

groups such as the child had in his primary school, where there was frequently a wide range of ability within the class of which he was a member. If this situation can approximately be reproduced in the secondary school, the child benefits from the increased sense of security in that he feels he has a familiar person, in the leader of the group, who will, in general, always be in the same place and who has a personal and steady interest in him. As it was attempted in the writer's school the first year tutor groups were larger than the normal form of thirty, and this gave more flexibility of teaching staff.

Since the groups were of mixed ability, those in the highest or next to highest ability grade hived off to academic lessons with specialists time-tabled for the work. The bottom ability grades viz. 6 and 7 stayed with their tutor, or leader, whose business it was to see that, with as varied a scheme as could be devised, he or she worked to improve the reading ability upon which all else in education hangs. Here, of course, the Head of the Remedial Department gave constant and detailed help. The middle or average grades also moved out to lessons with other teachers, but here the work had no special examination aim, and the children were encouraged to do as much individual work as they were capable of. When all were together for certain periods of the day, the tutor's duty was to assist the children from the specialist classes with their work, or to conduct certain group activities, or to continue coaching the backward children as might be most expedient.

From this system flowed certain clear advantages: first, the backward pupils had an anchor and a steady firm environment; secondly the bright ones had the stimulation of varied environment; thirdly, most of the group frequently met members of the school outside their own group, and this tended to give a stronger sense of 'belonging'; fourthly, the less able were stimulated by having the brighter ones doing their work around them; and lastly all had a 'father' or 'mother' figure in their tutor.

With the advent of the large schools, this need for the smooth absorption of the youngest children is more and more coming to be recognised.

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POEMS

By J. AQUILINA

ON THE NEW MIDI-MAXI LOOK

The fashion designers have decreed
That the skirts of the women of every nation
Shall be longer by twelve inches or more
(not morality but greed
Dictated this more expensive creation).

So mini-skirts are out:
No more free shows of beautiful thighs.
Disappointed Don Juans fill the air with angry sighs.

10.ix.70 - Paris - Boulevard Raspail

UNHAPPINESS

Bored by the sight of sprawling crowds of men
In noisy cities where cars suffocate
The breathing of free movement, ruthless fate,
Rushing about like werewolves from a den,
I fled the city to find peace, but then
I felt so sad I thought I should await
Till He returned from His divine estate
To bless the city knowing not how and when.

It was a long, long wait in the drugged cities -
Paris and London, Moscow - everywhere
He is despised, black-listed and unwanted:
Yet they are all tormented - A thousand pities!
Where He is not, the Demon of despair
Prompts Crime except where Faith survives undaunted.

11.ix.70 - Paris - Boulevard Raspail

ROSES

(To Madame M. Galley who on my visit with my wife to Paris sent a bouquet of Roses to our room No. 207 in Hotel Cayré Boulevard Raspain)

What better greeting than a bunch of roses
To bid us welcome to your country, France?
A rose is joy as it opens and closes
In its full fragrance – long, ecstatic trance.

We pray your life be happy like a rose,
As sweet and unperturbed in its fixed stance.
We are all like roses that open and close
In one brief Season under the Gardener's glance.

Fresh roses cheer the tired, world-weary eyes
Reviving garden sites and flowery banks,
A Rose in its own fragrance lives and dies:
For your sweet thought, my wife and I give thanks.

16.ix.70 – Paris

ON MY WAY TO VIENNA (AZ 256)

The visible perpendicular distance between Earth and Heaven
That cuts us off up here beyond the flight of birds
Is removed and joined by the wings that the mind has given
To Man, the adventurer, looking for new worlds.

But the invisible distance between God and Mankind
Beyond where birds tire of flying, beyond the fastest 'plane,
Baffles us, dazzling our eyes, leaving us blind
Till it drowns and carries us away like cyclonic rain.

But as Time and the Sun, life-givers, return after the deluge,
And of the wreckage that was leave not a scar or trace.
So God coming forward to meet us up here, offers us refuge
Within the shelter of His Arms hugged by His Love and Grace.

17.xi.70 – Park Hotel – Baden-bei-Wien

OVER THE ALPS

The snow-flaked, white-topped Alps,
Under the farthest blue light sky
Breathe and heave with streams of sunlight
Pouring down
Rhythmically
Like the psalm
Of the Universe
On an altar blaze of worship
In late November –
A long procession of white-cowled friars
Absorbed in the contemplation
Of God and the valleys round His House
The benediction of mystic altitude
Uninterrupted,
Clean, unpolluted and undisturbed
By the traffic of man,
Just the zoom of an aeroplane here and there.
Listen! No tramping of human feet,
Only the wind, the Breath of the Paraclete.
Listen again!
I hear a voice crying inside me:
'What is that?
A shadow
Moving across the Alps?
Does anybody know?'
Does anybody listen?
They shout (the loud voices inside me, unheard);
Halt!
Who goes there, white-footed ghost,
Flitting across the Alps?
And a voice, another voice!
(Within me? Outside me? I do not know)
Replies: This is the Shadow of God
Walking invisible in ecstatic silence
Contemplating His own masterpiece
The tremendous Alps –
His own glacier domain
Far from the palaces of government
The intrigues of their courts,

And the cities of man.
 The eyes follow the Shadow,
 The Cosmic Soul
 Of the mountains and valleys
 Throbbing with ebullient vitality –
 Creator of mountains and valleys.
 The white-capped Alps
 And of all things visible and invisible
 Beyond Matter and Spirit,
 Beyond Time and Mind,
 Beyond Life and Death,
 Moving steadily on
 Wrapt in His invisible essence
 Towards His Own
 Absolute Self.

17.xi.70 – Baden Bei Wien

PARIS

This is the city that was built by Kings,
 Louis Quatorze, and others older still,
 Great Saint Louis whose name time cannot kill
 Though Time and Tide obliterate many things.

The Age of Faith made Paris. Time still rings
 With chants in Sainte Chapelle, with prayers that fill
 The Gothic arches of Notre Dame until
 The mocking mob its Reign of Terror brings.

Ten days in Paris, a visit to Versailles
 And Chartres Cathedral with its famous glass
La Conciergerie and *Malmaison*, have left in me
 Together with rose gardens in French style,
 The image of a people proud and free:
 Palaces, boulevards, tall trees and grass.

19.ix.70 – Paris

WOMEN

God made beautiful women for our admiration,
 Or would the Preacher say for our edification?
 Whatever His purpose (a matter of theological speculation)
 If we just stop at that, and cool off temptation,
 We shall win the hard prize of eternal salvation.

19.xi.70 – Baden-bei-Wien

NIRVANA

Man's heart exhausts itself by its Desire.
 We spend our short life wishing this and that;
 Which, once attained, we soon think dull or flat,
 Not the same thing, more like painted fire
 Lacking the flame that burns until we tire
 Only to change the wish – Desire, a cat
 For ever hungry chasing a lean rat,
 A lizard scurrying up and down a spire.

Here at Baden-bei-Wien, in my warm room
 I fancy my NIRVANA, the final act
 Of all those chasings that torment the mind.
 Our lives are thin threads woven on the Loom
 Of Time – the Cloth true stuff or artefact?
 Fear not the Sphynx. Move on! Look not behind!

20.xi.70 – Baden-bei-Wien

AT A V.C.'S COCKTAIL PARTY

The V.C.'s of Europe at a Cocktail Party,
 Forgetting their worries (staunch pillars of learning!)
 Found the time to relax, sipping orange juice
 And, chuckling, forgot that their houses were burning.

20.xi.70 – Park Hotel – Baden-bei-Wien

AGE

Life is young
 Full of song and fun;
 Age creeps in unbidden
 And crawls out unsung.

20.xi.70 – Park Hotel – Baden-bei-Wien

YOUTH

Youth has the warmth,
The frolic and fun
Of a woman in love
Burning with the *joie de vivre*
Of the Mediterranean sun.

20.xi.70 – Park Hotel – Baden-bei-Wien

EUREKA

(Portuguese version by Dr. Jonas Negalha)

– O que é a Verdade? – perguntou Pôncio Pilatos
ha quase dois mil anos.
Eis a pergunta com uma resposta:
– Pôncio Pilatos, não sabemos!
– Pode ela fazer sofrer a Consciência?
E êle lavou as mãos trêmulas.
Ninguém respondeu até Freud dizer:
– Verdade e Consciência . . . são apenas glândulas.
Não ha mais Verdade nem Crime,
eis a Eureka do nosso tempo.

EUREKA

(Spanish version by Dr. Jonas Negalha)

– ¿Que cosa es la Verdad? – indagó
Poncio Pilatos hace casi dos mil años.
Eis aquí una pregunta con una contestación:
– ¡Poncio Pilatos, nosotros non sabemos!
– ¿Puede ella hacer sufrir la Consciencia? –
Y él lavó sus manos trémulas.
Nadie contestó eso hasta Freud decimos:
– La Verdad y la Consciencia non son más que glandulas.
Eis aquí la Eureka de nuestro tiempo,
non hay más Verdad, non hay más crime.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE GERMAN STUDENTS

By HELMUT VIEBROCK

'TELL me how you deal with Shakespeare and I tell you who you are'.

THIS maxim which is a variation of the well-known saying 'Tell me with whom you converse and I shall tell you who you are', is calculated to stress the curious nature of a great work of art, particularly so, I feel, of Shakespeare's great dramatic work, in that it threatens to unmask the critic's prejudices, and to detect his shortcomings and limitations, by confronting him with his own interpretation, or, to put it metaphorically 'to hoist the Shakespearian engineer with his own critical petard'.

Why this should be so – if you agree that it *is* so – it is difficult to say. One is tempted to attribute it to the very same quality of dramatic poetry that made Shakespeare the playwright induce Hamlet his persona to explain to the players his instruments 'the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' Now, a mirror is in itself a solid object, and yet it reflects, more or less faithfully other objects. Surely, Shakespeare's work is not a mere reflection of the world, but an interpretation of it; however, not in analytic terms, but in great synthetic figures and configurations. 'Shakespeare' – according to the German dramatist Friedrich Hebbel – 'is the world all over again'. (Shakespeare ist die Welt noch einmal').

Now, if this dramatic art has, more than other works, the quality of unmasking the critic, there must be in it some ultimate resistance to willful interpretation, some hard core, not just of meaning, but of testing meaning.

There is, on the one hand, transparency and lucidity, structural, textural, admitting the probing gaze into the very depth of its fabric; there is, on the other hand, concreteness, poetic opacity, – metaphorical, symbolical, preventing the searching eye from looking into the white truth which can only be looked at when veiled, as the sun can only be looked at through clouds. And as for the critic, he appears like a man who wants to look through a window-pane into a room and sees his own image reflected by the self-same glass the transparency of which admits his gaze.