

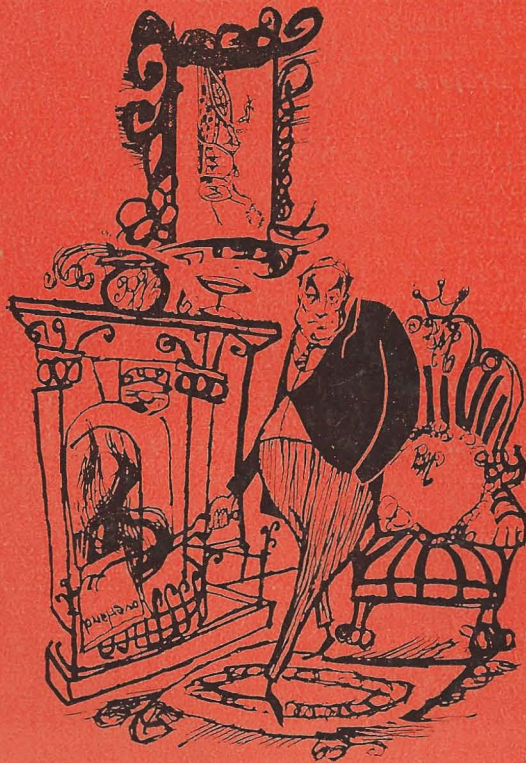
COLIN MACINNES ON JOHN MONASH

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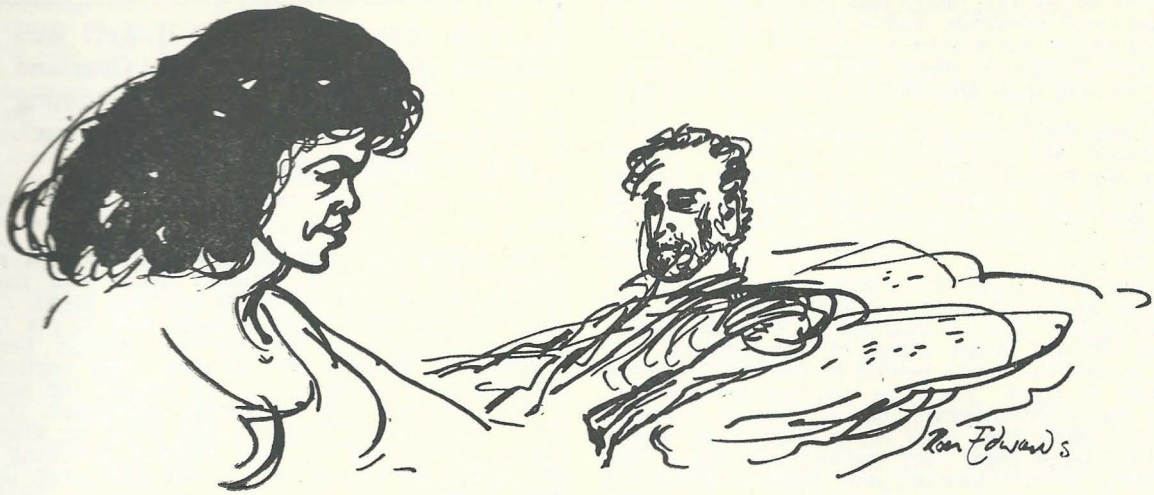
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JOE ANCHOR'S ROCK

Dorothy Hewett

IT was raining hard the day my grandmother told me the story of Joe Anchor. I was curled up in her big, brass-knobbed bed, the salted hams swaying from the jarrah beams over our heads, the wind rattling the corrugated iron and swishing the rain-wet fig-trees against the walls.

My grandmother lay in her calico nightie, her swarthy skin and big hooked nose outlined against the fine, hemstitched pillow slip. I loved to climb into my grandmother's bed early in the mornings. I loved her long, hard, sinewy body and her clean, rainy smell, as if she carried part of storm-lashed Mangamaunu and the snow-covered Kaikouras with her forever.

She slept in what was known, for courtesy's sake, as Grandma's sleepout, but which was, in reality, an old corrugated-iron lean-to built by my grandfather when he first took up land by the split rock in the valley of the Avon in 1887. The rest of the house had sprawled out beside it, added to year by year, with wide, shady verandahs and huge ceilinged rooms. French doors from the bedrooms, and cool, dark, polished jarrah floors. But Grandma's sleepout was left stranded at the side of the house, ugly, rickety, a shameful relic of a frugal past.

In summer the sleepout boiled in temperatures 112 in the shade, a million tiny eyes of the sun glittering through the cracks in the corrugated iron walls; in springtime the swallows built their nests in the corners, and my grandmother, grumbling fiercely, cleaned their droppings from the floor. In the winter time the rain left great puddles beside her iron trunks, stuffed with scraps of old lace and beads and the curling feathers ladies

used to wear in their hats. But Grandma and I loved that room. It belonged to us, as the rest of the house belonged to my grandfather and Uncle Matt.

"You've been pesterin' me for years about Joe Anchor," said my grandmother in her soft Maori lilt.

She turned sideways on the pillow and gazed deep at me with her brown eyes, beautiful, wild and lonely eyes against the snow-white pillow slip.

"I suppose you're old enough to understand. How old are you now?"

"Eleven," I said tartly. It always annoyed me that my grandmother could never remember how old I was, but one minute was telling me I was "a great lout, getting on for sixteen, and old enough to know better," and the next that I was "only a baby, hardly out of nappies yet."

My grandmother cuddled me up close.

"Eleven," she said. "Well, it's a good age to start learning your ancestry." She laughed and I knew she was looking at me down an enormous vista of time, filled with bitterness and joy, the rough wet valleys of her Maori village, the sun-bleached, scrubby plains of Jarrabin, a life filled with courage, brutality and tenderness. For my grandmother was seventy-two when she told me the story of Joe Anchor, lying in her big iron bedstead with the rain clattering off the tin roof.

I had wanted to know all about Joe Anchor ever since I could spell out the name, laboriously tracing it with my finger on the slab of granite on the Rock Hill. I knew there was a man buried under there, but neither my uncles or my grandfather could or would tell me who he was, and the neighbors grinned slyly and self-consciously whenever I asked.

"Your grandfather is buried under that rock," said my grandmother dreamily, and for the life of me I couldn't understand how I could have two grandfathers, one with a silver watch and chain

looped across his belly, who drove smilingly to lodge once a month, and a second one who lay silent under the granite boulder on the rock hill. So now I will set down the story as my grandmother told it to me that wet August morning in 1930.

It was 1887 when my grandparents first came to Jarrabin. My grandfather was a counter jumper in a big Sydney store, but he wanted to see the world, so he stowed his references carefully in his port and caught a steamer to Wellington. He landed in Wellington in blurry rain with a pound in his pocket, but, having always been a good servant of the boss, his references were excellent, and he picked up a job as traveller for a big New Zealand firm. His job took him all over the islands, even into the Maori village of Mangamaunu with the rugged Kaikouras behind it, and the boundless Pacific in front. There he met my grandmother. She was eighteen years old, as wild as a storm-lashed ngaio tree, with raven black hair and a fierce hooked nose. Her mother was Maori, her father a Jewish hawker, who made a precarious living selling bits and pieces up and down that wild, cliff-bound coast of Marlborough province.

They called my grandmother Rachel. For the first time in his cautious, bootlicking life my grandfather fell in love. He was thirty-three so he took it hard. For a whole season he wooed my grandmother among the blackfern and tussock grass, beside the rushing streams that ran all summer, swollen with snow from the hills. In the end she married him, and, because of the racial prejudice in Wellington, they travelled steerage to Fremantle, and landed in Western Australia with 13/7 between them.

Again my grandfather's references and his charming, servile manner stood him in good stead. He got a job with Bon Marche and, in a couple of years, rose to be floorwalker in "the rags". He saved a bit every week. He'd always wanted to be his own boss. He and a mate of his, a crack window dresser at the "Bon", went partners in a little mixed business in West Perth. They did well, but it hurt my grandfather to share the profits with his mate every month. The crack window dresser had "no head for business", he always forgot to hide the rotten apples on the bottom of the pile, so my grandfather swindled him out of his share, sold out for big money in the Boom, and decided to take up land in a newly opened area about one hundred and fifty miles from Perth. He was suffering a bit from "bein' married to a Maori" for seven years, with seven black-headed, black-browed brats to keep.

The mate ended up with a hopeless little tea-rooms down the karri country, went broke, and put a bullet through his brain. My grandfather sent a big wreath with his name prominently displayed, and a fiver to the widow.

My grandfather rode out to Jarrabin, very handsome and debonair in his riding breeches. He had good, muscular legs, inclined to varicose veins, crinkly chestnut hair and sparkling blue eyes. He found the surveyor's pegs, shifted them a bit extra either way, and took up four thousand acres of wheat and sheep country. There he built the corrugated iron humpy where he and my grandmother lived the rest of their lives.

He had dreamed of being a "gentleman farmer", but his dreams peeled away in the blistering scrub and the distant, low blue hills. Even the railway line hadn't gone through yet, and the farm was bounded on all sides by the octopus arms of the creek. It was a tributary of the Avon River, that dried to mud-cracked gullies in the summer time, and swelled to a raging flood in the winter rains.

This story by Dorothy Hewett won second prize in the recent Overland short story competition. The winning entry, John Morrison's "Ward Four", was published in our previous issue.

He cleared the land and fenced it, planted an orchard, or rather he potted about, and paid others precious little to do all the hard yakka for him. They were terribly isolated and it got on my grandfather's nerves. He had always been a city-bred, sociable sort of man, very cautious and near with his money on the surface, but with a wild, reckless sort of streak underneath that led him into doing things he was sorry for afterwards; like sailing for New Zealand, marrying a Maori, and taking up land in the wild scrub out from Jarrabin.

It was just this streak, coupled with the loneliness, that drove him into taking his best horse and joining the rush to Kalgoorlie in 1892. It was a great temptation to him, because the route to the fields led through his property, and the miners would often camp at Split Rock at the foot of his orchard. It was a well known landmark, even shown on the maps, because it was a pretty sure water supply in dry spells. My grandfather would hear their voices murmuring in the dusk, and the clink of hobbles, and go down and yarn with them well into the small hours of the morning.

It got too much for him with the wonderful tales of easy gold there for the taking and Paddy Hannan lighting his cigars with fivers, and driving down the streets of Kalgoorlie in a pure gold coach, the horses shod with gold nuggets. One morning he saddled his bay stallion, and, with his eyes shining as they'd shone over my grandmother in the wet blackfern above Mangamaunu, he rode away from Split Rock to Kalgoorlie . . . a shimmering mirage of red dust, dreary scrub and mullock heaps on the sky.

*

My grandmother found it pretty hard going after he left. Her eldest son was thirteen, a grave, sullen-mouthed boy who worked like a slave from sunup to sundown. Later he became my Uncle Matthew and worked beside my grandfather all his life for no reward but a roof over his head and food in his belly. His brothers married and took up land of their own, but he never married. When my grandmother died I inherited the farm, but Uncle Matt continued to live there until his body joined his brothers in the graveyard outside Jarrabin.

The only other help my grandmother had was a poorly paid, poorly fed lad with rickety legs, who slept in the chaff house. The Aboriginals, who camped by the dry creek bed every summer, gave her a hand occasionally. They always came back because my grandmother gave them what food she had to spare, and treated them like human beings, probably because she'd suffered a bit from racial prejudice and words like "nigger" herself.

She battled on, but things went from bad to worse. Then, one spring night just at dusk, she saw a fire glowing by the split rock and heard a man's voice, singing softly, float up through the white apple blossoms in the orchard. You must

remember that my grandmother was still a young woman at this time, handsome and full of life and fire, and she was bitterly lonely. The influx to the gold fields had dribbled away, very few travellers passed through the farm, all winter the bush tracks had been impassable (they were bad enough at any time), and she had worked like a man in all weathers till she was weary right through to her bones. Even after thirteen years in this bitter, god-forsaken country she was still homesick for the smell of snow on the wind, and the rushing brown streams of her native land.

She saw the children to bed, then she took the lantern, a loaded rifle and the dog, and walked down through the orchard, smelling the scent of apple blossom, freshly-turned earth, the sap rising in the young trees. Her hand on the red kelpie's hackles, she stood, silent as a shadow under the twisted wattles, heavy with blossom, by the orchard fence. She saw the glimmer of white moleskins. The man was crouched over the fire he had made between two flat rocks, his gaunt profile and ragged red beard outlined by the flick and twist of the flames. The night was full of the rush of water, and wind in the boughs, and although she trod softly as a dropped leaf, he looked up sharply.

"Just out shootin' rabbits," she said in her soft, throaty voice. "Saw your fire. You goin' through to Kal?"

"I was thinkin' of it."

The dog growled but she quietened him with her hand. She had a wonderful way with all animals, even the shyest bush creatures.

"You must be one of the last to come through here," she murmured. "Where you from?"

"I walked from Fremantle," he said. "But I was born on the gold fields in Ballarat."

"Oh, a t'other sider. We are too." She smiled grimly. "My husband comes from Sydney. I'm a New Zealander meself. But it's a long time since I been there. It seems like another world now."

"I did my last trip there," he said, looking at her deliberately. "I'm a seaman, jumped ship at Fremantle."

She threw discretion to the winds, advancing boldly and seating herself eagerly on the rock on the other side of the fire, the rifle propped between her knees.

"You've just come from New Zealand," she said longingly. "Did y' happen to come across a little village on the coast called Mangamaunu in Marlborough province, at the foot of the Kaikoura mountains?"

No, he'd never been there, but he knew Wellington like the back of his hand, and other towns she'd heard her father speak of. They talked far into the night, the stars blazing in the great night sky, and the splashing of the waterfall making a gentle, lulling music to their talk. And, because she was starved for a man's advice and comfort, she told him her problems on the farm, of her husband's desertion in the mad search for gold. Bitterness crept into her voice when she remembered the light in his eyes as he rode off that morning, hardly bothering to kiss her goodbye.

The seaman thought to himself that he'd never seen anything so wildly beautiful as this black-haired Maori woman with the fierce, melting eyes, the thick mouth and the voice like a tumbling mountain stream.

She saw the admiration in his eyes and encouraged it, arching her throat in the red firelight so that her breasts stood out, pointed and sharp under her blouse. She was a young woman, hungry for love and bitter too because she had never forgotten the look of shame on her husband's face,

Miss Petty's Sunlight

Each day, between nine-thirty and eleven,
A square of sunlight falls beside her door
Dropped by Prometheus from his stolen store;
A segment for her use, her share of heaven.

To this, her portion of unfiltered sky,
She carries two green budgies in a cage,
A parrot, vacant and dull-eyed with age,
And, unobtrusively, a slip to dry.

Lastly, the dwarf geraniums, fiercely bright,
Are set in place. Puss, slit-eyed, fat with cream,
Watches Miss Petty through a golden dream
Come to salute the transient flag of light.

Each day, between nine-thirty and eleven,
They live, upreaching to the precious rays;
This is the morning and night of all their days,
Their very breath of purpose plucked from heaven.

Miss Petty does not watch the stars at night,
Has never heard of sputnik or such capers:
But regularly, like the milk and papers,
She takes delivery of her square of light.

But time moves on; the cat, dissatisfied,
Claws at the door; the parrot shuts its eye;
The flame of petals droop and slowly die;
Chilled and alone, Miss Petty goes inside.

JILL HELLYER

when, desire satisfied, he woke to find a Maori wife in his bed.

She sprang up, her tall body outlined against the curve of the sky and the rushing trees.

"What's your name?" she asked, bold and shy like any young girl courting.

"Joe Anchor," he said. His hungry blue eyes never left the outlines of her body. "What's yours?"

"Rachel," she whispered, conscious of his eyes. He stood up, taller than she by a head with a lean, muscly body and calloused hands.

"I have seven children," she cried, her hand at her throat.

The dog growled. "Lie down," she spat savagely. The man drew her towards him, she felt the hard press of his hips against hers, his mouth burned on her lips, his red beard prickled her skin. He pushed his hands through her heavy hair till the pins unloosed and it streamed around her shoulders in a thick, black cloud.

Then he forced her down on the earth and undid her blouse, fondling the swarthy breasts with the dark, pigmented nipples.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" he cried exultantly, as he stripped off her clothes, and they lay naked, cleaving and straining together to the ebb and flow of the creek. The rifle lay forgotten, propped against the rock. The red kelpie snuffled on the creek bank, then wandered away into the darkness, conscious that she no longer needed him.

The man woke several times during the night to replenish the fire. Idly she watched his strong, lean flanked body and muscular arms, outlined redly in the firelight. She saw the blue anchor tattooed on his forearm, then he dropped down beside her on the leaves, and took her again.

*

JOE Anchor didn't leave the farm. He stayed all through the spring, summer and autumn, harvesting, ploughing, sowing, doing a bit of fencing and clearing. Rachel paid him well. He made her increase the miserable wages my grandfather had fixed for the hired boy, so that he grew quite sturdy, his legs straightened out, and he loved Joe Anchor like a brother. Joe was a great favorite with all my grandmother's children, except Matthew, who was old enough to sense the relationship between the two of them, and was jealous and resentful for his absent father.

When the Aborigines camped by the creek-bed that summer, Joe made friends. He would sit and sing with them far into the night. They loved and trusted him, taught him their songs and legends, initiated him as a full member of the tribe. For many years afterwards the songs and stories of the remnants of the Aborigines who hung around Jarrabin had references to a red-bearded man who had come from the east and was wise and strong and brave as their own dreamtime heroes.

It always seemed strange to me, when I grew up, that a man as honest and kind and democratic as Joe Anchor should have taken, so ruthlessly, the wife of another man. But I imagine that he knew he had taken nothing that belonged to my grandfather. My grandmother belonged to herself, and it is quite certain that, up to the time she met Joe Anchor on the creek bank, she had known neither love nor passion in all her thirty years.

There was something elemental like a thunderstorm in the love between Joe Anchor and Rachel, something in their passion as eternal as the stars that sparkled and whirled across the great curve of the sky. I cannot imagine how they thought their story could end, or what happiness could ever be for them. At that time divorce was unheard of, and my grandparents had seven sons. Perhaps they believed that my grandfather would never come home, that the gold rush and the red hills of Kalgoorlie had swallowed him up for ever. But they seemed as heedless and unknowing as the winds that swept over the timbered gullies and scrubby plains of Jarrabin, the winds that carried the malicious whispers and the sly grins into the farmhouse kitchens and the dusty street of the town.

For by the autumn Rachel's belly was up to her nose and she carried her load proudly, curving her back in and placing her feet carefully, to balance her body. Those were the autumn nights when they sat by the fire in the kitchen, and Joe Anchor taught her all he knew of life and struggle, things she never learnt in the wet, ferny gullies of Mangamaunu, and would never learn in nearly sixty years of marriage with my grandfather.

Joe Anchor was born in 1854 in a miner's tent in Ballarat. That year his father was shot dead in the Eureka rebellion. His mother took in washing and slaved in the pubs till hard work and scanty tucker buried her. He went mining to Bendigo, followed the "poor man's rushes" all through the fields, sometimes working as a shearer in the season. He finished up as a seaman on the run between Sydney and New Zealand. In the Great Strike of 1890 he walked off the ship with the rest of her crew. He was railroaded into jail for illegal striking, and booted and belted to a bloody pulp for a week or more in a stinking cell.

When he staggered out into the streets of Sydney, the strike was broken. Jobs were hard to get, ragged men with a last glimmer of hope in their eyes, and a borrowed fare in their pockets, were escaping to the West . . . El Dorado over the horizon. He shipped on a boat to Fremantle and ended up homeless, jobless on another grimy waterfront.

My grandmother had always had respect for all men, and a love of freedom, but thirteen years as my grandfather's wife had doused the bright flame of her mind to an uneasy glimmer. Now, in Joe Anchor's company, it burned more brightly than ever. Not even my grandfather, nor the narrow, bigoted lives of her neighbors, could ever destroy it again.

Joe Anchor sent to Sydney for books for her, riding miles to the nearest siding to pick them up. She would pull off the wrappers like an eager child, and bury her nose in the pages, smelling delightedly at all the truth and adventure waiting for her. She loved the sight, smell and touch of books. She would sit far into the night by the light of the hurricane lantern, her dictionary beside her, painstakingly tracing the letters with her roughened forefinger, for my grandmother never read easily, and they were hard books to fathom . . . books by Karl Marx, Charles Dickens, by Robert Owen, Thomas Paine and William Lane.

Sometimes they would argue politics far into the night, while the winter storms raged outside. She would sit forward, her hands on her knees, her hair pushed into a rough knot at her neck, her great hungry eyes full of thirst for knowledge and life, but her voice soft and murmurous as rain, because she was a woman in love, and heavy with their child. He would argue with her, tensely and passionately, his beard glittering in the fire-light, thumping his calloused palm with his fist for emphasis, for he was a passionate man, who had experienced many bitter things in his life and was inclined to be dogmatic and savage about them.

That was my grandmother's life in the year 1893, the year of the great hurricane that swept cattle and sheep into raging torrents, sliced the tops off gum trees clean like a giant axe, turned creeks into great rivers, drowned a child in the Avon, and lifted the roofs of farmhouses, whirling them twenty miles away.

Split Rock farm stood square in the path of the hurricane. It hit the house late one night in August 1893, screaming across scrub and open paddocks, while my grandmother lay in her big, brass-knobbed, double bed giving birth to my father. It whipped the corrugated iron roof off the farmhouse like a sheet of crumpled cardboard; the tough jarrah verandah posts splintered and toppled into the garden. The house jarred and shuddered under the screech of the wind. My grandmother lay in bed, her eyes dilated with pain and horror, the wind spreading her long black hair across the pillow like a fan, blowing the flame of the hurricane lantern sideways, and then out. In the pitch darkness the children were screaming and crying, huddled under a great, open, roaring sky. It was like being sucked into the centre of a vortex, fighting for breath, the whole world a whirling chaos of trees, wind, flying timber and lashing rain.

It had been raining steadily for a fortnight; the creeks had long ago burst their banks and flooded into the paddocks. Now the hurricane sent the waters, dark and swollen with silt and brush-wood, tearing across the open land. Split Rock was marooned on an island, surrounded by glittering water and whirling wind. All through that terrible

night Joe Anchor, young Matthew and the hired boy battled for the lives of my grandmother and her children. They built an improvised shelter in the wreckage of the farmhouse, and there my grandmother gave birth to her eighth son, a healthy ten-pound, red-headed baby.

Towards dawn the hurricane passed over them, but the rain was like a curtain over the sodden earth and the noise of the flooded creek seemed to fill the air with its rushing.

On the second day, with rain still falling steadily, Joe Anchor made Rachel and the children as comfortable as he could, kissed her and the red-headed baby in the crook of her arm, and rode off across the raging Avon to Jarrabin.

"Good luck, Joe," she whispered. Her eyes burned with fever in her dark face.

That was the last my grandmother ever saw of him, a red beard on the skyline, a waving arm across a grey waste of water. A rescue party of local farmers, riding along the opposite bank of the river, fished his body out of the flood the following afternoon. His head was stove in by a rock or a tree stump, his body rammed by the current against the piles of the bridge, smashed to matchwood in the hurricane. The horse lay, swollen-bellied, half-blocking the swirl of waters through the broken tree roots.

They buried Joe Anchor on the rock hill looking out over the blue smudge of distant hills, the mile on mile of undulating scrub. They said my grandmother neither spoke nor cried, but stood still and dark as a she-oak tree, her red-haired baby on her hip, by the rock where they carved his name.

The neighbors helped her repair the farmhouse and clear the rubbish off the flattened fences. My grandfather came back in the springtime, riding whistling through the scrub, starred with early pink everlasting and yellow sorrel. But the whistle must have died on his lips when he saw the wreckage of his farm, and my grandmother standing like a shadow under the fig trees, the red-headed baby in her arms.

He had meant to come back, riding in triumph, on a horse with golden hoofs like Paddy Hannan, but he never did strike it rich in the fields. He struck all his riches in the valley of the Avon, where Split Rock gushes its lively waters at the foot of our orchard. The bitter words, the hatreds that must have been raked up, the accusations that must have been voiced, time buried even them under the swell and ebb of the seasons, each one richer than the last.

My father grew to manhood, and war broke out. In spite of my grandmother, or perhaps because of her, for he was her favorite son and she was an arrogant, overbearing woman in middle age, he joined up and was sent away to France on the first troop ship. He married a Normandy peasant girl, and rested his red head in a nameless grave in Flanders forever. My grandmother sent the fare to Normandy to bring my mother to Fremantle. She landed on a cold, drizzling morning in 1920, gave birth to me in the careless dirt and misery of a public ward and in a week was dead of septicaemia.

My grandmother took me home to Jarrabin, reared me on cow's milk and arrowroot biscuits and loved me wisely and fiercely; my grandfather jiggled me forgivingly on his knee, my Uncle Matthew made me bows and arrows, and taught me to ride an old, fat-bellied mare in the stable yard. The farmers in Jarrabin street smiled and nudged each other when I passed and then, with the years, got sick of speculating about me.

Interim Statement

"A poem," Kathleen said, "should be economical, exact, complete: not ramble vaguely on, you see, nor idly move, nor drag its feet."

Good counsel: still each word means long thought for a would-be poet, sailing where high tides toss, but half aware verbosity's an ugly failing.

Economical? we'll call it spare: don't use five syllables where one serves the same need: Exact? that's where the search for sense is never done.

Still, as an aim, we'll mark it well, since lie we never must: Complete? here we're at odds: a poem's not a blueprint, nor a bedroom suite.

Useful it may be, graceful surely, close to your heart and mind: but not complete—like some neat box: it's only for epitaphs to state the lot.

AILEEN PALMER

But it was not until I was eleven years old, lying snuggled up in my grandmother's huge iron bedstead, that I understood the reason for those nudges and winks, the embarrassed silences, that hid the secret of my ancestry.

"I hope I grow up to be like Joe Anchor, Gran," I said seriously, watching the shadows of the hams sway and chase each other from their hooks on the roof.

"You've got the red hair, that's enough to start with," said my grandmother tartly. "And enough to give the neighbors plenty to gossip about."

My grandmother always kept Joe Anchor's books in a tin trunk under her bed. She kept them, carefully dusted, and read them all her life. I can see her now in the lamplight after tea, her hand propping up her forehead, furrowed with concentration, my grandfather ostentatiously reading, but mostly rustling, the Primary Producer opposite her.

Rachel outlived her husband by ten years, a tough, stringy old woman with skin like polished jarrah, a back like a wind-bent tree.

When she died she willed the books to me. She was buried with proper ceremony next to her lawful husband, in the dry, scrubby graveyard outside Jarrabin, so far from storm-lashed Mangamaunu and the wet snow blowing down from the Kaikouras.

I buried her beside him, not because she wanted it, but for the sake of the conventions. I often think, if there is such a thing as ghosts, on these spring nights she must escape from that intolerable grave, tramp the fourteen miles to Split Rock and climb the Rock Hill, her black hair streaming in the wind. Only there could her brave spirit rest in peace under the rough stone and the blazing stars with Joe Anchor.

*

Time gives Joe Anchor a sort of immortality. "Go south by Joe Anchor's Rock," the farmers say.

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F. W. CHESHIRE

Publishers and Booksellers

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In Memoriam Istvan Farkas

Companion, come at last
To our last hour, we share
No pain, my sorrow's past.
I dance on light and wear
Light's dazzle in my breast.
My dear companion, rest,
I leave you now to sever
Memory and hope forever.

"I brought you through unending
Whirlpools of hidden love
Safe, and I bore the rending
Talons of pain, and strove
All night with faceless fears
For your sake, and my tears
Were salt, salt, for your sake.
It is I whom you forsake."

Companion, tool put by
As useless now, I stare
Through light, superb of eye
And weightless rest on air.
What arrow is it finds me?
What is the weight that binds me?
O plumed with pain I fall,
Companion, to your call.

"I sing the nosegay hours.
My father's hand in mine.
The secret speech of flowers
(Such fragments heard!) A pine
Fingers the silks of cloud.
White heron on the loud
Winds across Alfold come.
Syllables like a drum."

Companion, wandering
With childhood's quickening tongue,
Once, saying was the thing—
Now world and word are sprung
Apart—

"I see once more
Balaton's level shore.
Father, I see the white
Heron dissolve in light."

I'll wear no mortal dress.
Why should the spirit kneel?

"Alfold, horizonless,
Your galloping herdsmen wheel.
O childhood lost and found!
My human wheat is ground
To the wafer of this pain.
O unhorizoned plain!

"In fallen blood I lie.
I dream, I shall not wake.
Though men and cities die
Burning for freedom's sake,
Yet each man dies alone."

Look, the white heron's gone
Soaring, and does not grieve,
And hope and freedom live.

FRANCIS GEYER

On Some University Lecturers

Survival of the fit...
And those that do survive
In this noisome jungle pit
Where sour culture germinates
And there claw a hundred hates—
It's a wonder they're alive.

And what are they fitted for?
With neat aesthetic ties
The weakling and the bore
Prowl in malignant corpulence
Of senses and intelligence—
Inadequate disguise
Of explorers turned to spies.

JUDITH GREEN

What to ask candidates
What socialists propose about

Economic policy

Foreign policy

Unemployment

Nationalisation

New Guinea

in the October Election Issue of

OUTLOOK

the independent socialist review.

August issue: Prof. Asa Briggs on Australian cities; New Australians and Politics; more on Religious Instruction among Menzies' "Clever Pagans".

OUTLOOK is 2/6 a copy on bookstalls, of 15/- sub. a year, from Box 368, Post Office, Haymarket, Sydney.

Editor: Helen G. Palmer

SWAG

There's a great deal I'd like to write about in Swag—our scandalous educational deficiencies, for instance, or the latest censorship antics (the magnificent French film "Breathless" has been banned)—and there are many interesting little items of literary and cultural news that should be spread. But in the agonising process of pasting-up a magazine, with so much good material to be used and so little space for it all, the desperate editor usually ends up by cutting his own space rather than his contributors'. They can scream louder! Hence the brevity of this column in this issue. Those who think that the magazine shouldn't be bigger, and that Swag shouldn't be longer, can drop a note to the Prime Minister and thank him for ensuring this.

★

John Manifold's long-awaited second book of poems, "Nightmares and Sunhorses", is expected from the printers any day. The edition is not large and those looking forward to this book would be well advised to send me £1 for a signed, advance copy as soon as they can. Overland's previous publication, Laurence Collinson's "The Moods of Love", has been a best-seller: more copies were bought than of any Australian poetry book for decades, we believe (a very few are still available). Melbourne readers are reminded that Collinson's controversial prize-winning play, "The Zelda Trio", is being produced at Melbourne's newest, most comfortable and smallest theatre (The Muse, in South Yarra) during September.

★

Developments in the Australian paper-back field are arousing a lot of interest, especially since Sir Allen Lane's root-and-branch reconstruction of the Penguin set-up in Australia. We must congratulate Rigby's on their new series of Australian paperbacks (by Myra Morris, Kylie Tennant, Alan Marshall, Vance Palmer and others) and Angus & Robertson's on theirs (by Katharine Prichard, Steele Rudd, Banjo Paterson and others). Both series deserve every success: but did both companies have to choose such appalling covers, demeaning both to the authors who wrote the books and the readers who buy them?

★

Competitions: Muir Holburn Memorial Poetry Competition (£20), closing date 30th September, details from Fellowship of Australian Writers, G.P.O. Box 3448, Sydney. Banjo Paterson Festival, short story (£25), poem (£20), closes 1st October, details C. Hamer, 38 Allenby Rd., Orange, N.S.W. A.N.A. Short Story competition—see details elsewhere this issue. Sydney Journalists' Club award for a full-length stage play (£500). Closes 31st December. Details from the Club at 36 Chalmers St., Sydney. Mary Gilmore short story (£50) and poetry (£20) competition, closes 1st May, 1962, details from Room 75, Trades Hall, Sydney.

★

We wouldn't insult our Latin-reading readers by translating Professor Masterman's sentence on page 56 in the review itself. But, for the mobile vulgus, here it is in English: "Greeting, Pooh: may you flourish: may you gorge honey unendingly!"

—S. Murray-Smith

The Floating Fund



Total for our Floating Fund since the publication of our previous issue is £202/6/3—which, seeing that most of it came in small amounts, testifies to the wide readership base on which this magazine stands, and the wide readership loyalty and support which it commands.

Of this sum £59/3/0 was received for the "rare books" recently auctioned in our pages. We are anxious to receive offers from any readers of books or other goods that can be sold to aid the magazine.

It is now common knowledge that this magazine has been refused, under particularly scandalous circumstances, a grant from the Commonwealth Literary Fund. As Australia's only unaided publication of its kind we now depend more than ever on your help. If you could only see how Overland's (honorary) accountant tears out his hair at this time every year when he examines our books you would realise how extremely dependent we are on donations to keep going. Subscriptions nowhere near cover the cost of the magazine you receive.

Many thanks to the following:

A.L., M.L., A.C., all £10; S.S.D., £5/5/0; D.M., £3/3/0; F.P.B., £3/0/6; T.W.R.K., K.S., E.W.I., B.W.McL., A.G.S., K.T., R.C., N.F., all £5; J.R.L., £2/10/0; J.R., £2; H.J.H.C., E.J.W., B.R., E.A.J., D.G., all £1/10/0; E.F.H., M.E.J., each £1/7/6; E.A.A., £1/5/0; J.A.McL., £1/1/3; D.P., £1/1/0; E.D.L., J.S., R.M.R., P.F., A.B., R.A.W., W.R.P.S., H.H.W., C.L., all £1; A.L.S., 15/-; O.H., F.T., K.T., all 11/-; J.K., T.S., R.G.M., J.S.W., J.F.C., W.K., G.J.F., T.B., R.R.B., J.N.P., A.B., J.S.B., G.P., D.R.M., E.S., A.W., J.C.H., S.H.J., P.O.P., R.T., M.G., M.S., C.D., J.S., Anon., A.C., H.V., R.A., D.J.D., E.N.H., J.C., R.R., N.McK., J.F., J.K., T.McA., H.W.T., W.B., M.R.H., D.A.R., W.W.F., V.C.McK., J.T., M.R., G.E.M., R.B., A.L.R., E.H.W., J.E.B., W.M.T., J.H., O.L., G.J.F., J.W.L., K.C., C.C., all 10/-; R.S., D.D., each 6/-; C.E., R.W., E.G., J.S., L.L., D.H.F., F.W., B.P., E.H.S., J.R.L., A.McK., A.A.S., all 5/-; N.T.H.S., A.M., M.C., all 2/6.

POLITICAL BIAS AND THE C.L.F.

For a number of years Overland has been applying to the Commonwealth Literary Fund for a grant to assist its publication. It is laid down as one of the functions of the Literary Fund that such grants may be made, and two of Australia's five quarterlies—Meanjin and Southerly—have been receiving grants which at the moment are £1,000 a year each.

The Commonwealth Literary Fund recently held a meeting largely devoted to the problems of the quarterlies, the importance of which to Australian intellectual life—in this day and age of communications-monopoly and conformism—needs hardly be stressed. The Advisory Board, consisting of senior literary figures in Australian life, heard an exhaustive report on the quarterlies and, as a result, recommended the continuation of grants to the magazines already receiving them and the awarding of minor grants—£200 in Overland's case—to the other three established quarterlies: Quadrant, Australian Letters and Overland.

When this recommendation went forward to the Fund's political committee, which consists of the Rt. Hon. R. G. Menzies (Prime Minister), Hon. H. Robertson (Country Party) and Hon. A. A. Calwell (Leader of the Opposition), the recommendation was accepted in the case of Quadrant and Australian Letters and rejected—by Mr. Menzies and Mr. Robertson—in the case of Overland.

This was despite the fact that the Advisory Board's report had pointed to the suitability of Overland for a grant on literary grounds. In fact the report is believed to have stated that the percentage of so-called "political" material in Overland, as distinct from "literary" material, was thirty. In the case of one of the other contenders it was seventy.

Following the—doubtless unexpected—publicity given to this scandal in Nation and by other means a large number of protests have been sent to the authorities concerned. Many writers have expressed their views to Overland, and a selection of these is printed below.

We believe these statements by Australian writers speak for themselves. We shall restrain expressions of our own disgust at this sordid and petty act of ill-will, though we must point out that it marks a further stage in the assumption of autocratic powers by the Prime Minister and his Government—an assumption which, we believe, the Australian people view with foreboding.

Tom Ronan

The clash between personal ideologies and literary merit had to occur sooner or later in Australia as it has done elsewhere. Because I admire a battler I am sorry that Overland has been the victim. Honestly though I don't see what can be done about it. The Prime Minister possesses according to the viewpoint of the observer—as a sphinx-like quality which can be described—immutability or just plain thickness of the skull. No protests are likely to make him reverse the ruling that Overland should not get a C.L.F. subsidy.

His decision strikes me as being as bigoted as Mr. Judah Waten's outburst in Overland on the possibility of Mr. James McAuley being awarded the initial Professorship of Australian Literature at the University of Sydney.

We should particularly note that, in recent months, the Government has (a) rejected the twice-offered recommendation of the Literary Censorship Board that "Lady Chatterley's Lover" should not be banned; (b) rejected the advice of the C.L.F. Advisory Board in the case of Overland; and (c) has—profiting by experience and in denial of its own expressed policy-intentions—refused to allow the Literary Censorship Board to consider the case of the now-banned "The Trial of Lady Chatterley" at all.

With the Federal elections now coming up we hope that Australians will not neglect to let the politicians know that there is now a large and growing proportion of voters who do indeed care for such concepts as intellectual freedom, democratic government and the rules of decency in public life.

Meanwhile Overland will, of course, apply again to the Commonwealth Literary Fund for a grant. (The refusal of the grant, incidentally, doesn't hurt Overland so much as the authors and artists to whom we intended to pay the bulk of the money in the form of fees for their published work.) Until we get it we have the double distinction of being the only Australian periodical under the Prime Minister's personal ban and of being the only Australian literary quarterly that now exists in this country on its own unaided resources—and that includes the help of its readers.

S. MURRAY-SMITH

E. Morris Miller

I feel sure that you will have plenty of support for your protest. Overland expresses the views on Australian literature and art that are uppermost in the minds of a widespread group of Australians that are not tied to a particular organisation. Overland does not conform to the stereotype in its modes of expression. It comprises an open forum of patriots that are not restricted in their outlook and do not conform to particularistic modes of expression. The magazine is pervasively Australian in outlook and approach. I do hope that even yet the Commonwealth Literary Fund will find a place for Overland.

Jean Devanny

I am emphatically of the opinion that the Prime Minister's rejection of a recommendation from the

Advisory Board of the C.L.F. that Overland receive a grant from the Fund is unpardonable discrimination taken solely on political grounds. This discrimination is the more flagrant in that one of the four national quarterlies which, with the Prime Minister's support, are to receive a grant, is far more starkly political than Overland.

The Prime Minister's action can only relate to the link he sees between Overland's politics and the great democratic and progressive traditions upon which our Australian literature is based.

F. B. Vickers

In granting financial aid to Australian Letters and Quadrant while denying like aid to Overland considerations other than literary seem to have influenced the final decision of those administering the Commonwealth Literary Fund.

While, in the past, patronage has led to the production of many fine works of art, patronage allied to a particular political ideology—whether of right or left, true blue or bright red—cannot hope to forward a nation's culture. Real freedom lies in freedom of expression, subject only to decency and good taste. The denial of a grant to Overland will not stop publication, I trust. Indeed, this act of discrimination against it makes it imperative for those of us who believe in freedom and democracy to do all in our power to keep the magazine growing lustily, lest the true spirit of Australia be robbed of bread too.

Katharine Susannah Prichard

A ludicrous spectacle!

The Prime Minister of Australia objects to the grant of a paltry £250 to a magazine based on "temper democratic; bias Australian."

What does the Prime Minister object to in Overland? Its democratic temper, or Australian bias?

His qualifications for assuming the attitude of an arbiter of literary values may be psychic. They are unknown. But he has rejected advice given by an Advisory Board of men of letters that both Quadrant and Overland should receive grants from the Commonwealth Literary Fund. Mr. Menzies concedes the grant to Quadrant, a journal in tune with his own political interests, but refuses it to Overland.

How short-sighted can a politician be? A generous gesture so becomes him, and the mean-spirited treatment of an opponent betrays only fear and resentment. An error in tactics, surely?

It remains for Australian democracy, all those who attach importance to the civil rights our forebears won in the Constitution, to insist that the Commonwealth Literary Fund be administered for the purpose it was created to serve: the development of Australian literature. Maintenance of the democratic tradition of Australian literature is inalienably associated with that development.

Therefore we must have free expression of all that concerns the welfare of the Australian people in novels, poems, plays, literary magazines and journals. Discrimination against those who adhere to this principle should be recognised as an offence to our conceptions of honor and fair play.

Trails to the future of any nation have always been blazed by the expression of courageous opinions.

What would Lawson and Furphy have to say about grants from the Commonwealth Literary Fund being available only to applicants politically pleasing to Mr. Menzies?

Chris Wallace-Crabbe

If it is true that the Prime Minister has rejected Overland's claim for a subsidy on political grounds, then an injustice has been done and a disturbing precedent has been set. Mind you, I do not believe that political intent would always be irrelevant to the granting of C.L.F. subsidies. A democratic government must allow publications of any political hue to exist and to be distributed, but it is not obliged to nurture and fertilise them all. For instance, it would be grotesque to expect the C.L.F. to subsidise a publication which was overtly communist or fascist. No society is obliged to encourage those forces which seek its destruction.

But if political discrimination on the part of the C.L.F. may occasionally be necessary, its application to Overland is downright absurd. Whatever anybody might feel about the political attitudes expoused by Overland contributors, nobody could claim that a political orthodoxy rules the magazine; whatever anybody may feel about individual contributions, nobody could deny that the magazine's contents are catholic and various.

A side issue: I am not convinced that as many as five literary quarterlies should receive support. It may well be the proper function of most literary magazines to spring up, blossom and die young, rather than to stiffen respectably into fullness. The clamor for public handouts to the arts always leaves me with mixed feelings: predominant now is the feeling that C.L.F. backing may prove an ambiguous blessing to an editor.

Whatever one's opinion about such general problems, one fact remains unchanged. An injustice has been done which involves a wide misinterpretation of Overland's nature and purpose.

Nettie Palmer

In general, and as far as I understand, it's important to sustain the literary criterion of the Commonwealth Literary Fund.

Alan Seymour

Many times I have disagreed with the political opinions expressed in Overland, but it has never occurred to me that this is relevant to my appreciation of the paper. I disagree with the views or the implied philosophy of many Australian papers and periodicals without sacrificing any of my enjoyment in what they do have to offer me.

If it is true that the C.L.F. grant was refused for political reasons it is a very disturbing thing. The C.L.F. is supposed to be a-political: a precedent has been set. When authority becomes sensitive to discussion and criticism it tends to repress even the mildest unorthodoxy, and this is no way for what is presumed to be a vigorous democracy to run its affairs. A government's strength and a nation's freedom can be assessed by the amount of criticism they can bear.

Our present government is avowedly right-wing; Overland is overtly left-wing; and it may be naive to expect government's blessing. But that old controversy over the magazine's political as opposed to literary content seems to have been settled to the satisfaction of the literary people on the Board. If the government has a Board shouldn't it abide by the Board's recommendations?

For the record I don't find Overland excessively "political" in content these days. For some time there seems to have been a new maturity and objectivity apparent in the paper and some of its contributions seem decidedly of a higher literary standard. Quadrant strikes me as being a far more "political" magazine.

Kylie Tennant

I do not think it is dignified for a left paper to beg a subsidy from a right-wing government. On the one hand it is a kind of political blackmail in that you are saying: "If you don't give it to us we will scream that you are influenced by political considerations and are not democratic." And if they do give it to you the editorial board is likely to think: "Well we better not put that in because it's obviously very offensive and we might lose our subsidy."

So the only thing for a left literary paper to do is **never to apply** for handouts.

This makes it harder and tougher for the magazines of the literary left but did you ever expect it to be soft?

Frank Dalby Davison

I am surprised that Quadrant and Australian Letters have received grants from the C.L.F. while a grant to Overland has been refused. Overland's service to literature in this country will stand comparison with that of any other of our quarterlies, and I would have thought that its economical format, low price, good quality, policy of plenty-for-the-money, and comparatively wide circulation would have strongly recommended it for assistance. Its democratic social stance (if that is a consideration) is no more than a just reflection of a large and living part of the Australian tradition and (for the timid) is quite safely counter-balanced by literary journals of conservative editorship. I think a mistake has been made and hope it will be corrected following another application by Overland.

Fellowship of Australian Writers (Melbourne)

"It should be pointed out that, while our Fellowship holds no special brief for Overland, our members are of the opinion that the exclusion of this literary magazine from the ones which do receive assistance is unfortunate. We desire to draw the attention of the Prime Minister to the fact that Overland is a widely-based magazine to which a great many of the most distinguished names in Australian literature and cultural life have contributed, and we believe that the Commonwealth Literary Fund should assist Overland on the same basis as other literary magazines."

Fellowship of Australian Writers (Sydney)

"We wish to register a strong protest against the action of political members of the Commonwealth Literary Fund Committee in flatly rejecting obviously on personal-political grounds, the considered recommendation of the Commonwealth Literary Fund Advisory Board that, on its literary merits, Overland be included among magazines to receive financial assistance."

Xavier Herbert

I would like to see a government that has been liberal in the matter of our national literature become completely generous through acceding in this affair.

Mary Gilmore

The shorter literary contributions, in the press and magazines, are the real voice of the nation.

Of magazines, one such is Overland. No-one could mistake it for the work of any country other than Australia. Every paragraph belongs to us. Yet it has been refused a subsidy by the Board of the Commonwealth Literary Fund.

Ever since the Fund was established its value to the public has been increasing. In refusing to help Overland its purpose has been frustrated. For without such publications Australia would be a dumb continent except for book publication here and abroad.

Gavin Casey

I have had no hesitation in asking the Fellowship of Australian Writers (W.A.) to protest as vigorously as possible on the refusal of C.L.F. aid to Overland, and I have pointed out to members that such a protest would not be in any sense support of beliefs Overland might express from time to time. It **would** be support for the right of people to have such beliefs, and to express them temperately and sanely in a publication which is to some extent a magazine of opinion as well as of literature.

I believe that Overland has progressed from humble beginnings to a position of some importance in the Australian literary scene, and that it deserves both recognition and support in its work.

Mary Durack

I view with great regret the decision of the C.L.F. to withhold from Overland a Literary Fund grant. I have subscribed to this quarterly from its modest beginnings and have been pleased to watch its vigorous growth in spite of all the financial vicissitudes and setback. I feel it is most important that we have in Australia not only quarterlies of the academic literary standard of Meanjin and Southerly, but papers in which less academic writers and thinkers can find expression and development. Overland, besides publishing much of a high literary standard, has not closed its doors to the less experienced but often more vital and original writers. If the politics or views expressed do not meet the approval of all readers, they are surely none the less interesting as reflecting facets of the Australian outlook that are different from many facets to be seen in Quadrant. How else, than by studying all shades of opinion, are students, historians, sociologists and creative writers to form a balanced picture of these times, when, perhaps more than in any other, thoughtful members of the community are seeking understanding of the human dilemma? How else than by giving consideration to contradictory opinions, by knowing something at first hand of what the other man thinks and feels can one presume to form a personal assessment? Certainly Quadrant deserves a literary grant, but if Overland is starved into oblivion it will, for me at least, be only half as interesting.

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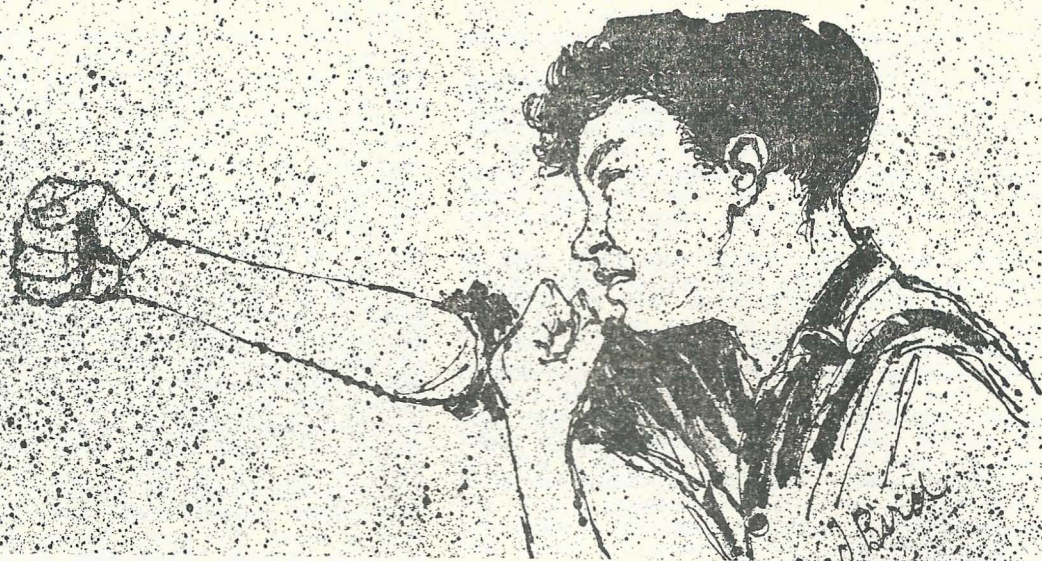
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TAFFY WAS A PACIFIST

James Aldridge

ALLAN Owen was a timid boy living in a very tough little bush town in Australia. It was not an unkind town, it was simply a town which was always on the edge of seasonal catastrophe, as the wheat was sown and the grain ripened. Would it rain enough at the right time? Would the winds blow dry storms across the sandy plains and root out the young wheat and smother the town of St. Helen for days? Summer and winter the townspeople were helpless before nature, and times were particularly bad in the 1930s, so tempers were bad, even among school-boys.

Allan was ten and an immigrant boy. His father was a Welshman who had tired of Welsh mining poverty and was trying Australian bush-town poverty instead: a carpenter and a mason and a silent man who brought up his son and daughter in the pacifist tradition he had learned from his own Quaker aunt and uncle. He was the only Quaker this small Australian town had even seen, and when the boys got wind of it—of that extra oddity which a ten-year-old boy brought to school with him—it was one additional hell upon a lot of other hells for him.

Everything about this immigrant boy was fair game: not only his sing-song and quite hilarious

Welsh accent, but his clothes, his way of walking (as if something was going to rush out of the bush and attack him) and his funny appeals against the cruelty inflicted on him by his schoolfellows for no reason at all except that he was a Taffy—a Welshman:

“Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief.
Taffy came to my place
And stole a leg of beef.”

This was sung at Taffy (which became his natural nickname) at all times on all occasions. Or the girls would shout out to him: “Taffy! Taffy! Have you stolen any beef today, Taff? Mr. Mee the butcher is after you, so look out.”

Taffy lived with his father, mother and sister in one of the worst little houses in the town, far away at one end along the main road which was muddy in winter and dusty in summer.

To get to school he had to walk the length of the town, so that every other boy was poised (or so it seemed) waiting for him on the way, waiting to torture him.

“Good old Taff,” they said. “Let’s carry your books.”

They would take his books from him and drag them in the dirt, or throw them over a fence where there was a savage dog.

At first Taffy was simply amazed at all this ragging, coming as he did from the softer life of a remote village where there wasn’t much spirit left, even among the children. Amazement in his pale face soon passed to fear, then to terror, and finally to helplessness which became nightmarish, because it never let up. The boys had a victim, and he was fair game until he made a defence adequate to win their respect and thus win relief as well.

But Taffy didn’t know how to defend himself, he didn’t have the spirit for it. If they tried to fight him, he gave in. His pacifism and his initial poverty had taken his heart away. Why should he fight? But did the others respect this gentle and defeatist logic? Ah no, it made them worse.

“Oh come on, Taffy,” they teased hopefully. “Put up your dukes and give us a good one on the nose. I promise I won’t hit back . . .”

They tempted him to hit them, they tortured him to respond with a blow; but it was no good, not until the day when one particular torturer went far beyond the normal fun and actually began to wait for him and to beat him up.

Taffy was then twelve, this bully was thirteen, and, though he was no bigger than Taff, he would wait on a particularly deserted part of the main road for Taff where there was a barbed wire on either side, and there he would corner the Welsh boy and annihilate him, not once but many times; not only coming home from school but sometimes on the way as well.

Taffy wept, Taffy tried to run, Taffy tried to wait and dodge, Taffy tried all the tricks of retreat; but Michael O'Halloran was too fond of his easy victim not to make a real sport of it. Michael was always there . . .

It seemed so hopeless that Taffy one day waited until dark before venturing past this terrible corner. His father was violently angry with him, his mother was in tears thinking that he might have drowned in the river. Taffy was a shy boy in a family where love had very little chance to break through the barriers of unhappy silence, and he couldn't give a good explanation of what was happening to him. And anyway his father had forbidden him to fight.

Sooner or later, however, Taffy was forced to try to defend himself. Every time Michael O'Halloran attacked him now, even in the school yard, Taffy would try to ward off those flying fists, that hard-butting head. But his feeble attempts were so crude that it made the sport even better, until one day a small man with one arm (well known as a town character because he was always threatening to knock down any man who asked for it even with his one arm), one day little Jones, who was a blacksmith's helper, saw one of Michael O'Halloran's tornado-like attacks on the helpless Taffy.

"Why do you let him do that to you, Taffy?" little Jones said. "Why don't you give him a few back?"

"He's better than I am," Taff said. "I don't know how to fight. I don't like it . . ."

Small boys of that age fight with their heads down and their fists flying. There was nothing so erratic in Taffy's character. He didn't have that kind of wild and flaying passion.

"You listen to me," Jonesy said to him, "and I'll tell you how to show that O'Halloran, see. Now are you listening?"

"Yes, Jonesy."

"You call me Mr. Jones. None of that lip now."

"Yes, Mr. Jones."

"All right now. I've only got one arm, so I can't show you properly. But let me tell you like this. That O'Halloran boy puts his head down and wades in blind, see. Now that's no good. All you've got to do is to keep your left arm out straight, absolutely straight out, like that! That'll keep him off. Keep your left straight out," Jonesy repeated, "and keep it in his face when he comes in wild, and if you watch what you're doing he won't ever get under that stiff left arm. He won't be able to touch you. Savvy?"

"I think so," Taffy said doubtfully.

"Now. This is important. When you're holding him off with your stiff left arm, you hit him as hard as you can with your right. Biff him with the right. And if you're going to hit someone, you've got to do it as hard as you can. Not often, but just hard."

Taffy was not so convinced, but he went through the motions which Jonesy demonstrated with his one arm. But then he forgot it all the next time

Michael O'Halloran came wading in blind. Taffy put his head down and hit out blind, and got the worst of it.

But little Jonesy (who was laughed at all over the town for his tall stories of great pugilistic feats in the past)—Jonesy kept an eye on his pupil, and as often as he could he caught hold of Taffy. He found a corner behind the blacksmith's shop where he could force Taffy to get the hang of what was, in fact, the first although the crudest principle of scientific boxing itself: straight left and hit hard with your right.

Taffy learned. But in the wide open spaces of the school yard he simply went on retreating indefinitely with his left out, and though he wasn't hit quite so much, he had no reason to hit back. Little Jonesy saw what was happening, however, and with one of his bright pugilistic inspirations he realised that the confinement of a ring was necessary. So he shifted a few old carts and boxes behind the blacksmith shop to make something more confined. Then he made sure that Michael O'Halloran caught Taffy there one day so that Taffy would not be able to go on retreating indefinitely, but would be forced to hit back.

The fight started. Taffy retreated around the ring of boxes. His school fellows shouted derision at Taffy as usual. Taffy went on retreating. But inevitably he was caught in a corner, and Michael O'Halloran waded in, head down and fists flying.

Out went Taffy's left, and the first time he hit Michael O'Halloran he closed his eyes and swung his right. It connected. He heard his school fellows roar with laughter. Michael had been hit. That made Michael mad, and he came in even more wildly with his fists, and Taffy was taking a beating again.

But Jonesy snarled at him in a corner: "I'll tan your hide if you don't keep that left up and hit him the way I showed you to. Now go on . . ."

Taffy's nose was bloody and his eyes were, as usual, filled with tears. But the next time Michael came on he kept his left straight and hit Michael as hard as he could with a swinging right. Michael O'Halloran staggered back. Everybody laughed, not at the sudden change in events but at the comic style of fighting which Taffy was using. It was so funny that they laughed every time Taffy made a successful blow with his right, and each blow got harder and surer; and though his left was as stiff as a ram-rod and though Taffy kept on retreating, his well-placed right was beginning to take effect. Michael's nose was already bleeding.

It went on until Michael, with his flaying arms, began to tire, and Taffy was still standing erect like an old time prize-fighter, left extended, waiting. He hit Michael twice more, and Michael gave up because he said he had to go home. But he swore to get Taffy next day at school.

The trouble was that Taffy still did not like fighting. But he knew something had happened, and next day at school he began to retreat again, and that was no good. But then the laughter of his school-fellows, every time he hit Michael, finally made him so angry that he began to hit Michael more often and harder; and as was bound to happen (because there was no means of boys of that age learning the secret of that scientific success) Taffy began to punish Michael O'Halloran more and more.

It was not a sudden change, it was a steady development of technique, and the day came when Michael O'Halloran was so badly beaten, and when the scientific boxer Taffy so untouched, that Taffy began to take the offensive, left out and right hitting hard. He had tasted blood now, and he was not content with simply defeating Michael,

he began to beat Michael up methodically, and do the same to every other boy in the school.

It was the laughter that had done it. He challenged every boy, smaller and bigger than himself, and he beat them all—not once but many times. He knew that the ring behind the blacksmith's shop favored him, and little Jonesy had also taught him more and more technique, which gradually disguised the obvious secret of his success. He learned to dance about, to prance on his victims with both eyes open at the moment he chose; he was a marvel of pugilistic science, for his age anyway. And it wasn't only Taffy who was happy, but little Jonesy was delighted beyond words.

Yet it seemed to be getting out of hand.

Taffy began to pick fights, Taffy began to bully, Taffy had them all afraid of him; and one day he was scientifically slaughtering a boy much smaller than himself (who had more spirit than sense) and Jonesy, watching him, knew that he had created a Frankenstein monster. He had turned Taffy into the school bully with a straight left and a wicked right.

"Now listen, Taffy," Jonesy warned him. "You've had enough. Call it a day, and make friends with your pals."

But Taffy hated them all and he went on punishing them. Now he had also learned his own tricks of using his elbows, of hitting not only at the face (the way these unscientific savages did) but at the soft parts of the body, at the kidneys and the stomach.

He had thus become invincible.

BUT since it was Michael O'Halloran who had begun it, it was natural that it was Michael O'Halloran who should end it, though not the way he hoped to.

Michael had fought too long and too hard to give in totally to Taffy's scientific fists, and he tried just one last time to beat Taffy. With all his fury, and his temper, and his head down lower than ever, and his fists flying faster than he thought possible himself, he launched himself at Taffy in a challenge fight behind the blacksmith's shop.

It was no good. Taffy was a scientist, Taff simply waited his time and cut him up. But Michael O'Halloran wouldn't give in, so Taffy gave him more and more punishment until even little Jonesy could not bear to watch it, and he stopped the fight.

"Well, I've got to hand it to you, Taffy. You're the best boxer for your age I ever saw in my life; but you're too good."

"They started it," Taffy said, watching his fellows go off. They didn't like him, even though they now feared and respected him. But he still would not give them a chance to like him.

"Even so," Jonesy said. "I'm going to tell you something. You've got to stop it. You've had enough. So stop it or . . ."

And Jonesy threatened to teach the rest of the school what he had taught Taffy. "I'll give them all the same idea, the same tricks. Savvy? Even that Michael O'Halloran."

Taffy looked at Jonesy then, and something passed between them. "You wouldn't do that?" Taffy said, shocked.

"You bet I would. You quit, or I'll teach 'em all."

Taffy knew when he was beaten. The strange thing was that he had begun to enjoy fighting, not for what he did to his opponents but because he understood this careful and neatly balanced form of scientific boxing. He liked it . . .

The Shadow

Wicked and brittle on a plain of silk
A thin moon slides conspiratorially
Into the stricken west, and under me
Etches the tree-shapes with deliberate milk.

And now the darkening conscience at my
heels,

Stocky and inarticulate, parades
Across this jagged grass to join the shades,
Yet preens himself, the only shade that feels.

Languors and musics of a summer night
Appease each nonconformist with their
charms,

Yet, as the dead moon haunts the new
moon's arms,

This blackened legionnaire accosts my flight.

Obscurely, discord mars the midnight dome,
The muffled roar of bombers sailing home.

CHRIS WALLACE-CRABBE

And in his own way Jonesy guessed it. "You see, Taffy, you can't go round knocking people down all the time just because you know how to do it. When you learn how to fight the point is that you only fight if you have to. Savvy? Of course I'm different. I can't help knocking people down when they insult me."

Jonesy had never been known to hit anyone, despite his threats. And no-one would think of hitting Jonesy because he only had one arm. But it was that one arm that kept Jonesy in aggressive fear.

Taffy understood that from his own experience. He had that much of a glimpse of little Jonesy's life as a small and one-armed man with a fighting spirit.

"You won't tell them if I stop fighting?" he said to Jonesy.

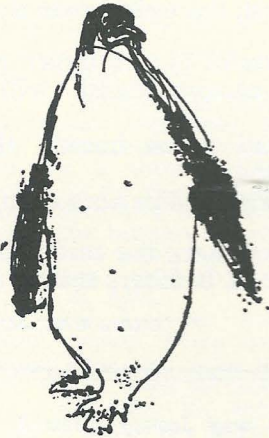
"I promise you, Taffy. I swear it."

So Taffy stopped fighting, and that was almost the end of it.

Of course the moment he stopped fighting the easier it was to come to terms with his fellows, which he did, and soon it was all forgotten, and even Michael O'Halloran was no longer a potential challenger, although he would never, by any stretch of the imagination, be a friend.

So Taffy forgot the past and grew up without ever having to box again. But it did leave him with a wonderful rapport for any good scientific boxer who could keep his head and use his defences to hold ground while he used his right to do the damage. He also lost his pacifism, and like most men who have had to fight for respect by sticking up for themselves, Taffy never had to raise his fist to another man in his adult life; although, until he was killed in New Guinea in 1943, he always remained very sensitive to that old rhyme:

"Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my place
And stole a leg of beef."



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THESE POETS

MRS. ADAMSON nibbled delicately at the meringue as she waited for her old friend Mrs. Palmer to return. She looked around the small room and sighed. Poor Helen, she knew, deserved better than this. Especially after her expensive schooling. But events had been too much for her; politics and all. And such a mouse of a woman now! Her marriage, too—to a —to a wharf laborer! Still . . .

Sometimes the filmy curtains streamed across the sofa beneath the window, and the now fading, edge-curling Christmas cards on the mantle-shelf shuffled together. Traffic in the street rattled the brass and copper ornaments. They glittered warmly at her, and once, when she arched her elegant neck, she caught herself, grotesque and leering, in the curved reflection of a bowl. She hurriedly slumped. She read some spines in the bookcase. It was obvious Mr. Palmer's taste was militant, his wife's romantic. Nothing for me here, she decided. She wished she had called years before, when there might have been time . . . Poor dear, she's so frightfully suburban—but so very sweet. She wondered if she would be shown the house, but then she decided it would not be necessary as she knew how it would be.

As she returned the cake-fork to the Doulton she heard Mrs. Palmer returning with the pot of hot water. She pressed through the curtain across the doorway and smiled at Mrs. Adamson. She was tall and thin. I'm always forgetting things, Mrs. Palmer said, then laughed. She placed the pot on the low table. Remember the time at school I lost the gym keys?

Mrs. Adamson nodded. It had been a long time ago and she remembered her age. Her smile chilled.

Times were bad then, continued Mrs. Palmer. Money and that.

Mrs. Adamson nodded wisely.

Yes, she said, and George—Mr. Palmer—was only saying this morning, that if there's another Depression Paul won't know what hit him.

Are you still interested in politics? asked Mrs. Adamson.

Oh no! said Mrs. Palmer and almost blushed.

Mrs. Adamson smiled expectantly. And what we spoke of before—remember?

Mrs. Palmer beamed. It's very good of you, Margaret, to offer Paul your cottage.

Mrs. Adamson smiled, then swept the air depreciatingly with the last of a white shell. Her full lips parted, the meringue vanished, the delicate disintegrating crispness masking a slight sigh of relief. She had felt extremely gauche with the meringue on the cake-fork—however, when in Rome . . . She drank some tea, her little finger curving with the cup.

Mrs. Palmer mimicked the almost forgotten gestures.

Such a lovely cook, Mrs. Adamson thought. Two or three I've had? She glanced casually at her well-cut skirt, magnified the slight curvature and inwardly lamented.

They heard the shower drumming at the back of the house.

And how's your husband? asked Mrs. Palmer.

Frightfully busy. Just *too* busy. And he worries such a lot. He's at Hong Kong—again—and flies to Tokyo tomorrow. She drank some more tea and resolved to ignore the remaining meringues. He's importing *so* much, she went on, now the Restrictions have eased.

Mrs. Palmer understood. Only yesterday, Mr. Palmer had mentioned how things had picked up on the wharves lately. Again, she glanced enviously at Mrs. Adamson's clothes.

Suddenly the drumming was joined by a voice, a very loud, hammering voice.

Mrs. Palmer smiled nervously and reached for the teapot. More tea?

No, thanks, said Mrs. Adamson and tilted her head in the direction of the voice. Is that Paul?

Mrs. Palmer nodded rapidly. I'm sure he'll be very grateful, she said.

Mrs. Adamson shrugged her shoulders and trilled a few notes of disparaging laughter. Oh, it's nothing! We should all do our best to assist young artists!

But he doesn't paint—

No, no, my dear—I mean artist in the general, creative sense.

Mrs. Palmer nodded vaguely.

And I was only reading recently where poetry is the sublimest of all Art Forms, said Mrs. Adamson.

And she thought of Maude Hetherington at school who wrote poetry and who became very bohemian, went to university and knew that terrible Professor Anderson, went to live with a mad painter at Woolloomooloo, had twins, then married a Watts-Whyte and was now one of the Intellectual Leaders of the Liberal Party and was very Deep. But I too have been around and Know Things, she added, as a sort of postscript.

She often thought of Maud. But only as an excuse to lead her thoughts on to Matthew Arnoldson. He was really *so* ghastly, she knew. But he was a poet—her poet. Matthew had been a very modern poet. She only remembered three of his lines—our sweated bodies sigh as ribcage to ribcage they lie and we are one and die. She had been terribly shocked at first but then she learnt of poetic licence. She wished he had written something like Rupert Brooke's, breathless we flung us on the windy hill. She loved that line and though Matthew had never thrown her anywhere she knew he would have if their Affair had developed. When she learnt Matthew had gone to the war she wished he would die, a peculiar sort of wish, a compound of pique, Brooke-feeling and poetic justice. She quickly repented and sent him many food parcels, the last three of which contained only a vegetarian

tea/coffee substitute. Then he sent her a message, scrawled on the back of a label: it can't be bartered, why not jam it?

She met Matthew at a barbeque at Whale Beach just before the war. Daddy had been very good and lent her the S.S. and six of them had gone, herself driving. Her escort was Tibby Onsloy, the polo player, prominent at the time as a potential thinker in the United Australia Party. But she was not very keen on him. I think of him only as a brother, she thought, and was often worried by this, but then she always remembered she was living in enlightened times.

The weather was hot and dry and a smoky westerly blew. Matthew was there with one of the left-wing Country Party people and it became quite the thing to have deep discussions with them. The more intellectual ones even argued. There was much beer and wine and meat and bread and cheese. She loved those simple parties. They reminded her of her pioneer grandfather at Cootamundra. The westerly died. A light sea-breeze came from the north-east. Tibby wanted her to go for a walk but she thought he looked too fit, so they lay near the fire and petted. When the breeze died and the bottle-brush and ti-tree stopped scraping the night filled with giggles and sighs, and, from the more hardened ones, drinking sounds and uncertain voices. Then Tibby became very sick.

Next thing she knew she was walking through the sand with Matthew. He was very passionate. They lay behind a low sand dune. It was anchored with pigface and she wished she hadn't been such an enthusiastic botanist. There was something indecent, she decided, in making love next to pigface. Suddenly, she realised Matthew was showing reluctance. She wondered if there was something wrong with her, and the thought grew that now perhaps, in the hands of an expert, she was to be revealed as incomplete. She likened herself to the astronomer about to witness the birth of a star; she was about to witness the birth of a trauma. Anything wrong, she whispered hesitatingly. Waiting for Enlightenment, he said. And trying to write a poem about it, he added.

Then he left. He just got up and walked to the edge of the sea. There were many stars and a small piece of moon and she could just make him out against the dim surf. She cried out for him to return. He disappeared. She ran back to Tibby and seduced him in a patch of sandbrome.

MRS. PALMER looked through their window at the wistaria on the trellis. The dense, green leaves were flaccid in the afternoon sun. There had been wistaria like it at home, she remembered again, where it formed a thick cool wall along the veranda all summer and in winter was a network through which thin Tableland sun shone, and you could sit there, rugged-up, in the rocking-chair and watch the sheep being penned for shearing and at week-ends see the shearers lounging about the huts and George, who was Expert there, waved to her that time, she was just twenty and just home again from a trip to New Zealand, and then, suddenly, she was Mrs. George Palmer living in a room in Sydney and George was out of the wool and working on the wharves.

She saw the thin leaves of wistaria flowers, four months ago. Before Paul had returned. Paul changed a lot while he was away, she said.

Mrs. Adamson nodded interestedly. She would be cool and distant towards him, preserving that correct relationship between patron and artist.

Suddenly Mrs. Palmer shook her head and sat up straight. And for the worst! she cried despairingly.

Mrs. Adamson's cheeks paled beneath their suntan. Whatever! she thought. What's he like now? What's he done?

The bathroom voice deepened. It drowned the drumming.

Mrs. Adamson felt uneasy. I hope he's not—er—odd, she thought. Too odd. She sighed. However, duty. To assist the Talented Young.

Mrs. Palmer sighed. It's really good of her to offer help, she thought. It'll do him good to get away, by the sea. I can't take much more of him.

The voice rose higher.

Together they looked at the wistaria and waited for him to stop.

Mrs. Adamson hoped he wasn't a very wild poet. But of course, she added hurriedly, I don't want an Oscar Wilde, do I? Aah! she gasped.

Whatever is it? Mrs. Palmer cried. The strain was getting her down.

Is he a beatnik? Mrs. Adamson thought sorrowfully. Or whatever they are? Nothing, dear, she said.

Mrs. Palmer felt she must talk about him. I'm terribly worried about him, she said.

Mrs. Adamson began regretting her offer. Oh? she said.

Yes. He came home before Christmas. He's got us terribly worried. (Mrs. Palmer wished she wasn't talking so quickly, but she had to get it out, she had to share it and Margaret knew so much, she was sure to understand.) He arrived here with his hair to his shoulders and not a penny!

Heavens! Mrs. Adamson thought. But nobody's penniless today!

And the friends he brought! I tell you Margaret, there were these two girls and—! She gasped. And these two girls—well! You should have seen them! And the other man! I tell you, Margaret, I've seen some types in my time, but—

Mrs. Adamson felt faintly sick.

And my dear, she went on, they were here a fortnight! Why, I could only have visitors while they were out—which was often, thank goodness. She leaned over and clasped her friend's arm.

Mrs. Adamson giggled nervously.

And then his friends went and he stayed in his room and wrote all the time! She paused. But he was out most nights, she said, her voice now low and even.

Tut tut, Mrs. Adamson murmured, what you've been through. Poor dear. Her face softened with sympathy. What a brute, she thought. Should I withdraw the invitation? Of course he's only young. And I've always been a livewire. This'll shock them! Out of their theatre party and play reading complacency! My poet!

Mrs. Palmer coughed discreetly; she hoped Margaret Adamson was not taking it too badly. Was she telling her too much? Why, according to reports Paul was behaving the way Uncle Roger behaved and look how he ended up—a share-broker! But now, the enjoyment of the narrative was too much to curb. Anyhow, Margaret was certainly no mean-minded bigot. Then, she said, he took up sunbathing, out the back under the peach tree. As white as a sheet when he got here. Used to sit there and watch the fowlhouse. I found a poem—she hesitated and scratched an ear—I found a poem called Song—ah, Song of a Randy Rooster.

Again Mrs. Adamson giggled nervously. And was horrified. She wondered what Helen would think. But Helen ignored her.

She went on, now we all know how roosters carry on—but why write poetry about it?

Mmm, Mrs. Adamson murmured.

Then—Margaret, I'll tell you all—you don't mind?

Of course not, dear. She waited expectantly.

One day I went out and there he was—naked. I ran in and got his father. It was Saturday. George ran out, what's the idea? he roared. Did Paul care? Not a bit! He just rolled on his side and looked at his father. Roll over! his father roared. Cover yourself up! Then he looked over the fence to the flats and says there were people there. He ran in and got a coat for him. She paused, almost breathless.

There—there, soothed Mrs. Adamson. Really, she thought, he sounds quite a menace.

Hsst! whispered Mrs. Palmer.

The singing had stopped, the water no longer drummed.

They heard a foot thump onto the bathroom floor, then the other. A towel cracked. Again. He jumped up and down several times. Mantle ornaments rattled.

Mrs. Adamson trembled. I'll cancel it, she decided. God! it sounds like a pre-orgy rite. He's a maniac!

They heard the bathroom door crash open. Bare feet pounded heavily towards them. Mrs. Palmer half rose. He might be—she began—he mightn't be—oh, God! he cried.

Mrs. Adamson stared at her, then at the door through which he would pass on the way to his room.

Silence.

He shan't come, Mrs. Adamson muttered. I won't have it—it's not—I defin—

The feet pounded towards them. The mantle-shelf shook.

The women gulped in mutual unison.

He came slowly, steadily and thoughtfully through the doorway. He was fairheaded and bearded. Large, dark eyes.

My—he is tall, Mrs. Adamson thought. What a mop of hair! and what a—oh! Oh, my God!

Then she looked at his feet, which were long, narrow and well-arched. They advanced towards her and the impulse grew in her to jump up. But he turned towards the other doorway. Her eyes swept guiltily upwards again.

He glanced at the women, he nodded. He passed them and turned into his room. His buttocks shuddered leanly, rhythmically. Mrs. Adamson noticed a few blemishes on them. He closed the door.

Mrs. Palmer poured two ample sherries which they sipped steadily and evenly.

Well, Mrs. Palmer thought sadly, it seems I'll have him a while yet. She felt too exhausted to rage at him. I suppose she'll write and tell us something's happened to the cottage.

Such a fine type, Mrs. Adamson thought. Such a pity he's gone like this.

Mrs. Palmer waited. Her friend pursed her lips. She smiled.

Well, she said softly, well, we all have our funny habits—and Thursday's the day? She paused a few moments. I'll call for him in the car. I've some things to go up—may as well get the two birds, eh? She smiled gaily at Mrs. Palmer, then leant towards her. We patrons of the Arts certainly have a hard road, don't we? She thought of the several jobs he could do for her; a little glazing and some rough carpentry.

To X

I.

Life lends us (from eternity)

A rosebush with a thorn,
And sometimes when we pluck a bud,
We find our fingers torn.

But though the thorns may lacerate,
The pain forgotten goes;
And though the petals all may fall,
Their scent retains the rose.

II.

Though happiness with pain is yoked,
As tares with seedlings grow
Life gives us still, as our reward,
The happiness we sow.

III.

My songs, dear lad, are songs of age,
Yours are of life and hope.
I watch death, sitting face to face;
You: with a telescope.

MARY GILMORE

Mrs. Palmer smiled gratefully. He was a good boy and all he needed was a chance. Soon, she knew, he would get out of this poetry business and settle down. Fondness for Mrs. Adamson grew in her. She was a fine friend and she really put herself out for the Arts. A doubt crept into her mind but she almost immediately dismissed it.

And your husband likes Japan? she asked. Home soon? she added casually.

Mrs. Adamson was thinking of Matthew and the barbeque. These poets! she sighed. They must have every help. She smiled. A soft, knowing smile. She recalled things past; people and events changed, sharp edges softened, sounds faded. Suddenly she remembered the question.

Likes Japan? she said hurriedly. Oh, yes, loves it. Home? Soon, soon my dear.

Mrs. Palmer wondered. About the killing of two birds. And then the doubt in her mind grew.

I wonder? She decided. I wonder how I can contact those awful friends of his? I'm sure they'd like a change, too. She smiled.

They looked at one another. Their smiles locked. They heard Paul whistling in his room. Mrs. Adamson thought that perhaps it would be best if he got to the cottage by himself. She could always drop in and see how things were going.

An ineffable sadness overwhelmed her.

Smoke. Surf drumming, sand squeaking, branches scraping, murmuring surf, pigface, more than twenty years ago and what had happened before and since and fifteen years ago when Matthew had merged into Tony Adamson and was Tony really a geisha chaser and did he have others as well or was it only talk?

She felt she was falling over but she was leaning back in her chair.

Twenty-odd years ago. Missed out? Too late?

All right, dear? Mrs. Palmer asked anxiously. She peered at her.

No. No, never too late, she determined. Never too late.

Any tea left? she asked.

EDWARD DYSON

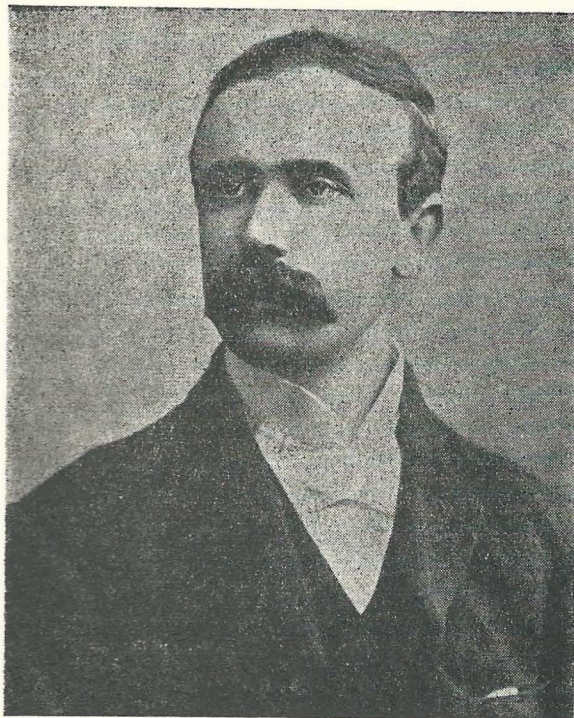
by Vance Palmer

ABOUT the first volume of what has come to be regarded as typical Australian writing was an anthology brought out in 1890, edited by J. F. Archibald and Fred Broomfield. It was called "A Golden Shanty," and included work from the small handful of stars then appearing on the horizon, from the recognised poet, Kendall, to the youthful genius on whom Archibald was coming to place his hopes, Henry Lawson. But what gave the volume its particular flavor was the name-story, "A Golden Shanty," which introduced a kind of broad humor that was afterwards to become very familiar, but was then quite new. The author was Edward Dyson.

Most people know the outline of "A Golden Shanty," for it has often been reprinted since. It told of a miner living on a worked-out goldfield in a shanty built of dried bricks made from the yellow clay of a near-by creek-bed. The miner is exasperated by the way Chinese fossickers who are eking out a scanty living by picking over the old mullock-heaps, keep coming around while he is asleep and filching the bricks from his hut. He adopts many schemes for frightening them off, but still they persist, till one night he begins flinging bricks at them. In the morning he looks at the shattered fragments of a brick and is astonished to see them specked with gold. This is the secret of the hut, and of the Chinese interest in it. It has been built before the rush from the richest clay of the field.

There is not much in the story, but it was written when Dyson was eighteen, and it was lightened by the comic spirit that was afterwards to mark all his work. Most of his shafts were directed against the Chinese, who were pictured as diabolic creatures, grotesque and hardly human; you see them again in "Mr. and Mrs. Sin Fat," another Dyson story in the same volume. In such prejudices Dyson was like most of the young idealists of the Nineties. They thought of Australia as a virgin continent, to be preserved above all things from the evils of the old world, and the old world for them was the teeming and sinister expanse of Asia. Even the Utopian William Lane, who in 1893 was to lead an expedition to build up a new Australia in Paraguay, shared these prejudices.

But they came naturally to Dyson, who had been brought up on a goldfield where the feeling against the Chinese was always acute. He had left school at thirteen, obtaining a job as a battery feed-boy, and afterwards at driving a horse and whim, hauling quartz from the deeper-level mines; and it was his knowledge of all phases of mining thus gained that gave him his entry into the



writing-world. Yet, though he drew on it all his life, his actual experience of it was short. By the time he was twenty-one, he was sub-editing *Life*, a Melbourne magazine, and when I first knew him he was very much a man-about-town, a skilled free-lance journalist, who knew the needs of every paper in the country that would take contributions from outsiders and could meet them with precision.

Even then Dyson's industry and concentration had become a legend among his friends. It used to be said of Anthony Trollope that if he finished a novel five minutes before the dinner-bell went he would begin another; in sheer application to his work Dyson could have rivalled him. He had many strings to his bow and wrote under various names—Silas Shell, Eddyson, Mark Pope, Billy T., and a host of others. Each of these names he kept for a particular kind of work—light verse, dramatic criticisms, aboriginalities, sporting notes, and so on—and in his comments on the passing show he gave evidence of how far he had travelled since, as a boy of thirteen, he had followed the whim-horse on its round.

"Ted keeps a schedule over his desk and works to the tick of the clock," a friend said. "You should see him turning from Silas Snell into Billy T. when the hour strikes. It's like Dr. Jekyll changing over to Mr. Hyde."

Yet if you met him in the street—bright-eyed, debonair—he never looked like a man who had reduced his life to a formula. He had the attitude of a gay bohemian, even though he had never adopted the habits of one. At that time the bright spirits of Melbourne used to meet at a cafe in Lonsdale Street, where the food was served by the hosts at a long, single table and everyone adjourned for coffee afterwards to seats under a spacious tree in the backyard. Dyson's young brothers—Will and Ambrose—were often to be found there, but not Dyson himself. It wasn't that he didn't

enjoy conversation, but time was pressing and money hard to earn. Perhaps the comparison with Trollope is not the most fitting one. He was more like Arnold Bennett, who had learned very early in life that he could only keep his head above water if he made full use of the twenty-four hours of the day.

The truth about Dyson was that from his youth he had shouldered responsibilities that were particularly heavy for a man who had to make his living by the pen. Those two young brothers of his—Will and Ambrose—had something he never claimed for himself, a touch of genius, and he recognised this. It was to help them get a start that he kept so closely to his schedule, and he was fully repaid for his devotion, for though Ambrose, a promising artist, died early, Will went to London in 1910 and very quickly made a name for himself.

*

I think few Australians realise how completely Will Dyson's cartoons took London by storm in the years between 1912 and the middle nineteen-twenties. Unlike David Low, he had come there quite unheralded; but before long he was brought in as chief cartoonist for a new paper, the Daily Herald, that had awakened the same kind of shocked interest in pre-war London as the Bulletin had done in the Sydney of an earlier day.

Will Dyson's cartoon, which took up the whole of the back page, was its energy-radiating core. There was a savage penetration about these drawings of his that fascinated the London intellectual world, and writers like Shaw, Chesterton, Wells and Bennett, almost fell over one another in their eagerness to pay tribute to the new satirist. Dyson was the first cartoonist, Wells said, that England had had since Gilray; Chesterton, in his enthusiasm, went further back to the designers of the mediaeval gargoyles. The effect of novelty Dyson created lay partly in his robust point-of-view. Hitherto the British workman had always been presented pathetically—a depressed figure in cap and bow-yangs, with a tear in his eye and his hand on the head of his starving child. Dyson made him young, militant, triumphant—a figure of energy and hope. Then his treatment of public figures was just as unexpected. To the man in the street (this was 1913, remember) Ramsay Macdonald was a dark, menacing figure, a portent of revolution. Dyson presented him as a timid political hack, walking delicately among parliamentary precedents and procedures with a lily in his hand. Over the whole political and social scene he cast the same bold and devastating eye, and the salt of his gags was a smart on the whiplash sting of his line. He had cultivated a kind of sardonic commentary that (although almost as involved as Joseph Furphy's) had all the effect of a delayed bomb when its meaning broke clear.

Altogether, Will Dyson's success was swift and phenomenal, and he was eager that his elder brother, back in Melbourne, should share some of it. More than once I remember coming on him brooding over a bundle of stories Ted had sent him and wondering where—just where—he could place them. He had a high regard for this elder brother of his and felt he owed him a lasting debt. Yet they belonged to different worlds, and he felt that Ted's stories came from the past.

"The trouble with Ted is that he doesn't know how old-fashioned his stuff is," he would say, with a bleak, troubled look in his eyes. "He's still writing for Archibald's Bulletin. There's not a London editor I know who wouldn't think me a

bit nutty if I offered him these little comedies of the Melbourne slums and the early goldfields."

This was partly true; but it was not merely a change of fashion that made his stories unacceptable to London editors; it was that they were written from an angle that was unfamiliar. Their very genuineness went against them. Edward Dyson tried very hard to write in the current idiom, and while he was commenting on plays or films he could do so quite easily; he was "Eddyson," the man-about-town; but when it was a matter of imaginative work, of creation, the world of his boyhood was the only one that had reality for him, and it was a world of puddling-tubs and cradles, of whims and quartz-crushing batteries. I don't think he ever understood the world in which Will cut such a dashing figure, and had so thoroughly adapted himself to. His best novel, "In the Roaring Fifties," was very much a period-piece, set largely in that Ballarat to which his father had come as an immigrant lured by the hope of wealth—a Ballarat of which he had often heard tales as a boy. Perhaps its incidents were family memories. You have the immigrant's voyage out, the landing, the journey to the goldfields, all the fluctuations of failure and success. The hero, a man of will and some intelligence, with a good deal of the virtue of his English stock, accepts the radical ideas of his fellow-diggers and enlists under Lalor at Eureka. It is a conventional novel; the only thing that was fresh about it, even at the time, was the way it showed an immigrant coming under the influence of the natural background.

"He began," we are told, "to feel a friendship for the towering gums in their flaunting independence; their proud individuality pleased him. To him they reflected the spirit of the people—it must be the spirit of the land. Nowhere in their feathery elegance did he find a law of conformity; each tree was a law to itself, tall and strong and slender, youthful and buoyant, opening fond arms to the blue sky."

*

It was when he had to picture human beings in conflict that Dyson failed, for he had no deep sense of character. This was unfortunate, for he had a great love of the theatre and would dearly have loved to see a drama of his own on the boards; but when he arranged "A Golden Shanty" for the stage, padding it out with additional incidents and finally getting it produced at the Palace Theatre in Sydney, it proved a failure. The figures that had proved amusing enough in 1890 had not much interest for the audience of 1913.

His devotion to the daily grind had, in fact, taken most of the spontaneity out of Dyson by the time he reached his fifties and made him mechanical. Even at dinner in a cafe you would find him jotting little things down in a shorthand of his own—a stray remark, an outlandish name. He simply couldn't get out of the lifelong habit. And inevitably the best things said at any gathering he was at would turn up a week or two later in a paragraph.

He had to support himself by such journalism to the end, but I don't think he was at all soured by the more obvious success of others—certainly not by that of the younger brother he had helped so much. On the contrary. The last time I met him, a little before his death, he was gloating over a double-page display in an American paper of Will's etchings, reproduced after a New York show that had taken the critics by storm. No triumph of his own could have pleased him half so much.

Louis Horton Looks at Sydney

LOUIS Horton, whose photographs appear in the accompanying feature, "Sydney", has for the last twenty years knocked around most of Australia, earning his living as a motor mechanic and a fitter. But his main interests are jazz and photography. Just after the war he was leading his own seven-piece New Orleans style band, playing trumpet, in the middle of the Melbourne jazz revival, along with the Bell band, Ade Monsborough, Tony Newstead. Now he is in Sydney, and most of the time he has a camera in his hand.

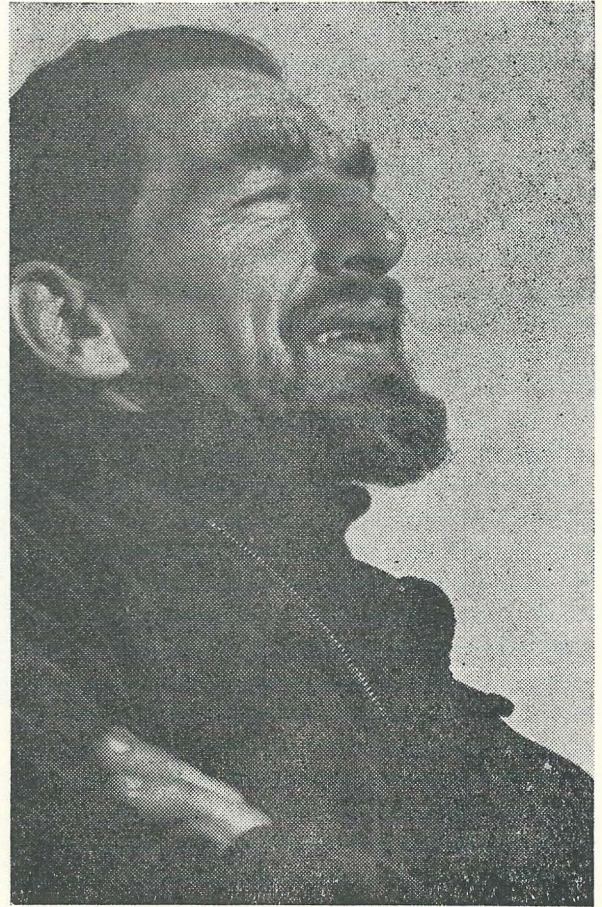
The pictures in our feature were selected from the hundreds that Horton has taken around Sydney over the last three years—on the streets, in the markets and shops and railway stations, in the Stock Exchange and in police stations, at parties and dances, meetings and strikes and demonstrations—wherever people are occupied in living.

They are not the sort of pictures you can take with a press camera, Horton says; he uses exclusively 35 mm. cameras, and never a flashlight. What Horton is interested in as a realistic documentation of people as they are, and for this you have to be quick. Spontaneity is essential; as soon as people know you are going to photograph them they start acting out their own self-image, presenting themselves as they like to think of themselves, putting on a front. That is why he never uses a flash—it's like poking a stick into an ants' hill, he says, and anyway whatever you can see you can photograph. This is real "candid camera" work—but with a difference. The photographs are not meant to embarrass the subjects, but to reveal truth with dignity.

Horton sees a wide gap between his work and that of most "art" photographers, who are, he thinks not seriously concerned with photography as an art form, but only with photographic techniques, the formal aspects of composition and printing. But he sees the trend as being towards his kind of photography, and instances "The Family of Man"—the most progressive exhibition ever seen in Australia, he says—and, in films, the French New Wave.

Unfortunately, there isn't yet much scope for photographers of Horton's kind in Australia. The periodical press don't take this sort of work; there is nothing here like the now-defunct English Picture Post, or Paris-Match. But Horton is optimistic enough to think that some day it will come good, and he's talking about getting in his "bomb" and doing an eighteen months' trip around Australia with his cameras. He's just not satisfied with the work done by the landscape photographers—their pictures could be taken anywhere, they have no identity, he says; the photographer, like any serious artist, has to become a part of what he hopes to record.

—I.T.



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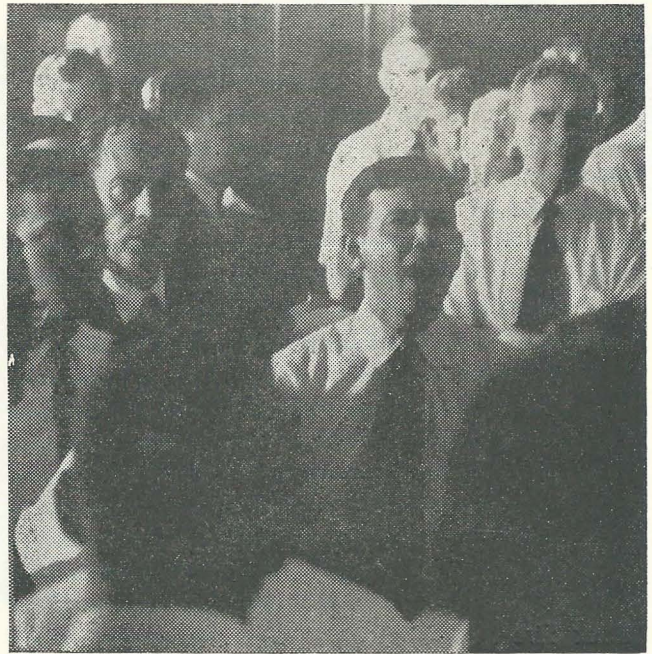
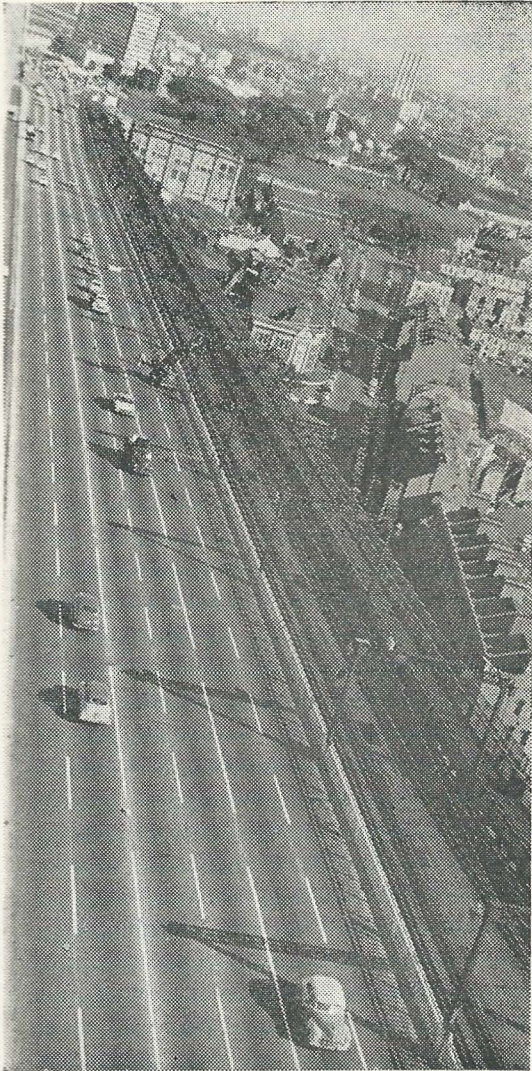
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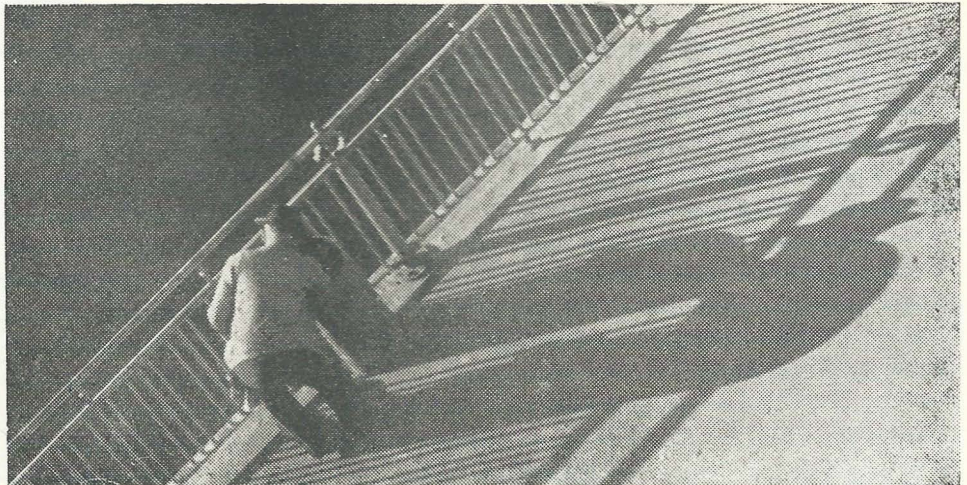
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SYDNEY

Louis Horton



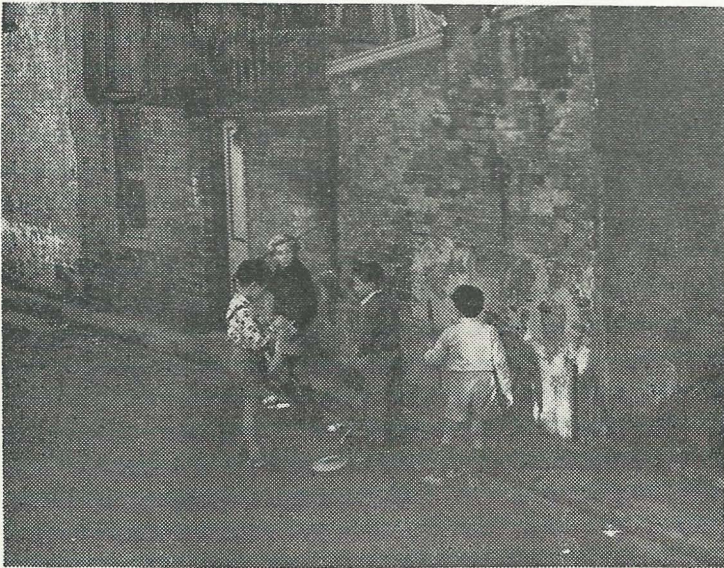
Oil Search



Food Search



*Main
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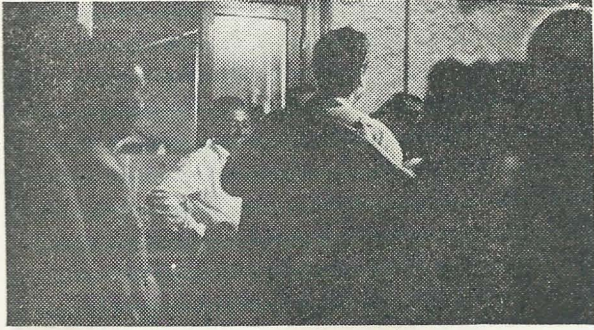
Back Street

living

Buyer



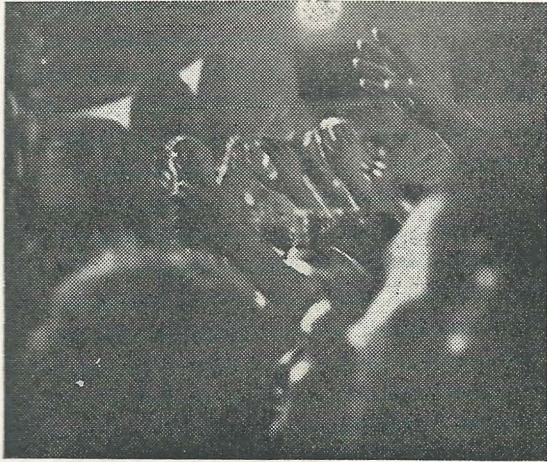
Seller



Voices

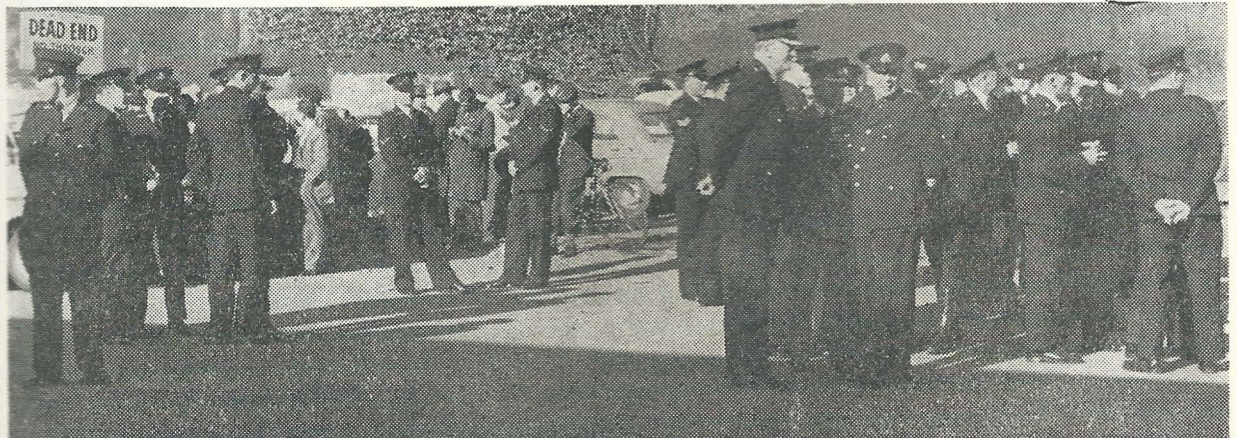


Votes

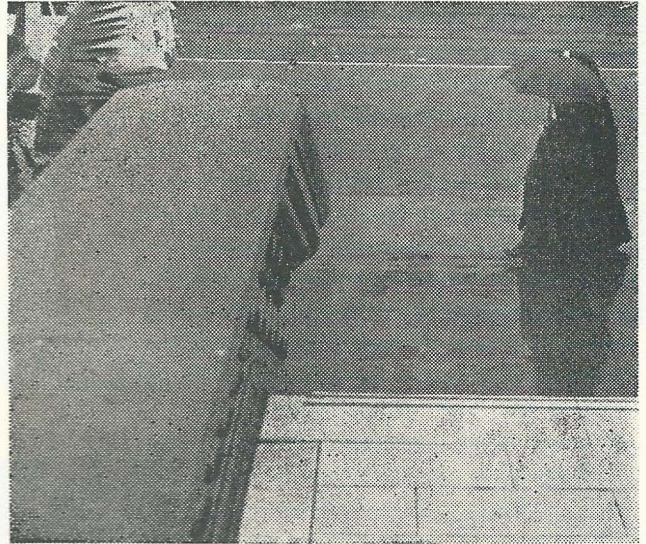


protest

Demonstration

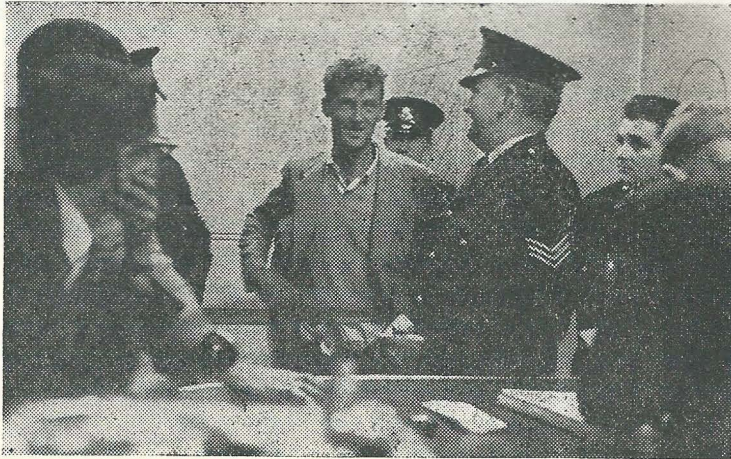


escape



Friday night

Going My Way



Gone



Saturday morning



The One Day of the Year

TO dismiss Alan Seymour's "The One Day of the Year" as an attack on Anzac Day is just not fair. The dramatic interest and pathos of the play centres in a father-son struggle between Alf Cook, a returned soldier of World War II, and his son Hughie, a University student who revolts against his father's loud-mouthed "digger" cult.

The father, whose raucous vitality makes it rather questionable that he would ever remain a lift driver, resents his own lack of education and the frustration of his ambition to be an engineer. At the same time he resents his son's different set of values which he claims are all learnt from people like the little rich girl who feels that Anzac Day is really for low common people like Alf the lift-driver. This welding of snobbery to Hughie's loathing of Anzac Day for quite other reasons causes some confusion.

For Alf Cook, Anzac Day is a form of Shinto ancestor-worship with trimmings of ritual drunkenness. He is neither a typical "digger" nor typical working-class. Objections to Anzac Day and participation in it cut across class lines. The rich girl's father was just as likely to be marching in the procession as Alf Cook. Alf is just a pathetic human being trying to borrow a little self-esteem by being part of "The One Day of the Year". Fiercely independent and pointing out that "he wouldn't do this for everyone", he insists on polishing his son's shoes for the ceremony the boy has no intention of attending. It was in touches like this that you realised what a fine dramatist Alan Seymour can be.

In the recent Sydney production (the play is now in Melbourne) Nita Pannell, as Dot, the Redfern housewife, with her eternal "nice-cup-of-tea" calm, made the flat expressionless voice a little too studied, but she gave the impression of a warm, sympathetic human being, which was what the character required. Wacka Dawson, the World War I veteran, was beautifully done. He is there to speak not just for brief courage but for the long endurance of life. A pensioner with no family, no prospects, he is still a success as a man. Reg Lye as Wacka Dawson was as good in the inarticulate comedy as when Wacka, faltering out his own part in the Gallipoli landing, speaks the finest lines in the play.

The lines for the snooty little rich girl were not so good. Even the most illbred Varsity brat does not ask her host, on first meeting: "What do you do for a living?" But by the climax of the second act the younger generation had built up quite a case against the more unctious aspects of Anzac Day, with the son Hughie conveying rather well that his photographing of drunks was not just a pay-back prompted by hostility towards his father but an artist's delight in raw life, however he disguised it as disgust.

You speculate, of course, on how the play will go with a London audience. To show they were broad-minded, Sydney audiences laughed every time Ron Haddrick, as Alf Cook, said "bloody". The teen-agers who filled "the gods" seemed to have come because many of them had heard the play was lurid with bad language. It was only

Inhabiting a sullen space
where green was common grey,
where granite leapt to sagging sky,
he shambled past the day.

Descending this dejected land:
a bird from the burning sun:
the grey shone green, the blossoms flared—
the new dream had begun.

The sunbird perched beside his ear
bragging its sturdy song:
love's platitudes, or something like.
"Ah! I, at last, belong."

Neuroses draining from the deck
of his emboldened soul,
the man surged onward through his sea
to Freedom Port (or Goal).

And melody a thousandfold
burnished the brilliant air
as a thousand birds bore overhead
a never-day so fair.

The wisdom waters glimmered far,
his psyche was replete;
the bird, the thousand birds, rejoiced...
was the song oversweet?

"What do I want with you!" he jeered
at his shoulder bird. "You're one,
and I've a thousand other songs."
The bird fled back to the sun.

The man shrugged. Then, a grey mist
scowled,
a thousand birds withdrew,
a heartwreck and a sullen shore...
was this a land he knew?

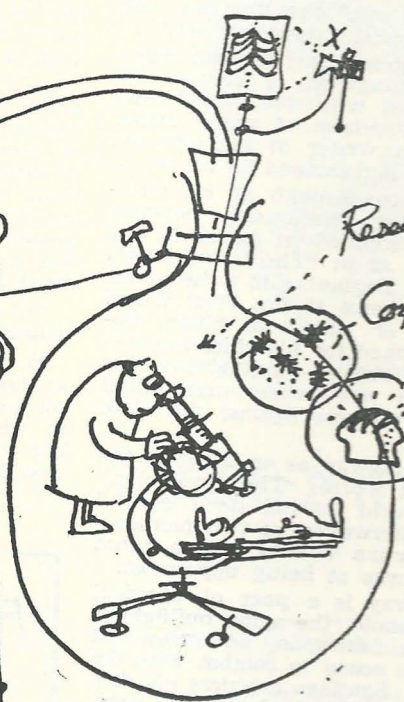
"Come back! Come back!" But the bird flew
sharp
to the flames, from the dried-up dream,
while time politely shuddered by
the man's inaugural scream.

LAURENCE COLLINSON

spoken Australian, and if dramatists are to be confined to the kind of Mandarin writers are expected to use, their lot would be even harder than it is at present. Alan Seymour trod skillfully across his red-hot subject like a Fijian firewalker traversing hot rocks. His audience, at home with the local allusions, understood that the third act could not be more than apologies all round and "Can't you see beyond a few drunks to the meaning of Anzac Day?" but he wisely left the father-son brawl right where he found it.

KYLIE TENNANT

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Petty

Lament for the Death of a Bullfighter

NOW that Ernest Hemingway is dead, he is being read again avidly, as he might have expected, with his habit of equating public interest to how near the matador is able to get to the bull's horns.

In the local library there were none of his books on the shelf when I called in to see what I could borrow.

"They never used to go out," the librarian told me, "but since . . . of course, they're all out."

This kind of (perhaps ephemeral) interest might not have concerned Hemingway, of course. He might have rested content with the Nobel and Pulitzer prizes, and the acclaim of many critics as the foremost American writer of the century. Immortality, of a kind, he had secured for his work.

Nonetheless there vibrates through all his writing a hunger for a closer relationship between artist and audience, personified at times in the figure of the bullfighter, as in "The Undeclared", one of his earlier stories. Beginning to write under the impacts of his experience in the First World War, Hemingway wrote of war with bitter disillusionment, but still looked for his chief inspiration as an artist to the regions—bullfighting, big game-hunting, and again war—where man pitted his skill and physical prowess against the close proximity of death.

Moulded in war, Hemingway as an artist is the interpreter of a violent world: "The chronicler," Geismar says, "of a world tearing itself apart." Most of his work is interwoven of two factors—a sense of immense human vitality, and a sense of doom—which take turns at being uppermost.

At his best Hemingway is a poet of physical courage, pictured in Manolo, the aging bullfighter, or Santiago, the Cuban fisherman, venturing out across the depths of the ocean to combat with the largest fish, the marlin. Santiago captures his fish, but is unable to beat off the sharks, which scent blood and come in to devour it as he carries it, leashed against the side of his small boat, on the long voyage home.

You can't win, Hemingway seems to be telling us in "The Old Man and the Sea", when Santiago, skilled, resourceful, experienced, but unlucky for so long at his fishing, captures his giant marlin only to have it torn to pieces by the sharks. In Santiago, though, there is no yielding to self-pity. "Man is not made for defeat," he says. "A man can be destroyed, but not defeated."

Of Santiago, or Anselmo, the Spanish peasant in "For Whom the Bell Tolls", Hemingway could write with complete sympathy, while they were central figures in a dangerous action. He understood how to portray a brave man's reaction to danger: from the time he was wounded as an ambulance driver in the first World War his own close clashes with death were numerous. He seemed to look for danger as a necessary stimulus to his art.

In the spotlight of immediate danger Hemingway was able to achieve the exact rendering of the more intense human emotions that was his particular concern. The everyday world of his time filled him with revulsion, and he turned to the natural world, or to people he thought simple and natural, in search of courage and grace.

"An adult," says the current adage, "is an obsolete teenager."

Hemingway was not of the generation for whom such phrases were coined, but he was essentially a poet of youth and male vitality. "He was a massive man," John Hetherington, who knew him, says, "massive in every way."

He liked those he considered simple, unpretentious people, and threw himself with enthusiasm into the struggles of Spanish democrats or French maquis. In the picture of himself that emerges from his work, though—at its most succinct in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro", at its worst in "Across the River and into the Trees", and with a combination of gay bravado and bitterness in "The Sun also Rises"—there is the recurrent self-pity of one who feels himself a member of a "lost generation", haunted by the early experience of tragedy, corruption and violence.

In his published work the end of all Hemingway's heroes is in some measure tragic. The sharks devour the result of the fisherman's efforts, leaving at most a gigantic skeleton for passing tourists to wonder at. The new type of hero, the Gagarinman, operating at a new level with the aid of combined human knowledge and skill, is not suggested in Hemingway's picture. His material is the world that shaped his youth, a world "tearing itself apart."

"A man can be destroyed," says the Cuban fisherman, "but not defeated."

It was probably consistent with Hemingway's attitude to life and art that he could find no use for an old age of relative quiet and obscurity, in which he could no longer sing at the top of his voice, and so, in his own terms, he chose destruction rather than defeat.

AILEEN PALMER

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JOSHUA REBORN

DAVID Lloyd George, who didn't admire generals, found one exception among the sorry legion of failed leaders of 1914-18:

... the only soldier thrown up by the war on the British side who possessed the necessary qualifications ... He was a civilian soldier when the war broke out.

Captain Liddell Hart, no great enthusiast either for the top brass of World War I., made an even wider claim for the same man:

He probably had the greatest capacity for command in modern war among all those who held command.

The general officer they both wrote of, may provide this postscript to the events that made him chief commander of his nation:

From the far days of 1914 ... until the last shot was fired, every day was filled with loathing, horror, and distress.

General Sir John Monash was born in Melbourne in 1865. He went to Scotch College and, at the University of Melbourne, he graduated in Engineering, Law and Arts—all three—while studying in his spare time, medicine, history and archaeology. He was a competent artist and musician, well read in old and modern literature, and he could speak French and German. Professionally, he became a civil engineer, and his chief outside interest was in the Australian Citizen Forces, in

which he was commissioned as a lieutenant in 1887, and had become a colonel, at the age of 48, by 1913.

He was also, by race and practising faith, a Jew. At this point in his career, we may pause to notice, first, that before 1914 it was deemed highly eccentric for a serious professional man, of any racial origin, to be even a part-time soldier; for the well known Australian pugnacity is matched by an equally intense dislike of all authority—particularly of any dressed in uniform; and this was even more so, before the chastening experience of two world wars. In addition to this, many Australians must have then believed—as highly-placed and well informed Gentiles did in all lands of European stock—that a Jew might be many things, but not a soldier: still less, the military leader of a people. Everyone—it may be, in these Christian countries—had read in their Old Testament of Jewish warriors as well as of the great prophets; but while sages and prophets had recognisably remained to guide the Jewish people, for centuries the warriors had vanished from the world communities of Jews.

For one month after August, 1914, Monash was made chief censor of the Commonwealth—no doubt because, for six years before its outbreak, he had been transferred from artillery commands to military intelligence. Soon after this false start he was appointed commander of the 4th Infantry Brigade, and he soon set sail, with his hastily-trained legions of recalcitrant volunteers, for the conquest of Gallipoli. This forlorn and glorious adventure—in which the entire Anzac force hung desperately on to an area about the size of Regent's

Park—has for us the quality of a tragic epic, and is the substance of a national myth. For the first time in their brief history, young Australians—like the young Greeks who fought as hopelessly and valiantly at nearby Troy—had left their distant homes to win an instant and lasting reputation from their enemies and friends. Monash was among the earliest troops to land—in what was to become “Monash Valley”—and among the last to go. He was three times mentioned in despatches.

*

But it was in France, on the dreadful, stagnant Western Front, that the qualities which Lloyd George and Liddell Hart have later recognised became apparent. The technical key to Monash's success, in a field where so many gilded and resounding names had floundered in mud and wire, is that he was a civilian soldier, and a skilled and practical engineer. It occurred to him—as it seems not to have done for years to anyone else—that the hundred-mile frontiers of trenches could be pierced only by tactics involving the positive co-ordination of the infantry with the “independent” tanks, artillery and planes. A master of organisation, he rejected the frivolous, haphazard use of these auxiliary arms and, first smashing through prejudice and punctilio, he shook and shaped these weapons into one, and then used them all to smash through and beyond the Hindenburg Line. His human “secret”—also a very “simple” one—was to ask (which he did constantly and inexorably from everyone), to think, and then to explain; he detested, and would not permit in himself or any officer, ambiguity. From his staff he expected, and gave, total loyalty:

I don't care a damn for your loyal service when you think I am right; when I really want it most is when you think I am wrong.

As for the notoriously “undisciplined” Australian soldiers he commanded, he wrote this:

Psychologically, he was easy to lead but difficult to drive. His imagination was readily fired . . .

So Monash, using his own imagination, fired and led the diggers. By early 1916, he was Major-General in command of the 3rd Australian Division; by May 1918, Lieut.-General commanding the Australian Army Corps. When the war ended, he was leading eight divisions of the most obstinate and xenophobic soldiers in the world.

Readers of D. H. Lawrence's “Kangaroo” may have wondered why Kangaroo himself, the proto-fascist leader of an incipient movement of discontented ex-servicemen, should have been pictured as a Jew. The reason may be that Lawrence (who, in those short weeks on the Continent, certainly discovered so much, and so piercingly), knowing about Monash, perceived—or thought he did—some possibility of this kind. But so far as reality goes Monash, when the war was over, after first staying on in Europe until his troops had all been repatriated, came home to private life and, as he said, “went back to concrete,” taking no active part in politics whatever. No doubt this was, in part, because he didn't want to do anything else, and in part because he knew that the best service he could give to Australia, as well as to his own community, was to remain what he had now become: the undisputed first citizen of the nation. Accordingly, he was active in national engineering projects and in private industry, a leading figure in scientific and scholastic circles, and, as a private person, an active patron and participant in the country's cultural life. He died in 1931, still in his mature prime at 66;

300,000 Australians followed his coffin at a State funeral; and he is remembered today by public monuments, by the new Monash University and, most of all, as one of his country's finest and most admirable sons.

BECAUSE of the lucky chances that I went to his old school, and that my parents knew him, I met Monash several times as a boy. In physique, he was short yet powerful: his face, with two dark, resounding eyes, was calm and very determined. He listened, asked questions, and spoke softly with unforced authority. My last sight of him was when, at the age of 16, I was just about to leave Australia for England. A friend, who had a later appointment with “the General,” had asked me to lunch, and took me on afterwards to say goodbye to Monash. Their place of rendezvous was on a street in central Melbourne; and, looking across, I saw him standing waiting, shoulders a bit hunched, gazing into the future with the crowds hurrying by. An instinct—prompted, I believe, by some good sense as well as by adolescent timidity—told me that to confront Monash as a young man was no longer the same thing as to address him, as I had done earlier, with that natural right which boys have to approach the mighty without danger to themselves. So I said goodbye to my friend only, and watched their meeting from the far side of the road.

A key event in European history, and a critical one in the centuries of warfare between Jews and Gentiles, was the ghetto uprising in Warsaw: here, for the first time since the days of the Old Testament, the Jewish warriors erupted—though their names remain unknown to us—from their centuries of pain and silence. Since then Israeli commanders have given ample proof that the warrior Jew has permanently re-appeared. I know that, before Monash's day, as well as in the armies of the 1914 war (including even the German), there were many Jews who fought and who commanded. Yet I do not believe that, until the events that followed after 1939, there is any other example of a Jewish soldier who commanded a whole people—and that one of the most intractable and violent—until Colonel John Monash began, after 1914, his swift rise to a high command that was undisputed by Australians, by his enemies, and even by his allies.

What influence this extraordinary achievement may have had on later Jewish leaders who have known of him, I do not know. But what is certain is that, for more than a decade until his death, Monash, by the simple fact of his presence and prestige, made anti-Semitism, as a “respectable” attitude, impossible in Australia. Throughout this period, racialism, elsewhere in Europe and in America, was a poisonously growing force; and in Australia itself, there was no lack of the usual snide whisperings. Often, as a boy, I have sat in on gatherings of old soldiers fighting at Gallipoli and in France again, around the attendant demi-john of whiskey. These men, tough, cruel and valiant, might throw up their hands, certainly, and cry: “What! More Jews in parliament?” But when they spoke of Monash, they spoke with reverence: really the only word that fits, and an attitude uncommon in the extreme among Australians to anyone—or anything. And worshipping him as they did (and through him, their own youth and courage), they could never publicly deny the hero they themselves had freely followed: nor

could they deny his people. Monash, alone, stood guardian over his community, and his nation's conscience.

When he was asked, by the "house" at Scotch College that had been named after him, to provide them with a motto, the one Monash chose (expressed in Gaelic, about which, characteristically, he knew quite a lot) was, in translation, *Make Certain*: which is just what he himself, as a soldier, always tried to do and, so far as any one man ever can, he did. I have a photograph I cherish of him in France, captioned "General Sir John Monash presents a V.C. in the Field." The V.C., a private, and as smartened-up as much—or as little—as any commander may hope a digger ever to be, is standing—but not too much so—at attention. Somewhat to the rear, elegantly poised, is a sashed and nonchalant staff officer, with the appropriate air of courteously bored attentiveness. Between these two men, relaxed yet alert, and a head shorter than either—but an infinity as big and broad—is Monash, holding the medal before pinning it on the bold and untidy breast. He is gazing straight at the soldier, and speaking to him: saying, we can be certain, something right and simple, on this occasion when to hit the right note is quite impossible unless the commander feels it, and is one in a position worthy to utter it; and his whole mien and posture so much conveying, to anyone who looks now at this snapshot taken unawares two generations ago, the impression that what he may be telling his young hero is something that will give him a belief in greatness.

A lot of generals, after the victory and the laurels, have spoken of their sorrow at the carnage and destruction: which, though we may accept their words, we do not much believe, because ruin and

Prometheus Avenged

12 April, 1961

Smile if you like, but this
Makes glad my heart, that he
Who was the first to see
Our world as gods are said
To see it, from a star,
Was this plain man whose trade
Is not with fame or war,
Or of a name to please
The invoking mind.
The hero whom I praise
Is bolder than all these:
A moulder into space!
Prometheus lies, avenged
By one of his own kind.

DAVID MARTIN

slaughter are, after all, a general's chief business. But Monash being what he was—essentially a civilian, professionally a builder, and one of the first soldiers to learn and understand what modern warfare is—we may give credit to his epitaph on the huge struggle:

I deplored all the time the loss of precious life and the waste of human effort. Nothing could have been more repugnant to me than the realisation of the dreadful inefficiency and the misspent energy of war.

"Here's a Landmark in Australian Literature."—Gavin Casey

Xavier Herbert's

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O WHEN shall we two meet again
In thunder and in lightning and in rain,
By what strange waters and by what dry docks,
By what mean streets alive with summer frocks,
And girls, and men with grease across their lips,
Who fire the boilers on what lonely ships?

*

By the waters of the Yarra I sat down and wept
For you, timber-cutter, cane-cutter, black-faced
stoker on the Ellaroo,
Melbourne to Newcastle, Sydney to Rockhampton...

Shipped out of port, anywhere, anything new.
And the Yarra waters are muddy with a thousand tears

Of shop girl, typist, process-worker and whore,
By the pitiless street light, the park and the empty door,

And the train in the cutting whispering nevermore...

When the footsteps die at the end of the empty street,
When the faces die in the neon sign and the pub closes,
The door shuts, the ship pulls out of the dock,
this is the end—
And go down all my red roses.

I weep for you, my love, who will not be loved,
Yon wandering men with a swag of dust on your shoulders,

Carting a holey blanket to the world's end,
The Southern Cross over your right eye and your left

Turned inwards, fist in your pocket, punchy and warm,

A hole in your heart and a star where the blanket's torn,

Walking, ah! God knows where, the Yarra streets under your footsteps.

Look out for the bodgies! They swing a hard bottle at night,

And the Southern Cross has a wan and a wandering light,

And the neon sign's blood-red, blood-red as a rose.
Oh! tears and mud and regret where the Yarra flows,

And the seagull screams on the ship and the wild wind blows.

Go down red roses...

"Dining in town tonight, a warm welcome awaits you."

Arms and kisses and Melbourne draft at the London pub.

The bed is warm, the woman is warm and willing,
A breast to fondle, an early start to curse,

And promise is easy, conclusion is something worse.
Running before the tide out of Sydney to Rockhampton,

Do you carry my letter in your pocket like a promise of love?

Continents swing between us, desert and sand and scrub,

The plane dips, the Bight arcs in a sunlit dazzle of surf,

Two thousand miles measure two thousand years,
And you are gone . . . over the rim of the Tasman Sea,

And the Yarra mud has swallowed up all my tears.
I sleep alone with a kiss-print on my lips,

The thud of my heart beats in the engine-room,
Ah! the ship is hollow and hollow thuds my heart,

Ah! hollow, hollow, the cormorant flaps and crows.
On the Yarra bank the red rose blooms and blows.

The flowers of Spring sink in the muddied river,
And go down, go down all my red roses.

*

O when shall we two meet again
In thunder and in lightning and in rain,
By what strange waters and by what dry docks,
By what mean streets alive with summer frocks
And girls, and men with grease across their lips,
Who fire the boilers on what lonely ships?

*

Timber-cutter, cane-cutter, black-faced stoker on the Ellaroo,

Melbourne to Newcastle, Sydney to Rockhampton,
Shipped out of port, letters are following, anything new!

Nowhere to go, it's late and the last pub closes.
The pillow lies like a stone under your head,

The prostitute's shoes grow cold under your bed.
The bed's still warm in the last port where you slept.

By the waters of the Yarra I sat down and wept
Go down, go down all my blood-red roses.

LETTER FROM CANADA

THE severity of winter, the seemingly everlasting vista of ice and snow makes Canada appear a country with which Australia would have little in common. A glance at the Canadian newspapers on arrival was sufficient to convince me that many of the differences are purely geographic and many of the problems facing Canada at the moment are very similar to those current in Australia: the domination of Canadian industry by American firms, protests against the deportation of a Chinese woman whose son is by birth a Canadian, discussions on the refusal to renew a visa held by a Ukrainian lecturer. On television, I have listened to a visiting English architect deploring the suburban architecture of Canada and those "awful overhead electric light wires", while Brendon Behan, of course, fell foul of Toronto's archaic liquor laws. As in Australia the relation of the Provincial governments to the Federal Government is of perennial concern, while the problem of growing unemployment looms unpleasantly large in the midst of unprecedented prosperity. On the artistic front, Canada like Australia is becoming increasingly conscious of its own national potential.

The feeling that Canada is dominated unfairly by America in industry expresses a growing resentment at American domination in all fields and an account of an interview between the Toronto Financial Post and United States business leaders shows why.

"Most of the men interviewed bluntly admitted they had no sympathy for the Canadian view that there should be greater Canadian control," the report stated. One American said, "These foolish nationalistic tendencies in Canada ignore the important role we play in helping develop Canada." Another remarked, "National sentiment is bunk. It's a matter of good management. A U.S. company investing in Canada is entitled to all the fruits of that Canadian endeavor."

The rising national feeling in Canada cannot, however, be ignored so simply. Canada has not been slow over the last twelve months to assert her own independent identity. At the height of the U.S. ban on Cuban trade, she concluded a new trade agreement with Cuba, and she has sent wheat to Communist China. There has been considerable resistance to the desire of the States to equip the Canadian army with nuclear weapons,

while on the cultural front there has been a Commission to investigate the flooding of the Canadian market with American magazines to the detriment of the home-grown product.

Feeling, of course, is not all one way. Some Canadians feel too much stress is placed on anti-Americanism instead of the developing Canadianism, but in spite of dissenting voices, my own impression is that within the literary and political fields Canadians in general support an independent line for Canada. Mr. Diefenbaker's stand on apartheid at the recent London Commonwealth conference, was undoubtedly popular. Most of my friends here view the expulsion of South Africa as a Canadian triumph, and I have been asked constantly, both here and in the United States, why Australia was so reluctant to support this line. Most North Americans, I fear, link Australia's stand with the type of view associated with the White Australia policy.

*

Canada does not lack racial problems within her own frontiers. There is the Indian problem which is not dissimilar to the Aboriginal problem in Australia; and although more has been attempted on behalf of these people than in Australia, real assimilation is barely envisaged. More important, having been resident in Quebec City I am aware that Lord Durham's stricture that there were two nations warring in the bosom of one, while no longer literally true, is not yet as false as some of the Canadian history books would like to think. Quebec is primarily a French city and there is a strong determination to keep it that way. Nearly all the people speak French and, while an amazing number can also produce an English sentence if absolutely necessary, this language is not really well known outside the more educated families. The power of the Catholic Church in this province has barely diminished with the centuries and the preservation of traditional religious practices has undoubtedly enabled the capital city to keep its old French character. There is even a group, a minority one, that would like to see Quebec Province become an independent republic within the Commonwealth.

To counter this tendency, there are organisations aimed at improving relations between the two ethnic groups and Frenchmen can be found at all meetings of English societies, literary or social. Their influence, is not, however, widespread, while the resident English population seems quite content with its Anglo-Saxon speech and outlooks and happily unconcerned about its Gallic brethren. The Catholic Education Board provides an English speaking school for English Catholics, even though the constitution of the Board is primarily French, but the Protestant Board which is, of course, English in character, provides no special school for French-speaking Protestants.

These children form a sort of retarded group at the English High School unless they are bright enough to pick up sufficient English to compete on an equal footing with their Anglo-Saxon brethren.

On the national front, lip service is paid to the subsidiary culture. Governors and Prime Ministers struggle through a short address in French on behalf of their French subjects at every important gathering. Their relief at the end of this performance is only too apparent. Sir Wilfred Laurier and Mr. St. Laurent are frequently mentioned as examples of the political opportunities open to Canadiens, but there is no widespread attempt to learn the French language, and official letters, even to Quebec, are quite often written in English. In Vancouver, there is no awareness, at least on the surface, of the French character of a large section of the Canadian nation.

In a sense, then, the Province of Quebec, which includes the large city of Montreal as well as Quebec City, is isolated from the other provinces, and this accounts in part for the growth of a French Canadian literature that was in its earliest stages nationalistic and anti-industrial and, even now, is marked by a sense of isolation and individual frustration. Since "Les Anciens Canadiens" by Aubert de Gaspé was published in 1863, there has hardly been an English-speaking character depicted sympathetically. It is significant that so many heroes in Canadian novels are victims: victims of conquest, a hard country, an English compatriot, poverty, war, dispossession.

*

The last decade has seen a growing demand in Quebec for a more modern state.

At the moment the Province feels that it is in the midst of a minor social revolution. This is due to the election last year of a Liberal government under Jean Lesage for the first time since 1944, on a program of extensive reform which he has already begun to put into effect. The silence of the Canadian writers on the world of provincial politics has been attributed to the contempt which politicians and intellectuals felt for one another during the "fifteen years of dictatorship that we have just passed through," as one of the latter recently put it.

Whatever the truth may be, Lesage is a veritable new broom. He has under way a Royal Commission into education, his ultimate aim being free schooling at all levels including the University, a compulsory school age of 16, the assumption by the Province of all school debts not already assumed and the establishment of a Provincial Universities Commission. At present at the senior level there is no free education; and education, even public education, is controlled by the church. The headmistress at the local school which my daughter attends is, for example, a nun. Lesage has been accused of wishing to establish a purely secular form of education but this he vigorously denies, and I think myself that general feeling in Quebec would not favor the expulsion of the church from the education field. What Lesage certainly hopes to do, however, is to redeem the Province from its present position where it has the doubtful honor of possessing the lowest rate of school attendance in Canada, 50% of all pupils leaving school by 15. He is concerned too that, of Quebec's young unemployed, only 7% go beyond 8th grade (roughly equivalent to N.S.W.'s second year at High School) and that the children of workers and farmers represent only a small percentage of the total student population in the Universities.*

* This position is analogous to that now prevailing in Australia.—Editor.

On the cultural side, a Department of Cultural Affairs has been created, providing for a Provincial Arts Council, an Historic Monuments Commission, a Provincial Office of Town Planning, a Provincial Linguistic Office, and an Office for Cultural Relations with French-speaking groups outside the province. Some groups, however, are doubtful of the advisability of making culture a public department. In a province where censorship of literary and film material is by no means negligible, where no child under 16 may view a film, the fears of some of these people may not be without foundation, although Lesage himself seems concerned mainly to assist rather than direct the course of culture.

ON the political front, one of the most interesting events has been the formation in July of the New Democratic Party. This party is the closest thing to a labor party that Canada has ever seen and its very formation expresses, at least in some degree, the dissatisfaction of the working front with both of the present parties.

The New Party combines the former C.C.F. party (Co-operative Commonwealth Federation) with new support from the labor unions. I asked Mr. Eugene Forsey, Research Director of the Canadian Labor Congress, if the new party would be similar to the Australian or British Labor Parties. His reply seems innocent in some respects of the broader aims of any British labor party, but his rather technical use of the term "labor" is understandable when it is realized that the C.C.F. was founded primarily by the Western farmers, in combination with western workers, in 1932 to "unite labor and agriculture on a program of democratic socialism." Apparently the new party hopes to keep this agricultural support and Mr. Forsey states: "The New Party, to the best of my knowledge and belief, will certainly not be a purely labor party. It is deliberately and explicitly trying to get the support of farm and co-operative organisations and of what are described, I think, as 'liberally minded groups and individuals'. The probability is that, if it really amounts to anything, the bulk of its money will come from the unions. But no one has any real idea of exactly how strong the union support will be." The New Party may win a considerable number of seats in the next national elections.

The biggest threat to the launching of the new party is worker apathy. This theme was stressed by union leaders in a recent t.v. series. Apparently only 25% of all workers belong to a trade union, and the position is even worse amongst white collar workers.

*

The biggest boost to Canada's cultural life in recent years has undoubtedly been the establishment of the Canada Council three years ago. It should be stressed that, while the Canada Council was endowed by the Government of Canada with one hundred million dollars, it is not an agency of the Government and it is required only to report to Parliament once a year. According to Mr. Peter Dwyer, the Arts supervisor, the original grant is distributed as follows: "Of the original sum fifty million dollars are being used in the form of matching grants to assist universities and similar institutions of higher learning in their building projects. Eventually this fifty million, known as the University Capital Grants Fund, will be entirely used up. The remaining fifty million may not be touched and the Council operates from the annual interest it provides of something just under three million a year. The amount at present available for arts organisations each year is approx-

Ventriloquist's Dummy

I talk into the papier mache
That talks like me, and people laugh
At jokes and rhymes and repartee.
The dummy's neck, a small giraffe,
Extends until the children shriek...
And here we have my actor's art.

So poems speak, achieve a smile
When strings are pulled behind the face.

But in a poem there's a part
That's more profound behind the glib
And artificial replica
Of life—and said with tact and grace,
Not like a dummy on a stage
That can't express a natural rage.

R. A. SIMPSON

Waterfront

The groping current feels
With liquid fingers round
The slotted, partly drowned
Pontoons and wharves and keels;
And, loverlike, explores
A new hull's iron breast
And lags in passing, pressed
Into its virgin pores.

This hobbled brute-red craft,
With tautened ropes confined,
Headless—like a raft
Yet lofty—throws in blind
Profusion fore and aft
A glow on workmankind.

RODNEY HALL

imately one million dollars and a further amount of approximately two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is spent on fellowships and scholarships in the arts."

The Council is now finding one of its major problems is "to strike a balance between support for the best and a spreading out to reach more people."

The very encouragement given by the Council has itself produced more active groups both within the field of drama and ballet and hence a demand for more funds. Three ballet companies, The National Ballet, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, and Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, are now operating. Yet the population of the major cities of Canada is scarcely sufficient to meet the costs of one company. It has been the policy of the Council to encourage these groups to take to the road to reach a wider audience, despite the travelling costs.

In the same way the encouragement of opera has produced an increased demand for funds. With Council help, the Opera Festival Association of Toronto has extended its work sufficiently to warrant a change of name to the Canadian Opera Company. The Council is now looking forward to the time when it can send a full orchestra, instead of a mere piano, on tour with the company. As a member of a country audience in N.S.W., I only hope someone in Australia is working with the same end in mind.

Grants are also made to symphony orchestras and Sir Bernard Heinze is completing an investigation into the needs of Canadian orchestras on behalf of the Council. As in Australia, the various orchestras undertake country tours, usually in summer, and these too are assisted by the Council. While aid has not been limited to the principal orchestras, but has been extended to other musical groups as well, in general the Council's grants are concentrated on the larger units, particularly "national organisations whose work reaches into the smaller centres."

Of particular interest, and also assisted by the Council, are the three big summer festivals in Montreal, Stratford and Vancouver. A glance at some of the programs arranged for the 1960 season

indicates the type of entertainment offered. Bruno Gerussi and Julie Harris played Romeo and Juliet at Stratford, the Peking Opera opened at Vancouver, and Mozart's "Il Seraglio" was seen at Montreal.

The Stratford Shakespearean Festival is by now, after a brief six or seven years' existence, a national institution attracting the best artists from both sides of the Atlantic. It includes a number of modern works as well as Shakespeare. Of interest too is the nationwide drama festival for amateur groups. It is in the form of a contest and is held annually. French and English sections are included and the preliminary rounds are held in various cities throughout Canada. The final presentation of plays is given in a different city every year, Montreal being the city chosen for 1961. Prizes provided by the Council include an award in each zone for the best performance of a Canadian play. This year, too, the actor judged the best in the amateur productions will be given the opportunity to play at Stratford.

The Council, in spite of its general rule, will consider a grant for an occasional smaller group. In 1959, for example, it gave a grant to the Children's Festival of the Arts held in Winnipeg. As well as plays and orchestral concerts held by adult groups for the children, the festival included children's own orchestras, ballet groups, and an art exhibition.

It seems strange then that Canada has as yet no permanent professional theatre and in Montreal, and possibly elsewhere outside Stratford, there has been a falling off of attendance at drama festivals. In Quebec City, as far as I have been able to see, there has been only one short visit by a professional drama company since our arrival—the Comedie Francaise, which dropped in at Quebec en route to New York early this year. Canada is lucky in so far as its close proximity to the United States permits its inclusion in tours by leading companies of this sort, but it does seem strange that as yet it is not possible to find a live show at all times in the big cities.

*

In the world of literature and art, Canada feels on the edge of a new period of development. The past twelve months has seen "The Penguin Book of Canadian Verse," a new World's Classics edition of Canadian short stories, and a fair flow of novels and short stories, including a new complete volume by Morley Callaghan, whom many consider Canada's leading short story writer. Since the war Brian Moore's novels have won recognition abroad as well as at home, while Gabrielle Roy, a Canadian novelist, won le Prix Femina of France for her novel "Bonheur d'Occasion." Thomas B. C. Costain is also by birth and upbringing a Canadian.

In these fields too the Canada Council has offered assistance, contributing towards the purchase of paintings by various art galleries on a 50:50 basis. Each year a sum is set aside to aid publication of novels, poetry, essays, criticism. It also provides money for work of special merit to be translated from French to English and vice versa.

According to the Council's report, grants have been given to a number of periodicals providing a continuing outlet for writers. Canadians themselves, however, are not entirely happy about developments in the field of the literary periodical. Few of the existing magazines publish original literary work and grants when they do come are too often given for specific ends rather than general maintenance.

Recently, Robert Weaver, editor of Tamarack Review, claimed to edit the only national literary magazine in this country. While he admitted, when I asked him, that his claim was perhaps a little sweeping, yet it was not entirely unjustified. As he said, Prism is mainly west coast, Queen's Quarterly is public affairs first and literary only second, Canadian Literature is primarily critical. But

Tamarack Review has been unable to receive any private or direct government aid. It has received two grants from Canada Council, one to do an issue on West Indies writing, the other (this year) to raise payment rates, to mount a subscription campaign and to seek out writing in French Canada. "It is a better country, as subsidies go," Weaver writes, "for ballet, theatre, opera than for writing."

Maybe members of the other arts would not feel the picture is quite as rosy as the Council maintains, but, whatever the complete truth, Canada has certainly gone a lot further than Australia in providing unhindered Government assistance for the arts.

Canada is also more fortunate than we are in keeping some contact with her lost artists. As in Australia, the migration of writers and players to U.S.A. or Europe is considerable but they are not nearly so isolated as we are. Robert Gourlet, playing at present in New York in "Camelot," sings regularly in C.B.C. productions; Theresa Stratas, who performs as a rule with the New York Metropolitan Opera, sang Butterfly at the Vancouver Festival.

This proximity to bigger cultures is both a blessing and a curse to Canada. They lose less artists for long periods, there are more openings for Canadians within reach of home. At the same time, they feel some difficulty in asserting their own individuality, in expressing their own sense of national identity in the face of strong competition. And this finally, far more than any innate dislike of U.S. policies, explains the present anti-Americanism, and the tendency above all else to stress Canada's own independent character.

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THE ORR CASE

“WHAT the public is concerned about is the question: was Orr innocent or was he guilty [of having had sexual relations with Suzanne Kemp]?” On Mr. W. H. C. Eddy’s account, “Orr” (*Jacaranda*, 59/6), it was this question, put to him at a public meeting in 1958, which started off his exploration of the maze of allegations and rebuttals which culminated in the summary dismissal of Sydney Sparkes Orr from his position as Professor of Philosophy in the University of Tasmania on 16th March, 1956. Yet, in an important respect, this was the least relevant of all the questions which might have been asked about this extraordinary affair.

Late in 1954 staff and students of the University of Tasmania were engaged in a vigorous campaign against the Council (the governing body) of the University, which, they claimed, was guilty of “apathy, neglect and maladministration”. The highlight of the campaign was Professor Orr’s Open Letter to the Premier of Tasmania, published on 29th October, 1954, to which the majority of University staff members added their signatures. This campaign led to a resolution of the Tasmanian House of Assembly (passed against the wishes of the government) for the appointment of a Royal Commission into the administration of the University; the report of the Commission (made public on 4th June, 1955) recommended the reconstitution of the University Council and hinted at the desirability of replacing the then Vice-Chancellor, Professor Torliev Hytten. From the time of the Open Letter, Orr’s position was dangerous. The Chancellor felt that the letter was “dripping with malice”; the Deputy Chancellor (who was later to act as Chairman of a sub-committee which inquired into various allegations against Orr) regarded him as an “agitator”. And, from the middle of 1955, the Vice-Chancellor busied himself collecting evidence to support a charge of professional misconduct against Orr.

The Tasmanian Government ignored the report of the Royal Commission in the amendments it made to the University Act, which were proclaimed on 15th December, 1955; on the following day, heard the Vice-Chancellor’s case against Professor Orr, and (despite the opposition of the Chancellor, who was also Chief Justice of Tasmania) authorised him to investigate further. The accusations against Orr were that he had used stand-over methods in his relations with two fellow members of staff, and that he had importuned a student to do unpaid architectural work on his (Orr’s) new house, threatening the student that his examination results would suffer if he did not co-operate. Unspecific rumors of sexual misconduct were also going the

rounds. The details of the allegations were not communicated to Orr, despite several requests, and on 15th February, 1956, he issued (but did not serve) writs for libel against several professors who had identified themselves with the allegations.

The Vice-Chancellor’s inquiry was curiously delayed, but on 24th February the University Council (in the absence of the Chancellor) authorised him to co-opt several other members to a committee of inquiry. Two days later—so it was alleged—a 19-years-old philosophy student, Suzanne Kemp (who had up to this time strongly defended Professor Orr) confessed to her father that Orr had seduced her and that she was his mistress. Kemp conveyed these accusations to the Vice-Chancellor who, again without informing Orr of the details of the allegations, convened a special meeting of the University Council for 2nd March, which appointed another sub-committee to investigate.

In the event, the “Kemp” committee met before the committee which had been appointed to investigate the earlier charges. Orr’s requests for legal representation and for time to prepare his defence were brushed aside, and the committee met on 9th March. On legal advice, Orr “categorically denied” the allegations, but declined to take any other part in the proceedings; the committee heard the Kemp story and “unanimously and without hesitation” found it true. The first committee met on 13th March; again acting on legal advice, Orr refused to participate; the committee heard Orr’s accusers, and concluded that he was “quite unfitted to be a Professor on this University”. The University Council received the two reports on 16th March, 1956, and summarily dismissed the professor.

When Orr took the case to the Tasmanian Supreme Court, alleging wrongful dismissal, Mr. Justice Green found that the allegations against Orr (other than those relating to Suzanne Kemp) either were not established, or did not amount to misconduct; on the Kemp charges, however, he found against Orr on all particulars, and concluded that the University had been justified in dismissing him. On appeal, the High Court refused to overrule the judgment of the Tasmanian High Court. (It is unfortunate that Mr. Eddy does not refer more extensively to the High Court decision, which went against his general thesis.) And there the matter has stood—except for the continuing agitation for a re-opening of the case, and an attempt to murder Orr in December, 1959—for the last four years.

Since Professor Orr himself chose to accept the University Council’s assumption—that sexual relations between a professor and a student constituted a breach of professional ethics warranting summary dismissal—and to fight his case on a denial of the Kemp charges, it was perhaps inevitable that the truth or otherwise of the charges should have come to dominate the discussion. On

this, Mr. Eddy is to my mind completely convincing. He reveals in great detail the inconsistent, shifting, unsupported and generally unsatisfactory nature of the evidence in support of the Kemp charges, and in particular demonstrates that, in relation to the only two Orr-Kemp meetings for which specific dates and other details were offered (intercourse was alleged for one but not for the other), the evidence in rebuttal is quite conclusive. This does not prove that Orr never made love to Suzanne Kemp; but obviously it was as impossible for him to prove that as it would be for me to prove that I have never eaten venison. It was not up to Orr to prove the negative proposition; his responsibility was to answer the positive allegations against him, and this—on the only two occasions for which these were specific—he did.

*

BUT to me the unfortunate thing about the whole affair has been that few people, at least in Tasmania, have asked the obvious question: does the fact that a member of a university staff has sexual relations with a student constitute academic misconduct which warrants summary dismissal? It is important to ask this, because this is the question of principle involved, the question which bears directly on the nature of universities—is a university a sort of higher high school, or is it a community of scholars in which the students are a part of the community (although a junior part), alongside the members of staff?

This may seem an oversubtle point to many people who are not directly concerned with universities, but it is vital to those who are. It is usually answered by two propositions: that a university education should be so designed as to teach people to think for themselves, rather than to absorb predigested facts; and (almost the same thing) that a university education should be scholarly rather than technical—that is, that it should be concerned to train people to recognise what questions have to be answered and the alternative ways of answering them, rather than to provide, in the manner of a catechism, fixed answers to a given set of questions.

If, as I believe, this is the correct view of a university, then it follows that a university is not a higher high school, that university students are not school-children, and that the relations between staff and student members of a university are not the same as those between school-teachers and their pupils. And, if this is so, then sexual relations between members of staff and students cannot be regulated in any way other than by the general laws of the community which cover such relations—that is, there should be no special rule over and above the criminal penalties which attach to rape and to sexual relations below the statutory age of consent (which does not apply with university students), and the civil penalties which may accompany adulterous relations.

I should perhaps make it clear that I am not advocating that staff members of either sex should make a habit of sleeping with students of either sex; all that I am saying is that to establish any special rules for this in universities is to go against what is, or should be, the nature of universities—and that the first thing to be said about the Orr case is: "If so, so what?"

It is true, of course, that university staff members do have a measure of authority over students, and, if they are good teachers, a prestige among students, and a reasonable objection can be taken to any staff member who uses authority or prestige for sexual advantage. This is the same objection that can be taken to anyone—for example, employ-

ers, foremen, theatrical producers—taking advantage of his position, but it should be pointed out that universities apply their own sanctions to this sort of unethical behavior, more perhaps than do most sections of the community. There is, however, one exception to the general principle that there should be no special rules governing sexual relations in universities: if academic corruption can be established, then this is misconduct so serious as to warrant summary dismissal—that is, if a staff member uses the promises of favorable treatment in examinations or other tests as an inducement in seeking to establish sexual relations, then he ought to be sacked. But no such accusation was—or could be—made against Orr. And even if such an exception to the principle were established, as I believe it should be, it would be something that applied almost uniquely to universities; there is no special penalty for the tired businessman who puts the hard word on his secretary.

It is this principle which has been largely forgotten in the argument over the Orr case; that I emphasise it here does not, I repeat, mean that I think that the allegations against Orr were well-founded. But even when one accepts Mr. Eddy's conclusion that the accusations were improbable on the face of them (is it really likely that a virgin would be indefinite about the occasion of her seduction?) and not supported by adequate evidence, there remains the "no smoke without fire" argument, and, going along with it, the quite understandable difficulty in comprehending why anyone would invent such a story.

The motives of the University authorities are quite clear: "Who will rid us of this turbulent professor?" as the student newspaper, *Togatus*, ironically commented. It is also clearly established that the Vice-Chancellor was doing everything within his quite considerable organising ability to build up any sort of a case against Orr, and using both dubious evidence and improper methods in doing so.

Miss Kemp's motivations are less clear: it is suggested that she was psychologically unstable and transformed an immature and unrequited "crush" on Orr into hatred, and that she was subjected to considerable pressure by her father. But short of a super-human insight into human beings, it doesn't seem possible to say much more than that, following Mr. Eddy's analysis, it seems apparent that the case against Orr was largely rigged and that his accusers were not overscrupulous about the way they fixed it. I am doubtful, however, whether this sort of frame-up necessarily involves the conscious conspiracy which Eddy suggests.

I am more inclined to think that, given a measure of paranoia, and the desire for revenge and to be rid of a "malcontent", the creation of evidence, the fitting of it to preconceived assumptions, the suggestion that anti-Orr witnesses might modify their stories so as to make them stronger and more internally consistent, proceeded almost without conscious intent. It is all too easy to become convinced that, because X is a bad man, a troublemaker, he must have done something like this—and that therefore this must have happened.

That does not, of course, in any way excuse the monstrous nature of the proceedings against Orr, and the quite fantastic injustice which has been done him, which now can only be remedied (as the Federal Council of University Staff Associations has been suggesting for some time) by an impartial inquiry conducted by competent outsiders. It does, however, suggest that Mr. Eddy's

final conclusion—that a society which permits this sort of particular corruption to go unchecked is in danger of total corruption—is somewhat strained.

Most radicals would argue that contemporary society is corrupt anyway, that injustice is built in—a “built-in stabiliser”, in fact. The process of fighting corruption and injustice is a continuing one—indeed, I would go further and say one which must continue in any form of society, including those which I would personally prefer to the existing society, since the corruption of power exists in all societies. What makes the Orr case important, in this view, is not that it is unique, but that it is a particularly flagrant case, clearly involving victimisation for opinion, and combining all the elements of the power structure in established society in a so-far successful effort to make the victimisation stick.

It is important because this is one injustice (unlike the dozens of small injustices which occur in police courts every day) which it has been impossible to cover up—largely because academics throughout Australia have recognised that their conception of a university has been challenged in three ways (the nature of a university, the security of academic tenure, the proper place of the academic community in university government) and because they have persisted in saying so, very publicly and very loudly. It is partly because a large section of university teachers has, in the last few years, spoken out strongly for academic freedom (not only in the Orr case, but also in the Ward and Gluckman affairs), and partly because, in all these cases, the authorities have appeared in a bad light, that the “radical conservatives” of The Bulletin-Observer and Quad-

rant have blown up the diversion of communism in the Australian universities.

The injustice done to Orr is, then, as Mr. Eddy suggests, a matter of great importance—to Orr himself, in the first place, and to the rest of the Australian community. It will continue to agitate people, especially in the universities for many years. Whether justice will ever be done is, unhappily, doubtful. The Council of the University of Tasmania has resolutely refused to accept an independent inquiry. (Although there is good precedent for this: Tasmania lent one of its judges, Mr. Justice Ewing, to conduct an investigation of an injustice which it was alleged had been done to twelve members of the Industrial Workers of the World, sentenced to from five to fifteen years for sedition and conspiracy to commit arson during World War I; and his report led directly to the release of the prisoners. The mainland could not return the favor.) And further legal testing is impossible—unless the various people whom Mr. Eddy accuses of perjury, forgery and conspiracy like to institute libel proceedings, in which event the case would be heard in a mainland court, and the defence of truth and public interest would make it possible to re-open the merits of the University decision and the Tasmanian Supreme Court judgment.

But those whom Mr. Eddy accuses are hardy men: already they have ridden out the disapproval of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Hobart, the Anglican Bishop of Tasmania and the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Tasmania, and the motion of censure imposed by the Federal Council of University Staff Associations, which will make it very difficult for the University to fill vacancies on its staff. No doubt they are now preparing to ride out Mr. Eddy's indictment.

David Martin

Hinterland

STIFF'S WEEKLY AND OTHER MATTERS

WELCOME TO Stiff's Weekly, latest and lustiest of the Little Magazines!

A very little Little Magazine, in fact, only one roneed double page. Volume I., No. 1. Election year issue. Motto—“You don't have to be dead to be stiff.” Publisher? Not given. Lead story is headlined—“Soup Kitchens, Please.”

Stiff's Weekly is the mouthpiece of the down but not altogether outs of Greater Melbourne. Here is a sample of its prose.

BLOODY “COMMOS”

Communists, Groupers, Labor Party, Country Party, Anarchists, Socialists, Right Wing, Left Wing, Y.L.A., Y.C.M., E.Y.L., D.L.P., A.L.P., Trotskyites, Social Democrats, Christian Democrats, Democrats, Calathumpians, Bush Baptists, etc., are all “Bloody Commos”

to Menzies and Bolte . . . SO don't none of yers give them one vote in the State or Federal election. AND don't forget to get yourselves on the Electoral Rolls. “Labor” is after an increase in the social. VOTE UP BIG!

Not to hurt Mr. Bolte too much, there is a letter to him in the next column, quite polite; yours very bloody sincerely. The letter urgently suggests an allocation of £15,000 to set up soup kitchens on all main city intersections.

“Don't imagine that the Melbourne Cemetery is any place for a rest, these days,” begins another, short contribution. “You won't get a decent night's sleep there until the taxi boys catch up with that fascist.” (I think this refers to the recent murder of a taxi driver in Carlton: shouldn't be surprised if his fellow drivers are watching the area like hawks.) But some alternatives are offered, such as unfinished public buildings—plentiful just now—and the roof of the Public Library. (How do you get up there, brother?)

There's a lot more practical information, useful to Gordon House guests and those of similar hotels. And Stiff's Weekly is reasonably tolerant. It reminds its readers that "Melbourne 'Coppers' went on strike in 1921 and none of them have forgotten. Some of those old blokes queuing up with you for a doss could easily be former coppers down on their luck." The Johns, says the report, are after another tanner a week to keep up with the rackets in rent, home finance, food prices and nagging wives.

The discreet editor must have read Wobbly literature or, maybe, he once was a Wobbly himself. "Get Educated!" is his war cry, and there's no doubt what education he has in mind.

It's cultural, too, this publication. It slings off at commercial t.v. and gives the A.B.C. a light pat on the back for encouraging some interest in the social services. This, related, hint will be best appreciated by the initiated:

"The Treasury is empty. Drunks' Court Wages have to come from contributors. No self-respecting drunks front if they can help it, but just the same don't say you weren't warned if you become an habitual. It's worth three quid in the kitty! The 'College' is falling down, so it's hard labor if you get caught."

I apologise for raiding copyright like this. If the editor phones I'll buy him a beer.

★

"THE Mystery of a Hansom Cab" has been turned into a small-stage musical, recently. Barry Free has made a good job of it: it's excellent fun.

Perhaps a good many who saw it bought the novel after seeing the show. Fergus Hume is not the exclusively hammy writer he is supposed to be and, without wishing to stretch things too far, we make bold to say that he deserves a little niche in the Australian literary Pantheon.

Firstly, because he knew his urban Australia. We always say that there isn't much readable fiction about our cities, but the vastly prolific Fergus Hume could give some really lively sketches of the Melbourne streets quite some years before Louis Stone wrote "Jonah" about Sydney's. Of course, come to think of it, so did several writers of the period. In fact, our grand-dads were rather more interested in their towns than we seem to be.

One should imagine that Hume learned a good deal from Edmond Sue and authors of his type. There are ample references in his hansom cab story to French writers, but also to others. Leaving aside a couple of crude touches, this is a detective yarn that can still be enjoyed, and which makes one think his other books ought not to be completely forgotten. Alas, Hume could not create plausible women characters, but is he the only local man of which this can be said? His is not Grand Guignol stuff but an attempt at a certain type of saleable realism, and oddly modern in places: it was no accident that it was read all over the world.

How is this, for instance, coming from an alleged blood-and-thunder hack?

"In spite of the dismal prognostication of Marcus Clarke regarding the future Australian, whom he describes as being 'a tall, coarse, strong-jawed, greedy, pushing, talented man, excelling in swimming and horsemanship', it is more likely that he will be a cultured, indolent individual, with an

intense appreciation of the arts and sciences and a dislike to hard work and utilitarian principles. Climatic influences should be taken into account with regard to the future Australian, and our posterity will be no more like us than the luxurious Venetians resemble their hardy forefathers..."

The truth may lie somewhere between Marcus and Fergus: I can't see the intense appreciation of the arts, but even less this supposed excelling in horsemanship. These days, when you watch a bushman's carnival in the country, the horses are trucked up from Melbourne, and there's about as much art appreciation in watching the telly as there is horsemanship in the bookies' ring at Rose Hill.

Perhaps the best thing in the Hansom Cab are its little tour-de-force sketches about the fashionable life of the Golden Mile.

★

THIS journal is hot on censorship. Good luck to it, and to its Editor! Censorship isn't anything to be happy about, literary censorship least of all.

All the same, I could wish that the attack could be developed in a two-pronged way. Anyone who has much to do with the mass media of communication (for God's sake! can't we invent a smaller mouthful to describe the thing?) realises that if, in the name of freedom of thought, art or enquiry, we let censorship go altogether, we would be swamped, at once and ruthlessly, by so much filth and viciousness as you didn't think existed. The most defenceless would be hit the hardest. This writer knows. He's done some research into it. (You do have a dirty mind, don't you?) So, bawling for liberty is not enough.

On television, for instance, the devaluation of women has reached astonishing proportions. If one quoted you the figures, relative to how often they appear as half-way useful beings and how often as utterly useless, feeble and self-degrading, you would think them made up. We won't argue what effect this has, just now, but it has its effects. And there are many more and worse evils than these, and censorship does something at least to dam the murky tide.

A vexed problem! What I dislike most is that the people who keep out that true masterpiece, "Lolita" and "Lady Chatterley"—an honest but, I think, overrated book—are allowed to get away with posturing as defenders of decency, which is preposterous, while these very gentlemen let so much profitable dirt get through in a million other ways.

To show what I mean. There's the usual hue and cry on in Victoria about Sunday sport, which is chiefly the poor New Australian's soccer. The Chief Secretary and Dean Babbage want to protect the rest day against commercialisation. Right! But they've never yet said anything about an immeasurably more blatant exploitation: the hammering out, all Sunday long, of t.v. commercials urging us to buy everything from lawn mowers to sweaters. Self-financing Sunday sport, no—and high-pressure salesmanship every Sunday—yes?

And then, on Sunday night, the "epilogue," turning the soul to the things of the soul, preceded by a couple of plugs for those pills that free girls of their head-aches.

Censorship and anti-censorship need a two-punch technique. Into the hard, mealy mouth and into the soft, grub-stained pocket.

Miscellany

★

Writing in Yugoslavia

E. W. IRWIN

HOW much freedom is there for writers in Yugoslavia? Freedom's a big word, but I ventured to explore the theme in an interview granted me in Belgrade by the distinguished Yugoslav writer and art critic Otto Bihaly-Merin.

Mr. Bihaly-Merin is today editor-in-chief of the high-quality, beautifully published and erudite art magazine Yugoslavia, which appears twice a year. Past middle-age, spare and alert, an intellectual to his fingertips, he seemed like a typical European sophisticate, at home in a dozen cultures and host to every avant-garde proposition. But appearances are deceptive. The smoke of battle had touched him in revolutionary Yugoslavia, Nazi Germany and ravished Spain.

I had already learnt from other Yugoslav spokesmen something about the Socialist Alliance and the Government's policy of decentralising power by the development of workers' councils. I hoped to discover how those concepts affected writers.

"Liberty of scientific and artistic activity" is provided for in the Constitution of socialist Yugoslavia—but how did that work out in practice?

Again, the 270-page program of the League of Yugoslav Communists promises "the emancipation of educational, scientific, artistic and all other cultural life from the administrative interference of government authorities, of etatistic and pragmatist conceptions of cultural life—through building up and perfecting the system of social self-management in educational, scientific and all other cultural organisations." The promise is splendid—what was the performance?

Accordingly, the first questions put to Mr. Otto Bihaly-Merin were on organisational matters. His English was good. That of his wife, Lisa (also a writer) was better still, and she helped us over the rough passages.

It emerged that the Yugoslav writers express themselves collectively through the Organisation of Writers of Yugoslavia. Each of the six constituent Republics has its own organisation of writers, and they are united in a Federal structure, like the Fellowship of Australian Writers.

Mr. Bihaly-Merin was at once restless when I questioned him on organisational matters. "You've come to the wrong man," he said. "I'm a writer. You should have seen a bureaucrat."

Misunderstanding deepened when I sought to explain my point, and he exclaimed: "As a matter of fact, I've been a Communist for 36 years." And his wife added tartly: "In Yugoslavia we no longer ask people what their politics are."

I had not asked that question—but I liked the answer. What I was seeking to know was whether membership of the Socialist Alliance, which was based on the principle of democratic centralism, had curbed the independence of the writers' organisations.

"Do we belong to the Socialist Alliance?" Mr. Bihaly-Merin repeated, turning towards his wife. "Yes, I believe we do," he added, with studied vagueness. His attitude rejected any suggestion that Yugoslav writers suffered from "the administrative interference of government authorities."

How were publishing concerns governed in the new Yugoslavia? I asked. If a writer had a book rejected by one publisher, what other outlets were there for him?

Mr. Bihaly-Merin said that he himself was a member of the council of two publishing houses. Taking one as an example, he said that its council consisted of one delegate from the OWY, one who was working in the field of science, one working with children, one from the Socialist Alliance and one or two from cultural organisations. There was also the appointed director who, Mr. Bihaly-Merin said with some emphasis, had only one vote. The authorities were linked with the publishing house through the director, but did not control it. No one could dictate to the council whether or not to publish any work.

If the manuscript was rejected by the council, the author could submit it to publishing houses in all other Yugoslav cities and large towns. They were similarly autonomous. Thus the writer had a wide field of opportunity.

Short stories? They were accepted by several reviews or magazines with different opinions about literature. In Belgrade, for example, one magazine placed its emphasis upon modern forms and literary innovations. A second favored the traditional styles. A third took its course somewhere between the two. If a writer was producing work of any quality—short stories or poetry—he would have no difficulty in achieving publication.

I asked, somewhat bluntly, "Is socialist realism the official doctrine here?"

"You sound as if you were in favor of socialist realism," Mr. Bihaly-Merin said. "No, it's not the official doctrine. Some groups are for it, some against it."

He himself, he said, wanted to join socialism with art, but he was opposed to narrow, mechanical or dogmatic concepts. It was not enough merely to look at a problem from a sociological point of view. The world was too complex for that. Socialist realism was not enough—it was a concept based on 19th century thought and did not encompass the wide horizons extending from the science, art and literature of today. He had known Gorki personally and he loved to read his works, but the world did not stand still; it had moved on since Gorki wrote.

In the 19th century the Russian novel was unrivalled, but what had come since was hardly good enough. Sholokhov was a great writer but even he had only continued, in terms of style, along the paths where Tolstoy trod. Art and literature were ever changing and ever-varied and extended beyond any single vista.

Of course, he added, the writer or artist should be socially-conscious, sensitive to humanity and to human beings and their environment. But he must be free to express what he sees, thinks and feels, and not be subject to direction or external pressures of one kind or another.

That, perhaps, was the difference between the Yugoslav and Russian attitudes in this field, though these were not simply matters of black and white.

"I think positively of the Russian way of developing science," he said. "But I'm less impressed with their approach to writing and art, an approach in which the 19th century appears to exercise undue influence."

"Why has that influence persisted? There are no simple answers. But let us say that the countries which had the possibility of going on to socialism did not do so, and countries that were not so developed had to do it. The people of the under-developed countries were in a sense less well-educated and less sophisticated—and so liter-

ature and art had to be didactic. Doubtless in the future the great progress already made in Soviet science will be matched by progress in the Soviet arts, which will no longer be conservative.

"But if I appear to speak critically," he added, "please don't misunderstand me. I am and always have been in the first line of socialists. My wife too—we are definitely not anti-Russian."

What had been his attitude to Pasternak and "Dr. Zhivago"? Had the book been published in Yugoslavia?

Mr. Bihaly-Merin said that they had published some books by Pasternak but not "Dr. Zhivago." Pasternak had been a great poet—a much better poet than novelist. But the Zhivago book had become the centre of a political storm between East and West, and the Yugoslav writers considered that, from the Yugoslav viewpoint, it was wiser not to intervene on one side or the other.

In his view "Dr. Zhivago" won the Nobel Prize not because it was a great novel but because it was a book by a man living in the U.S.S.R. which presented the kind of picture the judges felt was true. The Soviet authorities, he thought, had not handled the affair skilfully; it would have been better to have helped Pasternak instead of being against him.

In Yugoslavia, he said emphatically, such treatment of a writer by the authorities would be impossible. The other writers would not allow it. They would never excommunicate a writer for such a reason.

Many people in Yugoslavia had read the book in English, French or Italian. It deserved to be published in Yugoslavia, and when the storm was forgotten it would be. If it had not been published already, that was because of the independent vetoes of the Yugoslav publishing houses—the government had said nothing about it. It had issued no directives.

Jim Healy

JOHN MORRISON

ON the Sunday following polling day in the recent State elections I happened to fall in with an old friend of the waterfront.

"Well," he said, after initial greetings, "it's a great week-end for the heads. Yesterday they got Bolte back, and tomorrow they bury Jim Healy."

True. And I think some of those same "heads" would be undecided which to regard as the greatest stroke of good fortune. Healy, after all, was a national figure.

Amid all the tributes paid to Jim Healy I've seen no mention of his considerable and selfless contribution to Australia's war effort. Selfless, because he readily risked his office in helping to impose the Stevedoring Industry Commission on an almost violently hostile Federation membership. Admittedly some valuable improvements in working conditions were part of the bargain, but even so it needed patient and intelligent leadership to "manpower" the waterfront. I think this is a good time to recognise why it was that one of our most important industries, and certainly the most turbulent, functioned right through the war without one serious dislocation.

No doubt some of the tributes paid to Healy were sincere enough, but many of them, I am equally certain, were the usual nauseating clap-trap that follows the death of an honest man: "I didn't agree with his politics, but I respected him." How often did we hear it when there was no longer any risk of being called on to demonstrate that respect!

Jim Healy was much more than a brilliant leader of a great trade union. He was a good man in all that the term implies. All his mature life was given over primarily to the interests of his waterside workers, but his vision and devotion went further than that. In ranging the Waterside Workers' Federation behind the striking miners in 1949 he deliberately courted, and duly received, a term of imprisonment at a time when he was already in failing health. As a communist he believed that only a socialist society could finally solve the problems of mankind, and everything towards this end had his interest and support.

It is completely appropriate that something should be said of him in Overland, where only recently contributors have been suggesting that the trade unions should give practical help to those artists whose work is consistent with progressive thought. Jim Healy had been thinking along these lines for a long time. He never had anything but deep respect for the artist of integrity, and never wearied of stressing the fundamental identity of interests of artist and organised worker.

The death of Jim Healy is a loss not only to the Australian waterside worker, but to every other Australian who keeps faith in ordinary human decencies. I count myself fortunate in having known him personally, and, notwithstanding his fine record as a fighter, will always remember him as a man of great gentleness and dignity. Above all, let it be said that, in a thoroughly corrupt society, he remained incorruptible to the last.

Lawson, Drysdale, Grenfell

LEN FOX

THE organisers of Grenfell's Henry Lawson Festival this year took a risk when they instituted an award for the Australian who has made the most outstanding contribution in the arts over the past twelve months. It could so easily have gone to the wrong person.

But the risk paid off handsomely. The judges, presided over by the Chief Justice of N.S.W., Dr. H. V. Evatt, unanimously selected Russell Drysdale. And one had only to see Drysdale at the Festival to sense that the award was a happy one.

Firstly, perhaps, because today, when Australian art is in danger of losing its identity and reality in a maze of paths that search for novelty and the non-human, Drysdale is one of the few artists who, while seeking the new, maintain reality and humanity. (An English critic, in the same week as the Festival, praised him among a few others for "never forgetting man and his setting.")

Secondly because of Drysdale's obvious integrity and sincerity. When he spoke after receiving his award, it was not just a formal reply. Clearly, he was deeply moved.

In presenting the award, Dr. Evatt said that Drysdale has magnificently portrayed the spirit of the outback, but that he has done more than that—he has portrayed the spirit of Australia itself.

Dr. Evatt took as his theme the similarity of the writings of Lawson and the paintings of Drysdale—an interesting theme, for at first glance the differences are more obvious than the likenesses. Yet Dr. Evatt was convincing in pointing out that both Lawson and Drysdale succeed because of their "penetration of human strength and human weakness". Both depict what is typical in the Australian scene and Australian people; both show "the spirit of Australians determined to defend their country against all perils", both show the exhaustion of weary men, the look in the eyes of a drover's wife in her loneliness . . .

And if Drysdale can catch the essential in his painting, he also caught it in his spoken words when he said that the atmosphere of the Grenfell Festival in the past had been one of hope, but now "You have already established it; you have not merely hope, but achievement."

That was the main feeling of the 1961 Festival—that the Festival has come to stay, and to grow. That expressed itself in a number of ways—the vice-regal patronage (everyone looked pleased when Sir Eric and Lady Woodward were presented with a book of Lawson's poems, and no one more so than Sir Eric and Lady Woodward themselves), the greatest number of visitors from Sydney including the Rambleers with Australian folk songs and New Theatre players with Oriel Gray's play "Lawson", the wider range of varieties, from processions and polocrosse to shop window displays and a child art display by the Australian Council for Child Advancement.

I was able to read one of my own poems at the Lawson concert (verses written following a visit to the Festival in 1959); it is a moving and all too rare experience for a writer to be able to use the spoken word and feel the response from people, to have them coming up afterwards with comments. Australian writing needs more of this.

I would like to write much more of how the Grenfell Award puts the emphasis on youth and on children, not on what Lawson was but on what he is for us today. Here one feels the influence of the Festival secretary, Mr. Harold J. Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin is Headmaster of the local school which soon is to become the "Henry Lawson High School," following a request from the local people to the Minister for Education.

I would like too to say more of the literary competitions, and I would like too to convey more of the friendly enthusiastic spirit of this little town 250 miles west from Sydney—so different today from the collection of mining tents where Lawson was born in 1867. So different, yet remembering the past, remembering Lawson as he would like to be remembered.

I would like—but there isn't room!

Swapping Plots and Plotting Swaps

RON TULLIPAN

IN one of the many beautiful glades intruding upon Derbyshire's bleak moorlands they gather for the annual muster known as the Swanwick Writers' Summer School. It is a pilgrimage of the old dears, the young dears, and, we suspect, those who may have become a little weary of being current dears. They gather together, all three hundred or more of them, to pat backs, each others', to swap plots, also each others', to plot swaps—well, some of them do not bring their wives or husbands at all, so there is no knowing.

How I came to attend the Writers' Summer School I can't rightly remember, but I showed up at Swanwick with the necessary paraphernalia; change of socks, tooth brush, identification tag. Swanwick is one of those magnificent English estates with an old stone homestead and a pedi-

gree. I have forgotten also what the stud book says, because long before my arrival there I had given over being alarmed at the sudden realisation that someone more important than I had established a precedent—once I stayed at a place near Nottingham where Cromwell had stabled his horses. It is difficult to be original in England.

The interior of the old manor house pleased me greatly; to coin a phrase, I felt like a lord—until informed that late booking had relegated me to the coach house, into which a number of beds and apologies were crammed. But it was quaint, comfortable, Aussiefied, whereas a new structure upon a nearby hill, recently built to accommodate the ever increasing number of annual pilgrims, nauseatingly resembled a commonplace hotel.

After depositing my stuff under mouldering beams and attic angles of roof I returned to the manor house, proudly displaying the identification tag blandly stating that I was me, and that I was interested in Novels and Shorts and would welcome a debate with anyone else of my ilk.

People soon began to scrutinise the little tag, to say hullo and dash on, until someone else branded "Novels and Shorts" prised a few words out of me, swiftly discovered the Australian accent, identified me as the catch of the season, one whom everyone would be wanting to pump dry of background material, then proceeded to pump. I was quite unsuspecting until a little Custer-moustached gentleman was pointed out as a noted writer of Wild West Badlands novels who had never ventured out of the English Midlands.

I realised then that each bush reminiscence was eighteen carat—should anyone come across an Australian story featuring my Queensland banana-bending machine, a copy would be most welcome.

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Every shape and size was represented at Swanwick Writers' Summer School. The young things were there with their five-day scholarships, the reward of a fifty-word plot. They talked over and around me, mostly over, and I began to realise that a new generation of writers was rising, all of them far too scientific and encyclopaedic to fear any competition from a bush boy from Queensland. There were lots of little old ladies, unwed. These could only have been the historians and poets. There was a forest of pipes, enough to set the blurbs afutter.

By evening three hundred people had arrived at Swanwick, all of them, with the exception of an odd wife or husband keeping an eye on things, able to claim a missing link or two in their chains of rejection slips. By the end of the rowdiest dinner of plots and counter-plots, achievement and frustration, it has ever been my experience to sit down to, I began to wonder. Could it be that I had been plunged into a morass of the most dangerous people in the English speaking world? Here was escape into the realms of romance, escape into space. Let Inspector Petrella lead you away from the bother of the Crimes Act, pack a six shooter and ride into the sunset, away from Aldermaston and the big smoke signal of Hiroshima. Escapistwise, I bent the elbow and remanded the defendants until tomorrow.

Swanwick kept long hours; lectures and discussions groups were many. There were opportunities to meet a publisher, a producer, a noted playwright or two, a veritable female fount of words who produced four novels a year, some editors and what have you. There were many contradictions, many interesting speakers. There was

BERNIE NICOLL'S JOB

I wouldn't have changed mine for Bernie Nicolls' job
he cleared forgotten land near Thoorali and married for.
Nicolls lay seven years in gaol with his thoughts wandering
never far from the judge's prune lips that sentenced him
and the bruised folded arms in seat-rows of the men that cut cane.

The bush around Thoorali was greyer than ashes. He wrecked it of trees and left their bases standing like a thousand scraped fireplaces, and built a homestead
part out of the thorny useless wood of the gums, and left the gaps for plumbing till he made a reservoir.

His young wife was a miracle to cope with him. Her resolute sad mouth of the expensive woman, the fleet eyes, and carefully scattered pale hair. He had her for the breeding. Did they talk ever? Sooner yarn with the window-glass than lone Bernie Nicolls.

Nicolls in '31, gaol-reticent,
or speaking in rare tones that a wind surrounded and made inscrutable; barrowing soil in his falling-apart clothes that smelt of fertiliser, and waiting on a tall son of his own nature.

Nothing young Jack could do for Bernie was wrong. Didn't he grow six feet on home vegetables? When it became time his father spoke with him, telling of the canefields and the long bending hours

and men's arms brawnier than their heads could reckon with,

telling of labor, and the price paid to labor, of capital and capital accumulation, and something of the cane strike, and of the strike breaking.

"Who grow rich? the lawyers and dairymen that thin their milk with creek water and their red blood with words."

So Bernie, flint-lean with the dissension of an arrow,
plied his trade: piratically to consign a live man to a buried time:
"A man must stand as green and daring as the sisal-spike
before his words matter, or his red jabs jab right.

"And injustice, they'll claim, is always what's finished with;
driving the home tribes inland from their native scrub,
or stripped kids at the brush's end up chimneys . . . Injustice is the steep silt that slows a man who, if he's game, will leap banks and spill the overflow."

On Bernie Nicolls' job I'd not have spent time; to ruminate the matter of a lifetime, yes, but not in words, not to his own son . . . A skilled pair of hands the world's crying for . . . Would he teach the boy the shortest way to be hung?

IAN BEDFORD

meat for rebels, such as the writer of a woman's weekly magazine. But the meat was behind bullet-proof glass, so to speak, for the chairman had a one-track mind: "I want questions, please, not statements of opinion." Needless to say, the attractive editress came out unscathed.

So, upon the green swards of the old estate, the conquering army bivouacked as it had never been able to do in the days before Adult Education set the pace that enabled so many of these grand old places to survive. The next year's tourneys were planned, each group falling in under its own banner, i.e. the identification tag. In that way the wife loses the husband to this totem, the husband loses the wife to that, to sort themselves out again when the great gathering scatters. The champions move through the field, known to all, the beau ideals of all. The conqueror of Argosy gathers a group about her. The master playwright, the editor, is photographed with the up-and-coming. The novelist stokes his pipe with great dignity, somewhat aloof. The man who puts his characters in all the little boxes in all the little lounges is the gay young blade of the age who bows only to the exponent of science fiction and to the "scholarships" breezily negotiating group after group.

But most amazing of all are the little old ladies. These, I believe, are responsible for a high percent-

age of the scented love stories wafting their aromas around the globe, and many of the dramas of broken hearts and broken marriages. They sit beside the pond where the ducks frolic as Australian ducks would never dare do, this side of the Territory border. And here, year after year, they swap plots, forsaking what couldn't be handled this last twelve months for what can be in the next. They are happy this way until it is time for "The Puritans" to take over the manor house, the swards and the duck pond, for these grand old places function all the year round. They are the mustering camps of tradesmen, of artists, of worshippers.

Swanwick is a friendly camp, a disarming place where even the offshoots of the African slave trade can learn to forgive and love the English. Swanwick has little or no literature, but it seems to supply a need, shoulders to cry on, a host of revealed secrets, a preview of markets—generally of the Petticoat Lane variety—a chance to shake hands with those who produce from the raw material, and really great stimulant to carry the majority of the three hundred through the coming year, in the form of the minority's automobiles. Belvereres were in short supply in the car park, but I think there was one. Writing was probably its owner's hobby.

LAURENCE COLLINSON

POET, playwright, and potential novelist,

Laurence Collinson is a difficult man to know. Appearance, voice, manner, belie him.

Born in Leeds, England, of English-Jewish parents, but of Russian-Jewish grandparents, he reveals, at any rate on the surface, none of that facile emotionalism, that mobility of mood, which one often finds in the Eastern European Jew and which one might look for in the grandson of such. Perhaps some bleak wind from the Yorkshire moors chilled the outer Collinson at birth into an almost Chinese inscrutability.

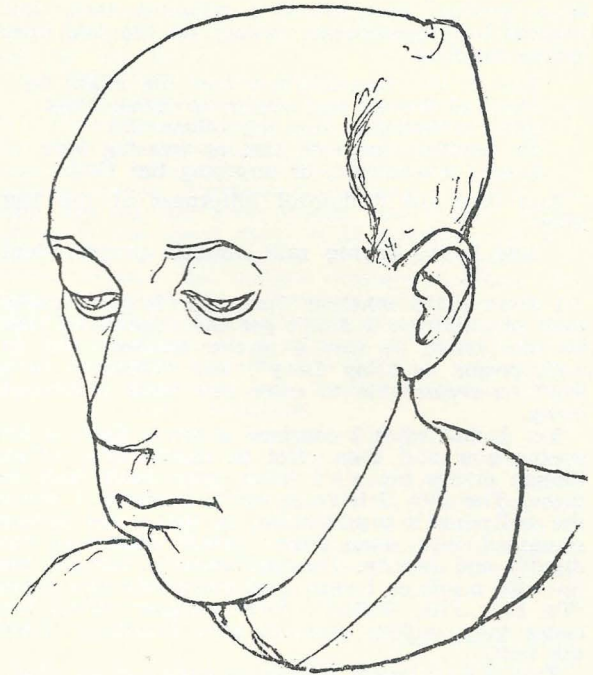
Now aged thirty-five, he looks considerably older than his years: balding, bespectacled, and, as I say, deadpan. I asked him if he minded such a description. "No," he said, with a humor that is never far below the surface, "though of course I'd prefer to be like Young Lochinvar". He has, too, an almost uninflected voice which does nothing for either his work or his audience when for some reason he is misguided enough to read aloud his own writings. His manner to acquaintances is reserved to the point of coldness.

I remember some years ago writing to a friend in London and mentioning a hilarious sketch Collinson had written for one of the gatherings organised to publicise his book of poems "Moods of Love". "Hilarious?" wrote back the friend. "Surely not that sternly disapproving young man I met once or twice at your house!"

Disapproving? This is the very last thing Laurie Collinson is. Indeed, I know of no human foible or weakness, however ridiculous, however lamentable, about which he is censorious—except injustice and cant, which obviously are not mere foibles or weaknesses.

When last year two members of the Writers' Union of the U.S.S.R. were guests of honor at the annual dinner of the Victorian Branch of the Fellowship of Australian Writers, Laurie, as that year's President, chaired the dinner with graciousness and wit. He did so, I am sure, not merely because he was official host and therefore barest good manners dictated that he should, but because he was, before he met them, prepared to judge them, without prejudice, as people. And like them if he possibly could. As it happened, he did like them. What's more, it was apparent that they liked him.

Inevitably his handling of that dinner, whose atmosphere a false move could have devastated with H-bomb finality, did not please everyone present. His after-dinner speech, centring of course around the two European writers and their background of Soviet culture, was too balanced, or, in spots, too humorously critical of certain hero-worshipping of that culture, to suit all palates. Yet this was the very thing he was tilting at: this running in blinkers. But never at the Soviet writers or what they, in their honest belief, stood for.



This occasion was actually an important milestone in Laurence Collinson's psychological development. It marked his emergence from a profoundly diffident private individual into a public personality: still unspectacular, but with a quiet courage and an implacable determination. Those who know him well will agree with me that, sensitive and highly strung though he is behind the facade, probably to a painful degree, he had now, through sheer will power, learned to discipline his nerves, to direct the sensitivity exclusively into those channels where it could be a help not a hindrance to him: his creative work.

Collinson is first and foremost a poet, so far as his creative work is concerned. It is in his poetry that we meet so much of the real man: the underlying passion and compassion in his serious moments, the delightful whimsicality in his lighter. In fact it was through his poetry that he first came into literary prominence: he had the distinction of having one of his poems described by the police at the "Angry Penguins" trial as "pornographic stuff". Fame indeed at nineteen! Probably if we looked through numbers of *Barjai*, a literary magazine for young people, which he founded in Brisbane years ago and of which he was co-editor, we would find other equally distinguished, or at any rate as provocative, poems from his pen, but none which pained the policemen so much—seeing that *Barjai* continued its youthful existence for several years unmolested and bowed out quite conventionally when the co-editor came south.

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However, in spite of that early achievement of being "named", it is in his "The Moods of Love" (published by Overland) that he has really come to some considerable stature as a poet. In this book he has here and there touched heights, if not the zenith, sounded depths, if not the ocean bed. One finds them in, for instance, the long poem

"The Failure of Boy Levy (A True Story)". Here is a pitiless indictment of religious cant, but touched to compassionate beauty by the five lines before the final:

Boy in the darkness saw how life might be
Made of flowers and clouds, or flying kites
After school the way the others did,
Or having friends to kiss, or wearing love
Like a warm coat, or anything but God.

And then the disdainful bitterness of the last line:

And Levy, having said another prayer, slept on.

I don't know whether Laurence is particularly fond of children; I didn't get the impression that he was when he was a maths. teacher. But in such poems as "Boy Levy", and "Children in a Bus" he seems able to enter into their innermost being.

Yet I find what I consider a grave flaw in his poetry now and then. Not in rhyme or rhythm, though critics for all I know may fault both of these. The flaw I have in mind (perhaps I share the policemen's prudishness) is the crude phrase smuggled into some theme which otherwise has dignity and beauty. One particularly brought me up with a jolt as I read that extremely fine poem "To Bait Fish Withal". Such phrases offend because they seldom seem to arise inevitably from the text.

This is a curiously adolescent streak in an otherwise mature mind, and I have found it, too, in an as yet unpublished novel which I have been permitted to read. This novel with the rather catchpenny title of "Mistress for a Monster" came about tenth in Rigby's 1960 novel competition and undoubtedly contains some excellent material; but

the passages I refer to here again seem to have no integral habitation in the text. In a word, I would say that Laurie sometimes mistakes crudity for strength.

So much for Collinson the novelist, of whom we shall certainly hear more, for he is determined to be a published one and not merely one with a manuscript in a bottom drawer. As for Collinson the playwright, in this role we shall soon know him. His "The Zelda Trio" will be presented in Melbourne in September. Its theme is unique for a play by an Australian writing in Australia; indeed, if not unique, then unusual anywhere.

I believe that although poetry was Laurence Collinson's first love—and as I have said his true medium in my opinion—theatre is his real one; and certainly his economical use of the stage, his concise and pointed dialogue and flair for dramatic device equip him for playwrighting. Yet I don't feel the warm blood pulsing through the lines as I do in most of his poems. Perhaps I shall when I hear them come to life through the actors—some plays are best when read, some demand a stage. The latter are the real plays of "Theatre", and it may well be that "The Zelda Trio" is one of them. Obviously the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, which recently awarded a prize to this play, and Mr. Alan Money, the play's producer, think so.

In any event, we wish Collinson the creative writer the very best for the future. For Collinson the man—successively, if not always successfully, clerk, bookseller, cakeseller, advertisement copy-writer, artist, journalist, and teacher—we do not need to wish that. His character assures him of it, for he has proved in ways other than I can make clear here that he can face the worst and out of it make the best.

JEAN CAMPBELL

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COLLINS

BOOKS



Trivia?

An editor of one of the little quarterlies stormed at me recently one of his most entertaining generalisations: "Why don't Australian writers absorb the Orwell lesson? Why do they attempt to jazz up good material by persisting with the almost defunct short story form?"

One was moved to protest, to defence of this terse and difficult medium. But a reading of the latest Australian anthology, "Coast to Coast 1959-60" (Angus & Robertson, 21/-), compels the admission that, if not defunct, the short story seems wan and lifeless, a kind of dutiful exercise some writers go through for reasons known only to themselves and their editor.

In this collection, which is edited by Cecil Hadgraft, there is not one story which sets my blood tingling; not one story which gives a thrill of revelation or recognition; not one which excites or moves. There are twenty-three stories in the volume; five of them I read with pleasure and felt compelled to read to the end. The others, once again, were persisted with out of a sense of duty.

The five are: "Long Ago Summer" (Hugh Atkinson), one of the many reminiscences of childhood in the book and the only one without a gloss of sentimentality, although at moments it seems a pretty close call; "Frugal" (Clive S. Barry), an austere, macabre essay in which style and subject aptly meet; "The Nurse" (Nancy Phelan) which crisply captures the "no-nonsense" practicality of nurses coping with a death in a hospital ward, although the author overplays her hand and mars the effect by jogging our elbow to make sure we get the point; "Fiend and Friend" of Hal Porter; and "In the Park," in which Judith Wright indulges her bird-obsession to some effect.

Hal Porter's story surprises and pleases on two counts. First, it is **written**, not just thought and thrown down on paper. Second, it is **less** written than other of Mr. Porter's stories. The affectations seem disciplined; the vocabulary comes naturally into play instead of being aired exhibitionistically, lexicon-like. Characterisation is slim enough (astonishing how few current Australian writers seem to know or to care anything about people); but the tensions of an odd relationship are kept nicely balanced, the period is evoked economically and with sureness, and above all fine, evocative phrases ring in the head as one reads. This is a

rare occurrence in Australian writing and in this case the more pleasing because, as I've suggested, they are not stuck on as in some of Mr. Porter's writing but grow with some air of spontaneity from the fabric of the text.

What distinguishes these stories from the others? It is their common quality of imagination. Reportage has its attractions and its virtues, but an over-strict adherence to the dogmas of the Australian realist tradition is leading, in fact has long ago led, our short stories into aridity. Nowadays, if the short story is to flourish with any new vigor or importance, it seems necessary to move beyond the simple reminiscence and the fact, to explore the meaning and implication of the fact. And this comment comes from one who has always eschewed an attempt at "poetry" in the short story form but who now believes real accomplishment can come only from the classic blend of realism and imagination.

Too many of these stories could have been written by almost anyone. Few ring with a personal view or a personal style. In fact, few, it seems to me, needed to be written at all. We'll get fine stories only when writers reject the temptation to tabulate some trivial, sentimental reminiscence and refuse to write unless they have something which cannot be denied, which must be got out of their systems.

And finally, if this collection is any guide, what many Australian writers need is not a public but a psychiatrist's couch. The amount of trivia about adolescence is astonishing and even nauseating in this "vigorous young" nation. Our writers need to turn their gaze steadily upon the concrete and difficult facts of adult life, on the "now" instead of the "then" of their existence, and to attempt to come to terms with these, each in his own individual (highly individual, we hope) fashion.

This seems to me the next necessary stage in our story-writing; not self-consciously "poetic" language misapplied in the hope that this will somehow make a story more sophisticated and profound, but a genuine search for an individual insight and expressiveness.

ALAN SEYMOUR

Catholics and the Free Society

The debate on "Catholics and the Free Society" (the title of the recent book edited by Henry Mayer and published by Cheshire at 30/-) is one which has developed particularly in the English-speaking capitalist democracies, and for good historical reasons. In England, America, Australia, there is no political or religious and little social discrimination against Catholicism. Its adherents, clergy and laity, are free to worship in their own manner, to educate their children in their own schools, to propagate their theological and social beliefs, to form their organisations and publish their press, to engage in politics. In the practice of their faith, no matter how broadly they conceive its application, they meet opposition, sometimes prejudice, but not repression.

But Catholics are, and are likely to remain, a minority, dependent to some extent on the goodwill of the majority for the continued existence of these rights. So, for an increasing number of Catholics, the quite natural question arises: while we know with certainty that ours is the true faith, can we in all honesty claim for ourselves (a minority) rights which we are not prepared to concede as a matter of principle to those who do

not share our faith? Or, as Dr. Charlesworth puts it, in one of the ten essays (three by Catholics, seven by non-Catholics) in this collection: are Catholicism and the free society reconcilable?

Two sorts of answers can be given to this question: one in terms of the principles of Catholicism and of the "free society" (which, as Mr. Mayer points out in the essay which winds up the book, is not always as easy as it looks); the other in terms of the actual behavior of Catholics in the society we live in. Both sorts are attempted.

Four of the contributors are concerned primarily with Catholic practice. Dr. Inglis and Professor Spann, in well-written and informative essays on the Catholic community in Australia and Catholic voting patterns, suggest that neither the social nor the electoral behavior of Catholics is as monolithic or as easily manipulated by the Church authorities as is often supposed. Mr. Santamaria gives a personal account of a sector of Catholic activity with which he is closely identified—the Movement; this, together with his recent long article in *Twentieth Century*, is a documentary source for, rather than a contribution to, the debate. Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick, in fine polemical style, suggests that Catholic intervention in relation to censorship and to state aid for church schools is authoritarian in character. Dr. T. L. Suttor serves as a bridge between practice and principle: his central point is that, while Catholics hold to certain moral absolutes which it is their responsibility to further in political activity, their practice must contain "a toleration which tolerates without abdicating its own indefectible certitude." Four others are concerned largely with the problem of reconciling an institution which, all agree, demands a total obedience to its central doctrines and is authoritarian in its structure with a society which is, at least in theory, pluralist both in ideas and in political forms.

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The major debate is between two Melbourne philosophers, Drs. Charlesworth and McCloskey. Charlesworth quotes St. Thomas Aquinas to the effect that a non-Christian would sin if he should go against his conscience (even though he be in error) and become a Christian; from which he concludes (with Cardinal Lecaro) that Catholic doctrine, rightly conceived, implies "a positive recognition of the right to personal freedom in the pursuit of truth." To which McCloskey replies with another quote from Aquinas: ". . . if a man be dangerous and infectious to the community on account of some sin, it is praiseworthy and advantageous that he be killed in order to safeguard the common good . . ." and concludes that the weight of Catholic teaching is heavily against the free society. Mr. J. R. Maze suggests that there is some sociological evidence that Catholics in general hold authoritarian beliefs in an authoritarian way; the evidence is, like much sociological evidence about belief, not very satisfactory. Dr. F. Knoepfelmacher argues that Catholicism is necessarily incompatible with a totalitarian state, since this sort of state seeks total control over men's beliefs and actions, while the church reserves for itself certain areas of belief and action as of right; in this way, he is able to exclude the Franco regime from the category totalitarian (it is, in his terms, a "plutocratic autocracy"), to ignore Portuguese and Italian fascism, and to neglect the theoretical possibility of a totalitarian state in which the church manipulates the levers of power.

As Editor, Mr. Mayer saves the last word for himself: this is not a question which can be decided on principle, he argues, since there is no agreement on the interpretation of the principles

of either Catholicism or the free society; therefore it must be decided on practice, and here any minority institution—provided it is active and is subject to internal argument—contributes to the free society. I have some sympathy with Mr. Mayer's argument that the essence of a free society is diversity and conflict rather than uniformity and cohesion; I must confess, however, to some bewilderment that a tough old realist like Mr. Mayer should figure among the recent recruits to the Australian Committee for Cultural Freedom (unless, of course, he intends in the interests of the free society to supply that monolith with some of the required "considerable internal controversy").

For me, the most interesting section of this very interesting collection (apart from the descriptive pieces of Inglis and Spann) is Dr. Charlesworth's attempt to reconcile his church and its teaching with history. There is something in this of what Stalin once described as Talmudism—the attempt to reconcile conflicting texts in order to demonstrate the universal validity of each newly-added segment of a doctrine which has been at all times, by definition, divinely inspired; but behind this there seems to lie the tacit acceptance that, for all that, history moves, and the church must move with it.

I hope that Dr. Charlesworth is right in his belief that the present state of Catholic theology implies a rejection of the old doctrine that "error has no rights," but I am left with two fears. First that any institution, whether church or political party, which claims a monopoly of truth will be tempted, if it is in a position to do so, to impose its truth on all men, and will have no difficulty in finding rationalisations to justify its action. And secondly, that this acceptance of a pluralist society is still very much the affair of a minority of Catholic intellectuals, and that most active Catholics still do, in politics, much as they are told by their priests, with no great concern for the recent developments in Catholic philosophy—or, for that matter, the free society. But then, as in any hierarchical institution or society, change tends to spread out from dissident groups in the elite; the characteristic mass reaction to a doctrine which is outworn is to vote with the feet.

IAN TURNER

Lindsay and White

The first two studies in the new series, "Australian Writers and their Work," published by Lansdowne Press at 7/6 each, deal with Norman Lindsay and Patrick White. They offer a very valuable contribution to our understanding of Australian letters, but in themselves they also suggest both the strengths and weaknesses of our tradition.

Both writers show a wholesome contempt for sentimental traditions and attitudes, but this mood in itself can easily become a pose, a development which is suggested by the way in which both critics tend to suggest that their subjects are unique examples of heroic rebellion against convention.

Certainly it is the business of criticism to distinguish the unique qualities of each author's contribution to our literature, and to avoid the flabby generalisations which merely obscure the nature of individual works, but this is a different matter from suggesting that an author's hostile reception by certain sections of society is a measure of his greatness.

This excessive enthusiasm is most glaring in John Hetherington's study of Norman Lindsay;

the intellectual gamesmanship of siding against the bulk of writers and critics is the fault of Geoffrey Dutton's survey of Patrick White's work. Too often an excellent study of some aspect of White's writing seems to be used only as a platform for such a remark as the claim that most Australian writers have a sense of humor whose "furthest range of reference is the night Dad put his foot in the rabbit trap."

Dutton would have done a greater service to Australian criticism if he had examined the idea that such humor belongs to an age when the physical hardships of life were so great that only such heavy humor could make the tragedy bearable. White's writings belong to a society whose tragedy is deeper and more subtly wounding, when the task of a more sophisticated humor is to reveal the outlines of tragedy before it can be made liveable. The older style of humor is contemptible only if it is continued by lesser authors into a different age.

Dutton's introductory portrait of White lacks the warmth of Hetherington's portrait of Lindsay, and the attempt to account for the hostility of White's Australian reception would have been improved if he had examined some actual examples, such as the Melbourne critic who, with sublime irrelevance, concluded an otherwise favorable review with the remark that he personally did not share the author's view of life.

Dutton wisely ignores the mystical and symbolic interpretations which have gathered around White's works, and concentrates on what the novels and their characters actually do and say. He draws attention to the previously neglected element of humor, by ample quotation he conveys the flavor of such works as may be unfamiliar to the individual reader, and his factual interpretation of each novel preserves also the larger theme developing through the whole series of White's work. His study of them as a "barometer of the destructive process" assists our understanding without forcing it to any preconceived conclusion.

Although Dutton gives enough examples of White's writing to prove both the versatility and the strength of his style, I feel that he has ignored what still appears to me to be deliberate and perverse obscurity. There are sentences, sometimes key sentences, in White's novels which still remain for me completely devoid of either literal, figurative, or impressionistic meaning, and I would have been interested to see whether someone else could expound them.

Dutton also seems to have given too little attention to the sheer narrative power of White's novels, which keeps the reader going even against his will. The apparent unpleasantness and isolation of White's characters also need some explanation, as well as qualification, and the hint Dutton gives early in his essay, when he speaks of the fundamental influence of the Australian ugliness on the Australian character, suggests a fruitful approach to this problem.

While Dutton approaches his subject with objectivity and sensitivity, albeit mixed with patronage to those who do not share his own pleasure, Hetherington writes with the enthusiasm of an apostle. His opening portrait of Norman Lindsay brings him before us in the full warmth of his humanity, although possibly without any of the faults we are accustomed to find in our own acquaintances.

The same method is used when he comes to the novels themselves. In a few lines, assisted by judicious quotation, Hetherington brings before us the background and characters of the novels, and notes their significant contribution to our picture

of Australian life. However, although he notes weaknesses of style and construction where they occur, he does not make any attempt, beyond stating his own opinion, to assess the place they will fill in the canon of Australian writings. Nor does he succeed in conveying to us what remains after the undoubtedly enjoyable experience of meeting the characters of a Lindsay novel. But possibly this omission is due to the quality of the Lindsay novels, written for the enjoyment of the moment, whereas White's work becomes part of our own experience of living.

Both these booklets have the supreme merit of sending us back to the writers they deal with, and both would serve equally well as an introduction for a new reader. Neither trades in obscurities or the esoteric clichés of the cliques.

J. A. McLAREN

Chekhov

It has long been a conviction of mine that most short story writers have far too much to say about much too little. We're stuck for ideas, never for words. Too many contemporary short stories are merely great chunks of elaborately evocative reminiscence, with nothing more at their cores than insignificant autobiographical trivia. My experience among young writers is that most of them have a fundamentally wrong approach to their art. They look inward instead of outward. And they worry about how they are presenting their material when what they should be worrying about is the material itself. They don't seem to realise that the great writers made their impact primarily by the things they had to say, not by the way in which they were said. It goes without saying that strength and artistry of expression must be there, but in themselves these qualities are of no avail if the writer has nothing worthwhile to communicate. Anyone who has acted as a judge in literary competitions must have been impressed by the number of people who write well but have no stories.

All of which brings me to Chekhov. It is as it should be that the greatest of all short story writers is the one from whom we can most easily learn. Accurate observation, careful thought, and the simplest possible treatment characterise everything he ever did. Some of his longer stories are inevitably complex, but he could never be charged with taking anything but the shortest available route to the point and effect at which he was aiming. He was too full of life and ideas to linger by the way. His eyes were on people, not on words. "Let me tell you this one!" he is saying. Not "Now watch me write!"

There is something almost contemptuous in the way Chekhov tossed off his tales, penetrating little commentaries in which lesser men would have seen novels without end. Some 120 of them, for instance, in 1883, when he was only 23 years old. It is on record (introduction to the book under review) that he made note of an allegory he had borrowed from Alphonse Daudet:

"Why are your songs so short?" the bird was once asked. "Haven't you got enough breath?"

"I have very many songs," replied the bird, "and I would like the world to hear them all."

This new volume, "Early Stories" (Bodley Head, 14/6), a handsome little collection of fourteen pieces, I would commend to young writers as a text-book, and to lovers of Chekhov because most of them are new to the English language. Nora

Gottlieb, editor and translator, says that one of her aims was to select those stories which best reveal the future master. The impressive fact is, indeed, not that at this early age (22 to 26) Chekhov wrote so much, but that he perceived so much, comprehended so much. They are the observations of a man thoughtful and informed far beyond his years. They also indicate his attitudes, the clear beginnings of the path he was to follow all through his short life: hatred for tyranny and selfishness on any scale, contempt for snobbery and vulgarity.

Chekhov scorned the device of getting his effects through saints and sinners and oddities. Moving though he can be, he is always more student than poet, carrying out his investigations with the pity, toleration, and restraint of a wise man contemplating humanity at large. His villains are distasteful enough, but you feel that in the long run they don't count for much. They're too futile and too absurd.

Each of these tales etches not only a type, but a situation also, which must be recognisable in any language: the long-suffering wife of the drunkard in "Dream and Reality," the hypocritical sentimentalist in "The Drama," the self-centred vulgarian in "Flute and Double Bass," the bullying bureaucrat in "Sergeant Prishibeyev". Perhaps the most thoughtful of them all is "The Radical", a story which reveals how very early in life Chekhov had sworn himself to Truth. With a man of his outlook, the temptation here to paint in sharp blacks and whites must have been present, but nothing was allowed to divert him from portraying exactly the kind of man he had in mind. The result is a story with several surprises, but they are the surprises not of mere artifice, as is so often the way with O. Henry, but of remorseless revelation. It is as if the writer kept saying: "No, wait! I'm not finished yet."

No half-measures or half-truths for Chekhov. Everything thought out to a finish. Here indeed is the young writer who was to give us "The House with the Mansard", "In the Gully", and "Ward 6".

JOHN MORRISON

I Will a Tale Unfold

A fortnight before he died Camus said: "One can refuse to be a fanatic without ceasing to be a militant in politics". The statement seems peculiarly relevant to Dymphna Cusack's latest novel, "Heatwave in Berlin" (Heinemann, 18/9): a novel that convincingly makes its political point because it grows out of the people's lives it describes.

Only three weeks after its publication this year "Heatwave in Berlin" was serialised by the B.B.C., and it is to be published in France, Norway and Denmark. "Come in Spinner" is now available in eight West European languages and a Japanese edition is being negotiated. Add to this achievement the East European translations of "Say No to Death", the Chinese editions of three novels and the success of her plays, and it is not extravagant to claim that Dymphna Cusack has contributed more than any of her contemporaries to an awareness of Australian literature abroad.

In "Heatwave in Berlin" Dymphna Cusack does not assume that her reader is of a certain nationality—her own—nor that he has specific habits and allegiances. That accounts for part of her success. But she does understand the impatience felt by the thousands or millions who, in the last fifteen years, have felt increasingly uncertain whether the war against German militarism was really won. In this novel she sets out an unequivocal answer to the doubts.

Dymphna Cusack knows exactly what she wants to say and, as a good story-teller, says no more than enough. For she is a story-teller. She realises, perhaps, that the depth of characterisation and subtlety of psychological insight that mark the great novelist are not for her, and exploits her capacity to handle her characters with such ease that as they talk we also know what might have been said elsewhere and what, too, is unsaid. She writes of contemporary events as one who walks the same streets as the girls shopping at lunch hour, the men they marry and their children. They don't dream in slogans, these people, but from their lives Dymphna Cusack creates a story to startle the indifferent and purge the bored, where others of larger intent have failed.

Joy, an unpretentious Sydney girl, has been married to Stephen for nine years when they leave Australia to visit for the first time his family in West Berlin. The von Muhlers are wealthy industrialists and Joy revels in the unaccustomed luxury. Stephen appears nervous and unhappy. Berlin is sweltering in a heatwave. The vast family home, as is usual on such occasions, is the scene of many meetings and partings but, in its deeper recesses, of the living with the dead. One feels like shouting at Joy "Can't you see what's going on?" for the relationship between her and Stephen is already stilted and strained. Dymphna Cusack expertly plots the situations which lead Joy to re-appraisal and finally force her, in a most exciting climax, to make the choice there's no turning back on.

Taut throughout, from the first glimpse of the von Muhler family reunion to the revelation of the suffering and despair of the victims of Nazism and of the realities of its resurgence, one finishes the book astonished at its impact.

JOAN ANDERSON

Art as Feeling

Do you know that some artists think you, as a piece of subject matter, are just a convenient peg upon which a work of art may be hung?

You are aware, of course, that an abstract artist has no need for you at all, even as a peg.

Do you agree with this?

Whether you agree, or not, with this proposition, is the point of departure for the two camps of art today—the two camps which harbor on the one hand the realist, humanist figurative painters and on the other the abstract painters and all their non-figurative cousins.

The division is actually more complex.

The realist thinks art is a conscious communication—the artist communicates an idea, a feeling, an aspiration, to an audience in a language coherent to that audience; at its best lofty, useful, penetrating—even poetic; at its worst mundane, didactic, sentimental-boring.

The non-realist (sometimes referred to as art-for-art's-sake, ivory tower, holier-than-thou) thinks he should create a new world, within the framework of his art, and can achieve immeasurable profundity. At its best his work will be thought-provoking, shocking, disturbing—and even poetic; at its worst (best?) suitable for interior decorating, dress materials, wall papers, modern packaging, murals in modern insurance buildings and motels—good fun and good business.

John Berger, in his latest book "Permanent Red" (Methuen, 26/6), argues the case for realism in its broadest sense. His book is a collection of essays dealing with the artists' struggle to be an

artist; headings like "Who is an artist?", "The difficulty of being an artist", "Artists defeated by the difficulties", and "Artists who struggle" give some idea of the problems Berger tackles. Painters like Klee, Jackson Pollock, Dubuffet, Barbara Hepworth and others come under his heading "Artists defeated by the difficulties". "Artists who struggle" include Henry Moore, Ceri Richards, David Bomberg, George Fullard, Frank Auerbach and the Dutchman Friso Ten Holt.

In a chapter on "Twentieth Century Masters" Berger deals with Juan Gris, Lipchitz, Leger, Matisse, Dufy, Kokoschka and others—and his essay on Picasso is a most penetrating, sympathetic analysis of a man who has paradoxically achieved a pre-eminent position in twentieth century art—and yet whose work is "understood" by few: that is, whose intentions are understood by few. Berger's final paragraph on Picasso says:—

"Yet finally why is it so impossible to end without saluting him? Because by his dedication to his great themes, by his constant extremism, by the audacity of his jokes, by his simplicity (which is usually taken for incomprehensibility), by his very method of working, he has proved that all the paraphernalia, all the formulae of art are expendable for the sake of the spirit. If we now take him too seriously we destroy his example by re-establishing all the paraphernalia he has liberated us from."

In spite of a tendency to see the work and intentions of some artists through Berger-cum-Marxist colored spectacles—a fault which will seem first by non-Marxists—I recommend this most sincere and penetrating analysis.

For painters and laymen who are interested in this subject, but who do not recoil from opposing views, "Permanent Red" is exciting reading and, for the first time, some may be taken into the deep end of somebody else's swimming pool.

RODERICK SHAW

The Modern Epic

"Bertolt Brecht: Plays." Vol. 1 ("The Caucasian Chalk Circle"; "The Threepenny Opera"; "The Trial of Lucullus"; "The Life of Galileo"). (Methuen, 41/6.)

Over the past few years the name of Bertolt Brecht has become increasingly fashionable in Western theatrical and literary circles. Whereas, under the spell of Kazan, Brando and Actors Studio, "Stanislavski" was the magic word, "Brecht" now holds power. "Naturalism" is rejected in favor of "Epic"; "involvement" and "submergence" are replaced by "alienation" and "detachment". Playwrights such as Arden and Behan and poets such as Logue and Amis patently show Brecht's influence, and his production methods are now widely employed and imitated, with varying degrees of success.

This is ironical on several counts. Firstly, Brecht was an established playwright, poet and producer for some thirty years before his untimely death in 1956. Secondly, after fleeing from Fascism with other progressive German intellectuals, "changing our country more often than our shoes", finally to take refuge in the United States, he was virtually driven from that country and the West by the Un-American Activities Committee investigating the motion-picture industry in 1947. And thirdly, at the core of all Brecht's plays, after 1928, are his Marxist ideas and communist sympathies.

Brecht's work, and his importance as a dramatist, cannot be fully appreciated unless the significance of his philosophical and political convictions is recognised. Emerging as a writer in the midst of Germany's post-war crisis, his early plays express a bohemian and anarchistic revolt against a decadent society, but by 1928, influenced by the rapidly changing political situation, he ascribed the dilemma of his times to capitalist society. Thus, in "The Threepenny Opera", Macheath asks:

What does a man live by? By resolutely
Ill-treating, beating, cheating, eating some
other bloke!

A man can only live by absolutely
Forgetting he's a man like other folk.

Then followed a series of didactic pieces, such as "The Step" and "The Exception and the Rule", specifically written for working-class political platforms, while the period of the struggle against Nazism and his subsequent exile produced such anti-Fascist plays as "Roundheads and Peakheads" and "The Private Life of the Master Race". His succeeding works, such as "Mother Courage", "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" and "Galileo", reflect a further development of his Marxist ideas.

For the propagation of his ideas, Brecht sought—and discovered—an appropriate form. True, "Epic" Theatre, in Brecht's sense, arose from the German tradition, in the wake of Reinhardt and Piscator, just as Stanislavski's theatre is a Russian phenomenon. Nevertheless Epic Theatre became, in Brecht's hands, an instrument of his materialist ideas. He writes of the need for "putting across ideas through actions", of effecting a "new style" whereby "thinking about the flow of the play" is achieved. He sought a form of theatre in which the audience, instead of being involved in the play, spellbound by an illusion, and identifying itself with the action, would become alienated and estranged from the play, adopting "the attitude of one who smokes at ease and watches". "In drama, too, we should introduce foot-notes and the practice of thumbing through and checking up," he writes, in justifying the use of titles and boards in "The Threepenny Opera".

What is Epic Theatre? Basically it is narrative theatre, says Brecht (similar, in this respect to that of the Elizabethans, especially Shakespeare), which "turns the spectator into an observer but arouses his power of action" and in which "the human being is the object of the inquiry (and) is alterable and able to alter." Epic Theatre appeals to the intellect, to the reason, though "it does not deny the emotions". It is opposed to the Aristotelian or dramatic form of theatre, based on catharsis, "where the human being is taken for granted (and) is unalterable". So he tells his actors, in a poem,

To change yourselves and show us mankind's
world

As it really is: made by men and open to
their improvements.

The question arises of how great a contradiction exists between this obviously materialist form of theatre and that of Stanislavski; this in itself would form the substance of a separate study. Differences there appear to be: Stanislavski asks of his actors and audience involvement and identification, both of which are alien to Brecht. Yet perhaps these differences are merely superficial: for the creative Stanislavski actor the main requisites of his craft are the portrayal of truth, from his observation of life transformed into an artistic synthesis by his imagination, or "creative fantasy". But, alienated or not, must not the Brechtian actor use the same basic technique? In a fine poem to

his wife, Helene Weigel, principal actress of the Berliner Ensemble, Brecht describes her as

the bread-baking, net-weaving
Soup-cooking comprehender
Of reality.

Stanislavski could heap no greater praise on a player, and in 1956 Sam Wanamaker spoke of Weigel as being "indistinguishable from a superb Stanislavski-trained actress". One can only conclude that the Brecht and Stanislavski systems are but different means to the same end: Truth in Art.

The four plays presented in this volume are excellent examples of Brecht's ideas in practice. They show the versatility of the Epic form as a vehicle for the simple moral which each of them contains. In "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" the moral is that things should belong to those who can use them best: a dispute arises between two Soviet collective farms over a tract of ground: a singer settles the argument by relating the story of the Chalk Circle: how the corrupt yet honest judge Adzak awards a noble's child to a servant-girl because, after its mother had abandoned it to save her own skin, the girl has raised it and protected it from many dangers.

"The Threepenny Opera" is a savage picaresque satire of bourgeois society, which is quite outrageously equated with gangsterism. Brecht keeps to Gay's original story, but the target becomes capitalism itself, which tolerates and even condones the most heinous crimes. As Macheath is led to the gallows, a messenger from the Queen arrives to pardon him, raise him to the peerage, and give him a pension and a castle.

Brecht's achievement, however, reaches its zenith in "The Life of Galileo". This is a great work: it is a play of materialism, of the triumph of reason over dogma, of science over faith, and a tribute to the indomitability of man's questing spirit. Galileo, scientist and sensualist, sets out to prove, in the face of the Inquisition, the truth of the Copernican teachings of the revolution of the earth around the sun and the motion of the stars; hero and coward, he is forced by the Inquisition to recant. For nine years he lives in supervised ostracism, spurned for his cowardice by his former pupils, but secretly working on his "Discorsi", the affirmation of his belief in reason and his reliance on doubt and scepticism as methods of science. Yet Galileo is meant to be neither wholly praised nor wholly condemned, but to be criticised dialectically, and Brecht was furious when audiences showed their obvious sympathy with him, for to Brecht his recantation was, in one sense, an act of weakness, of capitulation.

"Galileo" shows, too, the profound simplicity of Epic Theatre. The story does not develop, does not reach a climax, but simply proceeds from scene to scene. Suspense is superfluous and hence discarded; dramatic conflict arises from the conflict of ideas and the people who advance them; human beings are seen in their correct relationship to the events and circumstances which mould them.

This, then is Brecht's great contribution to theatre. His technical virtuosity is not a display of gimmicks, as some contemporary Brecht-tasters apparently believe, but an organic part of his aesthetic theories; the boards, projections, bare sets, harsh lights, stark music and terse language perform a function related to his world-view. Brecht's dramatic theories certainly do not state the last word on theatrical presentation, but at least they represent an important and valid attempt to relate the theatre to the conditions and conflicts of modern life; he is, in short, a poet and playwright of our times.

ROGER MILLISS

Prestige and Pooh

A friend of mine who is a well known classical scholar was in New York recently. He was assured there that more copies of "Winnie Ille Pu" (Methuen, 20/9), the Latin version of A. A. Milne's "Winnie the Pooh," were to be seen casually lying in prominent positions on the tables of the "cultured" than the total number of people in New York who knew any Latin.



This seems reminiscent of the state of things in the nineteenth century, when politicians quoted Horace in the House of Commons, and even after-dinner speakers brought out their Latin tags, translating them, if they thought this necessary "with a bow to the ladies", who alone were able without loss of face to admit ignorance of the language.

At any rate, if we really are in for a Latin revival, here is a very painless way of sampling, if not quite the language of Cicero and Vergil, at least something fairly near it. The parent of a schoolboy told me the other day that her son brought home this book, and said to her, "Gee, Mum, it's beaut. I've read it right through, and it's much easier than the Caesar we do in school."

Alexander Lenard, the translator, is a Hungarian living in Brazil, where he brought out the first edition of this translation at his own expense; the unexpected interest it aroused was responsible for its re-appearance in American and English editions. His Latinity is adequate without being impeccable by classical standards; the spelling of some words is mediaeval or Renaissance, like his use of the letter j, unknown to the Romans. Mediaeval also is the style of the verses, for which he has a distinct flair; it is amusing to see Milne's little songs neatly rendered into a guise suggestive of "Dies Irae" and other Latin hymns.

It is a good many years now since "Latin with Laughter" gave us the adventures of a cow in the form of a beginner's text-book. Let us hope it will not be so long before "Winnie Ille Pu" has a successor.

SALVE PV VALEAS MEL SINE FINE VORES.

K. C. MASTERMAN

Cyprus Guerilla

Doros Alastos' "Cyprus Guerilla" (Heinemann, 26/-) is the first book, so far, to make a serious attempt to take the reader behind the "lines" of what was, in fact, the civil war in Cyprus. Even so, it is not an eye-witness account. It was written recently by a local man who, returning from abroad, used his excellent contacts to reconstruct the dramatic events. If this gives his work a certain detached compassion, it also robs it of the punch it might otherwise have had.

Alastos is not a "Grivas man", though he gives the enigmatic Colonel full credit for the remarkable military skill which enabled him to keep his forces in the field against enormous odds for some five years. Grivas (Dighenis) must be counted among the type of "mystical fascist" once found in the "croix de feu," but more especially a by-product of the war and post-war years in Europe; a type well described by Sartre and Camus. There is no doubt that his record in Greece, before and

during the civil war, was execrable, since he clearly concentrated on the "internal enemy." It is more than likely that he dreamt of creating a Cyprus not only "free" but also authoritarian, and the fact that he managed to enrol the support of Cypriot youth is an indication of the complex nature and, taking a longer perspective, of the confused ideology of EOKA.

In the show-down Archbishop Makarios, of whom the book affords very interesting glimpses, proved more resourceful. Historic conditions have led to the Orthodox Church playing a decisive political role in the affairs of the island, and Makarios is hardly the plotting Prelate he is often made out to be. He is an astute organiser and, unlike Grivas, able to manoeuvre between opposing factions. How long he can keep it up is another matter.

AKEL, Cyprus' powerful workers' party, entered the crisis unprepared, dithering on the question of union with Greece until it was too late. Cyprus is as Greek as the Dodecanese, but for all that "Enosis" was an effective rallying cry against the British, progressive elements in the island cannot, and do not, really desire union with the reactionary Greece of Karamanlis. This produced a divided mind which left the activist field clear for the Makarios-Grivas alliance, somewhat as the authoritarian Irgun managed to occupy the most prominent position in the fight against the British in Palestine. EOKA was far more broadly based, but it learned a lot from Irgun.

The bankruptcy of the English Left is partly to blame for this constellation: it offers only inefficient support to the left-wing of nationalist movements in colonial and semi-colonial countries, with the result that the Tories can wage war in the name of England. They waged it and lost in Cyprus for the same reason that they lost it in Ireland and Palestine, because guerillas, supported by the population, have to be worn down in campaigns lasting many years—even in as small a place as Cyprus—and to do this the international climate has to be favorable and public opinion at home must not waver. Neither of these conditions existed.

Cyprus now has an independence of sorts; the best it could obtain for the time being. In better days it will unite with Greece. Meanwhile, lovers of Hellas will wish success to the gentle and courageous people of Cyprus, whose history is almost a mirror of the adventures of Empire in Europe, from Darius to Selwyn Lloyd. This is a country rich only in dignity and talent, and many storms still await it.

Doros Alasto's well illustrated book fills in many parts left blank by the poet Lawrence Durrell and the indomitable Percy Arnold who, as editor of the Cyprus Post, caused his masters so much trouble. Yet it is still only the precursor of a book on "The Emergency" that remains to be written: a book with the taste of olives and tears in it.

XENON

Neighbors Over the Way

"Pig Follows Dog" by Lorraine Salmon (7/6 from author at 6 Barkers Road, Hawthorn, Vic.) takes us into a country that is not so far away as the plane flies, and yet is little known to most Australians and not recognised by our government. This is a pioneer book, written by one of the few Australians who have lived and worked at close quarters among the people of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam, and in it Mrs. Salmon tells us of climate, customs, what there is to buy, what people like to wear, and how the various

facets of this newly emerging world first strike an Australian woman. She tells of her experiences as a woman whose duties included running a household and entertaining, and training an inexperienced cook, the former resistance fighter Ba, whose diet up till recently had consisted of "rice and vegetables, rice and vegetables, rice and vegetables" and not too much of that. Under French colonial rule, from which the people of north Viet Nam have only recently freed themselves, the majority of people existed near starvation level, and two million out of a population of twelve million died of starvation in one year.

If the elimination of starvation was the first measure which the government of Ho Chi Minh had to carry out, the elimination of illiteracy was tackled almost as quickly as a matter of almost equal urgency.

Thus perhaps the most moving chapter in Lorraine Salmon's book is the chapter on mass education, with its picture of a people among whom everyone who can read and write is teaching someone, whether the members of their own family or the whole population of a village. As the former colony struggled up from the depths of poverty through the early stages of industrialisation, the shortage was not only of educated personnel, but of materials. Schools were being built, but the needs of the people could not wait on their construction, nor on the supply of conventional writing materials. Letters were written on banana skins, or the boys minding the buffaloes taught each other alphabet, daubing the letters in mud on the hides of their charges.

Despite illiteracy, the Vietnamese people are pictured as heirs to a long national culture, of which they are intensely proud. This reflects itself in their refusal to adopt European dress to any extent, the national flavor of their architecture, their poetry, their theatre (both the traditional opera and the relatively new 'kích noi', spoken theatre) and their particular creation, the water puppets.

There is little room in a book of the scope of "Pig Follows Dog" to give more than the briefest indication of the events which led to the transformation which life is undergoing in north Viet Nam, and the separation imposed at the end of the war between north and south Viet Nam, where life at present follows an altogether different pattern. The history of the country and the surrounding regions will be more extensively dealt with in a book by the author's husband, Malcolm Salmon.

In the meantime Lorraine Salmon's book opens one of those windows that had seemed gummed up, and lets in some of the flavor of life in a socialist country, stirring us to further curiosity about our not so distant neighbors.

AILEEN PALMER

Book Chronicle

Lack of space, scarcity of suitable reviewers, inability to cover too wide a field: these are all reasons why any literary magazine can hope to cover only a small corner of the whole breadth of contemporary publishing. Where this occurs Overland will at least try to publish periodically, as a service to its readers, a survey of important works brought to its notice.

Much major work is being published at the moment in the field of literary criticism. J. B. Priestley's "Literature and Western Man" (Heinemann, 51/6) is a sweeping and idiosyncratic work in which Priestley, with zest and enjoyment, discusses imaginative literature since the Renaissance.

It is an important work, but does not claim the definitiveness of David Daiches' two-volume "A Critical History of English Literature" (Secker & Warburg, 90/9), which is the most important major critical history of English literature published for many years. While sections such as those on Shakespeare and Milton assume the form of separate critical studies of distinction, the overall work preserves a close unity; at any rate as close a unity as painstaking attention to detail, and to minor writers, will allow. Here is a book, then, of convenient and needed reference, large sections of which—the chapter on Victorian prose writers, for instance—can be read as a valuable clarification of people and periods which too often present themselves today as muddled and confused.

Quite the most important work published for many years in this country in the field of art history is Dr. Bernard Smith's "European Vision and the South Pacific" (O.U.P., 136/-). The eighteenth and nineteenth century discoveries in the Pacific, Dr. Smith says, contributed to the triumph of romanticism and of science in the nineteenth-century world of values. Dr. Smith brilliantly—but not lightly—discusses how the Pacific world stimulated European thought concerning the world of nature as a whole. Anyone who has studied the pictures drawn of Australian Aborigines in 1788, say, and compared them with drawings of fifty years later, will be staggered at the difference in the artists' seeing. Dr. Smith helps us to account for this fascinating phenomenon, of real interest to all students of human culture at any day or in any age.

"The Story of Bathurst," edited by Bernard Greaves and published by Angus & Robertson (42/-) is an unusually useful and comprehensive local history. Also of outstanding interest are two publications under the general editorship of that indefatigable publisher, bibliophile and litterateur Walter W. Stone: John Meredith's "The Wild Colonial Boy" (Wentworth Press) and John Earnshaw's "Thomas Muir" (Stone Copying Co.). These books (in duplicated format) tell of two extraordinary lives and are both tributes to exhaustive research. Meredith's hero Jack Donahoe is of the more social interest—songs about the young bush-ranger are still sung—while surely few lives of adventure anywhere on this globe have surpassed the fantastic exploits of the "Scottish martyr" Thomas Muir in his escape from exile in New South Wales.

A work which reflects great credit on the Royal Australian Historical Society and on Angus & Robertson is the re-issue of Captain Watkin Tench's "Sydney's First Four Years". This excellently produced book is not expensive at 50/-, and is the first of five classic journals of early Australia to be reproduced in a convenient format for the student and the general reader.

Of overseas novels three deserve special mention; they are Vladimir Dudintsev's "A New Year's Tale" (Hutchinson, 12/9), a recent Soviet novel or long short story which, perhaps, is no great literary classic but which (in Edward Crankshaw's words) could mark "a new beginning, an unheard-of return to personal expression of private ideas" in Soviet writing. From Brazil comes a welcome paperback version of the greatest of Latin American classics, "Rebellion in the Backlands" by Euclides da Cunha (Chicago—a volume in the Phoenix series). Stefan Zweig has called this a work of "dramatic magnificence". Mordecai Roshwald's "Level Seven" (Heinemann, 18/9) is a horrifying and expertly-written tale of the end of humankind in an atom war. It is not a "horror" story: the horror lies in the easy, inconsequential way the final oblivion came about. This is a novel

which should be read by everyone. And so should Pierre-Henri Simon's "Portrait of an Officer" (Secker & Warburg, 17/-) which skilfully shows the growing moral dilemma of decent people who try to rationalise the evils of colonial wars such as those in Indo-China and Algeria.

Ray Parkin's "Out of the Smoke" (Hogarth, 26/-) is a well-written but disappointingly anti-climatic account of the sinking of the "Perth" and of a subsequent attempt to escape. Hardly the near-classic some reviewers have seen it as.

Important critical works recently received include three of American parentage: Elizabeth Nowell's "Thomas Wolfe" (Heinemann, 51/6), Leslie A. Fiedler's "Love and Death in the American Novel" (Criterion, 64/9 and Harry T. Moore's "A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany" (Heinemann, 43/6). The first is a rather sloppily-written but vastly informative biography of the remarkable American novelist; the second a highly-Freudian but intelligent and stimulating work, designed to reveal the recurring psychological patterns of the American character, especially as evidenced in the novelist's adolescence avoidance of the subject of mature sexual love; and the third is a collection of essays written since 1956 assessing Lawrence's achievements as a writer. It is neatly supplemented by a really valuable collection of little known Lawrence pieces—forewords, reviews and the like: "Phoenix, The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence" (Heinemann, 43/6).

John Lodwick's "The Asparagus Trench" (Heinemann, 15/6) is a brilliant start for an autobiography. The author was killed before he could complete the book. It is well worth reading for all that. Arthur Koestler's "The Lotus and the Robot" is a basically cynical—and refreshing—analysis of Yoga and Zen, very timely for sick societies. Andre Malraux's "The Metamorphosis of the Gods" (Secker & Warburg, 162/-) is a continuation of the theme of enquiry of "The Voices of Silence". It is a sumptuously produced and illustrated book.

S.M.S.

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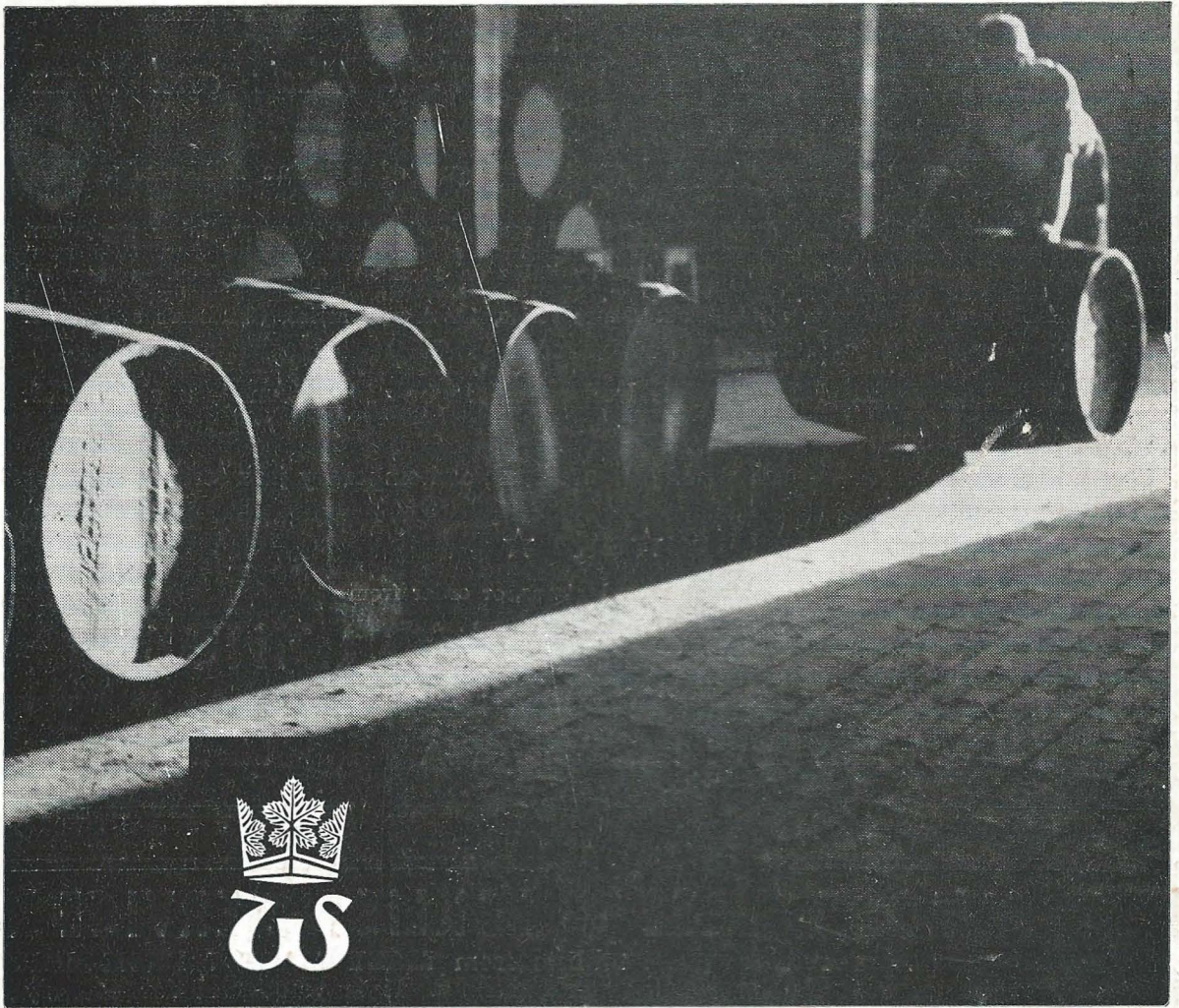
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