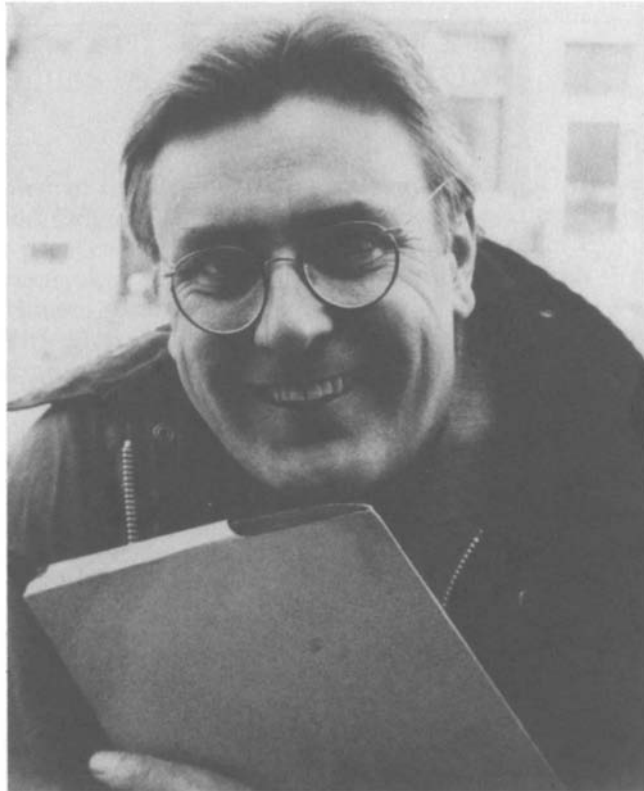


IN MEMORIAM

Alasdair Cameron

2 March 1953–17 June 1994



Alasdair has left us, but we shall always remember his smile, his sparkling eyes, his wit, his intelligence, his kindness. He lives on in our hearts.

je suis ce cours de sable qui glisse
entre le galet et la dune
la pluie d'été pleut sur ma vie
sur moi ma vie qui me fuit me poursuit
et finira le jour de son commencement

cher instant je te vois
dans ce rideau de brume qui recule
où je n'aurai plus à fouler ces longs
[seuils mouvants
et vivrai le temps d'une porte
qui s'ouvre et se referme

(Beckett, 'Six Poèmes 1947–1949')

my way is in the sand flowing
between the shingle and the dune
the summer rain rains on my life
on me my life harrying fleeing
to its beginning to its end

my peace is there in the receding mist
when I may cease from treading these long
[shifting thresholds
and live the space of a door
that opens and shuts