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viewpoint

On the Menace of Lay Councils

Dissensions within the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, of which the latest manifestation is the resignation of novelist James T. Farrell from the Presidency, seem to have their parallel in the Australian branch of the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

Dissension has been precipitated by what is superficially an abstract discussion on the administrative control of Australian universities. It is no mere chance, however, that this disagreement should have arisen from comments on the situation in the University of Tasmania following the recent Royal Commission. In fact it would seem that the very issue of cultural freedom is being fought out most bitterly within that institution.

Although the University's affairs have recently been the subject of debate in *The Free Spirit,* the monthly journal of the Australian Committee for Cultural Freedom, the actual situation is veiled behind considerable assertion, counter-assertion and political theorising. It is therefore without any apology that much factual information is included in this editorial comment.

An article by Professor Polya, which appears elsewhere in this issue, gives some of the background details of the dispute, embodied in the comments of one of the participants. Professor Polya's views are stated quite frankly and openly here, and it appears, further, that he was equally critical of the Administration before and during the Royal Commission. In view of the fact that changes recommended by the Royal Commission were not effected, and that University control remained unchanged for some time, it is not surprising that conflict arose in the subsequent period. The outcome was that the Vice-Chancellor invoked, it is alleged improperly, the name of the University Council to secure from the Professor a written statement explaining his reasons for writing a lengthy and detailed article which appeared in *The Australian Journal of Science* last year.

On this occasion no action was taken, but the Council's method of dealing with another critic indicates a belief that the proper relationship between Council and academic staff is one of master and servant, with an undisputed right of summary dismissal.

Let us consider the case of Professor Orr, until recently occupant of the Chair of Philosophy in Hobart. It seems that from his academic vantage

point he added to the stream of criticism which helped to bring about the Royal Commission. It may appear to be a coincidence that two academic critics should be subjected to enquiry by the controllers of the University. Nevertheless, Professor Orr duly made his appearance before sub-committees of the University Council, and was dismissed on the alleged grounds of having failed to give answers on matters pursuant to his obligations as a staff member.

Since Professor Orr is seeking legal redress on a number of counts, including breach of contract, and the whole matter is therefore *sub judice,* no comment is possible on these charges. It is for this reason that very few people know exactly what has been happening. Nevertheless some of the circumstances surrounding the situation are such as to cause grave alarm to those who look on a university as something more than a factory for the production of graduates.

Since the Professor's dismissal in March a member of the lecturing staff has acted as head of the department. Late in April the Council decided to advertise the Chair, the Vice-Chancellor being quoted as saying "I think it is about time we appointed another Professor of Philosophy" (*Togatus,* 4/5/56). This move was exposed in the student press, however, and when the Professor's counsel warned that such a proceeding would be equivalent to contempt of court no action was taken to fill the position.

Following this several Council members suggested that the Department of Philosophy should be reduced in scope and status, and despite protests that the matter should not be discussed in the absence of the Professor, a committee of Council members drew up a scheme which would make Philosophy merely an adjunct to Education, with Political Philosophy eliminated and the History of Philosophy handed over to Classics. Nevertheless up to date the *status quo* has been preserved, due to the efforts of the Faculty of Arts and the Professorial Board.

In the circumstances this and other persistent endeavours to eliminate the Chair of Philosophy can only be suspect as undignified manoeuvres, not only subversive of any possible court decision unfavourable to Council, but destructive of any semblance of academic independence, at the same time implicitly denying the right of appeal against the Council's decisions.

This attitude is confirmed by reports that the Vice-Chancellor recently used his authority to ban a meeting at the University to which Professor Orr had been invited as a speaker by the Socratic Society. Although this may be considered prudent, to avoid complications in the pending law suit, it is alleged that the Vice-Chancellor saw fit to threaten a spokesman of the Society.

In the face of such procedures it is to be expected that students and staff would be wary of incurring the wrath of the Administration by showing support for Professor Orr, or sympathy for his point of view. Meantime the Professor's academic salary has ceased, and has supported his family and financed his proceedings from employment elsewhere, including work with a Hobart textile manufacturer for the weekly wage of £14.

The emergence of this matter in the organ of the A.C.C.F. has already been mentioned in these editorial columns (*Viewpoint, Westerly No.* 2, 1956) but this has been followed by further correspondence from Hobart. This comes from H. J. Solomon, a member of the University Council, and Professor Townsley, a supporter of the Council on the Professorial Board.

Although the theory of government does not properly come within the scope of these remarks, one may well question Professor Townsley's strenuous attempts to separate entirely the questions of academic freedom and academic government. Well might it be asked, for instance, to what extent civil rights can remain free when civil government becomes corrupt or partial. Yet he fails to point out that the Report of last year's Royal Commission stressed "that the membership of the present Council, with its predominance of school teachers and lawyers, was unbalanced" (*Togatus,* 14/10/55). Nor is it made clear that this disparity still exists, since the University Council remains substantially unaltered. This is despite the Royal Commission recommendations "that legislation to reconstitute Council should prescribe an early date for the retirement of the present Council and the commencement of the new one" (*Togatus,* 14/10/55).

In the light of this, Professor Townsley's position as Professor of Government makes it all the more curious that he should also invoke the principle of public accountability in a situation in which the governing body has avoided re-constitution; in which criticism is stifled; in which attempts are made to circumvent possible court decisions; and in which the Council has lost the confidence of students to a considerable degree.

Mr. Solomon's position in the dispute is amply indicated by his own words:

Every man is entitled to freedom of speech but not even an academician is entitled to hold that the community owes him a salary, as of right, merely because he is an academician. That salary is his reward for his service to the community, and there is no interference with his freedom if the community decides to withhold it because his views, however right, are opposed to what the community thinks proper. (*The Free Spirit,* July 1956.)

The alarming feature about this theory is that it is apparently being assiduously put into practice by a body which public investigation has shown to be unable to represent the community's interests.

The point of all this is that although taking place in an isolated part of the Commonwealth, and in a situation unique in Australia, these events must not be ignored. If allowed to continue unquestioned they could affect the whole basis of academic liberties in Australia, which Professor Stout already finds to be considerably narrower than those current in Britain (*The Free Spirit,* May 1956).

It is doubtful whether the A.C.C.F. would be able, on account of its particular structure, to take effective action in this matter. The logical alternative seems to be a further Royal Commission to clear up the events arising from reluctance to implement properly the recommendations handed down by the 1955 Commission.

Meantime it is incumbent on all persons of conscience to keep some attention focussed on the events in Hobart, where it is reported that Professor Orr's legal action is to be heard later this year.

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JOHN PLOOY

The Heine Centenary

THE problem of anti-Semitism appears to be as old as the case of the anti-Semite with the Jewish girl-friend. On the occasion of the centenary commemoration of Heine's death it would be inappropriate to treat the reader to stories about Titus and his Jewish queen Berenice or about Chateaubriand who tried to excuse his love-making to the daughters of Zion by saying that not they, but their fathers and brothers, the Jewish men, had crucified Jesus. This sort of affection seems somehow related to the ambivalence of feeling towards Heinrich Heine in many non-Jewish Germans.

There is, for example, Richard Wagner, who in the first edition of his autobiography admitted how much of the subject matter of his "Flying Dutchman" he had borrowed from Heine, but who promptly omitted this praise in the second edition, together with everything he owed to Heine during his stay in Paris.

Later we have Josef Goebbels, who organised the auto-da-fe of May 1933, where instead of the body of 'Heine the heretic' the whole body of his work was committed to the flames, with highly serious rites and to the sound of fitting funeral orations. Not long before this senseless episode Goebbels had presented to his girl-friend a copy of Heine's 'Buch der Lieder' with a little inscription in it. Goebbels' case is perhaps interesting as an example of perverted jealousy, the despised Jewish men of letters, or 'bitumen-journalists' as he called them, obviously possessed that which Goebbels himself pursued all his life and yet never completely achieved.

The literary-historian Bartels is another example of the anti-Semite who abuses Heine on the one hand, calling him 'an impudent little Jewish waster' but who nevertheless cannot help commenting that Heine's poetry must have a certain fascination — notice the word 'must' — and that he was after all a poet in his own right and no mere echo. But Bartels criticises not only Heine's work. He reproaches him for his frivolous way of living, his cowardice, his blackmailing: and he thinks that these vices alone tell against the erection of a monument in Heine's memory.

Of course it is not only Heine's work or life which were and still are harped on by our anti-Semites. The whole dispute about Heine resolves itself into the question of his Jewish blood. Any discourse on this subject would only make sense if the millions of Jewish victims of Nazism had possessed the same or equally great sins as were imputed to Heine. In fact, they were exterminated merely because they were Jews, irrespective of disposition or conduct.

And so our problem can be reduced to something different, namely, what is it that offers these anti-Semites a starting-point from which they try to rationalise their feelings in order to provide themselves with an alibi and a proof — two things which have always been looked for after every slaughter — that the guilt rested with the murdered person and not with the murderer.

Heine's incomparable wit must be the chief reason for the ambivalence of which certain Germans are so obviously victims. It is his type of humour, a marvellous mixture of defence and accusation, this sharp, flashing, light weapon that displeases them, like the

Mr. Plooy, who is of Dutch origin, is an honours student in German at the University of Western Australia.

rapier necessarily displeases those who are used to handle clubs. . . .

Listen, for example, to what Heine says about Gottingen, where he was a student in 1820. "The town of G., famous for its sausages and university, belongs to the King of Hanover, possesses 999 houses, several churches, an observatory, a university prison, a library and a Town Hall, where the beer is excellent. Generally the citizens of G. are divided into students, professors, philistines and cattle, four classes which are nevertheless strictly separated. The cattle-class is the most important. The town itself is beautiful and pleases one at its best when viewed with one's back turned towards it." Commenting on the fate of Professor Saalfeld, who had been addicted to writing furious pamphlets against Napoleon, and who was a professor at Gottingen, a great seat, according to Heine, of pedantry and philistinism, Heine writes: "it is curious that the three greatest adversaries of Napoleon have all ended miserably. Castlereagh cut his own throat, Louis the Eighteenth rotted upon his throne, and Professor Saalfeld is still a professor at Gottingen." As Matthew Arnold rightly remarks, it is impossible to go beyond that.

HEINE was born at Dusseldorf in 1799 and his boyhood fell at a time when his native town had become the capital of a newfangled French Grand-Duchy. The first impressions which young Heine received of the outer world were therefore French. The people of Dusseldorf were by no means displeased with the French rule and particularly the Jews saw in Napoleon their secular saviour who had emancipated them socially and politically and had thus admitted them within the pale of humanity. As a boy Heine was attracted by the noisy military display of the French soldiers and by their winning manners. That Heine's mind did not under such circumstances become entirely Frenchified, and that he continued during his whole life to feel a warm attachment to his native country and a deep yearning to identify himself with the Germanic race, was owing partly to his native instinct and partly to the teachings of his excellent mother, who constantly admonished her children to love and cherish their native country.

From 1819-25 Heine studied on and off in Bonn and Gottingen, where he obtained the diploma of Doctor of Law. From that date his literary career started, and, as it were unconsciously, Heine entered into the troublous arena of politics. In 1827 Heine made a trip to England to make himself acquainted with the practical school of politics par excellence.

And so Heine turned into something much more than a romantic poet. He became a most effective soldier in the Liberation War of humanity. Some people think that an unfortunate youthful love-experience poisoned Heine's heart before it matured, making of him both a sentimental dreamer and a cynic. This seems an over-simplification. For a soul like Heine's there is no peaceful happiness, it will always search for the adventurous, wild exaltation and sad disillusionment. With whom he experienced this exaltation and disillusionment is not really important. Not a girl formed and guided Heine's soul, but in her he found and recognised himself for the first time.

This is remarkably confirmed by Heine's own words about a flirtation called by himself 'a prelude to his later loves.' The girl's name was Red – Setchen. She had blood-red hair, was the daughter of a hangman and an old witch. Her eyes used to puzzle Heine and he compares her slender figure with – a marble statue. She sang old folk-songs to him, one of which she wrote down with her own blood. One day she stood before Heine and asked him as a horrible joke to kiss her father's unsheathed sword, with which a hundred poor devils had been beheaded.

Because resistance would have resulted in injuring the two young lovers Setchen had to surrender in Heine's reckless arms. That was Heine's first romantic girl-friend and yet she did not make of him a Romanticist although he himself says that Setchen certainly exercised the greatest influence on the awakening poet so that his first poems of 'Traumbilder' which he wrote soon afterwards had a gloomy and cruel undertone.

Heine himself, however, gives us a better picture of the real nature of his relationship with Setchen when he writes that he was sometimes frightened by her voice and believed he heard himself speaking. Her singing too reminded him of dreams in which he heard himself singing in the same way. Most significant is this confession: "I kissed her not only out of tender affection, but also out of scorn for the old social set-up and all its sinister prejudices, and at that very moment the first flames of the two passions, to which the rest of my life remained dedicated, suddenly glowed up — the love for beautiful women and the love for the French Revolution." The red-head Setchen was the image of Heine's own soul and its romantic rebelliousness. The glowing enthusiasm for freedom and justice runs through his whole work and is here equated with the love for a woman. And of both passions Heine becomes conscious on the occasion of a romping flirtation above the sword of a hangman!

When Heine saw himself disappointed as to the effect on Germany of the July revolution, he carried out his long-cherished desire to settle in Paris, where he arrived in 1831. The publication of some of his writing in France attracted considerable attention and his reputation steadily increased. An obscure disease of the spinal cord threw him for the last years of his life on a bed of sickness, designated by himself, with grim humour, as his 'mattress-grave.' On the 17th February, 1856, Heinrich Heine was freed from his earthly sufferings.

IT WOULD be useless to give to English readers samples of translations of Heine's lyrical poems. Their rhythm and diction defy the art of a translator and drive him to despair. Not quite as useless it might be to quote George Eliot, who says of Heine that his greatest power as a poet lies in his simple pathos, in the ever-varied but always natural expression he has given to the tender emotions.

More interesting to English readers are perhaps some of Heine's political opinions. Lin Yutang in his excellent book *Between Tears and Laughter* writes: "Sometimes it is given to poets to foretell the future, not by astrology, but by acquaintance with the laws of the spirit. To such extraordinary minds, these laws become so vivid that they assume the character of a 'vision.'" Heine was such a poet with such an uncanny vision. From an intimate and intuitive knowledge of the German mind, he could prophesy the "German Revolution" and the character of the modern-day Nazi spirit with a frightening accuracy, and from a knowledge of the forces developing in European thought he could prophesy the "European or World Revolution" and predict with striking clairvoyant power certain phases unrolling before our eyes to-day. Speaking of the German thunder, coming slowly but surely, he said: "Then, when you hear the rumble and clatter — beware, Frenchmen, your neighbours' children . . . . Don't smile at my advice, the advice of a dreamer who warns you of Kantians, Fichteans, and natural philosophers. Don't smile at the visionary who expects the same revolution in the material world which has taken place in the realm of the spirit."

In 1834, in his *Religion and Philosophy in Germany,* Heine wrote: " . . . and when you hear a crash as nothing ever crashed in world history, you'll know that the German thunder has hit the mark. At that sound the eagles will fall dead from the sky and the lions in the farthest desert of Africa will pull in their

tails and slink away into their royal caves. A play will be performed that will make the French Revolution seem like a harmless idyll in comparison. . . . Beware! I wish you well; that is why I tell you the bitter truth. You have more to fear from a liberated Germany than from the whole Holy Alliance with all its Croats and Cossacks."

One hundred years ago, in 1842, he prophesied the "World Revolution": "Communism is the secret name of the dread antagonist setting proletarian rule with all its consequences against the present bourgeois regime. It will be a frightful duel. How will it end? . . . We only know this much: Communism, though little discussed now and loitering in hidden garrets on miserable straw pallets, is the dark hero destined for a great, if temporary, role in the modern tragedy . . . It would be war, the ghastliest war of destruction — which would unfortunately call the two noblest nations of civilisation into the arena, to the ruin of both: France and Germany, England, the great sea serpent always able to crawl back into its vast watery lair, and Russia, which also has the safest hiding-places in its vast fir forests, steppes and icy wastes — those two, in a normal political war, cannot be annihilated even by the most crushing defeats. But Germany is far more menaced in such cases, and France in particular could lose her political existence in the most pitiful manner. That, however, would only be the first act of the great melodrama, the prologue as it were. The second act is the European and the World Revolution, the great duel between the destitute and the aristocracy of wealth . . . I do not know; but I think that eventually the great sea serpent will have its head crushed, and the skin of the Northern bear will be pulled over his ears . . . The future smells of Russian leather, blood, godlessness, and many whippings. I should advise our grandchildren to be born with very thick skins on their backs. . . . " No wonder that police-spies of those days spoke of the 'Communist Heine.'

In 1931 the Russian Bukharin said in an important address to the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. that Heine would live throughout the centuries as a soldier on the revolutionary front, as a hater of bourgeois-narrowness, as the herald of the first revolts of rebellious slaves.

WHY WRITE or read an article on Heine? Because he was the most important successor of Goethe? No, I would say. Because he showed of what grace and ease the German language is capable, if properly handled. Once more, No!

To me Heine represents the man who found the solution of his life-conflict in self-irony. This is the hall-mark of the synthesis in which romanticism and realism have become one. And so he could write to his bosom-friend Moser:

"love me because of that strange kind of feeling, which I express in foolishness and wisdom, in goodness and badness. Love me just because it comes to your mind, not because you think me worthy of your friendship. Similarly, I don't like you because you are a warehouse of virtues, or because of your being able to understand Andelusian, Spanish, Syrian, Hegel's language, English, Arabic or Calcutta slang, or because you lent me your coat and money, or worried about me and similar things — I love you perhaps only on account of your silly grimaces of which I used to catch sight, and because of those monkey-like ways of talking, which slipped from you at one time, got stuck in my memory and come to my mind when I am in a good mood, in cash and sentimentally inclined."

It is perhaps because of sayings like this that I like Heine most.

MAX BROWN

Cry Away, Mrs. Appelstrudel!

MRS. APPELSTRUDEL! I have never met her, but I can see her in my mind, and I know that she is fat, and Viennese, and always weeping.

She is so fat she has no wrists. She became that way when she married her second husband, the Count. He disappointed her and she began to eat.

Mrs. Appelstrudel sells toffees and cigarettes at the Tivoli sandwich bar, and the boys who work in the radio shop next door call her Mummy. She asks them about their girl friends and tells them she was beautiful once — and weeps.

"Oh Mummy," they say, "you make your lovely eyes so red and ugly."

But that only makes her weep the more until they remember to ask how her little niece Mimi is — which immediately brings a smile to her face and the words:

"Oh, Mimi is an angel out of heaven!"

And she is happy for a half-minute until she remembers that she is allowed to see Mimi only once a week now — and weeps again.

The doctor said Mrs. Appelstrudel was upsetting Mimi with sweets and pastries and endless caresses, and Mimi's parents had been driven to strictness.

The days go by and Mrs. Appelstrudel eats and weeps.

She eats all day, but complains that she never has time for lunch. She weeps for Vienna. She weeps for the Jews. She weeps for her first husband, a doctor whom the Germans killed. She weeps for her second husband, the Count — a poor devil who spent every morning of his five years in Australia at his toilette, and then disappeared impeccably by Qantas airliner to Paris with her jewels and all she had in the bank.

And now she weeps lest he return.

She is soft-hearted. She weeps for the poor and the rich, for the unemployed and over-privileged, for yesterday and tomorrow.

Sometimes she takes in mending and gives it to Eve, who brings it home and sits in the sunshine with her needle — because she is sorry for Eve, because I am finding the building game tough.

But she always gets her fifty per cent.

Mrs. Appelstrudel, whom I have never met, why do you weep so much? You do not know yourself, for you said the other day that you were glad you had no family to bring up in these troubled times.

You do not know yourself, so I will tell you.

You are weeping for Europe, America, Australia. You are weeping for Western civilisation and culture. You are weeping for those three miscarriages your first husband gave you when he was a struggling and ambitious medical student, but loved you. You are weeping for youth assaulted, torn from your womb, and murdered in the name of academic education and medical science — and for the assassination of motherhood.

Yours tears will never cease — so cry away, Mrs. Appelstrudel!

Fred
Alexander

THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE TRUST AND YOU

ANY organisation based on either Melbourne or Sydney is suspect with some West Australians. A new, non-commercial, theatrical organisation with funds subscribed mainly in the Eastern States, albeit aided by individuals, firms and governments in all capital cities, is doubly suspect when it begins its avowed task of developing an Australian theatre by recruiting its chief officers from overseas. Suspicion is more than confirmed when the new body makes its first highly publicised contributions to the theatre throughout Australia in the form of touring companies for opera and drama which are based respectively on Melbourne and Sydney, in the latter of which cities a new theatre itself is acquired and named after the national organisation.

Small wonder perhaps that some in Perth were disposed last year to write off the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust as yet another well-endowed Eastern States theatrical organisation which would embrace Perth in its activities when it had nothing better to do with a touring company not yet due for dissolution. The only difference some could see between the Trust and "The Firm" was that the former, by some miracle, had received an annual grant of £4,000 for five years from a State Government which declined to give a penny to those within the State who had for years been working in an honorary capacity to create a national theatre both in the spirit and with bricks and mortar.

What is the record, now that the Elizabethan Theatre Trust has been in active operation for a year? What is the prospect of its future contribution to the Australian theatre?

Certainly the new organisation has its headquarters in the Eastern States and its pre-production activities are centred either in Sydney or in Melbourne. True, also, that its executive director, its administrative officer, the general managers of its opera and drama companies and the manager of the Elizabethan Theatre in Sydney are all English-born, though not all imported directly to these posts. Rightly or wrongly, moreover, the Trust set itself to make its first major contributions through national touring companies — to work from the centre outwards rather than from the ground upwards.

Professor Alexander occupies the Chair of History at the University of Western Australia.

The avowed objective of the Trust's touring companies is the dual one of setting standards and providing opportunity for Australian actors, playwrights and composers. Perth audiences will shortly be in a position to pronounce judgment on the 1956 record. By the time the Elizabethan Trust Drama Company has completed its October-November season at the Perth Playhouse, they will have had opportunity to see in the one year ten different shows — from Greek tragedy, Mozart opera and Shakespeare to Australian marionettes, Australian comedy and musical comedy — which but for the Trust would not have come to Perth. In the first Perth season in the Somerville Auditorium the South Australian Judith Anderson returned from New York to play alongside resident Australians, recruited from all States, in the *Medea,* with which no Australian commercial management would have ventured to tour this continent. The Trust's "imported" English executive director had the courage and the faith in Australian audiences to recommend this Greek tragedy to his board of directors and, with the aid of the Drama Company's "English" general manager, to make it a financial as well as an artistic success. The same English executive director had the imagination to see the combined quality and box office appeal of Ray Lawler's Australian comedy *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll,* which will not only play this year in every capital city in the Commonwealth (twice within twelve months in Melbourne and Sydney) but will next year have Laurence Olivier's backing on the West End London stage.

As to opera — traditional burial ground of theatrical hopes and fortunes in Australia — the current Mozart season has confounded the pessimists who forecast disaster when the Trust dared to present an opera season in the capital cities unaided by the potential box-office, sob-stuff appeal of a Puccini. The Mozart season throughout Australia may not everywhere match the financial achievement of Adelaide but it has undoubtedly demonstrated the world standards which an all-Australian company can obtain when some principals are brought back from overseas and presented, under combined Australian and English direction, with symphony orchestras developed by an Australian Broadcasting Commission whose chairman and general manager have from the first been closely linked with the planning and the work of the Elizabethan Trust.

Let it just be added that if the Trust in its first years is deliberately working outward rather than upward it has already shown its active interest in the amateur and professional repertory theatre in all Australian States. This has been done (with little publicity) by guarantees against loss to local bodies ready to experiment, as did the W.A. University Dramatic Society and the Canberra Repertory Club with Ric Throssell's *The Day Before Tomorrow.* Advice and active help with producers and principals have also been available elsewhere upon request. It is a fitting tribute to local achievement and an earnest of future co-operation to mutual advantage that the Trust's first drama company season in a Perth theatre will open on October 2nd at the National Theatre's new Playhouse with *The Rivals,* to be followed by *Twelfth Night* and *The Doll.*

Speaking personally but as one of the Trust's two W.A. directors, who has not been silent at board meetings in Sydney and Melbourne, I look with confidence to increasing collaboration between the Trust and local amateur and professional repertory movements in all capital cities. We have much to give and to receive from one another. The Australian theatre of the future needs us both, together with — dare I mention it to an academic audience? — the practical experience and continued co-operation of the much abused commercial theatre in Australia.

MISCELLANY

CHINESE THEATRE TOUR

The famous Classical Chinese Theatre of Peking, which will make a goodwill tour of New Zealand and Australia, this year, is expected to give performances in Perth at the Christmas season. They will be under the management of J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd. and Garnet H. Carroll.

The season in Perth's Capitol Theatre will end the company's Australasian trip. During their successful tour of Europe these performers appeared at the Palace Theatre in London, created a sensation on English television, and won the award at the Paris Dramatic Festival. Swedish audiences demanded up to 50 encores, and warm receptions were accorded even in such out of the way places as Iceland.

It is reported that the present tour is a direct outcome of the recent goodwill visit to China of an Australian delegation including such well-known figures as writer Alan Marshall and Professor C. P. Fitzgerald.

CELEBRATION

Distinguished leaders of literary, artistic and political life paid tribute to Dame Mary Gilmore recently on the occasion of her ninety-first birthday. The Paddington (N.S.W.) Town Hall was crowded for the celebration, which featured performances of songs and poems by this veteran Australian writer. Messages of congratulation were received from Federal and State political leaders, and many others, including old colleagues from Dame Mary's days in the New Australia settlement in Paraguay. Proceeds of £500 from the function went to the Fund for a Chair of Australian Literature at Sydney University.

C.L.F. LECTURES

In Brisbane this year the Commonwealth Literary Fund Lectures were delivered by a different speaker each night. These lecturers included John Manifold, who delivered a lecture on Bush Ballads, accompanying himself on his own banjo. Another of the lecturers was well-known poet Judith Wright.

NEW NOVEL

West Australian author F. B. Vickers has had a new novel accepted for publication by Constable of London later this year. The novel, "First Place for the Stranger", is autobiographical in form and deals with the assimilation of a young English migrant into the Australian environment. Mr. Vickers, a former President of the Fellowship of Australian Writers, will be remembered for his popular novel "The Mirage", published in Melbourne last year.

AUTHOR ABROAD

At the time when her play "Pacific Paradise" was being presented in Perth in the Repertory Theatre, Australian author Dymphna Cusack was in China on a three-month visit. One of a group of artists, journalists and writers invited to tour the country, Miss Cusack travelled from Europe by air via Prague and Moscow, reaching Peking after flying over Mongolia. Although she has recently spent much of her time in Europe, it is possible that she may return to Australia for a time immediately after her China visit.

DRAMATISTS

A competition for the writing of a stage play has been initiated by the Journalists' Club of Sydney. This Club has set aside £300 per year to make awards for Australian works of art in a different field each year. For 1956 two awards of £250 and £50 respectively are to be made for plays. Judging in the contest is to be carried out by the Playwrights' Advisory Board, a body which has conducted such contests in Australia for many years, but which has agreed to take over the judging of this new competition in lieu of conducting its own this year.

WRITERS

Resident Australian writers are also invited to participate in a literary contest organised by the Tasmanian Adult Education Board in conjunction with the Commonwealth Literary Fund. There are three sections: for a story not exceeding 2,000 words, with a prize of £50; three £25 prizes are available for one-act plays; and a radio play of one hour's duration is offered an award of £50. This competition closes on the first of November with the Adult Education Board, Hobart. Potential entrants are advised that manuscripts should be marked "Literary Competition", and accompanied by a 5/- fee for each.

NEW BRANCH

The Fellowship of Australian Writers has expanded with the formation of a South Australian branch, of which the first President is Flexmore Hudson. This follows another significant development, which was the recent establishment of a federal organisation of the various State bodies of the Fellowship.

"MEANJIN"

The winter issue of "Meanjin" maintains the usual high standard, although somewhat diminished in size from the same lack of funds which is adversely affecting all independent literary and critical journals in Australia. This number's stories come from Alan Marshall, E. Dithmark and A. E. Sturges, while contributors of poetry include Judith Wright, A. D. Hope and Ian Mudie. Other contributions include items dealing with Australian Press history, Alexander Fadeyev, form and matter in poetry and the American Committee for Cultural Freedom.

"HEMISPHERE"

A new monthly magazine for Asian students is to commence shortly in Sydney under the title of "Hemisphere". Publication will be by the Asian Students' Council and under the sponsorship of the Commonwealth Office of Education, and it is claimed that the magazine will maintain a non-political and non-controversial attitude. Contributions, which should preferably have an international or Asian flavour, are invited from Asian students throughout Australia.

THE SILVER GUM

An aboriginal legend tells of a maiden changed into a white gum. . . .

From the dark lust of alien eyes
She fled, and saw the bittern rise
On troubled wings against the west.
Closely she drew about her breast
The white skin of the kangaroo.
An old enchantment stirred, and grew
Wounding like many spears, but sweet.
Ah, sweet! The swift pursuing feet
Paused, and the eager loins grew cold—
From her pale shround, from fold on fold,
In splendours of strange purity,
The silver gum sprang silently.

— COLIN CROTHERS.

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Academic Upheaval In Tasmania

J. B. Polya

AT THE time when universities were founded in Melbourne and Sydney, Tasmanians invented the "degree" of Associate of Arts. A body was formed to examine, but not to teach, candidates for this distinction. It took about 30 years to abolish this form of "tertiary education" to be replaced by a university which the majority of the State did not want and which the Government could not afford. Ten years odd of parochial argument were sufficient to realise a Tasmanian university comprising Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor and members of Council in sufficient numbers to run half a dozen European universities.

In due time even staff was appointed in the persons of three professors recruited from the then worst paid university in the British Empire (guess which? Aberdeen). The new university started without a single complete faculty, however modest; without its own funds and without the love and respect of the community. It was financed by the crumbs that fell from the Treasurer's table. Members of Council were needed to beg for these crumbs and also to assist the pitifully few teaching members of staff to form substitutes for the usual academic bodies such as Faculties, Professorial Board, etc.

The university consisted largely of the Council, and members of Council were "important" people in Tasmania, while members of the teaching staff were obviously "failures" in the eyes of the State. It was said that a clever man either makes a lot of money (this could be done even in Tasmania) or becomes a professor in Oxford, Cambridge or maybe Heidelberg. A man who made no fortune and had to come to Tasmania to become a professor was something between a confidence man to be distrusted and an afflicted person to be pitied and saved despite his own incompetence.

Sensible moves for the disbanding of the mock-university were made from time to time but without success. Small and inefficient as it was, the university offered something valuable to its students and to some influential citizens. Thanks to the small student population, it was possible for 10 per cent. of the graduates to obtain Rhodes scholarships, at least for a while.

The university issued degrees, and soon was able to cover most of the State's need of lawyers, school-inspectors and know-alls required by Government departments run on the cheap. Better still, by getting on Council one became an "intellectual" irrespective of the breadth and depth of one's studies. To justify all this academic fraud, there were some students who did well outside Tasmania. Their success was used in support of the Tasmanian university much in the same way as Faraday's or Edison's lack of degrees

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is being used as an argument against university education.

Forty years of the university's history passed in this manner; these years are best remembered for the unorthodox behaviour of some staff members which strengthened the popular view that the University of Tasmania is most un-Tasmanian. Then suddenly the Sleeping Beauty of Tasmania found her Prince in Albert Ogilvie. The metaphor is imperfect in that Ogilvie's means of rousing the State were not always gentle, but whatever the rights and wrongs of Ogilvie's methods. Tasmania has been steadily advancing since his premiership.

It was at this stage that a Tasmanian university became essential to the State. Ogilvie initiated a policy of expanding university expenditure. During his life such increments of university finance were welcome and were regarded as first messengers of a more hopeful future. Beyond this, little could be achieved. The party machine created by Ogilvie is still ruling Tasmania, thanks to some circumstances and despite others which cannot be discussed at present. Ogilvie's successor, Robert Cosgrove, increased the university's income every year. Allowing for inflation, it is still true that the university is far better off now than in the old days of penury and content.

Content is not a misprint. The old staff was underpaid and treated with all the contempt a provincial rentier is able to bestow on a pedagogue. Yet most members of this staff were content. They had safe jobs, professorial titles and local reputations as "the only experts" in Tasmania. Like other Australians with humble but steady jobs during the great depression, they acquired their homes and other investments advantageously and without the crippling worries that affect so many of our younger academic staff of to-day. Unlike academic teachers to-day, they were not expected to travel or to read and publish (expensive hobbies both). They also had the satisfaction that, although most of them did not advance their own subjects a great deal, maybe not at all, they did their best to sabotage the establishment and development of academic schools of science and technology in the university. Thus Geology was kept out of the university until the retirement of some Arts worthies.

The staffs of the Chemistry and Engineering schools were kept as pariahs beyond the pale. The first chemist to be appointed to all the rights of the university staff (in 1956 !) is luckier than his colleagues with longer service whose admission to these privileges is still under debate.

It happened, of course, that the staff felt slighted, forgotten or unjustly treated. Such moods did not degenerate into action. It was undignified to oppose authority, especially the authority of lawyers who were running the university and much of the State. The numerous and inconsistent or obscure laws, rules and regulations of the university were treated as if they were Holy Writ to be expounded infallibly by hordes of lawyers and bush-lawyers sleeping or meddling around the university.

The last twelve years saw a considerable expansion of the staff and various activities and an academic scandal unparalleled in British academic history. The man responsible for both was the late Sir John Morris. Sir John began his career as a brilliant barrister and partner of Ogilvie. He became Chief Justice of Tasmania, then Chancellor of the University, Administrator, Chairman of the Adult Education Board, Chairman of the Library Board etc. He had an exceptionally strong personality, a good knowledge of law and kindred subjects, little knowledge of disciplines unrelated to law, very little understanding of academic traditions and prejudices and an ardent desire to build *his* University.

It is easy to offer advice after the event. It seems now that his best approach would

have been to reorganise the university on lines similar to that adopted by the people who converted Armidale's University College into a small but respected university. Unfortunately neither Sir John, nor the professors under his command had much experience of the problems and techniques of proper universities. Also Sir John took office during the war when progress by improvisation rather than fundamental reorganisation was the only practical possibility. To be more concrete, it was easier to double the staff of a department than to add a single study to the departmental accommodation.

Within a few years the university staff increased by the appointment of numerous new members, mostly younger people, mostly soundly trained, mostly non-Tasmanians. Conditons were somewhat unsatisfactory: salaries were a little below Mainland levels, but the promise of new university premises and the attraction of the many unexplored literary, historic, scientific and other treasures of Tasmania persuaded many academic teachers to settle in Tasmania. They came and tackled their jobs with enthusiasm only to be reduced to a choice between frustration, rebellion or flight within a few years.

First of all, the newcomers were promptly informed, even if only implicitly, that they were wanted as decorations of the scene, not as actors. Their departmental requirements were decided mostly by people who often did not even know of the said departments' whereabouts, let alone of their function. The most competent scholars and teachers had no voice in running even their own subjects in some cases. The old insult was flung at the staff on every possible occasion: "If you were any good, you would have a chair in Oxford. You are a lecturer in Tasmania, so thank the stupidly kind Tasmanians for this sinecure or get out . . . ". Alternatively, any suggestion from the staff that their economic or professional interests could be advanced by methods other than those adopted by Council was regarded as an "affront".

The increase of staff cost money. Some of this expense was saved by allowing the university to fall into disrepair and by avoiding the building of new premises. To keep the university as a slum tenement while approving a £100,000 Great Hall for the projected High School in the village of Cooee (not a joke !) and littering Tasmania with the foundation stones of poorly staffed schools for the intellectually underprivileged seems to have been the Government's policy. Council as a whole was apathetic to the building programme. The Chancellor did his best to wring promises from the Government. The Vice-Chancellor was unable to convert these promises into reality; his all-absorbing interest in begging finance for a dormitory deprived other university projects of finance, not to mention the time and energy of the Vice-Chancellor.

ALL THIS was bad but possibly insufficient to cause a revolt. The lowering of academic standards by reducing the breadth of the matriculation examination in the name of "broad education" caused even the otherwise very patient Professorial Board to squirm. The contempt shown to the opinion of the Professorial Board and the major Faculties by the Chancellor's lawyers and the Premier's school-teachers on Council made it clear that the staff of this university was regarded as unessential. The increasing disparity between Tasmanian and Mainland salaries, reports of jeering remarks in Council directed against staff, and the growing realisation of the State Education Department's intention to keep the university as another High School, combined to lead to an eruption in October, 1954.

The eruption was regarded merely as another "affront" by the Chancellor. The Vice-Chancellor declared on oath that he was not aware of the serious nature of the situation. We may add that about half of the staff

signed their names in support of an open letter of accusations — covering two newspaper pages — written by the then Professor Orr. By the time the attempts of some professors to stifle the revolt failed and the instinctive hostility of the Government to staff produced more bitterness, even the Vice-Chancellor realised that there was trouble. He joined Council against the staff in efforts to hire counsel (at university expense) while denying the Professorial Board similar facilities. The staff demanded an inquiry. The Government (with a long record of having its name cleared by more Royal Commissions than would be tolerated in England) opposed an inquiry, was defeated in Parliament and then agreed to appoint a Royal Commission.

It would be futile to cite the Royal Commission's evidence, proceedings and report in detail. All these will be evident from the publications listed at the end of this article. It is enough to say that the Government and

. . . sic !

HOME OF THE BRAVE

"The mantle of Huey Long has fallen on his brother Earl. . . . Earl is Governor of Louisiana. With a contemptuous disregard for constitutional procedures he is trying to turn the state into his personal domain. . . . This week he accused the law-makers of double-crossing him by defeating a measure he favoured. Most of them hastily decided that their votes had been wrongly recorded. The Governor left in triumph." — *Daily News Special Service.*

KINDLING TALENT

"Bert Darch, baker's assistant and spare-time artist, rescued a piece of kindling from a firewood box, polished it and submitted it to a local exhibition under the title Vertical Figure . . . and modern sculpture critics said: This fellow Darch shows real talent." — Daily News, 21/6/56.

DAWN OF FREEDOM

"Dawn Addams, Chaplin's British-born leading lady in A King in New York, has been caught up in the anti-Chaplin campaign, now raging in America. When she started work with Chaplin one American columnist wrote: 'If Dawn Addams goes through with the Chaplin film she might as well throw in the towel as far as her Free World career is concerned . . . ' " — *Week End Mail, 4/8/56.*

BUT D A V I D !

"In 1936, King Edward VIII of England telephoned Mrs. Wallis Simpson to tell her he was giving up the throne to marry her. 'But David,' said Mrs. Simpson, 'Can't you remain Emperor of India even if you are no longer King of England?' "— The Daily News quotes Elsa Maxwell.

JUST A LITTLE

" . . . the Soviets successively revised their proposals for disarmament to meet Western objections only to find that as soon as the Western proposals had been accepted the West reversed its position. It must have been confusing to the Russians." — *Brig. General Thomas B. Phillips, U.S.A. (retired), in The West Australian.*

A GREAT ATTRACTION

"The vicar of Lower Gornal, a Staffordshire village, has written to Marilyn Monroe, asking her to attend the parish garden party next month. 'It would be a great attraction,' said the Rev. Robert Timms.— Daily News, 14/5/56.

LIBERALLY PAID

"Wake up you Liberals and take action now. Let the members of Parliament realise that they were returned to represent you, to guard your interests and that they are in fact your paid servants." — *Letter in The West Australian, 21/6/56.*

— Contributions are invited for this column. Please enclose clippings.

Council forced an expensive legalistic method of inquiry on the staff. They were supported in that by members of the new rank of "senior professors", who could have avoided the scandal of the proceedings had they the courage to criticise the Chancellor and the Government earlier, before the two forgot how to take criticism. Even at the Royal Commission they had to hire lawyers to say what many poorer and less well-connected members of the junior staff were quite prepared to say without legal help. Although the Government refunded the legal expenses of policemen found guilty by another Commission of bashing suspects, and passed an Act to pay for the damage caused by the irresponsibility and incompetence of some men administering the State Superannuation Fund, the staff expenses were not refunded even when Council recently took the side of the staff. This expense hit the junior staff much harder than the "senior professors". The generosity of other Australian academic teachers was much appreciated both for its moral and economic value.

The Royal Commission's report was understood everywhere but in Tasmania. In fact, had the Government and other university bosses possessed the knowledge of academic matters necessary for the understanding of the document, the Royal Commission would not have been necessary.

We can summarise briefly the outcome of the Royal Commission. Staff members were heavily fined. Many reputations were damaged and much bitterness was caused. The majority of the professors decided that a Vice-Chancellor hostile to the staff need not forfeit the university's confidence. The dismissal of S. S. Orr is sub judice and cannot be discussed at present.

On the positive side, many members of Council have begun to understand the position of academic teachers. The interest generated by the Royal Commission abroad may have helped to bring about some useful reforms. The defeat of the Government's attempt to have a member of the staff disciplined by Council for asserting that the Government is interfering in university affairs may mark a new era in Tasmanian academic history even though it is said that the final refusal to refund staff costs is due to this incident. Despite the fact, also, that the Vice-Chancellor and a few other members of Council have acted in a regrettable manner over this incident. There is an air of optimism as regards building plans. Salaries are again at the level of those paid at other Australian universities. The sudden death of the Chancellor brought about a revaluation of his activities and increased the will towards co-operation between most members of the university.

These matters are too recent to permit an objective survey. My purely subjective view is this: I have lost friends, time, sleep, peace and my study leave, not to mention economic losses over this matter. I think it was worth it. I feel that the Tasmanian University has been started on the road towards the University of Tasmania, a true university to serve the State, Australia and humanity, rather than the parochial vanities of little frogs in tiny pools. If this forecast is correct, those who helped may feel sufficiently proud of their effort to forgive the defeated enemies of the two inseparables, truth and academic freedom.

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Pricha Prayurasiddhi

TWENTY FIVE CENTURIES OF THE BUDDHIST ERA

NEXT YEAR, 1957, marks half the life of Buddhism. It is the year 2500 and all the Buddhist countries will have their greatest celebration ever for centuries. In Ceylon, the workers recently stopped work and demanded double wages because of this great occasion. In Burma, Buddist conferences took place and a great new building was built for the purpose. In Thailand, an area of about 5,000 acres was set aside in reserve for a huge Buddhist temple called *Buddhist Province*, the purpose being to keep Buddha's remains and for his remembrance.

The year 2500 B.E., according to Buddha's prophecy, will be the year of devastating war in which all nations over the Earth take part and it is a period of great revolution, etc. The Buddhist people cannot say that Buddha is wrong if next year does not prove this, because it can be interpreted that it takes place around the 25th century. Now, one begins to get the meaning and to think of the recent two great world wars such as had never before happened.

Now, at the present, Asia is undergoing a period of large-scale industrial revolution, the counterpart of what happened in Europe not more than a hundred years ago. The advantage is that they are better prepared because mistakes made in Europe are learnt and avoided. In the light of the prophecy, it is conceivable, one is led to think, that another war is inevitable, perhaps because the last one was not devastating enough, and, without being pessimistic, the one that is to come in a fairly near future may be worse. The general situation in the world today hardly leads one to think otherwise.

While the world is striving for material things, the Buddhist people are taught not to do so. The common expression "Money is not everything" seems to be quite well understood and practised. People in the Buddhist countries have quite a different attitude from others: they are unique and full of affection, said one Westerner. One cannot imagine how and why until one sees and experiences it personally. This often surprised the Westerner who went to Thailand, especially after the war, when Thailand was more and more in contact with the West. Before that, few Europeans had set foot on Thai soil because of her being independent and somewhat exclusive, which was to her satisfaction as far as sovereign integrity is concerned. That was during the period of colonialism.

In the Buddhist community one finds that people give and help others sincerely without expecting any return. The point of bringing this up is that the practice is so pronounced in the Buddhist community, although it is realised that other religions teach people to be just as good. The writer personally thinks that all religions are not much different in the sense that they teach people morality and their principles are, to a certain extent,

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Mr. Prayurasiddhi is a fourth-year student in Agricultural Science at the University of W.A. He came to Australia six years ago from Thailand, his home being in Bangkok.

similar. It will probably be fair to say that, to a certain group of people, one religion may be more effective than another. Buddhists are allowed to go to any other church of any religion on earth and they avoid sin, not because they fear that God will punish them, but because it makes the mind impure and they suffer in consequence. Good deeds make one happy. Heaven and Hell are purely a state of mind. For the Christians this may be hard to understand.

Buddhism is a religion-philosophy and a way of life. It is compatible with present day science. Buddha means the awakened ones or the enlightened ones. A few of Buddha's inspiring words might give one a little idea of his philosophy. They are as follows:

"The careless one is overpowered by an unpleasant object in the disguise of a pleasant object, by an enticing object in the disguise of happiness and by misery in the disguise of happiness."

"Although I have travelled through many countries, yet have met none who loves anything more than himself. Therefore, since everyone loves his own self so much, one should not harm another out of consideration of one's own self."

"The world in the fetters of delusion appears to be well-suited for the enjoyment of material happiness. The fool, fettered to worldly possessions (accumulations) and wrapped in darkness (of ignorance) regards it as existing eternally. (However) the clear-visioned one does not discern a 'Something' (i.e., an unchanging object or subject)."

"Where there is dependence, there is movement. Where there is no dependence there is no movement. Where there is no movement, there is tranquility. Where there is tranquility, there is no desire. Where there is no desire, there is not a coming and going, there is not a passing away nor arising, there is neither this world nor another world nor anything between both. This indeed is the end of suffering."

Those are a few of the inspiring words which are included in the Buddhist prayer books.

Alone of the world's religions Buddhism has nothing to fear from two activities of the modern Western mind, namely the "Higher Criticism" of previous ideas and alleged authorities, and science, using the term in its largest scope. As to the first, the Buddhist attitude to all phenomena and to all teaching about it has ever been that of the modern scientist. Western science today is rapidly approaching the conception of Mind only, and a remarkable recent change in the basis of physics is that the very terminology of its new discoveries might be parallelled in Buddhist Scriptures compiled 2,000 years ago. Examples are Einstein's Theory of Relativity and Darwin's Theory of Evolution. The West has more to learn from Buddhism than as yet it knows.

As to the question of God and Soul, Buddhists say that the Western ideas are inaccurate and inadequate. The Buddhist teaching on God, in the sense of ultimate Reality, is neither agnostic, as is sometimes claimed, nor vague, but clear and logical. Whatever Reality may be, it is beyond the conception of the finite intellect; it follows that attempts at description are misleading, unprofitable, and a waste of time. For these good reasons the Buddha maintained about Reality "a noble silence."

If there is a Causeless Cause of all Causes, an Ultimate Reality, a Boundless Light, an Eternal Noumenon behind phenomena, it must clearly be infinite, unlimited, unconditioned and without attributes. We, on the other hand, are clearly finite, and limited and conditioned by, and in a sense composed of, innumerable attributes. It follows that we can neither define, describe, nor usefully discuss the nature of *that* which is beyond the comprehension of our finite consciousness. It may be indicated by negatives and described indirectly by analogy and symbols, but other-

wise it must ever remain in its truest sense unknown and unexpressed, as being to us in our present state unknowable.

In the same way, Buddhism denies the existence in man of an immortal soul. The enlightenment which dwells in life does not belong to one form of life. All that is man's is changing and mortal, the Immortal is not any man's.

This article will not achieve its aim if some Fundamental Buddhist Beliefs are not indicated to the reader for a little understanding of the Eastern philosophy and your near neighbours. The following are some of these fundamentals.

Buddhists are taught to show the same tolerance, forbearance and brotherly love to all men, without distinction; and an unswerving kindness towards the members of the animal kingdom.

The universe was evolved, not created; and it functions according to law, not according to the caprice of any God.

The truths upon which Buddhism is founded are natural. They have, we believe, been taught in successive *kalpas*, or world periods, by certain illuminated beings called Buddhas.

The fourth teacher in the present *kalpas* was Sakya Muni, or Gautama Buddha, who was born in a royal family in India about 2,500 years ago. He is an historical personage and his name was Siddartha Gautama.

Sakya Muni taught that ignorance produces desire, unsatisfied desire is the cause of rebirth, and rebirth the cause of sorrow. To get rid of sorrow, therefore, it is necessary to escape rebirth; to escape rebirth, it is necessary to extinguish desire; and to extinguish desire, it is necessary to destroy ignorance.

The universe is subject to a natural causation known as *Karma*. The merits and demerits of a being in past existences determine his condition in the present one. Each man, therefore, has prepared the causes of the effects which he now experiences.

Buddhism discourages superstitious credulity. Gautama Buddha taught it to be the duty of a parent to have his child educated in science and literature. He also taught that no one should believe what is spoken by any sage, written in any book, or affirmed by tradition, unless it accords with reason.

It has become a common practice for young men on coming of age to go into a monastery, to be a monk and live in the temple for at least three months. Parents regard this as great gratitude on the part of their children.

The first fact of existence is the law of change or impermanence. All that exists, from a mole to a mountain, from a thought to an empire, passes through the cycle of existence, i.e., birth, growth, decay and death. Life alone is continuous, ever seeking self-expression in new forms. "Life is a bridge; therefore build no house on it." Life is a process of flow, and he who clings to any form, however splendid, will suffer by resisting the flow.

The utmost tolerance is practised towards all other religions and philosophies, for no man has the right to interfere in his neighbour's journey to the Goal.

Buddhism is neither pessimistic nor "escapist," nor does it deny the existence of God or soul, though it places its own meaning on these terms. It is, on the contrary, a system of thought, a religion, a spiritual science and a way of life, which is reasonable, practical and all-embracing. For over two thousand years it has satisfied the spiritual needs of nearly one-third of mankind. It appeals to the West because it has no dogmas; satisfies the reason and the heart alike; insists on self-reliance coupled with tolerance for other points of view; embraces science, religion, philosophy, psychology, ethics and art; and points to man as the creator of his present life and sole designer of his destiny.

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THE MOPOKE

Brian W. Griffiths

THE small boy and his father walked across the paddock. The earth was heavy under their feet and still bore the dark red scars where Joe Olsen's plough had cut into the rich soil.

The two walked together slowly without speaking, their shadows leaping and rippling behind them on the tumbled clods. Occasionally the boy would stumble and the man stop. Then they would lift their eyes up and look for a moment at the green hill where the cattle were standing, and bending their eyes back to the earth at their feet, again force their way across the ploughed paddock.

There was an old dead gum tree in the paddock and when they were quite near this the man and the boy stopped. The man stood looking at the tree.

"They can't see in the daytime," he said.

"Who can't?" asked the boy.

"Mopokes. See, there's one over there in that dead tree."

"I can't see any mopoke," said the boy, looking where his father was pointing.

"See; where that branch forks out – the big one?"

"Yes."

"Well, there it is, just along that a bit."

The boy saw it then. The bird was grey, the same colour as the weathered old tree. Its head was pointed to the sky and it was so still that it looked like a part of the branch.

"That's a Frogmouth," said the boy.

"Mopoke – Frogmouth; it's the same thing," the man replied. "They can't see in the daytime."

"Why?"

"Because they are night birds, that's why. They hunt things in the night. Mice and rats and young rabbits – tiny animals like that."

"Has it got eyes?"

"It's got eyes, but it can only see in the night. The daylight is too strong," said the man.

"Cats can see in the dark."

"Yes," his father said.

The man felt in his pocket for his tobacco and pipe. He found them and with a broad rough thumb began stuffing tobacco into the bowl of his pipe. There was something he wanted to tell his son about the mopoke – something about darkness and destruction and ignorance. The boy, for his part, was wondering why it was that the mopoke didn't build himself a nest to go to sleep in. It would, he thought, be very much more comfortable than the hard branch of a tree.

"There are people who are like mopokes," the father said suddenly. "They can only see darkness; the light is too much for them. Because they can neither see nor understand they destroy."

He wasn't saying it properly, he knew, so he stopped speaking. He stood silent, striving for the words, the simple words that he wanted to give his son.

“Here comes Joe Olsen,” said the boy.

The father turned to watch the old man come lumbering towards them. He was a huge stooped man with great bushy eyebrows and bright black eyes. He moved forward like a mountain and the small boy was very frightened of him.

“G'day, Joe Olsen,” said the father.

“G'day” came the answer in a deep bull voice. “What are you two doing here, standing about like that?”

“I was showing my son that mopoke.”

“What mopoke?”

“Over there in that tree. See, on the branch of that dead gum.”

“I don't see any mopoke.”

“See, on that branch where I point. See?”

“That's a broken limb,” said Joe Olsen. “That's not a mopoke.”

“It's a mopoke,” said the father.

“No. It's a piece of the tree. It just looks like a mopoke.”

“It is a mopoke,” said the boy.

Joe Olsen glared at the small boy with his bright black eyes and his eyebrows were very fierce. The boy did not say any more. He moved around behind his father.

“It's a mopoke all right,” said the father. “What do you think I am that I don't know a mopoke? Surely I know a mopoke when I see one.”

“It's only a stick, I tell you. I'll show you that it's only a stick.”

Joe Olsen searched about on the ground. He bent down and picked up a stone, weighing it in his huge hand. He looked at the tree, taking aim.

“Don't let him kill the mopoke,” cried the small boy. “Don't let him, Dad.”

But the stone was already on its way, hurtling at the grey shape on the tree, behind it all the power that the great muscley arm of Joe Olsen could muster. It hit. The boy cried out and broke away from his father, sobbing as he ran to where the grey bird had fallen

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fluttering to the dry red earth. He picked up the still warm body, holding it away from him. It was heavy in his hands.

"You've killed it. You've killed the mopoke," cried the boy.

Joe Olsen looked at the boy's father, wiping his great horny hands on his rough blue shirt. The soil from his hands left stains like dried blood.

"You were right," he said. "It was a mopoke."

The father said nothing, but only held his son closer to him. There was nothing he needed to say.

Passionate Artist to His Love

Turn your dear face thus.
Let the soft light fall
On every patient line
That time has slowly etched;
While I,
(With this strange gift
That is somehow mine)
Repeat that face
Upon my living canvas.
With knowing brush
Let me tell all the strange tales
Told within your face;
Redraw the lines that say
Laughter is your constant friend
And love your dearest enemy . . .
Sad lines that show
How you must love with madness
And always far too well;
With wisdom in my hand
Let me ignore those bitter lines
That say you cry alone
In secret darkness
Where no one is;
And with leaping heart
Let me say with magic colours
What I see,
So deeply in your eyes
That look at me . . .
Here, in this now!

Is there in all the world
A palette to create
That sad, sweet curve
Which is your mouth?
There is in mine, my dear
For love mixes the dyes!

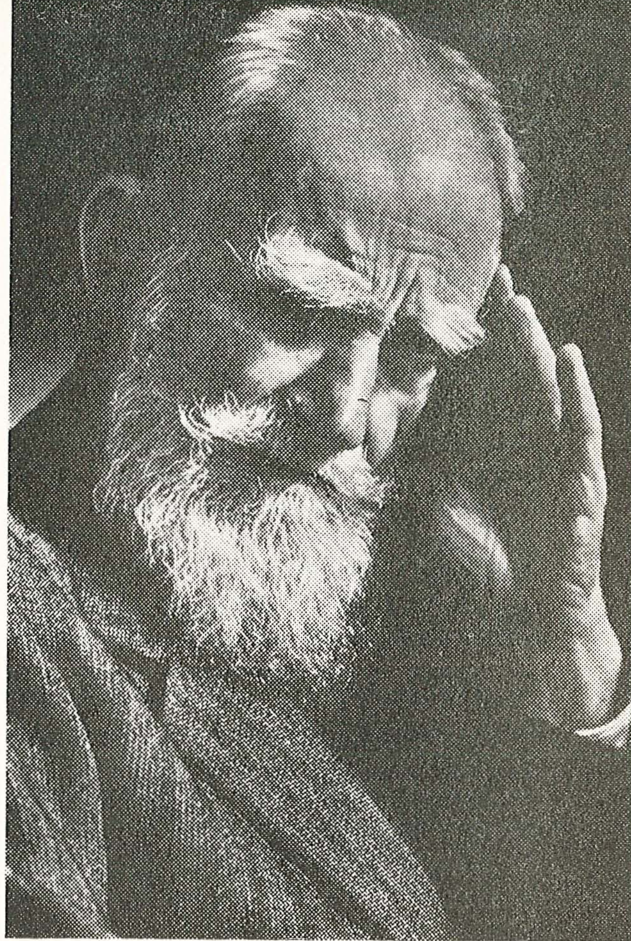
Thus, stroke by patient stroke,
You are reborn
On living fibre
In lead, in turpentine
By soft pigments;
With lowly hogs hair limned.

When it is done;
When you and I sleep
Deep and final in the dust
And this poor hand
Paints stardust
In an undreamed sky—
Here lives
For careless bored posterity—
For the living world to see
Down the years unendingly
A portrait of you . . .
Loving me.

— LESLEY STYLES.

IBSEN and SHAW

F. H. Mares



● *THE fiftieth anniversary of the death of Ibsen and the centenary of the birth of Shaw both occur this year.*

"HE WILL NOT live. His rhetoric is racy, intuitively good, but it lacks inspiration; and though often fine never reaches genius. A play here and there may be ranked with Sheridan, Congreve and Wilde, but certainly not above them. Though he remains a writer of importance, his plays on re-reading are dull. Only a few seem to me likely to live; the others will be as out of date before Shaw is dead twenty years, as Ibsen is out of date today." This was the view of Frank Harris in 1931.

Harris is one of the livelier of Shaw's biographers, and seems to have put fewer strains on his imagination when writing of Shaw than when recounting his own alleged activities in *The Life and Loves of Frank Harris.* Writing twenty-five years ago, and just before his own death – Shaw finished Harris's book on Shaw – he can hardly have expected that Shaw would survive him by more than twenty years. They were both seventy-five when Harris died. This year is the centenary of Shaw's birth, and it must be round about the time Harris was thinking of when he made his comment. Ibsen, whom he called "out of date" in 1931 had then been dead twenty-five years. The hundredth anniversary of Shaw's birth and the fiftieth of Ibsen's death make it appropriate to reconsider them: Was Harris right in his judgment of either?

At first sight he seems to have been right about Shaw. As long as Shaw was alive he remained newsworthy; partly because he was

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so old, and partly because, although his powers undoubtedly declined, they never failed him entirely as Ibsen's did in his old age, and he remained a brilliant publicist with a flair for the shockingly controversial statement. But once he was dead the general response seems to have been a sigh of relief and the feeling that really it was about time too.

There were recriminations about the terms of Shaw's will — you will remember that he left the bulk of a considerable estate to endow a reform of English spelling. A Shaw memorial fund was opened with the intention of raising £250,000 — £407 was subscribed. His ugly house, which he left to the Nation, did not prove at all attractive to sightseers. By the time of his death very few people took Shaw's philosophical or political ideas very seriously. It is true that the British Labour Party had held office with an effective parliamentary majority for the first time, and had instituted a social revolution that I think is still underestimated both in its scope and its significance, but Shaw's effective work for the Labour Party had been done fifty years earlier as a founder member of the Fabian Society and as a propagandist for Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Though he claimed that Marx "made a man of" him in the eighteen-eighties, Shaw's Marxism must have appeared to the faithful about as orthodox as the beliefs of a Holy Roller to a narrow-minded Catholic.

Before and after the last war Shaw's search for the superman had led him into unhappy praises of dictators of both right and left that had very little to do with the dictatorship of the proletariat. Like most people of outstanding ability, Shaw was temperamentally an aristocrat: he knew, and people like him knew, so much better than the "average man" what was good for him, and so naturally the average man should do what his superiors told him to; the argument is as old as Plato's *Republic*. Shaw's views on evolution, which he insisted was a dynamic "becoming", not the crude negative survival of the fittest, were never taken seriously except by a few enthusiastic disciples. The idea of the inheritance of acquired characteristics seems to have had a final fling in the recent controversy in the U.S.S.R. that brought the name of Lysenko into prominence.

Shaw's plays, of course, were still being performed when he died — are still being performed today. Where is the amateur group that doesn't put on *Candida* at some period in its life?—more's the pity in most cases. But of the fifty or more plays that he wrote only eight or nine were commonly produced, and the latest of these was *Saint Joan*, written when Shaw was a mere sixty-seven. These perhaps are the "few" that Frank Harris thought might survive. Nobody would deny, I think, that the list of *Arms and the Man, Candida, The Devil's Disciple, Major Barbara, Pygmalion, Heartbreak House* and *Saint Joan* contained a good deal of Shaw's best work. Perhaps we should add *The Doctor's Dilemma* and *Androcles and the Lion* for good measure. These are Shaw's most popular plays; they are also probably Shaw's most playable plays. They avoid the burlesque absurdities of *Annajanska the Bolshevik Empress* and the talk without action of the scene in Hell from *Man and Superman* or most of the late plays. But in another sense they are Shaw's most dated plays: their basic ideas are no longer very exciting to us. And this of course is one reason for their popularity, the audience is amused and allows itself to imagine that it is thinking about serious problems when in fact it is not.

After two world wars, and in the shadow of the mushroom-shaped cloud, who cares very much about the debunking of romantic militarism in *Arms and the Man*? The social satire implied in the transformation of Eliza Doolittle is nowadays about on the level of the U or non-U controversy—entertaining for party conversation, but only taken seriously

by the half-witted. The joke of a girl burned as a heretic and then canonized as a saint will always be a good joke, but it will never be so topical as it was when first produced. The implicit anti-imperialism of *The Devil's Disciple* would have been a good deal more shocking when the play was written, on the eve of the Boer war, than it is today — though it would hardly be the thing for the British Council to sponsor in Cyprus or Egypt just now.

In a world that has the benefit of another great man whose centenary falls this year — Sigmund Freud — the relationships of the Dudgeon family will cause no alarm, and the same is true of what has always seemed to me the weakest of Shaw's popular plays, *Candida.* The sentimental theme of the weak strong man and the strong weak man, and the woman who understands them both, has surely lost whatever power to surprise it may once have had. To have become a favourite play for amateurs is no less than it deserves.

IF THESE popular plays of Shaw's have dated it indicates a change in ideas from the time when they were first produced. This change is to a large extent Shaw's own doing: he was an unwearied propagandist, and the drama was only one of a number of means he used to change the opinions of his contemporaries. *The Devil's Disciple,* he remarks in the preface to *Three Plays for Puritans,* "has, in truth, a genuine novelty in it. Only, that novelty is not any invention of my own, but simply the novelty of the advanced thought of my day. As such, it will assuredly lose its gloss with the lapse of time, and leave *The Devil's Disciple* exposed as the threadbare popular melodrama it technically is." The first part of this sentence is certainly true: does the second follow from it? It is an odd complaint to make about an author that his work will not last because it is too good, because it achieves rapidly what it sets out to do, and yet that seems to be the basis of Shaw's comment on *The Devil's Disciple.* It is of course a comment on the play from only one point of view — as a propaganda vehicle for "advanced" ideas. And this, I am sure (and so was Shaw) is only a part of the whole work of art.

We do not take it as a serious limitation of Shakespeare's history plays that the Tudor myth and the view of history behind it that inform the plays are not accepted by Arnold Toynbee as a valid way of interpreting the past. On the contrary, we endeavour to understand the view of history in order to get a fuller comprehension of the plays. So with Shaw. When the ideas are dated in the way that the "advanced thought" of any age is bound to be dated sooner or later, then we must consider them as part of the historical context of the writer, and assess what he does through them, not judge him by whether or not these ideas are any longer fashionable.

We find the indication of Shaw's greatness of mind, I think, not in the fact that he was an anti-imperialist — though this was by no means an easy thing to be in late Victorian London — but in the fact that although an anti-imperialist he was still able to present, for example, General Burgoyne with sympathy and understanding as a man of high ideals and integrity of character.

He makes the point explicitly in the Preface to *Saint Joan.* "Crime, like disease, is not interesting: it is something to be done away with by general consent, and that is all about it. It is what men do at their best, with good intentions, and what normal men and women find that they must and will do in spite of their intentions, that really concern us. . . . A villain in a play can never be anything more than a *diabolus ex machina,* possibly a more exciting expedient than a *deus ex machina,* but both equally mechanical, and therefore interesting only as mechanisms. . . . The tragedy of such murders (i.e., that of Joan) is

that they are not committed by murderers. They are judicial murders, pious murders; and this contradiction at once brings an element of comedy into the tragedy: the angels may weep at the murder, but the gods laugh at the murderers." Shaw always had a point of view, but he did not make up his mind before he had examined all sides of the question, and having taken his stand, having made his choice he did not at once assume that anyone who did not share his views was either a fool or a rogue or both. This is a broadmindedness uncommon in the average politician. If we look at it another way we may say that Shaw never mistook a reform desirable in the immediate circumstances for a universal principle of justice to be applied in all cases. He insists that we think for ourselves and judge each case on its own merits.

It is very hard indeed for a critic to separate what is permanently valuable from what is merely fashionable in the work of his own contemporaries. He is himself in the fashion — indeed it is the fashion that is specifically of interest to the age. When the fashion changes, then at first the permanent is apt to be lost with the ephemeral, and this no doubt has happened to Shaw. But there seems to me no doubt whatever that his work has permanent value. His language is that of the rhetorician and the public speaker perhaps rather than that of the poet, but it is always eminently dramatic, brilliantly lucid (an unfashionable virtue, but a high one), appropriate to the character and easy to the ear: and if we accept Frank Harris's parallels, it is hard to think of better models in English prose drama than Sheridan, Congreve and Wilde.

It is said that Shaw's characters are types, that they are not complete human figures like those of Shakespeare, and that they do not develop. This is to some extent true: it is the expected limitation of comic character, including, when the fog of laudation is cleared away, the great majority of Shakespeare's. If the characters do not develop in the course of the action of Shaw's plays, at least they suffer enlightenment, so that at the end they know much more fully what their true natures are. But in any case these are only partial criticisms, for Shaw's main concern was not with character in action — which is usually assumed to be the province of drama — but with ideas in action, and characters who embody ideas are of necessity somewhat simplified. This may not be the highest form of drama — I don't know — but it is certainly an important form. We all live by ideas, even if we do not give them conscious expression in abstract terms.

Some of the things Shaw had to say are commonplaces today: once the obvious has been pointed out it is difficult to ignore; others, I think, will always seem the preoccupations of a well-meaning eccentric. But whatever the intrinsic importance of the ideas presented — and to me in most cases this is great — the presentation is so acute, the tension between opposing views so skilfully maintained, that we can hardly avoid being stimulated to thought. We are obliged to investigate tacit assumptions and find out for ourselves whether or not they have any justification. Beyond this, it seems to me, no artist or philosopher can go. He can only provoke us to see and think for ourselves, and there is no education higher than that. Why else was Socrates given hemlock?

THE quintessence of Ibsenism, according to Shaw, is that there is no quintessence, each play is a step further forward, a fresh investigation, not the reiteration of a theme already stated in earlier work. Shaw (who was incidentally the best dramatic critic as well as the best dramatist of his age) saw this while Ibsen was still at the height of his powers, but the Ibsen who died senile and helpless twenty-five years earlier, and was "out of date" in 1931 for Frank Harris, was scarcely the same man.

Ibsen for Frank Harris was the writer of the "social problem plays"; the man concerned about the emancipation of women, about the shaky foundations of most bourgeois respectability and commercial success; the man who had become notorious for making the action of one of his plays hinge on a case of congenital syphilis. And of course if you look at Ibsen from this point of view he is out of date. As it was put to me last term: "V.D. is so popular these days that nobody would make a fuss about *Ghosts* now." At any rate, it's curable, so why all this business about Mrs. Alving's tragic dilemma?

In fact, Ibsen is much less a dramatist of social problems than is Shaw. His concern from beginning to end is with individuals, quite as much in *The Pillars of the Community* and *An Enemy of the People* as in *Brand* or *Peer Gynt*. When Ibsen so radically changed his dramatic method, writing realistic prose plays instead of sweeping romantic poetic dramas, he did not change his main preoccupation from the soul (if that is what you like to call it) to society. *Ghosts* is quite as much the story of a soul as *Peer Gynt* is, only the story is given greater force and poignancy by showing the soul involved in society — as all souls are — not working in a world of imaginative abstractions. This is true of all Ibsen's plays: the problem exists for the individual, it is the situation he has to face up to, to overcome or be beaten by. Ibsen does not give us puppets to be manipulated to illustrate the author's views on town planning or personal hygiene. We have a long enough perspective in time to be able to recognise this without too much difficulty, but nearer Ibsen's own day this was less easy. Most people were so alarmed at Ibsen's unflattering presentation of a society very like that they knew themselves, that they considered he must be not merely reflecting it but attacking it. When the form of society changed a little, but was still not too unlike that of the plays, the response was, "These are not our particular vices, Ibsen is out of date".

Ibsen is not out of date. The situations that face Mrs. Alving, Consul Bernick, Hjalmar Eckdal, Hedda Gabler, Rebecca West and the rest of them, and which they in their various ways overcome or succumb to, might confront any of us at any time. What happens to Oswald is symbolic of how

. . . rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen

when once we have confused our moral sense of direction, and a cure for syphilis has no more to do with this play than with *Charlie's Aunt*. The intense effect that Ibsen achieves in his realist plays comes from just this, that his realism is never an end in itself. The most commonplace article or action is never there simply because in real life it would be. All are charged by imagination with a specific suggestiveness in a most complex and tightly organised artistic whole.

The only excuse for literature is that it has something to say about life. All the more, then, the only excuse for the cumbersome and often tedious machinery of literary criticism and scholarship is that it should assist in making this relationship plain. If, for the foolish reason that one was born one hundred years ago and the other died fifty years later, we look again at Ibsen and Shaw it should be to discover and make clear in the changed conditions of our own time what they have to say that is of value to us. We shall find, I think, that both are very much alive.

Culture Versus Anarchy

ARNOLD'S LIBERALISM

David Bradley

The "thing itself" (with which we are here dealing)—the critical perception of poetic truth—is of all things the most volatile, elusive and evanescent; by even pressing too impetuously after it, one runs the risk of losing it. (On Translating Homer).

I BEGIN with one of Arnold's central comments on the criticism of poetry, to mark at the outset the difficulty of pressing too rigorously after a final definition of the will-o'-the-wisp terminology of his social writings. It is easy, but misleading, to give a specious contemporary interpretation, and therefore a positive interpretation, to attitudes of mind described by words like *culture, Hellenism, The State, authority, philistine, clap-trap,* and all the other words which, for Arnold, came to stand as sobriquets for general attitudes or collections of ideas, and which he intended (as may often be seen by their comic or ironic nature) to be reserved, tentative or vaguely allusive in application.

He is not, as some critics have said, a wholly negative thinker, but his true meaning is often definable only in particular contexts, pointed by contrasts or examples, reinforced by ironies and asides. His prose style itself may be said to convey one of the essential impressions of such 'message' as he has, in its revelation – by gestures and habits of thought, notably tentative definition and redefinition – of the Man of Culture who is the real hero of all Arnold's writings.

The truth about social matters, no less than about poetic, is, to Arnold "of all things the most volatile, elusive and evanescent",[1] as indeed his method of balancing the idea of culture on the knife-edge between abstract thought and practical detail must inevitably be. We cannot ask whether, had he lived another twenty or fifty years, he would have become a supporter of Fabianism or totalitarianism.[2] Our insight cannot be great enough to determine such questions, nor,

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1. "On Translating Homer" (1861).
2. Mr. Noel Annan has supported the first view, Sir Ernest Barker the second.

even when we consider the modern world in Arnoldian fashion, is it necessary to determine them. Arnold called himself a liberal, but it has recently been the fashion to regard him as standing in direct opposition to liberalism and inclining towards authoritarianism. W. H. Auden has called him "a gaoler who denounced the gregarious, optimistic generation in which he lived".

I hope to show that this view of Arnold as an authoritarian anti-liberal whose aim was to fetter progress and the materialist striving of his generation by casting gloomy doubts on the value of its achievement is, in the main, mistaken. He appealed to his contemporaries to explore the possibilities of existence, to lead a fuller, not a narrower life. The sobriety of his verse is the product of the restriction of his age on the free life of the spirit; his prose, on the other hand, is usually cheerful, often playful, in his resolute struggle for 'light' to illumine the darkness of the 'philistines.'

It is true that *value* rather than practical politics is the centre of his thought and that his constant atack is against concentration on the machinery of social change. His refusal to consider 'machinery' and his pose of ironical humility, as being unfit to deal with the details of politics, tend to be irritating to readers of the *New Statesman*, especially when he formulates the positive aspect of 'culture' in the words of Bishop Wilson: "To make reason and the will of God prevail!" But, like most of his contemporaries, Arnold believed in progress towards a perfect society — 'the study of perfection' is another of his tentative definitions of culture. We must see both these statements not as metaphysical propositions but as attempts to define an attitude — always a hesitant attempt, even when couched in plainer terms:

> *Knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, (culture) is not so bent on acting and insituting, even with the great aim of reducing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and institute.*[3]

It is important to notice the qualifications here. Culture, because it is all-embracing, *is* we infer, interested in "acting and instituting", but it is "not so interested . . . that it forgets how and what". It is a qualification that Arnold often does not make when 'culture' is opposed to the philistinism of "doing what one likes". It is true that many aspects of culture appear in Arnold's writings only when defined by their opposites, but we should notice that the kid-glove contempt for practical applications of which he is so often accused is far from his general intention. His criticism of society owes much to Burke and Carlyle, but he is more in favour of changing institutions than Burke, and more hopeful of the results of rational planning than either; but, he insists, we must know "how and what we ought to act and institute".[4]

When we see further than the apparent strong contrasts in Arnold's method of presenting his criticism, we are aware of a mind not so different in many respects from John Stuart Mill's. Mill speaks in more direct terms, but both men were concerned from different points of view with the problem of responsibility in national life. How can we be sure that laissez-faire liberalism is the best political theory for the English genius? How can we be sure that governers will *really* govern in the best interests of the community as a whole? How can we be sure that the pursuit of individual happiness makes for the happiness of society? These are the sort of questions fundamental to political thought in the nineteenth century; all thinking men

3. "Culture and Anarchy" (1869).
4. ibid.

recognized some need for direction in politics, for some sort of *responsible* authority.

Carlyle pinned his faith to a renovated aristocracy and education, Mill to proportional representation and education. But Arnold, whose knowledge of English society was greater and whose insight was deeper, distrusted the aristocratic 'barbarians' almost as much as the 'populace', and though he naturally agreed that education was of vital importance, his conception of education embraced nothing less than society as a whole. Furthermore, he had an historical sense rare among his contemporaries and more acute than Burke's, which enabled him to assess the movement and development of society. It is this historical sense which enabled him to see that the real power of the aristocracy had disappeared, that the middle-class were already the real rulers of England and that for good or ill established institutions would have to come to terms with the pushful spirit of commercial enterprise and the moral force of dissenting religious sects.

The task he set himself was the educating of the middle-class Philistines to a sense of responsibility, a full and broad view of life, a 'culture', that is, which would enable them to rule wisely and with greatness. Time to think before the great middle-classes swept away all institutions in a welter of 'clap-trap' was of vital importance and his plea for reflection produces his famous distinction between Hebraism (doing for the sake of doing) and Hellenism (understanding what one wants to do).

Hellenism and Hebraism are both aspects of Arnoldian 'culture' and to see the implications of each we must look at his attitude to the middle-classes, the 'Philistines', and their position in society.

AS WE HAVE seen, Arnold believed in the progress of society towards perfection, in a perpetual re-moulding of humanity in the furnace of experience. There is, he writes, a "providential order which forbids the final supremacy of imperfect things. God keeps tossing back to the human race its failures and commanding them to try again", and: "It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless extension of its powers, in endless growth in beauty and wisdom that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal; to reach this ideal culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture".[5]

Arnold's ideal class has that same quality of flexibility which Bernard Shaw considered essential for the survival of whole civilizations; at the same time he admired the aristocracy of the early eighteenth-century in its "large and free use of the world, conversance with great affairs, no sordid cares, liberation from humdrum provincial rounds, external splendour and refinement".[6] His ideal society, then, while possessing the great quality of flexibility, possesses also the aristocratic *manner* of life, which is not to be confined to one class. Arnold has not Carlyle's conception of the leaders and the led, for the greatest force he saw in society exerted its pressure (as Mill also recognized) through collective opinion and a sort of fraternal solidarity, with *The Daily Telegraph* as its mouthpiece. The middle-classes were potentially anarchical rather than authoritarian or even orderly, but it is nevertheless to the virtues of this class that he looks with hope. They are strong in numbers; they have great energy, industry; they are free from frivolity and they have not yet developed that immobility of mind which characterizes the Barbarians (the aristocracy).

But there is still much to be desired from them as a truly responsible governing class. In the first place they do not yet govern in a dignified sense, but leave the administration to the Barbarians — "one class contributing its want of ideas, the other its want of dignity".[7] The Philistines gain no experience in adminis-

5. "A French Eton".
6. "A French Eton".
7. "Friendship's Garland" (1871).

tration and rule only by popular opinion. Arnold's imaginary Prussian friend Arminius draws an amazing picture of England's incapacity at foreign diplomacy in *Friendship's Garland* in which he asserts that foreign nations can no longer trust the 'barbarian' governors because one of their eyes is always turning to *public opinion* at home. To this lack of dignity in diplomacy (which is equated with a lack of 'greatness') Arnold, more seriously, attributes the Crimean War. "How should the world know, or much care, what your middle-class mean," asks Arminius, "for they do not know it themselves!" Similarly of the American Civil War which Arnold regarded as fundamentally a conflict between the middle-classes and the older more spacious ways of living of the South:

> *The old American Republic was a colossal expression of middle-class spirit, more arrogant and overweening than here because of absence of check and counterprise, full of rawness, hardness and imperfection, greatly needing, there as here, to be liberalized, enlarged and ennobled before it could with advantage be suffered to assert itself absolutely.*

There in general are some of the defects of the middle-class; but chiefly, for Arnold, it is unfitted for dominion because it lacks *beauty*. He quotes (with modified approval) the characterization of bourgeois society as "Business and Bethels — and all it cares for is Business". Its puritanism has given it character but not culture; it is narrow and therefore ugly — "in religion especially where feeling and beauty are so all-important we shrink from the middle-class spirit with all its sectarianism, under-culture, intolerance, bitterness, unloveliness . . . " Furthermore, the middle-classes are imperfect at present because their aim is not to expand and liberalize social life but merely to *impose* themselves, their money-making, their self-assured 'claptrap', their economic determinism, their Dissent and their Tabernacles — they have no power to charm men's minds to a higher ideal, they have shown no power or disposition to transform themselves but aim merely to establish themselves, as they are, with "their stock of habitudes, pettiness, narrowness . . . on the rest of the world as a conquering power".

It is this imposition of the middle-classes that Arnold attacks[8] for its anarchical potentialities. In his half-comic manner of writing of the social scene he casts Messrs. Bright and Roebuck, the flatterers of the material advances of the middle-classes, as the villains, with Mr. Frederick Harrison, the follower of Comte, sharpening his logical system of social reform in the newspapers and his guillotine in the backyard, running them a close second. Middle-class confidence is symbolized in all its horror by Bottles the manufacturer who intends to marry his deceased wife's sister, by Coles's Truss Manufactory disfiguring "the best site in Europe" (now Trafalgar Square) and at a more serious level by the breaking down of the Hyde Park railings. Arnold cannot believe in the *seriousness* of any governing class which cannot keep order; indeed, as he conceives it the English middle-class, is not even interested in preserving the peace. He writes of the impotence of the military in riots:

> *How indeed,* should *their overwhelming strength act, when the man who gives an inflammatory lecture, or breaks down the park railings, or invades a Secretary of State's office, is only following an Englishman's impulse to do as he likes; and our own conscience tells us that we ourselves have always regarded this impulse as something primary and sacred?*

In contrast and opposition to the ideal of every Englishman having a right to do as he likes, in this sense, Arnold is an authoritarian. But in a special sense, and only because he

8. In "Culture and Anarchy", "Friendship's Garland", "A French Eton" and "The Function of Criticism".

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sees a connection between this kind of anarchy and the two most pronounced characteristics of middle-class life — making money *(laissez-faire)* and nonconformity — and, by revealing it, hopes to jolt them out of their complacency —

> *Nothing has a right to be satisfied with itself except that which is of a higher perfection than the rest of the world—and the measure of right is also the pleasure of power.*

The middle-classes must, then, be transformed. Before they are fit to hold responsible power they must become flexible:

> *"The middle-classes may keep (I hope they always will keep) the maxim that self-reliance and independence are the most invaluable of blessings, that the great end of society is the perfecting of the individual, the fullest freest and worthiest development of the individual's activity . . . but that the individual may be perfected . . . he must often learn to quit old habits and adopt new, to go out of himself, to transform himself."*

No reformer could be more urbane than Arnold in the way he elicits support from the opposition almost unconsciously, as here, where the transformation of the middle -classes takes place in the length of a sentence. Or again when he quotes Wilhelm von Humboldt on the *joy* of feeling modified by a foreign influence, and continues —

> *And this may well be a joy to a man whose centre of character and whose moral force are once securely established—the middle-classes have this centre; they must now broaden themselves.*

How may they broaden themselves? Chiefly by education: but here at once the question of authority arises — "the mass of mankind do not know . . . well what distinguishes good teaching and training from bad". But Arnold knows — it is precisely that kind of training which aims towards perfection, and for the perfection of the middle-classes is necessary a largeness of soul and personal dignity — that is what the educational system must provide; that is what the middle-classes must demand of the state; they must exert their power in order to achieve progress towards perfection.

IT WILL seem from the foregoing that Arnold is concerned only with the Philistines, but this is by no means so. The achievement of perfection is an aim not confined to a governing class. His view of society, like Burke's, is organic — all parts must co-operate and grow together — but for the perfection of a national culture each class has different needs. For the middle-classes, who are *in fact* the most powerful, the need for perfection is strongest; their natural virtues will be enhanced and their present vices palliated by *geist* — "get geist" says Arminius;[9] the Barbarians need to be educated "hard" to a sort of republican fellowship, the practice of a plain life in common and the habit of self-help; the lower classes need to be taught feeling, gentleness and humanity.[10]

We are now in a position to see more clearly what Arnold's ideal of 'culture' really is. 'The harmonious perfection of our whole being' is a conception which arises by contrast with the one-sided provincialism of the middle-classes, the lack of ideas of the aristocracy and the grinding labour of the poor. It is a conception akin to Carlyle's "soul-worth" but it involves more than this: 'culture' is a habit of mind which makes it possible to discern *right* opinion:

> *We see then how indispensable to that human perfection which we seek is, in the opinion of good judges,* some public recognition *of our best self and right reason.*

Here Arnold returns principally to Burke for the force of his argument. What 'culture' teaches us politically, if it teaches us any-

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9. "Friendship's Garland" (1871).
10. "A French Eton".

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thing, is how to achieve order in our social revolution; how to erect a system which will embody our best selves and our right reason. The term 'reason' might be given many conflicting definitions in Arnold's usage, but it is most often akin to something like Burke's idea of embodied national wisdom, the kind of thinking which is an expression of our best selves. Hence there can be a wrong 'reason' like Mr. Harrison's "abstract system of renovation applied wholesale . . . a rational society of the future" which is plainly akin to the rational system-building of the French philosophers so hated by Burke. To discover our "right reason", then, Arnold wants an insistence on Hellenism:

> *We want a clue to some sound order and authority. This we can only get by going back upon the actual instints and forces which rule our life, seeing them as they really are, connecting them with other instincts and forces and enlarging our whole view and rule of life.* [11]

Hellenism looks very like a profound application of Burke's ideas in reverse. Institutions, for Burke, are to be valued because they embody traditional wisdom, but in an age of revolutionary change when institutions are tumbling to right and left we cannot find our best national life through them – we must reverse the process and build our institutions by first discovering, unimpassioned and without narrowness of view, what our best national life really is. The first hesitant agreement with Burke is clear from Arnold's picture of the uncertainty of constitutional checks to deal with a new power situation[12] – Englishmen conceive self-government to be the highest kind, and if this means government by the 'best' self there could be no complaints; but the mass of mankind will choose the direction of its worst self. If so, we can only reply that that is liberty! And how may good come out of liberty such as

11. "Culture and Anarchy".
12. In "Friendship's Garland".

that? Why, by virtue of the Constitution! So Mr. Matthew Arnold argues with Arminius, but without much conviction.

The second part of the argument may be found in Arnold's championing of the oecumenical movement in the Church on the grounds of the historical force of the dissenters' claims to an elective priesthood. He recognises dissent as a great and characteristic force in English life which must therefore be part of the best self of the English people. In the same way he believes that the revolutionary spirit of the French in '89 was a true *geist*, a true expression of the best French self and a permanent contribtuion to European culture (in this case unlike Burke but according to similar principles). And so throughout the world, every nation has a certain cultural heritage which usually brings with it imbalances to be struggled with in the fight for perfection.

"Our best self", then, has a mythical quality – just that quality with which Burke endowed institutions–it is "not manifold and vulgar and unstable and contentious and every-varying, but one and noble and secure and peaceful and the same for all mankind".[13] Further, the best self is against provincialism and pseudo-rationalism; it is somehow connected with the sense of tradition –

> *the being in contact with the main stream of human life is of more moment for a man's total spiritual growth and for his bringing to perfection the gifts committed to him, which is his business on earth, than any speculative opinion which he may hold or thinks he holds.*

To bring Englishmen into the "main stream of human life" Arnold advocates the establishment of the Catholic Church in Ireland and at the same time welcomes non-conformists into the Established Church in England, for he argues that perfection is best served from within an established mode of thought, experience or religion – the mind is then not narrowed by the necessity of *asserting* its convictions, but able to turn a free play of thought upon and thus *widen* and *criticize* its convictions.

"Culture", then, in its Hellenistic aspect implies *centrality of judgment,* which is the core of Arnold's message and the most elusive part of it. In politics this centrality is represented by the State; in affairs of the head and heart by the opinion of "the best judges" who are the guardians of "the best that has been known and thought in the world". But it is not a *thing,* it is nowhere to be seen, it is not centrality of "machinery". Rather the reverse, when we consider it as a free flow of ideas modifying prejudices and pre-conceived opinion, or when we think of it as a striving for moral perfection.

Lionel Trilling has described part of it excellently in his condensation of Thomas Arnold's political views:

> *the truth at the core . . . is, that there is nothing essentially antagonistic between democracy and the State, that, indeed, each demands the other for completeness, that democracy does not imply laissez-faire, that organization does not imply repression.*

All that is true also of Matthew's views, but they are more complex. He speaks of his task again and again as "restoring the balance"; there is no one principle to be applied; every nation at every stage of its development appears to him deficient in some virtues and over-burdened with others; the task of "centrality" is perpetually to strike a just balance between social forces; the task of the critic is detachment. It is clear, for example, that Arnold intensely disliked mass action by the 'populace' 'and that at the same time he had a profound pity for the poor and oppressed, but his message to them is "Be *great,* oh working classes, for the aristocracy and the middle-classes are already great". His sympathy is with traditionalism and his ideal the

13. "Culture and Anarchy".

unified society (whatever its faults may have been) that fought the Napoleonic wars — the populace providing the work, the middle-classes the money and the aristocracy the direction of a single purposeful effort, but it is a spiritual traditionalism that is in question. The grandeur of Periclean Athens is the ultimate ideal.

And so he is continually on guard against the propounders of one-sided solutions. Science may help us, science may be part of "culture", but it will not solve all our problems, it can never become the whole because it leaves basic needs unsatisfied. The passage in which he develops this view is so typical of his ironic method that I quote it in full.

> *And for the generality of men there will be found I say to arise, when they have duly taken in the proposition that their ancestor was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in habits," there will be found to arise an invincible desire to relate this proposition to the sense in us for* conduct, *and to the sense in us for* beauty.

Religion also must be of broad and general application — it must be such as will tend to unify society, not to divide it, and Arnold made a noble attempt to interpret Christian dogma so that it might serve this end. Again *conduct* and *beauty* are the aim which religion is intended to serve, but in a completely unauthoritarian fashion.

WHAT Arnold wants is a community fully and deeply aware of their individual and communal moral natures, himself firmly believing that moral forces are ultimately more important in shaping national destinies than machinery, that right is the measure of might and will ultimately prevail, that there is a law which prevents the triumph of imperfect things in the long run.

How is such a society to be achieved? The majority is almost always in the wrong; how then in a democratic community (for Arnold believed "our bushy tail" was here to stay and that democratic forces neither could nor should be beaten) is the point of view of "culture" to prevail? The answer he gave in *American Discourses* is that the minority must guard it, if they are sufficiently strong in number. If, like Socrates, they are too few to stand against the chaotic tendencies of their age, then chaos and decadence will result and they must shelter beneath a wall while the storm passes by them.

Arnold's chief importance is in his championing of the view of an *integrated* society in an age when it was almost a dead question, and in placing his faith in education. It is easy to laugh at such a "kid-glove" philosopher in a society dominated by practical aims; it is easy to reject discussion carried on at a moralistic pitch which is no longer fashionable. Arnold was well aware that he was posing questions rather than answering them, but his prophetic and historical gifts were acute enough to make the questions relevant beyond his own time.

Today it is not to the middle-classes alone that the appeal for integration would have to be made, but if the free world is to survive at all it must subject its liberal values to just such a scrutiny as Arnold's. It is of no use for our economists to tell us, as they do, of the free world's technical efficiency; it is of no use continuing to solve "short-term" economic problems and "making piecemeal social reforms". We are still making-do in a situation in which willy-nilly we must trust "machinery" because we cannot agree about ideals, and it is by no means certain that liberal machinery is a strong enough guarantee against a totalitarian society which may either be imposed upon us or arise from the collapse of our outworn liberal creed. If we are to escape a new and more dominant form of 'clap-trap', if we are to be able to transform ourselves, Arnold's questions are still of urgent relevance.

BOOK REVIEWS

REPRINT OF CLASSIC BY KATHARINE S. PRICHARD

"a writer of rare calibre"

COONARDOO, by Katharine Susannah Prichard. Published by Angus & Robertson. (New Edition.) 16/-.

Many of *Westerly's* readers were probably not born when this story of an aboriginal woman of one of our Nor' West tribes first saw the light of day in serial form in the *Bulletin,* after being a prizewinner in one of its literary competitions. That was back in 1928, before the readers of the southern cities knew much about life on the northern cattle-stations or of the Australian aborigines. Indeed, when, a year later, Jonathan Cape published the novel in book form, it was necessary for the author to say in a Foreword that life in the North West of Western Australia was as little known in Australia as in England or America. Then no teams of anthropologists in the field had studied aboriginal sagas and ceremonies. There were no transcriptions, as now, of legends, no recordings of dance and song, no moving picture films of his cave drawings, for the author to draw upon, or to help readers to understand.

So, when *Coonardoo* appeared in print, it drew violent criticism towards both story and writer. Who was this "Ashburton Jim" who so deliberately set out to draw attention to the subject (hitherto "taboo") of the relationship between white men and black women in the North? The story had been entered under the pen-name of "Ashburton Jim," and the vitality of the writing and the virility of the male characters, with the vivid descriptions of horsemanship could only be ascribed to a man, it was thought.

When it transpired that the author was authoress (a term more frequently used then than now to denote the female of the species) Katharine Susannah Prichard, who had recently won a large sum for her *Pioneers,* the Hodder & Stoughton prizewinning novel, the question was re-phrased, "What sort of a woman is this?" I ask youthful readers to remember that this was over a quarter of a century ago, and the term "assimilation" was repugnant to public ears, and had not yet become the accepted policy of Departments of Native Welfare throughout the land.

The answer was not long in coming. With *Working Bullocks* Katharine Susannah Prichard was to prove that she was a most unusual woman and a writer of rare calibre. Critics in England and America were acclaiming her work, and her publishing firm retained her and all her future writings at the highest rates. Her Goldfields trilogy has been translated into numerous languages and has probably highest circulation figures for any Australian author.

Now comes a new edition, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, of *Coonardoo,* and it too is booked for international editions.

It has been a stimulating experience for me to read this story again and to see how it has stood the test of time. By any standard *Coonardoo* can be said, on re-reading, to deserve and to retain its high place in our literature. Indeed, it is one of the novels that have helped to lift Australian writing into the field of literature. It is deservedly called a classic. It has literary quality, imaginative perception, an understanding of the feelings that motivate human behaviour, and the author is activated by a deep humanity in her approach to her characters. Above all, the story lives. Indeed, Katharine Prichard was some quarter of a century ahead of her times when she wrote her story, for neither the passing of the years nor the coming of many other novels with a similar theme of clash of cultures of black and white, has challenged the place it holds. Like one of the North's own rough gems, a piece of polished asbestos matrix, given by one of the stockmen in the story as a betrothal gift, "it stands fire, drought and storm, and the harder you use it the better it is." In style, form and content it is flawless. I could wish to see it used in the study of Australian writing, and hope it is.

At this distance in time it is hard to understand what shocked a generation ago. The love between Hugh Watt, son of Mrs. Bessie Watt, owner of Wytaliba, a cattle station in the Ashburton District, is simple love in its most enduring form between playmates who had grown up together, and then between man and woman. After his mother's death, Coonardoo is the one sure thing in Hugh's life, a stake, something to

hang on to. She is not alien to him. He does not see her dark skin and has to remind himself of the difference in race. She was a force in the background of his life, always to be called on, at the homestead to nurse his wife and his children, in the musters (she was the best stockman of all) reflecting all his moods, sad when he is sad, glad for his happiness. She is always there, silent, absolute, primitive, fundamental, nearer than he to the source of things; the well in the shadows.

Only once in their whole lives did this love flare to passion, and of that fusion a son is born, Winni, the son of the whirlwind, the "Winning-arra." By any term their love is a pure love, and not a sensual one.

Coonardoo in her simple ginnaginna is always a figure of dignity. From childhood to womanhood, through motherhood and even finally, when cast out by Hugh, she is made the creature of the white man, and returns to the homestead, to die, she is still a figure of quiet dignity. In conferring such qualities upon this woman of the aboriginal race, Katharine Susannah Prichard cut across the accepted belief of her day in the racial inferiority of the black people, and that might have been one reason for the furore it caused. Can we say that the attitude of white Australians has so greatly changed today?

So accurate was Katharine Prichard's observation of the native customs, that even without benefit of anthropological knowledge, she has drawn with a sure hand the pattern of tribal life, with all its complicated relationships, its legendary beliefs, and integration with nature and the earth. She has transposed some of the songs from their aboriginal oral form into written words in our tongue.

To give but one . . . and with it some indication of the simple prose style which is the book's chief distinction . . .

"Coonardoo was singing. Sitting under the dark bushes she clicked two small sticks together, singing: 'Kangaroos coming over the range in the twilight, and making a devil dance with their little feet.' . . . She could see low brown huts down there beside the well, a deep narrow well. Coonardoo they called it, the dark well, or the well in the shadows. Coonardoo had been named after the well near which she had been born. The huts were the huts of her people."

Perhaps one of the finest pieces of descriptive writing is that which recounts the breaking of the wild stallions by Warieda, Coonardoo's tribal husband, and another tells how Hugh tries to save Warieda

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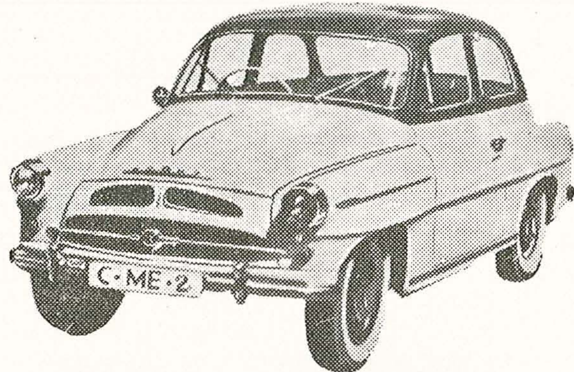

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from the spell cast upon him by the moppin-garra, Old Munga, who has "sung" Warieda to his death. Word pictures bring alive the glowing ranges, the shimmering plains and the light of the sun on the tree trunks; the brilliance and harsh heat of the atmosphere.

There is one criticism that must be made. Why did the publishers put the head of a dark girl who might be African, Semitic, or Malayan on the dust cover? The mistake could be excused, perhaps, in an English publisher but not in an Australian firm. Coonardoo of the soft, luminous eyes, the sweeping lashes, so often downcast and lying on her cheeks, the broad nostrils, the fine fair hair was not like this. I have always thought of Coonardoo as the head of an aboriginal woman done by the artist B. E. Minns, and owned by Katharine Prichard, shows her, so typically aborigine. It might seem to be a trifle not worth quibbling about, but for me it so spoiled my enjoyment of the book that I removed it.

IRENE A. GREENWOOD.

NEVIL SHUTE NOVEL

Characterisation Queried

BEYOND THE BLACK STUMP
By Nevil Shute. Heinemann, first Australian edition, Melbourne 1956.

Mr. Nevil Shute's new novel, *Beyond the Black Stump,* is an implicit indictment of the teaching of history in the University of Western Australia. For if his characterisation be true, then the Department of History must have been extremely industrious during recent eyars in abetting the graduation of intellectual morons. The heroine of his book is twenty-year-old Mollie Regan, one of the illegitimate white children of the large (and multi-racial) family of a hard-drinking North-West pastoralist. The Regans lived on "Laragh" Station, a property located some hundreds of miles inland from Onslow on the Western Australian coast, and near the Hamersley Ranges. "So long as the Regans had a quiet life upon their property, an occasional new truck, and plenty of rum, they lived as happy and contented people. They had no other ambitions." Except, of course, that the children, white and half-caste alike, should have some sort of education.

Mollie Regan's academic training began at the Loreto boarding school in Perth and ended at the University of Western Australia. There, she took a second, though "only in history", she said, "That's an easy school." But Mollie's real education began when, after her return home and the arrival of American oilmen on her family's property, she had the opportunity to give close attention to the advertisements in back numbers of such American magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Cosmopolitan,* and was able to discover the inadequacies and fallacies of a course in history in the University of Western Australia.

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an armful of American magazines and with a lot to think about. A whole new world was opening before her. She had never in her life been outside West Australia, had never been further from her station home than Perth. Throughout her education at the convent school and at the University of West Australia she had been brought up to believe that England was the seat of all learning, all wisdom, and all culture in the world. Everything stemming from her own country was immature and puerile compared with that which stemmed from England. As regards America, her opinion was formed entirely on the movies and the movie magazines. For fifteen years, the majority of her short life, the dollar exchange shortage had prevented any Australian from visiting the United States unless on dollar-earning business. In consequence, Mollie Regan had never spoken to anybody in her life who had visited America." (102-3)

Mollie's education was advanced a step further during the course of her placid romance with Stanton Laird, the bible-reading American geologist in charge of oil search on "Laragh" Station. Stanton came from "Hazel", a small town at the back of Portland, in the State of Oregon, where his father was a successful businessman. But he also brought with him the inhibitions which were to dull the edge of passion. For in his early teens a fondness for alcohol and drugs had resulted in the birth of an illegitimate son, and the death of a young girl in a car accident. Thereafter he denied himself both stimulants and women, and his geological work took him to the deserts of the Middle East before his tour of duty in Western Australia.

Mollie was able to complete her education by a first-hand experience of the relative merits of the Australian and American Way of Life. In the course of a short visit to Stanton's home town, during which she was unofficially engaged to him and stayed with his parents, she was to discover that social conventions were very much more rigid than at home, and that the very beautiful American cars, electric toasters, washing machines and paved sidewalks were all as real as they appeared to be in the magazines. She also discovered that, whilst Stanton's 'wild oats' period was forgotten and no blame was now attached to him for his alcoholic excesses, her own illegitimacy was not acceptable. That she also had "coloured" half-brothers and half-sisters was too great a revelation for Stanton's family to bear, and the whole town was soon to know of it.

Mr. Shute resolves the romantic and other problems of his novel by returning Mollie to her pioneering homestead — where the roads are still to be paved, where television is a development to be expected only in the far-distant future, where droughts have still to be battled with, and where rigid conventions have not yet dampened the spirit of the "real pioneers". There too, presumably, awaits the rejected suitor of her earlier days, the young Englishman on the neighbouring station.

Mr. Shute tells his story with the ability of the publicly-acceptable novelist. His plot is plausible, and his characters are recognisable, and even likeable on occasions. A little of his account of life on a Nor' West station has the ring of truth about it. But the book has little to recommend it. It is a curious patchwork of fiction, dis-

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tortion, half-truth and social criticism. In many parts it even degenerates into a mere travelogue, peppered with a repetitious and quite superfluous dialogue. And the honest history graduate from the University of Western Australia would have to agree that Mr. Shute would do well to enrol as a student in the Department of History if he is not to perpetrate further travesties of the truth. Indeed, it is regrettable that an author should be able to profit from the publication of such a book.

F. K. CROWLEY.

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DEMOCRATIC & AUSTRALIAN

Magazine With a Bias

OVERLAND—Published quarterly by S. Murray-Smith, G.P.O. Box 98A, Melbourne C1. Number Seven, 1956. 1/6.

"Temper democratic, bias Australian" — this is the slogan of *Overland*, which, with the recent appearance of the 1956 Autumn-Winter number, has now reached its seventh issue. Since this publication aims at popular appeal and a close relation of literature with everyday reality, it serves to supplement the intellectual and purely literary treatment in *Southerly* and the rather solid academic approach of *Meanjin*.

In form and content the latest issue of *Overland* follows the general pattern of earlier issues, with original work, articles on Australian life, literature, folklore, and so on.

Among the poetry is John Manifold's *Red Rosary* — a series of twelve sonnets dealing with various historical events but linked together by the single theme: the struggle for liberty and betterment of life. These poems are of a very high standard though a few of them are marred by crude symbolism and over-fanciful imagery.

Local writer Lloyd Davies has contributed a short story, which, although a smoothly told narrative, has a flimsy plot and unconvincing ending.

One of the articles on the Australian scene is Gerry Grant's *T.V. and Us*, treating the questions of T.V. standards and controls, and deploring the American-type programmes in store for us. Leslie Rees, in *New Hope for Australian Drama* traces recent developments, but seems to base most of his hope on a single play — *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll.*

The new genre of science fiction, and the work of Ray Bradbury in this field, is examined by Eric La Motte.

The second in Eric Lambert's humorous series showing us "how to get the game by the throat" satirises charity appeals and types of people connected with them.

Following *Letters from Abroad* from Vance Palmer and Walter Kaufmann in the fifth issue, Dymphna Cusack writes on *Italy the Romantic,* and sees behind the Italy of the tourists a land of unemployment, poverty and starvation.

Illustrations in *Overland* are apt and well executed, while the pen drawings appearing on the front cover of each issue have been very good indeed.

Of the regular features, the review section is particularly noteworthy, for its interest, wealth of information and comprehensive-

ness. Reviewers include writers well known in their own right, such as Katharine Susannah Prichard and Elizabeth Vassilieff (issue No. 6), John Morrison and Brian Fitzpatrick (No. 7).

Other features are *Smoko* — "designed to record in print the many fine — and funny — stories that are told by workers . . . all over Australia", and *Swag*, consisting of short news items. In short, this low-price magazine brings together a wealth of interesting and informative reading.

Overland so far has included as contributors many of the top writers in Australia. There is a tendency towards the left, but a wide variety of viewpoints has been included and no political "line" has been pushed. Such a magazine, filling a gap in Australian cultural life, deserves wholehearted support, especially at a time when financial crises are crippling Australia's major literary magazines.

JOHN YOCKLUNN.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

PATERSON BROKENSHA PTY. LTD.: "Mandurah and Pinjarra, History of Thomas Peel and the Peel Estate 1829–1865" by W. C. Smart (96 pp., 8/6). S. MURRAY-SMITH: "Overland", Numbers 5, 6 and 7.

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