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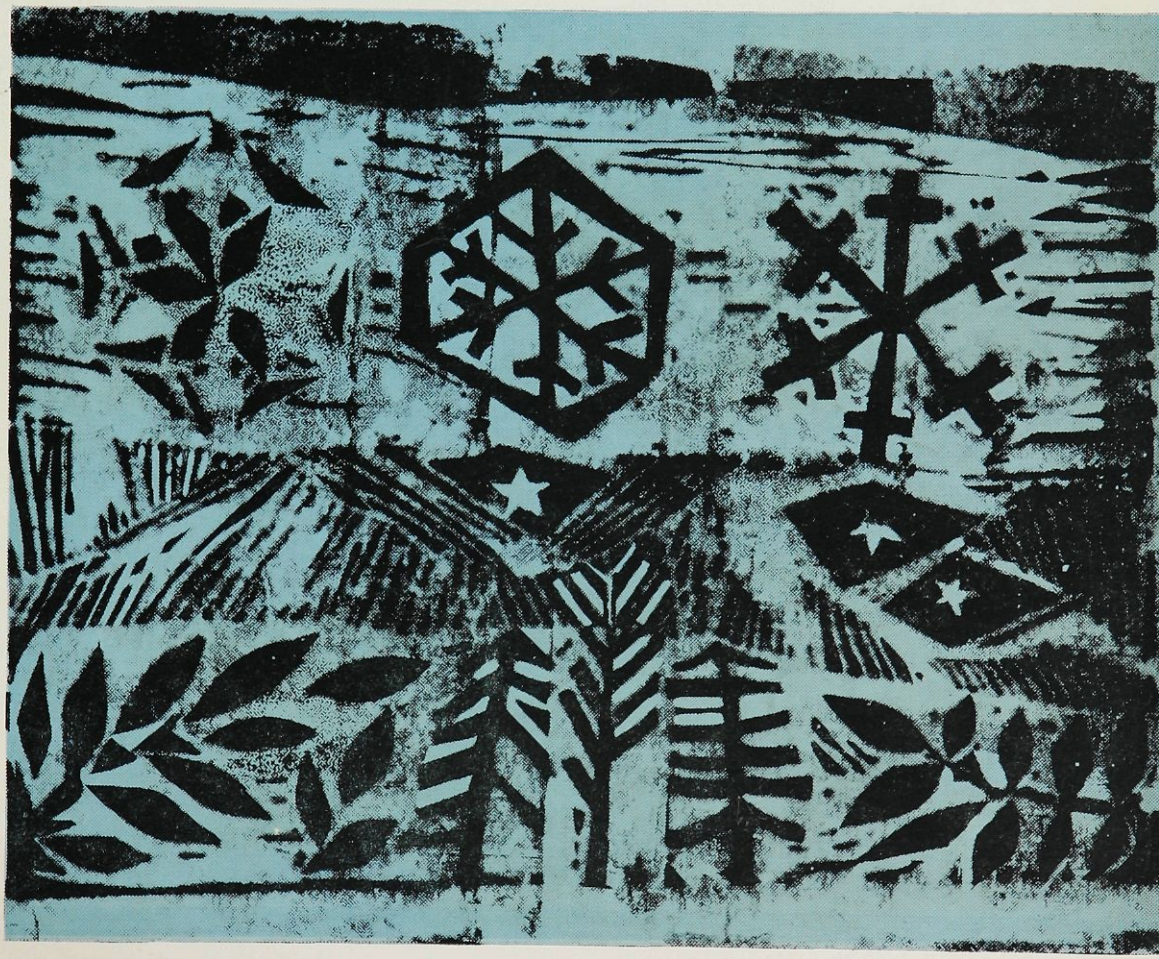

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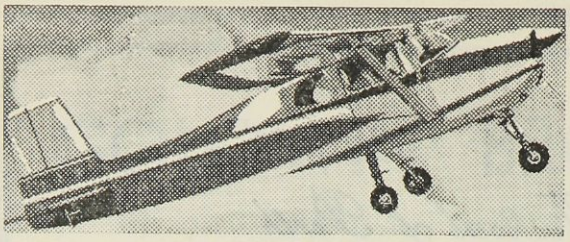

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TOWARDS A CLASSICAL THEATRE

L'AMOUR MEDECIN

THE DUENNA

THE WILD DUCK

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS

Acknowledgments

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Summer Band Concert

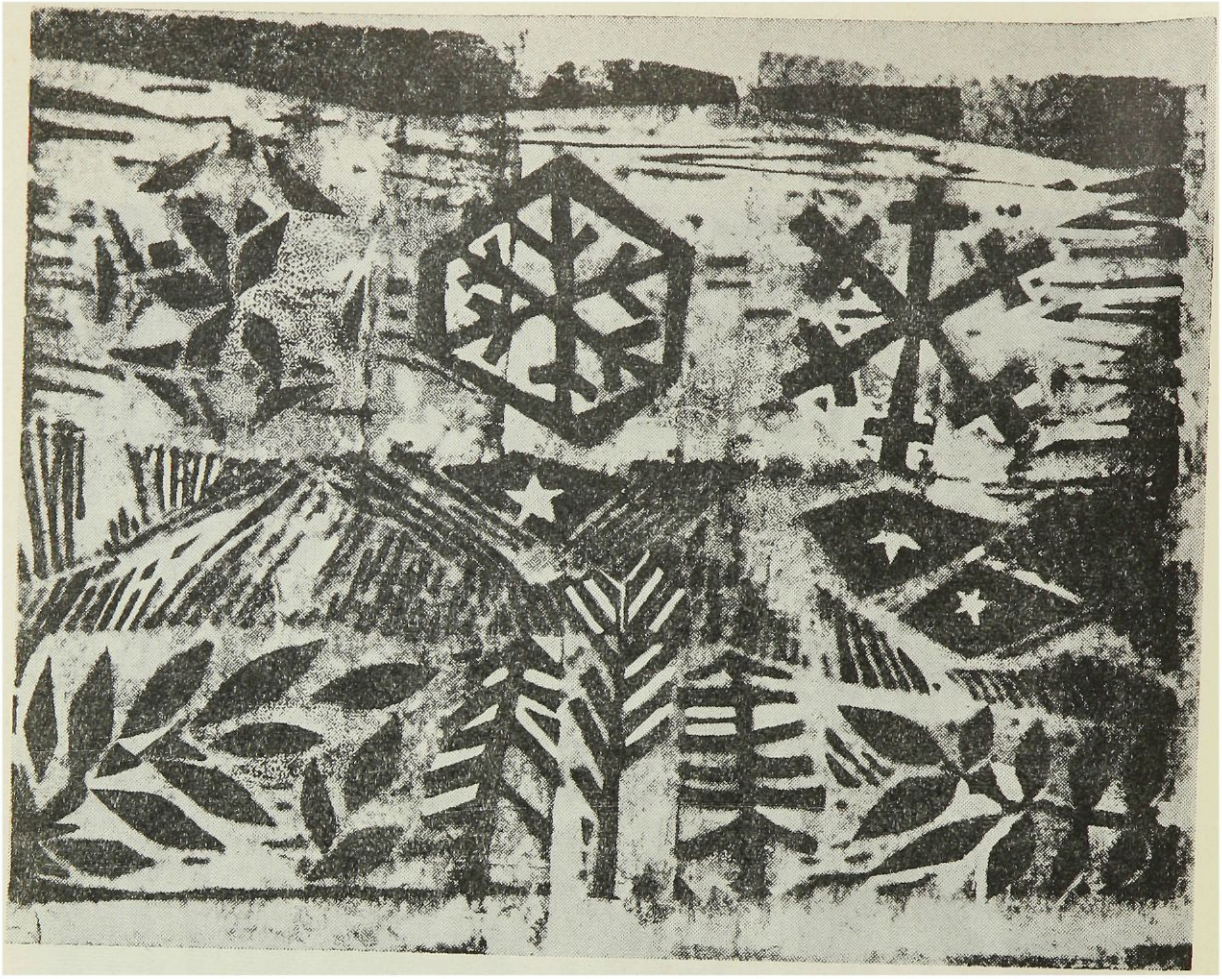
Tired with its dogs and doves
the park's distracted tunes
sprawl across the littered green
these slow and tedious afternoons.

And there a brassy serenade
and here two lovers come to rest.
Beneath a pampered laurel-tree
he leans his head against her breast.

And round and round the waltzes go:
smeared lollies in a bag;
the formal tunes and gardens merge:
the light exhausts, the music drags—

and sleep condemns the lovers' eyes
and gardens blind . . . He draws her near
and puts his arm beneath her back
and whispers darkness in her ear.

VIVIAN SMITH



Winter

Winter in this city's world:
and winter parks inform my days
with distance, silence and a song of birds.
Winter is the heart of praise.

In praise of clarity the winds blow
from the cold south across the hills
and shake the pear-trees free of snow—
and slam the door
upon unmade decisions in a room.

Winter's ways are not our ways.
O slow and secret corridor
into an inward clarity of days;
o winter at the heart of praise.

VIVIAN SMITH

A View

Always it's the same if you observe
that slow subsiding from a state of tension
as happiness or anguish pass away:
reality survives its own declension.

And if there's no equivalent within
for swans that linger on the rain-washed lake,
are we then placed here merely to observe
that water's there to give these swans a wake?

VIVIAN SMITH

O. D. Watson

The Agent-General's Boots

HALF A CENTURY later, groping back, he thought it all began there, with the bearded man sitting by the coal fire and the boy on the rug at his feet. Men wore boots in those days, on social occasions, and some of them wore beards. King Edward, himself, had a beard and, presumably wore boots like other men. It would not be long before the boy ran downstairs to get the morning paper and saw, printed in red, DEATH OF THE KING. But, at present, the King still lived, and the boy, oblivious to royal footwear, was intent on a pair of thick-soled, well-polished, black boots, firmly planted on the rug beside him. Groping back, fifty years later, clean-shaven, grey headed and wearing shoes, he heard nothing of the conversation between the visitor and the other bearded men, his father and uncles. He found only the boy's conviction that the boots beside him had trodden Australian earth, for their owner was the Agent-General for Western Australia. It didn't occur to him that the boots could have been bought in London. He stared at them, fascinated. The thrill he felt then still moved him, an elderly man, smoking his pipe in a forest on the other side of the world. It began there, he thought, I became an Australian that stormy night by the coal fire in the northern village, and not, six months later, when the ship berthed at Fremantle, or when I learned the language in the little bush school, or in the shearing-sheds and stockyards of youth, or as the husband of an Australian girl and the father of Australian children.

He could, of course, remember a little of the years before they brought the Agent-General home for supper. The queer thing was that the earlier memories didn't seem to matter, and, if they did matter, they were a series of disconnected impressions—the seasick smell of a rubber cushion on the deck of the steamer among shawled women crossing the Irish Sea, a herd of donkeys appearing from the curve of a street in Tipperary, black snails covering the rain-soaked earth in a Yorkshire wood, a man seen from the train fishing, thigh-deep in a river, the Italian ice-cream man, soldiers playing leap-frog on a station platform, the brave brassiness of a German band. These were some of the clear pictures. Many of the others were dim and tenebrous.

The meaningful memories were a series of pictures that began with the coal fire and the strong, square-toed boots on the hearth-rug. Next came the death of the King—the excited concern of the boy's parents, sitting up in bed, when he burst in with the news. This was followed by the farewell visit to Scotland and the fair, little girl whom he worshipped secretly, who suffered him because he was her cousin, although, on principle, she despised the English. When his mother reminded her that he was half-Irish, he seemed to fall

even lower in her estimation. After all, her own mother was English, but what did the Irish have to recommend them? This nationalistic prejudice bought a poignancy into their relations that rendered their times together even more precious to the boy. There was the dreadful moment when they managed to force a penny between the piano keys and didn't know how to retrieve it. When he read Yeats, years later, he thought of that incident:

"O, penny, brown penny, brown penny,
I am looped in the loops of her hair."

And saw the two children, kneeling precariously on the piano stool. But that was one of the rare moments, like the time when she wanted to come into his bed to talk, but his aunt wouldn't let her. Mostly, she had been aloof, cool and poised, making him feel even younger and smaller than he was, although they were both the same age and he was the taller. Astonishing, that poise and aloofness of a nine-year old girl. It was the season for bowling hoops and he spent most of the time with his younger cousin, laboriously climbing the short, sharp hills that surrounded the old, border town, to charge down again, helter-skelter, the hoops guided by a short rod with a hook at one end. How the two, small boys avoided breaking a limb, he didn't know. He remembered a river that must have been the Teviot, and he remembered driving with his uncle along a hilly, tree-lined road to visit a museum with a pair of stocks against the outer wall. Inside, the long, low building was full of old weapons, mostly spears and swords, which may have been stained, once, with the blood of the English. On the way home, his uncle stopped the horse, to point with his whip at a piece of rough ground below the road.

"Down there, among those thistles," his uncle said, "one dark night, long ago, the Scots surprised the English invaders and the thistle became the national emblem of Scotland." He proceeded to tell the story, but the boy was thinking, if only I had been born in Scotland, my cousin Jean would have liked me as much as I like her.

Even the more significant memories were like the early films, with frequent breaks and pauses between reels. The Scottish sequence ended there, with the boy and his uncle in the dogcart, overlooking the traditional site of the night-attack.

When the pictures flickered to life again, the boy was back in his native village. It was late twilight, and he was standing on the railway bridge, looking back at the naphtha flares on the fair-ground. He had lingered too long at the Flower Show, and now must face a lonely walk in the dark, through the fields flanking the beck, to his great-aunt's water-mill. They had left the house in the High Street for ever. The furniture was crated, ready for the voyage. The boy's bicycle was crated, too. He had nothing left but his clothes and the hoop that he had acquired in Scotland. You couldn't get much comfort from a hoop, in the dark fields, among the sudden, shapeless masses of cattle. When the boy set out he was a bit scared, but proud and happy. The hoop in his right hand had changed into a rifle. He was exploring the Australian bush, among kangaroos and emus, and in imminent peril from prowling aborigines. As he crossed the beck by the little, arched bridge to enter the farmyard, he forgot his fear and remembered only the pride of his achievement.

From the cobbles of the farmyard, you descended two steps into the red-flagged kitchen. At one end of the kitchen was a structure like a horse-box, painted green, in which the maid slept. How she breathed in there was a mystery. There was no ventilation at all, except the door of the box. As the bottom of the door was at least two feet above floor level, some agility was needed to get in. One evening, while the maid was milking and the other grown-ups were talking to a visitor in the sitting-room, the boy climbed in to find that the entire space inside was taken up by a double bed. There was no standing room. The maid must have dressed and undressed on the bed, or in the kitchen. It seemed a very wide bed for one person to sleep in. Perhaps, in earlier times, the miller's man slept there with his wife. The boy didn't stay long in there. The place was dark and stuffy and he was afraid of being caught where he had no right to be.

At the other end of the kitchen was an open fireplace with a crane and a grill of iron bars and an oven at one side. Once, in an experimental mood, he had pulled the maid's stool away as she prepared to sit down. This silly jest was far more successful than he had hoped. The maid sat down in the ashes and the boy was reproved by the gentle, old Quakeress, his great-aunt. This was a much more severe punishment than a slap from his mother.

No better place could be devised as the playground of an imaginative boy than the old mill, disused since the death of his great-aunt's husband, and the tiny mill farm. The white-washed, two-storey cottage and mill shared one building. At the mill end, the water-wheel, once bricked in, braved the weather. The boy never told anyone that he had discovered a doorless slit in the wall, inside the mill, beyond the bins. A man must have been forced to enter it sideways. When the boy crept through, he found a noisome, shallow pit, damp and rat-infested, which he descended gingerly, to fiind, by touch rather than sight in the pitch blackness, the series of giant cog-wheels that had once been driven by the shaft from the mill-wheel. This was a forbidden place, only to be visited stealthily, in his oldest clothes. He hid there, one day, when he had young visitors. They couldn't find him, even when he called out. He didn't tell them where he had been.

Across the farmyard, which sloped to the beck and the brick bridge, was the cow-byre, where he could climb to the loft and watch the milking, breathing the warm fragrance of cows and meadow hay. Sometimes he played in the waggon and dray in the cartshed at the top of the yard, among great horse-collars, pointed hames, cart-saddles and brass-embossed winkers. Behind the cow-byre were the pigsties, now innocent of pigs and over-grown with weeds. They were a series of little rooms, built of brick. The boy had to crawl on hands and knees to explore them. A few months later he would have thought of snakes. His first snake had sloughed its skin, half a world away, but the boy crept into the sties, apprehensive of rats only. If there were any rats in there, they disappeared when he approached. But he didn't spend much time in the pigsties. They had a strange smell that made him feel sick.

The garden in front of the house and mill was full of flowers and the fruit that filled his great-aunt's pies. There were apples, red and black currants, gooseberries and raspberries. Best of all, the boy liked to lift the

latch of the wicket gate at the foot of the garden and play in the long meadow grass, beside the path to a single-plank foot bridge over the beck. He could make rooms and passages there, simply by walking about, and, when he sat down, the grass walls were higher than his head.

He didn't frequent the beck much, but he often thought of it in later years when the creek was dry. He watched the ducks swimming above the brick bridge. They couldn't swim under the bridge, because a water-gate prevented them. He never understood why they never entered the water below the bridge. He caught minnows in the beck to keep in a jam jar and he knew that eels lurked near the mill-wheel, because his great-aunt sometimes served them with a thick, blackish sauce. He eschewed the eels, alive or dead, just as he avoided the cowslip wine, and lived to regret both refusals.

He sat for hours in his great-aunt's rocking-chair, in the sitting-room that looked out through small panes at poppies and lilies-of-the-valley. He sat there reading "Deerslayer", till Chingachgook and the terrible Iroquois ousted the black, Australian warriors from his lonely games and were to travel with him to Australia, where the war-whoop would be heard in the wail of the curlews and the screams of the squeakers and black cockatoos.

Groping back, the man found the memories of those last weeks at the old mill clear and strong. There were others, urgent for attention, but he passed them by and came to the final leave-taking.

"Remember, honey," the old lady said, "I'll look for a letter from thee every week. Thou promises to write every week?" The boy promised. Boy and man, he never ceased to love her, and was sorry, when it was too late, that he had never written.

They had crossed the first stile and were out of sight of the mill when the boy realised that he had forgotten his watch. He ran back to get it. His great-aunt was standing by the kitchen table. Her spectacles were in her hand. She was wiping her eyes with a handkerchief. She said, angrily, "What does thou want?" Except when he had played the trick on the maid, she had never spoken sharply to him before. He picked up his watch and ran, with his eyes smarting, over the little bridge and along the beckside, on his way to Australia.

Seed

Round the table, in the yellow light,
a high sweet-toothed impatience spins
among the children, straining tight
and warm with singing blood their rosey skins.

"Choose apricot!" "No, choose plum!" "No, pear!"
Their voices ring around the room
and drown the windy rain-split air
that wails against the windows like a doom.

The youngest has the choice. Her shining hair
swings with her quick uncertainty,
as each imprisoned sweetness there
commands at once delicious urgency.

"Peach then!" "Take melon!" "Oh, quickly—choose!"
(Winter's caught my fingers in its own,
my spirit in an icy noose—
Yes, quickly child! I'm frozen to the bone!)

So, her bright but indecisive eyes
behind dark lids, at last she takes
a lucky chance of jars, and cries
of "Fig! It's fig!" the high excitement breaks,

and, distilled rich brown within the jar,
pin-pointed gold with yellow seed,
the long past Summer's syrups are
now fast untreasured for the tongue's sweet greed.

In the silence, as the children eat
the glass stored harvest of the sun,
I feel again about my feet
the brown and tangled grass that caught them then,

the rough scratch of wide green hands of leaves,
the sticky milk of broken stems,
and in my eyes the broken sheaves
of light that dazzled on the sky's blue hems.

I hear above the guttering rain
brown fruit birds brightly stitching air,
and bursting pods and crickets' plain
reiterating heat with clockwork care

and dry leaves touching; the wooden sounds,
of bunching gumnuts, cracking twigs,
the hum of pumps and, skipping mounds,
the kid goats bleating sweet through fallen figs.

Winter's sweatered damp is overlaid
by Summer's smell—crushed ants and dust,
evaporating saps and shade
on hot ripe fruit enticing honey lust.

Sunlight, reaching through the ant trailed boughs
pressed greenly then on naked skin,
but greener pressed—through cotton blouse
and fruits' brown cover—on the pulps within

to stir tumultuous urgencies
in sap and blood: the swelling need
to ripen all the energies
of life together, deathless, in the seed.

The children, relishing the syruped fruit,
find yet no memory on the tongue:
brave as new grass, hungry at root,
dreaming to flower the earth—they are young.

Not the glory of flowers, little ones,
that blow with the wind and are gone—
not Spring—but burning Summer suns
of seed. For this you are, and this alone,

that seed, when burying winters mourn
earth sapless-cold as a dead bird
and, million footed, tread the torn
grass with rain, shall keep the unending Word.

FRANCY DE GRYS

My Fortieth Year

My fortieth year, full circle goes my life
To its full power, now I grow
Out of dissent and schism, what I am
Will make up all the remnant of my days.
Not to be static, to enrich the time,
Not to be circumscribed, but broad as light,
Not to be chilled, but warm as marriage is.
Never to shrink from the clamour of the city,
But make a symbol of it for my time,
Clinging to the edge of the shadowy continent.

I have made such mighty journeys over this flat earth,
Ridden its trains, its truths, its ships, its deserts;
No man in narrow confines of the spirit
Could find his spiritual home in this.
The frontiers are lost in mightiness, a man might go
Travelling to the end of all his days
And never coming to the end of it.
But never have I made a journey such as this
From birth to death, with all the white,
Bewildered signposts on the way.

I had lived so long in the iron maiden of my thought,
Crabbed and confined, my breath misting the mirrors.
One morning I stepped out through a wide window
Into the world, where the dew lay on the grass.
It was like a second coming, so rich, so dear,
The landmarks in that familiar landscape;
And yet so new after the long walks
In the streets of time, richer for the sense
Of multitudes of men moving through neon lights,
And factory whistles casting bread on the Harbour waters.

For I must carry with me on this journey,
The burden of my life, unburdened, gladly singing;
The blowing banners, the dark, huddled houses
Under the burning prism of the Glassworks.
All must now be fired
From the heavy lump of clay, to the glowing girl,
Into this green wood, this enchanted ring,
Where all the lessons must be learnt again,
The books re-read, the tongue stumble
In sweetness, and the spell recast.

I gather at my knee the children of my spirit,
Old as a legend, new as milk from heaven,
In the round green wood of the world.

DOROTHY HEWETT

Mary Durack

Figures in Landscape

AFTERWARDS DON wondered whether it would have hit quite so hard at any other time of day. This brief space between sundown and dark was always the worst for him when he was alone. Sometimes, in order to endure it at all, he would sit quite still, like a lizard on a stone. "One must become part of the landscape," he would tell himself. "Not thinking or feeling anything. Nothing at all." It would not matter once it was dark. He could knock up a feed then and go to bed. "Loneliness," he told himself, "is a state of mind," but it had been hard not to feel pleased that evening when he heard Sid's old utility pull up at the camp. He had kept a bottle of whisky to share with him when he came along, carefully resisting the temptation to broach it with the flies. He had sat waiting in quiet expectation. Sid would think he was not there because the truck was away. He would be disappointed but he would come in and wait in case Don had only gone to attend to the pumps. Then Sid would see him sitting there and they would laugh. "Pity I haven't got one on the ice," Don would say. "Never mind, there's some ship's lime juice here," and he would bring out the Scotch.

The footsteps had stopped by the big boab tree that shaded the precious kerosene fridge, and hearing the click of the handle, the clink of glass and the sharp closing of the door Don thought that Sid must have brought a bottle and was putting it away for him. He got up and strolled across but already Sid, with a slightly unsteady gait, was making back towards his utility.

"Hey there!" Don called.

Sid almost overbalanced as he swung and it was only then Don saw the whisky bottle in his hand. For a few moments of frozen surprise the two men faced each other, the disintegrating sound of monsoonal thunder rumbling from behind the darkening range. In a flash of half-intoxicated clarity Sid saw, as though for the first time, the man who had been his ideal. Ordinarily he might have been concerned for the way he looked but now he felt only a sort of fear. It was not so much because Don had found him out in this small deceit as that standing there in the half light, his forehead drawn into furrows of premature age, his gaze hard and cold as Arctic ice, he had an inhuman quality that was uncanny somehow.

Don too was seeing in a different way the stocky blunt-featured little man with the outsize ears and the throat that jutted like a turkey's crop. "Not a very pretty fellow," he had often thought, watching Sid about his work, narrow shouldered, pigeon chested, the leathery hide pressing into the hollow of his

diaphragm, "but I'd take one other the same before twenty with the looks of Adonis—and he doesn't winge, thank God. The blighter doesn't bellyache."

The New Australian workers had complained about everything—the climate, the isolation, the food, their petty ailments, and had been forever cadging lifts to town to see the doctor or to find a woman. He had wearied of their constant bickering on old political scores that too often ended in drawn knives, wearied of their incessant attempts to involve him in their quarrels and to derogate each other by whispered warnings and dramatic innuendo. All right, it was hard and dull for them, used as they were to the exciting tempo of their close community life, but did they think he liked it the way it was? Wasn't he working his guts out so that this country too might one day come to life and support more than a handful of scattered stations?

He had been glad to see the last of them and take on a bunch of young, indigenous Australians. For a while they had been a relief. They worried less about the climate, the food and the loneliness and having no strong convictions of any kind they had nothing to fight about. It was not long, however, before they began to grumble about the heavy work, the long hours, the static that interfered with the sporting news. They had demanded smoke-ohs and long midday breaks when the whole project swung in the balance against time, when hours, sometimes minutes even, were to be reckoned against the gathering clouds, the rising river. To them it was just a job—a wage. They neither asked nor cared what it was all about.

Sid had understood the broader meaning of this experiment, but he might have been speaking another language when he tried to explain it to the others. Sid's kind had never lived by bread alone. They had been sustained in their cramped, meagre lives by a vision of Empire—a thing to live and die for that promised no more than life as it had always been—a right to the sights and smells of London streets and the sound of Bow bells. Not that Sid was sentimental about the Old Dart. He had no wish to return to it but he still thought of it, in a vague way, as the "land of hope and glory, mother of the free". These young Aussies were the product of a more hopeful, freer and healthier environment than Sid's had been. They had never known hunger or cold or lack of living space and they were a long way better built than Sid but their movements lacked the purpose and precision of men who believed a job worth doing. They believed in nothing, but their scepticism was as meaningless as the monotonous obscenity that punctuated their speech like a chronic hiccup.

"If you're prepared to blankin' well kill yourself, that's blankin' well all right with us," they would tell Sid. "You can have it on your blankin' Pat Malone."

Sid never questioned anything Don said or his right to say nothing at all for days on end. The others had questioned his right to everything. "What's he blankin' well drivin' at?" they would ask Sid when Don had tried to talk to them, and when he had given it up as a bad job: "Who does he blankin' well think he is? A cut above or somethin'?"

"He don't think he is," Sid told them, "but he *is*, just the same. There's some coves as you look up to in this world, like, and Don happens to be one of 'em."

Sentiments of this kind were "Limey bull-dust" in the young fellow's vocabulary and this was one subject on which he got little further with Don himself.

"That 'station in life' stuff doesn't cut much ice in this country, Sid," he had said. "We don't put people into pigeon holes according to the status their parents had. If you don't like the rut you're born in here you fight your way out of it."

"I reckon it's more than that, Don," Sid demurred. "I might make good someday, like, make a pile of dough, and a bloke like you, say, might come on me for a job, but I'll still be working class, and you'll remember it same as wot I will. There's nothin' can alter that."

"Cut it out", Don laughed. "I'm hoping we'll make good together."

Sid shook his head. "It was only a for instance, Don. Put it another way—we pull this job off here and it goes ahead. You might say I was a pioneer and I'd be proud of that, but I'd never be a big shot, like. There'd be new chums in on top and I'd be a workin' man where I started orf."

"Not unless you want it that way," Don said.

It had seemed unfair then to tell Sid that he hoped one day to give him the status he deserved. As "Works Manager of Tropical Agriculture Incorporated" he could get married and rear a family in the sort of education for which he had such humble respect, but if the project failed Sid would be disappointed enough without knowing what success might have meant for him. Besides, it might almost have seemed like a bribe for his continued and devoted services. As it was he could pull out when he liked—as the others did—no extra inducements—no strings.

When all the rest had left Don and Sid did the work of six men. Together they had gone right through in the aching heat, without even a tea-break, from sunrise until after dark, gritting their teeth on the churned, red dust, beating at the swarming flies, their whole world vibrating to the tractor's agonising din.

Sometimes when Don sensed that even Sid might break, he had asked if he cared to come along when he was going in for stores. Sid would appear to consider the matter indifferently and then decide that perhaps he had better go. He had a bit of business to do, needed a new pair of working pants, new boots, some odds and ends. The needs were always genuine enough and Don would take him straight to the store, see him fitted out and put the parcels in the truck. "We'll leave at five", he would say. "I suppose you'll be able to put in the time."

Sid would shrug. "Don't worry about me, Don. I'll go and see my old mate at the butchery. You'll know where to find me when you're through."

Don knew where to find him right enough. He would order a beer and pretend surprise on finding Sid beside him at the bar. "Oh, there you are! Well, that's lucky. We can start back right on time." Then he would lay in a store for the aftermath and steer Sid to the truck with as much dignity as possible.

Sid's two day pattern of remorse was always the same, but the pretence was

carefully sustained. It wasn't so much the grog he had had as the effect of the trip itself. Somehow the old truck on the corrugated road shook a man up worse than the tractor over no road at all and—funny thing—he'd got a touch of that fever again too. The coastal air often affected fellows that way when they had been inland a long time. Don had long since realised that Sid's capacity for work depended largely on his belief in himself and on Don's belief in him. His confidence was not a thing to trifle with.

Two hundred acres under crop—not much in a country that counted properties by the thousand square miles, but they had known the significance of that small green island of irrigated land in the vast, brown expanse of lease-locked natural pasture.

In their five years together all those things had happened that people predicted must ruin the enterprise. There was the year the creek gave out—all but the last deep hole that fed the irrigated plots, when hordes of thirst-driven kangaroos and hungry birds attacked the crop. They had kept vigil round the clock, snatching sleep in turns, nightmare-haunted by frantic bodies straining at the fence, feathered necks dipping and stretching after the precious grain. Time was when Don had felt some sentiment for the soft-eyed kangaroos and had liked to watch the tattered ribbon flocks of wild birds, but he had no feeling for anything that menaced the fulfilment of his dream. He fought them dispassionately as the sheep men fought dingoes and eagle hawks. He shot, trapped, poisoned, and as the drought intensified could note objectively how kangaroos, in a last agony of thirst, would strive to protect their eyes from the merciless crows under bags and slabs of tin. Nature's law of survival knew no pity, Don told himself, and as part of nature he must be cruel too—or perish with the weak.

They had achieved the impossible between them, Sid and he, saving enough of the drought crop for next year's seeding. The flood came, rising over the fences, over the new-sown seed. It might have meant the end of all they had done, a final blow to the faith of his few supporters; but somehow the fences held and when the water level dropped, leaving dead sheep and kangaroos strung up on the wires like dirty rags to reek and dry in the sun, miraculously the crop sprang blazing green through the layer of river silt. It was a good crop, acclimatised to surprising abundance. Despite drought, flood and pests the swelling bags had filled their granary and now that they were milling others were believing too. The big government bulldozers began biting into the creek-bed from the river to the irrigation area and plans were being prepared for a weir that should safeguard the precious crops from either drought or flood.

To Sid it seemed that their frail bubble of hope had turned already to a solid ball that might be bounced and tossed sky-high, but Don knew that it was still as delicate as it had ever been, that success was menaced now by the intangibles of political expediency, by business and human relationships. It was a stage of waiting, of marking time while powers beyond his control debated the timeliness and significance of his enterprise. Had this enthusiast done too much too soon, or, now that the experiment had been proved a success, was there really any further use for a stiff-necked idealist?

Sid had taken an interim job, as often between seasons, but it was under-

stood that he would come back when required. There was nothing for Don to do now but wait, keep the pumps going, scare off the birds and sit about alone with his hope and his fear, the tension in his chest like an overwound spring. He looked forward to Sid's running out as he sometimes did, to see how things were getting on and when he might be needed again.

And Sid had come . . .

"After all this time," Don said, "you of all people, to do this to me."

"It wasn't for myself," Sid explained. "It was for my mate here." He gestured with his thumb to the ancient wreck of a utility where a man sat huddled with his hat over his eyes. "He's been on a bender and he's sufferin', see? You know how it is, Don."

"After playing nursemaid to you for five years I ought to know," Don said.

"The truck wasn't here," Sid murmured. "I thought you was at the plots."

"But you slipped up," Don snapped. "I'd lent it to some government chaps who'd broken down. And what if I had been away? You could have waited half an hour. I'd have given it to you—you knew that. How often have I done it before?"

"I wouldn't have presumed asking you, Don, not seeing as how I'm off your job just now."

"But you have—that's just the point. You *have* presumed!"

Sid's eyes shifted around the camp, the open shade where they had mealed and sometimes yarned together, the iron sheds they had put up to hold the grain they had harvested side by side. It was true what Don said. He had helped him through many a hangover with the little drop he had by for himself, but this time he might have said, "No Sid, I help you but I don't keep grog for every deadbeat in the district," or he could have said it was the last drop he had on hand for an emergency. Don wasn't enough of a drinker to know how terribly urgent it was to get that bottle when you knew it was there.

"I'm sorry," Sid muttered. "I s'pose it was your last . . ."

"That's not the point."

"It was the first time, Don. The others presumed on you all the time. They made me see red the way they sat around expecting you to wait on them, but you never made an issue of it like this."

"That was different. They were nothing to me and I was nothing to them. They didn't know anything, but you knew Sid."

"They had more schooling than wot I did, Don. Three years in an east-end council joint was my cut of it."

"That's not what counts. It's something different. I've known bush blackfellows had it and rich men's sons hadn't a clue, but I thought you had it, Sid. Then you come sneaking in here like a dingo and filch a bottle from the fridge. Well, you might as well take it now and clear out."

Sid nodded slowly, his throat muscles moving convulsively, and Don, after all the years of sparing his feelings, building up his confidence, could look at him now with no more compassion than he had expended on the thirst-crazed kangaroos. He studied the clenched, work ravaged hands, the short legs, unsteady now but full of a strength potential for something else—somebody else's dream maybe, perhaps just a hack job on the roads or on the wharves. No, Sid wouldn't come back. When he sobered up he would set his teeth and drive on and never travel that familiar side track again. There would be no

wingeing, no wheedling to be taken back. Don wouldn't weaken either, no matter how much he needed a man like that. It could never be the same between them again. Sid had held his trust and broken it.

"I s'pose it was presumption, Don," he said at last, "but I did it for a mate, remember. He asked me to and I did."

"You—did it—for a mate!" Don said heavily.

Sid steadied himself against the packing case on which he had set down the bottle.

"And seeing it's the finish I'm going to presume again. I'm going to tell you something, Don. If it had been one of your own kind you wouldn't have reckoned he presumed. There was that engineer, remember, done the same thing while you was away that time. 'You pinched my beer, you bastard,' you said, and you laughed. You didn't use that word 'presumed' on him."

"It was your word, Sid."

"And I'll tell you this, too." Sid came a step forward, no longer avoiding Don's eye. "It's right what they reckoned. I never seen it before because I never wanted to. You put this job before everything. You looked after me like you'd look after a good engine, and you turned yourself into an engine too, on purpose for what?" He bent unsteadily, took up a handful of red sand and held it out on his palm. "For that!" He opened his fingers and let the dirt trickle through, then he turned slowly away.

"You're forgetting the grog," Don said.

Sid swung round, a sudden spark of anger in his bleared eyes. He picked up the bottle and raised it with a violent motion to shoulder level but somewhere in mid-air his muscles locked. "No," he said, "we don't owe nothin' to that soil. We give it all we got but it won't give us nothin' back."

"Did I ever tell you it would?" Don asked.

"No, but I sort of presumed—," Sid's voice choked—"the same as wot you done, Don—the same as you." He lurched away, the bottle in his hand weighing him heavily to one side.

Irene M. Summey

More Than An Accent

RUDOLPH KRAMER sometimes felt very lonely and isolated from his fellowmen. "It's my accent," he told his wife. "My foreign background. After a while they'll get used to it." But years went by, and Kramer still felt strangely out of touch with those around him. And then one day his son fell ill, and he took him to a clinic.

The room was small and bare with white-washed walls and a row of empty chairs. At a desk, wedged in between the window and the door, a fair-haired youth was speaking on the telephone.

"Now let me get this straight," he said. "You were scheduled for an operation this morning, but you couldn't make it, right?"

The youth leaned back, unsmiling. His deep-set, blue eyes surveyed the room, grazed Kramer and turned to the crack in the ceiling.

"Why not? . . . I said why not? . . . Listen, if the doctor says you need an operation, I reckon you do. I don't care what . . ." His voice grew sharp and lost its thin, protective coat of courtesy. "No, I'm not the doctor, but . . . Very well."

He hung up and squinted at Kramer and his son, the gum in his mouth making small explosive sounds.

"Yes?"

The boy squinted back, deferentially, already on the brink of tears.

"It hurts," he said, cupping his ear and hiding behind his father.

"My son has . . . " Kramer began.

"One moment." The receptionist held up an imperative hand. "You want to see the doctor?"

Kramer nodded. "My son has an ear-ache."

The receptionist pulled out a printed form and jotted down the date.

"Name?"

Kramer looked at his son. "Martin."

"No, not his name, yours. Spell it. Address? Telephone? Age? No, the boy. How old is the boy? And what's his name? Which ear's troubling him?"

"The left." Kramer bit his lips and shook his head. "No, the right."

The pencil crossed out and hung suspended in the air.

"Well, which is it?" barked the inquisitor. "Make up your mind."

"I do that all the time," said Kramer, tittering. "It's silly, I know, but I look at him from the front . . . this way . . ." He turned the boy towards him to illustrate his words. "So his right is on my left and . . ."

The pencil was wriggling in the air, and Kramer stopped.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "The right. I just think it's so funny . . ."

"How long has he been sick?"

"Three days . . . since Saturday. It was his birthday on Thursday . . . no, Friday it was, and we stayed out late. Well, the next day he caught a cold . . .

that was Saturday. I remember because we got a letter from my brother in Hamburg, for Martin's birthday, you know, and we thought . . ."

The receptionist sighed. "Saturday—that was when the pain began?"

"That's right. And then this morning he ran a fever and the pain got worse, so my wife said to see the doctor . . . she cannot speak the language you know, so I . . ."

"Yeah, you tell that to the doctor," said the receptionist, waving a hand in the air. "I'm not the doctor." He rummaged among the papers on his desk and Kramer sat down with his son. Presently the boy began to cry. The tears coursed slowly down his face and fell in droplets from his nose onto the clean, white shirt. The father looked away.

A nurse came in, consulted with the receptionist and looked at Kramer.

"You're next," she called.

Kramer rose, prodding his son.

"Just the boy," said the nurse and closed the door in Kramer's face. Fifteen minutes later, she reappeared.

"You may come in now."

Kramer entered. The doctor was at his desk.

"Sit down," he said and leafing through his notes smiled vacantly at Kramer.

"Well Daddy . . . Martin has infection in his throat and both ears. We must do something about that, mustn't we?"

Kramer shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

"What have you done so far?" inquired the doctor. "Have you given him anything?"

"Yes, Aspirins," said Kramer. "And we put oil in his ears—warm oil."

"You put oil in his ears, eh? Warm oil?"

Kramer nodded. "Martin's ears were punctuated twice, and the doctor back home said whenever they hurt and we have no medicine to give, we put warm oil in his ears to ease the pain."

"I see. Martin's ears were punctuated twice?" repeated the doctor. He looked for the nurse, found her by the window and suddenly smiled. "Oh yes, of course. Well, now . . ." He scribbled something on the pad before him. "Listen carefully, Daddy, we must never put oil in Martin's ears . . . Never . . ."

At that moment Kramer realised his mistake. His cheeks colored and he bit his lips.

"You hear . . ." continued the doctor. "Never! This is what we must do, Daddy . . ."

"Excuse me," said Kramer calmly, surprising himself. "My name is Kramer—" he spelled it out: "K-R-A-M-E-R—Rudolph Kramer—it's on that card before you, I believe. I wasn't born here, so I do not speak perhaps as good as you. I have trouble pronouncing certain words—like punctured—and I speak too much, because I do not think you understand me, and I laugh maybe at things you don't understand. But I do not laugh at you—or make fun of you—I do not think you're stupid because you do not understand. Why do you think I am stupid just because I am different from you?"

The doctor had listened in silence. "Well now, Mr. Kramer," he said and scrambling to his feet permitted himself a friendly chuckle. "I realise with Martin being ill it isn't easy . . . but aren't you being just a little hyper-sensitive about your accent? I'll admit perhaps we aren't always as kind as we could be

to new . . . to our new citizens, but I don't really think that anybody here has made fun of you, have we, Mr. Kramer?"

It's more than the accent, thought Kramer suddenly. Much more. "Well, not exactly," he muttered, rising slowly to his feet.

The doctor tapped him lightly on the shoulder. "That's the spirit. And don't you worry about Martin. I've written the instructions down and here are the prescriptions. If the fever goes up or the pain persists, just give me a ring, but he'll be right."

"Thank you," said Kramer barely audibly and crammed the prescriptions into his pocket.

"You're welcome, and remember Mr. Kramer . . ." The doctor playfully wagged his finger in the air. "No oil in Martin's ears, you hear?"

Kramer sighed and took the boy by the hand and left the office.

"It's more than the accent," he thought aloud, as they were walking home. "Much more."

"Aw Dad," said his son and kicked at a fallen leaf. "He didn't mean no harm."

And at that moment the loneliness in Kramer's heart became complete.

Henrietta Drake-Brockman

The First Private Letter

THREE HUNDRED years ago a horror tale with an Australian setting became a best-seller in Holland. A handy-sized book, like a modern paper-back, it was bound in vellum and printed in hand-set black-lettered type. Some editions were embellished with gruesome illustrations. So popular did it become that trouble arose with the original publisher, who declared that others pirated his rights.

This work, surely the first to portray an Australian background, is named *Ongeluckige Vovagie van't Schip Batavia.* In the first edition two lesser stories are included, but the name-piece has pride of place, and is obviously the chief attraction. The name of the author is not given. It is "All compiled by a Dillettante from Various Writings; and published as a Warning to all Persons Sailing Thither", the "thither" being the East Indies and the warning against reefs and islands known then, as now, as the Houtman Rocks, west of Geraldton on the coast of Western Australia. Frederick Houtman was the first to give the warning, in 1619. From then on these dangerous coral isles have been popularly called the Abrolhos, which is generally supposed to be a contraction of a Portuguese phrase meaning "Keep your eyes open", but in fact means "spiked obstructions". Here the *Batavia* was wrecked in 1629.

The Dilettante compiled his story from the Journals or Daily Notes, kept by Francisco Pelsaert, who at the time was Commandeur aboard the ship *Batavia.* "Commandeur" was a title used by the United East India Company of the Netherlands and given to a high official on the administrative side, not the commander of a ship. The master of a vessel was called the skipper, the officers below him the steersmen. The highest ranking merchant aboard was the senior

More than ten years ago the author of this article began research that led from Australia, to Holland, to Java, into the history of Francisco Pelsaert and the wreck of the Dutch ship Batavia *in 1629. In 1955 and 1956 she published respectively, an article in* Walkabout *and the text of a paper read before the Western Australian Historical Society, both stating that she considered the* Batavia *had been wrecked, not, as generally supposed, in the Pelsart Group of the Abrolhos Islands, but in the Wallaby Group in the vicinity of Noon Roof. The end papers of her novel* The Wicked and the Fair, *published in 1957, show a location map of the area.*

After more than three centuries of uncertainty, the recent discovery of Batavia's *remains submerged on Morning Reef, rather more than a mile to the east of Noon Reef, has aroused wide interest, and refreshed curiosity in the researches that led to its discovery, as well as in the story behind the wreck.*

Mrs. Drake-Brockman has also written a fully documented account that includes a biography of Pelsaert. This, together with the full text of his Journals and the letter here published (both translated from the Old Dutch by E. D. Drok), is to be published in November by Angus and Robertson, of Sydney, under the title Voyage to Disaster.

officer, and all matters of policy or of discipline during the voyage were decided by a council over which he presided. He could, and did, express opinion regarding direction, etc., but the skipper set the course, sailed the ship, commanded the seamen. Ignorance of the Company's set-up has resulted in Pelsaert's being regarded, in Australian legend and history, as a commander who lost his ship.

Ongeluckige Voyagie was translated into English, for the first time, in 1897, by Mr. William Siebenhaar, of Perth, and published in the now defunct *Western Mail.* From then on, the story has attracted continuous interest. The translator used the original edition, published by Jan Jansz of Amsterdam in 1647, a copy of which is in the possession of the State Library of Western Australia. However, in a later edition there is, as well as the third-person extracts from Pelsaert's Journals (which, by the way, have many altered names and other confusions), a unique letter which until now has remained untranslated.

This letter was written from the town Batavia, after the survivors arrived there, by the predikant, or minister, Gijsbert Bastiaensz, to friends and relations in Holland. In it he gives a first-hand account of the six months he spent on the Abrolhos islands, and of the dreadful tragedy that occurred. It must be the first private letter about Australian conditions to be published, probably the first to be written. Until the shipwrecked people lived on the islands, no European (so far as I can discover, unless some unknown wrecked sailors) spent even a night on Australian soil—even island soil. It is a fascinating letter, although it does not reveal the writer in a flattering light. That very fact largely establishes its authenticity—the tone of the writing is so forthright and natural that it is impossible to believe it was not written by Bastiaensz. The facts given show no deviation from the official records made by Pelsaert, but the local colour and the personal angle make it an extraordinariily interesting document. It was translated for me, during research done for the writing of my novel "The Wicked and the Fair", by Mr. E. D. Drok, now Senior Language Master at Christ Church Grammar School, Claremont.

COPY

of the original letter, by

Gijsbert Bastiaensz

Written from Batavia, in this place, to his
Brethern regarding his perilous and
disastrous journey, when going
to India in the year 1628.

God be with us: Amen.

WITH HEARTY greetings and all good wishings to my Brother Jan Bastiaensz, to Hugo my Brother-in-law, to Sister Anneta, to Sister Sara, the Treasurer Pandelaer, my Cousin Schepens, and all his, all the Predikants there, to Willem Reyersz Swanen-Burgh, to Janneken Maertens: in one word to all those whom thou knowest ought to be greeted by me: this little

script has as purpose—although with great sorrow, as if I am frightened to put the pen on the Paper—to inform you of my happenings on the journey. However, good time has passed since this event, and having yielded myself to the providence of the Lord who tries his children for their benefit; and again, through the Grace of God, having gained some strength and power, for I hardly could stand on account of weakness—this then is the dearly paid-for sum and content of my adventures on this great and burdensome journey.

We, as is known to you, have sailed from Texel on the 27th of October, 1628, and on the same day we have run aground with the ship thinking that we should have perished there with the Ship: But God the Lord this foreseeing, we got free, and continued sailing on the 28th of that month, firstly until under the shore of England, and after that to the Siara-leonis, and thirdly to the Cape. What has happened during the journey in this time—only matters of small importance—will, D.V., be known at Amsterdam out of the Journal which is in the hands of the Hon. High and Mighty Lords. Then, after sailing from the Cape, it happened thus: There arose some trouble between the Skipper and the Commandeur and it was caused by two women, of whom the one was mishandled on the Ship. Therefore many troubles have befallen the Ship: And we, wandering away from the other Ships, have sailed on to shallows, near the Southland, on 4th June, 1629, the second day of Whitsuntide, where on the same day I, with some others exclusive of my wife and children, have been set by means of a Boat or a Sloop on an Island which after that time was called *Batavia's* Graveyard: and also to another Island, called the Traitors Island; they have taken some Barrels with Ship's Biscuit and other things; after that they have searched for Water on one or two Islands in the neighbourbood; and not finding any, the Commandeur with his Council decided to go to Batavia with a Boat with about forty Men, which has happened; they left then another Sloop at the Traitors' Island, for the purpose that we should get Water by that means, either on an Island or from the Ship; but the Understeersman with other Sailors, having gone in the Sloop to find water, have also gone with the Boat, and left us sad and miserable; having no drink of Wine or Water in four or five days, so that we had to drink our own water, and also many died from thirst.

After that God sent rain, and by means of rafts, which they made, we got some Biscuit, Wine and Water; and the men who were still on the Ship came gradually from abroad, some of them were drowned, others came ashore where we were, amongst whom also was Jeronymus Cornelisz, Undermerchant of the Ship *Batavia*, who has been elected Chief; and this Merchant in the beginning behaved himself very well; but after having been a while with us, he went astray in a most disgraceful way, and committed cruelties; first he had made an agreement or secret plan with some whom he trusted and has revealed to them his opinion. It amounted to this: He said to them that the number of the people, who were there together, about 200, had to be reduced to a very few. He said that the Commandeur, before he went away with the Boat, had given him to understand this, and so he started what he had in mind; he ordered some to go to a land, two or three miles from the land where we were, to seek Water; for (so he said) the People could not live in such great number on the little Water they had. Those people, coming back again from that land, had got enough information that there was not any consolation there for any Human

Beings; but the Merchant ordered them to say that there was Water and good food for the people; whereupon some others have been ordered to go, and others went of their own accord to know truthfully if there was Water, and that if so they would start fires; but they did not find Water on that high land, but they came to another high land, and there they found Water, and then they made fires. Now, seeing that the fires continued, everyone said, there must be Water; the People would not otherwise be able to live; so that now and then some of the boldest Soldiers by chance came together where the Water was; then he with his Council and the Soldiers who were on his side started to put his plan into action.

They had rafts; and on these they put 8 or 10 Men and on each raft they also put 2 or 3 of the boldest Soldiers, who were still with us, and not knowing anything, those were tied with ropes by the bad ones and thrown into the Water when it became Deep; and then they informed us that they had brought them to the high land where the Water was.

They also took Men, Women and Youths to an Island close by us, called Seals Island, pretending that they would take care of them; meanwhile the wickedest Murderers went along and murdered some of the People, some they walked into the Water, but some saved themselves on rafts and other things and reached the land where the Water was; coming there and finding there the others, they related all that had happened to them so they perceived what was going on, and they stayed there together, about a 50 of them; they then remained away from us, and now, as the boldest Soldiers were gone, they started to murder pregnant women, to strangle Men and Children, for they showed themselves to be nothing else than highwaymen; the whole day long it was their catchcall, "Who wants to be boxed on the ear?" so we all of us together expected to be murdered at any moment; and we besought God continuously for a merciful relief.

But the Murderers decided to spare me and my Daughter Judick, for there was one of the blood-council who often wished to Marry my Daughter; so they invited me and my Daughter Judick in one of their tents, for an evening meal; the Daughter I took with me, we not knowing why—have murdered my Wife and Children, all together, on that night; I, coming home with my Daughter have wept very much, as I had much reason for it. Next day some have come to me as I wept very much and said that I ought not to do so. Said, that does not matter, be silent, or you go the same way. O cruelty! O atrocity of atrocities! Murderers who are on the roads often take the belongings from People, but they sometimes leave them their lives; but these have taken both, goods and blood. And so briefly, this being the most important thing, my Daughter and I, both went along as an Ox in front of the Axe. Every night I said to my Daughter, You have to look tomorrow morning whether I have been murdered. Many things which happened I pass over, except that my Children got a very meagre ration, so that they nearly perished from hunger and thirst; I ate Seal's skins, and I put some saltwater into the tot of water I was given, so that it would last a little longer.

They forbade me to pray and to preach, Most of the time I sat on the beach reading, and then I picked some Salad or grass that was there, and then I had

neither Oil nor Vinegar; for two months I tasted neither Bread nor Rice. I have been so weak that I could not get up; I had to pull up and push off the little boats with which they navigated; every day it was, What shall we do with that Man? The one would decapitate me, the other poison me, which would have been the sweeter death; a third said, Let him live a little longer; we might make use of him to persuade the folk on the other land to come over to us—that was those fifty men who were there together and who had found the Water; for they were afraid of those, then; for they thought, if there comes a Yacht to rescue us, then they will be in our way; as has happened, too, as you will hear.

Meanwhile, the case of my Daughter Judick, of which I started to tell you, has happened in this way: A certain Coenraedt van Huyssen from Gelderlandt, otherwise a handsome Young Nobleman, who also has become a Member of the Council of those Murderers, besought my Daughter in Holy Wedlock. But said he would make a Betrothal with her, and to marry her legally before all the world, that he would do at the first opportunity; many words were said about this matter, too long to narrate; for Judick and I had deliberated thus, that it was better to be kept legally by one Man, in such a time, than to be mis-used as happened to the other women. Therefore, he made a betrothal vow with her, and all that went with that. With Judick, I begged that she should go and live with him the next day, which also was consented to by van Huyssen; but the other Murderers, coming in front of the tent, said that it had to happen that night and immediately; otherwise, they were ready to kill us, and so it went on the whole evening; she has been with him in that respect, but she has not been abused as she told me. What could one do against it? Now this is her luck, according to them, that van Huyssen was so kindly disposed to her; thus my daughter has been with van Huyssen about five weeks, he also has protected her very well, so that no disaster has befallen her, otherwise than that she had to remain with him; the other women were very jealous of her, because they thought that too much honour was accorded her.

Meanwhile, I nearly perished of discomfort; my Daughter and I could hardly speak to each other secretly; van Huyssen hardly talked to me, sometimes my daughter and I were a quarter of an hour together, and then I told her—as I have said before—what she had to do if she should find me in the morning, slaughtered; and that also we must be prepared to meet God. This then was the position; and they went on murdering so long that only a few were left, about a thirty, me included; but they did not know what to do with those who were on the Land where the Water was, about a fifty of them, of whom I spoke before. To be short, they decided to go there in their small Boats in order to persuade those with sweet words and beautiful promises, to bring them into the net, or otherwise to overpower them with force; which happened. I also went along as a Soldier, hoping, as I said to my Daughter, to come into contact with those people. Coming on an Island, lying opposite those people, they gathered immediately and derided us saying, "Has it gone so far that that good Man, the Predikant, has to come along? Then they went over in their little Boats. And so our Merchant offered them Peace, but trying to deceive them; the others said they would have nothing to do with the offering of Peace, for they knew very well that they tried to deceive them; and there were two of

the Murderers who each had a musket, and who tried to shoot the people, but those guns would not go off, and then the others scoffed at them. Then they started to talk friendly with each other; the Murderers had put it on paper—they asked me if I would take it over to the other party? I said yes; for that was what I longed for, as thus I could fulfil my intention without any trouble arising; so I went thither and hither, and the good ones said that they would keep me with them until the next day, but the scoundrels then said that they had to send me back; and that went again and again. But I had told them that they should say that I ought to stay with them a Month or two, because I also was their Predikant; and that they did. It was arranged that next day the Merchant should bring back some material and clothes to the People who were there where the water was, and talk more to the point with each other in order to establish Peace; and he appointed a certain time.

The next day the Merchant, with van Huyssen, Zeevanck and also three others have come and have brought some *Laken* [a woollen cloth], some wine and other things. The other Murderers, with some good ones, as well as the Women, remained on the Island opposite them. After the goods of the Merchant had been divided, and after the Wine had been poured out, those on the side of the Murderers began to talk with the good ones; they were walking hither and thither and started to talk with the good Soldiers, Saying, that they would trust many things to them, that they knew of big profits for them, offering them money. The good ones, who well understood the case, and who saw whither it was leading, have given promises to each other to catch them and kill them, because they were the most important of the Council. And so it happened: four have been killed, one came away, and the Merchant taken prisoner. This being so, I have been with the good ones, and have remained with them, who have helped me to my feet again. There was water also as Sweet as milk, in wells; they also made me a pair of clogs in which I walked and which I shall keep as long as God gives me life; for, whilst with the Murderers, I could not get anything at all, whilst all the time I was to be murdered at any hour; and now that van Huyssen, my Daughter's Betrothed, had been killed, I also was in great danger lest they violate my Daughter, or lest she be decapitated by the Murderers: the more because the good ones called out, after they had killed those four of whom I told above. Come over to us who are not Murderers. And they called, Judick come by thy father; but one of those said to Judick, if you have any thought of going to your father, we will cut you to pieces, and they said, It is all the doing of your father that those people have been slaughtered. But my Daughter has been saved by God, so that after that time nothing bad has happened to her.

Meanwhile, through the death and capture of the before-mentioned persons the strength of the Murderers has been decreased. Then they went again to their Island, with the Women who were with them. Time would fail me to relate everything; how miraculously God has blessed the good ones who were together, with Water, with Fowls, with Fish, with other Beasts, with eggs in basketfuls; there also were some Beasts which they called Cats [wallabies] and with as nice a taste as ever I tasted. Of the guns and pikes they made, one is inclined to say, how is it possible that Men can invent such things? They also showed me their friendship, kissed me and would have carried me on

their hands. While this happened, the Murderers have set up a new Government, and have come to us again on 17th September, 1629. Then I have made up a script, that they should have peace with each other, and that they should not do any harm to the good ones. But they tore that in pieces and have come at us and have wounded four Men with their muskets, of whom one has died.

And as soon as they had again left the Land, so immediately we sighted the Yacht from Batavia, that came to relieve us. Thereupon the pious ones jumped with joy and the good ones immediately went in their little Boat to the Yacht to warn them. This being done, those on the Yacht have been on their guard. For, as is known to us out of the confessions of the Scoundrels: this has been the cause of all the misery: that they had in mind to sieze the Yacht that came to save us and then sail away with all the Jewels and Money to a place to their liking. Also, inquiries have been made in regard to the Skipper [Ariaen Jacobsz] who has been imprisoned along with the others, because (so men said), a number of them, especially Jeronymus, would have taken over and sailed away with the Ship *Batavia* had it not run aground. It is said that closer inquiries are being made into this second matter, namely, the running away with the Ship. In any case, it is very true regarding the Yacht; for they very well could have done it, but for the good people on the high land, who were in their way; of that I could give good reasons, had I the time.

Some of the Murderers went aboard, hoping it would turn out for the best; I also went aboard from the other Land, where the Merchant had been kept bound, together with him; they all were chained, and chained well. The following day, the other Murderers who were on *Batavia's* Graveyard [the island] have been imprisoned by the Commandeur Pelsaert and those who were with him. The Commandeur and his Council, after having tried them, decided to hang some; but also to cut off the right hand of Jeronymus Cornelisz, which has been done. But if ever there has been a Godless Man in utmost need, it was he; he had done nothing wrong (according to his statement). Yes, saying even at the end, as he mounted the Gallows: Revenge! Revenge! So that to the end of his life he was an evil and Godless man. The justice and Vengeance of God has been made manifest in him, for he had been a too-atrocious murderer. On board the Ship, he had often shown his Godless wrongheadedness with Godless proposals. But I did not know he was Godless to such an extent. Of the others some were punished on the Ship, some were brought to Batavia.

This then, in large outline, is the whole story, which would have taken too much time narrated with all circumstances; for one could have written a very voluminous Book on it. So that when this is not written in good order and clarity, there are two good reasons: firstly, I had not the time, for the Ships are ready to sail for the Fatherland; secondly, because we have just come out of such a sorrow that the mind is still a little confused, for I had not in mind to write so much.

This then has as purpose to warn the Honourable High and Mighty Lords, at all occasions to have good, trustworthy, and God-fearing persons in their employment, especially Merchants and Skippers; everything depends on that;

for it must be said that that is of the highest importance. All these disasters related above have happened between the time of the 4th June 1629 and the 17th September 1629, inclusive; then the Yacht came to relieve us.

THE RESCUE yacht did not leave the Abrolhos islands until November 15th, much time being taken up in salvage operations and the trials of the guilty men. The principal murderers were eventually hanged on a third island which the castaways had named Seals' Island.

Gijsbert Bastiaensz reached Java safely and eighteen months later consoled himself by marrying another Maria (his murdered wife had been Maria Schepens), the widow of Isbrant van Swaenswyck, who had been the Merchant on one of the ships that travelled with the ill-fated *Batavia* as far as the Cape of Good Hope. Bastiaensz then "laboured" at the Banda Isles until his death in 1633. He little dreamed his revealing letter would come to have a place in the Archives of Australia, the "unknown South-land" whose shores he stared at from the decks of the rescuing *Sardam*, bearing him away from those fatal Abrolhos Islands.

Letter From a New Continent

I've been a decade here, and now
This country is a kind of sow
On which I suck but hardly find
A substance for my flesh or mind.
And so, compelled, I sit and write;
Companionship, a sense of light,
Are fundamental and a meaning
While governors keep up their scheming.
You wrote and asked me why this land
Is hard to hold like dust and sand:
The solitude is never real—
Bumpkins, convicts, lives that steal
Because they must; oblivion
Beyond the hills is ruled by the sun—
And what I dread is seeing there
The smiling emblems of despair.
At best this country is a mirror
In which I see my days of error:
And since I'm still afraid to die
I wait for justice and comply
With every tin-pot, homely creed
That kills the rebel and his seed.
Although the deserts rule apart
They are embodied, and my heart.

R. A. SIMPSON

Gwen Harwood

Variations on a Theme

"Round and round the mulberry bush
The monkey chased the weasel.
The monkey stopped to pull up his socks,
Pop goes the weasel."

Vivian Smith:

They run around the shaking bush.
The mulberries are black with juice.
The anxious, desolate monkey stops.
His socks are knitted, torn and loose.

The fragile weasel runs and swells
Above the waste of trampled grass,
And tense with unfulfilled despair
Explodes in light like broken glass.

A. D. Hope:

True tales and false alike rise to perplex us.
Putorius nivalis, chased for hours
By *Simia Satyrus,* runs to vex us
Where, under unisexual mulberry flowers,

I stroke your golden loins in virile fashion.
How shall I fable forth my love and grief?
The sad ape stops and stoops to ape my passion.
The weasel pops, in colours past belief.

Rosemary Dobson:

In the small garden of my home
There grows a little mulberry bush
To which two wildwood creatures come.
In dappled sunlight round they rush.

I often wonder what they seek
Out in the morning's troubled hush,
For I am troubled too, and weak,
And sometimes beat about the bush.

What is it that the preacher said?
He said, the race is to the strong.
Brothers, we must by him be led
To see the monkey's action wrong.

Ah, foolish ape! By worldly care
Too soon oppressed, towards earth he bends.
But poets turn their thoughts to where
The weasel's life in glory ends.

James McAuley:

On love's elemental course
Ran the weasel and the ape,
Kept by love's imperious force
In sinuous and in simian shape,
Till the monkey found that both
Socks were eaten by the moth.

By the ripening mulberry bush
Standing silent in the shade,
He wept to hear the weasel push
Towards fulfilment, unafraid;
And with one half-naked foot
Seized the dark forbidden fruit.

Then the fainting weasel, chased
No longer by mysterious love,
Felt the core of life displaced,
Fell to earth, and could not move:
Swelled and burst, as in a dream.
Revelation is my theme.

Francis Geyer:

I remember them, two beasts in your freezing island,
Running in endless circles in the sleet.
You with your choir-boy face sat there beside me
Knitting warm socks to clothe the monkey's feet.

And the monkey, does he wear the socks you made him?
Does he, like me, from sheer exhaustion stop
To pull them up? And does the weasel follow
His hopeless path, or, like my heart, go POP.

Gwen Harwood:

Professor Eisenbart, asked to arrest
A monkey and a weasel, turned away.
Under the burning fields of quiet cloud
His mistress munched a mulberry, and pressed
The sour juice on her tongue. The rational day
Declined to night's unreason. While the proud

Weasel, charged with sinister energy,
Ran round the bush, the anonymous monkey, lame
With blistered feet, hitched at one tattered sock.
Eisenbart grinned, and lit a fuse. The tree,
Heavy with mulberries, burst into flame.
The weasel felt the great bomb's fatal shock.

Vincent Buckley:

I might have run with them,
A foreign, panting man,
While round the withered stem
Of mulberry they ran.
The weasel first, and then
The gap-toothed monkey went
Pulling his green socks up.
Round, round, and round again
With bestial intent.
I gathered in a cup
The improvident fruit that fell
To slake my urgent thirst.
Each in his private hell
They ran. I heard a pop:
Sweet Christ, the weasel burst!

Kylie Tennant

Vale — Mary Gilmore

I ADMIRED MUCH that Mary Gilmore wrote, but my affection was for Mary Gilmore the woman, and my respect was for Mary Gilmore the revolutionary.

For she was a revolutionary; that is a person who does not merely complain that the society in which he or she lives is intolerable, but one who sets out to change it. Such men and women change society for something better—or worse—but their life is resolutely set against the stream in which their contemporaries move. They have taken upon themselves the burden of questioning what most accept, and what many would hate and fear to have changed—they not only question it, but they actively set about altering it.

The society Mary Gilmore set out to change, and which she saw change, was not our society, although our society was embedded in it in embryo. In nearly a hundred years she not only *watched* the changes, but was one of the influential men and women who fought to swerve destiny their way.

She came of a line of rebels. Her grandfather Beattie on his Hunter River farm at first caused shocked complaint and comment by saying he not only would *not* hunt down black men and women with dogs and guns, but regarded such acts as murder. His neighbours could not believe he was serious. Then they saw that he saved and protected the Aborigines. He was called "The Abolitionist". The parson was sent to remonstrate with him. He refused to conform to what his neighbours thought right, and what public opinion of his day regarded as a communal duty—if not jolly good sport.

Then his fences were burned and his cattle maimed. No one dared work for him. He left the Hunter River financially ruined, because he had not only maintained his own judgement against the opinion of his day, but had done something practical about it—such as trying to save the lives of black people.

Mary Gilmore's father was another such rebel. It is interesting to see how Mary Gilmore, with dashes of so many ancestral strains, and those fine Spanish eyes, still identified herself with the Scots. She remained Jeannie Cameron long after she was Mary Gilmore. It was her father who taught her the pride and honesty and integrity of his race. He, too, was a rebel; a man who dared to say, "Sheep will be the ruin of this country."

He was not talking about money. That was not in his thoughts. He thought of the rot of land ownership and what it would do to our society. Mary Gilmore says, "The old squattocracy was a nation within a nation." With cattle, a poor man had a chance, but sheep meant the concentration of power in large businesses and large holdings. The great landowners, she tells us, had almost a slave-owners control over the landless and homeless men left stranded by the goldrushes.

This was a society in which women were not allowed to read the same books as men, or move with any freedom away from their own households, or think the same thoughts as men. Against such a society Jean Cameron rose in wrath. She was not only going to write and think what she pleased, but *do* it too.

Another of the things she had thought about under her father's teaching was "the lower orders". She herself was friend and sister to the Aboriginal children, but she learnt that there were "the lower orders" of people who could be treated with kindness, but their children and those of the "upper classes" might not play together. The women talked to each other only from a distance and in different accents. The churches of their day showed these lower orders that it was their duty to accept the difference. "The lower orders," she wrote, "belonged to a kind of no-man's-land. From this they could only escape by becoming landowners and sending their children to boarding school."

A man might be black-listed by a squatter and have no right of appeal or hope of employment. It was Cameron's daughter who related how her father risked his position in the community by helping a free selector to get water. Had he been found out, he would have been known and branded as a traitor to his class, and "traitor", she adds, "was a bad word in those days."

It was this straight-thinking young teacher, Jeannie Cameron, who went from a school in the Broken Hill district to Sydney where she met William Lane and became the foremost woman member of the New Australia Movement. These were the people who decided that they could not stomach the society in which they found themselves in this country—a brutal, money-greedy, land-locked, grab-all society. It was like that then, and it hasn't got much better now. So like their pioneer forefathers they decided to move out.

Of their settlement in Paraguay no one can speak fairly until Mary Gilmore's own papers become available. She, as school teacher of the settlement at Cosme, wrote of wonderful experiences, of nights when "William Lane would keep us talking till we sat between the morning star and the last embers of the log."

She began to send her writing to papers in Buenos Aires, and later when she was in Patagonia with her husband, whom she married in Paraguay, she continued to write. Then, in 1902, they came home to settle with Gilmore's father and mother on the farm near Casterton, Victoria. Mary Gilmore was to be there three years. She wrote to Hector Lamond, Editor of "The Worker", saying that women were just as important as men, and that he should have a page in his paper for them. He wrote back that he had tried several people who had not suited, but also asking if she would send a sample "Women's Page". For the next twenty-three years she continued to write for "The Worker"; and the influence of "The Worker" is something that still has to be estimated. Henry Lawson's work was published in it, and Mary Gilmore helped him, and many other writers too.

Indeed, she formed a continuing link with one generation of writers to the next. When I think how they died or went away and Mary Gilmore, stronger than ever, seemingly eternal, was always there—everyone knew her, everyone loved her, everyone who wrote exchanged the latest news and stories about her. She was a Myth—in a land where myths were needed—and she was the right kind of myth—she joined believers together.

She was very wise in that her work was always personal and concerned with the details of living. Politics and statecraft sooner or later boil down to those same small details. She wrote a cookery book once, and that was typical of her wise way. Every generation loses some skill. In our generation most women lost the art of breadmaking. The other day I found a young girl hanging out clothes, unrinsed and covered with soap. She explained, "We have a washing machine. It does all that." She had never washed clothes by hand in her life.

But Mary was interested in skills, and in the earth and what grew in it, and what was fashioned from it. When I was nineteen I lived with another girl in an old tramcar. We were having a wonderful time making a chicken run on the land alongside. It never occurred to us that scandalized stories went the rounds of that little outer suburb. People thought we were mad because we two girls tried to live by ourselves and make a living off the land.

But Mary Gilmore wasn't like that. She came and sat on the edge of the furrows while we planted corn. I can see her now, sitting on our wooden kitchen chair, not doing anything in particular, but just improving the place by being the sort of person she was. You only had to meet her, not just to like her, but to become fond of her, to give back some of her own warmth.

She had a magnificent memory for people and things. When she first met me, in the way of young girls, I wrote poetry; and Mary had it stuck in her mind that I could be a poet. She used to give me a start by asking if I had written any poetry lately, and if not, why not. She never forgot.

I have heard people query the accuracy of her memory. On one occasion, when we were leaning over the balcony in King's Cross, she told me that where the Darlinghurst Fire Station stands now, there was once a windmill. "That was in the days," she said, "when people went to Watson's Bay for picnics. I can remember the buggy wheels labouring in the grey sand on the track through the thick scrub." An expert on early Sydney queried this when I told it to him. Perhaps I got it all wrong in the telling, but in any dispute on facts of the past I preferred to believe Mary Gilmore, and recently I was told she was certainly right about the windmill.

She was the marvellous storehouse of our tradition. She could remember almost everything she had ever heard or seen from her earliest years—nearly total recall. But it was *what* she chose to recall and write about that was startling. She told of cruel and horrible things. She did not allow the mist of years to soften much. The great curse of Australia has been brutality. It startled people who liked women's-magazine reading that Mary Gilmore, first as a sweet-faced young woman, and then as a fine old lady should talk of this brutality and face it, and tell of it—the hard, cruel things she knew about what were beginning to be romanticized as the dear old days.

Certainly, papers would print Mary Gilmore's

poetry, because it was charming and tender, but she fought for years to get into print what she knew of the massacres of the Aboriginal people, who were hunted down, as men hunt foxes, and after the hunt the squatters would have a dinner and a ball. People didn't like to hear things like that.

In her years in the city, she was often homesick for the open country and the smell of a saddle. But she knew her work and she did it. What was this work?

I believe the greatest thing that Mary Gilmore did was to remind us of our true roots. Socialists say that they need no nation, that the international family of man is enough. This is not so. Just as a child becomes delinquent if it is not cared for, and loved, and given some sense of belonging to a family, so people will lose their uprightness if they have no roots, no sense of belonging to a continuing tradition.

For evil and greed spread up and down. Mary Gilmore mentions the old superstition that the poison—arsenic—never dies out of the soil. The men who poisoned the wells against the blacks set a curse upon their own children's children.

And another of the traditions that Mary Gilmore upheld was that wherever there is oppression in the world today, those are *our* people. Children in South Africa, black children, fight on the garbage heaps for the decayed food thrown away, and if asked when they ate last, may say, "Two days back, master." Those children belong to *us*.

For if evil is continuing and indivisible, new wrongs starting up from old ones, so also are are the brave rebels continuing and indivisible. It is always the *same* people who support all kinds of causes. I am always astonished by it. They all know each other, they may not agree with each other, but they are trudging on in the same direction. Many people have strange ideas of what makes a revolutionary. Mary was one—one of the people who man the barricades of the mind against easy and cruel comformities, who stand against all pressures of what is nice and acceptable in the society in which they find themselves.

We do not now remember the society against which Mary Gilmore fought—in which ownership of land was so mean and vindictive that free settlers had to make a heartbreaking stand in wretchedness and hunger against it. We have seen all the foreshores and river frontages of this country claim-jumped as private property—all protest muffled and overridden. Private property, progress, civilization, profit—Mary Gilmore knew the lies by which the lickspittle society in which we live is kept afloat—a great sea of conformist, very dull lies.

"The people whom I wish to record," she wrote, "are those who travelled in drays and carts, and who went on foot driving a pig, a calf, or a goat ahead of them, the mother helping to carry the bedding, the children bearing the pots and pans. The stations have been written of again and again but of these frontier folk nothing —save farce."

She always wrote true things and she wrote them with a tender heart. This, too, she had from her father, who had such a passion for preserving wild animals and the wild bush. For the big horse-riding men were strong and brave so they could afford to be tender-hearted. We live in an age when tenderness and quickness of spirit are looked upon as soft and sentimental. Why not sneer instead and earn a reputation for cleverness? It is much easier to be malicious and hard than it is to be tenderhearted, and it will cause you less trouble. But there was no one Mary wrote of, except a ghost, that ever lay outside the bounds of pity, and that ghost by choice.

She had an answer to those who complained she wrote of cruel things: "While others had their tales from the persecutors," she said. "I had mine from the side of the persecuted—indeed often through my own eyes, in the dead I saw."

Yet she did not always write of injustice and the slaughter of the innocent. One of her finest stories is called "Fire". It is about the lonely settler's wife, with the bushfire sweeping down on the farm while her husband is away. I have read many stories of fires, but none as fine as this, and it is all the better for being true. She tells of how the woman drove the sheep round the house to make a firebreak. You must notice the exactness of her detail:

"She brought the sheep to the hut after having watered them. There she let them rest for half an hour. Then, the dog, and the children behind them, and herself on the outside, she drove them round and round and round the place. They were so pitifully few, and the grass so strong and thick, that their little hooves trampled but little more than a couple of furrows wide at a time. An hour passed and she rested them. At noon she let them feed and go to water. Then she began again. All day she kept them resting and going, resting and going, till dark. Six miles a day is sheep travelling at stock rate. Because they were so few and her one narrow chance depended on them and their endurance, she did not overdrive them. Then dark came; she could

smell the fire on the isolated puffs of winds . . . the sheep were done. The dog had such swollen feet that he whimpered as he licked them, the children were so dead tired they fell and slept where they had stood. Her own boots were worn through and she went barefoot on the last rounds to ease the tension of the muscles on the ground."

Then she lights her fire break.

I am happy to think that when *Old Days, Old Ways* is republished as it soon will be, that this story will find new readers. In this book Mary Gilmore has some very interesting things to say about Australian writing:

"Mechanical invention," she says, "killed it. There has been a curious drought of the mind in Australia. Money came too soon as well as too easily, for inventions and a world market made money as a cloud, and it only had to rain down on us. We brought in an imported literature when we should have been writing our own."

She spoke of the loss of the early language, "the mixture of Scotch, Irish, county-and-shire English, with its interlarding of aboriginal words, its sprinkling of Spanish and its Red Indian hunting and gold-digging term—it has all gone and there was no one eager to save it."

Mary tried. She spoke to people who could remember when the landing place of Phillip's fleet was a field of flowers, rock-lilies and boronia, flannel flowers—all the scented wattles. She knew of colonists and families and settlements, individual stories, great and vanished tales—all lost—or only saved by chance.

She did not mince words about the early days. "The times were dreadful as well as the law," she tells us, and yet there was much that should have been preserved.

"We have learnt nothing and conserved nothing compared with what we might have had. Unhindered we let the most ignorant settler and the most brutal stockman shoot, starve, poison and destroy the most living record of an ancient land."

And when she died, she knew it was still going on.

And today we know that in the name of progress destruction is still going on, and there is no more Mary, the old prophetess, to set her face against it, to be an image for us to stand against, meanness and profit.

She stood for the protection of the whole country of Australia against the looters and despoilers. She believed in ghosts—like many reasonable people. And she believed in heaven. Of one great hearth-place she said, "It was like heaven—with some people outside it, and some people inside, but most inside."

Sydney was her hearth-place. I have seen her look down from her balcony and say, "I love it here. The people! I never get tired of looking at the people." And, indeed, she looked on them as *her* people, like a stockman with his cattle or sheep, trotting along on their hooves. She had the same look in her eyes. She liked people, not expecting too much.

An Irish woman said of Mary Gilmore's father, "Ah, but he was the kind one. Wherever he went his name was spoken in blessing. He was one that had the good name and the open hand."

I would like to say that of her, she of "the good name and the open hand."

"All the places welcomed us," she wrote once. "Houses, sky, people, dogs, recollections."

A welcome to her, and heaven like a hearth-place with more inside than out. And may she rest in peace.

From an address given at the Mary Gilmore Memorial Meeting, organised by the Mary Gilmore Award Committee, 13/3/63.

Salek Minc

Robert Juniper

He is 34 now. He has passed the time and the stage of being what is called a "promising artist". He is established outside Western Australia, exhibiting in the Rubinstein Prize competition in 1959 and 1960, and gaining favourable reviews in the London *Observer*.

On the other hand, being only 34 he is too young and vital for a retrospective summing-up.

Still, this is the best time to write about Juniper because he achieves maturity by conserving and continuing his adolescence and romantic youthfulness. A brief glance back will show us his way to maturity; the present will allow us only limited prognostication.

No-one is sure whether biographical knowledge, motives or the development of an artist are relevant to the understanding and appreciation of his work. According to William Faulkner, our response to art does not involve analysis; there is the revelation made by the artist and there is recognition by the onlooker: mission completed. Our reaction to Gruenewald's *Crucifixion* would not necessarily be amplified by discovering that he was an atheist or a saint. What we know of an artist's life may or may not be revealing.[1]

Therefore only short and possibly significant biographical data will be given as a customary preface; enough to satisfy the natural curiosity about an unusual figure on our horizon, and sufficient also to establish an extra-pictorial link between the public and the painter.

Robert Juniper was born in Merredin, W.A. in 1929. The first visual milestone he remembers was the impression of a bush landscape around O'Connor's water pipe. Its elements were: rocks, semi-desert and their textures; trees and their greenery; associated noise of insects. These elements stayed as part of the pattern of his work.

At a young age, Robert migrated with the family to England; visual impressions of this time mingle with his first conscious effort at drawing; favourite subject (at the beginning of the war): planes flying above.

At the age of 14 he entered Beckenham School of Arts in Kent and followed the classes of Commercial Art and Industrial design. In 1947, at 18, he worked in an Industrial Design studio in London; he remembers, though, that the presentation of projects interested him more than the design itself.

At the age of twenty he was back in Australia; farming for a year—back to the native landscape. Then he had one year in Sydney where, doing mostly shift or night work, he spent most of the day looking around the galleries and meeting "visual people". Friendship with Tom Gleghorn led to more enquiry into the theory and practice of painting. Back in Perth and after transient jobs, he became an Art Master (now at Hale School). He enjoys it; he likes teaching art; he likes children and youth.

After 1951 he materialized as a painter; first Exhibition 1953; since then he has exhibited in Perth every year in one or two-man shows. Other exhibitions: With the C.A.S. Sydney, '58, '59; Rubinstein Prize, '59, '61; Museum of Modern Art, Melbourne '60; Matson Line Exhibition, '61 (in the last four of these he took prizes); Whitechapel Exhibition, London, '61; The Tate '62; Commonwealth Games Exhibition, '62 (McKellar Hall Prize).

He now lives in Darlington W.A. in a house part built by himself and his wife Robin; she and their two children are good pictorial subjects.

II

While observing and trying to analyze a painter's work, one is tempted to appeal to the painter himself for his related explanations, statements and thoughts. In some cases "valuable clues to the process of particular creative activity" may be obtained.[2] Some artists expose them-

selves, keep journals (Van Gogh) write sonnets (Michelangelo) and theorize (Klee). Juniper's recent statement was: "My aim is to express aesthetically, in an evolved and personal language, a pattern of ideas and memories; the haunting remoteness of the Western Australian landscape, timelessness and ageless composites; the microcosmic picture suggested by an insect's wing, or the arbitary *bas reliefs* made by grubs under tree bark; the hard dry native flowers or the striped rocks.

"People, I see sometimes as phantoms passing through the static landscape, and sometimes as a part of the landscape, as solid as the rocks themselves.

"Although my painting has developed over ten years from stylized representation, in which drawing was always my starting point, through almost complete abstraction, to the point at which I find myself now, I have never lost interest in linear pattern and I am coming over again to use it as the underlying structure of my pictures."[2]

When asked again a few days ago to express his thoughts about his art, his statement was much more laconic: "I am a feeler, not a thinker." There is no contradiction between the two statements: the first in fact is an expression of feelings and attitudes; it is a reaction to his own paintings and not a clue to creative activity. The second statement is probably true for most artists. It is in line with the psychoanalytical (or even psychological) view of creativity which implies suspension of conscious powers of differentiation and of rational orientation.[3] It could be paraphrased into the statement that subliminal perception is transfused directly into creative sublimation: the rational elements appear in technical organization only.

III

THERE ARE no autochthonous painters, and Juniper is no exception. There is no need though to indulge in the game of "spot the influence" while observing his work. He himself mentions the various painters he admires. From some he kept his distance; the imprint of others is recognised in different, often transient, stages of Juniper's production. Soutine impressed him while he was still at art school; presumably more by his strength than by his pathos. Boticelli and Bosch are amongst his spiritual masters and one wonders at what level the classical tranquility of the first merged with the disquieting vision of the second. Klee is mentioned next and his visual reflections are identifiable, in many of Juniper's works . . . *Cityscape* (Plate 13) and *Masks* (Plate 11). Piper's and Fulbrook's echoes were strong but temporary (resp. 1952 and 1956; no examples presented.) Masters of American abstract expressionism like DeKooning and Kline played probably more of a theoretical part in Juniper's excursion into the abstract . . . *Flyaway* (Plate 17). In his portraits and linear figure drawing, he acknowledges derivation from Persian miniatures on one side and from Nicholas Hilliard the Elizabethan miniaturist on the other. In the *Five Figures* (Plate 9) there may be a reminiscence of Persian deportment, but the female figure drawing (Plate 3) is an example of a Juniper's own *forte*; line definition which is both incisive and feather-light at the same time.

When one looks and remembers Juniper's production, there are no definite and clear-cut phases; his abstract period is the only apparent exception. His pictorial work recurs in cycles in a spiral-like fashion and there are no clean breaks. He may use different themes but the mood of poetic lyricism is nearly always the same.

His technique and play with colours and textures may vary. In the early stages he applies contrasting colours not in juxtaposition but in layers, striving to create not perspective but visual depth. He enjoys "floating" warm and cold colours together, hoping for a "vibrating" result. He uses *Collage* for purposes of texture, with an occasional incorporation of newsprint. In his last exhibition at the Skinner Galleries (July, 63), there was application of carved copper shapes, as in *Landscape with Artifact* (Plate 8), the artifact being the copper figure. In the same exhibition we had examples of *Décollage* technique. In this, paper is first glued on to a layer of pigment, then stripped from it, leaving a weathered surface which can be further stained and mottled, creating the impression of archaic imprint. In the other hand, when covered by light and warm hues, a contrasting air of rebirth from decay is achieved. Gesso is used as well, and pigment is rolled over the resulting relief.

While mentioning Juniper's technique, the writer of this note is conscious of, and apologetic for the lack of sufficient visual material illustrating his description. He is aware that when passing to more general comments on painting, reference to the visible is even more essential. If it cannot be presented with the comments, the writer must rely either on the power of evocation of the reader who has seen the images in the past, or on the capacity of his own power of description to recreate some visual effect in words. Because the first is doubtful and the second is impossible, further references will be therefore conditioned by the visual material presented. Most of it is in black and white, which deprives us of the major colouristic virtues typical of Juniper's work; there are two colour reproductions, one of what may be defined as a "Key painting".

The lightness and sharp definition of Juniper's line drawing have been mentioned already *à propos* of (Plate 3). The line, contrasted against a misty background, confers relief to the figure.

In some of the oils, drawing still constitutes the main merit, more obvious when seen in monochrome reproduction: in *Xavier's Thorn* (Plate 4) the same heaviness of line is used for human and vegetable forms; a common and unifying quality is thus achieved.

In the sketch for the A.B.C. ceramic mural (Plate 15) the linear contour captures attitudes, and when repeated describes the shapes of the human body. While the ensemble of the sketch gives the impression of flowing movement, flower shapes, leaves, plants or a bird appear with miniaturistic perfection. In the mural itself (Plate 16), the pattern is more schematic; the tile material imposed its own requirements and limitations.

Merredin Landscape (Westerly 2/3 1962), *Red Rider on the Hill* (Plate 7) and *Landscape with Artifact* (Plate 8), are typical of Juniper's representation of nature. Nature is not imitated; its elements are manipulated, diluted or concentrated and re-staged so as to create a rival image. The light horizontal shades or colours create an inviting depth of open space: stronger verticals, whether plants, humans or fantastic shapes accentuate the perspective and hint at movement.

The human figures of Juniper are graceful, poised or dynamic; they enhance the landscapes as colourful markers (also in *Five Figures* Plate 9). They take on more volume when in purposeful activity, as in *Careening* (Plate 12). Mask-like appearance has often been attempted by Juniper: in Plate 11, the masks are contrasted with a delicate profile. In *Landscape with Miner's Head* (Plate 10) the metal head may be nightmarish, but its outside teeth makes one think of a probable tongue-in-the-cheek.

The painting *Figures* (Plate 5) shows a different concept of gigantic human frames echoing, merging and dissolving in a primitive landscape. The intense red and blue colours make the statement emphatic. The shapes contribute to a feeling of mystery. This time Juniper is more dramatic than lyrical.

City sights are as malleable in Juniper's hands as natural forms: see *Cityscape* (Plate 13). Their man-made geometry is used for pictorial space arrangement, and some of the flat surfaces act as backdrops to the sparse human figures.

The sublimation of nature and of humans with it, culminated recently in a series of poetic landscapes called *Sky Scenes, Sky Visions, Flower Clouds* or *Flower Totems* (Skinner Galleries, July, 1963). As in Plate 6, nature and man on earth are magnified, reflected and elevated into the sky. The medieval religious vision of saints and angels above us is replaced by the visions of majestic flowers or anthropomophoric plants. Misty indefinition makes them look even more heavenly.

Looking at Juniper's abstract period (1960, Plate 17) and comparing it with his other cycles, one discovers easily that the diversity of this period is more apparent than real. The geometry of the cityscapes and the patches of flowing colours of landscapes have been fused together. On the other hand Juniper had been referred to as an "abstract impressionist" long before recognisable shapes disappeared from his canvasses. His inner contribution of non-objective images and pure aesthetic shapes and colours predominates in many of his works carrying a descriptive name. In this respect the *Dancers on a Wall* (Plate 1) is a "Key Painting". Here we find wide expanses of colour (the middle blue plane) creating mood but unrelated to reality at the most it is a wall of colour but not of concrete; dancers floating in abstract circles; flower-shaped geometrical stars or fragments of them, red-tinted sparkles explosive and joyful, all serving the purpose of abstract expression, unmatched by reality. This painting is a "key painting" because it shows Juniper as a maker of lyrical and enjoyable images from a borrowed mould or by *ad hoc* creation.

Juniper is also a maker of objects; he uses leather, copper and textile materials to create an image tangible even if flat, (Plate 14); or again an abstract but tangible shape (in the same Plate 14, on the shelf), he makes kites, and flies thme as a creative diversion in an occasional interval from his painting activities.

IV

THESE ARE incomplete notes by one who has followed Juniper's work for quite a number of years. As a painter Juniper is still young and very capable of change; but all through his evolution his main quality has been poetic description and sublimation of reality. He occasionally utters a weighty statement; he has ventured into realms of abstraction, or he may sidestep to borrow a tool or an object from neo-dada or pop-art.

Lyrical expression is Juniper's natural language. In his further evolution I do not wish on him any radical departure from his lyricism with its puckish, serene or joyful variants.

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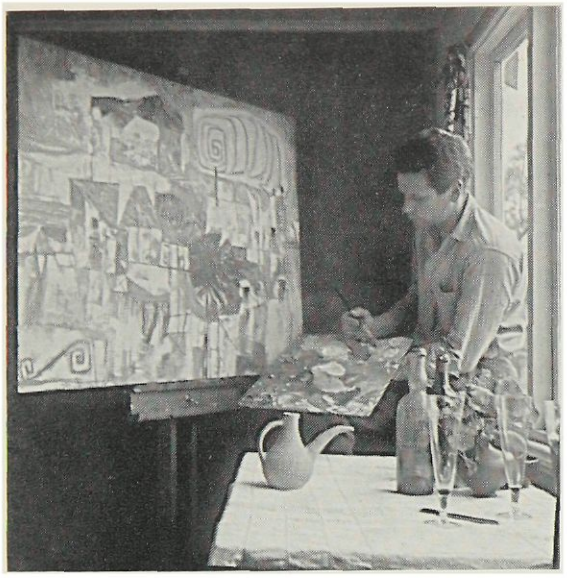
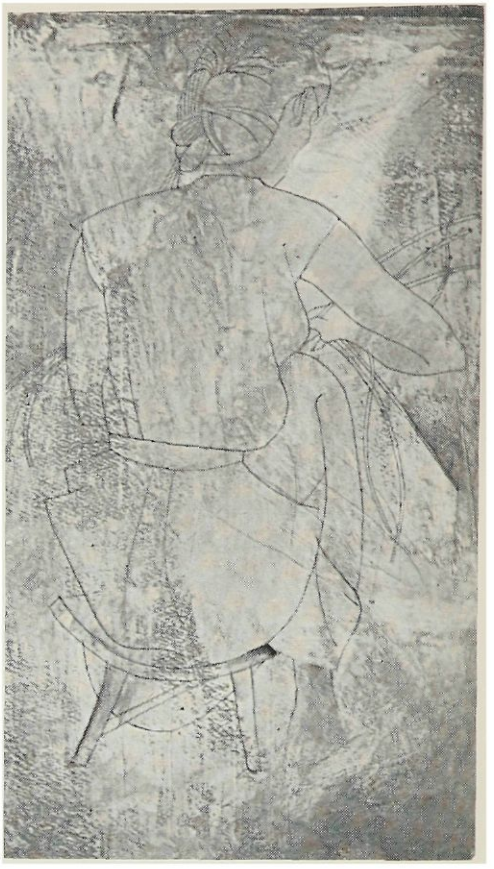
1. Elaine DeKooning: **Franz Kline ("Art News", Vol. 61, No. 7, Nov. 1962.)**
2. John Reed: **New Painting 1952-1962 (Longmans, 1963, pp. 3-43).**
3. A. Ahrenzweig: **A new psychoanalytical approach to aesthetics. (British Journal of Aesthetics, Volume 2, No. 4, Oct. 1962).**

ROBERT JUNIPER

1. Dancers on a Wall—1962. Oil on hardboard : 30" x 39" : W.A. Art Gallery



2.



3.

2. Robert Juniper.

3. Robin Ann Makes a Basket—1958.
Ink on coloured ground : 15" x 29"
Mr. and Mrs. W. Weedon

4. St. Xavier's Thorn and a Fetish—1954.
Oil on paper : 36" x 24"
Dr. and Mrs. Constable

4.

5.

5. Figures—1963.
Oil over P.V.A. on board : 48" x 37"
Rudy Komon

6. Sky Vision—1963.
Oil on paper : 16" x 24"

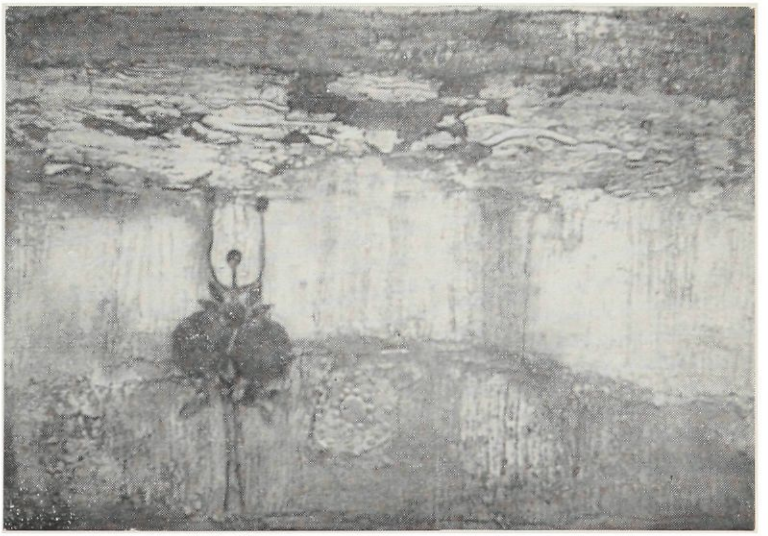
7. Rider on the Hill—1963.
Oil, P.V.A. and gold leaf : 34" x 28"
St. Thomas More College

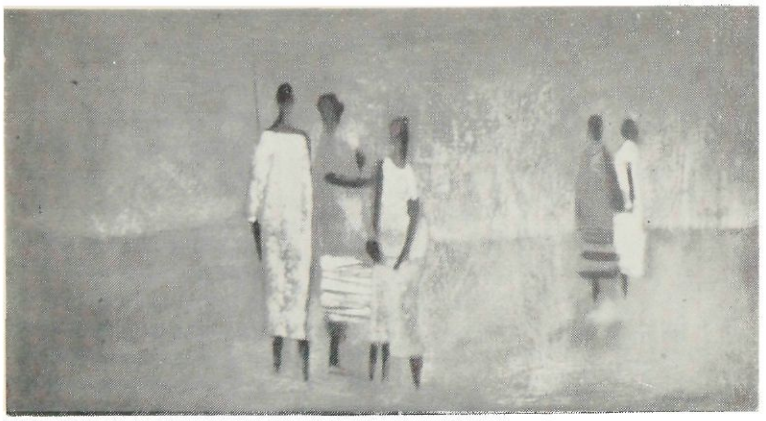
8. Landscape with Artifact—1963.
Oil on P.V.A. and plaster with copper figure
48" x 36" : Possession of the artist

6.

7.

8.



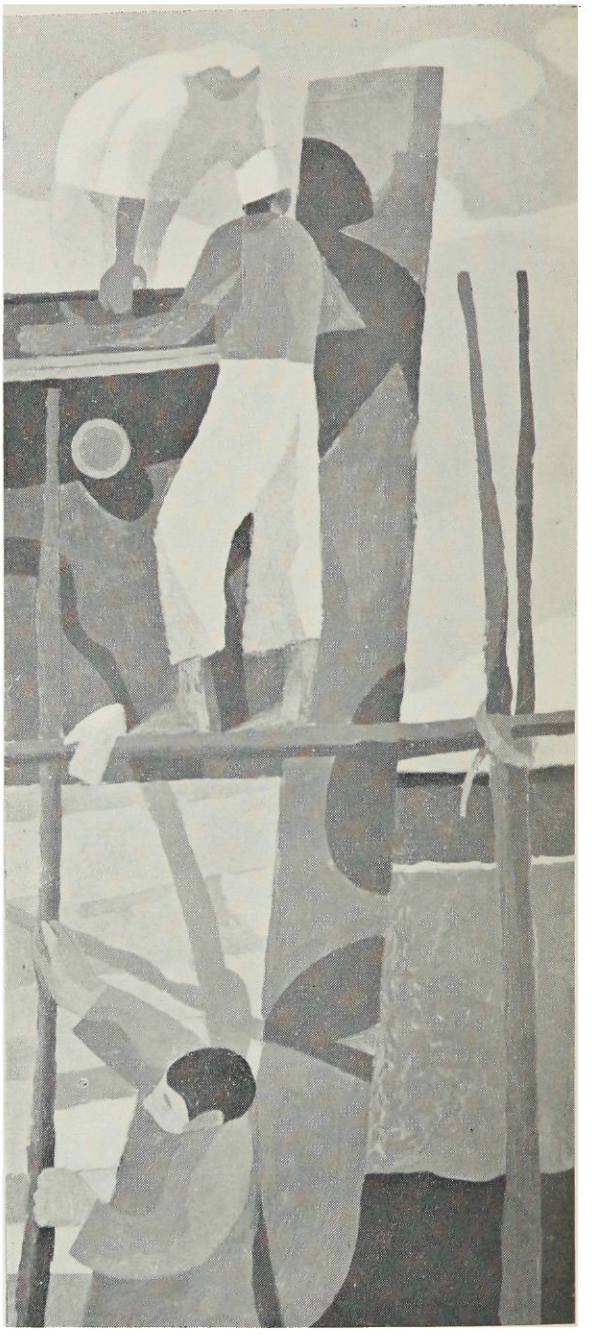


9.

10.

9. Five Figures—1956.
Oil on masonite : 36" x 18"
Mr. and Mrs. P. Kovesi

10. Landscape with Miner's Head—1963.
Oil on board with copper head : 15" x 16"
Possession of the artist

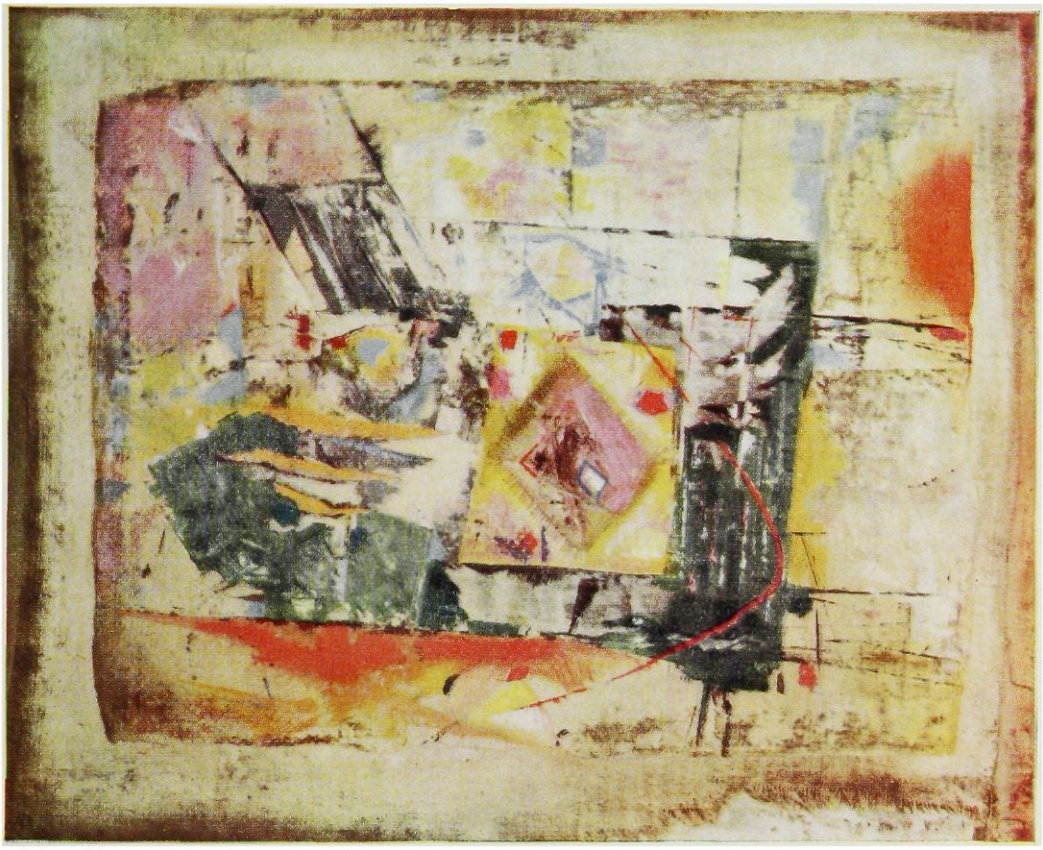


12.

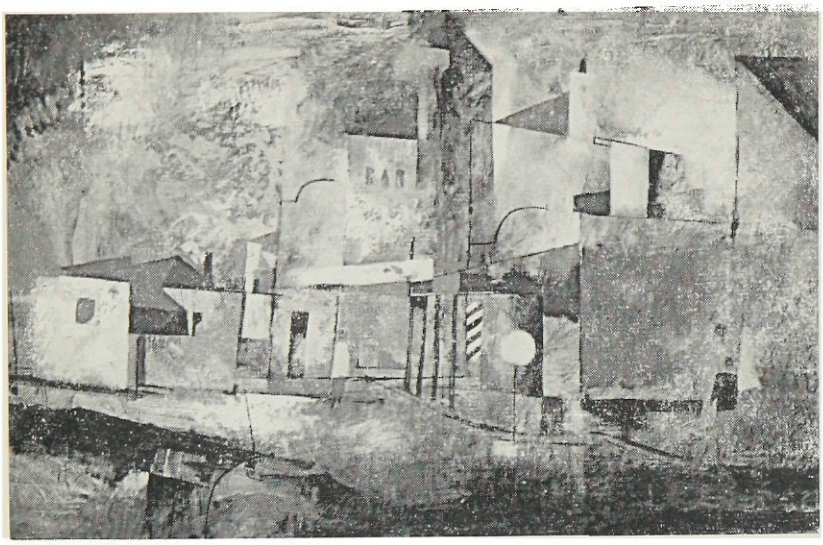
11.

11. Masks—1958.
Oil on masonite : 36" x 18"
Mr. and Mrs. G. Juniper

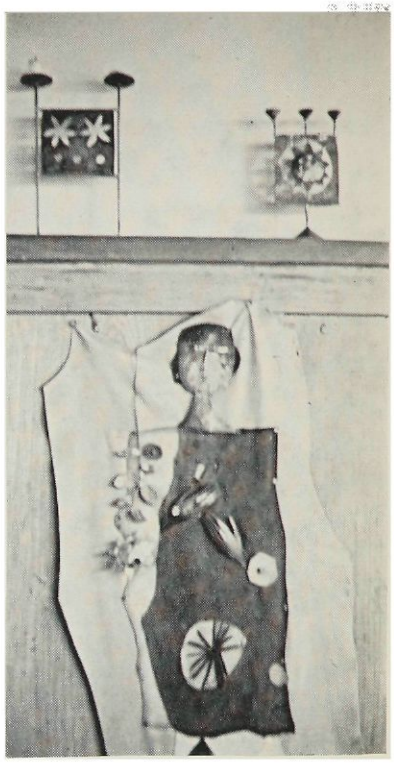
12. Careening—1958.
Oil on masonite : 60" x 36"
Mr. and Mrs. K. Gargett



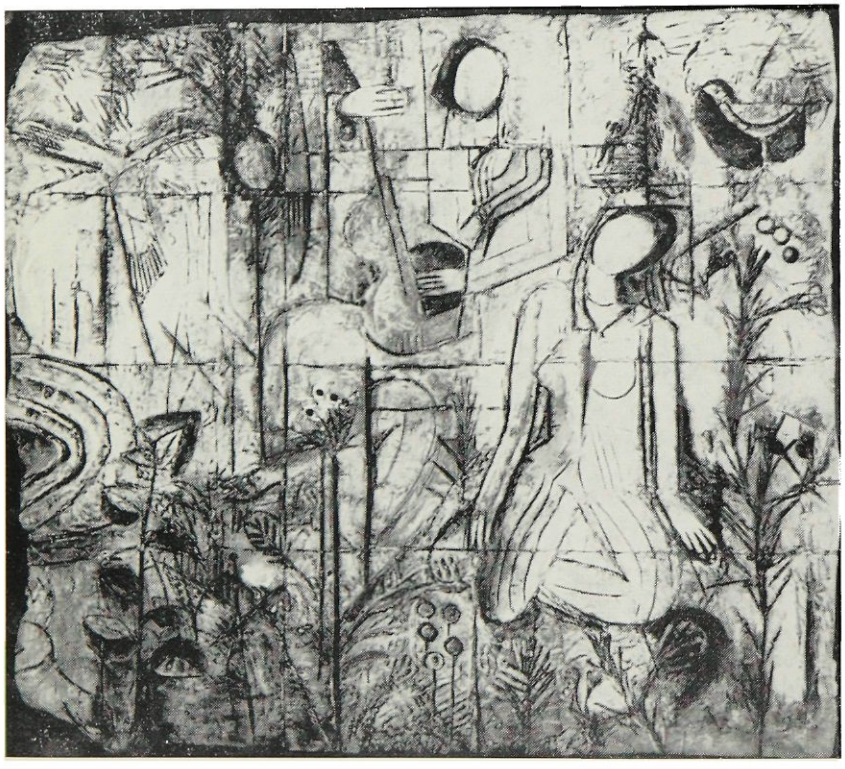
17. Flyaway—1960. Oil on board : 38" x 46" : Museum of Modern Art of Australia



13.



14.



15.

13. CITYSCAPE—1958.
Oil on Board : 36" x 19"
Dr. and Mrs. J. Lekias

14. ARTIFACTS

Above left 1963 : Brass and copper candlesticks : 12" high
Possession of the artist

Above right 1963 : Brass and copper candlesticks : 9" high
Possession of the artist

Below 1962 : Leather and copper saint : 48" high
Possession of the artist

15. SKETCH FOR A.B.C. MURAL—1960.
Plaster : Possession of the artist

16. MURAL—1960.
Ceramic tile : 8' x 40'
Australian Broadcasting Commission Building, Perth.

16.

TOWARDS A CLASSICAL THEATRE

Some Productions at The Dolphin, 1963

L'Amour Medecin

(Produced for the French Club by Philip Parsons and Joan Pope.)

Doctors Thomès and Desponandres prescribe for Sganarelle's sick daughter (in absentia).

The Duenna

(Produced for Bankside Theatre Productions by Neville Teede in co-operation with Jeana Bradley. Music direction R. D. Nussbaum.)

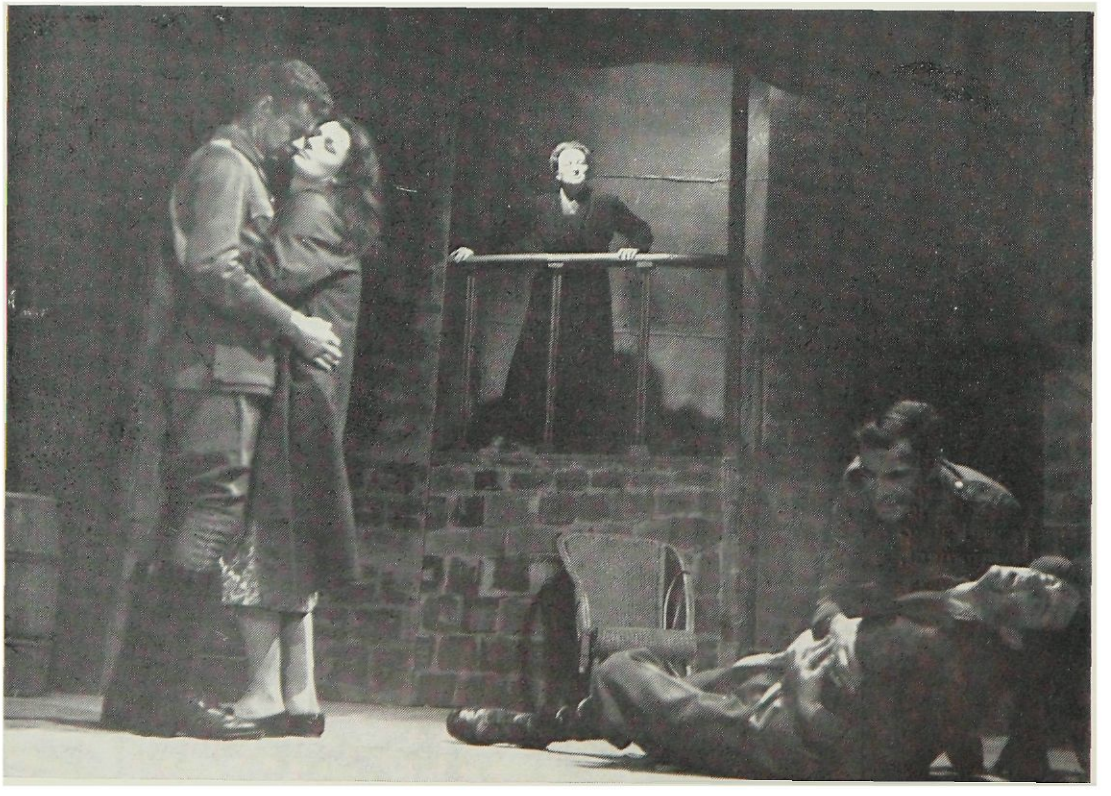
Isaac Mendoza and the Duenna engage in a middle-aged flirtation while Don Carlos waits with his dancer and singer to offer them entertainment.

THE WILD DUCK. (Produced for Bankside Theatre Productions by Jeana Bradley.)

Hjalmar and Gina hear Dr. Relling's pronouncement that the child Hedwig is dead. Gregers is stunned at the news and Molvik prays hysterically, but Grandfather Ekdal is far away.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS. (Produced for the Graduate Dramatic Society by Ray Omodei.)

Nora clings to James in terror while the dying soldier screams for his assistance and Bessy Burgess watches in bitter anger.



Jeana Bradley

Towards a Classical Theatre

PERHAPS I SHOULD, in all seriousness, begin this article—"Credo . . ."

At this point in time, when all the world of the theatre is conscious that next year is the Shakespeare quadricentenary, it is appropriate that we reflect a little on the part drama plays in our daily lives, on our own dramatic heritage and on the responsibility of all our educators for making this heritage available.

Not long ago an eminent professor provocatively suggested that agriculture should form the core of the new Humanities—thus, by implication, throwing away Philosophy, Literature, History and the Fine Arts. This tendency to the glorification of science is very common at present. There is an aura of magic about the subject. "A sound magician is a mighty god," said Faustus four centuries ago. For "magician" read "scientist" and you get a curiously modern attitude . . . But Faust was wrong and all the power of the material world could not save or comfort him, as Marlowe well knew when he wrote the final chorus:

> "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
> And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough
> That sometime grew within this learnèd man."

Unless atomic fallout alters utterly the composition of Man, I believe the old humanities still hold.

Behind the Iron Curtain, where the stress is laid and laid again on the material welfare that the Soviet governments have brought to their peoples, this is never forgotten, though some very strange contradictions are thereby involved. In the parks of Culture and Rest the loudspeakers blare forth ceaseless exhortations to produce more and more of everything, ceaseless praise of the Soviet system, ceaseless figures of material progress. But between these items comes music—NOT the "tops of the pops", but Tchaikovsky, Moussorgsky, Prokofieff—yes, and Bach and Beethoven too. Russian history, they all know, began in 1917, but the crowds who fill the Red Square every day, file with equal excitement through the Mausoleum to gaze at Lenin's tomb and the Armoury of the Kremlin where they feast their eyes on the incredible jewelled capes and crosses and missals of the 'forbidden' church and the robes and crowns of Peter and Catherine the Great, and the pilgrims look from the onion domes of St. Basil's to where the facade of the Bolshoi Theatre dominates the far end of the Square. There, while the workers crowd the boxes where nobility once glittered, you may hear *Traviata* one night and the next, Glinka's *A Life for the Tsar*—oddly reworded and renamed *Ivan Sussanin*. The countryside is bespattered with 12-foot-high photographs of the best buttermaker or boilermaker or motor mechanic of the month—but the dancers, singers and actors are the "Honoured Artists of the Soviet Republic", and the Stratford Company, visiting Moscow, were received like kings. In Kiev, the guide, reciting his monotonous patter about grain production and shoe manufacture, suddenly halted at the view of the Dnieper sweeping away into the summer distance and began to recite, his voice warm and suddenly alive, the verses of a long-dead Ukrainian poet to the glory of Yaroslav the Wise. And the same evening we became bosom friends with a group of cinema actors discussing (in a Babel of French, German, English and Russian) *Don Quixote*, Shakespeare, and *Ballad of a Soldier!*

There is place for the old humanities still, and, in the old humanities, place for drama. Of course we hear people say every day that the theatre is dead—killed by the cinema or radio

or television. But the theatre is a phoenix that has died many times and cinema, radio and TV merely present different forms of drama. In fact, I think one may truthfully say that never since the days of religious ritual has drama been so much part of the nation's daily life as it is today; and television, especially, has made people aware of the great classics of the threatre. Viewers who had never heard of Ibsen were caught in by *The Master Builder, The Wild Duck,* and *John Gabriel Borkman;* schoolchildren were spellbound by *Philoctetes; The Age of Kings* (a sequence of eight Shakespearean history plays) is revived again and again. Now we are to have the three Roman plays—and probably for the first time, students who have toiled wearily over the text of *Coriolanus* will become aware of the power and presence of the "cry of common curs"—the mob who are at once the dupe, the villain and the movement of the play.

All this goes to prove, I think, that drama is by no means 'dead' in this atomic age, and, moreover, that the great classics of the past still speak to us most urgently. After Jimmy Porter and his crew have mouthed themselves into silence, Hamlet and Flamineo remain to speak for all the angry young men far better than they have spoken for themselves. An ingenuous student remarked to me early in the year that he hardly ever went to the theatre because he never got a good laugh at the "comedies"—in fact he could only remember one really funny play he'd eve seen. It was—*Lysistrata*!

It is simply no use for the Bright (or Gloomy) 1960's to wave their hands and refuse to look farther back than Beckett or Brecht while the psychologists are busy chatting about Oedipus complexes and our daily conversation is interlarded (if we only knew it) with snatches of the despised "classics". Whatever we want in drama has been so much better done than we can do it at present. Good or evil, great or small, beauty or ugliness—the "classics" have them all. The four-letter obscenities of Big Daddy would have made Thersites—or even Prince Hal—laugh scornfully, the horrors of Tennessee Williams (if you want horror) are so much more subtly done by the Jacobean dramatists. If you want satire—there are Tartuffe and Harpagon, Volpone, Subtle and Sly; if you want wit—there are Beatrice and Feste, Mosca, Millamant, Scandal, Touchstone, Lady Teazle; young love—Troilus or Juliet, passion—Antony and Othello, human pain and pride and fault and grandeur—Hecuba, Lear, Oedipus, Antigone, Vittoria Corombona, Phèdre, Faustus. There has never been a more human villain than Richard III, nor a more inhuman evil than Iago, Falstaff is John Doe or Richard Roe on holiday, and World War II proved that, after 2,000 years, *The Troades* is still one of the greatest anti-War plays ever written.

It is because peoples and governments have recognized the power of plays and players—"the abstracts and brief chroniclers of the time"—that almost every country has its National Theatre of one sort or another. We all know the Bolshoi, the Moscow Arts Theatre, the National Theatre of Athens, the companies of the Comédie, the Théatre Nationale Populaire, Stratford (On Avon and then in Ontario and then in London), the Old Vic and the Bristol Old Vic, and now the Chichester Theatre. In the United Kingdom millions are spent subsidizing theatres which will keep alive the great tradition, drama advisors are at hand to help amateur enthusiasts, schoolchildren have specialist teachers who train them to interpret, mount and perform plays for themselves, and good amateur groups—like the Tavistock Players—are sent on continental visits to carry English Drama abroad. Not all these groups need government aid. The play is good enough to keep itself alive. For years Nugent Monk, at the Maddermarket in Norwich, maintained a strictly classical theatre of amateur actors who played anything from a 14th-century Passion play to Congreve, Ibsen, Tchekov, and Shaw; and the better provincial Repertory companies vary their fare from classic to modern with fine impartiality.

And what have we here in Australia—especially in Western Australia? . . . What have we in the great tradition?

Answer comes, in a still, small, dubious whisper, "The Elizabethan Theatre Trust?" And after that there is a great silence—as well there should be. The silence of shame.

A long time ago, when I was a teenager there was a certain amount of activity in the world of the classical theatre. The Allan Wilkie Company toured regularly in a repertoire mainly of Shakespeare and Sheridan. Possibly it was not good Shakespeare but at least it *was* live theatre not something within the covers of a textbook. The Shakespeare Club, too, was active and presented at least one full-length play a year, and the Repertory Club did not find it beneath its dignity to do a *Twelfth Night* or a *Cherry Orchard* as well as venturing into Shaw, Cocteau and Pirandello. Then came Patch Theatre Guild which provided varied entertainment, some of it rather precious—like Stephen Phillips' *Paolo & Francesca* —but most of it adventurous and imaginative and some of it really good—. I remember a very impressive *Everyman,* a brilliant *Médecin Malgré Lui,* an extremely elegant *Earnest.*

But change must come. The Wilkie Company broke up, and to some extent John Alden's Company took its place, the Beebes left and some of the imaginative quality of Patch went with them, the Shakespeare Club grew thinner, the Repertory Club was penny-pinching to achieve a new theatre, and a group calling itself The Company of Four was formed to improve acting and production standards; but in the later 40's it should have been clear that the fate of classical drama was, for the time at least, in the hands of the University.

Coming from Cambridge with the idea of drama as a living force, Professor Edwards was always anxious to encourage the choice of the best for dramatic society presentation and a group of rather more mature students—C.R.T.S. personalities—responded eagerly. In 1947 they took *Hedda Gabler* as their offering for the N.U.A.U.S. Festival, with highly successful results; and as the commencement play for 1948 the University Dramatic Society attempted Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannos* in the Sunken Garden.

There could not possibly have been more opposition. No one would come to a Greek play! It was well known they were as dull as ditchwater! And the Sunken Garden could not possibly be used as a theatre! It was too near Stirling Highway and buses would drown every word! It would have to be amplified! It could not be lit! There was no stage! There was no set! There was nowhere to sit (there was only a double terrace where the seats now are, the rest was a sloping sand-bank)! There were no exits or entrances! The Head Gardener was horrified at the prospect of the damage to his garden, and the Administration festooned itself—as is the way of Administrations—in a cocoon of unco-operative red tape. And I, as elected producer, had never produced a Greek play in my life nor seen anything but a "verse-speaking choir" (God save the mark!) of ladies in white nighties reciting *The Trojan Women.* And, naturally, there was no money!

But Professor Edwards handed me the Yeats translation with the music composed by Anthony Hopkins for the Olivier performance, the Vice-Chancellor helped to cut through the red tape, and enthusiasts rallied to give of their best. Stephanie James, along with the prompt, night after night crawled into position behind the sundial long before the performance began, to provide the oboe music which was the sole instrument used. Dorothy Fleming brought to bear all her knowledge of dance movement and spent hours studying Greek friezes and vases, A. J. Leckie trained a small male choir in the apparently simple but very unusual choruses. A handful of us studied the garden, day after day, week after week, experimenting, viewing, discarding, until we could have drawn it blindfold, every bush and shrub and stone. We composed a set of three flats and six pillars of varying sizes, built a runaway across the sundial court, of trestles on Coca-Cola boxes, purloined several building blocks to make an altar (they took four men to carry them and had to be moved each night to preserve the grass), and worked out a system of lighting involving about a mile of cable and a carbon arc that had to be refuelled every half-hour.

And so, out of weeks of reading, studying illustrations, pursuing accounts of French, Greek and Italian productions, consulting authorities on the classical theatre, a pattern gradually took shape, and at last the procession of suppliants with their olive branches and white wool and incense moved in to the measure of the tambour and the oboe—and the first performance in the Sunken Garden began.

And the audience came! They came from curiosity. They came for novelty. They came as culture vultures. And some came to sneer. Then the Greek community came—from the fruit-shops the fish-shops and the market gardens . . . until we had to put up the "House Full" boards early in the evenings and the stage crew, standing on the bank, watched the finest tribute that an audience can pay—absolute silence and stillness as the final chorus moved off the darkening stage, absolute immobility until the last soft footfall had died away—and then the breaking of the applause. We felt that we had made a little history with that performance—and, in a way, we had.

When Olivier visited the State a month later, it was revived for a brief season, at his especial request, and received his unstinted praise both here and later, when he went to the Eastern States, and once again the place was packed.

The next year the University Dramatic Society presented *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and that could have run on indefinitely if the human frames of the players had been stronger. As it was, Demetrius, whose hair was gold-lacquered for the occasion, found it beginning to go green at the roots and fall out before we called a close. And the fame of the University performances was such that a special unit was sent by the Department of the Interior to film part of the show, its personnel, its background activities etc. as advertisement for Australia overseas. Nowadays, when the professional company of the Playhouse struts and frets in the Garden or the

Festival of Perth Committee kindly accepts the University offering, it would be well if they could be reminded that the University players were there first . . . And it is an indisputable fact that only University producers have used the Garden properly. From a theatrical point of view, they have learned by bitter experience over the years its advantages and disadvantages; from an academic angle, they have been careful to select plays suitable to the setting.

From other companies we have had good plays —but how ill they have suited the Garden! We have had *Peter Gynt* with projected Disneyesque scenery on a screen whose ugly frame dominated the playing space, we have had that most stagey of 19th-century stage-plays, *Cyrano de Bergerac,* we have had someone 'scrubbing' the grass as floorboards, a lady at her dressing-table planted in the middle of the lawn, or, with visiting producers, the action scattered over the wide arc of the Garden until the audience's heads swivelled as at a Wimbledon final.

A disgusted critic remarked last March; "The best thing that could happen to the Sunken Garden would be a charge of dynamite," and for a moment I felt woefully and bitterly sad—but I could see his point. It has become staled and cheapened by ill usage and I would not, myself, wish to open it again unless for a very carefully chosen play; but this cannot wipe away the list of classic performances that the University has presented there: *Oedipus, Antigone, Lysistrata, The Dream, A Winter's Tale, The Circle of Chalk, Love's Labour's Lost, Much Ado, Twelfth Night.* It is something to be proud of.

Side by side with the outdoor classical performances the University also pioneered in other fields. When the Adult Education Board wanted a guinea-pig to test out the possibility of sending plays on country tours, it was a University group which was used. We took *Arms and the Man* to the South-West, and the audiences, duly warned to come and be improved, found to their surprised delight that Shaw was not merely culture, he was hilariously funny. We were begged to return to help and advise the local clubs. We went, were received royally—and nearly worked to death by the enthusiasts who wanted more and more . . .

In the winter months, lacking a theatre, we fell back on Winthrop—surely the most unlikely of playing-places with its too low, too wide platform and its baffling acoustics. But Elizabethan playwrights devised ways and means of using unlikely halls for their entertainment, and so could we. We built a ramp about the panelling of the platform and a raised centre stage and played the *Troades* with the actors on the platform and the chorus wailing along the echoing galleries or moving like a frieze along the ramp. We built an Elizabethan Stagehouse and on it played *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Richard II* and *King Lear.* On the bare floor of the Hall we played the first Arena show of Perth—*The Taming of the Shrew*—and, moving along the tiers of the Choral Society's seats, we played the great *Everyman,* which was later transferred, by special request, to one of the big churches.

All this perhaps seems a recapitulation of past glories, a sigh for the snows of yesteryear. It is not meant to be so. It is meant to stress the fact that, through storms and quarrels, clash of personalities, changing student-bodies, great personal sacrifices, financial crises—we produced *Twelfth Night* for the first Festival of Perth with a bank balance of minus £7 and ended with a profit of £1,200—, arguments with groundsmen, janitors, Registrars, the Adult Education Board, the A.B.C., the Festival Committee and rival societies, there has been one steady purpose, a Northern Star, behind University drama for fifteen years: the maintenance of the classical tradition, the belief that 'Drama is the art by which the life of a noble people becomes nobler'. I do not claim that the ideal has always—or ever —been achieved. Some of these presentations have only just covered expenses, some have failed

artistically, all have had weak points and none has ever been what the producer dreamed of. But they have been brave efforts, and sometimes, I think, there has been real greatness; and this has made all the toil almost worth while. And I do most truly believe it must go on, for, at the moment, in the University lies the only hope of a classical theatre in Western Australia.

About the time of *The Dream* things looked very different, and we had great hopes of a real National Theatre. Tyrone Guthrie was here on a visit, and in his long talks with Professor Edwards, plans were made for the formation of what eventually became the Elizabethan Trust. Later on there were more talks, with Martin Browne, and the idea that evolved from these discussions was an ideal indeed. There was envisaged a scheme by which first-rate producers came on loan from England to *teach* us as well as produce, by which a first-rate touring company (and later more than one) moved from state to state, carrying the first-rate plays to every capital. This surely was not absurd. Guthrie is both a scholar and a man of the theatre, and has moved all over the world, carrying the great classics from Canada to Israel. Browne is responsible, not only for the production of Eliot's plays, but for the amazingly successful revival of the medieval York Cycle at St. Mary's Abbey—that is, they are not idle dreamers living in academic ivory towers.

But somehow this plan went awry. It fell into the hands of men with less vision, less appreciation of the drama, or more parochial interests—and so the Trust is localized in Sydney, from whence it occasionally tosses to W.A. a dramatic sop in the way of a guest artist, or a producer whom they do not want for the moment or an economical funeral-bak'd-meats-marriage-table programme. I particularly recall *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll,* in double harness with an atrocious *Twelfth Night* where Ray Lawler, in the most acute misery, *spoke* the songs of Feste in that most musical of Shakespeare's plays. He is not a Shakespearean actor, and only too aware of it, but he was playing in *The Doll* and had to be used up.

On the excuse that Perth is too costly, the Trust sends much less to W.A. Producers, it is said, were flown to Sydney and back for an hour's conference . . . and the charge set against Perth; two or three players are brought in to work with the locals in a play that has been fragmentarily rehearsed, and so is not particularly successful . . . and so down and down.

The National Theatre that we dreamed of from the Trust has not come about. Nor does the policy of the Playhouse tend towards the classical tradition. So with the University the responsibility must rest, for the present, and to it come, as a rallying point, those people in Perth—and there are a great many—who want to see the classical theatre survive. They can be paid at the Playhouse or on the Radio or TV, but they are willing and eager to come freely, for the love of the drama itself, to work down in the Dolphin —or anywhere else the University may play. It was largely to welcome these people that the Bankside Group came into being. Many of them are University people, with special training in different fields or with experience abroad, and this they offer with open hands. They do not wish to intrude on the student-body, but to work with it—or rather with that portion of it which is interested in classical theatre. I know that all of it is not. I know that many of the French students are interested mainly in Sartre, Camus or Ionesco, so last year Mr. Willis and I found no takers for Racine or Molière. Professor Lawler delicately bridged the gulf this year and the double bill of Ionesco-Molière was a delight, due to the specialized knowledge of Dr. Parsons and Mrs. Pope. In the same way, many of the U.D.S. are mainly interested in Becket, Brecht, Wesker, etc., so very wisely obtained the aid of Frank Baden Powell for their production of *U.S.A.* But for the others—and for those many outside the University who want the great tradition to survive—we must provide a rallying point, we must offer, not social meetings or mere play-readings, but full-scale productions. And they will most certainly come. Professor Austin has planned an ambitious 'double' in Greek drama for next year. Bankside had no difficulty in finding a cast for *The Changeling* or *The Wild Duck* or *The Duenna,* and there is a constant and growing question, what is next? What do we do next? The 'classical' enterprise has found an immediate response. This is, I feel, in no way surprising. While any single performance of a play is an evanescent thing, living only in the memory of the spectators, the whole body of drama is a continuous reflection of the ideas and behaviour of men and women as they live, and great drama is timeless. On the surface the problems that beset the tragic protagonist differ—or appear to do so. The curse on the house of Atreus or Laius, becomes the 'fatal flaw' of Shakespeare's heroes, or the social background of Mrs. Alving, but when all is said and done, the dramatic interest does not really lie in the problem but in the way the people face up to it, how they react to the 'Moment of Truth'. In comedy, topical allusions are soon outworn, but sex wrangles are good for a laugh, whether the parties are Myrrhine and

Cinesias, Mr. and Mrs. Noah, Katherine and Petruchio, Beatrice and Benedick, or Cary Grant and Doris Day in whatever version they are doing of *The Seven-year Itch.* Horseplay and slapstick were just as funny in ancient Greece as they are today, and jokes about Doctors, Misers, Lawyers, Irate Fathers and Jealous Husbands have lasted from Plautus to Molière to Hollywood.

The point is, though, that very often the older versions are much better than modern ones, and, in any case, there is a sense of continuity, a richness, a greater awareness of ourselves and our immediate problems if we view the contemporary scene in relation to 2,000 years of human pain and passion, hopes, and laughter.

But to do this properly, to do full justice to the drama of another day, some degree of special knowledge is needed, and this specialist knowledge of conventions or language is the province of the scholar. As I have already mentioned—when *Oedipus* was suggested people assured me that Greek drama was impossible because they saw the chorus (and many of them were people of considerable theatrical experience and culture) as a static group speaking verse in unison. They simply did not know and so could not envisage, the effect of a moving, singing chorus. Similarly, for a hundred years, Lamb's dictum that 'Lear' was unplayable on any stage governed the public mind—because they had never seen *Lear* taken out of the drop-curtain, scene shifting, proscenium-arched stage where the colossal sweep of the play was interrupted for scene changes, the text cut about to eliminate as many of these as possible, and the poetic image lost in the sound effects.

The work of interpreting conventions, sweeping away prejudice, clarifying absurd readings, is the work primarliy of the academic, and the fusion of academic and theatrical has been happily accomplished within the last two decades. The Department of Drama at Bristol University, the Institute of Shakespeare Studies directed by Allardyce Nicoll and the Marlowe Society of Cambridge have proved this conclusively. It is natural then that enthusiasts for a classical theatre

should look to the University for a lead and it is a responsibility of the University to give it.

And so to 1964.

A few weeks ago I was handed a letter from the Representative of the Shakespeare Institute asking me for the details of active Shakespearean groups in Perth. How many productions were there a year? What experiments in staging? production methods? acting techniques? Seminar groups? And I had to answer—Outside of the University there are NONE!

If you travel about Europe, from Copenhagen to Marseille, from Brussels to Zagreb or Moscow or Jerusalem, you will find performances of Shakespeare's plays—not isolated examples, not in 'festival' years—but as part of the regular theatrical fare. But in Perth, we, whose language is the language of Shakespeare, have, apart from the odd school performance, nothing of the world's greatest dramatist.

In reading any history of the English theatre in the last century, you can see what can be accomplished by the dedication and the work of one man who inspired a company with his own love of Shakespeare. In 1883, Francis Robert Benson, who, in his third year at Oxford had planned an unheard-of performance of the *Agamemnon* in Balliol Hall, found himself abandoned with a stranded little company of 'classical' players at a village in Fife. The tour had been a failure and the manager had vanished with what cash there was. But Benson was a man with a dream—he called together his fellow-players and the 'Bensonian brotherhood' was born—"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers," he said himself—and it endured for four decades, the most remarkable group in the history of the English stage. He was a man who loved and believed in Shakespeare's work—he disregarded traditional cuts, tableaux and additions and, working from the pure text of Shakespeare, taught his players his own enthusiasm. Everyone in the company knew the play thoroughly, was prepared to take any number of parts and rehearse seven hours a day without a meal break. They played Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith and sometimes, as a fill-in, in lean times, a popular melodrama by Lytton, or Dion Boucicault, "as poor players or begging friars, consecrated to the practice of the dramatic arts and especially to the presentation of the plays of Shakespeare, going up and down the length of the land that the people may never go without an opportunity of seeing Shakespeare played by a company dedicated to his service." Benson played Richard III with a temperature of 104 degrees and raging typhoid, the company lost its entire wardrobe and stock of props. at the disastrous fire at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, in 1900, a few weeks before the London season opened, but they were unconquerable. In 1886 F.R.B. was invited for a Spring Festival at Stratford, and thenceforward, year after year, he returned, producing plays—like *Henry VI, Part I*—that had lain untouched for a century or more. In 1904 he produced the whole *Orestaia* as well as thirteen Shakespeare plays at Stratford for its Silver Jubilee season. And so on—and on—to a tour of the United States in 1913, with a repertory of sixteen plays and a company of forty. "We go as ambassadors of Shakespeare." The tour failed financially because many American cities were unused to Shakespeare—*vide* a review in Richmond, Virginia, of *Richard III*: ". . . Smothers the kids while Mother weeps; Richard Plantagenet slays Youngsters in order to reach the Throne, and is thrown through Doublecross"—; but the loss was more than wiped out by the American visitors who came to Stratford as a direct result of the Benson tour, the first blazing of the trail. And the next Shakespeare company that went to the U.S.A. received very different notices—"Perhaps it's just as well they've gone," said *The Chicago Herald*, "Shakespeare, whom the working critic usually loves and avoids, was rapidly becoming my favorite playwright."

And so, to his last appearance in *The Merry Wives* in 1932, Benson carried on the great tradition. In the words of the often waspish James Agate—"For forty years he brought Shakespeare into the lives of hundreds of thousands of people. If I had the choosing of his epitaph it would be Othello's—'I have done the state some service'."

Now this sort of service is due to any English-speaking community, and if there is no F. R. Benson to provide it, at least there are people who are enthusiasts in their own small ways and they look to the University to lead them. In 1947 Ernest Burbridge of the British Council arranged a liaison between the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and Birmingham University, and in 1948, under the direction of Professor Allardyce Nicoll, the first number of *Shakespeare Survey* appeared. A firm alliance between stage and scholars was achieved and both parties were the richer for it. Surely then it is our duty to pool all our resources, all our talents, to take the gifts that are freely offered from beyond our gates—which, by tradition, are 'not there'—and accept the privilege and the joy, as well as the burden, of a classical theatre, dedicated to the maintenance of great drama, with Shakespeare as its heart and soul . . . not only in 1964 but as long as the need lasts—"Not of an age but for all time."

J. R. Jones

A Greek Tragedy on the Modern Stage

SINCE THE sixteenth century a steady stream of modern versions of classical tragedies has been reaching the stages of Europe, some of them, especially the first, based upon the plays of the ever-popular Roman writer Seneca, but most, particularly in later years, going back to the original Greek treatment of the myths. To take only one example: there have been more than forty different versions of different parts of the Theban story, and this number excludes translations, whose name is legion, even though some of these could be claimed as new versions in their own right. The popularity of classical themes as subjects of drama has, except for a thin patch in the nineteenth century, been consistent, and shows no sign of decreasing.

This is, of course, a perfectly legitimate source of inspiration for any dramatist, and does not argue lack of imagination or a reactionary outlook. After all, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides did exactly the same thing in adapting recognised stories for the stage, and for all we know this may be true of Thespis too. "The artist's concern with originality," as T. S. Eliot has so appropriately said, "is largely negative." Different times have different dramatic conventions, and the reshaping of an old story to suit the circumstances and the outlook of a later day is more likely to be a sign of vitality than of decline.

The twentieth century has so far been particularly rich in such new versions, so that a general survey of them all would, in the space available, be no more than a list. But by examining one play, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and observing the different ways in which it has been treated, we may see in operation most of the general principles which have operated in modern adaptations of other plays as well.

The Antigone is one of the best known of all Greek tragedies. It was first performed at Athens in 442 or 441 B.C., and its subsequent popularity makes it likely that it won the prize for tragedy on this occasion, although we have no proof of this. It is the earliest of the three plays which Sophocles wrote around various episodes in the Theban story, and begins after the downfall of Oedipus, and after the war which his two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, had fought against each other. The prologue gives us all the necessary facts: Antigone tells her sister Ismene, who knows only that the Argive army, which their brother Polynices has brought against Thebes in an attempt to win his share of the throne has been defeated, and that both Polynices and his brother Eteocles have been killed, of the announcement made by Creon, who has now become king. Polynices is to remain unburied outside Thebes, and anyone who tries to disobey this order is to be put to death. Antigone announces that she will bury her brother in spite of this, and asks for her sister's help, but Ismene is afraid to take such a risk.

The Chorus, Elders of Thebes, now enters with a song of victory, exulting over the defeat of Polynices and the Seven Champions, and looking forward to the celebrations which will mark the end of the war. After this Creon appears, and soon the news is brought to him by a guard that someone has tried to bury the body of Polynices. A watch is set, and when Antigone is caught, Creon condemns her to death, even though she has been promised in marriage to his own son Haemon. Antigone is led away to be immured in a rock tomb, so that she may die of starvation, but she anticipates her doom by committing suicide. Haemon, who has followed her, also kills

himself in front of his father, who has listened to the warnings of the prophet Tiresias, and decided, too late, to set her free. When the news is brought back to the palace of Thebes, Eurydice, Creon's wife, kills herself too, and Creon, overcome by remorse, is led away grieving, while the Chorus speaks of the virtue of wisdom and reverence towards the gods, and of the doom which waits on pride.

Other versions of the story were known in ancient times. Euripides wrote an *Antigone*, which has not survived; but we read of it that "there Antigone is caught together with Haemon, and is given in marriage and bears a son," whose name is given as either Haemon or Maeon. A similar story also appeared in the later collection of fables by Hyginus: Haemon, who had been given the task of executing Antigone, was led by his love of her to disobey, and conveyed her to some shepherds, with whom she lived, bearing a son. When the boy grew up, he was recognised by Creon, and when the king refused to have mercy on him, Haemon and Antigone killed themselves.

These two variations on the story are interesting, in that they show the introduction of a more elaborate romantic element into the myth, even in ancient times. But they have had no influence on other versions. The Thebaid of the Roman writer Statius, however, although it is not drama but epic, has had a very great influence on later drama. The Antigone story occupies the greater part of Books XI and XII, and differs from earlier versions by the inclusion of a new character, Argia, daughter of King Adrastus of Argos, and widow of Polynices. She has come to Thebes leaving her infant son behind her, in order to bury her husband, and she meets Antigone, who is going on the same errand. They are both captured by Creon, who condemns them to death, but after this Statius allows them to be rescued by King Theseus of Athens, who comes to save them in the nick of time.

Statius' variation on the story was combined with the Sophoclean plot by Vittorio Alfieri, the first modern dramatist to write a play which confined itself to this particular section of the Theban story.* His *Antigone*, the first to be produced of the nineteen tragedies on which his fame as a dramatist rests, was performed in Rome in 1782, for a private gathering. There are only four speaking parts in the play, with the addition of a couple of silent guards, and this was part of his idea of what a tragedy should be: reacting from the contemporary style of French drama, with its multiplicity of "incidents" and "confidants", he claimed that all extraneous and unnecessary elements should be removed, and only that left which was essential.

The play opens with a soliloquy by Argia, who has come from Argos to pay her last respects to her husband. She meets Antigone, and only then learns of Creon's command. The two ladies join forces to bury Polynices, are surprised and captured, and taken before Creon. When he learns who Argia is, he is overjoyed to think that he has caught two possible claimants to the throne, and is ready to execute them both, but decides to spare Argia, fearing that her father, King Adrastus, will take vengeance for her death. He also offers Antigone her life if she will marry Haemon, but she refuses and is put to death. After Haemon has killed himself in despair, Creon is left mourning at the end of the play.

Alfieri had previously taken subjects from the French tragedians, but claimed that his Antigone was "not soiled by foreign origin," being based upon passages from Statius. Later scholarship, however, has qualified this statement considerably, by noting the similarities between Alfieri's play and the last two acts of an earlier *Antigone*, by Jean de Rotrou, one of the French versions which brought nearly all the incidents of the Theban story into one tragedy. Furthermore, the Italian play is often so near in spirit to Sophocles, that we must assume that Alfieri was also influenced by the Latin or Italian translations of the Greek originals which were available at the time.

His handling of the plot and characterisation gives a new slant to the story. The character of Antigone, as he created it, becomes that of a woman deeply in love, with the opportunity to satisfy that love, since Creon has offered to spare her life if she will marry his son. But she cannot take this way out, because she remembers that she is the daughter of Oedipus, the last of an accursed family, and that Haemon is the son of the man who completed her father's destruction. So she rejects this offer; and yet in the end she dies for love, since we find Haemon turning against his father with wild threats of violence, and Antigone arranging that her execution shall be hurried on, in order that she may be dead before he can do anything which will endanger his safety. Alfieri was no more able to keep the romantic features of the story from occupying a major part of the action than the earlier French dramatists had been. But it is at least, because

*For the purpose of this study we may omit the sixteenth and seventeenth century French tragedies which included the Antigone story as part of a longer play; and the anonymous ms. fr. 9,290 dated 1672 in the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris, containing an Antigone play, may be ignored, since there is no record of its ever having been performed.

of his handling of the plot, a very necessary part of the play.

In dealing with the two female characters, Antigone and Argia, Alfieri avoided the danger of treating them as images of each other. Argia is a simple character: she is moved by love for her dead husband, and has no other emotion. By contrast, Antigone is more complex. Her actions are only partly caused by her desire to obey the law of Heaven, and she is also full of a weary disdain for the life which has made her the offspring of a family so cursed as that of Oedipus, and torn by her love for Haemon, which leads in the end to her final self-sacrifice.

In his characterisation of Creon, too, Alfieri developed his own point of view. The theme of the wicked and bloodthirsty tyrant appears again and again in his plays, and this is the impression which his Creon makes on us. His overwhelming concern is to secure the throne against all possible claimants, for himself and for his son after him. Instead of the Sophoclean balance, which has led so many commentators to consider carefully whether they should decide in favour of Creon's or Antigone's arguments, Alfieri offers the picture of a ruler corrupted by power, with hardly any redeeming features.

This one-sided interpretation of the Greek myth is also the basis of the Antigone of Walter Hasenclever, written in 1916 and first performed in Berlin in 1920. Hasenclever's Creon is a blustering autocrat, reminding the people of Thebes that he rules by divine and ancestral right, and that his power is absolute. His only desire is for self-aggrandisement, by means of his subjection of the people, and by using his army for conquest abroad. But although it has this in common with Alfieri, the resemblance between them goes no further. The German version is a good example of so-called twentieth century Expressionism, as it appeared in drama. The Sophoclean plot is considerably expanded by the addition of extra scenes for the main characters and crowd scenes for the enormous chorus, which represents a wide variety of the different types of people, citizens, women, soldiers or beggars, to be found in the city. The Antigone story is still the central part of the play, but the way in which it is handled and the reactions of the people to the events which take place bring two new ideas forward. Firstly, many of the extra scenes which are introduced are designed to show the horrors of war. There is only a brief mention in Sophocles of the battle which led up to the death of Eteocles and Polynices, but Hasenclever fills the stage with wounded men and cripples. Secondly, Antigone is presented as a Messianic figure. Not only does she speak repeatedly of her "mission", and call upon mankind to turn from its wicked ways, but the manner in which her entombment and death are shown on the stage have a clear suggestion of the Agony in the Garden and the Burial of Christ, with the hint of a Resurrection to come. Before she disappears into her tomb to die, she announces that her mission is accomplished, and that she will not return for a thousand years; and Haemon, the people, and later Creon, all speak of her as one who has shown them the way to righteousness.

Hasenclever's *Antigone* has disappeared from view since the time of its first production, which is hardly surprising in view of the huge cast and elaborate staging which it required. But the next version to appear, that of Jean Cocteau, first performed in Paris at the end of 1922, has stayed alive. It is, in theory at least, a translation from the Greek, so there are no fresh incidents or obvious differences in characterisation. But the translation is so free and so compressed that it is far removed from the stately language and conventional imagery in which Sophocles expressed his thought. Perhaps the most noteworthy point was Cocteau's method of dealing with the problem of the Chorus: the lyrics were reduced to brief statements imitating the style of a broadcast communiqué, and at the first performance of the play he took the part himself, speaking the lines offstage through a hole in the scenery, thus hoping "to invest a single speaker with the mystery and dignity which should belong to this part."

This play was, in a modest way, a success, and certainly encouraged other French dramatists to attempt further modernisations of Greek tragedies. The last forty years have seen many of these, and by far the most successful has been yet another play on this theme, the *Antigone* of Jean Anouilh, written in 1942, which began its remarkable first run of 475 performances early in 1944, during the German occupation of France. Its success was deserved, since apart from the play's intrinsic dramatic merits, it represents the culmination of a particular period in the author's style, and of a tradition in the French theatre which had been developing through the twentieth century; and it had as well a particularly topical and inspiring message for the people who first saw it. It follows Sophocles fairly closely, but although the incidents and characters are the same, the only added ones being a nurse, Creon's page, and two extra guards, all of whom have some dramatic value as confidants, the motives which are suggested for their actions are quite different. The most vital part of the play is the long scene between Antigone and Creon, where, with no other characters on the stage, Creon tries

to break down her resistance, offering her the chance of life and marriage with Haemon if she will only allow the whole affair to be hushed up. Here we have no simple opposition between the daughter of Oedipus, appealing to a higher law than that of man, and the King, defending the necessities of rule, but a progression in stages. Firstly, Creon disposes of the religious argument, and makes Antigone admit that she does not really believe in the sacred nature of the rites of burial. Then he attempts to destroy her love for her brothers, by telling her the full story of the events leading up to their death. Polynices had been a bad son, a gambler and loose liver, who had conspired against his father, and Eteocles had been no better: a precious pair, with Polynices fit only for throwing away his money faster than the others, and playing the road hog in his sports cars (the play was performed in modern dress, and contains many such deliberate anachronisms). When Antigone admits this, but remains unshaken, Creon tries to show her that although to leave a corpse rotting in the sun is no pleasure to him, yet the necessity of governing a state which is by no means docile compels him to forget his own petty sensibilities; and finally he tells her one more shattering truth, that the body which she has been trying to bury may or may not be that of Polynices: after the battle, two corpses had been produced, and he felt it necessary to create one hero for the people of Thebes, and one villain. So the less battered body had been given a state funeral under the name of Eteocles, and the other had been left to rot.

At this point Antigone gives way, and accepts the position. She is about to leave the stage, willing to do whatever Creon tells her to, when he makes a final slip. He encourages her to be happy, to marry Haemon and enjoy "bonheur" in the future; a fatal slip, since in a moment all his work is undone. Antigone begins to think what the "happiness" which he is offering her will actually be. She realises that for her, and for Haemon too, to live will demand an accommodation to the impurities of life which she is not prepared to offer, and so she chooses to die. The guards lead her away to her death, and Haemon kills himself also. Finally we see Creon, showing no remorse and scarcely any feeling, ready once more to set about his business of governing the state.

With superb dramatic technique, Anouilh is able to vary his moods and yet keep complete control of the serious tone of the play. There is plenty of humour sandwiched between the more passionate scenes; and yet with the humour there is always a lurking shadow. The Nurse, who at the beginning of the play finds Antigone coming back from her first attempt to bury her brother in the early hours of the morning, and immediately suspects that her charge has acquired a secret lover, is a delightfully comic character, a worthy descendant to Juliet's nurse, but her mundane point of view, even though at this stage we are not certain that Antigone has actually done the deed, makes more clear by contrast the feeling of coming death which Antigone has. There are three guards; and although the speech of their leader telling of the capture of Antigone is taken almost directly from Sophocles, enough is added in the way of colloquialisms and coarse wit to give it a quite different tone. Nor could anything accentuate the loneliness of the young girl Antigone in her captive state so much as their discussion of the best brothel in which to spend the prize money which they expect to gain as a reward for their watchfulness.

This play had at first a mixed reception. The French public was in two minds about it, because of the way in which Creon was treated. The resemblance between the King, interrogating his captive in his shirt sleeves, and the inquisition of a Nazi Gauleiter or collaborating French official, was perfectly obvious, and it might have been expected that Antigone's attitude would be clear and noble, and the tyrant's downfall complete, if the play was to be properly patriotic. But this was not so. Antigone dies for no reason, simply to say "No", simply because she is unable to say "Yes", in the way in which any normal human being does acquiesce in the unsatisfactory aspects of life. Life is not good enough for her, so she rejects it. Creon, on the other hand, is not a villain. He is a man who before the death of Oedipus had no desire to rule, but when the state seemed near collapse, he shouldered the unavoidable burden, and determined to put the interests of stable government above all things.

Perhaps it was a good thing that the character of Creon was presented in this way, since otherwise it would have had little chance of being passed by the German censors at the time. But Anouilh himself had to point out that the point of the play was not that Creon had some justification for his action, but that Antigone was still able to say "No" at the end, even after all her other resources had failed.

The next play to be considered is in its own way quite as notable, although it has attracted little attention. In 1948, in Switzerland, the first performance took place of an *Antigone* by Bertolt Brecht, written as a model for the new theatre which he wished to see rising in Germany after the collapse of the Nazi régime.

As the basis of his version, Brecht took the translation of the Greek play made by Hölderlin early in the nineteenth century, and made use of large parts of it, splicing his own verses into it with a very close approximation to Hölderlin's style. In this play, as always, he aimed at achieving the "Verfremdungseffekt" which he claimed was essential to any drama which was to fulfil the proper purpose of the threatre as a vehicle of social criticism, and a special stage setting was designed for this purpose. The stage was separated into an "acting area" (Spielfeld), marked off by four posts set around the centre of the stage, with the area behind, perfectly visible to the audience, used as the actors' tiring room, where they sat while not acting, read books or moved around at will, or improved their make-up while awaiting their turn to speak. Costumes were unrealistic: the whole cast appeared in robes of a monkish character, without any great distinctions, and to remind the audience that they were seeing a play of some antiquity, the posts which marked off the acting area were crowned with horses' skulls, which, although not to be directly connected with any genuinely Greek religious observances, helped to give an atmosphere of savage barbarity.

At the very beginning of the play it is obvious that some changes have been made in the plot. As Antigone talks to Ismene in the first scene, she makes it clear that the war which is being fought is not an attack by the Argive forces against the Seven Gates of Thebes, but an expedition of plunder led by Creon against Argos. Eteocles has died in battle, and Polynices has rushed away from the slaughter in his grief, whereupon Creon has taken him just as he was nearing home, and killed him. From this point the play proceeds for a while more or less according to Sophocles. When Antigone has gone to bury her brother, the Chorus enters, followed by Creon, who announces a great victory, and repeats his commands concerning the body of Polynices. A guard announces the attempt at burial, and after another chorus brings back Antigone.

Here the plot begins to change. Many of the lines are still taken directly from Hölderlin, but there is another theme. Although Antigone defends herself along the traditional lines, she has one other question to ask: where are the youths, the young men of Thebes? Why have they not come home with Creon after the famous victory which he has announced? The Führer makes excuses, and since the Chorus of Elders of Thebes is completely on his side, the point is not taken. But when the order for Antigon's execution has been given, and she has been taken away, the truth becomes clear. A messenger arrives bringing the news that the Argive army, by no means destroyed, is at the gates of Thebes, and Creon's lie is exposed. Yet the Elders do not reject Creon. They have no one else to follow, and as he goes out, broken by this news and by the news that Haemon has also died, they follow him like sheep. The allegory is obvious, and unmistakeable to Germans of the time.

The topicality of the *Ocalenie Antygony* ("Rescue of Antigone") of Krystyna Berwinska, written in 1948 and produced in Kielce, Poland at the beginning of 1957, is less obvious. In this play the People of Thebes play quite a different part. There is famine and pestilence in the city, and they are ripe for revolution. A new character appears, the poet Ajetes, and he immediately makes a strong impression on Antigone, who is rather disappointed with Haemon, because he is turning out to be a much less romantic figure than she had hoped. At the very beginning of the play Creon and Antigone have been arguing with each other, Antigone determined that she will bury her brother and Creon warning her not to do so, putting forward the usual arguments about the necessity for firm government and the salutary effect of severe measures. But Ajetes, surprisingly, decides that it will be better for her to leave the body unburied. His reason is that if she buries her brother, the people will be satisfied, and will continue to bear Creon's tyranny in silence, whereas if she does not do so, the general dissatisfaction, which has been greatly increased by Creon's order, will increase, and will lead to revolution and freedom. Thus, by leaving him unburied, she will be helping the people, who may show contempt for her at first, but will eventually realise that she has acted in their best interests.

Antigone is unable to decide what is the best thing for her to do. Her indecision continues, until she is abused by the people and a riot begins. She returns to the palace, where Creon laughs at the thought that the mob may rise against him; but then the news comes that the people have gathered together and seized all the strong points of the city, and that they are advancing on the palace itself. Creon now admits that he was wrong, and decides that the only way out for him is to die. Ajetes appears and offers to rescue Antigone, but she will not allow him to: her world is perishing, and if the people are to rule she will not live a life dependent on their mercy. When the people at last force their way in, both Antigone and Haemon are found dead.

Antigone's failure to bury Polynices does not come about because she has decided to obey Creon. Nor, on the other hand, does she fall in with the plan of Ajetes to inspire revolution

by leaving him unburied. The sequence of events in the play shows her changing her mind, deciding to follow first one course and then the other, until the mob, hearing that she has not buried her brother, and assuming that this is her final decision, takes things into its own hands. She is therefore not an ally of the revolution, but a victim of it, in spite of the efforts of Ajetes to rescue her, and the play is clearly meant to show her as one who suffers because she stands apart from the vital political questions of the day.

The latest play to deal with this theme, the *Antigone* of Christopher Logue, was produced in London in 1960. It formed the second part of a programme, "Trials by Logue", of which the first half, "Cob and Leach", was a sketch showing the trial of two lovers who had been found mating in a public park in contravention of the local by-laws. This piece of vaudeville had no direct connection with the "Antigone", although it was possible to look upon the whole programme as presenting two very different views of the conflict between the state and the individual. The first half of Logue's play follows the Sophoclean plot, except that he follows Brecht in his account of the war and the death of the brothers. Creon announces that Polynices "whom we took and killed as he ran from the war he started, will be treated as a common murderer. That is to say, he will be tied to a stake, with a noose round his neck, a hood covering his face, dressed in the clothes of a felon—but with this addition, his body will be left hanging on show in the City square until nothing is left of it." This alteration in the manner in which the body is to be treated turns out later to be significant, although the reason for it does not become clear until the end of the play. The next scene, too, presents what seems to be a quite arbitrary execution, when Creon, after having discovered that the sentry who announces that someone has tried to cut down the body was once Polynices' quartermaster, orders him to be shot; but the reason for this also becomes clear later.

When Antigone has been captured and brought before him, Creon submits her to a merciless interrogation, until he has satisfied himself that there is no political motive for her action. Then he tries to reason with her, answering her appeal to the brotherhood of man with the statement that men are not brothers, but enemies by nature, and that the only way of checking their natural violence is by force, efficiently and consistently applied. He is unable to convince her, and finally loses his patience, ordering her to be taken down to the square and given a good look at her brother's face. While she is away, Creon and Haemon quarrel, and the father becomes so enraged that he threatens to have Antigone executed in his son's presence. After Haemon has left, Antigone returns. She has now realised what Creon had intended her to find out: that the dead man whose body has been hung up is not her brother.

Creon explains that it had seemed a good plan to make the people of Thebes think that Polynices was dead. He had actually been captured, and had made a bargain that if his life was spared he would call off his troops; but he had escaped from Creon's guards and got across the border, continuing to fight as soon as he was safe. This discovery does not, as Creon had hoped, make Antigone feel that she was wrong to disobey, but gives her confidence to say that she is more sure than ever that she was right. She accuses him of being the City's worst enemy, and reminds him that he has already failed in his duty by murdering one of his own soldiers in order to save his son's bride. At this moment the news comes that Haemon has been shot and killed while trying to remove the body of the supposed Polynices.

Creon has no longer any intention of executing her. She has won a victory by making him responsible for two deaths, and if he should execute her now, it would be her final triumph. But Antigone will not admit that there can be anything to be said for his point of view, and the play ends with a sudden darkness as they stand facing each other.

This play, although the incidents follow the Sophoclean plot fairly closely for at least the first half of it, is derived to a great extent from Brecht, even to the extent of some literal quotations, and sometimes the arguments used by Creon are very reminiscent of those used by Anouilh. The presentation was "modern", in the sense that the set consisted of one enormous abstract design, the language was up-to-date and colloquial, and dress and weapons modern. It completes the list of modern adaptations of the ancient play, and at this point we may consider in more general terms the question of the demands which the conventions of the modern stage and different historical settings have made upon it.

In the second half of the fifth century B.C., the period from which most of the Greek tragedies which have survived come, the tragic form of drama had acquired a form so stable that even the trifling innovations of Euripides caused a stir among his contemporaries. The language was formal and stately, and the use of the traditional iambic lines in which each episode of the plays was written led to a style which varied from the verbose to the tightly-packed, according to

the exigencies of the metre. As a vestige of the beginnings of drama in religious ceremonies, speech between characters frequently retained a ritual question-and-answer form ("stichomythia"), in which two speakers combine for a scene or part of a scene, in alternate lines or pairs of lines, each picking up the other's words, and even syntax, in a closely knit formal dialogue. The choruses, chanted by a group of dancers between the episodes, observed strict metrical conventions, with each verse being answered by another in the same metre, although the number of possible combinations of rhythms was almost unlimited; and the relationship between the thought expressed in the choruses and the events of the play was often indirect, so much so that in many cases the connection of thought is extremely difficult to follow through the cluster of mythological and other allusions.

Characterisation is usually much less detailed in a Greek tragedy than in a modern play, and development of character during the course of a play is also a less common feature of ancient drama. Often, too, plays which satisfied Greek audiences seem to us to be lacking in action because important events take place off-stage, or before the beginning of the play. A Greek tragedy can normally be performed in an hour or ninety minutes, and audiences at the festivals of Dionysus in the time of Sophocles expected to see more than one play at a sitting, each on a different subject, which has led modern authors to pad out the plays which they have adapted considerably with extra dialogue and incidents. Finally, the Greek theatre, with performances under the open sky, on an almost bare stage without curtains or artificial lights, could offer few of the visual effects which the modern playwright has at his command.

Because later drama has not been bound by the same conventions, the forms which have been adopted for modern versions of Greek plays have been many and varied. In the case of the adaptations of this one play at least, the dramatic form which each author has chosen has never been a direct imitation of classical practice. Some features of Alfieri's play, the small number of speaking characters, the general avoidance of soliloquies where only one character is present on the stage, his distaste for the unnecessary introduction of romantic intrigues and his "disinventiveness", as he called it, in the matter of irrelevant sub-plots and incidents, were in the tradition of the Greek tragedians. However ,he was not attempting to reconstruct their style, but rather reacting from the dramatic conventions of his time, so heavily influenced by Senecan rhetoric. His play observes the Three Unities, according to the dramatic theory of his time, but there is no Chorus, which is always the most difficult thing to handle on the modern stage.

Hasenclever's play has its Chorus, large groups of soldiers, citizens, women and others, but the effect is nothing like that of the Greek Chorus. They are active participants, speaking all together or singly in short, sharp outbursts, commenting emotionally on each situation. The same is true of Berwinska's Chorus, although they participate rather more effectively in the action. Although the former play is in verse, and the latter in a mixture of verse and prose, the style of language is in each case quite different from that of the original; in fact, each of the authors here discussed has written in his normal style, using the language of his own time, except for Brecht, whose adaptation of Hölderlin contains many archaisms, and differs from the rest in keeping to a direct translation of the Greek for about two thirds of the play. The play which is the least like the original in linguistic style is that of Anouilh, with its extremely effective colloquial dialogue, enlivened by occasional lapses into argot on the part of the Guards. Anouilh, too, has dealt with the problem of the Chorus in a way which, in terms of the modern stage, is most successful, by giving the part to a single speaker, who first speaks a prologue giving the audience some indication of events before and after the beginning of the play, and acts as an interlude between scenes, commenting on the action.

The fact that only Cocteau's abbreviated translation was presented with anything approaching a reconstruction of ancient costumes is significant, because it points to one of the reasons for the popularity of such adaptations of Greek dramas, in this century particularly. Most dramatists feel that they have something to say which is relevant to the contemporary situation. Some (let us take as an example Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*) may find a contemporary setting satisfactory. But other writers will not wish to make everything immediately clear, either because it may be unsafe to do so, or because they feel that their message has a universal rather than a parochial appeal. In such cases the ancient myth is of the greatest value as a cloak and a shield. Another reason for the continuing popularity of such adaptations is undoubtedly the power of the myth itself, which has so great a force compared with the purely historical narrative. As the world becomes more and more rational and empirical, it becomes impossible to create new stories which have the same compelling force as the old ones. At the same time, two features of modern thought, the advances in the study of psychology and anthropology, and the development of more scientific methods of historiography, have given a fresh

impetus to new treatments of ancient myths. Stories can be told again, wtih fresh explorations of the situations involved, in the light of modern ideas concerning the nature of conscious and unconscious emotions in human beings; and the nature of modern historical research, with its concentration on the evaluation of evidence, the rejection of traditional stories which are not proven, and the search for underlying motives, encourages the rewriting of myths in a form which purports to show that "what really happened" is not the same as the traditional version.

At the same time, the modern dramatist turns to the ancient myth, searching for authority. Any story which he invents, or takes from later history, will have to stand in its own strength alone. But the monumental and statuesque character of tales which are thousands of years old gives him a foundation of confidence upon which he can build, a background of established quality against which he can erect his own structures. Before the curtain ever rises on his own play, the audience will be already receptive, ready to look favourably on his own work because of its connection with an acknowledged masterpiece; and this leads us to the final point about all the adaptations of this, and other, Greek tragedies which have been made in modern times: each one is a mark of respect, and every imitation is an act of homage.

SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY. G. Highet, *The Classical Tradition* (Oxford 1949) is an invaluable aid to study of any topic of this nature, although three of the plays mentioned here appeared after its publication. G. Steiner, *The Death of Tragedy* (London, 1961), in presenting the thesis that in the modern world tragedy is no longer a possible dramatic form, naturally has a certain amount to say about modern adaptations of Greek tragedies. Further useful general comments will be found in T. R. Henn, *The Harvest of Tragedy* (London, Methen 1956), H. Peyre, *L'influence des littératures antiques sur la littérature française moderne* (Yale Romanic Studies 19, New Haven, 1941) and T. C. Worsley, *The Fugitive Art* (London, John Lehmann, 1952). For the *Antigone* of Sophocles the best edition, with commentary and translation, in English, remains that of R. C. Jebb (Cambridge, 1891), the introduction to which contains a short discussion of modern adaptations of the play before that date. Alfieri's works have been published in a number of editions, and the library of the University of Western Australia is fortunate in having both the 1809 edition (Pisa) and the 1820 edition (Florence). The best starting points for further study of his work are G. Megaro, *Vittorio Alfieri* (New York, 1930), M. Fubini, *Vittorio Alfieri* (Florence, Sansoni, 1953) and, by the same author, "La formazione dell' Antigone" in *Giornale storico della letteratura italiana*, 1936. The monograph by N. Impallomeni, *L'Antigone di Vittorio Alfieri* (Florence, Sansoni, 1899) is worth reading, but is unfair to Alfieri's play, as Fubini has shown in his book. Hasenclever's *Antigone* was published in 1919 (Berlin, Paul Cassirer), but although it is briefly mentioned in such books as H. Friedmann and O. Mann, *Expressionismus*, and *Deutsche Literatur im zwanzigsten Jahrhundert* (both published at Heidelberg by Wolfgang Rothe, 1956), it has not been studied in any detail except in R. Samuel and R. Hinton Thomas, *Expressionism in German Life, Literature and the Theatre* (Cambridge, Heffer, 1939) their criticisms unfortunately being of little value because they were written under the influence of pre-war Marxism. Cocteau's *Antigone* is published in vol. 1 of *Théâtre* (Paris, Gallimard, 1948), and the author's essays "La Jeunesse et le Scandale" and "Une Entrevue sur la Critique" which are to be found in his *Oeuvres Complètes* (Geneva, Marguerat, 1950) give interesting information about the purpose and the manner of presentation of the play. Further comments will be found in N. Oxenhandler, *Scandal and Parade* (London, Constable, 1958) and C. Mauriac, *Jean Cocteau* (Paris, Lieutier, 1945). Anouilh's *Antigone* appears in *Nouvelles Pièces Noires* (Paris, Table Ronde, 1946), and there is also a good edition with English commentary by W. M. Landers (London, Harrap, 1954). H. Gignoux, *Jean Anouilh* (Paris, Editions du Temps Présent, 1946) is the standard work of criticism, and for this play the following articles are of value: J.-P. Bonnes, "L'Antigone de Jean Anouilh" in *La Revue Nouvelle*, 1946, J. Carat, "Anouilh romantique et giralducien" and "Délivrance d'Anouilh" in *Paru*, 1946 and 1947 respectively, G. Marcel, "De Jézabel à Médée" in *Revue de Paris*, 1949, J. Mauduit, "Antigone ou la nostalgie de la grâce" in *Le Théâtre Contemporain* (Paris, Arthème Fayard, 1952). E. O. Marsh, *Jean Anouilh* (London, Allen, 1953) may serve as an introduction, and has some interesting photographs of productions. Brecht's *Antigone* has been published twice under the title "Antigonemodell 1948", in the series of "Modellbuch" editions of some of his plays, with photographs of stage performances and production notes designed to serve as a "model" to future producers. The first edition was published in 1949 (Berlin, Gebrüder Weiss), and the second differs only in that it corrects a mistake in the numbering of some lines, and includes the prologue spoken for the first performance of the play in Germany. Of Brecht's own voluminous writings, those collected in his *Schriften zum Theater* (Berlin, Suhrkamp, 1957) help to explain the dramatic theory involved in the production, and his essay "Ueber reimlose Lyrik mit unregelmässigen Rhythmen" in *Versuche XII* (Berlin, Suhrkamp, 1953) is of interest in suggesting explanations of the way in which he altered Hölderlin's verses. The unpublished dissertation by H.-J. Bunge, *Antigonemodell 1948 von Bertolt Brecht und Caspar Neher* (Greifswald, 1957), studies the play in detail, but concentrates more on Brecht's dramatic theory than upon literary criticism. The play also receives brief mention in M. Esslin, *Brecht: a choice of evils* (London, Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1959) and J. Willett, *The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht* (London, Methuen, 1959). The only comments on Berwinska's *Ocalenie Antygony* which have come to the notice of the present writer are by J. P. Gawlik and H. Weber in *Slowo Ludu* of 2-3/2/1957 and 16-17/3/1957. The text was published in 1954 (Krakow, Wydawnictwo Literackie). Logue's *Antigone* has not been published, but a typescript version was made available through the kindness of the author. It has not been noticed except in a few Press reviews at the time of its production.

ADDENDUM: Since the above bibliography was compiled, a recent edition of Hasenclever's works has come to hand, containing his **Antigone** (Rowohlt, Reinbeck bei Hamburg, 1963).

Trevor A. Jones

Music in Intercultural Education

A Theory, An Application and a Research Plan

IN A PREVIOUSLY published article[1], *The Ethnomusicologist's Role in Music Education*, I set out reasons why our systems of musical instruction at all levels in the Western World are badly in need of expansion so as to include non-Western music. I also listed some of the benefits, both musical and general, that could be expected to result from such an expansion. Since there appears to be considerable agreement with, and sympathy for, the views stated, the question urgently arises as to how we may hope to set about this task on a world-wide scale. Here I shall attempt to indicate ways and means of effecting an expansion into unfamiliar musical cultures at the early school levels, which shall include a theoretical exposition of principles and methodology, an illustrative application, and a basic plan of research. My attempt rests on two basic beliefs: that music can and should be an invaluable aid to international and interracial understanding, sympathy and tolerance; and that direct contact, through performance and aural experience, with the music of other peoples can greatly sharpen and refine a person's musical sensitivity, perception and awareness. These two beliefs, then, may be taken as the twin purposes behind any such undertaking as is here envisaged, and should be regarded as mutually interactive and inseparable. Thus, this article could equally well be entitled "Inter-Cultural Education in Music", but it is my conviction that the stress may better be laid on integrating music into the already existent campaigns in inter-cultural education than on the more limited and largely untried project of simply endeavouring to expand one's musical horizons. Indeed, any attempt to treat music *in vacuo* in this or any other field would be both retrogressive and unworthy of serious support, for it is surely only in the West that proponents of the "total autonomy" theory of musical development can (or ever could) be found!

WHILE IT is undoubtedly desirable that an inter-cultural approach to music be introduced at all levels of education from primary to tertiary, there is much evidence to support the view that it may most easily and successfully be accomplished with very young children whose musical attitudes and prejudices are no more inflexibly formed than are their ideas and beliefs in any other sphere. In an article by Elizabeth May and Professor Mantle Hood on *Javanese Music for American Children*[2], the authors have shown by experiment how naturally and painlessly the very young can assimilate and reproduce a tone-system that baffles and eludes most adults of non-Javanese upbringing. They have also shown how, though with greater difficulty but nonetheless effectively, somewhat older children not only encompassed this music, but through it were immediately fired to discover all they could about the race of people who gave rise to such music, about their country, and their way of life. It would appear that our efforts would best be concentrated at the lowest levels of education if we are to avoid the necessity both of elaborate background preparation of extra-musical material and of overcoming already-developed aural pre-

judices. It would also seem that the greater difficulties encountered with older children would nevertheless be worth tackling because of the rich rewards to be gained from the general curiosity and enthusiasm aroused in them.

This view is further strengthened by reference to a very serious attack on the possibility of intercultural awareness contained in Alan Walker's recently published book *A Study in Musical Analysis*[3]. Stated briefly, the author's contention is that an artistic experience depends on an unconscious response on the percipient's part to the initially unconscious creation of the artist, and that consequently a common unconscious background experience must be shared between creator and audience. Mr. Walker says, therefore, that "on a broad racial level this might explain why people from different cultures are often bewildered by one another's art-products; there is less possibility of an unconscious response. . . . Obviously, where there is no common background such communication will either be incomplete or non-existent."[4] After citing Deryck Cooke's recent demonstration in his book *The Language of Music*[5], that in the West there is an equation between the moods composers express in their works and the musical symbols they use to achieve this, Walker says that "a choir of Australian Aboriginals singing to an audience of Eskimos would almost certainly be an unqualified artistic failure", because "the symbolic equation between mood and music which can only be generated where you have the necessary similarity in unconscious repressions, is here non-existent."[6] If we take this seriously, as, on reflection, we surely must, it follows that if we are to facilitate genuine artistic responses in an inter-cultural situation, we must concentrate our efforts on children whose unconscious backgrounds have not yet been significantly repressed, who have not yet felt, as Wordsworth has it, the "Shades of the prison-house begin to close," and who are still "trailing clouds of glory" that are common to all children the world over. If we delay until the child is older, we have to try to supply his consciousness with such background material as may eventually partially replace, to some extent, the no longer available unconscious identification with the essential content of the work of art concerned.

Assuming, then, that a start is to be made with very young children of many races and nations, the essential materials are threefold: (1) tapes (or discs) of suitable selected songs, dances and instrumental music from representative cultures throughout the world, these to be listened to carefully and repeatedly and reproduced by imitation; (2) a simple mechanical device for accurately reproducing the exact scalic degrees of each example; (3) appropriate background material in the form of pictures, stories, slides, films and articles that will generate the initial interest in, and enthusiasm for, the people whose music is being experienced. Of these requirements, the first and third categories would need to be collected and prepared by experts in each area concerned; the second requirement could perhaps best be served by a simple and extremely inexpensive polychord, which could be calibrated to reproduce the precise intervals in accordance with elementary instructions issued with the recordings.

The general method to be adopted could well consist of a preliminary isolating of unfamiliar metres and rhythms, to be practised by imitation until assimilated, followed by a similar approach to the scalic material with the aid of the polychord until the exact intervals are reproduced with ease. The melody could then be learnt by ear, using only monosyllabic "nonsense" sounds at first, and then substituting the correct words in the original language, their meaning and context having been explained beforehand. It may be objected that songs must be sung in their appropriate vocal timbre, as well as correct intonation, if their full flavour is to be appreciated; again, this problem tends to disappear if really young children are involved, for as Miss May and Professor Hood point out in the article already referred to, "children's voices . . . seem to be pretty much alike in tone quality in all parts of the world."[7] Finally, the appropriate gestures and dance-steps, where applicable, could be learnt from filmed examples. No attempt need be made at this earliest stage to use any form of notation either for the music (i.e. pitches and rhythms) or for the words, though at later stages a simplified notation for music and phonetic spellings of words could be warily introduced. Similarly, though all background material would be kept to a minimum and assimilated either aurally or by direct visual means at first, in subsequent years more extensive material in the form of books, maps, charts and so on could be supplied, preferably from already-existent kits of project-material used in general social-studies classes. The aim would thus eventually be to integrate music, the most significant "missing element" at present, into general inter-cultural studies of the history, geography, customs, art and literature of various peoples. If sufficiently simple and comprehensive teaching aids and adequate instructions were made available along the lines suggested, it is probable that the average teacher of social studies at the primary levels could absorb music into his scheme without himself having special musical abilities or education. At the higher levels of child-education,

group projects contributed to by several more specialised teachers in collaboration could include the work of a specially trained teacher of music.

In selecting suitable musical material to represent the different peoples and countries of the world, certain general principles would need to be observed. Since, regrettably, one of the most potent objections raised to any attempt at intercultural education is that it may consciously or unconsciously inculcate and spread religious and political beliefs that are considered undesirable or distasteful by particular groups, care should be exercised to avoid texts that unduly reflect such beliefs, insofar as this is possible without falsifying the character of the peoples represented. Similarly, songs of aggressively nationalistic import and of violence and warfare would hardly be conducive to mutual understanding and tolerance. Wherever possible, children's songs and dances should be emphasised, as well as lullabies, love songs, action and work songs, and communal music for festive occasions. All material could be graded to coincide with, and appeal to, various age groups and the two different sexes. In all cases, music should be chosen that will express the widest possible range of emotion and convey a picture of its creators that is both broad and deep, stressing both tenderness and vigour, gentleness and strength, delicacy and virility, which are the normal attributes of all human societies can they but be appreciated.

Several fundamentally important points of policy must here be stated with emphasis: in all cases, authenticity and faithfulness both to the letter and the spirit of the original must always be maintained to the highest degree possible to ethnomusicologists; no simplification or "accommodation" of pitches and rhythms or additions of irrelevant harmonisations or accompaniments, such as have marred many previous endeavours, must be allowed to obtrude. In general, it is better to prefer comparatively simple material capable of being accurately reproduced to unduly complex examples, but we must not make the typically adult mistake of underestimating the remarkable abilities of the very young to assimilate and imitate by ear sounds that we find "difficult" because of our long conditioning to one musical culture. Any devices that tend to falsify or to debase essential subtleties of pitch, such as Western notation and pianofortes, must be rigidly excluded. The fullest and most comprehensive information on the peoples represented must be made available in simple terms in answer to questions from the children. This will serve the twofold aim of an ideally close identification and feeling with the peoples concerned, as well as an expansion of purely musical awareness and responses which must never be lost sight of. The process described should be meticulously graded from the earliest possible stages of primary education up to and including the tertiary level, when a full and fruitful fusion between the social and musical benefits attained might well be expected to manifest itself in many directions.

A specific application of this kind of approach to a type of music with which the present writer is particularly concerned may now be outlined. Australian aboriginal music is certainly unfamiliar to virtually every non-aboriginal, including white Australian children, and, though the people who give rise to it are studied in considerable detail in Australian schools, the only attempt to include their music in such studies takes the form of one or two hopelessly distorted and almost completely unrecognisable chants that have been ineptly transcribed, misguidedly "improved" and provided with maudlin pianoforte accompaniment. From informal enquiries I have undertaken, I am convinced not only of the sincere interest of many children in learning and understanding some authentic aboriginal music, but of their ready response to such samples of it as I have played them. The music, whose rhythmic vigour, melodic beauty and formal clarity I have described elsewhere[8], has been extensively recorded and transcribed in recent years. The culture of the aborigines has received full and detailed attention from anthropologists, so that all the necessary material is at hand and needs only careful selection and presentation for school use. In introducing this music to young children, a first step could be the making and using of the simple percussion instruments such as the clapping-sticks and boomerangs. Actual rhythmic patterns, including typical cross-rhythms and polyrhythms, and metres with 5, 7, 10 and 13 as the basic repeatable measure could be beaten out with these elementary instruments. Next, straightforward syllabic chants could be learnt with or without the native words, and more melismatic songs sung to one "nonsense" syllable in the original. These songs should be chosen from a short cycle of several songs, related in a variational pattern, which relates a legend through the successive "verses" or items. The entire cycle could be then eventually learnt in the original tongue with a full understanding of the meaning of each line. The clapping-sticks or boomerangs would be used by each child to accompany his singing in the traditional aboriginal manner, which incidentally greatly stimulates and facilitates the learning and performance of songs among aboriginal children. Either concurrently or subsequently, members of the class could be shown how to make and play

the *didjeridu* and bull-roarer, both of which are extremely simple in construction and easy to play in the initial stages, though the former is difficult to master. The bull-roarer principle is already well-known to children the world over as a toy, while the *didjeridu* is nothing more than a hollow tube of any hard material whatsoever. Aboriginal children themselves start to experiment with the *didjeridu* from a very early age. Recordings of simple *didjeridu* rhythmic patterns could be heard repeatedly, together with the authentic vocalised mnemonic chants used to identify and remember them, until they are known by heart. (This purely aural method of intonation, unfettered by any kind of written symbols, is the only method used by the aborigines themselves, so we are not only practically but traditionally justified in using it in our project.) The combining of simple *didjeridu* drone patterns with sung chants would naturally follow, leading to the introduction of more complex types of song-structure such as the round, vocal drone, and genuine two-part songs. Finally, when the appropriate dances and mimetic gestures that go with each song have been learnt (primarily from films), the complete performance of a short *corroboree* in as complete a form as possible could be the ultimate aim of the entire project, with all the emotional understanding and instructive awareness of aboriginal traditional life which would inevitably result from such an endeavour if faithfully carried out, for all stages of this musical project would be closely integrated, according to the abilities of the children concerned, with essential aspects of aboriginal customs and culture and fully illustrated by means of visual aids. All that is necessary to enable such a project to be tried and, if successful, introduced into primary schools generally is for experts in the various fields of aboriginal studies, *including ethnomusicologists,* to work closely together to produce in a completely intelligible and coherent form the material already available in abundance to each of them.

The most important need to enable this kind of expansion to take place on a world-wide scale is for some kind of international research institute to gather the necessary materials and to carry out experimental projects on "pilot" groups of children in various parts of the world. The gathering of materials could best be achieved by direct approaches to governments and institutions concerned with the various cultures to supply tapes films and the like, so that "kits" or "package deals" could be assembled together with instructions and information translated into the various languages. With regard to the experimental projects, a three-fold plan of attack may here be tentatively suggested. First, a "pilot" group of children *beginning* school could be exposed to a single unfamiliar musical culture, all the children selected being of similar age, background, race and culture and relatively unformed in their musical attitude. Secondly, a group of children similar to the first group but belonging to a number of different races and cultures could be similarly exposed to a single musical culture unfamiliar to each of them. Thirdly, a number of dissimilar groups, each homogeneous in race and culture, could be formed in various parts of the world and exposed progressively to samples of a fairly wide range of musical cultures unfamiliar to each individual group but representative of the main ethnic and cultural groups of mankind, including oriental peoples, so-called "primitive" societies and European peasant communities. In all three cases the responses by each group to each musical culture should be carefully noted and appraised, all difficulties and deficiencies as well as clear successes being observed and collated in order to formulate basic ideas of procedure and methodology for eventual application on a large intercultural scale.

As with any development in educational policy, the introduction of a comprehensive approach to music as a world-wide art must wait on the training of teachers. It is suggested that, with the help of interested ethnomusicologists, there be introduced as early as possible for all students in teacher-training establishments throughout the world elementary courses in music from many races and cultures. These courses should be aimed not so much at imparting detached knowledge, as at breaking down the narrow race—and culture-centred prejudices that now exist even among potential teachers, and at cultivating an enthusiasm for the importance of this project to widen the absurdly limited scope of our musical sympathies as compared with those held in most other aspects of life and art. The dangers of charlatanry and misrepresentation inherent in such a project are, however, obvious. It must be stressed that the services of qualified specialist scholars in ethnomusicology would need to be sought to guarantee a high standard of authenticity in courses of this nature. Thus, though the International Society for Music Education should be deeply concerned with implementing these proposals, a close affiliation with such organisations as the International Folk Music Council and the International Musicological Society would obviously be necessary if the results are to represent a worthwhile advance on past idealistic but vague attempts thus to widen the scope of musical education.

Both educationists and musicians may well feel less than proud of their achievements thus far in this most important of tasks facing inter-

national music education. Educationists must view with alarm the marked absence of music from already flourishing campaigns of inter-cultural education in schools throughout the world, particularly when they have only to "graft on", so to speak, the all-important branch of music to the sturdy trunk that is growing through the efforts of educationists in general. Musicians must surely often feel that, far from the current specialist's malady of knowing more and more about less and less, we are in danger of knowing less and less about more and more, if by "knowing" we mean understanding emotionally as well as intellectually. The greatest concern of music educationists should be that those who are very young and in their musical care should come to *know*, in the fullest sense, more and more about more and more kinds of music. When the philosopher Hegel says "It is in the works of art that nations have deposited their profoundest institutions, and ideas of their hearts; and fine art is fequently the key—with many nations there is no other—to the understnading of their wisdom and of their religion", must we reluctantly admit that music is not one of these fine arts? Was Sir Thomas Browne merely wool-gathering when he affirmed that "Whatever is harmonically disposed delights in harmony . . . and music is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole World . . .such a melody as the Whole World, *well understood*, would afford the understanding"? (But the italicising of the words *well understood* by the present writer indicates the real problem with which we are faced.) If we adopt some such plan as has been hinted at here, the day may yet come when, to adapt a great thought of W. Macneile Dixon's, music will indeed appear to be "the distinctive and peculiar dialect, or style of the soul, its idiom or vernacular—as ordinary language is the natural tongue of the workaday intelligence—a vernacular instantly acceptable, and by all men understood."

(From a paper presented to the Tokyo Conference of the International Society for Music Education, July, 1963.)

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2. ELIZABETH MAY and MANTLE HOOD: "Javanese Music for American Children", in **Music Educators Journal** (U.S.A.), 48, No. 5 (Apr.-May 1962), pp. 38-41.
3. ALAN WALKER: **A Study in Musical Analysis** (London: Barrie & Rockliff, 1962).
4. Ibid., p. 145.
5. DERYCK COOKE: **The Language of Music** (London: Faber & Faber, 1959).
6. WALKER: **op. cit.**, p. 145.
7. MAY & HOOD: **op. cit.**, p. 39.
8. e.g., in (a) A. P. ELKIN and TREVOR A. JONES: **Arnhem Land Music, Northern Australia. Oceania Monograph No. 9** (Sydney: University of Sydney, 1958).
   (b) TREVOR A. JONES: "Research in Arnhem Land Music" in **Gazette of the University of Sydney**, I, No. 16 (Oct., 1958), pp. 231-232.
   (c) TREVOR A. JONES: "The Nature of Australian Aboriginal Music" in **Hemisphere** (Commonwealth Office of Education, Sydney, Australia), VI No. 12 (Dec., 1962), pp.2-6.
   (d) TREVOR A. JONES: "Australian Aboriginal Music: the Elkin Collection's Contribution Toward an Overall View" in **Aboriginal Man in Australia** (ed. R. M. and C. H. Berndt). (Sydney: Angus & Robertson) (to be published c. February, 1964).

Alec King

A Too Too Critical Time

I WOULD LIKE to take my stand against Frank Gibbon's and Tom Gibbons' notions of criticism*, not so much by attacking their article directly as by stating my own point of view.

Works of literature, as Prof. L. C. Knights has pointed out, have two contexts. The work emerges from the whole context of the writer's knowledge, feeling, imagination, sensibility; it goes out to find its place in the whole context of the reader's knowledge, feeling, imagination, sensibility. To use the terms 'writer' and 'reader' is, however, misleading. The John Keats who handles the pen is valued as a writer because he is more a human being than he is John; and the context, of which a particular work of his is a concentrate, is as humanly wide as his gifts make it (he is, as it were, a channel for much more than his 'John' self). In the same way, the work exists for X the reader in proportion to his ability to release himself from the concerns of his little ego-self, and to find as wide a humanity as possible. The impersonality of works of literature is an achievement for the reader as well as the writer. It is when the human apprehensions, sympathies, affections, antipathies, and relatings of a reader are stretched, re-ordered, re-aligned, that the intentions of a work of literature are fulfilled. And when they are for a reader fulfilled, they are fulfilled. The end of art, as someone has said, is sleep—not criticism.

The writer's business is with the work projected towards a reader. The reader's business is with the work projected from the writer. Neither has any immediate business with a critic, in this coming together of the orderer, the order, and the ordered. The 'critic' is a generic name for all those who in any way place themselves anywhere between these three elements of the act of literary communication. The kind of criticism differs very much according to the place the critic takes .

When a critic puts himself between the writer and his work, his business, as someone said, is 'to make the writer sweat more'. If this criticism is undertaken in conversation with the writer, it is guided by the writer's problems as he sees them. I have recently criticized a poem which was given to me for comment. It was a highly technical discussion of such things as redundancy, slackness of phrasing, disturbing rhythm in certain lines, incoherence of imagery, intrusion of decorative fancy, and the decorum which the free verse form he was using seemed to demand. I wrote out alternative versions myself, and built up two drafts using my own changes. We discussed, with the help of these drafts, an impersonally created work. But every single technical problem was tied back into the writer's original context, his subject matter, his experience, sensibility, apprehension. There was nothing he told me of the originating context which was not relevant to our discussion of imagery, rhythm, and so on. My own drafts of the poem were only indications of how the words of his poem were failing to grasp and clarify my own human 'interests'. This is the most minutely technical discussion a critic can take part in, but only worth while if writer and critic know that the object is not to produce a 'technically perfect work', but a work which at every moment, is trying to translate a jostling of private experience into the impersonal human passion of a created poem, taut and happy with its intended meaning.

When, secondly, a critic puts himself between

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the work and a reader his primary job is to serve this relation between created work and receptive mind. He is here, first and foremost, an interpreter whatever else he may be doing incidentally. And interpretation is a complex business of illuminating two contexts at once, that of the work and that of the reader, so that the full meaning of the work may be helped out and so that the receptive reading mind (his own in all mature criticism) may be encouraged to release from its egocentric preoccupations the greatest wealth of varied and relevant human interests which are to be stretched and re-ordered.

If we keep this in mind, we can realize why interpretative critics range often so widely *round about* the work they are interested in. It is that works of literature do not *convey* full and precise meaning, but *organize* it, first out of the wide-ranging world of the writer's mind, and again out of the wide-ranging mind of the reader who is able to submit his goings-on to the new organizer.

It is here that I differ so profoundly from the two writers of the original article. They seem to me to assume too quickly that a critic who talks round about a work and round about his own mind (as reader) is an egocentric interferer who is dissipating the power and precision of the work into a fluff of imprecise notions and feelings. This too quick assumption is, I think, absurd.

Both the critics, Prof. Tillyard and Dorothy Van Ghent, whom they analysed punishingly, I valued a good deal. The Tillyard essay on 'Lycidas', when I first read it, enlarged the double context of the poem and my own mind, so that I grasped more fully and tautly what the poem was concentrating. In the same way the Van Ghent essay on 'Clarissa' quickened in me a certain range of memory, feeling, thoughtfulness in a dozen ways, preparing the mind's interests to be moved, controlled, related, more vividly and exactly by the novel. In particular, her use of 'myth' prompted my mind to a kind of responsiveness which the novel could use; for the term for me is a most useful instrument of recalling and relating. The 'Clarissa' essay is short, and there are other kinds of interpretation. But I like short essays, if possible, so that they may be quickly left behind while I get on with the work itself. (I would criticize both these essays, but not for the same reasons as my two colleagues, and only mildly. I think Prof. Tillyard takes his role too solemnly and pedantically; and I think Mrs. Van Ghent has got her students in her hair and is piling up her stuff too thickly and with too pedagogic a tone.)

The original article spent some time on analysing the vagueness and confusion of the language used by Prof. Tillyard and Mrs. Van Ghent. I think this analysis was out of place, and out of key. First, the analysis was based on a mistaken notion of the kind of criticism these two writers were undertaking. They are both essentially interpretative essays, and should be judged as such. Second, and much more important, the language of interpretation is of a special kind which such an analysis attacks for often precisely the reasons which make it valuable to me. I would like to deal with this at some length.

Interpretation is a service devoted to a work of literature and its 'reader', and to the more fruitful relation between the two. The qualities I look for in it, since literature comes out of life and is not an abstract study, are range of human interest and thought, fertility of imagination, skill in metaphoric speech, and a warm and even passionate identity with the work. It will be seen that I want in an interpreter most of the gifts that are given to creative writers; —naturally, since interpretation is moving inside the world of creative works, and is not appraising it from outside. Literature is engaged with living processes, problems of human living, and therefore it is dealing with psychological, sociological, ethical, religious, metaphysical, theological problems, not as sociologists, psychologists etc. deal with them, but as they occur in the tissued, criss-cross, veined and stained existence of men and women before the problems are sorted out into compartments for abstract discussion. There would be no psychology if men and women had no psyches in which to have 'psychological' goings-on.

Moreover, let us not be misled into saying that because literature is made of words it is not life. Our consciousness, in actual life, is full of images, sensations, apprehensions, pre-figured and remembered actions—goings-on which words were invented to handle. Literature is unlike life in two ways. First, it cuts out the impact of external *bodies* (we are not maimed by a car accident in a book). Second and more important, it cuts out the 'opposing consciousness'; for I am, in actual life, not simply a consciousness modelled on say Jane Austen, but am also opposed at the same moment by one modelled on Emily Bronte in another person perhaps closely related to me. Probably people tend to read fiction and see plays or films, in preference to reading poetry, because the drama of 'opposing consciousness' is, in one sense, built into plays and fiction more than into poetry; but only in one sense, for we do not have to deal ourselves with the opposition, we have only to read on and see what happens.

This is why literature can be turned into a comfort for the lonely and the diffident. Their consciousness is enhanced but not opposed, while they read. But this is not the intention of literature; for writers only withdraw from the imposition of actual human lives in order to get closer to humanity, and in order to return us, therefore, a little less inhuman to our actual contacts. (The meaning for us of the cheap sexual fiction that is printed is not that they prompt action, but that, read exclusively, they lower the threshold of distaste for being used by our animal selves, instead of using them.) Literature is, to make my point, unlike life in order to be more useful to it, in order to release its relevance to life more powerfully.

It is inevitable, then, that interpretation should seem to skip about from theology, to sociology, to psychology. What else could it do, since this is what literature is doing, not however raiding the departments of exact discussion and analysis, but presenting the wholeness of human life before these departments have been abstracted from it? It might be thought unfortunate that a critic uses the same terms as, say, a professional psychologist uses. But I prefer it this way; for one of the things I value literature for is the way it keeps dipping the abstractions of systematic thought back into the living flux, which is their original place.

The strictures on Mrs. Van Ghent's essay, in the original article, seem to me to arise from turning the interpretative process upside down, and thinking of her comments on Clarissa as a fumbling attempt to make a novel into a rag bag of discursive remarks on psychology, anthropology, and so on. Read the interpretation the right way up and her comments become an illumination of the context in which the novel lives and whose configurations it concentrates. I am not in the least worried by the apparently slap dash treatment of, say, Jungian or Freudian ideas, or the notions of sociology, in an interpretative critic; for the 'psychological' or 'sociological' language works, in fact, as a true mode of metaphoric discourse, in which the tenor (the novel) is allowed to take from the vehicle (the critic's language) what feeds it with meaning. The vehicular traffic of metaphoric speech is, *when considered alone*, notoriously mixed up, but when allowed to feed the tenor, it is a continual source of enrichment and definition-by-inclusion. If one keeps this in mind one can understand how a work of literature, so long as it is always the centre of attention, can be illuminated by the most extraordinary and apparently perverse commentaries.

I have never found it difficult to distinguish perverse but illuminating comment from that which turns, by a reductive process, the living complexities of works of literature into illustrations of a work of discursive enquiry—into history, psychology and so on. Though, even here, a reader may still pick up hints.

I have, in this article, deliberately confined myself to two kinds of criticism, which are at the two extremes of a whole range: the discussion of the technique of writing this particular work with the writer present; and the interpretation of a particular work with the reader present. The mixture of critical method between these two extremes is amazing. But I think critics could help themselves by remembering that purely technical discussion of a work, even when the writer is dead, is virtually a colloquy with a writer whose problem was to create a work which could say for him what his little self-expressive ego could not say; and that interpretation can include almost anything, not forgettting the close analysis of language, so long as the critic remembers that he is serving the work and the reader, not some fiction called an 'ideal critical method'.

In fact I am against any attempt to work out precise critical methods. Our label-terms for pointing at technical devices are sufficiently clear to handle technical discussion with a real or supposed writer; and the less pre-ordered the

methods and approaches of interpretative criticism the better. The strength of works of literature is that they are variables; they mean different things to different people and to different generations. If they were fixed they would be stolid and temporary things. A recent book of essays all on 'Lycidas' provides (says its editor) an 'astonishing variety of interpretations', each one determined not merely by the taste of the critic, but by his method of critical interpretation. This is wonderfully helpful, for a reader can pick up from a whole range of insights what will vivify the context of his own mind and make it available to the organizing power of the poem.

A determined critical method is sometimes regarded as necessary if we are to assess the value of works of literature. Let me be brief here, on the subject of 'evaluating'. The most candid and detailed 'evaluation' seems to me right and proper when one is discussing the build, design, materials of a created work with a real or supposed writer; for it is always done for the sake of illumination—the intention has or has not been carried out. Evaluating is also right and proper in interpretation because it is, for me, an inevitable part of good interpretation. Interpretative writing seems to me ridiculous if it is not expressing its total engagement with a work, and expressing therefore a responsive delight or distaste, pleasure or anger. This delight or distaste is not merely a belch of approval or disapproval added to a cool description. When Mark Van Doren, in his book on Dryden, likens Dryden's poetry to the resonating of a bronze ring on a marble floor, he is illuminating the poetry, his own mind and its tastes, and suggesting for the reader a quality he should be listening for in Dryden's poetry. It is mostly through metaphoric or submetaphoric language that this sort of evaluating is done as a natural and inevitable part of interpretation. I like critics to give themselves away and declare their tastes, enjoyments, frustrations, as openly as possible, and so keep up a running 'evaluation' of works, themselves, and ourselves (for we continually test out our tastes as we read).

But 'critical pronouncements' seem to me ludicrous. Their tone suggests that the critic has achieved a god-like, an absolute penetration into a work, and that he is no longer expressing his own tastes and the tastes of his age in what he makes of a work and in what he admires or dislikes. Moreover, it usually means moving up a portentous apparatus of critical judging which successfully sees through a work instead of seeing into it. It produces, in fact, a peculiar form of stupidity. Nor do I see any need for critics as a body to agree to rate writers and books on a hierarchical notice board: The following authors have been demoted from class A to class B (Note: reading Spenser, Milton and Tennyson with pleasure, will be punished by a C minus mark and the reader be advised to see his Psychiatrist).

Finally I would like to express a rather wan suspicion that was roused by the original article. I have a feeling that its authors are bothered that 'English Studies' are concerned with something always getting out of control. For works of literature, since they concentrate their own vast contexts and ours, seethe and resonate with meanings; their apparent stillness is an accident of printing; as experienced pleasures they are furiously at work, gathering, re-exciting, arranging, disposing, ordering, pummeling, the meleé of our human selves. But we can make all this seem tidier and more approachable, if we keep our minds on the forces of concentration, on the holding-together of the bombinating furore, and observe them externally as form, structure, device. I have a feeling that they would like a work of literature to be a 'thing', like some of those complicated pieces of apparatus used by chemists, full of surprising devices and unexpected uses, of wood, glass, metal; the whole thing bubbling and boiling with liquids and gases and kept going by a hot little flame at the bottom. Never mind what its for! What technical devices to describe! What uses of material to enumerate!

I don't mean that this is what they think a work of literature *is*, but only that they would like it to be this for the purposes of making it a suitably exact object for the training of 'critics' in University Schools of Literature, and for allowing them to use a sober scrutinizing language in the best modern fashion. Otherwise where are we? Where indeed! For if we are to think of this apparatus as an analogy of a work of literature it would of course be the bubbling liquids and gases and the roaring little flame which would interest us; for they would be trying to say something to us, who also seethe and bubble and are lit up from below. What smells and tastes and heatings of mind would go on as we clasped the apparatus to our bosoms and treated it as a channel to bring its palpitating life and ours together!

I admit that literature is a very odd part of university studies. But do not let ourselves be hurried into maltreating it so that we can hold up our heads beside our brothers, the scientists, and the teachers in professional schools. Criticism is a peripheral activity. It is in danger of becoming an end in itself, with the assumption that writers have been manufacturing works for the express purpose of training a race of critics.

David Hutchison

A Job Lot*

In two volumes of verse and in three previous novels Randolph Stow quickly established a reputation as one of the most promising Australian writers. Criticism of his previous novels has tended to lean a little towards an assessment of this promise and the expectation of even better things. His fourth novel, *Tourmaline,* ought to show more signs than it does of maturing stature. It is disappointing, in itself and in its failure to show the development of talent we have expected. It is certain that Stow aspires to excellence and it is against this standard that his works must now be judged. The novel baffles the reader who attempts to diagnose the failure. It appeared to me that it failed in three ways: in structure, in style and in its pretensions to achieve a greater significance.

Crystals of tourmaline have the curious property of polarising light that passes through them. Stow sets out to show how the dying mining town of Tourmaline "polarises" those who live in it: so that, no matter how diverse they may be by nature, they are all directed towards the hope of the revival of the town by the rediscovery of gold and by the discovery of water. They are ready, in this peculiar state of suspension and expectancy, to be led into a form of religious mania by a sun-crazed water diviner who is 'rescued' by the town when he is dropped there, half-dead, by the mail-truck. In the words of the blurb Stow's intention probably was to write a novel which "On the surface . . . is the story of an illusion, of a lost township snatching at the chance of re-birth," but which, "at a deeper level . . . is a fable of life and man's ever-present temptation to seek refuge from the world of his own reality."

I believe that its failure to register as a "fable"—or as allegory—is paradoxically due to its failure to establish the surface reality. Allegory requires either a completely symbolic form or it requires the novelist to create significant undertones to an apparently realist story. The failure to establish the surface reality is, I think, due to the faults of structure and style. The narrator, supposedly the local policeman, is in fact, a pompous character glorying in the pseudonym of "the Law". The unconvincing character of the narrator makes the reader suspicious of his maunderings in his self-called "testament" of the events in Tourmaline. Moreover there is a failure in the structure related to the use of a narrator. In a modern novel this form is successful only if everything is witnessed as modified by the sensibility of the narrator. If he adopts this style the author must be prepared to allow many of the significant events to be revealed by the narrator's inference from observations. In a number of chapters Stow, in effect, forgets the narrator and relates events as the Omniscient Author.

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* **Tourmaline,** Randolph Stow (Macdonald, London, 1963); 20/-.

Childhood at Brindabella: My first ten years, Miles Franklin (Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1963); 25/- .

Mountains in the Clouds, Olaf Ruhen (Rigby, Adelaide, 1963); 30/-; and

Australian Poets (paperback series): **James McAuley,** selected and introduced by the author; 6/6. **Shaw Neilson,** selected and introduced by Judith Wright; 8/6. Bernard O'Dowd, selected and introduced by A. A. Phillips; 7/6. **Victor Daley,** selected and introduced by H. J. Oliver; 8/6. **Judith Wright,** selected and introduced by the author; 8/6 and **Mary Gilmore** ,selected and introduced by R. D. Fitzgerald (all by **Angus & Robertson,** Sydney, 1963.

As to style: at first I hoped that Stow had learnt the art of compression. Certainly the novel is shorter than those he has usually written, but it lacks real concision. He too often clouds paragraphs with inappropriate or rather tired metaphor:

> . . . even groping through the *red* wind after the blinds of dust have *clattered* down, we discover the *taste* of perfunctory acts of brotherhood.

(The italics are mine).

Contrast this with his real gifts for concise description of scene or character:

> It is a town of corrugated iron, and in the heat the corrugations shimmer and twine, strangely immaterial.
>
> and
>
> A deep Quaker quiet, an act of religion, that might help his soul to become like a great cave and trap and amplify the faint whisperings of God—that was the silence he was building, behind his quiet eyes, under his thinning hair.

A number of times he uses the jaded "catalogue method" in attempting to be satirical:

> In the window, shaded by a rough verandah, tinned food, soap, cutlery and boots cradle the immemorial cat of T. & M. Spring.

This is a bit more successful than this unfortunately flippant reference to the death of a native woman:

> . . . when her mother (who had been given the name of Agnes Day, as a compliment to Jesus) broke a bottle of rum, half a dozen eggs and her neck by falling down an abandoned shaft near the native camp.

There is another flippant reference to the death of a native:

> But it was not one of importance. Billy Bogoda, in the native camp, was noticed by his nephews, when they rolled out at daybreak, to have departed.

This dilutes the valid irony (an irony reminiscent of *Capricornia*) at the close of the same paragraph:

> I watched them, later in the day, carry him down the road to the cemetry; their skins shining in the glare of the stony ground, the box on their faded blue cotton shoulders. SPRING—it said. PERISHABLE.

Faults of structure, un-evenness and lack of concision in style—and through them a failure to give the novel the bite that it might have had —are serious failings in a fourth novel and make one alarmed for the progress of a considerable talent.

It appears to me that a detailed study is required to analyse why Patrick White and Randolph Stow almost always fail to succeed completely with novels which, even though they fail, are way ahead of most other Australian novels in their initial conceptions. Perhaps in the long run a few novelists (Elizabeth Harrower springs to mind) who have been creating less of a critical stir may prove to mature with greater stature.

Despite the publisher's claim, I do not believe that Miss Franklin's account of her first ten years will rank as "a minor Australian classic". Memory may be at fault, but *The Getting of Wisdom* still seems to be a much more significant account of girlhood in Australia. Miss Franklin's book is, however, interesting and the reader warms to it more after the first few chapters. There is at least one chapter (that about the snake) which could be extracted as a minor classic short story.

Miss Franklin was reared amongst a family outspokenly devoted to truth and discipline and in an atmosphere of strangely cold affection. No doubt students of her novels and (perhaps the more numerous) students of her idiosyncratic personality will find much here to explain the adult Miss Franklin.

It is possible that the book as it stands was a preliminary sketch for a more considered biography which her death prevented her from completing. The style is sometimes staccato and the characters are sketched in quickly and deftly in most cases, but without much depth. Were people so full of quirks of character in those days? If they were we have lost a great deal with our latter-day pressures towards less eccentric behaviour.

There are frequent references to a childish fear of death: by snakebite, by sunstroke and by suffocation. Was this the usual childish fear, or was it something of some significance in the development of her personality? On the other hand I sometimes wondered whether Miles Franklin *developed* at all. There is an impression in the book that she leapt into the world almost fully-formed! Certainly the photograph of her in what seems to be riding habit—suggests a very determined and knowing young miss.

In many ways that photograph reminds me of the photograph of Daisy Ashford in *The Young Visitors*. Perhaps it is the expression of *knowingness!* Miss Franklin's literary executors should search through her papers. I am sure that, somewhere amongst them, they will find an old exercise book, inscribed in childish hand upon the cover: *Memmiors* (sic) *of My Family*, by Stella Franklin. That would be a minor Australian classic!

Olaf Ruhen's book about New Guinea is good average quality for this style of book. He has one or two ideas which professional anthropologists might dispute. This might, in some ways, be a little dangerous. At a time when the citizens of Australia need to be clearly informed about the problems of civilising New Guinea, a book like this might propagate a few false ideas. On the other hand, at least the reader will not think that New Guinea presents a problem that can be solved by Australia either quickly or simply.

It is worth comment that Rigby's book-production standards are improving. They needed to!

I will not attempt—in the space and the reviewing time available—to review each of the first six volumes in the "Australian Poets series" individually. Rather I shall make some comments on the series as an interesting and overdue publishing venture.

Each of the volumes is more attractively printed than Angus and Robertson's Sirius series. The cover is a little disappointing: neat but unimaginative and a little reminiscent of something that might have been designed by an *avant garde* designer in the twenties. Inside the covers there is nothing to criticise.

It is doubtful if there will be much sale for Victor Daley and Bernard O'Dowd at 8/6 and 7/6 respectively. Daley may prove too derivative and artificial, and O'Dowd too prosy and didactic for the modern reader. Shaw Neilson and Mary Gilmore appear to have better lasting qualities: the first for his highly personal blend of lyricism and mysticism, the latter for the pungent and honest expression of a humane personality.

I will be very disappointed if the volumes devoted to modern poets do not sell very well. I wonder if, in the past, there has not been too much tendency to print Australian poets in elegant but rather too expensive editions. This may have limited the market to the most devoted readers of poetry.

I hope that Angus & Robertson will show enough courage and initiative to publish new and little known poets as well. How can the young poet hope to survive and advance if he cannot publish a collected edition from time to time? The Penguin Modern Poetry series—with a selection of poems from three poets in each volume—could be copied with advantage for the newer poets.

A series which includes the early, the established contemporary and the new poets is badly needed to allow a wider audience to obtain some familiarity with the total body of Australian poetry. Out of such familiarity will grow a new assessment, both critical and popular, which might well affect the course of development of poetry in the future.

I have the impression that Australian poetry is not quite as vigorous as it showed promise of being a few years ago. Will this new venture give heart to the younger poets? Is there something wrong with poetry editing in Australia now? Having seen the resurgence of vigour in English poetry with poets like Ted Hughes, Thom Gunn and others, I am forced to think that Australian poetry is suffering at present from what Alvarez calls "the disease so often found in English culture: gentility".

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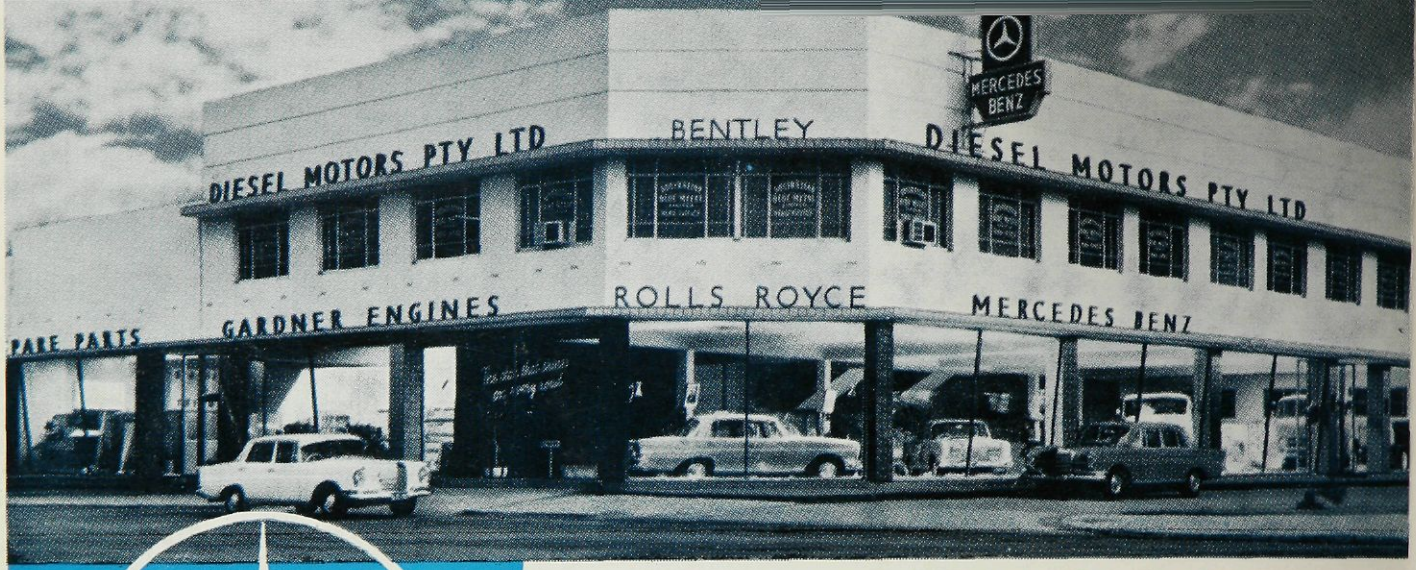

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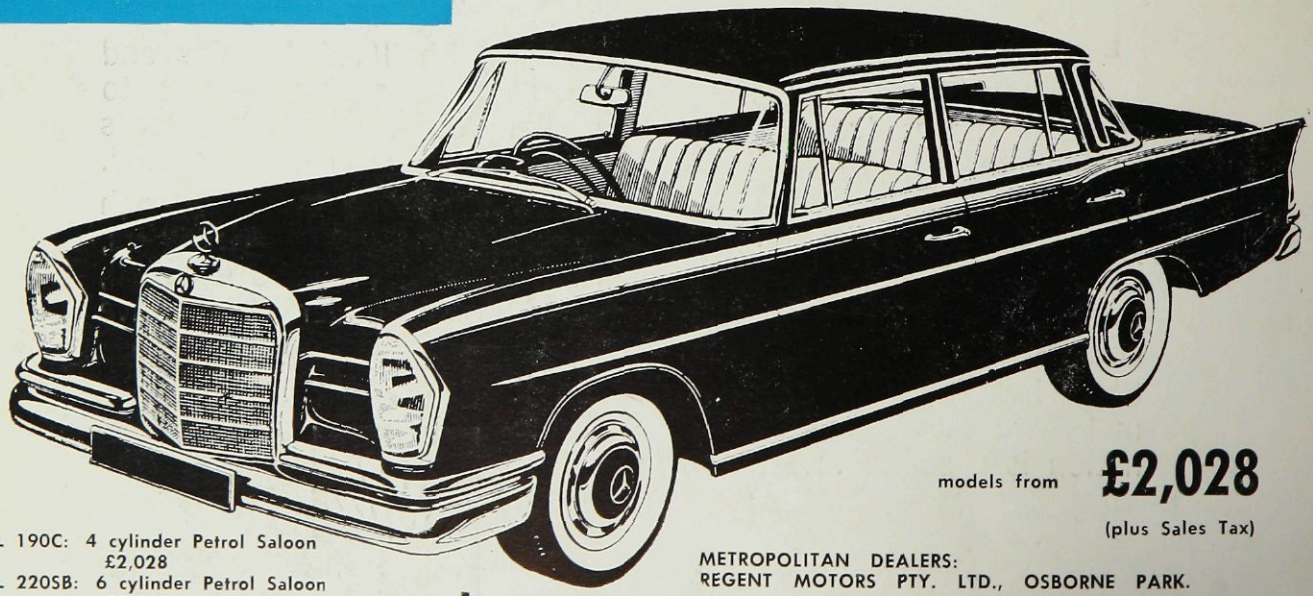

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