

When I arrived in my first year English tutorial in 1966 I was confronted with a scene straight out of *Brideshead Revisited*. In a delightful little room tucked into the corner of the sandstone quadrangle, Mrs Oettle set us on the narrow road to a proper 'Leavisite' view of the world. The only person in the tutorial who had any idea what she was talking about was this tall gangly boy with long lank hair and a hesitant, but posh English accent. Yes, I was lucky enough to have Martin in my tute.

Not having heard of Leavis was compounded by my never having heard of George Johnston or Charmian Clift. Other students in the class would whisper that this strange boy who knew so much was their child. Today I would have snuck off and googled them but in 1966 I just wondered. Not only did Martin KNOW stuff, he also knew how to read texts so that he could emote appropriately when Mrs Oettle pounced. I was in absolute awe of him.

However, what soon became apparent was that Martin felt no superiority to those around him. He was cheerful, friendly and extremely helpful. He never once made me feel lacking in sensibility or understanding though those around him, notably Kate Jennings, often made me feel like a total misfit (I actually was).

My friendship with Martin revolved around our anti-Vietnam activity and later I even got involved in his anti-Junta campaignings. He was an intensely political animal, though few actually noticed that.

When my friend Nadia and Martin began a long term passion, I even shared a house with them for a few short months over the summer of 1974. Martin was fun to live with though not the most organised of housemates. I could even talk sport with him which I never could with Nard.

Of course I remember that memorable evening when Martin ended up being the only victim of a teargassing at the SRC. It was intended to show the right wing leadership of the SRC what we, the left, felt about their wishy washy stance on Vietnam. Though not an organiser of such a daft act, I did have 'prior knowledge' as the courts might term it. I will forever feel guilty at the sight of asthmatic Martin wheezing his way through the quad in obvious distress – and still not blaming us, his idiot friends for a traumatic experience.

My final vivid memory of Martin was in 1984, I was accompanying my elderly and frail parents on a trip around Greece and Italy. We were wandering aimlessly around Florence when I heard an unmistakable voice floating out of a small cafe. Exploring inside I found Martin and Roseanne. What a coup! Martin immediately offered to show us around Florence – a city he loved. He seemed to be fluent in Italian although who knows what he was speaking, it might have been Greek. He knew the history of every little church (and there are lots and lots) and a funny story about every back lane *trattoria*. For the next few days he was our guide and raconteur. My

mother, who was never impressed by any bloke, thought he was wonderful. I think her opinion of my choice of friends skyrocketed.

Gosh we miss him.

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