

There is developing a new willingness to experiment, a new interest in the needs of students, and a growing concern for those who have been denied access to University education by the conventional examination methods.

Where does James Cook University stand? Or should I say where does this James Cook Institution stand?

On the basis of what I have outlined I believe we serve the functions of a University, limited only by the restraints of adequate finance to develop the breadth of Faculties which would allow exchange between educated people of all disciplines.

But compare our situation with that of the larger Universities, because here the small numbers do permit close interaction of students and staff in the true spirit of University learning, a ready recognition of difficulties of all sections of students and staff, and the ability to introduce changes because there is no restricting hand of tradition.

Whether we take advantage of the situation depends on us - apathy on the part of the student or on the part of the staff can restrict improvement.

Our ability to develop intellectual curiosity, to develop the ability to think clearly and to make decisions on the basis of objectively weighed evidence will determine our future.

I believe we are a University and on the basis of believing that things of importance will continue, and taking cognisance of today's "Bull Sheet", while risking the wrath of anti-Royalists, I would close with a comparative statement.

"JAMES COOK IS DEAD

LONG LIVE JAMES COOK"

J.T. BAKER

(Associate Professor, Department of Chemistry.)

POEM

the Sea loved the Mountain
stretched long and languid
against the coast's curve,
beyond its fanning reach,
its restless fingers.

it was the Mountain's
constant stilled solitude
that haunted the bitter-sweet
ever swirling searching of the Sea.

MARIA FRESTA

TO A MAN DYING

Taped to white walls
your new paintings
gaily fling out their bitterness.
Stone dark eyes reaching to entangle;
your life fragment pierces my soul.
I am afraid here,
returning your talk.
How do you not feel Death
glaring in your secret tender depths,
waiting there with stabbing fingers?

A finished hour.
Outside, broken stones grate on the drive.
There is no pain now, no pity
when I should want to weep.
Somewhere, swollen tears dry.
Strange, I cannot remember his face,
only skinny white legs,
saliva gentle bubbling
down the tube in his neck,
Time slow, dripping away.

MARIA FRESTA

HAWK

flying, wing tips outstretched yearning;
slant into breezes,
slip through pure circles of air.

Your flight's silent coil
haunts some swollen
fragment of my soul;
weaves as a shred
of an old memory.

Perhaps you echo ancient things
that may have been,
or whispers that never were.

MARIA FRESTA