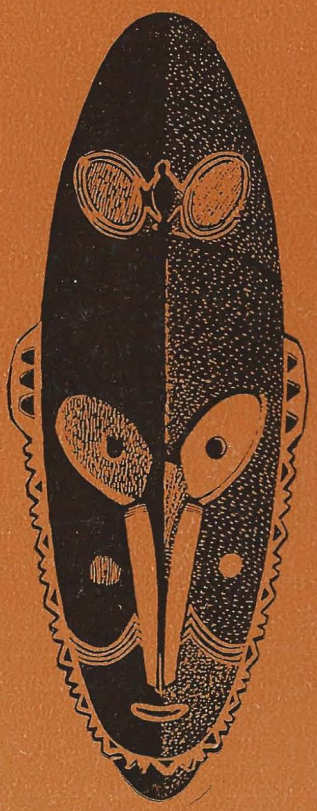
BRIAN COOPER ON NEW GUINEA

overland

NUMBER 20

TWO AND SIX

poetry.stories reviews.features



D. H. Lawrence on Dirty Minds

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Cover: Dancing mask from Manam Island, New Guinea.

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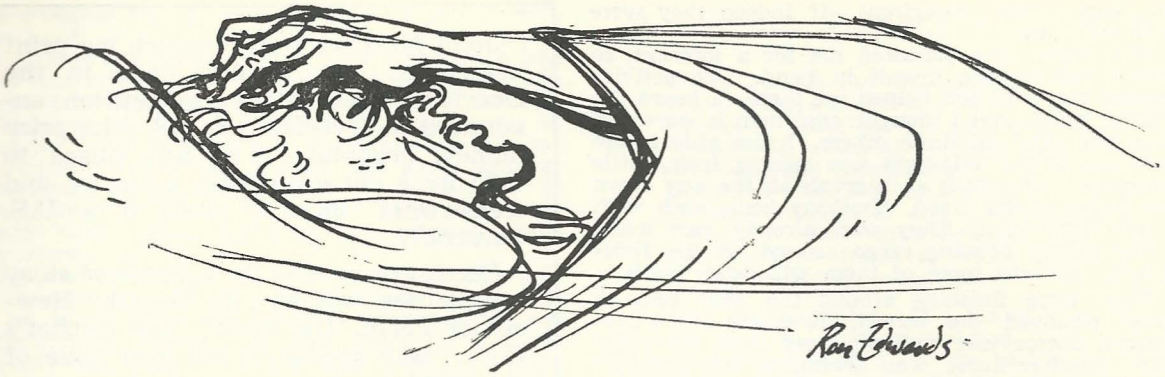


WARD FOUR

John Morrison

THERE was a story I read about an air crash. Two aeroplanes colliding and everybody in them being killed. It was, quite frankly I believe, based on the crash over the Grand Canyon in America in 1955. A moving story, made agonisingly real by the author's mastery of technical detail. The ultimate power, however, derived from his insight into the last thought common to all the as-yet-uninjured passengers as they spun earthwards: "I am here, and this is happening to me."

I am here, and this is happening to me.

And that, I remember, was MY first thought. It must come to a lot of people when they open their eyes and find themselves in a hospital bed for the first time in their lives. Particularly if they are not young, have been blessed with robust health, and are well acquainted with hospitals as a visitor calling on sick friends.

My thoughts ran: I am in bed—it is night-time—this is a big room—it is a hospital. I couldn't see any lights, but there was light. Church-like and restful, enough to see with. At the foot of the bed a woman was standing quite still, watching me. I could see only her head and shoulders; below that all was hidden by something on the bed. I thought: and that is a nurse. She shone a torch at me, but switched it off instantly when she saw that my eyes were open. I learned afterwards that I had cried out in my sleep, and that the patient in the next bed had called her.

She came round to my side, and I got the fresh sweet smell of her as she bent over me.

"Are you all right, Mr. Johnstone?"

"Yes," I replied, and immediately went to sleep again.

Next time I woke up there was more light, and a lot of commotion around the bed on my left. Subdued voices, shuffling feet, tinkling vessels. I turned my head, but could see only a white linen screen. A nurse came out from behind it and hurried over to a long bench in the middle of the floor. The sense of urgency quickened my interest, set me thinking, and kept me from falling asleep.

I am here, and this is happening to me. This is what it is like in hospital when there are no visitors.

There wasn't much pain. Just a head-ache, a vile taste in my mouth, and a sensation of something pressing evenly and heavily on my legs. I was lying with head and shoulders slightly raised, and saw that what I had thought to be something on the bed was just the bedclothes heaped up over a cage. I knew what that meant: it fitted in with the pressure on my legs.

So that's where the damage is. What else. Under the blankets I cautiously stretched my arms, clenched my fists. Trunk, loins, upper thighs, on all these members I was able to reassure myself without moving much. But an attempt to reach further involved putting some pressure on my legs in order to bring my shoulders up, and I fell back dizzy with pain.

Legs. Of course it would be the legs. I lay still, thinking, and it began to come back to me. Number 16 Victoria Dock—the Boissevain—9.15 p.m., just after we of the nightshift had started work—the 'tween-deck of No. 3 hatch—trays of flour, 60 lbs. per bag and over a hundred bags to the tray—

The tray that did it. Three of us on the yardarm side, swinging it like a great pendulum so as to land it as far under the deck-head as possible—"This time!—stand by!—come orr—orr—orrf!"

The sudden realisation that the dropping tray was hanging tight on the midship—men at either side of me leaping sideways—a roar of angry voices, with that of the hatchman rising over them all: "Off midship!—off midship!—off midship!—drop it, you bastard, Sammy!" The crash, and the pain, and the heavy wire and hook settling relentlessly over my head and shoulders as I went down.

Yes, legs, of course. Fractures for certain. One? Two? No use trying to find out for myself. I'd have to wait until someone came along. I fell to wondering if my wife knew, if she'd been in yet, what time it was, how long I'd be in hospital, if my legs would get well enough again to let me

go back to the waterfront. If indeed they were still with me.

This latter idea panicked me for a moment, so that I had to take myself in hand. The activity around the next bed helped me there. I heard the patient groan, and I thought: that man is worse off than me. And all those others. I was able to see now where the half-light was coming from, little lamps set in the floor at intervals all the way down the centre of the ward. Shadowy beds, each with a sick man in it. They were already here while I was lustily heaving cargo around on the Boissevain. Perhaps some of them will never leave.

They were finishing around the next bed. A nurse removed the screen, revealing a white-gowned doctor just walking away from the other side. Another nurse was arranging the patient's pillows, while a red-frocked sister was fiddling about with basins and instruments on a trolley like a dinner-wagon. In a few minutes one of them switched off the light and they all went away. It became quiet except for the sound of heavy breathing, a snore or two, and a moan quickly broken off. In the distance a toilet was flushed and a door closed. At the nearby bench two nurses were talking in low voices. Now and then—pleasantly-reassuring sound!—they had a little laugh together. I looked over at the patient on my left, the one who had just received attention, and found that he was lying watching me with wide-open eyes. Below a bandaged forehead his dark brooding face struck me immediately as being not Australian.

"How you fill?" he asked.

"Not bad," I replied.

"You slip long time."

"How long? What time is it?"

"Half-past one. Maybe a bit more."

"What time did they bring me in here?"

"About midnight."

"How long have you been here?"

"Not long before you. I get knock down by a car. Break my leg and some ribs. Bust my head —damn!"

He didn't wince as he said this, so I gathered he was just cursing his bad luck. He pushed himself into a sitting position and seemed to forget me as he gazed gloomily across the ward. I could just make out his strong middle-aged profile. It was the face of a man who is troubled not by pain but by something else, something that was there before the accident.

On the other side of me a grey-haired old man lay flat on his back, peacefully sleeping.

The voices of the two nurses had ceased. By lifting my head a little I could see the sister's brightly-lighted desk near the distant entrance. She was sitting there now, writing. A young doctor was standing over her, smoking, and talking to her. She looked up at him and smiled.

Over an amplifier a voice said softly and distinctly: "Calling the foreman—calling the foreman."

The foreman—innocent euphemism! I knew who that was. An experienced friend had once told me. It meant that a patient had died and that a certain individual was required to remove and otherwise attend to the body.

How big it all was! And how smoothly efficient.

And the same thought came to me again, but with a new signficance. I am here, in hospital for the first time in my life. But last night, and all the other nights and days, it was going on just like this. This extraordinary instrument got together by men for the help of their sick brothers. All those years while I was toiling away among the tumbling cases and swinging trays it was here, waiting for me to get hurt. Yesterday, only a few hours ago, it happened, and I passed out in the noise and turmoil of a ship's hold. And when I awake I am here, in this peaceful bed, washed, stitched, bandaged, drugged. Everything has been done.

Everything has been done. I fell asleep again.

DREAMS. The kind of dreams that come to people in trouble. Stupid, turbulent dreams, full of menace and violent movement.

The picture was one I knew well. A reproduction of an old print in a book that had been lying about at home for a long time. The French Revolution. The storming of the Bastille. Voluminous-skirted women, wild-faced and dishevelled, dragging a cannon. Men marching. Tramping feet and slowly-revolving wheels. And in it all there was some kind of rhythm that increasingly excited me. And a man's voice shouting. A voice that woke me up trembling, and that I knew was real even before I opened my eyes.

"Joan! Joan! Where are you, Joan? Oh, you bitches!—you bloody bitches!"

And there it all was, passing across the foot of my bed. Big wheels turning indeed, the wheels of a trolley-stretcher. Marching women, nurses. Somebody else knocked down by a car or hit by a swinging tray. The procession passed quickly, going all the way down to the end of the ward where there were two beds with wooden frames rigged over them. Another nurse was already at one of them, with the light turned on, throwing back blankets and sheets.

The patient, after that one great shout, had fallen silent, but seemed to be feebly struggling. I couldn't see much for the people around him: two wardsmen, two nurses, and a sister, followed at a little distance by a doctor and a young fellow who was no doubt a student, both in white gowns.

All down the ward patients had stirred, with here and there one of them sitting up to look. The grey-haired man on my right slept on. The foreigner on my left was still awake, and following the trolley with angry eyes.

"That iss a bad man, that," he muttered as if to himself.

"He must be badly hurt," I suggested.

"He still don' have to say things like that," he said.

I felt a bit that way myself, but didn't want to talk. The headache was still bothering me, and my mouth was poisonous. I'd have given anything

John Morrison's story which we print here won the £25 first prize in the Overland short story competition announced in Overland No. 18. The prize money, originally £10, was raised to £25 by a donation from a reader and well-wisher on the staff of a U.S. university.

Second prize of £10 in the short story competition was won by Dorothy Hewett, of Perth. Her story, "Joe Anchor's Rock," will appear in the next issue of Overland.

for a cup of tea. I just wanted to lie quietly with my head on one side watching what was going on around the new patient. They must have had him tied down to the stretcher, because there was quite a struggle getting him over on to the bed. Wardsmen, nurses and doctor, all took part, so that for a few minutes the scene was one of confusion and involuntary noises. The gasps and exclamations of the nurses came to me clearly. In the middle of it all the patient began to shout again: "Joan! Joan! Get away, you bitches! Leave me alone—Joan!"

He had a strong clear voice, not at all like that of a man gabbling in a delirium. He sounded as if he knew very well what he was saying, and expected an instant response. Once, as a nurse reeled backwards for a moment, I got a glimpse of his heavily-bandaged head, his face turned yearningly in the direction of the entrance. They were tying him down all right. The nurse who had been thrown aside had returned to the attack and was swiftly making a knot in a strip of linen while a wardsman held on to one straining arm. Other nurses were securing him at the other side and at the feet.

The foreigner was still muttering indignantly: "How much good for him could his Joan do now?"

How much indeed? Possibly she doesn't even know about it yet. But this is a place, I reflected, where there are no strangers, only hurt people.

He became quiet. Perhaps the doctor did something to him, because I saw him bending over the bed. The two wardsmen came away, wheeling the empty stretcher. Then the sister and a nurse together. The third nurse worked on, and as the ward became quiet again I fell asleep.

More dreams. Shouting again. People running. There was a long road, path, alleyway, just an impression. Far away at the end of it a man was shouting, and I was under some desperate need to get to him. There was a woman with me, running also. A woman I recognised, but hadn't seen for years, and who had never meant anything to me. She was urging me on, and weeping.

When I opened my eyes the sister was just passing the end of my bed, running back towards the new patient. I'd been trying to run with her all right, for excruciating pains were shooting up my legs.

Another struggle was going on around the bed under the frame. The powerful voice rang through the ward: "You bitches! Oh, you cruel bitches!"

He seemed to have got one hand free. Two nurses wrestled with him on the far side. Their panting voices came to me clearly:

"Oh, Elsie, he's got hold of me!"

"Bite him, Lynne! Bite him—"

Lynne must have done so, for he gave another great bellow, and one of the nurses jumped backwards just as the sister reached them. Thus reinforced, they got him secured again and his struggles ceased. The sister was bending over him, talking to him in a firm, urgent voice:

"Mr. Anderson, listen to me! Listen. I think you know what you're doing. You dare to hurt one of my nurses—"

My nurses! The words sent a glow of satisfiaction through me.

From the bed on my left there came the voice of the foreigner: "Why don' they knock him on the head!" and I knew he was feeling just as I was.

Straight across the ward from me a man had got out and was sitting with his bare feet resting on the floor, hands on the bed at either side of him, ready to launch himself to the rescue. The sister caught sight of him and instantly hurried to him.

"Mr. Joliffe, get back into bed this moment! How dare you—"

"That bloke's dangerous, sister. He'll hurt one of them girls."

"Nonsense! We can look after him. Come on, into bed with you! And don't let me catch you—"

Male footfalls sounded at the other end of the ward, and another man appeared. He also wore a white gown, but I didn't think he was a doctor. Perhaps a technician of some kind. He was carrying a coil of what looked like sash-cord, and went to work on the new patient, rigging a contrivance that lifted a splinted and bandaged leg and kept it suspended from the wooden frame. The man lay quietly watching him with glistening eyes. One of the nurses came away. As she passed me I could see, even in the bad light, that her face was flushed with exertion, her hair disordered, and her uniform pulled all askew.

The ward became still again. The sister had set out on a leisurely round of the beds, stopping at each one for a moment, sometimes to flash a torch, sometimes for a few quietly-spoken words when she found the patient awake.

I was having a fair bit of pain now. Not only the head. My legs were bothering me. I must have started something trying to run in that dream. The bed was comfortable, though, and there was no desire to move. I thought: if only it were morning and I could get a cup of tea. Around me were all the odd little sounds of sick people sleeping, or trying to sleep. And the distant sounds of the hospital itself: "Calling Doctor Blacklaw—calling Doctor Blacklaw—"

A Migrant Trapped Melbourne

Sharp against the summer's sky
Lions around this city lie—
Sea-grey 'neath the steady heat,
Heads laid watchful on their feet.
Macedon and Dandenong.
Sonorous sounding as a gong,
Looking changeless and unchanged—
Odd, how neatly time arranged
This barbaric frieze to adorn
A city sometime to be born.

Are they guardians of a hoard
Of gold and opal unexplored—
Somewhere hidden on the plains,
Dribbled through by winter rains?

No, for me an iron fence
Keeping me from the immense
Ranging antique golden land,
Fabulous as Samarkand;
Penning me within the endless
Hot and gritty, strange and friendless
City streets, the empty glitter
Of suburban lots and litter.

And for me they are too clear
An embodiment of fear—
Fear of the creature in the night;
Of the knives of blinding light;
Of the dryness, of the heat,
Of the snake beneath the feet;
Of the unveiled vista's glare;
Of harsh voice and hostile stare.

I would break out any day
But for the lions in the way.

D. A. ROOK

Blacklaw—Blacklaw—like Blacket, my mate on the waterfront. Jim Blacket, "Big Jim." And I was back again in the 'tween-deck of the Boissevain, going over every detail of the accident. The midship wire, running off too much and too late, coiling down over my head. The whole ship lying across my legs. Big Jim, leaping in and sending bags of flour flying right and left as if they were feather pillows: "On top there! Hold everything!—hold everything!—hold everything!" Confusion piling on confusion, and the sudden lapse into another restless sleep.

THIS time it didn't last long, and the awakening was a gentle one. Quiet voices talking close by my bed, and the red gown of the sister rustling between me and the foreigner.

"Mr. Skevic, you were told not to sit up!"

"I can't lie down, nurse."

"You MUST lie down—"

"My back. It aches."

"My dear man, you must expect to be aching somewhere, otherwise you would not be here. Come on, down you go!"

The bed rustled, and I knew she was tucking another rebel in. "You want to go home soon, don't you?"

He said something I couldn't make out, to which she replied in a shocked half-amused whisper: "Oh dear, that's a dreadful thing to say! Wait till she finds out you're in hospital—and how are you, Mr. Johnstone?"

She had turned round and was looking down at me.

"Not too bad, sister. I suppose you couldn't give me something to shift a sore head?"

"What d'you want me to shift, the sore or the head?" She had a jolly face. "Yes, I think we can do something for you. Have you much pain anywhere else?"

"Not much, sister."

"All right, I'll send you something for the head."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask her about my injuries, but I restrained myself, and lay watching her as she continued her tour along the ward. It took her quite some time. At one bed, where more work was going on behind a screen, she lingered for so long that I began to worry. I thought: she's got involved again, what's a headache in a place like this?

She came out again at last, though, checked the last of her patients, and a few minutes later a nurse came to me with a glass half-full of white liquid.

"Mr. Johnstone, are you the man with the headache?"

I recognised her as one of those in the tussle with the noisy patient, the one who had passed me with her hair disordered and her uniform askew. She'd tidied herself up and was quite pretty.

"No, don't try to sit up, Mr. Johnstone. I'll hold it for you."

A strong little hand slid under the back of my head, and she smiled down at me as if I were the only patient in the ward who meant anything to her. I swallowed the stuff and relaxed. I wanted to say something to her before she went away, something that would please her.

"Do you get many like that?" I asked, indicating the bed with the frame over it.

She seemed surprised. "Like who?"

"That bellowing bull down there."

"Oh, him?" She gave a merry little laugh. "He'll be all right when he wakes up."

And she was gone, leaving me with a feeling that I'd been very nicely ticked off, and thinking, not for the first time in the last hour or two, that a man who has never been in hospital has a lot to learn about women.

Skevic said something. I observed that he was sitting up again, his eyes following the nurse with an expression both surly and sceptical.

"You'll have sister after you again," I warned him.

"Damn the sister!" he muttered. "What difference does it make, anyhow?"

"Have you been in hospital before?"

"Hospital—no! I have never been in bed before.

"Never been ill?"

"Never."

"You have to do as you're told here, you know."

"Do as I'm told?" His frown deepened. "All my bloody life I do as I'm told!"

What was it the sister had said to him—"She'll be sorry when she knows you're in hospital." I was tempted to say something further, to try to get him to talk, but he so obviously didn't want to talk. He just wanted to sit there brooding. He looked lonely and lost.

I thought: when a man is well he can hold all kinds of problems at bay. By all manner of makeshifts and strategems and dissimulations he can sustain a secret little world of his own within the big world. Nobody finds out about him. But when sickness comes his defences are down, and all the people he has mistrusted and shut out move in on him. Skevic seemed sunk in the black despair of a man who has been delivered, bound and helpless, into the hands of the enemy.

"Calling Doctor Baines—calling Doctor Baines—"

Whatever it was they had given me to drink was most effective, for in a very short time sleep came to me again, and when I finally awoke it was full morning. There had been dreams, something involving water, but nothing remained with me from the instant I opened my eyes. Only the water—

I lay still, squinting in the sunshine that flowed in through the tall windows across the ward. Two nurses, with masks over the lower part of their faces, were working at the near end of the medical bench. They had a trolley-tray and were setting it out with an assortment of dressings and small vessels.

Skevis was lying down with his head on one side, watching me. He wore an odd expression, a kind of intrigued half-smile, as if I'd done something amusing and he was waiting for me to do it again.

A sensation as of some liquid running down my right temple gave me a fright, but when I put my hand up no blood came away on my fingers. They were just wet. I glanced over at Skevic.

"The nurse," he said, nodding towards the bench, "she squirt water at you."

I was just in time to catch her in the act of taking a sly peep at me over her shoulder. She had a little surgical syringe, and had obviously been on the point of having another shot at me. She had a pony-tail hair-do, and the white mask over her mouth emphasised delightfully the impish sparkle of her eyes.

I gave her a smile, and with a playful toss of her head, and a swift glance along the ward to make sure the sister hadn't been watching, she went on with her work.

It was a charming awakening. There was some pain in my legs, but the headache was gone. More exciting than anything else, I could see two nurses slowly advancing down the centre of the ward,

pushing a trolley from which they were distributing mugs of tea or coffee.

"How are you this morning?" I asked Skevic.

He pulled a sorry face, raised himself on one elbow, and leaned towards me. "I want a lik," he said in a pained whisper.

I was a bit slow in picking up the odd pronunciation.

"What you do here when you want a lik?" he repeated.

"Ask a nurse for a bottle," I told him, secretly pleased that someone else was heading the field in that direction. A nurse was just then coming back from an errand at the far end of the ward. "Ask this one," I urged.

He looked frightened and angry, but must have been badly pushed, and there was no time for deliberation. Impulsively he committed himself to a desperate: "Nurse!" just as she reached us, then weakened, and lay there with his big mouth wide open.

"Well, what do you want?" she asked a trifle impatiently.

"I want—I want—"

"He wants a bottle, nurse," I said with cold-blooded detachment.

"Oh, is that all?" And with a pleasant little laugh she reached out and pinched him under the chin. "Of course I'll get you a bottle, darling!"

The effect on Skevic was almost electrifying. He stared after her with his dark eyes almost popping out of his head, then turned them on me. "You see that?" he demanded incredulously.

"You've got nothing to worry about, mate," I said. "They're good girls in here."

He nodded, but did not speak. Lying there on his elbow, he took in with a broad contented smile the whole of the slowly-awakening ward.

The trolley had reached us and a nurse walked over and gave each of us a mug of tea. In all my life nothing had ever tasted better.

Somewhere outside in the grounds a bird was singing. The old man on my right might have died in his sleep for all the signs of life that he gave. But at the far end the noisy patient in the bed with the frame was fully awake. With his bandaged face resting on a single pillow he was facing towards us, watching the approaching tea-tray. His expression was sad, but quite composed. A very ordinary face, full of deep thought: I am here, and this has happened to me.

From my left came the anxious voice of Skevic: "They kip me here till I get better?"

"Yes," I said, "they'll keep you here till you get better."

S W A G

A WELL known member of one of the literary censorship boards told me that, if the Government banned "Lady Chatterley's Lover" without reference to the Board, he (or she, as the case may be) would immediately resign. He (or she) said that he (or she) objected to being window-dressing for anyone. Cunningly enough the Government got around the problem of how to ban L.C.L. without ostensibly insulting the members of the advisory boards. It referred the book to the Literary Censorship Advisory Board (there is also an Appeal Board) and then rejected the Board's recommendation.

★

Still, it must have been an embarrassment to Senator Henty after all the puffing and blowing that surrounded the reconstitution of these boards recently. The benevolence and magnanimity of our rulers was to be demonstrated by leaving the banning of books in independent hands—or such was the impression given. Alas that the mask had to slip so soon! The first really contentious case the board has to rule on and Big Brother steps heavily in.

★

And how heavily! The bush telegraph has it that **twice** the Government referred L.C.L. to the Advisory Board. The first time, before the London case which we wrote up in the last Overland, it received a unanimous vote from the Board in favor of admitting the book. After the London case the Government again (despairingly?) submitted the book, asking for a reconsideration. Again they got a unanimous vote in favor of its admission. No doubt some embarrassed shuffling in the Canberra corridors, but finally the portcullis came down. Despite talk of "Cabinet responsibility for the decision" I've heard talk that the Prime Minister himself stated, early on in the piece, that he would personally see that L.C.L. never disgraced any Australian bookshelf.

★

Another factor was the need to make something of a propaganda success of the joint Commonwealth-State conference on censorship which met, late in March, in an attempt to rationalise some of our more insane procedures. The two most benighted, illiberal and backward States—Victoria and N.S.W., no less—were, it was said, determined to wipe their hands of any "co-operation" with the Commonwealth if L.C.L. came in. Well, the sacrifice was laid on the altar—and to little avail. So far all that has emerged is a gentleman's agreement between the States and the Commonwealth to "consult" before launching a prosecution against a book.

★

Immediately the ban on L.C.L. was announced a group of Melbourne writers, including Myra Morris, John Hetherington, Leonard Mann, Nettie Palmer and Chris Wallace-Crabbe, wired their protest to Senator Henty. I have no doubt many other protests were also sent. I myself wrote to Sir Allen Lane, head of Penguin Books, saying that many people in Australia hoped that the challenge would be taken up by Penguins as vigorously in Australia as it had been in England. I hoped to see the Commonwealth successfully beaten in a court action and, if any States subsequently banned the book, a top-level legal assault there too. But Sir Allen has recently replied that the problems of conducting a case at such a distance preclude any immediate action. He will investigate the matter further during his visit to Australia in June.

★

Reading through the transcript of the court proceedings in the Brian Cooper case has been an interesting exercise. Many parts of the cross-examination of witnesses, chiefly native members of the Madang co-operative, are very instructive. Take the prosecution witness, Kere Kere. Here is portion of the cross-examination of Kere Kere by Mr. J. H. Staunton, Cooper's counsel:

Q. Are you afraid to discuss self government, Kere Kere?
A. Yes.
Q. The natives don't like to be heard talking about self government, do they?
A. We do not go to big schools and our knowledge is not very great.
Q. Do you think the government might take some action against you if you talk about self government?
A. Yes.
Q. Do you think that you could be put in gaol if you talk about self government?
A. Yes.
Q. And you believe that men have been put in gaol for talking about self government among themselves?
A. Yes.

★

Staunton was most effective in examining witnesses such as Peter John Wright, the patrol officer who reported on his personal discussions with Cooper some years ago, and Stahl Solum, the chief prosecution witness. Wright confessed at one stage, in answer to the question "It would be incorrect to say that unless you could find some way of currying favor with the Administration, your future would not be likely to be startling?", that "Yes, it would be fairly correct actually." The interesting fact was revealed in Solum's case that, subsequent to his giving the main evidence against Cooper at the preliminary hearing in Madang, but prior to the trial in Moresby, he was personally appointed by the Minister for Territories, Mr. Hasluck, the first-ever native member of the Copra Marketing Board. The Copra Marketing Board authorities in Moresby, asked about the appointment when it was announced, said that they had never heard of it.

★

As in most court cases there was the odd moment of humor. One exchange worthy of J. B. Morton's "Beachcomber" character, Mr. Justice Cocklecarrot, was the following (Staunton cross-examining Stahl):

Q. Do you understand what it means to own something?
A. I am not very clear on this.
Q. Do you own the tie you are wearing?
CHIEF JUSTICE: Very few witnesses in this court own the tie they are wearing. They borrow them from the Registrar.

★

For all my strong feelings about the essentially political nature of the charge, a close reading of the transcript engenders in me respect for the conduct of the trial and the humanity of the Chief Justice. I have read transcripts of trials from many countries and, given the chance, I'd still prefer to take my chances with British justice, despite its inadequacies.

A recent paradox is presented by the amalgamation of the Observer with the Bulletin—the last stronghold of the old-fashioned nationalism which the Observer writers so often held in contempt. This amalgamation, which removes an important fortnightly review from the scene and gives us a dubious substitute in a refurbished Bulletin, may yet come to be seen as one of the classic journalistic blunders of our day.

★

Noel Hilliard's novel "Maori Girl," reviewed in this issue, was described by the London Observer as "the best from New Zealand since the advent of Miss Mansfield." A New Zealand writer gives some news for Overland readers: "1960 was a boom year for N.Z. fiction. Among other important novels this year: 'The Backward Sex' by Ian Cross (Deutsch); his earlier and perhaps more important novel 'The God Boy' is likely to be coming up in London and on Broadway as a play. Similarly Sylvia Ashton-Warner's second 'Incense to Idols' (which has just received full-page treatment in Time) is due out; her first, 'Spinster,' is being filmed by M.G.M. Also Frances Keinzly's 'Tangahano' (Peter Davies), set on a North Island dam construction site; Barry Crump's 'A Good Keen Man,' deer-culling background, good Kiwi humor; Marilyn Duckworth's 'The Matchbox House'; and, oh God, hundreds of others. Fair go, there's so bloody many you can't keep up with them. In addition, local publishing is booming. More and more titles coming out from local publishers. Everyone (apparently) is having a shot at the writing business these days. Even old semi-classics—like Jane Mander's 'Story of a N.Z. River,' Robin Hyde's 'A Check to your King,' and William Satchell's novels—are finding their way into print again. Also Penguin 'Book of N.Z. Verse'—after four years of delay because of a rumpus among the local poets—has arrived. Faber is reported to be doing a collection of N.Z. stories. Maurice Shadbolt's The New Zealanders, which you recently reviewed, got a third impression; is now being published in the U.S.A., Italy and West Germany."

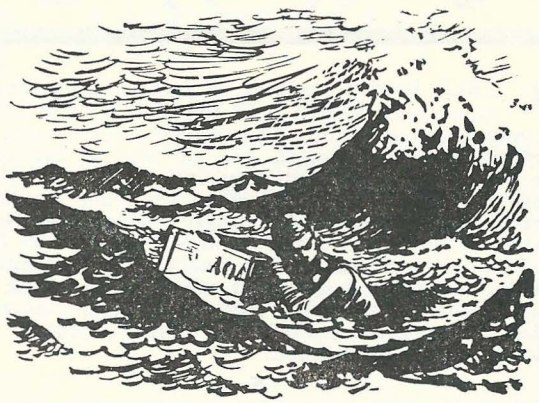
★

In its autumn issue Meanjin, Australia's senior literary quarterly, continues its policy of dedicating a substantial number of its pages to a survey of individual writers. This time A. A. Phillips, in an article based on his C.L.F. lecture, deals with the writings over the years of David Martin—"the most improbable Australian writer who has ever existed." We believe that this is the first acute analysis of the work of David Martin, who himself is no inexperienced critic, to appear here. In the same Meanjin David Martin contributes an autobiographical essay, "Apologia Without Apology," an extract from a new novel and a poem—on Fidel Castro. Portrait sketches by Louis Kahan add to the value of this stimulating series which has already featured Xavier Herbert, Peter Cowan, Dame Mary Gilmore and, of course, the Palmers.

★

A comment by Jaroslaw Iwaszkiewicz, one of the greatest of living Polish writers, on the death of Albert Camus (taken from a recent issue of a Polish magazine): "Death has robbed us, has robbed all mankind, of a powerful mind which had not yet made its last contribution. Death has placed a questionmark over his unforgettable books which have enriched the universal treasure-house of literature and philosophy. Perhaps only a few realise that together with that great literary talent, that unrelaxing quest for truth, that noble passion in the struggle for man, we have also lost a deeply

The Floating Fund



Overland's Floating Fund has reached the respectable total of £328/15/4 since the publication of our last issue—a sign of our increasing support and growing subscription list.

It's only fair, however, to point out that the generosity of a few individuals is responsible for most of this sum, and that the pound notes, ten bobs and five bobs are desperately needed in a steady flow. Incidentally, £15/14/9 of the above sum was actually received in payment for the "rare books" auctioned in our pages last issue. Over £50 will eventually be realised for books already sold.

Donations are especially acceptable in the form of annual pledges, payable on July 1 each year. So far such pledges, which can be for any amount, total only about £15. If we could see them reach ten or twenty times that, we would have a small but secure annual increment which would give us additional stability in a rather rough sea.

Thanks to the following:

P.B. £100; K.M. £80; M.S. (U.S.A.) £74/17/-; E.W.I. £5; S.D. £4/10/-; P.S. (U.S.A.) £4/7/8; L.M.H. £3/3/6; K.V.McC. £2/2/-; F.R. £2; A.G.D. £2; N.P., J.C.T., F.C.M., A.D.E. and T.J., all £1/10/-; R.D.B., A.M.A., E.S. and K.T., all £1.

M.E.L., B.J.S. 15/-; W.A.K. (U.S.A.) 11/5; J.D., Z.R. and A.C., all 11/-; J.R.L., R.J.P., J.C., R.J.M., S.W., M.R., N.R., A.R., F.C.R., J.S., J.W., E.L.H.S., E.H., G.B., A.F., A.B., T.E.B., J.B., M.W.P., H.J.H., M.E.L., R.J.McL., W.P., V.L., R.D., R.T., R.G.E., O.S.G., K.T.F., E.M.A., N.H.B., C.B., C.S., M.M., all 10/-.

H.N.McE. 8/-; S.T. 6/-; G.V.P., N.R.W., L.K., L.R.P., E.A.A., D.B., G.K., all 5/-; N.M. 2/-.

loving heart. His heart beat as an alarm bell tolls to announce a state of siege, to call for help, to call for the salvation of every conscience striving for the truth."

★

It was good to see the public support expressed in England by Doris Lessing and other English writers for the courageous action of the French intellectuals who issued that manifesto against the Algerian war. The manifesto itself was published in both Meanjin and Outlook, so there was no need for Overland to do so also. We hope in coming issues to publish lively and informed overseas material on the colonial struggles going on in Africa, Asia and Latin America.

★

Big things are rumored to be afoot with the Commonwealth Literary Fund, and certainly the number of fellowships granted this year—five—has not been equalled before. Congratulations are due to Thea Astley, John Meredith, Roland Robinson, Alan Marshall and the Rev. William McPheat in the success of their applications. We also have two well known Overland writers to congratulate on gaining two of the four recent General Motors £100 awards for plays. They are Laurence Collinson of Melbourne, and Alan Seymour of Sydney. The other two recipients were John Pinkney of Melbourne and Marien Dreyer of Sydney.

★

Among writers in this issue of Overland are on the one hand John Morrison, almost the doyen of Australian short story writers, and on the other young writers with relatively little published work, such as Bill Scott and many others. Looking back through the files of Overland it's interesting to note the special role this magazine has played in helping younger writers to see their work in print. Some names that spring to mind are Noel Hilliard, Paul Carroll, Gordon Adler, David Forrest, Alan Seymour, Judith Green—there are many more. It's true to say that never have so many younger people been writing for Overland and helping in its production in many ways—surely a cheering sign. Bill Scott, incidentally, works with the Jacaranda publishing house in Brisbane.

★

We think real headway is being made with an issue Overland has taken up several times, and which I myself raised in Moscow some years ago: the attitude of the Soviet Union to the payment of royalties to Australian writers. Sometimes very generous royalties are paid, sometimes none at all. Obviously it would be better for everyone if the position could be regularised, and thus I was interested to hear of the current approach being made by the Western Australian Fellowship of Writers to the Soviet ambassador. The Westralians are asking for (a) the courtesy of at least notifying writers whose books are being published in the U.S.S.R., (b) sending of royalties in all cases to elderly and incapacitated people unable to travel to the U.S.S.R. to collect royalties there, (c) payment of plane fares to the U.S.S.R. out of rouble royalties, so that the residue, if it cannot be sent abroad, can at least be enjoyed there.

★

A letter from the Commissioner of Taxation in Canberra brings some information that is important to such serious writers as do not already know it. A concessional rate of tax is available to authors, artists and others, including inventors, who may have income which includes abnormal receipts in any one year. Those wishing full details should write to the taxation authorities.

Road

Do you remember it, John,
the white road down the hill,
with thick scrub on each side?
(It's bitumen now, and the cockies
who moaned in our ears about depression
keep folding and refolding their wool cheques.)

And the skinny lad who gave us the lift,
the one with the torn short, remember him?
You persuaded him to let you drive,
and stood up and waggled the whip,
and shouted "Giddup, there, giddup",
till he clung to his seat in terror,
and cried "Lay off, lay off;
you'll kill this old crock
if you make him gallop".
(Now, where we hardly saw
a dozen dusty cars a day,
semitrailers raise clouds of curses
and interstate buses pound by.)

Well, Time's got hold of the whip now,
and it's my shoulders he's cracking it over.
When I hear his tongue clicking,
ticking "Giddup there, giddup",
I only wish that someone on the seat behind
had voice to cry "Lay off, lay off;
you'll kill this old crock
if you make him gallop".

IAN MUDIE.

Several Overland readers with more initiative than most have done very handsomely by our magazine. The simple act they carried out consisted of approaching one or two newsagents in their locality, describing the magazine, obtaining a small order and informing me. The result of this is that we are selling several score more Overlands than before in this one direction. May I ask all readers to go and do likewise?

★

Correct version of a "filler" wrongly slugged in the last Overland: "To be 'Left' means to connect up cultural with political criticism, and both with demands and programs. And it means all this inside **every** country of the world.—C. Wright Mills."

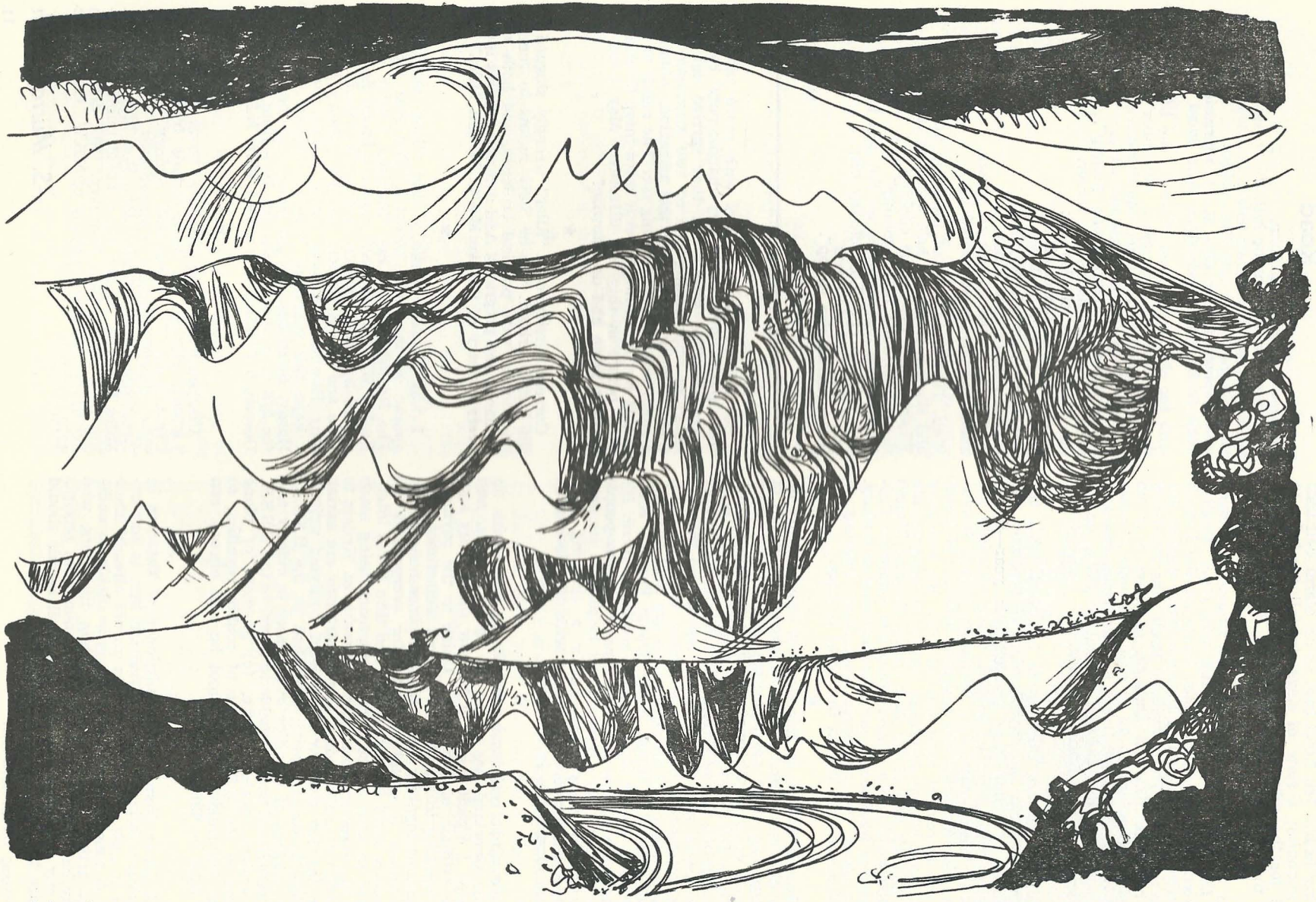
★

I was pleased to see a new "little magazine" appear on the scene recently. The first issue of The Realist Writer, the "National Organ of the Realist Writers' Groups," covers a broad field with stories by Joan Hendry, Archer Crawford, Arthur Pike and Lloyd Davies, and with poetry by Dorothy Hewett, Jim Skea, Merv. Lilley and others. I hope this magazine, which is edited by Frank Hardy, flourishes. Single copies can be obtained for 2/6 or a subscription for 10/- from Mrs. Vera Deacon, 5 Tarakan Place, Dee Why, N.S.W.

★

Competitions: Mary Gilmore novel competition (£200), closing 1st May, details from Mrs. G. Cross, Room 75, Trades Hall, Sydney. The Advertiser £2,000 Literary Competitions, closing 31st December, details from G.P.O. Box 392, Adelaide. Miles Franklin Award for a novel published during 1961, closing 28th February, 1962, details from Permanent Trustee Company of N.S.W., G.P.O. Box 4270, Sydney.

—S. Murray-Smith



Eaglehawk Quarry and a Shovel

Roderick Shaw

HALF A MOUNTAIN AND THE LAST OF A TOWN

THE Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Undertaking is a magnificent project—ambitious, exciting and productive. But it depends on how you look at it. To some people it is a job, to others a career, but to most people just a series of dams, tunnels, pools of water and great concrete power stations seen and described by P.R. guides from a tourist bus or on tourist convoys.

I saw the Snowy scheme gradually—at my own pace. I'm not impressed much by concrete dams or bulldozers and power houses. I prefer people, hands and spades—and natural water holes. Yet I know that dead sheep and crop failures caused by drought make the spade in the hand poor comfort indeed. So I like the Snowy scheme.

During the last two wars the authorities commissioned scores of artists to record the course of those wars, regarding them as a pinnacle of human endeavor. No authority has commissioned an artist to record the construction of this great creative Snowy scheme. Photographers and film men have done some good work, but is this enough for a civilised nation? There are many skilled artists who would find unlimited scope in this theme. There is a great pioneering work going on in some of the most rugged country anywhere, and men from all over the world are taking part in the work. Mountains are moved. Rivers are diverted. Holes are driven miles underground—millions of tons of snow is being stored before it escapes to the sea, and is used to provide power and irrigation for a vast area. Townships are being inundated and townships are being created. The subject matter is exciting and unlimited, and the need to interpret the spirit of this great work is ignored by those who engineer it.

The beauty of the Snowy area is obvious and yet it is not all on the surface. I marvelled at the scenic beauty, and yet I didn't want to paint it until I saw inside of the great quarry at Eaglehawk. They've taken half a mountain and dumped it across a gully to dam up the Eucumbene—the same as I did when I dammed a gutter with dirt to sail a home-made boat. I just happened to walk into this hole in the mountain and it captured me. I had seen it from a distance and it was just another quarry, but inside it one saw the immense scale—and it was like entering a new country. Here is a huge, terraced hole, brooding and baking by day in the windy sunlight of the Snowy Mountains, and by night, in the moonlight, it weeps as it dreams.

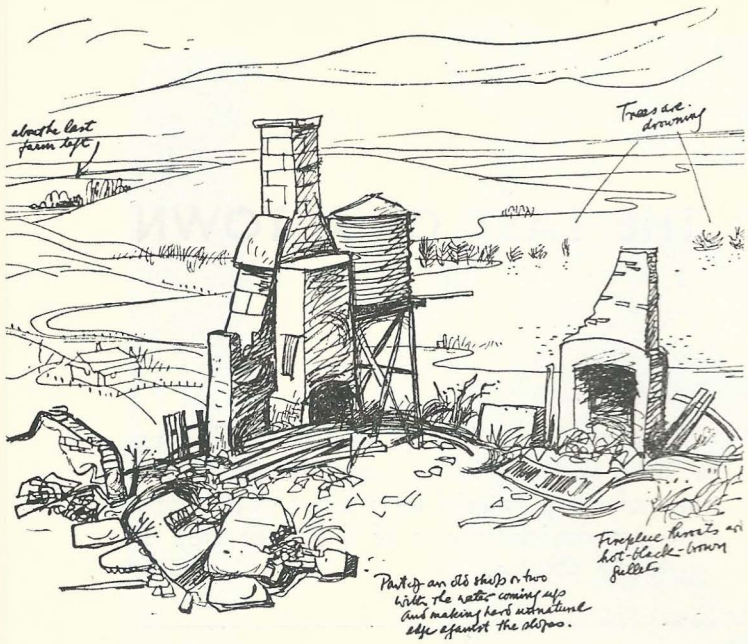
Roderick Shaw, Sydney artist and publisher, has been sketching in the Snowy Area for some time, collecting material for a series of paintings. Here are his impressions of one small area of the whole scheme.

Camped on the remains of the Eucumbene River below the dam, I have listened through the night to the sounds of the quarry—sometimes single rocks career from top to bottom ringing out sharp cracking warnings; and then I hear the clatter of wild brumbies tearing over creek beds as the great shell-shaped hole amplifies a fall of shale and sends it clattering down the river.

Down stream for two miles the surface soils of the hills have been borrowed to supplement the shales from the quarry for the damming, and the once formidably monotonous mountains have been shaven like diseased scalps—and where the shaver has gone the red and yellow scars follow. The earth has been carried by road from the borrow-areas to the dam, and as the wall rises new roads have to be made, so that when the dam wall was finished an incredible system of roads crisscrossed up the side of the mountains. You can see this anytime by going to Eucumbene. I would prefer to take you up where the waters of the lake are rising, to Adaminaby, where you can no longer see what I saw.

THE old road to Adaminaby and Kiandra now runs into the lake at Eaglehawk and emerges half-way up the main street of Adaminaby . . . ten minutes in a car, once. The trip now takes about an hour; pretty direct in a boat, but roundabout, via Middlingbank and the new Snowy Mountains Highway, in a car.

If you know Australian painting you will wonder at familiar landscapes—the rolling, smooth hills of the Gruner landscapes, the Monaro grazing lands—fat, brown and unmysterious. Here and there red earth bleeds through like bruises where overstocking has beaten down the grass. This road leads to the highest towns in Australia, old Kiandra and the new mushroom town, Cabramurra. Just



a few homesteads and forlorn selections succour groups of dark pines, but otherwise the trip can be monotonous, until Adaminaby appears suddenly. It looks uncomfortable, this new Adaminaby, like Arabs camped for the night—with its dwellings huddled on a treeless rise under the nervous eyes of the three transplanted churches.

I remember approaching Old Adaminaby across the plain, seeing it through poplars and radiata pines, one sleety winter. The town meandered up the slope on both sides of the road with established confidence, in spite of the down-at-heels look it did not disguise. You could tell at once it was full of character, with dark country-red painted roofs, signs painted over signs, hand-made bricks enhancing the simple architecture, the stone courthouse squatting with dignity at the top of the hill and hawthorn hedges embroidering the backyards. No smart buildings with decorators' color schemes disturbed the unity of grass greens, lichen greens and red, as Adaminaby sat then, complacently, waiting for the water. But now the town has been moved to dry ground, and the water rises—dammed up by the dirt that came out of the big yellow, red and blue quarry that got into my system at Eaglehawk.

Yet as I came right into New Adaminaby, on another sleety day, I was charmed by the organised shopping square with its deliberate horse-town look. On one side, the Snow Goose Hotel is joined by a string of shops sloping up to Yen's Butchery and Store and the picture show—and then down the other side from the post office, bakery, another butcher's, a cafe and paper shop, and so to the large general store opposite the pub again.

The thin supports for the low awnings, and the general layout, give a traditional country town feel to the place—most successful. But outside the square "successful" is the last word one can apply. The three churches have brought some grace and dignity, in spite of their undignified trip from the old town—stone by stone.

The new living-boxes, erected by the Snowy Authority in conventional suburban right angle streets, seem to have been given less thought than some of the temporary dam-site villages. The town is stuck to the north side of the Kiandra road, except for one or two stray buildings on the lower side—Yen's garage, a club building of some sort, and, when I first pulled in, an itinerant saddler, who once studied painting at the Watkins School in Sydney. He had unflapped his ingenious vehicle to form workshop, display shop and living quarters and was ploughing through a great mound of saddles waiting to be mended. His display of new saddles, whips and pouches reminded me of horsemen of the past, and of the Man from Snowy River. His presence in the area was proof enough that wild horses are still ridden in these hills where jeeps dare not go.

New Adam. huddles uncomfortably on his new, dry hill, gauche—undecided, and waits for a miracle to put the blood back into his veins. Miss Yen, standing behind the counter in her new general store, rattles like the stock on her shelves. She is no more at home in her new store than the vintage cakes of soap and tins of unprocurable paint she has lovingly carried from the old store. Her eyes can fill with tears when you mention old drowned Adam.—she loved him. Her brother, who runs the butchery too, will not take her back to see the old town, where they used to serve hundreds of families in the valley, who have now been moved to dry ground.

But I drove over to Old Adaminaby because I wanted to see it—and to sketch. The back approach to the town has none of the picturesque quality I remember—you sneak down on the town now and take the old boy by surprise, in the backyards. Dark, grey water, like an army blanket, lies across the old road. A white sign also tells you to stop. Floating planks and other unexpected flotsam gather around the hard edges of the water where it unnaturally meets the land, chopping fence in half, yard in half, tree in half—doing as it wills.

THE old tired Adam has not shown much resistance, or so it seems, for with his feet in the water and jackals beating at his head he seems to have been an easy prey—his bones and patches of brick-red clotted blood alone show where his old bony body collapsed. Up the main street a battle has been fought and lost, and the ants have not taken long to clean the bones.

Not a building is intact, though a few still stand —the school, a dwelling at the top of the hill, the "Ritz," the Methodist Church which would not be moved, and a few idiot sheds. No windows or fibro sheets have escaped the catapult. The chimneys that still stand are the only reminders of the warmth of human understanding—their old hot-black throats exposed to the sunlight for a last gasp of air before a gang of youths burst a bottle of energy by toppling the bricks amongst the incredibly scattered debris. So well have the amateur demolishers done their job that it is difficult to determine what service some of the buildings performed. Basket containers under one foundation were perhaps old Mr. Yen's, and greasy slabs with old printing paraphernalia in evidence obviously bedded the presses of the district newspaper—and good or bad, there'll be no more news from that shop.

The churches, removed to the new site and erected again, though not with the same love and

care, have left their simple shapes on the grounds under the dark pines. The formal remains of the Roman Catholic group, behind the dignified layout of the cloister hedges, are occasionally revisited by two men in black, retrieving treasured shrubs—like cats returning for abandoned kittens. But there are no sentimental journeys to the old schoolroom—solid stone dispenser of the three R's and canings—which is now littered with broken glass and furnished with a pile of tumbled educational desks and inkwells. The edifice still stands, its walls muralled by charcoal initials and revelations—and sexual folk-symbols.

Nearly a year has passed since the last evacuation; when the old lady was carried off in triumph from behind her pathetically barricaded gate of roses—a year of demolition and marauding tourists, some laying about them indiscriminately, some gently poking about for treasured relics—old pieces of iron wear, handwrought bootscrapers, strange old bottles and living bricks. Some ride the first world war motor bike frame, standing wheelless and jaunty with its front fork prodding the red road, and make her take up a new position each day as they force the old Pegasus up and down the cross roads, ploughing through the red gravel.

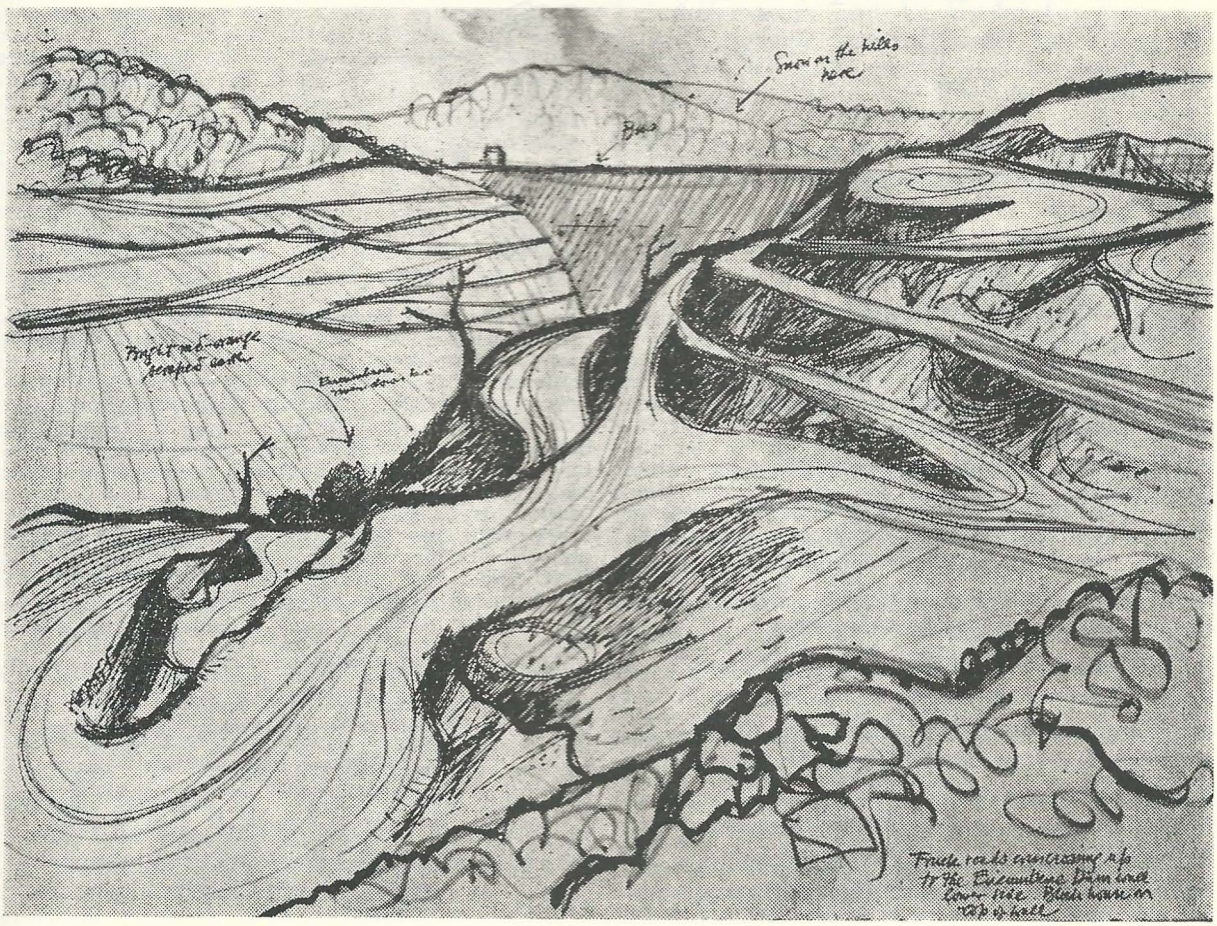
My preliminary pre-sketching survey of the town left me stunned. I could not understand how the ingredients of a township could be so thoroughly rearranged—short of a bombing.

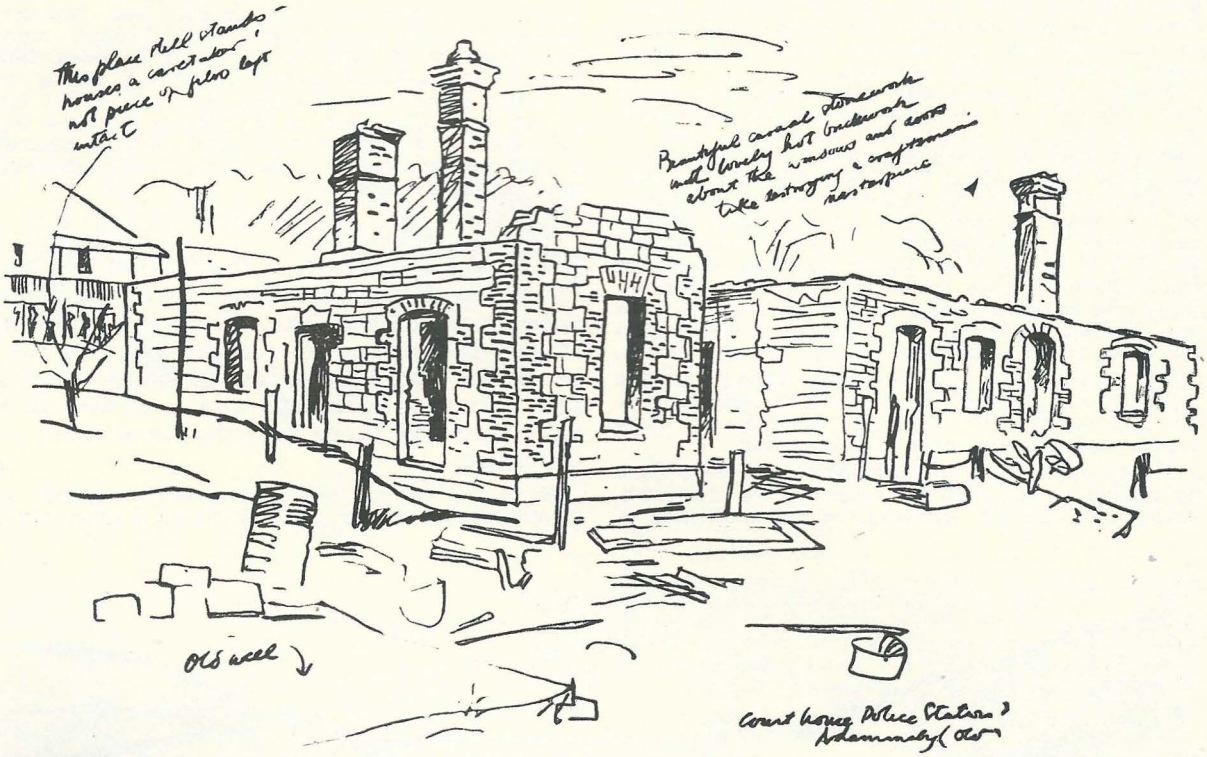
Some vicious gang of bulldozers must have done its utmost to demolish the character of the town. Bricks, torn timber, masonry, and a multitude of incidental paraphernalia had been stirred into a sort of pudding, and dragged about the centre of the town, as if death was not enough.

On the outskirts of the town, down low at the rising water level, a few dwellings are left on their own to drown as the water gurgles over the window sills and laps against tumbling walls. The poplars are left wading near the outhouses, no longer tall and rooted to the ground, but bobbing about like blackfish floats. The broader, sturdier radiata pines seem more defiant, more indestructible as they stand about in rows like black wet-feathered birds. Everything seems to be more alive just before death—and so the top of the trees, the roofs of the houses, and the top rails of the fences become stark details against a grey background and command one's attention now as never before.

I FINALLY took up a position at the top of the town, sketching down the main street towards the lake. There was no sun to give perspective to receding heaps of rubble which had been a row of shops—only a few surviving chimneys and a section of a wall here and there brought some order to the scene.

No sound cut the low oppressive atmosphere as I concentrated on my painting. Later a sharp wind





came in short bursts, whining through the pines, bringing with it another sound like the beat of a hammer on corrugated iron. I half thought it must be someone I hadn't noticed beating away in the wreckage, but the persistence of the beat, rising and falling with the gusts of wind, soon commanded my attention. It turned out to be the rhythmic flapping of the Cyclone windmill at the back of the "Ritz," still receptive to the breeze, but cranky and greaseless. With each cycle of her pump a gush of water spurted out of the rusted hole halfway up the pipeline to the tank she used to fill from an underground well. When this mill finally seizes up, and the bleeding stops, life in the mutilated town will cease.

The Ritz, old boarding house so named because it has "The Ritz" chalked on one of its two remaining doors, still stands firmly, because it was the headquarters of a Snowy survey party, and is next door to the shadow of the police station. I camped in the Ritz; there are no windows left intact and from the top floor I could see the pattern of the backyards and laneways through which a flock of sheep with new-born lambs makes its way across the town, feeding and mothering. Dead-ends and holes in the dilapidated fences cause a lot of consternation as lambs become separated from mothers—and as the light begins to fade, mothers and children increase their plaintive calls. Starlings are more welcome now in the eaves of the Ritz, and settle down for the night, their scraping and fluttering reverberating through the downpipes and into the empty shell of the house. As the evening breeze gains strength by the promise of a pitch-black night, old Adam. seems to revive a little, his windows and loose iron rattling and banging —and the dark pines moan. On the top of the hill beyond the rubble the last bright light throws up two wild horses with mane and tail flipped by the wind. The mares face each other like a Chirico, and look back down across the town as they whinny into the dark shadows.

Along the red road from the edge of the lake near the old lady's barricaded gate, two horses come galloping wildly—they leap the culvert and churchyard hedge, and are lost in the shadows of the pines, emerging again to leap and clatter over the simple remains of the church. The horses cut diagonally across the town, taking fences, gutters and rubble in their stride, as up and up they go to meet their mates waiting impatiently on the top—and then after a brief acknowledgment they all disappear down the other side of the hill—and darkness falls.

D. H. LAWRENCE ON DIRTY MINDS

THE decision of Cabinet to ban "Lady Chatterley's Lover," despite the fact that the Censorship Appeal Board **twice** unanimously recommended the book's release to the Australian public, is an act of bureaucracy, cowardice and hypocrisy unequalled even in our sordid history of censorship.

Overland has protested to the Commonwealth Government on its action, as have a number of writers and literary organisations.

We have also appealed to Sir Allen Lane of Penguin Books to take advantage of the legal loophole left by the censors and to take the case to Court. In a recent letter Sir Allen states that, owing to the difficulty of conducting such a case at such a distance, Penguin Books does not at this stage intend to take legal action.

What is urgently needed in Australia is a Censorship Vigilance Committee, formed from and by writers and cultural figures, and supported with public donations. It would then be possible for independent action to be taken in such issues as this. Overland will be pleased to hear from those who support the idea of establishing such a committee.

As a further act of protest at the Government's action we publish here an extract from "My Skirmish with Jolly Roger," a foreword written by D. H. Lawrence to an unexpurgated French edition of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" in 1929.

SO here is this little cheap French edition, photographed down from the original . . . English publishers urge me to make an expurgated edition, promising large returns, perhaps even a little bucket, one of those children's sea-side pails!—and insisting that I should show the public that here is a fine novel, apart from all "purple" and all "words." So I begin to be tempted and start in to expurgate. But impossible! I might as well try to clip my own nose into shape with scissors. The book bleeds.

And in spite of all antagonism, I put forth this novel as an honest, healthy book, necessary for us today. The words that shock so much at first, don't shock at all after a while. Is this because the mind is depraved by habit? Not a bit. It is that the words merely shocked the eye, they never shocked the mind at all. People without minds may go on being shocked, but they don't matter. People with minds realise they aren't shocked, and never really were: and they experience a sense of relief.

And that is the whole point. We are today, as human beings, evolved and cultured far beyond the taboos which are inherent in our culture. This is a very important fact to realise. Probably to the Crusaders, mere words were potent and evocative to a degree we can't realise. The evocative power of the so-called obscene words must have been very dangerous to the dim-minded, obscure violent natures of the Middle Ages, and perhaps are still too strong for slow-minded, half-evolved lower natures of today. But real culture makes us give to a word only those mental and imaginative reactions which belong to the mind, and saves us from violent and indiscriminate physical reactions which may wreck social decency. In the past, man was too weak-minded or crude-minded to contemplate his own physical and body and physical functions, without getting all messed up with physical reactions that overpowered him. It is no longer so. Culture and civilisation have taught us to separate the word from the deed, the thought from the act or physical reactions. We know now the act does not necessarily follow on the thought. In fact, thought and action, word and deed, are two separate forms of consciousness, two separate lives which we lead. We need, very sincerely, to keep a connection. But while we think we do not act and while we act we do not think. The great necessity is that we should act according to our thoughts and think according to our acts. But while we are in thought we cannot really act (and vice versa). The two conditions of thought and action are mutually exclusive. Yet they should be related in harmony.

And this is the real point of this book. I want men and women to be able to **think** sex, fully, completely, honestly and cleanly. Even if we can't **act** sexually to our complete satisfaction, let us at least think sexually, complete and clear . . . All this talk of young girls and virginity, like a blank white sheet on which nothing is written is pure nonsense. A young girl and a young boy is a tormented tangle, a seething confusion of sexual feelings and sexual thoughts which only the years will disentangle. Years of honest thoughts of sex and years of struggling action in sex will bring us at last where we want to get, to our real and accomplished chastity, our completeness, when our sexual act and our sexual thought are in harmony and the one does not interfere with the other.

Far be it from me to suggest that all women should go running after gamekeepers for lovers. Far be it from me to suggest that they should be running after anybody. A great many men and women are happiest when they abstain and stay sexually apart, quite clean; and at the same time, when they realise and understand sex more fully. Ours is the day of realisation rather than action. There has been so much action in the past, especially sexual action, a wearying repetition over and over, without a corresponding thought, a corresponding realisation. Now our business is to realise sex. Today the full conscious realisation of sex is even more important than the act itself. After centuries of obfuscation, the mind demands to know and know fully. The body is a good deal in abeyance, really. When people act in sex nowadays they are half the time acting up. They do

it because they think it is expected of them. Whereas, it is the mind which is interested and the body has to be provoked. The reason being that our ancestors have so assiduously acted sex without ever thinking it or realising it that now the act tends to be mechanical, dull and disappointing and only fresh mental realisation will freshen up the experience.

. . . Balance up the consciousness of the act and the act itself. Get the two in harmony. It means having a proper reverence for sex and a proper awe of the body's strange experience. It means being able to use the so-called obscene words, because these are a natural part of the mind's consciousness of the body. Obscenity only comes in when the mind despises and fears the body and the body hates and resists the mind.

. . . The mind's terror of the body has probably driven more men mad than ever could be counted. The insanity of great minds like Swift's is at least partly traceable to this cause. In the poem to his mistress Celia, which has the maddened refrain: "But—Celia, Celia, Celia shits," we see what can happen to a great mind when it falls into panic. A great wit like Swift could not see how ridiculous he made himself. Of course Celia shits! Who doesn't? And how much worse if she didn't. It is hopeless. And then think of poor Celia, made to feel iniquitous about her proper natural function, by her "lover." It is monstrous. And it comes from having taboo words and from not keeping the mind sufficiently developed in physical and sexual consciousness.

In contrast to the puritan hush! hush! which produces the sex moron, we have the modern young jazzy and high-brow person who has gone one better and won't be hushed in any respect and just does "as she likes." From fearing the body and denying its existence the advanced young go to the other extreme and treat it as a sort of toy to be played with, a slightly nasty toy, but still you can get some fun out of it, before it lets you down. These young people scoff at the importance of sex, take it like a cocktail and flout their elders with it. The young ones are superior and advanced. They despise a book like "Lady Chatterley's Lover." It is much too simple and ordinary for them. The naughty words they care nothing about and the attitude to love they find old-fashioned. Why make a fuss about it. Take it like a cocktail! The book, they say, shows the mentality of a boy of fourteen. But perhaps the mentality of a boy of fourteen who still has a natural awe and proper fear in face of sex is more wholesome than the mentality of the young cocktaily person who has no respect for anything . . . Heliogabalus, indeed!

So, between the stock old puritan who is likely to fall into sexual indecency in advanced age and the smart jazzy person of the young world who says "we can do anything. If we can think a thing we can do it"—and then the low uncultured person with a dirty mind who looks for dirt—this book has hardly a space to turn in. But to them all I say the same: Keep your perversions if you like them—your perversion of puritanism, your perversion of smart licentiousness, your perversion of a dirty mind. But I stick to my book and my position: Life is only bearable when the mind and the body are in harmony and there is a natural balance between them and each has a natural respect for the other.

The Crimes Act

J. F. Cairns, M.H.R.

THE 1960 Amendment to the Crimes Act, which is now the law of the Commonwealth, did not attempt to remove any of the objectionable features of the Act itself, but added many dangerous provisions.

Among other sections of the community that stand to be heavily hit by the new legislation are those of us who deal in, and stand for the right of, the free exchange of opinions and ideas in spoken and written form. From this point of view the legislation is a matter of particular concern to writers of all kinds. Novelists, historians, social and political commentators, even poets and artists can easily fall foul of the new Crimes Act, given a Government ruthless enough and determined enough to use its provisions for the purpose of intimidation and thought-control.

The Crimes Act now contains several sections which are so widely drawn that any industrial action, any activity in support of international co-operation, or certain criticism of prevailing foreign policy could become the subject of a serious charge at any time the government chooses to act. The new crime of espionage is not confined to information or matter which is secret or related to defence. Any information or matter whether true or false—and nothing in existence is excluded—may provide the first element in the crime of espionage. This would mean that teachers, writers, scientists, trade union officials or any person who may possess, receive or communicate economic statistics or geographic or scientific information may at any time have to face a charge of espionage. The only other ingredient is known character —political reputation.

These dangerously made laws are the foundation of the Crimes Act, but its objectionable features do not end there. Any person who refuses to answer questions or provide information is subject to six months imprisonment; McCarthyism is written into the law in that all the penalties of being a member of an unlawful association are attachable to any person who has associated with it: guilt by association. It is a criminal conspiracy punishable by imprisonment of up to three years to attempt to defeat an arbitration award. It is possible to hold any hearing completely in secret and forbid any report of it.

The Commonwealth Crimes Act is police state law. The Australia of 1961 does not need it. It should be the aim of all democrats to work for the inclusion in the Commonwealth Constitution of a Charter of Civil and Human Rights, so that the abrogations of rights that appear in it could not stand. Section 92 protects property in Australia but there is no constitutional protection for people. This involves dangers for all and it cannot long be tolerated or liberty may be seriously curtailed.

Seven Poems

Penny for a Piper

The heat dripped heavy
on the town
like honey lazy spilling
from the sky-jar
down
on roof and roadway
where it spread and oozed
with sticky sickly heat.

"It's hot," said Mrs. Up-John.
"I will ring the mayor
and tell him
that it's well within his ken
to keep us cool."

She did
and this is what he said:

"Madam
I will pay a penny
for a piper
if you find that
you can name me any
who will pipe you
rolling and a-rollick
down the highways of the land
down the freeways
to the coolways
to the sea,
where the slow sea silk
curls and crinkles
on the beach
and the sea reeds
ripple on the wind
and rave a paean
of lucid coolness
to the ice-blue sky.
For a penny
I would buy you magic
could you name
an apt musician."

But Mrs. Up-John
cut him off
and turned to Mrs. Beetle-wise
with hell's hot judgment
on her lips.

"That man's a fool,"
she said.

PAUL DRAKEFORD.

The Idealist to his Love

(On the philosophical impossibility of ever ascertaining the existence of objective truth.)

O madam, shall I call thee whore
Or merely fallen maid?
The qualities of virtue flee
Thy favors so displayed.

I hesitate, of course, to doubt
The possibility
That continence produces such
Impetuosity.

The ardor of thy melting lips
Engages me to ask
If hours of wanton pleasure lie
Behind thy virgin's mask.

The passion of thy bosom's swell
(And sundry other charms)
Confuses yet entices me
Enveloped in thine arms.

Though bruised thy thighs with practised art
The quandary pervades:
O madam, shall I call thee whore
Or merely, fallen maid?

ROGER MILLISS

★

Artefact

There in the blown sand
where I lie under,
some day before
the hill is raised and
a wanderer blunders
on the flaked core,
I wonder
if he will see in my long buried rhyme
a shaped knife with the edges pressed by time.

IRENE GOUGH

★

Feeding Time

In a calm season of the day
A mother's bosom must be bared
A little mouth on nipple pressed
To suck and dribble down the breast
While men who have been gently reared
Delicately look away.

When earth gave suck to you and me
There was no drowsy scene of peace
Her nipples oozed red milk of flame
That trickled downward just the same
With scorching heat and fiery hiss
Cooling to green fertility.

Though women pass in droves each day
A breast remains a vision rare
But earth through negligence or pain
Forbore to close her blouse again
So man may view the breast-shape fair
Nor turn his tactful head away.

A. G. DAWS

The Second Law of Thermodynamics

The Yellow Buddhists of Tibet
Laugh like fiends as the end approaches,
Their minds not given to regret
But to mockery of the world's grey-lipped reproaches.

Friends fare them well, bucks, lechers, swells.
The eyes close while flags flutter to the tinkling of bells.

The limbs are dismembered,
Are thrown skywards into silent elements.
And the man is only remembered
By kindly vultures. No cerements.

The body's laughter is spread randomly through the blue.
Death is a thing the sensible man looks forward to.

Faust dissolved in drops.
Keats merged in a great destructive core.
Shambling Lasseter's corpse
Stiffened on a gleaming rift of ore.

Always and endlessly the chancey human rat is bent
On making death's language other than self-evident,

A bed-making of the daily mind,
A thought patted and tidied and made anew.
But Milton came to his chaos blind;
"Consummatum est" cried the tired Jew.

What is is nothing, is as random as what shall be . . .
A stirring from the beginning to the end of a memory.

MAX HARRIS

★

Doctor Leichhardt on Board

Now what affected Doctor Leichhardt most,
Sailing from Cork by the ever-active
Ocean, was not the jolly wanderlieder
They sang while shielded by coat and canvas
From the cold spray leaping into moonlight;
No, nor the fact of those three hundred people
On what he called "that populated speck"
Floating securely on an immense desert
Of ever-active water, moved by weather,
Roared on by storm, yet guided by the wisdom
Of a small compass three inches across—
No, the horizon it was. Grandiose
Spectacle, he said, O magnificent,
Majestic (wunderbar und wunderbar!)
Look! The whole immensity of the West!
Flaring, falling, sinking under the ever-
Active ocean, familiar constellations,
Bright—all descending far across the waste!
But brighter still, look! New, teeming galaxies
Lifting vast cities from the night ahead!
Wide oceans have I crossed, and fiery storms
Withstood; over my head the sun has poised then passed
High to the north; at midnight a new cross
Burns at the rise of the world, and at noon
The shadow of my body draws me south.

NOEL MACAINSH

From Bulli Lookout at Night

Remembered fairy-queens are cold as brass,
Although a small girl gasped to see them hover
On satin toes, their tutus sequin-flecked.
A glow-worm cave, alluring to a lover,
Is weird and sour-damp in retrospect.

But this enchanting spangle-world spread vast
Beneath our feet is weft of human deeds.
That golden bug that gads its flitter-way
So silently between the strings of beads
Could carry workers to their late shift day.

That prick of glimmer, needling between the threads,
Could be a small warm world of man and wife
And a slack-bodied child. And each still glow
Means work or play or sleep—means life.
Above, the stars are cold as death. Below,
The stars are welcoming and warm with breath.

AGNES MILLROSE

★

Poem

"But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th."

I've sprawled my roots and branches like a flowering gum
Into every crevice of the earth and air.
I've grown strong and people speak me fair.
But no flowers come.

I've toiled beneath great canvas pines from sea to sea.
Impassioned in the cause, I've fought through gales
And planned through calms. But theirs the ship and sails,
Mine the activity.

I've hewn a place among the granite blocks of men.
Respect they give me and power in my sphere.
But beneath my strength there hides this rabbit fear.
My heart pleads, "When?

"When shall we crack and cast aside this iron mould,
Ease off the suction grip of discipline,
Open wide the ports, let freedom in,
Let self unfold?"

And firmly mind replies, "When the plough to which
We freely put, and keep our hands has run
Its furrow out and in daughter and in son
We stand rich."

Sadly answers heart, "When the slipper's by the grate,
When the finger trembles on the pen,
When I lift not with the lark again,
That will be too late."

"If so, then there's no help,"
Heart and mind and limbs repeat—
Mourners are there always in the street—
"That time may be too late."

ROBERT CLARK

BLACK PETER

W. N. Scott

BLACK Peter lived alone in a two-roomed galvanised iron humpy on a low ridge overlooking the Johnstone River estuary. All around were the vine-scrub spurs and valleys where little creeks hid under the tangle of wait-a-whiles and massive trees. Occasional swampy patches were marked by ti-tree and bangalow palms and pandanus but around Peter's place the living rock thrust up as if the earth had shrugged one shoulder. The soil was thin and only tough blady grass grew, providing a precarious living for two goats and an ancient mare. On the riverbank the rock fell sharply in a natural fault making a comfortable landing between the mangrove swamps on either side where bull crocs. bellowed in the mating season. A cranky flat-bottomed dinghy was tied alongside. Peter acquired it one wet season when it came spinning downstream among logs and debris, and its rightful owner never did find out what became of it.

To say he eked out a living is not true because living is not hard in that country, where sweet potatoes and bananas and paw paws grow wild. His diet was varied with wild fruit and of course there were crabs in the mangroves, fish in the river, mangoes in season and careless people with unguarded vegetable gardens all over town. Watch dogs? Every dog that met him did so ceremoniously as a brother. Father Ryan's enormous alsatian, the terror of altar-boys, lay on its back, paws in the air and a stupid grin on its face while he scratched its ribs with battered big toe. He had three permanent dogs of his own, though the number varied with dogs visiting him. His dogs were of the skinny yellowish ginger breed that don't bark but appear at your heels and nip. Fifty yards from Peter's house was a deadline drawn by the dogs that nothing crossed save the old billy-goat, who feared neither dog nor devil.

The first time I visited him was to get some bait. I'd been fishing near him the day before and caught nothing while he was pulling in black bream one after another. He told me that the bait to use was moon crabs, those spidery creatures that haunt the edge of the breaking waves at night and dig deep burrows above tidemark where they sleep during the day. "Come round tomorrow and I'll give you a tinful," he said.

Of course, once I knew what he was using for bait I decided to get my own. Next morning, after turning over acres of sand for one crab, I decided I had a lot to learn, so went to visit him. The dogs stopped me at the deadline. Peter called them off and invited me in. The hut was bare. A bunk, obviously from somebody's cane-barracks, stood under the open window, which was only a hinged flap propped out with a piece of firewood. A battered stove, three empty boxes (table and chairs), a meat safe and a hurricane lamp completed the furniture. Two enormous bunches of bananas hung from a rafter.

"We'll have a cup of tea," said Peter. He filled the billy from the little creek nearby and put it on to boil. I gave him the tobacco I'd brought in payment for the bait and sympathised with the amount of digging he must have done to get the tin of crabs he had ready. He only grinned. About four months later when we had got to know each other better he told me the secret. An old piece of rotten bait-net someone had discarded—that was it. A few small branches laid on the sand, the net spread over the top and a few fish-heads tossed on to the net. Then a peaceful night's sleep while the crabs, who are scavengers, climbed on to the net and tied themselves up.

We drank our tea and yarned for a couple of hours. There's always time for a yarn in the north.

The dogs got jealous of me and began to show off. They would come in the door, snarl at me, jump on to the bed, out of the window and back in the door. Then they'd snarl at me, jump on to the bed, out of the window and back in the door.

"Just like a bloody merry-go-round," said Peter proudly.

To the respectable citizens of the town Peter was an eyesore, but to the dogs he was God on earth come among them. It was odd to see the way they jostled and pushed each other for the privilege of

leaning on his tattered trouser-legs when he stopped and spoke to you in the street. If the respectable citizens scorned him their sons didn't.

Old Ah Kee, a piece of oriental flotsam from the Palmer field who had a little garden outside the town, was a different proposition. When he came to town with shoulder pole and baskets of vegetables to sell he looked rather like a kite from his own land with a tail of small boys following him chanting "Ching, chong, Chinaman, chop, chop, chop!"

But Peter! He could shoot further and straighter than any of them with a shanghai though he only had one eye. He could catch fish when nobody else could. He could pinch water-melons from Schwartz or Antonini or Petrovich so that they never even knew they were gone. And, one eye and all, he could knock down a flying fox from any height of tree at dusk. He was a hero, and they revered him only a little less than his dogs did.

Peter never worked. The only things he needed he got by a process of barter. If a storekeeper needed a bit of bait and some advice on Saturday afternoon he'd consult Peter. The old fellow would never take money yet some time in the next fortnight his skinny black figure would appear in the store with an empty sugar bag. They'd toss in a few spuds, two ounces of plug, a box of matches or a bottle of kerosene. Once I asked him why he didn't try for an invalid pension. He scorned the idea.

"Only two years now to old age pension," he said. "Anyway, a man'd only spend it."

They say there are holy men in Asia who possess a robe, a staff and a begging bowl. This man had little more. He it was who found the little girl who got lost in the canefield. He it was who tracked the two blokes down that went into a patch of scrub after turkeys and didn't come out again. That calm brown eye twinkled as he told me about it.

"Them silly buggers. All they got to do is follow the creeks downhill till they come to the river. Cripes, the leeches and mossies had a feed off them two. Just as well the Sergeant come to get me to find them."

He wanted no reward. He had no robe, only a battered shirt and trousers. He needed no begging bowl. That was beneath his dignity. He lived in a house but even an Asian holy man would need a house in Innisfail where I've seen six inches of rain in four hours. He had no disciples but three dogs and almost every boy in the town.

About two years after we met I missed him for a couple of days, and thought he might be sick. I decided to take a bit of tucker across and check. As soon as I came near the hut I knew something was up because the dogs didn't race to meet me and snarl as usual. Instead they sat outside the hut and as soon as they saw me they pointed their muzzles toward the overcast sky and howled like souls abandoned in the pit. Peter was in the hut dead. The story was easy to read from the tracks. He'd come in before daylight from fishing on the top of the tide. He'd tossed the anchor over, slung his bag of fish on his back and waded the three yards ashore as usual. In the darkness he didn't see the dead mangrove the tide had floated and left on his landing ledge. One of the iron-hard bleached branches had pierced his good eye. Blinded and alone, with only the dogs to guide, he had struggled toward the house, only to stumble and break his right leg just above the ankle when half way up the slope. He must have fainted then. God knows how long he lay but from the marks it must have been for some time. The ants would have awakened him, or the sun. He crawled the rest of the way to the hut, but was too weak to climb on to his bunk.

Then, alone with his dogs, his great heart gave up the struggle, and he died.

We had a funeral like you wouldn't have seen for a shire councillor. The spree afterwards lasted two days. Moloney says it's the only wake he ever attended where twenty languages got spoken. I feed his dogs though I don't see much of them. They are waiting at the hut for him to come back. And every night I hear them crying.

I just thought I'd tell you about him because he was a mate of mine and I can understand a bit how the dogs feel. There's a hole in the world.

Raymond Williams

FREEDOM AND OWNERSHIP IN THE ARTS

THE extension of culture has to be considered within the real social context of our economic and political life. All studies of the growth of particular cultural institutions show a real expansion, which of course is continuing, but show also the extent to which this is affected or determined by other facts in the society. In the 1960s, the rate of growth seems promising, and we are busy with plans to maintain and increase it. Yet here, very clearly, is a major contradiction easily overlooked by following a simple rising graph. For while real art and argument are being more widely enjoyed, the distribution of a bewildering variety of bad art and bad argument is increasing even more rapidly. We are reaching the point where the contradiction between these different lines and rates of growth is serious and inescapable, yet even those who see this situation feel particularly uncertain about what can be done.

The cultural crisis, with its many social, economic and political facets, has much in common in Britain and Australia. This article by Raymond Williams, which forms the concluding chapter of his forthcoming book "The Long Revolution" (Chatto and Windus), deals with issues of great relevance to us: the rapid contraction of the area of independence in every field of our cultural life.

Raymond Williams is well known as author of the important survey of recent cultural history, "Culture and Society," shortly to be issued by Penguin Books Ltd.

Overland invites discussion on Williams' theses as applicable to Australian problems.

In a rapidly changing and therefore confused society, in which cultural forms will in any case change but in which little is done by way of education to deepen and refine the capacity for significant response, the problems that confront us are inevitably difficult. Two parallel efforts are necessary: on the one hand the maximum encouragement of artists who are seriously trying to create new forms or do significant work in traditional forms; on the other hand, the steady offering and discussion of this work, including real criticism and therefore its distinction at least from calculated and indifferent manipulation. It would be wrong to say that these efforts are not being made: some help, though still inadequate, is being given to the arts; some responsible offering and discussion are publicly underwritten. These policies fall within the evolutionary conception: a steady encouragement of elements of valuable growth. But while supporting them, and certainly wishing to see them extended, I find it difficult to feel that they go to the root of the problem.

For it is usually not recognised that inferior and destructive elements are being much more actively propagated: that more is spent, for example, on advertising a new soap, and imprinting a jingle attached to it, than on supporting an orchestra or a picture gallery; and that in launching two new magazines, one trying to do a serious new job, the other simply competing to capture a share of a known popular market, the ratio of comparative investment is ludicrous, for hardly anything is behind the former, while huge sums of money are poured out on the latter. The condition of cultural growth must be that varying elements are at least equally available, and that new and unfamiliar things must be offered steadily over a long period, if they are to have a reasonable chance of acceptance.

Policies of this degree of responsibility seem impossible in our present cultural organisation. The encouragement of valuable elements is restricted to what is little more than a defensive holding operation, which of course is better than nothing but which is hardly likely to make any general change. The rest of the field is left to the market, and not even to the free play of the market, for the amounts of capital involved in financing our major cultural institutions restrict entry to a comparatively few powerful groups, so that both production and distribution are effectively in very few hands.

The serious new magazine referred to, usually the result of a major voluntary effort by a group

of dedicated people, is unlikely to be even available for buying, in the sense of lying ready on the average book-stall where somebody might try it, while the new commercial magazine will be so widely displayed that it can hardly be avoided. It is then stupid and even vicious, when it is clear that no real competition exists, to use the evidence of immediate results as proof of the unalterable vulgarity of the public.

Instead of the ritual indignation and despair at the cultural condition of "the masses" (now increasingly uttered even by their supposed friends) it is necessary to break through to the central fact that most of our cultural institutions are in the hands of speculators, interested not in the health and growth of the society, but in the quick profits that can be made by exploiting inexperience. True, under attack, these speculators, or some of them, will concede limited policies of a different kind, which they significantly call "prestige"; that is to say, enough to preserve a limited public respectability so that they will be allowed to continue to operate. But the real question is whether a society can afford to leave its cultural apparatus in such irresponsible hands.

Conceiving an Alternative

NOW I think many people feel the strength of this question, but feel even more strongly the difficulties of any possible alternative. Steady and particular encouragement, in the obvious limited fields, is quite widely approved, but any attempt to tackle the whole situation runs into major difficulties. For it is obvious that the amount of capital and effort required, to make any substantial change, can come only from public sources, and to this there are two objections.

The first is the question whether such resources are really available, on the scale required. This goes back to the difficulty discussed earlier: that we find it almost impossible to conceive the financing of social policy out of the social product, and have never learned a system of accounting which would make this possible or even visible.

For it is true, of course, that the present investment comes from the society and economy as a whole. The supply of advertising money (the contemporary equivalent of manna) can only come in the end from us, as workers and buyers, though it is now routed through channels that give control of this social capital to very limited groups. If we can realise that we are paying for the existing cultural system, by one kind of organisation of the economy, we need not be frightened by the scale of resources required, since that organisation is in fact subject to change. We should be much clearer about these cultural questions if we saw them as a consequence of a basically capitalist organisation, and I at least know no better reason for capitalism to be ended. It is significant that the liveliest revolt against the existing system, particularly among the new young generation, is in precisely these cultural terms.

But then the second objection is deeply involved with this point. What is the alternative to capitalism? Socialism. What is a socialist culture? State control. There are many good liberals, and many anxious socialists, who draw back if this is the prospect. Better even the speculators, they say, than the inevitable horde of bureaucrats, official bodies, and quite probably censorship.

This difficulty has a representative significance. It is not only in cultural questions, but in the whole area of thinking about change in our society, that this knot is tied. Here is the deepest difficulty in the whole development of our democracy: that we seem reduced to a choice between speculator and bureaucrat, and while we do not like the speculator, the bureaucrat is not exactly inviting either. In such a situation, energy is sapped, hope weakens, and of course the present compromise between the speculators and the bureaucrats remains unchallenged.

Democratic policies are made by open discussion and open voting. In relatively small bodies, contact between members and policies can be close, though even here some responsibility for decisions will be passed to elected representatives rather than to members as a whole, and where much administrative work is necessary will also be passed to officials. The principle of the official in a democratic organisation is quite clear: he administers within an elected policy, and is responsible to the membership for his actions. The practice, we all know, can be otherwise, but given an adequate constitution and genuine equality of membership it is still the best and most responsible system known.

There are strong arguments for the national organisation of the means of cultural exchange, but the persistent danger, even in a democratic country, is that too large an organisation becomes rigid and in a sense impenetrable. Any adequate cultural organisation must be open, flexible and committed to genuine variety of expression.

It would seem simple to say that the best people to run the various cultural organisations are those who use them for the production of their own work, for here is the deepest and most practical interest in keeping the organisation flexible and open. Yet it is equally clear that the actual producers of cultural work cannot, from their own resources, command the ownership of any but the simplest means. Where indeed they can do so, no change is necessary. But in the press, in broadcasting and television, in the cinema and theatre it is obvious that this simple co-operative ownership is impossible.

This ought not then to mean, however, that the control of these expensive means should be made available to the highest bidder, especially when he is not even particularly interested in the actual work but mainly in its financial possibilities. The signs are, in contemporary Britain, that this worst of all arrangements is becoming normal, with a dominant policy criterion of profit and with the producers turned into employees within this emphasis. In press and television this is especially the case, and powerful interests are working to extend the same system to broadcasting.

It is urgent to define the alternative principle, which I think can only be that when the producers cannot themselves own the means of their work, these must be owned by the community in trust for the producers, and an administration set up which is capable of maintaining this trust.

IN the drama, for example, it would be possible for most theatres to be publicly owned, preferably by local authorities though perhaps with a small national network in addition, and then licensed to companies of actors. It would then be possible for these companies, through open regional and national organisations which they would be free to join or not as they decided, to pursue reasonably long-term policies by the guarantee that a particular production would go to a series of theatres, when financially necessary.

Similar arrangements could be made, through permanent and regular liaison, with the broadcasting and television services. The advantages to the drama of permanent companies creating their own varying traditions, in a context of adequate professional security, would undoubtedly be great: almost all the good work we have now in the theatre comes from such companies, which are left, though, to struggle on as they can with the hope of being eventually hired by the speculators who control the big national theatres. If we are serious about freedom in the arts, we can give it, in this way, to actual artists.

In the cinema, a related system is possible. As things now are, the makers of films are almost wholly in the hands of the distributors, who decide, by certain crude tests, whether a film is worth making before it is made. This is the freedom of the artist which our liberals so complacently defend. It is clear that the number of cinemas is in any case going to decline. The opportunity this presents of a sensible re-organisation ought not to be missed. The cinemas should become publicly owned and vested in an independent public authority. There should be at least two or three circuits, including one specialised circuit, to ensure alternatives. Production should be in the hands of independent permanent companies, which as in the case of the theatre would have to satisfy the public authority of their professional competence. Public money should then be made available to these companies, for the making of films which would be guaranteed exhibition on one of the circuits. The more independent companies there are the better, and it would be encouraging to see some links between some of these and the theatre companies already referred to. A possible organisation of the independent authority would be joint representation between officers appointed by and responsible to Parliament and representatives elected by the permanent companies.

In the case of books, we already have a good range of independent publishers, though the pressures on them to surrender independent policies are severe. A rapid process of amalgamation (often retaining apparently independent imprints) seems to be under way, and new kinds of owner, often little concerned with literature, are becoming more common. With high costs, and the wide opportunities of the "paperback revolution", it seems that a stage has been reached very similar to that in newspapers at the turn of the century. The quantitative thinking that can follow from such a system would be disastrous to publishing, past a certain point, and I think the time has come for an enquiry into the facts of recent changes, and possible courses of action.

Meanwhile it is of vital importance that publishers who pursue, as now, responsible and therefore varying policies should be given all possible help. This can probably best be done in the now chaotic field of distribution. It is a standing disgrace that there should be hundreds of towns without anything that can be called a decent bookshop. The good independent bookseller performs an especially valuable service, but unless he is lucky in his locality he will often go under. The existing chain shops apply to books and periodicals simple tests of quantity. below a certain figure they do not consider particular items worth handling. Is this any kind of freedom, or free availability?

I think we could set up a Books Council, representative on the one hand of publishers, booksellers and authors, on the other hand of Parliament, which would have the duty of ensuring the continued independence of publication, and at the same time the best possible distribution of books and periodicals here and overseas. The pressure to reduce publications to a limited number of standard items, easily sold in quantity, should be resisted as a matter of public policy. Such a Council could review existing bookselling arrangements, and wherever it found (as it would now widely find) that the real range of books and periodicals is not offered, it would have power to establish and guarantee independent enterprises committed to the policy outlined.

It is very odd that we have accepted this principle, in the public library service, for the borrowing of books, but are still so far short of it in terms of books that readers can buy and keep.

Spring in the Saltbush

A stranger would find no seasons here,
Myall, red soil and saltbush all the year;
Might as well expect an emu to sing
As find a leaf to fall or flower to spring.

But come in October on this dirt road
And see this atom and rocket country explode
In upward bells and miles of daisies
And the pea that flicks across its earth-hugging
mazes

Demands of scarlet, threats of black.
The jump-up rocks hold pools of blue, but Jack
Who lives here knows all this. It's just
What water on the soil will do. He'll trust

A bent wire in his fist to show
Where seasonless streams under the soil go.
Bore through the solid rock, there's water,
Rattle the mallee bark and there's a shorter

Cut through the year than spring to spring.
Dead and alive this country goes, joining
Extremes without embarrassment.
Across each living tree dead boughs are bent

As scrawny as an emu's neck.
With such reminders there is no need to check
Gaiety with winter, gloom with spring.
The seasons are what dust or rain may bring.

GEOFFREY DUTTON.

IN the case of newspapers and magazines, we have to deal with a situation in which control is passing into fewer and fewer hands, within a policy dedicated not to the quality of newspapers and magazines but to their profitability. The criterion of profitability is being raised to absurd levels, in which for example a daily newspaper may have to cease publication if less than a million people buy it, and in which a steady decline in the number of newspapers and magazines seems assured.

Again, is this freedom, or free availability? The quality of newspapers is unlikely to be raised either by exhortation or censorship. Experience in all other fields suggests that standards in a profession rise when they are in the control of members of that profession. Such professional responsibility is now virtually impossible, as a permanent and consistent policy, since the whole organisation of the press (like the organisation of the cinema and the theatre) creates a different atmosphere, in which standards are set by the controllers, on an estimate of likely profit, and the actual producers instead of feeling a common responsibility to their work are encouraged, in far too many cases, to compete with each other in supplying a predetermined article. Personal standards will always vary, but it is a poor society which creates institutions that give success to the least scrupulous and the least concerned.

Any attempt to reform these institutions, though, is met with prolonged abuse and misrepresentation. Obviously we do not want a state-owned press, but I think we have reached the point where we need a new Press Council, including public and elected journalist representatives, charged with the maintenance and extension of genuinely independent newspapers and magazines. We need in particular to ensure the survival of local newspapers, and I think it is essential that these should become locally owned and managed, as very few of them now are. There are serious objections to involving local authorities in the ownership of local newspapers, though in certain cases this might be done. More generally, the guarantee of independence, and any necessary provision of capital, should be accepted as a public service at national level, through a Press Council including, as defined, journalist representatives. The same public service principle should be applied to magazines, on terms guaranteeing independence to professionally recognised editorial bodies. With experience, this principle could be extended to the national press.

I do not see why the editorial bodies of any newspaper or magazine should not be free, by their own democratic decision, to apply to such a Press Council to be recognised as an independent enterprise, which would then be guaranteed freedom from any external private financial control. The terms on which this recognition and support would be granted would be the producers' own definition of policy. There might be cases when the Council, including public and professional representatives, would be unwilling to underwrite a particular policy proposed, but in such cases we should be no worse off than we are now: such a policy could be tried on the market, or financed much as now, for of course there can be no question of any newspaper or magazine being forbidden to publish.

I think that with experience and goodwill a majority of professionally responsible independent papers could be built up, and even if we did not achieve a majority, we should at least have ensured that no newspaper or magazine could be killed by a financial organisation indifferent to quality and interested only in immediate profit. Reform can only come from within, in such a field, if it is publicly supported.

Broadcasting and Television

IN broadcasting and television we see an imperfect but still generally responsible public authority, the B.B.C., powerfully challenged by new kinds of organisation. It is obvious, as these services extend, that we need the continual extension of choice, but it is doubtful if we shall get this, on any responsible basis, if we construe independence as the possession of working capital from elsewhere (mainly, as now, from advertising).

There might well be two or more public authorities owning the technical means of distribution, but the same principle holds as before: policy can be generally defined by the public authorities, but the provision of actual work must be in the hands of the real producers. Practical networks exist, and their wide use is clearly desirable, but what one would like to see serving them is a variety of independent groups, with genuine local affiliations and alternative policies. The existing program companies, in commercial television, are hardly ever of this kind, but are essentially a congeries of financial interests employing the real producers. It should be a matter of public policy to encourage the formation of professional companies to whom the technical means of distribution would be made available by the public authorities.

The core of such groups would be the professional broadcasting and television producers, who would work out means of association with other professional companies in the theatre, the cinema and the press, with orchestras and other similar institutions of their region, and preferably with wider local organisations, including education committees and the great voluntary societies. In this way the dangers both of a central monopoly and of simple surrender to the speculators could be avoided.

I am very much aware, in putting forward these outline proposals, that much remains to be done in detailed planning and in improvement, by discussion between all those with relevant experience. I do not suppose that any of these measures of reorganisation would be easy, but I do claim, emphatically, that we can envisage a cultural organisation which would greatly extend the freedom of the cultural producers, by the sensible application of public resources to cut out their present dependence on dominant but essentially functionless financial groups, and by forms of contract which, while preserving responsibility in the spending of public money, would give the producers control over their actual work. This is surely a hopeful way forward, and constitutions can in fact always be devised if there is substantial agreement on principles.

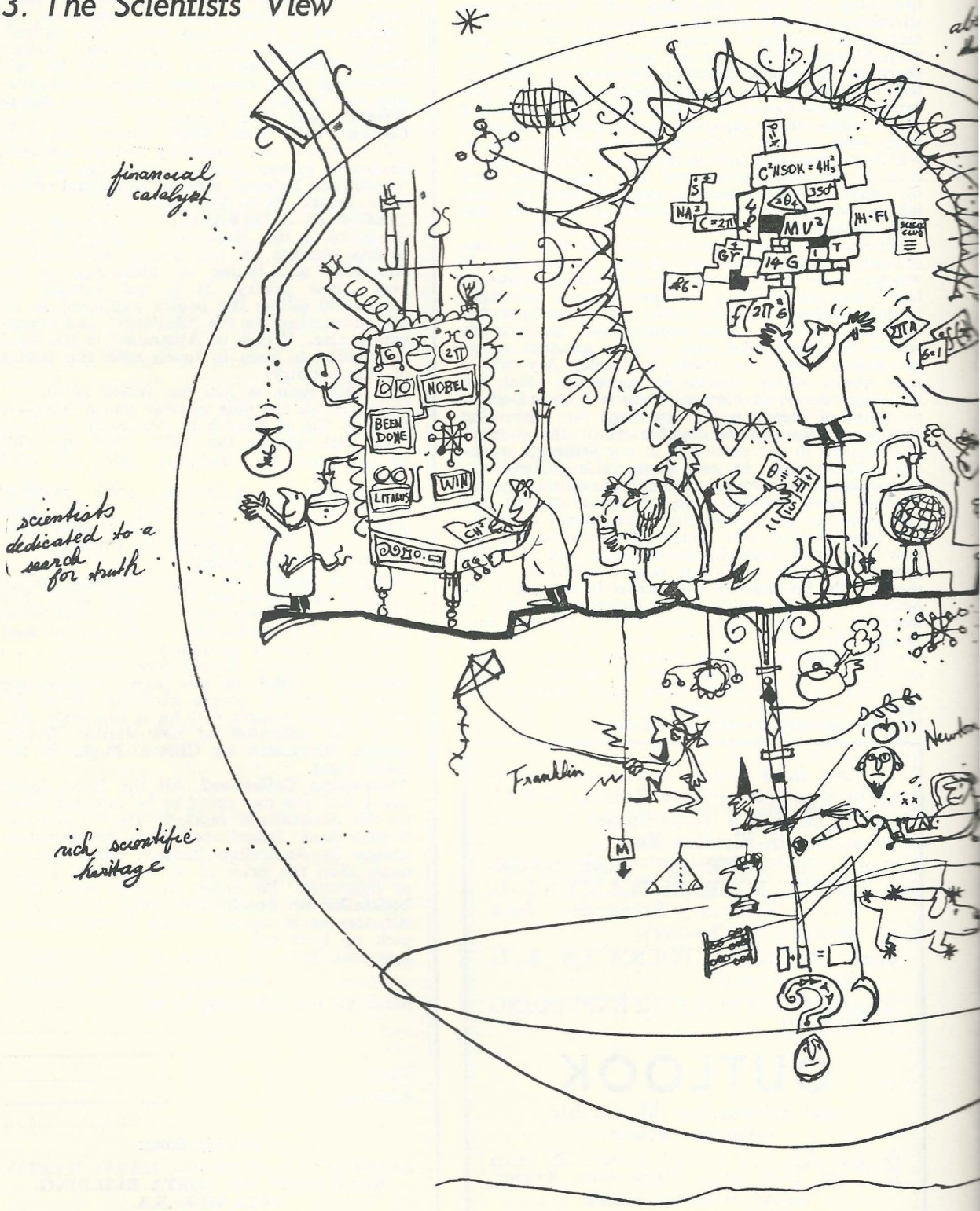
The matter is now urgent, for while some liberals still shy away from reform in the name of the freedom of the artist, or argue that culture in any case can never be organised (the spirit bloweth where it listeth), a very rapid reorganisation of a different kind is in fact going on, with the area of real ownership and independence shrinking in every part of our culture, and seeming certain to continue to do so. I must plainly ask such liberals what they are really defending, for there seems little in common between the freedom they value and the actual freedom described recently by an owner of a television service and a great chain or newspapers as "a licence to print your own money." We have reached a crisis in which freedom and independence can only be saved if they are publicly assured and guaranteed, and the ways I propose seem a working basis for this, taking care as they do to avoid or minimise the real dangers of bureaucracy and state control.

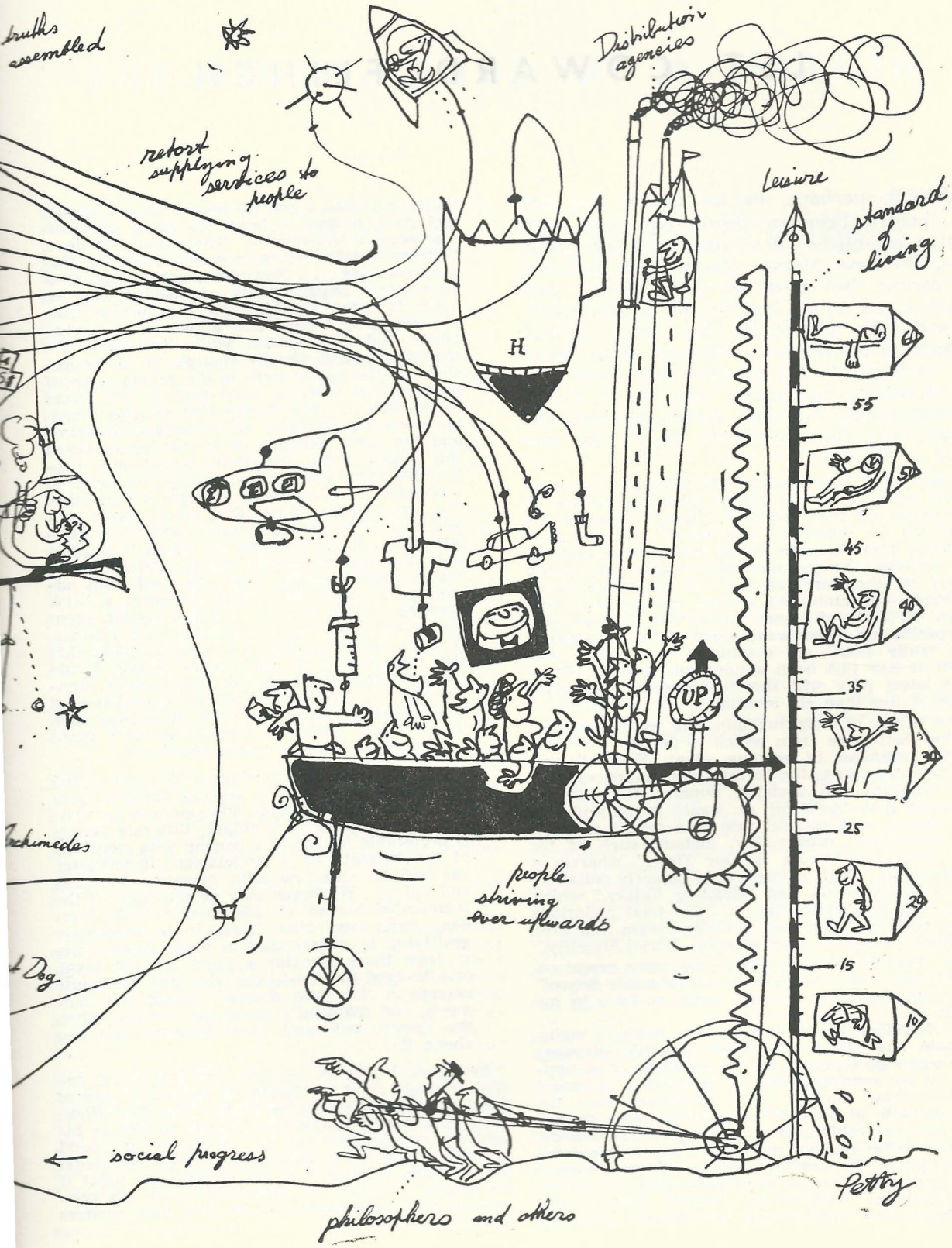
Would the quality of our cultural life be improved by such measures? I feel certain that it would, in the real energies that would be released, but I am not thinking in terms of any overnight transformation. I say only that the channels would be more open, that the pressure for quick profit would be lifted, and that a more genuine range of choices would be made available. My whole case about social change is, moreover, that the interdependence of elements which I described as a matter of theory is an argument for conceiving change on the widest possible front: the changes in emphasis in our economy, in our ordinary working relationships, in our democratic institutions, and in education are all relevant to cultural change in this more explicit field. I would repeat my emphasis on the over-riding educational problem: the provision of new kinds of education for the now neglected majority between 15 and 21. The growth of adult education is also relevant: much more could be done to house this increasing work properly, at the centre of its communities and to improve its connections with wider cultural services. The more all this new work could be brought together, so that these new kinds of community service could be seen as factually linked —buying and learning, using and appreciating, sharing and discriminating—the more likely a healthy cultural growth would be.

PERAMBULATIONS

by Petty

3. *The Scientists' View*

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philosophers and others
Petty

Kenneth Tynan

Letter from London

LET COWARD FLINCH

NEVER, perhaps, in its history has our theatre been so thinly equipped with active, established dramatists past their thirties. We have Messrs. Greene and Rattigan, of course, but most of their coevals and seniors are either inactive or unperformed, forced into silence by the swift, radical change in the theatrical climate. Shaw went on writing into his nineties, and Ibsen into his seventies; nowadays, "too old at forty" is increasingly the rule. Where, for instance, is Mr. Fry? And how is Mr. Eliot? And who is N. C. Hunter?

I see that I have omitted Mr. Coward. We know where he is, all right; he is rebuking history in the pages of the "Sunday Times," wagging his finger at the theatre's "new wave" and daring it to drown him. Recently in the first of three articles, he accused the younger playwrights of having failed in the cardinal task of attracting large audiences—an ambitious charge, coming at a time when "A Taste of Honey" and "The Hostage" are prospering on Broadway, when "The Caretaker" and "Billy Liar" are coining it in London, and when it has just been announced that Mr. Coward's latest play will shortly be withdrawn after a run of less than six months.

The bridge of a sinking ship, one feels, is scarcely the ideal place from which to deliver a lecture on the technique of keeping afloat. While flaying the new dramatists for boring their audiences with dirt, dustbins and socialist dogma, Mr. Coward observed that "political or social propaganda in the theatre, as a general rule, is a cracking bore"; the exceptions, presumably, include such of his own works as "Peace in Our Time," wherein a "progressive" English intellectual eagerly collaborates with the Nazis, and "Relative Values," which ends with a climatic toast to "The final inglorious disintegration of the most unlikely dream that ever troubled the foolish heart of man—Social Equality."

Mr. Coward's second article, we were promised, would deal with "the Scratch-and-Mumble School" of acting. Sentences at once began to form in my mind:—

> Heretical though it may be to say so, I maintain that if a tax-ridden English playgoer coughs up a guinea for the privilege of occupying an orchestra stall, he is entitled to expect something slightly more glamorous than the spectacle of an extremely cross young gentleman, execrably attired, reeking of fried onions, and behaving like one of the less inhibited inmates of the London Zoo . . . Since I myself would never dream of embarrassing my underprivileged brethren by inviting them to discuss their squalid and monotonous problems under my roof, I see no reason why I should pay good money to hear the same problems discussed in the theatre. There are, I believe, Citizens' Advice Bureaux which exist for that very purpose . . . Nowadays, apparently, it is considered unpardonably right-wing for an actor to wear anything more seductive than a bedraggled T-shirt and a pair of inconveniently tight blue-jeans, while to speak the Queen's English clearly enough to be understood by the honest souls in the gallery is proof positive that one has "sold out" to the forces of reaction . . . The theory that an actor needs no more than a layer of working-class grime and the vocal delivery of an old lag to reach the height of his profession is not only profoundly bogus but a signal example of inverted snobbery . . . I am senile enough to remember the time when West End actors were not ashamed to be better dressed than their audiences . . . It is doubtless too much to suggest that the ironing-boards which clutter up so many London stages might be used with advantage to give the actors' costumes a brisk pressing . . . To anyone who, like myself, spent his youth in awe of the Moscow Art Theatre, it is an unfailing source of astonishment that the new school of anthropoid acting should claim to base itself on the teachings of Stanislavsky . . . Never, in all my experience of Stanislavsky, did I hear him encourage such unsalubrious antics as scratching one's groin or armpit to express poetic emotion.
>
> I feel now as I have always felt, that acting should be larger, and if possible prettier, than life . . . It is both bigoted and snobbish to insist that the company of a vulgar, illiterate skivvy is preferable to that of a woman who, deprived of the benefits of a proletarian up-bringing, has had to make do with elegance, breeding and wit . . . Whatever may be the taste of the regimented hordes of playgoers outside London, Paris and New York, it is immensely gratifying to reflect that in these three cities at least there remains a hard core of loyal, middle-aged theatre-lovers who have had quite enough of the "new drama," thank you very much, and frantically yearn for the day when the theatre will pull itself together and rise above it . . .

And here I give in, because nothing of my invention could rival the following authentic excerpt from Mr. Coward's opening blast: "The first allegiance of a young playwright should be not to his political convictions, nor to his moral or social conscience, but to his talent." This wins my medal for the false antithesis of the month; for what if the author's "talent" is inseparable from his conscience and convictions, as in the best writers it is?

Brian Cooper

THE BIRTH-PANGS OF A NATION

WHILE a gay party for Europeans only was being held in the Madang Hotel to welcome-in 1961, natives were assembling at the labor compound, also waiting to welcome in the new year. At midnight they let off dozens of strings of fireworks and, with much shouting and banging of tins, they danced down the road into Chinatown, where they proceeded to wreck the trade stores. Police broke up the crowd of about two hundred natives, but not before considerable damage had been done. A number of the participants were sentenced to four months' gaol for their part in the riot.

On January 3 a company of native soldiers mutinied in Port Moresby, and assaulted their European officers after six soldiers had been gaoled for leading demands for more pay. The troops tried to seize trucks in order to go to Bomana gaol to release their friends. When they were unable to get trucks they broke out of their barracks and started to march, unarmed, towards the town. Eventually they were rounded up by the police, and 79 soldiers were imprisoned. In the same week, riots, each involving hundreds of natives, broke out in Lae, Bulolo, and Port Moresby. In outlying districts so-called "cargo cult" activity increased.

These recent violent demonstrations show that there is serious dissatisfaction with Australian colonial rule in Papua and New Guinea. Whether or not the Government admits it even to itself, its policy in New Guinea is to maintain white supremacy as long as possible. To bolster support in Australia and abroad for our continued occupation of these colonies, the Government and the missions spread the slander that the people of New Guinea are unable to govern themselves.

In fact the people of New Guinea are quite capable of running their own affairs. There is no reason why they should not be allowed to elect a completely native parliament at once. The mass of the people are more politically-conscious than is generally realised, and leaders who have contacts all over the two territories already exist. Tribal differences and language difficulties are greatly exaggerated by those who wish to keep New Guinea in their control. There is a willingness on the part of the natives to work together in co-operatives and councils, and territory-wide conferences are held in an atmosphere of harmony. Most New Guineans can speak fluent pidgin English and many Papuans understand it. Most Papuans can speak English or Motu.

The people of New Guinea are not primitive or savage. They had a rich culture long before the Europeans "discovered" them. Like ourselves they object when another nation occupies their territory, enforcing new laws and regulations which they do not want. They resent racial discrimination, segregated schools and the destruction of their own forms of government. They realise that information which would help them to run a modern economy is deliberately withheld from them, and they suspect that this is done in order to keep wages down and to make political development difficult. They do not want to abandon their own traditions and the old ways of working together. The Australian government is in fact trying to persuade the New Guinea people to abandon their own excellent economic system for an inferior one which makes a virtue of selfishness.

When the Russian scientist Miklouho-Maclay landed on the coast near Madang in 1870, where he became the first European to live in Northern New Guinea, he found a peaceable and thriving community of people who seemed to be governing themselves quite well. There was constant trading between the mainland and the islands. Large sailing canoes carried cooking pots and carved wooden plates from the mainland to Karkar Island in exchange for galip nuts, pigs and native money. The Manam and Ban islanders traded with the people of the Bogia sub-district and the lower Sepik River. The inland people traded with the coastal villagers, and it appears that there was little fighting going on at that time, as Maclay was able to travel inland quite freely.

Each village was ruled by a democratically-elected council of elders who administered a set of laws, sometimes very severe, which were enforced, not by strong-arm men, but by community pressure and the subtly inculcated fear of the supernatural. Fighting occasionally broke out between neighboring groups, but this was seldom serious, and eventually treaties were made. Full-scale warfare was apparently less common than it has been in Europe. Some coastal states followed an aggressive foreign policy, probably hoping that other nations would stay away if the people of New Guinea gained a reputation for ferocity. This policy of isolation may have been necessary at one time for the survival of the Melanesian race, but it also meant that New Guinea did not share in the progress of the rest of the world. Melanesians realise this, and while they still respect their cultural heritage, they are eager to learn how to set up and operate modern enterprises.

It was a largely peaceful and orderly New Guinea which was set upon by arrogant European nations. There was never very much that the natives could do about the European invasion. They are realistic, and usually will not fight when they are sure that they will be defeated. When they found that they could not control the Europeans they decided

BLACK MEN — AND A

ONE of Australia's most significant trials has just concluded. Brian Cooper, a 24 year old former field officer with the New Guinea co-operative movement, has been convicted of sedition and has been imprisoned for two months. Apart from garbled and abbreviated press reports of the trial, the Australian public in this land of democratic communication has heard nothing of what Brian Cooper has to say. The first Australian to be treated with the "utmost severity of the law" for his stand in support of independence for New Guinea has been made to appear solitary and apart.

For this the authorities deserve the highest commendation. So successfully has the impression been given that "young" Cooper is a wild and immature ratbag, perhaps deserving of some sympathy but not of any principled support, that a virtual blackout has descended on an affair that has some of the undertones of the famous framed political trials of modern history. Both the Labor Party, of which Cooper is a member, and the Communist Party have withheld support. No publication has offered Cooper a chance to put his case. Until he was contacted by Overland no group offered him help or a tribune.

I believe that Cooper is not a Communist—not that it should make any difference to his case if he were—and I believe that he is not a provocateur. I believed this on the basis of the reports of the trial that I read. To confirm them I sought the co-operation of the High Court authorities in Melbourne to contact Brian Cooper. I was told that, because it was feared that "bad elements" would try and get in touch with him, I could not have his address nor would a letter be forwarded to him. Despite this I did find Cooper and my views of his sincerity, and of the importance of his case, have been strengthened by our meetings and discussions.

We may admire, then, the technique by which Cooper has been isolated, and the way a "merciful" sentence has tended to undercut even that degree of public sympathy which was in the first place discernible. Having done this, we must ask the major question regarding his trial: Why was **this** man chosen at **this** time to undergo **this** punishment?

Firstly, Cooper was a young man and a man without political influence except possibly among some sections of the New Guinea people.

Secondly, he exposed himself to punitive action by publicly identifying himself with the cause of independence for the people of New Guinea.

Thirdly, the Government is genuinely alarmed at the rapid growth throughout the world of sentiments favorable to early independence for New Guinea. It is also alarmed at the growth of an indigenous movement of political agitation.

Reaction to these developments is confused. On the one hand the Government appears to have conceded the impracticability of turning New Guinea into a New Kenya through extensive white settlement. On the other hand it seeks to protect present white settlement and investment by delaying political progress and by diverting it. Clearly the hope is that eventually what will emerge is a nominally-independent but actually semi-colonial status for New Guinea.

If this were not so the Government would be taking much more drastic steps towards the development of education, health and genuine political participation of all—not just a hand-picked minority—in New Guinea.

Cooper is alleged to have made some statements, about inviting the Russians to invade New Guinea and similar matters, and it is on the basis of these statements that he was convicted. It is my personal belief that it is inconsistent with Cooper's general approach that he made these statements. Deliberately or otherwise, what he did say seems to have been subtly distorted so as to make it an offence.

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These few words uttered to a dozen natives during two or three lunch-hours at a Madang co-operative were not, however, Cooper's real offence.

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to co-operate with them in the hope that they would be able to find out how to achieve the desirable things the Europeans appeared to have. As time went by, however, they began to realise that the Europeans were interested in them only as a supply of cheap labor. Before the last war education was almost non-existent, and the native people could not see how they were ever going to be able to obtain the goods which they wanted. It is not surprising then that several movements to expel the Europeans arose before the Japanese invasion, and that Japanese troops were welcomed in many places.

By the end of the war the Japanese had lost most of the goodwill which they had earned by their more democratic attitude towards the people and their delegation of power to native officials. But enough remained to make "Sing-Sing War" a song popular throughout New Guinea. There are several sets of words; some express longing for the changes brought about during the war, others express sympathy for leaders gaoled by the Administration. The song was composed by a laborer who returned to the Bogia sub-district after working in Rabaul during the war.

After the war discontent was widespread in Papua and New Guinea, and a number of leaders rose up, some of them having large followings. If the neglect and brutality of the pre-war years had continued after the war, there might have been serious trouble. A Labor Government realised this, repealed the oppressive penal clause in labor contracts and launched co-operatives in a few areas where the people had already collected money and were trying to start economic ventures on their own. Hopes were raised for a while that

WHITE CONSCIENCE

His real offence was that he took the protestations often made by the Government—that we have the independence of New Guinea at heart—at their face value.

For Brian Cooper is a man with a passionate belief in the development of the native co-operative movement as a basis, not only for saving the native from exploitation, but for enabling him to assimilate modern techniques of production and distribution, to learn modern methods of organisation and working-together.

Seen thus, the co-operatives in New Guinea—which accord so closely with the traditions of social organisation of the people—can be an **active** movement for social advance.

Drawing on and exploiting all that is best in the native's own traditions, these co-operatives are already an important part of the New Guinea economy. With further Government support, and particularly with industrialisation, they could become the dominant sector of the economy.

The large Madang co-operative in which Cooper worked has made substantial profits, and these profits Cooper wished to see ploughed back into a controlled industrialisation. He brought back plans for a soap factory from Japan (an easily realisable project which the Japanese manufacturers were anxious to assist). He wished to start a timber mill. But the prospect of putting industrial teeth into the co-operative movement was too much for the authorities. Cooper met with complete lack of interest.

At the same time, and on their own initiative, the native people have started proposing amalgamations of the co-operatives—which are mainly healthy, viable and communal organisations—with the political councils which the Administration has allowed to be set up from place to place.

Such a drawing together of economic and political participation by the indigenous people could spell the end to effective white domination in the New Guinea economy and in the New Guinea social scene.

Thus the need to get rid of a visionary and enthusiast in this delicate field, coupled with the opportunity of assuring the settlers that Mr. Menzies didn't mean **quite** what he said when he spoke of independence coming "sooner rather than later," probably played a big part in Cooper's case. We may note parallel developments with the West Australian Aboriginal co-operatives, which also present a menace to the established order in the North West.

* *

One further point could also be made. Today more rank-and-file Australians are going to New Guinea than at any time since the war. A large influx of teachers, recruited in Australia on the basis of qualifications with which they would not be allowed to teach Australian children, is under way. Among these new immigrants may be many who do not, and will not want to, share the prejudices and interests of the established settler. Cooper's case will teach them caution. Cooper is our Admiral Byng, for whom, after his execution on his own quarter-deck, Voltaire coined the epitaph: "Pour encourager les autres."

Cooper also brings to mind the British naval officer, Bracegirdle, who was expelled from Ceylon in the 1930s for his espousal of the cause of Ceylonese independence. I don't know where Bracegirdle is now, or where Cooper will be in twenty years time, but I do know that he will be able to look back with satisfaction on the moral leadership he has given all those who want to see Australia's security based on the friendliest possible relations with a genuinely independent New Guinea.

Cooper believes that the only principled decision that can be made regarding the future of New Guinea is to support the immediate formation of a Melanesian Republic, incorporating at least both of the Australian terrorities in New Guinea as well as the Solomons, New Hebrides and other islands. He hopes that his case will spur us all to consider the New Guinea issue as much more urgent and much more acute that we yet feel it to be. He wants us to act quickly, before the whole people of New Guinea look on the Australians as their oppressors and their jailers rather than as their liberators, protectors and friends.

S. MURRAY-SMITH

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the promises made during the war of a new and better life after the war would be kept, but the Liberal Government which followed had no sympathy for native aspirations, and disillusionment set in again.

In Madang, Yali, an ex-policeman who had distinguished himself in fighting against the Japanese, led a movement which rapidly gained momentum. He wanted to advance his people, and, though at first he worked with the Administration and missions, he soon came to realise that the Europeans only wanted to use him as a figurehead. After some unpleasant experiences with the Europeans he became strongly anti-mission, and he began to work for complete self-government. Civil disobedience on a large scale was threatening in 1950 when Yali was sentenced to six years' gaol. The people are sure that Yali was jailed because he was becoming too powerful.

Outbreaks of protest against European domination have been occurring since the earliest days, and they are now as strong and as widespread as ever. These small movements are usually termed "cargo cults," because, in the versions which Europeans usually hear, the natives are to prepare for the imminent arrival by supernatural means of all kinds of desirable consumer goods. It would be wrong to think that the leaders of these movements believe literally in the stories which are spread around. The leaders may only be protecting themselves, for if the Administration officers think that they are dealing with an irrational nativistic cult they may gaol the leaders for only a few months, or even take no action at all. Meanwhile, the villagers, who understand what is going on, become more politically-conscious and better organised.

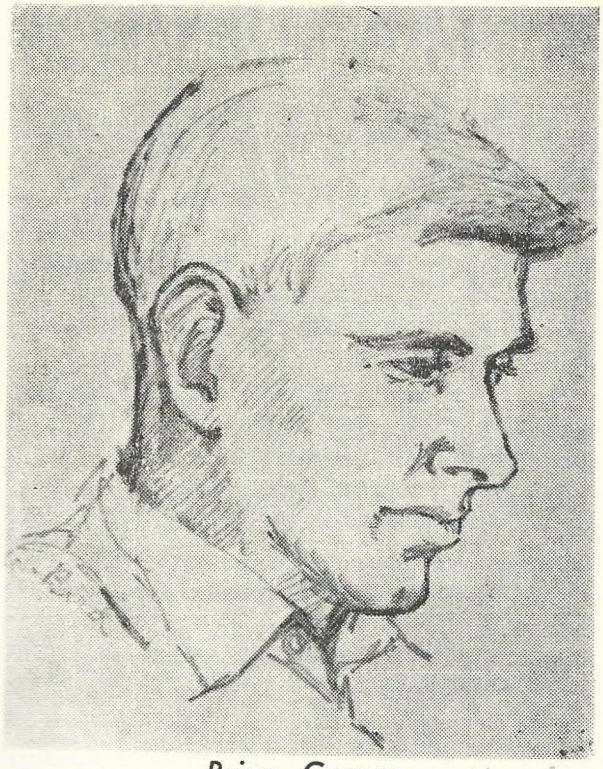
SOME of my own experiences in New Guinea refute the claim that the people are not politically-conscious. When I was posted to Lumi, in the Sepik District, residents told me that there had been a number of disturbances in the area. At nearby Yemnu a missionary had been ordered out of the village and his station had been closed down by the natives. Other natives at Puang had cleared ground for an airstrip, following which the headman and a number of villagers had been gaoled.

The Administrator paid a visit to Lumi to see what he could do. At a meeting which many interested villagers attended he delivered a speech in English, which had to be translated into Pidgin, telling the natives that they should not be in such a hurry to develop the country. The best comment on the impact of this speech is that, immediately following it, a native constable from Moresapa village in the Madang district led a deputation of policemen to the Administrator and roundly berated him for the poor living conditions of the police and the people.

Some time after this incident a patrol officer, who had been collecting head tax from villagers who had no source of income apart from labor in other districts, was told to get out of Anguginak village or he would be thrown out. The natives of this area had resisted the re-imposition of control by the administration after the war. A large force of police accompanied by high ranking Native Affairs officers subsequently patrolled the area. They had not been gone long when there was a fresh outbreak at Soloku, where a large meeting was held and a march on Lumi discussed. When they arrived at Lumi, the people were going to ask the Government officer why they were kept ignorant, and why they had so few opportunities to earn money. I travelled to Soloku a few days after this meeting and I found the leader to be quiet and reasonable. A few days later the Assistant District Officer came and took him back to the station, and the Administration removed him from the area.

About a month later a United Nations Mission visited Lumi, and the native leaders freely expressed their discontent with Administration policies. Awok said that the recruiters treated the laborers like bags of copra, and that patrol officers simply toured the countryside once a year to conduct a census, and did very little else. The headman from Puang said that he had tried to help his people and he had been gaoled for his efforts. Makain asked the delegation if some other country could take over New Guinea as the people were not advancing under the present government. Mr. Chiang, from Formosa, who led the United Nations Mission, spent some time telling the natives to be more patient. This is the advice most commonly given to people who have already waited many years without seeing substantial improvements.

I was transferred next to Nuku, another labor recruiting area, where natives were being arrested for spreading false reports—the Administration euphemism for engaging in political activity. A movement had spread from Dreikikir, where the leader had received a long term of imprisonment, and a number of his followers had received shorter sentences. About this time the District Commissioner at Wewak told the press that Sepik District natives were always engaging in "cargo cult" activity because they wanted something for nothing. I have spoken with some of the leaders of these



Brian Cooper

movements, and I believe that they are sensible, sincere men who want to advance their people by conventional means. They become bitter and extremist only when they find that all their efforts are blocked by an Administration which is more concerned with keeping the plantations supplied with labor than with political development.

After a year's training in the Sepik District as a co-operative officer in training. I was transferred to the Madang District where I worked in the co-operative societies. There was a long history of political activity in this district, although outwardly things were quiet. The co-operative societies were doing well and the councils were making some progress, but the people were again beginning to organise as they realised that fundamental conditions had not changed, and would not change as long as they remained docile. While I was on leave after having been in the district for a year, meetings were held on Manam Island and money was collected to finance a new movement. This money was taken down to Saidor, where it was to be handed to Yali, but the Administration heard of it and arrests were made. On Karkar Island a meeting was held at which the local leaders discussed the merging of the co-operative societies with the two councils on the island. It was rumored that a European would be employed to help them. Vague rumors of unrest among the Ramu River people and talk of organising the underpaid plantation laborers contributed to a general feeling of tension in the District.

It is not surprising, then, that when I returned to Madang after visiting a number of Asian countries some society officials were interested to hear of my travels. I knew that these elected officials were sincere in their desire to help their people so I decided to talk freely to them. In three informal lunch-hour discussions I told the society officials and the central association clerks something about

the countries I had visited. I said that I fully sympathised with their desire to recover self-government, and I discussed the various ways in which they could regain their independence. I advised them to work energetically using legal means of mass organisation. I also told them that the African and Asian countries would give them moral support, and that, after they attained independence, a number of countries might give technical and financial aid.

Stahl Salum, the young secretary of the co-operative association, had been making plans of his own while I was away. Stahl's father had used his privileged position as a government-appointed headman to build up a large plantation on Karkar Island, and Stahl knew that he would need Administration support if he were to inherit this valuable property, as other natives had claims to the ground. After discussing politics with various Europeans, Stahl sent a letter to the Leader of the Opposition saying that his people did not want self-government for another twenty or thirty years. He thoughtfully left a copy of this letter with the District Commissioner.

When I came back from leave he pretended that he was interested in self-government, and he brought Somu, the leader from Finschhafen who recently easily defeated Stahl in the elections for the New Guinea Coastal seat, to the third of my discussions, on September 15. That afternoon he persuaded Somu to make an unfavorable report to the European police. The same evening, when he was satisfied that Somu would do what he wanted, he gathered the Association clerks together and told them what they should say to the police so as to keep out of trouble themselves. Following Somu's report to the police I was transferred to Port Moresby, where I decided to resign. I returned to Sydney about five weeks after the last of my discussions in Madang, and I obtained work as a clerk.

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A FEW weeks after I left Madang, a big meeting was held in the bush some miles out of town. Not a single European knew about it until it was over, even though delegates from all parts of the district attended. Yali had come out of his seclusion, and he had walked up from Saidor to speak at the meeting. I have been told that, when the delegates were returning home, twenty-two of them were arrested and imprisoned. After this meeting police reinforcements were flown to Madang and I was arrested in Sydney and charged with having uttered seditious words.

I was flown back to Madang where the Crown appeared to want to get my trial finished as soon as possible. I managed to have the proceedings delayed to give my counsel time to prepare my case and get up to Madang. While I waited in the lockup for the preliminary hearing, meetings were held on Karkar and Manam Islands complaining, with justice, that real wages before the war were higher than present wages, and that some conditions were better under the Japanese. At Christmas friendly relations between the Madang and Morobe Districts were cemented at a feast held on Karkar Island, to which everyone from the Morobe District working in Madang was invited.

On December 27 I was taken to Bomana gaol in Port Moresby, bail having been refused. At my trial before the Supreme Court in Port Moresby, where I did not have the benefit of trial by jury, Stahl and the other Association employees stuck to their story that I had not spoken about self-government at all, and that I had advocated the use of violence, and that I wanted Russia to take over the country. Somu said in the court that he was puzzled by the talk about a violent method, and his statement to the police completely refuted Stahl's other statements. The three society officials who had heard my talks refused to give evidence against me. I was convicted and sentenced to a further two months' gaol.

The riots and disturbance which broke out in the first week of the new year cannot be attributed to foreign influence. They are part of a movement for national liberation which has been gathering strength for many years. It is the first time that united action has been taken in a number of centres, and it is significant that there was no use of "cargo cult" phraseology. The people of New Guinea are ready for self-government even though they do not have any university graduates. New Guinea must be the easiest country in the world to run, as the economy is not complex and the people are fundamentally law-abiding. Much of the money spent by the Administration today is wasted on salaries and housing for Europeans whose work could be done as well or better by natives. An independent New Guinea would need to employ only a fraction of the Europeans who work there at present. With self-government and foreign aid, including of course large-scale assistance from Australia, New Guinea would enter an

Segregation, First Century, A.D.

No, Lucius Decius, I never was
A segregationist and never will be,
But I don't trust those blond barbarians,
Those ice blue eyes and that fine flaxen hair
And lofty stature. Give me Roman girls
Under five feet, dark head and hazel glance,
True mare nostrum type. It beats them all.
You say she's virtuous; I don't dispute it,
The daughter of a chief, it could be so.
You're adolescent, yet, and under forty.
Can't you be reasonable till we reach Rome
After this next campaign?

Take them for pleasure.
Many a one I've had under my tent,
Many a sky-blue bellied British girl
('Twas fun to watch the pictures while you loved),
Many a German, many a fiery Gaul.
But if you must be roving, Lucius,
Aren't there the Greeks with decent gods like ours?
Suppose you wed your Briton, publicly,
Then take her home to take a public bath,
With decent Roman matrons standing by,
Laughing to see the color on her skin.
Consider these barbarians, how they live
And what they worship. Contemplate the Gauls—
The wicker cages and the writhing flesh.
Even a Christian couldn't sink so low!

You say your mind's made up? You're stubborn still?
You mean to marry her? Then go your way.
I'm still your friend, of course, but don't you see—
Was that the tuba sounding?

JAMES GIDLEY

Miscellany

★

Music School at Armidale

John Manifold

AROUND New Year's Day a small annual ferment becomes perceptible in northern N.S.W. and southern Queensland, and spreads outwards as far as Cairns and Adelaide with diminishing intensity. Last year it reached the New Hebrides, but I am told that this is exceptional.

People of all ages, though mainly of the 20-to-30 age group, begin to show signs of migrating like bee-birds or cuckoo-shrikes. They wander around their homes in search of the lightest available swag or port, and proceed to fill it with concerti grossi, Restoration comedies, unexposed film, tea-cups, palettes, swim-suits, Nescafe, treatises on the Baroque style, and other necessities of life. The more prudent females often manage to wedge in a few clothes too.

These odd-looking swags and their owners then congregate at bus-terminals, airports, railway-stations and the garages of dilapidated cars, from which they are delivered eventually to the University of New England at Armidale, N.S.W.

The University as such is in vacation. The Department of External Studies, however, is in full blast. The Summer Schools of Music, Drama, Painting, Film-and-Television, etc., etc., etc., have begun.

Let me say at once that there is no hope in the world of your attending more than one of these schools at once. Even where the single School of Music is concerned, each division (Choral, Orchestral, Chamber-Music and Recorders) offers a syllabus that fills your fortnight to the very edge. Two brave girls and one man this year put in for Choral **and** Recorders; the girls became quite demoralised, and the young man took refuge in the Chamber-Music section, playing Schubert on the guitar for a bit of peace and quiet. Another man signed on for Drama, but was seduced into taking up the tea-chest bass in his "spare time" and performing in a film with it. When last seen, he had developed Snark-like habits of "breakfast at five o'clock tea," and was driving a car to the danger of all other road-users in his attempt to catch up on lost time.

Apart from such occupational risks, the Summer Schools are uncommonly enjoyable.

We all lived in colleges of the University and ate together in the Bevery. Music-students lived in Robb College, which is brand new, almost sound-proof and very comfortable, and made their daily noises in the seclusion of Armidale High School and N.E.G.G.S.

Each division of the Music School in turn provided musical illustrations to the daily lectures on the period set for special study, the 16th and 17th centuries. Some complaints were heard that the lectures themselves were too dry, too fact-crammed, and too little observant of the arts of oratory; but no one had any complaints about the musical illustrations! Once, when Peter Richardson and Dorothy White showed signs of stopping at the end of the first movement of a Bach sonata, the audience insisted on hearing the siciliana as well, even if it meant losing the lunch-break.

Gordon Spearritt coaxed and bullied the choir into achievements which its individual members can hardly have thought possible, including at least two first performances in Australia.

Gerald Williams had an even harder job with the orchestra, due to the absence of clarinets and horns. However, the strings did wonders with Bach and Pergolesi, while the flutes, oboes and brass occupied themselves with separate small ensembles and provided soloists with the string orchestra. This shortage of irreplaceable wind-instruments is serious! Next year we need at least two clarinets and two horns: can anyone oblige?

Katherine Baker faced other difficulties with the recorder group. Ideally-sized to function as a compact group without subdividing, it included both seasoned veterans from previous years and raw new-comers with all the vices of the self-taught. With a few more members, the class might have divided into "beginners" and "advanced." As it was, we enjoyed ourselves but at the cost of sending our poor instructress nearly dippy.

Without disrespect to these learned and indefatigable tutors, however, I think that most students would agree with me that the unorganised out-of-school activities are the ones that give the whole school its atmosphere of happiness and excitement.

It's not a Butlin's Holiday Camp atmosphere. Out of hours, you could be alone if you wanted to read or copy parts or minutely improve the reeds of your oboe. Or you could drink Cam Howard's sherry and gossip about past, present and future schools and students. Or you could drift into the gramophone-room in the certain expectation of hearing something you had never heard before. You could shed twenty years of your age and take up, where you left it off, the endless perennial studient discussion, late at night, about God and girls and poetry. But the chances are that before you could settle to any of these you would be besought to come along and sing rounds in Theresa McHugh's room, or try over some of the Moreton Bay Dances, or sight-read some Benjamin Britten, or extemporise a continuo for a flautist or a tenor, or rapidly arrange a serenade for someone's birthday. Cam Howard himself said (and who would know it better?) that he was con-

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era of rapid expansion of primary and secondary industries. With the removal of racial segregation, censorship and apathetic administrators, the people would feel free to develop along the lines which they prefer.

If thousands of New Guinea children and some adults could be sent overseas to study, this would be of more value than any number of "crash programs" of education. Already the Native Local Government Councils of Papua and New Guinea have resolved to set aside a percentage of their revenue to send councillors overseas to learn about self-government. If we release New Guinea from bondage now, there will be a chance of developing a happy, colorful nation like the West Indies a few hours' flight away from our main cities. If we persist in trying to turn unwilling people into dull copies of ourselves, then we will earn their lasting hatred and the contempt of Africa and Asia. In New Guinea we are attempting to force on the people a system which few Australians would tolerate themselves. Let us retire with dignity before we are forced out.

stantly impressed with the number of people who seemed able to exist on four hours' sleep a night.

I like twelve hours myself; but for a fortnight in the year it's wonderful to consort with the four-hours' mob, and bathe oneself in the bubbly mixture of enthusiasm, erudition, sound taste and rash experiment that is generated in the mountain air of New England.

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Flinders Island, Bass Strait

Marie Tidmarsh

"YOU should take a snap over there!"

Staggering under the weight of a large roo, Matt inclined his dark, curly head towards a fire and wind-swept ferny bank above the beach. "Flowers everywhere."

With rippling muscle, superb carriage and twinkling brown eyes, legacy from vanished Tasmanian, he strode off along the empty white road, which was marked by roo prints and the tyres of firewood lorries.

Leaving the old pine trees and box-like buildings of the small settlement, I was searching for local color. Heath was pink, but wattle only just yellowing. Flowers! In this wasteland of bracken, tussock and burnt sticks, which stretched from the tiny fishing port along the whole uninhabited east coast of this large island.

But next morning I set off eastwards in the still dampness of the mild winter. As the sun rose I came on the scented splendor of narcissus, creamy and yellow, unbelievably light and pure against grey sand and blackened stick. And there was the broken tombstone. Behind its cut shape, across the still sea, a rainbow glistened on the cloudy western hills.

James North
Aged 25 Years
Drowned July 29, 1910

Fifty years to the day!

A merry whistle broke the silence and Matt appeared with his dog. "My old home was here" —in answer to my enquiring look. "Until Dad was drowned—he was caught in a squall, bringing Mum some bulbs from the homestead on Possum Island over there. She loved a garden—there weren't many people for company then. But after we left people drifted over here from the smaller islands. They were glad to help themselves to the bulbs. If you follow the tracks you'll find more old gardens. The houses? Oh, burnt or moved now. Too lonely for folks these days. Roos never seem to get less, though." He moved off as lightly as his impatient dog.

A high-powered fishing-boat streaked past the reefs. A lorry roared along the nearest road. I thought of all the radios blaring in the huddled houses round the store and post office by the jetty.

Too lonely now!

Skipping up the track comes Matt's granddaughter, half Greek, followed by his numerous, tousle-headed, eager-fingered young nieces and nephews. "We were scared of wild cattle way out here," they babble, "but we want lots of flowers to decorate for the big wedding."

"Our sister is getting married to Rod Castle, and I'm to be flower-girl," chirps a proud little damsel.

So, many bunches of fragile beauties streamed away in procession through the untidy sticks.

Castle, one of the oldest and proudest Tasmanian families, descended from a magistrate in the days when Matt's people still defied the white man! They had a property in the north of this island.

The remaining flowers nodded in the light breeze, and blue wrens swayed on a low bush missed by the fires of last summer.

Exchange

I took away her maidenhead
And gave her Maidenhair instead,
A fern, a fall, a fable.
Tell the groom virginity
Is not your sole divinity,
There is a whole infinity
Of bliss in bed and table.

Maidenhair is well and good
But better still is maidenhood,
So wise, so white, so winning.
I touched your femininity
But husbands hate a trinity,
I'll keep from his vicinity—
At least in the beginning.

Evergreen grows Maidenhair,
The head falls in the first affair,
For good, forgot, forgiving.
Console his masculinity
But guard me your affinity,
A private consanguinity
Of love, if not of living.

DAVID MARTIN

For Judith Joseph, aged 20 months

Nose to the pillow and bottom to ceiling,
Cocooned in her virtue here Judith is kneeling
In her cot like an imam who, sunk in a heap,
On his mat over prayer has fallen asleep.

Her lips are half parted—there is Judith's true centre
By which all her wisdom and mysteries enter;
Wherever she points to, she points to her pole:
All one! no dividing of body and soul.

That of woman's blue eyes her blue eyes are the clearest,
Her tears the most endearing, her giggle the dearest,
She does not yet know, or if she does she conceals it.
But sometimes I think—if she knows not, she feels it.

Sweet Judith, a confession in love and in fairness!
Wish that, when you enter with laughing awareness
To the heart of your secret, you will share it with me . . .
I shall envy the locksmith who gives you the key.

DAVID MARTIN

O, Mother, Is It Worth It?

Comments on Arnold Wesker's article on Labor and the Arts

Necessity on Both Sides

Cecil Holmes (N.S.W.) writes:

WHEN Wesker and his friends put it up to the British trade unionists that they take a vested interest in "art" it is not only because they themselves have some feeling of kinship with the working class, but because they want to survive as artists. When trade union papers in this country once published the works of Henry Lawson and Mary Gilmore, it was not so much that the editors were much interested in art but for the impact that the works of these people would have on their readers. They served a purpose. It is no use the creative worker imagining that the labor movement owes him a living simply because his heart is in the right place, nor should the editor of a trade paper feel that he is doing someone a good turn if he runs a short story or poem just for the sake of it. It's necessity that matters—on both sides.

What disturbs me is the continuing failure of the labor movement in this country—right, left or centre—to bring itself up to date in the technique of disseminating ideas and information. In the last few years, and quite dramatically, people have become conditioned to the transmission of ideas and information in a fundamentally different way from that which existed back in the 1930s. Yet those responsible for publicity—shall we call it?—in the labor movement blandly bumble along turning out one dreary piece of printing after another. How many union members give their paper more than a passing glance before they switch on t.v.? And the scruffy leaflet shoved into a letter box means even less.

Now the real reason why the Weskers—and plenty of others—have been aroused to a course of positive action in England is because they are witnessing a rather rapid concentration of the control of mass media in the hands of a few. Radio has always been a state monopoly, the B.B.C., the production, distribution and exhibition of films is dominated by two circuits, television by two circuits (excepting the B.B.C.), newspapers and magazines have recently fallen into the hands of an even smaller group of interests, book publishers amalgamate and are not unconnected with newspaper interests. The theatre, still relatively free and flexible, is even so mainly influenced by certain powerful agents. And there is a criss-cross of capital interests right through all these media.

In Australia this trend is even more advanced. Three groups dominate almost the entire metropolitan press and magazines. The merging and absorbing will go on. Outside of the A.B.C., television is completely controlled by these groups, as is radio. The condition of the theatre and or book publishing is well enough known. And there is no Australian film industry.

Now no-one in his right senses is going to suggest that it is possible for the labor movement, or a section of it, to get itself a television licence or start a daily paper, not in 1961 anyway. At the same time you have a great number of creative people, left-wing or otherwise, who can find no means of expression apart from such relatively obscure outlets as little magazines, amateur theatre, an occasional painting hung, and so on. But here are two rather different groupings in the community with something like a common problem. How they can synthesise and resolve this common problem I am not quite sure. One group needs badly to learn how to transmit ideas and information to a wider public, the other needs to discover new and larger outlets of expression.

There are any number of bodies amongst the creative people, like the Fellowships of Australian Writers, who could surely pool some ideas and devise ways and means of approaching the labor movement with proposals. A body like the Australian Council of Trade Unions is, I believe, approachable and responsive. There are bodies between the two elements, like Actors' Equity, the Musicians' Union and perhaps others, who might already serve as a kind of bridge. But if a move is to be made, I believe it should come from the artists.

Kicking into Life

Leslie Haylen, M.H.R. (N.S.W.), writes:

Wesker's query as to whether we can kiss, kick, jostle or cajole the theatre into life again is a very relevant one. He and another brilliant playwright, Irishman Brendan Behan, are doing a bit of rowdy busking for the theatre in England.

These two admirable blokes are doing what Bernard Shaw did in the nineties—"kicking some guts into the theatre." They aren't afraid to go out after the audience and then give them a play to think about when they get them in. Bernard Shaw used a Mandrake cape and a deerstalker cap to interest the crowd in Hyde Park. I'm sure Brendan would do a strip-tease on the edge of a brewery vat to bring home his rumbunctious message of the living theatre. And Wesker is right on the ball when he says we must take the theatre away from the smell of mothballs, mutation mink and marzipan and give it back to the people.

I had the same idea in 1943. I stood up in Federal Parliament and made my maiden speech about books, plays and the National Theatre. Everybody was awfully embarrassed. A provocative maiden had come among them. Was it nice to show a leg so early in the piece?

But the National Theatre is still unbuilt. It isn't even on the Estimates. It isn't even a glint in the eye of some future Treasurer. I have plugged it the weary years between. I would have to say with Arnold Wesker "O Mother, is it worth it?"

But Arnold Wesker is like the rest of us. He knows that whether it is worth it or not he won't give up the idea of vital theatre for the people. He will keep on keeping on.

Wesker, who has a nice eye for the correct statistic, says England has 58 million people and of these about 200,000 go to the theatre, 2 million go to the cinema and 4 million watch t.v. I would not like to give the Australian figures, but relatively they would be much worse. There wouldn't be 30,000 theatregoers in Australia. If you take out those who like a show "with a kick" in it, you get nearer to 10,000.

We must have theatre. It's the only kind of culture you can't fire out of a rocket.

So the admirable Wesker wants to tickle the ears of the groundlings again. He wants to take the theatre back to the unions. He shouts out that the unions have a moral responsibility for the Arts and things of the spirit. This will surprise some of our union secretaries and delight others.

Wesker is a working socialist in love with humanity. He writes to unions, curses, persuades, insults, cajoles. What a breath of fresh air he is, campaigning for the things he believes in. He suggests that half a dozen powerful unions be responsible for building theatres in industrial areas; that film units be created; folk songs, work songs and ballads of the labor movement be discovered and produced; that a trades union orchestra be established; a publishing house be set up. Why not? And why not here in Australia?

The T.U.C. is in possession of Wesker's plan. Big unions are behind him. Could the living theatre come back this way? I believe it could. I believe it is the only way.

Culture and Survival

John Naish (Q.) writes:

Let us remind ourselves, intellectual or roughie, that adequate bread and water is more vital to the stultified worker (and even to a playwright) than the poem or painting—or the play. No; Man does not live by bread alone; but the movements accused by Wesker, in my opinion, did well to concentrate on bread over the years, and in fact had little choice.

However, even more important to the British worker these days than his share of material things and culture is: survival. British rulers have turned Britain into a nuclear base, and seem determined to keep it that way. To try to interest the man in the street in things cultural at this time is like trying to enliven Death Row with the New Statesman. Culture may bloom (or re-bloom) in Britain when Britain, for once in a while, determinedly goes to peace. (It would help, of course, if a lot of other countries, including ours, did the same, but the chances seem slim.)

Then again, I am a worker living in a place where no good drama is to be seen: and no good television and few good films. Am I then only half alive? I think not: for I have my mediocre arts, and access to any gem of literature or music; to say nothing of good weather, exercise, sex and many other commendable things. I must confess I envy the average British worker his access to the work of Bergman, Antonioni, Brecht, Wesker, Tottenham Hotspur, Tony Hancock and so on: but even so I claim to be nine-tenths, even nineteen-twentieths, alive.

Culture itself has to compete against many factors: war, weather, the workers' need for relaxation, rest, contemplation. Not only that: the various forms of culture have to compete against each other, for culture is deeply rooted in entertainment. The stage, by its very nature, is heavily handicapped in this inter-competition. But then, so are the promoters of the arts generally. Take a trade union presentation of the best in, say, Shakespeare, and try to imagine the people who would not go: the workers and wives who are tired to death; the suspicious who have seen so much bad drama, bad Shakespeare; the Hancock fans perhaps; most of the in-love; many students and many artists; the night-workers; the sick, the too-young, the too-old; perhaps the zealous campaigners who think blocking the Aldermaston road, or unblocking something else, is more important; and the many who have private worries or simply other interests.

Of course it is worth it, particularly if he writes "This playwriting, is it worth it?" asks Arnold Wesker. "This is a serious question for me—playwriting is the raison d'etre for my existence."

Of course it is worth itfi particularly if he writes more **good** plays. A serious question it may be for him, too, but there are more serious ones in front of the nose of anyone living in a nuclear base. And if playwriting was the only "raison d'etre for his existence," then Arnold Wesker would be only one-tenth alive. There is good sense in most of his ideas; but when the expression of a good idea verges on becoming a preachment, the crusader risks losing the following of those that **are** listening, and **have** listened, all along.

Who the Potter, Who the Clay?

Merv. Lilley (W.A.) writes:

The Australian working class have a culture. It's horse racing, football, cricket, drinking, telling yarns, motoring in a bomb. The housewife has given up nattering across the fence; she goes to housie, up to the pub with hubby, or she belongs to some group dedicated to promoting some form of culture. That's the folklore of today: how the millions we can't contact are building the modern culture, the mass media notwithstanding. Part of the culture is work, too. Work has always been one of the great prides of men, and our rich folk tales come from work.

The writer must find these stories, understand them by living the life, see people as creative, find here the aspirations of the people, and bring them to life by artistry.

Where does an Australian writer, who believes in the socialist objective, find help? Not from the ruling class, to be sure! They're fairly happy as they are. Their job is to prevent authors from saying anything of social significance. The writer can seek help from the left-wing political movement and the trade unions, and there is steady but slow progress. The Sydney Trades and Labor Council helps to subsidise the New South Wales Symphony Orchestra. The Waterside Workers' Federation in Sydney provides a theatre for the New Theatre, and have a children's art class; they had, until recently, a film unit which made "The Hungry Mile" and other films. Cecil Holmes is operating somewhere outback making some film

on the Aboriginal question. The May Day committee of Sydney, Newcastle and Melbourne Trades Halls run the Dame Mary Gilmore competition yearly.

The Australasian Book Society prints democratic books, and, with the help of the trade unions, arranges tours for writers. The Bush Music Clubs, along with other bodies, work to uncover and revive the old Australian folk-lore. (No-one seems interested in modern folk-lore, few admit its existence. It seems there will one day be a complete gap.) To continue. Overland has been established in the literary field. The Fellowships of Australian Writers in various States are knocking at doors to gain support for Australian stories, novels and plays. The Realist Writers' groups of Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Perth have formed a national organisation and are producing a cultural journal. The Communist Party is running a literary competition at the moment of writing.

It would be totally wrong to think that trade unionists here are not interested in art, particularly literature. They use their own in their struggles daily. They produce leaflets to say what no one else can say for them. They use their own folk verse in this way. They do welcome any form of art which helps them, in their hour of need, growing desperate as the months go by into years. If no literature or assistance emerges from writers and editors then theirs is the fault of estrangement. The way ahead for the working man is fight, not vague sophistications alien to him. The way ahead for the writer is to produce what is needed. A meeting ground will be found where the partisan words burn their vindication of the rights of labor.

True and Not True

Roger Milliss (N.S.W.) writes:

Wesker's main point appears to be that although, as a socialist, he writes for the working-class and the trade union movement, these are the very people who are ignoring, or are ignorant of, his work. "Nobody is listening": only 200,000 people in Britain attend the theatre each night; the working-class, as a result of economic gains won by the trade unions, has the opportunity to avail itself of culture, and yet does not do so (echoes of "Roots"). There is no longer an underprivileged class; the trade unions have the duty to educate their members to take advantage of this pleasant state of affairs.

Now this, like most things, is true and not true. It is true that the now-literate worker, for the equivalent of four middies, can buy a Penguin edition of Shakespeare (or even of "Roots"), or, for the equivalent of a week's instalment on his t.v. set, visit the theatre and gain greater enrichment than he ever could from the high class rubbish he views in his home.

But what are the forces mitigating against this? Does Wesker seriously believe, as he rather superficially suggests in "Roots," that the working-class is solely or largely responsible, that it is to blame entirely for its inarticulation and subjection?

The answer seems rather to lie in social influences—and to say this is not to beat a determinist drum. Capitalism—to use an unpopular word—has no concept of the sort of mass culture that Wesker, in his own way, is aiming at; one could maintain that it has a vested interest in encouraging people not to think. So it creates a distinction between the highly educated and the socially adequately educated; culture becomes the property of a small elite and consequently becomes more and more divorced from life in the excellent fullness in which Wesker defines it. The masses are fed a "don't think" diet, a meal of Presley, Pix and pornography, ready to eat and easily digestible; they flock to the Tivoli, the Stadium and "Round the World in 80 Days." Bread and circuses: our age is not so vastly different from Nero's.

> "Most socialists who have thought about the question are concerned and disturbed about the increasing influence and effect of "Admass" culture. Naturally, socialist objections to this culture are not purely aesthetic: one of its principle aims is to destroy class consciousness and to unite the country under a petit-bourgeois ideology. (By doing this a far larger, more malleable and conformist buying public can be created.) One of the ways in which the Labor movement can resist "Admass" culture is by supporting arts of its own. This may sound very much like David fighting Goliath. But this is bound to be so, for it is the vast uniformity of Admass which is one of its most anti-human features. Admass culture can only be countered by strengthening local, partisan consciousness, by emphasing the particular against the general, and by re-proving that a living culture is based on first-hand experience."
>
> —John Berger.

Don't misunderstand me; I am not condoning or accepting the situation I bemoan. It is the responsibility of the poet, playwright and novelist to write for and of the working-class; the trade unions can and must do more to "bring culture to the masses," to encourage a love of the arts among their members, to make the working-class play-conscious, poetry-conscious and novel-conscious. Nor do I despair of this happening: valuable work has been done in this country already by the trade unions. The Waterside Workers' Federation, a union with a high degree of socialist consciousness, at one stage in Sydney conducted an Art Group, a Writers' Group and a highly proficient and much admired Film Group. It currently sponsors the Sydney New Theatre, which, like its prototypes in other cities, is the only theatre in Australia based on the working-class and its aspirations. But the fact remains that there is an antithesis between culture and capitalism, and this antithesis in all probability will not be overcome this side of socialism.

Let us look at the situation in Australian theatre today. "Roots" is currently being presented at Sydney's Independent Theatre; it will most likely be successful, for it is a good play. But its audience will be mainly composed of the middle-class and upper-class which won't fully understand the problems Wesker raises: it will laugh at the rustic human earthiness of Stan Mann and Frankie Bryant: it will feel pity (pity, but not sympathy or involvement) for Beatie; but it won't **understand.** The working-class won't go, not because it's not interested, actually or potentially, in the play, but because it just **doesn't know** about it; the unfortunate reality is that the people whom Wesker has reached, in Australia at least, are not those at whom his writing is directed.

Again, we have the embryo of a National Theatre here, the Elizabethan, which has performed invaluable work over the past five years in encouraging Australian actors and playwrights and in raising the standard of Australian theatre

generally. But, apart from a couple of plays (such as "The Doll" and perhaps "The Shifting Heart"), it has hardly made an impression on the working-class—the dockers, farm laborers, steel men, bricklayers, car makers, railwaymen and housewives, of whom Wesker speaks. It isolated itself in an out-of-the-way suburb (paradoxically a working-class suburb), a situation it has recently rectified, and its organisation is based on the dilettantes, social butterflies and businessmen, the usual "patrons" of the arts in Australia. True, at the time of writing the Trust is making its first conscious or organised attempt to interest and involve the trade union movement in its activities, but there is still little in the Elizabethan Theatre to make the working-class feel it is **their** theatre; its appeal, and the direction of its publicity, are to the middle-class and upper-class. Stand in the foyer at interval, or, better still, have a look at the social pages after a first-night.

Then there are other factors of a more practical and mundane nature causing the lack of mass participation in theatre. Any theatrical administrator from Doris Fitton to Neil Hutchison to Miriam Hampson will tell you that it's hard to combat the effect of inflation, t.v. and the outward spread of the cities, which involves chiefly the working-class; it's hard to entice people out of their homes when they're paying off t.v. sets, cars, refrigerators and houses, and when fares from Ringwood or Liverpool are a considerable item in an evening out in the city. It takes a good play with loads of (expensive) publicity these days to have a profitable run in the non-commercial theatre and keep one's head above water.

These are the forces, then, which a socialist playwright in particular has to combat in our money-rotten, anti-cultural, anti-intellectual society if he is to reach the audience he desires. It is not enough to talk about the "apathy" of the working-class, for it such apathy does exist, then it has its reasons, and only by discovering the reasons can one find a solution. Mrs. Wesker can be proud of her boy: he's doing well and maintaining his integrity; there's no need to wonder "Will Success Spoil Arnold Wesker?" But surely she gave him some sound material advice when he asked her: "Mother, is it worth it?"

A.C.T.U. View

H. J. Souter, Secretary of the Australian Council of Trade Unions, writes:

Arnold Wesker is to be complimented on his stimulating yet provocative article on the need for better relationship between the trade unions and the arts. His conclusions provide a challenge to the unions to initiate and promote this sadly neglected development of the cultural life of the Australian worker.

There is ample evidence in this jet age that the wage and salary earners, who comprise the bulk of the membership of the trade unions, have not penetrated the class barrier of cultural attainment. They are deprived of enjoying the fullness of life through developing the processes of becoming live, creative, human-beings.

The problem of rectifying this deficiency is two-fold. Firstly, wider participation will come when facilities for workers and their children to enjoy education and educational attainments are improved. Secondly, the unionist and his organisation must realise that more finance must be contributed for developing facilities for participation in cultural events and appreciation.

Not Without Sin

Don MacSween, Secretary of the Clothing Trades Union (Vic.) and Executive member of the A.L.P. (Vic.) writes:

Arnold Wesker is a little hard on the labor movement: not that we are entirely without sin.

In friendly sorrow he says: "The organisations in whose hands still do lie the chance for the full blossoming of (the working men's) lives, have neglected that chance."

Up to recent times the labor movement could justifiably plead: (1) It was of little use talking to the common man about the arts until his bread basket became reasonably filled; (2) Lack of time and money for other than economic objectives; (3) "What know we of culture who little higher culture knew?"

Nevertheless, more could, and should, have been done, and time has brought us greater relevant responsibility. Having been reasonably successful in making man less a creature of toil, there is an obligation on our movement to encourage socially desirable use of the leisure time that has been, and I hope increasingly will be, won.

Of course, labor movement members have not been entirely inactive in the field.

Many are members of cultural groups, some leaders are on related committees, some unions have favorably responded to requests for aid in certain such ventures.

In the local, Victorian A.L.P., field, one of several official rank and file committees, after eighteen months work, has just presented the Party with its draft for a special pamphlet on "Sport and the Arts."

Mr. Wesker says that he considers socialism to be "not merely an economic organisation of society but a way of living based on the assumption that life is rich, rewarding, and that human beings deserve it."

Most socialists would substantially agree with this, my own sole reservation being whether **all** human beings deserve it.

Perhaps a step forward in the desired direction would be for people who are competent in the arts to volunteer their personal and valued aid.

What offers are there from the Arnold Weskers?

In this article C. P. Snow discusses a recently-published book, "The Western Intellectual Tradition: From Leonardo to Hegel," by J. Bronowski and Bruce Mazlish (Hutchinson, 37'3).

OUR INTELLECTUAL TRADITION

THIS is a valuable and brilliant book. Bronowski is well known in England as one of the best expositors we have. I have never heard anyone better at explaining scientific ideas to a nonscientific audience, and except for W. L. Bragg it is hard to name an equal. In Mazlish, Bronowski has found a collaborator whose approach and mental clarity are obviously similar to his own.

At this point I think I should "declare my interest," as they say in English committees. I can't pretend to be detached about a book like this. It is the kind of book I have been calling for, on both suitable and unsuitable occasions, for a long time past. Now that it has arrived I am not going to look a gift horse in the mouth. In my opinion, Bronowski and Mazlish have done a real public service. Let's celebrate it by spreading the book as widely as we can.

They have set about tracing what I think could be called the line of reason from the high Renaissance to Hegel (a rather odd point to stop, but there are faint indications that they are going to produce a second volume, bringing the story down to the present day). This is an intellectual history, and is deliberately intended to be so, with eyes open to the rarefactions, the removal from the dust and sweat of lives as they have actually been lived, which that implies. Both authors seem to be tolerant, sunny-minded, basically optimistic men: and the hero of their book, who is emerging pretty victorious by the end, is the spirit of scientific inquiry. They see the recognition of scientific thought, and its seeping into all the fields of mental life, as the characteristic feature of their period. To them, that is the Western intellectual tradition.

I think they are broadly right. If anyone else quarrels with them, I am on their side. But it may be worth while to throw in a few doubts, carpings and qualifications, from someone who is an admiring ally, but who is generally more suspicious, and certainly more suspicious of ideas, than they are.

So let me be an advocatus diaboli for a bit. Western intellectual tradition? Why Western? Surely Joseph Needham has demonstrated that there was no difference in kind between scientific thinking in the Western Renaissance and in China under the Mings. The interesting point is why the great blowup of the scientific revolution didn't also take place in China. What were the social correlatives of this scientific thinking which in the West produced a revolution and in China kept the society rigid? This is the kind of question which Bronowski and Mazlish are sometimes prepared to raise, even though it is all mixed up in the plasma of society, while by preference they like intellectual problems a good deal purer. But one of their strengths is that about Western history they don't shirk these questions: that is a point to which I shall return.

As for the Western part of their title, it is rather important—if we are not going to fall into the traps of Western technological conceit, which have gone some distance toward losing the West the world—to realise that there is nothing specifically Western about the curious process of what Bronowski and Mazlish call "rational inquiry and empirical experiment," which is nothing more or less than science itself. It is a curious process. It is more complex and less sharp-edged than the phrase above suggests. Yet it is a process which, in the right social conditions, almost all human minds, Eastern quite as much as Western, find both easy to handle and alluringly attractive.

In the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. or China or Western Europe today, children are born into what used to be described grandiloquently as the scientific method. It is not something that needs teaching. Ernest Rutherford, in his more Johnsonian moods, used to say: "We shall get on all right if those fellows leave us alone." "Those fellows" were the methodologists and philosophers of science, who in Rutherford's view merely cluttered up the easy and natural practice of discovery: they made the commonplace incomprehensible. Rutherford took his bluffest tone toward their activities. "All hot air! All hot air!" he trumpeted. Nothing really mattered, in his view, but the "real stuff," the knots of creative work floating in the sea of talk, the original papers, the paintings, the histories, novels and plays. (He warmly approved of those.)

Well, that is an extreme view and not one I should be prepared to defend. But it is a view that we ought to keep in reserve, so to speak, when we pass from the word "Western" to the word "tradition." Tradition is a dangerous term. It often means that out of the welter and brute muddle of the past one has selected just those elements which prove one's case. The classical recent example of Cutting Tradition to Fit One's Cloth is that of F. R. Leavis, one of the "new critics," on the English novel. By eliminating Dickens and the rest, he proves to his own satisfaction that the great tradition of the English novel is Jane Austen —George Eliot—Henry James—Conrad—D. H. Lawrence. There is nothing so blinkered about the way in which Bronowski and Mazlish have set about selecting their tradition, but it is in part

eccentric. They have wisely set out to deal with some intellects in detail, but the names of those intellects are sometimes not those which a man like Rutherford would have chosen. Leonardo— Machiavelli — Thomas More — Erasmus — Luther — Calvin — Copernicus — Galileo — Raleigh — Sidney — Cromwell — Huygens — Hooke — Newton — Hobbes — Locke — Descartes — Pascal — Beyle — Voltaire — Montesquieu — Rousseau — Joseph Priestley — Adam Smith — Benjamin Franklin — Jefferson — Burke — Bentham — Robert Owen — Kant — Hegel. That, with some minor additions and some discussions of groups such as the Jacobins, represents the series: and it is, at the first glance, an unusual one. Part of the value of the book is, of course, that the series is an unusual one. No book of this kind has ever dealt with such mastery, not only with individual performances by scientists, but also with their effect on the world's intellectual stream. The chapters in the book on Leonardo, Newton and Descartes are especially brilliant.

But some members of the series ring more than a little odd. They give the effect of a conglomeration, rather than a synthesis, of science (in particular physical science), textbook philosophy and certain kinds of history. The authors' bias is in favor of the easily explicable, and against the tangled and not easily docketed. It is significant that no writer of heavy weight and no complex work of literary art gets any sort of serious treatment. Yet during this period Shakespeare, Cervantes, Milton, Racine, Goethe, were all doing their modest best. It is also significant that the darker spokesman (or exemplars) of man's fate do not get a hearing. Dr. Johnson, for example, is a voice speaking for the irremediable in human life—a far deeper and in many ways more influential voice than either Hobbes or Burke. These omissions give a certain streamlined effect to the Bronowski-Mazlish tradition which another kind of selection from the West's intellectual material would not be able to possess.

The general result is to make life, including intellectual life, somewhat more bland than it really is. This blandness of tone will put some readers' backs up. There are times when one gets a bit tired of Uncle Bronowski and Uncle Mazlish smoothing down all the snags, and one feels like saying something like what Hazlitt said of Shelley: "He is clogged by no dull system of realities, no earth-bound feelings, no rooted prejudices, by nothing that belongs to the mighty trunk and hard husk of nature and habit."

THAT, however, is my last grumble. They have three great strengths, any one of which would have justified this book and made most of us proud to write it.

The first is, they have established, to their own satisfaction and the satisfaction of everyone who reads their argument (unless he is a perverse reactionary of the type of T. E. Hulme) that in essence all intellectual developments from 1450 to 1850 take their nature from science. Whether they are scientific or not, they are inspired by the scientific process. Once men got the knack of reason-plus-experiment, or whatever we like to call it, there was no kind of thinking, no kind of art, even no kind of poltiics, which could remain immune for long.

This process one can see beginning in the great Renaissance painters, whom Bronowski and Mazlish personify in Leonardo. They could equally well have chosen Verrocchio or Mantegna or Piero della Francesca, all of whom were mathematicians, all of whom tried to find through their art, mathematical and scientific laws. (Just as Proust in our century set himself through his great novel the essentially scientific task of discovering les grands lois.) There was just the same assumption of the scientific component in art present in the writers of the Enlightenment. Voltaire wouldn't have thought there was any fundamental distinction in aim between his (very unsuccessful) experiments in physics and his (rather more successful) "Candide." Even as late as the Romantic poets or the classical 19th-century novelists who came just after the close of Bronowski's and Mazlish's period, there was still some feeling of kinship of intention, some sympathy of the writers for the scientific triumph.

Of course none of them realised the depth and extent of that triumph. It is only with the hindsight of history that Bronowski and Mazlish can show us Bentham, Jefferson, Kant and Hegel as part of a process that began with Copernicus and Kepler. But still, by the early 19th century a good many non-scientists could hear the clumping footsteps of science behind them. Shelley, for instance, heard them very clearly. Curiously enough, he liked the noise and knew more about science than any of the other Romantics. Even Wordsworth wrote a singularly uninspired verse in celebration of geometry.

* *

During these 400 years while scientific thought was making its way, there weren't yet two cultures in the sense that I have recently been trying to define. That split came later; and it came, perversely, because of the blinding success of science. The success was blinding in two distant ways. The first was the practical success of the scientific-industrial revolution. When this started, there was some excuse for people of sensitivity not to recognise what it meant. One had to be pretty thoroughly oriented toward the future in early 19th-century England or America to see the good to come. A tough-fibered man like Macaulay could see it, which is one of the reasons why reactionary intellectuals hate him. He had the foresight and the unfinicky humanity to know that this revolution was going to transform, and transform beneficently, the lives of the poor. But he was a historian, with a mind stretching into the past and into the future. Most literary people by temperament live in the existential moment; and the existential moment in the first stage of the industrial revolution was usually not pretty.

One finds Wordsworth brooding, not inhumanly, over the problem in "The Excursion." Almost no other major Western writer afterward had even that degree of historical imagination. Their eyes kept turning back, as they have turned even more passionately in our own time, to a pre-industrial (and fictitious) past.

The second aspect of the success of science which caused the cultures to split was simply that scientific thought had been **too** successful. Bronowski and Mazlish have shown, with piercing thoroughness, how widely it was pervading all the domains of intellectual life. It is understandable enough that this science produced a kind of anti-science, felt most deeply, of course, by those who had themselves no taste for scientific thinking and who accordingly (and this was often the fault of the scientists themselves) misunderstood its nature. By about the middle of the 19th century there were men of great gifts who attributed to scientific thought claims which it could not properly make and which to them appeared to threaten the numinous wonder of the world.

The first passionate statements of this anti-science can be heard in existential philosophies like Kierkegaard's. By the end of the century they were becoming fairly common in literary art. Between 1900 and 1914 antiscience was becoming part of the fibre of a whole new artistic approach (Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis and W. B. Yeats are spectacular examples).

So the intellectual tradition which Bronowski and Mazlish demonstrate had at last broken. Probably it will not appear, in the perspective of history, as an important break. Their tradition has continued and has had greater triumphs; it is overwhelmingly the major and prevailing tradition of the entire modern world. Nevertheless, we ought not to pretend that there has not been, among many persons of artistic sensibility, a reactionary contracting-out. As scientific thought has made its major conquests, exponents of 20th-century art, including some of the most gifted, have plunged into a melange of anti-intellectualism and primitivism. The type-specimen of this reaction is D. H. Lawrence, who was a man of genius. Think of his famous outburst, refusing to believe what science told him about the nature of the moon. "It's no use telling me it's a dead rock in the sky! I **know** it's not."

It is not quite clear what Lawrence, who was a very clever man, thought he was proving: but what is quite clear is that no Renaissance artist, no artist of the Enlightenment, could conceivably have spoken like that. To them, even as a gesture of feeling, it would have been, in the semantic sense, meaningless.

Let us hope that Bronowski and Mazlish will carry the story on and deal with this breakaway into primitivism after their period ends. Of all

Third From the Sun

I'm happy when I seem to know
A Planet where this death can't reach
And leave us mangled on the beach:
"Third from the Sun: come on, let's go."

"We must take something!" "Not too much."
"You pack the food; I'll pack the books"...
They stare at me from all their nooks,
Each with some fresh, life-giving touch.

Painting? That's easier: all Chinese,
Picasso's, Leonardo's (earth
Can argue what the rest are worth):
But books . . . they beg me on their knees

To go where living folk may hear,
Among the rustling of their leaves,
The mind's long gleaning, bound in sheaves
By sensitive hands,—to whom all fear

Was visible, as to us this day . . .
So little space we have, though, curse,
I'll take what's surely packed in verse...
"Come on! We'll never get away!"

AILEEN PALMER

the intellectual phenomena of the West, this is the one I have found hardest to explain to knowledgeable Russians. For them, of course, the "Western" tradition of Bronowski and Mazlish is the one they would call their own.

The second strength of the book is a flexible and subtle sense of how the intellectual tradition is correlated with conditions of freedom. Freedom is a noble but an elusive term. I sometimes have the fear that in the West we shout it very loud just to fool ourselves. That is a mistake which Bronowski and Mazlish never make. They are not social historians. They are not concerned, as a social historian such as G. M. Trevelyan is concerned, a man less clever than they are but deeply and realistically imaginative, with the rub and wear of individual men hundreds of years ago going from day to day through their individual lives: but they have a very acute intellectual sense of the ironies and paradoxes of history. They are far too sensible to be taken in by romantic myths. It is clear to them, as it ought to be clear to anyone, that in primitive societies (and to a large extent in all pre-industrial societies) the freedom to make choices (in any meaning which we can reasonably give to that phrase) was out of proportion less than it is in any contemporary industrial society.

THAT is fairly obvious: but Bronowski and Mazlish deal with some ironies that are a good deal less obvious. Above all they realise that historical development is neither simple nor easy to explain.

For instance, Calvinism was one of the tightest moulds into which men have tried to fit their experience. Each soul was either damned or saved, according to the grace of God. Each man was born elect or predestined to hell, and there was nothing he could do about it. What he did in this life didn't give him a chance of salvation, but only served as an indicator of whether he was a sheep or a goat.

No creed could seem more fatalistic and more a denial of freedom. And yet that creed, as Bronowski and Mazlish point out with sardonic glee, was in fact one of the most powerful emancipating forces of the 17th century. It turned out to be Calvinists, devoted fanatically to their faith, who fought with passion in England and in the American wilderness for their own belief. Our whole conception of individual freedom owes most of its strength to our Calvinist ancestors. It was they who fought the king, colonised New England and incidentally took a substantial share in 17th-century science.

Our idea of "freedom" didn't come from tolerant chaps who were only too anxious to see each other live in peace. It came from men convinced of predestination, whose immediate response, when they got power, was to establish a theocracy and make everyone else be convinced of predestination too. Of course there were other strains, some of them the result of quite different conflicts, which helped to produce what Americans and Englishmen regard as freedom; but the effect of Calvinism upon history, and the development by which its social direction became completely contrary to its explicit doctrine is something that Bronowski and Mazlish will not let us forget.

Their third strength is a similar exercise of sense and intellectual suppleness. No one outside one of the more bigoted conventicles doubts that there is a constant interaction of the way a society is moving and the way in which its members think and the subjects they think about. Often the interaction is difficult to pin down in causal terms—which came first, the break-up of the medieval economy or the first stirring of the scientific revolution? But it is silly to deny the materialist insights and not let them take us as far as they can. For instance, the growth of the West European seaborne empires between 1500 and 1700 was inseparably linked with the break-through in astronomy. One has to be ludicrously frightened of the shadow of Marx not to see earthy roots for the major transformations in scientific history. I am sometimes irritated that the West is so nervous of Marxist thought that we are unconsciously obfuscating ourselves.

Bronowski and Mazlish are, of course, too balanced to fall into this sin of doctrinal omission, which is one of the contemporary intellectual malaises of the West. On the other hand, they are also too balanced to fall into the corresponding intellectual malaise of the East, which is to believe that every scientific development has in detail a direct materialist one-to-one cause and starting point.

The truth is more complex and needs a good deal of intellectual nerve and constant intellectual vigilance even to begin to grasp. Perhaps the best feature of this book is that the authors possess, more than most men, precisely that mixture of nerve and vigilance.

Their position I am going to put into my own words, and if I am misrepresenting it, I am ready to take the position as my own. It is this. With a good many qualifications, and some reserves about the meaning of social causality, it is both possible and useful to say that the major quantum-jumps in scientific or philosophical thought reflect and are part of material changes in society. That is, it wasn't an accident that the wonderful series Copernicus—Kepler—Galileo—Newton carved out a new scientific universe just as the seaborne empires were being built. It wasn't an accident that the Royal Society sprang into active life precisely at the time that England was becoming the major trading country in the world. It wasn't an accident that, in the adolescence of the industrial revolution, Faraday should discover, and Clerk Maxwell should so beautifully symbolise, a revolutionary source of power. All that is really selfevident. It couldn't be otherwise unless one believes that all thought takes place at random, and that all scientific discovery is just a matter of unrelated "brain waves," as the English used to say, taking place in some limbo outside of history and outside of society. (Incidentally a certain amount of modern thinking and modern art seems to hanker after just that state.)

* *

But that is not the end of it. Grant the major connection between thinking and social change—there is still an inner history of the way the thinking goes. I think Bronowski and Mazlish would argue, and I certainly should myself, that there is an inner dynamic of intellectual processes, which is determined in detail by personal accidents, by the talents available at the time of discovery and by the nature of the subject itself. To understand this inner dynamic one must have a professional knowledge of, and a love for, the particular subject. One of the joys of this book is that the authors between them command expertness upon a whole set of intellectual activities, and have never lost their best for the detail: so that in poetry, in mathematics, in physical science, in

philosophy, we are time and time again given passionate insights into what the inner dynamic must have been.

Before I leave this distinction between long-term social causation and the inner dynamic, the large-scale and the fine-scale, I should like to give one example, which, in order not to commit Bronowski and Mazlish too heavily, I will take from outside their period. The first discoveries of non-Euclidean geometries were made, almost simultaneously, by three men working entirely on their own—Gauss, Lobachevski and Bolyai. This sudden revolutionary outburst was, it seems to me, quite obviously more than a chance. I believe it would be possible to trace changes in the climate of society and thought which made this particular discovery occur at that time and no other. That is what I should call the large-scale correlation. Immediately one comes to the fine-scale, however, one finds personal and detailed reasons why the discovery was hung up for 30 years—Gauss' timidity, Bolyai's lack of professional power, the miserable behavior of Lobachevski's colleagues. Finally, it was owing to the special quality and nature of Riemann's genius that, when the non-Euclidean geometries broke into the light again, their exploration took the form it did.

"The Western Intellectual Tradition" is full of examples of that balance between the cross forces of history and the individual human chances. It is a most eloquent and lively book, and one of the most stimulating for years past. We all ought to be grateful that it has been written.

David Martin

REALITY AND ILLUSION

IT is now just over two and a half years since I travelled through Laos, down the Mekong to Luang Prabang and thence to Vientiane. Luang Prabang, at the junction of two rivers, with the unbelievably beautiful Pu-Si pagoda looking down from its knoll, is a charming and delightful little town. Vientiane is a dusty colonial city with a few pleasant pavement restaurants. Or rather it was, for a great part of it now lies in ruins, shelled and blasted. The cold war became a hot war and wrecked it.

The Laotians are what travel books call a friendly people. This did not save Vientiane. They are a miserably poor people, their country wretchedly backward: no doctors, few schools, not one good trunk road. For all their friendliness, the Laotians don't want to stay like that—they feel entitled to, and want to have, all the material things that we have—schools, doctors and roads. That is one of the hard facts of our time; an obvious, fundamental truth.

And the other fact is that they could not have these things without overturning the old, backward, indecently corrupt order in their country, that the old order defends itself, and that it has powerful allies. Hence the shells and the shells of houses on the road to the Vientiane airport.

For people who feel and think this is an almost unbearable alignment of facts: the inevitability of change and the inevitability of resistance to it. For this juxtaposition means violence, and violence means blood and death. It can mean world war, the war of a thousand Hiroshimas.

There seem to be three alternatives. The poor and backward can give way, or at least decide to wait, in the hope that history is going their way in any case. The rich and powerful can give way. There could be a compromise in the shadow of the hydrogen bomb.

What about the first alternative? If nothing more, the poor and backward would have to be convinced that they should give way or wait. The Bantu of South Africa, the Angolese, the Kikuyu. The Laotians and Vietnamese, the Goanese, the New Guinea people. The Cubans, the Dominicans, the Nicaraguans. They must not act provocatively, they must stop their too dangerous explosions. They must be convinced that instead they should progress more cautiously, by stages.

The chances of this are zero. They could not stop even if they wanted to; movements of this kind, developing by geometrical progression from one end of the world to the other, cannot be arrested by individual volition. They have never exploded as fiercely as they do now. Since Hiroshima they have not become more gradual or cautious but more tempestuous. And one can imagine the answer one would get in Havana or the Transvaal if one advocated a sensible reserve. "We cannot wait, for Verwoerd does not wait. We cannot wait for they don't wait in Washington, in Brussels, in The Hague or, for that matter, in Canberra." As soon tell the sun to postpone the sun-burst.

What about the second alternative? Perhaps the rich and powerful might give way? But if they would they could not, while they are rich and powerful, not because history is some nameless monster against which intelligence is helpless, but because the poor and backward can set no limit to their march—the one conditions the other. Those who say that if the rot is not stopped in Vientiane, Bangkok will go, too, and Saigon—and who knows what next?—are quite right. The rot has to be stopped somewhere, but it can't be stopped anywhere. Not in India, for instance. For, also since Hiroshima, not only have the poor and backward not become less poor and backward, but relatively more. Foreign aid, Colombo plans? A thimble of water to quench an elephant's thirst. An aspirin to cure an earth-quake. Every day the gulf grows, becomes deeper, wider: this is the reality, by whatever name we call it. Since nobody has yet found a way to regulate the explosion, nobody is finding a way to gracefully withdraw before it. There is no point at which such a withdrawal could stop.

What about the third alternative? Some compromise, some new, rational, humane, enlightened modus vivendi? There would be a chance of that —if there were a chance of persuading the explosion to be less explosive, of persuading the poor and backward that there is some hope for them by any other means (which, looking around, they know there is not) and of persuading the rich and powerful to abdicate all their power and some of their wealth. But without power there is no

wealth in the long run, as the Dutch, the Portuguese, the Belgians are finding out and as is understood equally in New York, London and Sydney.

I believe in the power of the will, up to a point in mind over matter. But there are no magic possibilities. I have faith in reason, but reason cannot reverse evolution. Theories of continuous revolutionary transformation are not as important as the fact that it is continuous, just as is the struggle against it, so long as it can be waged. The chances for the third alternative are also zero.

* *

BUT have we not always known this? Of course we have. More: we have always said that we welcome it. From Lilburne to Jack London, the writers of change have warned us that a change greater than any was coming, and we said we wanted such a change and all that it could bring. Change, too, is permanent (the only thing which is), and it is not easy to say where the endless has its beginning, but the year 1917 will do. And now more than half the world is in travail, the thing is taking place before our very eyes, the heat and the flash are blinding—and now we do not want it any more? Now it suddenly has become not worth it, or not worth the risk? Now we are discovering that man, after all, is sinful, and that the more things change, the more they will really remain the same?

But the hydrogen bomb! We don't care; somehow, in some way, it is so new, so different, so terrible that it must, out of its own terror, create for us new natural laws that can reverse the ones that existed until now. Or, if it cannot do that, and there is no hope of a lasting compromise, then after us the Flood. Statisticians have worked out, they tell us, the exact degree of probability of the Bomb going off by some fool mistake. So then we must become the last of the miracle believers and miracle makers, quieting our horror by pretending that the third alternative can be made to work. We bless anyone who assures us it may be possible, and curse anyone who doubts it. Yesterday we hailed him as a revoluntionary, today he is the world's hangman, the incarnate death wish.

But it is not true, because there is a fourth alternative. And this is no new alternative either, just as the impossible pursuit of alternatives one, two and three are not at all new. But it is a hard and terribly difficult alternative, this fourth, yet the only one which materially exists.

If we are honest with ourselves, we know what it is; if we do not, we have lied the best part of our lives. The alternative is to disarm the rich and powerful; not to dissuade them but to prevent them from destroying us all in their hopeless assault upon the explosion, which is nothing else but the same old social change speeded up a hundred-fold and approaching a climax in our own time.

Indeed, there probably could not be a world war without most of the world's people dying in it. It's no use saying it is too dreadful to contemplate. We have to contemplate it. But we can prevent it—if we do not retreat into illusions. (In any case we can only retreat into them because change is still passing us by, but for how much longer?) The hydrogen bomb, a product of man's will but also inevitable, is a terrible new fact, but as no new law has arisen to negate the law of turbulent change, we have no sanction to abandon the war against the Iron Heel. It may stand fairly softly on our necks but it stands as harshly as ever on the necks of others.

Because we are men and spiritual beings we must not fantasy for ourselves some new, classless, dialectic outside nature, but fight within it, as we always said we would. At that price we can have peace, but there is no absolute guarantee. How I wish there were! But there is a good chance, and the better the more rapid the change progresses. If, for the sake of what we think is peace, we do not fight more determinedly than ever against "solutions" that do not give to the poor and backward what they need, land, bread and at least some hope for dignity—which there is but one way for them to get—we are helping to fuse the barrel that will blow us to heaven, to hell or to nothingness, according to each one's ideas.

Two Yugoslav Poems

Chasy

One of them bites off something from the other,
A leg or an arm or something,

Clamps it between his teeth
And runs as quick as he can
To bury it hastily in the earth!

The rest break away from each other,
Seeking the scent; seeking the scent;
Scratching at the whole earth!

If they're lucky they find the leg
Or arm or whatever it was.
Again, the others bite at it!

The game goes merrily on—
So long as there are arms,
So long as there are legs,
So long as there is something.

After the Game

Finally, hands hold the belly
So that the belly doesn't burst from laughing,
But, see, there is no belly,

With difficulty a hand lifts itself
To wipe the cold sweat from the brow.
There is no brow.

The other hand gropes for the heart,
So that the heart does not leap from the breast.
The heart also has gone.

Both hands fall
Futile to the lap—
Not even a lap!

On one hand it now rains
And from the other grass grows.
What is there to tell?

VASKO POPA (trans. Noel Macainsh)

Vasko Popa, who was born in Serbia in 1922, attended Belgrade University and is editor of a series of contemporary novels of world literature for a Belgrade publishing house. This is believed to be his first publication in English, though his work has appeared in other European languages.

BOOKS

Hope Springs

Folded into the back of my "Oxford Book of English Verse" are a dozen or so poems for which, for one reason or another, I have a special affection. There I have kept since 1943, when it appeared in a Glasgow magazine, John Manifold's "The Tomb of Lieutenant John Learmonth, A.I.F.," there is Dorothy Hewett's "Clancy and Dooley and Don McLeod," a poem by Dave Smith, "Some Lines Written in Haste and Wrath, on the occasion of Stephen Spender's Adelaide Utterances," and a poem by A. D. Hope, "The Judgment."

It's a queer collection, admittedly, and I have sometimes found myself surprised to find a Hope included. We certainly got off on the wrong foot with each other—but that's a different story—and I think it was "The Judgment" which first convinced me that I could be misreading Hope.

> Then once again the voice of dread
> Called out two names with solemn warning—
> And in my solitary bed
> I woke to find the cold day dawning;
>
> Remembering, in helpless woe,
> The love our bitter choice had ended,
> The doom we spoke so long ago
> That no damnation now could mend it.

"The Judgment" is not included in A. D. Hope's new collection ("Poems," Hamish Hamilton, 18/9), and I wonder why? Most of the poems that are included have first appeared here in "The Wandering Islands," and some of the new ones read as if, in fact, they were written a good few years back. There are no date references, which makes it more difficult, but the arrangement into three sections produces logical divisions. Some of the newly collected poems are already well known; nevertheless it would be best to concentrate on them.

The opener, "Soledades of the Sun and Moon," a poet's poem if ever there was one—"Put on your figures of fable: with the chalice / From which the poets alone drink wisdom"—leaves one uncertain. It is elegant, sonorous, extraordinarily rich in symbolic tapestry, and yet it tells very little; for all its brilliance it seems to be written from the top of the head. "The Coasts of Cerigo" is already different, and we are face to face with Hope's main preoccupations. The Labra, a woman sea-monster, in whose biological beauty all life dissolves, is essentially the same creature that appears again in "The Damnation of Byron," and, incidentally, "damnation" is the thing with which Hope is concerned. The Labra is fished up with the diver who went below to seek her, to have her, to be had by her and to be saved and destroyed.

> But while in air they watch her choke and drown,
> Enchanted by her beauty, they forget
> The body of their comrade at her side,
> From whose crushed lungs the bright blood oozing down
> Jewel by ruby jewel from the wet
> Deck drops and merges in the turquoise tide.

"An Epistle" is in the form of "Edward Sackville to Venetia Digby," but such emotional transposition can mask very personal statements. However, one feels that in part it is just an exercise in love poetry, derived from another century:

> For all it spends from its ripe yesterday
> The heart shall copiously repay:
> Words, glances, motions, all that I rehearse
> My joy transfigures, as great verse
> From music may have a perfection lent
> More than the poet knew or meant . . .

Here A. D. Hope makes what "was by nature beautiful by art more dulcet"—with the usual result. But two pages later, the same poem:

> So now by heart each single grace and all
> Their glowing postures I recall.
> Absent, you came unbidden; present, you
> Walk naked to my naked view;
> Dead, I could resurrect you from your dust;
> So exquisite, individual, just
> The bare, bright flesh, I swear my eyes could tell
> You by throat, thighs or breast as well,
> Or any least part almost, as your face.

Hope (my typewriter was going to say Pope!) is good when he uses his naked view, and, with certain exceptions, we have done him a disservice when we protested that it was too wearisomely anatomical. For at least the anatomy, visible or skin-hidden, is a plastic thing and also a thing of the dream imagination, while elegance alone is pretty ephemeral.

It is especially this "Epistle" which conveys a sense of the wrong kind of duality—a writing out of two different creative, personal periods as well as out of two distinct literary influences, more or less incompatible.

"Meditations on a Bone," relatively unambitious as it may be, is the strongest poem by far in the first section; perhaps the best in the book. It involves the whole man; its passion is as direct and touches us as directly as in "The Judgment," and its deceptively simple rhythm and syntax hold a lasting thought and music. Few poets are lucky enough to write many poems as good as this.

Together with "Last Look" it answers in part the question of what Hope's message is, for he has one, horrible thought!

> "This way!" the warder said; "You must be quick.
> You will be safe with us"—He turned to go
> And saw too late the gaping void below.
> Someone behind him laughed. A brutal kick
>
> Caught him below the shoulders and he fell.
> Quite slowly, clutching at the passing air,
> He plunged towards the source of his despair
> Down the smooth funnel of an endless well.

Perhaps he does not know that the kicker and the kicked are identical, and for once the kick is

not in the crutch. But that's what this poetry is about: a plunge towards the source of a particular despair, yet at least it's a plunge, with all that plunging poetically implies, and not the academic's creeping. From time to time the plunge is arrested by a statement of hate or anger, well outside the satirical range. Indeed, there is hardly as much true satire about Hope as there is supposed to be. Where we find it, as in "Lambkin: A Fable" or in "The Age of Innocence," and in what may be his more recent verse, satire, so far from deepening his Freudian and anti-Freudian hurt detachment, deepens instead the religious element which one must recognise in Hope, his undetached side. (Still despairing, but already on a different level.) In such poems he appears to me to make a confession which he would like to be understood by some but not by all, and which goes beyond the seeking and rejecting of woman. The woman that takes shape begins remarkably to have the outlines of the promised Virgin.

A good deal of Hope's work has what Irving Stone, in his book on Jack London, calls "Death Appeal," which can be more effective than sex appeal. C. P. Snow, in a different context, calls it "the Sadic temperament" which yields its own austerity along with its own voluptousness. It is a form of virility which some artists mistakenly deny. It unites writers of completely different purpose, and it is the fundament within the individual on which various ectasies meet and from which they expand. "Totentanz: The Coquette" is such a meeting. But Hope, who has the gift of control, has it too much. He has wit and cleverness, but often too much cleverness: one is reminded of Shaw's admission that if he were not ironic he could not bear the tragic in his work.

Of course, self-denial brings its own exquisiteness, intensification of pain. Only, like so much of the poetry of our time, it does not then involve the whole living man, only his psyche. It becomes poetry of the mind; rather cut off, a terrific balancing act. It would be better to topple and trust to what happens—but that's easily said. Much of Hope's poetry is poetry not only of the mind but "in the mind," and there the invocation of Yeats, whom Hope does invoke, invites unfavorable comparison.

All the same, Hope writes poems which break these bonds, if not often enough. He is not only an expert of the unforgettable climax, where one or two verses break out of a poem's confines ("The Damnation of Byron") but in poems like "Man Friday" there is a break-out of a more total sort . . . into the radiance of a total meaning, at least not compartmentalised, when it does not matter if the meaning is one we like. This is the poem in which Crusoe has taken his man to England. One night, in an East Coast inn, poor Friday hears again the roaring of the sea. He goes out before dawn and finds the naked foot-print in the sand. Robinson follows him:

> Much grieved he sought him up and down
> the bay
> But never guessed, when later in the day
> They found the body drifting in the foam,
> That Friday had been rescued and gone home.

That's not by Auden out of Yeats or by Eliot out of Pope: it is by Hope out of Hope.

Strangely, with so well established a poet, we sense that he has only just reached his true starting point. I, who do not wholeheartedly believe that there is a serviceable yardstick by which to measure the usefulness of art, am pleased with that. If this is Hope's way of working towards the full liberation of a complex and difficult gift—good luck to him.

DAVID MARTIN

Colonial Education

It is a mark of the able historian that he recognises the important questions which require answering. Much of the interest in A. G. Austin's "Australian Education 1788-1900" (Pitman, 32/6) comes from the posing of significant questions—Why did Bourke not persevere with his plans for a national system (state schools) in the 1830s? Why did Gipps hesitate in the 1840s? Why was Fitzroy able so easily to introduce the dual system in 1847? Why did Parkes wait until 1866 to introduce the Public Schools Act? The answers to these questions throw considerable light on the politics of colonial Australia.

"Australian Education" is the best and most comprehensive general history of education so far written in Australia and it inaugurates a new level in the study of Australian educational history. The subtitle of the book, "Church, State and Public Education in Colonial Australia" indicates its scope. During the 19th century the debate over the role of state and church in elementary education was decided in favor of the predominance of the public system. The distinction between elementary (primary and lower class) education and liberal (secondary, university, middle and upper class) education which endured until the early 20th century, and the limitation of the state's role to the former, justifies the exclusion of secondary and higher education from Austin's survey.

The book contains some 260 pages, in seven chapters. The approach is chronological, despite the difficulties presented by six colonial systems of education with divergent, though rather similar, histories. After 1872 attention is concentrated on Victoria, New South Wales, and West Australia, but the other three colonies receive mention at appropriate places. Not the least of this book's value comes from the correlation of developments in the various colonies and the references to parallel developments overseas. Above all, it is readable. The style is pleasant, interesting, and never heavy.

Austin is concerned to avoid "educational egocentricity" and he sets the educational history of Australia in its general social context. Accordingly, considerable light is thrown on social development (the English atmosphere in West Australia, the attitude of early pastoralists to education), religion, and the way administrative decisions were reached.

Austin provides numerous new insights into the development of public education in Australia. In particular, he illuminates a period which many historians find difficult—"the historiographical desert of the 1870s and 1880s." His treatment of the difficult subject of the establishment of "free, compulsory, and secular" education between 1872 and 1895 is a major contribution. As with so much in this book, this topic is still very relevant. Austin reminds us that, contrary to general opinion, the education system introduced by colonial parliaments in this period were, in the main, not really secular, not really compulsory, and not really free. He gives us a valuable survey of philosophies of education and public opinion in the colonies. Developments in education are shown as part and parcel of general trends. The very nature of Australian development forced "central government control, subsidy and support." The colonial governments found themselves directly responsible for the provision of roads, railways, telegraph, water —and schools. "This is the essential aspect of the 'secular' Acts; the terms 'free, compulsory and

secular' are not, despite their popular appeal, the essential features of this legislation."

Austin suggests that Gipps set aside the education question because of his conflict with the squatters and his lack of allies among other social classes. But another reason for delay was his overriding obsession with the need to save money, a concern urged on him by London. As Austin remarks, Gipps' contemporary in Van Diemen's Land, Eardley-Wilmot, also found finance a serious barrier to educational change. Parkes' evasiveness over education during the 1860s is explained by "the unstable nature of New South Wales politics in the first decade of responsible government during which the average life of a Ministry was a bare twelve months." Similar explanations can be found for his evasions during the 1870s and the compromise nature of the Act of 1880. The political expediency of Parkes is still widely underestimated. Organised political parties did not emerge in N.S.W. until about 1886 and prior to this many parliamentary candidates and most ministries avoided the education question like the plague. Parkes only took action after he had quarrelled with Butler, the organiser of the Catholic vote, in 1873; after he had formed a strong coalition with his parliamentary rival, Robertson; after the campaign outside parliament had reached great intensity; and after the Catholic bishops forced action. Political delay on education is a long-standing Australian tradition.

"Australian Education" will, I believe, remain the basic text on its subject for many years. Austin's opinions are sound and adeptly presented. Sins of commission I cannot find (I would quarrel with but one sentence, referring to secondary education, on page 233); sins of omission are few. Austin has succeeded not only in writing the first general history of public education in colonial Australia, but in making the story interesting, meaningful, and readable. Both amateur and professional historians are indebted to him.

A. BARCAN

More Poetry

Professor A. D. Hope, head of the English Department at Canberra University and a well known poet of the conservative and classicist school, has edited "Australian Poetry 1960" (Angus & Robertson, 15/-). Despite the editor's note at the beginning, "That it is not a 'personal' anthology in any sense," this book quite obviously exhibits the known preferences of its editor. Compared with previous issues of this anthology, there is a more than usual representation of themes from English-studies, academic life and classical mythology, as well as a nine-page plea for Buddhist enlightenment. The editor himself contributes a religious invocation.

However, whilst much of this book appears remote or anachronistic, there are some good things in it. For those of us with war-time memories of the Northern Territory, Geoffrey Dutton's poem about an abandoned airstrip will be one of his best. Douglas Stewart in his "Garden of Ships" takes us on a fascinating journey inwards to a strange lake. Alex. Craig gives a neat precis of the U.S.A. Gwen Harwood and John Rowland bring a human warmth into the stories they tell, Ernest Briggs has a good sonnet, and Francis Webb writes with a rewarding profusion of imagery.

Evan Jones' "Inside the Whale" (Cheshire, 15/-) is rather gloomy. Formally, the work is soundly constructed after the tenets of the Hope-MacAuley school, with whom this author consciously aligns himself. There are touches of wit and insight, together with a good deal of ruminative introspection that occasionally rises to peaks where the poet stoically resolves to endure. Principal themes are university life and the author's friendships. These themes are of more interest when they strike a resonance beyond the immediate situation.

In the longest and best poem, "Lines at Nightfall," Evan Jones distils from his daily round a grave music in which autumn, rain and darkness set the tone. There are passages of concision and strength, together with a sense of history that has a strain of autumnal grandeur. But the general impression is that Jonah is in the whale and unhappily waits to be disgorged.

Developing from previous publication in Australian Letters. that journal has now produced an attractive booklet containing a short series of "Australian Bird Poems," by Judith Wright, illustrated by Clifton Pugh (3/6). Although the illustrations do not match the poems closely, they form a general setting for the characteristic vision of Judith Wright. The next of this interesting series will be poems of Max Harris, illustrated by Arthur Boyd.

Harold T. Darwin's "From Kosciusko to Carnarvon" (Wattle, 12/6) is of a different cloth altogether—rough as bags, but, so far as it goes, full of sound health. Whilst the author shows a blissful unawareness of literary values, his lively evocation of common experience, together with numerous illustrations, should draw enough readers to justify his efforts.

NOEL MACAINSH

Maori Girl

The story of Noel Hilliard's "Maori Girl" (Heinemann, 20/-) is simple and familiar enough to a New Zealander. It might have come from a court-item in a newspaper; or a probation officer's report. A Maori girl leaves her family at the pa, takes off for the bright lights, finishes up a barfly in the city. What that one-sentence summary can't give is any impression of the massive amount of detail accumulated in Mr. Hilliard's 260-odd pages. For Mr. Hilliard gains his effects by accumulation; often he simply catalogues for a page or more at a time. He is—you might guess—a near relative of the Zola-Drieser family of naturalists. If nothing else, he documents his case—and I suspect he proposes nothing less than an indictment of New Zealand society—with remarkable thoroughness. And he has more than method in common with the naturalists: like the heroes of naturalist fiction, his heroine becomes an almost helpless victim of her environment. Perhaps this is what gives the book its oddly old-fashioned air.

Netta Samuel is born on a blackblocks farm in Taranaki, on New Zealand's West Coast, an unremarkable child, easy-going and amiable, of a fairly ordinary and hardworking Maori family. She deserts father's farm after being seduced by one of the local boys, boards a train for Wellington, and her new life begins. A maid in a dreary private hotel, and later a waitress, she struggles with the strange ways of the city, meets racial discrimination and is bewildered by it, and has an affair with an unpleasant bookie's tout who is ashamed of her because she's Maori.

Mr. Hilliard's picture of city life is relentlessly cheerless: there's seldom sunshine; patches of gaiety appear forlorn in a vast grey gloom; women "with flyblown faces" parade "howling, snotty-nosed kids" through the streets of Wellington. Once there is relief—when Netta, on a golden afternoon, is carried off in a rental car by some Maori boys who take her round city beaches to gather shellfish. Her boy friend (one is astonished by Netta's tolerance of this lout in the first place; it's a weakness that Mr. Hilliard isn't more explicit about the nature of the affair, since it could well have made Netta more real to us) predictably ditches her. Alone again, she meets a friendly and casual wharfie, Arthur Cochran, with whom she eventually lives. Their life, for a short time, is a drifting idyll of the city streets. Netta no longer rocks rudderless on a dangerous sea. Then Netta expects a child; Arthur discovers it can't be his. Bitterly, imagining she is trying to trick him into marriage, he breaks with her ("Black!—you're black as the bloody ace of spades!" he shouts) only afterwards, too late, to repent. A year later he glimpses her with dubious companions in a sleazy city bar. Stricken with guilt, when he hears of a drunken Maori girl being carried off unconscious to a police station, he rushes to help: it isn't Netta, as he for a moment fears; but nevertheless he tries pathetically to help. He accepts the responsibility. The guilt is his; and his responsibility goes beyond Netta alone to a wider humanity.

* *

Is Netta's fate inevitable? Well, yes; well, no. Sometimes it appears that Mr. Hilliard would have it so, as he sketches around her, in the city, a gallery of promiscuous Maori companions. Yet he concedes her the possibility of happiness (and with a European) and finally, in a manner rather unsatisfying, withdraws it from her abruptly. What if the child had been Arthur Cochran's? But speculation is profitless. The strength of the novel's conclusion lies not so much in Netta's fate, but rather in Arthur Cochran himself and his repentance; he is wholly credible and his repentance wholly convincing. Here is Mr. Hilliard's triumph. Yet it is a triumph gained at the expense of Netta from whom Mr. Hilliard, with cinematic selectiveness, withdraws at the most critical period of her life. Similarly his shock effect is won at the expense of Netta. She is, after all, the centre of his novel. The author, in effect, has concluded his novel by starting to write another novel—and of a kind at which he may well be more adept.

Mr. Hilliard, one feels, might scorn closer criticism of his novel as an appeal for literary artifice. But it is not artifice that this critic, anyway, would demand of his work. True, his prose is labored, and often bewilderingly careless ("women with flyblown faces" was a fair enough sample); his cataloguing, often with a trace of puritan and almost Swiftian disgust, is sometimes interminable; he could do with a thorough grounding in elementary literary technique—his viewpoint veers this way and that, and he is tempted to deliver God-eye sermons which add to the confusion; and he shows at times an uncertain grasp on his material by forcing unlikely thoughts into the minds of his characters. But these disadvantages could always be outweighed by imagination. A writer can get away with everything short of blank pages if he has the sheer power of imagination. And it's simply imagination that I finally ask. And Mr. Hilliard—let there be no mistake—has it: he shows it patchily in the earlier part of the novel, almost as if he's afraid of revealing it—as, for example, in his description of the old people sitting serenely at the pa as dusk falls around them; and he shows it powerfully in his final thirty pages. But by then it's too late.

Why? Because Mr. Hilliard refuses, from the beginning, to make the imaginative leap into the mind of Netta Samuel, to see the world as she sees it: one can almost see him straining, at times, against this initial refusal. He's content, most of the time, to sit outside her, recording her background and growth. In doing this—in making no pretence of being able to see from the inside, to see the world as she sees it—he may be honest. The question is, can a novel, primarily a work of the imagination, afford this kind of scrupulous journalistic honesty? And the answer, inevitably, is that the novel can't. The novel exists because of human curiosity; it exists because we are interested in what makes other human beings tick. It doesn't exist simply for protest: straight journalism can make protest a hundred times more effective. Nor does it exist to show us the surface of lives in a particular region: geographers and sociologists can do that better. No, it's there to do what the journalist, geographer and sociologist can't do: to show us how people really are, as individuals. Mr. Hilliard seizes bravely on a type —and there are Netta Samuels in plenty in New Zealand—and we are excited because we imagine we are going to see an individual emerge from the type. But we don't: she remains a textbook case; she never grows, except fitfully, as an individual. That doesn't mean to say that her tragedy, as shown by Mr. Hilliard, fails to move us. Because it does—in the same way as a court-report can sometimes move us. He wins the sentimental response; and not the richer response from the deep of us that a more fully-imagined novel might have done.

* *

To take a striking example of what I mean: early in the novel Mr. Hilliard, in describing the relationship between the Samuel children and their proud and ancient grandmother who clings to the past glories of her race, attributes to the children an altogether incredible degree of social consciousness: "Granny left them unsatisfied . . . But they knew that the inevitable had to be adjusted to, that they could not isolate themselves from the present or future. The best they could do was to assimilate as much of the new as they could while preserving what was important of the past. They fretted whether they had saved enough, and whether it was the best . . ." And so on, in the same vein. Now if Netta, for example, had this high and complex degree of consciousness in the beginning, it only makes nonsense of her character as shown later in the novel. On the other hand, she may dimly and intuitively have been aware, rather than wholly conscious, of their situation as children of a vanquished race: and this developing awareness could have been implied in incident and dialogue. In this way Mr. Hilliard might have realised wholly what he is trying to say. Instead, we have Mr. Hilliard himself talking to us in the feeble collective disguise of the children. Later we have Arthur Cochran watching Netta dance: "He was reacting as many people do when, in a world of stock responses and studied attitudes, they come upon something they have sought in a vague and fumbling way all their lives: the unpremeditated creative gesture, dignified and beautiful." Again Mr. Hilliard talking (or lecturing) instead of living his story through his people. Both these examples represent imagination functioning at half-cock; or not functioning at all.

This novel runs at low gear most of the distance; then, a short distance from the end, gears crash and Mr. Hilliard is spectacularly in top. He

resolves his novel poetically—and convincingly. If his challenge ultimately proves disappointing, he also shows us he is a novelist, not a journalist, and a writer of potential distinction. I hope he doesn't desert his racial theme too soon: a gain in confidence as a writer should mean a loss of the sentimentality he permits himself. But "Maori Girl" is a book to be read, not to be read about. As a social document it takes its place on the New Zealand shelf beside John A. Lee's "Children of the Poor" and David Ballantyne's masterpiece "The Cunninghams." It's a passionate plea from the heart: passionate pleas don't always make good literature, but they often make excellent reading.

MAURICE SHADBOLT

Six Australian Novels

Six books by Australian writers turn for their themes of adventure to the Pacific islands, the Northern Territory, western New South Wales, the Victorian bush and the sea. They are notable for a concentration of effort on the narrative development in language that means what it says.

This is not to say that there are not passages of very fine descriptive prose, for example in Nancy Cato's "Green Grows The Vine" (Heinemann, 15/-). This is a story of the Murray valley, and relates the adventures of a trio of young girls drawn together for the duration of the picking season. Their main concern is to earn some money picking grapes, although one of them, Mandy, has been used to the best of good living. Her friend Mitch does the job through sheer necessity, and Maria, the widowed Italian girl, has not long arrived in Australia. Maria, after some early mistakes with the grapes, proves herself to be remarkably adaptable, and succeeds sometimes when her friends have failed.

Nancy Cato has created some authentic scenes of the warmth and color of the fruit blocks along the Murray, and in this respect her writing, as in her previous novels, is particularly fine. There are some humorous episodes in which the conversations have the quiet, realistic touch that suggests actual incidents. It is a light, entertaining novel.

"The Red Bull" (Hale, 15/6), H. A. Lindsay's novel of life in bushfire country in Eastern Victoria, is rich in unpretentious, vivid description of the forest from which Tom Reeford hacks out a farm in the years between the two wars. The first part of the story describes the stubborn efforts of the slow-witted Tom to establish his farm on infertile ground at the site of a disused mine, through long years of disappointment, insecurity, bad crops and the constant menace of fires. The development of the relations between Tom and his wife in the first ten years of marriage create the most appealing phases of the story. The second part of the novel turns to Tom's daughter, who wins a scholarship and studies forestry at the university, devoting her efforts to the promotion of bushfire control. This part is rather crowded with unselected incidents. There are some brilliant glimpses into the boisterous life of wartime Brisbane, but on the whole the connection between this section and the rest of the novel is rather tenuous.

"Subsmash" (Constable, 16/-) is the third novel of J. E. MacDonnell's series of sea adventure tales. This story is a straightforward account of naval exercises in which Commander Brady, in an Australian destroyer, hunts a submerged English submarine. This operation is carried out a number of times without incident, but on the last occasion the submarine is damaged by a torpedo explosion and the crew have to make an emergency escape from the crippled vessel on the sea bed. The description of this escape is tense and exciting, and provides a fitting climax to a story told with considerable, but not distracting, technical knowledge, which, however, does not make itself conspicuous nor distract attention from the drama. The private lives of the characters, however, are treated conventionally, and we gain little insight into their nature.

"White Man's Shoes" (MacDonald, 18/9) by Olaf Ruhen is an account of life on an island group in East Melanesia which is centred on the pearling industry and the Anglican mission. In these islands these two activities are necessarily related. We are told that the benevolent Australian government, mindful of its responsibilities for the education and uplifting of the natives in its mandated territories, has taken pains to establish some of these natives as "little capitalists." Keno Dogami, two generations from cannibalism, once launched with a lugger and a small capital, soon proves himself to be a shrewd businessman, and avails himself of every opportunity to make hay while the sun shines. He is not above corrupting his own people with spirits for profit, and before long he succeeds in being elected to the council of the co-operative pearling enterprise with which his own business is in competition, thus showing that he has taken a leaf out of the white man's book.

It appears that, given the opportunity, the Melanesian exploits his own people even more savagely than the white man. This must give comfort to those who wish to continue the present colonial system of exploitation by the white man.

In "The Roaring Days (Macmillan, 20/-) Donald McLean has written a great, warm-hearted book which is hardly a novel but which is filled with uproarious humor. It is a collection of "yarns, adventures, fights, robberies, droughts, strikes, sprees and sudden riches." It is an unusually vivid book. Sometimes only a few scraps of conversation create a rough citizen of Tibooburra or Wilcannia, and with Drunken Duncan and Mr. Jack-without-a-shirt, alias Gentleman Jack, we meet "that rare thing, a good policeman." The policeman finds the diggers perishing of typhoid fever on the silver claims, and promptly recruits Aboriginals from a nearby tribe to nurse them. Not having the immunity of the white man, the nurses die off even more rapidly than the diggers, but the story of their compassion is one of the great moments of the book. The Shearers' Strike of 1893 is well covered, with scenes from the strikers' camp and the deck of the boat bringing scab labor up the river counterposed, with hilarious effect. The crisp style, the immense variety and the humor in every chapter sustain the interest throughout, and we are left with "a suggestion of the nobility of man being found in unexpected places and situations."

In "The Naked Country" (Heinemann, 17/-) Michael East, now known to be Morris West, tells an adventure story of the Northern Territory, in fluent, concise language. Lance Dillon apprehends Aboriginals killing his prize bull which has wandered into the sacred ground of the tribe. He is wounded by a spear, and pursued. During his flight he encounters every horror that the Territory can offer, including thirst, haemorrhage, infection, and crocodile-infested water where he has to submerge in order to evade the Aboriginals who are after his blood. Meanwhile his wife engages a policeman to lead a search party, induces him to make love to her, and then suffers from a mixture of remorse and fear of the consequences should her husband survive. He survives.

GORDON ADLER

No Sunlight Singing

Australian writing in recent years has seen a number of novels on our Aboriginals. But the "Aboriginal problem" consists of so many different problems that there is plenty of room for more books, and Joe Walker's "No Sunlight Singing" (Hutchinson, 20/-) is a welcome addition.

Written by a worker who has knocked around the Inland for many years and has been a union secretary and editor in Darwin, this book is at its best when describing white attitudes towards the Aboriginals. At times this is done effectively by incidents (stark and sometimes almost horrifying) a little off the main plot. At other times it comes through the curt dialogue of the Aboriginal people as they talk to one another:—

"Keep away from the whites!" "But you can't keep away from the whites!"

"Me got job orright. Plenty money. Ten bob a week . . . Yeh, ten bob a week once a month. Nebber he give me money, though."

"But surely all the colored girls don't have to sleep with white men?" "No, not all, mebbe. Some too ugly."

And when the friendly white worker advises the part-Aboriginal girl on how to "get on" in life, he points out a model for her: "Take Julie now, she married Lofty Barmer and now she's just like a white woman—sleeps with anybody, an' drinks in the pubs . . ."

(In a lighter vein is the Aboriginal woman's description of the white man's culture: "Picshers orright, men ride horses go bang bang, other men go dead. Den bang bang, more go dead. Allatime ride horses, go bang bang.")

White society in the North is depicted vividly. The author is not so convincing in his depiction of the part-Aboriginal girl Mary who is his heroine; perhaps he sees the Aboriginal people too much as people identical with white people except for skin color, instead of as people basically equal but with differences due to different background and environment.

But in the main the story has life and reality, and if the ending lacks something in dramatic power, it correctly ends on a note of dilemma—for to many Aboriginal people our present policies mean that they find acceptance (and partial acceptance only) with white people only by rejecting worthwhile values of their own people.

"Naked We Are Born?" (Ure Smith, 22/6) is a collection of short stories by Victor Carell, who was born in Australia and returned here recently with his wife dancer Beth Dean. It is more highly polished than "No Sunlight Singing", but less satisfactory.

Its theme is the clash between colored and white civilisations, and the tendency to demoralisation of the former. Some of the stories are well told, and Francis Broadhurst's illustrations are effective. But the book has several weaknesses.

One of these is the attempt to deal with three countries (Australia, New Guinea, New Zealand) in one small book. Another is that in depicting the demoralisation of primitive people under the impact of a false-valued white civilisation, too negative a picture has been drawn, with no stress on the important beginnings that the primitive peoples have made to adjust themselves and to find a full life. The result is that the book (although the author obviously didn't intend this and would deny that it is so) gives an impression of prejudice against the Aboriginals, and this is strengthened in the Epilogue, when Namatjira is described in the words of the storekeepers and mission fathers who see him as a tragic figure painting "European" paintings, rather than as a man whose greatness dwarfs the storekeepers and mission fathers into insignificance.

"Violent Anchorage" (Jarrolds, 20/-) by Western Australian writer Jamieson Brown started off on the wrong foot on page one as far as I was concerned by giving its hero "aristocratic cheekbones" and eyes of "a startling cornflower blue". But the story of how this Englishman clashes with a tough Aussie in the West Coast crayfishing industry, and how the two learn to appreciate each other, is capably told, with storms, smuggling, sex and sudden death all woven into the plot to make the book a very readable one if not a great one.

LEN FOX

A Near-Miss Satire

Mr. Robert Burns' unabashed title, "Mr. Brain Knows Best" (Norak, 18/6) disarms his critics immediately. Mr. Brain is the kindly manager of a huge Australian breakfast food firm: he orders the lives of his employees and his family with a paternalistic benevolence which is justified only if one is prepared to accept Mr. Burns' implicit assumption that he does know best, and that he does have the right to interfere in this way. It is good to see that someone still believes in a latter-day squirearchy, but unfortunate that the opposition to Mr. Brain seems to consist entirely of Communists (who for some irritating reason are always referred to as Marxists) of the most deep-dyed villainy and diabolical ingenuity. These same Communists, mind you, occasionally appear as unbelievably naive buffoons chanting meaningless phrases at each other—but then, everyone who has read the Reader's Digest knows about this paradoxical dichotomy.

Mr. Burns' slightly heavyhanded satire is not helped by writing which at times becomes excruciating. The mark of the first novel—overwriting—is most obvious, for instance, in Mr. Burns' unwillingness to allow anyone to say anything: they "puzzle" it, or "drawl" it, or beseech or judge or argue or hiss it. This inevitably leads to a feeling of strain in the writing.

Whether the book can be taken as a valid satire on the Melbourne University Left in the immediate post-war years, which is at least one of its major intentions, is doubtful. To do so effectively, it seems to me, it would have to take more into account the achievements as well as the absurdities of the period. After all, a distorting mirror in a fun parlor is only funny if the image distorted bears a recognisable relation to the distortion.

But the novel is pleasantly readable despite these faults, with a number of skilfully drawn characters and Dickensian wealth of sub-plot. The writing needs tightening and pruning, the satirical passages on the communists need to be more penetrating and those on the capitalists more critical: but Mr. Brain's son, daughter and secretary are real and alive. And we need social and political satires in this country.

CHRIS MASTERMAN

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