OUTLOOK

An Independent Socialist Review

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EDWARDS & SHAW - SYDNEY

Errata page 38

Please note: paragraph one, first column, reads onto two last lines in column one, then to first and second paragraph, column two. Then read on from paragraph two, column one. These things happen more easily than you think!

Editor.

Sir Mark Oliphant on Science and Ethics

Overland

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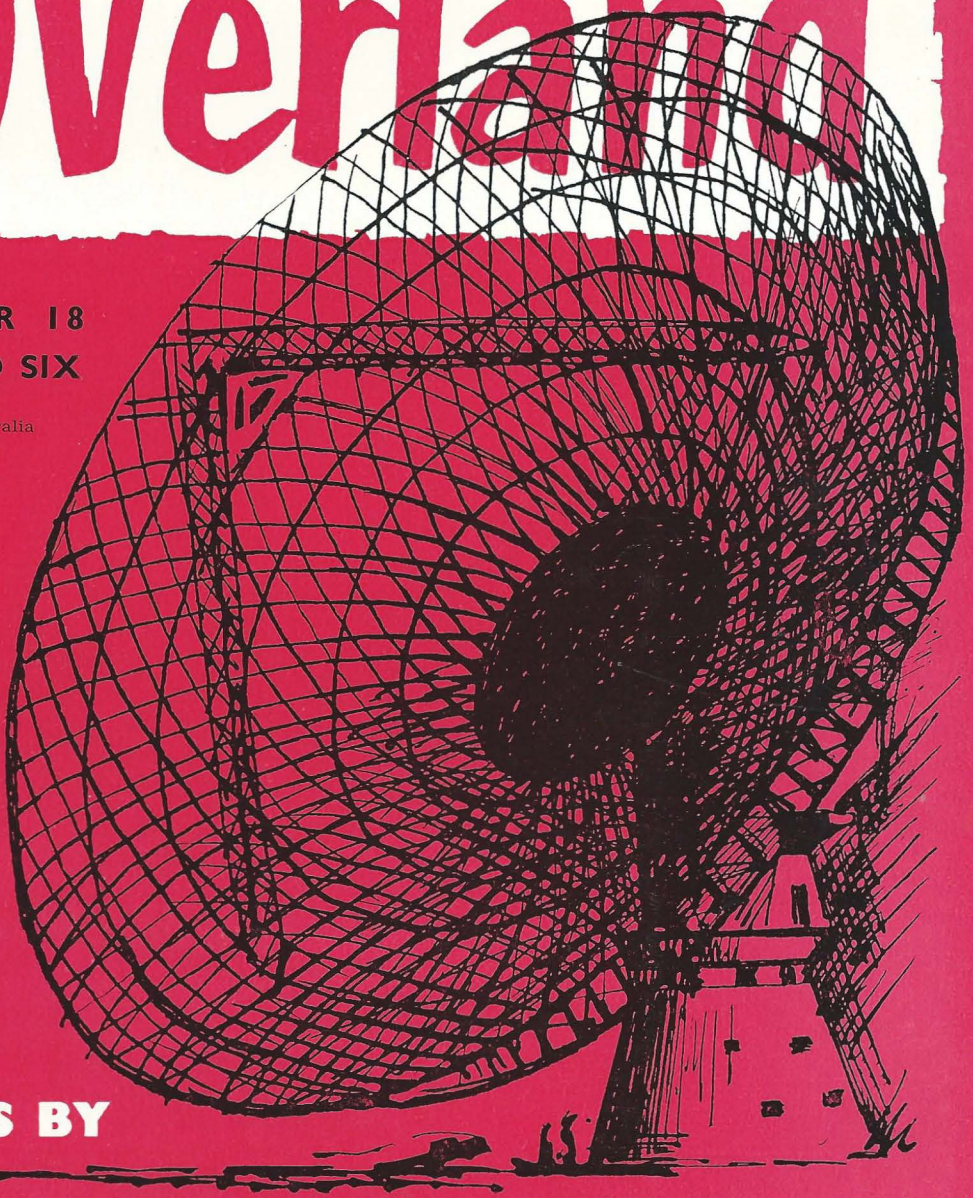

STORIES
FEATURES
POETRY
REVIEWS

STORIES BY

JOHN MORRISON, DAVID FORREST

Jack Lindsay on Pasternak

Ian Turner on C. P. Snow

Arnold Wesker, Kenneth Tynan, Randolph Stow, Judith Wright

Temper democratic, bias Australian

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OVERLAND

CONTENTS

Overland is a quarterly Australian literary magazine. The subscription rate is ten shillings a year (four issues), and the price of each copy is two shillings and sixpence. Manuscripts are welcomed, but will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is attached. Please add exchange to cheques. All correspondence should be addressed :

EDITOR, OVERLAND, G.P.O. BOX 98a, MELBOURNE, C.1.

John Morrison

MORNING GLORY

Illustrated by Clem Millward

THE shot was fired about 4.30 in the morning. An hour before dawn, and a little more than an hour before the time set for the rising of the family. Poultry-farming involves early rising, but not necessarily 4.30. Everybody and everything was sleeping. Not a feather had shuffled in the long rows of white-painted pens perched terrace-like on the hillside. Not a twitter had come from the starlings and sparrows crowding the cherry-plums and boobyallas behind the homestead.

For several seconds after the shot had broken the silence its echoes rumbled along the shallow valley and crackled back from the opposing slopes. Everybody was awakened, but they kept still for a moment, as people do at such a time, collecting their wits, separating dream from fact, waiting to see what would happen next. There were five of them: Arthur Brady and his wife Margaret, their thirteen-year-old son Lance, Grandfather Brady, and Hugh Griffiths, an itinerant laborer who had been doing some draining and was due to go on his way that day immediately after breakfast.

First reaction came from the Brady's bedroom, the voice of Mrs. Brady in an excited whisper:

"Arthur, did you hear that?"

"My oath I heard it!" There followed the sounds of a man hurriedly getting out of bed, and the click of a light switch.

It had been a hot night, with all doors left wide open for free circulation of air, and the sudden flood of light in the bedroom dispelled the darkness all through the house.

Grandfather and Lance called out simultaneously from their separate rooms:

"That was a shot, Dad!"

"You awake, Arthur? Joe's had a go at something!"

Only on the back verandah, where the man Griffiths had a shakedown, was there still silence. The house filled with a buzz of voices and the soft swift sounds of people getting into clothes.

"Be careful now, Arthur! Don't go rushing out."

"Talk sense, woman! What d'you expect me to do—"

"We don't know what's happened—"

"Joe's got somebody, that's what's happened. He got something in his sights—"

"Can I come, Dad?"

"No, Lance, stop where you are."

"I'm up—"

"Stop inside, that's all I'm telling you."

Arthur Brady, a muscular little man in his early forties, came down the passage buckling a belt around a pair of trousers he had pulled on over his pyjamas. His lean brown face was grim and eager. Passing Grandfather's door he almost bumped into the old man, who was just coming out.

"I don't hear nothing else, Arthur."

"Neither do I. Perhaps he's killed the bastard."

"Who the hell am I raising chooks for?"

Arthur hurried on, through the kitchen and out to the verandah, where he stood staring into the darkness, listening with cocked head and bated breath. But all he could hear was the low ceaseless rustling and clucking of a thousand frightened hens in the houses fifty yards away.

"You there, Joe!" he shouted.

A little way down the hillside a torch flashed and a strong voice came back: "Yes, come on down!"

"Did you get him?"

"Come on down—quick!"

By now Mrs. Brady, Grandfather, and Lance were clustered behind Arthur at the top of the steps. They all started talking at once.

"Sounds like he got somebody, Arthur."

"D'you think he's killed him, Dad?"

"Lance, don't you say that like that!"

"But Mum—"

"You keep quiet—"

"I'll come down with you, Arthur—"

"You stop where you are, Dad. All of you stop here. I'll sing out if I want you."

Arthur Brady went off, running, into the darkness. The others remained where they were, following his noisy progress down the garden path, out by the picket gate, across the open space to the fowlpens, and through the dry bracken ferns that clothed the hillside. Half-way down to the road the light of the torch remained on, moving about a little as if the man who held it were examining something. Voices drifted up to the house, but it was impossible to distinguish what the two men said as they came together.

"There's something doing down there, Madge," said Grandfather. "Better go in and put some clothes on."

"What d'you mean?"

He shrugged uneasily. "Oh, I dunno. There might be something to do—"

"Like what?"

"Joe's had a go at something, and he wouldn't sing out like that if it was a fox. We might have to get a doctor."

She didn't move immediately, just stood there staring in the direction of the torchlight, and frowning, as if the detailed implications of the shooting of a poultry thief were only slowly coming home to her.

"Will we have to get the police, Pop?" asked Lance, all boyish excitement.

"Course we will if Joe's hit somebody."

"I suppose I'd better put something on." Mrs. Brady turned away, but in the entrance to the kitchen she stopped and looked back. "D'you think he could have killed him?" she asked in an awed voice.

"Kill him—no! Joe would hit him where he wanted to hit him. He had a flashlight rigged—go on in and get dressed. I'll stop here with Lance."

She went in, and for the first time Grandfather and Lance became aware of the hired man. He had a bag stretcher at the enclosed end of the verandah and had been sleeping without pyjamas. Even in the poor light that penetrated there they could see the whites of his legs and short underpants as he put his feet to the floor and stood up.

There was no significance in the fact that he began to dress without speaking. In the two weeks that had passed since he came in off the road looking for work the family had become accustomed to his unobtrusive ways. He was a stoutish common-place-looking man with an air of mild detached resignation that had baffled them from the first. Only Grandfather, however, really disliked him. He had remarked to Arthur that he always had a feeling that Griffiths was secretly laughing at them. Arthur was satisfied because he was a good worker; Mrs. Brady because he was clean in his habits and kept to himself.

He came out now in trousers, singlet, and heavy workboots, and stood beside Grandfather. "That wasn't a gun, was it?" he asked.

"No, it was a rifle." Grandfather's reply came quite casually, but the instant it was made he turned sharply on Griffiths as if struck by a sudden suspicion of what lay behind the question.

Griffiths must have been aware of it, but he pretended not to notice.

It was quite warm, but a shiver passed over the old man and he noisily slapped his hands against his skinny stomach. "Go in and fetch me dressing-gown, will you?" he said to the boy. "It's hanging behind the door."

"Did he hit him, Pop?"

"We don't know nothing yet, Lance. We just got to wait till your Dad comes back."

★

NOTHING passed between the two men while the boy was away. When he came back Grandfather, hugging himself in his dressing-gown, sat down on the top step. Griffiths stood over him, leaning against a post with one thumb hooked over his belt. Even the boy was aware of something in the air besides the actual shooting. His curious eyes moved from his Grandfather to Griffiths and back again. He wanted to ask more questions, but the sullen expression on both faces kept him silent, and he went and rested his folded arms on the rail a few feet away.

All three of them watched the light down the hill. It remained fixed now, as if the torch had been laid on a ridge of earth or a stump. Now and then the little beam was broken as something passed through it. A murmur of voices came up almost continuously. It was very quiet, the deep hush that goes just before dawn. In the fowlhouses the frightened birds had settled down again. The three people watched and waited and listened. When a dog rustled out from under the steps and reached up to sniff Grandfather's bare toes he pushed it away with the irritation of a man disturbed in anxious thought.

"Go and lie down, Bob. Go and lie down."

Suddenly the light of the torch went off and there came again the sound of a man tramping through dry ferns. The voices lifted for a moment, that of Arthur quite clearly:

"Don't you worry about it, Joe. You was there to do a job—"

All eyes were on him as he showed up on the garden path. He was breathing heavily, and would have climbed the steps without a word had not Grandfather, remaining seated, and moving only his knees out of the way, put out a hand to restrain him.

"What's the score, Arthur?"

"We got a dead 'un down the paddock, that's all."

"What!"

Grandfather stood up, but Arthur was already past, heading for the kitchen door. Mrs. Brady, coming out at the same moment, frocked and combed, stopped on the threshhold, fingers clapped to her lips.

"Arthur, did you say—"

"You heard me. I told you Joe wouldn't mess about if he got a go. Mind out of the way—"

He went in, and they heard the tinkle of the bell as he picked up the telephone at the far end of the passage. "Lil, give us D24—quick!—yes, fair dinkum—"

At the back, Lance started to say something, but Grandfather hushed him down with an angry gesture.

Mrs. Brady looked beseechingly at the two men. "Is that true? Joe's killed somebody?"

"Now don't you go getting upset over it Madge—"

"He did—my God!" With hands pressed to the sides of her face she walked to the verandah rail and peered out at the scene of the shooting. There was a faint cool movement of air, carrying a smell of dusty herbage. In the east the sky was beginning to lighten. The first cock crowed. From somewhere close by there came the short, dry, tentative, cackle of a kookaburra.

Griffiths was at the other side of the steps. He was standing very erect now, his hands gripping the rail, his head thrust forward, his brows knitted in an angry scowl. Grandfather watched him uneasily.

Arthur had finished his call to the police and got involved in conversation with the telephonist at the township. Every word came out clearly to the people on the verandah.

"I've seen too many dead 'uns not to know. What?—yes, of course she is—I am myself—so's Joe. No, Lil, spare me days, you know Joe better than that! Listen—I got to go. They're all out here at the back—"

He hung up and came out again. Everybody turned to look at him, but he addressed himself only to the boy:

"Get down to the bottom gate, Lance. Somebody's got to pull 'em up—"

"Who, Dad? The police?"

"You're always talking about D24—hi, hold on!" Lance was already on the steps. "Don't you go out on the road! You hear me? Just open the gate and stand on the side where they'll see you. Them blokes come like hell—"

"It's just that he got killed."

Lance was gone. Arthur hitched up his trousers and tucked in his shirt. They were all watching him, but his eyes came to rest nowhere. His manner was ostentatiously defiant.

"This'll stop the bastards once and for all," he said. He began to roll a cigarette. Mrs. Brady was studying his face, but Grandfather was watching his hands, which were shaking.

"Arthur, are you sure he's dead?" asked Mrs. Brady.

"Wouldn't **you** know if you was looking at a corpse? Anyhow, Dr. Noyes'll be here in a minute. Lil's calling him."

"Joe stopping down there?" This from Grandfather.

"One of us had to."

Silence fell, but it was the uneasy silence not of people who are content with their thoughts, but of people who are afraid of saying the wrong thing. Griffiths had moved away from the rail and was sitting on a box against the wall, filling his pipe. Dawn was breaking. The nearest trees were beginning to reveal themselves. A great chirping and rustling was going up from the cherry-plums and boobyallas. Wattle-birds called out in the garden.

Arthur began to pace back and forth across the creaking boards. Mrs. Brady said something to him, but it was in such a low voice that he hardly heard her.

"What?"

"I said: what's he like?"

"What d'you mean?—what's he like—"

"Is he—young?"

"Young—no! Old enough to know what he was up to."

"Where did Joe—where did he hit him?"

"What does it matter where he hit him? Look, Madge, you'll get yourself and everybody else all stewed up." Arthur halted and faced her, emphasising his words with short chopping gestures. "This has been coming for weeks, and you know it as well as I do. Joe—"

"But I never thought—"

"Neither did I. Nor Joe. Nor anybody else. It's still—oh damn!"

Mrs. Brady had covered her face with her hands. Arthur turned his back on her in exasperation, but Grandfather stepped in, and taking the distressed woman by the arm, gently urged her towards the kitchen door. "Go on in, Madge. This is man's work. It couldn't be helped. Nobody wanted to kill nobody, but it happened. Go on in. Go in and make us a cup of tea. Me and Arthur'll look after this."

She went in, but no sound of kettle or cups came out to the three men on the verandah.

★

NONE of them spoke for a minute or two while the glow of the lighted house began to weaken against the dawn. Then, suddenly, Arthur threw the butt of his cigarette to the boards and ground it with his heel.

"Why the hell do we have to have a scene like this over it for! A bloke comes to steal my chooks. He knows I'm hostile on it and I'll do something about it. All right, he takes the odds and he gets shot. What do I do now—sit down and cry?"

"It's just that he got killed," said Grandfather gently.

"And whose bloody fault is that? Mine?"

"I'm not saying it was your fault."

"Joe's? We all put in and hired Joe—"

"No, I wouldn't say—don't let's argue about it, Arthur. It's bad enough."

"What d'you mean—bad enough. I say it's a good job that's been done. We set out to stop this thieving, and by jeese this'll stop it!"

"All right." Grandfather, not satisfied, but afraid to take the dispute any further, returned to his position at the rail. The sun had not yet risen, but there was enough light now to reveal the entire landscape: the small roughly-tended garden, the dusty track leading past the gate and on towards outhouses and fowlpens, scattered wattles and stringbarks, and patches of brown ferns on a ground of yellow grass.

"Just whereabouts are they?" asked Grandfather after a discreet silence.

Arthur came and stood beside him, pointing. "See that clump of wattles in line with the corner-post?" he said sulkily.

"Yes."

"Over to the left—that gum forked at the butt, out on its own?"

"Yes."

"They're near there. Somewhere in that patch of ferns. It's a bit dark yet. You'll see Joe's head in a minute. He's sitting there—"

Grandfather nodded. "I heard you telling Lil he was running," he said cautiously. "That true?"

"Yes. Joe just let fly—"

"He hit him in the back?"

"Yes. There's a hole in him up towards the left shoulder."

"Bull's-eye. You know there'll be trouble over this, don't you?"

"Trouble. What kind of trouble?"

"The law says you can't kill a man for stealing a chook."

"The law says you can't steal a chook!"

Grandfather didn't answer that. He let a second or two pass. Then, with his eyes still fixed on the patch of ferns, he said sadly: "He might have needed it."

Arthur gave a scornful laugh. "By Christ, you're not too bad! How about me? Don't I need 'em? Who the hell am I raising chooks for? Any lousy bastard—"

"Sssh! You'll fetch Madge out." Grandfather, worried by Arthur's rising anger, held up his hands. "It's just the killing, Arthur. I got nothing against a charge of shot."

Unobserved by either of them, however, the woman had already appeared, standing in the entrance to the kitchen. She was looking not at them, but at the bowed head of Griffiths, as if she found his detachment puzzling and offensive.

Arthur thought of him at the same moment and turned to him for support. "What do you say, Griff? Don't you reckon that bloke got what he was looking for?"

Griffiths lifted his head, took his pipe from his mouth, and stared Arthur steadily in the eyes. "If a man's got property he's got to defend it," he said quietly.

"My bloody oath! And that's exactly how I see it."

★

Arthur, satisfied that his point had been made, resumed his restless pacing, but all Grandfather's attention remained fixed on the hired man. He began to breathe heavily, in the way of an old person caught up in a mounting excitement. His whole body shook, his head stuck forward like an angry parrot. He pointed an accusing finger. Mrs. Brady called out to him from the doorway, but he didn't hear her.

"That bastard's laughing at you!" he shouted. Mrs. Brady and Arthur moved towards him, but he evaded them, dodging sideways, his stooping body allowing the front folds of his dressing-gown to trail the floor. "What does it matter to him? He's got nothing. He never had nothing. He doesn't want nothing. He's just having a shot at you. He's one of them blokes that's crooked on the whole world." Arthur had reached him, hustling him back towards the rail. "That's all right, Arthur. You didn't see him. I did. He was smiling. That lousy sneering smile. I saw him—"

"What does it matter—break it up, Dad—I got trouble enough—"

Griffiths was on his feet, openly contemptuous. "Let him rave," he said curtly to Mrs. Brady. "I've got my cheque, I'll eat on the road."

Arthur heard that. "What's up with you? I'm handling this. And you keep out of it, Madge—"

Snubbed on both sides, she stood there, silently watching Griffiths as he walked purposefully towards his bed. She saw him pull off the old grey blankets he had brought with him, spread them on the floor, and begin to throw on to them the few other odds and ends that comprised his worldly possessions: spare shirt and underclothing, a ragged jersey, a pair of worn canvas shoes, shaving gear.

Over at the rail the old man was almost weeping.

"I'm not crooked on you, Arthur. I'm not crooked on nobody. It's this killing, just the killing. I got no time for thieves, but nobody ought to get killed like that. They used to hang blokes once just for taking what didn't belong to them. What do we know about him? He's lying there—take your hands off me mouth!—I know what I'm talking about. I could have got killed myself more than once when you was kids. I never had nothing. I'm glad to see you getting on a bit. But I don't want to see you getting like the big 'eads—walking round what you got with a bloody gun. Your Mum—"

"Shut up, will you!"

Mrs. Brady rushed over to them, pointing down at the road. "Arthur, look! Here's a car—the police—"

They stopped struggling. In the sudden silence that fell on the house there came only the clink of buckles as the hired man tightened his swag. All the lights were still on, but it was the new day that lit up the rich and peaceful earth and the grim immemorial burden of men.

MAGNIFICENT!

SINCE the publication of our last issue Overland has received over £246 in donations.

We have never received so much money in such a short space of time before. It is a wonderful encouragement to our editors and contributors. It is dramatic confirmation that our readers agree that these cultural questions, as we said in our last issue, are "questions about life".

The inflow of donations came largely as response to our appeal "for £500 immediately to enable us to plan ahead with assurance and certainty over the next year at least."

Its timeliness can be seen by our accountant's report on Overland's position to June 30. Up to this date the magazine had an accumulated loss of £346, despite pinchbeck economising in production, little or no payment to contributors and other efforts to keep costs down in order to survive.

So please don't forget—we are not yet half-way to that £500. We need the money desperately. This issue of Overland, now in your hands, has cost at least a shilling more to produce than it cost you to buy.

Relativity

Cast homeward from the punctual bus
To dutifully embrace his wife,
He finds within the urbane "us"
Disintegration of his life.

He dreams, remembering the girl
Who made man from impetuous boy,
His thoughts surge restively and swirl
In angry thrusts of pain and joy . . .

Remembering how they lay in fear
Without desire to analyse
The all-disturbing urge made clear
And fierce within the other's eyes.

One hand against the oven door
She wearily accepts his kiss,
Not sure what she is waiting for . . .
Only aware it is not this.

She who was once so tenderly
Taken unto his heart as wife,
Sees now within the "he" and "me"
The dissolution of her life.

She sighs, remembering the god
Who stood between her and the night
And blotted out the star shapes. Odd
That he had power once to excite.

JILL HELLYER

Pacific Crossing

Somewhere here Magellan must have crossed—
His ancient track washed over as he went,
All but his resolution lost

In such an ocean: each day from dawn to dark
His ship a compass point for the sun
To swing its burning arc;

Each day the rounded sky
A moving dome of glass
Trapping, beneath, its fly.

Somewhere here his long-forgotten track
Falters across our bows:
We crush its back

While the waiters, manicured, extend
Their cards. "Lobster or turkey, Sir?
We really recommend

The lamb. The beef's a trifle fat."
Here, hollow-socketed, Magellan pounced
Triumphant, on his rat!

And where he gulped the barrel's furry sludge
Ice clinks, and the frosted glass receives
Mylady's lipstick smudge.

Such changes see Man's resolution drown.
That day he challenged half the earth; tonight he swears
To keep his cocktail down.

My hope the student where he sits and reads,
Lifting his eyes to the sky's wide arch
Seeded with gleaming beads,

And reaching there some vast Pacific of the mind,
Beckons, dauntless, and Magellan's out again
To lead mankind.

COLIN THIELE.

HANDS ACROSS THE FREEZE

OVERLAND wholeheartedly supports the current visit to Australia of two representatives of the Union of Soviet Writers. A number of items in this issue are printed to mark this important occasion.

We stick up for a national tradition in Australia—not an ossified or romantic one, but one in the continual process of development. All the same, we're very conscious of Vance Palmer's phrase: "The unity of man—his infinite diversity". And we are conscious that we live in an isolated and in some ways dangerously self-satisfied community.

While we would welcome visitors in the field of culture from any country—the more the better—there's a special reason for welcoming the Russians. There's something in it of that wonderful ovation Kuts got at the Melbourne Olympic Stadium. We are asked to regard with equanimity the dropping of hydrogen bombs on such people. So that they are here is of far more than any personal significance. For us it is a portent and a hope of survival.

Again, it's more than that. Even fools have stopped saying that we have nothing to learn from Soviet examples. For instance, the Russians published over 40,000 titles last year. The number published in Australia dropped from 680 in 1958 to 580 in 1959. Furthermore Russian books are among the cheapest in the world. "This is a splendid use of national wealth," C. P. Snow said in a recent letter to the London Times. We can take the occasion of this visit to remind ourselves, in our poverty-stricken rich country, of the substantial nature of the Soviet achievement in culture, science, education, even when interpretations of statistics differ and approaches do not coincide.

We welcome of course the opportunity not only to greet the Russians but to discuss and argue with them. Implicit in the very nature of cultural friendship is the exchange of ideas. The intellectual and the physical future of the world depends on this. So far the progress made has been small. Through such visits as this it will widen.

Let us work then for many more visits of this sort. Happily they are becoming more frequent. Let us work for specific agreements on exchanges in the scientific, cultural, education and other fields—not only with the Soviet Union, but with Indonesia, India, China and other hands.

Ignorance is the sire of unreality and the greatest threat to peace.

THE CAPTAIN

David Martin

THIS is a tale of a captain, Voronov,
Late of the Czar's Navy, unwillingly retired,
An old man but a sailor. History is hard
On stranded sea-dogs, warmed in their winter
By a bellyful of hate. The rabble
Goes to sea in their ships, the world's gone crazy,
The Lower Deck is the Bridge and nobody cares:
"Aurora" is a sunset, not a sunrise.

Some change, some cannot, Voronov is one
Who does not bend. His country
Was shot to death one night in a dank cellar
With all its names and manners. So he went
And fought for the Whites—Kolchak or Admiral
Wrangel?—
Lost and fled into China. But these are words:
He lost and he fled. A man is more than a word,
And the years are not paper to print on.

Emigres are proud people. The farther they travel
The harder they dream, till their dreaming
Bitters the sun, and the world grows embarrassed.
Quixote at least dared a wind-mill. But who will
pity
The strangers who dare the wind? The wind keeps
blowing,
Their coats grow thin at the cuffs while their
Excellencies
Drive taxis in Paris or wait and listen in Harbin
For the password that shall not be spoken. Each
of these has
Four cooks to poison his soup. The first is his host,
For he has a house and a country. The second
the new
Power he hates, which refuses to need him and
prospers.
The third is his ally and keeper; he would make
him a traitor
And treats him like dirt. The fourth is himself,
For pride is not proof against love.

The dapper and dignified captain
Hoards his crosses and ribbons, reads many books,
Writes many letters to keep his loyalty supple,
Reveres the Romanov remnant. Russia is
Where a church is, but some keep a nightclub.
The lake at Harbin is not like the lake at home.
Then China
Puts out a hand and scratches her back. The Reds
Rise in the rice fields, the earth opens again,
One war and half a life later. The young marry
out,
But Voronov comes to Australia.

Some change, some cannot, Voronov is one
Who does not bend. You've seen him
Working in his garden in the hills, not far from
your week-end,
Walking in the woods briskly—but few are the
birch trees!—
A land-locked sailor in a cast-away island
Where the papers are dull and the people friendly
After their fashion. Their sea
Does not smell of brine. In the summer
Their streets do not smell of tar. Their old men
never
Smell of the past. In London
The Czar's sister dies. The Duchess of Kent lights
a candle.
In Moscow they shoot at the moon,
And Voronov waits.

★

FORTY years have gone west since the captain
Last stood on the bridge of his ship. One day
comes a rumor:
There's a vessel in port from Odessa. The "Zarya",
Under sail. And she is a beauty—
Rigged for experiment; science. Even her chains
Are cast of pure bronze. But she flies
The red flag, not the eagles.

They say his face was a study. There lay the ship,
And there stood old Voronov. Think what you
will—
The years are not paper to print on.

A sailor leans on the railing.
The dapper and dignified captain
Stares at the band on his cap.
A question is asked, an answer is made, and time
Blows down the Yarra. A man
Walks up the gangway, salutes.

See next page

SWAG

The bibliography of Australian books published in the U.S.S.R., which we print on page 46, makes interesting reading. I should have liked it to have been more complete (the Russians omitted to supply the numbers of copies published of some titles, for instance), and of course it makes no reference to the large number of articles published in Soviet journals written by Australians and on Australian topics. Best-selling authors in Russian translation, like James Aldridge and Jack Lindsay (both Australians) are omitted, presumably because the Russians regard them as English. But altogether it is quite a remarkable tribute to the sturdy interest of the Russians in Australian writing; an interest which those of us who have been to Moscow find hard to dissociate from Oksana Krugerskaya, the charming editor and translator who has taken such a personal interest in Australian writing and writers and has done so much for both in the Soviet Union; and who, with Alexei Surkov, is one of the two Soviet writers touring Australia as this issue of Overland is printed.

★

Sir Charles Snow, who figures prominently in this issue of Overland, has recently pointed out in a Soviet periodical that the interchange between Russian and English literature, up to the Russian Revolution, was "perhaps more active than the interchange between any other two major literatures in history." He considers that on the English side the demand did not slacken with the Revolution, but that since the thirties the exchange has become weaker. Snow asks for Soviet books that the Russians are themselves enjoying: "We should like to see twenty of your immediately contemporary novels translated into English within the next twelve months or so, and we should, of course, like you to translate a wider selection of ours. You cannot understand our society without reading about it in various aspects. Some of our books will not have any direct ideological content, and you will find them strange; but they often possess great informative value as well as talent, and will tell you how we are thinking and living our lives." Snow adds, of the large Russian editions of the "extremely reactionary" Conrad and Kipling, that "you showed magnanimity and artistic feeling in translating them."

★

The points Snow makes are well worth bringing to the notice of our Soviet visitors. To me at any rate it has seemed that we have tended to get, in Soviet translations of their books and stories into English, too much of what the Russians think will do us good to read, rather than of the popular, contemporary material that Russians are talking about in the trains and in their homes. Ovechkin's sketches of country life are perhaps a case in point. We have seen very little of his work, and if this is because whoever makes the decisions feels that such writing is too "homely" and personal, then they're making the biggest mistake they could. And what about Versigora's wonderful book, "Men with a Clear Conscience", of which the second part was never translated into English and the first part of which never apparently got to Australia? I was given my copy in Prague. I suspect that at the time this book was published, about 1948, it came under a cloud for giving too intimate a picture of the Soviet soldier: very much the same kind of picture as the recent Soviet film, "Destiny of Man", gives in fact. Yet both teach one far more about Soviet patriotism than any propaganda setpiece.

★

This is particularly important because now such very interesting work is starting to come from the Soviet Union. While on one level there's obviously still philistinism and dogmatism (the disapproval of Brecht, for instance—no play of his has been performed in Russian since 1930), on the other hand there have been such exciting events as Dudintsev's recent story, "A New Year's Tale", published in the Moscow journal Novy Mir last January. It's not exciting because it is a "cry against materialism", as some stupid cold war warriors have called it—I'm sure that Dudintsev is a thoroughly staid supporter of the Soviet political system. It's not exciting because it's a work of literary genius—because it's not (although it's a very moving story which I should have liked to have seen printed in Overland). But it is exciting because it shows how it is becoming possible to develop real individuality in style and form, and to develop the content of the story symbolically rather than realistically, in Soviet writing. If such kite-flyers are not too rapturously hailed as bullets for the "West" in the cold war, then a continued loosening-up, not only in literature, but also in painting, music and the theatre, should be possible. The public certainly want it. I remember how rapturously Moscow audiences were acclaiming Mayakovsky's "The Bed Bug" (a rather disrespectful play which had been off the boards for 25 years) when I was there three years ago.

From previous page

The rest is told soon. Two captains
Sit in a cabin. The old one sniffs
The smell of a Russian sail, salts
The bread of a Russian galley.
They talk and they drink, and Russia
Is where are Russians. The lake at Harbin,
Kolchak, Wrangel and death,
And the witless wind that keeps blowing . . .
"One day we sailed from Odessa. Odessa . . ."

(I have often said it is pointless
To grow roses on barbed wire entanglements.
It is childish to argue with history;
It won't argue back. The loser has lost,
And that's all. Pity the vanquished, perhaps,
But waste not your heart out of season.
Smile like a saint—we will think
You are trying to placate the implacable.)

They walk with him in the hills,
They look at his crosses and ribbons,
They finger his crosses and ribbons,
They gave him the run of their ship.
This has nothing to do with pity,
For pity is clammy, it shivers,
And the guns of "Aurora" are hot;
And a man is a man for a' that,
And a sailor is a sailor for a' that,
And the Fleet is the Fleet for a' that,
And the whistle blows sweet and shrill—

Stand to! Stand to!

Old man Voronov stands on the quay. The "Zarya"
Pulls into the stream. Sails break. The wind
Billows them taut like the blouse
Of a deep-bosomed girl. O, sailor!
A shout rolls over the water. "Good-bye, Captain Voronov!"
They say that he blessed the red crew,
And they thanked him.

Reverting to the list of Australian books published into Russian, I hope that in the coming years the selection will be broadened—perhaps this will even be one result of the current Soviet visit here. There is certainly a place on Soviet bookshelves for "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony." What about Kylie Tennant's "The Battlers", Herbert's "Capricornia", Davison's "Manshy", Waten's "The Unbending" and books by Bill Harney and Eleanor Dark—to say nothing of some of the younger writers? I'd like to see "The Tree of Man" published in Russian, too, even though I'm personally out of sympathy with the book. And a few good short factual surveys, like R. M. Crawford's "Australia". The Soviet people are grown-up enough now to make their own ideological corrections as they go along.

★

But if such an expanded program were entered upon our Russian friends will again have to be told that their casual attitude to paying writers will have to stop. Some of the Australian writers who were published in the recent ambitious collection of Australian short stories were paid, and some were not. Who decided who would be paid and who would not be paid? I think that this is a fair question to ask. And I should like, in the interests of cultural friendship, to see the general question continuously pushed—in the last week alone I have had two letters from Australian writers represented in the list on page 46 who are a bit "put out" at having received no payment—one was not even asked for permission to publish his book. It's no good accepting the flat statement I was given in Moscow when I tried to argue the question—that "the decision not to join an international copyright convention is final, and that any payments made are an act of grace." Everything changes, as Karl Marx pointed out—and I was told just as explicity that the decision not to publish in Yiddish would not be reversed, because there was no demand for publications in Yiddish. Now I hear that the Yiddish printing presses have started up again. All credit to the Russians for changing their minds and starting them.

★

Yet when all is said and done, how poorly we are served compared to the Russians. In many ways and despite great shortcomings (which Alexei Surkov himself has been quite candid to me about) Soviet literature is a direct development of the great Russian literary tradition, and together with it comprises the greatest literature of any nation in the world. What do our children know, when leaving school, of Tolstoy and Sholokhov, Gogol and Gorky? Virtually nothing. And even our talk about "freedom to write" tastes a bit like sawdust in our mouths when we read statements such as that of the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly (recently reported in the Times Educational Supplement) that Soviet writers are freer and Americans less free than is commonly supposed in the United States. In the U.S.A., Mr. Weeks reminded us, intellectuals are ridiculed as "eggheads", not more than four poets at a time can make a living, and in times of stress writers are restricted in ways other than economic.

★

From Communists have come what I consider perhaps the two greatest novels of the twentieth century, Sholokhov's "Don" books and Arnold Zweig's "The Case of Sergeant Grischa". In them there is a great wealth of illumination of people, of life, of society, of human movement. Snow has said that the individual condition of us all is tragic—we are all disappointed and frustrated, our aims in life twist underneath our hands, we die alone. Yet this does not mean that the social condition of man is tragic—on the contrary, it is an optimistic one. Our highly-organised industrial society is the best kind of society the human race has ever had; it has been built on the achievements and sacrifices of millions of individual, "tragic", lives; and it is being and will be built to heights that none of us can imagine. Now I think the point of this (much simplified) argument is this: the greatest writers are those who can effectively bring into a kind of "dialectical" relationship the complex and "contradictory" aspects of the individual life and the broad sweep (also with its contradictions, of course) of social and community progress. The trouble with many middle-class writers of our day is that, while they can see the individual tragedy all right, they cannot see any cause for social optimism. Hence what Snow calls the "myth-seeking, primitivism, anti-intellectualism" in contemporary literature. (By "anti-intellectualism" he means the retreat to irrational philosophies, "instinct", for instance.) But the trouble with many left-wing writers, both inside and outside the Communist countries, is that they can only see the social optimism; they fail to recognise, or to regard as important, the individual tragedy. Hence the importance, and the greatness, of Zweig and Sholokhov, who can see the relationship and have used it to produce great literature: though not always easily—Sholokhov himself has wryly remarked that Marxist theoreticians ("the sergeant-majors") have called him from time to time a "kulak writer" and a "counter-revolutionary."

★

Arnold Wesker, apart from being the first man in Britain to stop talking and get something done about trade union support for the arts (see our next issue), has now had the third play in his trilogy produced in London. In the last Overland Gilliam Heming discussed the first two plays in the series—"Roots" and "Chicken Soup with Barley". In the third play, "I'm Talking about Jerusalem", Wesker treats, within the framework of his radical East-End Jewish family, of the political history of England between the end of the war and 1959. The New Statesman comments that "I'm Talking about Jerusalem", in contrast to the first two plays where "the politics are lived", is a play "trying to live politics"—"in 'Roots' the characters were alive; in 'Jerusalem' they merely talk endlessly about the **idea** of being alive". But, the journal adds, not only is Wesker the first young writer to attempt a whole portrait of his age: his work is also marked by "a continual sense of life". The Daily Worker says that Wesker's new play is one of "splendid humor and warm humanity," and remarks that as a craftsman he is "streets ahead of his contemporaries" and "an honest writer". Some Australians have had the opportunity of judging the importance of Wesker's work for themselves: a season of "Roots", produced by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, has just been held at Melbourne's Union Theatre. The Trust may subsequently produce more of Wesker's plays.

★

Congratulations to Frank Harvey, of Sydney, who has recently published the first number of Australian Theatregoer, a quarterly which fills a most obvious gap. This excellently-produced publication will contain a complete play—among many other features—in each issue, and the first issue contains Brendan Behan's "The Hostage". For subscription send £1 to Editor, Theatregoer, 590 George Street, Sydney.

—S. Murray-Smith

Robert Clark

THE NEARING TRANSIT

EACH breath's another step in dying,
The flame has one less lick to go.
Blue worlds away the cloud is flying
Whose shadow stains the ground below.

How stealthily my end creeps on,
A tide that makes without a pause.
The knife's intact, its keen edge gone,
The tiger kills with stiffening jaws.

The sunlit dam of life is full,
Untroubled waters lap the edge,
But underneath are faults to pull
The level down. Each minute wedge

Of time leads on the leaking years
That bring the bottom showing up,
When confidence, confused by fears,
Will strive to hide it, drop by drop.

Against my will, each thing I do
Is love play for that girl, my death,
Who, warmed by the pace at which I woo,
Will in her lust put out my breath.

When I want least I'll stumble on her,
Nubile and naked for the night.
How willingly I would forego her
And her devouring nuptial flight.

The grain all fallen from the ear,
The stalk knocked flat where Death has trod,
Will the joy earth breeds be with me there
When I'm extinct, or lapsed in God?

★

WHERE is the end that's not a new beginning?
The bell ropes of the rain their own death knelling
Flood the creeks that fall towards the river,
The river's mouth is where it dies, foretelling

Its resurrection from the ocean's thunder.
The ocean floats in vapor up the blue
To form in clouds that, dark with promise, fall
In rain. A rimless wheel revolves anew.

Each breath is one more tender consummation
Between this lovely, loving earth and me,
Each death is just a breath in exhalation
To be indrawn in worlds I cannot see.

My error is a common weed-exulting
In my otherness I thought myself distinct,
My birth to be new life, a thing apart,
Too rare to end in death and be extinct.

The arum breathes in silence by the creek
Of her affinity with sky and soil.
Devoid of this disturbing sense of difference
That claims the roof and crown, she does not toil

To build herself eternity. She knows
She is the moon that wanders through the night
The stone that stays, the bee that crawls, the creek
That sings and soothes and sucks for her delight.

Then, when her flower's turn to fall has come,
It is the moon collapsing in the ocean,
The bee that slips, the stone that cracks, while she
Drifts and dreams in the creek's long transformation.

My blood runs warm in all that lives, and all
This pride of sensuous earth finds life through me.
Once there was kindling where a stray spark fell,
A flame began its play, instinctively

It swayed, and still it swings. But some day
Where it licks and leaps will be a cinder.
Air, that was clear, is fire, then flames no more.
The leaves are green and ash replaces tinder.

Nothing is destroyed. Although minute,
A molecule merged in that endless flood,
I am the joy, and revel in the joy
Of life, a part of the participant God.

★

THIS God, whom I shall never know
In his macrocosmic guise,
Reveals himself in microcosm
To the foolish and the wise.

He for whom each astral system
Is just an atom in the hand
Of a creature who, like me,
Pursues a life he thinks he's planned,

While every atom of my flesh
Is a universe where life
Spawns and swarms deliriously,
Dreams and builds and throws up strife:

He is Buddha, Krishna, Christ
For those who want him in mortal form,
For me this earthly paradise—
Night deep with stars or blind with storm,

Day with its golden blue or grey
On the flanks and shoulders of the hills,
The surge that everywhere is green
And grows, the very surge that kills.

He is the trust of friend in friend,
The lightning flash when life uncovers
Greatness in humdrum, humble men,
The tears of wife and husband lovers,

And far beyond. He is Who is.
Yet He can show no more to me
Than what a match's flame reveals—
The blossom in the blackness and the tree.

Each flame an island in the dark
To light me as my transit nears,
So I shall know that what He is
I am, beyond Time and my fears.

CATTLE TRAIN

by David Forrest

MUST wake up early in the morning, Ron. Tomorrow morning, they said, Wilson's are shipping cattle. How many do you think there'll be? A thousand head?

A thousand head. That's a lot of cattle. Perhaps there's not a thousand head on Wilungun any more. Wilungun's shrunk a lot since the days when New South Wales stretched from the Murray River to Thursday Island.

Do you think there'll be a thousand head? That's a lot of cattle. Put twenty head in a big K Wagon, and that's a hundred in five wagons, and a thousand head are fifty wagons, all clunking and bumping across the points into Wilungun, thumping into the loop, banging and rattling their buffers from one end of the loop to the other.

Fifty's a lot of K Wagons. Where will they put them when the loop's full up? Down on the T of the turnabout? And down on the buffer switch?

And that's not enough, is it, Ron? Why, I suppose they'll be standing on the main line, all clattering and clacking down from Boolaran.

What a magnificent noise is fifty big K Wagons, and the big eight-wheel C Seventeens, with their Westinghouse panting and the steam cocks hissing and the shrill wheep of their whistles cutting through the night.

You know, Ron, there can't be that many. There's nowhere to put them, for it's train day tomorrow, too, and how will it get in and turn about and go out again?

Ron, there's going to be three trains here tomorrow. Tommy Hegel said there ain't been three trains in Wilungun for over ten years.

You weren't even born.

Neither were you.

Gee, that's a long time ago.

They lit the lamp in the signal this evenin'. Mister Radcliffe has to be up at four o'clock tomorrow morning to set the signal. And go down and close the de-railing point in the loop line.

Perhaps he won't be able to, Ron. Perhaps its rusted so he can't.

And to sleep. And sleep all night. And in the dawn the startled laughter of the kookaburras, and the distant shouting of a strange voice, and the unmistakeable high pitched sighing of a locomotive with a big head of steam, and the double chuff of the Westinghouse tank on the side of the boiler casing.

Get up. They're here. Brian. They've come. Don't push me out the window, stupid.

A big black shadow at the head of the loop and a clank of metal. The voices don't belong to Wilungun. Count the K Wagons. Great black slabs of shadow on the loop. Gee, I wish the sun'd rise.

A magpie singing to the kookaburras. The rattle of a dog chain as Happy stirs.

The rumbling roar is a train on the Wilungun Creek bridge.

Ron! There's another one coming. Gee, we'll see this one arrive. Listen to Happy.

Shut up, Happy.

Gee, Ron, lookit. There's its light. Look at it.

Listen to it, to the steady beat of the engine, to the shrill whistle, to the rumbling of the wheels, and hear it now when the wheels begin to hit the points. What a wonderful noise. The creaking, the rattling, the whoosh of the Westinghouse, the buffers banging. One great majestic, untidy noise.

Are there fifty of them? Is there going to be a thousand head?

When do they bring the cattle in, Ron? Soon, I hope. Do you reckon Mister Wilson will come to Wilungun?

He always comes with the cattle. I'm going to have a lot of cattle some day and then I'll be like Mister Wilson and bring a thousand head down to the train.

I wonder how rich he is? You got t' be rich to have a lot of cattle.

I wonder did he pinch them? I heard Tommy Hegel say there was a terrible lot of poddy-dodging went on around here once.

They was all duffers, Ron. That's how you start a station. I read that in a book.

When I can read some more, Ron, can I read that book? It sounds like it was a good book. Where are they going to put the train when it comes, Ron?

I dunno. There's a lot of K Wagons there. I bet there's a hundred.

That'd be a lot of cattle, but. Count the wagons on the loop. Count the wagons on the buffer switch and down on the T, and on the mainline itself, but the wagons on the loop are in the way. The sun comes up and the trains stand still and silent on the tracks, except that steam sighs out of the safety valve and sometimes the Westinghouse goes dunk-chuff. And strange men stand around and boil a cup of tea and open up their metal boxes and search in them for sandwiches and whatever else is in them.

And the sun shines on the valley and the cattle don't come.

Gee, it's not fair. We have to go to school. It's not fair. They'll come while we're at school and

Bring that bawley up. His feet pound in the loading ramp. He doesn't want to go in. Ron, do you think he weighs a ton? I dunno. Maybe a ton is a lot of bawley.

Slam the gate shut. Batten the doors.

Well there it is, Mister Wilson. Eight hundred and fourteen head. And one to Don Kline.

Brisbane market rate, Mister Kline?
Fair enough, Mister Wilson.

Ron, is eight hundred and fourteen a thousand head? It's a lot, ain't it. It looks like a thousand.

Men walk out of the dust. They take their hats off and beat the dust from them. They slap at their shirts and riding twist.

Mister Wilson, grey and alert. A smile for the spectators on the great fence. Ron, is he really seventy-four? He's older than Grandad Beitzel and Grandad McLennan.

There goes Bill and Joe on Prince.

A whistle from the locomotive. A casual wave from the guard. Steam begins to blow. Gently now. Ever so gently. There's four hundred and five big Herefords to be taken gently from a standing start, up the slope onto the mainline, up past the signal, over the ridge, and down the long run through Boolaran.

They bellow, the Herefords. And then silence while the long train beats slowly up past the signal towards the ridge.

Don Kline stands by, waiting to take the bawley he has bought. The wheels of the locomotive slip a little and grip again. Listen to the exhaust beating on the afternoon air. When the guard's van comes through the last points, the guard waves again. The Herefords bellow for the last time within the hearing of Wilungun.

And they are gone.

Climb down off the fence. Home now. My Dad's goin' to belt me for this.

Home and get the cows in. Gee, you and Brian are lucky. You don't have to get the cows.

Mister Wilson has been very quiet. I wonder does he like his cattle.

Well, Mister Wilson, they'll fetch two and a half thou.

Yes, Rex. And thanks, Rex. Duncan. Jack. Reg.

Ron, why is he shaking hands with them all? They work for him.

I dunno, Brian.

Hop down off the fence. Everyone else has gone.

Hullo, there.

Hullo, Mister Wilson.

Come and have a soft-drink.

Yes, Mister Wilson. Gee, thanks, Mister Wilson.

Walk side by side with these weary, dusty men. It makes you feel you are weary and dusty too, and lean and long. It makes you a part of the land, like they are. Somewhere near at hand, I bet, there's Andy and Clancy and the Man From Snowy River.

Sip the ginger beer. Don't pour it into a glass. Do what they do. Swig it from the bottle.

That was good, Mister Wilson. Thanks very much.

A wave of the hand.

Boots clunk on the floor. Go out the door.

Ron, did you hear what he said. Two thousand five hundred pounds. How much is that?

I dunno. I think it's a lot of money.

See them go, Mister Wilson and Rex and Duncan and Reg and Jack Baker. Riding up the road to the long grass of Wilungun.

Ron, I wonder when there'll be another cattle train.

The Invisible Woman

My muse may wear a thousand faces,
or, cast in bronze with none at all,
sit, near the Melbourne Gallery wall,
still, in her strong, immutable graces.

Of those who call, some flood the press
with "What's gone wrong with modern art?"
Here sits no "modern": have a heart!
she came through time and wilderness.

Her children built the Pyramids,
ploughed on through fire in every war:
those limbs you've never seen before
were shaped by caring for those kids.

Unseen, among the glamorous crowd,
screened, from your smooth suburban view,
all men have given her toil to do,
but few have praised her strength, out loud.

"But public money . . . what expense
for something never known or seen . . ."
You've known her, gentlemen: the unseen
mother of everlasting sense.

AILEEN PALMER

References are to the statue of a woman by Henry Moore, acquired by the National Gallery, Melbourne, about May 1960.

£10 REWARD

A supporter of Overland has offered a prize of £10 for the best short story submitted to the Editor by 15th November, 1960.

Unpublished manuscripts already in hand will be eligible.

The winning entry will receive immediate publication. Mrs. Nettie Palmer and Miss Kylie Tennant are being invited to judge the manuscripts with the Editor.

Supporters of Overland are urged to assist Australian writers by making similar prizes available from time to time.

The Book In My Hand

The book in my hand is burnt in the sun
And I have not the wish to turn one
Of its painted pages.

The evening over me holds me
And hides my love from the tree
On the sky.

O the girls are gay frocks
Of fire and fun and their locks
Are long arms taunting me.

Telling me to come with us over the grass
And let the words pass
Into the silence meant for them.

The eyes which are resting deep in my head
Burn my brain, and the knowledge is dead
I would find tonight.

If I were loved I would leave the book
And run with my one till my limbs shook
As the light in heat.

O if I were loved I would hold the earth
Spinning on the point of my birth
Till it dropped and I dropped.

ARNOLD WESKER

★

Those Bitter Phantoms

I see malicious winter grasp and kill.
I see bricks crumble and old stucco flake.
Machines wear out, clocks stop, men die. A chill
Of mortal terror grabs me when I wake
On lonely nights and hear incessant rain
Tap-tapping on the glass. I know too well
Those great blind drops will splash my window-pane
The night I die. I know the same rain fell
Before my birth. Unfriendly rain, you pour
Inevitably down, and mock my fears
Of getting old so soon. Age is a door
Which stands ajar, and death hides there, and leers
Horribly out, watching our blood run cold,
And waits and grins. Oh let me not grow old.

CHRIS MASTERMAN

SIX

Stringybark Creek

Late one October afternoon
When rain was in the sky,
A horseman shouting witless words
Came belting madly by.

Straight for Benalla Town he rode
And shouted as he came;
But no one recognised the horse
Or knew the rider's name.

Silence came down behind his back;
On countless cocky farms
The people watched the Wombat Hills
Not moving eyes or arms.

None knew, and not for days we knew,
The in the hour he passed
Lonigan died, and Kelly's hands
Were dipped in blood at last,

And Kennedy was yet to die,
And MacIntyre in flight
Half-crazed upon a crazy horse
Would scour the range all night.

But silence fell on all the farms
As down the road they flew—
The horse that no one recognised,
The man that no one knew.

JOHN MANIFOLD

POEMS

Lyrebirds

Over the west side of this mountain,
that's lyrebird country.
I could go down there, they say, in the early
morning,
and I'd see them, I'd hear them.

Ten years, and I have never gone,
I'll never go.
I'll never see the lyrebirds,
the few, the shy, the fabulous—
the dying poets.

I should see them, if I lay there in the dew;
first a single movement
like a waterdrop falling, then stillness,
then a brown head, brown eyes,
a splendid bird, bearing
like a crest the symbol of his art,
the high symmetrical shape of the perfect
lyre.
I should hear that master practising his art.

But I have never gone.
Some things ought to be left secret, alone.
Some things—birds like walking fables—
ought to inhabit nowhere but the silence of
the heart.

JUDITH WRIGHT

Governor Sir George Arthur Tours Hobart Town, 1836

At Government House the logs burnt blue,
"A frost", Sir George, you said,
And all night long the prickling stars
Put Hobart Town to bed . . .

In brittle morning at New Wharf
The salty schooners lie,
And under powdered clouds their masts
Like thorns jab at the sky.

Down Hampden Road the Governor strides
As crunching frost now clears;
With shuttered windows, bolted doors,
The brothels stop their ears,
But shelved with rum they crouch in wait
For next year's harpooneers.

Antarctic cold's on hump-back hills,
O blotched with snow they freeze
Around a huddling Hobart Town
At thirty-six degrees.

From Cat and Fiddle Alley, sir,
Wrung out with last night's sin,
Come lurching Currency lad and lass
With home-sick "Tam o' Lin",
In Commissariat slops they reel,
Their ballad knife-blade thin.

Hands in pockets on Battery Point
Let Governor Arthur stand
And contemplate a last Despatch
In eighteenth century hand,
Because within a day, Sir George,
You leave Van Diemen's Land.

. . . The Derwent deathly icy flowed
Above its ship-wreck bed,
Around the skeleton "George the Third"
Weighed down with convict dead.

L. L. ROBSON

★

Small Fish

So safe in your unsafeness,
Small epigrams of fin and scale,
Throwing yourself as silver coin
From desperate head and tail:
Too short the air born curving
To cheat the needle teeth,
For a second only can you spell
From the melee there beneath.

So vulnerable your fragile host;
For you no joy or mirth,
For your staring eyes were wide
Long before your birth;
And the enemy that you could feel,
Within your frenzied mother,
Now haunts you through the spangled sands
That cannot give you cover.

GRIFFITH WATKINS

SALVATION SCORES A TRY

by Barry Mitcalfe

WAY out in the west, the sun was giving up the ghost. The moon walked up the sky, cold and disdainful, as if she owned the place. It was a Saturday, not that it made any difference to those two characters. But it did to us. We had played the last game of the season, and were winding up with an all-night session.

We thought we were winding up, but Salvation Jones seemed to have other ideas.

If you don't know Salvation you'll find it hard to believe in him. He swings a paunch and shaves once a week. The women of the district would gladly crucify him. "You too, can have a body like mine," he says, legs apart, puffing out his belly, "if you're not too flaming careful." His face is as ugly and as good-natured as sin. "Beauty is only skin dope," he says, "I'd sooner be myself." He rarely works. "Work only makes a man bitter. I don't wanta spoil me good nature." The farm his father owned before him grows more unkempt every day. "I don't mind and it doesn't mind so why should anybody else mind?" He downs more whisky than water, but the drink has never downed him. He plays football like a bulldozer with boots on.

If a player on the other side starts putting in the dirt, Salvation taps him on the shoulder, and says, "I'm watching you, boy." That quietens them. One look at Salvation, an armor-plated battleship of a man, with head-gear, noseguard, shoulder-pads, knee-bandages and shin-pads, and the opposition generally shrivels. An occasional iconoclast has been heard to say he is all show, but no one dares say it louder than a whisper. Actually he may be past his prime, but his reputation isn't.

Like tonight.

A swag of Waparoa seniors had dropped over from their bash. They gaffed for about an hour, pausing only to punctuate with an occasional glass of our good beer. Being the end of the season, and having won the last game against us, they decided it was time to forget the old rivalry between the two districts and offer the condescending hand of friendship.

At last their cobbers came to drag them back to their old stamping-ground, but it was no good, the whole lot decided to make themselves at our place.

One of them was saying, "Actually, you chaps were unlucky to lose," when Salvation broke in, "You won the last, we won the first game, so—"

"You didn't call that first game **football**, did you? It was only a friendly—"

"Nah, not football. Just a flamin' massacre."

Everyone fell silent, as if they were looking for a fight.

"There's only one way to settle it," said Salvation, "Play the final game right here and tonight—"

"Yeah. And what about a ref?"

"We'll play you real dinkum football. Just like it was in the beginnin', before the law-and-order Johnnies got hold of her and trimmed her claws. Now, some say football began at Rugby when one boy ran with the ball. But I've been reading that it began with two neighborin' districts, just like you fellers and us, see, and the first district to get the ball into the other's main street stayed there and had a real jamboree."

"Now hold on Salv. It's eight miles from Waparoa to Whatawhiwhi. Long way to go for a try."

"Who said anything about any eight miles? How far is it, Sam, from your party to ours?"

"Four miles, I reckon."

"About four by road. That'll be two, straight up the valley."

"By gum, yes."

"Well, we'll play from our party to yours, if you're game, and the winner is made welcome. Right?"

"Sounds all right. But why not play for a ten-gallon?"

"What! That's makin' the game serious."

"The bridge is about half-way," George broke in, "we could begin there."

"I'll bring me tractor down, help with the scrums—"

"All players on foot."

"Now we've got a rule," said Hawhaw, "I'll go ref. to look after it, if you like."

"Come, come," roared Salvation, "we all know each other here. No need of refs."

"What about a ball?"

"Pigs' bladders, they used to use."

"Lay off me pigs," said George, "I've got a ball."

"Now the party's moving," Salvation said, "we'll see you boys at the bridge."

"Give us about half an hour," Hawhaw replied, "we'll be there."

★

AFTER they left, George rummaged out his old clothes and distributed them. "Real Unnra trousers, these," muttered Willy the Kid, holding up a pair of ragbags.

While they togged up, the fellows worked out a few moves.

"If they break through," said George, "we'll have fellows posted over in the karakas, ready to intercept."

"Leave a dozen beer there, and we'll have it on," said Pete and Max. "If we break through, give it to the fastest man."

"That's the story," roared Salvation, as we began to file out into the moonlight. "Remember anything goes, forward passes, late tackles."

"We'll begin with a scrum down, eh?"

"Sure thing. Fair smack in the middle of the bridge. Don't forget to handle in the scrum."

"Speaking of handle, old man, pass it over." But there were two bottles left as the car approached the bridge. "Better get rid of this stuff. Nobody want it?" asked Salvation, biting off the tops and spitting them out the window. "Bit of fuel," he breathed, and downed the first bottle. "Gettin' rid of the evidence," and the second bottleful went uglug down.

The others were waiting, packed on the bridge. They seemed to have more men than us. One stepped forward, while the rest hurled abuse in the ancient manner. Salvation emerged to meet him. They confabulated, turned and yelled: "Scrum down here boys. All in. No holds barred," and, before Salvation or McCarthy, their captain, could move, they were caught in the middle.

"Come on, open up," roared McCarthy, but it was no use, he had to beat a hole of the scrum with his leg-of-mutton fist before he could drop the ball in. "Weight, boys, weight," yelled their captain, as he crawled over their backs. The weight went in and the scrum collapsed, nearly taking the old bridge with it.

Unnoticed, the headlights of a car swung on to the bridge, lighting up a grotesque tangle of arms and legs. With a shriek of gears, the car shot into reverse, swung unto the road and around, locked its bumper with something in the darkness behind, and whirled back the way it came, dragging half Wilson's fence with it.

The scrum rose up again, bulging the sides of the bridge. An occasional shriek and splash announced the departure of several non-essential men. Salvation just managed to grab Willy the Kid as he was going over-board. "Same old trouble," he said. "Breaking too soon."

Both teams lost several men, but neither lost ground, that was the main thing. The scrum collapsed again. From the deflated ruins rose Salvation, clutching a ball and trying to run, but they dragged him down. Once again the bullock-throated roar went up: "Weight, weight."

Willy the Kid, tucked under Salvation's arm, was feeling more like the meat in a sandwich every minute. How long would it last?

Then he had his bright idea. "Salvation," he called, but Salvation could not hear, his yells were lost amongst the grunts and groans of the pack. Desperate situations demand desperate remedies. He bit Salvation severely on the arm.

"Willie," said Salvation reproachfully, "I'm on **your** side, man."

"I've got an idea," yelled Willie, "give me that ball and help me get clear of the scrum. Then keep 'em occupied while I swim across the river."

"That's the story. Outflanking movement under cover of diversionary attack, what!"

So Salvation carefully laid Willie and the ball down and hooked them both. "Hook, hook! Rake him out," roared Salvation, and Willie was hacked clear. He crawled in a daze around the hairy forest of legs until he found his feet, pulled what was left of himself together, and staggered into the darkness.

Willie couldn't swim very well, but holding tight to the ball and kicking hard he managed to get across. Pausing only to empty his eardrums and hipflask, he struck out towards their headquarters.

Bawham! From the darkness behind came the ear-shattering blast of a shotgun. Willie's jaw gaped so far it almost tripped him. "The dirty dogs, don't have to use guns, it's only a game." He ran faster than ever, anticipating the second barrel.

"That's the signal. They're through," roared the Waparos boys.

Salvation reared up. "Charge!" and over the bridge we went. They fanned out, so did we, but there wasn't a sign of Willie.

★

WILLIE ran on and on, until his lungs were screaming for wind. He was almost to the house when three figures loomed out of the shrubbery ahead. He could hear the baying of the pack behind. He veered to one side, but there were others coming that way. On the other side was a boxthorn hedge. He was trapped, they were almost on him, but, quick as thought, he poised and punted the ball, clean over the boxthorn.

As luck would have it, their star-winger, Johnson, was there, ready to work the blind as usual. He scooped up the windfall and ran. There seemed no hope of stopping him. He was a good half-mile clear of the pack and there was nobody on the bridge to challenge him. But a long black car slid to a halt beside him. "What's the hurry?"

It was the police. Johnson, lost for words, had to stop.

"Come on. What's the idea of running half-dressed round the countryside?"

Johnson tried to explain it was only a game, but all the constables caught was the smell of beer.

So Johnson, rudely intercepted on the way for a try, was ordered off the field.

"Praise the powers," whispered Salvation in the bushes, "he had the decency to leave the ball."

The black car ground away and whirred quickly through to high gear, leaving the ball in the white dust.

Salvation pounced on it, but it was kicked from his hands, over the bank and into the river. "Tally-ho," yelled Salvation, and three men shot past him and dived like a stick of bombs around the ball. They were the opposition, so Salvation called "Fore" and leapt on top of them. Down they all went. One didn't come up, Salvation. He was swimming underwater with the ball.

Lacking speed, he had to use finesse. He tucked the ball in his already bulging trousers and clambered up the bank. As the rest came charging up, he yelled "It's in the river, dive, dive," and over they went like a string of paratroopers. "Help, help, I can't swim," called one. "Now's the time

to learn, brother," murmured Salvation to himself as he quietly ambled up the road.

It was clear going until he came in sight of their place. He heard the call, "There he goes," and somebody yelled, "Look out for the bull!" His feet fairly pounded the earth away from beneath him, but he was not built for speed. They quickly overhauled him.

"It's a trick," one of them gasped, "He hasn't got the ball at all."

"It's a trick, all right," said McCarthy, "what's he standing so bandy-legged for? Search him boys."

Salvation fought valiantly, but overcome by the sheer weight of numbers, surrendered his trousers, but not the ball. This he clutched to his hairy bosom and began to rabbit his way through the ruck. His elephantine red underpants held the opposition fascinated. He made a good ten yards before they recovered.

Spectators appeared at the windows and in the doorway of the house. The women had a grandstand view. Then Salvation caught sight of them. They gave him new life. "Aaah," he roared, "prizes," and he reared up, shook the opposition off and staggered over the doorstep into the shrieking household.

And the game concluded in the usual manner, only more so.

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FROM ABROAD

Pasternak—And After

JACK LINDSAY

EVER since I heard of Pasternak's death, the last lines of a poem of his I recently translated has echoed in my mind. "And stay alive—the thing that matters—alive until the very end." If one could chat with his ghost, would he agree that he did keep "alive to the very end?" The word **life** has a special meaning for him (the Russian root for the word underlies "Zhivago"), and there are certainly several meanings in the lines, one of which is that the poet must stay tinglingly alive, whether his life is short or long in years: alive every moment to the essential moral and human conflicts of his time. And one can claim that Pasternak did stay alive to the very end. whether or not one thinks he always hit the mark with his poetic shaft. And staying-power in this sense has been conspicuously absent among Soviet writers; the only major writer who can be said to have steadily developed is Leonov. Even Sholokhov, who holds the greatest name, rests on his "Quiet Don"; such later work as he has written cannot be said to be anywhere near the same level.

A few years ago, if one tackled a Soviet intellectual about Pasternak, a hundred to one he would hedge and say that he was highly respected as a translator. If pressed, he would add something like what I heard Simonov, not at all an intolerant critic, once say: that Pasternak's poems were like parcels in which after layer on layer of brown paper had been unfolded one found a tiny trivial object.

I think it is different now. Last year in Moscow the writers with whom I discussed Pasternak were on the whole very respectful. It was felt that he had passionately wanted to be "the conscience of his times," but had in many ways miscarried. This judgment I think has a certain justice. Looking back over Pasternak's prose and verse, I feel throughout a strong creative ferment, issuing in many memorable passages or images, but never quite getting the full focus which the poet fiercely wants to achieve. Fedin, with whom he discussed "Zhivago" till some criticisms of naturalistic touches made him withhold the work, said to me that the novel failed because Pasternak had wanted to make it a great tragic epic, but had been unable to sustain his hero's inner conflicts; what was artistically important was not that Zhivago was for or against the revolution, but that he ceased to be for or against anything. Both he and another writer who had known Pasternak since 1917 considered that his dominating idea was to achieve a Goethean integration and write the Faustian epic of our times; and that he must be judged against this high aim. These comments seem to me to tie in with the obvious points of strain, confusion, and contradiction in "Zhivago" itself.

I consider it unfortunate that "Zhivago" was not published in Russia, as it would certainly have been, had it not been for the darkening of the international situation through Hungary in 1956. Not that I think it a masterpiece in the terms it was hailed in the West. It would. however, have been very valuable for Soviet writers, especially the young ones, to examine it seriously for its

virtues and vices, moral and artistic. Still, even without "Zhivago", Pasternak's achievement is a notable one. His translations of Shakespeare and Goethe (as well as of Keats and others) have truly enriched Russian culture; and his poetry, with all its inequalities, shows a persistent struggle, subtly expressed, to penetrate surfaces and grasp at what was humanly most needed in the Soviet situation over the years. No doubt the weaknesses would have been less if Soviet critisism had not been on such a low level. (A recent line of Akhmatova's runs: "Do not dictate to me. Myself, I listen." Pasternak too listened, with all his faculties, even if he did not always understand what he heard.) But in the case of a great or significant artist we cannot admit alibis and blame the critics for not helping him more intelligently.

I cannot here examine Pasternak's poetic method, which has links with the more vital aspects of "symbolisme" in its efforts to define, dynamically and dialectically, the structure of experience in which man finds himself in nature and nature in man. His weakness lies in an overcontemplative element: which comes into the open in a poem like "The Caucasus" (1931) where he says it would be good to look at the mountains with the eyes of the work-brigades grappling with the region; the poetic program then would have "solid stuff" and move people so fast it would keep treading on the heels of its prophecies; and he himself would give up writing verse, he'd live poetry instead of a "poet's life". Such a mechanical opposition of contemplation and action impoverishes contemplation and prevents the development of "poetry as action" (in the sense of Tzara's important definition of the role of poetry in the modern world).

Pasternak leaves an important testament to Soviet writers and readers; his significance will not lessen with the years. He will continue to play his part in raising standards and in helping people towards an understanding of all that is humanly at stake in the inner struggles of a socialist society. He was very much less alone than he himself or his anti-Soviet admirers have thought. Perhaps I can suggest this by citing the last two lines of a 1959 poem by Aseyev, another of the older poets who have not given up the ghost —lines which also came to my mind when I heard of Pasternak's death, beaten by his heart. Aseyev is speaking of the tempo, increasingly overdriven, of life, and ends (in translation): "And often, very often the heart explodes, though no one hears the crack of doom within." Pasternak had done his best to increase the sensitivity of men, so that they might hear that crack and take steps against the waste of human potentiality.

★

Australian Exhibition in Moscow

NOEL COUNIHAN

ON June 27 of this year "Pravda" carried an announcement that the first exhibition of Australian art to be seen in the Soviet Union had been opened the previous day. A similar item was given front page treatment in "Soviet Culture", the daily published by the Ministry of Culture.

The exhibition itself, consisting of 70 pieces, was handsomely displayed in three halls in Friendship House, the headquarters of the Union of Soviet Societies for Friendship and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries and an important cultural centre

Georgi Nissky, a leading Soviet painter.

Sketched by Noel Counihan.

where many international and Soviet exhibitions are held. The artists represented were V. G. O'Connor, James Wigley, Herbert McClintock and myself.

The opening was conducted in style, even to the cutting of a red ribbon by Mr. V. I. Gorshkov, Vice-President of the Union of Friendship Societies, who said that he welcomed the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between the U.S.S.R. and Australia and spoke of the desire of the Soviet people and government for close and friendly relations with Australia. He greeted the exhibition as an expression of goodwill and as an important step forward in the development of cultural exchange between our two countries.

Other speakers were Professor Kort, the Head of the Institute of Oceanography (both Mr. Gorshkov and Professor Kort are active in the new U.S.S.R.-Australia Society), and the well known graphic artist and illustrator D. A. Shmarinov, Chairman of the Moscow Branch of the Artists' Union, who spoke sympathetically of the character of the exhibition, of its realism, its social-consciousness and its links with the life of the Australian people. He said that he found the different artistic personalities represented very interesting.

The exhibition in its nine crates took a month longer to reach Moscow, via Hamburg, than was anticipated. As a result, the original gallery booking was cancelled because of the pressure of exhibitions in Moscow.

But in order to enable artists and students in particular to see the show before they left Moscow on their summer vacation, an exhibition of recent paintings of Czechoslovakia by a group of Soviet artists was taken off the walls in Friendship House and our pictures hung. The drawings and prints we had sent mounted but not framed were all framed in Moscow.

Six weeks after the opening the Australian press carried reports that the exhibition was being extended a further three weeks (it had already been extended one). From Moscow the pictures will travel to a number of Soviet cities, commencing with Leningrad and ending probably in Odessa. When I was in Armenia for a few days I met a number of artists who informed me that they had applied for the Australian show to be sent to Yerivan; they showed me a letter in reply promising them the exhibition.

I was very happy about this as there is an extremely lively school of painting in Armenia.

It has grown up around the figure of the octogenarian Martros Saryan, one of the finest artists of the U.S.S.R., and is quite different in feeling from the Russian tradition or that of neighboring Georgia.

★

The visible changes in Soviet life since my first visit in 1956 are very marked. There is abundant evidence of increased material prosperity and the attack on the housing problem in Moscow has to be seen to be believed. In the south-west area between the airport and Moscow a new residential city has been built.

In 1956, just before my departure from Moscow I spent some hours making some sketches of the vast blocks of apartments whose construction had begun a few months earlier.

They are finished but on a scale far greater than could be seen then and they now house just on a million people.

The signs of post-war strain and fatigue which still lingered on the faces of the people in the streets in '56 have gone.

There is a lot of life in the art world and in the exhibition of 2,500 pieces of painting, sculpture and graphic art displayed in the "Soviet Russia" exhibition at Moscow's Central Exhibition Hall this spring I was struck by the variety of the work on view.

Processes which had begun and were evident on my earlier trip have grown in strength. The swing away from naturalism has gained in momentum and fresh links have been established with the more vital elements in the Russian and Soviet tradition.

A great deal of experimentation is going on. The best of the older painters, like Saryan, Deineka, Nissky, Pimenov, Romadin and others are very prominent and much of the new work is expressive and strong in form. There is a vigor and an inherent optimism which is refreshing.

The general level of graphic art is very high indeed and Australians will, I am sure, get much pleasure from the graphic exhibition which is expected to come to us early next year.

It will contain contemporary lithographs, wood and lino-cuts, wood engravings, and etchings from a wide range of artists, including newcomers in the Asian republics of the Union.

★

Culture in Trouble

KENNETH TYNAN

SINCE this year ends in a nought and is thus divisible by ten, nearly all the leading American magazines have lately been firing at their readers such stark, factitious questions as "What Trends Will Guide Our Culture in the Coming Decade?" and "Have We a Viable Stance for the Sixties?"

A man from national weekly telephoned me a few weeks ago to ask the former question. He caught me at a bad time. I had just seen a T.V. program in which Jacques Barzun, Lionel Trilling and W. H. Auden had discussed "The Crisis in our Culture" with such fussy incoherence that they seemed to be not so much debating it as embodying it.

Mr. Barzun sat bolt upright and smirked, while Mr. Trilling leaned so far forward in cerebration that he appeared, in close shots, about to butt the camera. Mr. Auden, looking like a rumpled, bulkier version of Somerset Maugham, slumped in his chair and squinted gaily at everyone, flicking ash at random, grinning mysteriously in the manner of Mr. Amis' Professor Welch, and displaying throughout the show that sartorial hallmark of the middle-aged English intellectual—a collar-tip curling up over the lapel of his jacket.

From time to time he made eccentric interventions, as when he said he was ashamed to admit that he read newspapers, and when he suddenly asked Messrs. Trilling and Barzun how old they were. "Videowise," he emerged as a distinct individual with little to say; they, on the other hand, had plenty to say, but seemed devoid of individuality.

They spoke with the corporate drone of a house organ (Mr. Barzun's "House of Intellect," no doubt), beside which Mr. Auden sounded like a mouth organ—i.e., a very human instrument, capable of expressing great skittishness and great melancholy, but difficult to integrate into an orchestra. Together, they formed a triptych of official American culture, and their appeal, especially to intelligent viewers under forty, must have been almost nil.

What will happen to American culture at that level of punditry I would not care to predict. Yet elsewhere, in the theatre and among the younger workers, I do discern a trend—or, to be more exact, a strong and growing preoccupation with two themes. The first of these, mainly noticeable on Broadway, has to do with biography. Popular shows are tending more and more to be based on the careers of people still living or fairly recently dead.

Two years ago we had Dore Schary's "Sunrise at Campobello," which was concerned with Franklin Roosevelt's battle against polio; "Gipsy," last season's biggest musical hit, explained how the youthful Gypsy Rose Lee became a successful stripper; and the most prosperous shows of the new season—"Fiorello!", "The Miracle Worker" and "The Sound of Music"—deal respectively with the early triumphs of Fiorello LaGuardia, Helen Keller's childhood struggle against physical handicaps, and the adventures of an Austrian family called Trapp, who escaped from the Nazis and became famous in America for their singing. We have also had a play founded on the efforts of Harry Golden, a Jewish editor living in the South, to fight segregation through ridicule; and in the autumn Judy Holliday is to appear in a dramatised biography of Laurette Taylor, whose problem was the bottle.

I won't go into the quality of these shows, which, apart from "Gipsy" and "Fiorello!" have so far been pretty poor: what concerns us here is their prevalence and popularity. In no other country has the theatre ever devoted itself so zealously to biographical studies of the recent national past. The trend started in Hollywood with films like "The Jolson Story," "The Glen Miller Story" and their numerous successors, all of which offered quasifactual proof that it was possible for anyone, given enough talent and energy, to rise from the utmost obscurity to the topmost celebrity.

Broadway has now followed suit, and American drama, which has hitherto given most of its serious attention to fictional characters defeated by circumstance, appears to be changing its course; the new emphasis is on real-life characters who triumph over circumstances. The individual, spurred on by courage, faith and good will, not only survives adversity but emerges from it an object of national admiration. And if we complain (as we

might in the case of an ordinary play) that this picture of life is facile and wishfully optimistic, we are easily refuted, because: "It actually happened." American audiences, of course, have an unbounded faith in victorious individualism; all the same, it does their suspension of disbelief no harm to know that the victory in question can be historically verified.

Along with this interest in "upbeat" biography goes a second trend, which I hesitate to call religious or even spiritual, since in some of its manifestations it is neither. Less precisely, and therefore more accurately, it concerns the belief that what happens inside a human being is more important than what happens outside.

This notion, of course, is usually expressed in Freudian terms; man is said to be ruled by the internal trinity of Ego, Superego and Id. Sometimes stated in another form, it declares that the summit of human aspiration and responsibility is achieved when one person learns to love another. The hero of "J.B.," the modern Job play with which Archibald MacLeish won a Pulitzer prize last year, sees no hope in politics, psychiatry or organised religion; discarding all three, he "finds fulfilment," as they say, by loving his wife.

A similar conclusion is reached in "The Tenth Man," a heartily acclaimed new play by Paddy Chayefsky. The central character, a suicidal Jewish ex-Communist in the throes of analysis, is cured of his nihilism by taking part in a ceremony held to exorcise a supposed demon from the body of a young girl. "It is better to believe in Dybbuks," an old rabbi tells him, "than in nothing." This eminently disputable statement weans the hero away from the couch of the church, and he achieves personal salvation by falling in love with the girl.

In plays like this it is never suggested that society's relationship with man might be among the causes of his distress, and the idea that man might have a constructive relationship with society has clearly been abandoned as impossibly Utopian. Happiness lies within, and nowhere else; the world outside, brutal and immutable, is best ignored, since it can only bruise you, and damage the inviolability of your soul. This doctrine of inner illumination crops up passim in contemporary American writing. J. D. Salinger's Glass family, for instance, is mainly composed of latter-day mystics and self-slaughtered saints whose offers of disinterested love are constantly being slapped down by a society which their humility forbids them to criticise.

The Beat extremists go much further, dedicating themselves to reaching enlightenment through lysergic acid or opium; and the most memorable theatrical experience at present accessible in New York is an off-Broadway play called "The Connection," which deals somewhat in the manner of "Waiting for Godot" with the mystique and the technique of dope addiction, including the lassitude that precedes the "fix" and the illusion of spiritual insight, soaring and superhuman, that follows it. (The author's name is Jack Gelber.)

And I must not omit Norman Mailer and the philosophy of Hipsterism that he expounds in his controversial new book "Advertisements for Myself," which is partly a Mailer anthology and partly an exercise in self-revelation. Soon after he wrote "The Naked and the Dead," Mr. Mailer became an active Socialist; now, symptomatically, he has swung to the opposite extreme and embraced a religion of outright, psychopathic (his own word) egocentricity. The Hipster, in brief, is a man who has divorced himself from history as well as from society; who lives exclusively in the present; who thinks of himself as a white Negro; and whose aim is self-discovery through sexual pleasure, enhanced it need be by the aid of marijuana.

Christopher Caudwell, in his brilliant "Studies in a Dying Culture," attributed the decline of bourgeois art to two forces:

> On the one hand there is production for the market—vulgarisation, commercialisation. On the other there is hypostatisation of the art work as the goal of the art process, and the relation between art work and individual as paramount. This necessarily leads to a dissolution of those social values which make the art in question a social relation, and therefore ultimately results in the art work's ceasing to be an art work and becoming a mere private phantasy.

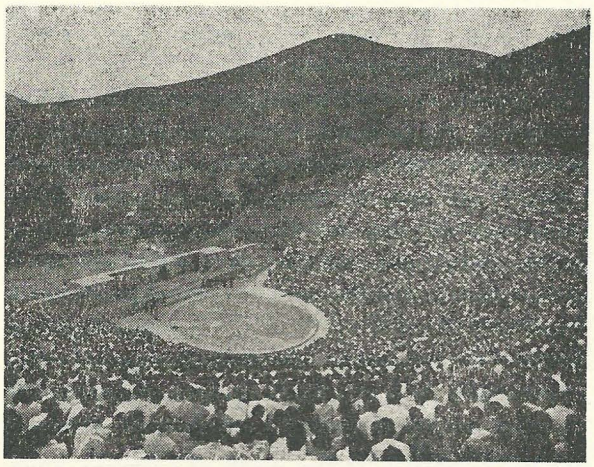
A hamfisted paragraph, but not without relevance. Mr. Caudwell, who died more than twenty years ago, could not have predicted that Broadway, the theatre market, would take to selling the life stories of famous contemporaries; and if he had, it would merely have confirmed his opinion of commercialism. Meanwhile, what he says about art developing into "private phantasy" is disturbingly borne out by the cult of inner fulfilment that I have just described.

This movement, according to some observers, represents nothing more serious than—to quote one of them—"a transient reaction to Soviet atheism and materialism." I hope they are right. In fact, they had better be; American culture is tilting far too heavily in one direction, and it is becoming quite urgent that the balance should be restored.

★

Letter from Greece

BILL IRWIN



IT would be an insult to the daemon of one's own experience not to record, however poorly, the tingling impressions left by the majesty and grace of a Greek tragedy faithfully revived in an ancient Greek setting. Last night at Epidauros we saw "Phoenissae" ("The Phoenician Women"), one of the great tragedies of Euripides. The play itself and the vast open-air stone theatre transported us back to the golden age of Greece, that

brief era when human genius flowered so richly that it affects our thinking and feeling even today.

As pilgrims from Australia we were prepared emotionally for the experience by what preceded it. Leaving Athens in the heat we first drove past Salamis, in whose narrow waters the Greek fleet trapped and defeated the Persians. Past Daphni and through Eleusis of the Ancient Mysteries, where Persephone emerges each spring from wintering with her husband in Hades. Our road led us high, into southern Greece, to golden Mycenae, to see, perched invulnerably on a hill top, the prehistoric citadel, sixteen centuries old even when St. Paul preached in this land. We paused by the Lion Gate through which men marched to the siege of Troy, and saw ruts worn on stone by chariot wheels. Finally, skirting Nauplia, we came to a hillside where rising tiers of stone seats formed a noble amphitheatre. It was the theatre at Epidauros, designed and built by the Argive architect and sculptor Polycleitus some 400 years before Christ, and today the best preserved of all the theatres of ancient Greece.

★

Here each June and July a festival of classical plays, tragedies and comedies, is held. We climbed worn aisles to high stone seats and with thousands of others (the theatre seats 14,000) gazed down upon the stage. The sun set behind an arid mountain range, and the play began.

The action took place in the "orchestra" and on the stage beyond. Behind the "orchestra" wide steps rose to a long, low building forming the back of the stage. Narrow stone stairways led, at both left and right, to the flat roof of this building; and these stairs and roof were used as part of the stage. Melodious, dignified and dramatic music, in which flutes and drums were conspicuous, accompanied the play, but the makers of this music were never visible.

This anti-war play was set in Thebes, where King Oedipus met his destiny. Not as well known, perhaps, as the Theban plays by Sophocles, "The Phoenician Women" is built upon the same heroic myths. and the figures of Oedipus and his sister-daughter Antigone again appear, as well as Iocasta and others. In this play Oedipus has already blinded himself in horror, and it ends with his being led into exile by Antigone.

But while Euripides, one of the four world masters of the tragic stage, was ostensibly writing of legends already centuries old, his play was also a bitter comment on his own times. It was a plea for peace in a time of war. The Peloponnesian War was already blighting the Athenian glory. The play, about the fatal strife between two kingly brothers, struck at the pratricidal strife bringing ruin to Greece. Hence the dramatic significance of the despairing, grieving chorus of Phoenician girl slaves who, not being Greeks involved in the passions of the day, could bring an objective commentary on the internecine struggle.

Euripides, however, is great because he is also "the poet of the world's grief." He alone in intiquity sensitively felt the value of each individual human being (even slaves); he alone had the conviction of the worth of everyone alive. Euripides should be the patron saint and poet if epoch of today in which the militant spirit can so easily lose its sensitivity.

★

Seated high in the auditorium, dimly aware of the roof of stars, the singing cicadas the occasional fluting of a frog from some ancient spring, we felt the playwright would have accepted this absorbed audience and the modern floodlights that inconspicuously lit up the "orchestra" and stage. The words were in contemporary Greek and each syllable was clear: the acoustics were astounding. There was no curtain and no interval. The action through two and a half hours was continuous. But the effect of division into acts was produced by the chorus filling in the intervals between the various stages of the action.

That Greek chorus was a revelation. At last we understood its function. The twenty-one girls, clad in robes in the colors of a Greek vase, acted not only as commentators on the drama but also as an emotional projector of us, the audience, in our excitement and compassion: sometimes singly, in phrases declaimed by individuals; sometimes in unison, by gasps, by song in sweet clear voices, or by a brief dignified dance movement; mostly, by beautifully co-ordinated rhythmic movement and gesture, and the unobtrusive weaving of human patterns. Their hesitations, their advances and withdrawals, their intervals of observant stillness, the sudden turning of heads, the recoil of bodies, their tender sadness or wild pain—all intensified the drama.

Plays at Epidauros and elsewhere in Greece are produced by the Greek National Theatre which acts, like our Elizabethan Theatre Trust, as a focus for talent and a stimulus of theatrical activity of many kinds. Its policy is to present only the best plays of world theatre, including modern Greek plays, and its drama school trains actors and develops the arts of stage design and choreography. It has a big reputation, and if some of its leaders could be persuaded to visit Australia and help produce classical Greek tragedy as we saw it, the result could be a theatrical experience of profound benefit to the Australian stage. At least we should send some young producers and actors to Epidauros.

Sir Mark Oliphant

Science and Ethics - Today

In his remarkable Rede lecture in Cambridge in 1959 on "The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution" the novelist and scientist C. P. Snow analysed the growing division of western culture into two separate and distinct branches, with scarcely a footbridge between them. The problem of the widening gulf between those who know and understand something about science, and those who have no appreciation of the motive force of our technological civilization, is apparent in the deeply moving attempt by the French Jesuit, Pere Teilhard, in his book The Phenomenon of Man, *to effect a reconciliation between science and religion. The National Science Foundation in America has been making tremendous efforts to overcome the apathy of the public, the government and industry towards basic science, which is the life-blood of the technologies which make America great. Here, in Australia, there is continual and confused complaint of falling standards in the teaching of science in schools, due to the near impossibility of obtaining the services of good science masters.*

The catastrophic result of the determination of Asian nations to become technologically industrialized, in the minimum of time, has been apparent to all who have examined the schools and universities in those countries. I make no apology for yet another discussion of these complex aspects of the changing pattern of our civilization.

For some strange reason, man himself, the pinnacle of an evolutionary process which science has unfolded, tends to oppose this same evolutionary trend in social institutions, education and religion. Julian Huxley has remarked that mankind is the only part of nature which is himself aware of the progress of evolution. Speaking of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, Huxley says: "Pere Teilhard starts from the position that mankind in its totality is a phenomenon to be described and analysed like any other phenomenon: it and all its manifestations, including human history and values, are proper subjects for scientific study. His second and perhaps most fundamental point is the absolute necessity of adopting an evolutionary point of view. Though for limited purposes it may be useful to think of phenomena as isolated statically in time, they are in point of fact never static: they are always processes or parts of processes. The different branches of science combine to demonstrate that the universe in its entirety must be regarded as one gigantic process, a process of becoming, of attaining new levels of existence and organization, which can properly be called a genesis or an evolution".

The wholeness of the total evolutionary process, as well as its details, can be comprehended only by one who looks at it from the totality of human experience which is preserved as know-

This paper was delivered by Professor Sir Mark Oliphant as the Frank Tate Memorial Lecture at the University of Melbourne recently. The lecture was organised by the Victorian Institute of Educational Research.

ledge, understanding and appreciation. The narrow man of science, devoid of the wealth of humanistic scholarship, sees only a materialist progression: the vision is even more restricted for the student of the arts or humanities, aware only of the infinitesimally small period of recorded history and literature, and abysmally ignorant of the breathtaking grandeur of the evolution of the universe or of the emergence of man from matter.

Cultural Schism Preserved

THROUGHOUT the educational processes through which men pass, from the kindergarten to the university, the schism in our culture is deliberately preserved. In the early years the modicum of instruction in science is a superficial extra, not a major and vital part of the culture essential to produce the whole man in this age. In the secondary schools there is a rapid sorting out of those who are attracted by science into a group which many headmasters feel to be almost barbaric. The universities, which control public and matriculation examinations, and the schools themselves, sometimes with complaint, but always with obedience, set such high standards of performance in the courses and examinations at the secondary school level, that the barbarians who choose the science side are denied almost all opportunity for a broad cultural education, either within the scientific disciplines themselves or through the study of other subjects. The demand for knowledge in mathematics and science, over-riding that for understanding and appreciation, tends to exacerbate the narrowing influence of school science.

It often seems to me that there is a deliberate conspiracy among educationalists to create and widen a gap between the two aspects of our culture. Unfortunately, those who strive most assiduously to make this chasm unbridgeable are the humanists. They continue to fight a rearguard action against science rather than endeavor to change it into a full and satisfying part of cultural education. Scientists, on the other hand, are either indifferent towards the humanities, supremely conscious that it is their work which makes advance possible in our technological civilization, or else are openly contemptuous of the imprecision, the paucity of new ideas, and the accumulation and regurgitation of information, which is their impression of the humanities. I have heard a celebrated and very widely read man of science say that, while he could appreciate the endeavor to understand human behavior, he could not feel sympathy for those who spent their lives in merely knowing how human beings *had* behaved. He thought it strange that, at high table in his Cambridge College, ability to recall the minutiae of the Platonic dialogues was culture, but that speculation about the origin of the universe, if based on quantitative reasoning rather than on theology or ancient fable, was ruled out as technical discourse.

I suppose that one definition of philosophy might be reasoning about the sum total of human experience. Years ago I met a British philosopher who commented that whereas his colleagues in other disciplines in the university had to know only their speciality, it was necessary for him to be an expert in all disciplines. Yet I never heard him comment on any aspect of the philosophy of science, which he ignored completely in his lectures, and he was never invited, nor did he offer, to lecture to students of science. He identified himself and his subject with the faculty of Arts. The great wealth of precisely recorded experience, which is science, was ignored by him; while those in the faculties of science, applied science and medicine, were denied the questioning of the basis of their system of natural knowledge which a worthwhile philosophy can bring.

Threats to Existence

SCIENCE and technology have produced grave threats to the continued existence of mankind. Advances in medical science have resulted in the development of bacteriological and biological warfare, killing or maiming surreptitiously in a manner which most people find particularly loathsome. The chemists have devised gases and vapors which cause madness, nervous deterioration and death in man, animals and crops, if used in warfare. Nuclear physics has given birth to nuclear weapons, dealing destruction on a scale never dreamed of, killing millions in one act by blast, fire and radiation, and contaminating soil and atmosphere with radioactive materials. The engineers have developed rocket vehicles to carry all these weapons to their targets, with precision and with no hope of effective defence. The ordinary man, appalled by the prospect of war unleashed by national leaders who snarl at one another, and hence at all mankind, with irresponsible threats of violence, reacts against the men of science whose work has made this situation possible. Equally the scientist, more aware than others of the appalling results of war with nuclear weapons, and with a growing realization of his responsibility to mankind, seeks to awaken his fellow men to the desperate need for action, rather than talk, in the bid to make such war impossible. Both find themselves frustrated by national leaders who know something of history, and hence of wars of the past, of the classics, and thus of the heroes of Greece and Rome, or of the law, and the words which clothe it, but nothing whatever of science and technology. They live in a dream world of the past, a world where wars could be won and bravery could bring victory and renown. For them, nuclear weapons, chemical and bio-

logical warfare, are rather horrible concepts which do not over-ride their preconceptions of national dignity or personal glory. They become so obsessed with the importance of preserving their own ephemeral culture and way of life that they regard it as proper to threaten war, and the end of our civilization, if not of humanity itself, to defend them. Their political and economic creeds have become, for them, religious dogmas, whether they belong to the nominally Christian west or to the equally nominally materialist communist countries.

At all times dogmas which lead to fanaticism, to reaction against change or any challenge to belief, have been the enemies of knowledge and particularly of scientific knowledge. The churches, with their dogmas based on revelation, which becomes more fixed and unchangeable with time, have opposed the growth of natural knowledge. Even when faced with irrefutable concepts, like that of evolution, they refuse to abandon any of the dogmatic rubbish with which once fine and satisfying religions have become burdened. Indeed, like political leaders, they invent new dogmas to bolster up the old, not realizing that the more irreconcilable with knowledge they make these unstable structures, the more certain they are to topple completely when attacked. And the attack comes less from challenging facts, as the rationalists attempt, as from the challenge of ideas and of developing human values.

Exactly the same picture, almost a mirror image, is seen beyond the borders of the Soviet countries. Marxism, allegedly founded on science and technology, but actually based on the uncertain foundation of limited Victorian knowledge, has become as dogmatic as any religion. The non-scientist Stalin took it upon himself to interpret advancing knowledge to make it fit the out-of-date pattern. He went further, and because it was convenient to believe that acquired characteristics could be inherited and agriculture thereby revolutionised rapidly, he promulgated the dogmas of Lysenkoism. His attempts to ban the relativity of Einstein, and to interfere in other ways with the physical sciences, were still-born because so obviously at variance with the known behavior of matter. However his dogmatic influence on biological science held back development in that field in Russia for a generation or more. Only since the death of Stalin have the biological sciences attracted men of calibre comparable with that of Russian physical scientists.

The Other Side

IT is all too easy to point out the peculiar behavior of the other side, and to ridicule his obviously false ideas. It is not so easy to realize that the majority of our own beliefs, or of our attitudes which arise from these whether we still hold to such beliefs or not, will not stand up to careful or inspired analysis. One need only look at the horoscope pages of a women's magazine, or attend a meeting addressed by Billy Graham, to realize that it is neither reason nor religion which guides the lives of the majority of people today.

A completely rational world is neither a possibility nor a desirable state of affairs. Science, fumbling forward, is by no means always rational. Its irrational guesses, put forward as theories, are, however, rigorously tested against observation and are discarded at once if proved untenable. Because of this experimental approach the march is generally forward, old ideas continually giving away to new as knowledge grows. Is there no way of conveying to every man some understanding of science and the way it advances so that he has some idea of the forces which shape his life and his destiny? Can a way be found to give every child some inkling of the way nature works without attempting the impossible, and highly undesirable task, of making every person a scientist? If a rapid bridging of the chasm between our two cultures cannot be achieved, we face a very grim and unhappy future.

This bridge can be built only through education. It is rather a hopeless task to attempt to repair the breach in the minds of the majority of the adult population, but with proper understanding of the importance of this greatest single problem in teaching, and the boldness to tackle it experimentally in whatever ways seem promising, it could cease to exist in a single generation.

The basic concept to be worked out is to make science as much a part of universal education as history or English, so that pupils accept the necessity to know something of the structure of the universe as readily as they accept the need for some knowledge of the geography of the world. Science can and should be taught in such a way that even those who follow primarily totally different courses, have enough knowledge to be sensible about, and sensitive to the needs of the rapidly changing world in which they live.

Education about science and the scientific point of view, for the ordinary man and woman, cannot be the same as education in science for the budding man of science. A totally different approach is required.

It may well turn out that the present-day scientist is the last person to be entrusted with this far more difficult task, for he is apt to be rigid and pedantic, both about method and the need to convey exact meanings and ideas. For instance, I have been told repeatedly by Australian professors of applied mathematics and physics that it is impossible to think of teaching dynamics, the science of moving bodies, in secondary schools, without the calculus. And this in spite of several very successful courses planned without calculus in America and England. However, even this I believe to be a fundamentally wrong approach when attempting to make of science a general cultural subject in primary and secondary schools. For this purpose, knowledge of nature must be presented as a unity, without division into physics, chemistry, biology and so on. The general basis would be that space is filled with matter and radiation: the earth is part of this matter: and on if there are inanimate and living entities, all made from this matter and vitalized by radiation.

The questioning, eager approach to the world, which is natural in children, is so often destroyed by the usual methods of education. In the teaching of science it is essential to preserve this curiosity to the full, making it the very bedrock of the enquiry into nature which a course in science should be. Every statement of fact should be justified by the evidence. The real significance of the 'laws' of science, as reasonable approximations, to be discarded as better concepts are born, must be woven into all discussion of them. Learning about the moon, the stars and the other heavenly bodies should enhance, and not remove, the romantic wonder with which the natural child sees them. Knowledge of the development of the animal from the fertilized ovum should bring a sense of awe and deep appreciation, rather than be a replacement of a fairy tale by a mere mechanism. No difficulty, on the part of the teacher or of science itself, should ever be glossed over. Rather, the gaps in knowledge, and the difficulties of filling them, should be emphasized. At all times, science should be a human activity, full of fun and delight, bringing to the child the same sense of adventure which comes from all exploration. Indeed, space-travel and fantasies of science fiction can become the starting point for real enquiry and the painless acquisition of a very great deal of knowledge of the natural world.

The powers which mankind derives from natural knowledge can be made clear by a careful historical treatment of a particular aspect of science, for instance, the concept of energy. The bubbling tea kettle of Watt can well be omitted in favor of a simple treatment of Joule's work on the transformation of power into heat. The effects on the economy of the development of mechanical engines, and of explosives, can do much to make the child aware of the human consequences of increasing knowledge and the problems it creates. The general principles of genetics can be grasped by the very young, who then grow up with an appreciation of a problem which they

Continued page 33

Perambulations . . .

See next pages

THINKER, failure, soldier, salesman, Top Man, little men, bureaucrats, priests. Petty's puckish drawing girdles their world in spindly line. He has chosen to see Australia as a machine in motion, but his is no chariot of fire and progress. It is rather a ramshackle and haywire conveyance that moves in stops and starts, guided by a dangerously slender steering-column. A mass of whimsical pen-trails capture all our society's complexities; more specific nib-work yields pin-head portraits of most of its leading citizens. See the Captain of Industry reclining at the throttle, see the Union Leader pulling on the brake.

Few of us have been forgotten. Look into the inner-workings. See the merry-go-round of government, where, under a common banner reading "We are the Best", the parties are identified by card suits. Note the workers filing from suburbia to the treadmill, lured on by the falling change. Hear the mass-media exhorting them to "buy things". And don't overlook those misbegotten sons of art, dangling at their tether's end behind it all, playing violins and spouting poesy.

In the contraption's rumbling stomach coils the nexus of capital and investment. Above it a hopper feeds in overseas capital, below it money is siphoned away to power the taxation turbine of the public service.

The farmer is bending to his toil, the pensioner bows beneath her cross. Defence is a cannon, Democracy a ballot-box. Slowly, with power-drunk lurchings, Australia Advances, the P.M. smiling at the helm. But little figures round about dissent, crying "This way! This way!" and insist that only their way lies the Truth. And one little figure, tiring of being an organisation man, rejecting the hidden persuasions and outer-directions from the power-elite, walks towards the page-edge.

Look between the lines and work out the inter-relationships between housing-finance and the cash-pipe circuit, between the Entertainments Dispenser and the Overseas String Control. No prizes are offered for correct answers, beyond the pleasures of recognition.

P.A.

Overland Questionnaire page 58

BRUCE Petty, the retiring figure sketched on the right, describes himself as a "social misfit and misunderstood reprobate". Actually he is a thirty-year-old Australian, living in Melbourne, who is well known overseas as a contributing artist to the New Yorker, Punch, Lilliput, Esquire and other magazines. Overland has snared him into an undertaking to satirise all existing institutions, everywhere, in a series of pettygraphs which will be exclusive to this magazine. In the drawing overleaf, Bruce gives us his own view of contemporary society. In future issues he will blueprint for us the Intellectuals, the A-Bomb Testers, the Youth and various other sacred cows of the day.

History of a Despised Love—II

RECOGNITION

Harsh Time, my most tenacious enemy
who crouches by me everywhere I go,
tugs at my brain, goads tears, leaps with a blow
to scream in my ear: I'll never let you be!
I recognise him from another place
though he is masked: the lips, the eyes, the hair;
who cripples sleep? to waking wails despair?
The mask falls off in victory—your face!
O vicious Time to taunt me so, to scowl
with that same mouth that touched away the pain;
O ruthless Time, whose neutral eyes disdain
the clemency you once served to my soul;
O rigid face of Time, how soon relent
and mean again to me what once you meant?

SYMPATHY

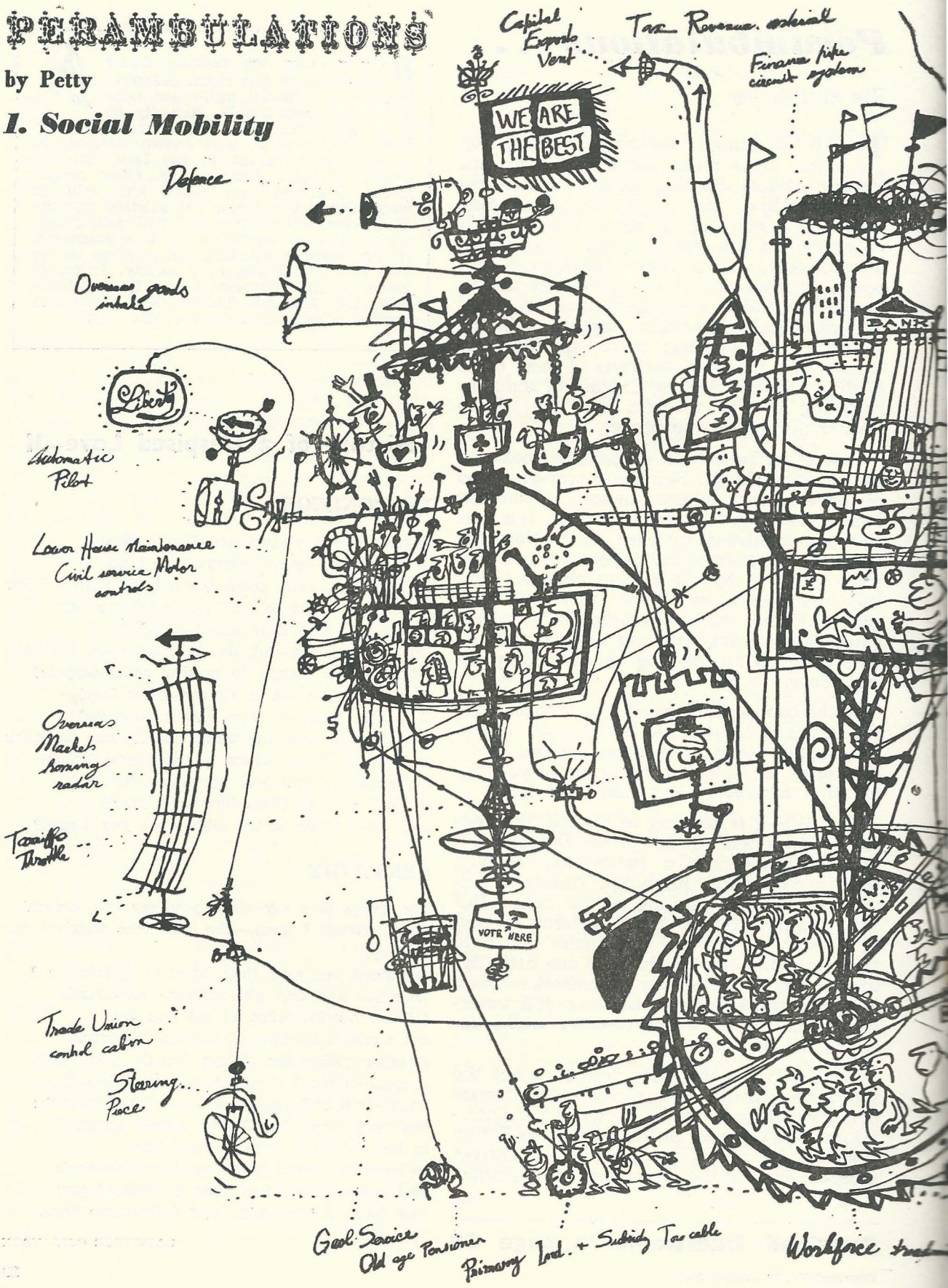
The things they say about you, my few friends!
(And **friends** I mean—the ones who watched me
cry,
embraced me with their arms or hearts, as I
ascended that first alp despair.) One sends
a letter hooting what an oaf you are:
not worth a fraction of me! up the creek!
Another claims she always thought you weak.
A cynic sniffs: I should have seen this far!
Cloud-frail and puddle-shallow (they remark)
and immature. And I who should agree,
in this defeated circus am not free
to somersault and hate; but from this dark
face memory and feel your goodness blaze;
and must defend you, long defenceless days.

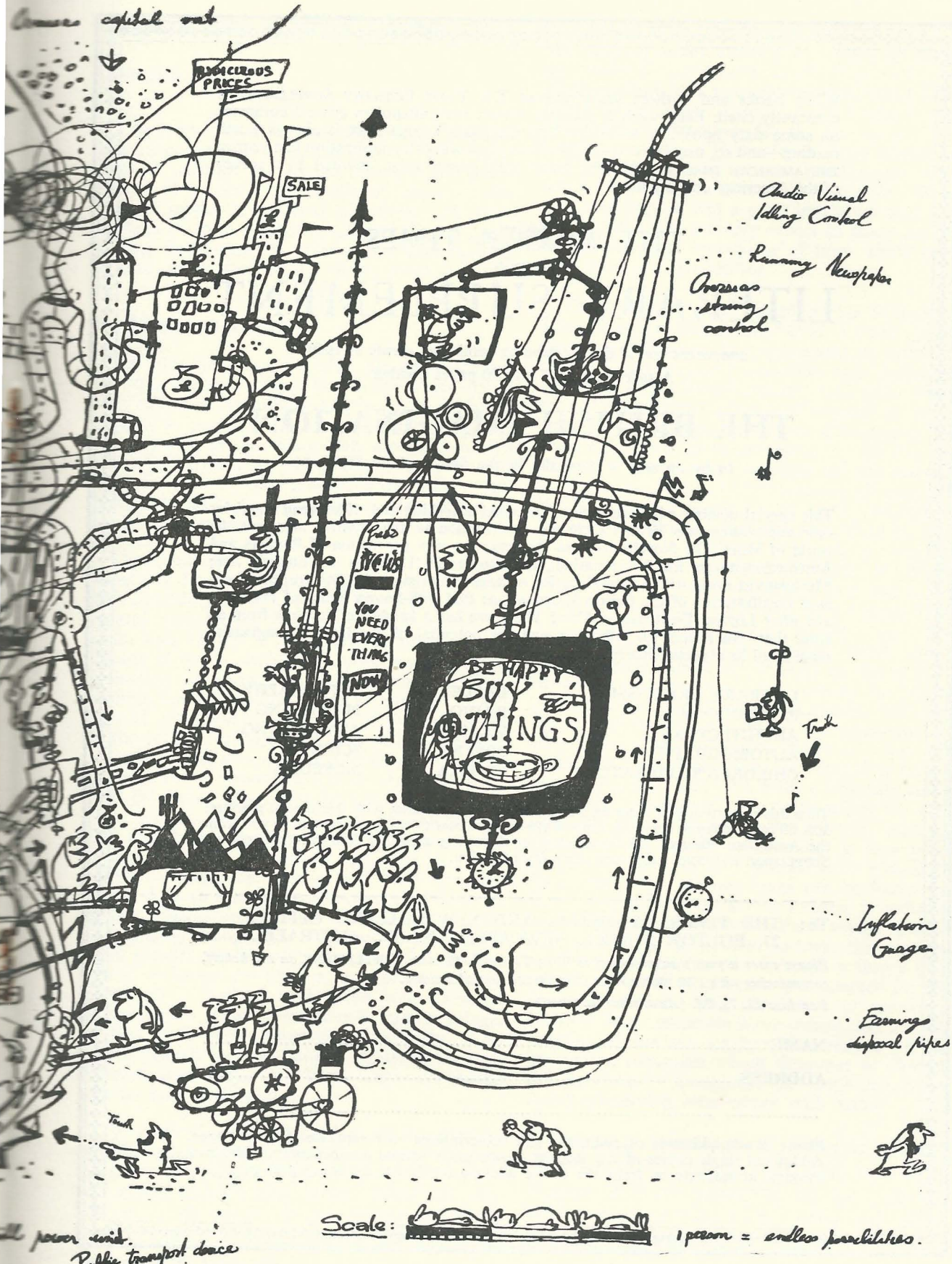
LAURENCE COLLINSON

PERAMBULATIONS

by Petty

I. Social Mobility




RIDICULOUS PRICES
SALE
Audio Visual Idling Control
Running Newspaper
Overseas string control
Radio
STEREO
YOU NEED EVERY THING
NOW
BE HAPPY, BUY THINGS
Truth
Inflation Gauge
Evening disposal pipes
Truth
Scale:
1 person = endless possibilities.
Public transport device

Science and Ethics—Today

From page 28

will have to face when they are adult. The fact that all nations have contributed to the advancement of scientific knowledge, which is the vested interest of no one people, will help dispel the outrageous myths of national superiority which so easily grow from schoolboy history. Loyalty is in no way diminished by pride in the achievements of man, rather than of the child's country.

No Knowledge Secret

THE idea that no knowledge can be secret, but that it only becomes knowledge when shared with and tested by others, is a lesson to be learnt as early as possible. Benjamin Franklin had the right idea when he made the members of his "Junta", a society for discussion of the problems of his time, swear upon admission that they would "diligently seek the truth, and having found it, impart it to others".

Three hundred years ago, when the Royal Society of London for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge was founded by Charles II, the natural philosopher was much more closely in touch with his fellow men. It was only with the coming of the industrial revolution and the rapid utilization of science by industry that the gulf between the two cultures began to appear. In the days of Benjamin Franklin, or of the beginnings of the Royal Institution, it was still fashionable to be interested in science and to know something about it. Polite conversation in the drawing room, or at the dining table, included the latest scientific ideas and discoveries as part of general culture. The real break came with the introduction of science into the universities and then into the schools. These institutions had been the preserves of those who practised what is now known as the "liberal arts". The challenge of science was quickly recognised. Unable to prevent its rapid growth, the humanists set to work to isolate it and to foster the illusion that science was a second-rate discipline and those who devoted themselves to it were second-rate human beings. In this they were remarkably successful. At school, science became "stinks", while in the universities, fellowships of colleges were very rarely won by men of science.

The carefully fostered concept of the second-rate discipline of science has never died. One of the most mortifying experiences of my life was to find myself at high table in my Cambridge College, as newly elected Fellow, seated beside an erudite classicist-theologian-orator, who put me in my place at once by pouring scorn on my Ph.D. and sneering at my inability to counter his classical cracks at my ignorance of all culture. On another occasion, I remarked excitedly that I had found Wells' *Short History of the World* a wonderful experience since, for the first time, I saw history as whole. There was a stony silence for a while, followed by a most gentlemanly crucifixion of Wells, the scientist and novelist, in the role of historian, and a clear indication that I, as a scientist, could scarcely expect to share the discrimination, and knowledge of men, which came only from the humanities.

The late Sir Henry Tizard, in his lecture "A Scientist in and out of the Public Service", made clear the difficulties he experienced as Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, as Rector of Imperial College, as President of Magdellan College, Oxford, and as Chairman of the Cabinet Advisory Committees on Scientific Policy, in communication with his colleagues. These were members of the General Staff and ministers of Government, all educated in the liberal arts and with no knowledge of science. In Britain, the Ministry of Labor and National Service published this year a pamphlet in its series "Choice of Careers", which is labelled "The Scientist". It is significant that this is No. 100 in the series which began about twelve years ago. It pictures the scientist, in government service or in industry, as the servant of others, useful as a technical expert but unlikely to rise to posts of managerial responsibility because his background is not that considered necessary for dealing with human beings or for the determination of policy. The well-known quips of Churchill, when Prime Minister: "Scientists should be on tap but not on top", and "We want a scientific, not a scientistic government", illustrate pithily the general attitude of governments towards men of science. The number of scientists is now great enough for them to be a general cross section of the community. Among them will be found the same fraction with the ability to lead, in industry or in government, as among those whose specialized knowledge is in law, history, the classics, economics or commerce. Perhaps a larger proportion of scientists is seriously concerned for the present well-being and the future of mankind, because they appreciate more clearly the terrible realities of nuclear warfare, the nature of the population explosion which threatens to destroy our standards of living, and the subtle dangers of man's continuing interference with nature.

Increasing knowledge of biological science enables man to modify plants and animals to improve their characteristics for his purposes. Modern medical science keeps alive, and allows to breed, individual humans who would formerly

have been eliminated by the processes of natural selection. This means that man may be preserving deliberately aberrant genes which are harmful for the future of his race. It is clear that on this earth the natural processes of biological evolution have ceased to operate. The biological future of the earth is now in the hands of man, and it is essential that he face up to all the grave responsibilities involved. Evolution for man has changed to an extremely rapid evolution of ideas and knowledge, which has an increasing effect upon the evolution of his social systems, his problems of education and his religions.

Scientific Methods Ignored

IT is all too true that the problems which face the world, most of which stem directly or indirectly from advances in science, are seldom solved by scientific methods. Most religious and other bodies simply ignore these problems in their selfish desire for individual salvation or benefit. There are men alive today who, in order to preserve their own minority view of a way of life, would unleash warfare of a kind which could destroy civilization and perhaps life itself. When solutions *are* sought, they are in general dictated by group interests or unreasoned prejudices of a religious, personal, or political nature. Whatever is achieved is seldom the result of concern for the common good of mankind as a whole and it is seldom lasting.

In a remarkable paper published in the American magazine *Science* in 1957, Anatol Rapoport has emphasized what many men of science have been trying to say for a decade or more, that there exist in science ethical principles which are inherent in its pursuit. These declare that objective truth does exist and that there are rules for discovering it. He points out that unanimity in recognition of this truth can be achieved only by independent minds reaching it by independent paths, and never through personal argument, appeal to authority, or coercion. He asks whether these are not a good ethical basis for examination of all human experience, for science is the only human activity which uses human experience, and human experience alone, as its root and yardstick. As a result of this appeal always to common, agreed experience, the enormous body of knowledge, which we call science, is shared by all, irrespective of creed, color, or nationality.

"Science, like all other systems of thought, seeks answers to questions which men hold to be of importance. But, whereas in other outlooks answers are accepted that harmonize with particular world-views peculiar to different cultural complexes, science seeks answers which are reducible to *everyone's* experience. These cannot be answers based on esoteric or mystic experience, because such experience can be common to, at most, a few. These cannot be answers based on unquestioned authority, because such authority remains unquestioned only to the extent that experiences which could lead to questioning are excluded. These cannot be answers derived from narrowly limited experience, because science puts no limits on experience. In short, the irreducible answers to scientific questions are answers linked to those irreducible experiences which can, potentially, be shared by all mankind."

The moral crisis in which the Western World finds itself is largely a result of the undermining of strongly held and unifying traditional beliefs by the new, free-ranging spirit of enquiry. Rapoport points out that whereas Christianity, like industrial capitalism, appears to be compatible only with Western culture, science is for all men. In fact the results of scientific endeavor and of the spread of the spirit of unrestricted enquiry have shattered many of the fundamental aspects of the Western social order, such as the spiritual dominance of the church, colonialism, and unrestricted cut-throat competition. It has so revolutionized the sacred institution of war that men are questioning the idea, which has been held throughout history, that war is the most honorable pursuit of their race, and seek to make it a crime against humanity.

Rapoport suggests that the reason why the scientific attitude has spread with growing speed and strength, despite its conflict with authority, is that there appears to be something universally satisfying about the scientific point of view, particularly as it affects man's relationship to his environment. This last is the traditional role of religion, which has fallen down on the job because it has consistently refused to take part in the evolutionary process going on before its eyes. Few men who have come to know and appreciate science can ever return to beliefs in the supernatural or the magical. Yet they develop a new kind of faith in the goodness and worthwhile nature of knowledge, in the frank acknowledgment of ignorance and in the effort to rectify it. The keystone of science is the pursuit of truth, and Rapoport suggests that this is the basis of all ethics. Science alone, of all systems of thought, recognises its own limitations and endeavors to remove them.

Hogland has said: "The concept of the dignity and brotherhood of men is a condition necessary to the pursuit of truth. Science leaves no room for the rationalization of quasi-ethical totalitarian ideologies (whether political or religious) and racial hatreds. These are maintained by sacrosanct fictions which are shattered once scientific enquiry is turned upon them".

Pursuit of Knowledge

IT is clear from all this that the pursuit of knowledge, which is science, is not in any way incompatible with the preservation of human dignity, of the eternal values of art and literature, or with the ethical principles which must govern men's lives. Indeed, it is equally clear that science has positive contributions to make to all human activities, and can uphold the basis of value judgments at a time when the religious authority for these is disintegrating. How noble is the attitude of science which admits ignorance, or incomplete knowledge, and tries deliberately to build, through enquiry and continuous testing, an increasing and self-verifying system of understanding which can be accepted universally!

We cannot doubt that science is a major part of our culture as well as the mainspring of our march towards greater stature and dignity for mankind. Should it not then become part of the experience of every human being, as essential as reading and writing, history or languages? The man without any knowledge of science is more certainly half-educated than is the man without experience of Shakespeare, of Greek or Latin, or of the history of mankind, for he lives with and by science in his everyday life.

There are very grave dangers in the perpetuation of the schism between science and other forms of human culture. It is the task of those who are concerned with education to repair the rift which exists, and to work out rapidly ways in which to convey sufficient understanding of science, and knowledge of its content, for it to become a natural part of the preparation of every man and woman for life. This will not be achieved by more physics, chemistry or biology in the school curriculum, but only by rethinking the whole basis of education, so that science, and its relations with man, permeate the whole fabric of teaching.

The Two Cultures

I, the improvident, unforseeing,
  speak for one only, at this minute:
if others, in one brief life's being,
  were in my scope, well, I'd be in it.

Conditioned by my time, I go
  grateful for my more-vitamised bread,
but apt to hate the so-and-so
  whose quest for truth may kill me dead.

Man, the quaint, genocidal sort—
  that's both of us—you invent the means
and I endure, without retort,
  Defence, its cost, and what it gleans.

Perhaps you envy me that when
  we're good and safe annihilated
other-planet folk may search where men
  once were, and find a poem, dated.

AILEEN PALMER

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Evidence

Shrines built to last, the earliest age
Erected. They stand rank on ranks.
So what we worship you may gauge:
Our mightiest buildings are the banks.

MARTIN HALEY

Ian Turner

ABOVE THE SNOW-LINE

The Sociology of C. P. Snow

"THE Masters," C. P. Snow's fifth published novel, had been in print for five years when I first read it. I had heard it well spoken of by many university friends, but largely in terms of a fascinating exercise in academic politics, a part of life that at the time seemed remote and irrelevant. Then I came across a copy in a secondhand bookshop, and bought it—casually, because I wanted something to read in the train.

That was at a time when, after years of thinking of people largely as social types or as members of groups, I began to look at men and women (myself included) as individuals. I found that Snow was a writer I needed; and I felt then (as I do now) that Snow knew more about people, and could convey his understanding more adequately, than any of his contemporaries, and than almost any English writer I had read. It may be that, because I came on Snow at a time when I needed him, I over-value his writing; but for some years he has seemed to me to be one of the great.

This is not meant in any way to suggest a revelation. There is nothing of consolation or sublimation or spiritual elevation in these books of Snow's, only a deeper understandnig of the men and women we live with, and a deeper compassion. Why men are what they are, what moves them to act as they do, how much and how little men know of their fellows: these are Snow's concerns, and he has little eye for anything else. The world of externals is important only as it mirrors, or provides a setting for, the inner drama of reason, emotion, decision, action, reflection. This is how we all live; but, except in moments of unusual exaltation or despair, we rarely probe so deeply. Snow lays it bare.

The "Strangers and Brothers" sequence of novels—of which eight out of a planned ten or eleven have so far been published—concerns the experience of one man, Lewis Eliot, through whose eyes all the action and all the characters are seen. The design of the series, says Snow in one of his few explanatory comments, consists of "a resonance between what Lewis Eliot sees and what he feels. Some of the more important emotional themes he observes through others' experience, and then finds them enter into his own." "The Conscience of the Rich."

The canvas is narrow: Eliot's world is that of upper-middle-class England, intellectuals, professionals, civil servants; with occasional forays into business and the arts.

This is also Snow's world: he has been in turn scientist, university don, writer and administrator, and he writes of what he knows. He sees himself as a realist, in the sense that he seeks to recreate in his books the experiences, the problems and values of the life he has lived. His major concern beyond literature is with bridging gaps—the gap between the "two cultures" (the sciences and the humanities); the gap between the advanced industrial societies and the under-developed nations; the gap between East and West. (In this last field, Snow has recently begun planning for the publication in England of a library of Soviet literature; and arrangements have been completed for the translation of the complete "Strangers and Brothers" sequence into Russian.)

Although Snow's canvas is narrow, his themes are general: ambition and abnegation, pride and humility, sexual love and family love, the excitement of discovery and the joy of creation. the insatiable hunger for prestige and power. Sometimes this narrowness limits the working out of his themes; more often, what he has to say about the men and women of his own circle concerns all of us. And underlying it all is the contradiction implied in the choice of "Strangers and Brothers" as the title of the sequence: "The individual condition of each of us is tragic. Each of us is alone: sometimes we escape from solitariness, through love or affection or perhaps creative moments, but those triumphs are pools of light we make for ourselves while the edge of the road is black: each of us dies alone." ("The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution".)

Snow's view of man is tragic, but it is not pessimistic. The heart of Lewis Eliot's experience (and the heart of Snow's optimism) is his fight

with himself to break out of the island which is every man's being, to reach out to his fellows. So it is with all men—but it is not the same for all. George Passant, who appears in "Strangers and Brothers" and later in "Homecomings," is the strongest influence in Eliot's young manhood and on his early career; Passant is "a human brother," fighting with his brother men, never wanting to be above the battle, giving himself easily and with little reservation. But Eliot knows "the temptation of playing God: of giving so much and no more: of being considerate, sometimes kind, but making that considerateness into a curtain with which to shut off the secret self I could not bear to give away." ("Time and Hope.") And he knows also the need to give, and the joy of giv-

Power in personal terms

It is the personal satisfaction of power, and so power in personal terms—the assertion of the will in emotional relationships or within the small groups in which men live and work—that concerns Snow. But this satisfaction comes in different ways. One man wants "to handle, coax, guide, contrive, so that men find themselves in the places he has designed." Another needs "to be known as a man of power." And yet another longs for "all the trappings, titles, ornaments and show of power," and sees in power the means of perpetuating his name. ("The Masters.")

This is not power in the Marxist sense of the struggle of class against class for possession of the machinery of state and the forces of production. It is rather the struggle for influence or dominance, position or prestige, within the existing power elite. It is the men of government and the Establishment who live in Snow's world. What these men decide affects the lives of millions. It is enlightening, and sometimes frightening, to be let in on how they do the deciding.

Snow's world is not all of one piece. Among these top men, one group is already withering—the hereditary aristocracy, the inheritors of the great private fortunes in land and finance. This is outside and beyond the personal power-drive; what is happening to these people they can neither check nor understand. And so, like Leonard March, the wealthy Anglo-Jewish banker, they withdraw from a world which has grown too big for them—"the twentieth century needed, not single millions, but tens and hundreds of millions, and could only be financed by the joint stock banks." ("The Conscience of the Rich.") Or like Lord Boscastle, they build a wall of social pretension, and hide behind it. ("The Light and the Dark"). Or, like Sir Philip March, Leonard's brother and a junior minister in the Chamberlain Government, and Lord Bevill, Lewis Eliot's Minister in the days when Eliot is a civil servant, they cling to their places in the world of affairs beyond their time, making self-destroying mistakes because they simply do not speak the language of the new men of power.

Theirs was the world which regarded trade, manufacturing, the professions, even the Foreign Office as beneath their dignity, which tried to maintain a social stratification that had lost its ing—and the bitter doubt that to give means at the same time to take.

It is this knowledge that the moment of surrender of power over oneself to another is also the moment of assertion of power over the other which ties this strand of Eliot's experience, and Snow's understanding, into what is the strongest continuing theme in the "Strangers and Brothers" sequence: the hunger for power.

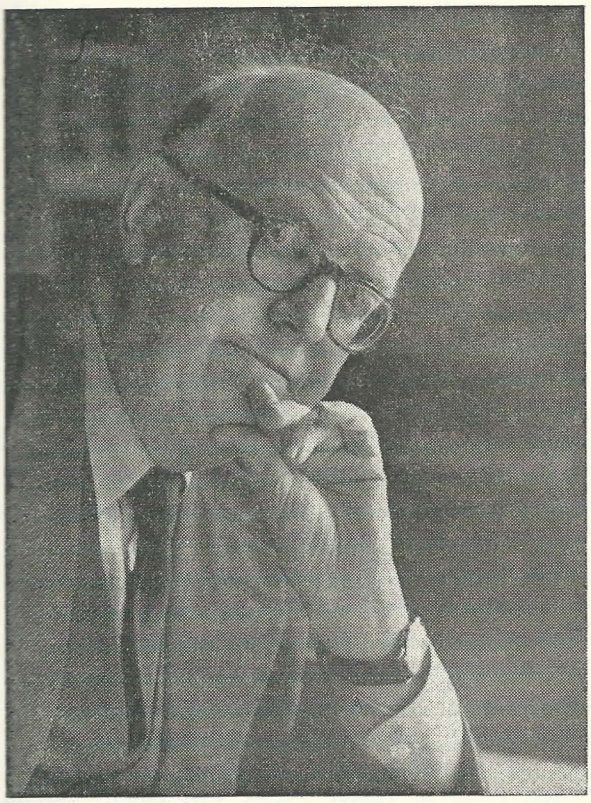
More than any other human motive, it is this need which shapes and governs the thoughts and actions of the men of Snow's world, which is the British elite. It is with Snow's view of power, what might be called his sociology—that is, with Snow's picture of how this elite conceives and uses its power. and how it seeks to guard and preserve it—that this essay is concerned.

relevance, even while the more perceptive of them mocked at themselves for doing so. Inevitably, power drops—or is snatched out of their weakening hands, and, just as surely, is caught up by the men of the joint stock companies and—on the side of government and the professions—those who can talk in their terms. Curiously, Snow, who understands this process very well, has more sympathy for the old men than the new. There is no portrait in depth of Paul Lufkin, the rising engineering magnate for whom Eliot worked as level adviser, to compare with those of the March brothers, for example. The world of impersonal manipulation seems pale beside that of personal intrigue.

The leisured rich have time to doubt themselves, to feel the breath of social revolution hot at their backs—a fear which is as much admission of their own decay as it is rational assessment of their prospect; they have to recognise the need "to go to extravagant lengths to feel that [their lives are] useful." ("The Conscience of the Rich.")

The new men, in the first flush of their power, have no such weakness and no such need; and so they are less interesting. Snow's picture of the business magnate is one of a man who no longer has to play this game, who already has something near absolute power in relation to the men who surround him, and whose use of it is limited only by the market. By contrast, in government and administration, in the public institutions and the professions, where power is exercised, where meaningful decisions are made, but no individual is secure, the power-game is played at its hardest. This, more closely defined, is the area of Snow's interest, and three things should be noted about it. First, it is largely a closed world. Second, the men playing this game are moved largely by personal considerations, only rarely by principles. Third, the game is played within the rules.

It is very much a closed world. The men who inhabit it are jealous of their prerogatives, and reluctant to share them with other than their own kind. The Cambridge dons. the top administrators spend much thought on whether the men who aspire to join their ranks are "suitable"; and the test of suitability is conformity rather than ability. Birth—that is, class origin—is of course important, but not decisive. The man of talent can overcome the handicap of lowly origins—provided he conforms.



C. P. Snow.

LEWIS Eliot himself is the prime example. His own origin is provincial lower middle class—unsuccessful and poor at that. His mother feels (with little real basis) that she has slipped down the social scale in marrying his father, and Lewis absorbs from her the ambition to succeed, to move back up the ladder. An inheritance gives Lewis his chance; his meeting with George Passant suggests the law as the way up. He rejects the security of taking articles with a provincial solicitor for the gamble of reading for the bar: "In favor of the gamble, there was just one thing to say. If my luck held at every point and I came through, there were rewards, not only money, though I wanted that. It gave me a chance, so I thought then, of the paraphernalia of success, luxury and a name and, yes, the admiration of women." ("Time of Hope.")

Lewis' gamble succeeds, and he begins to make a name for himself at the Bar. But, as his life turns out, it is not through the law that he makes his name. Domestic tension puts success in this beyond him, and he leaves active practice for the quiet life of a Fellow at a Cambridge college: "Of all [the vocations] I had the chance to see, the college was the place where men lived the least anxious, the most comforting, the freest lives." Yet this life was in itself a compromise. "Many able men entered the academic life in those years because, with a maximum of comfort, it settled their consciences and let them feel that their lives were not utterly without a use." ("The Masters.")

Later, in the war, he becomes a civil servant, and has administrative responsibility for the British atomic energy research project. But this, too, he rejects as a permanent career, although here his decision is more his own. Through his years in the civil service, he "had kept an interest in success and power which was, to many of my friends, forbiddingly intense . . . Yet, over the last years, almost without my noticing it, . . . I was growing tired of it: or perhaps not so much tired, as finding myself slide from a participant into a spectator." ("Homecomings.")

And, finally, it is as "spectator" that Lewis Eliot finds both success and power. It was his interest in human beings that determined his course. More than the technicalities of the law, more than any abstract concern for justice, it was what went on inside those involved in legal processes that intrigued him: in his first important case, he nearly threw away victory by a silly mistake which proved his human judgment right, but which was "bad tactics in law." ("Time of Hope.") And, when Charles March, who is in the process of abandoning the law for medicine, charges him: "Granted that you want to satisfy yourself . . . it's not a job a reasonable man would choose," he has no answer. Eliot finds that he is by training a lawyer, but by vocation a writer. (We can compare Snow's statements of his own position: "By training I was a scientist: by vocation I was a writer." ("The Two Cultures.") A similar choice is made by the principle character of Snow's first published novel, "The Search," who abandons science for writing.)

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During his years as barrister, don and administrator, Eliot was shaping the books he wanted to write, and with them he finds material success and recognition, and his own form of power—the secret powers over others that comes with a deep understanding of what makes them work.

Eliot's own beginnings give him an acute interest in the class origins of those around him, and an awareness of the problems of adjustment to an unfamiliar social environment. He himself has had few difficulties of adaptation. There is a slight feeling of insecurity when he first enters the homes of the rich, the cultured, the aristocratic, but no sense of a gap which cannot be bridged, of differences of accent and vocabulary, dress and behavior which must condemn him to a permanent isolation (at least social) from the world to which he aspires. He takes on sufficient of the manners and the mores of the ruling elite to ensure acceptance: and even this much conformity, limited as it is by Eliot's understanding of the human condition and his need to act with compassion, involves a compromise. The game must be played according to the rules.

So it is with the others who break through to the top: Walter Luke, the son of a wharf laborer, who becomes first a Fellow of Eliot's college and later the head of the British atomic project; Osbaldiston, who started off in the East End and is now on his way up through the Treasury; Roy Calvert, the son of a new-rich provincial manufacturer who wins recognition as a leading Oriental scholar. All have to make this compromise to win through. They have talent and intelligence, and they learn to conform. (Only with Roy Calvert is there any doubt, and this is not because of his

social behavior but because of his persistent refusal to conceal his taste for drink and physical love.)

Only a few feel their class so strongly upon them as to mean a permanent isolation from the higher reaches of the power elite; notably George Passant, who stands outside the lighted windows of a club in his and Lewis' provincial town and says: "The sunkets! What right do they think they've got to sit there as though they owned the world?" ("Time of Hope.")

Passant, inhibited by his own beginnings and his lack of confidence, is unable to conform; so, even when Lewis brings him from his managing clerkship in the small-town law firm to an important job in the government service, he is beaten before he starts. The main characteristic of the men of power is their confidence—in their society, and in themselves and their capacity to rule. They are aware of their own abilities: sometimes they overvalue themselves, but never under-value. And they cannot understand, and so instinctively reject, a man who knows that he is able, but so lacks confidence in society and in himself that his ambition is stillborn. Discussing Passant, Hector Rose, the Permanent Secretary of Eliot's department, says: "Not to put too fine a point on it, a man of his ability who just rests content in a fourth-rate job must have something wrong with him." ("Homecomings.")

To Eliot, enraged that Rose will not agree to Passant being appointed to a permanent post, it seems that Rose and those like him, "the men who managed the world . . . the people who in any society came out on top . . . with their moral certainties, their comfortable, conforming indignation which never made them put a foot out of step." ("Homecomings.")

It might be, as Eliot says, that "any society which deliberately made safe appointments [is] on the way out" ("Homecomings"), but so long as it exists it must insist on conformity, it must only admit to the elite those who will accept its conventions and abide by its rules. To act otherwise is to swallow a slow-acting poison. This is a ruling elite protecting itself from internal convulsion. In the process it may become so inflexible that it opens the way to revolt from below; indeed this is what was happening: "English society had become more rigid, not less, since our youth. Its forms were crystallising under our eyes into an elaborate and codified Byzantium, decent enough, tolerable to live in, but not blown through by the winds of scepticism or individual protest or sense of outrage which were our native air," says Eliot of post-war England. ("Homecomings.") It is the beginnings of rigor mortis, but the dying man cannot be expected to hasten his end by inviting the enemy to invade his central nervous system.

Snow pictures this world from within. By accepting it, he has become accepted, and has made it his own. He is a part of the small elite, whose "old pattern of training has never been broken, though it has been slightly bent." ("The Two Cultures.") But Rose is right, and Eliot is wrong. For a man who cannot make at least the gesture of conforming, who cannot adopt the protective coloration of the rulers, there can be no room at the top.

Snow has none of the angry frustration of the young men stuck half way up the ladder, banging their fists against a clear, thick glass wall of class prejudice, enraged, like Tom Orbell, by "the Establishment behind the Establishment" and "the awful old men." ("The Affair.") Lucky Jim, Joe Lampton in "Room at the Top", Jimmy Porter in "Look Back in Anger"—men who simply cannot force themselves to conform, or who tear themselves to bits in making a ritual sacrifice of their

own origins, are no part of Snow's world: he is already one of the insiders. Theirs is the revolt —inchoate and undirected—from outside; Lewis Eliot observes the hardening from within, and tries to temper the worst of its excesses.

Eliot aspired, and won through to, the ruling elite before the war, when few were called and even fewer chosen, and those who made the grade put on their new class-uniform with their posting. But the war and the new industrial revolution changed the old ways. New centres of power were established, in science and engineering and heavy industry, in the rapid spread of administration which went with government intervention in the economy and the welfare state, in the growing influence of the mass media and the expansion of education. The old elite, trained in the humanities, no longer sufficed. Tens of thousands were needed now where hundreds served before. The outside gates are thrown open, but the old elite try to keep their inner sanctuary inviolate. The men of Snow's world defend positions which are already lost, while the new men bitch and grumble and strike out blindly—and begin to mass their forces.

In this new world, Lewis Eliot is already something of a foreigner. At one end of his experience there was George Passant for whom he had love and understanding, although his understanding was incomplete: Passant saw men as perfectible, Eliot saw the human condition as inevitably tragic; Passant's ambition was inhibited by lack of confidence, but Eliot saw no barriers. At the other end, there is Tom Orbell, Tory and High Church but against the Establishment; Lester Ince, who contracts out of moral responsibility ("You go and do good, I shan't get in your way. But I don't want to hear about it. I'm nice and happy as I am, thank you very much"); Donald Howard, the Communist-sympathising scientist who has been unjustly deprived of his Fellowship, sullen, inarticulate, complete in his rejection of existing values, whom Eliot does not even begin to understand (although he fights for justice in his case). ("The Affair.") Between these two experiences is thirty years of accepting and being accepted by the traditional elite, of playing the game according to the rules. But now the game has got too big for the old set of rules; and Eliot, although he knows intellectually what is happening, can no longer emotionally identify himself with it.

> "For those who are interested to read the whole 'Strangers and Brothers' series", Mr. Turner writes, "I would recommend taking it in this order: 'Time of Hope' and 'Homecomings' (these are the two books which deal most directly with the personal experience of narrator Lewis Eliot, and which seem to me to be the backbone of the series); then, in chronological order, the novels in which Eliot is largely an observer of the experience of others: 'Strangers and Brothers', 'The Conscience of the Rich', 'The Light and the Dark', 'The Masters', 'The New Men', 'The Affair'. For those who prefer to sip before they swallow, the two novels published by Penguin Books, 'The Masters' and 'The New Men', are a good pipe-opener."

Within the elite

The first rule is that the power game must be played out within the elite. All the teams are home teams: there are no visitors from the world outside. And so, when one must take sides, one judges who will rule best—within the established limits. "Best" means different things to different men, of course. For Eliot, when it came to selecting a new master for his college, it was more important that he should be a man of human sympathy than that he should be liberal or left-wing in his politics (although Eliot himself was of the left, and this was a time of decision—the days of the Spanish Civil War). ("The Masters.")

The field of operations is within the existing power structure, the accepted values. So Eliot justifies his own position as a senior administrator: "People of my sort have only two choices in this situation, one is to keep outside and let others do the dirty work, the other is to stay inside and try to keep off the worst horrors and know all the time that we shan't come out with clean hands. Neither is very good for one . . ." (Homecomings.") When the Communist newsletter for which Ann March worked threatened an exposure of a piece of shady dealing in which her husband's uncle, the junior minister in the Tory government, was involved, Eliot argued against the exposure because of the grief it would cause to Sir Philip's brother, Leonard. ("The Consicence of the Rich.")

Yet Eliot was in his way committed to the left —not so deeply committed as scientists like Francis Getliffe, who led the left-wing party in the election for the college mastership; but prepared to say that if a choice had to be made between communism and fascism he would choose the former.

But this was an alliance rather than an identification, a position that was characteristic of the thirties, when England was choosing between alignment with the Soviet Union against the Nazis, or with the Nazis against the Soviet Union. This choice could then be made without undue disturbance to the existing elite (although many of the elite could not admit it); it was typified by the loose association of all anti-Munich opinion from the Churchillian conservatives through to the Communists.

It was a choice which implied no more than a recognition of temporarily parallel interests. For Lewis Eliot, it seemed that many of the same objections could be made against both the systems which were challenging the world he knew.

To Ann March, when she suggested that he should join the Communist Party, he replied: "Any regime of her kind just had to give its bosses great power without any check. Granted that they were aiming at good things, it was still too dangerous. People with power began to get detached from anything but power itself. No one could be trusted with power for long." ("The Conscience of the Rich.")

And to Schader, the young Nazi leader who sought to win his sympathy for the Hitler regime, he replied: "No one is fit to be trusted with power. No one . . . Any man who has lived at all knows the follies and wickedness he's capable of. If he does not know it, he is not fit to govern others.

And if he does know it, he knows also that neither he nor any man ought to be allowed to decide a single human fate." ("The Light and the Dark.")

Eliot, who all his life has been fascinated by power, is at the same time repelled by it. It is this which makes it impossible for him to accept communism as a solution; yet, if a choice must be made, he prefers communism because its aims are good. But above both he prefers the checks and balances of the power elite he knows—an elite which, in its own way, exercises as absolute a power as any. The game must be played within these rules.

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YET even here there are exceptions; there are moral issues which over-ride the rules. One such is the decision whether or not to take part in the creation of atomic weapons, and their use: this becomes a problem for Eliot, because his war-time department has that responsibility. This is one of those occasions of which Hector Rose, Eliot's chief, says: "There are some times when events get too big for men"—response of an administrator, trained in the traditional manner, who is saddled with something whose implications are beyond him. And to him Walter Luke, the young physicist who becomes head of the nuclear research establishment, replies: "We've got to act as though they're not." ("The New Men.")

Power—the power of effective decision—is already passing from the old world to the new; to the biggest of contemporary questions, it is only the scientists who have the answers. And, when they are faced with this question, it is too big to be solved in the traditional terms—and in any case the scientists, the new elite, are not accustomed to thinking in traditional terms. Some say that there can be no justification for such a mass destruction of human life; others that science should not have to carry this load of guilt; others that the bomb should not be used unless it were absolutely necessary to defeat Hitler; all agree that the bomb should not be used against human beings without the most solemn and public of warnings—without a test demonstration to which enemy observers were invited. ("The New Men." That Snow's account of the scientists' reactions is accurate is confirmed by R. Jungk's history of the atomic bomb, "Brighter Than 1,000 Suns." The scientific arguments for and against its use are discussed in P. M. S. Blackett: "The Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy.")

The British scientists decide to join the protests of their American fellows, but they are powerless against the determination of the military men to use the most effective weapons to hand, regardless of consequence. There is now a new moral choice: should Britain proceed with her own bomb, or withdraw?

Walter Luke, who heads the project, argues: "I want to get us through the next twenty years without any of us dropping the bomb on each other. I think if we struggle on, day by day, centimetre by centimetre, we can just about do that. I've got to get the bomb produced, I've got to make the military understand what they can and cannot do with it, I shall have some fights on my hands, inside this place as well as outside, but I believe I can get away with it. Twenty years of peace would give us all a chance." ("The New Men.")

This is the authentic voice of one of the new elite—yet, curiously, it already accepts the values and the good-will of the old. The world must change, but the change must be confined.

Some stay with the project, others contract out. Only one man of the scientists involved in this debate goes further: Eric Sawbridge, who passes atomic secrets to the Russians. Sadly, Lewis Eliot recognises the truth: "The world had split in two, and men like us, who kept any loyalty to their past or their hopes, did not like it. Years before, people such as Luke or Francis Getliffe or I had sometimes faced the alternative—if you had to choose between a Hitler world or a communist world, which was it to be? We had had no doubt of the answer. It had seemed to us that the communists had done ill that good might come. We could not change all the shadows of those thoughts in an afternoon . . .

"Now it was men like [us] who felt the doubts, the scientists most of all. Often they were sick at heart, although despair was unnatural to them and they believed that the split in the world—the split which seemed to them the anti-hope—would not last for ever." ("The New Men.")

We may hope that the split will not be permanent, but, meanwhile, even issues as big as this must be fought out within the existing framework—we must "stay inside and try to keep off the worst horrors and know all the time that we shan't come out with clean hands . . ." ("Homecomings.")

Why should anyone reject, even betray, this world? It was not enough to know, intellectually, that the communists must win, and to want to be on the winning side, to want to be benevolent in a hurry. "To go into action, as Sawbridge did, benevolence was not enough. Then what was? The hidden wound, people said: the wound from which he never took the bandages and which gave him his sullen temper, his rancor. None of us knew him well enough to reach it." ("The New Men.")

None of us knew him well enough—this is the incomprehension of the accepted for the unacceptable. This is Eliot-Snow, the insider, looking out through the glass wall at the man who feels himself permanently on the outside looking in—as George Passant looked in through the lighted club windows, twenty-five years before. The men who have lost, or never known, one allegiance—and, in a few cases, have gained another; men who are knocking at the gates of power, but who are denied admission, and who are seeking battering-rams to burst them open.

"The Affair"

This challenge comes to a head in Snow's last novel, "The Affair." Donald Howard, accused of scientific fraud, is found guilty and deprived of his Fellowship by the Court of Seniors of Snow's old college. But fresh evidence comes to light, which throws doubt on his guilt. A part of the college demands that the case be re-opened, and the college chooses sides. Already the corruptions of power are apparent. Francis Getliffe has an eye to the forthcoming vacancy in the Mastership; he does not want to prejudice his chances by espousing Howard's cause. Lewis Eliot himself has grown comfortable, accustomed to his serenity, and happy to trust the judgment of his fellows.

Howard, like Sawbridge, is sullen and inarticulate. The world is split, and there is almost no

Elizabeth Wolf

Comment

NO-HOPERS IN NEVER-NEVER LAND

I SEE that Quadrant, the journal of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, has again been indulging in the pastime (so oddly out of keeping with its name) of denigrating Australian intellectuals who write books disagreeing with U.S. foreign policy.

This time the attack is directed at three Australians, distinguished respectively in the fields of politics, literature and scholarship, who have visited, and written approving sorts of books about, New China (Leslie Haylen, "Chinese Journey"; Dymphna Cusack, "Chinese Women Speak"; C. P. Fitzgerald, "Flood Tide in China"). Quadrant has dug up an American to do the job, one Richard L. Walker, who is described as "a specialist in international affairs" (whatever that may mean), and "an authority on China and the Far East". Which "authority" derives, apparently, from the fact that "during the war he served in the Pacific theatre with U.S. army intelligence"; and "he has since then visited the Far East several times" (using that exclusive U.S. map of the Far East which doesn't recognise the existence of New China).

Further, "he was one of the principal speakers in November 1957 in the Philippines at the seminar of S.E.A.T.O." (that widely-popular organisation of South East Asian countries). Now he is "head of the Department of International Studies at the University of South Carolina" (that State famed as a bastion of enlightenment on inter-racial relations). And, moreover, "his book, 'China Under Communism: The First Five Years' is one of the most authoritative works on Red China" (which would make it seem a pity that the authorities of China perversely don't take any notice of it).

Anyway, you certainly need to be pretty smart to be an authority on something you don't recognise the existence of, and it is reasonable to suppose that Professor Walker would be among the "expert advisers" of the Eisenhower administration, and his views fairly typical of those which

Elizabeth Wolf, formerly Elizabeth Vassilieff, lives at Warrandyte, Victoria, and is well known as a critic and adult education lecturer on modern literature and art. She is a member of Overland's editorial advisory group. Her book, "Peking-Moscow Letters," published in 1953, was the first book about a visit to New China to be written by an Australian. She is a Victorian Vice-President of the Australia-China Society, of which Professor C. P. Fitzgerald is the national President.

Mrs. Wolf says she welcomes the recent statement by Mr. James McAuley, Editor of Quadrant, in an A.B.C. broadcast on the Ern Malley case, that "in this arena of public ideas, movements and so on, there has to be a good deal of bashing around, and so long as attack and criticism is not personally biassed, hasn't got a malicious character, I think it's just got to be fairly tough."

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point at which the two parts meet. Eliot argues this point himself before the college Court of Appeal: "Wasn't it the chronic danger of our time, not only practical but intellectual, to let the world get divided into two halves? Hadn't this fog of prejudice—so thick that people on the two sides were ceasing to think of each other as belonging to the same species—obscured this case from the beginning?" ("The Affair.") He argues this the more vehemently, I suspect, because—until his sense for facts and his feeling for justice asserted themselves—he had been himself the victim of this division. Howard's sullenness is not so much Howard himself as a rejection of Eliot's world and a profound suspicion; his inarticulateness is not an inability to express himself, but an inability to talk the same language.

Howard does not get justice: he is given instead a grudging recognition that he has been done an injustice, and a qualified recompense. And for those whose consciences have reluctantly compelled them to support his reinstatement, this is enough. They have "done their piece." They are not prepared to back a losing cause. A measure of justice appears to have been done to one who will always remain an outsider. For a time, the game has been played along the borders of the rules. The elite for a moment opened the gates, and in doing so endangered its own security. Now, with a sigh of relief, they can go back to living by their code. And Howard—and thousands like him—remain outside.

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Snow's novels are a case-study of the British elite. Not that they are so intended: the intention is to reveal Snow's vision of the human condition, and this he does. But the men Snow uses are of the elite; and he writes of them with so much insight and such intense sympathy that they are not only all men, but particular men at a particular place in history and in society. In their human situation, they are like all of us, tragic; in their social situation, they are an elite minority, and they are doomed.

In Snow's range of experience, the centre of power has shifted from the traditional aristocracy and the men of private fortune to the scientists, the engineers and the magnates of the joint stock companies. Within the elite, there is the perpetual struggle of individuals for power, and the historic shift from men of one background, one social grouping, to men of another. But the elite remains, hardening in its arteries, brittle, cracking under the onslaught from without. Outside, from London to Leopoldville, the millions of strangers and brothers are gathering: this is one part of man's optimistic tragedy.

have guided the making of U.S. foreign policies, and, thanks to our Government's sycophancy, of our own.

The main point of his article, which is called "Australians in Wonderland" or "How not to be guided", is that he would not only never, never recognise China because of her wickedness but also that he would never, never authorise "the visiting delegation, or guided tour approach" to China. All such visitors, typified by these three Australians, cause him "distress" and "dismay", because they are either dupes or knaves. All their stories are deplorable: Mr. Haylen is irresponsible, Miss Cusack is incompetent and Professor Fitzgerald is dishonest. And he puts all this with even more pettifogging arguments and petty offensiveness than we have been used to.

Calling for "accurate information", Professor Walker cites as "reliable sources" for his own statements "stories from Hong Kong"! The only book he names as "a responsible study of China" is that by a Canadian journalist, William Stevenson, published in Boston in 1959, called "The Yellow Wind"—a title which surely speaks for itself as to its author's "unprejudiced" approach!

To give him his due, Professor Walker is ingenuously frank as to his main objection to people visiting China. The trouble is they all end up "uncritically" supporting or "unscrupulously" defending New China. They end up saying "that the regime is stable and popular, that it is unfairly treated and much maligned by the rest of the world and that it really stands for peace". They all end up "presenting as the villain of the piece not China but the United States", and they thereby "serve the interests of Mao's regime" and weaken the position of the United States.

He singles out for special insult Professor Fitzgerald, accusing him of "distorting, omitting and arguing away facts", and angrily rejects Fitzgerald's thesis that "**the Western opponents of China, led by the U.S., cannot accept principles of co-existence and mutuality because they see that strict adherence to them would in fact mean a radical change of policies on their part**"—a change they are not prepared to make. (My emphasis.)

And he self-righteously remarks (referring to China's border disputes) that "perhaps recent events have caused Professor Fitzgerald to reconsider such views".

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It is rather to the point to wonder, I suggest, whether **other**, still-more-recent events—the downfall, one after the other, of the American puppet regimes in South Korea, Turkey and Japan, and the tottering of that in South Vietnam, in short,

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Lines Written at Tu Fu's "Tsao Tang," Chengtu

WHERE the thatched hut stood
under the tree that Tu Fu loved,
are now spread gracious courts
standing in quietness and charm;
a park for city folk or farmers
who step through moon gates
and stroll down the covered way,
watch autumn gold and red, spring
pink and white, coming as they do here
so soon after each other;

Tu Fu, writer of poems whose lines
will last as long as time, the refugee
by this City of Brocade; Tu Fu who had tasted
the bitterness of poverty, the loneliness
of long roads; his own child dying
because there was not food enough; in winter days,
wishing his own simple farmer's garment
was long enough to cover his knees; losing
the thatch of his hut in Chengtu, yet
with a soul great enough to wish
that one day might come great homes,
standing against rain and storm, where
people would not be hungry or cold;
Tu Fu who loved his children so well,
cutting up his official robe to clothe them;
with the ability to enjoy simple things
and yet ever remain a creative human being
whose name will be honored and loved
when the passing great are forgotten;

schooled for the official way
yet in his whole life, but only
a scarce three years the official;
writing of the terror of conscription
the bitterness of war and the loveliness
of nature; a passionate longing for peace
a deep regard for good friends;
here in this grass hut giving the ages
some of his greatest lines
as his years began to close; then
some that came back to one like
"The Ballad of the Hundred Sorrows"
which says—

"Rising fifteen and just a child
of nature; running around like
a little brown calf; in late summer
when pears and dates were ripe
climbing the trees each day so many times
and now, so suddenly it seems, I come
towards fifty; sitting and resting
more than getting up and going out;
always trying to put on a pleasant face
when I visit, yet ever at the back
of my mind anxious about family living;
going back home, seeing the place as bare
as ever; my wife looking at my troubled face
and guessing my inner thoughts
while the children not even bothering
to give the politeness due a father
simply fussing and shouting at being unable
to find food in the kitchen."

Then come to thought these he called
"The Crazy Fellow"

"My thatched hut west
of the Wan Li bridge
near the Bai Hua waters;
a pleasant retreat
with green bamboos beside
bending like shy girls
when kissed by the wind;
fragrance from pink lotus flowers
after the rain; but still
old friends have sent me no help
and the faces of my children
are pale with hunger; when crazy,
a man becomes even gay before
dying in some hole; so
laughing at one's old age
and craziness, the crazier does one become."

Sorrows, and the craziness that comes of denial
he shared with millions of fellows
who have lived around his grass hut
this twelve hundred years since;
sorrows that at last now begin,
just begin to lift.

REWI ALLEY

the falling around their ears of U.S. foreign policies everywhere, can cause such American "authorities" on the Far East as Professor Walker, realising their bankruptcy, to alter **their** views.

Can they not see that it daily becomes more evident that Fitzgerald's thesis is perfectly valid? That, indeed, U.S. foreign policies, and especially towards China, have all along been fundamentally misguided, from every point of view: stupid, immoral and unworkable?

Can they perceive the nature of "the radical change of policies" that is demanded of them? That is to say, the systematic abandonment, in principles and practice, of everything which in effect increases international tension, all measures which intensify the Cold War: the policies of the armaments drive, stockpiling nuclear weapons, militarising the nations, organising military alliances, building more and more military bases on foreign territories, intervening in and extending local wars and civil wars that are in progress, violating the principle of national independence.

And the adoption instead of systematic policies based on genuine belief in co-existence and negotiation, not delivering ultimatums and demanding in advance the other's total surrender of his position, but concluding non-aggression pacts with the other side, and sincerely seeking for concrete agreements towards disarmament, the banning of tests, and eventually of all nuclear weapons (all of which would be meaningless without the recognition of China). This should go with a serious attempt to allay the legitimate Russian fear and suspicion of a re-militarised and re-nazified Germany, and Chinese fear of re-militarised Japan, and a massive plan for the extension of trade, cultural exchanges and tourism between the West and the Soviet Union and China.

Can they grasp that their "realistic" policies of "strength" and "toughness", especially towards China, are in fact deluded, weak and self-defeating ones, which serve only to call forth corresponding counter-actions by China and also by the peoples of Allied countries, who obstinately do not want to be "defended" in a way that merely means the U.S. will pick up the pieces after they are annihilated?

Such American "experts" as Professor Walker, authors and champions of cold war policies, and particularly these boys of the diehard, Hate-China brigade, have gone so far round the bend into never-never land that they can never learn any lesson at all: they are no-hopers. Mr. K. is probably right: it is a waste of time trying rationally to deal with them, and the world can only wait and hope for a new U.S. administration with a new deal and a new set of "expert advisers". Personally, I pray we get Mr. Stevenson as Secretary of State, as the best to be hoped for.

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Meanwhile, like their brothers in fanaticism, the South African champions of apartheid (whom Miss Rebecca West has so exquisitely likened to "mad babies"), they may be studied, in horrid fascination, as specimens of the schizoid condition. For their attitudes and policies towards China are based on fantasy and are essentially neurotic. Because of obsessive fears of the Chinese masses, they arm themselves with fundamentalist-type doctrines asserting New China's original sinfulness and their own government's moral purity and superiority. And no amount of documented personal observation, rational argument, or scientific proof can get through to them. They merely remark that the repetition "is boring". They can hardly recognise reality even when they are involved in some disastrous international crisis befalling them from the outside. More often than not they will twist **that**, to see it as a confirmation of their preconceptions rather than as the proof of their errors that it really is. Walker argues that it is "necessary to blame communist violence for creating the former conditions in China that were so deplorable", and attributes all instances of Kuomintang failure and neglect to "the cost of curbing communist violence". He calls the enlightened and popular New Marriage Law "really a divorce law", suggesting obscurely that it somehow had to be "enforced"; and hints darkly that in some sinister way the communes (which are really administrative areas) have broken up the institution of the family. How he imagines the population increase of fifteen million babies a year comes about when divorce is rife and (presumably) men and women segregated in dormitories, it would be interesting to hear.

Men like Walker will believe anything rather than the simple truth that in China throughout her history it has been the neglect of the interests of the common man that has been the chief cause of recurrent popular risings and has laid the seed for the eventual overthrow of the old order; that the strength of the new order in China lies precisely in the enthusiastic support given to it by all classes of the people in the conviction that it is concerned to serve their interests. Indeed, I think it is probably the most popular government that has existed in world history!

Of course, I, like the other Australian authors concerned, know this too only because I have been there and have seen it. I have not been guided by a S.E.A.T.O. seminar, nor a seminar at the University of South Carolina.

Professor Walker ends with the patronising profession, "lest the writer be accused of harboring a prejudice against Australian authors", of "his firm conviction that these works are surely not representative of either Australian scholarship or politics".

I am thankful that this is just what they are and commend their study **as such**. I also admit to harboring distaste for an American "authority" who would seek thus impertinently to belittle valuable works by some of Australia's most able minds, in the attempt to foist on us the ignoble attitude and ignominious policies of the befuddled and discredited U.S. State Department and Intelligence Service.

I also wonder what kind of "cultural freedom" Quadrant is really concerned with, in devoting eight solid pages to such stuff. I will be interested to observe how the contents of that journal are going to be affected by the forthcoming political changes in the United States.

Consequences

When you think of taking a violent step,
Endeavor to bear in mind
That its range of ultimate consequence
Is pretty well unconfined.

The engine-driver who blows B-flat
At the crossing a mile away
Has just made an irretrievable hash
Of our Haydn quartet in A.

J. S. MANIFOLD

Miscellany

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AUSTRALIAN BOOKS IN THE U.S.S.R.

IN view of the visit of the Soviet writers' delegation to Australia in September, Overland publishes here for the first time in this country a complete list of works by Australian writers published in the Soviet Union between 1945 and 1959. This interesting bibliography includes translations into minority languages as well as into Russian.

Russian Language Editions:

"Australian Stories" 1958 (150,000). Writers include Frank Davison, Marjorie Barnard, Myra Morris, Alan Marshall, Judah Waten, Kylie Tennant, Donald Stuart and John Morrison.

"Stories of the Struggles of the Australian Working Class". A small collection, 1959 (15,000).

"Forty Australian Stories". A representative collection, 1957.

Mona Brand: "Here Under Heaven". Three-act play. Two editions, 1956.

Mona Brand: "Strangers in the Land". Two-act play, 1955 (10,000). Another edition, 1956.

Ralph de Boissiere: "Crown Jewel", 1958.

Dymphna Cusack: "Comets Soon Pass". Three-act play, 1956.

Frank Hardy: "Power Without Glory". Two editions, 1952 (100,000).

Frank Hardy: "Short Stories". 1954 (150,000).

Frank Hardy: "Stories from a Distant Country". 1957 (150,000).

Frank Hardy: "The Four Legged Lottery". 1959.

Ray Lawler: "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll". Three-act play, 1958 (3,000).

Henry Lawson: "Selected Verse". 135-page edition, 1959 (20,000).

Henry Lawson: "Australian Stories". 80-page edition, 1956 (165,000).

Henry Lawson: "Send Round the Hat and Other Stories". 270-page edition, 1945 (10,000). Further edition 1954 (150,000).

Alan Marshall: "People of the Dream Time", 1958 (15,000).

Alan Marshall: "I Can Jump Puddles", 1958 (30,000).

Vance Palmer: "The Silky Oak and Other Stories", 1958 (300,000).

Katharine Susannah Prichard: "The Roaring Nineties", published in 1949, 1954 and 1958.

Katharine Susannah Prichard: "Golden Miles". Published in 1949, 1954 and 1958.

Katharine Susannah Prichard: "Winged Seeds". Published in 1953, 1954 and 1958.

Katharine Susannah Prichard: "Coonardoo". 1959 (150,000).

Katharine Susannah Prichard: "The Christmas Tree and Other Stories". 1958 (150,000).

"Katharine Susannah Prichard". An anniversary volume published in 1959 to mark her 75th birthday.

Leslie Rees: "The Story of the Karrawingi Emu". A children's book, 1957 (115,000).

Minority Language Editions:

Henry Lawson: "Send Round the Hat and Other Stories". Azerbaijan, 1957.

Henry Lawson: "Australian Stories". Azerbaijan, 1957 (10,000).

Henry Lawson: "Australian Stories". Georgia, 1957 (6,000).

Mona Brand: "Strangers in the Land". Two-act play, Latvia, 1956 (1,000).

Katharine Susannah Prichard: "The Roaring Nineties". Latvia, 1951 (5,000).

Katharine Susannah Prichard: "Golden Miles". Latvia, 1951 (5,000).

Katharine Susannah Prichard: "Winged Seeds". Latvia, 1957 (20,000).

"Australian Stories". Turkmenistan, 1959 (6,000).

Alan Marshall: "I Can Jump Puddles". Ukraine, 1959 (15,000).

Vance Palmer: "Let the Birds Fly". Estonia, 1959 (20,000).

Henry Lawson: "While the Billy Boils". Armenia, 1951 (35,000).

Katharine Susannah Prichard: "The Roaring Nineties". Armenia, 1955 (18,000).

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The Doll, the Heart, the Day

LAURENCE COLLINSON

IN Adelaide a few weeks ago I saw an Australian play that is a likely rival, in terms of national and international success, to "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" and "The Shifting Heart", and I was tremendously excited by the experience.

Both "The Doll" and "The Heart" are imperfect plays, and the play I saw, Alan Seymour's "The One Day of the Year", is not without faults. "The Doll's" chief defect, to my mind, is its artificial, even Cowardesque plot superimposed (with considerable skill) on to a realistic background; and the chief defect of "The Heart" is that it carries its genuine and moving thesis to a hysterical extreme. But these are plays finished, performed, and in print. I believe that "The One Day of the Year", which so far has been given only an amateur—though very creditable—run of four nights by the Adelaide Theatre Group, is potentially a superior play to either of the others.

In "The Doll" the Australian background is a gimmick, and not a necessary part of the play; "The Heart" could have been placed anywhere with a migrant minority; but the "Australianism" of "The One Day of the Year" is intrinsic to its whole conception.

The subject of the play, which is set in a working-class home in a Sydney suburb, is Anzac Day, and the ideas and emotions which those two words connote form the conflict around which the action revolves: nationalism versus tolerance, material sordidness versus spiritual strength, disgust versus respect, militarism versus peace. This struggle is personified by the ex-digger Alf and his university student son Hughie. But emerging from their opposing attitudes is the irreconcilable conflict between parent and child, between the older and the younger generation. The exposition of this conflict is a fine piece of writing, and, if the play had nothing else to offer, this would be sufficient. As characters, unfortunately, Hughie and his girl

friend Jan are as yet too much the conventional juvenile leads, but the other three characters are a triumph for their creator. In delineating Hughie's mother, the original Anzac Wacka, and Alf, Alan Seymour has attained a profundity of characterisation that, as far as I know, has no equal in the work of any contemporary Australian dramatist. These are **new** people. Certainly you have met them before: down at the pub, shopping in Coles, playing housie or euchre, or in your own home—or rather, you met someone like them, for these are individuals and not types—but you have never met them before on stage. Despite their inarticulateness, their ignorance, their often stupid and absurd behavior, their apparently trivial existence, they are alive and they are true and they speak truth, and truth is such a rare quality in the present-day Australian theatre that I grew tense with astonishment as I recognised it.

The Elizabethan Trust, I understand, gave some assistance to the group which produced the play. It also enabled the playwright to see the production by paying his travel expenses and accommodation. Mr. Robin Lovejoy, one of the Trust's leading producers, after seeing the last performance in Adelaide, was reported in the press as saying that more would be heard of this play. I hope most sincerely that the Trust will do honor to the play, to the playwright, and to itself, by giving "The One Day of the Year" the fully professional performance it deserves.

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Work in Progress

GAVIN CASEY

OVER the years numerous experts have tried to give me stomach-ulcers without success, but it looks as though my friend Cecil Holmes, the Sydney movie-maker, may bring it off (or on!) at last.

What he has done is to put me to work on writing a story for a film on the Australian Aboriginals—which would be quite a simple task if only both Holmes and myself weren't dinkum about it. We could toss together a lot of good photography and phony ideas into some sort of a film at the drop of a yandy-dish, and have at least one old lady weeping in the back stalls every time it was shown.

But that isn't the idea. What we want to do with the immense subject is to drag the essence out of it somehow so that we can get as much truth from our black fellows as possible onto the screen in 45 minutes or so. And we don't aim to do good by stealth and blush to find that nobody at all has noticed it.

We want to so pack our picture with excitement and drama that it will be memorable and thought-provoking not only for those who are already concerned about what has happened and is happening to the Aboriginals, but for the vast majority who have, so far, hardly given them and their troubles a thought.

Holmes came over to Western Australia, where I live, early this year, and went north to have a look at the Pindan Co-operative, which is the outcome of one of the boldest and most determined moves ever made by people in a state of subjection and social confusion. He came back with his enthusiasm soaring, seething with ideas that tripped over themselves at every turn—and shared all his high hopes and his low bewilderments with me.

Readers of Cecil Holmes' "Experiment in Survival" in Overland No. 17 will be aware that he, Gavin Casey and the internationally-famous producer Paul Rotha are working on a film centering on the epic story of Pindan. Mr. Holmes informs Overland that this film, tentatively entitled "The Flung Spear", will shortly go into production. In the meantime enquiries from those who are prepared to assist this history-making project should be addressed to Mr. Holmes, care of Overland.

In our association so far on this project I have done quite a bit of work. For a start I wrote a short, three-act play based on some incidents from my own novel, "Snowball'. Holmes said that he liked this immensely, but I had to agree that it was the stuff for the stage-play it was supposed to be, or possibly for another film, but not for our proposed film. In connection with that it was a sort of preliminary canter, to loosen up my joints and focus my thinking on the subject.

Then I committed a great outburst of words that might have given Holmes an ulcer or two of his own. I tried to crowd into it, against a background of gunsmoke, cracking stockwhips, and corroboree-ballet everything that had ever happened to an Australian Aboriginal between the dreaming-time and the week after next. It was good, clean fun, anyway, and I still maintain that it could be condensed to run for not more than 12 or 14 hours, and would not cost more than £8,000,000 to make.

★

Next, being essentially a fiction-writer, I sent Cec. a very long short story, wholly imaginary but set in the north and involving the native co-operative and the events that caused its creation. It was pretty good, too, though I says it as shouldn't. Also, for various good reasons, it is not the one for us this time, I'm afraid. But like the others it fixed in our minds some ideas, some possibilities, some possible approaches to the subject, and my time was not wasted.

Then my imagination was gripped by some comments made by Jacquetta Hawkes, in London, which were quoted in the last Overland. I turned out, with a reasonably severely documentary approach, a piece based on a great march across harsh, dry country, a march led by Daisy Bindi, a rather wonderful old Aboriginal woman of the north. Holmes is still thinking about this, and probably slowly going nuts. As for me, I'm aware that it is not quite the one we want, either—but I feel that we are getting closer. It has at least the essential simplicity of theme that can make a striking film of reasonable length at reasonable cost.

Between times, during all this frenzied creation, there have naturally been great exchanges of letters between Holmes and myself, much reading of books and pamphlets, reports and examination of varying opinions on the problems of the Aboriginal. It is a long road and a hard one, but if we are physically, mentally, and spiritually capable of it,

Holmes and I intend to get there, and to produce something many people may condemn, but nobody will be able to dismiss as either shallow or dull.

When you finally see the film we will probably be in hospital with our ulcers. But on this job we are not grudging a chewed fingernail or two—and at this stage of the work we feel that things are forming into an inevitable shape, and that we are getting closer all the time to what we will eventually have to do.

★

Hinterland

DAVID MARTIN

FOR most people the society in which they live is the only one they know. To them it is the typical society. What happens when, in fact, taking a wider view, it is untypical? How does it effect their culture and the life of the mind?

The world is in ferment. Africa's revolution is moving at an unprecedented pace. Asia is changing, Latin America is restless.

The wealthier societies of the west, like our own, have only a superficial equilibrium. Algeria profoundly disturbs French youth. For Americans, there is more than sugar involved in the events of Cuba. Britain is faced not merely with the fact of shrinking power but with the problem of survival in the H-Bomb age; hence the emotional impact of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

Everywhere we see the rise of a new radicalism, especially among the young. From Warsaw in '56 to Ankara, Seoul and Tokio in 1960 runs the trail of student militancy, so different from that of the 'thirties and so much a part of the fight for democratic freedoms. To talk about stability at such a time is the ultimate self-deception. O'Casey's Joxer was right: the world is in a state o' chassis, albeit a very creative chaos.

And here, in Australia, are we.

★

This happy country, due to certain historic realities, has for a century enjoyed rather special conditions, which doesn't mean we do not have our problems. But we do not sit on them as on a bomb. Throughout the world, five hundred people every minute die for want of bread, but we still often discuss Asian hunger in terms of food parcels. Our local color problem is the subject of Pleasant Afternoon sermons. As for interest in our neighbors, Poland builds more factories in Indonesia than we do.

Something is just beginning to stir in New Guinea, but most of us do not realise it as yet. Australian writers do not write books like "The Plague," and it was left to an English novelist to set Armageddon in Melbourne. True, and importantly enough, 1,500 Sydney students, not satisfied with a shadowy boycott, rallied for South Africa, but where else in the world could a magistrate admonish them to leave it to the government, and not be met with blank amazement?

Strangely, our most insidious problem is—inflation. It enfeebles social vitality. It inverts conflicts, puts premiums on egoism and is hard to combat by the traditional methods which unite people in common resistance. It is a weapon which can be used as consciously, but with more demoralising results, than physical repression. It fosters illusions and reinforces every tendency towards more or less private solutions.

One can rationalise this in various ways. Some say that we must permanently adjust to what they are pleased to call the New Affluence—and, of course, there are also real aspects of prosperity. Others respond as if the world had stood still, failing to see how much harder it is to demonstrate against the instalment plan than against lock-outs, and how much easier to write stories about the sustenance struggles of 1935 than about the cost of living rises of 1960.

But that is not the most serious part. This year's terrible winter cut short the lives of hundreds of our old people who cannot survive on what would barely keep a dog in meat and shelter. This at the height of a boom! Here is no minor evil but the gravest national scandal. Yet, because it hits what sociologists call a marginal section, it goes almost undenounced. Were a local dramatist to write a play about it, some would urge that it should have a fighting perspective. I agree, but it would be even more important to show why and how the weak have been left to battle alone, for we must learn to understand what is being done to us and what we are doing to ourselves.

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In this situation it is a tragedy that much of our old radical left in Australia is so excessively doctrinaire and hide-bound. A new thought is suspect simply because it is new. Anti-intellectualism, once a secondary danger with some historic justification, has become a real curse. Unfortunately, it works both ways, driving not a few intellectuals back into various sorts of Egghead Marketing Board, from which they ineffectually abuse the abusers.

I think, however, that the younger generation is breaking through. Between the "protest" of sick humor on one side, and propaganda devoid of genuine agitation on the other, it has to find its way, realising without bravado or self-effacement that there are periods in which brain workers have new responsibilities because new problems have to be thought through.

We are not living outside the world; we are not entering an era of stability, though the Australian symptoms of the crisis are unusual. It is not impossible that it could suddenly become dramatic, finding us unprepared. But the more real danger is that because collective action and solutions have become unfashionable since too cruel liberties were taken with the enthusiasm of the last generation, the one now coming up may fritter away its energies, using first principles not as foundations but as substitutes for policies.

Still, the portents are good. New forms are being found, new and radical debates launched, going far beyond manouevres. Many old leaders and organisations are being left with the obituary notices. Youth manifestly refuses to have its emotions rivetted solely on "summits". It is beginning, in Australia, as abroad, to discuss peace and war in specific terms. The view is gaining ground that unilateral, immediate disarmament has become at once the most rational and the most revolutionary demand.

The problem of living in a comparatively sheltered, untypical society remains, together with the paradoxical combination of hard-headed "realism" and the overall air of unreality which it produces. Nevertheless, the Lost and the Angries are nearly played out, for what they had chiefly to offer was self-pity. The attack on cynicism is mounting, and with it the attack on racketeering mediocrity. Every age is a hard age to be young in, but in ours at least many great issues are coming to a head. I think a surprise awaits those who persuade themselves that the best to be hoped for is a little patient tinkering at the fringe.

Hire purchase or higher purpose? We'll see.

BACK STALLS—The Film Festivals in Retrospect

THIS year the Melbourne Film Festival found seats for four thousand people at £3/3/0 each —with two or three thousand applicants to spare. Now the biggest "private" festival in the world (as distinct from "trade" showcases like Cannes), it has reached its maximum size—not because a larger membership couldn't be contained, but because the trade has called halt.

The people who distribute or exhibit film for a living—and lend them to festivals for publicity—feel that an audience of 4,000 seeing their merchandise **in camera** must mean that this many less will roll up to see any subsequent commercial release. This in fact is nonsense. Those 4,000 people spread valuable word-of-mouth recommendations, and a distributor gains a wealth of promotion from local press, national magazines and T.V. If he's particularly lucky he may even get his film a blessing from Leonie Kramer of the A.B.C. "Critics".

Distributors approach the festival with suspicion or don't approach it at all. Sweden, for instance, will lend no Bergman, while another important agency hopes to enjoy the best of both worlds by lending films conditionally on them being screened to only a minor part of the total festival membership—as with "Hiroshima Mon Amour" and "General Della Rovere". Festival director Erwin Rado, pressured into accepting this compromise, now supports it. He predicts that more and more "limited screening" will become the basis of festival programming. And I predict that this will make our annual pilgrimage far less rewarding, and that there will come a time when the film trade will regret that it did not give the Festival its whole-hearted support.

The Festival exists only because it has to—because of the default of the commercial cinema. No-one in the audience who really likes his cinema wants to have a whole year's supply crammed into three weeks. So much so quickly clutters impressions, confuses values. And with the programs coming from dozens of different cultures it becomes doubly hard to separate the genuinely significant from the merely exotic. Film is an art of appearances, and because of this a work of sincerity and care can be erased by the virtual superimposition of the images of the next program—perhaps just so much pretention and posturing. This happens continually.

But just what did we see? From France, Tunisia, Ceylon and Holland came whimsical stories of village life. From the Soviet Union, Bulgaria, Finland and Rumania came pictures of men at war. America sent two attempts at neo-realism that pleased, and two savage-eyed documentaries that annoyed by their intellectual shallowness.

Britain told us about childhood with sensitivity, teenage with sentimentality and the B.B.C. with pride. Poland gave us some more "experimentals", short films that simplified their elements to intensify their themes. (We watched two strangers on a beach, at first alone with their memories, then in love, and finally more alone than ever. In another vignette we eavesdropped on the dadaist daydreams of a pretty undergrad. who posed starkly in an empty stadium.) Czechoslovakia contrived to investigate a young lover's suicide, Hungary the murder of a hunchback peasant woman. Individualists like John Hubley, Norman McLaren and Richard Williams displayed their gemlike animations. India completed the Pather Panchali trilogy with an eye to Western tastes. We were shown wonder in the construction of a skyscraper and beauty in the art of the glass-blower. We laughed at the pedants who confused a mill-wheel with a piece of non-figurative sculpture, cried at the plight of Korean refugees, and saw the children of the Terezin ghetto live again through their wartime drawings. Tributes were paid to artists William Blake and Arthur Boyd, visits were made to Venice, Coventry and the Taj Mahal. And as a finale there was the most lavish and vulgar National Anthem film for which I've ever struggled erect. In all, 112 films were shown.

Some of these films lacked merit, others we will never forget. But what a crying shame that we couldn't see them as individual works, rather than in this kaleidoscopic manner. So many films is too many films in such a short space of time. And the number attending the sessions is an indication of the audience which has waited, too long, to be catered for by the commercial cinema. It isn't as if we wanted something for nothing. We're all willing to pay.

PHILIP ADAMS

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SYDNEY'S Film Festival had many of the same films as Melbourne, and the same feeling, I think, that this was one of the best Festivals yet because of the rich variety of good films from so many countries.

To review ninety films is impossible. Even more impossible to find a common theme. But few critics can resist the impossible, and one of Sydney's well known critics told us he had found a common theme in "belt the Yanks."

Sorry, but this just wasn't true. Not one of the ninety films was a "belt the Yanks" job. A French short, "Un Americain Se Detend", satirised American middle-class people gently by simply showing them as they are. The other films critical of the Great American Way came from America itself. "The Savage Eye", in showing the loneliness of a divorced woman, showed also the emptiness of life in Los Angeles—documentary shots of beauty parlors, bar rooms, mass gambling halls, faith healing that seemed a mockery of faith and of healing—people vainly seeking to be "beautiful, anaesthetised and happy" in a world where "no one loves no one." Documentary technique rather than "belting".

"Cry of Jazz" also came from America, this time from a group of young Negroes, angrily telling through jazz the plight of their people. With it was a short, "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You", showing an American family enslaved by gadgets. Again, made in America.

Not films made by outsiders "belting the Yanks", but Americans looking at their society and finding it ugly.

Was there any link between such pictures and the lyrically beautiful Indian "World of Apu" with its simple tale of sorrow and the need to face sorrow? Or the long-drawn-out but moving Japanese "Living", with the little civil servant fighting red tape as a last human gesture when he is gripped by a fatal cancer? Or the French "Witches of Salam", in which Jean-Paul Sartre's script deepened the class issues of Arthur Miller's "Crucible" while preserving the individual conflict? Or

Aileen Palmer

SONG FROM PLANET 90

WHEN I was young and foolish, and
had little care for money, I
went off on a long cruise around
the places further out:
the Country of Methuselah
looked at me with a sunny eye—
so we camped at Lazy May's before
we finished walkabout.

They've all got helicopters in
the Country of Methuselah,
but seldom think of using them,
though no one's heard of cars;
the people wear no shoes, or if
they do, they're always losing them—
in the Country of Methuselah
(still known down here as Mars).

They've got no proper morals, though—
No sense of pride, or loyalty
to those they went to school with, or
the leader of the flock;
they've got no well-made roads at all—
but we had a good time yarning there;
they let the grass grow underfoot,
and never mind the clock.

The tracks all go through orchards in
the Country of Methuselah:
you pick your dinner where you like,
and no one calls it stealing:
they asked us to stay on and see
the way their automation worked—
but the urge was in us to get back
to a place with proper feeling.

They've never heard of God, you see,
and how he made the universe,
and parcelled out the shares in it
so we could learn to crack it:
so no one's in a hurry in
the Country of Methuselah—
and it did seem rather quiet there
without our nuclear racket.

They still use all ten fingers in
the Country of Methuselah:
with all their automation, they
like using them for play:
the women all are lovely, and
the men are strong and handsome still:
the strontium-eating habit's not
advanced yet up their way.

The women still grow children in
the Country of Methuselah:
they keep on filling up the place,
and no one wonders how
they'll feed the next new outcrop, though
they've lost the art of dying there:
earth, if it's rightly used, they say
is an inexhaustible cow.

But, for all the frangipanni in
the Country of Methuselah,
the lovely girls, and leafy lanes,
and yarns at Lazy May's,
it's the old familiar ways you miss—
the mugs and the bamboozler—
so it's home in dear old Melbourne I
would like to end my days.

But you never know, we still may go
to the Country of Methuselah
as an occupation army, so
drink up your strontium beer!
for an undeveloped planet could
subvert our own sweet way of life—
and you can't have a Free World, you know,
if there may be somewhere freer.

"Come Back Africa", a documentary that was more than a documentary?

And was there any link with the films from socialist countries? Sholokhov's story "A Man's Destiny", as simple as its name. The German-Bulgarian "Stars", showing without over-statement the awakening of the sensibilities of a German soldier as he meets a Jewish woman in Greece on her way to the Nazi death chambers. The two entirely different Polish films "Ashes and Diamonds" (people caught up in a social conflict) and "The Last Day of Summer" (two people on a lonely beach).

And was there any link with a third group of films, those based on classics? The disappointing French-Italian version of Stendhal's "Le Rouge et le Noir". The two successful films from Dostoevsky—the powerful Soviet "The Idiot" and the successful American "Crime and Punishment" with the whole story transferred to modern America. The French "Black Orpheus", which I didn't see.

As I have said, there's a danger in seeking too hard for a common theme. But one could find a common theme of humanism in many of the films. Is this merely to point to the obvious—to repeat the truism that the common factor in art from different sources tends to be the assertion of human values?

Or is it that in the 1950s and 1960s humanism is experiencing a revival and extending across frontiers and curtains as man's answer to forces that threaten to submerge him? A new humanism, perhaps, with fuller awareness of man not merely as an individual but as a part of society. Perhaps there is need for some thinking here.

LEN FOX

BOOKS

Alternative to Apathy

For the last ten years the British Labor Party has been living from hand to mouth, a political Micawber waiting for something to turn up to redeem it from bankruptcy. In 1950 it suddenly discovered that its intellectual capital was exhausted, that there was no new stock to put in the window, and that a decisive part of its old clientele was transferring its patronage elsewhere. "New thinking," new management, new policies, failed to arrest the drift: only the loyalty—to continue the metaphor—of its sales staff and many of its old customers have kept it in business at all.

It is not difficult now to see the central cause of this failure: Labor had reached the point where the contradiction between its socialist objectives and its reformist practice could no longer be concealed by the thesis that the welfare state was the half-way house to a socialist society. Faced by the breakdown of this fallacy, Attlee and Morrison produced a policy document "Labor Believes in Britain"—which was stuffed with odds and ends picked up at a political jumble sale, and then led the party to defeat. It was left to Gaitskell and his personal ideologist, Anthony Crosland, to spell out the implications of the 1950 collapse, a process which reached its climax in the recent attempt to remove Clause 4 from the party constitution. Henceforth, if Gaitskell is right, the Labor Party must accept the values and objectives of the consumer society, and should seek reform only at the margins of the capitalist economy, on whose continued health and growth further social benefits must depend.

This much was obvious: but the alternative was far from clear. The opposition to Gaitskell's revisionism was instinctive and fundamentalist, not reasoned; in so far as the Bevanites had a coherent policy apart from their defensive campaigns on British and German rearmament and public ownership it was a demand for more of the 1945-style program, although this program had led directly to the Stalemate State. Add to this the confusions of the Cold War, the evils of Stalinism, and the new-found "properity" of British capitalism; it is easy to understand why no positive alternative emerged.

The result was apathy, a situation in which, as E. P. Thompson rightly comments in his introduction to "Out of Apathy" (Ed. E. P. Thompson, Stevens, 21/-), the first volume of essays produced by the New Left, people have increasingly looked to private solutions to public evils, because the individual felt important in the face of big business, big bureaucracies and big bombs. It is only in the last three years that the outlines of an alternative have begun to take shape—out of the ferment of Suez and Hungary, of Aldermaston and African nationalism. And it is significant that these outlines are being defined by a new generation, young people who are neither exhausted by the battles of the past nor made cynical by the failures of the present. To gibe at them, as Anthony Crosland does, because they do not give Mr. Gaitskell "a clear idea of what, in detail, he was supposed to do", to mock their enthusiasms about literature and art, to chide them for self-importance and pretentious typography, is a trivial reaction to the one fresh, imaginative and decent approach to politics that has emerged in post-war Britain. Such an attitude is nothing more than a repetition of Earl Attlee's philistine dismissal of "people who talk too much". Harold Laski, he remarked earlier this year in the London Observer, was "a brilliant chap, but he started making speeches at week-ends. I had to get rid of him. G. D. H. Cole was another brilliant chap . . . But he used to have a new idea every year, irrespective of whether the ordinary man was interested in it or not".

When policy is dictated by the assumed interests of "the ordinary man", not by an appraisal of the course of society and the conclusions to which such a critique points, leadership becomes nothing more than a squalid chase after "issues" which may be used as stepping-stones to office: principle always appears comical to the careerist. And it is because the New Left is attempting a principled critique of modern society that, unlike Mr. Crosland, it is not concerned with telling Mr. Gaitskell what to do in detail. It is trying to work out a framework within which new policies may later be developed that will offer a genuine alternative to the corruptions and phoney priorities of the "Opportunity State". It is absurd to ask for details of these policies before the context has been defined.

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Yet more than a beginning has now been made. Two years ago, when I was editing the volume of essays published as "Conviction", I made no demand of the contributors that they put forward ways and means of achieving the general objectives they desired in their own field of interest. I saw this book as merely one tributary to a new stream of thought that was bubbling up from many springs: it is now becoming clearer what course that stream is taking, and "Out of Apathy" runs faster in more definite channel—not least because its authors, drawn from the editorial boards of Universities and Left Review and The New Reasoner, have made their symposium a continuous argument, rather than a collection of critiques that had only broad assumptions in common.

The book begins with an analysis of contemporary British capitalism and its social mythology—the doctrine of competitive success that leads Lord Chandos to declare that the modern industrial manager personifies the proposition that "man was created in the image of God, a little lower than the Angels", that induces Britain to spend two-thirds as much on advertising as on education, as much on packaging as on industrial research, that makes Unilever put twice as much into its publicity budget as Britain puts into colonial development and welfare. In this section Ralph Samuel

and Stuart Hall carry forward the criticisms that Peter Shore has already made of the ethics and consequences of modern business, and relate the consciousness of community—rediscovered for this generation by Richard Hoggart, Raymond Williams and Peter Townsend—to political objectives. E. P. Thompson and Alasdair MacIntyre then discuss the fragmentation of culture in contemporary society, the basis of a humanist alternative. and the responsibility of intellectuals for demonstrating that alternative. The volume concludes with suggestions by Ken Alexander and E. P. Thompson about the ways in which a break-through may possibly be achieved.

It is not my purpose here to take up specific points of disagreement; the most serious weakness, I feel, is the cavalier manner in which, after demonstrating the reserves of power within the British ruling class and its increasing dependence upon the United States, no serious effort is made to assess whether the ideas of the New Left, its identification with the campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, represent an achievable alternative in terms of either domestic or foreign politics. There is bound to be a variety of loose ends in such a book as this. Both major points and minor differences are a matter for continuing debate—for a debate, indeed, that is only just opening. The achievement of the New Left was, when others were apathetic and defeatist, to organise the debate in a form which showed that the affluent society does not mean the end of the socialist tradition. With the solution of material problems at hand, it becomes more urgent to use that tradition as a touchstone for the quality of life. As William Morris put it in the title of a pamphlet, the point is to show how we live, and how we might live.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

★

Kings in Grass Castles

The Duracks are an extraordinary family, and have not finished their pioneering yet. Mary Durack's "Kings in Grass Castles" (Constable, 54/6) is a notable book about them. I think that not even the Hentys covered as much ground or saw as much of the beginnings of things as Patsy Durack and his tribe of relations, whose history takes in gold rushes at the Ovens and Halls Creek, the early days of the Goulburn district, the opening-up of both the Coopers Creek and the East Kimberley country, as well as historic droving trips and by-the-way accounts of settlement in the Northern Territory and life in the capital cities.

The family was of Irish origin, poor Catholics from Galway. Patsy's father, following his brother, arrived in New South Wales in 1853, but died in the same year, leaving the nineteen-year-old youth as head of the family. Having prospered in a modest way on the gold-fields, Patsy was able to marry, and settled near Goulburn in the bosom (if a body the size of regiment has a bosom) of his clan until 1867, when a great trek of brothers, cousins and in-laws set out for drought-stricken Western Queensland and (eventually) the vast new holding of Thylungra.

Miss Durack, like her father, is struck by the sheer courage of this move, and her landscapes produce the same impression on the reader. It proved, however, to be a most profitable risk. The drought broke, the enormous holdings mounted in value, and by the 'eighties Patsy and two brothers shared an estate valued at three-quarters of a million.

It did not last. But meanwhile a younger brother had looked over the East Kimberley, and holdings had been taken up in more virgin country. Cattle was overlanded, and in 1886 Patsy Durack's two elder sons arrived at Argyle. Other Duracks settled at Lissadell and Rosewood, and, after losing everything he possessed in Western Queensland in the pre-slump of '89, Patsy and his wife followed. The rest is geography.

I make this rather labored precis of the background because the sheer size of the Durack journeys and holdings ought to be appreciated. They travelled in every state of the mainland. They opened up an area the size of Ireland. For enthusiasm and land-hunger, I doubt whether there has ever been a pioneer like Patsy Durack.

Mary Durack is well known for her novel "Keep Him, My Country," in my view the best study we have of the life of a station. In this family history, which has taken her twenty years to write, I hoped for the same qualities that had registered so strongly before. They are there, right enough—the clear landscapes, the vivid domestic interiors that are so rare in our literature and so congenial to her talent. I don't think it was altogether shock of recognition which made the book take on new life for me as soon as the Duracks entered Kimberley. She communicates so well the pure excitement of coming upon that country of tropical lushness and monumental austerity, of taking possession of it with faraway incongruous names. Argyle, Ivanhoe, Rosewood, Lissadell. Hearing Lissadell's voice on the wireless in the sweating early morning, I used to think of Yeats:

> The light of evening, Lissadell,
> Great windows open to the south,
> Two girls in silk kimonos, both
> Beautiful, one a gazelle.

Gazelle-like girls in that country wear kimonos of flourbag, and it was about them that I waited to hear, Miss Durack being a notable defender of native rights on the one hand, and her family on the other hand having suffering probably a higher death rate from native violence than any in the country. She is as I expected: quiet, unemotional, and unbudgeably on the side of the natives. So, in his vociferous Irish way, was her grandfather, Patsy. Her portraits of the natives Pumpkin, Cobby and Ulysses are tender. Her comments and quotations on the actions of police are not. She sheds a good deal of light on this country of the "nigger-shootin' expedition", without ignoring the very real dangers and bereavements of the settlers.

It is a long book, but sometimes I wished it longer. It is frustrating to be told that her father, a confirmed diarist, wrote four pages after a meeting with the famous Carr Boyd, and then to be put off with a few paragraphs. Altogether, I should have welcomed more of M. P. Durack, who could write:

> The most convincing practical argument would have been to have felled him on the spot but I had to bring the philosophy of my silent hours in the bush to bear and so averted the enactment of a scene.

If I have a criticism, it is of the too frequent use of fictitious dialogue—not on puristic grounds (the device being quite proper in a book based so largely on oral reminiscence) but because these pioneers are made to speak in an expositionary style a little too reminiscent of "The Land and Its People". When Alexander Forrest is made, in

conversation, to pass remarks that were obviously taken from a written report, the machinery rattles a bit. But the quotations from letters and diaries more than compensate, as when Patsy Durack, an old man, financially finished and sure that he has lost the faith of his sons, writes from Ireland:

> But some day ye must be seeing it that ye will know of the green that burns in the eye for that it is so bright and of the color of heath that I am sending ye but will soon be dry. The snow of the mountains of New South Wales is not as here where it is in a white winter lying everywhere and very quiet in the frost.

There was a touch of the poet in this man. who could turn out a very creditable bush ballad. And there is poetry as well as prophecy in the remark that gives this book its title:

> "Cattle Kings" ye call us, then we are Kings in grass castles that may be blown away upon a puff of wind.

RANDOLPH STOW

★

"Australian Literature"

Cecil Hadgraft's "Australian Literature" (Heinemann, 35/-) has had a pretty severe buffeting from the reviewers. This has partly stemmed from glaring failures of memory in Mr. Hadgraft's writing, to a lesser extent from poor judgments. But taking all in all these defects are not as significant as the reviewers would have us believe.

A more important reason for the onslaughts on Mr. Hadgraft lies in the fact that a comprehensive critical survey of Australian literature is a piece of cake for the literary frustrates and parvenus. The chance for a parade of the golden ego is irresistible. The most ungenerous attack was that of Leonie Kramer in the Sydney Morning Herald. Her attitude caused some anger and controversy, particularly from Russel Ward; but there was little real reason for anger. Hadgraft merely took his place in Leonie Kramer's pervasive world of denigration, along with Hugh Hunt, Johnny O'Keefe's rock and roll, Patrick White, the Elizabethan Trust opera season, and any number of other cultural activities.

For Cecil Hadgraft's book must be fairly judged within the limits of its own intentions. It is a critical study, and not a critical history. That is, the book is a subjective appraisal of Australian literature from 1810 to 1955. This is a big job, and the result is impressive even if only for the scrupulous fairness of mind that Hadgraft exhibits. For some people this means too many conditionings, qualified praise, and reserved condemnations. The tight compass of the book (it has only 300 pages) forces Hadgraft to make too many observations which, in the sound critical sense, require the support of substantial textual argument. For all this we are reading the thoughts of an honest mind, and in consequence the book makes a quite lively point of departure for the reader to proceed to the literary works thmselves.

Much has been made of some of the bewildering omissions in the book. This seems to indicate that Hadgraft's reading has been inadequate. It has not been a matter of ulterior intellectual intention. To be sure of this I wrote to Mr. Hadgraft about the total omission of Louis Becke from his volume. Mr. Hadgraft frankly admitted it was an unforgivable oversight. Likewise C. J. Dennis, an extremely interesting and undervalued figure, fails to be mentioned at all, while Steele Rudd, a writer of no importance whatsoever, is carefully examined . . . and found to be of no importance whatsoever. This is certainly idiosyncratic critical method!

In short, what Hadgraft does examine he looks at with complete sincerity, and an avoidance of current critical cliches. Even though I disagree when Hadgraft elevates John Blight's poetry to some significance or disposes of myself as a "silly poet", I don't question the integrity of approach. But the author should have done a lot more reading to avoid patent absurdities. He lays himself open to critciism on the grounds of regionalism in treating the Queensland poets at length while omitting Dutton, Mudie, Cato, Thiele, in fact all South Australian poets except myself and Ingamells. This defective literary background is pointed up in the case of Geoffrey Dutton, an infinitely finer poet than Vincent Buckley, who receives extensive analysis. But once again the failure here is a matter of scholarship and not of literary bias. In fixing his 1955 "closing date" Cecil Hadgraft was obviously unaware that Dutton has been publishing since 1944.

Since these observations concern the modern poets, a territory where the axes grind unmercifully, they should not be taken as fundamental attacks on "Australian Literature". Rather the opposite: the book, particularly in its coverage of the nineteenth century, is a worthy beginning. If Mr. Hadgraft spends the next five years revising and enlarging his book, it could yet prove the first satisfactory text in Australian literature. Detachment and honesty of purpose are rare in academic crticism. With these virtues it is surely not hard to forgive the author his erratic and often exasperatingly aberrant scholarship.

MAX HARRIS

★

King's Cross Bohemia

"The Roaring Twenties" (Bodley Head, 31/-) is the second volume of Jack Lindsay's autobiography. It is as good a "period picture" as we have had. It lacks, it is true, the charm of the best passages in "Life Rarely Tells"—naturally enough, since a writer's imagination will usually move with more spontaneity when he is contemplating adolescence than when he is dealing with young manhood. Nevertheless this is a lively and informing recreation of the King's Cross Bohemia of the twenties cocking its snooks at the smug materialism of boom-drugged Sydney.

The young Lindsay admirably epitomises this Bohemia's rebellious spirit angrily, gleefully, and with a courageous whole-heartedness disobeying the commandments of the Money-God: enjoying the gesture of living in the attic of a condemned building, sleeping on a wire mattress balanced on ricketty chairs and covered with scraps of linoleum: flapping the banner of his atrocious old hat in the face of money-grubbing respectability; attempting to practise the arts of seduction, against the grain of his serious temperament, because the practice of light love is the duty of an avowed disciple of Theocritos.

Lindsay looks back at this figure with a modest and humorous detachment, but he plainly enjoys

the intense, foolish and spirited young man he once was—and the reader will agree with him.

The book also contains a series of portraits of the leading figures in contemporary Bohemia (Sydney version)—Chris: and Anna Brennan, Hugh McCrae, Slessor, FitzGerald (no Bohemian, it is true), Beutler, Lindsay's brothers Phil. and Ray, and of course father Norman. These sketches are flavored with an affectionate warmth and executed with an easy quick freshness. They bring the period intimately alive, making us sigh for the largeness of life, the full-blooded personalities, of the past. But, of course, in the twenties we were bemoaning the loss of the great figures of the nineteen-hundreds, dismally aware of the Present's immortal habit of being dull.

The book is naturally largely concerned with the young Lindsays' determination to create a new and living Australian literature, at a time when the propulsions of the nineties had slackened into immobility. Plainly there was a rare intensity, a missionary zeal, in their intention; but how little it produced, how wide was the gap between intention and deed. Vision came out and achieved its little flurry of excitement and scandal; but what writing worth having did it publish? Would anything from its pages find its way into an Australian anthology, even one of those painfully tolerant anthologies which Australian editors so readily assemble?

Jack Lindsay himself was potentially the ablest of the group; but the samples of his work of that period quoted in this book are derivative, turgid, and lacking in any real poetic excitement. The movement aimed at a forward-looking revolution in Australian literary habits; and its actual utterance is largely a belated echo of the Yellow Book and French Symbolism.

Lindsay points out that the true begetters of the modern Australian poetic movement—Slessor and FitzGerald—wrote for Vision; but, as he fairly admits, they were not members of the group which created the magazine and they did not share that group's artistic convictions. It is unlikely that their association with Vision contributed much to their ultimate—and seminal—success.

As Lindsay outlines his poetic theories of that time, based on Norman's "Creative Effort", one is aware of a strange gap between his theories and his practices. Frequently, in this book, he incidentally mentions Beethoven; and he writes of him with an illuminated—and illuminating—enthusiasm. One becomes aware that what he wanted to express in his poetry was something akin to Beethoven's sense of the nature of man. But what the Vision group wrote wasn't a bit like that. If one had to find a musical parallel for its work, it would need to be something half-way between Liszt and Respighi.

Again, D. H. Lawrence was contemporaneously expressing a view of life which was close to the Lindsay creed of Vitalism. The Vision group would have done falsely to have become disciples of Lawrence, but his influence might have helped them to find themselves. Lindsay recognised this, but it is clear that his acceptance of Lawrence was too tardy and too hesitant—because Norman lumped Lawrence with the Modernists whom he sweepingly rejected.

The symbolisms which the Vision group used seem strangely wrong for their purposes—at least as those purposes are interpreted by Jack Lindsay. The nymphs and satyrs, the Helens, the pirates—what have these to do with the Neo-Nietzschean philosophy of Vitalism? What on earth are they doing there? The answer is obvious. They are the favorite figures of Norman's private mythology. No writer can borrow his symbolism from an artist of another generation and remain firmly himself.

As one ponders the disappointing achievement of the Vision movement, one keeps on stumbling over the ambiguous figure of Norman Lindsay. It seems unlikely that his influence on Australian culture will ever be rightly estimated. It will take a generation before his impact can be seen in perspective. By then, the men who have known him will be gone; and his contagion is so personal a force that it will not be rightly felt by those who did not know him (of whom, by the way, I am one, here speaking of the impressions I have gained at second-hand).

It would be rank ingratitude to belittle the value of his influence. His generous warmth of sympathy with young writers, the freshening wind of his zest, the example of his dedication, have given him a rare power to fan sparks into flame. He sends writers back to their desks with fuller confidence and sharper eagerness, and thus frees them for their work.

But even while he frees, he enslaves. The sheer vigor of his personality, the decisive impetus of his convictions, exercise an hypnotic influence. The writer who listens to his piping looses the power to be fully himself. He may write more freely, more confidently, but he has in some measure become an Aeolian harp for the winds of Lindsayism to sing through.

To draw up an accurate balance sheet of the values and dangers of Norman Lindsay's influence is probably beyond the powers of cultural accountancy. Which is, perhaps, as it should be. Far as Norman Lindsay's children have ultimately moved from their original enslavement by his influence, they have remained faithful to one of their father's convictions: they have consistently loathed balance sheets and all they stultifyingly stand for.

ARTHUR PHILLIPS.

★

To-day's Youth

Although he is an Australian by birth, Colin MacInnes has become a Londoner, and with his "Absolute Beginners" (MacGibbon & Kee, 18/9) he has won a place among the top dozen British writers, for in this book he has captured the freshness and zest, the miseries and sorrows, the sharp observation and hardy common sense of today's youth, and produced a work which is brimful of life.

In many ways it is a slight book, a sketch rather than a novel, describing a small group of London teenagers in the summer of the Notting Hill Gate riots. The events are seen through the eyes of a particularly percipient, though not a typical teenager who can best be described as Holden ("Catcher in the Pye") Caulfield's London cousin. Dialogue and description mirror the marvellously colorful self-expression of the teenagers, and minor characters such as the ex-Deb-of-last-year, ring unerringly true. Australians will not fail to recognise Call-me-Cobber, the T.V. personality with an irrepressibly ebullient good-on-yer-mate manner heavily garnished with a back-of-Bourke drawl. African Londoners are sensitively drawn without a trace of condescension, and although the book offers neither analysis nor solutions, it lays bare many of the relevant issues.

With great precision MacInnes reflects the empiricism of today's youth which contrasts so

sharply with the theorising of the forties. Since the theories have fallen so far below expectations, are the teenagers to be blamed for reacting? He brings home the extent to which teenagers have gained in confidence and become liberated from moral and intellectual pressures by their economic independence. Now important producers and consumers. though they spend their money on clothes and capuccinos, on taxis and records, they often react violently against property-owning ambitions. A teenager complains:—

"I get so tired of characters in motor vehicles behaving like duchesses, when usually the car's not even their own, but part paid on the never-never, or borrowed from the firm without the board of management's permission, and all they really are is human animals travelling much too fast with their arses suspended six inches above the asphalt—"

The main character is a freelance photographer specialising in pornographic work, but in the framework of hack journalism, modelling, advertising and commercial television this becomes just another occupation. There are prostitutes, junkies, homosexuals and Teds, but they are not, as in the press, regarded as representative teenagers, but rather as being on the fringe of the vigorous and healthy mainstream of teenage life. Similarly the "Marxists" (of all types) and the "trads" (folklorists pure and applied) are groups which barely exist on the verge of teenage life. Appearing to have little or nothing to offer—the teenagers' fault or their own?—they too are tolerated in a remarkably liberal spirit which contrasts with the fanaticism of their elders. Without the pressure of poverty, with a wide disparity between economic responsibilities and political rights, reinforced by the natural and correct feeling that their "ancestors" have made a mess of the world, is it any wonder that teenagers have no taste for politics? At least they have no great urge to be understood, but are prepared to co-exist with the adult world on lines of self-determination and self-expression.

The teenage culture is a genuinely urban culture, without country nostalgia, and with a strong dislike for the dull adult world of the suburbs. The unifying theme for the teenage intellectual elite (for that is what MacInnes is concerned with) is jazz. Not traditional jazz, but contemporary and alive-now jazz, the great musical invention of the cities, at home everywhere among teenagers white or black, making "you feel it's absolutely wonderful to be alive and kicking, and that human beings are a damn fine wonderful invention after all."

HELEN HUGHES

★

Australian Records

The Folk Music Record Club (of 131 Cathedral Street, Sydney) is forging ahead with its releases of some outstanding pressings of international folk music. Two recent arrivals have been available in Australia before, but only in rare imported recordings. "Irish Rebel Songs" (which has a superb jacket design by Clem Millward) consists of eighteen traditional Irish national songs sung by Patrick Galvin, an authority on the genre as well as probably the best exponent of the Irish songs of resistance and rebellion. This is a stirring and unforgettable record of unimpeachable authenticity and standards, and will bring lasting pleasure and poigancy in anyone's library. It should not be missed.

Colyn Davies "Cockney Music Hall Songs and Recitations", while the only record of its type known to this reviewer, does not carry such ultimate veracity as the Galvin record. Perhaps it's not meant to, entirely. It's hard to reject the idea that, despite the claim that "these songs and recitations are truly examples of urban English folklore", Colyn Davies is not sure just how far he is "sending-up" the songs and how far he is trying to reproduce them in the authentic manner they were sung in their music-hall heyday. Nor is Davies as accomplished musically as Patrick Galvin. For all that this record is more than a curiosity; it's a hilarious exposition of a certain type of working-class humor, and ideal for a party after everyone's got a few in.

Wattle Recordings, of the same address, has recently issued "Australian Goldrush Songs" by "The Fossickers", an amateur singing group formed around Ron Edwards, the artist and illustrator whose work is well known to Overland readers. The idea of this record was fine: to put back into currency some of the songs of that inimitable goldfields balladist Charles Thatcher. That such a project can be entertained is solely due to the work of a Victorian schoolteacher and bibliographer, Hugh Anderson, who has spent years collecting and collating words and music of the songs of Thatcher, as well as information about the man and his times. (Cheshires is shortly to publish a book by Anderson on Thatcher.) Apart from their great popular-historical interest, many of these songs deserve a new lease of life. While the originality of this record and the whole idea of issuing it deserve the highest praise, the production, the actual singing, is too ragged and uneven for a bushwhacker group.

The pick of Wattle's recent Australian issues is undoubtedly "Folk Songs from Queensland", sung by "The Bandicoots" and "The Moreton Bay Bushwhackers" and issued to commemorate the Queensland centenary. These groups show a sense of discipline and co-operation in their work so that the results, though fortunately far removed from "art" songs, are musically intelligible and by no means contemptible. A very nice balance has also prevailed in the choice and arrangement of the songs —between old and new, well-worn tunes and previously-unheard ones, between instrumental solos, vocal solos and ensemble items, and in subject-matter and style of song and presentation. This is a worthy successor to the fine "pathfinder" discs in the field of the Australian bush song which appeared some years ago. My personal preference is for the artlessly skilful and moving singing and playing of John Manifold.

Finally a "rogue" release into the Australian record market which has not made the impact it deserves and has had very little publicity. The Scotsman Gordon McDougall, who migrated to South Australia in 1951, has made the first complete and unabridged rendering of "The Sentimental Bloke". The result is unexpectedly excellent—McDougall has a real feeling for Dennis and the Australian vernacular, and very considerable skill in phrasing and presentation of his material—as might be expected from a well-known radio actor.

This record would well become for a long time the "standard work" on the Bloke. It is elegantly but sensibly got up in a jacket which is also a four-page introduction to C. J. Dennis and the Bloke, together with a lengthy glossary. The price is 57/6 post free, and it is only obtainable at present from Bri-Tone Records, P.O. Box 16, Brighton, S.A. A warning: the record revolves at 16-2/3 revolutions a minute.

S.M.S.

A Descant for Gossips

"A Descant for Gossips" (Angus & Robertson, 21/-) is Thea Astley's second novel and a great advance on her first, "Girl With A Monkey".

Indeed, in her delineation of "Vinny Lalor", a super-sensitive, generally unwanted girl on the brink of adolescence, Miss Astley has drawn possibly one of the most poignant child-studies in Australian literature. Vinny, physically undeveloped, sexually unenlightened, yet with a mind questing far beyond the moronic mental reaches of her schoolfellows, has something of the touching quality of the child in the play "Member of the Wedding".

Almost from the first page one has a sense of doom hovering around Vinny and the last page sees it descending upon her. Yet Vinny's crucifixion is presumably intended by the author as an incidental, minor note in the "Descant". The real victims, one supposes she intends, are the two school teachers, Robert Moller and Helen Striebel, almost the only two intellects in this arid small town on the Queensland coast, who find solace from their stultifying surroundings in each other, but who, because Moller has an invalid wife down in Brisbane, become the targets for the town's tattlers.

But though we come to know these two as living people and feel a personal distress as the gossip gradually disintegrates their joint lives, it is Vinny and her dreamy little tragedy that lingers in the mind when the book is put down.

One who knows tells me that the atmosphere of a school staffroom is authentically recreated. Certainly that of a school as a whole is, and the lynch-lust that is in every mob, more particularly an adolescent one, is sickeningly real.

The book's only fault is its mannered style: the tortuous seeking after the unusual verb, the double barrelled adjective. A mood, a thought, an emotion, is too often smothered in a swathe of strained simile. One hopes that in her next book Thea Astley will discard the swaddling verbiage and let the beauty of which she has shown herself capable—both of tenderness and terror—speak for itself.

JEAN CAMPBELL

★

Follow the Sun

Ron Tullipan chooses worthwhile material for "Follow The Sun" (Australasian Book Society, 18/9). He writes authentically from wharftown experience and offers a northern industrial picture that we haven't seen often in contemporary writing. In Sugar-port automation, the Italian influence and tropical town politics he provides an interesting and separate focus on the traditional vision of the working Australian. It is an environment in contrast to the southern industrial scene; the itinerant workers following the big money predominate, but their industrial attitudes blend with those of the local townspeople. Mr. Tullipan has good scope for character conflicts and weaves together a readable story.

However, it is obvious that the main point of the book is that Mr. Tullipan has something to say socially. While his ambition is commendable there are risks in the experiments he makes to achieve it; every character is contrived to say something. In the chapter "Foundation" Edgar Flint and Lew Brady give, in fact, the whole substance of the author's message rather convincingly; but do so many other less rounded characters need to labor the points? Had the possibilities of the environment been more maturely developed, most of the characters would have needed to say very little.

The story-telling capabilities of Mr. Tullipan are quite evident; what his novel suffers by overzealousness is largely remedied by sincerity. "Follow The Sun" could well be examined, nonetheless, as to how far a story can be pushed to achieve a utility purpose; what is the limit a reader will take; and how mindful a writer must be that readers have to be won. Rather than sacrifice the audience by saying too much in his own voice, it may be of greater utility to be satisfied with allowing the subtleties of story inference to speak for the writer.

PAUL CARROLL

★

Convict Days

The publication by the Australasian Book Society of "Convict Days" (25/- retail, 12/6 to members) is a notable addition to the important list of "unusuals" that this publishing house has built up in recent years.

Price Warung was the pen name of William Astley. Looking back over the short stories written in the nineties, supposedly the golden years of Australian writing, it is hard to escape the conclusion that very few of the Bulletin writers could write short stories that we today can recognise as good ones; among the few who could write stories that deserved to survive were Lawson and Warung.

Between 1892 and 1898 Warung published five books of stories which dealt mainly with the convict system. The cruelties and iniquities of the system, and the hypocrisies of the society which produced such a system, haunted him. Like Marcus Clarke, he dug down into convict records. The moral he came up with is that of the convict saying to the officer: "Orl o' we don't get 'ardened, but there ain't one o' yer wot doesn't."

This is an important social theme and it has been worked over by many, not least William Hay in his "The Escape of Sir William Heans". Hay was more subtle than Warung, but not a better writer. Not a little of the reason why Hay has been acclaimed as a Literary Figure, while Warung has been ignored, is just the fact that Warung hits hard and directly. The stories make you wriggle in shame and horror at the cruelties men can talk themselves into perpetrating. They should be compulsory reading for those who support capital punishment and other organised forms of community sadism.

The appearance of the best of Warung's convict stories, after 60 years of neglect, is a feather in the cap of the Australasian Book Society and a real contribution to the awakening interest in Australian literature. The only points of criticism I have are that one of Warung's books is omitted from the list given on the back cover ("Tales of the Early Days", published in 1894); that there seems no need to hide the fact (which has some relation to his lack of recognition) that Astley was a drug addict; that an introduction to the book which I believe was written by Mr. Justice Barry of the Victorian Supreme Court has been excluded for reasons which I cannot understand (such an introduction would have made this valuable book even more valuable); and that all reference has

been omitted to Mr. Ian Turner, formerly of the Australasian Book Society, who conceived the idea of this book, collected the material, edited it, typed it and wrote a foreword. Such things make even a well-produced book like this seem a bit shabby.

S. MURRAY-SMITH

★

Two Recent Novels

The difficulties of gaining attention from a reading public blase to the point of finding adultery boring, incest barely interesting and sodomy a bore have been nicely surmounted by Mr. Russell Foreman, who charms the eternal adolescent shut away in every adult with a mixture of shipwreck, mutiny and cannibalism reminiscent of the "Boys' Own Paper" and "Chums" in their heyday. Before this conjures up in some minds clouded memories of Gordon Staples, S. Walkey and Morton Pike, let me hurry on to add that Mr. Foreman is a mature and sensitive writer, and for all its unlikely ingredients, "Long Pig" (Heinemann, 20/-) is an evocation of primitive Melanesia as absorbing to the intellect as it is exciting to the senses. Moreover, Mr. Foreman is no stranger to the history and ethnology of the Pacific; the settings and situations of his book are illuminated throughout by an unobtrusive erudition in itself sufficient to sustain the intelligent reader's interest.

★

For the first hundred pages Mr. Edward Lindall's "No Place To Hide" (Hutchinson, 18/9) unfolds on lines laid down during the liberal reaction to Senator McCarthy. Wade Scotter, heavily-watered Australian version of that never-successfully-exported American literary stereotype the crusading-journalist-with-a-heart-of-gold, has been expelled from French-occupied Indochina for gathering his material in the wrong quarters. Labelled a security risk, he finds jobs hard to hold in the cities, and decides to seek refuge in Clayville, his home town. Waiting for him there he finds a brand new Atomic Research Station (publisher's capitals) and Security's man in Clayville, William Clark. A series of confrontations ensue, in which Scotter, weighed down by liberal instincts, proves no match for the morally unencumbered Clark. Finally, in a desperate attempt to beg relief from Clark's superiors, he tries to enter the Research Station, is caught, and incarcerated in the local lock-up. "All," as Mary Pickford used to tell us so often, "seems lost".

And so it might have been, had not Mr. Lindall undergone a change of heart. When Colonel Tucker appears it is as a deus ex machina. In next to no time Clark is exposed as a criminal renegade from a proud and honorable service ("Clark is one of our men. He went wrong, and we're going to get him," says Tucker, presumably through clenched teeth, although Mr. Lindall refrains from telling us so), a hitherto sympathetically-depicted New Australian couple turn out to be Red Agents ("Frank stood up, pale lips sneering and eyes glitter sharp behind their thick glasses"), and Scotter, purged of all ill-will towards the Security Service, happily settles down to married bliss with his reporter girl-friend. Shades of Winston Smith!

RACE MATHEWS

★

Shorter Notices

Charles Bateson's "The Convict Ships" (Brown, Son & Ferguson, 56/6) unlike most monographs caters excellently both for the general reader and the specialist.

A lot of lip-service is paid these days to the sufferings of our pioneers, not least the convicts. Little attempt has been made, either in imaginative literature or in factual writing, to make these sufferings real to us so that they really move us to think on the significance of our national origins. But Bateson's book actually takes us into the reeking prison-holds of the convict ships and catalogs their agonising voyages.

From the historian's point of view this survey of convict shipping, ranging from 1788 to 1868, will be a valuable aid in the debates on the numbers and the geographical range of the convicts sent to Australia. The detailed appendixes covering approximately one thousand arrivals will aid many research workers. Above all, perhaps, the factual material here assembled on the fitting out and despatch of these ships will throw light on the nature of the society and its bureaucracy that developed transportation to such complex lengths as a "solution" to its social problems. Mr. Bateson is not unaware of this. In many ways this book is as much social history as nautical.

★

A travel book of a different kind is Coralie and Leslie Ree's "Coasts of Cape York" (Angus & Robertson, 27/6), the third in their series of chatty travel books. This one swings to the Cape York peninsula and the Torres Straits islands beyond, and is full of color, incident and anecdote. There is always a place—and plenty of grateful readers—for such books, even if they lack the literary profundity, for instance, of Wilfred Thesiger's "Arabian Sands". And this book concerns a little-known area and is written with real sympathy for the people, white and colored, of the Australian frontier.

★

Adventure of another sort lies in Peter Ryan's "Fear Drive My Feet" (Angus & Robertson, 20/-), the story of his patrols in enemy-occupied territory in the Markham Valley area of New Guinea. This book is one of the very best of the Australian war-memoirs—sane and modest, economically-written and taut in its telling—and illuminates rather more than just the story of a very young soldier operating in extraordinary circumstances.

★

Just as no one concerned with the analysis of social change can afford these days not to be

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In such a brief notice of the book as this it is futile to give a conception of the massive learning of Hauser, the creative nature of his thinking on some of the key issues of his time, or the brilliance of his application of the concepts of Marx—among many others—to the philosophy of art. (Art being understood, of course, to embrace all forms of artistic endeavor.)

Hauser is not easy to read. His style can be turgid and his arguments spill out in such a rush that connecting links stand in some danger of being lost. But there can be no doubt that he is the most important new thinker on this most vital subject to be published in English since the war, and what he has to say (for example, on the question of "Folk Art and Popular Art") refertilises a field that for too long has lain comparatively barren.

S.M.S.

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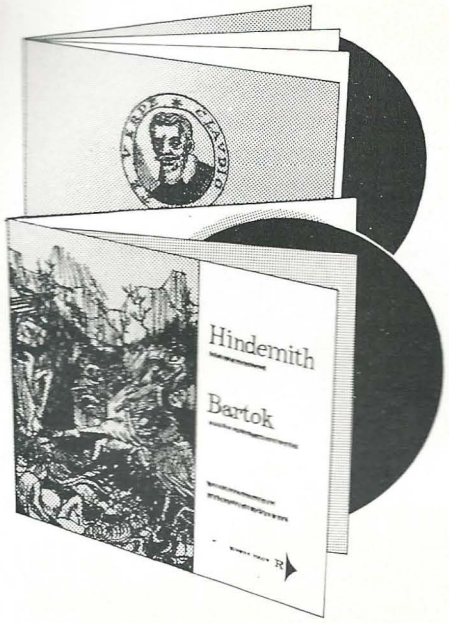

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