

Of the work in the sun
By gingo I'd do it right now.

—*—

It just gets my goat
I get dry in the throat
When I take my wit down from the shelf,
And pen you a line
Which you say looks just fine
Just to have you add, "Do that yourself?"

—*—

"Well shiver my timbers"
Then he did;
The voice hardly stirs
When heeded.

WHERE'S SPRING?

If the roses on this Isle
Were suddenly to bloom;
If the sunshine of your smile
Were here to fill my room;
If the cold winds would stop blowing
And the rain would cease to fall;
Then the gloom around me growing
Wouldn't bother me at all.

CHOYA

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Perhaps you have, on occasion, been addressed in somewhat the following fashion: "Isn't that a beautiful piece of music?" An estatic force, indicative of a mind shrouded in the vapours of C sharps and B flats, clouded quickly like a freak summer storm, if you expressed a contrary opinion. My sympathies are with you, friend, because such an approach may succeed in shutting the door forever to the mysteries of music.

"Slow and sure wins the race," is a sound maxim in music circles.

To the music neophyte, a light, but satisfying menu, perhaps a composition such as the "Warsaw Concerto" as the main course, and a little Strauss as an entree would make a good start.

Undoubtedly there are semi-clasiscal selections which you know and enjoy already; these provide us with a common ground on

which the popularists and classicalists may meet in peace. They are better examples of composition than many popular selections. The waltz with its graceful three-quarter melody appeals to the ear and to the imagination; the spirit is uplifted. The Broadway musical, which one might well call the folk opera of our own day, provides one with more worthwhile listening. Though they are associated with the baubles and bangles of the Great White Way, many selections of genuine worth are to be found here.

Speaking for myself, the overture to "South Pacific" ranks high in the field of modern music and provides sound listening pleasure.

If you don't like a piece at first hearing, be not like the man who feels that no one anywhere in history has ever felt like this; such a reaction has been the experience of many. Don't launch into the depths at the beginning! It is a taste that is gradually acquired. Music is all things to all men, for what may fill one man's soul with nobility of purpose may not touch another. While I am dwelling on this facet of the musical jewel, I must refer to the fact that much rubbish has been written and will be written, concerning what pieces are supposed to mean. Those in the know say it means this and that; there are certain features which can be pointed out, but you, the listener, are the true judge. What meaning does Beethoven's Fifth have for you? This powerful work presents a myriad of emotions to our minds. I roundly denounce the view that there is, or ought to be a nice tidy explanation, neatly catalogued and bound, for a musical selection. Many of the great composers, Chopin for example, objected to titles that were attached to their works. Chopin's "Raindrop Prelude" was not so named by the composer. This is not to say that there is not a descriptive element in the piece, but rather that such tags do not indicate the entire spirit of the work.

JOHN CONRAN '57

ON LEAVING ST. DUNSTAN'S

(with apologies to Gray)

The oft heard bell rings out its warning chime,
The tired students settle down to pray,
The sun marks out another step in time
And night descends to meet the dying day.

The green shod campus settles down to night
And dreams of peace and sun the summer through