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ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

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CARLO LEVI



—From Noel Counihan's Italian Sketch Book.

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TRADITION AND TODAY

FIFTY years ago Henry Lawson wrote: "The press of Australia and its unspeakable mediocrities have ever had a tendency to belittle their own writers." In Lawson's day, when Australian literature won its independence of English literature and emerged as genuinely native-grown, the great majority of academic and journalistic critics lost few opportunities of deciding and rejecting it.

Why this was so is not hard to find.

A distinctively Australian literature was born among the native-born and nationally-minded men and women of the "lower classes" to whom Joseph Furphy claimed a hereditary belonging; they rejected instinctively and impatiently the culture and outlook of their social and economic betters, the squatters, merchants and manufacturers who adopted as their own the fashionable literature of England.

The creators of the new literature—Lawson, Furphy, "Banjo" Paterson, William Lane, Mary Gilmore, Miles Franklin, Steele Rudd, Bernard O'Dowd—drew their images from the Australian common man—the convict, digger, selector, shear-er, and from the early struggles of the labor and radical movements—Eureka, the 8-hour day, the demand that the land be unlocked, the strikes of shearers and miners.

Their outlet was through the radical and socialist weeklies—the Bulletin, the Boomerang, the Worker; their champions were the early labor publicists; their audience was found largely in the ranks of the Australian Shearers' Union and the newly-formed socialist and labor organisations.

Thus were the values of Australian literature established as being democratic in temper, human in approach, national in spirit, plebeian in orientation, and above all faithful to the realities of Australian life. And this tradition has endured.

This natural acceptance of class division and social alignment by Australian writers is at last being combatted in a different manner. No longer is Australian literature ignored, or rejected out of hand. Instead, its importance in Australian life is conceded (though often grudgingly), and new interpretations of the tradition, new directions for contemporary writers, are being strongly urged.

So the (un-named) author of a recent Current Affairs Bulletin, "Standards in Australian Literature", deplores the fact that "Australian fiction practically ignores all except the lower income groups . . ." This is all the more unfortunate, we are told, as there is no real working-class left in Australia, and "Australians now for the most part form a homogeneous middle class."

The Current Affairs Bulletin survey offers a new perspective for our writers: a literature which is cut off from its traditional roots in Australia and among working Australians. And this perspective is already appearing in the creative and editorial activity of some Australian writers.

The recent Sydney Morning Herald £2,000 competition for a novel by an Australian writer was won by Mr. John McGhee, "a Sydney business executive," with a novel called "The Middle Way." The opening chapters read like a fictional dressing-up of the concept, recently expounded by the Prime Minister, of a classless Australia.

At the other end of the social scale is the group of Sydney novels which depict slum-life as romantic, poverty as picturesque.

These new directions in Australian literature have for the first time found a home in a literary journal, with the appearance of the new quarterly *Quadrant*, published by the American-financed Committee for Cultural Freedom and edited by James McAuley.

The folklore of big business secures an adequate (and doubtless highly priced) position in the advertising in *Quadrant*: "Enterprise," "Efficiency," "Partnership for Progress," "Symbol of Enlightened Self-Interest," "It's up to Business Men to Tell the Story of Profits" (this last from Caltex Oil!) are the headlines devised by the copy-writers to impress *Quadrant's* readers with the benevolence of capital.

Mr. McAuley's opening statement of editorial aims is no mere manifesto of conservatism in literature: it is explicitly reactionary. For Mr. McAuley does not just seek to preserve society and literature as they are; he argues that forms of society and thought which have long passed out of existence should be restored. And in doing so he rejects those values which we have come almost to take for granted as the unifying thread, the spiritual core of Australian literature.

He speaks for an Australian "orientation," but condemns "the ugly nineteenth-century vice of cultural nationalism." He deplores that "the very notion of authority has been treated with the acids of modern criticism."

Both in volume and in public esteem, our literature has grown enormously in its 75 years of independent existence—and this despite the financial difficulties of Australian publishing, the narrowing commercial outlets for Australian stories and poems, the wall of silence which the majority of newspapers and magazines erect between Australian writers and readers, the attacks on writers which have from time to time disfigured Federal Parliament.

The works of the first generation of Australian poets and story-tellers increase in popularity; interest in Australian folklore is widespread; co-operative publishing ventures such as the Australasian Book Society continue to grow; Australian Book Fairs attract thousands; sales of books by contemporary writers expand; proposals for the teaching of Australian literature in schools and universities receive wide popular support.

This is the picture of a literature in growth—one which is predominantly democratic, realistic, national and popular. It is an encouraging picture—but that does not mean that the danger to Australian literary values can be ignored. For the attack on democratic and humanist concepts of literature is world-wide; it is well supported by powerful social and political forces both here and abroad, and has ample financial backing.

Our literary tradition is brief in time, rich in quality. It is a tradition which has not, and can not, stand still. It is not for our writers today to repeat the work done by their forerunners, but to create new work which is vital and contemporary, thoughtful and provoking, which has social relevance without being crudely functional or utilitarian, which stands close to the lives of the characteristic Australians of today—the men and women of the industries, the cities, the farms—and which gives them an image of Australian life that they can recognise as true and important. These have been the real qualities of our literature, and they will continue to be, if Overland has anything to do with it—and we believe we have.

John Morrison

THE TICKET

Illustrated by Clem Millward

IT was 1924. I didn't know much at the time. I'd been out from England only six months, all of which had been spent on a struggling dairy farm near Sale. But I was young, anxious to test myself and see the country. So I came in to Melbourne, hung about the registry office for a few days, received a lesson in card-sharpping at the quite reasonable cost of £15, and took a job as groom—milk, kill, and generally useful—on a sheep station out from Beac in the Western District.

I'd been in hopes of something better, but funds were almost exhausted, time otherwise was on my side, and it was five shillings a week better than I'd been getting. There was a bit of magic, too, in the word "station". I felt I was getting nearer to the Australia I was after, the Australia of sheep and cattle and horses and boundary-riders. And big cheques. I was sick of doing a man's work for a boy's wage.

It was late winter. I left Melbourne in the early morning under grey skies, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon the train pulled up specially to set me down at one of those lonely little bush railway stations where intending passengers wave a flag in the daytime or a hurricane lamp at night.

It was a cheerless beginning. The rain still held off, but a cold wind blew along the platform. The country didn't seem very different from that around Sale. About half a mile away a house and out-buildings huddled against a group of pines. Every where else was grey-green plain, with here and there a dead gumtree and patches of those tough dark grasses that grow in swampy places.

I was met by an old man with a horse and jinker. An old man wearing a chaff-bag cape and a hat dented into a peak to shed the rain, who talked almost incessantly over the eight miles drive out to the property, first along an unmade road with potholes full of water, then through paddocks where the track wound between outcrops of stone and where heavily-woolled sheep lifted their heads to stare at us as we went by.

He said his name was Joe and that he was "cutting a few thistles" on Meelah, as the place was called.

"I don't do much now. I've only meself to keep, and I've got me own little joint in Beac. I wouldn't be working now if it wasn't for Mr. Bailey. He was stuck for a man to get the thistles down, and I like to help him out when I can. I'm finishing up tonight."

"What's he like to work for?" I asked.

He gave the horse a flick with the bit of twig he was carrying. "Git up there, Rose! What's he like to work for?—he's a gentleman. I've worked for Mr. Bailey off and on for twenty years, and



● "I knew whose side I wanted to be on."

if anybody can show me a whiter man anywhere I'll be glad to meet him." Joe turned to give me a prolonged stare.

"You ought to know," I said agreeably.

"I know all right. And I'm warning you now, you'll meet blokes in these parts'll tell you he's a bastard. All right, that's what they think. But I know what their form is—no-hopers! There's some blokes you could give the whole world to, and they'd still moan. Gimme, gimme, gimme—they never stop. All they can think of is squeezing as much money out of a man as they can, and doing as little work for it as they can get away with. Spare me days, you got to work in this world if you want to get on. And you got to have bosses. If there wasn't any bosses there wouldn't be any work. Anyhow, Bailey's only a battler himself. They think because he lives in a decent house and drives a car and has a few sheep . . ."

"How many?" I asked in an effort to give the conversation a more constructive turn.

"He'll be shearing about ten thousand this year. Git up there, Rose! But you ought to see the way he works himself! Most times he's only got three hands on the whole joint. You'll be one of the shearing crowd, I suppose?"

"Shearing crowd? I was engaged as groom."

"Groom?" The old man gave me a surprised look. "We got a groom."

"What!"

"We got a groom. Sure that's what you came for?"

"Well, I'd know, wouldn't I?"

"Where'd you get the job?"

"Excell's."

"That's where he generally gets his men. When was this?"

"Yesterday."

Joe's eyes went back to the big swaying rump of the horse, and for a few seconds I watched him in an uneasy silence. He wasn't difficult to read. He was wondering how much further he should discuss the matter with me before I'd seen Bailey.

"Has the other bloke said anything about leaving?" I asked.

"Leaving—he only started the day before yesterday. Come in off the road and asked for a job. The boss told him he'd give him a try-out. An Irish chap. Bit queer, but a good toiler."

"Didn't you have a groom?"

"Yes, up to about a week ago. But he had a row with Mr. Bailey about his wages and cleared out at a minute's notice. I was doing the milking till he got somebody. I never see Mr. Bailey stuck."

I gave a shiver, and huddled my head deeper into the collar of my overcoat. The cold, which I'd hardly felt coming up from Melbourne, suddenly began to get into me. There was a pattern slowly taking shape, and it was a pattern I didn't like.

"Bailey should've wired Excell's," I said. "It looks as if I'll be on the way back tomorrow."

"Not if I know Mr. Bailey you won't. He don't do things like that. He ain't the kind to bring a bloke all the way from Melbourne and then turn round and tell him he ain't got a job."

"He'd have to give me a day's pay and fares, of course."

"And Mr. Bailey don't waste money like that, neither. You'll get more than a day's pay off him, don't you worry. You just do your own work and don't take no notice of anybody else and you'll get on with Mr. Bailey. I bet he's got something in mind for you already. They're starting shearing tomorrow. I thought that's what you was at first, one of the shed hands."

"I can't shear."

"The shearers is here, four of 'em. Come out this morning, had a look round, fixed up their gear, and shot straight in to Cressy in an old car they had. I bet they're full as boots by now. You're just a new-chum, ain't you? You wouldn't even have seen a shearing shed yet."

"No."

"There's other jobs besides shearing, you know. For instance, there's the press. Mr. Bailey might have that in mind for you; a big bloke like you would go all right on the press. And this is a long shed here, we shear for a couple of other properties, too. Git up there, Rose! Does some funny things, Mr. Bailey. I remember one shearing . . ."

Reminiscence upon reminiscence, while the dreary landscape flowed slowly past and great dollops of mud flew from the thumping hooves of

Rose. Now and then I got down to open a gate, fumbling at an endless variety of chains and wires with chilled fingers.

At a distance the collection of buildings comprising the homestead looked inviting and picturesque. A few huts and sheds, with a yard in which several cows stood waiting. A big woolshed with a roof that had gleamed on the horizon long before we could see anything else. A red-tiled house showing above a cypress hedge, and standing in a position calculated to be just out of earshot of the working quarters.

I liked it less as we got nearer. Only the woolshed and house seemed sound. All the huts and sheds were drab and tumble-down, with an aspect of struggle and poverty that I hadn't associated with sheep stations. Three lean odds-and-ends of dogs rushed to meet us as we drove up, but no men were in sight.

Joe skirted the cow-yard and pulled up before an open-fronted barn containing a stack of bags, a lot of gear and rubbish, and a buggy thick with dust and chaff and the droppings of fowls.

"We'll go up and bite Rene for a cuppa," said Joe. "Leave your bag there and I'll show you where you doss when we come back."

I waited while he took out the horse and pushed the jinker into the barn, then followed him along a well-worn track to the cypress hedge, in by a wooden gate, and through a higgledy-piggledy vegetable garden to a kitchen opening off a spacious back verandah. Something else I didn't like. I'd been expecting to meet a male cook, smoking and blaspheming in a kitchen exclusive to men. Here was not only a woman, but painted furniture, china cups instead of pannikins, and a linoleum you could slide on. And a cautious, whispering, don't-disturb-the-mistress atmosphere I'd been in hopes I would never encounter again.

Rene herself was a tidy solidly-built woman past middle-age, and although she received the introduction to me with a friendly smile, told us to sit down, and immediately began putting out cups and saucers, I had an impression from the beginning that she was preoccupied with a grievance. There was a sulk behind her smile, and a look of real interest in the more or less routine questions she put to me—how long had I been out?—how did I like Australia?—and so on. It was really Joe who kept conversation going. Several times after she sat down with us I caught her with her head cocked sideways as if she were listening for something in the interior of the house.

"Did you ask her yet?" enquired Joe in a moment when all three of us seemed stuck for something to say.

She gave her head an angry toss and picked up her cup of tea. "Course I asked her."

"What did she say?"

"Same as she said last year, and the year before, and the year before that. She'll have a talk with Mr. Bailey."

"That means you won't get it. I wouldn't have asked her."

"Don't you think I'm entitled to it?"

Joe shuffled uneasily. "I'm not saying you ain't entitled to it. It's just a question of whether they can afford it."

"They can afford it all right. They'll afford a trip to Sydney or the Islands when shearing's over, like they always do. Another pound a week for six weeks wouldn't hurt them."

Joe, obviously unimpressed, muttered pacifically. "They might get a better price for wool this year."

Rene sniffed. "She told me they didn't expect



● "I never see Mr. Bailey stuck."



● "Mr. Bailey just laughs at her."

I also was glad to get outside again.

"She's hostile about the money she's getting," he said as we went down the path. "It's on every year at shearing-time. She says she was engaged to cook for the family and regular hands, and ought to get something extra when there's up to six shearers and rouseabouts to feed as well."

"It sounds reasonable enough to me," I said candidly.

"Spare me days, boy, the woman's got sweet Fanny Adams to do for forty-six weeks in the year! And because there's a bit extra the other six she wants more dough. She's worse than the bloody shearers. Anyhow, Mr. Bailey just laughs at her, he knows she can't do nothing about it."

We had reached the group of huts at the back of the barn. Joe stopped and tapped me on the chest. "Don't you go letting her turn you against Mrs. Bailey. Mrs. Bailey's all right. Do you know that that woman, Rene, has hardly bought a stitch of clothes since she come here? That's fair dinkum. Mrs. Bailey's about the same size; you just ought to see the things she gives away. Shoes, frocks, jumpers—some of 'em hardly worn at all. The kind of stuff my missus could never afford when she was alive. Ain't that money? I got no time for this gimme business." He stepped forward and opened the door of one of the smaller huts. "This is where you doss. You're in with Mick. The shearers is in that big one, there's a fireplace in it. Anyhow, you can get your gear fixed up and just hang around for Mr. Bailey. He's out mustering with Alec—that's the regular hand. Be careful what you say to Alec, he ain't to be trusted. He's been here thirty years—bit of a boss's man . . ."

"I won't unpack till I've seen Mr. Bailey."

"That's up to you, son. But you'll get a job all right. I'm going over to give Mick a hand with the milking. Too late to start cutting thistles now."

He left me, and for the next few minutes I diverted myself unpacking a few essentials and taking stock of the hut in which I was to sleep.

It was pretty bare, but more comfortable than I'd expected. Clean and weatherproof, and with a smell of men that went some way towards dispelling the atmosphere of furtive intrigue I'd brought away from Rene's kitchen. Lined ceiling and walls, the latter decorated with a few dusty photographs of film stars of a past generation. Two bag stretchers with a hurricane lamp standing on a box between them. A shelf with shaving gear, an empty wine bottle, and some magazines. A ragged overcoat hanging behind the door, and a woolpack thrown down as a mat. That was all.

to get as good a price. And I said wasn't they taking the odds, getting a new Buick when the wool was still on the sheep's backs. She didn't like that. We had a bit of a go-in, I'm telling you. She hasn't spoken to me since. She's in her room now, sulking."

"She'll get over it," said Joe, and rose from the table, manifestly anxious not to carry his disagreement any further.

Some blankets and one of those bushman's quilts known as a "wagga" were on one of the bunks. I took the other, fixed it up in readiness for the night, smoked a cigarette, and wandered out just as Bailey and "the regular hand" came in.

Dogs were barking over at the yards, and the two men were slowly walking their horses in behind a mob of bleating sheep. I started towards them, and when I was half-way one of the men saw me, shouted something to his companion, threw the reins of his horse over a fence-post, ducked between the wires, and came to meet me.

Walking over from the yards he seemed all right. He was a small man, but sturdily built, and wore his oilskin coat, puttee leggings and shapeless hat as if he were never out of them. I felt, though—no doubt rather absurdly—that he was hurrying too much, and when he got close enough to begin speaking everything was wrong.

He had shrewd restless little eyes set in a round rosy face without any character at all. He talked too much, in the manner of a young salesman sure neither of himself nor of the goods he is trying to put across. I'd applied for quite a few jobs, for all my few working years, and Bailey was a new experience to me in the way of employers. Try as I would I couldn't pin him down to a frank eye-to-eye stare. Between all his fidgettings and chatter and stolen glances I knew from the start that he had taken to me, that I was something he wanted.

"Good afternoon," he began affably. "You'll be Johnstone?"

"Yes. Good afternoon, Mr. Bailey."

He was breathing heavily. "Busy time here—getting them in for tomorrow—start shearing. I suppose you know there's been a bit of a mess-up. Did Joe tell you?"

"He told me you've got a groom."

"I wired Excell's two days ago. Next thing I hear is there's a man on the way up. Too late to stop you. Mind you, I'm not obliged to keep this other fellow on."

"I'd as soon you did, Mr. Bailey." I'd already made up my mind there was going to be no struggle for the job.

"Hold on . . ." he held up his hand and beamed at me in a wait-till-you-see-what-daddy's-got-for-you kind of way. "I'm a man who likes to do the right thing. You came here as groom; all right, the job's yours if you want it. But I'd like to do something for both of you if I can. Did Joe tell you the other fellow came in off the road?"

"Yes."

"Nice fellow, too," he glanced vaguely across at the huts and gave me a conspiratorial wink, "but a bit queer. To tell the truth, I was sorry for him. Bad time of year for a man to be out on the road. Didn't even have a decent swag. I wanted to give him a go. He's turning out all right, too. Good worker. Now what I'm getting at is this: is there something we can fit you into, and make everybody happy?"

The cool assumption that my happiness lay so completely in his hands almost made me smile, but I kept a straight face and waited for the rest.

"You're English, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Bailey."

"Ever worked in a shearing shed?"

"No."

"Where have you worked?"

"On a farm."

"Would you like to have a go in the shed? We're starting tomorrow."

"I'd like to try it."

His eyes dropped to my feet and swept upwards to somewhere near my chin. "A strong young

fellow like you wouldn't have much trouble with a wool-press. Give it a go?"

"Yes, I'll give it a go." I still hadn't warmed to him, but I liked the way things were shaping.

"I had a feeling you'd say that. It's what appeals to me about you young fellows from the Old Country—you're keen. Even this man who got your job. He's Irish. Work!—that's all he asked for. And, mind you, he can work. That's why I wouldn't like to put him of. We can't afford to have good men tramping the roads here. We need all the good workers we can get . . ."

There was a bit more in this strain. I kept silent, waiting for him to get back to essentials.

He had a look to see what was going on at the yards. "Anyway, we'll see how it turns out. You came at a good time. Always something to do at shearing-time. There may be a bit for you afterwards, too. I'll show you the press in the morning; you'll be handling it like a veteran by lunch-time. Between you and me I had this in mind for you yesterday and was hoping they'd send me the right type of man. It isn't light work, you know."

"I'm not worried about that, Mr. Bailey," I assured him. I had something else in mind, but before I could say it he reached it himself.

"Good. Now one other thing," his smile was almost affectionate, "there'll be something better than thirty shillings a week in it for you if you do a good job. I'm not in a position to pay what they call the award; this is only a small shed. But I'll tell you what," he tapped me impressively on the chest, "you do the right thing by me and I'll make it fifty shillings. And keep, of course. How will that do you?"

"It sounds all right to me, Mr. Bailey," I replied. It did, too.

"Right. Straight question, straight answer. That's how I like to do business. A golden opportunity here for a young fellow. There's good money in pressing once you pick it up and get into the big sheds."

I nodded my satisfaction and prepared to go, but there was still something else. His keen little eyes really held mine for the first time.

"Now just a word of warning, young man. Keep your own counsel and don't listen to mischief-makers. We get some bad men in the shearing sheds. You might know the type, you get them in England, too. The kind of men who're always grumbling about their jobs and running the boss down. They'll never get you anywhere. Follow me?"

"I think so, Mr. Bailey."

"I try to be a fair employer. If a man does the right thing by me he's got nothing to be afraid of. Don't you worry, I'd never try to put anything over you. You'll find worse places than Meelah to work on as you go around the country. Most of the year we're just a nice happy little family here. But at shearing-time we get strangers in, and there always seems to be trouble. I want to dodge it this year if I can. Enough said?"

I smiled. "Enough said."

A nice happy little family. I'd heard that one before, of course, and thought of Rene and Joe and Alec. And wondered. All in all, however, things were turning out better than I'd expected, and I went back to the huts feeling a good deal more content than I had ten minutes ago.

I found Mick, the other "groom", in the hut when I arrived, but he was no company. He was Irish all right, with a brogue that was sheer music but hard to follow. He was quite young, say in the middle twenties, with a face the shape of an inverted pear, a pink complexion, and a small

mouth set in that vacuous gape that usually indicates a nasal disorder. He also had the most ecstatic smile and the most innocent blue eyes I'd ever seen in my life.

He showed little inclination to talk, but was a good listener, ejaculating "Mother of God!" in a tone of rapt astonishment and on a softly falling inflexion every time I told him anything about myself.

We sat for a long time waiting for the call to tea, but all I got out of him was the startling bit of information that he didn't know what wage Bailey was paying him. He told me without the flicker of the lovely smile that he wouldn't know "ferment Friday."

"You won't know before Friday?" I interpreted with a poker face.

"Niver a word did he say about wages."

"And didn't you?"

"It was his place for to tell me that," he said in the tone of a man pointing out the obvious.

I let it go. In all lines of reasoning there must be a starting-point, and I could see no starting-point here.

He certainly wasn't prejudiced against me, and that was the main thing. I hadn't been looking forward to meeting him. I'd told myself that the other fellow would naturally assume that my arrival involved his immediate departure, and would have read something like a notice to quit in my suitcase thrust possessively under the empty bunk.



● "We're just a nice happy little family."

On the contrary, his warm wondering stare was embarrassing, made me feel like a god. His vivid blue eyes shone like lamps. He watched every movement of my fingers as I rolled a cigarette, followed the first puff all the way to the darkening ceiling, then waited with childlike eagerness to see what I'd do next. The idea came to me that he was a half-wit, but I rejected it immediately.

I couldn't place him. I made what conversation I could, but there were long silences while the daylight left us and I grappled with another darkness that seemed to be closing in on me with the falling night. He had the eyes of a child, but he frightened me. When someone rang a cowbell up at the house I felt as if I'd been rescued.

It was a good meal we sat down to—roast mutton followed by jam roly-poly—the kind of meal men like, but much of the pleasure of eating it was lost through the atmosphere of secret antagonisms and dissatisfaction that hung over the table. There were five of us: Joe, Mick, Rene, myself, and Alec "the regular hand". Only Mick seemed to be happy. He ate heartily, and with a certain grace and fastidiousness that surprised me and that went well with his serene smile. He took no part whatever in what passed for conversation, but I noticed that his placid eyes were always resting on whoever happened to be speaking.

Joe talked more than anybody else, too much indeed, and too irrelevently, the way a vindictive

woman talks in the presence of two other women who she knows don't like each other. It became evident within a few minutes that he was performing largely for the benefit of Alec and that he had Rene with him.

Alec, a lean little man with grey hair and a sneezy worried face, seemed to have reached a stage where he didn't care whether anybody liked him or not. He was seated opposite me, bolt upright and tight-lipped. Several times I caught him watching me with a thoughtful frown, as if trying to work out if I'd been got at already and lined up one way or another in the happy little family of Meelah. He didn't speak to me once after the first curt "how are yer?" when we were introduced. There was a barely detectable but significant difference between the way Rene placed his food before him and the way she placed it before the rest of us. He was well aware of it, too. "You don't have to slam it down at a man!" he seemed to say, but each time Rene managed to get her back turned before his protesting face came up.

He was wearing his going-out clothes, bushman fashion—blue serge suit and white open-necked shirt. I gathered that he was getting a lift in to Beeac with Joe, and that he was returning first thing in the morning with a young relation who was to be rouseabout in the shed. The very idea of those two men sitting side by side in the jinker over the eight miles drive in to the township struck me as altogether incredible.

"And how will you come out here in the morning?" I asked, remembering that Joe was not returning.

"Young Jimmy's got a turnout of his own," said Joe before Alec could answer.

"Ain't I got a tongue?" demanded Alec.

"You ain't using it too much," retorted Joe, but he said it in a low voice, and a remark from Rene covered it up.

"I don't know why Mr. Bailey couldn't run in and get Jimmy himself. It wouldn't take more than an hour in the car."

"Don't you reckon Mr. Bailey's got enough to do?" asked Joe.

Rene pouted and didn't answer, and after a short silence, in which I believe all three of them were trying to think of something nasty to say, Alec pushed back an empty cup and said in a tone of finality: "That ain't the point. Jimmy's got to have his turnout here; he'll want to go home at week-ends."

"And I do all the week-ends in the kitchen on me own!" snapped Rene. "Eight men, and them inside. Last year, when young Dick was here . . ."

"You won't see much of the shearers after lunch Saturdays," Joe assured her. "You know their form, and this crowd's got a car."

"What's all this got to do with Jimmy?" asked Alec. "Jimmy's coming out to work in the shed." He was looking at Joe, but he was speaking to Rene, and she knew it.

She was gathering up the empty plates, and stopped to fix a belligerent stare on the regular hand across the table. "And what was I supposed to do when I come here—cook for a whole damned shearing shed?"

Joe held up a warning hand. "Break it down, Rene—they'll hear you inside . . ."

"What do I care?"

"You can take it." It was the end of the meal. Joe got up, looked deliberately at the table in front of Alec, and demanded abruptly: "How about it—your ready?"

"I been waiting for yer for the last five minutes," snarled Alec.

It was my first meal on the place, and I felt I



● "Nivir a word about wages."

All the same, I wanted him to talk for a little while, not only because I was curious about him, but because I was fascinated by the sound of his voice. I began by asking him how long he had been in Australia.

"Eighteen monts," he said. He was lying flat on his back, but turned his head to beam across at me.

"Do you like it out here?"

"Oh yes, I loike it all right. It's a great country."

I waited, but he just kept on looking at me, all ready for the next question.

"This is a funny place, Mick, isn't it? They all seem to hate each other."

"Who?" His eyebrows went up a little in surprise.

"Why, Joe—Alec—Rene—"

"They don't mane one half of it." He said it quite patiently, but the wide staring eyes suddenly made me feel I'd said something mean and foolish.

"Perhaps you're right, too," I agreed, and lifted my book. I wanted to think him over.

It was very quiet lying there, just the two of us in the little hut, with the lamp burning steadily between us. The wind had fallen, and between those little puffs that always find something to move in old buildings there was absolute silence. Some minutes passed, and I was trying to imagine what it would be like tomorrow night, with the shearers and Alec and young Jimmy, when I heard Mick say something.

"What was that, Mick?" I asked, looking across at him.

"I saw a rabbit's funeral."

He was lying quite still with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and the smile of a man looking at a vision of Paradise.

"Eh?" I exclaimed.

"I saw a rabbit's funeral."

Something like a chill flowed over me, and I laid down my book. I heard him correctly—he'd seen a rabbit's funeral.

"You see some funny things in the bush, Mick," I observed hurriedly.

I thought of the empty wine-bottle on the shelf, but as he rolled his head over to face me I knew that whatever intoxication it was that had gripped him it wasn't the intoxication of alcohol.

"It's true!" he whispered. "A rabbit's funeral! A dead rabbit was being buried, and there I stand while they all march past me, just as if it was a rale man that was going to his last grave."

"Where was this, Mick?"

"Out on the plain there beyond the dam. There was I, walking out for to bring in the cows, and niver a sowl in soight or a thought in me hade, and—Mother of God, it starts! Such a wailing and squealing as niver you heard in all your born days. And over the grane grass they come, thousands and thousands of rabbits, all in the long, long lines. B'the Holy, it must have been the King Rabbit of thim all!"

Here was the vision he had been staring at all the afternoon. No wonder the petty bickerings of the dinner-table had passed over his head.

"How close did they come to you?" I asked breathlessly.

He'd turned in in his singlet. Out from under the blankets came an arm round and slender as the arm of a woman.

"I could've touched thim—loike that!"

"You kept still?"

"Niver a breath did I draw. They're loike the wee people, they niver see ye if ye stay fast. And call on the Holy Trinity. Ye're safe if ye spake the Holy Trinity."

"And they were weeping and wailing?"

"Wailing? . . . the loike of it was niver heerd on earth. There he came on the grane branches, high up on the showlders of four rabbits big as hares, and walking on their hindmost legs loike lions. I can see him as he passes, roight at these fate of moine, lying with his wee paws folded on his chist, and the long ears of him all limp at his hade. And after him the Quane Rabbit, sobbing loike a lost sowl, and held up by her two ladies at aitch soide. And behoind thim all the rabbits of the realm, squealing and stumbling among the stones away back as far as mortal oiye could say. It was a strange, strange soight."

"Where did they go, Mick? Did you follow them?"

"Mother of God—no! They're all roight if ye jist watch, but niver a move must ye make."

"And they went out of sight?"

The long arm waved once and was withdrawn under the blanket. "Out and out across the plain till ye couldn't see thim any more."

He fell silent, totally absorbed again in his procession of squealing rabbits passing across the ceiling. I could have listened to more, but was at a loss for the next question. Without the actual burial the picture was complete. I, too, lay still, Sven Hedin turned down on my chest, marvelling how any man could so vividly people the clear Australian bush with the phantasies of the bogs of Ireland. But that other darkness had deepened. I felt lonely and depressed. The only sound, the persistent piping of one frog somewhere close by, irritated me, and I began to long for that hum of a car which would indicate the return of the shearers.

Truth to tell I never heard it. I fell asleep, and woke up with some kind of a clatter ringing in my ears. There were voices and a shuffle of footsteps. The lamp was still burning. Mick lay just as I'd seen him last time I'd glanced across.

It is the only time I can recall not being annoyed over being jolted out of a sound sleep. I'd been dreaming, dreams that vanished without a trace the moment I opened my eyes. But I do know that they were uneasy dreams, and that in the immeasurable fraction of time between waking and realising that the shearers had arrived I thought not only of Mick but of the entire company of Meelah.

I sat up so suddenly that Sven Hedin slid off my chest and bumped to the floor. A second or two of utter silence, then the whole brooding atmosphere began to dissolve.

Out of the night, only a few yards away, there came, of all things, the sudden blast of a mouth-

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organ, followed instantly by a gruff and urgent: "Break it down, Alf, for crissake! There's blokes sleeping here."

Then another voice, saying something I couldn't distinguish, and a confusion of approaching footsteps. They stopped at a point which I guessed to be just outside the big hut, and the same two voices came quite clearly:

"Hold on, Frank. He wants . . ."

"Spare me days, not here! Not right outside the bloody huts!"

Footsteps again, shuffling away, and more talk, at a distance. Then they came back, and after a bit of fumbling and whispering the other door scraped open and they went in. Last thing I heard before the door closed again was a third voice: "They ain't all in bed. There's a light in that one over there."

I lay still, interested in the peace that seemed to have crept in and laid down at my side. It was a long time since I'd got off the train and climbed into the jinker beside Joe, since I'd heard people saying things that weren't, in one way or another, disturbing. At the blast of the mouth-organ Mick's face had twitched as if he were going to wake, but all he'd done was roll over away from the light and give a long contented sigh.

I began to dally with the idea of getting up and going in to make the acquaintance of the men, but thought better of it, and after a few minutes I blew out the lamp and fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

It interested me, and disappointed me, next morning to see how the shearers kept to themselves. I was in a hurry to talk to them, to get to know them, and fondly believed that the simple fact that I was on the press would establish an immediate basis of friendship.

It wasn't like that at all. When I came out at seven o'clock to wash in the tin basin standing on a case near the door, the door of the big hut also was open, and two of the newcomers stood at the foot of the steps, smoking, looking towards the woolshed, and talking in low voices.

I was all ready to walk over and engage them in conversation, but something in the way they responded to my "good morning", and in the non-committal way they looked at me, stopped me in time. I had a wash with a feeling that they never took their eyes off me.

All four of them were just in front of me as I walked up to the house when the bell rang for breakfast, but although one of them glanced back at the sound of my footsteps they didn't wait for me to catch up, and we entered the kitchen still complete strangers.

I was expecting casual introductions. None came. They were a community in themselves right from the beginning. They didn't talk even to each other, and replied to the occasional remarks that were addressed to them with the rather excessive politeness of men moving in an environ-



● "Been here 30 years."

ment they don't trust. They sat in a row opposite me, and although they ate heartily I could see that they were like me yesterday, impatient to be finished and get outside again. They were much the same age, somewhere between thirty and forty, and there was an expression of calm and guarded self-sufficiency common to all their faces. They were even dressed alike: "twist" trousers whitened by repeated washings, and frayed jackets over heavy flannel singlets. I learned later that they were mates of long standing and had followed the sheds all the way down through Queensland and central New South Wales.

Jimmy turned out to be a youngster just left State school, with a shock of red curly hair and a cheeky face. He was the only one at the table who tried to make talk, but nobody encouraged him. I was sitting too far away from him, and after several vain efforts to get Rene and Alec to notice him he turned to the shearer just around the corner and announced brightly:

"I'm the picker-up."

"You'll be all right, son," replied the man in a slow deep voice. He smiled, but the smile vanished as he turned his attention from the boy and swiftly scanned the rest of us, as if enquiring as if anybody else would like to say something.

It was little enough to go on, but I think the others felt as I did, that some kind of a warning had been issued to the whole company of Meelah. Alec, I believe, would have liked to come in. I saw his sour eyes move vindictively from one to another of the quartet of shearers and knew precisely what he was experiencing. Rene must have comprehended too, because when, a moment later, she gave Alec his second cup of tea she placed it before him with unaccustomed gentleness.

"Thanks, Rene," he said.

I could have fallen out of my chair with astonishment. It was the most pathetic closing of the ranks in face of a common enemy I'd ever seen. Only Mick seemed unconscious of what was in the air. Rather amusingly, he was also the only one who managed to unsettle the newcomers. Several times I saw one or other of them shuffle uneasily under the Irishman's persistent stare. He kept looking at them as if they were men from Mars.

It all made me wonder where I was going to stand. I knew which side I wanted to be on, but with Rene already, and rather ostentatiously, beginning to call me by my first name I knew I was moving off under a handicap.

From the kitchen we went straight to the woolshed. Alec had left the table a few minutes before the rest of us, and as we crossed over from the huts I could see him and Bailey herding sheep in the yards at the back. I'd made up my mind, though, to take my cues as far as possible from the shearers and was close behind them as they went up a ramp at the side of the big shed.

They still took no notice of me. Young Jimmy, running late, went straight through to the other side and began helping in the yards, and for a few minutes I was left entirely to my own devices.

Everything interested me, and in spite of my isolation there came over me a pleasant sense of being on the threshold of worthwhile experience, of having got into a man's world.

A young man in a white dust-coat, who proved to be the classer, stood with his back to me, looking into the nearest pens. There was a breath-catching smell of ammonia, a bedlam of bleating and barking and shouting from outside, an endless wooden tapping of the feet of sheep already penned. Near me was what I guessed to be the press, a heavily constructed wooden box about

head-height, fitted with gadgets that as yet meant nothing to me. There was a big table, a series of cubicles against one wall, a stack of new packs, and a few finished bales of wool in one corner. Tufts of wool were caught everywhere, and all the woodwork had a greasy polished appearance.

One long side of the shed was the actual shearing "board", with the driving-rod just overhead and the four arms still hooked back against the wall. Two of the shearers were occupied with combs and cutters, one sat on the floor pulling a pair of rough moccasins of hessian on to his feet, and the other could be seen working over an engine in a doorless compartment at the far end.

It had got to twenty-five past seven. Bailey and young Jimmy were now inside, urging sheep into the outermost pens, and I was just beginning to wonder what I should do when work actually commenced when one of the shearers walked over to me. I'd seen this particular man taking an occasional curious glance at me, and knew beforehand that he was going to speak to me.

He began by asking me, quite pleasantly, if I was on the press. I said I was.

"You've got a ticket, I suppose?" he went on, as if it were just routine.

"Ticket," I repeated, "what kind of ticket?"

I can still smile when I remember the expression of blank astonishment that came over his face.

"What kind of ticket—why, a Union ticket."

"I've got no union ticket," I replied innocently. "What union?"

"A.W.U., of course." His expression hardened. "You're not a member?"

"I'm not a member of any union."

"Spare me days, mate," he scratched his head and waved his hand at the press, "you can't work that without a ticket."

The assumption that I knew I was doing something wrong irritated me. The other two shearers on the board were now both looking towards us, and in a distant pen Bailey suddenly straightened up.

"Then what about telling me something?" I said. "I've never been in a shearing-shed before. What am I supposed to do?"

"You're supposed to be in the Union." His voice was much less aggressive, though. I even thought I detected the beginnings of a smile on his tough face. "You're a new-chum, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Been out long?"

"Six months."

"Jeese, you're new all right! Where'd you come from? I mean, how did Bailey get you?"

"Excell's Agency in town. But I came up as groom. When I got here . . ."

"I might have guessed it!" The smile broke out, a smile full of irony. "I was warned about this joint. There's trouble here every year. The greatest nest of crawlers this side the black stump. You prepared to take a ticket now? Cost you twenty-five bob."

"Sure I'll take a ticket."

We went for our pockets together. At the same moment a whistle blew and I looked over to see Bailey's hand just leaving his mouth. He was facing us, and I knew he'd been watching us all the time.

My companion, who had brought out a little book and a stub of pencil, turned swiftly to his mates on the board. "Hold your horses a minute, boys! What's your name, mate?"

I liked the "mate". "Tom Johnstone."

He began to write, while out of the corners of my eyes I observed Bailey pushing towards us through the pens.

"Got a permanent address anywhere?"

"No."

"I'll put Meelah Station, that'll do for now. I'll tell you all about it later. I'm the Rep. here. I've got to see that everything's in order. What's Bailey paying you?"

"Fifty shillings and keep."

"Fifty bob and keep!" He kept his attention on his writing, but I saw the corners of his lips drop grimly. "The rate on the press is four pounds nineteen and eightpence—and keep. He's got to pay you that or we don't start."

Four pounds nineteen and eight—or WE don't start. It was beginning to make sense.

By this time Bailey had reached us. He arrived blowing hard from the exertions of fighting his way through three pens of frightened sheep.

"What's the hold-up?" he demanded. "I blew the whistle."

The shearer leisurely tore off the ticket and gave it to me before he answered. "Just joining him up, Mr. Bailey," he said civilly. "We're right now. Everything's in order."

Bailey was glaring at me as if he'd like to cut my throat, but I met him with a confidence that in the last few minutes had been flowing into me like wine.

"This man isn't experienced, you know," he said to the shearer. "He's got everything to learn."

"Well, I didn't engage him. I'm only joining him up to the Union. He's the presser, isn't he?"

"I'm going to teach him . . ."

"You've still got to pay him the award. Why didn't you get an experienced man? There's sheds cutting out everywhere."

Bailey's eyes were darting from one to the other of us. I felt a bit mean standing silent while the dispute went on over my head, but could think of nothing to say which wouldn't have sounded childish insolent.

"Anyway," said the shearer in a tone of finality, "you know as well as I do what the position is. We don't start with a presser unless working under the award, and that's all there is to it. What're you worrying about? You've got a man," he gave me a sly wink, "all you want on the press is a strong arm and a weak head. If he doesn't suit you can sack him."

Next moment it was all over. Bailey gave an exasperated snort, glanced angrily at the idle board, and passed the back of his hand over his upper lip as if his nose were dripping.

"All right, damn you!" he burst out. "Let's get on with it. I'll sack him all right if he's no good, you needn't worry about that." And after relieving his feelings by giving a second and prolonged blast on the whistle he headed for the press, muttering: "You won't get me paying good money . . ."

"Into it, mate!" The shearer gave me a hearty dig in the side. "You're on full money—it's up to you now. Give him a go."

It was an hour or two before I got a civil word out of Bailey, but he did get over it. And I can flavor yet the warm feeling of comradeship that was on me when, at twelve o'clock, I walked up to the house with the shearers for lunch.

The big moment for a youth is not, as we are so often told, when he first does a man's work. It is when he first receives a man's wages and finds other men standing beside him as equals.

THE DEATH OF BERT SASSENOWSKY

A legend concerning the volcanic
hole at Allendale.



—Ron Edwards

Let me set the elegiac tempo of this poem.
It is the slow, slightly anxious squeaking of a
wagon

And the rolling eyewhites of its slaving oxen,
While a sky pitched low and flapping like a tent
Sheers up its winds from Cape Northumberland.

Above the faint steam of manure and leather
Bert Sassenowsky sits and rocks, spitting
Between his teeth at the ambling rumps below:
Shafts of late light impale his pale eyes:
In protest he stirs and threatens to come alive.

From under the shallow shadow of Mount Schank
The pub at Bellum-Bellum slides into sight.
The plain of cows and lucerne, now in focus,
Has hidden its secret of Aboriginal blood
That stained the soil black thirty years ago.

“Bellum-Bellum—Aboriginal word for War”
In a thought more Greek than Latin, Sassenowsky
Scans the passing gums for scars of spears,
Imagines the snaking spines in the silent rushes,
The sudden shouts, the expert whistling nullahs
Of that great tribal war. Explosively
He leaps and slumps. “They’ve got me!”
He weeps to the great round grinning bums
And lolls there dead until he smells the pub.

Morning rhythms past Bellum-Bellum are bleaker,
Lull of echo. The winding track is etched
On a thin volcanic crust of porous rock.
In the great honeycomb of caves beneath
The dead sheep rattle to the thumping hooves.

Holes like sightless sockets beside the track
Bring Bert’s hand to the whip. He yells
For company, and his beasts go delicate
As goats, picking their way in terror
To the wet and singing safety of the sea.

Nine miles away. “A bloody failure!
A carrier of dung! A servant of the servants
Of the soil!” Bert thought of Bert,
Of farms, of earth, of mangel-wurzels, mortgages,
Of the one true union his blind mind

Had wanted from the itching of his scythe
And the passionate bending, aching of his back.
“I love you not!” The caves give way
To the soft and lichenous bogs of Allendale,
His shout dissolves in a murmuring of springs.

His hate grows silent while the oxen strain.

Other than defeat, there is only irony
In return for the ardors of being human.
Only irony gives answer to the private prayer,
Dying is the common course of living.
“To hell with the district!” roars Bert in despair.

The wet soil on its wafer of rock collapses!
The first ox sits, and slides, a startled grotesque,
A stiffened corpse on a slippery dip,
And the next. A watery hole appears
Slimed with the rot of a million years,

Receives the mud, Bert, oxen, and the wheels.
The green scum spins, bobbles, settles,
Hisses, falls still, and listens, listens . . .
Through the hours and days the bodies sink
In love and blackness to the hot rivers

That rush and wind through the airless veins
Of the burning rocks miles down.
Envoi: the great stone wall built round this hole;
The road that bifurcates to either side;
The arum lilies that dream above the slime.

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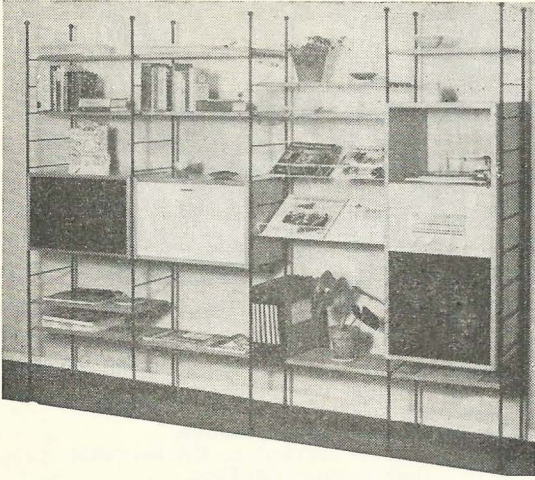
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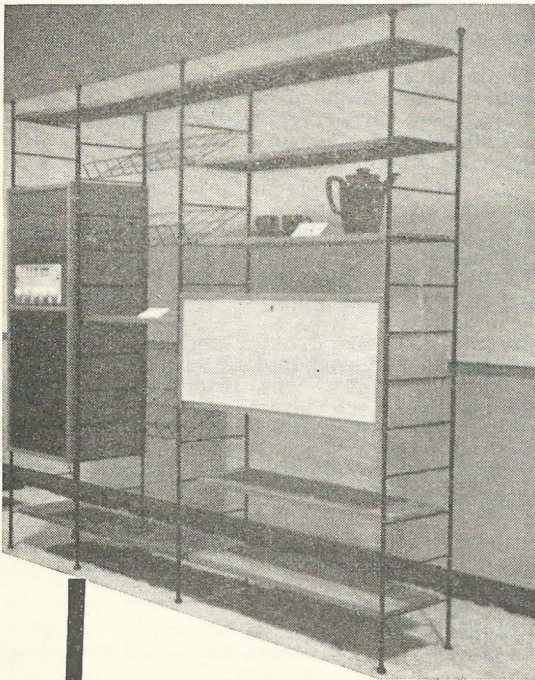
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THE WEDDING FEAST

IT was cool on the verandah of the mission house, and the afternoon breeze that blew from the sea below dried the sweat I had made in climbing the hill. We sat in cane chairs, the missionary and I, looking across the bay at the green and blue hills. Those New Guinea hills seem to have colors all of their own.

A native girl brought tea. She wore a grass skirt, and flowers in her hair, and nothing else that I could see. She had obviously just reached the age for marriage, and the missionary looked everywhere except at her breasts.

"How long did you say you've been in the Territory?" he said to me.

"Two years."

"Dear me! And this is the first time you've come to see us. You must be a busy man."

"I've come for the wedding. The bridegroom, Lohia, invited me."

"It's nice of you to attend. It makes the natives feel important to have a European guest."

"I came because I wanted to come. Lohia is a friend of mine. We borrow books from each other, and I visit him for meals."

"Oh, really? Do you think that's a good idea?"

"Yes: meals in staff quarters are monotonous."

"I mean, I've been hearing about you in the village for some time now. It's easy to overdo this fraternising with natives. It can make them—rather demanding."

"That won't hurt me. I'm not a missionary."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

"Twenty-three, and you've been in New Guinea two years. I'm twice your age and I've been here half my life—excepting the war years—and I'm in a position to offer advice about dealings with natives. Look at the village at the bottom of the hill; I've had so much to do with the people down there that I've learned what's best. Too much fraternising makes them discontented, makes them yearn for things they can't have."

"I'm glad I'm not a missionary. I'd have such problems."

The girl took away the tea things. Like her people in the village below, she was honey-skinned like a Maori or a Hawaiian. Most of the people in that part of New Guinea look like Polynesians, with Caucasoid features that we find attractive because they are like our own. There is a theory that their ancestors were Polynesians who ventured far and settled on the shores of New Guinea.

"Your father," said the missionary, "must have died when you were born."

"I was born in Australia two months after he was killed."

"A shocking business, your father's death. But a noble death in the course of duty. He was one of New Guinea's finest missionaries."

I left the mission house then, and walked down the hill carrying my parcel. The wedding was scheduled for five o'clock in the mission school,

so I decided to spend the spare hour wandering about Torena. It is an intriguing village: the houses stand two or three deep over the sea, on thin sticks rising from the water, with networks of planks around them. The roofs and walls are made of plaited palm-thatch and rushes, and the floors of boughs are covered with rush mats.

The father of the bride hailed me from his window. The old rogue asked me inside to drink tea with him, his grin showing his widely-spaced red teeth, stained by betel-nut. Mea, a very old man by local standards, was forty-seven. I think he is one of the men who ate my father.

He wore a red *rami*, a length of cloth wrapped around the waist to form a kind of kilt, and when we squatted on the floor to drink the tea brought by his flaccid-breasted old wife he committed what the law in other places calls indecent exposure.

"How much money do you make from this wedding?" I said.

"Three hundred pounds!" he said, and laughed that roaring laugh of his. "Before white people came, men gave us pigs for our daughters. Two, three pigs, for one girl. My daughter is the prettiest girl in Torena, she can read and write a little. Three hundred pounds!"

The schoolhouse was crowded when I arrived there. Sitting cross-legged on the floor were the villagers, men in *ramis* and girls in grass skirts. The village elders sat on benches on the left of the room, and some Europeans invited to the spectacle by the missionary sat on benches to the right. I accepted the seat that Mea offered me with the elders.

Lohia and his pretty bride had clothes from the communal ceremonial wardrobe. He wore shoes and a white suit, and she a silken gown like a nightdress. Her toes peeped from the hem as she padded barefoot down the aisle.

The native people were hushed, whilst amid slight titterings from the missionary's European guests the service was read in English.

Outside the building the missionary shook hands with the groom and bride, and the sightseeing Europeans stood aside whispering and smiling, until one of them thrust his middle-aged face at the bride and kissed her.

"Must kiss the bride," he said, "ho, ho, ho."

His companions disagreed.

I shook Lohia's hand, and his bride's hand, and joined the party that wound down the hill, leaving the missionary and his friends standing in the late afternoon sunlight.

The food for the feast was stacked in the village square: a pig, bunches of red-skinned bananas, coconuts, cakes, lolly-water, and purple fruits. The pig was bound to the spit and the fire lighted. Night came fast and a recorded modern waltz churned its way out of the recreation hut, competing with the crackling of the flames. I added my parcel, containing a book and a pressure-cooker, to the pile of gifts.

People in the hut were dancing. I was pushed in by Pou, a clerk's assistant in the department where I worked. I have never seen Pou without his shoes, trousers and shirt. Some say he sleeps in them and dreams that he is a European. Pou brought a girl to me, a girl like the one at the mission house, with flowers in her hair, and a grass skirt at thirty-degrees tilt on her hips, and a perfect unassisted figure.

"Go ahead, dance with her," he said. "Her name is Namo-na."

"Don't show me off, Pou," I said. "I don't want to dance. I'll sit down and talk to her."

She laced her fingers with mine and we sat on a bench. The bridal couple swept by in the waltz,

and Namo-na's fingers twitched in time with the music. This hand-holding is an innocent affair with Papuans. Pairs of men often hold hands, to denote friendship. It has the same origin and significance as our European custom of hand-shaking: clasped hands cannot use weapons or do any other violence, so their owners must be at peace. Papuans like to prolong the gesture.

"You are very pretty," said Namo-na.

"Thank you," I said.

The coconut oil in her black hair gave it a blue sheen. Most Europeans in New Guinea say the smell of coconut oil in a girl's hair is objectionable, but I find it exciting.

The dancers thinned out. The bridal couple had gone, and soon the hut was almost empty, for most of the people had tired of European dancing and had gone outside to the square where they danced after their own native fashion. Lohia and the bride had changed from their wedding clothes into grass skirts.

Namo-na led me to the square and spoke to me in her own tongue:

"I want thee to dance the dance of love with me."

In the Motu language there is an exclusive form of "we," and she used this form when she said:

"We like the dance of love. It makes us feel beautiful."

"It will make trouble," I said, "if I dance with thee. Go find a young man from thy village."

As she walked away with her grass skirt rustling, old Mea came to me with his red-toothed grin. We watched the erotic dancing.

"You could have danced with her," said Mea. "The people in the village, they like you. They say you should marry a girl of the village."

"I don't believe in buying girls," I said.

"I can get you a big reduction," he said.

I gave him a playful punch in the belly, and he laughed his roaring laugh.

"The missionary, he says God does not like it either," said Mea. "We all help the mission. Some of our girls work in the mission house. The village gives work, money and copra."

"And in return?" I asked.

"We have the Word of God," said Mea, and he laughed that loud laugh of his. From two feet away, his laughter struck my ears as a roar, but in the ears of the missionary and his friends it was just a tiny assimilated part of a confused noise that floated up to the mission house on the hill.

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AFTER THE GAMES

WE are all a little different to what we seem. A whole city, a whole nation, can be different from what it seems. There are not five thousand Australians who read poetry. But the XVI. Olympiad of the modern era was a poem written by a hundred and twenty thousand people.

Great poetry has the quality of surprise that takes the breath away. It is the achievement of the improbable; the improbable becoming inevitable. The Games were like that. We know that they could not have failed, but we could not be sure beforehand. Let's admit that some caught the spirit belatedly. Do you remember how the left-wing press, when the idea of a Melbourne Olympics was first put forward, opposed it on the grounds that men and materials were needed to build houses for the people?

The Olympic idea, the Olympic ideal, is something real, something concrete, it is not an illusion. Ideals have to be fought for. The success of the XVI. Olympiad, its truth, its inner poetic force and humanising reality must teach us that there is no need for cynicism or for despair. The people can be trusted, the people can be relied on. Poetry is alive in the life of Australia.

I was in London one week before the flame was lit in Melbourne. The news from Egypt and from Hungary lay heavy on everyone's heart. People feared war. When the headlines told of the landing of the Tommies at Port Said, girls were weeping in their offices and men not giving to cursing cursed the Government.

In Fleet Street, when I told friends that instead of trying to go to Warsaw or to Budapest I was going back to Melbourne, they laughed at me. Who cared two straws for the Olympic Games now, far away at the other end of the world? A nice funk hole . . . But in the end they were wrong. The Melbourne triumph had much to do with the London gloom.

The desire of the people for happiness and for peace is not politics, no more than love is politics. Otherwise you could say that the Melbourne Games were one of the greatest and most moving political demonstrations that can be imagined.

The sigh that went up in the stadium when the flame was extinguished on December 8 was the sigh of the world for brotherliness and peace.

There was too much military pomp. Why did artillerymen have to roar into the stadium with motorised guns for the closing ceremony? The salute rang out so noisily that even the Duke of Edinburgh nearly jumped out of his chair. Four army N.C.O.'s. slow-marched the flag out of the arena. Why? What have they to do with it? And just after the athletes had marched in all jumbled up, not according to nations but according to friendship . . .

The Olympic Games are not a tattoo.

At the West Melbourne stadium the Japanese girls were performing on the parallel bars. Some unfortunate judge indicated a score for their achievement which was far below what it should have been.

Eight thousand Melbourne people booed and whistled till the rafters shook. They were going to see justice. Justice for the Japanese as for anyone else. Had these people short memories? No. They knew what it was all about.

The Japanese were among the most popular of all the competitors.

The Abyssinians did not win a single medal; gold, silver or bronze. They fought very hard, though; one of their cyclists made the pace in the road race and one of their runners in the early stages of the Marathon. Can you imagine what conditions are like for sportsmen in Ethiopia?

Or in Liberia, in the Gold Coast, in Venezuela or Burma?

We talk about the terrific records. But so far only a minute fraction of the human race is represented and competing on level terms. Wait till that is changed and we shall really see records!

The Indian team did not represent India: it chiefly represented the Indian army, where a runner or a wrestler may at least get enough to eat. What can India do if her army alone produces such athletes?

And can Australian Aborigines not throw the javelin, can they not jump and run? One day we shall have a hundred Doug Nicholls' to wear Australian jerseys.

It is rare to find joy without tragedy. Anentia Arere is a 25 year old long distance runner from Kenya. He wanted to show the world that Negroes can be great over the 10,000 metres too, not only in the sprints. He trained hard and persistently. He came to Melbourne. A long way! Something went wrong. When the day came, Arere was forgotten in the dressing room, not notified of the start, and never ran in the 10,000.

As a consolation they let him enter the 5,000 metres, which isn't his distance. Zatopek gave him an autographed copy of his book on running; Australian athletes gave him their jerseys. But is that a consolation?

Dave Stephens told me this: Dave who was unlucky, but whom we should not forget, for he is a true Olympian. A typical Aussie too, without false pretensions. In the later stage of the Games he got himself a job cutting the lawns at Olympic Park. Good on Dave Stephens, but I doubt that Kuts has to take this kind of job.

The most beautiful girl on the field was seventeen year old Mary Leela Rao of Bombay, but the face I remember best is that of Mildred McDaniel, just before she broke the high jump world record. She actually broke it twice, but some minor technicality discounted her first winning leap.

A poised, handsome and intelligent woman. How she fought down her tears and kept a tight grip on herself to make a second attempt—and how she succeeded!

Yes, where would the American team have been without its dark-skinned members, men and women? Yet, I was also somewhat surprised not to see more athletes from the smaller nationalities and the Asian Republics in the team of the U.S.S.R.

I remember the Indian hockey eleven shedding its boots as the grand final progressed till, at half time, some were barefoot, some played in their stockings and a few were left with boots on. And who among those who saw it will forget the moment when, Pakistan and India not having scored yet, a penalty bully came up? That empty goal! And finally Gentle's winning shot! Through the long tournament and up to that moment India had scored 36 goals to nil—but she could have lost the gold medal but for that shot, for she defeated Pakistan only 1:0.

The human brain is subject to strange delusions. I was highly delighted to see the revival of English soccer in the match against Bulgaria—the lily-whites were leading solidly at the change over. It was only after the match, taking another look at the program, that I discovered that Bulgaria was playing in white jerseys and shorts and England in the red jersey.

That probably explained why the jack-tars from the cruiser Newcastle were so desperately waving their rattles about at half time—till one hit me on the elbow. Soccer revival? My Granny's leg!

Some of the big name newspapermen from overseas were rarely seen in the stands. They followed events on the TV screen in the press room, and only occasionally popped out to take in a bit of atmosphere.

Some thought the most moving moment of the Games was Kuts' win in the 5,000 metres. Others when the band played the Soldiers' Song after Ron Delaney's victory in the 1,500 metres, and the Duke and all his entourage stood to attention to hear the song which it used to be (used to be?) death to sing in Belfast. Many will not forget the ovation for Zatopek when he ran in sixth in the Marathon, or for John Landy, or for the local girls when they garnered the sprint gold medals with grace and power. Some will never forget Bob Morrow consoling the losers, or Spirine folding to his breast, at the end of the 20 km. walk, his two fellow Russians who came second and third.

But I will remember Alain Mimoun.

At Helsinki in '52, and in London in '48, he challenged Zatopek three times, and three times lost. The Melbourne Marathon was his last chance. Both he and Zatopek were at the end of their running days.

Mimoun of Algeria, running for France, is a very great athlete. Those who knew about him held their breath when his name was first flashed onto the board, during that long race. What must have been his thoughts when he ran into the stadium, out there in front, alone?

Mimoun fought against the Nazis. Wounded three times.

Alas for Les Perry, who had to fall out near the end! He was well up with the leaders. Had he come in, we would have heard the greatest roar of all.

Having watched the wrestlers for a while, I went for a stroll through the parts of the Exhibition Building where the fencers were training. Passing through an unused room, I came across a man and a woman—a woman sitting on a man's lap. She was a young Hungarian fencer and he a bearded French swordsman. Their two foils leaned peacefully against the wall.

The crowd made the Olympics and the crowd knew it. During the closing ceremony, Avery Brundage was delivering up the thanks of the International Organising Committee. He thanked the

Two Calls

How often, when I seek a silent place
And fill a pen to write
Responsive to the bright
Hard call of a new image, line of song,
Or to an inward tune or moment of high grace,
Another voice, and equally as strong,
Assails me, and a child
Cries to me sweet and wild.

My child! whose voice deploras
The arrogant cold logic of closed doors.

He cries: "How soon, how soon shall I be gone:
Grown up from boy to man. **Then** you'll have time
to baulk;

Poetise in quiet places . . . bellyache upon
The days when I, small and noisy, called you out
to talk!

"But right in the here and now I'm noisy and
small . . .

The world is huge, and I have much to learn.
I need your words in answer to my call;
I need the fuel of your love to make me burn!"

It is an irony: I flee to write
Poems aflame with love and hope and youth,
With gentleness and justice and the light.
Yet lips unskilled shall speak a greater truth:

"O, if you love me **now** and mend my toys,
Maybe your precious songs shall have to wait.
Out of my childhood you may yet create
Poems of some worth . . . but better are living
boys!"

My dearest lad, the fathering heart is frail.
And neither song nor son he dares to lose.
So, in a world where many ills prevail,
Build him another . . . where he need not choose!

MUIR HOLBURN

Governor General. The Prime Minister. The Government of Victoria. The Lord Mayor of Melbourne. All of which was received in silence.

And then he thanked the people of Australia.

The thunderous applause that answered him will go on ringing in our ears till the flag is hoisted again in Rome in 1960.

If, in Italy, they add to the competitions an old and discarded local sport, the throwing of Christians to the lions, could the Archbishop of Melbourne, who delivered the narrow and uninspired opening speech, be Australia's principal representative?

The cultural events during the Games were, most of them, deplorably poor. The architectural exhibition in the Wilson Hall was a pitiful jumble. And of course there was no competition for artists and for poets.

An Olympiad without poets!

But an Olympiad full of the poetic spirit, full of beauty, pathos, strength.

Let us—poets, artists and all others—answer the call which Count Henri de Baillet Latour addressed to the young athletes of the world, to endeavor "to make an end of hate, to eliminate misunderstanding, and to contribute in association with all men of goodwill to the restoration of harmony among the peoples."



Compiled by Eric la Motte

Back from safari in the North-West, Adelaide News editor Rohan Rivett tells the story of the Rough Range worker who unpardonably dropped a hammer down the hole they were boring in search of oil. It took two days to hook the hammer, and clear the blockage.

The foreman finally exploded when the hammer reached the surface: "This thing's no good any more, and neither are you. You're finished."

"No good any more, eh?" the worker said cheerily—and promptly dropped the hammer back into the bore for another two days' fishing.

★

Lawson's Doc. Wild was given a red-gum gravestone—because it lasts. Other writers, too, have taken advantage of this quality in the wood.

On an old-man gum outside the property of a South Australian River Flats sheep-man, noted for his stand-over methods and general lousiness, one of his shearers had carved:

If you're fat and want to be lean,
Work six months for Lockie McVean—
THE BASTARD.

And Western N.S.W. tradition is that Adam Lindsay Gordon, denied grass for the mob of sheep he was droving, was responsible for this inscription on a red-gum gate-post:

May Hell and Damnation take Cudgewa
Station

Should it ever want water and grass . . .
together with a luridly unprintable few lines about
the station overseer, one Paddy O'Spriggin.—C.H.

★

The supervisor was snooping around the job at 9.55—just before smoko. On the ramp leading up to the wharf he saw a billy boiling. He hailed the nearest wharfie:

"Hey, you! Who's tea is that?"

"It's Bushell's."

"Well, go and find him, and tell him he's sacked!"

—D.H.C.

★

There are more ways of killing a cat than stuffing it with butter. In the early days, South Australia got over manpower shortages with Ridley's Stripper; in Victoria, the stump-jump plough was invented. Nowadays, a plough is a plough, and the combine harvester no longer carries Ridley's name. But another, not-so-well-known short cut from scrub to crop is still called Mullenising.

The Mullenses lived a few miles north of Gawler (S.A.), and, tradition has it, did not emulate their

hard-working neighbours. No toilsome grubbing of stumps for them—the crop was sown broadcast among the roots.

These days, the term is dying out fast—as is the scrub.
—Dave S.

★

If you ever go broke, buy a pub. There's money in pubs.

★

The old bloke was looking up at the big iron-bark tree leaning ominously across his roof.

"Why don't you cut her down?" asked the visitor.

"Ah well," sighed the old bloke, "the missus isn't too handy with the axe."
—D.M.

★

Arriving on the job, the master builder wasn't at all happy about the way the brickie's laborer was using his shovel to mix "compo".

He grabbed the shovel out of the man's hand, and hopped into it. "Put more beef into it, man. Like this. Here—have a go."

The laborer followed the boss' example for a minute and a half. Then he handed the shovel back to the builder with the comment: "Your turn again."

★

On the Queensland canefields at the turn of the century, one of the biggest millowners was one Gibson, a devout churchman. Most of his workers were Kanakas.

On pay day, they drew their wages at one window. Next to it, however, was another window—and here they handed the money back in.

The mill-owner explained that this was "to save them from destroying their immortal souls by spending it on beer, tobacco and loose women."

In that district, if anyone wants to refer to something as being a sure thing, they say that it is "as safe as Gibson's pay."
—D.M.

★

Social Protest Department (Junior Executive Division): "Yes, I'm a two-ulcer man holding down a four-ulcer job."

★

Jim the organiser was speaking at a lunch-break meeting on a big building job. The starting whistle had gone about ten minutes ago, and Jim was still going strong.

One of his audience showed signs of restiveness, and finally asked Jim what about getting back to the job.

"Listen, brother," said Jim, "this is only the second meeting I've had on this job in three months, so you just sit quiet and listen to what I've got to say."

When Jim had finished, and was about to call for questions, the job steward approached and murmured: "I think you'd better wind it up now, Jim. That's the boss who's been on your back for the last quarter of an hour."
—I.D.B.

★

The transport driver crawled back onto the highway; below in the gully his truck was a pile of twisted metal and splintered wood.

Two old ladies in a baby car pulled up alongside, to ask: "Was anyone killed?"

"Lady, there are six bodies down there . . ."
The car doors opened, and the ladies, complete with cameras, headed for the gully.

"Yeah, bloody car bodies! Now muck off!"

—Glen.

SATIRE OF TODAY



Just look for once into your own back yard through a hole in the fence.

There are always Eskimos ready to instruct the inhabitants of Belgian Congo how to behave during hot spells.

Dark windows are sometimes very clear evidence.
—Stanislaw Jerzy Lec (Poland)

A man who had not seen Keuner for a long time greeted him with these words: "You haven't changed at all."

"Oh," said Herr K., deeply shocked.

"I have noticed," said Herr K., "that many people are shying off our doctrine because we seem to have an answer for everything. Would it not be better propaganda to draw up a list of questions which we consider to be utterly unsolved?"

Asked in Court whether he wished to give an affirmation or whether he preferred to take a religious oath, a working man answered: "I am out of work."

"This was no mere absentmindedness," said Herr K., "by this answer the man declared himself to be in a position in which neither the question put to him nor the judicial system as a whole made any sense at all."

—Bert Brecht (Germany)

A camel with one hump, and a badger were standing by the roadside, when a camel with two humps walked by. The badger guffawed:

"Did you see the two ugly humps he has?" he asked the camel with one hump.

"What do you mean, two humps?" exclaimed the latter with surprise. "I only see one, back there."

"Yeah, and what about the one in front? What's that if not a hump, may I ask?"

"Of course, it isn't. That's a fine, boldly arched back. I've got one like it myself."

—Jeno Heltai (Hungary)

EGYPTIAN FLOOD

Pharaohs lay stately in mountains of stone
Raised in the sweat that the fellaheen shed;
Sweat swelled the Nile whence they wrested their bread

Toiling for Greek and Turk; they too are gone.

Cargoes they floated where deserts had blown;
Red the ships' bottoms, the waters blood-red,
Dyed with life's carmine where laboring dead
Died for the profits the shareholders own.

Floods she has known from the river and sea,
Surging from Suez, and rocky Aswan:
One the wet nurse to the sons she has reared,
One shall add strength to the loins that will be;
Now her flank floods to the torrent of men
Braving the wolves with their cheated fangs bared.

ROSS TRACIE

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Recently published, in special members' editions for A.B.S. Subscribers, have been Alan Marshall's **How's Andy Going?** and Ralph de Boissiere's exciting novel of life in Trinidad, **Rum and Coca Coia**.

"On the stocks" are Marjorie Pizer's collection of little-known stories and poems by Henry Lawson (including the Lawson autobiography, "Early Days")—a worthy publication for the forthcoming 90th anniversary of Lawson's birth—and a dramatic new novel—as yet untitled—by Judah Waten, which has been described as "a realistic crime story."

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STRANGER IN THE LAND

Noticeable recently is the increasing attention by writers to the situation of migrants. Bert Vickers' (W.A.) new novel, "First Place to the Stranger," has now reached Australian bookshops; it deals with a British family in Australia. **Overland** has received several short stories about Greek and Italian migrants recently. The theme of Richard Beynon's play "The Shifting Heart", which recently won the Sydney Journalists' Club £250 first prize for an Australian play, is that of Italian migrants settling into Australian life.

Speaking at the Australian Book Fair during Melbourne's "Moomba" celebrations in March, Beynon paid a tribute to the Playwrights' Advisory Board in Sydney and the Sydney Journalists' Club for setting out to find new Australian plays, and for giving writers like himself and Ray ("Summer of the Seventeenth Doll") Lawler "a chance to claim at long last that we are writing for the Australian theatre." Both Ray Lawler and Richard Beynon, incidentally, are professional actors.

Beynon says that the play will be produced by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust in Sydney in September. Mr. Leslie Rees, Chairman of the Judging Committee, says that the play, which is set in Melbourne backyards in a tough area, "is rich with compassion, character-humor and observation." Second prize in the competition was won by Martin Ashby, of Inverell, N.S.W., for "The Big Multi-Colored Umbrella." Highly-commended were Oriel Gray, Alan Seymour and Ric Throssell.

REWARDS FOR WRITERS

The Sydney journalists' 1957 prizes will be for a short story (£200) and a poem (£100). The competition closes on September 30, and entry forms can be obtained from the club at 166 Philip Street, Sydney. Meanwhile Merv. Copley, the indefatigable secretary of the Mary Gilmore Literary Competitions, writes that the "Mary Gilmore" novel competition is now open. A substantial prize, to be announced later, will be awarded. and entries will close with the Secretary, May Day Committee, C/o. Trades Hall, Newcastle, on March 1, 1958.

BOOKS STILL CROOK IN TALLAROOK—

Six hundred and forty-three books were published in Australia in 1956, the National Library reports. This is the largest number since 1951, but less than were published in 1941 and only 150 more than were published in 1936. The really alarming thing is that in only three years since 1936 (they were 1937, 1954 and 1955) have so few works of imaginative literature been published. Of these 643 books published last year only 20 were poetry, 5 drama, and 33 fiction. And "book" of this purpose means anything over four pages long.

—BUT NO GLOOMBA IN MOOMBA

The Moomba Book Fair in Melbourne this year took the form of a country show, with the Lower Town Hall subdivided into sections by stockyard railings. Not as many books were sold as last

year, but this year's fair was marked by a particularly full program of speakers on topics ranging from Ian Johnson's "Why I Don't Read Cricket Books" to Arthur Phillips' sensitive tribute to Judith Wright, Kenneth Slessor and Douglas Stewart.

SOME ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC

More subscriptions, more circulation; more circulation, less overheads; less overheads, more pages; more pages, more stories, poems and articles in each issue. It's as simple as that!

Overland still needs from readers names and addresses of likely readers to whom we can send specimen copies of back numbers.

We now also have available attractive dodgers which explain Overland to the prospective customer. Would you like a few to hand round?

This issue of Overland may be smaller than the last because of the losses involved in selling a magazine with five shillings worth of reading (by today's standards) for 1/6. Many thanks to the following for helping to close the gap: J.K.M., £2; T.H., £2; F.J., £1/3/-; K.C., £1/3/-; I.S., £1; I.A.G., £1; P.M.C.Q., 18/-; A.M.C., 13/-; S.B., 13/-; F.J.H., 13/-; N.G., 13/-; J.C., 13/-; G.J.D., 13/-; A.G.M., 13/-; D.B., 13/-; J.C.F., 13/-; S.M., 13/-; D.B., 13/-; P.A., 13/-; G.D., 10/6; N.B., 10/-; J.C., 9/-; J.A., 7/-; and twenty-eight donors at under six shillings.

ALDRIDGE AND PALMER

James Aldridge's new novel, which follows on approximately where "The Diplomat" leaves off, is finished and in the hands of the publishers. Mr. W. T. Aldridge, James' father, told me this when I rang him up the other day.

Vance Palmer has finished his new novel, a sequel to "Golconda" probably to be called "Seed-Bed", and a book of Vance Palmer's short stories, from most periods, has just appeared, called "The Rainbow Bird". It is edited by Professor Alan Edwards of W.A. A new edition of "The Passage" is to be published by Cheshire's, and of "The Swayne Family" by Angus and Robertson's.

Mr. Palmer's comedy "Meadowsweet" was broadcast by the A.B.C. during March.

OIL FOR THE MID-NIGHT LAMPS . . .

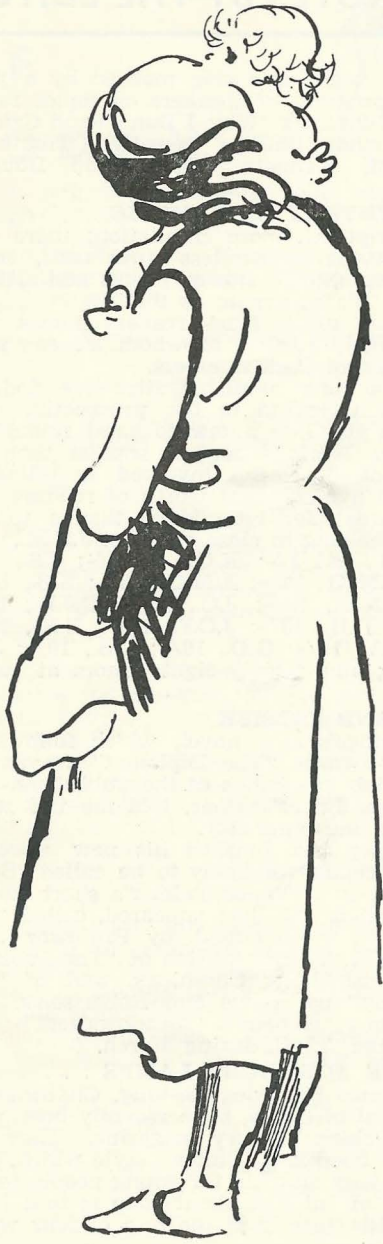
Eighteen poems by Mao Tse-tung, Chairman of the Government of China, have recently been published in a Peking literary magazine. They are written in the traditional Chinese style which, Mao warns, is not very suitable for young people today. Another item of interest about Mao is that he is learning English steadily at the rate of four words a day.

And while we're on China, it's worth noting that throughout the world there is interest in how the new cultural principle "Let flowers of all kinds blossom" will pan out in practice. One pointer is that a series of lectures on history from different standpoints is to take place at Peking University. All lecturers will be welcome, materialists and idealists, foreigners and Chinese, according to the Peking University's Dean of History, Chien Poutsan.

"MOODS OF LOVE"

Over a hundred people heard Vance Palmer, Judah Waten, Alan Marshall and Herz Bergner speak on "The Jewish Contribution to Australian Literature" at an evening held in Melbourne recently to assist the publication of Laurence Collinson's "The Moods of Love."

(Continued on Page 22)



SCENES OF VENICE

From Noel Counihan's
Italian Sketch Book

warm grey walls
with building in street
behind umbrella a deep
cold grey

3 women at near table
deep green hat hedge growing
no boxes around table.

* yellow ochre door.



Sienna ochre coloured
wooden table & chair legs.

"Poldo"
Fringze

↑ ↑
wooden boards laid on ground
beneath table chairs & over
sitter.

Swag

There are only a few copies left for ordering of the subscription edition of this book, which is being published by Overland. This will be an attractively-produced 96-page book, and orders for the special edition can be placed by sending the full cost of £1 to the Editor of Overland at G.P.O. Box 98A, Melbourne, C.1.

LAWSON

Lawson's ninetieth anniversary comes up in June. Wonder how much of a fuss there will be in the press? At any rate we have at least two new Lawson publications coming out soon—the Australasian Book Society's collection (by Marje Pizer) of unpublished or little-known material, and Dr. Mackness' collection to be published by A. & R. If any readers can contribute material for the next Overland suitable to the Lawson anniversary we would be pleased. We have one or two things lined up already. Pity they won't re-issue that Lawson stamp.

A GRASS-SEED IN THE SOCK

Annoying as a grass-seed in one's sock has been that perennial query, "Who really was Brent of Bin Bin?" Dr. Colin Roderick, writing in the Melbourne Age in January, revealed, as far as I know for the first time, that it really was Miles Franklin. He states that the reason Miles Franklin gave for the subterfuge was that it was the best way to keep an interest in the books and keep her sales up.

"I believe her explanation to be incomplete," Dr. Roderick adds.

Under Miles Franklin's will—the amount of money she left surprised most people—£500 is to be awarded each year to the writer of the best novel of the year "presenting Australian life in any of its phases."

First award will be made this year.

Dr. Roderick has also pointed out to me the importance of the Chair of Australian Literature Fund, for which he has been such a tireless worker. Any contributions sent to Overland for the fund will be forwarded to Dr. Roderick.

COUNIHAN CROUCHES

Noel Counihan, whose work has been such an important feature of Overland, has just won the 125 guineas Crouch prize (Ballarat) for the second year running.

This year his entry was "A Square in Venice with Swings"; all who have seen it will remember vividly his winning entry last year, "On Parliament Steps".

—S. Murray-Smith.

WEST OF THE RABBIT-PROOF

Perth: Working on the Terrace isn't so pleasant now autumn winds blow leaves in your face, but it's no pleasanter working on the Fremantle wharves, this season, where there isn't enough work to go round.

Shop assistants here voted 6 to 1 for a 5-day working week, incorporating Friday night shopping. In circles where shop assistants are not yet considered fully human, it's said that this kite-flying is not likely to influence retail-shop-employers to any extent. Wait and see. Another group with not full human status accorded it is in the news, with Pastor Nicholls telling us the Government should do something to stop the rot in living conditions of natives in the Warburtons, before

it starts importing those 10,000 Hungarians by the biggest airlift of migrants yet: but the Pastor is likely to be prejudiced, being a man of color himself.

Elliott's mile is giving us who live west of the rabbit-proof a smugness that says "we picked Herb two years ago at Inters," and those of us who packed the hall while Irene Greenwood chaired International Women's Day said "we told you so" when Shirley Strickland, M.B.E., our Golden Girl of the West, showed how international athletics were a great help in international understanding.

While she's packing for Russia, ballerina Terry Charlesworth is also working out a small piece, "The Brolga," to take there in her satchel . . . choreography by Kira Bouslova, music by composer James Penberthy. Talking of an Australian theme in music, we like to remember Sandra Broun's "Maranoa Lullaby" at the barbecue when Perth met the Chinese Classical Theatre informally in the very pleasant surroundings of Dr. Don Wilson's gardens (the song was recorded and taken home by the Chinese) . . . and that reminds us of the party the Chinese artists turned on for their Perth friends before leaving the West . . . as impressive a showing of natural charm, grace, dignity, friendliness and polish at a diplomatic level as their stage show was impressive at a level not often enjoyed by theatre-goers here—theatre-goers who are asking, when shows as memorable as the Chinese Theatre, the Indian artists and many others were brought to highlight the Festival of Perth, why this intellectual and cultural offering was allowed to fizzle out over at the Gallery, where, despite sustained interest in local writers and music-makers, there was the feeling that a fanfare of some sort should have marked the closing . . . why not an Australian play, a prize-winner in some annual competition to be associated with the Festival? Speaking of writers, we note that the Fellowship of Australian Writers now calls its annual Corroboree a "Summer Party". The President says invited guests had been known to stay away, visualising red ochre and pipeclay as informal dress for the occasion.

Overland Party. The horsebell on the front door hardly stopped ringing one Saturday night recently as visitors flocked past the hitching post and the swag, to go through to the sheltered court at Irene Greenwood's, where yarns were swapped, folk songs from the "Reedy River" singers were listened to, Australian recordings played, to make one of the warmest and most enthusiastic gatherings of writers and readers we've had for some time. The result—just for a start—30 subs. signed, others promised, and a decision to make the Overland Party an annual event. (I'd like to see one winter and one summer, myself.)

—Lyndall Hadow.

★

NEW YEAR'S EVE

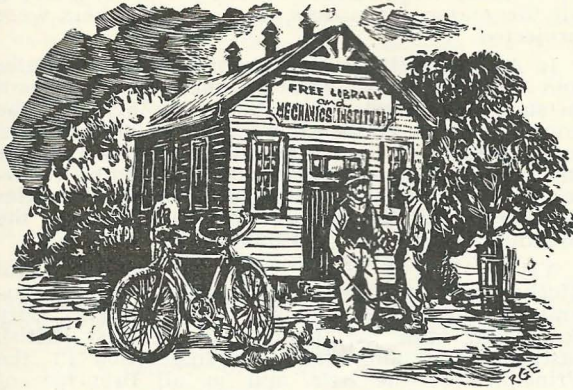
A laugh, a kiss—a year is dead,
With tenderness the new is born.
But no: she turns her face away,
The little rose puts out a thorn.

Her thorns the little rose puts out:
I'm not for plucking, let me be!
A little thorn, a drop of blood—
I'll kiss her though she won't kiss me.

If she won't kiss me, I'll kiss her.
And may the year that now ascends
Trouble her lips with sweet desire,
And touch her heart till it unbends.

DAVID MARTIN

Overland, April 1957



JANET
HOWARD

The Urban Tradition

“Liberty! name of warning!
Didst thou feel our pulses beat
As we marching moved this morning
All adown the cheering street?”

ON a wintry morning one hundred years ago streams of working men dressed in their Sunday best converged on Melbourne's Carlton Gardens. Undaunted by the chilly wind and lowering sky, stonemasons, bricklayers, bricklayers' laborers, carpenters and joiners, painters and paperhangers, slaters and quarrymen, assembled towards midday on May 12, 1856. They stamped their feet as they waited about greeting friends, men they had got to know in the past months of union organisation and agitation. Shortly after twelve o'clock the band gave the note to fall in, and about twelve hundred substantial looking fellows marshalled themselves beneath a large crimson banner inscribed "8 Hours Labor, 8 Hours Recreation, 8 Hours Rest." The first "Eight Hour" March had begun.

The working people of Melbourne were not the first to obtain the "great boon" of the eight hour day, for as early as 1840 some building tradesmen in New Zealand persuaded their employers to cut the working day to eight hours. In October 1855 Sydney stonemasons working on the Trinity Church in Argyle Cut and on Mariner's Church in Lower George Street went on strike and won an eight hour day, and in February 1856 more masons and some other building tradesmen were also successful.

In Melbourne workers in the building trades started to organise for an eight hour day in the early months of 1856, and the movement spread to other trades and to several country towns. At the same time the Early Closing Association, an organisation of "young men" working in retail stores, was making considerable headway in Melbourne and Geelong with its demands that shops should close at 6 p.m. instead of the prevailing 7, 8 and even 11 p.m., so that the young men could devote some leisure time to "mental and social culture."

The movement for shorter hours was not unique to Australasia. In Europe and North America the awakening of the mass of the people after the industrial revolution brought a demand for the removal of the fetters of body and spirit imposed

by long hours of work—ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen hours a day.

The leaders of the eight hour movement in Australia were men who had emigrated to the rich young colonies in the early 1850's in search of the better life; many were steeped in the ideas of Chartism and fired with the ideals of raising the status of the common man.

The arguments for shorter hours put forward in the old world were reinforced by the conditions they found in the new, for, where the hot sun beat down on a man's back the whole day long, the ten hour day became an intolerable hardship for the migrant fresh from the cool green of England. With thousands still living in tents amid the greatest building boom the colony had ever known, the building contractors could afford to make concessions. The year 1856 was a year of ferment in the colonies, with the first popular franchise elections coming up, and democratic, radical politics were the burning question of the day. A new country pioneering democratic institutions, with a vote for every man and the secret ballot, could look to the material and mental improvement of its newly enfranchised voters, the "industrious mechanics".

And that is how many of the supporters of the eight hour day saw the question. To the men themselves it was clear that after a ten hour day of hard physical labor they were not alert enough to give the attention to that cultivation of the mind which their own pride and the growing complexity of the world around them demanded. At a packed meeting at the Queen's Theatre in Melbourne in March 1856, James Leaver, a carpenter, appealed to the public—"To what was the future greatness of this colony necessarily attached? Why, to the mental improvement of the working classes. All branches of the trade wanted time to study of an evening, for there was no laboring man who could afford to dispense with study. Unless the hours of labor were shortened, the hours of life would be so."

The search for knowledge and cultural advancement which motivated the pioneers of the eight hour movement was not over with their victory in 1856. During the agitation several unions were formed, and other trades joined them. Their delegates began to meet in an informal way, taking

part in the social and political life of the community. They saw the need for a permanent inter-union organisation and a fit building to house it, and in June 1856 the idea of the "Trades Hall and Literary Institute" was born.

The Eight Hour Day March became an annual event in Melbourne, growing from year to year as new trades added their colorful banners, the marchers swinging along to the sound of many bands through streets thronged with spectators. The unions encouraged the celebration by offering literary prizes and printing poems and essays commemorating the "great victory", and Marcus Clarke's "An Australian Paean—1876" is probably the most notable contribution to the literary celebrations of the victory.

But 1856 was only the beginning of the long struggle for shorter hours. Not until the end of the century was the eight hour day universal, not until the end of the 1930's did all the workers enjoy the Saturday half-holiday, and not until after the Second World War was the forty hour week achieved.

In Great Britain the nineteenth century was not only an era of the drive for more and still more production to be poured in an ever increasing stream into the maw of the world's markets. It was also an era of great cultural awakening. The mass of the people became able to read and to write, to think independently on the great questions of the day. The newsheet, the pamphlet, the magazine, the short story and the novel replaced the retelling of tales and ballads as the mainspring of cultural activity for the common people. Whatever the topic of the day, whether it was Darwin's exciting notion of evolution, the right to vote, the political situation in France, or Charles Dickens' latest novel serialised in "Household Words", for the first time the mass of the people had the opportunity of informing themselves.

Universal, compulsory, secular education was a far cry in the first half of the nineteenth century, but side by side with the development of education for children came the needs of awakening adults. Often supported by the advanced captains of industry who saw the literate worker as a better worker, universally encouraged by the great liberals of the day, adult education began to make headway.

In its least useful, most patronising form it was the "adult school" of religious sects where men and women were given the opportunity of learning to read the Bible. At its most advanced it was a class held by the Chartists to enable the working men to understand political and economic developments. At its most popular and numerous it was the "Mechanics Institute".

Originally these institutes were founded to give the "skilled mechanics" a technical education, and their aim was to give classes in mathematics, physics and chemistry and to supplement these with good technical libraries. The first institutes were founded in London, Glasgow and Edinburgh in 1823, and within two years there were 50 institutes covering every major industrial town in Britain.

When the Australian colonies were founded, more than the mere trappings of gaols and of English country squirearchy were transplanted to the Antipodes. Libraries and mechanics institutes were the first public institutions to spring up in the crude new settlements, particularly in the liberally inspired settlements of New Zealand. The new settlers came to Port Nicholson, to Nelson and to Otago with a core of a library in the holds of their ships, and within ten years of the first settle-

ment there were ten mechanics' institutes covering all the major settlements, and several others were projected.

In Australia, the foundation of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land was less encouragement to such refinements of society. The holds of the convict transports were not meant to carry books, and the tenor of life in those miserable early years did not encourage luxuries. Only when the colonies began to develop sizeable urban communities with free populations was the soil ripe for the founding of cultural institutions.

Yet the first of these, "The Van Dieman's Land Mechanics' Institution", was established at a general meeting of the citizens of Hobart in 1827, only four years after the founding of the first British institutes. Its aim was "For Instruction in the Principles of the Arts, and in all Branches of Science and Useful Knowledge". It showed its direct descent from British institutes by insisting that at least half the committee members be "mechanics". Sydney followed in 1833 with the foundation of the Sydney Mechanics' School of Arts, and Melbourne founded its first Mechanics' Institute in 1847. A parallel development was the foundation of public libraries and museums, notable because in several cases they were entirely free and accessible to all readers, among the first such libraries in the world. (Sydney in 1827, Hobart in 1849, Melbourne in 1853, and Adelaide in 1855.)

Although these movements were established before the gold rushes, the golden years of growth were the middle fifties when the swollen populations had settled a little and urban communities had grown. The development of the mechanics' institutes was stimulated by the activities of the Royal Societies, Philosophical Societies and Debating Societies which were flourishing in the colonies, and by the quickening of political life as the men of the colonies prepared to vote. The tenor of the eight hour day meetings in Sydney and Melbourne, their emphasis on the workman's right to an intelligent and creative use of leisure, and the drawing-in of many working men into public life contributed to the formation of the institutes. In 1856 Mechanics' Institutes were established in several Melbourne suburbs—Collingwood, North Melbourne, Emerald Hill (South Melbourne), Richmond, Prahran and Northcote—and the central Melbourne Institute reacted to the shorter hours movement with a new spurt of activity.

Under the direction of Professor Hearn, who occupied the Chairs of History and Political Economy at Melbourne University, an attempt was made in June 1856 to start a two year course of classes on British lines, covering Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Experimental Physics, English Language and Logic, and rewarding the successful students with diplomas at the end of the course. In introducing the subject Hearn referred to "those recent occurrences with which they are unconnected, but of which they gladly avail themselves for good, have, by abridging the hours of labor, increased the time for study. Such additional leisure may, like every other earthly possession, be used either for good or for evil. A heavy blow and great discouragement it would be . . . if the artisans whose hours have been reduced should spend these precious minutes in folly, or in worse."

A crowded meeting of the members of the Melbourne Institute enthusiastically supported Hearn's proposals, classes for the first two years were duly organised, well known tutors were found, and students attended, but a year later the courses had almost petered out.

Perhaps the roots of failure can be seen in Hearn's unconscious paternalism towards the "de-servicing mechanics", but, as in Britain, the type of adult education the institutes attempted to provide made their failure inevitable. Classes on the lines of the formal, long-range disciplines of study arranged for school children failed to capture the lasting interest of adults pressed by the day-to-day problems around them. Whatever application these classes may have had to the work of the man in the industrial centres of Britain, the workshops and building sites of Sydney and Melbourne were not fruitful bases for such formal learning.

But though the classes failed, the institutes thrived and spread in the late '50s and '60s. They were established in the gold mining towns and in other country centres, until by the end of the century a country town without a mechanics' institute was an exception.

Although spread from one side of the continent to the other, the institutes functioned with remarkable uniformity. They were all self-governing and, apart from some initial public grants, self-supporting. Membership fees were generally one pound a year, and even in the very early days this was not prohibitive when compared with the urban wage rates. Policies were decided at the annual general meeting, officers were elected by popular vote, and activities were run by elected committees.

The institutes provided a library and meeting rooms where musical recitals, debates and lectures were held, becoming the hub of political and cultural discussion. Debates were extremely popular, ranging from such subjects as the "Right or Expediency of Raising Poland into a Separate Nation", debated at the Melbourne Institute in May 1856, to "The Propriety of Granting State Aid to Religion", debated a month later.

Billiard- and card-rooms were common in country institutes, and the halls were used for socials, musical recitals and dances. Yet still the most important and most used part of the institute was the reading room and library. Adults and children used the libraries to open up new horizons, meeting Dickens and Defoe, and fellow Australians like Marcus Clarke and Rolf Boldrewood. It was at mechanics' institute that young Louisa Albury found the world beyond the country selection at Gulgong. Later, her son, Henry Lawson, came to know wider fields of literature than the school readers offered at the mechanics' institutes of Mudgee, Newcastle and Sydney.

The importance of the libraries can be gauged from the numbers of books borrowed. In the small Queensland township of Maryborough, 372 subscribers took out 19,691 books during the course of 1896; in Ballarat in 1904, with another institute and a free public library in the town, the Ballarat Mechanics' Institute Library loaned out 40,000 books.

There is ample evidence that, in spite of isolation from Europe, people in the Australasian colonies had access to a rich cultural life, with theatre, opera and musical recitals, lectures and debates, well attended and of high quality.

But the printed word held pride of place. An English visitor remarked in the 1880's: "The Australians, notwithstanding their love of an open air life, are really a reading public. Leading booksellers declare that in proportion to population the people of the colonies buy a larger proportion of British magazines than do those of any other country. It seems a rather remarkable thing that English periodicals should be more read at the antipodes than in the country in which they were published, but such we are assured is the fact."

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In the cities the counter attractions of penny arcades and cheap entertainments appeared, and at the same time the increased stratification of society made the mechanics' institute more and more middle-class. In Melbourne the Mechanics' Institute became the Athenaeum, and in Sydney the Mechanics' School of Arts eventually developed in a new direction to become the Sydney Technical College.

In the country towns society was more uniform and the institutes continued to be the main centres of communal social life, extending their influence beyond the borders of close settlement into the far outback. From the 1850s the seasonal workers were establishing the sort of wandering life so vividly portrayed by the writers of the '90s, but not all the outback workers were the glamorous bachelors of our folk literature, spending their time in the far back country with the occasional spree in town. Many of the drovers, shearers and fencers were family men supplementing a selection, or returning to their country towns in the off season. The mechanics' institute reading room was as much a part of their life as the "Worker", "Boomerang" and "Bulletin".

When the great literary upsurge of the 1890s swept the country, the readers were already established and eager for a literature which, even when crude in form, was essentially familiar, lovable and human. There was a fresh impetus to libraries and institutes, particularly in the outback areas. Of the 174 libraries and mechanics' institutes in existence in Queensland in 1906, 66 had been established since 1890, and prominent among them were those at woolsheds and stations. Jondarayan Station, Yandilla, Aramac Woolshed, Isis Downs, Barcardine Downs—the long list reads like a shearer's itinerary.

In the early years of the new century the country institutes continued to play their role, and during the 1914-18 war the triumphs of the war and the bitter battles of conscription were recounted within their walls. Then in the 1920s came an abrupt change, when within a few years the radio, the cinema and the transformation of the press along "popular" lines engulfed the leisure of country and city people alike. Culture was no longer a self-supporting self-governing club, it was big business, and often foreign business. The growing division between highbrow and lowbrow were emphasised, and although there were new developments with the establishment of the first permanent orchestras and sophistication of art and literature, culture for the mass rapidly deteriorated to the commercialized standards of today.

So stand many of them today, peeling and chipped, modest monuments to the role they played in enriching the life of the humbler people, in laying down a pattern of culture, which, in spite of the inroads made by the canned entertainments of the past 30 years, still places Australians among the greatest book buyers in the world, and makes them enthusiastic readers and debaters.

The comradeship of the urban workers no less than the mateship of the outback has contributed to the Australian tradition and spirit. The social consciousness of the trade unions and the cultural life of the towns bridged the gap from the "hand to hand, on earth, in Hell" camaraderie of the convict days and the radicalism of Eureka, to the mateship creed of the '90s; and if the impression today is that true Australians only existed in the bush, it is not because the townspeople were not Australian in spirit and outlook but because our historians and writers have hardly discovered them.

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FIRST ISSUE FOR 1957 CONTAINS:

Mates (story); The University and the Community (by Marcus Oliphant); University Controversy in Newcastle (Alan Barcan); Ways and Means (story); Film in Australia? (Cecil Holmes); Bards of the Golden Mile (with selected ballads); Outlook for Democracy in Japan; Mary Gilmore Literary Competitions; reviews, features, etc.

LETTER FROM INDIA

—Clem Christesen

FEW westerners who visit India today, even briefly, can escape experiencing two sharply conflicting emotions. One is of depression, the other is of excitement. Depression because of the unbelievable poverty of the bulk of the population, particularly in the villages, and the seemingly insoluble problems confronting government; excitement because national problems are in fact being solved, slowly but surely, to a remarkable degree.

I have never before seen such poverty among so many people, such squalor, such pitiful human misery—and such dignity in the face of adversity. About 80 per cent. of India's 380,000,000 population live in village communities. I was not able to travel over much of this vast sub-continent, but enough to gain (so I was informed) a reliable estimate of the appallingly primitive conditions under which the villagers and large sections of the city dwellers live. When trying to come to grips with India's most urgent economic and social problems, one often experiences a kind of panic: a steel band seems to be crushing one's head. The problems seem monumental, utterly incapable of any rational, democratic solution.

Yet since Independence, India's achievements have been considerable. Six years ago she launched an ambitious Five Year Plan. The second Five Year Plan which has been in operation for almost a year, places emphasis on the development of industry and transport. Heavy industry is forming the basis for increased employment, and the encouragement of small-scale industry is providing immediate relief. Co-operative village management, land utilisation schemes, huge housing projects all come within the 'Congress Party's ambitious programme. The Plan moves towards a "socialist pattern of society", but with many anomalies to puzzle the visitor.

However, Mr. Nehru told me: "We are not doctrinaire in this matter. There can be many roads leading to socialism". The main impression gained, from among the people generally, is one of quiet confidence. The only pessimistic note I heard was from an English bank manager, who complained among other things that he could not employ white staff because of the "Indianisation policy". (This man told me, by the way, that Mr. Nehru was a "bloomin' Communist". When I expressed sur-

Winner of our competition for a verse on the Commonwealth Government's directive that the Chinese Classical Opera should not perform in Melbourne during the Olympic Games is Mrs. Pat Bullen (N.S.W.)

On foreign orders Ming proclaims
No Chinese mummings at The Games;
These glittering costumes may conceal
Subversion of the common weal;
On top of Uncle Sam's abuse
Ming might pick up a tang of puce,
A tinge of pink, or even worse
A U.S. Treasury funds reverse;
Or taint of culture, sweetly sung
Red poison in the Chinese tongue:
Ming, frightened for his lofty seat,
Agrees, and writes out his receipt.

prise, he added: "Well, the fellow's pretty friendly with Russia, isn't he?") Another complaint came from a western Trade Commissioner, who claimed that the Soviet had captured the bulk of the heavy industry trade.

Two of India's chief requirements seem to be: (1) Education, in all its aspects (80 per cent. of the population is illiterate); and (2) technical assistance. A prominent diplomat said to me: "Danger does not come from the Communist world, but from a much more deadly enemy—hunger."

I shall never forget the shock I experienced when, a few hours after my arrival at Bombay, I almost stumbled over the curled-up body of a young girl on the pavement not far from Flora Fountain, the centre of the city. I exclaimed angrily: "What a stupid place to go to sleep." My Indian companion said quietly, "She is dead—one of the many ornaments of India." We went to a nearby coffee shop, and I said: "But surely something could be done—look at all these well-to-do



● Clem Christesen with Mulk Raj Anand (India) at the Asian Writers' Congress.

people here. How could they be so inhuman as to let the girl die like that?" My friend replied, "It would be like a drop in the ocean. That one girl might have been saved if she could have been taken to a hospital in time. But another one would have taken her place. We must strike at the root of the tragedy." Hunger—the chilling fear of hunger must be an ever-present anxiety among India's sixty million unemployed—and demi-semi-employed. And the population increase is five millions a year.

As I type this letter I am looking down and across the old city of Delhi. The hotel at which I am staying has been built on the site of the wall that once encircled the ancient city. The front faces New Delhi, with its wonderful boulevards, public buildings and private residences, the rear faces Old Delhi. In the distance can be seen the towering walls of Red Fort and the great mosque of Jama Masjid. In the "streets" below is a never-ending stream of traffic: Hindus, Muslims, Parsees, Sikhs, Buddhist priests and holy men, women in colorful saris, beggars in loin-cloths—winding in and out among ox-drawn carts, tongas, hump-backed cows, goats, bicycles . . . a rich riot of color and noise and dust.

From here the flat-topped buildings look like the ruins of a bombed city. Many of the houses

have collapsed in a pile of rubble. Any structure still standing is occupied; even a partly covered room can shelter two or more families. People are sunning themselves on the roof-tops (it is supposed to be winter here) and with them I can also see monkeys and a few goats and swarms of children. In the square two men are unconcernedly washing themselves at a pump, while a water-carrier waits patiently to fill his skin bag. Near-naked youths are wrestling in a sandpit; a dozen men sit around giving advice to a neighbor on how to repair a broken cart wheel; a cabinet-maker has brought his piece of furniture into the middle of the square and sits, oblivious to the traffic, polishing the wood; urchins tease a half-wit; six cobblers ply their trade under a tattered awning—they will be there until bed-time, working by the aid of a spirit lamp; and the babble of noise is continuous . . . I can stand for hours at the window. It is a non-stop TV show, in technicolor. And on the opposite side of the hotel, along the Asaf Ali Road, modern limousines jostle ox-carts, Oxford graduates rub shoulders with primitive tribesmen . . .

Crowded days. Yesterday I visited some of the ancient monuments of Delhi, including Kutub Minar (238 feet) on the site of the first Delhi (there have been eight, dating from 78 AD.). In the afternoon I went to Rashtrapati Bhavan (the President's House), surely one of the most beautiful buildings anywhere, and talked briefly with Dr. Rajendra Prasad (who has the saddest eyes I have ever seen), amid pomp and pageantry which, incongruously, reminded one of the days of the British Raj. In the evening I dined at a wealthy Hindu's home—some of the residences in

New Delhi are out of this world, exquisitely furnished, serviced by uniformed bearers, surrounded by beautiful gardens: a gracious life, one imagines, in sharp contrast to the gruelling existence of the inhabitants of Chandi Chowk alleys. Today I talked with members of the All-India Peace Council, and later visited the home of the Vice-President, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, who for two hours gave me a "professorial" lecture on Indian and world affairs. At one time Spalding Professor of Eastern Religion and Ethics at Oxford, and Fellow of All Souls, author of the monumental "Indian Philosophy" and "Eastern Religions and Western Thought," he is a curious mixture of mystic and politician. Immaculately dressed in pale yellow silk, speaking in a cultured, well modulated voice, greying hair adding to his distinguished appearance, Dr. Radhakrishnan said: "We in India do not want the present generation to go down in history as a generation which has developed atom bombs and nuclear weapons and indulged in wars and hatreds. We want it to be known as a generation which has contributed to the building of a peaceful world community, transforming the present anarchical state of the world into an ordered and organised whole . . . There is no political system which is free from blemishes. We in India do not say we have a monopoly of light and others have a monopoly of darkness. We are all living in a world in which we are pilgrims and seekers."

But my most interesting experience so far occurred this evening, when I walked through the dimly lit alleys of the old city to the studio of a local painter. There I met a group of young writers, artists, musicians, and listened to their own poems, their own songs and music. Two things delighted me particularly. One was their confidence in the future of India and their determination to work in the interests of world peace; the other was the manner in which they received poems read to them by their fellows. A certain line or image would call forth expressions of admiration, which sounded like "Ah ha! Ah ha!" and the nodding of heads. No western poet receives such encouragement, alas. Melbourne audiences please copy!

And now it is late, and even the cobblers' light in the alley below has been turned out. All is quiet except for a strange lonely, barbaric song in the distance which goes monotonously on and on. Soon I shall hear the ancient cry of the "night-watchman" as he makes his rounds—"Jayte Rehna! Jayte Rehna!"—which means, so I was told, "Remain awake, don't sleep too soundly, be on guard."

India, "asleep" for so many centuries, is awakening . . .

While in India I attended the Asian Writers' Conference, which was held at the Vigyan Bhavan (Unesco building), New Delhi, from December 22-28, 1956. This was the first conference of its kind ever to be held, and attracted nearly 300 delegates and observers from 28 countries, including 17 Asian countries.

The inaugural address was given by the Indian scholar Kaka Kalelkar, who said that Asia was at last awake and was examining its cultural heritage. The Asian mind was attracted both by faith and rationalism. Though all the major religions of the world had been born in Asia, they placed no hindrance to the development of cultural contacts between their votaries. Asia might be able to synthesise the ideologies which were dividing Europe today. India had already made a valuable contribution to the cultural life of South-east Asia and China. The unity of Indian culture had persisted

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despite superficial differences. For many years to come intercourse between Asian peoples would depend on the English language; that dependence would cease only when writers knew at least two or three major languages of the Asian continent.

And so the conference got under way, with less "trouble" than was at one stage expected. After meeting in plenary session delegates broke up into a number of commissions as set out on the agenda. I attended as many as possible—an onerous task, even for a mere observer. My ear never became attuned to "Indian English", particularly when spoken at rocket-speed. It was in the well-appointed restaurants and lounges where one established the most useful personal contacts—and during the endless social functions at night. Every evening there were embassy receptions, film shows, poetry readings, private parties . . . the pace was exhausting. I was seven times bedecked with garlands of flowers!

On the fifth day reports were received from the four commissions. The first three were approved without discussion; but the report on the commission on freedom and the writer was modified before it was approved. The following is part of the statement unanimously approved at the close of the conference:

"This meeting of writers is symbolic of the new spirit of emergent Asia—the spirit of freedom and the dignity of man; of the new consciousness of Asia, proud of its glorious cultural heritage; of the new determination to build a full life of spiritual and material richness and plenty for all its peoples. Holding divergent views and beliefs, the writers of Asia met together, animated by a keen and sincere desire to renew their old cultural contacts and to develop new ones in the context of the modern world, and renewed their pledge to promote friendship, understanding and peace among themselves and the peoples and countries of Asia and of the whole world. We feel that only the freest possible intercourse and exchange of ideas, through personal meetings

of writers and scholars of Asia, and the exchange of books, can promote these noble objectives . . . We hope that the writers of all the countries of Asia will work toward the attainment of these ideals and keep in regular and constant touch with each other to promote them, inspired by the feeling that, in the final analysis, there is only one family of world writers."

On the last two days a Round Table Conference of World Writers was held, Mr. Carlo Levi (Italy) presiding. The Prime Minister (Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru), just returned from a visit to the United States and Canada, and the Vice-President (Dr. Radhakrishnan) both addressed the meeting. The subject of the debate was "The Crisis in Culture and the Role of the Writer."

Both Mr. Nehru and Dr. Radhakrishnan stressed the supreme need for unity in the world and the important role that devolved on writers to achieve that end. They urged writers to devise ways of helping the present generation to solve its problems and to build the world of the future. Adherence to truth and reality and the strength to rise above parochial, chauvinistic and nationalistic tendencies were necessary.

Mr. Carlo Levi extended an invitation to hold the next conference of world writers in Italy towards the end of this year.

It was decided not to set up a permanent organisation to promote cultural exchange between Asian countries.

An invitation from the Soviet delegation that the second Asian Writers' Conference should be held at Taskent, capital of Uzbekistan, was accepted.

The conference was an inspiration to all who participated. It began in an atmosphere of tension, and ended on a note of harmony and friendship. During that week in New Delhi, the true spirit of Bandung prevailed.

HARRY HOLLAND

Spring

STAN WAKEFIELD

Through the window in front of my greasy, black bench

Where I tighten up nuts with a seven-eight wrench
I see them at play in the sunshine and free,
The rats in the rubbish dump under the tree.

Oh! I feel a great urge in my deep discontent
To sip soothing beer till my shillings are spent,
Or to find a green bank in the sun to recline
And feed little fish on the end of a line.

Or thread through my fingers a feminine curl
Afloat in a boat with a gull and a girl,
Till an orange peel deals me a wakening clout—
A warning from Wal that the boss is about.

I nod him a "Thanks" as I reach for the wrench,
And screw down a nut on the greasy, black bench.

Another spring without a new refrain,
nobody knows if we are mad or sane;
Korea is no more a major problem
tomorrow we shall find a substitute.

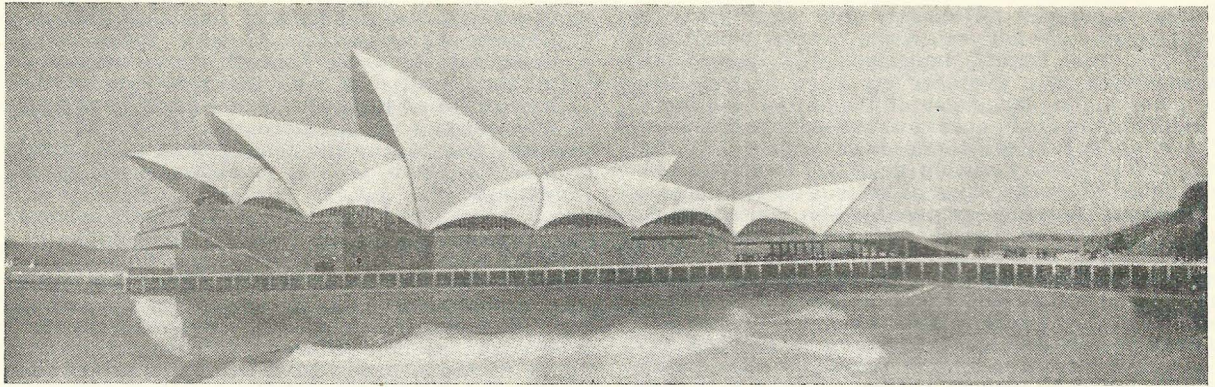
The trees are pillars in the burning sand
and houses coalpit black in desert land;
we smile at daffodils and weeping snowdrops
and celebrate the death of enemies.

The Negro is too black, the prostitute
too dirty for our chaste and solid heart;
the pauper is too cheeky in his prayers—
we sacrifice a shilling now and then.

Who made us white and made the Negro black,
who gave the prostitute her honor back?
We pray for purity of soul and body
but settle for a heavy bank account.

Old Lazarus had only wounds and bread,
he wondered if he was alive or dead;
but beggars are the dearest friends of flowers—
we only love ourselves and steak and beer.

Another spring and still the old refrain,
the pauper's mark will always be the same,
sow poverty and gather revolution
in Moscow Shanghai London and New York.



THE NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE

A Comment by
Maurice C. Edwards

THE judges have said of the winning design for the Sydney National Opera House "... we believe this building is capable of becoming one of the great buildings of the world." What is it that this design possesses that brought forth such unstinting and decisive praise? Unanimous in their choice, the panel of four—not one of whom could be labelled "extremist"—selected a building which they themselves frankly described as "controversial"—and yet the consensus of local architectural opinion was that the panel would inevitably produce a "conservative" winner.

Perhaps it is that an inspiration of sufficient strength and validity is capable of transcending the personal inhibitions that build the barriers between human understanding and accord.

The design of Joern Utzon possesses so many of the things one seeks in fine architecture—a simple resolution of a complex problem, drama, grace, a structural and functional integrity and a blessed absence of "style".

Resolving the complex requirements into a simple conception was the characteristic achievement of this solution.

The majority of designs, by contrast, only emphasised the complexity of the problem. Whilst in many cases the solutions were competent, clever or ingenious, they were only so within the framework of complexity which had seemed to most competitors indigenous to the problem itself.

Architecturally the winning design presents two dominant elements—a base and a roof.

The base forms a plateau which conforms with almost the entire extent of the site and rises in two main approach terraces from ground level to the auditoria entrances.

Between and around the auditoria, steps form a continuation of this approach and at its highest point the seating is only 40 feet above the ground. Thus the almost primitive simplicity of the conception eliminates the problem which plagued all other competitors—that of providing escape stairs for some 4,500 people—for at any exit point patrons find themselves on an external terrace gaining easy access to the ground.

The rising base or plateau presents architecturally a massiveness which expresses permanence which belongs physically to the site itself.

Within this mass are housed foyers, dressing rooms, rehearsal rooms and the multiplicity of functions serving administration and other facilities. Access to these functions and also to the auditoria, if desired, is gained from an under-

cover driveway located below the approach terraces.

The magnificent ceremonial approach, gaining the best possible views of the Harbor and its environs, is incomparable.

The roof, in a logical and harmonious expression of modern building technology, is provided by a series of interlocking concrete shell vaults. The winner here provided a simple solution to the difficult problem of relating the stage tower to the remainder of the design by embracing it within the vault system.

As a competitor, troubled, like all other competitors except one, with trying to co-ordinate the complex relationship of function and mass that went to make up this problem, I bow in respect and admiration to the winning scheme and its author for this great contribution to Australia's cultural life.

★

Victoria Park Station

Down here a windy city lies
Humped and crowded, black on black;
Shall a watcher realise
Why the scene before his eyes
Stirs the heart and conjures back

Stronger images of man
Than the single rose or tree?
Live images that first began
Out of the essential plan
Of creatures in society.

Through this darkened station run
The arteries of trains, which bleed
The city's proper heart; though none
Can isolate that Helicon
From suburbs which will not recede.

Out of the tangled unity
Of man with man and part with part.
Look out from this high place and see
The swimming lights as analogy—
Interdependent yet apart.

The wind is rising down the line,
But stacks and hills maintain their rest
Under the night sky. Clear design
Shadows this city to refine
The wandering heart and empty breast.
Our individualists recline
In rude graves in the distant west.

CHRIS WALLACE-CRABBE

MAY DAY

I.

Rome is flowers: in a web
of blossoms falls the Roman pleb;
patricians spin to circumvent
with wreaths and flowers discontent.

II.

The Day descends, and its heirs
the Britons gape from rushy lairs:
with death and magic sleeved for reference
the Druids awe them into deference.

III.

The first of May in Tudor times
knows more reason and more rhymes:
the village frolics round the birch
indicate a wider search.

This is the encroaching age
when raging knowledge bursts its cage
and claws the seas and grasps a mind
and so finds freedom of a kind.

On yet unenclosed greens
peasant courtiers and queens
dance; upon this trembling turf
they whirl their progress from the serf.

IV.

History's so subtle sense
animates the present tense:
from the cause of pagan rite
effects a fete of Labor's might.

In areas that man agrees on
how to live at last by reason
there the festival enshrines
optimistic man's designs.

In lands where man is bought and sold
and tips the scale at less than gold,
though the Day is brave but brief
its celebrants betray no grief.

Their enemy is less astute
than they, whose forces are minute;
guns and gutterpress must fail,
wise men and lovers will prevail.

V.

The dream that faltered through these lives
past and present yet survives
in the human hands that wrote
the slogans on this May Day float.

LAURENCE COLLINSON



CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN MORRISON (Vic.) is the author of *Sailors Belong*, *Ships and Black Cargo* (short stories), and *Port of Call* and *The Creeping City* (novels).

MAX HARRIS (S.A.) is a poet (see *Overland* 8), critic, book-seller, a former editor of "Angry Penguins".

RONALD MAXWELL is a new Brisbane writer.

DAVID MARTIN (Vic.), poet and novelist (*Stones of Bombay*), covered the Games for Indian papers.

"JANET HOWARD" is the pen-name of a Melbourne historian.

NOEL COUNIHAN, Melbourne painter, recently travelled through Italy and the U.S.S.R.

CLEM CHRISTESEN, editor of *Meanjin*, is at present visiting Europe.

MAURICE EDWARDS is a Sydney architect, President of the Australian Planning Institute (Sydney Division).

CECIL HOLMES (N.S.W.) directed the Australian films *Captain Thunderbolt* and *Three In One*.

Overland, April 1957

A NOTE ON CARLO LEVI

Carlo Levi belongs to a tiny select band of artists—he is at the same time a great writer and a great painter. His book "Christ Stopped at Eboli" won him world renown when published in Italy in 1946 and England in 1948. It is an account of his experiences in a small, primitive village in southern Italy to which he had been banished by Mussolini at the start of the Abyssinian war in 1935 because of his uncompromising opposition to fascism.

Since then he has written a number of other important books. A few weeks ago the famous Italian novelist, Albert Moravia, when asked which was the best Italian book of 1956, said that in his opinion the "most important work of the past year was 'Words are Rocks' by Carlo Levi."

I do not doubt it, and if this book is only nearly as good as "Christ Stopped at Eboli" Carlo Levi has written another masterpiece.

How he has found the time to paint pictures is something I can't comprehend. Yet Carlo Levi is also widely known as a painter. Since the end of the war he has been represented in every important exhibition of modern Italian art. He and the famous Communist painter, Renato Guttuso, are regarded as the outstanding representatives of the neo-realist trend in Italian painting. His moving lyrical portraits of children and lovers and his large scale compositions resembling monumental frescoes made a deep impression on Russian critics and art lovers when they were seen at the exhibition of modern Italian art which was opened in Moscow in January of this year.

Yet Carlo Levi has another attainment. He is also a doctor of medicine. Although he was forbidden by the fascist authorities to practice when he was in banishment he defied them and treated the poor peasants of the district who had never before had any medical attention.

And in Italy and throughout Europe Carlo Levi is well known for his advocacy of peace and cultural relations between all nations. This is what he wrote last year:

"The importance of international cultural relations for civilisation and general well-being may be likened to the importance of circulation for the body; any obstacle, any difficulty or interruption, is if not fatal, always fraught with severe and injurious consequences."

Altogether this remarkable man is in the tradition of the great Italian humanists of the past.

—Judah Waten.

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WILLIAM HATFIELD

WILLIAM HATFIELD, like John Morrison came to this country from England as a young man to find adventure and to write. Jumping his ship in Adelaide, he headed eight hundred miles outback by train and coach to a job on a big sheep station which fulfilled his every hope of excitement and danger. He wandered through western Queensland, the Northern Territory and western New South Wales, becoming an experienced cattleman, and in the process a good Australian.

He was trying to become a writer. But it was not until twelve years of rejection slips had passed that he broke through and in 1930 had his first success with "Sheepmates". This was followed by seven more novels, a volume of autobiography, three children's books and three volumes dealing with the land resources of Australia. And, as with so many Australian writers, not one of these books is still in print. Today, with the growing interest in the Aboriginal people and the publication of such books as "The Mirage", "Keep Him My Country", "Adam in Ochre" and the re-appearance of "Coonardoo", William Hatfield's "Desert Saga" might well be republished.

"Desert Saga", says Miles Franklin, "pictures a tribe of the Arunta as first disturbed by fossickers, then by those laying the Overland Telegraph, and more tragically by one Hartwell and his cattle. Mr. Hatfield uses his practical knowledge to show the courage, endurance and stiff training that built the character of Grungunja. He is finally in jail, half his tribe dead, the remainder demoralised by the loss of their territory and the brutal injustice of the invaders with their firearms and their law."

Hatfield was fortunate enough to be able to re-visit great areas of Australia in the thirties, to travel again over tracks he had walked or ridden. He was horrified by the devastation of twenty years and by the crumbling homesteads. "Here, in the shadow of the Flinders Range, when I first made my acquaintance with the country, wheat had already pushed far through the gap to the north-eastern side of the range, but twenty years later when I came past that way my car bogged in loose sand that filled the road and hid the top of the fences which had once kept rabbits out of the wheat, and, even southward of the range, wheat had given place again to sheep, which roamed far between bites of coarse dry grass."

There and then William Hatfield set out to study our land resources, methods of reafforestation, control of soil erosion and water conservation, and today he is one amongst our many authors who can write scientifically of the conservation of our national resources. For many years he has advocated a scheme of reorganising our northern river systems, building dams and introducing irrigation in now arid areas, similar to that proposed by Dr. Bradfield, the Sydney Bridge man. Unlike many of our economic advisers, Hatfield does not see Australia riding to prosperity on the golden fleece, but sees the sheep completing the handiwork of man in devastating a continent.

Bill Hatfield is a broad, tall man with a military bearing and a far-away look in his keen eyes, as if he were unaware of our closely packed cities, but were watching for the fulfilment of his dreams for a new outback Australia.

—Marjorie Pizer.



Bush Supplication

The travelling parson took his seat.
The free selector and his wife
Drove off the flies, took fork and knife,
And silently cut up their meat.

The parson, looking at his plate,
A flickering smile athwart his face,
Asked if they ever said a Grace
Before they settled down and ate?

The bushman stroked his beard. "It's true,
We don't go much on prayer, though
If you would like to pray, you know
We should be very pleased, so do."

The parson smiled again. "I may.
But God would like it better still
If your own son, your eldest, Bill,
A benediction cared to say."

The old man nodded to his lad,
Who awkwardly got up and stood
Still like a figure carved in wood.

"For this here food we thank you, Dad.
You raised the cow, you built the pen.
You killed the calf and dressed the veal.
And Mum, we thank you for this meal
You cooked for us today. Amen."

DAVID MARTIN

Overland, April 1957

“... examples were not lacking of the sort of realism and ‘living cinema’ which the Edinburgh Festival has not failed to discover and publicise since it was bravely launched ten years ago. These films have often arrived unheralded and from not altogether likely sources, and have been interesting for their promise rather than for any technical achievement. Such a film for me this year was **THREE IN ONE**, a trilogy of short stories on the theme of Australian ‘mateship’, directed by an Australian, Cecil Holmes . . . Not without surface roughness and imperfections . . . **THREE IN ONE** remains nevertheless remarkably human and alive. The first story—of the ‘decent’ burial given a stranger found drowned in the out-back—is both touching and human; and the second, which tells how, in the Depression of 1931, two out-of-works raid a rich man’s wood for timber, is developed with considerable suspense and shrewdness of observation . . . Certainly **THREE IN ONE** (as perhaps only John Heyer’s **BACK OF BEYOND** has really done before) suggests that Australian film-makers have at hand the kind of material from which a ‘living cinema’, rooted in a particular scene and a way of life, might be created.”—John Maddison, in “Sight and Sound.”

Cecil Holmes

UNMADE AUSTRALIAN FILMS

THE trade paper, Film Weekly, has just arrived on my desk. Idly I flip the pages. The head of Hoyts, Ernest Turnbull, predicts another fat year. He says: “The screen’s entertainment values will remain unparalleled.” The sense of this is a bit beyond me so I go on to read about the films Hoyts will be showing this year . . . “Love Me Tender”, “Teenage Rebel”, “The Pride and the Passion”, “The King and Four Queens”, and so on. Mr. Turnbull whistles the wind about the supposed menace of TV and finally instructs independent exhibitors not to let the public down and “to give these pictures the spirited selling and presentation they so truly deserve.”

(There are very few independent exhibitors left in the cities and suburbs now. But a few thousand are still scattered around country towns and the bush. I wish I could hear the tired, rude remarks made by the local showman in, say, Kangaroo Flat when he reads the exhortations of Mr. Turnbull. The little bloke who battles around and has two or three screenings a week, who gets worn-out film prints months after the city showings, who is now told to do some “spirited selling”. How far away he is from the world that belongs to the boys that run this really Big Business, the Scotch, the cigars, the slapped backs, the hearty laughter and the hard eyes. How far indeed.)

The same page carries a depressing photo of Sir Michael Balcon, of Ealing Studios, handing over a film to M.G.M. for release, and an item that the vice-president of M.G.M. will be visiting Australia to inspect M.G.M. theatres and branches. Overleaf a columnist has a slap at film critics for panning Hollywood’s latest piece of high powered pornography entitled “Written on the Wind”. Trade reviews for the week list “Davy Crockett and the Pirates”, “Meet Me in Las Vegas”, “Francis in the Haunted House”, “Let’s Go to Paris”. I skip this routine product and read further on an M.G.M. ad. which mentions such elevating entertainment as “These Wilder Years”, “The Opposite Sex” and “Forbidden Planet”. In this issue there is no reference to the long runs that certain continental films are enjoying, very little about British films and of course nothing at all about Australian films because there are none to talk about, anyway.

Somehow, it all seems rather sad and silly. I light a cigarette and gaze wearily down onto the multitude below working their way through the traffic in the hot sunshine. Do they know, do they

care? The moguls make money and the public pay up. And I know as well as any Hoyts’ executive that when “Oklahoma” gets released theatre attendances will bring the records tumbling. Yet one never ceases to hope and believe, one can dream dreams. So I conjure up an illusion . . .

I am reading another and very different Film Weekly (of uncertain date it is true) which devotes a good deal of its space to celebrating the end of the first year of the Quota Act. This Act was passed by the Federal Parliament making it law for all exhibitors to show not less than 15 per cent. of Australian-produced films. This meant that between twenty and thirty programs per year would be indigenous. (In England it is 30 per cent.) So, in line with the British Quota Act, which also includes Australian films, an exhibitor is liable to a heavy fine for every night he fails to screen an Australian program when he should do so.



● Ross Wood and Cecil Holmes shooting “Captain Thunderbolt”.

This week saw the opening at the Sydney State Theatre of the year’s biggest Australian production, “Power Without Glory”. The opening night itself was quite an occasion, and present were many leading sporting personalities and politicians, including the Lieutenant Governor, Sir Kenneth Street and Lady Street, Norman Rydge, head of Greater Union theatres, who are releasing the picture, and of course the famous author himself,

who was observed modestly moving amongst the multitude and accepting congratulations. A gaggle of bookmakers had flown up from Melbourne, the guests, it was rumored, of Mr. Hardy. Crowds queued down the block, the newspaper and news-reel boys were around. The picture was shot in color and cinemascope and emerged as a powerful melodrama reminiscent of "Citizen Kane". Afterwards there were comments from Norman Rydge: "Our organisation is proud indeed to show this truly great motion picture; it more than justifies the profound faith we have always had in Australian film production". Lady Street: "It should have been made years ago". A Melbourne bookmaker: "Aw, I dunno, the picture left all the juicy bits out".

This film opened to an all-time record, but almost forgotten was another more modest production showing just around the corner, and now in its second month, based on the life of Ben Hall the bushranger.

Over the page the Minister of Trade, in a special interview with Film Weekly, expressed pleasure at the fact that the features and short films produced during this period were bringing the country much needed dollar and sterling revenue from abroad. He promised further measures to assist the industry, such as reduction of duty on imported film stock and equipment. Further on there is a rather long list of films currently in production and planned for. It includes:

"My Love Must Wait". A co-production with a French company, being made by famous continental producer Cavalcanti, who is leaving Paris soon for Sydney with Robert Close, who has been engaged for writing the script. Ernestine Hill's great novel will be shot partly in Australia, partly in France.

"The Long Walk". The story of the epic race between Burke, King, Wills and Stuart.

"Coonardoo". Zoltan Korda, who made the fine film "Cry the Beloved Country" in South Africa, is producing with an Australian director the Katharine Prichard novel. The author herself is working on the screenplay with her son, Ric Throssell.

"Love Game". A romance set against the background of big tennis. It will feature international players and an as yet unnamed American star will participate. Designed for the American market, as well as local consumption.

"How's Andy Going". A newly formed Melbourne production company is producing a quintet of Alan Marshall's short stories; the author himself will appear in them and will in fact be the star.

"Undertow". A comedy adventure story against the background of surfing and life saving. It features a British comedian who plays the part of a migrant being initiated into some of the ways of Australian life. Ralph Smart ("Bush Christmas") is producing this.

Finally, there is an item on the back page indicating that Canberra is considering the revision of the Quota Act so as to require TV operators to telecast 50 per cent. of Australian material whether live or filmed. This has followed the success of recent Australian films and the rising demand of the public, consequently, for less foreign and more local material . . .

The telephone rings. The man wants the rent. I am back to reality. To Australia in 1957. So I contemplate this reality. Last year one Australian feature was released, Chips Rafferty's French co-production "Walk into Paradise". He was lucky enough to sell it to the Metro circuit and it got a week in Sydney and a week in Melbourne, plus some suburban and country bookings. Knowing Metro's hire terms I can only commiserate with Chips. Currently he is shooting Jon Cleary's book

"Justin Bayard" (retitled for the film "Dust in the Sun"), and after that he will go into TV with high hopes and an uncertain future.

Charles Chauvel has abandoned feature production and is also involved with helping to satisfy the immense appetite of the tiny screen. Both "Jedda" and "Walk into Paradise" were showing in London while I was there last year; both received generous reviews from the press, and were being released on a very wide scale. They were British Quota films, they were receiving more protection in the United Kingdom, because they had been produced in the British Commonwealth, than they did in Australia.

And here is the crux of the problem.

The introduction by the Federal Government of a Quota Act is absolutely essential if Australian film production is to survive at all. For to make a film in this country simply involves the investors in a chancy speculation. Not so in England (or France or Italy, Japan or India, Denmark or Argentina). There is scarcely any country which has not designed some form of protection for its film producing industry.

I remember some years ago talking to Alan Williamson, who was Rank's representative in Australia and a great enthusiast for Australian production. (He fathered the financing of "Bush Christmas", "Bitter Springs" and "Eureka Stockade".) His idea was to impose a minute tax on the cinema-going public, say a penny for every seat sold. The fund so created could operate as a Loan Account, like the Eaddy Levy, from which filmmakers could draw and repay over a year or two as returns come in. As about 140 million seats are sold in Australia every year this would produce an amount of about £600,000, enough to budget six rather big productions or a dozen medium ones. (Of course, there are some who would argue that taxes are high enough anyway, that the government spends money on all sorts of dubious enterprises which could be diverted, that one Canberra jet bomber is equal to the cost of half-a-dozen feature productions. True, but I think if we stick to the British precedent we can put forward a reasonable set of proposals that our worthy politicians will find hard to evade.)

A public instrumentality, the National Film Board, already exists which could administer a Quota Act as well as dispense the dough to bona fide producers. This functions under the umbrella of the Department of the Interior and in practice does no more than meet occasionally and discuss the affairs of its own film division and plan the production of government documentaries. It would be a most simple matter to enlarge its powers and scope of operation.

I can hear the reader of Overland murmuring that this is all probably true enough and the ideas seem reasonable, but what can one DO!

Go round and knock on the door of your local Federal member, get the organisation you belong to to do the same. It does not matter about party differences; certainly I do not see why Paul Hasluck should not react as favorably as Leslie Haylen. And undoubtedly it would be much harder to make out a case against the development of an Australian film industry than for it, whatever grounds one chose to argue on. From the point of view of trade, of employment or simply of national pride.

At the time of writing another of the few available film studios is closing down for lack of work. It is no longer a question of crying wolf about the state of Australian film making. The hard reality of the matter is that our industry has reach the point of extinction.

BOOKS

Morning Flower

Forty-two years ago this autumn, on the Gallipoli Peninsula, the First World War cut down a group of Australians, New Zealanders and assorted immigrants in one of the most horrid battles of military history. Their deaths broke a Government, wrecked military careers. Famous people like Poet Laureate Masefield wrote books about them. That most beloved Australian of my father's generation, Captain Albert Jacka, V.C., called them "the morning flower of Anzac."

The written histories of Gallipoli are a mixed bag. When one has read a lot of war journals, and factual war books, one acquires a fine nose for the circumlocution with which authors skirt gently around the unsavory bits of military history. This is characteristic of Gallipoli writing, especially Masefield's.

One soon develops a fine nose, too, for the inherent absurdities in the Anzac Legend . . . Mr. Masefield's "raw Colonial troops" . . . the R.S.L.'s. "this was the birth of a nation" or "here the nation came to manhood" . . . the hoary fable of too many Australians: "no other troops in the world could have landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula" . . . and so forth.

Even ministers of religion have subscribed to these sentiments, and after forty years the Anzac Legend has got almost completely out of hand. In the process, we have lost sight of the Gallipoli men, whose names were once household words with a meaning of a past and a present and a guide to the future of the nation . . . The Haymaker of Lone Pine, Birdie, the Man With the Donkey.

Alan Moorehead's huge work "Gallipoli" (Hamish Hamilton 21/-) is a new thing. Like a scalpel it cuts through the apologies and the double talk of earlier reporters, sparing nobody's feelings or reputations. This is its great strength.

As for the Anzac Legend, the book does not add to it, or change, or take away. This is to be regretted, but one sees that this is almost the subject for a separate book!

Opening with a valuable social study of Turkey in particular, and "things in general", Mr. Moorehead takes a few chapters to get into battle.

From the beginning, the actors divide sharply into two groups; the first practising war as an applied science, various generals, admirals and politicians, few of whom are agreed as to just where their art leads them; the other group, a few noticeable individuals and a large fairly anonymous army, aware that a war is a dirty, boots-and-all brawl, and that the fastest, dirtiest and biggest brawler is the winner.

Between the two groups, there is an immense mental gulf, and it is the contrast between the two that gives Mr. Moorehead's book much of its snap and horrible authenticity.

We see Commodore Keyes pleading to be allowed to lead a naval charge on the Dardanelles, the Turk Mustapha Kemal leading his troops personally into the headlong attacks upon the Anzac bridgehead, the French Admiral Guepratte ever ready and always frustrated by higher authority.

Then we see the esteemed General Maxwell, Commander-in-Chief, Egypt, who retained an Army of 70,000 troops to prevent the Senoussi

tribesmen from attacking Egypt! How close this English gentleman approaches to high treason the reader can decide. Roger Casement, Mata Hari, the Rosenbergs, Lord Haw Haw and Edith Cavell were shot for much less.

About Cabinet, Staff and sundry generals there is at all times this air of unreality, as though the whole expedition is some kind of involved joke, so that one turns to Keyes, or Guepratte or Kemal with an intense feeling of relief, for it is then that the reader realises that it is he, the reader, who is normal . . . and if this result is obtained from the passage of an individual past the historical camera, how much more when a whole group goes by.

And what better group to see than the First Australian Brigade on the afternoon of 6 August 1915. They had a different first rule of war in their book. It read, in effect, "do unto others what they are about to do unto you, but do it first."

They were men who came from a way of life that encouraged them to think for themselves, to be independent of mind and body, to use the skull. This had been their real strength (and the beginning of the Anzac Legend) on Anzac morning when they charged for the hills, with or without their officers. They went, because they understood as a group that the side which won the hills, won the battle of Gallipoli. And the sooner the win, the more to come home to mum and the kids.

As on Anzac morning, so on the afternoon that saw the beginning of the pitiless all-in brawl that is known now as the Charge of the First Brigade on Lone Pine.

Moorehead writes, "All dissolves into the . . . impression of a riot, of a vicious street-fight in the back alleys of a city . . ." On a piece of ground the size of a middling city block, in five days, 4,000 men killed each other with rifle-butts, bayonets, grenades and anything else that came to hand. Seven Victoria Crosses were won. One quarter of the First Brigade never left Lone Pine.

It is now, appropriately in Chapter Thirteen, that Mr. Moorehead's book begins to gather pace and march in gathering horror like a Shakespearean tragedy to an obvious and unavoidable end. There can be no more moving and shocking story in history than the British landing on Suvla Bay, several miles to the north of Lone Pine and the other heights in the Anzac bridgehead. If this book were a work of fiction, no-one would believe its story. But it isn't fiction, and this really happened, and it is alive and sickening forty-two years after the last shot was fired on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

While his army was being destroyed in front of his eyes, the British Commander at Suvla had the right phrase, as ever. He continued digging in his headquarters as "we shall probably be here for a very long time . . ."

He was quite right. Much of his army, much of the Anzac Corps, much of the grand parade, is still there. It will still be there the day the world parades its last army for its issue of civvies.

Gallipoli is a part of us. What it did to the Conscription Campaign, to Governments, to people, to war, to philosophy is something we shall never measure. It is a part of all of us, this sad, unhappy story, and while Mr. Moorehead has not particularly examined the Anzac Legend, the reader will feel that it is time now for Australians to put away the specious clap-trap about "the birth of a nation" and go back to the simple beginning, to brotherhood, with which Australians had built a nation long before they set foot on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

—David Forrest.

Unhappy Poet

To discuss Professor A. D. Hope's book of poems is a perplexing business. The overall effect is one of frustration and nihilism, but it also contains real poems. Yet to "accept" the collection because of them is impossible, work having to be judged in its totality. I feel it would be fairest to state that Hope is certainly no academic poet, but that he lacks essential simplicity and that—judgment of judgments—he has nothing to say to his own time.

"The Wandering Islands" (Edwards & Shaw, 15/-) is not an anaemic book. There are some forty poems, some of them lengthy. Where the themes are mythological and personal in the more healthy sense, the language and imagery are interesting and robust. His verse making is shrewd and incisive, with no suggestion of the dilettante, though only briefly moving at its best because of the querulous undertones.

Of the more obvious influences—Yeats', D. H. Lawrence's and Auden's—the last seems the strongest and is corroding, but it may simply be a question of natural affinity. Hope, even in apparently serious poems, uses modernist slang with ironic intent but disastrous effect. It would be only irritating, if it did not also show that in the poet himself the age in which he lives produces very little more than irritation. Not even satire, but sarcasm.

Tragedy, of course, can be the stuff of art. But nobody can make poetry out of nausea. It would be wrong to say there is nothing more to Hope than that, but with him it dominates everything. There are two kinds of pessimisms. There's a sort of heroic and bitter despair with which, today, it is hard to sympathise but which one can respect, as in Butler, Thomas Hardy and, perhaps, Poe. The other, Hope's, kind is too full of self-pity to produce compassion.

To me it is axiomatic that a good poet's work must contain **some** positive affirmation that can be defined and understood. (There are still better tests of the quality of poetry, and the most important is whether it expresses common human experience in fresh, vital and communicable forms, in short whether it fulfils poetry's traditional function of interpreting man to society, of unifier and universaliser. But while this is obvious to history, to A. D. Hope, I fear, it would be didactic mumbo-jumbo.) When you put down "The Wandering Islands", it would be hard to name a few simple things he holds dear. Not even man's right to be completely "free", for hopelessness is gnawing at that also, and most of his love poems are almost desperate, not to say unhealthy.

Yeats, the aristocrat, loved Ireland and Poetry. It may not suffice for us, but it gave us "Easter 1916", "The Fiddler of Dooney" and other memorable poems. I believe A. D. Hope, who admires Yeats, would feel insulted if someone called him a patriot, but there is work here which makes one believe that he, too, loves Poetry. But not enough to keep some artistic check on sexual preoccupations. It is not true eroticism that spoils so much of his best work, but a certain wearisome smuttiness—it's the only word for it—which owes little to Sappho and much to the chemist shop. Alas, if he only loved Hope! But Hope thoroughly disgusts Hope, and in this disgust he seems to seek a symbol of our whole epoch. Hope, however, is not sufficiently typical, and his sufferings on the whole not sufficiently humanised, for the symbol to be valid.

Still, there's enough poetry here for us to regret that such a talent should be lost in such a labyrinth, and that such a writer should mistake the, sometimes perhaps naive and even monotonous, enthusiasm of a hopeful generation for that shallow fanaticism which alone could justify this retreat into his clique. Poems like "The Death of the Bird", "The House of God", and above all "The Gateway"—though even this, his best, love lyric is more self-centred than unaffectedly truthful—achieve considerable lucidity and power. But the playful sado-masochistic obscenities of the last section, and the tortured exhibitionism of his autobiographical poems get in their way. It must be hard to distil an "absolute experience" out of such absolute isolation.

Too many and too ephemeral nightmares altogether! "Delicious pulp" is one of his characteristic symbols with its usual counterpart, "the few, the free, the chosen."

In "The Sleepers", a poem I should have liked to quote, there is something—an echo: one might say that the first verse has a pathetic, rather telling sincerity. But read to the end, and what is evoked is only pity for a poet who pities himself more than the world. To try and analyse some of the social causes for this self-strangulation of a native gift might not help a writer, who, at least in his capacity of poet, has now only two things left him to extol: the most purely physical things of existence and his own pride of loneliness—"the argument of fear."

But need it always remain so?

—David Martin.

★

Parramatta

Ethel Anderson's writing, in verse or prose, has always been marked by an individual, personal, even idiosyncratic note. "At Parramatta" (Cheshire, 19/6) gives plenty of room for such a style to flourish. It is a collection of sketches, loosely held together by the continuity of certain characters, of life in the colony's solidest country town in the 'fifties; there is the additional framework device of making each sketch a study in one of the Seven Deadly Sins, and when these run out, of inventing or suggesting new ones. Mrs. Anderson deliberately places her sketches in the character of whimsy by mixing names such as that of the Governor (Lord Willing--Toper) with the familiar Hornsby Junction and Castle Hill.

"So many ships call in at Port Jackson nowadays," remarks one of the characters, "that it's just as well to teach the girls to answer any proposals of marriage in as many languages as they can master." So in passing one is made aware of the turbulence of Australia's golden decade. Equally casually, the ferryman whistling the popular tune—

"When Cardigan the Fearless
His name immortal made,
He charged the Russian army
With the gallant Light Brigade,"

hints that the setting has another dimension.

But this volume is the very opposite of a conscious social study of colonial life at mid-century. One gets a picture of a complacent, self-contained but lively little community, pursuing its own quiet concerns, stirred most by events such as the Bishop's pastoral visit and the arrival of the Governor to open the Parramatta and District Royal Horticultural Show.

Australian writing about our past has been of two kinds—imaginative reconstructions of place and period (at its best in Barnard Eldershaw, Eleanor Dark, Katharine Prichard, tailing off into the tedious “historical saga”), and more ephemeral writing based on what might be called the “oddity” theory of history. Mrs. Anderson falls into neither group. Her characters are quaint or racy, scurrilous, pompous or eccentric not because she sees the concerns of a century ago in that light, but because that is how she sees human beings. The past, for her, is neither trivial nor odd because it is the past; her local color, contemporary gossip and the stage-properties of everyday living do not have the air of having been scavenged from assiduous study of the social columns of faded newspapers. She moves among her Parramatta people with complete ease, taking their values and pre-occupations completely for granted. One is never launched on a paragraph with the words, “In those days . . .”

The limitations of her approach do, however, leave one with a slight sense of disappointment. Mrs. Anderson’s Parramatta is static, her people neither nostalgic for the old nor conscious of participating in the new. There is racy and muscular vigor in the style, and in places a robust enjoyment of character and situation; but the comedy deals essentially with the surface of life, and one misses the fundamental humanity that has become a tradition in most Australian writing. She deals in comedy and wit rather than in humor. Rich though this often is, in the long run the sketches have to be sustained by the energy of the writing rather than the inner vitality of the life with which it deals. Inevitably comedy here and there peters out into farce or anti-climax, and the style becomes a little feverish.

—Helen G. Palmer.

★

Dunolly Story

James Flett’s “Dunolly, the Story of an Old Gold-Diggings Town” (Poppet Head Press, 45/-), most spectacular of Victorian local histories, reviews more than a century’s story of the occupation and development of a rich countryside. Famous for its gold-rushes, the Dunolly purlieu embraces, too, Aboriginal communities soon displaced by “shepherd kings”—pioneering pastoralists—and cultivators, and then urban facilities and amenities which were brought into being to serve the newcomers. So Mr. Flett’s history, having the district gold and struggles for it as a glittering main theme, properly includes some account of the Aborigines and their successors, and of the schools, churches, newspapers, railways and so on which as time marched transformed the environment and its people.

In this glowing-jacketed gift book there are 160 spacious pages of letterpress. As to these, well dusted as they are with “colors” of anecdote and personalities, it has to be said that they lack something of the smooth, professional-writer’s touch. Mr. Flett’s punctuation, and on occasion spelling and arithmetic, tend to be individual—as, also, for example, do those of the Right Hon. R. G. Casey when he puts down protocol and takes to authorship.

There is nothing perfunctory about the author’s knowledge, understanding and interpretation of the tides of life that have flowed over these hills and valleys. This comes out strongly in the pictorial illustration of the book, a field in which the author is a professional. There are 40 full pages of black and white illustrations, besides a number scattered through the numbered pages of text. From the reader-viewer’s angle, this wealth of material assembles to make a lasting impression.

Quite awe-inspiring industry must have been put into preparing these maps of pastoral runs and goldfields settlements, into ferreting out and processing old woodcuts and photographs, collecting and reproducing portraits of past worthies. It was labor worth while, for this book demonstrates how much more forcibly than unaided words can a variety of well-selected pictures, plans and maps, adding weight to the chapters of narrative, stamp a locality on the beholder.

—Brian Fitzpatrick.

★

Capricornia

A permanent reputation can be made with one book; Xavier Herbert is the living proof of it. But there is one condition attached; the book has to be as good as “Capricornia” (Third Edition, Angus and Robertson, 25/-)—and very few books are!

I don’t mean that it is faultless. The narrative sags and bulges and lollops from point to point like a bitch in pup; the style zigzags from over-literary (especially in the early parts) to pure colloquial spoken Aussie; sermons as bare as Tolstoy’s or Tom Collins’ are let into the story at intervals; the punctuation is casual, the grammar often impressionistic, and even the spelling sometimes unreliable. But none of this matters a damn. The sweep and gusto of the book simply picks you up and drags you with it, and when you reach the end you can only sit panting with your tongue out.

Not that the story ends, either; it just comes to a halt, at a point no more conclusive than a dozen others in earlier chapters.

Take it all round, it is just about the worst-written masterpiece there is; but it’s a masterpiece. It is a novel in the sound 18th-century manner of Fielding and Lesage, written with understanding and irony, without gush, without sentimentalism, and without the presumption of “going inside” the characters. There are over a hundred of these—black, white, yellow and piebald—without an unblemished “goody” or an irreclaimable “baddy” among them, except maybe Charlie Ket. In spite of the author’s refusal to “point the way forward” with a moral, he leaves the reader incapable of ever again seeing the halfcaste through the bleary eyes of prejudice.

I don’t know if it is the Great Australian Novel, but I am certain that it is the greatest regional novel of Australia. It is Darwin and Arnhem Land without the tourist posters. It may infuriate you, but it won’t leave you cold. You have to read it.

—Cookslander.

Prophets

Each year Angus and Robertson issues an anthology that represents, in the opinion of each editor, the year's best work in poetry. Surprisingly, the general standard from year to year is much the same although, of course, some years are luckier than others and are able to produce outstanding poems.

"Australian Poetry 1956" (12/6), tastefully edited for cover to cover reading by A. A. Phillips, has no one outstanding poem. It does, however, display our outstanding poets (Judith Wright and Rosemary Dobson) writing very nearly at top form and the young poet, Vivian Smith, writing with a musical sense that distinguishes his work from everybody else's. There is nothing in the book that is uninteresting and most of it is serious, tactful, tasteful and pleasant.

These, of course, are the very qualities in which Australian verse of the last few years excels, and one tires of them. One looks in vain for the quickness and lightness of intelligence in verse. Here it is represented only in Douglas Stewart's pleasant poem about an orchid that looks like Great FitzGerald's grandfather.

And, although Bruce Beaver's "Cow Dance" tries, there is no poem in the book that creates life for us. There is a great deal of lamenting for what is passing or being taken from us (I do it myself) but there is no poem that makes life seem delightful, fun; worth preserving or fighting for. There is no poem that says, by implication, this is the living world which you are losing. The poets, here, are too concerned with our loss really to excite us about it. They are not militant and lively, singing the senses; they are prophets (major and minor) voicing their visions.

They are, as A. D. Hope points out in his poem on our loss, not trusting the "lightnings" of the mind because they know "too well the things to be". They are not giving us the experience of now.

There are omissions in this collection. There is no Manifold, Collinson, Abdullah or Banning. But such a list, like the foregoing comments, is the result of personal prejudice and faith; one should not pick at an editor who has managed to give us a book that looks like poetry, really represents the present level of Australian verse and preserves "The Living to the Dead" and "The Last Summer"—two poems of extraordinary meaning. They grow in the mind with every reading.

—Ray Mathew.

★

Miracle

In "The Miracle of Mullion Hill" (Angus & Robertson, 15/-) David Campbell quietly announces himself as a poet who is not afraid to write of country ways of "Horses and stolen roses, fine woolled rams." Apparently he has not heard the modern dictum that there is no such thing as being Australian in verse. That sort of thing of course belongs to the "discredited" balladist school of the not so spacious Nineties.

Untroubled by this specious fashion in poetry, David Campbell sings lyrically of country life, only mildly affected by the craggy intricacies of the modernist formula.

In an Australian transcription of Marlowe and Rupert Brooke, he sings of the joys of country life:

All summer down the Lachlan-side
We'll sing of Clancy as we ride . . .

For love of you I'll ring the shed
Then we'll have breakfast served in bed
By slattern maids in cotton caps
And go to work at noon perhaps.

The "Miracle of Mullion Hill", the ballad which gives the book its name, may be irreverent but it does seem to prove that a tale can still be told in verse, if not in the same style as Lawson's, at least with a humor similar in quality. Indeed David Campbell dares to be humorous without destroying a single enemy, without calculating the effect of his verse at all. His absorption in his own laughing mood lacks the correct artificial pose of bohemian beeriness. No satyrs gambol; nor do red cheeked girls drop amorously out of apple trees. The people in the poems in fact could be real, for a poet here has feeling deep enough to imagine them:

Old Jack Donoghoe
Fossicking for color
Down by the Bullock Head
Found a tree of yellow.
"Wish" said the wattle-tree;
What will you buy?
"Three blonde waitresses
And a quart of whisky."

The lasting impression of David Campbell's verse is in his feeling for the land itself. This feeling inspires the highest expression of his poetic vision:

From the bending tree he sang aloud,
And the sun shone out the heart of the cloud
And it seemed to me as we travelled through
That my sheep were the notes that the trumpet
blew.

And so I sing this song of praise
For travelling sheep and blowing days.

Again in "Summer Tree" it is the magpie which binds his words into a quiet music:

One world is of time,
And the other of vision,
And the magpie's song
Brings peace and fusion:
For now the sharp leaves
On the tree are still,
And the great blonde paddocks
Come down from the hill.

Here is a very un-European nightingale. It is surely a strange thing that European poets are not expected to apologise for their cuckoos and nightingales in the same way that Australian poets now are expected to write apologetically, no, not at all about such blatantly Australian things as magpies and wattle. David Campbell manages to do this making it seem as natural a thing to do as breathing. He even gives the wattle and the magpie a universality which, critics say, can only be attained by avoiding them.

—J. L. Gordon.

★

Vision

James McAuley's new volume of poems, "A Vision of Ceremony" (Angus and Robertson, 15/-), is at the same time a very impressive book and something of a disappointment. Certainly it is the work of a most accomplished craftsman and contains some poems of which any poet might be

envious: yet it also includes examples of surprisingly inferior writing in which his classicism seems to run into a cul-de-sac. One of his outstanding qualities is his avoidance of modishness and obscure romanticism, but many of the lyrics in "A Vision of Ceremony" go to the opposite extreme, becoming archaic or merely thin and, at times, showing sad lapses of taste.

Three of the four longer poems included show McAuley at his finest; the fourth, "A Letter to John Dryden", being a peevish and often crude attack on contemporary society and the Modern Mind ("Loud, indistinct, moronic"). Longest of these is "The Hero and the Hydra", the mythological sequence which marks the end of McAuley's early stoicism. The four sections of this poem interrelate the legends of Prometheus and Heracles, the two great heroes who stood in vain against the gods. Here we find powerful poetry that leads us to the deeply personal epilogue at Heracles' tomb:

"This is the end of stoic pride and state:
Blind light, dry rock, a tree that does not bear.
Look, cranes still know their path through
empty air;
For them the world is neither soon nor late;
But ours is eaten hollow with despair."

His later, specifically Christian, poetry comes to its peak in "The Celebration of Divine Love", probably the best poem in the book and one of those for which we are willing to forgive any of the unevenness of his lyrics. For while James McAuley is a serious, uncompromising writer and one who may seem unsympathetic to some, he remains one of our finest poets.

—Chris Wallace-Crabbe.

★

Sonnet

There are more than three hundred sonnets in Louis Lavater's "The Sonnet in Australasia" (revised and enlarged edition, Angus & Robertson, 25/-) and the best of them are very good indeed. The editing has been done skilfully, and the production (apart from some disconcerting misprints) is excellent. The book deserves to be read with care by every student of literature.

All the same, there are buts.

French, Spanish, Italian and English anthologists can select from the sonnets of three, four, even five centuries, with all their changing fashions in style and subject-matter. This book is bound to one period, a bare hundred years, in which the sonnet did not so much flourish as hibernate. Consequently it has a certain monotony, and a certain air of over-indulgence to faults.

Hibernation, torpor, inertia set in with the death of Wordsworth. The twiddlings and twaddlings of Rossetti, his tinkering with inessentials of formal construction and his incurably second-hand content, only gave the sonnet a bad name which Bridges—sound craftsman as he was—had not devil enough in him to dispel. Only the posthumous publication of Hopkins could restore the sonnet to honor.

The Australian sonnet suffered from the weaknesses of the English sonnet. The enterprise of the language went into the ballad and into prose.

These are the weaknesses as I see them.

Vocabulary is stagnant, imitative and divorced from the spoken language. "Thou dost" and "it

hath", "methinks" and "perchance", "splendors wan" and "ruins hoar", "Lo!" and "fain", "e'en" and "e'er", which were natural enough to the Sidney (Sir Philip) of the sixteenth century, are dead unnatural to the Sydney of the nineteenth/twentieth.

Rhythm is slack and monotonous. Rhyme is all too often amateurish. In Milton's hands, says Wordsworth, the sonnet became a trumpet. In too many of these hands it remains a barrel-organ.

Lavater's introductory essay shows knowledge, wide reading, and shrewd criticism of details. He has listed and glossed pretty well every variety and subspecies of sonnet. What he says of William Sharp, the Scottish novelist, traveller and sonnet-anthologist, remains true, however, of himself: "(His) actual standpoint is not easy to discover—that is to say, the logical standpoint. His instinct in individual cases is much more reliable".

Now Lavater's instinct in individual cases is very sound indeed; but what is lacking is precisely a unifying grasp of basic facts and functions, a logical standpoint. So his minute investigation of detail often wears the look of dilettantism or of pedantry. The sonnet is a magnificent vehicle for dialectical statement; and from time to time a poet is born to use it, just as some airmen seem to have been born to fly a Spitfire. The born sonnet-pilots were men in whom passion and intellect burned into one flame: Dante, Gongora, Du Bellay, Wordsworth at his best, Hopkins, Becher, Machado, Lorca and Cassou.

The sonnet is no more tethered to the expression of gently elegaic melancholy or young love than to the iambic pentameter—though, to read this book, you would come close to believing both rules applied!

I don't want to be hard on Lavater's book; the compilation was a labor of love, and the editing and publishing were an act of piety. People ought to read it and learn from it. It will be the standard anthology for a generation at least. But when, at the end of that time, someone puts together a new sonnet-anthology, I hope that the new one will better stand comparison with Allison Peers' "Cuarenta Sonetos Espanoles", or with Crosland's "The English Sonnet".

—J.S.M.

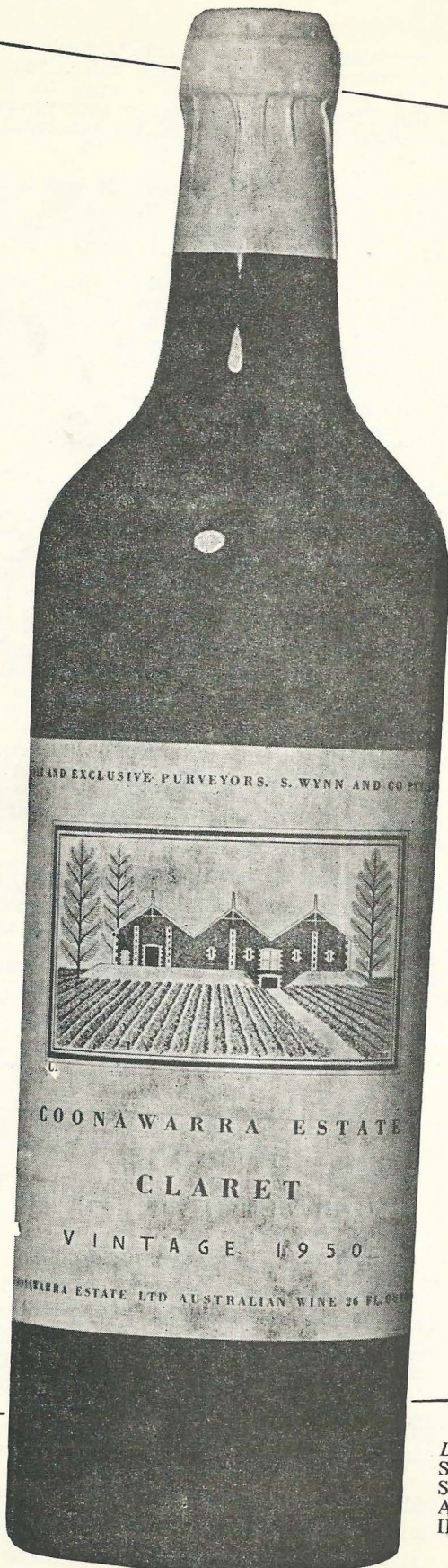
OVERLAND

"Temper democratic, bias Australian"

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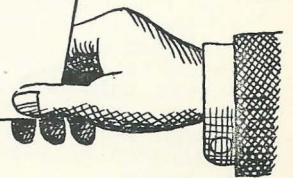
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