsley.  
**Second row:** Christos Siatras, Mark Tziotis, Benjamin Siui, Garry Stewart, Paul Simpson, Konstantinos Vazouras, Paul Taranto, Steven Tomas.  
**Third row:** Petar Stefanovic, Peter Wilson, George Rounis, Kareem Tawansi, George Zisopolos, Robert Tassone.  
**Fourth row:** Alistair Taylor, Raef Sully, Stephen Wall.

**Year 10-A**





**Front row:** (left to right) Cheryll Booth, Parissa Bouas, Sophia Beckett, Stephanie Banovic, Helen Brooke, Odette Azzi, Julka Arsenijevik, Julie Bell, Tracey Biddle.  
**Second row:** Adam Botos, Corinne Berry, Maria Bresic, Richard Batka, Raymond Byrnes, Robert Baker, Tina Arronis, Della Aynsley, Peter Babilis.  
**Third row:** Ross Anastasiadis, Con Alexopoulos, Adrian Bogatez, Nectarios Andrews, Allan Alvis, Andrew Akratos, Glenn Bacic.

**Year 11-F**



**Front row:** (left to right) Nadia Christopoulos, Lise Carrett, Michelle Burgess, Samantha Freeman, Marisa Fontes, Joanne Castell-Brown, Rosa Cingiloglu, Leanne Crough.  
**Second row:** Luciano Dambrosi, Nick Chronis, Nancy Calabrese, Katja Giessler, Sarah Fien, Craig Dunn, Daniel Connolly.  
**Third row:** Patrick Cantwell, Dean Ellis, Paul Caus, Paulo De Poco, Drazen Drazic, Ricardo Chang, Walter Einer, Jeffrey Eager.

**Year 11-O**





**Front row:** (left to right) Jocelyn Lin, Holen Jin, Sonja Giessler, Gina Leros, Charlene Joyce, Maria Hondrolicola, Kathleen Houvardas, Shannon Harwood, Sindy Kwon.  
**Second row:** Conrad Gray, Mark Grant, Jonathan Foulcher, Adam Forward, Nicholas Grono, Alan Fenton, Glenn Guerreiro, Daniel Hamilton.  
**Third row:** Jason Geale, Bruce Field, Steven Hancock, Gregory Grygar.

**Year 11-R**



**Front row:** (left to right) Teresa Maiolo, Simone Oliver, Adrain Parr, Mariangela Parodi, Terri Mylett, Angela Mastrokostas, Louise Pearce.  
**Second row:** Nick Kontogiorgis, Adam McNerney, Steven Karatasas, Nicolette Mortimer, Sarah Newton John, David Kwok, Garod Kendall, Jake Iverach.  
**Third row:** Paul McLachlan, Peter Kucharski, Norman Kang, Adam Nelson, Darren Mann, Sifet Kamenjasevic, Tim Krouklidis.

**Year 11-T**





**Front row:** (left to right) Gina Saler, Soula Semitekolos, Monique Rappell, Tracey Pirois, Louise Preston, Melissa Simpson, Nicole Rappell, Noeline Ross.

**Second row:** Nicholas Shackel, Cetin Sezer, Leo Ng, Gregery Robinson, Peter Schlesinger, Robert Smith, Dean Ellis, Sunil Salhotra.

**Third row:** Spiros Petratos, Robert Owen, Nick Stevanovic, Tasos Sauidis, Steve Hancock, Warwick Porter, Simm Steele, Haakon Nielsen.

**Year 11-I**



**Front row:** (left to right) Stamatia Stamatellis, Kathy Stavrellis, Fotini Tselonis, Inge Vann, Monica Svoronos, Joanne Verzi, Suzan Tever, Kim Walden.

**Second row:** Seamus Walsh, Victor Wong, Paul Tilley, Ruth Turvey, Craig Taylor, Glen Susnig, Richard Walsh.

**Third row:** Sebastian Zagarella, Ivan Valiozis, Guy Waugh, Andrew Thomas, Sean Wallace, Philip Tansey.

**Fourth row:** Craig Swanson, Cristopher Walker, John Vidalis, Brett Thomson.

**Year 11-A**





**Front row:** (left to right) Robyn Brewster, Nadja Bachmaier, Karin Calley, Matina Boutsikakis, Sandra Borri, Peta Bouwman, Marion Carpenter, Carolyn Brooks.

**Second row:** David Barnes, Peter Blonner, Anthony Blancato, Dianne Brown, Leonie Achurch, Dominic Bryan, Arthur Bablis, Steven Anastasiadis.

**Third row:** Phillip Angelides, Jeffrey Brown, Aaron Balint, Matthew Archibald Burgess.

**Year 12-F**



**Front row:** (left to right) Margaret Finos, Jennifer Churchward, Jodee Cook, Christine Ryan, Edith Cuellar, Maria De Figueiredo, Lee Catts, Yek-Ling Chong, Dianne Eager.

**Second row:** Jasmin Forbes-Watson, Brian Fung, Lynette Dowling-Wiley, Ka Kit Chik, Rodney Clayton, Sean Dengate, Alice Cameron, Michael Chan, Paula Carnogoy.

**Third row:** Colin Davidson, Anthony Deller, Paul Freeman, Peter Cameron, Mark De Bortoli, James Ferguson, Con Charas.

**Year 12-O**





**Front row:** (left to right) Shirley Gretton, Jackie Grant, Daisy Gedeon, Diana Gheller, Lisa Johnstone, Cheong Hee Kim, Jennifer Harrison.

**Second row:** James Hazzisevastos, Mirko Hutera, Spiro Hronis, Bruce Field, Wilhelm Holzchoh, Peter Ikonomou.

**Third row:** Brett Henry, Simon Horsburgh, Stephen Henry.

**Year 12-R**



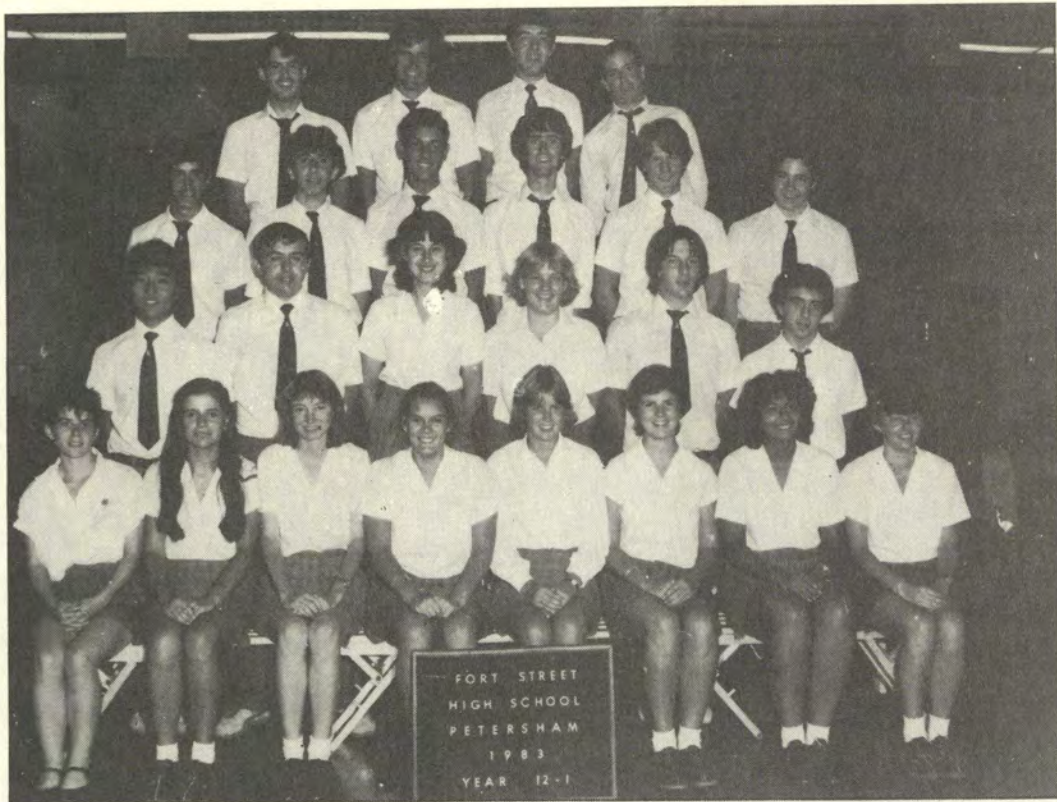
**Front row:** (left to right) Rosana Nemet, Charmian King, Kivna Kuzmich, Katerina Lagios, Vicky Laganas, Minh-Thu Nguyen, Sarah Moore.

**Second row:** Gartien Lee, Angelo Kanellopoulos, Rodney Clayton, Diana Manzi, Russell Johnson, Yong Jin Lee, Concetto La Spina.

**Third row:** David Kelly, Mishka Kupu, Steven Katsilis, Adrian Kuzis.

**Year 12-T**





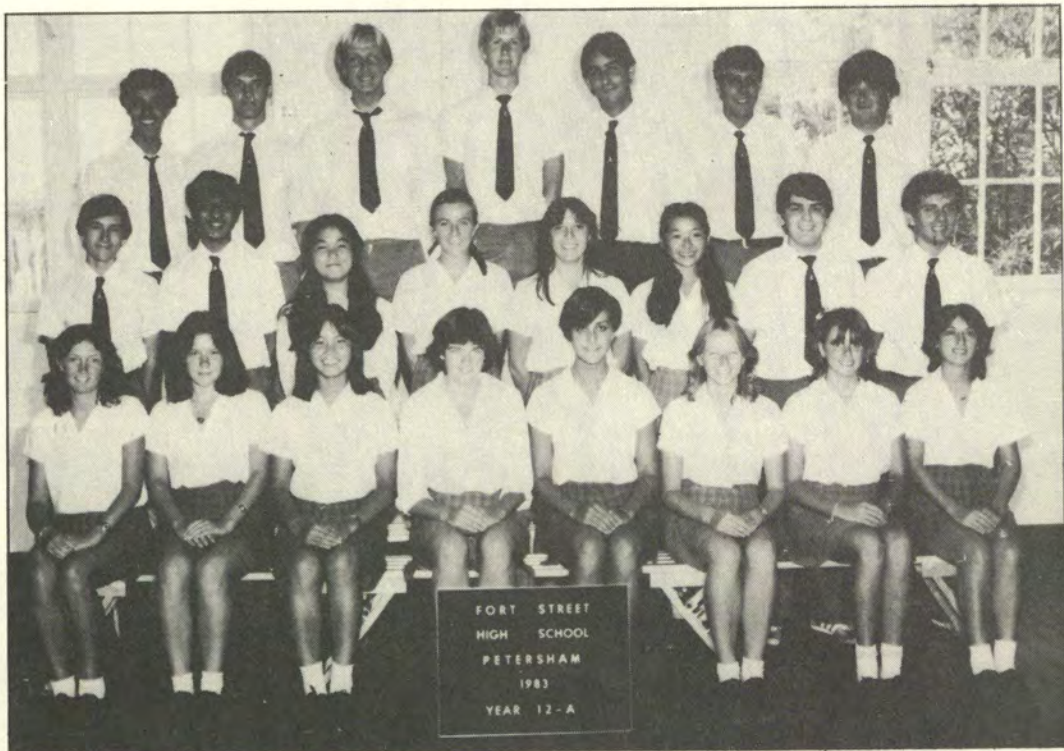
**Front row:** (left to right) Jessica Scott-Douglas, Maria Spyropulos, Tracey Stephens, Kathryn Reynolds, Kristine Roberts, Christine Ryan, Lavinia Oliver, Sharon Rudduck.

**Second row:** Sung Tae Pang, Sam Pappas, Catherine Salouros, Carolyn Smith, Kevin Meahey, Phillip Panucci.

**Third row:** Arthur Petratos, Greg Markopolos, Andrew Montanari, Tim MacDonald, Ian Nesbet, Michael Pritchard.

**Fourth row:** Sam Pridaykovski, John Madry, Jim Pegios, William McGoldrick.

**Year 12-1**



**Front row:** (left to right) Wendy Sugden, Meganne Thomas, Anita Wong, Margaret Stewart, Anna Zelynski, Julie Wellham, Christy Wallace, Maria Truscello.

**Second row:** Ashley Ralston, Krishnan Viswanath, Chiharu Sugiura, Alison Young, Rita Valeontis, Caroline Thomson, David Sidoti, Nick Zafirakis.

**Third row:** Horacio Silva, Bruce Fields, Robert Tohver, Andrew Simpson, James Soothill, Peter Sintras, John Tsilimigras.

**Year 12-A**



*Autographs...*