

Overland

NUMBER 16

TWO AND SIX



IAN TURNER

THE LIFE OF THE LEGEND

THE DRAWINGS OF PAUL HOGARTH

A. A. PHILLIPS ON LAWLER'S NEW PLAY

PAUL CARROLL—TWO SIGNALS

STORIES
FEATURES
POETRY
REVIEWS

OVERLAND

CONTENTS

STORIES	Page
TWO SIGNALS: <i>Paul Carroll</i>	3
DUGALD AND THE BISHOP: <i>Robert Clark</i> ..	9
A BLUE MOON: <i>Gordon Adler</i>	15
YOU CAN'T PASS IT ON: <i>E. Howard</i>	20
POETRY	
THE SATYR AND THE NYMPH: <i>David Martin</i> ..	13
<i>and poetry by Len Fox, Cyril Goode, Aileen Palmer, Ian Mudie, Geoffrey Dutton, Julian Woods, Lindsay M. Howell, Bruce Beaver, Robin Loftus, Nancy Cato, Noel Macainsh, John Manifold, Laurence Collinson, Barbara Devitt and Mary Gilmore.</i>	
FEATURES	
SWAG	21
THE DRAWINGS OF PAUL HOGARTH: <i>Noel Counihan</i>	22
THE LIFE OF THE LEGEND: <i>Ian Turner</i>	25
“THE PICCADILLY BUSHMAN”: <i>A. A. Phillips</i>	33
THE INTERVIEW: <i>Alfred O'Connor</i>	35
INDEX TO OVERLAND, NOS. 9-16	42
REVIEWS	35

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

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

TWO SIGNALS

Illustrated by Clem Millward

Home Signal

TEN o'clock and the Great Western "Distant" signal light shows all clear. It relieves you to know that the "Arrival" and "Departure" ahead will now also be all clear to give your train a through run.

Charley, your fireman, puts the staff into the automatic exchanger and lowers it down.

You are tempted to examine his fire while he is not looking. You decide against it and, as you crane your head out the cab window to check the signals, the blackness of the night is not comforting; it could work up to drizzly rain and you're hoping against that.

Charley reads the staff to you. "Great Western—Ararat."

Nodding acknowledgment, you ease open the throttle of old 886 A2 so as to keep her at the 40 m.p.h. goods limit. You're making a run for the preliminary hump of the main bank. Enginemen know this part of the track as "Basher's Hump" because both fireman and engine are on trial there as the driver calls for steam pressure and power and the aid of momentum to flog a heavily-loaded train over the sharp gradient.

Charley is trying not to let you see him lose occasional balance as he fires the rough riding old loco. He is holding steam pressure but that's all.

In your own mind you're framing a tactful excuse to take hold of the fire shovel. Charley has feelings and pride and you don't want to hurt him.

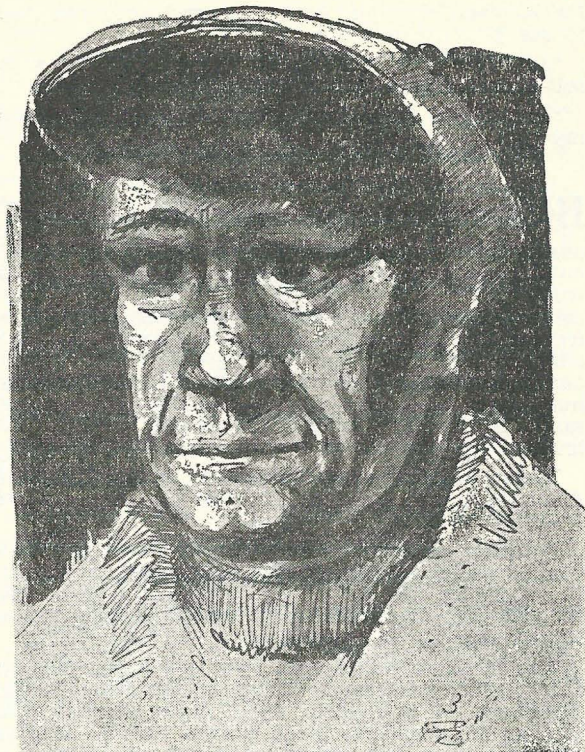
You let him go for a moment and cock your ear to 886's exhaust. In the engine beat you hear everything: her state of lubrication and hauling potential, the amount of rail adhesion and even the progress your mate is making with his firing. You hear it's time to be practical and your watch tells you that time will beat you unless you act soon.

And sure enough you see that inexperience has taken toll of Charley. He is working like hell; prepared if need be to shovel all the remaining three ton of coal into the fire-box without let-up.

You see also that he is suffering from fire-blindness; he has been trying to place his coal by looking into the white incandescence of the fire. Now he can't see his gauges. He is rattled and his hard work is being wasted—except to show that he is your mate and he doesn't want to let you down.

"Here, have a go at the sand lever. I've got screws in the shoulder," you lie to him, observing with some concern that 886 is 20 lb. down in steam.

You guide Charley into the driver's seat. He fumbles for the sand lever, grabs it with both hands and works it back and forth as though both your lives depended on his effort.



Shielding your eyes with the shovel blade you examine the lay of the fire. It's "light on" in the back corners and "green" in the middle. You try to recover steam by "chasing the bright spots."

The fire you spread has the mark of many years experience with hand-fired locos. You coax 886 like a nurse spoon-feeding a weak patient—a half shovel in the right back corner, a full one scattered down the side.

Any resentful ideas about exchanging the driver's seat for the labor of firing do not enter your mind. You have a special interest in keeping your train moving tonight and you are content to work for that objective.

And you know that your own firing skill is no discredit to your mate. Given normal experience he would have been a first class fireman; he never will be, though, for diesel electric traction has already claimed the present generation of young firemen. Steam is on the way out and somehow you're not sorry.

You tell Charley to wind the cut-off lever out to full forward gear, for 886 is only making a revolution a minute. Your worry is that the grade has pulled her speed down too quickly. If she stops here, she won't lift the train again.

You have, however, recovered ten pounds of lost steam pressure. You encourage her—"Come on you poor old bastard, we'll take the knock for ten minutes at Armstrong." You have a feeling for the old engine. She has been over fifty years on the road and you know her sluggish steaming and weak hauling power is not a real indication of the might of the A2 locomotive. But tonight your analysis tends towards whether she can get your train in with a minimum of delay. You take another anxious glance at your watch.

Charley is still working away at the sand lever. He doesn't know the sand gear is out of order.

He has got his sight back now and does not like to see you doing the firing.

"I'll give you a blow on the banjo," he says self-consciously.

"I'm right," you wave him off. "Helps to keep my weight down."

★

BETWEEN each stroke of plying the shovel between the bunker and the fire-hole you look anxiously at the starless heavy sky. With 886 all out in full gear and the steam pressure rising, it would only take a few spots of rain to destroy rail adhesion. Strange that the best adhesion comes from a dry rail or one doused with rain. It's the slightly wet rail that causes wheel-slip, when dampness mixes with rail dust to form a greasy pug, and it's uncontrollable without the aid of sand. It's ironic Charley is working a useless sand lever

You're driving a section ahead. Signal lights at Armstrong are showing all clear as that station is switched out.

Between Armstrong and Ararat there are two curves on a steeper bank. Your glance at the steam gauge shows you're holding the full 200 lb. pressure. But the water gauge glass shows a low level.

The dilemma you are in now is whether to stop at Armstrong to regain water in the boiler or to make use of a slightly level grade through the station for a run at those curves ahead. If you stop the train the ordeal of acceleration from a standing start might be too much for old 886. You're becoming worried about the tired engine; she might throw in the towel and stall. On the other hand it's a serious risk to allow a low boiler water level. The boiler fusible plugs might fuse and douse the fire to prevent boiler damage or explosion. The risk is not one of safety, but one that could nullify all your efforts in getting this far. You could, of course, call for another engine, but that means time lost. If you stick it out with old 886 there is still a show you will make it yet.

You've passed the "Outer Home Signal" at Armstrong. What are you going to do? Take advantage of a run or stop to gain water? Almost guiltily you decide on a run. You let old 886 make pace.

As though reminding you of your promise of a spell, 886 complains bitterly. Her worn-out springs and axle boxes make her vibrate and snake laterally with the lost rigidity of age. She groans and screeches a protest against metallic surfaces grinding unmercifully: surfaces designed to bind tightly together by rivets, bolts and wedges that are now mechanically fatigued and causing an agonising impediment to the smooth running of the engine motion gear. She is like an unfortunate whose faculties are shackled by spastic tremors—the outsider will patiently smile this away as an exaggerated comparison. But you're an engineman; you've grown to know engines as creatures and you never like hurting any form of life.

And your sentiment is so much stronger tonight because you know you are sacrificing the old engine to suit your own ends.

Charley is still loyally working away at the sand lever.

Old 886 is on the first curve which checks her pace again. Suddenly her exhaust beat becomes erratic. With dismay you know she's starting wheel-slip. You see fine rain on the cab window and you break the truth to your mate.

"The sand gear is blocked. We'll have to get blue metal on the rails."

Charley needs no further prompting. In a moment he dons his overcoat, grabs a hand lamp and leaves the slow-moving engine.

Old 886 is going so slow now that the speed recorder does not even register. And this is the crisis. One slip of the engine wheels and it's all over.

Charley runs ahead placing ballast stones on the rails. It's the only way to maintain rail adhesion. Old 886's driving wheels crunch the stones to a gritty powder and this gives the grip on the rail. Charley is well ahead and you see him bobbing up and down in the head-light beam.

At the same time you're paying for not stopping at Armstrong to regain water. It is a long time since you had the water injector operating. There is only an inch showing in the gauge glass. If you are to regain water in the glass it will have to be soon.

Charley is back in the cab and grinning happily at the chance to be useful. He leaves his overcoat on in readiness to chase ballast again.

God knows how you finally made the top of the bank. The grade to Ararat is mainly down-hill and Charley is firing again to get water back into the boiler.

You wind the gear lever back to a six inch cut-off then look back along the train and see the twinkling side lights of the guard's van. There is 800 tons of loading hanging on behind old 886 and every ton of it has had a claim in caking the dusty perspiration that is now irritating your eyes.

You reckon you've earned a smoke. The rhythmic clicking of the rails under old 886 tells you that gravitation has relieved her of the burden of her train on the down-grade. It also means you can rest your eyes against the dark shadows on the side of the track.

Street lights on the outskirts of Ararat are showing ahead. You shut the throttle gently. Now free from the demanding force of steam, old 886's frame assumes a grateful and settled rattle as she rolls the last mile on a steeper down-grade. As a sort of reward you fully open the lubricator feed valves to soothe her carbon-scored cylinders. In reality you're giving the next driver who takes her out a good start for his trip.

"Hey!" Charley calls out. "You've forgotten something, haven't you?"

Forgotten! Chris! Would you have battled all this way and not remember now? You give Charley a wry grin but you can't tell even him, your mate, that what he thinks is just your usual habit on this part of the track is really a deep personal matter.

Your delay is from experience with the force and direction of the wind. You stay your hand on the whistle lever for a moment yet. Then you pull it back firmly and sound one long whistle—one short—two long. That whistle code has nothing to do with the railways. You hope it has been heard.

At 11.30 p.m. your train rolls into the Ararat station yard. The night-shift shunters are on now and ask with good natured sarcasm: "Where in ' bloody hell have you been?" They too know 886. They've now got an extra train on their hands which would have been re-marshalled by the afternoon shift had you arrived on time.

But you've no feeling of guilt here because you know you could not have flogged 886 any more than you did. You are more anxious to look for two particular figures among those moving about the yard. If they don't appear, all your efforts

could easily be in vain. A shunter flashes a red light. You apply the air brake.

"Who wants to go home around here," comes the welcome voice of an "available" crew from the semi-darkness.

"It's all yours," you answer with your kit-bag already slung over your shoulder.

Here it is—relief!

It takes only a couple of minutes to decide the time of relief and report one or two of 886's worst defects.

You come down from the footplate.

Deliciously unfettered, you make for the yard gate. The night air no longer chills or depresses. Somehow there is an odd sense of feeling it on your skin—smooth and restful.

You bid Charley "So long," not forgetting to remark that he has done a good job. He was not

officially obliged to chase that blue metal. For him it was enough that you asked him. A damn good mate, Charley.

Your feet double their stride. You think back on the dark and silent house you've been coming home to for weeks past. Always in the small hours of the morning. But tonight it will be neither dark nor silent.

You know long before you turn the corner of your street that that one luxury of home-coming is now yours. And the very simplicity of it sparkles the rareness of the gem.

The companionship of your good wife pouring two cups of tea. And a bright homely kitchen—burning a Home Signal that means everything to you who drive on the iron road.

Distant Signal

LITTLE did the repair gang, pulling homeward on the last sharp rise into Ararat, realise they were known to the woman on the house beside the railway line. Yet she knew them not by name but by time.

She knew every row-boat exertion on the hand bars and foot stirrups of their trolleys as punctuated minutes nearer 4.15 p.m.—all signifying to her that soon the children would be home from school.

Three glasses of milk and a plate of cakes were already on the table as the children bounded into the kitchen. The eldest, a boy of seven, excitedly waved a crayon colored paper.

"Got ten for a picture," he shouted proudly. "Look! Can I show it to Dad tonight?"

"Not tonight, dear," wryly smiled the mother. "You'll be asleep when Daddy comes home. Never mind. It's a beautiful picture and I'll make sure he sees it."

"And Dad was asleep this morning when we were up too," the bigger girl spoke the boy's disappointment.

The youngest girl buried her face in the glass of milk. She was only becoming aware of this "Dad not being home" business since she started school this year.

"What about the picnic on Sunday, Mum?" the boy asked with anticipation. "Can Dad take us?"

"Get your clothes changed now before you go out and play," the mother interpolated deliberately. On Sunday Dad would be "8.50 a.m. Melbourne fast goods: return Monday." Time enough later to gently make that known.

An hour in the garden appealed to her now. Soon she became absorbed in her "pieces" bed; the subject of some good humored banter from her husband. The rest of the garden, planned in perennials, she shared with him in an equal pleasure. But this little plot held an indefinable contentment for her.

Here a humble cacti and a royal dahlia ranked even with an unidentified cutting from a neighbor's garden. It was all a potpourri she was conscious of creating as an outlet for a special yearning; a symbol of a life undominated by artificial interference.

★

And now her hour was expended. She stuck the weeding fork in the ground near the water tap and turned towards the house. Yet it was no time-piece that sent her from the garden.



It was the shrill whistle of a diesel locomotive at the level-crossing a half mile down the line. Now, as every day, she saw the arriving Horsham "Flyer"—the time was 5.20 p.m.

Tea time for a young family varies little in the average home. A mixture of first rounding up the juveniles, the constant vigilance on table manners, firmness of persuasion towards eating fads, settling disputes, a dunk in the bath and the final closing of the bedroom door on "Don't forget to show Dad that picture."

Up to this point it is an average evening for her. Then comes the difference.

The quiet. The almost sudden silence. She is at once alone.

Normally the radio helps to fill the emptiness of her kitchen. But tonight marks nearly two weeks of solitary evenings, and somehow emphasises the artificial companionship of any wireless program.

She turns off the radio and looks for an occupation compatible with her mood. Knitting and reading? Cutting out a girl's dress pattern? Perhaps the embroidery basket or the ever-full darning box? She experiences an unsatisfactory, near unsettling, choice and, chin draped on forearm over the back of a chair, she ponders.

How firmly she fought against this nine years ago. In fact, even as a child her vow had formulated.

Dad was the soft opening or closing of the back door in the middle of the night. A father cut off from her by a barrier of tiredness when he arrived home late in the morning. He was the quick excitement of precious little minutes when as a school-girl she arrived home to cross his departure. Yet always she seemed to see him, kit bag slung over his shoulder; an elusive image of affection ever claimed by those horrid black snarling creatures.

And her mother trying to fill the paternal gap. Those were the impressionable years of a child needing both Dad and Mum. So it had to be through Mum that she really came to know her father.

There was the small box in the cupboard where Mum kept prepared foment for Dad's inflamed eyes, injured by hot cinders. And the saucepan set aside on the kitchen stove for specially steamed meals; an ulcerated stomach being the occupational disease of irregular eating and sleeping hours.

It was Mum who passed on to her a book page-marked by Dad to indicate an interesting adjunct to her school work. And Mum covering up for Dad on a rare off-duty lapse; the socially deprived man in unique contact with his fellow man over a working man's beverage.

But then there were the glorious days of his annual leave when Dad was her's. Then there was his retirement. A reward for forty years of being shackled to those black snarling creatures.

In the second year of retirement Dad died.

Never, she had vowed, would she live her mother's life.

★

She had felt exhilarated with happiness that night at the front gate. They had danced together most of the evening. And it was not only the sincerity of his shy stumbling request to take her home that attracted her. Jack, she knew, was **him**. Then there was his innocent parting remark.

"Some people are lucky going to bed."

Then her query leading to a shivering stark enlightenment. He was a loco fireman leaving her for a shift on a night train. She could still see his alarm at her tear-filled eyes as she fled into the house.

How she fought against it all. Yet she knew well that her attempts to break with Jack were futile. There was her desperate ultimatum that he must find another job. And his pleading that six years' firing service had entitled him to sit for his driver's certificate.

She had gone to her mother for strength in her fight and instead found truth. The ageing woman in the wisdom of years soon laid out the true perspective in a single question: "Would Jack's personality survive a frustrated ambition?" And then another spoken in soft words that finally settled it: "What makes you think that your father and I were not happy?"

FROM the level crossing down the line came the shrill sound of a diesel locomotive whistle.

Automatically she turned her head and checked the kitchen clock.

"8.30 p.m. The Adelaide fast goods 'is fifteen minutes late," she mused. 'Every night she heard that whistle with routine composure. Tonight, though, it suddenly seized her. She jumped to her feet. "Blarsted trains." She cried audibly and nervously snapped on the radio switch.

Her knuckles whitened with pressure on the volume control as she tried to drown out the noise of the train drawing closer.

But her emotions subsided with the train's diminishing roar. She dabbed a handkerchief to her eyes and adjusted the radio to play on quietly. It was her first resentful outburst in nine years.

She settled herself on the chair beside the stove and soon her knitting needles clicked over the opening page of a novel. She always knitted for company and the added interchange between radio and novel was somehow deliberate. She knew she could be absorbed in neither. They served only to keep her occupied. Her attention was alert and reserved for sounds in the night outside.

She realised what was the real reason for her outburst. Today was a day of a shattered dream and strangely it was Jack who had kindled it for her.

It came about early in their marriage. On the all too rare day-shift he sat on the second chair by the stove. "This is good," he said simply and contentedly. How greedily she fanned this spark, akin to her own desire for a normal home life.

As time went on she saw her dream take shape when he remarked wistfully one evening: "If only a man could drive by day and be home at nights." It took a lot of self discipline not to seize that moment to induce him to break forever with driving. But her mother's words remained indelible in her memory.

And finally, a year ago, the dream became a yearning they could mutually share. "When we pay off the house," he said earnestly, "I'll go for a day shift job in the shed. It'll be less pay but there's more in life than just working for a living." Lonely nights seemed only a period of waiting after he had said that.

But this morning, as they talked over an early lunch before he left, Jack seemed to gamble the vision away.

"These diesel locomotives are going to change things for us," he remarked. "Good clean working conditions, no more sparks in the eyes. They pull heavier loads faster and that means less trains. So we can go for better rostering and mileage payments which means shorter hours. It'll mean a far better home life than we ever knew on the steam engine."

To her, a diesel was just another locomotive; but it was nonetheless a reality and she knew that Jack was speaking honestly.

Only the yearning was an illusion; for Jack the engine-driver still remained Jack the breadwinner. And well she knew of his unspoken apprehensions; of looking at the extra income in the light of what its absence would deprive, of calculating how the children's educational ambitions might suffer, and above all the fear of the future itself against which the low wage earner's only insurance is a fine thread of hope that nothing will happen. Thus it would always be, "I'll hang on a bit longer. It's a bit risky to take a drop in pay yet."

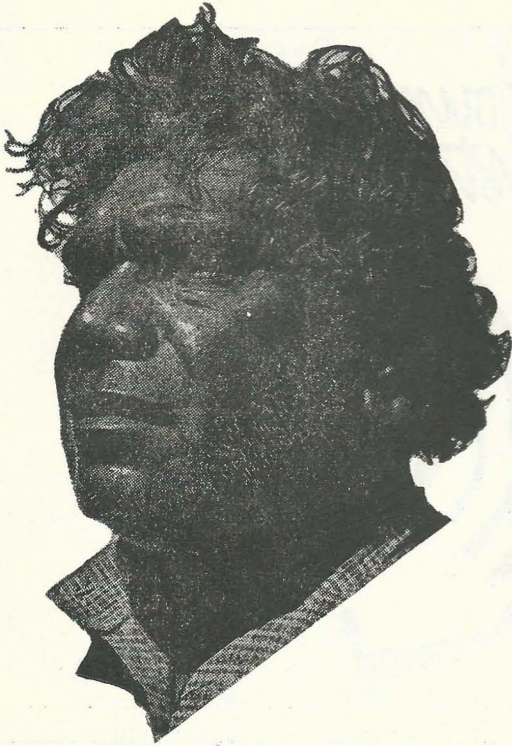
Never was she more enlightened as to why her father then, like Jack now, could be so shackled to those creatures. And now another yearning was

Namatjira

Our sons will come in far-off centuries,
Look at his paintings, say here was a man
Whose life was happy, in whose blood there ran
The joy we see in scarlet earth, white trees,
The orange plain, brown rock, the sky blue-gold;
Here was a man who knew his share of praise
And friends to laugh with him through all his days
And honors mounting high as he grew old.

And then they'll read—how will they understand
The words that tell them how we wounded him
Until his burning eyes with hurt grew dim
And the strength faded from his loving hand
And he wandered out alone beneath the sky
Knowing our bone was pointed, he must die?

LEN FOX



Namatjira

(A Study in Extreme Unction)

Think of the poisoned wells, the flour that was
leavened so liberally with strychnine crystals
till the tribes were swatted out like mosquitoes
that we slap after dinner. This and hired
hunters with their strings of ears swung
necklet-wise; and squatters shouting: "Black
Vel-vet!" and "Tally Ho, they run like deers!"
Bai Jove, some fun was had a short while back.

A different time. A different method. "Friends
we'll break this coloured man who tries to paint;
citizenship, that's it! A blackman tends
to honour family ties—a foolish taint!"
thus lesser breeds within the law arise
to strike and then mourn when their victim dies.

CYRIL GOODE

created in her—for the human implications of
mechanical progress

★

Once again in the darkness outside a diesel loco
whistled. This time she really listened to it. It
came to her as a new sound and she wondered
at the strange sympathy of its tones.

Then came an old sound; like a tired lament
crying out the degeneration of a once proud
clarion. It was the whistle of a steam locomotive
and, again strangely to her, it seemed to be in
sympathy—as though it was pleading blameless-
ness as a man-made creature and bequeathing hope
for her in its very redundancy.

She looked at the kitchen clock: 11.15 p.m. This
time she listened—expectantly. The interim silence
seemed endless. Then the steam engine whistle
sounded again clear and urgent—one long—one
short—two long. It was a code whistle; a signal
meaningless to the railways yet carrying a message
from the distance between the cab of the loco-
motive and the home where she waited. Jack was
coming home.

She had no need for preparation except to liven
up the wood coals in the stove and move over the
simmering kettle.

On the kitchen table, waiting, were two tea cups
and a child's crayon-colored paper.

Two Australian Records

Worthy of note are two new 45 r.p.m. records
of Australian songs. The Austral Singers perform
"The Drover's Dream", "The Old Man Kangaroo",
"Bush Lullaby" and "Song of Australia" on one
record, and the Southern Folksingers perform
"Waltzing Matilda", "Click Go the Shears", "Bot-
any Bay" and the lovely "Andy's Gone with
Cattle" on the other. Enquiries to Opal Recordings,
300 Burwood Road, Hawthorn, Victoria.

"Yandy"

At last the story of Don McLeod's remarkable
co-operative of Aborigines at Port Hedland (W.A.)
has been told. There could be no more welcome
addition to the Australian bookshelf than Donald
Stuart's "Yandy", just published as Overland goes
to press. We prophesy a big future for this book
and will be covering it further in a future issue.
"Yandy" is issued by Georgian House at 18/-. The
Australasian Book Society is issuing the book as
a choice. The dust-cover, one of the finest ever
seen on a book in this country, is Jim Wigley's oil
painting, "Don McLeod and his Mob".

"SCORE" INTRODUCES "YOUNG AUSTRALIA"

"Here for the first time is a rare opportunity to have in one's home a record of young Australian artists. Coming from every State, they show clearly that Australia's musical future is in good hands . . ."

Artists include: The Australian Youth Orchestra, MacRobertson Girls' High School Choir, Phillip Miechel and Max Reeder, Michael Wentzell, Anthony Fenelon and Geoffrey Michaels.

1—12" L.P., POL 019, 57/6.

PETER MANN RECORDINGS

3 ESTELLA STREET,

GLEN IRIS, VIC. BL 2461



Pools Of The Cinnabar Range

By FLEXMORE HUDSON

Flexmore Hudson's latest book of verse will rival "As Iron Hills" in catching and holding the interest of every lover of significant Australian poetry. Beauty, power, and a vivid feeling for our modern world are interwoven into poems, many of which will earn a high place in contemporary Australian verse.

Sponsored by the Commonwealth Literary Fund.

PRICE 15/- (Postage 10d.)

ROBERTSON & MULLENS LTD.

107-113 ELIZABETH STREET, MELBOURNE, C.1, VIC.



DUGALD AND THE BISHOP

by Robert Clark



THE Sunday countryside slept in the light of its patron orb. Only the little church was awake at the foot of the hill, staring with expectant windows and open doors at the flat world extending into the distance beyond. A nestle of cars and utilities lined the post and wire fence, but clouds of dust at intervals across the plain betokened other vehicles scurrying to the Sabbath rendezvous. It was not only Sunday, it was a special Sunday, for it would be the first time in living memory the Church had been visited by a bishop.

"Amy McIntosh's in a hurry," said Abe Gordon looking in the direction of a dust cloud in the south.

"Perhaps Dugald's coming to communion."

A slow grin crossed the faces of the half dozen men standing near the gate. They were regular attendants who manned this position every Sunday and filled themselves with the hors-d'oeuvres of conversation in preparation for the more solid, though less satisfying, fare to come. Today their post offered special advantages because they examined and commented on, one by one, those who were showing their faces for the first time in one, two or three years.

"It may be Dugald at the wheel," said Herb Sollicker, "but I'll put a quid in the plate if he gets out of the car."

"I'll make it two," said Abe lazily.

There was no danger, everyone felt, of losing money, but to have gone higher would have been ostentatious, and the group fell silent before passing to other topics.

One by one cars slid into the nest by the fence, the clouds of dust dropped back and dissolved into the plain and none came to take their place. Groups of two or three, some with, some without, children, some confidently as from long custom, others sheepishly as if they felt as uncomfortable in this place as in their naphthalene scented suits, walked through the gate and up the gravelled path. The verger came to the door and gave his accustomed signal. The men stubbed cigarettes or knocked out pipes and moved slowly in the same direction. Herb Sollicker was mounting the steps and removing his hat when he was nearly toppled backwards by a jerk on his coat.

"Got your money, Herb?"

Perched on the top step, he turned and stared. Coming through the gate was Amy McIntosh, and, a step behind, her husband Dugald, looking the hard bitten, red-headed, fire-eating highlander he was. The occasion was momentous and they stepped aside to let them pass.

"G'day, Amy." "G'morning Mrs. McIntosh." "G'day Dugald." "G'day Dugald," they murmured severally.

Mrs. McIntosh smiled happily, though a trifle selfconsciously. Dugald, looking at no one, grunted and followed on after his wife.

The church was already crowded and those who had turned their head at every entrance nudged their neighbors and soon every head was craning to see the spectacle of Dugald McIntosh seated between the wall and his wife. A bishop was worth coming to see, but who would have expected a bishop and Dugald McIntosh in one church! Lord, what times we lived in!

For Dugald was bred and reared a Presbyterian, and once a Presbyterian, always a Presbyterian was Dugald's view, even though his adherence to his father's faith was mainly of the negative kind that kept him away from church altogether, there being no Presbyterian establishment for sixty miles around. Unknown to himself he had become a free-thinker over the years and he knew as little about Presbyterian dogmas as an uneducated pagan. He was an independent spirit and a prodigious reader. Partly because of this he was highly respected throughout the district, but even more because he knew his job and the ways of the world, and there was none among the farmers, graziers, agents and drovers, in whose vicinity his life sauntered its solitary course, who could teach him anything or show him a point. Except for a short period in Gallipoli, he had not been out of Australia, but he roamed the world through the pages of books. Fiery-headed and laconic, he indulged occasional mind blurts of alarming candor which gave him the reputation of a morose, unfriendly man. He was, in fact, almost friendless, for the two school-day cronies he saw each time he went into the township were a habit rather than an inclination, but he was no misanthrope. He had no friends, because friends, to a reserved and exacting nature, are hard to come by.

But he had a wife whom he adored. She was as magnificent a piece of womanhood as Dugald was a scraggy and unkempt specimen of raw masculinity, and he had never really recovered from the shock when she agreed to marry him. The twenty years since that event had passed in an untroubled haze of uneventful happiness, in which his Airedale-like devotion had been able to deny her nothing, nothing except his company at church. She was a devout Anglican and Dugald had turned a deaf ear to her many entreaties, for to him the English Church was almost as far removed from Calvinism as Popery. In recent years she had wisely given up trying, until this morning when what she had said was special and not easily refused.

She was still recovering from the shock when they took their seats in the pew. She silently reviled the rubber-necks, but attention was soon taken from her husband as the ecclesiastical procession entered the church. All eyes, except Dugald's, were fastened on the face and figure under the mitre.

It was a gentle face, yet strong with the strength of intelligence rather than experience. My Lord Bishop had led a sheltered life. Born of a junior

branch of an old English family, he had followed innumerable forebears to Winchester and then graduated to Oxford. After a brilliant degree, he read for holy orders and served his novitiate in various middle class parishes in Southern England until the time, which everybody forecast was certain to come, when he was appointed to a bishopric, even though, as it turned out, it was only in the Antipodes. He had never known life in the open, but he sought to compensate for this by a wide reading, which he pursued with discrimination and judgment. He had handicaps for an Australian diocese, but he was no fool.

The service tinkled on uneventfully, except for a slight scuffle during the collection when, unknown to the congregation, certain persons saw to it that promises to the plate were fulfilled. Conscientious of the stain on him, Mrs. McIntosh eyed her husband furtively from time to time. He grunted disgustedly once or twice and refused to kneel for the prayers, but he stood mutely through the hymns and it looked as if he were going to see it through without overt protest. She was too anxious to find enjoyment in the service, but, as it progressed, her fears gradually subsided, although she made the decision never to press him to church again. Then the Bishop entered the pulpit. His text was "We have all sinned." Mrs. McIntosh would have gladly surrendered herself to the modulations of the strong English voice repeating the ancient, well-loved dogmas, if it had not been for her husband by her side. As each moment passed, he grew more and more restless. She kept an anxious eye on her watch. Ten minutes went—she breathed more freely—it could not be much longer—already there were signs of the approaching peroration. "What the world needs my friends, is a conviction of Sin."

★

Suddenly, without any warning, Dugald was on his feet. He glared for a second at the preacher, heedless of the clutching hand of his wife on his coat, and then stumbled noisily past her and the bank manager's family, muttering savagely to himself words that only his wife could understand. The Bishop stood frozen in the middle of a sentence, and all heads were craned round watching the disturbance. Arrived in the aisle he turned to go out, and then paused. Suddenly he wheeled around and pointed a long raking forefinger at the preacher.

"You're wrang, mon," he thundered, "You're wrang. You're wrang to buggery."

With that he stumped angrily down the aisle and out into the morning sunshine, leaving an acutely embarrassed silence behind him. The Bishop's eyes were closed. Mrs. McIntosh's face was scarlet, and the congregation were suddenly aware of the discomfort of the wooden seats. An uneasy stir went through them. The Bishop opened his eyes and smiled. It was a wonderful smile, warm and understanding, filled with a humorous realisation of his own situation.

"Brothers and sisters," he said quietly, "I have felt for a long time that a sermon is a one-sided affair. Except for the few dogmas of our church, which we are bound to accept, there is no reason why a preacher should speak as if he were the law-giver. Our brother who has just walked out has convicted me of that error this morning. As I had very little more to say I suggest we proceed with the service in a spirit of brotherly love, remembering that the Church was, and is still, the first democracy."

A wave of happy relief swept the congregation and they turned to the closing ritual of the service. Mrs. McIntosh could have knelt and worshipped him on the spot.

THE following day the Bishop was due at Only Siding. It was an exceptionally hot day with the sun temperature soaring towards the 200 mark and a searing north wind blowing from the interior. Ten miles out he had a puncture. As he was travelling alone, he thought it not improper to shed his black coat, collar and purple front, and clad only in trousers and light cotton singlet he set out to change the wheel. Wheel changing in a furnace had not been included in the curriculum at Oxford, and it was some time before it was finished, but finished it was at last. Dusting the loose dirt from his hands he surveyed distastefully the ingrained black and brown residue that nothing but soap and water would remove and decided there was no point in resuming his collar and coat until he was nearer his destination. Thankfully he climbed behind the wheel, but the starter whirred and the battery silently flattened with no result. With a great weariness of the spirit the Lord Bishop climbed out again and lifted the bonnet. Everything there looked exactly the same as it had always looked. Knowing nothing about the anatomy of motor cars he had always assumed that the proper place to look for mechanical breakdowns was underneath the chassis (that was where mechanics were found in photographs or when one wanted them), so reluctantly he climbed down into the dust. Lying on his back and craning his head from side to side he banged everything industriously with a piece of wood, but there was nothing loose and everything seemed as mysteriously right as under the bonnet.

He was pondering his situation when he became aware of the four legs of a horse and two wheels in the crack of his horizon. He contorted like a toy snake in the dust and eventually poked his head out from under the chassis, much as a tortoise would. There above him was a horse, then a masher dray, and further up still a moth-eaten elderly man looking down at him with a dull, vacant expression. A wave of thankfulness washed through the Bishop. Relief at last.

"Are you a mechanic?" he asked.

"No. I'm a McCorquindale," answered the face dully.

There was a silence as the Bishop struggled with his conundrum which, for the moment, he was unable to comprehend. The seated figure in the masher dray, apparently considering the conversation at an end, lifted and let the reins fall on the moke's back, and the equipage moved off with a squeak and wobble of wheels. The Bishop watched it go in silent stupefaction.

Then he started to talk to himself in a steady stream of words that only a Bishop's training can make possible.

"You rotten, miserable, uncommunicative hound: you wretched, stupid, dunderhead: you unreasonable, skulking old devil: you piebald, liver-pated bit of sausage meat: you dirty, thieving old skinflint: you parsimonious, herring-gutted dogsbody." By this time the dray was out of ear shot and the Bishop raised his voice in final shout of exasperated justification.

"You can go to—you can go to—to buggery."

Satisfied, yet a little appalled, he dropped into silence.

It was then that he noticed the figure by the fence. He screwed his head round and saw a scraggy red-headed man dressed in khaki shirt and trousers, leaning over the fence, a straw in his mouth, his arm looped through the reins of his horse which was nosing the dead grass at his feet. The Bishop squirmed from under the car and stood up, dusting himself as best he could in the process. He looked a sorry sight. By this time the stranger



had climbed through the fence, leaving his horse with the reins hanging, and stood by the Bishop.

Neither recognised the other. Even the Dean of the Diocese would not have recognised his Bishop, and the Bishop's previous glimpse of Dugald had been so explosive that he had been capable of taking in only what had been said. His pre-occupation at the moment was whether

this stranger had heard the word he himself had been groomed in the day before.

"Stuck?" remarked Dugald laconically.

"Yes," confided the Bishop. "Do you know anything about cars?"

For answer Dugald stepped across and stared under the bonnet.

"You'll have to wait," he said.

The Bishop's heart sank. A land of horses and pioneers who were incapable of expressing anything but the obvious. He looked unhappily up and down the empty, shimmering road.

"Yes, I suppose that's all I can do."

Dugald glanced at him, half suspicious, half wondering.

"You can give me a hand," he stated, "while you're waiting."

"Certainly," said the Bishop, suddenly absurdly happy in the realisation that he had not been recognised. He was anonymous—just a man to this man. "What to do?"

"Help get that strainer back into position."

The two men were a strange contrast as they climbed through the fence and, followed by the horse, walked across the paddock—the Englishman, for all his dust and dishevelment, brisk and precise in every movement and gesture, the Australian lumbering and unhurried. The Bishop made an effort to float a conversation but the seas of Dugald's taciturnity were too much, and nothing of any consequence was said. The Bishop put his shoulder

AUSTRALIAN BOOKS OF CHARM, INSIGHT, CONTROVERSY AND FRIENDSHIP

A Bushman's Year

by JACK HYETT

Photographs by Don Wirth.
Nature sketches by Ron Edwards.
Introduction by Alan Marshall.

This collection of 120 essays on the Australian bush is sweeping the continent like a bushfire. It has been called "an artless masterpiece" and praised widely for its informed and engaging presentation of the wonders of nature in our land. 30/-.

Saturday Afternoon

by NEILMA SIDNEY

Designed and illustrated by
Allison Forbes

Seven stories, of Australians at home and abroad, by a graceful and perceptive writer who speaks with a voice that is new to Australian literature. Her poignant, nostalgic stories she tells with beauty and tenderness, touching them now and then with sympathetic comedy. 22/6.

Television Crime-Drama

by R. J. THOMSON

Senior Research Officer, Dept. of
Audio-Visual Aids, Univ. of Melb.

A pungent report on the findings of carefully controlled experiments made by the Department to determine the impact of television films of violence on the perceptions, attitudes and general psychological adjustment of children and adolescents. It is in two parts, one for laymen, the other for specialists. Illustrated with chains of photographs showing the reactions of young people watching tension programs. 25/-.

BOOKS BY ALAN MARSHALL

I Can Jump Puddles: Reprinted several times here, published in America, translated into German, it is the timeless story, told with courage and humor and understanding, of his crippled childhood in a country town. 18/9

These are my People: The affectionate account of his travels by horse-drawn caravan around northern Victoria meeting the battlers of the bush. 18/9

How's Andy Going? Short stories that illuminate Australian town and country life. 16/-

At all Bookshops

Published by **CHESHIRE'S**
MELBOURNE AND CANBERRA

SPAN

edited by Lionel Wigmore
for the Canberra Fellowship of
Australian Writers

"An adventure in Asian and Australian Writing," this book is aptly sub-titled. In short stories and poems, by 72 modern authors living in Australia and 11 Asian lands, it forms an imaginative, stimulating, and lasting bridge of friendship. 25/-.

to the post and heaved and struggled. It was a stubborn job, but his training in the eight proved its value and the job was at last done. Dugald looked at him admiringly.

"You've got a bit of draft in you for a city bloke."

The Bishop hadn't a clue to the reference, but he recognised it for a compliment.

"I try to keep fit," he said modestly.

As Dugald finished the wiring, the Bishop stood by and chatted, and Dugald answered him. How it came about neither of them could afterwards remember, but they were soon absorbed in a discussion on theology and Dugald was explaining to his companion how it was he didn't go to church because of those outworn, unreal dogmas like original sin. To his surprise this athletic, dirty-looking city slicker supported the idea of original sin, and asked him how otherwise he could account for the cruelties of convict settlements, Hitler and the Belsen Camp. Dugald couldn't, because in spite of his Presbyterian breeding he had never given a thought to original sin until the day before—he only knew, when it was put to him, that it revolted his whole nature. So with the shrewdness of the world he countered by feeling for his opponent's weaknesses. He asked his companion whether he thought that a three-year-old child was sinful and what consciousness of original sin did he have on a lovely spring morning. These were both problems which had given the Bishop many hours of pondering—he knew all the stock theological responses, but they had never satisfied him, and he was man enough not to trot them out now.

The conversation went backwards and forward, both men happily semi-conscious only of their surroundings. They stood leaning on the strainer for a long time and then automatically, as if worked by a mechanism outside themselves, moved slowly back to the car. When they at last stood beside it again, they came to themselves and were silent. The blanket of taciturnity fell again over Dugald. The Bishop looked hopelessly up and down the road.

"Better try her," said Dugald.

Lacking faith and only to humor his new found friend, he climbed behind the wheel and pressed the starter. The engine burst into a mighty roar under his over-anxious foot and a smile of incredulous relief lit the Bishop's face.

"They usually start when you've let 'em cool," shouted Dugald, but the Bishop, anxious not to let the engine fade, did not hear a word above the roar. But he nodded happily, only anxious to be off while the engine was prepared to go.

"Goodbye," he shouted, "goodbye, and thank you very much."

He shot away with a jerk. Dugald stood and watched the car weave its cloud of dust down the road.

★

Next Sunday morning Mrs. McIntosh was astonished to find Dugald climbing into his best clothes when she came into the bedroom to dress for Church.

"Do you think you should, Dugald." It was her first word of reproof since the previous Sunday. "It's the Bishop again on his way back."

"Yeh, I know," said Dugald sheepishly, "but I'll behave, I promise."

He waited, but the question he expected, and wanted, didn't come. He went on:

"He's bloody well mad, but I've got to find out what his kind says about these things and why."

Again he fell silent. She did not speak and he went on.

"I met a bloke on the siding road last Monday. We were talking about religion."

She listened to his story.

"That must have been the Bishop on his way to Only Siding," she said at length.

"Bishop!" snorted Dugald, filled with intense relief at having taken the offensive, "Bishop!" he laughed. "Some Bishop he'd make. You ought to have heard his language—kept it up for a full ten minutes after that galah McCorquindale left him and didn't repeat himself once. Never heard anything like it in me life. And it would have done you good to see his muscle. Bishop. Hah!"

There were still more curious glances and wondering minds in church that morning. Would he do it again? Disgraceful, if he did. Mrs. McIntosh was uncomfortable, but secure—she knew her man. Dugald was indifferent. He sat in careless stolidity.

The procession entered the Church as on the Sunday before and took their places. Settled in his seat, the Bishop turned and surveyed the congregation. Dugald grunted and leaned forward in his seat, staring intently at the face.

"Well, I'll be danged!" he exclaimed in a voice that could be heard all over the Church.

"Ssh," murmured his wife placing a hand on his arm, her security gone.

Dugald sat back, his face a study which even his wife could not decipher. His conduct from then on was exemplary. He listened intently to the sermon, but left during the singing of the last hymn.

Mrs. McIntosh stood outside the church and chatted to members of the congregation in her usual manner. No one made any reference to him, but she was puzzled. What had possessed him in service? Why had he left? Where was he now? Had he walked home?

The yard had emptied and she was on the point of driving home alone, when her world suddenly burst into flowers and became air borne. Around the corner of the church came her husband and the Bishop in close, amicable discussion. Through a cloud she heard Dugald's voice.

"I've asked the Bishop home to dinner, Amy."

Mrs. McIntosh has never been able to remember what she gave the Bishop for dinner. The blessed sight of her husband and the Bishop, talking and laughing as if they would never stop, was sobered by only one jarring thought. What were the words the Bishop used on the Siding Road?

Dugald goes to church twice yearly now, once on the Bishop's annual visit, and once to an ordinary service, from a sense of courtesy, to hear the parish priest.

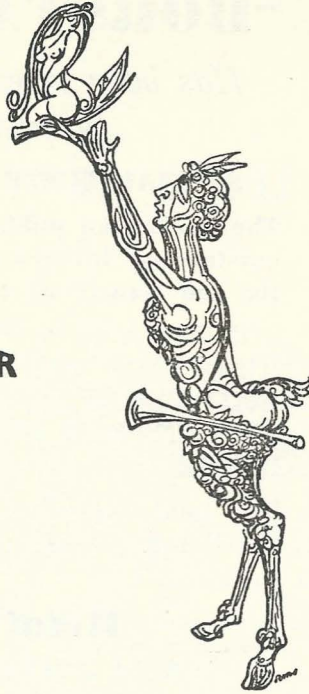
Please include me on the mailing list for new releases by WATTLE RECORDINGS and THE FOLK MUSIC RECORD CLUB.

Mail to 131 Cathedral Street, Sydney.

Name (Mr., Mrs., Miss).....

Address.....

THE SATYR AND THE NYMPH



Satyr: One of a class of Greek woodland deities in human form with horse's ears and tail (or, as represented by Romans, with goat's ears, tail, legs and budding horns); lustful or beastly minded men.

Oxford Dictionary.

A SATYR of the Roman designation
Once spied a Nymph desporting in a glade.
Her little rump was all that gods desire,
Her breasts two spring clouds with two buds of fire,
Flanking a valley of inviting shade.

The Satyr's heart inside his human portion
Was beating like a kettle drum in must.
He scarce restrained his ardent hooves from prancing

Down to the meadow where the minx was dancing,
Lest she suppose him full of beastly lust.

The Satyr, as a man, knew man's temptations,
But as a goat he felt himself maligned.
His Super-Ego and his Id commingling,
He seldom knew which of his parts was tingling,
Or where his own, undoubted soul to find.

As with all creatures, mortal or immortal,
One half of him was shadow, one was light.
One shrank from beauty, not to be devoured,
The other hankered to be overpowered—
A problem never yet resolved in flight.

At length, remembering his reputation,
He plunged into her presence through the scrub,
Fully determined that he would decoy her
To some quiet grotto, and in peace enjoy her,
And make her love him—never mind his stub.

Not every little Nymph's a nymphomaniac!
She knew her woodcraft, and she wasn't slow
To run to where an olive tree grew handy,
And skip aloft—and let her horned and bandy
Inamorato cool his heels below.

Safe from his ardor in her leafy arbor
She started scolding till the thicket rang;
To him her posture and her prose were charming.
Trusting sincerity would prove disarming
And douse the fire of her Latin slang—

When she fell silent he became loquacious.
"Behold," cried he, "my most distressful hap!
Not by thy nude perfection am I captured:
Thy total being holds my heart enraptured,
Descend and let me lay it in thy lap.

"O that I were a Faun, a sylvan shepherd,
Or that I knew the harmonies of Pan
To pipe thy name through thousand new romances!
O disregard the goat's appurtenances—
And what's a half-god, but a suffering man?"

"Come down, I prithee, from that elevation,
Or wilt thou stay forever on the shelf?
I doubt not that thy gentle touch will save me.
A wife I need, a mate, and how I crave thee!
Be thou a woman to my nobler Self."

She merely hooted at this peroration.
"Needst thou a wife or dost thou need a whore?
Go, find some other sprite for thee to sprinkle
With all thy moonshine! Don't I see thy twinkle,
The same old twinkle that one's seen before?"

"A goat thou wert and goat wilt be for ever.
Yea! by thy pelt be known for what thou art—
A piddling lecher and a wretched Billy!
Is this the way to catch thyself a filly?
I'll die a maid before I yoke thy cart."

THE Satyr, wounded in his amour propre,
Retired sadly to his lonely lair
To contemplate his two embattled factions
And to unravel their confused reactions.
But by-and-by he fell into despair.

He loved that girl with such consuming passion
That life without her seemed a pointless bore,
Devoid of savor, consequence and pleasure.
So he decided on a fearful measure
To solve the crisis at its very core.

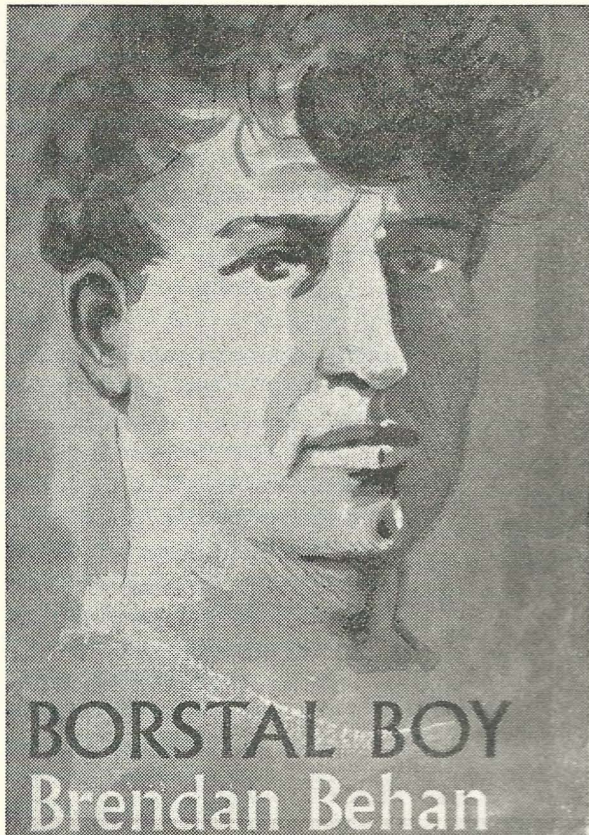
A surgeon must remove his horny outcrops,
Slice ears and hooves and amputate his scut,
And build him artificial feet of leather
To get about in any kind of weather
And to permit him like a boy to strut.

Barely recovered from the operation,
Still somewhat wobbly on his hand-made feet,
He once again approached his fair tormentor—
To find her gaily straddling an old Centaur.
And fondly patting his impressive seat!

The Nymph indulged a girlish wriggle-giggle;
She plainly thought our Satyr looked absurd.
"A man's a man who knows he's half a stallion,
(She said with feeling)—worth a whole battalion
Of such as thee, thou self-deceiving turd!"

The Centaur laughed uproariously. The Satyr
Laughed very softly, like a harmless goat.
And slowly made his way to the next tavern.
That night they found him hanging in his cavern,
With human tears upon his hairy coat.

DAVID MARTIN.



“BORSTAL BOY”

*Has been released from the
Banned List*

SPECIAL AUSTRALIAN EDITION

The Australian public can now read this outstanding literary work . . . depicting the sad, bawdy world of prison.

COMEDY AND PATHOS, DIGNITY AND INNOCENCE ALL FIND THEIR WAY INTO BEHAN'S WRITING AND ARE REFLECTED IN HIS REVIEW OF LIFE INSIDE.

The total impression of the book is not horrifying, though its truth may strike to the soul.

Retail 20/-

AVAILABLE FROM

ALL BOOKSELLERS

FEBRUARY 1960

★

Hutchinson & Co. (Publishers) Ltd.

ARE YOU ORBITING?

See “ORBIT TRAVEL”

for AIR, SEA or LAND TRANSPORT

Ask for brochures on our Special 1960 Tours to

EUROPE — U.S.A. — CANADA — JAPAN

AS GENERAL AGENTS FOR INTOURIST WE CAN OFFER A WIDE VARIETY OF TOURS IN U.S.S.R. YOU CAN NOW INCLUDE MOSCOW IN YOUR WORLD AIR ITINERARY AT NO EXTRA COST.

No matter what your travel problems, consult Mrs. Evelyn Rothfield at

ORBIT TRAVEL SERVICES PTY. LTD.

374 BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE

Phone MU 7071

A BLUE MOON

THE others in the compartment were asleep. There were eight wedged in together second class, and as the young man was in no mood for sleep he rose and walked along the corridor to the end of the carriage. The train swayed vigorously as he passed along the corridor, for it was travelling very fast, and once or twice he had to steady himself against the handrail. At the end of the carriage he stood with his feet widely apart to maintain his balance, and lit a cigarette. Outside in the darkness he saw the low, black forms of stunted trees and shrubs rushing past, and the occasional gusts of swirling grey smoke as the train clattered through the loneliness of the Mallee. When he finished the cigarette he crushed it beneath his foot. He opened the door and leaned out. The cold stream of air that struck his face had particles of dust and soot that made him blink and rub his eyes. But he remained clutching the rail and staring out at the countryside, breathing deeply the fresh country air that he had not tasted before, and seeing the brilliant stars that were so close in the clear black sky.

It was ten days since he had graduated in medicine. When the celebrations were over he found he had let himself in for a locum in a country practice. He was not happy about going out on his own, but he was twenty-two and it was a lean year ahead of him in hospital, and in the pub after the results were posted the boys had said if you got into any real trouble you could always ring up the flying doctor. They said there was not so much to worry about really because ninety per cent. of the patients were neurotic and didn't have much wrong with them at all, and the rest had trivial things like colds or cut fingers or varicose veins. You'll be all right, Harry, they told him, and somebody bought him another beer.

He pulled his collar up higher around his ears and gazed out into the darkness for another hundred miles, until the first pale light appeared far off across the plains, and after a while the earth lost its blackness and turned to the rich natural red color of the soil. The twisted mallee roots and the low, thin trees along the railway line looked wild and dry and weary in their solitude, and they were all bent in the one direction from the constant blowing of the wind. When the sun appeared and the long slanting rays warmed the corridor after the coldness of the night and filtered through the trees and touched them with the fresh morning light, Harry saw how it all changed. He leaned against the door and watched until after the vine country started.

At Mildura he took a taxi to the house. He felt at a disadvantage because he had spent the night in his clothes and he had not had a shave, but there was nowhere else to go first. When he rang the bell the door was opened by an attractive middle-aged woman.

"I am Dr. Nicholson," he said.

"Come in," said the woman. She did not seem surprised that he was so young. "You won't have had any breakfast. The train was about an hour late. Come into the kitchen and have something to eat, and then when you have had time for a wash, I'll tell you about the practice."

He sat down to a deliciously cooked breakfast of bacon and eggs and coffee. At the sight of it he became very hungry. He had not thought the sausages at Ouyen were worth all the shoving and elbowing to get them. Mrs. Mathews watched him quietly as he left his plate clean. He wondered if she thought he would ruin the practice.

Dr. Mathews had died a month ago. Coronary occlusion.

"That's what happens to you when you go into general practice," she told him. "It will happen to you one day. When you are about forty-five and you've got a wife and three young children. You'll find yourself getting out of bed on a rainy night to go miles on a wild goose chase, people will be knocking on your door morning, noon and night, there'll never be a day when you aren't plagued by the telephone; you'll be putting on your coat to take your wife to a ball when you haven't been out together for eighteen months and you will get called for a mid. just as you are stepping into your car. Your family might as well not exist. Your wife will have to mind the way she speaks to people and not be seen smoking or wearing slacks in the back yard or else they'll start going to the group practice down on the corner."

Harry could think of nothing to say. Forty-five is a long way off yet, he thought to himself.

"We had another locum here," she went on. "A useless loafer if ever there was one. Half the time he never even opened the surgery door and when he did he was dead drunk. He ruined the goodwill here in three weeks."

She stopped suddenly, and there was silence. Then she folded her arms and breathed in deeply.

"There is an afternoon surgery at one-thirty," she said. "It is usually a big one seeing it's a Monday, so make sure you have the door open on time. Perhaps you would like to take a look around now."

★

HIS morning was cut short by a telephone call. A child had been drowned in the channel and the police wanted a doctor to say that the child was dead. Harry, shaved and wearing a clean shirt, climbed into the car and worked out the street directions he had been given. When he arrived on

the scene he saw a group of about ten men standing by the channel embankment. They were mostly blockies from the surrounding orchards. He saw their thick, hairy arms and their clay-coated boots and rough farm clothes and their sunburnt faces, and he felt very small and out of place amongst these swarthy outdoor people. He saw how they took no notice of him when he arrived. He had to go up to the policeman to say who he was, and the policeman was surprised. He felt a trifle ridiculous bending over the child and taking out his stethoscope to listen for a heartbeat when everybody knew perfectly well that the child was dead. He did not know what he was expected to do. He knelt by the child with the stethoscope in his ears, not listening at all but staring at the pitiful face and wondering which of the men standing behind him was the father. It was a simple task, but it left a bad taste in his mouth for the rest of the day. Some of the romance had gone out of the job already, some of the freshness of the red Mallee soil after rain, and he left that miserable place as soon as he could get away.

In the afternoon there were a dozen people in the waiting room. They all looked up when he opened the door, and did not go on with their reading until he had closed the door again. The first patient was a pensioner, a woman aged seventy-five.

"I just come for a repeat of me medicine," she said.

"Have you got the prescription?"

"No, but I brought the bottle. It's them little

blue pills I want. Dr. Mathews used to give them to me."

Dr. Mathews was dead. There was no card Harry could find to give him a clue. The records were hopeless.

"What has been troubling you, dear?" he asked with a naive smile.

The old lady leaned forward confidentially.

"I been bronickal for years, and I get the asthma bad. But them pills Dr. Mathews gave me did clear it up. They done me a terrible lot of good."

Harry did not know what the blue pills could be. He had the choice between giving something for the asthma or something blue, so he settled for something blue, and made her happy.

In the waiting room there were only six people left. The others had taken a good look at the new doctor and decided that their troubles could wait until another day or else they had gone to the opposition down on the corner. The next patient did not close the door properly, and he heard the housekeeper telling the people that the new doctor had just arrived from the city and although he looked young he was very clever, and some people prefer a young doctor because he is up in all the latest things and not old-fashioned like some, and anyway he wasn't married and you never knew what might happen.

"I haven't done so well," he muttered to himself over a cup of tea when he was alone. "This is a crazy place. I don't know how you diagnose anything in these people. They think you are being a hell of a stickynose when you ask a few simple questions. I don't know how I'll stick three weeks of it. It's starting to get on my quince already."

★

DR. Baker was on the telephone. He wanted an anaesthetic for a child in a private house. The child had fallen from a swing and broken an arm, and it wanted a light whiff to pull it into place. It would not take long. Harry looked at his watch. He could get back just in time for evening surgery.

He was somewhat alarmed at the prospect of an anaesthetic in a private house with no oxygen supply or suction or rubber balloon for inflating the lungs in an emergency. He tried to persuade Dr. Baker to do the job in a hospital. Dr. Baker said there was no need to put the child in hospital because it was a simple thing that could be done in five minutes.

"Great Scott, man, you don't want to put every blasted person in a hospital or you'll never get anything done. It's only once in a blue moon you ever need oxygen or any of that stuff. All this kid wants is a quick whiff. Let's get going as quick as we can and be done with it."

Harry thought he should have stuck to his guns and insisted on doing it in a hospital, but it did seem an awful fuss to make over such a little thing.

"I'm the one who is responsible if anything goes wrong," he thought as he opened his bag and took out ether bottle and face mask. It was something he had not thought about much. It gave him a strange feeling of strength because he felt the power over life and death and the knowledge that somebody depended on his care, and it seemed a lot to carry on his first day in practice.

He got the boy anaesthetised without much trouble, and as he watched the stream of ether dripping on the mask and smelt the acrid vapor he began to feel happier. The boy was lying on a table in the house. He and Dr. Baker were the only others in the room. The parents were outside waiting until it was finished. As he sat at the boy's head he thought about his responsibility, and how it was the first time in his life when he had been called upon to do a job without having somebody standing near who was ready to take over if things got difficult. In his mind he could see the placard in the teaching hospital anaesthetic room which had the list painted in red. AIRWAY, OXYGEN, COLOR, PULSE. A wave of pride came over him when he realised that he was actually doing it on his own. They used to say it was like flying solo in a Tiger Moth, and that if you couldn't fly a Tiger you had no right to be in the air at all.

Then he noticed that the boy's ears were blue. He leaned forward, suddenly alert. He strained his ears to listen to the respiration. He felt a hot flush on his face as he realised he did not know how deep the kid was. His hand slipped forward to feel the pulse. He was bristling with anxiety now. He pressed his ear to the boy's chest.

"Christ, he's stopped breathing!" he said harshly. Dr. Baker looked up, startled.

"Up-end the foot of the table," said Harry.

Dr. Baker lifted the foot of the table without a word as Harry flashed round to the boy's side to begin artificial respiration. He was amazed at his

Danger is Never Danger

Danger is never danger
till the blood running over the street
is the blood of your own heart's crying—
the love you were coming to meet.

Death is not death till you
hear all planes pass in fearing:
not my own love they'll strike!
not my own love they're nearing!

War is not war, till you
find in the powdered stones
flesh of your own love's flesh,
dust of your own love's bones.

AILEEN PALMER.



AN IDEAL GIFT—

Bill Wannan's

THE AUSTRALIAN

—a collection of the finest, most dramatic, funniest yarns, ballads, sayings, legends, superstitions, anecdotes and traditions of the Australian people.

NOW IN ITS 4th EDITION

(revised and enlarged)

32 illustrations "as fresh as a handful of
by Ron Edwards. Gumleaves" (The Age)

PRICE:

25/- or 17/6 to A.B.S. Members.

Send cash with NAME and ADDRESS plus
1/- for postage to . . .

AUSTRALASIAN BOOK SOCIETY

17 Elizabeth St., Melbourne, C.1, Vic.

own calm. You've got a little time before the heart stops, he told himself. He's bound to come good if you keep his chest moving. I wish I had an oxygen cylinder. The coroner's court appeared directly before his eyes. He wondered how he was going to talk to the parents in the next room if the boy croaked. The boy had been still for a very long time. Harry could feel the sweat coming out on his own face. He kept up his rhythmic movements. His mind was clear. He had worked out what to do next if artificial respiration failed. I'll have to do something really drastic in a minute, he thought.

Then suddenly there came a deep sigh from the child. A pause. And another sigh, and the emergency was passed. Harry could feel his legs trembling. He looked up at Dr. Baker and smiled sickly.

"It's OK," he said.

When he opened the door at last the father looked up with great anxiety.

"Is everything all right?" asked the man.

"Of course!" said Harry. "Why wouldn't everything be all right?"

"Last time 'e had the chloroform the doc said he just about died."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to tell somebody about it before he has the chloroform next time," said Harry.

★

"You had better come over to my place for a drink," said Dr. Baker when they were walking out through the front gate together. "You did well in there just now."

"Thanks. I could just about do with one."

"How long have you been through?"

"A couple of weeks."

"Hell!"

"I hope it isn't like this all the time, is it?"

Dr. Baker threw back his head and laughed.

"You'll see a lot worse than that in your time, my boy."

Going home on his own after they had drunk a Scotch together, Harry felt better than he had all day. The arrival on the train was a long time ago. He had lost some of his innocence already. Over the vines the long sloping sunlight dazzled him momentarily as he rounded a turn in the road, and he slowed down to look at the straight rows of green that stretched out to the horizon where the sun was slipping away rapidly.

"I wonder what's going to happen tomorrow," he thought.

GREAT MINDS OF THE 19th CENTURY

Selected Philosophical Essays of five great Russian Thinkers, handsomely bound, in large type on excellent paper.

N. G. Chernyshevsky, 610 pp. 10/- (2/5)

Alexander Herzen 630 pp. 10/- (2/5)

V. G. Belinsky 584 pp. 10/- (2/5)

Dmitry Pisarev 712 pp. 11/6 (2/5)

N. A. Dobrolubov 660 pp. 10/- (2/5)

LANGUAGE TEXTBOOKS

Russian Elementary Course, by N. F. Potapova. This textbook has been translated in many languages and is used in universities throughout the world. In 2 vols. at 19/- the set. Postage 2/8.

Modern Chinese Reader, in 2 vols. as used for English speaking students at Peking University. The set 18/-; postage 2/5.

INTERNATIONAL BOOKSHOP

PTY. LTD.

57 Little Bourke St., Melbourne, C.1

The Gardener

To you the fallen leaves
are much more than crinkly new pound notes
or than fresh-printed share certificates.

Do not cram them in your pockets
or file them away in safe deposits.

Bury them in earth
where such riches increase.

And tell me,
what dividend did spring pay this year,
and what percentage love?

IAN MUDIE.

★

A Traveller Returned

May that neat traveller with his unzipped tales
Be given his visa and currency for hell;
Bore someone else with missing trains in Wales—
With Venice in the summer—what a smell —
And Spanish bulls—no water in the Arno—
Nor in the lavatories of San Gimignano.

The one just back, the other who went last year,
Dismiss France—more expensive than before—
The Italians would pinch the wax out of your ear—
The English still eat meat frozen in the war.
Each wears the Customs' chalk mark on his heart.
At least they're honest; they do not talk of art.

And I, who listen, have also been away,
And, listening, swear I'll never go again.
At least at home—"I'm sorry, but did you say
You went by the coast, and didn't take the main
Road from Marseille to St. Raphael?" "Oh yes,
Terribly twisty, but pretty nevertheless."

Pour summer like vin ordinaire, then float
Far out and dive into the sharkless autumn;
In bed, at dawn, listen to the fishing-boat
Put-put across the stainless bay; then come
Back in that same boat in spray-sharp cold
From eating bouillabaisse on the Isles of Gold.

Sleep after love, neither sated nor malign,
But caressively close as sand and sea, the scent
Of wild alyssum, sharpened by thyme and pine,
On such a blase coast still innocent,
Yet knowing the inky water the mistral blows
Is the same sea from whence love's mother rose.

Stone house on a twisty coast, it was not much.
Travellers, whose mechanic wisdom brings
Then home, drive past its beach but never touch
Its sand and sea. Excuse me now, you beings
Made like me. My currency was true
But all spent now. At home I'm made like you.

GEOFFREY DUTTON

Incident in a Train

The morbid day of sweats was over,
Just an expansion left of that fatigue,
Like a housewife dozing on the sofa,
And from the carriage seats, as though in league,

Yawns gaped simultaneously about
As the train lurched and rattled through the haze,
Travel of blindness, tickets go in and out,
The stamped features of common days.

Then what was that we saw, a dirty Abo
Seated in front corner of the carriage?
Astonishing ingrained darkness of long ago
With loose sports clothes making lewd marriage.

Carnival of surprises, where, if you're persuaded
You poke your head up through a cardboard hole
To find you have the body of a satyr,
So the three-a-penny shots began to roll!

So the crowd woke to this apparition,
Giggled their heads and seemed to sniff the air,
Stock still the sullen eyelids repelled their vision
And I saw hills of granite past Lake Eyre!

A drunken old 1914 digger,
Comes up and sways some inches from his face,
The darkie's quiet as the others' talk grows bigger,
Till finally they shake hands once or twice,

And at Redfern they get out into the fog
Of soot, showered underneath with furnace streaks,
No doubt to a cooling billabong of grog,
Having passed the deserts and the empty creeks.

JULIAN WOODS.

★

Sawing a Sleeper

"Pull and pull but never push.
Where's the hurry. What's the rush."
Six dark feet of a tree's death
Measuring no more than their worth
Upon a horse of wood.

"Never push but always pull.
Give and take but never pole."
Nostrils blend the resinous dust
With engine oil and human waste
And sweat of hearts' blood.

"Not a job for lazy blokes
The likes of bosses or of cooks."
Through the camphor-laurel leaves
The sun winks, the day moves
Elephantine and nude.

"Iron-bark will test your gut.
Tallow's soft but hard to split."
A rat within a circular race
Will never call a lasting truce
With time and fever mood.

"Lost your impetus and heart?
Just imagine it's a sort."
Sleepers in their myriads strewn
Between the city and this town,
Rough-hewn and crude.

"Time we had a cup of brew.
One more and we'll take a blow."
The exercise becomes the need,
The raison d'être of the wood,
The fuel and the food.

BRUCE BEAVER.

Overland, December 1959

Chillianwallah Station

When his hopes of a colonelcy faded away
He retired to the colonies, still on half-pay;
Preferring to Cheltenham a Gulf-country run
And a heat of a hundred-and-ten in the sun.

His cook was a Cantonese—Asian at least!—
Who thought enough curry as good as a feast;
And his ex-soldier-servant, from Antrim, named
Barney,
Used to rowse the black stockmen in bad Hindustani.

He kept the fair flag of the Empire afloat
By wearing a tunic done up to the throat;
And the style of his most conversational speeches
Had its thumbs well in line with the seam of its breeches.

He played a straight bat, and a good hand at solo,
He would ride forty miles for a chukker of polo,
So the district forgave him his finical pride
Which demurred for so long at selecting a bride.

Then the seasons got worse, and the banks took
a hand,
They called in the mortgage they held on his land;
And the Major was found in the harness-room, shot
Thro' the head with his old-fashioned Webley-&
Scott.

The jury said: "Accident; no one's to blame;"
And the Major was buried, leaving only the name
"Chillianwallah" in letters some eight inches high
On the gate at the stock-route to remember him by.

Except that old Barney's the grandfather now
Of a quarter-cast family, no one knows how,
Who have never been coached since the Major
passed on,
But who ride like the Ashtons and bat like the Don.

JOHN MANIFOLD.

★

The Convict Ship

She loomed before our breast of sail—a hulk
With massive-grated ports in savage rows:
A hideous, drooping laundry topped the bulk,
The palsied pennon flapping from her pole-mast
seemed to sulk,

And dumpy buildings crouched around her bows.

Black dogs-of-war were once her vaunted pride;
When copper sheathing caught the western glance
Of sun, and Colors rode above the tide
And tilted at the 'gulls or lunged to sweep
the clouds aside,

And moonlit sails re-birthing a tar's romance.

But, now, she groaned beneath the water's pull;
Above her stinking decks cowed air-shafts gaped:
The stairs were close-barred, the gloomy holds
were full

Of noise of clanking chains, of bloodless men,
tormented, dull,

While from her yards coarse convict garb was
draped . . .

She passed: My head was raised, as though from
sleep,

And we were tacking on a rimpled sea:
Dismay fell back from plumbing its own deep;
Then straight for port our swelling breast of canvas
seemed to leap

—And nostrils caught the tang of liberty.

LINDSAY M. HOWELL.

Stranger Who Was Flesh

Stranger who was flesh and marrow of my bone
How far and lonely have you come
In seven years. A little space of time
And yet your universe and mine
To separate worlds in different orbits spin
I sense a wild kaleidoscope within your brain
But cannot enter in.

Once your eyes reflected but a single world
And I the centre. Gently furled
Within my heart, the flower I
And you the bud. And nothing knew
But calm content as in each other grew.

But now your reckless days weave patterns bright
As shoals of fish that dart and veer in sudden flight.
How will you fare, my love, tracking an alien star
Through the tides and reefs of lonely seas, far
From the welcoming land? How will you fare?

You stand with bright impatience, quick to defend
your will

Demand the hills and sky, but never know your
fill.

I tremble that the world will take a savage toll
Of your effervescent years, and like Icarus you
will fall

All burning from the sun.

Oh winds of love, if you were ever real
Fan my understanding into vibrant flame. Let me
feel

Your gales of light strike deep in my unknowing
mind.

Return the vision once you briefly lent, and bind
Me to your living centre once again.

ROBIN LOFTUS

★

Summer Song

The grey cicada winds his wheel,
The mina chimes from tree to tree:
One sound is hot and throaty, while
The other tinkles frostily
Yet both bring summer and its whole
Delightful season back to me.

The tinkling crash of glass-green waves
Which shatter on the yellow sand
The cindery croak of crows' old wives
And blowflies buzzing through the land,
The way the streaming westerly weaves
Cloud-patterns on the sky's blue strand.

In warp and woof of purest white;
And vines in clouds of summer leaf
And paddocks where the ripened wheat
Is richly gold beyond belief—
If summer-time would only wait!
But winter follows like a thief.

NANCY CATO

E. Howard

YOU CAN'T PASS IT ON

"YOU can't pass it on," I thought.

I felt pretty despondent about it, for I had hoped that I could. After all the boy was eighteen, nearly a man, and I had tried to bring him up to think for himself. Surely it couldn't be my fault. And yet—why shouldn't experience be passed on?

He had just come back from military camp—my only son, away from home for the first time in his life. I hadn't liked the thought of his going—"Silly bloody business," I had said to him when his call-up had come. "Still, I don't suppose it will do you any harm." Then, when he had come back, I had said, "There's a new fish 'n' chips shop on the corner. What about ducking down and getting some for tea?" He had gone and come back empty-handed. "They're a lot of greasy dagoes," he had said.

I had looked at him then, a new soldier in his new uniform. "So it's dago now, is it?" I had said, and a silence had fallen between us two.

He had walked out of the house then with never a word to me.

I hadn't felt angry—only sad. After all, it was right that he shouldn't accept everything I said as gospel. I had tried all his life to show him the difference between prejudice and fairness. "Listen to both sides," I had said, "and decide for yourself." I had given him the choice and had been well pleased with him—and now this.

Queer how an incident can die in your memory until something happens to make it come alive again. After his return I had sat in the chair, not seeing him, remembering that time so long ago.

★

I was eighteen, too, and like him a big lump of a boy. But there was no camp for me; the government wasn't concerned about defending the country against the rest of the world—they would have given it back to the Abos. at the drop of a hat. And I, battling around the country towns, trying to get a job so that I could eat—I wouldn't have cared if the Abos. had had it—it was no good to me.

Walking down the dusty main street that day I had felt a surge of desperation come over me. For the last week I had been living on bread dipped in sweet milkless tea—ever since I had jumped the tea and sugar from Melbourne. Now, just off the train, hunger was biting into me, making me look at the well-fed farmers with hate in my mind. The sight of one coming out of the dor picking his teeth decided me.

I walked into the dark little shop and sat down at one of the tables near the counter. The smell of fish and chips was in the air but I chose steak and eggs—twice. "Might as well have the best," I thought.

Then came the reckoning. I didn't feel so good—hunger satisfied, but inside I felt tense. I went up to the Greek, swarthy in a once-white apron, and told him I was broke. I waited.

His brown eyes snapped and he shot out a few words in his own lingo. Then leaning across the counter he snatched my hat and began to berate me in English.

"Why you no pay? I gotta buy food—how you think I live? Why you not work?"

I felt like jumping over the counter and snatching back my hat but I choked it down. "I can't get a job," I told him.

He sized me up then and called his mate. He looked me over, too, and said, "All-a-right. You work. You chop-a-da-wood. Come a dis way." I went.

I chopped for two hours. It was hot and the sweat streamed out of me. The door opened a couple of times and I looked up hopefully. The pile grew—I was pretty good with the axe, even though I was out of condition—and I began to get worked up thinking about it.

"Must be three hours," I muttered furiously. "The dago b—."

I looked around, saw that no-one was looking, and deliberately hit short with the axe, breaking the handle off close to the head. Fitting the pieces carefully together again I leaned the axe against the fence and knocked at the door.

They kept me waiting a few minutes and I felt anger rising in me. Then one came out and poked at the pile to see if it was hollow. Without saying anything he went back into the shop and handed me my hat. He grinned and said something I did not catch.

As I walked out I felt exultant. I had put it over them. They had tried to beat me but in the end I had won. I chuckled to myself.

But before I had reached the bridge where I was camped the triumph had faded. I began to think that perhaps the Greek had been too busy to come out—maybe if I had knocked earlier he would have been satisfied. My action in breaking the handle seemed not smart but mean. I began to feel ashamed.

I knew what I was in for. This thing would stick in my mind for weeks, eating into me, unless I made up for it. Slowly I walked back on my tracks, thinking what I could do.

A new handle was out of the question—I didn't have a penny. Impossible to mend the old one; in any case I couldn't get hold of it. I even thought of owning up to what I'd done, but brushed it to one side as silly. How could I explain to them the way I felt? It would have been impossible to say it to Australians, let alone Greeks.

Then I realised I had almost reached the shop. I looked at it, hoping that the sight of the place might give me an idea. But my mind remained blank—and then I saw the Greek who had taken my hat come out of the shop.

I felt like running—sheer panic. But after that first blind flash of fear I didn't care—I would take what was coming to me. I waited.

His face split in a smile. "Ah, why you not wait-a-while," he said rapidly. "You too much a hurry. Here—this-a for you." And he handed me a two shilling piece.

Dumbly I took it. After a little while I walked away, back to the camp, back to the bridge, back to the track, back to the present. And I am alone in the room, groping in my mind, wondering why I have failed. I am thinking that when my son comes back.

He doesn't look at me—that isn't his way. He doesn't say a word. He just hands me my parcel and breaks open the end of his. The savoury steam rushes out and he begins to eat.

"Maybe you can pass it on," I think. And I begin to eat, too.

S W A G

More Censorship

I have just finished reading "Lolita." It is not, perhaps, a "great" novel, but it is a profoundly moving and compassionate one. Of course the book has now got a false salacious significance because of the attacks on it, and I have no doubt that many of its readers in Britain, where it has just been published after many months of hesitation, will be seeking some kind of perverted titillation from it. There will always be such people, and there are plenty of books, unbanned, they can get similar satisfactions from. Meanwhile Australia will remain probably the only segment of the English-speaking world where an adult book like this can't be read by adults.

Even more revolting, of course, is the case of "Borstal Boy". Readers will see from Hutchinson's ad. in this issue that an Australian edition, suitably bowdlerised, is being prepared for distribution here: some of the songs Behan uses in the book are being excised. I don't know whether the activities of the bureaucratic decontamination squad frighten those who seek to undermine our morals, but by God they frighten me.

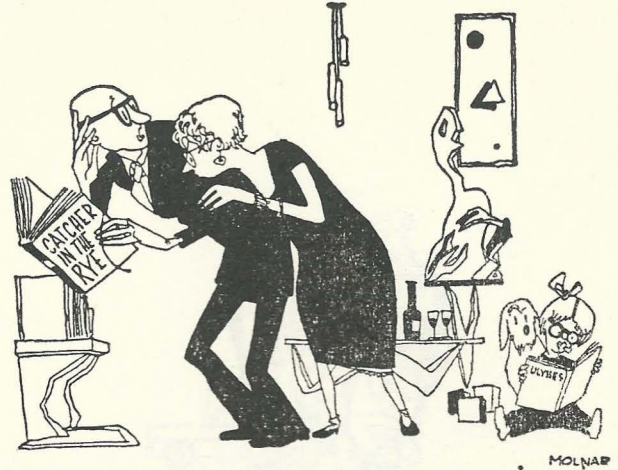
I understand that busts of our Prime Ministers are to be found in the Ballarat (or is it Bendigo) public gardens. Should we not erect a similar memorial to the Mother Grundies of this fair and unpolluted land? A site? Well, there are public places around Sydney which the local gendarmerie apparently guard with all the vigor and initiative with which they hunted Simmons. They might do.

As for the personalities to be honored? First, perhaps, Detective Vogelsang of the Ern Malley prosecutions who it was, if I remember rightly, who said he thought Lord Byron was on Mountbatten's staff. Surely next Mr. L. Griffin, Stipendiary Magistrate, of Melbourne, who has just ordered the confiscation of four copies of Caldwell's "God's Little Acre" (which has been available in this country since 1933).

(To be quite fair to Mr. Griffin, I am told the Victorian law itself is mainly to blame in his decision. One of those who gave evidence against the banning of the book told me that this law contains a clause about the need to take into consideration those into whose hands the book concerned may fall which, if interpreted as narrowly as the authorities apparently desire it shall be, means that all books have to be judged on the basis of a possible nine-year-old's reactions.)

What we need here is for the Commonwealth, and the States, to apply some of the liberalising vigor applied in the divorce field to the field of censorship. They might look hard at the new British Obscene Publications Act, which has radically improved the position in Britain. The Act provides that when any work is in future charged with obscenity it must be judged as a whole; that isolated passages may not be used to damn the book; that consideration must be given as to who is likely to read the book; and that, if it can be shown that the work "is in the interests of science, literature, art and learning" there can be no conviction.

Meanwhile we can at least be grateful that Norman Lindsay's "Redheap", that witty and in-



"How humiliating! We must have missed all the deliciously exciting parts it was banned for."

(From George Molnar's "Insubstantial Pageant" (Angus & Robertson, 22/6), a selection of his witty cartoons from the Sydney Morning Herald.)

cisive anatomy of an Australian country town, is at last available to Australians. After nearly thirty years on the banned list it has just been published by Ure Smith.

★

Literary Fund

Overland's operating loss last year was over £400. Fortunately much of this was made up by your donations, dear readers. Even so, the job we should be doing is seriously crippled by this financial worry.

Naturally we applied again to the Commonwealth Literary Fund in October for a grant such as is given to two other Australian quarterlies. Apart from Overland, there are two other quarterlies who receive no C.L.F. assistance, and I understand that, for the first time, the Advisory Board of the Fund unanimously recommended that these three "have-nots" be assisted: that they were doing a worth-while job. The recommendation was knocked back by two votes to one on the Parliamentary committee of the Fund, the members of which are Mr. Menzies, Mr. McEwen and Dr. Evatt.

I believe this is a scandal which is not mitigated by the fact that credit must be given to the Government for raising the overall literary grant by £8,000, to £20,000, and for liberalising the provisions attaching to it. Even so, we have the ludicrous spectacle of the Government now claiming that "very few countries are making such substantial efforts to foster their national literature"! Is this deliberate obscuration or do they really believe it?

While credit should go to the Labor Party, and in particular to Les Haylen, M.P., for inaugurating a debate in Parliament which led to the increased grant, one feels on reading the full debate that those in favor of extending the fund could have been more fully briefed. Some members apparently thought that because £12,000 was being spent there were twelve fellowships awarded a year (there were two). And the greatest weakness of the case put up was the lack of specific proposals and documentation for increased cultural expenditure.

(Swag continued p. 24)

I LIKE drawing people everywhere," writes Paul Hogarth of himself in his diary kept on his 1956 trip to Rhodesia and South Africa.

He quotes aptly from Stephen Crane: "To show people to people as they seem to me."

For 15 years this brilliant English draughtsman, originally a painter, has drawn people ceaselessly, up and down the length and breadth of England, throughout West and East Europe, and in China.

Frequent exhibitions at home and on the continent, collections of drawings published in a round half dozen books and folios as well as widespread newspaper and magazine reproductions have brought his work world fame.

John Berger, "New Statesman" art critic, regards Hogarth as the outstanding descriptive graphic artist working in Britain today, an opinion with which I would certainly agree.

Early in life Hogarth identified himself with the cause of labor. He fought with the International Brigade in Spain. Discharged unfit from the Army during the last war, he worked as a building worker.

His drawings derive their tang and their strength from their realism.

His great talent finds its richest expression in vivid, sympathetic drawings of laboring people, simple workers and peasants.

He is technically very well equipped and possesses wonderfully observant eyes. He draws fluently and confidently with pen or crayon.

Beneath the freest play of lines lies a firm structure based on sound knowledge. Hands, limbs, architectural structure, are equally understood. In his hands a pen line has surprising suggestive power. A tendency to fill all eyes in solid black, i.e. the iris, contains a touch of mannerism, but nevertheless it is often most effective.

I admire Hogarth's courage in his art. For example how, on a visit to Greece in 1952, he attended the trials of Greek trade unionists including Tony Ambatielos, and boldly sketched the semi-fascist tribunal which was filling the Averoff prison with workers' leaders.

Again among the South African drawings reproduced in "People Like Us" (Dennis Dobson, London) are to be found graphic studies of police "pass" raids and courts, humiliating assaults on the populations of the segregated areas, as well as white overseas and shift bosses, the very prototypes of the Nazi stormtrooper.

On the other hand there is no idealisation of the black and Indian occupants of this modern concentration camp. But there is much sympathy. All the 50 odd drawings are interesting, a number are memorable. He is at his best when he can come close to his subjects, which was not always possible.

"One often worked in an atmosphere solid with deep silent hatred of all white men. Only now and then could I break through."



"Your Pass, Kaffir"



Natal migratory laborers

OF PAUL HOGARTH

Often also the authorities placed a policeman at his elbow while he worked.

This book, with its appreciative introduction by Father Trevor Huddleston, C.R., strikes a blow on behalf of all victims of racial discrimination and exploitation everywhere. It is timely and also introduces an important English realist to Australians.

Hogarth's warmly partisan art, free from any spurious "above the struggle" humbug, has won him much support and friendship in the working class movement throughout the world.

The most handsome volumes of his work are those published in East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Poland.

His drawings in the progressive "Looking at People" exhibitions which tour Britain have been strongly supported by the working people, while those exhibited last year in Moscow along with the paintings of Auskin Spear, A.R.A., Derrick Greaves and other English artists were very popular with the Soviet press and public.

NOEL COUNIHAN



Teak forester



Gold mine shift boss

SWAG (Continued)

The Congress

If the recent Peace Congress had done nothing more than introduce us to the stimulating personalities of the Priestleys and Mulk Raj Anand, it would have been worth while. They are, all three, fearless exponents of their own point of view: and, of course, like all people who say what they think as their way of helping humanity find solutions to its problems, they are abused and misrepresented for doing so.

I had a long interview with the loquacious Mulk which, if we had more money, I'd have liked to have seen printed in full in *Overland*. Anand has that kind of vigorous, cut-and-thrust mind which can help us break down our isolation—this is particularly valuable where a visitor so representative of the most distinguished in the Asian cultural tradition is concerned.

"The culture of Australia at the moment is mainly basic," Anand replied when I asked him to tell us frankly what he thought of the joint. "Basic houses, basic clothes, and basic bread—mainly white."

"A country like yours," he said, "is one of the most beautiful in the world—the sea, the mountains, the lovely stretches of land, wonderful harvests of almost everything and the country's luscious flowers. Such a country demands intense observation and poetry. I have seen only one building which is to my mind of the kind necessary for Australia—the Music Bowl in Melbourne. For the rest, your houses are constructed to suit English lower middle-class society as may be built outside Birmingham. There is an almost complete lack of design.

"And so with literature. The English publisher has imposed his own mind, which Australian life is far too much of itself to permit. You have epic themes, lyric space, but the Australian novel does not give the effect of space, and the eccentric characters of Australia are all too often not to be found in your books.

"Beware of the tendency to humor the suburban housewife. America suffers from this to some extent, but the great writers of America, Hemingway, Faulkner and O'Neill, have not tried to amuse anyone, but to tell the truth."

The Australian legend has not yet been created, Anand said, and therefore you can't live in it. "What about Lawson?" I asked. "For the first period of your history Lawson stands out like a giant," Anand replied. "But, for you here today, the books of knowledge about Australia have not been written from which the books of passion could gain strength. Why haven't you noticed the great European resurgence, especially that in contemporary Italy? The six best novels of the post-war world are by Italians, and the three best films. Outside the Brecht Ensemble of Berlin, the theatre of Milan is the most interesting in Europe today."

Mulk Raj Anand appealed to Australian cultural workers to understand the growing opposition between life culture and death culture. "The death culture sows doubts about the capacity of man to inhibit decadence and the forces of death," he said. "You here are not strictly involved in the preparations for war—you have just been roped in. Away from military blocs, away from white Australia and racialism, with some confidence in your own integrity and big heartedness, you could give a new direction to the policies of the Eastern Hemisphere."

At the moment Mr. Anand has published two novels of a sequence of seven designed to illustrate life in India between 1905 and 1947. Apart from this, he is editing the remarkable cultural magazine *Marg*, and working with the Government of India on the simultaneous publication in India's fourteen languages of world books of general cultural significance.

The Writers' and Artists' Commission of the Congress for International Co-operation, which Mr. Anand attended, passed the following resolution:

We, writers and artists, support total disarmament. Firstly, because we are citizens and are concerned in that capacity: As such we support the resolutions of the Citizens Conference. Secondly, the nature of art itself is to affirm and enrich life. Art says "yes" to life. If we say "yes" to life, we say "no" to war, to death.

As writers and artists we condemn the perversion of our arts into channels of race-hatred, militarism, sadism and violence, such as are daily exploited by certain T.V. and radio programs, films, paperbacks and comics.

On the other hand we claim freedom for every true artist to express and communicate his vision of life and its delights and complexities.*

We oppose the manifestations of international and inter-racial hatred and mistrust that lead to the intimidation and persecution of writers and artists.

We demand the promotion at all levels of free cultural exchange between countries, and the removal of passport and visa restrictions.

We urge all writers and artists to work for these aims, each in his own way, and to cooperate in the formation of a preparatory committee to further them.

A minority of those present expressed the view that at the point marked with an asterisk above the words "We recognise that many writers in a number of countries do not yet have this freedom" should be included.

—S. Murray-Smith

★

Donations

Our cost of producing our big Queensland issue (No. 15) was nearly three shillings a copy! The most we get for a copy is 2/6, and many copies (those sold through bookshops) only return us 1/8 each. So there's no financial future in this kind of activity. All the more thanks then to those who keep us afloat: R.C. £5; J.S. £4/10/0; B.S. £3/3/0; O.G. £2/14/0; M.E.J. £2/2/0; K.S. £2; F.C.M. £1/10/0; K.V. McC. £1/1/0; P.M., O.L., L.S. each £1; F.S., H.J., R.A., R.J.P., R.G.S., G.S., L.G., J.B., S.J.C., W.P., E.L.H.S., F.D.D., E.A.E., T.S., N.P., K.T., L.R.P., K.F., A.J., W.E.S., A.Y., C.S., D.R.M., J.K., each 10/0; E.D. 7/6; A.L., R.W. each 5/-; B.M. 2/6; C.A.B. 2/-. Total £38/2/0, which is £16 down on the contributions to the sustaining fund published in our last issue.



Never allow the thoughtless to declare
That we have no tradition here.

—MARY GILMORE

THE LIFE OF THE LEGEND

Ian Turner

TWENTY years ago—say nine months after Munich, three months before Hitler's invasion of Poland—Overland, a professedly radical magazine, and those who write for it, holding themselves democrats, radicals, socialists, would not have been concerned with national characteristics and traditions, so much as with thinking in terms of internationalism; the worker had no fatherland, patriotism was the last refuge of the munitions maker, Prague and Madrid were closer to Melbourne than were Sydney and Adelaide. Collective security was the watchword: all men were brothers, and nationalism stood on the lunatic fringe of politics, spawned in the diseased minds of Hitler, Sir Oswald Mosley and Australia First.

Was it the war that changed all this? The real threat of aggressive German and Japanese nationalism that turned Englishmen and Americans and Russians and Australians back onto their own national origins? That drove men to ask themselves what there was in their own tradition, their own way of life, that was worth fighting for?

The Australian Labor Party had always had a strongly nationalist—and in some unhappy respects a chauvinistic—strain; the early Commonwealth Labor Platform stated as the party's objective "the cultivation of an Australian sentiment based upon the maintenance of racial purity, and the development in Australia of an enlightened and self-reliant community." And many writers (I am not thinking here of novelists and poets so much as of historians and descriptive writers)—among them, Francis Adams, A. G. Stephens, W. K. Hancock, P. R. Stephensen, J. N. Rawling, Vance Palmer—had sought to capture the spirit of Australia.

But to Australian radicals, socialists, communists, it came largely as a new discovery of the war and post-war years that aggressive, militant democracy was not only a function of the international labor movement, but was deep-rooted in Australian popular history; that fraternity existed not only in the Popular Front but in the Australian tradition; that "comrade" had much in common with "mate."

It was not that the left had forgotten their pre-war internationalism, but that the new concern with national origins had added another dimension to their thinking. And it was this left-wing concern which set the tone and tempo of much of the post-war discussion on Australian democratic traditions, on Australian society and the Australian culture.

So the search for origins proceeded: back to the convicts, the bushrangers, the gold-diggers, the bush. Back to the broadsheets, the bush balladists, the old bush songs. Back above all to the nineties, which Australians felt, in some legendary sense, to be the birth-years of the Australian spirit.

Poets, painters, dramatists, novelists, historians, researchers, all pushing backwards and outwards—back from the 1950's, out from the coastal fringe—looking into the past and the bush for something that would give meaning and inspiration to the city and the present.

What has it meant? A new Romantic Revival? A looking backwards to an idealised past, in an attempt to escape from a less-than-ideal present and to dodge the difficulties of struggling for a better future? Or a search for, and an assertion of, values formulated in the past, but still held in the present, which could be of service in moulding the Australian future?

THIS new interest in national traditions has for the first time, been given an adequate historical foundation by Russel Ward.

Starting out from the collection and study of the "old bush songs"—and especially those which were passed around by word of mouth, the Australian folk-songs—Ward spread his interest to a study of Australian attitudes to life, and how these were determined by Australian social history. The result was something that had never been done before: a detailed study, based on a close investigation of the original sources, the works of observers and the popular culture of the nineteenth century, of what qualities of character, what social ideas, Australians valued, and how these became "The Australian Legend" (O.U.P., 45/-).

Ward's scholarship confirms, and gives historical perspective to, the brilliant intuition of the young English radical poet, Francis Adams, who came to Australia in 1884, when he was twenty-two, and left in 1889: "The one powerful and unique national type yet produced in Australia is . . . the Bushman. . . . It is . . . in the ranks of the shearers, boundary riders, and general station hands, that the perfected sample must be sought." ("The Australians.") What Ward does is to examine just how and why this came about.

The picture we get of the "typical Australian" is not unfamiliar; it is of a man who is independent, taciturn, self-reliant, a good improviser ("Stringybark and greenhide are the mainstay of Australia!"), defiant of authority, aggressively egalitarian, and who makes of mateship a religion.

What is especially interesting in Ward's book is his relation of those characteristics which, by common consent, were thought of as Australian to the social condition of the times: the different social classes, and their place in the developing economy.

Australia is unusual, if not unique, in that the qualities which are valued had their origins very definitely among the "lower orders." The distinctive tone of colonial society was set by convicts and ex-convicts, the native-born "currency lads," the free working class immigrants, in all of which groups the Irish were strongly represented.

Ward suggests two reasons for this:

First, the colonial upper class was grouped in and around Sydney; it tried to "keep up stand-

ards," to maintain the way of life and the culture of the English gentry. (There was never any impelling need for Australian merchants and land-owners to assert their independence of Great Britain, as their American counterparts had done in 1778 and 1812.)

Secondly, all that was new and vigorous in Australian life was to be found beyond the limits of settlement. And here the workingmen predominated—both in numbers and in the facility with which they adapted themselves to a startlingly novel and unfriendly environment. And it was just this process of adaptation which put a premium on independence, resourcefulness, mateship.

Miles Franklin ("Brent of Bin Bin") gives an admirable picture of pioneering values in her "Up The Country":

Truth was (he) had gone short in elementary education. Not that he was lacking in human skill or culture. He could glance at a forest giant and tell which way it would fall to his axe, and how many slabs it would yield to fashion his habitation. He could flay a beast and make from its hide harness and many other things. He could snare a wild horse and convert it into an ally, as there was no outlaw wrapped in hide that could get rid of him while buckle and girth would hold. . . . He could canter over a stretch of country and estimate how many acres it contained, and how many beasts it would graze. He could make a fire in country girth-deep in snow or under pouring rain, and cook a meal at it.

These were the men who felt that they belonged to Australia, and that Australia, by right of conquest, belonged to them. They despised the "soft" city dweller; they hated the squatters as a class, but often thought well of them individually, as fellow battlers; and they despised, as mean and narrow-minded, the small selectors, the cocky farmers, tied to their minute blocks of marginal land.

These, the "nomad tribe" of the bush, rather than the would-be landed gentry, the city merchants or artisans, were the men who set the pattern for the Australian Legend.

★

IT was perhaps unfortunate for Mr. A. E. Mander that his small book, "The Making of the Australians" (Georgian House, 10/6), should have appeared so close on the heels of Dr. Ward's study. It is written with the warmest of feelings for the Australian democracy, but it loses more in the inevitable comparison, and its several inaccuracies are more sharply high-lighted, than would otherwise have been the case.

Mander, too, sees the Australians as independent, resourceful, adaptable, egalitarian, and turns to the material environment for an explanation of these qualities.

But, where Ward sees an uninterrupted, broad development from convict laborer in the first decade of the nineteenth century to bush worker in the last, Mander suggests the squatters and the diggers as the fountainhead of the Australian character. Indeed, he goes further: he seeks to expunge the convict stain from the national tradition by demonstrating mathematically that only one in a hundred of Australians in 1868 could have had any convict ancestors.

Mander's mathematics are based on a false assumption; it can in fact be demonstrated that it is not impossible that one in ten of 1868's Australians had a leg-iron in the family closet. But the mathematics are irrelevant. What is important is whether similar material conditions operated to produce similar attitudes to life in both convict and free bush worker.

Ward's answer to this (and here he contrasts strikingly with most historians, who see gold as the major "watershed" in Australian social history) is yes, and he supports his view with convincing evidence; the gold rushes may have produced great changes politically and economically, but they were not the foundation of the Australian legend. (However, he suggests, racial intolerance first became an accepted part of Australian thinking in the anti-Chinese agitations on the gold fields.)

★

BOTH Mander and Ward link their conception of the Australian character with the emergent labor movement of the eighties and nineties. But



which were by now thought of as the "Australian character"—had come to be accepted by decisive sections of the middle and upper classes, and that one of the results of this was Australian nationalism and its political offspring, Federation.

This argument underplays, almost to the point of ignoring it, the very real difference in the attitudes taken by opposed social classes in both literature and politics. No industrial struggle has been fought so bitterly as that between the pastoralists and the shearers in 1890-94; never have employers' and workers' values been so sharply opposed.

The new tone of the literature of the nineties was no "belated discovery of the bushmen by accredited literary men"—it was rather the belated discovery (following the introduction, 1872-80, of universal education) by the bushmen of written literature. And in books and magazines, stories and poems, the war of ideas raged as it did in the shearing sheds of outback Queensland and New South Wales.

So also with politics. True, part of the bush ethos was the consciousness that bushmen had of themselves as Australians rather than as Victorians or New South Welshmen. True, this nationalism spread over into the Federation movement. But Federation meant different things to different men and different classes; it was not simply that all were agreed that it was time that "our country's a nation at last." Thus the liberal Henry Bourne Higgins, a delegate to the Australasian Federal Convention, 1897-98, on the Australian Commonwealth Bill:

both, I think, underestimate the belief among workingmen in Australia as utopia—the new land "committed to no usage of petrified injustice; . . . clogged by no fealty to shadowy idols, enshrined by Ignorance and upheld by misplaced homage alone." ("Such is Life".)

Mander is, I think, wrong in generalising about the unionists of the nineties: "It is not Socialism they were aiming at;" they may not have known just what they wanted, but many of them were looking to the unions for a new life. (He is certainly wrong when he says that the eight-hours slogan was the main one in this period. The fight had already largely been won. The immediate question now was the right to organise, and behind this lay the unionists' unformed dream of a better world.)

By the nineties, the values of the bushmen (now the bush unionists) had grown, with the labor movement, into a coherent social philosophy; that it did not prevail did not mean that it did not exist.

It is at this point that I quarrel with Ward's conclusions, too. The heart of his argument is: "Between 1880 and 1890 the slow evolutionary process by which the up-country ethos became the core of the national outlook was vastly accelerated by two events. The first was the birth and rapid growth of the industrial trade union movement, the other the somewhat belated discovery of the bushmen by accredited literary men. . . . The dreaming of the nineties resulted, not in a republic embodying such noble practices as would have stupefied the actual bushman, but in much hard political horse-trading and in federation."

Now this surely implies that, at the end of the nineteenth century, the values of the bushmen—

This doctrine of a States' House (i.e. the clause in the Constitution providing for the Senate) . . . is simply rank Toryism working in a disguise . . . If you scratch a States' right man, you will find the reactionary Tory . . . Believe me, the interests of working men, of the masses, in all the colonies are solid . . . There is no need for a states' house. The states, as states, have nothing to do with matters which pertain to Australia as a whole . . . Soon the masses . . . will realise the solidarity of their common interest ("The Australian Commonwealth Bill").

The war of masses against classes could be seen in literature, in industrial conflict, in the political argument over Federation, and in this war the values of the masses were those of the "nomad tribe."

The outlook of the bushmen was given institutional and programmatic expression by the rising labor movement. Independence became a national, egalitarianism a class, as well as a personal, demand; mateship spilled over into the solidarity of the workers in their unions. Many writers were attracted by the humanitarian and rational social philosophy of labor, and absorbed its values into their thinking and writing; even the enemies of organized labor took on some of its attitudes, as protective coloring. And as the labor movement became a major force in national politics, the divergence between British-oriented and national ideas increased, and the latter came increasingly to be identified with labor. What had happened was not so much that the Australian tradition had won near-universal approval, but that, through the organized labor movement, it had become a power in the land.

JUST as the people of any country tend to think of themselves in terms of those characteristics they admire, so do these beliefs, these traditions, tend to harden into a legend, which lives its own life and survives in the minds of the people long after the historical conditions which gave rise to them have ceased to exist. The question here is: does Ward's fascinating picture of Australians as they were give us any clues about what Australians are like today?

The material conditions have, of course, changed greatly: most of Australia's wealth now comes from industry rather than from the land; most Australians live in cities and work in factories, docks, mines, transport, commerce, administration. The dominant power in Australian labor rests with the city-centred industrial unions rather than with the A.W.U.; white collar workers and their organisations have an increasing weight in the community. Have the values of the bush workers of sixty and seventy years ago any relevance, then, for contemporary Australia?

John Douglas Pringle, a Scot who was for five years in Australia as Editor of the Sydney Morning Herald, provides a convenient starting point for discussion with his book "Australian Accent" (Chatto & Windus, 22/6).

The first Australians, he suggests, rejected England and the values of the old world. From this act of rejection, and from Australia's highly individual history and geography, came the Australian character.

"Australia is fundamentally a working class country," he says; it is "certainly one of the most democratic and egalitarian countries the world has ever seen." The Australians resent authority, and regard the police as natural enemies, yet they are easy-going and tolerate much bad government. They refuse, often aggressively, to recognise pretension to superior social position.

Yet, while we are free of "the minor class distinctions which plague life in England," there are very real class divisions in Australian society. In fact, there are two patterns of class—one which has inherited the English tradition of a closed circle of rulers who fill the leading positions in state, law, church and army, but which in Australia is largely ineffectual and ignored; the other, the post-war new rich—"men of working class origin and suburban tastes (who) have suddenly found themselves in possession of great wealth."

This new, money-based class system is not, however, resented by the working class, because "the majority of the working class . . . remains amazingly contemptuous of material possessions which are well within their reach and continue to prefer their leisure to the chance of earning still more money," because the new rich "have not yet lost their fundamentally democratic outlook," because the worker "feels that he himself may enter the new upper class quite easily in his own lifetime."

Australians, Pringle suggests, have a deep inner reserve which contrasts sharply with their outer friendliness and geniality. There is a streak of violence in the Australian character which is reflected in the taint of intolerance and the contempt for individual freedom which exist in Australian politics, and in bad industrial relations and constant strikes. (These attitudes were certainly implicit in both Lawler's "Seventeenth Doll" and Beynon's "Shifting Heart," two otherwise very dissimilar plays.)

On this account of mid-twentieth century Australia, it would seem as if most of the characteristics of the bushmen of the last century have been

carried over into urban life, that the Australian character has survived almost undisturbed the transformation of Australian society.

Yet to state the matter so simply is to ignore the important changes which have occurred in Australian class and economic relations, and the effect that these have had on the thinking and the values of most Australians.

No one has yet written for Australia a book comparable to C. Wright Mills' study of modern American society, "The Power Elite," in which Mills traces the pattern of interlocking groups (business, state, army) who rule America. However, E. L. Wheelwright's recent "Ownership and Control of Australian Companies" does prove the increasing concentration of financial power in industry—and this is no mere matter of a post-war "new rich"; it is the strengthening of the hold of a small group of industrial and financial corporations on the Australian economy, a direct result of twentieth century industrialisation.

Any picture of Australian social classes must start from this fact: that economic power (and this involves at the very least a big say in political power) belongs to a small oligarchy. And while it has been possible for a few workers to make money in small or medium enterprises, and thus to liberate themselves from wage-labor, it is impossible for an outsider to rise to the levels of real power within the oligarchy.

★

In what sense then can Australia be said to be an egalitarian, working class society? Australia's class structure is hardening; egalitarianism is still an important part of Australian thinking, but inequality of power is a well-established and unchallengeable (short of revolutionary social change) fact.

A recent survey conducted by Paul Lafitte, a Melbourne psychologist, of "Social Structure and Personality in the Factory,"* reveals that the majority of workers whose opinions were studied tended to be satisfied with their work and with their place in society. Some workers denied the existence of social classes (5%), or considered themselves to be middle class (23%); if they had aspirations, it was towards the middle class that they looked. Most workers of course voted Labor; however, nearly 10% voted Liberal, while 18% appeared undecided—and half of all those surveyed thought that all politics was a racket. The investigation also revealed that only a few workers took an active part in their trade unions, while about half were sceptical or disapproving of the unions.

This seems to indicate that the traditional egalitarianism has become, in our time, a passive acceptance rather than an active assertion; so long as the worker is allowed to feel that he is as good as the next man, the boss, then unequal distribution of power in society goes unchallenged.

Similarly, the traditional independence is seen within a different context; it is no longer a demand that the worker makes on society and government, but an attribute of a particular job—a job is valued if it can be carried on without continual supervision. (In the same way, bosses are highly rated if they "let a man alone.")

As with "The Power Elite," William H. Whyte's "The Organisation Man"—a study of American social pressures towards conformity of behavior and belief—has no Australian parallel. And on the

*Lafitte's survey is not really good evidence for broad generalisations about the Australian character. His sample is too small, and the range of industries studied too restricted. However, so little sociological work has been done in Australia that one can only consider what is available.

traditional view of the Australian character, conformity would not seem to be a danger.

Nevertheless, Pringle's judgment that Australian workers are contemptuous of material possessions, and prefer their leisure to the possibility of earning more money, needs some qualification. Lafitte's survey shows that the opportunity to work overtime, and over-award payments, are both important elements in the worker's satisfaction with his job. Statistics of the sales of motor cars, television sets, refrigerators and other "consumer durables" indicate that large numbers of workers now regard such possessions as a normal part of their lives, and it is surely likely that this has had an important effect on working-class thinking (and budgeting).

At the same time, Lafitte's investigation of the leisure activities of workers shows a very low degree of participation in political and trade union activity, and in what was called, in the days of the struggle for the eight-hour day, "self-improvement"; and a correspondingly high participation in mass entertainments—radio, motion pictures, the spectator sports (to which must now be added watching television).

This suggests that the pressures towards conformity are becoming stronger; that Australian workers are tied more closely to their jobs through the desire to acquire the money to buy those goods and engage in those leisure activities which tend to destroy their traditional independence of mind.

It is pretty obvious that this is a result of the relatively high degree of economic security and material well-being which most Australians have enjoyed since the war, thanks to good export prices and a high level of investment. The worker's attitude towards society and his employment seems to be rather like his attitude towards his motor car or his refrigerator—if it is going all right, you don't muck about with it, you don't even spend much time thinking about it. But if it plays up, or breaks down altogether, then you start worrying about it, get some books out of the library, ask your mates what they think about it—and, if necessary, call in some expert advice on how to make it work again, or how to trade it in for a new model.

What I am suggesting is that the traditional Australian values are being subtly modified by modern industrial society; and that there is in fact a contradiction between what has been accepted as the Australian character, and the sort of society we now live in.

For the present, this contradiction is not felt strongly because Australia is prosperous, and neither workers nor employers feel it necessary to challenge on the one hand the fact that society is moving away from the traditional values, and on the other that these values are still widely held among workers.

★

PERHAPS it is the recognition of this contradiction between legend and social reality, together with an awareness that the traditional Australian values are those of the workingmen, that lies behind much of the post-war argument about the Australian character and the Australian tradition, especially as it finds a literary expression.

The argument against the evaluation of Australian literature in terms of a democratic tradition is three-fold. First, nothing strong enough to be called a tradition exists: there is at most, as the Melbourne poet Vincent Buckley says in a recent issue of *Quadrant*, a "line of influence . . . a kind of utopian humanism," one among several lines

KEEPING IN TOUCH

There is a growing diversity about Australia's intellectual and literary life.

It costs you very little to keep in touch with what is going on in every field of literary activity.

£4 PER YEAR

Three quarterlies, with different values, and of complementary character have joined together to offer you a £4 group subscription.

YOU WILL RECEIVE—

MEANJIN—The oldest and most famous of the nation's literary magazines.

OVERLAND—The quarterly which expresses the Australian democratic temper in verse, story, and criticism.

AUSTRALIAN LETTERS—The lively illustrated review, which presents Australian thought to a wider reading public.

So send £4 to any of these magazines, and the group subscription will be arranged for you automatically. You'll find it entertaining and important, to acquire a wide conspectus of Australian literary life for such a small annual sum.

**SEND £4 AND ASK FOR A
GROUP SUBSCRIPTION**

Every Australian socialist
needs

OUTLOOK

the lively independent review that examines Australian society as it is today, and looks for socialist paths forward.

Current issue: Peaceful "east-west" competition—where does Australia fit in?

Annual subscription: 15/- for 6 bi-monthly issues to—The Editor, *OUTLOOK*, Box 368, Post Office, Haymarket, Sydney.

OUTLOOK discussion Pamphlets:

Nationalisation (Ken Kemshead, foreword by E. J. Ward)—2/- post free.

The Chinese Communes ('a balanced and comprehensive account of this momentous phenomenon'—Dr. H. O. Chapman)—2/6 post free.

OUTLOOK—an Australian Socialist Review

Editor: Helen G. Palmer

of influence. Secondly, the assertion of a democratic tradition arises from "a bad habit of reading into literature certain moral or social values that have previously been read into life," to quote Mr. Buckley again; that is, to judge works of literature in social or political instead of in literary terms. Thirdly (and this objection comes from a different quarter), to prize traditional values means to turn one's back on contemporary life—and "it's about time we got away from the bush."

There are two sides to the first argument: the question of fact, and the question of values.

Whether the "web of common attitudes" which marks the work of such diverse writers as Furphy, Lawson, Palmer, Prichard, Herbert, Waten, Morrison, Manifold and Marshall is merely a "line of influence," or whether it has sufficient strength to be called a "tradition," is a question of fact about which critics are likely to be still arguing in fifty or a hundred years' time. And their answers then will probably be determined, as ours are now, by the value (positive or negative) that they attach to this tradition, or line of influence.

So it is the second objection that is, for me, fundamental, for this is the question of how writers are to be judged—which are important, valuable, good, etc., and which are not.

In another recent article (Meanjin, 1/1959), Vincent Buckley says: "The discussion of Australian literature, although it is still very muddled, has got to the point where it becomes necessary to get some provisional canon of Australian writers: by which I mean . . . at least some agreement about their relative value." But by what criteria are writers to be awarded their appropriate places in this hierarchy? Not sociological ones, says Mr. Buckley. Not according to the writer's relation to a democratic tradition. But according to an analysis which is "literary all the way," and which involves treating the subject as "a writer in his own right, and as . . . in some way representative."

Presented thus generally, I agree with Mr. Buckley, for I hold to a dual standard in literature, too. Where the divergence appears is, I think, when we ask: "Representative of what?"

What does it mean, to hold a dual standard in literature?

First, I want a writer to reveal people to me, people in relation to one another and in relation to society, what they think, what they feel, why they behave as they do—to make them live in my mind and my emotions. On the part of the writer, this involves both insight and skill ("a writer in his own right"?). On the part of the reader, it involves both perceptiveness and sympathetic response.

And secondly, I want a writer to share my basic assumptions about people and society—not in every detail, of course, but in the most general terms: a writer who likes people, who condemns self-interest, prejudice and conformism but does not think that these are the whole of human motives, who understands the fallibility of human reason but believes in its final triumph, who be-

lieves that men should be able to live and control their own lives. "A writer who is in some way representative"? Certainly—but, in my canon, representative of a particular tradition, which in its broadest (and least precise) sense I would describe as humanist and democratic. The words will probably be generally accepted; it's when we come to argue cases—in literature or in life—that the disagreement starts.

Unfortunately, it is all too easy for these dual standards of judgment to run foul of one another.

A writer who can bring people to life, who can lay bare, as on a morgue slab, their emotions and motivations, can still leave me with people whom I reject, because they are his creations, and his assumptions about people are not mine. This is what happens when I read Patrick White.

On the other hand, it happens depressingly often that a writer shares most of my assumptions, and yet his people don't live: a recent example, for me, was Dudintsev's "Not By Bread Alone."

So it seems to me that it is just not possible to avoid judgment at two levels: first, what effect a writer's work has on me, as reader; secondly (in so far as it expresses or assumes social values), what effect it has socially.

This may all seem rather personal, and a long way removed from a discussion of the Australian character, but it isn't really so far away. Because, for me, the criteria for the second sort of judgment are pretty close to the accepted values of the Australian tradition.

If the attitudes of a writer are independent rather than subservient, radical rather than conforming, egalitarian rather than aristocratic, brotherly rather than individualistic, then he has passed one of my tests.

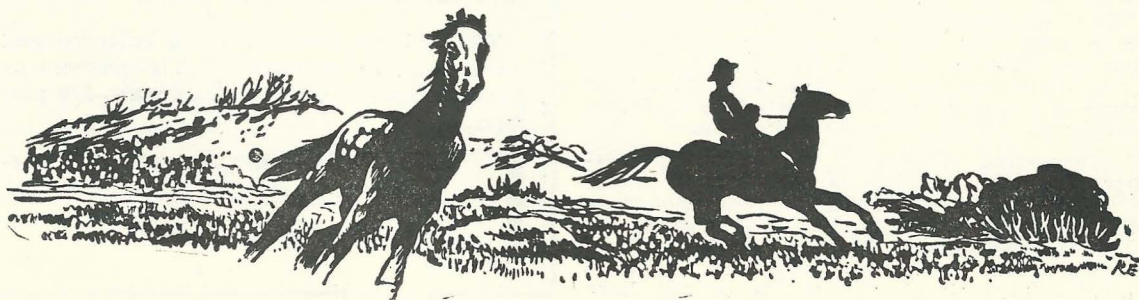
These are the values that I understand by the Australian tradition—by which I mean that they have had a marked, possibly a dominant, influence in our literature, and that I hope that they will continue to have such an influence.

★

THIS already suggests an answer to the third objection, and to the question about the meaning of the search for origins, posed earlier on.

There is, for me and in this sense, a democratic tradition in Australian literature, as in the Australian character, and the values it contains are good values, necessary parts of a truly free and open society.

Modern industrial society may be modifying that tradition, even driving it underground. But it is proper to hope that it will not be completely smothered in the T-bones and television of the welfare state, and that, when a new social and moral testing-time comes for Australia, there will be enough of the tradition left buried in people for it to bubble up to the surface, and so influence their decisions. In these years of material satisfaction and intellectual conformity, it is good that there are people to keep this tradition alive.



Christmas

Nothing unusual; that beehive, the pub,
Was full, full in the bar and all the rooms
Booked out. So, moving out through the hubbub,
With what little cunning my trade presumes,

I turned and had a peek around the yard,
Hardly being the kind to disagree
With a shed if straw-strewn and not too hard.
There was the shed, and in it I could see

Three whiskered old boys gathered to a girl
Who looked as if she might have been enticed
Into trouble. One old boy nearly howls
Showing her baby things, calling it Christ.

NOEL MACAINSH

★

Meditations of the Jovial Politician of the Year 2000

The world was idiotic,
the people were psychotic,
in 1959.

Imagine! they were frightened,
not in the least enlightened,
thought the jovial politician of the year 2000.

They believed that radiation
would annihilate the nation,
in horror they exclaimed:
"Better death, than to be maimed!"

Every scientist's prediction
was worse than science fiction:
dire prognostications

of genetic fluctuations,
of perversions antenatal
that would rapidly prove fatal,
of convolute abortions,

of mongoloid distortions,
of double-headed midgets,
of paralytic fidgets,
of many another tale
to make the bravest quail.

But none of this occurred,
their theories were absurd
in 1959;

their pleas were purely formal,
their children turned out normal,
thought the jovial politician of the year 2000.

And the jovial politician of the year 2000
stepped as straight through the ruins as a third leg
allows and

felt his blind way with his fingerless arm,
and since all were like him he came to no harm.

LAURENCE COLLINSON.

The Ballet School

There is a time when, God forbid,
Each female takes her female kid
Along with several hard earned quid
And these determined women
Line up in rows outside the door,
Their high heels tapping on the floor,
The poor look rich, the rich look poor—

But all have this in common:
They dream their pallid little dears
In yards of netting done in tiers
With wreaths of flowers about their ears
And shoes of pink and satin.

So, should a budding costumiere
Dare substitute a dashing flare
Suggesting something else not there
Within their ballet pattern,
They scream "It's wrong!" "It doesn't go,"
"I've seen Sylphides, I ought to know
It's not a ballet's so and so!

Who let that awful cat in?
"What if my darling's good at mime
She'll use that when she's past her prime,
I tell you youth is tu-tu time—

A time of budding roses.
"How dare the ballet mistress mean
To make her look so long and lean
In several different swathes of green

As modern as her poses!"
To all these mums of Ballet Class
It isn't Ballet, it's a farce
Without the frills across the arse

And rosebuds as a buffer.
Let someone else go dance the wag,
The Wind, the leprechaun, the hag,
Their little darling's in the bag
As Prima Powder-Puffer.

Please ladies, if you have ideas
Of rosebuds in your daughters' ears
And rows of frills across their rears
Give up the ballet notion.

Go buy her frilly panties, do,
Perhaps some frilly nighties, too,
A wedding, and a husband who
Will love her with devotion.

Be thankful, as she walks the aisle
She owes her stateliness and style
To ballet days; the teacher's guile
Was not a gross extortion.

For few excel, and scarce the chance
To speak the language of the dance,
And one in many moons enhance
The ballerina's portion.

BARBARA DEVITT

★

Economy Hint

Old lady buying a mousetrap,
Watching it wrapped in paper and string,
Why, with those teeth to snap
Under lips as tight as a wire spring,
Don't you go to bed with a slice
Of cheese in your teeth and quietly relax,
Welcome the little mice

And then, like good names, break their backs?

GEOFFREY DUTTON

★

A Rare Item

Overland has been donated one copy of the unprocurable issue No. 1 of the magazine, and also a copy of issue No. 3, also long out of print. The best offer by January 30 will procure one or both of these. They are definitely the last copies of these issues ever likely to be available.

They're Both On Again!

THE ANNUAL SUMMER SCHOOL

AT THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ALBURY—

DEC. 29 TO JAN. 8 INCL.

Theme: "Private Enterprise-Public Policy," new thinking on the place of business, industry and management in the contemporary community.

Classes in arts and crafts, puppetry, string playing for amateurs, recorders and choral work. Full time DRAMA SCHOOL—evening entertainment.

RESIDENT AND NON-RESIDENT

SUMMER ART SCHOOL

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY, MELBOURNE—

JAN. 11 TO 21 INCL.

Interesting lectures and a full range of practical classes. **NON-RESIDENT.**

ALL ENQUIRIES TO THE

DIRECTOR OF ADULT EDUCATION, 107 RUSSELL STREET, MELBOURNE, C.1

GEORGIAN HOUSE BOOKS

YANDY, by DONALD STUART. A documentary novel based on a strike of Aboriginal station hands in north-western Australia in 1946. An inspiring answer to the question "Can the Aborigines earn the status of full citizenship in White Australia?" With a striking color jacket reproducing a magnificent oil painting "Don McLeod and His Mob" by James Wigley. 160 pages. 18/- (10d.).

CATHOLIC ACTION AND POLITICS, by TOM TRUMAN, Senior Lecturer in Political Science in the University of Queensland. A critical examination of "The Movement". 246 pages. 35/- (1/3).

A WORD BOOK OF WINE, by WALTER JAMES. A dictionary of the wines of the world, with comments on their infinitely various characteristics. Decorations by Harold Freedman. 209 pages. 26/- (1/5).

"THE PICCADILLY BUSHMAN"

THE most significant fact about "The Piccadilly Bushman" is that it is addressed to us. Perhaps the next most notable fact is that this should be surprising.

Yet surely it is, in the context of our present cultural position. Lawler, having achieved a resounding West End success, might have been expected to aim a deliberate shot at that tempting target. He has preferred to speak to his countrymen on a theme which London is unlikely to understand and less likely to care about—the theme of the Anglo-Australian cultural conflict. That choice of theme is a heartening tribute to our validity as an audience, which we have done very little to deserve.

The play, in my view, is not fully successful, but I also believe that it is not any indication of failure in Lawler's development as dramatist. He has not played safe by sticking to the formula of his first success, and giving us the eighteenth summer of another doll. He has written from the present preoccupation of his mind, as a good dramatist should.

The source of his difficulty, I suspect, is that Lawler is too much a man of the theatre. That is usually regarded as an advantage for the practising dramatist, and normally it is. It works badly for this play because Lawlor has seen the Anglo-Australian conflict as it appears in the milieu of "theatrical circles." In this artificial environment, the conflict mainly takes the form of a set of snobberies, particularly those of the Australians who want to be accepted as socially English.

These snobberies are a quantitatively important part of the conflict, but qualitatively they don't matter much. They are not much more than an exasperation, and an exasperation will not make a good play.

Exposure of the English-aping Australian snob might make a good theme for a satiric comedy. An Australian Moliere might give us a M. Jourdain setting out to master the sophistications of the English. Lawler's talent is not for satiric comedy, but for drama of the heart.

He has tried to find such a theme where, in fact, it might have been found in the figure of the Australian ex-patriate: the kind who is at odds with the cultural crudity of a young country and who feels more at home with the smoother and more graceful English traditions. He thus finds himself odd-man-out in his own community, and yet not acceptable to the English.

It is a situation which could touch us; but Lawler has not a sure enough grip on that theme. He recognises the fact, but he is himself too good an Australian to understand what makes such a man tick. For two acts his Australian actor, newly returned to the country he dislikes, seems to us only a heartless snob with an eye for the main chance. When he reveals the honesty of his sense of separation from his own country in the third act, it is too shallowly suggested. Any chance it might have had of convincing us was finally wrecked, in the recent Melbourne season, by the superficiality with which it was acted.

On his way to revelatory third act, Lawler has not developed this character. He has filled the first two acts with cock-shies at the English-aping snobs, and the somewhat hammy sermonising of a writer who sees Australia with affection and attachment. This character is the brightest spot in the play, a sympathetic and convincing figure, admirably brought alive for us by a piece of

Charter of Hope

We print below the full text of the Charter of Hope adopted by the recent Congress for International Co-operation in Melbourne. Overland regrets that this Charter has not achieved wider publicity in Australia.

This Congress of representatives of Australian and New Zealand Citizens of diverse interests and opinions believes that another world war would be an unlimited disaster to the human race. We, therefore, affirm that the objective of all nations should be total disarmament, that the first steps towards this should be taken at once and should be accompanied at all stages by an accepted system of inspection.

In view of the admitted danger to the health and future of the human race, we urge the immediate banning of nuclear tests, for which an adequate system of detection has already been proposed.

The transition from an armament economy to a peace economy must be made on an orderly, planned basis. The money, resources and man-power now absorbed in arms production should be used to raise the living standard of people everywhere, but especially in under-developed countries.

We believe that the attainment of these objectives involves the increased effectiveness of the United Nations. To help achieve this we urge the admission of the Chinese People's Republic and of all other non-member nations.

We deplore any breach of international peace, and affirm that there are no differences between peoples which cannot be settled by negotiation.

We believe that the responsibility for war is never one-sided and that all nations should forgive past wrongs. We believe that the development of peaceful relations, co-operation and respect between all nations is essential and possible.

We recommend the promotion of free cultural, scientific, industrial, sporting and other exchanges between countries, the removal of all travel restrictions and the unimpeded flow of information.

We welcome discussion between the heads of nations culminating in agreement between Mr. Khrushchov and Mr. Eisenhower that a Summit meeting must be held. We believe that this should take place without delay.

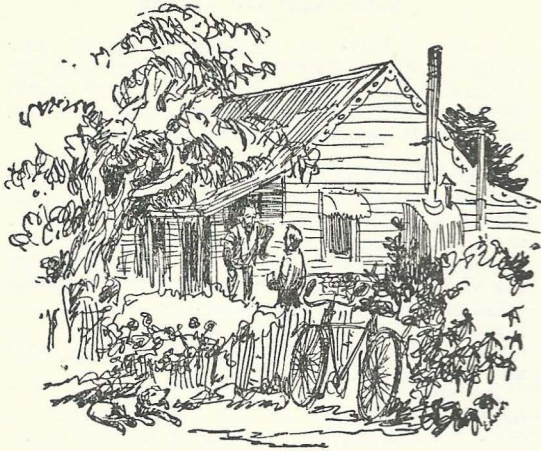
Encouraged by the public support for the Congress, we believe that people everywhere, working to achieve the aims of this declaration, can ensure international co-operation and disarmament.

imaginative and vigorous acting. Lawler deals some shrewdish satiric knocks in his second act; but he is not preparing the ground for the intended drama of the heart in the last act.

Lawler has cobbled together the incongruous elements of his play ingeniously. It never bores us; but, as we file out of the theatre, we wonder what it all adds up to. The trouble lies less in the uncertain wobbling between satire and drama-of-the-heart than in the deficiency that forced Lawler to that wobble; he has seen his theme too shallowly to be able to make the drama of ideas

(Continued on page 34)

THE INTERVIEW



A LADY told me to sit down on the verandah and she would send grandfather out. I sat, glad of the shade. The verandah fronted right onto the hot dusty country street.

When the old man came out, I said brightly: "I came down on behalf of the Swan Hill Literary Club. They deputed me to get some information from you about Rolf Boldrewood. You knew him when he was a station manager here at Boga, didn't you?"

"Eh? Can't hear you!" He cupped a great brown hand like a curved mallee root behind his ear.

"Boldrewood!" I shouted.

"Oh! Load of wood. Yes." He called out through the door, "Jean, there's a young fellow here with a load of wood."

"Tell him to put it in the yard," the woman's voice answered. It took me ten minutes to explain the purpose of my visit. We both yelled loudly. It was most convenient for the neighbors and enabled them to follow the conversation without bothering to leave their doorsteps.

Then I took out my notebook and pencil to indicate that I was ready. The old chap settled down to it.

"Ah yes, Browne, that was his real name, came here as manager of the old station. It was in Doc. Mitchell's time. I remember the doc. coming down from Swan Hill on his bike one day and saying, 'John, come round to the back of the lake with me. I want to dig up some skulls.' We set off but we found we couldn't ride our bikes round there, the sand was too deep. In fact, once that year the Swan Hill train was held up and the second class passengers had to get out and shovel sand off the line for three days before it could get through."

I felt I was not learning much that would shed light on the genesis of "Robbery Under Arms" and said so to him. The old man waved his great arms

(Continued from previous page)

which he wanted to write. A novelist might have deepened his understanding of his theme by the process of writing about it; the far more exacting structural problems of drama prevent Lawler from achieving that think-as-you-go.

Yet this is a theme worth writing about, and which Lawler was right to attempt because it was clearly something which he wanted to attempt. It is the kind of failure which the live writer must commit between his successes.

A. A. PHILLIPS.

uncertainly. It was hot and his white hair was plastered with sweat.

"Oh yes," he went on, "there were plenty of skulls there. It was the old Aboriginal burying ground. The station owners used to kill them off by putting arsenic in their flour and drinking water because they were liable to be nuisances to the sheep. Fifteen hundred were poisoned in one day. It was a great thing for Doc. Mitchell. There were skulls whenever he wanted them."

"Why did they touch it then if that was the case?" I shouted at the old nuisance. I wished he would come to the point.

"Oh well, that's progress for you. They'd eat anything that didn't eat them first; and, at any rate, those blokes were gentlemen compared to the station owners of today. I've got a son a shearer and they're trying to cut his rates again. I was only talking to Mick Moroney about it the other day. Do you know Mick?"

"No, I really came out about Rolf Boldrewood."

The old man looked surprised. "You don't know Mick? He's just come back from Queensland. Went up there to get some sugar, he told me. Do you know, the first day I came to Boga I saw a man camped on the shores of the Lake over there with 8,000 steers from Queensland and every man jack of those cows was stolen. The same fellow afterwards ran a pub in Melbourne, and owned Mimmette. You've heard of her, I suppose?"

"No," I said, "but about Rolf Boldrewood."

"I can't understand you not knowing that," said the old man. He dribbled a little on his chin. "A wonderful horse. Yes, there was a chance for an enterprising man then. You take all these big cattle kings. They got their herds by stealing them. Those who were best at it got knighted. Good luck to them, I say."

"But, about Rolf Boldrewood," I began. I felt I would not have any information at all to give the meeting on Tuesday. "You haven't told me anything about Rolf Boldrewood."

"Yes, I was a young chap at the time. This bloke told me he left the Queensland border with a black boy and 15 steers and I know when he sold the mob in Melbourne they brought £16 a head. The whole thing comes back to me like a bad cheque, as you might say . . . But," he looked at me reproachfully, "you came here to ask me about old Browne and you've led me right off the track. Always try to keep to the point, my boy. That's one thing I learned when I was young like you. They used to call me 'The Encyclopedia'."

Ah! I got my notebook ready again. Perhaps in the story of the mob was the germ of Starlight's famous episode of the duffed mob in "Robbery Under Arms". My pencil was poised.

But a little girl came to the door. "Grandpa, mum says you've got to come in to your tea and not stand there talking," she said.

"Well, goodbye, young fellow," the old man cried. "Only too pleased to put you on the right track and if there's anything else you want to know, don't be frightened to ask."

He followed the little girl inside.

ALFRED O'CONNOR

This Marvel

I mull'd above a word,
One that we often find,
And wonder'd why it was
It speaks from mind to mind.
Grunted in ages past,
When man first spoke as man,
The speech of all the world
In that first word began.

MARY GILMORE.

BOOKS

Politics in Eden-Monaro

"Politics in Eden-Monaro," by D. W. Rawson and Susan M. Holtzinger (Heinemann, for the Australian National University, 22/6).

The continuation of the Menzies government is probably due more to the apathy of the Australian electors than to their enthusiasm for the Liberal Party or distaste for the A.L.P.

A candidate travelling a country electorate, in particular, realises that his greatest problem is not to justify his policy, but to get a hearing for it. An average meeting might draw an attendance of twenty in a large town, and the scattered population makes it difficult either to canvass effectively or to find large crowds to listen to stump orations.

In such circumstances, the candidate who is able to command the greatest amount of newspaper and radio publicity has a tremendous advantage. His name becomes familiar, the platitudes of his policy become well known. Providing he is not trying to put forward any policy more extensive than can be covered by slogans and fifty-word radio plugs, he is halfway to victory.

The A.N.U.'s survey of politics in Eden-Monaro shows the extent to which the Liberal and Country Parties monopolise these mediums of propaganda, but it also shows that a conscientious sitting member has an excellent chance of overcoming such handicaps.

If the local member answers his constituents' queries promptly and forwards local interests dutifully, he will build up sufficient good-will to hold his own against anything except a particularly violent swing or the disintegration of his local organisation.

The electorate of Eden-Monaro is a particularly suitable one for analysing the factors which determine election results. Its two State and single Federal representative have all held their seats through the recent difficulties of the Labor Party. Also, it includes a little corner of a blue-ribbon Liberal seat, which is held by one of the back-slapping utopians who form the backbone of conservative parties. This gentleman, with his patronising references to "my socialist opponent," and his belief "that all should be encouraged to develop their talents to the full in a system of free enterprise" (a classical example of question-begging), has built a strong personal following by appealing to the sturdy prejudices of the small farmers of the South Coast, a dairying area with its typical distrust of government and pride in self-reliance.

The Federal Labor member, Alan Fraser, is distinguished in the A.L.P. by his intellectual standing and liberal outlook, but this does not seem to have helped him in his electorate, although his stand in the Brown-Fitzpatrick case may have brought him some support from those who retain their respect for the man who stands alone. His State colleagues are both undistinguished but hard-working members.

The split in the Labor Party did not figure very extensively in the Eden-Monaro campaigns of 1955-56, and in these circumstances all the sitting members held their seats. However, Fraser obtained a record majority, against weak opposition, and both State members, against stronger opposition, lost ground. That is, the campaigns were largely a matter of personalities, with the average elector preferring safety.

The electorate of Indi offers an interesting corollary to this picture. In the State election of 1956 the aged but mediocre member for Benalla survived a vigorous campaign by a young Labor opponent.

In the Federal election of the same year, the sitting Liberal was displaced by a Country Party candidate largely because he had not been sufficiently diligent in attending local shows.

Certainly, many other factors entered these contests, not the least being that the successful members were both returned on Labor preferences. The conclusion can still be drawn that a sitting member holds an incalculable advantage, even if, like Mr. Cook, his only distinction is that at one stage he was the only representative of his party without Cabinet rank. However, this disadvantage can be thrown away by any appearance of indifference to the electors.

The further conclusion is that, although Labor can probably continue to hold its present country seats, it is unable to command either the finance or the enthusiasm to unseat conservative members.

The Country Party campaign in Indi showed that two things are necessary to unseat a rural member. One is a poor record on the part of the member, and the other is unlimited finance. As the Labor Party can neither expect the first nor command the second, it must find a third.

This can only come from a restatement of its aims in a fashion which will recapture the imagination of the people. But this must be done on a broader basis than that of a mere political platform. It must first be done in a social context which will make politics a vital part of people's lives.

This survey shows that, although the Labor Party partially achieves its ideal of a party of the rank and file, it attracts only a tiny minority of the population. If it is ever to govern it must recapture the crusading zeal of Lane or the young Spence. Then its branches will be restored to life and its candidates will have the opportunity of controversy and debate with the zealous, and will then have the support of enthusiasts to carry their message to the country.

But unless the party is of the people as well as for the people, it will again fall prey to the opportunists and demagogues who undermined its progress in the past. That is why it is so important to find a way of re-awakening a genuine Australian culture, free from the aberrations of commercialism and the cult of the talentless individual which govern our present mass culture. Socialism will only succeed if the individual is free in spirit, able to think for himself, independent of mob fashions and prejudices. The first function of the Labor movement should be to develop such individuals.

This book is an admirable study of the dull reality of contemporary politics. It does not attempt to discover why the swinging voter swings, or how people acquire their opinions, but it does give a comprehensive picture of political parties in action. It is compulsory reading for the socialist, although the organisation man may learn little.

J. D. McLAREN.

Factory Novel

"Bobbin Up" (Australasian Book Society, 17/6) is the story of a group of girls who work in a spinning mill in Sydney. The time is the summer of 1957. The girls are young and single, or married and middle-aged. Life is not easy for any of them. Some of the single ones have unwanted-baby troubles, the married ones are struggling to make ends meet and care for aged parents and young children. A periodical recession in the textile industry is a tragedy for all. The mill owners sack the girls. The union officials try to persuade the girls to submit and go home: "This is a business firm not a charitable organisation," says the organiser. But the girls, young and old, dig their toes in: they demand reinstatement, or they will stage a "stay in" strike. There the book ends.

Dorothy Hewett handles this material from the point of view of a socialist realist. She sees life and characters in their dialectical development and her approach is a deeply humanist one. She depicts real, everyday life and her characters are largely typical. Of course, these characteristics have been part of realist literature long before socialist realism was thought of. The chief point is, this novel about working people is written from the revolutionary working class point of view.

The first three-quarters of the book are given up to descriptions of the individual lives of the characters. I got the feeling they had come too much out of one mould. Dorothy Hewett worked with these people. She came to love them. She surrounds them with this mother love and is more occupied fighting for them than they are for themselves. She would have been more persuasive if she had flung them out of her nest and let them fly. The conflicts in them do not develop because the main contradiction—that between the girls and the millowners—is not allowed to develop. We are given a lot of minor conflicts that belong to the past rather than the present. They are necessary as a preparation for what is to come, they build the characters up to a point where they are ripe for action. But this action, in this case the strike, does not develop, and she deprives the characters of their essential revelation.

The exception among the characters is Nell, the communist. This is the first time I have come across an unforced, truthful, human portrait of a communist in Australian literature. (Let me humbly place my hand on my heart and bow to those who ask: "What do you know of Australian literature!") Nevertheless, Nell is first rate. Why? Because she has been more involved in vital action than any of the others.

There are some aspects of the novel I don't like at all. But then there's no accounting for taste. Besides, they are not, I think, the most vital aspects. Dorothy Hewett is a socialist realist, and while the book is not an entirely successful piece of socialist realism it turns a light on the essential truth—that working people can and will remake life.

R. de BOISSIERE.

★

Bush Songs

A little investigation has shown that in Queensland the folk song tradition is still alive and kicking, while in the southern mainland states it is almost dead. (When is somebody going to tell us about Tasmania and the West?) "The Queensland Centenary Songbook" (Edwards & Shaw, 10/-) assembles a well-selected thirty of the "old bush

songs" (at least two look, in fact, like quite new bush songs). Some of the songs are local to Queensland; others are known more widely, but printed here in versions collected in Queensland.

This is a book designed to be sung and played from, and very well designed for that purpose. It is conveniently shaped, the type, both music and letterpress, are large enough for comfort, and it **opens flat**. Into the bargain, it is decorated with pleasant drawings by Rod Shaw. This is the kind of printing, both handsome and functional, that one expects from Edwards & Shaw.

There are chord notations for guitarists and such-like instrumentalists. In all except one case, the harmonisations are by someone unnamed (John Manifold?) One very amateur guitarist thought the harmonisation a little fussy in one or two cases; this was probably due to his own incompetency. Most of the time the harmonisation is simple, sensible and effective.

Notes to the songs are also provided by an unnamed hand (but almost certainly John Manifold this time). They are rather scrappy, and occasionally argumentative rather than informative. My own experience in editing folk song records suggests to me that people welcome much fuller information than they are given here. Admittedly, I have been given this impression by New South Welshmen, but I don't suppose Queenslanders have less intellectual curiosity than Sydneysiders.

Many of the texts are composite, put together from several different sources. This is a practice frowned upon in the best folksong editing circles; but only a pedant would object to it in a popular collection like this. I have an unhappy feeling, however, that one or two tunes may have received some silent editing; and that is something altogether to be reprehended. Was there really only a difference of one insignificant note between the tune sung to "Moreton Bay" by W. Bowden of Wide Bay, and the tune for "Youghal Harbour" printed by Colm O. Lochlainn in "Irish Street Ballads"? In folk singing, such note for note correspondences are most unusual (unless songs are well known from print) and folklorists are always suspicious of them. Then there is the first tune given for "Farewell to the Ladies of Brisbane". It is minor. Now minor tunes are almost unknown amongst folk singers; when they turn up in folk songs collections they are usually the result of editors re-writing modal tunes. But perhaps this is one of the rare cases of a singer who has himself turned a modal tune into a minor, under the influence of "art" music. Flatten the leading note, the d sharp, and judge whether the tune does not sound better in its modal version. I should very much like to know where the singer picked up this version of the song. It is so close, in both tune and text, to the version published by A. L. Lloyd on the record "Banks of the Condamine," that I strongly suspect that the record was the ultimate source of his version. (There is a curious accidental in the same singer's version of "A Thousand Miles Away." And there are a couple of very un-folk-song-like accidentals in the tune of "The Queensland Drover." But these latter are, I should think, certainly the result of influence from art music.)

There are a number of songs in this collection which have not been printed before. There are some pleasant surprises amongst them; a long Kelly ballad, the best I remember seeing, and some lively texts like "Bullocky-O" and "The Canecutter's Lament." This is decidedly a book to be owned by everyone who enjoys singing folk songs.

EDGAR WATERS.

Lawson, Campbell, Williamson

"Fifteen Stories" by Henry Lawson (Angus & Robertson, 15/-), "Evenings Under Lamplight" by David Campbell (Angus & Robertson, 15/-), "Sammy Anderson, Commercial Traveller" by H. D. Williamson (Angus & Robertson, 20/-).

Lawson the man has become a legend, but his works, unlike those of so many other literary legends, continue to attract readers. "Fifteen Stories," a selection chosen by Dr. Colin Roderick, is designed for those who have not yet discovered them. As a sample of Lawson's work, "Fifteen Stories" is admirable. Dr. Roderick has not confined himself to those of the short stories which are clearly good or bad. He has included also some of those about which there may be reasonable dispute. This approach is not without its dangers. The excellent introduction to the book is largely descriptive and biographical, and does not attempt to provide critical guidance. There is more than a possibility that the properly reverent reader may bestow his regard as liberally upon "Two Boys at Grinder Brothers" as upon "The Drover's Wife".

I hope that "Fifteen Stories" will find its way into the hands of many New Australians, for it is from Lawson rather than from any other Australian writer that they can learn the philosophy which made their adopted country what it is.

Lawson's realism is only one aspect of the Australian literary tradition. David Campbell has chosen to present impressionist glimpses of home-stead life on an outback sheep station as seen through the eyes of its owner's three children. The quite extraordinary success of this device is a tribute to Mr. Campbell's narrative skill, for it fractures events into the arbitrary "occurrence-whole" units of childish perception.

Yet if "Evenings Under Lamplight" is bought, it will not be wholly for the author's skill as a narrator. The real worth of the book is in its intense lyric vision of a child's world. This quality is best displayed, perhaps, in "The Button and the Heretic." Here Mr. Campbell is observing the religious mood. Two of the children climb an old elm tree to slip small coins and a button down into its hollow. In their eyes the act has ritual significance. Seated in the branches, Billy speculates on a day when the tree will be felled and their sacrifices discovered. For Janet there is revelation—"And quite suddenly Janet saw the whole thing. It was as simple as that, as simple as their money-box bough. Away you rolled like a button into the dark hollow that was death; then God came along with his axe and chopped you out. And in a vision she saw her button climb like an eagle up a shaft of sunlight and disappear into the vague blue of heaven."

Although "Evenings Under Lamplight" is ostensibly a collection of short stories, it possesses the essential unity of a novel. "Sammy Anderson, Commercial Traveller" was meant to be a novel, but leaves the reader with a feeling that its author would have done better to have used the tenuous threads which pass for its plot as nuclei for a series of short stories. It is a pity that Mr. Williamson has overreached himself, for he is a genuinely competent observer of human affairs. In "Sammy Anderson" there is distilled something of the essential flavor of the "outside" man's way of life before his emancipation at the hands of the automobile industry. There is admirable command of local color in this book. The darkened railway compartments, chilly station waiting rooms and sleepy commercial rooms are confidently and convincingly depicted.

RACE MATHEWS.

Recent Poetry

"Australian Poetry 1958," edited by Vincent Buckley (Angus & Robertson, 15/-).

"The Blue Crane," by Ian Mudie (Angus & Robertson, 16/-).

"Pools of the Cinnabar Range," by Flexmore Hudson (Angus & Robertson, 15/-).

"A Book of South Australian Verse," compiled by R. H. Morrison (Mary Martin, Adelaide).

"Australian Poetry 1958," an annual anthology now in its 16th year, aims to represent the best current work of Australian poets. This year 26 poets are included, roughly half the number of previous years. This has lifted the collection from a sometimes easy-going pot-pourri to a serious performance. The poets most represented are Francis Webb, Evan Jones, William Hart-Smith and Douglas Stewart. Nearly all the poems have an integrity and excellence of their kind, including those of the Editor, the heavy compassion of whose work is represented by two well-chosen poems.

For those interested in social bearings, the following perusal of, say, Evan Jones' "Noah's Song," will show attitudes frequently implied in other poems of this volume—there is little overt sociology in the collection.

Firstly, the poem engagingly depicts the biblical Noah who, sent on a divine mission, is human enough to be bored—too long at sea and nothing doing.

Secondly, the poem makes a wry little document if, instead of Noah, it is taken as symbolising the environment of its author, who is said to be a University lecturer. Not that this aspect need have been consciously considered but the fit is too good, not only with Universities but with the situation of so many of us to be accidental!

Too many years have brought me to this boat
Where days swim by with such monotony,
Days of the fox, the lion and the goat.

Thirdly, if you take wider implications, say Australia as the Ark, this innocent poem becomes quite an indictment,

.
A single room set up against the night,
The hold of animals and nothing more;
For any further world is out of sight —
There are no people and there is no shore.

True the time passes in unbroken peace.
To some, no doubt, this Ark would seem a
haven,
But all that I can hope for is release
Tomorrow I'll send out the dove and raven.

There are variations to this ending:—

. . . flinty tracks, to stony crag and scarp
To a way still chilled, a winter wind still sharp.

John Manifold proposes with typical virility to ride his nightmare

Though he smash my skull on the butts of the
Blackall Ranges

And Douglas Stewart ends his moving poem "At the Entrance," with the image of the near-drowned man who recovers

. . . until at last
Upright upon the moving raft he stood,
And on into the distance and the mist.

Grim? Readers may like to make their own endings—the only condition being an honesty of self-awareness equal to the poets.

★

Ian Mudie's new book has an attractive title, but he depicts the bird as ungainly, a symbol of himself and says—

"I sing only of solitude"
—an attitude that goes strangely with verse that would cry for the Nation. His subjects are landscape and the Australian "folk-spirit." Obviously he revels in Australiana.

The quieter pieces evoke country scenes with occasionally a hint of something more. The louder pieces seem rather self-conscious but are sure to find a response because of the national sentiments they invoke. Yet, through lack of form and penetration of the subject they have, to this reviewer, only a fortuitous resonance with poetry. In his public themes, Ian Mudie tends to a program that as yet he has not found.

★

The world of Flexmore Hudson covers much the same ground as that of Ian Mudie but is better integrated. Lacking the gaucherie, it lacks some of the drive as well. One can be grateful for his eye and honesty, and also regret that his work is not better known.

The South Australian anthology published to the memory of Rex Ingamells is a quiet collection of well-chosen poems, including the work of Nancy Cato, Geoffrey Dutton and Max Harris.

NOEL MACAINSH.

★

Last Blue Sea

Although this was not the author's primary intention, "The Last Blue Sea" (Heinemann and Australasian Book Society, 18/9) convincingly recreates savage jungle warfare in New Guinea.

This novel by Brisbane bank official David Forrest won the first Dame Mary Gilmore Award this year. It's the story of a group of militia soldiers—"chockos"—who were part of a battalion fighting through the slimy, steaming, rotting razor-backed jungle to Salamaua and the sea. To the soldiers walking in the shadow of jungle death the blue sea becomes the symbol of release and life, or at any rate an extension of life on the way to the last blue sea of all.

In the long-drawn agony of the putrid trail, punctuated by elemental skirmishes, the "chockos"—despised by the volunteer A.I.F.—learn to meet the demands made upon them. They were not all heroes nor were they given to heroics, but this book is a testament of courage that should leave the Australian reader humble and grateful.

Some descriptions of the campaign are almost painfully evocative—for example the terrifying sense of isolation that grips a patrol leader probing towards the hidden, waiting enemy. As he forces himself forward along the twisting trail, "his senses aquiver for sound that he would never hear, for movement that he would never see," he feels exposed and unutterably alone, alone against the whole Japanese army—remote even from his comrades filing behind him with the nearest only six feet or so away.

Memorable, too, is the account of an agonised evacuation of two "walking wounded" over the great mountain behind the front. Their ghastly trek recalls the epic journey of Meresyev in Boris Polevoi's "Story of a Real Man"; but two men are committed to this New Guinea Odyssey, so that comradeship and compassion count as well as will power and endurance.

So pervasive is the jungle in this book that the reader is startled, on turning back to Forrest's introduction, to learn that "the scene is incidental, being the best one I could find to serve as a background." The author's primary theme appears to have been the study of a group of men exposed to great stresses of war and physical hardship. His characters have therefore to be studied very critically in their development, and the result is not wholly satisfactory, though some of them—notably "the Admiral"—emerge as complex human beings. Perhaps the author's task and the reader's participation would have been more fruitful if the formative pasts of the main characters had been explored more fully.

But however broad the author's design, his book acquires strength because the details are honest and exact. The writing is taut and elliptical and the scenes are fragmentary, but the overall impression of sardonic Australian militiamen (the dialogue is beautifully handled) is rewarding. This is not a complete novel but it has the supreme virtue of integrity, and we can hope it will be read by future generations as well as ours.

BILL IRWIN.

★

Palmer and Mann

The last instalment of Vance Palmer's trilogy, "The Big Fellow," has now been issued posthumously by Angus and Robertson (25/-). The first two books, "Golconda" and "Seedtime," covered the period of Macy Donovan's ascent in the Queensland Labor movement. He reaches the pinnacle of his career, the Premiership, in "The Big Fellow."

From this time, however, the descent begins. Fresh from his successes in the elections and in caucus, Macy Donovan never fits easily into the business of leading the party and heading the Government of the State. Dissatisfaction and a subtle sense of inadequacy gnaw at him. A re-awakened love affair, and a financial scandal involving his relatives, bring about his resignation. "The Big Fellow" covers the period of his fall and ends with his return to his home from hospital, a rather seedy, discredited politician.

If Macy Donovan's career as a whole is viewed as a failure, the period of his leadership, of his great triumph, is also at the heart of the defeat and the tragedy.

There is a symbolical significance in this which might not have been intended by the author. Yet it irresistibly emerges from the careful portrait Vance Palmer paints of Macy Donovan.

The history of reformist Labor leaders is a history of failure. Fisher, Hughes, Holman, Theodore, Scullin, Lyons, Chifley and all their minor State counterparts were all failures, not personally, but politically. Their actions were mostly at variance with their professions, even when they did not outrightly betray their party and the working class which had pinned its faith on them.

This failure arose from the haziness of their professions, their programmes and objectives. One of the most striking features of "The Big Fellow" is the recital of Macy Donovan's ideas which are compounded of bourgeois commonplaces, demagogic catch cries, newspaper clichés and racial prejudices. And these are not even held sincerely. "All his life he had been plagued with half beliefs . . ." the author writes.

But more importantly, in the end Macy Donovan's views are hardly distinguishable from those

Two Explorations

of the other side. Is this not true even of the most distinguished of the reformist parliamentary leaders?

It is a pity that Vance Palmer never realised that there was an alternative to all this, in the revolutionary movement, in the new developments in the Labor movement which will inevitably bring an end to the era of the Macy Dovovans, developments which have already begun in Queensland. The failure to see the Labor movement in all its complexities is one of the chief weaknesses of the trilogy.

It is also a matter of regret that Vance Palmer, who introduced a number of characters of Irish origin, did not go more deeply into them and the important part played by the Irish in Australian Labor history.

Nevertheless, this trilogy is of the highest importance in the history of Australian literature. There are faults but these faults should not conceal the real significance of the work.

The truly significant feature of the trilogy is that it is a serious attempt to deal with the people of the Labor movement of this country. Although the Labor movement has played such a vital role in the history of Australia, being the chief repository of the democratic traditions of this nation, yet it has not found adequate expression in our literature. Nor have novelists been encouraged to write on this subject. Today the novels which win the widest acclaim are those which are the furthest away from real things and real people, above all from the people of the Labor movement.

It is part of Vance Palmer's great achievement that he helped pioneer this theme. He was a realist and he was close to the life and traditions of Australia.

★

Leonard Mann, who has just published his latest novel, "Andrea Caslin" (Jonathan Cape, 22/6), belongs to the same realist school, a school of Australian writers that emerged in the post-first-world-war days, who form the link between the Lawson school and the modern social-realists.

Like other members of that school, perhaps even more so, Leonard Mann has tackled the biggest themes in Australian life and history. In his "Flesh and Armor," he dealt with the first world war, in "Human Drift" the events at Eureka, in "The Go-Getter" the depression.

To some extent "Andrea Caslin" is an advance on his previous novels, as has been suggested by Douglas Stewart in the Bulletin. Stewart wrote that in this novel Leonard Mann was "writing with more imagination, with increased strength and maturity."

One of the outstanding achievements of this book is the description of a country town and the social forces operating in it.

In the complex figure of Leonard Mann's heroine, Andrea Caslin, there is the assertion of the equality of women, shown in her ability in the financial and business world, which gives her the power and influence that are at the core of the book.

The role of money, of financial institutions in our society is brought out with perception; the hunt for money as one of the mainsprings of human conduct is reiterated. The values this implies are not accepted by the author, who, intentionally or otherwise, shows the crippling, debasing effects on human character of the all-absorbing pursuit of money.

There is a melodramatic twist towards the end of "Andrea Caslin" which somehow does not fit well with the earlier treatment in the novel. However, this does not invalidate the importance of this book as one of the outstanding novels of the year.

JUDAH WATEN.

"The End of Modernity" by James McAuley (Angus & Robertson, 17/6), "Poetry and Morality" by Vincent Buckley (Chatto & Windus, 34/9).

Over the last few years we have seen the beginnings of serious cultural exploration in Australia, and these two books, though neither deals specifically with this country, are important contributions to such a field. Both are concerned with the relations between literature, morality and social attitudes, and both take their stimulus from the ambiguous role of literature in the twentieth century. But this is all they have in common: one book is provocative, broad-sweeping and often dogmatic, while the other is searching, precise and deliberately self-limiting.

James McAuley is the kind of writer who, even when proclaiming an orthodoxy, seems a natural rebel. Even in his title he is displaying the kind of snook-cocking assertiveness with which he goes on to criticise modern society and culture, romantic poetry and realist novels, liberalism and historicism. His writing is clear and vigorous, though too often lacking in specific examples or quotations, and the range of his interests is quite astonishing. It is pretty rare to find a critic who is well-read in half-a-dozen literatures, not to mention anthropology, sociology, theology and history; it is rarer still to find these enlisted in such a unified system of thought as McAuley exhibits. What then is so provocative, so blatantly defiant about his book? I think it is the unorthodoxy of his conservatism.

Most readers will surely deny the premises on which McAuley bases his arguments: even those who share his religious and political beliefs are likely to be embarrassed by the axiomatic status which he gives to these premises, for he reveals no hint of personal conflict or doubt in their application. They seem to be as follows: first, there is an absolute and unchanging canon of moral law; second, the liberal notion of progress is a corrosive and dangerous one, perpetuating a social disintegration which has been going on since the Renaissance; third, modern Western communities cannot be taken as "normal societies"; fourth, every modern nation comprises a particular balance of positive **tradition** and negative **modernism**; fifth, the despiritualisation of art has led to general decline, a superior art like poetry being superseded by the lesser art of the novel.

From those points alone, it is clear that McAuley's position goes far beyond that commonly described as "the new conservatism," so far indeed as to be extremely eccentric, for all his claims of centrality and tradition. And this brings us to the interesting problem of his own degree of involvement in the cultural climate he attacks. In defining the modern condition of "the disinherited mind" with its characteristics of humanism, individualism and arbitrariness, he points to the isolated reaction of many of our greatest writers—Yeats, Baudelaire, Eliot, Rilke are examples. Now this is undeniable and disturbing, but I think McAuley oversimplifies the motives of these writers and the complexity of liberalism itself. Further, his generalisations too often show a lack of self-knowledge, a failure to recognise the role played by modern European writers in forming his own style and attitude.

Though I find his general attitude quite untenable, many of McAuley's individual observations seem dead right. He points out both the mannerist

tendency in contemporary arts and their parasitic reliance on the fruits of other cultures, and sees functionalism as their only true stylistic development: for this reason he finds architecture the most impressive art of this century. He asserts the essential moral realism of great literature and its need for complexity and depth beneath a lucid surface. Most important, he continually reminds us that the writer cannot be merely a privileged clown, and that his "... ideological framework is important whether the poet is attempting a philosophical work or merely giving a lyrical expression to the feelings roused in him by a particular situation."

But it is when McAuley lays aside the robes of the guru and is simply a poet revealing his insights and preoccupations that his writing becomes most personal, and most impressive. For this reason his last four essays, those specifically dealing with poetry, have a keenness and a centrality which are all too rare in the rest.

★

Vincent Buckley's "Poetry and Morality" is a work of more intensive focus, exploring in detail the play of moral values in literature. Far from being dogmatic, Buckley gives the impression of setting down the stages of a self-questioning process: nothing is taken for granted and his final judgments seem almost implicit and by-the-way.

After rejecting the cruder extremes of didacticism and art-for-art's-sake in his introduction, he goes on to treat his subject by an examination of the three most influential English critics of the past century—Matthew Arnold, T. S. Eliot and F. R. Leavis. This is not as circuitous a route to the subject as it may appear, since the ideas of these three critics are remarkably representative of the changes in literary practice between the Victorian age and our own; nevertheless, it places a regrettable barrier in the way of those who have not read the relevant criticism.

Arnold's moral attitudes are irrevocably associated with Victorianism, and Buckley is sufficiently a man of his age to have difficulty in making them sound particularly interesting or relevant. Arnold's necessary relation between moral purpose and "high seriousness" of style is properly seen as too narrowing: a tendency to restrict poetry to a quasi-religious sentiment.

It is when he finds Arnold's claims for the power of poetry too wide, however, that Buckley shows himself as markedly representative of a period as the Victorians were: his greater modesty is thoroughly realistic, but, looking at the condition of much poetry today, we might wish him to show something of McAuley's reforming zeal.

Though the Arnold chapters are occasionally turgid, Buckley's comments on Eliot are sharp and perceptive, clearly defining both his virtues and his limitations. Recognition is given to the problems Eliot tackled at a time when poetry "faced a much more complex dilemma than the thinkers of Arnold's generation ever conceived—it faced, among other things, the looming spectre of its own irrelevance." We find his conception of poetry as "a report on the human condition" investigated and largely endorsed as the most honest claim which can be made, however much he may have drifted off towards Christian didacticism in some of the later criticism.

The account given of Leavis' critical attitudes demonstrates, I think rightly, his considerable superiority over both Arnold and Eliot. Despite a certain provinciality of attitude, Leavis stands out for his recognition of the intertwined sources of artistic and moral vitality; it is hard now to

escape his theory that works of art enact their own moral values and that, whatever worthy aims precede it, the relevant experience of a poem must be present within the poetry. Where I would cavil at Buckley's thesis is in his estimate of tendencies in Leavis towards a religious conception of literature: however much such a view takes account of human complexity, calling it "religious" can only lead to confusion and the grossest kind of oversimplification.

In a useful appendix, Buckley criticises those Christians (and this would apply equally to any other group) who allow their beliefs to stand in the way of their response, as whole beings, to works of literature, and reminds us that explicit beliefs form only a part of our whole response to life: it is a point well worth remembering. The sanction of art cannot be itself, nor can it be merely dogma: it is the whole range of reality.

The quality of his conclusions make me all the sorrier that Buckley has chosen so oblique an approach to his subject, when a discussion of actual works of literature would have made his ideas available to many more people who are interested in the relation of literature to moral values. That he could have written such a book is clear from his earlier "Essays in Poetry, Mainly Australian."

Perhaps the final remark can be left to Leavis, who is quoted as follows:

... traditions, or prevailing conventions or habits, that tend to cut poetry in general off from direct vulgar living and the actual, or that make it difficult for the poet to bring into poetry his most serious interests as an adult living in his own time, have a devitalising effect.

CHRIS WALLACE-CRABBE.

★

A Painter of our Time

The golden thread supposed to be the core of timeless Art is tarnished here and there by the bloody struggles of real life; and so one is tempted to assume that the gold is subservient to the flesh—that Art is only part of life.

For many contemporary artists and critics this thought is indeed the end. What is life without Art?

Janos Lavin, the central character of John Berger's "A Painter of Our Time" (Secker & Warburg, 22/6), would ask: "What is Art without Life?"

Lavin is a 1938 Hungarian refugee from fascism. He has settled and paints in London. He has been a Communist for many years—living and developing within the vortex of fascism in Hungary—so his conscience reminds him continually that his comrade Laszlo Laci, a poet, was still in the immediate struggle in Hungary when fascist brutality was at its worst—and later, of course, was helping in the building of socialism.

Nevertheless, Lavin is dedicated to his creative painting, and has to teach in an art school for sustenance. His English wife works in a library to supplement the meagre income. Lavin paints uncompromisingly, wrestling with his day to day artistic problems and his political conscience—both of which he writes about in his daily journal.

In 1952 his friend Laszlo is executed for "working under the cover of his art for the enemies of socialism." A confession accompanied the trial, so Janos is in doubt about Laszlo—his belief in his friend's loyalty is shaken. His entries question Laszlo—question himself—question Laszlo. "It is the man's life that obsesses us after he is dead. Were you? You died knowing for certain that you were either guilty or innocent."

Janos continues to paint, developing his themes, enlarging his canvasses and penetrating deeper into the real world about him. Later, when some fresh breezes begin to blow in Eastern Europe, Janos receives word that Laszlo is miraculously rehabilitated. But Laszlo does not rise again from the dead.

"The dictatorship of the proletariat must be a two-way process. The hard justice it serves must also extend to its leaders. In that lies our superior morality. But mistakes are not treason. An unsuccessful revolutionary does not become a reactionary because he is unsuccessful, even supposing his failure aids reaction. Our materialism cannot be reduced to Nothing Succeeds like Success. And if mistakes are punished by death, who learns?"

Janos' exhibition, arranged with great difficulty by friends, is very successful; but after seeing it through and leaving a short note, he disappears.

A subsequent letter to his friend the critic reveals that he has returned to Hungary to take up the struggle again. The 1956 revolution flares up—nobody knows whether Janos fights with the rebels or the entrenched Party forces. It is enough to know from his life and his journal that Janos Lavin will always work as an artist and fight as a Communist.

The author of this portrait of a left artist of our time is a Communist who has been art critic on the *New Statesman* for many years. His reviews are always penetrating, never slick. At a time when many young painters were blindly gathering up the shattered remnants of their pre-war complacency, John Berger was making vigorous intelligent thrusts for a committed type of art—a conscious art as opposed to the intellectual technicolor doodling which was even then destined to sweep through the weakly defended fortresses with a fashionable bow.

This book is a portrait of an "artist of our time," but it could be also a Berger manifesto of "art for our time." There are many tracks through the book—anybody commencing the journey will find no difficulty in passing through. It should be particularly rewarding for the would-be social-realist painter, for the student of painting, for anybody just interested in art, for painters generally; but the most secret and profoundly moving paths are there to be found by painters who are faced with the same complexity of hopes, fears and certainties confronting Janos Lavin.

For those who found Joyce Cary's Gully Jimson terrific, and for those who found him a phony symbol, I commend John Berger's Janos Lavin as a man who will adjust your conception of an artist.

RODERICK SHAW.

★

Detachment and Reality

In "Black-feller, White-feller" (Angus & Robertson, 15/-) Roland Robinson presents a collection of his own short stories and a selection of yarns he has collected from Aboriginal friends and has, apparently, transcribed verbatim. His own stories are well-executed, but the transcriptions have so much extrinsic interest that it is difficult to judge them on purely literary grounds.

Robinson's short stories are written with the same clear, almost stark, simplicity, that characterises his poetry. Each one seems to transmit a series of incidents almost without the intervention of the author, who experienced the event, but records it with clinical detachment.

But the simplicity is, of course, only apparent. Each story stands both on its own merits, and as the embodiment of a significant aspect of man's experience. The images remain in our mind—the brumby lying in its own blood, the calf which refused to live, Mrs. Flaxman's two men, the canoe driving into the waves. Most significant of all, the white girl who refused to deny the call of her nature, and who lies under a forgotten mound, seen through a double frame of reminiscence.

Yet the stories remain in a minor key. Perhaps they are too detached, too negative in their attitude to life. Moving but motionless, they are just a shade too far from the sweat and grime of life. But, like Chinese paintings, they hang in the memory.

Not so the Aboriginal tales. These are of our time, yet linked through a minority race with a time which exists for us only in the remotest recesses of our minds. The primitive beliefs walk through our own landscape, completely natural, completely credible. The old culture survives, yet takes on coloring from our own.

These yarns are no romantic voyage into the dreamtime. The men who tell them come to life in their own words, and they are realists who keep touch with their past as easily as we keep contact with our own values of chrome and Cadillacs.

The Aboriginal tales in this book are a salty antidote to too much Alcheringa. They show us how these beliefs made sense in the ordinary world of everyday life, and they introduce us to individuals who retain the dignity of their own race despite all our attempts to debase them.

J. D. McLAREN

★

Education

The School of Education of the University of Melbourne is to be congratulated on two books published recently under its influence: "Melbourne Studies in Education 1957-1958," edited by E. L. French (M.U.P., 25/-) and "George William Rusden and National Education in Australia 1849-1862" by A. G. Austin (M.U.P., 27/6).

Both books deal with the history of Australian education and hence with the relationship between society and education in Australia today. In the former Dr. Douglas Pike, author of the monumental "Paradise of Dissent", contributes three essays on the history of education in South Australia (in many ways the most distinctive of the Australian States, historically speaking), and in the latter book A. G. Austin writes graphically and always with interest on the remarkable work that G. W. Rusden did in founding a system of state education in N.S.W. and Victoria.

Professor W. H. Frederick also contributes an illuminating essay to the former volume on what is surely one of the key social problems of our time, involving as it does so much else: reasons for the failure rate among our university students.

S.M.S.

INDEX TO OVERLAND

(11,9 means Issue Number 11, page 9)

Stories

Adler, Gordon: Girls Were Made to Love and Kiss	11,9
A Blue Moon	16,15
Behan, Brendan: An Extract from "Borstal Boy"	15,41
Carroll, J. P.: Andy's Night Loop	12,3
Two Signals	16,3
Cato, Nancy: The Jars of Apricot Jam	14,27
Clark, Robert: Grandpa and the Bull	12,9
Dugald and the Bishop	16,9
Crawford, Jim: One In, All In	15,31
Davies, Lloyd: The Panic	10,3
Forrest, David: That Barambah Mob	15,17
Hardy, Frank: The Crooked Raffle Ever Run	11,7
The Only Fair Dinkum Raffle	10,7
Henry, E. Lewis: Run-Out	14,7
Hilliard, Noel: Young Gent., Quiet, Refined	11,3
Howard, E.: You Can't Pass It On	16,20
Hudson, Flexmore: I Don't Blame You, Ernie	10,9
la Motte, Eric: The Religious Period	14,21
Manifold, John: Bougainville and the Bunyip	15,7
Martin, David: Moral Persuasion	14,3
Maxwell, Ronald: The Wedding Feast	9,13
Morrison, John: The Ticket	9,3
Prichard, Katharine Susannah: Josephina Anna Maria	12,7
Scott, W. N.: The Hero	15,9
Smith, Hilda: One Big Happy Family	11,11

Poems

Beaver, Bruce: Sawing a Sleeper	16,18
Bees, H. B.: A Moment	11,14
Blackman, Nance: Land Just Bullt On	11,16
Blight, John: The Explorer	15,15
Cato, Nancy: Summer Song	16,19
Clark, Robert: The Country Fisherman	13,40
The Wall of Glass	10,27
Collinson, Laurence: After an Evening Spent	11,31
Aspects of Modern Education	14,15
Double Vision	11,14
May Day	9,31
Meditations of the Jovial Politician	16,31
Refuge	15,36
Devitt, B.: The Ballet School	16,31
Watch This Space	11,5
Drake, Larry: Listen, My Children	15,10
Dutton, Geoffrey: A Traveller Returned	16,18
Bushfire Warning	14,29
Economy Hint	16,31
Forrest, David: The Willow on the Downs	15,11
Fox, Len: Namatjira	16,7
Free, Keith J.: Siding Siesta	14,39
Gibbins, Judith: A Man without Wilderness	15,20
Gilmore, Mary: To the Australasian Book Society	11,27
The Rental	10,22
This Marvel	16,34
Goode, Cyril: Namatjira	16,7
Gough, Irene: Listen	14,29
Haley, Martin: Epigrams	15,23
Hall, Rodney: Epitaphs	15,37
Fairest Isle?	15,8
Hiroshima-Calder Hall	10,5
War	13,15
Harris, Max: The Death of Bert Sassenowsky	9,11
Hay, R. G.: Land That I Love	15,23
Petition	13,15
Hellyer, Jill: Murtherin' Island	10,18
Hewett, Dorothy: Atomic Lullaby	12,2

Holburn, Muir: Two Calls	9,16
For Peter Shearwin Chapman	13,15
Holland, Harry: Spring	9,29
Howell, Lindsay M.: The Convict Ship	16,19
Hyett, Jack: Tantalus	15,23
The Three Auroras	11,5
Jacobson, Mervyn: Ode to No End	15,34
Lilley, Merv.: Letter to Ted Robertson	15,26
Loftus, Robin: Stranger Who was Flesh	16,19
Macainsh, Noel: A Broken Pot	15,37
Christmas	16,31
Inspecting the Drains	13,15
The Panels	15,20
Manifold, J. S.: Bellerophon	10,6
Chillianwallah Station	16,19
Colonials in Paris	13,34
The Fun Fair	14,23
On the Boundary	14,26
Martin, David: Bush Supplication	9,32
Consolation	12,2
The Dragon of Bendigo	11,14
The Gift	15,37
New Year's Eve	9,22
The Satyr and the Nymph	16,13
Mathews, Race: Crossroads	10,5
Maynard, Don: 13½ Hours	14,10
Medlin, Brian: Prayer from a Point of View	13,15
Meredith, Richard: Bakerman	14,26
Milliss, Roger: For David Martin	13,40
Morrison, R. H.: Timber Town	13,40
Mudie, Ian: Gully Wind	10,18
In Neon Pastures	12,2
Pelicans Near Mannum	11,16
The Gardener	16,18
Palmer, Aileen: A Sort of Beauty	12,18
Danger is Never Danger	16,17
Rowbotham, David: A Man	15,36
Scott, W. N.: Pelicans	13,33
Scully, Meg: Sputnik	12,10
Seppings, Joan Katherine: Sunday Silhouette	11,13
Week-end Shopping	10,27
Simpson, R. A.: Poem About War	13,15
Smith, Dave: There's a Mob Goes off Tonight	13,33
Tracie, Ross: Egyptian Flood	9,18
Wakefield, Stan: Spring	9,29
Wallace-Crabbe, Chris: Henry Lawson	10,30
The Lost Scholars	11,25
Victoria Park Station	9,30
Woods, Julian: Incident in a Train	16,18
Wright, Judith: Autumn Fires	15,15

Features

(In this section of the index the title is placed first)	
After the Games: David Martin	9,15
Ballad Night Eve: J. S. Manifold	15,12
Barbara Baynton: Vance Palmer	11,15
Bill Beach the Sculler: Mary Gilmore	14,13
"Borstal Boy" and the Censors: S. Murray-Smith	15,42
Bush with Robbo: Merv Lilley	15,25
Changing Face of Australia, The (Notes on the Creative Writing of Katharine Susannah Prichard): Aileen Palmer	12,25
"	13,29
Critique of Dr. Knoepfelmacher, The: Elizabeth Vassilief	12,13
David Martin: S. Murray-Smith	13,39
Drawings of Paul Hogarth, The: Noel Counihan	16,22
Eleanor Dark: John Manifold	15,39
Ethel Turner: Myra Morris	13,38
Explaining Man to Man: Elizabeth Vassilief	14,35
F. Bert Vickers: Max Brown	10,15
Great Peacetime Demonstration, A: Rodney Hall	15,44
Harney's War: Bill Harney and John Thompson	13,3
Henry Lawson and New Zealand: Colin Roderick	10,23
Hiroshima Panels, The: S.M.S.	11,17
Hiroshima Panels, The: Cause and Effect: E. Lewis Henry	12,19
Hiroshima Panels, The: Suffering and Cruelty: Laurence Collinson	12,18
Hugh McCrae: Katharine Susannah Prichard	12,24

Nos. 9-16

Interview, The: Alfred O'Connor	16,35
Judah Waten: John Morrison	11,13
Katharine Prichard—In Long Recollection: Mary Gilmore	12,31
Lady of the Left, A: Gavin Casey	12,30
Land I Love, The: Katharine Susannah Prichard	12,27
Last Frontier, The: Hasparagus	15,5
Lawson's Editors: Hilton Barton	10,29
Lawson with Differences	15,45
Letter from India: Clem Christesen	9,27
Life Around Us, The: Victor Williams	13,32
Life of the Legend, The: Ian Turner	16,25
Louis Golding: Bill Irwin	13,37
Mark Twain in Australia: Dick Blackburn	11,12
Museum of Modern Art: Laurence Collinson	13,38
My Poetry: Laurence Collinson	11,29
National Opera House, The: Maurice C. Edwards	9,30
National School of Drama: Donald Maynard	14,35
New Fashions in Australian History: Ian Turner	11,23
New Satirist, A: S.M.S.	14,39
Notes from Thailand: David Martin	12,33
"Piccadilly Bushman, The": A. A. Phillips	16,33
Pioneer Venture in Films: S.M.S.	13,37
Program for Australian Arts, A	14,11
Richard Beynon and "The Shifting Heart": I.T.	12,16
Russian Scenes (sketches): Noel Counihan	10,20
Scenes of Venice (sketches): Noel Counihan	9,20
Science and the Future of Humanity: M. L. Oliphant	13,21
Sort of Grandeur, A: Elizabeth Vassilief	11,27
Steele Rudd: Vance Palmer	15,21
Stocking and the Cross, The: Eunice Hanger	13,16
"Such is Life" from Abroad: Ian Milner	10,13
Sydney Dance-Drama Group: Helen Palmer	14,38
Three Queensland Sketches: David Martin	15,35
Tragedy of Albert Namatjira, The: Noel Counihan	13,2
Two Views on "Dr. Zhivago": Maurice Shadbolt and Katharine Susannah Prichard	14,30
Unmade Australian Films: Cecil Holmes	9,33
Urban Tradition, The: Janet Howard	9,23
Visit to the USSR: James Devaney	15,45
William Hatfield: Marjorie Pizer	9,32
Wonderful Life, A: Jean Devanny	15,13

Reviews

(The author and title of the book reviewed is given)

Anderson, Ethel: At Parramatta	9,36
Anderson, Hugh: Goldrush Songster	13,47
Astley, Thea: Girl with a Monkey	15,48
Austin, A. G.: George William Rusden and National Education in Australia 1849-1862	16,41
Barry, J. V.: Alexander Maconochie	15,52
Berger, John: A Painter of Our Time	16,40
Brown, Max: Wild Turkey	13,44
Buckley, Vincent: Poetry and Morality	16,39
Buckley, Vincent (ed.): Australian Poetry 1953	16,37
Burke, Keast: Thomas Alexander Browne	13,46
Campbell, David: The Miracle of Mullion Hill Evenings Under Lamplight	9,38 16,37
Carpentier, Alejo: The Lost Steps	12,42
Casey, Gavin: Snowball	13,43
Cato, Nancy: The Dancing Bough	14,44
Catts, Dorothy: King O'Malley	12,42
Chapman, R., and Bennett, J. (ed.): Anthology of New Zealand Verse	10,35
Clark, Robert, and others (ed.): Verse in Australia 1958	14,45
Collinson, Laurence: The Moods of Love	11,33
Culotta, Nino: They're a Weird Mob	12,38
Cusack, Dymphna: Chinese Women Speak	15,51
de Boissiere, Ralph: Rum and Coca Cola	10,34
Drake-Brockman, H. (ed.): Coast to Coast 1955-56	10,36
Drake-Brockman, H.: The Wicked and the Fair	11,35
Dutton, Geoffrey: Antipodes in Shoes States of the Union	14,43 14,43
Flett, James: Dunolly	9,37
Forrest, David: The Last Blue Sea	16,38
Fox, Len: Gumleaves and Bamboo	15,54
French E. L.: Melbourne Studies in Education 1957-58	16,41
Hardy, Frank: The Four-Legged Lottery	15,53
Harrington, Ted: The Swagless Swaggie	12,37
Herbert, Xavier: Capricornia	9,37
Hewett, Dorothy: Bobbin Up	16,36
Hope, A. D.: The Wandering Islands	9,36
Hudson, Flexmore: Pools of the Cinnabar Range	16,37

This issue of *Overland* completes our second volume. Subscribers who wish their own copies bound should send them to the Editor, G.P.O. Box 98a, Melbourne, C.1, by January 31, 1960. The cost will be 25/-, including return postage. Subscribers' incomplete sets (Nos. 9-16 inclusive) can be completed at a cost of 2/6 per missing issue. Those wishing to purchase a complete bound volume without supplying copies should forward £2/5/0.

Inglis Moore, T. (ed.): Selected Poems of Henry Kendall	11,33
James, Brian: The Bunyip of Barney's Elbow	10,33
Lambert, Eric: Watermen	11,39
Lavater, Louis: The Sonnet in Australia	9,39
Lawson, Henry: Fifteen Stories	16,37
Levi, Werner: Australia's Outlook on Asia	14,40
Lindsay, Jack: Life Rarely Tells	13,41
McAuley, James: A Vision of Ceremony The End of Modernity	4,38 16,39
McCarthy, Dudley: South West Pacific Area	15,49
Mackanness, G.: The Art of Book-collecting in Australia Mackanness, G., and Stone, W.: The Books of the Bulletin	10,37 10,37
Manifold, John: Music in English Drama	12,41
Mann, Leonard: Elegiac and Other Poems Andrea Caslin	11,37 16,39
Martin, David: Poems of David Martin	13,42
Mathew, Ray: Song and Dance	11,39
Morrison, R. H. (ed.): A Book of South Australian Verse	16,37
Mudie, Ian: The Blue Crane	16,37
Palmer, Vance: The Passage The Rainbow Seedtime The Big Fellow The Swayne Family	12,39 11,37 12,39 16,38 12,39
Paul, Raymond: Retreat from Kokoda	13,42
Pearl, Cyril: Wild Men of Sydney	15,50
Phillips, A. A. (ed.): Australian Poetry 1956	9,38
Phillips, A. A.: The Australian Tradition	12,43
Pizer, Marjorie: The Men Who Made Australia	11,35
Prichard, Katharine Susannah: Coonardoo N'goola Working Bullocks	10,39 15,53 10,39
Queensland Centenary Songbook, The	16,36
Rawson, D. W., and Holtzinger, S. M.: Politics in Eden-Monaro	16,35
Robinson Roland: Black-feller White-feller	16,41
Ronan, Tom: Moleskin Midas	10,34
Rowbotham, David: Inland Town and Country	15,48 10,37
Ruhen, Olaf: Naked Under Capricorn	14,42
Slessor, Kenneth: Poems	12,41
Smith, Vivian: The Other Meaning	10,38
Stewart, Douglas and Keesing, Nancy (ed.): Old Bush Songs	12,40
Stevens, Dal (ed.): Coast to Coast 1957-58	14,45
Stow, Randolph: To the Island	15,51
Thompson, John and others (ed.): The Penguin Book of Australian Verse	13,45
Trist, Margaret: Morning in Queensland	15,47
Vickers, F. B.: First Place to the Stranger Though Poppies Grow	10,33 13,45
von Bertouch, Anne: February Dark	15,47
Walshe, R. D.: Australia's Fight for Independent Parliamentary Democracy	10,36
Waten, Judah: Shares in Murder	11,35
Webb, Elizabeth: Into the Morning	15,49
White, John: The Wattle and the Rowan	10,39
White, Patrick: Voss	12,36
Wigmore, Lionel (ed.): Span	14,41
Williamson, H. D.: Sammy Anderson	16,37
Wright, Judith: The Generations of Men	15,47



COONAWARRA ESTATE CLARET

The profoundest pleasure derives from the appreciation of a good Claret. The best in Australia is Coonawarra Estate Claret. At Wine tastings throughout the Commonwealth this Claret stands out as being the most enjoyable, distinctive and authentic in style. It has no close rivals and the discriminating diner would be well advised to seek it out.



Your life is more pleasant with Wine.



C2

"Richmond Chronicle" Print, Shakespeare Street, Richmond, E.1