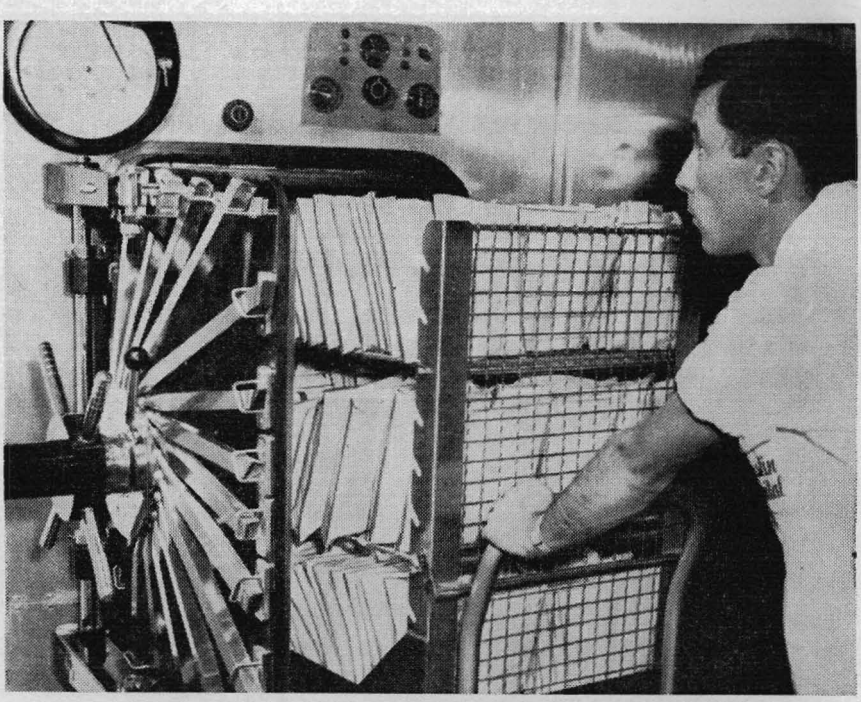
ORPHEUS

1962



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MONASH MAGAZINE
1962

Edited and Authorised by M. Julian West and Ken W. Gooding

Editorial

Monash University is now in its second year of existence. Our struggle to publish this first edition of the Monash Magazine, Orpheus, has not been in vain. Our precedental Policy is to publish only the work of students, primarily because we believe that the academic staff has adequate outlet for their work, while the students have little or no opportunity to present their more developed ideas to a critical public. We have been criticised for this policy on the ground that staff contributions would raise the "standard" of the magazine. We have no intention of using such props so that the students themselves may have their work criticised and appreciated by their contemporaries rather than accumulating rejection notices.

Most of us have noticed part of the administrative building is cracking and sinking. Whether the reason be soft foundations, poor design, or normal settling, we do not know; it is however symbolic of the student body as an entity. Young as both the buildings and student body are, one is tempted to inquire into the structure we are given at university on which to grow.

The development of critical abilities is considered the generalised end of our studies. This is the law-like structure around which we are to concentrate. But this is a change of aim from the quest for truth for which universities were originally instituted. Consider whether we are those searchers who regarded the great as not too great nor the small as too small. Has not the university become merely a technical college where one is taught a trade?

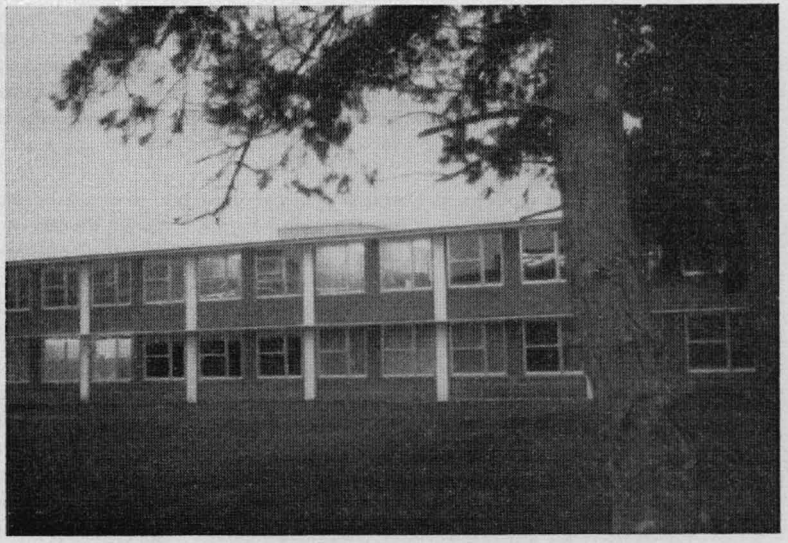
Unapplaudedly, the autonomy of economics and political faith have made man into a unit of productivity. Man is no longer in control of history, he has become merely another historical force, and by no means a major one. "Our slot in society" has all too universally become the ambition of the product of the university. How common it is to seek our vocation in big companies because as Wilson observes, "big companies are safer".

This is evident also among the academic staff who too readily interpret the student as a potential graduate and no more. The pernicious denial of man as the controller of his fate is tacitly accepted by them also.

Monash University is in its formative years and yet already we see a proportion of students who could with relative ease obtain a degree, leaving because they were disillusioned. The Protestant Ethic as taught at the University has been tried by them and found wanting. Too many students have lost their breath, the cracks are appearing. How can the student become stamped as a person?

Criticism tempered with appreciation; synthesis not analysis; knowledge not information; these are the structures on which to construct the university.

M. Julian West
10/9/62 Ken W. Gooding



A Practical Plan for Peace

(A LECTURE GIVEN AT MELBOURNE HIGH SCHOOL, 26th JULY, 1962)

I doubt if anyone would dispute the universal recognition of the need for genuine and assured peace, in our nuclear age. Further I doubt if anyone would quarrel with my description of the age as a "state of unreal peace which rests precariously on mutual fear inspired by the delicate balance of terror". It would seem inevitable that this uneasy balance, this unstable equilibrium will be upset whether it take ten, twenty, or thirty years, unless there is a drastic change in our attitude; unless the means of warfare are eradicated. It is, I feel, equally obvious that the consequences of an ignition of the cold war will be the complete destruction of mankind and a devastation so horrible that it surpasses all imagination. People realising this the world over have been paying lip-service to the ideal of a real and lasting peace. Yet why has nothing been achieved? The reason is partly that, because no comprehensive and practical plan has been produced, society considers any attempt at peace to be both futile and impossible. However, we say that genuine peace is not only necessary but possible, and is now a practical prospect that practical men can work for with reasonable hopes.

In general, Australians are apathetic and ignorant and do not appreciate the desperate need for peace and total disarmament. Because of our geographical position (insularity) we are isolated and because of our isolation we feel detached and not involved in the vital problems of Berlin, Vietnam and Korea — they are something far away in an unreal fantasy world. Because the threat of war seems less real to us, we have not developed a sense of urgency for total disarmament and the feeling for peace itself is lessened.

Our task is fundamentally this — to break down Australia's feeling of smug complacency, to jolt her out of her apathy, to make appreciate the urgency of peace and to encourage her to take an active and dynamic role in its attainment.

When one considers the principle forces working against total disarmament and genuine peace, one immediately notes the enormity of the problem and the seeming insurmountability of the obstacles.

A most important adverse factor is the reluctance of the average person to make any drastic change in his traditional form of behaviour. Man has a tendency for procrastinating and conservatism. This deep-seated trait in human nature is very evident at the beginning of the 1960's as a grave obstacle to genuine peace.

This is so because nothing is more certain than that under the conditions of the nuclear age, the realisation of a true peace will require a truly revolutionary change in human thinking and behaviour, a change so drastic that human nature almost automatically resists it, no matter how clearly the necessity may appear.

A second factor is the "vested interests in armament" on the part of the military profession, entrepreneurs, and the employees in armaments industries.

Far more serious however is the mutual fears and recriminations which so poisons the East-West atmosphere as to bring under suspicion in the West almost any proposal coming from the East, and correspondingly in the East, almost any proposal coming from the West. This state of affairs is unfortunately deeply rooted on both sides, and there exists a notion of international politics that "conditions" the thinking of millions of people — East and West. They feel that the state of international tension is both inevitable and perpetual.

There is little use in seeking to assess the blame which both sides must share and we must accept this poisoned atmosphere as a fact of life which cannot be gotten rid of for a long time. This mutual fear and suspicion is indeed an enormous barrier to peace, and we should recognise that success in the accomplishment of total disarmament and the establishment of enforceable world law will not be because this barrier will soon disappear, but because it will be pushed aside under the pressure of **necessity.**

Here we have a really formidable group of obstacles. What then are the favourable forces which are capable of upsetting or overcoming them. What are the factors working towards world peace?

The answer is essentially those of **need** — AND it is our belief that the force of necessity will sublimate all the hitherto mentioned problems.

Of these factors the most important single one seems, very clearly to be the steadily increasing risk of world catastrophe resulting from a continuance of the arms race and a continuing lack of effective world machinery to settle international disputed by peaceful means.

In specifying the increasing risk of world disaster it is realised that the likelihood of all-out nuclear war may not increase at all and may even diminish during the 1960's because of a greater mutual understanding of its destructing consequences. But more than offsetting this factor is, I believe, the rapidly mounting potentialities of destruction if a large-scale nuclear war should, nevertheless, occur. For while it may be true that the chances of an all-out nuclear war may not increase during the 1960's, it is a certainty that the potential damage from such a war, if it should occur, will steadily increase from year to year due to the increased efficiency and accuracy of nuclear weapons. It follows that the real risk of war, will, in the absence of universal and complete disarmament under effective world law, be a steady mounting one. A greater comprehension of this fact will be, I judge, the major influence in bringing about the acceptance and formulation of an agreement for total disarmament under enforcible world law.

Next in importance to the risk of appalling disaster from the increasing destructiveness of modern weapons is, I believe, an increasing impatience with the vast economic burden of the arms race which amounts to more than $1,000 billion per annum — even in so affluent a country as the U.S. the vast military expenditure holds back such urgent needs as the

improvement of education and of medical care, urban renewal and the conservation of natural resources. And in nations less economically developed like India, the adverse effects of military expenditure are naturally much greater. As the years have passed, there has been a growing consciousness that the existence of these burdens is incompatible with the economic and social reforms urgently demanded by the people of all nations. In the 1960's this consciousness will almost certainly become a more powerful force in favour of total disarmament.

Another helpful development should be a clearer realisation from year to year that it is impossible to arrive at any important political settlements in the absence of an agreement for comprehensive disarmament. There has been much talk to the effect that the settlement of various difficult political problems (e.g., Berlin and Vietnam) must precede, or at least be simultaneous with any comprehensive disarmament. The commonsense of the matter is that in an armed world it is most improbable that any of these difficult E-W issues can be settled — for the simple reason that it is virtually impossible to settle any major controversy between opponents of equal strength and pride when the opposing parties are armed to the teeth and therefore bitterly suspicious of each other. All experience shows that before such opponents can settle any important issue they must first agree to dispense with violence and cease the mutual threats and insults.

It has taken a long time to grasp this simple truth as applied to the crucial disputes between East and West, but it will become more and more apparent to most reasonable men and women that an agreement to universal and complete disarmament must be reached before the thorny East-West issues can be resolved.

What the whole question comes down to in the last analysis is whether the human race will show enough intelligence to enable it to make the required adjustment to the nuclear age. In 1962 the issue as to the future of mankind is whether the human race is sufficiently resourceful to formulate and accept world institutions which will once and for all abolish war and utilise the great new discoveries of science for peaceful means alone. This issue will, however, depend not upon any inherent lack of intelligence but upon whether sufficient effort is made to make effective use of our present fund of knowledge. If the peoples of the world are so apathetic as to permit the domination of military and traditional thinking they can expect nothing better than an indefinite continuance of the arms race and ultimate disaster. On the other hand, if they make an even reasonable attempt to comprehend the danger and the available means to remove it, it lies within their power to solve the problem and to institute an age of genuine peace under world law.

In fact, such an effort has been made — Professors Sohn and Grenville Clark (two academics from Harvard University) have put forward a practical, comprehensive and integrated plan for genuine peace in a book called "World Peace Through World Law".

The fundamental premise of the book is identical with the pronoucement of the President of the United States on October 31, 1956:

"There can be no peace without law."

In this context, law necessarily implies the law of a world authority which would be uniformly applicable to all nations and all individuals in the world and which would definitely forbid violence or the threat of it as a means for dealing with any international dispute. This world law must also be law which is capable of enforcement as distinguished from a mere set of exhortations and injunctions which it is desirable to observe, but for the enforcement of which there is no effective machinery.

The proposition "no peace without law" also embodies the conception that peace cannot be ensured by a continual arms race, nor by an indefinite "balance of terror", nor by diplomatic manoeuvre, but only by **UNIVERSAL** and **COMPLETE** national disarmament together with the establishment of institutions corresponding in the world field to those which maintain law and order within local communities and nations.

Consequently, "World Peace Through World Law" comprises a set of definite and interrelated proposals to carry out complete and universal disarmament and to strengthen the United Nations through the establishment of such legislative, executive and judicial institutions as are necessary to maintain world order.

Let us now consider the main features of Clark and Sohn's Plan:

1. The plan is to be ratified by 5/6ths of all the nations of the world, the ratifying nations to have a combined population of at least 5/6ths of the total world population and to include all the 12 nations which then have the largest populations (i.e., they would now be Brazil, France, the Federal Republic of Germany, India, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Pakistan, the People's Republic of China, the U.K., the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.).

   Every one of the necessarily small minority of non-member nations shall nevertheless be required to comply with all the prohibitions and obligations of the disarmament plan. This provision that every nation in the world shall completely disarm and shall comply with the plan for the substitution of world law for international violence is deemed fundamental. Since if even one small nation were permitted to possess the new weapons of mass destruction, such fears and suspicions might remain as to prevent the adherence of others and the entire plan might be frustrated . . . in fact, the practical result would be little different from that of universal compulsory membership.
2. A radical session is proposed as to the power composition and method of voting of the General Assembly.
   (a) The plan calls for imposing the final responsibility for the enforcement of the disarmament process and the maintenance of peace upon the General Assembly itself, and gives the Assembly adequate power to this end. This power would, however, be strictly limited to matters directly related to the maintenance of peace. All other power should be reserved for the nations and their people. This definition and reservation of power is advisable not only to avoid opposition based upon fear of possible interference in the domestic affairs of

the nations but also because it is wise for this generation to limit itself to the single task of preventing international violence or the threat of it. If we can accomplish that, we should feel satisfied and could well leave to later generations any enlargement of the power of the world organisations that they might find desirable.

(b) Revision of the System of Representation in the Assembly: The proposed plan of representation takes account of relative populations but is qualified by the important provisions that no nation, however large, shall have more than 30 representatives and that even the smallest nation shall have 1 representative — thus the 4 most populous nations of the world (the People's Republic of China, India, the Soviet Union and the United States) would each have a maximum of 30 representatives. The 8 next largest nations (Brazil, France, the Federal Republic of Germany, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Pakistan and Great Britain) would have 15 representatives each and even the smallest nation (Iceland) would have 1 representative.

3. It is proposed to abolish the present Security Council and to substitute for it a Executive Council composed of 17 representatives elected by the General Assembly itself and responsible to and removable by the Assembly.

   The 4 largest nations would each be entitled at all times to have one of its representatives on the Council and 4 of the 8 next largest nations in rotation would also be entitled to representation. The remaining 9 members would be chosen by the Assembly from the Representatives of all the other member nations and the non-self governing and trust territories under a formula designed to provide fair representation, for all the regions of the world and to ensure that every member nation, without exception, shall in due course have a representative on this all-important Council.

   A fundamental feature of the plan is that there should be no veto power — the decisions of the new Executive Council or "important" matters (so defined) would be by a vote of 12 or the 17 representatives composing it with proviso that this majority shall include a majority of the 8 members of the Council from the 12 member nations entitled to 15 or more representatives in the Assembly, and a majority of the 9 other members of the Council. All other decisions would be by a vote of any 12 members of the Council. This Executive Council would constitute the executive arm of the strengthened U.N. holding much the same relation to the General Assembly as that of the British Cabinet to the House of Commons. Subject to its responsibility to the Assembly, the new Council would have broad power to supervise and direct the disarmament process and other aspects of the whole system for the maintenance of peace provided for in the revised charter.

4. Clark and Sohn continually emphasise that the complete disarmament of **all** the nations (rather than the mere "reduction" or "limita-

tion" of armaments) is essential for any solid or lasting peace.

Let us then consider the process of disarmament — it calls for a "transition period" of one year following the coming into force of the revised charter during which the first new General Assembly would be selected, the first Executive Council would be chosen by the Assembly, and the first Inspection Commission would be appointed. The plan then calls for a "preparatory stage" of 2 years during which an arm census would be taken, an inspection service would be organised and other preparations would be made. Finally, it provides for an "actual disarmament stage" which would normally last 10 years during which there would be a step-by-step simultaneous and proportionate reduction in all categories of all national armed forces and all armaments at the rate of 10% per annum.

At the end of the process no national military forces whatever would exist and the only coercive power in the entire world (as distinguished from limited and lightly armed internal police forces) would be a world police force, to be called the U.N. PEACE FORCE, which would be built up parallel with, and in proportion to, the disarmament process.

5. **A World Police Force**

The plan is framed upon the assumption that not even the most solemn agreement and not even the most thorough inspection system can be fully relied upon to ensure that every nation will always carry out and maintain complete disarmament and refrain from violence under all circumstances. Moreover, it must be recognised that even with complete elimination of all military forces there would necessarily remain substantial, although strictly limited and lightly armed internal police forces, and these police forces supplemented by civilians armed with rifles, shotguns, etc., might conceivably constitute a serious threat to a neighbouring country in the absence of a well-disciplined and heavily-armed world police force. In short, our conception is that if police forces are necessary to maintain law and order even with a mature community, similar forces will be required to guarantee the carrying out and maintenance of complete disarmament by each and every nation, and to deter or suppress any attempted international violence. This world police force would be the only military force permitted anywhere in the world after the process of national disarmament has been completed. It would be built up during the above-mentioned actual disarmament stage, so that as the last military unit is disbanded, the organisation of the Peace Force would simultaneously be completed.

The initial weapons and equipment of the Peace Force would come from the transfer of weapons and equipment discarded by national military forces during the process of complete disarmament. Subsequent supplies would be produced by the U.N. in its own production facilities through a separate agency to be established by the

General Assembly and called the U.N. MILITARY SUPPLY AND RESEARCH AGENCY.

It is essential to provide a world police of such strength and armament as to be able quickly and certainly to prevent or suppress any international violence. We submit, in short, that a strong, well-armed police force is part of the indispensable price of peace and that the sooner the world faces up to this conclusion the better it will be for all peoples.

6. In order to achieve genuine peace we must have more than total and universal disarmament and more than an effective police force. We must also have world tribunals to which the nations can resort with confidence for the adjustment or decision of their disputes and which, subject to careful safeguards, will have clearly defined authority to deal with any dispute which is dangerous to peace even if a nation does not wish to submit to the jurisdiction of the appropriate tribunal. It is intended that such organs as the International Court of Justice, the World Equity Tribunal and World Conciliation Boards will be of so high a Statute that under exceptional conditions involving world peace their recommendations may be given the force of law.
7. While universal, enforceable, and complete disarmament, together with adequate institutions and methods for the peaceful settlement of disputes are certainly indispensable, no solid and lasting peace can be assured by these means alone. There is also required a more positive approach through the amelioration of the worst economic ills of mankind. It is therefore proposed that a WORLD DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION under the general supervision of the ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL COUNCIL should provide aid to the underdeveloped areas of the world to an extent necessary to remove the danger to world peace and stability caused by the immense economic disparity between these areas and the industrialised regions of the world.

This, then, is a rough precis of the most important elements of Clark and Sohn's plan and at this juncture we must consider the obvious **risks** involved. One that immediately comes to mind is "Couldn't a State or a group of nations secretly possess a store of nuclear weapons and thus hold the balance of power"? The answer is, of course, "Yes". But it is a basic premise of this necessarily elaborate plan for universal and complete disarmament that, while the proposed system of inspection and control could not provide absolute assurance against the clandestine retention or manufacture of weapons, it could and would provide highly effective protection. In any case it would be fallacious and a counsel of despair to reject the idea of the complete abolition of national armaments, including nuclear weapons, merely because no absolute or foolproof guarantee can be supplied that every ounce of dangerous war material has been accounted for and that no dangerous new weapon can ever be secretly made.

The specific guarantees of safety are the combination of a compre-

hensive and highly organised inspection system with a coercive force of overwhelming power.

While a world police force, well-equipped and strong enough to prevent or to suppress any international violence, is, we believe, indispensable. The danger that it might be perverted into a tool of world domination by a militant clique is fully recognised. It is with this danger clearly in mind that meticulous care has been taken to surround the proposed Peace Force with careful limitations, safeguards, checks and balances, so as to make its subversion virtually impossible.

The danger of possible misuse of the Peace Force cannot be wholly eliminated any more than every conceivable danger of violation of the disarmament process can be totally avoided. However, in order to achieve complete national disarmament and genuine peace some risks must be taken (although, as we have seen, they can be minimised).

Having listened to me pontificating at tedious length your reaction could quite justifiably be — So what! Here you've come along and presented us with a rather mad-cap, airy-fairy Utopian scheme and even, allowing the minute possibility that your plan for peace could be implemented, what possible role can we play? How can insignificant individuals like ourselves hope to influence world affairs?

My answer to this is that Australians individually and collectively as a nation can and must have a great role to play, for if public opinion is engendered to such a pitch that the Australian Government was forced to a dynamic position as far as world peace is concerned, it could then conceivably happen that an Australian proposal in the United Nations to adopt Clark and Sohn's plan would be adopted.

Further, the specific role of students, such as yourselves, is 4-fold:

1. Thought and enlightened criticism — but not cynicism.
2. Possibly the formation of a society interested in world peace, disarmament and world government.
3. Support for our forthcoming treatise, if and when it is published.
4. An active and vital role in stimulating public opinion — helping develop a sense of awareness about the urgency of disarmament and world peace.

One could, I suppose, philosophise about the New Hope for a Brave New World if such a plan was adopted. One could envisage the solution of the East-West problem and in its place the development of a harmonious co-existence with global unity and a "collective politic". There would be one world and not independent isolated geographical entities — cultural fluorescence — new men with breadth of outlook — tolerance. Really "peace that passeth all understanding".

This is perhaps merely wistful thinking — possibly man by his very nature is intrinsically selfish, lustful of power, avaricious, etc., but we must emphasise that our Primary Objective is World Peace through World Law and Complete Disarmament.

In conclusion, my plea is "Think on these things — then act".

Thoughts on a Crane

Poised and serene
it stands against the pale sky.
With dignity and ease
it has moved while men work;
but now
as dusk descends
and the orange sun
lingers in the clear sky,
birds approach
this monument of solidity.
They find rest there.

. . . . . .

Rain beats against its sides;
rain, persistent and penetrating
has impressed its character
into brick:
yet, as it stands, unflinching, unmoving,
the flanks of the metal giant
repel this oppressive
monotonous force,
ever beating, ever grey,
never relenting.
This trial must be faced alone;
the birds will return tomorrow
with the loitering sun.

. . . . . .

Two worlds are juxtaposed;
one of regularity, controlled activity,
men moving, sweating —
the crane guiding, controlling all
majestically.
The other, natural —
dark pine trees sheltering birds
(like a mother restraining her child)
until the men leave.
Then, with mutual understanding,
the paternal crane
receives the eager birds
into its arms:
between two worlds
an affinity is expressed
by the setting sun.

A Short Story

Perhaps on a crowded Saturday in the city you have noticed a little bald, bespectacled, freckled man, creeping along beside the shop windows, trying as hard as possible to avoid the necessity of asserting his individuality and forcing his way through the crush. He will almost invariably look very frightened and agitated, his glasses are probably fogging up from the nervous perspiration on his embarrassed face and he will probably be having trouble with a bootlace that insists on coming undone in the most inconvenient places.

Or perhaps on a languid Sunday afternoon in the city you may see him being accosted by one of the "Got a bob for a cuppa coffee mate" type — they are usually very adept at picking the meek and mild. A loud "How are ya' mate" will be accompanied by a boisterous clout on the poor unfortunate's shoulders which will all but disintegrate on the spot. "Garry (the Crusher) Billing's the name" and just to prove his point he crushes the poor limp hand offered till the bones crack and the poor victim winces.

"Can ya lend us a bob? just want a cup a coffee. Ain't eaten since last Thursday night."

Meek and Mild obediently fumbles for a "bob", nearly drops his glasses, looks very embarrassed, but eventually, produces the demanded coin.

"Look mate, while you're at it, ya reckon ya co'd make it three bob?"

Another coin is produced. Then with a hurried cautious look and with the blessings being invoked on his head ringing in his ears, Meek and Mild quickly makes his getaway.

Well Benny Gatford is such a person, an indescribable little man very quiet, reserved and reticent. I can't exactly call him a friend since we hardly ever spoke to each other (at least not until this thing happened to him). But for some strange reason he chose me to be his guardian angel. He would sidle up to me, with a small twisted smile on his face, stop about a foot behind my back, and hover there in my shadow. I'm sure he immagined I held a big fierce two edged sword in my hand with which I warded off all kinds of frightening people who were continually trying to beset him and crush him out of existence.

But actually nobody took the least notice of him, so perhaps it was the malignant gods and boglegs that I was to keep at bay. People invariably turned their backs on him and completely ignored any timid efforts at self assertion that he sometimes tried to make. And this "turning the backs of" was the sole cause of the trouble that ruined the whole of his later life.

He always saw the rear of people, always their callous scornful backs. If you were a philosopher, I suppose you would call this "a posteriori" knowledge. Eventually this rear view, of people in particular, and life in general incensed him, that to my great surprise (for I always had maintained that he was incapable of any emotion whatsoever) he developed a

very strong aversion towards people's backs. In the modern jargon I suppose this would be called a "back-side fixation". Eventually this grew into a strong vicious hate that gripped him with an insane intensity; he wanted to kick, kick, smash, these cold faceless arses that were continually turned towards him. His toes would tingle with an intense yearning whenever he immagined sinking his boots into their contemptuous callous flesh.

Of course being very conventional and "house trained" Benny at first tried to suppress these wrong thoughts as not befitting a respectable man. But, alas, all to no avail. The desire persisted, so he was forced to do something about it. He was extremely methodical and practical so he reasoned thus:—

"If I am going to do this then I must do it properly. No good making a haphazard job of it. I suppose there is an art even in kicking, and if I am to achieve the greatest gratification I must practice it hard."

And he became so absorbed with this idea, or ideal, that he went to extraordinary lengths to perfect the "technique of his footwork" as he used to say.

He at first embarked on a long and detailed study of the anatomy of the human leg with special emphasis on its muscular action. He studied the legs of his family, getting his children to walk up and down the living room in their underwear so that he could obtain first hand knowledge. His wife, too, was subjected to countless indelicacies until she flatly refused to co-operate, and even forbade the children to parade in front of their pa.

He was at a loss as to what to do at first, and would wander about despondently racking his brain for a solution.

And then quite suddenly he found the answer, and for a long time he would go out into the street in his lunch hour and follow office girls and boys in short pants, hang around staircases and watch the girls mount, taking notes all the time on peculiarities in such and such a muscle, differences in leg action, etc. But another blow.

The police questioned him one day and warned him that if he were seen once more he would be arrested and charged with perversion or some such thing.

This frightened him for a while but he persevered. He bought himself a movie camera with a telescopic lens and photographed footballers legs while kicking the ball, studying them for long hours in his private home.

About this time he became very interested in the structure and influence of the thigh and its muscules on kicking. And shortly afterwards his wife sued for divorce on the grounds of incompatability. Benny moped for a while, but eventually managed to console himself with the thought that his wife was not a very good specimen for study at all, her thigh muscles not being very well developed.

I saw his wife in the street a little later with another man, and I must say I didn't see much wrong with her thighs or legs. But one never knows, I suppose.

Of course all this time, Benny spent hours each day exercising his legs.

He would tell us everyday of some new exercise he had just invented to strengthen some obscure muscle in his leg, the existence of which I did

not even suspect. Sometimes he would show us his legs, flex them and point out the subtle intricacies of various parts. It was all lost on me I'm afraid. They were a little too hairy for my liking, and I never used to be very interested in men's legs anyway. He did though achieve some success in this field apart from his own personal gratification. Some charity wanted to raise money (as usual) and a bright spark on the committee suggested having a "leg show" for men. Benny entered the contest.

The night of the judging came. The hall was crowded with well educated and cultured people (for it takes refinement to be able to appreciate the subtle points associated with such things as legs — an ability to concentrate on detail). Benny paraded in a dinner suit (without pants, of course), the hairs shaved off, tanning solution on his bare legs, and a rather tasteful red garter around his left ankle.

He won, of course. He gratefully accepted the prizes — a hind quarter of beef, an authentic Egyptian Mummy's toe and an engraved yak's foot.

For quite a time afterward the "society" people would ask Benny to their parties as a mark of esteem and admiration. He would find an inobtrusive hiding place, sip some sickly cocktail and emerge at the appointed time. Then he would walk to the middle of the room or hall, quickly take his trousers off and exhibit his legs to the effusive admiration of all present. But his popularity soon waned, and he confided in me; that he was really glad, because not only was it keeping him from his work, but whenever he went he used to be seized by an insane desire to kick some of the fat fleshy matrons and portly gentlemen present. And, of course, this would not do.

At first this all seemed novel and interesting to me, but soon the magic began to wear pretty thin and eventually I told him to shut up or I'd kick him down the stairs in a very crude and unaesthetic way. He was offended for a while and sulked quite a lot, but eventually he quietened down and reverted to his calm mild manner. Occasionally he would make a few remarks about further developments. He hinted once that he was now studying the physics of kicking and how interesting it all was. Another time he intimated that shapes of shoes were at present engaging his mind, and that what a marked influence it had on "kickability". Pointed shoes and hobnail boots were . . . But I did not let him go on.

Then a great tragedy struck. His right leg was seized by an attack of chronic rheumatism. And it was his right leg that he had been concentrating on most.

But he did not give up so easily. The left leg was instantly enlisted and Benny applied himself with redoubled energy. It was quite funny to see him walk. His vigorous left leg would sometimes almost spin him around, his stiff right leg acting as a pivot.

However the rheumatism spread. One day he did not turn up as usual. He was in bed unable to move either leg. Benny was a broken man. He just wasted away day by day. His grown son would sometimes come to visit him to see if he could help his poor father, but there was not much to be done. He recoverd for a little while and it was then that he asked his son, the tears welling up in his eyes to allow him just one kick, as a boon to a dying man. His son consented, bent over and waited. Benny care-

fully, lovingly, selected one of his many special shoes for kicking, a pointed Italian shoe, laboriously put it on and then planted a surprisingly vigorous kick on the proferred object. He collapsed straight after and never left his bed again. His son suffered from a stricture for a couple of days and complained that he had been maimed for life, but he recovered. When he thought of what the old man could have done if he had been still vigorous he went ashen and quickly downed a couple of aspirins.

Benny died soon after, not a happy man, but not completely unfulfilled, for the memory of that kick sustained him to the end.

He was burried modestly and according to his request the complete works of Milton were buried with him as he had worked up a very close and spiritual relationship with the works of this great man. Some fellow feeling I suppose.

There were a few unkind people that made a joke of him saying things like "All that Benny ever kicked properly was the bucket" and "If Satan ever tries to climb back into heaven Benny's the boy to boost him out".

Droll and trite, perhaps, but these were the only "in memoriams" that he received. These soon died out and with them died the memory of poor Benny Gatford; he was just an object of ridicule to most people, not a person at all. Perhaps it's understandable.

I still think of him sometimes. I don't suppose it is in a sense of love but more out of curiosity. Why did he go to such extraordinary lengths? Was it only a reassertion of his basic characteristics — indecision, humility, and a sense of his own unimportance? Surely if he wanted to kick someone so badly he could have done it without all that preparation. Was he procrastinating, not forcing the real issues, merely creating an artificial drive which would keep his mind in a state of continual activity so that it couldn't tackle the real problem? Did he get trapped into a vicious circle which led him inevitably to a sterile grave?

I'm afraid these problems are too involved for me; I'll just leave you with the story. I'm going to the pub anyway this afternoon so I can't spare the time.

Why am I going? To exercise my stomach muscles of course. You see I too have a secret ambition in life.

Fragment

M. J. WEST

Love is a play, a bitter, tragic drama,
Whose finale is the death of its players.
We are the cast, you and I who love so strongly
We shall die as others have before us —
We shall age and live with memories.

Drifting Clouds of Smoke

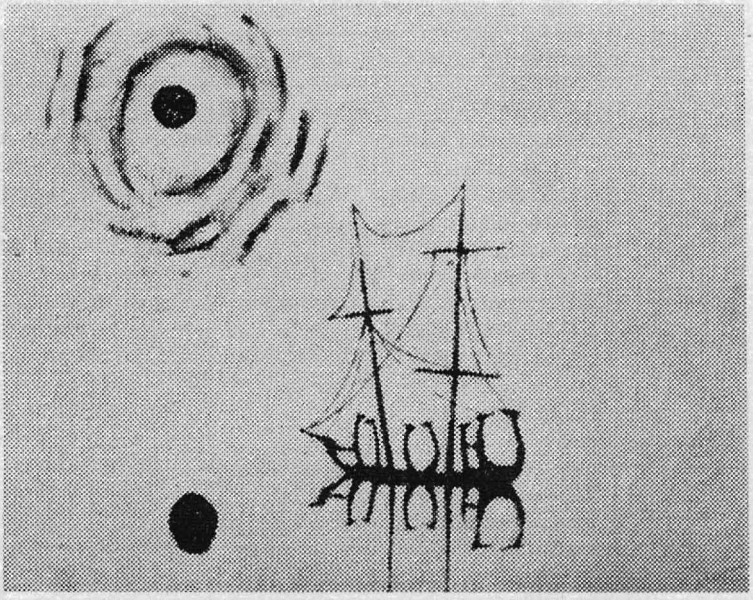
a prose-poem

" . . . prescription, er . . . no. At home, yes at home. Send it later. Tomorrow, yes . . . send it tomorrow. Mustn't sound nervous. Hands mustn't shake. Pockets. Ha ha no pockets. Raincoat. No POCKETS. HA HA HA! Oh God. What'll she think. Mustn't be nervous. Nervous? NO! What am I asking for? Cold? No! Excitement? Yes, excitement. Perhaps I'm being followed. Must hurry. Yes, hurry, fast, fast, FAST! Running. Why? WHY? Mustn't be nervous. Two more blocks. Blast those lights. Why should I worry who see's me? Quite legitimate! Home from work. Works late-shift at the factory. Bachelor. Quiet. Don't think he smokes or drinks. Drink? No — found a substitute. Ah, not far now. Key. Have to undo buttons. Wish we had feathers. No coats. Cold though. Which pocket? Ah, got it now . . . Raincoat off. Let it stay there. 10 p.m. Bed. Dreams. Escape. Let's see now. Pyjamas. Top drawer. Yes. Now to leave. Left arm. Doesn't hurt now. Used to though. Slowly press. Swelling. Bloodstream. Put it on the dresser. Lie down quietly. Turn off light. Who cares. Great reader. Ah, fools. Feels sleepy, feels wonderful, feels . . .

. . . See that chap, dark, well-built, opera-singer.
Quarter of a million, last appearance.
Fifteen curtain calls.
Rave-reviews from all critics.
Exceptional voice and delivery.
Handsome, too . . . handsome, too . . .
. . . Yes, worked in a factory once.
Soon found my voice.
Never looked back.
Performed everywhere.
No time for marriage.
Lots of friends though, lots of friends . . .
. . . Great lover.
Plenty of practice.
You like the flat?
It's yours my dear.
The car, too?
It's yours, it's yours . . .
. . . Four thousand each?
Six please.
Never drive on Sundays.
Repairs?
Never paid yet.
Give them away, away . . .
. . . Foot-runner once.
Six gold medals.
Could have been seven.

1948.
Beat them all.
Was the best, the best . . .
. . . Stirling Moss?
Taught him.
Eighteen Grand Prix.
Two years driving.
Crashes?
Never, too good, too good . . .
. . . The Empire State?
Own it!
Having eight more built.
Expense?
No worries.
I've got plenty, got plenty . .
. . . Met Saint Peter.
Said: "You're a hoax.
Don't need God.
No Hell".
Heaven?
I'll buy it, buy it . . .
. . . Saw the Loch Ness monster.
Sends his regards.
Quiet chap.
No pretence
Like myself.
Very busy, very busy . . .
. . . Lectured once.
History, English, Hebrew, Engineering.
Too easy though.
Brain going rusty.
Started my own University.
Very brainy, very brainy . . .
. . . English Channel?
Crossed it five times.
Never rested.
Only person ever.
Bit tired.
Could have gone on, could have gone on . . .
. . . Invented a Bicoplane.
Crossed the Atlantic.
Pedalled hard and fast.
Wasn't allowed return.
Too cold.
Could have though, could have though . .
. . . Harems?
Yes, five.
Not home enough for more.

It was my idea.
Taught the Shieks.
Good idea, good idea . . .
. . . Started the Drug-trade.
U.S.A., U.K., Russia.
Depression years.
Over Capone.
Good job.
Was the biggest, the biggest . . .
. . . Drugs?
Take them often.
Every night.
Hypodermic Syringe.
Left arm.
Make me dream, make me dream, dream . . . "



Ross Cooper . . . Ancient Mariner
(photo: courtesy "Chaos")

Religion and Politics: Need There Be Conflict?

Despite the existence of an Australian myth which states that religion and politics are never to be discussed with people holding opposing views, it is, however, becoming increasingly obvious, that more and more people are concerning themselves with these topics. The question of whether or not a person may be both truly religious and truly political has caused confusion in the minds of many, and has many times been left unanswered. I will endeavour to provide an answer.

In his Addresses to two World Congresses of the Lay Apostolate, Pius XII clearly stated the Catholic position — it is both undesirable and impossible to keep politics apart. At the first World Congress in 1951, he said,

> " . . . By force of circumstances, there arises a reciprocal inter-action between the religious apostolate and political action. The word 'political', in its highest sense, means nothing but collaboration for the good of the State. This 'good of the State' is to be understood in a very wide sense. It is in the political field that laws of the greatest importance are enacted; laws such as those concerning marriage, the family, the child, the school, to confine ourselves to these examples. Are these not questions which primarily interest religion?"

The examples given by Pius XII illustrate the relationship existing between religious and moral principles on the one hand and the legislative and administrative activities of the government on the other, even within a normally functioning democratic society. The Quaker, Whittaker Chambers, illustrates the same inter-action in dealing with the conflict of absolutes between Christianity and Communism. He speaks of the twentieth century as,

> "the first century since life began when a decisive part of the most articulate section of mankind has not merely ceased to believe in God, but has deliberately rejected God. And it is the century in which this religious rejection has taken a specifically political form, so that the characteristic experience of the mind in this age is a political experience. At every point, religion and politics interlace, and must do so more acutely as the conflict between the two great camps of men — those who reject and those who worship God — becomes irrepressible. Those camps are not only outside but also within nations."

Against the background of sectarian hatred triggered off by Dr. Evatt's attack on "The Movement", Dr. Lloyd Ross, probably the leading Australian Labor Historian, in one of his first contributions to the current Labor controversy, repudiated the position of those who sought to declare a particular application of religious and moral principles an "outside influence"

in relation to Labor. He wrote in "20th Century", Spring, 1955,

> "No believer can separate his religious faith from a judgment of political and social questions . . . to ask those who hold firmly to their religious beliefs, that they close the door on such beliefs when they enter the union hall or a Labor Branch meeting, is to ask that men and women be insincere and suffer from divided personalities."

Mahatma Gandhi was a Hindu: but the issue was clearer to him than it was to some Christians.

> "I could not live for a single second without my religion . . . Many of my political friends despair of me, because they say that even my politics are derived from my religion. And they are right . . . For me, politics bereft of religion are absolute dirt, ever to be shunned. All Men Are Brothers."

The demand that religion and politics should be separated — a demand which frequently recurs despite its obvious unreality — is not only the property of the unthinking. Many "practical" politicians find the intervention of absolutes uncomfortable in a field of operation which they regard as being amoral and unprincipled game of compromise and manoeuver.

There are many situations in which the presence or abdication of moral and religious principles in a society depends upon political action. In the twentieth century, Christianity has undergone the horrifying experience of modern totalitarianism under Nazism in Germany, and under Communism in Russia, the East European countries and China. Of the two, Communism is by far the more dangerous because it presents itself as a more or less logical philosophy and because the devotion which it calls forth from some at least of its followers is a veritable mask of religion.

It is a commonplace that a communist totalitarian regime is the implacable enemy of the religious spirit, religious doctrine, education and practice. Since it cannot permit the existence of an opposed universal truth, Communism seeks to destroy universal religions like Catholicism. Having discovered that the method of outright suppression achieves the opposite effect to that which is desired, it has embarked, as in China, upon the far more successful alternative of division and confusion through the establishment of a schismatic Church. Under a Communist regime every overt activity is, by definition, political. Once a question is defined as political — by the regime itself — the Church must exclude itself or be persecuted for acting "politically". Hence, the Church can have no role in the field of education, since this is defined as a political matter: the education of the young must be atheistic. Once the young have spent between ten and fifteen years under a Communist regime, even if they become as anti-Communist as the Hungarian Freedom Fighters in 1956, the mark of anti-religion on their characters is almost indelible.

It should be commonplace that no co-existence between the Catholic religion and Communism is possible: that Communism with the resources of 900 million people behind it and with more or less effective agencies of subversion assisting it in countries as yet unconquered is dangerous to a very high degree. In countries like Australia, although the issue of the

struggle is moral and religious, the field in which the struggle is inevitably engaged is political; and that the battle to defend freedom of religion should be fought on the chosen political background while the opportunity exists.

Pius XI established a clear distinction between ends and means when he said in his Discourse to the Fourth International Congress of Catholic Youth in 1925:

> "We must safeguard ourselves against a confusion that might easily arise. There are moments when We, the Episcopate and the Clergy, seem to be only occupied with politics. But, actually we are concerned only with religion and in religious interests when we fight for religious liberty, for the sanctity of the family, and the school, for the keeping holy days consecrated to God. This is not going in for politics. We do not and never will believe that it is. It is politics that have touched religion and laid hands on the altar. And we defend the altar. It is our duty to defend religion, the consciences of the people and the sanctity of the sacraments; it is the duty of the bishops and the clergy; it is your duty, as Catholic Young Men, whatever be the nation you belong to."

As the Welfare State embraces more and more aspects of the life of the average citizen, it comes into contact with more and more areas in which moral and religious principles are involved. The education of the child, the prevention and cure of juvenile delinquency, the impact of wage regulation, of pensions and of social services upon the strength of the family unit — these and many other subject matters are of vital concern to religion and yet inevitably become the subject of political action through the expansion of the competence of the modern State.

The involvement of religious and moral principle in seemingly political decisions is therefore an essential part of the society in which we live. It is not only the extension of the competence of the State in the twentieth century which has brought religion into politics and politics into religion; some degree of interlocking has always existed and will always exist. The present intimacy is due, however, to the taking over by the State of so many areas of human society which in the last century were left to the activity of private individuals and voluntary bodies.

How shall religion forward important moral principles in the field of legislation? How shall it defend its vital interests against the encroachment of even democratic States? How shall it save itself when the threat is one of totalitarian violence and oppression?

Some hold that the permissible limit of the action of religion in these fields is reached when the responsible religious authority — Pope or Bishop — states publically the Christian or the Catholic position in relation to the particular measure, proposals and problems. But to do this and no more is to ignore the political realities of the system in which we live. The centre of political authority is no longer the absolute monarch, but the majority party. Whether leaders put forward good or bad laws — considered in the light of moral and religious principles — ultimately depends on the dominant influence of definable groups within their parties. Within the

framework of these parties every interest is organised — trade unions, Chambers of Manufacturers, farmers organisations, Fabians and the rest. It is only the moral and religious "force" or "forces" — for here we are dealing not with principles but applications of principles in which persons of religious outlook will necessarily differ — which are most universally unorganised. If those "forces" fail to organise themselves, they deprive themselves of the power to defend what they consider to be morally right and necessary. In any clash between moral and religious interests, and the sectional economic interest of the pressure groups, the unorganised moral interest will go by the board. Obviously, to limit the exercise of religious influence on policy to statements by ecclesiastics is a formula acceptable to politicians, since the influence of religion on crucial issues is thus reduced to impotence: but this formula leaves unsolved the question of the method by which religion can play its proper role in politcal life.

It is here that we are given the answer to the question, "How should the Church interfere?" in three ways. These are

(1) its members must fulfill their moral responsibilities and functions in a Christian spirit;
(2) its members must exercise their purely civic rights in a Christian spirit;
(3) it must itself supply them with a systematic statement of principles to aid them in doing these two things, and this will carry with it a denunciation of customs or institutions in contemporary life and practice which offend against those principles.

The theory that the "official Church" should enunciate principles and train its members; and that its members should then, as separate and isolated individuals, influence the legislation of the political parties in their various choices, is on the face of it, very attractive. The Church discharges the function of education. It is not involved in the politcal activities of its subjects who act as individual citizens.

But the practical problem remains. So long as its members remain isolated individuals, they are doomed to complete ineffectiveness within the modern party structure.

The typical political party in the modern Anglo-Saxon democracies, in particular, is an amalgamation of organised groups with a few unifying interests — sufficient to hold the party organisation together — but with many more divergent interests. This is commonly admitted in relation to the Democratic and Republican Parties in the United States. In fact, the situation is very similar in an organisation like the Australian Labor Party, which, as Dr. Lloyd Ross has pointed out, has traditionally had these organisations of subordinate groups within the Party. In such a situation, the art of gaining a majority within a Party is always to effect alliances within blocks and to create disciplined unity within blocs. The immediate objective of all democratic political action is to gain a majority, so as to have the power to implement policies demanded by the common good, as understood by those who are active.

Therefore, if moral and religious principles are to be safeguarded and advanced within the structure of modern democratic parties, it can only be on the basis of organisation of individuals who hold these moral and

religious ideas in common. Face to face with organisations of pressure groups and interest groups within political parties, the individual is isolated and helpless. Organised individuals have entirely different prospects.

From the viewpoint of the structure of mass democratic parties, which are intrinsically quite different from "ideological parties" like the Communist Party, the position of groups animated by strong religious convictions is logically no different from that of any other sectional group animated by purely economic interests.

The structures of Australian parties as an amalgamation or evolution of different organised interests is discussed by Professor J. D. B. Miller in his book "Australian Government and Politics", as well as by other scholars. The acceptance of this fact as part of the normal functioning of democracy would lessen the sectarian rancours, if it were publicly recognised that religious groups had as much right of life and activity as economic interests.

Thus, it can be seen, that from the aspects I have discussed, there is no real conflict between religion and politics. And it is not illogical to say that the more deeply religious a man is, the greater the likelihood that he will concern himself in political activity and engage in work directed at the Christianising of the social order.

KEITH E. DONOVAN

Moment in Time

A lonely footstep, broke into
The silence of the night,
Entered a street to rest,
And merged with the still air.
A cat, perched on a fence,
Fled, full of fear, down
The street's narrow passageway,
Sheltering on a dismal doorstep.
An old man disturbed at prayer,
Left off his mutterings,
Tampered with the blind, and peered
Into the hollow darkness.
A pale street-light, caring little,
Flickered on, as the footstep,
Swallowed by the darkness,
Faded into silence,
Leaving behind a lonely night
And a man lost in prayer.

The People By The Sea

In every age there are words to be spoken and feelings to be known. Every day brings new things which should be kept and remembered. For half our life is memory. And even our hope of the future rests far back in the past where we have loved and feared and known so many things . . .

I have a simple story to tell of a past and a future set in a remote valley that few men could see, still fewer could know. For the laughing men from the city were blind and the shy, solemn people of the valley were remote from so many things

The valley was without race or nation. For all men are one and all troubles are universal. And the simple fears of the valley people are timeless. They are located in the cities and battles of the history of the world.

The hills about the valley sank to the sea that was the impartial witness of the events in the valley of which I shall speak.

Each week the valley people gathered in the church they had built. Each week the man they all held in esteem spoke to them. He told them of love and cautioned them against hatred. He reminded them that they must have faith, and, in truth, they did have faith in their creed though few knew the full meaning of the word.

Once a week the dark men from the hills descended to pray and their wives and children came with them to hear the great truths of the One retold. They reaffirmed the wisdom of his words and were appropriately awed by the great mysteries of their faith.

They remembered their past deeds and the fields that gave the crops to the sun. And they looked forward to fresh fields and new things that they had known of old; of storms and rain and cold winds. They remembered the hungry years and the laughing hours and in every memory there was God. He gave them their meals and the sun and all those things men hardly even notice now. After church the men returned to the back paddocks and the axe and the plough to work. When the church was empty God's light still shone through the stained glass windows across the altar and onto the floor in clear stains of red and transparent blue and green. As the sun moved so too did these subtle daubs of light trace invisible lines of pure colour on the floor and seats, up the walls till the sun set. God was always there in the colour and the silence, in the echoes and surely in the fields where the work was and the livestock grazed.

But, one day, God was nowhere to be found. He left the grass and the creek and the church became empty for the people were at once shocked and bewildered by a deed each knew of only in the bible. The deed was murder.

They buried Rupert Bates in the rain. All the people saw his wife weep and each wondered what would happen to her and his children who were young still. They had all known death before and had learned to accept its coming as a triumph of man. It was to them a release from the hinderances

of the world. Their minister had told them that white, not black, was the colour of death. For fear of death had made it a dark thing. They had to learn that in death it was death who died. Men only shed the encumberance of the body. But this was a lesson only death could teach. But this was natural death. Rupert Bates had been found lying by his plough murdered. He was working, giving glory to God, yet he had been struck down. And one of those people in that tiny community killed him. Where was God when he fell? Then the priest spoke again of new things that memory would not explain.

"I speak to you, my people in the name of our God and in his words that we know. Cain murdered Abel and he saw his blood flow and he knew a death. Cain said, "He sleeps", but, Cain knew he had killed his brother and he lamented his horrible deed. For, he could not wash the blood from his hands or that memory from his mind. And we, my people, have that memory. One of us has blood on his hands. I do not need to speak of our dead brother, Rupert Bates. I speak of his murderer.

We are a people of God, and He blesses our hills, the shore by the sea and our table. He smiles on our children and our animals and even on the snakes that lie near the creek. But we have amid us a serpent of another kind. For in our town there is a hand guilty of murder. A hand that had taken what no man may take — another's life. This man is in our church. He is seated before the altar but he is not of us. His wrath has singled him from our fold. You are a dead man. In his death you have made yours and yours is a living death that is ever with you in the darkest night and the massing days and you must answer for it, now as you live and in that final day when all men must bow and are powerless to do as they have done in life. The brightest day has its shadows and we are reminded of night. Your act is a night. You may never forget it. It is always with you. I call on you to speak now, to answer to us and to God for your sin.

We are a small colony united in one common cause. Some of us are good, yet we must ever remember we are all weak men. All of us are equal in the eyes of God who sees all. Yet there is one of the devil among us. However, God is above all and He rules Satan, so speak before our God, murderer! There is time yet.

I call on you to speak for we will seek you now and tonight and next week and the long weeks that shall follow. We will seek and watch and we will know your fear. You are only man and you cannot stand erect under the weight of your deed. You must know that already. Are you even man? Where was your love when you struck him? Stand that we may know who you are . . . "

But the killer did not stand. He remained seated in the church with the whole community.

" . . . we will find you out, for you are not of us. You have failed our rule of love."

The people left the church and hesitated outside as they did each Sunday; but, they had nothing to say. They did not know how to name the killer. They did not want to for he was there, listening. On the way

home men began to think guarded thoughts that they would not even voice to their wives close by. Some thought of Aaron who lived alone near the creek where it entered the sea. But, why should gentle Aaron kill? He played the organ when they buried Bates and the lament of the notes was sincere as that corpse was lowered in the rain. He had no friends save in God and the people all knew he played in the church at night when there was no one there. Sometimes, he had not even come on Sunday but he had been there today. Aaron who kept geese was silent and some feared his silence; but, he could not kill. He was never angry. Fear distracted the thoughts of each man from dwelling on Aaron to other men. Questions began to form that no man dared answer, could answer. Men wondered why the singing sounded flat and why they could not pray. They hardly realised they were not impressed by God as they returned to the hills and the houses on the flats about the creek.

The light on the floor in the church began to mount the wall that was a blank canvas for a vague picture of faith. It alone seemed unperturbed.

. . . . . .

The funnels of the hills gradually flattened to the scar of sand the waves had left on the edge of the land. The wind had mockingly soothed the wounds into smooth contours. These ripples in the sand were replicas of the land the sea could not touch. The dunes were piled out of reach of the waves till the grass claimed them for the farms. All day long the sea reached up that sandy stretch towards the land it could not have. Half a mile on from the river mouth it lured the rocks from the hills. These were no longer of the land. The sea had claimed them from the cliffs that were black and ugly. Men saw the gleaming foam of the ocean contrast with those almost sinful images of evil cut in stone. The dark cliff seemed to scowl at the waves and in winter it cried till its face was streaming wet. But eternal penance of the tide was thorough and even the blackest rock became just part of the whitest sand. Yet few would admit it was a triumph of good over evil for men are evil, not stones.

Jane wandered from her father's home which seemed to have been pressed into the soft soil by the creek beyond the shore. She had fed the hens and set the fire, so she wandered to the shore with the vague desire of picking the soft yellow flowers that grew in the moss where the boats were moored. She wondered about the death of Rupert Bates and frankly admitted that she had not really been moved as her father when he wishpered, " . . . terrible . . . how could someone do such a thing . . . here?" She hardly even felt as her mother did when the preacher called on the killer to stand. Father would not know she had gone, Mother would not notice and she was young and had no fear — only convictions born of the ocean and its telling chant. For she had heard the sea and knew well its story; strength and failure, fear and love were all found in its chapters and seen in the men she knew.

How small she was before those waves! How lonely the islands were. They had been part of the land once, now the water had them and it beat them day and night. Eventually the sea would claim the village; but that would not be for a long time.

She remembered what the priest had said about failure — the failure of the man who had killed Rupert Bates whom she had not liked anyway. She had seen the passing men and their passing women and she had heard the clock strike in the hall upon the years making indelible marks upon time; the happy minutes and the laughing hours when the children laughed and sang and older men mumbled by the shore. For the years were just so many times and places — mostly for regret. We have seen our friends be happy and their children succeed and fail. The murderer was one who had failed, the minister had said. But, Rupert Bates was becoming an epitome of success. His tragic death seemed to make him a success in the eyes of other men. Did the killer believe he had failed? Even if he saw himself as a failure perhaps he had won a finer success than those who judged him. Few could know this, though. There is no thing failure. What men judge to be failure in others is truly failure for them. If we judge our own deeds as failures, this is truly a success.

The killer was judged as a fallen man for he had violated that supreme law of God that said, "Thou shalt not kill". In the eyes of God he had done wrong. He had failed in the eyes of men and his mark was a bloody one that would remain even after the final dawn.

Thomas Jordan was sitting on a rock facing the sea. He looked at Jane and she knew she had met the man who had broken the law said to be so true. Yet, she was not afraid and even when he said, "I killed Bates," she was little disturbed. She wondered more on what she could say to this man. He said, "I became angry and hit him. He did not move when he fell. He just lay looking at me. I went home and milked the cow. I am two men, Jane, I am the man with a memory and I am the man who had no ugly memory, and yet, I do not seem to be either. I don't know what to feel." He looked at the waves but they gave no answer that he could hear.

"You must tell them," said Jane. "You must say you are sorry." But this hardly seemed enough to say before all those people who had decided so much about this man to whom she spoke. And he felt this more keenly than she.

In the hills the wild birds cried and flapped across the open solitude where they sat, alone. And alone he was. He held her hand in that tidal valley where sea things crawled and sea grass frayed before a fine wind. Her hand was soft and warm and his was hard and cold. He wished to forget his deed and to be sorry in his own manner; but the people of the church did not want this. He had to repent before them. They wanted another impressive deed before they could be satisfied. So he said he would bow to the people he knew and let matters take their course. Jane went home to feed the hens and mused on what would happen next Sunday in that little building of belief that men called church where they buried all their doubts to be marvelled at each Sunday. The light was to slide up the wall three days more before he would commit himself to his conscience — and theirs.

Jane prayed that evening that Thomas Jordan might be strong. She reaffirmed her belief that theirs was a community of love and that the

people who lived in that little town could forgive. She tried to see where Jordan had failed and saw his failure as one of anger. He had struck Bates in temper. Perhaps he would find strength to confess in that passion which he had found to kill? But he had not planned that cruel, wanton stroke. He regretted that which he was. He was killer then; but not now. Indeed, he was a new person — an older man made older by memory. Most of the older folk in the town had changed. No one noticed for the change had been the same in each. They were harder. For the first time, an evil had become public and it was a new thing, an exciting thing that all could experience as one. Men found new strength to demand what was theirs, to complain about a neighbours stock trampling their plantings. The women wondered why God permitted evil of this kind. They could understand the evil of the cold wind and the hungry years. The man they had elected to lead them as their priest and minister could satisfy them on these things. But, there was no satisfaction when he spoke of this death. Few accepted the truth that earth was a vale of tears when they saw real tears for a dead man of their valley. Jordan was moved with them by the reality of his deed and his confession. He doubted his ability to bow before their awe.

Jane was young and was not afraid to discard the convention of sorrow her parents had adopted for poor Bates and his wife he left behind. She left the room when her father repeated that the devil was walking in the valley.

The stars were scattered like corn on the barn floor of the sky. But late in the evening a sea breeze carried the foreign words of the ocean among the hills where its primitive chant made weird, forgotten evocations in the chimneys; and the breeze grew stronger. The soothsayers hens came from beyond the islands in the form of big black clouds and pecked the wheaten floor clean till all that remained was one big egg shattered by the storm clouds. The yellow flowers near the creek shook and the moss became soggy with rain.

The sluggish waves shrugged their shoulders against the cliffs higher and higher till they turned from green to white that fell black in the dark. The sky began to howl a hollow sound as if in voiceless lament for the weakness of men who were sitting smoking in their houses. A boat and its owner slipped its mooring and fell a willing, abandoned victim to the outstretched hands of the dark tide. It wobbled blindly till the water, tired of its toy, cast it on the shore — broken, forgotten. Still the sea repeated its message and took angry, slow lashings at the broad shoulders of the hills huddled for warmth.

The people in the houses near the shore heard the hesitation of the sea until they fell asleep. They awoke to the sun and the mud. Storms were a common thing on their corner of the coast; but, this was the first to supplement murder. On Sunday they prayed for two men and the wife they left behind.

Vain or Insane

A spurios reflection she sees before;
Not me, that illusion, not me, I abhor
This image from the looking glass,
It looks as chunks of withered grass,
Not the picture that I would wish.

So says the madam displaying herself
Richly annointed, adorned by the dressing shelf,
To cover oozy pimples, scarlet breaking fore,
A mole is here, and there a sore
Must be secretly, expertly minimised.

The portions and glomerate witches brews
Are displayed as instruments of vanity, she strews
Them on her countenance, her physiognamy
Still unimproved, she conscientiously
Keeps, dabbing, daubing, dribbling.

A hideous visage emerges mutilated
By paints and smears, mascara; dilapidated
Shambles of a face once muck-free
Now a splattered, battered look she
Gives herself once more for luck.

The ritual again is ceased
But alas, next day the cosmetic beast
will tempt once more the artificial charms
Of our damsel, who irresistably balms
Her vision yet again; the fool.

Poem

M. JULIAN WEST

The rushes in the marsh are green
And sometimes there I've seen
A woman, tall, and slim and white.
A dream.

Poem

The blank, wet faces around the
Dark hole
Thought they were
Sorry:
For they wore
Black and
Black is the colour of sadness.
The cassocked priest chanted and prayed
And consoled,
For he did not know.
The earth
Clattered on the
Ebony wood.
Footsteps crunched on the gravel.
The clergyman snapped his prayer book
Shut.
And an old woman wept from her heart.

. . . . . .

To die without dying is the
Only reason to
Weep in this world.

the immigrant

by prospero

the darkness of remembered poverty
unconquered fear and gloom
replaced by complacency
loneliness
all things bright and boneless
special, trade-in, brash and
inane
we remember serenity and maturity
heritage and humour
for we the poor
are not of you, but of
richness in remembered beauty
thought and seclusion
that is happiness
man knows not this joy
without he knows its lack

Two Theories of Non-Representational Art

As an exhibitor in the recent Monash Art Exhibition, I was keen to observe the reactions and comments made by student viewers. Generally I was amazed at an intolerent attitude to the more modernist works, and a nescience summarily shown in asking the following questions.

1. The apparent absence of technique introduces accident and chance into the painting, so how can it be art?
2. How can the viewer determine the meaning of the painting when it is devoid of objective symbols?
3. How does the artist relate the name of the work to the work itself?
4. If the painting is non-objective, how can one judge its artistic value?

These questions are unanswerable by argument since they inquire not into the nature of non-representational art, but are meaningless assertions when placed in the schema of this form of art. They are rather like the student who asks why blank verse does not rhyme.

At the outset, I claim no universal validity for these theories, for each artist discovers his own, but they do contain premises common to most.

One does not need to look hard to see that the bulk of art produced today can be considered as "abstract", or more accurately non-objective or non-representational. It is often claimed that this absolute volume of non-representational art is merely mimeographical of more significant artists, sponsored by the devaluation of technique; that is, an art requiring least "artistic talent" and hence practical most.

Firstly this is not demonstratively true since a successful result is generally more difficult to achieve than a successful result in a style that has techniques and norms of judgment to prop up a lack of ability. Secondly, even though it may often be mimeography, non-representational art is in the target of severe criticism and apparently untrammelled by it. The inertia it has gained is but part of a more general and universal change in mundane behaviour and values.

Here we find an explanation of the expulsion of nature, man and even ideas from art. Here we can answer the person who objects to the subjectiveness of non-representational art and the consequent difficulty in understanding. This statement is less of an objection than a truism, for the honest artist will answer that there is **no** meaning among the incohate relationships of line and mass, and may even shepherd him further and agree that it is not art.

Non-representational painting is an utter erasure of the past, and is in some forms positively hostile to high art; ridding itself of its inherited intellectual and aesthetic lumber and carrying nothing forward. The romanticists of the nineteenth century found a vast realm of sensation and imagination, which by neglect or prohibition, their predecessors had left

untouched, the realm which artists now consider is used up. Reaching forward, the artist has in some measure tried to enter the realm of the subconscious newly opened by the psycho-analysts, but has usually turned back because of the invalidity of surrealism for probing it. The artist is confronted with closed doors, he has painted himself into a corner.

Hence the art of the unconscious, of accident, of no-meaning. Its best exponents are the Actionists who replace the old artistic intention with an act — the act of painting without pre-conception or intention. The decision is just **to paint**, abolishing the very idea of the "work of art" by a gesture on the canvas of repudiation; a repudiation of value, authoritative, moral and aesthetic. There is no choosing of material, no censoring of sensibility.

Action painting has no voice for the world, it is the act that brings it into existence, that speaks. It is the art of today, an art that spurns the intellectual and moral framework upon which an age of industrialism and revolution is structured.

"Abolitionist" art as it has been named, is at the forefront of non-representational art. But a second and probably more practiced form of non-representational art is what could be called "self-generative" art, in which the subject matter is generated out of its own medium. It is an art that is homogeneous with the artist himself and is entirely subjective, retaining only aesthetic values. The "work" is as important as the "act", both casting out the objective and finding a sensual excitement in the very medium itself. The "manifesto" of self-generative art is stated in Luis Fieto's description of his processes during the creation of a work.

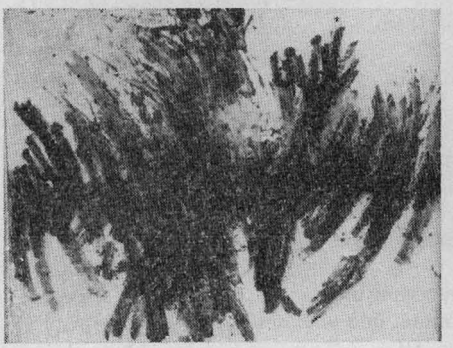
"A surface I like, I make, I plough over.
I dig down among its roots.
I open it up.
The surface grows and I encounter it.
I strike it, I break it, I destroy it.
I am bruised.
Sometimes I caress it.
Sometimes the light — hope — suddenly appears, sometimes nothing.
And I go on travelling about.
Wandering over it — dry, scorched.
Sometimes I come across water.
It opens up.
I fall into its dark depths.
Bottomless.
I knock against a virgin rock .
Pure.
Space is created.
I jump in.
I wrest its silence from it.
I twist out its mystery
And it is born."

Evident is a method and attitude which is new, the sum total of which is contained within the painting itself. This form of non-representational

art is decidedly an affirmation of art, as against the negation of the Abolitionists.

In this context one can readily see the answers to the above questions. The first and second are truisms and not questions. In answer to the third, names of non-representational paintings are obviously denotative and not cognitive. The fourth is absurd in reference to Abolitionist painting since it does not adhere to artistic values but is instead an act which cannot be evaluated as can a work. To make a value-judgment of an Abolitionist painting is to deny it, and is only done when the principles of Abolitionism are not realised. In reference to self-generative art, judgment requires a new attitude on the part of the observer, to apply only sensual and aesthetic criteria. The observer is only confronted with a problem when the motive behind the painting cannot be discerned. This is mainly a fault of categorisation since the boundaries of the categories are not distinct. Even extensive experience with non-representational art is unlikely to resolve the problem because critical concepts in this area are not yet adequately developed.

Nevertheless, a more perceptive appreciation of non-representational art is at once possible given the minimum concepts stated above, concepts collectively stated in realising that this form of art serves no greater themes than itself.



Paintings by K. W. Gooding

Three Poems

I.

Was it long ago
That you remembered not the words you said,
The words that were not uttered from the head,
But seemed straight from the heart.
So singed were they in passion's fire
That your entire noble frame did tremble violently,
And shake.

. . . . . .

And shall you secondly deny
That when our two hearts met
Your's shivered like the string upon
A sensuous violin,
And all your thoughts turned pleasantly to sin.

. . . . . .

And thirdly, darling, shall you say
You never did repeat:
"You are the essence of my life,
For without you, I die.
And you are all that matters, sweet!"
You don't remember? Try!

II.

As earth cries out for rain,
I cry out for thee.
The earth needs rain to live;
I need thy voice, thy presence, and thy heart.
I stay reflective
And depressed without them.

. . . . . .

The earth cries out for rain
In time of drought.
Uncertain as I am
I have no doubt concerning what I crave.
It is not rain, nor food, nor sleep,
Nor is it food for thought or intellect I lack.
All these I have the means to get.
What I regret
Is that I cannot see into your mind,
Into your heart! and more, into your soul.

III.

All Heavenly powers!
Uproot and drive away the creeping vines of doubt
That do my mind inhibit;
That use as nourishment the last weak

Trace of trust;
That suck at hope as roots of wheat
Do suck at dry, cracked earth in times of drought;
O, purge my mind of doubting thoughts
That turn those good to evil.

. . . . . .

For I believe,
That if I cannot trust in whom I love
Then in this life I lay no trust,
This life prepare to leave.

IAN MULLENS

After Marina

"What images return
O my daughter."

. . . . . .

What sounds laughing, what feelings forgotten, what bitter memories
Come rushing in to me
With the tramp of marching feet and the tap of other feet
What wonderous visions
Upon the waves.

. . . . . .

What is this knowledge which is mine?
The chanted psalm, longed for
It is life
The remote mumble of the churches
It is life
The honest fear upon silent stones
It is life.

. . . . . .

That singing among the trees
Composed of idle chatter
Hiding the lost
Here are the thoughts
That are life
We have yet to cipher.

. . . . . .

The mystic words
That only the innocent may know
What silent pools return
Are rippled by the winds
From across the washing sea
Obscuring
Rewriting
Forgotten stories . . .

Holroyd: a challenge!

"But I saw
Too far into the sea; where every maw
The greater on the less feeds ever more;
But I saw too distinct into the core
Of an eternal fierce destruction,
And so from happiness I far was gone.
Still am I sick of it."

This quotation from Keats is not included in Stuart Holroyd's first book "Emergence from Chaos", yet the feeling in these lines establishes the chaos that Holroyd attacks the chaos of our day that results from our preference of physical security and our shrinking from the intensity of the spirit. The book is divided into two parts. The first section is general and deals with the essential needs of man and his dependence on religion to satisfy these needs. The second section deals with the personal reactions of six poets to these needs, and the relative success of their solutions. The book as a whole is an ultimate plea for the recreation of a religious standard of values.

Holroyd's book revolves around the chaos of our age, resulting from the spiritual desolation. This spiritual desolation is reflected in man's indifference to religion, and the substitutes that replace religion in his life. "Religion" is the most interesting word in the book and Holroyd uses it in its widest possible sense as man's endeavour to overcome the chaos within himself. Holroyd maintains that chaos is only overcome by spiritual experience; that is, by the projection of the mind after an inner struggle with an aspiration towards the higher things of life. He divides man into two levels. (a) The animal life that satisfies all his biological needs. (b) The higher mental life where man rises above his biological needs in an effort to reach meaning into his own existence. A study of the poets in the second section relates their conscious reflection on the highest needs of man and Holroyd's evaluation of the extent and worth of their reflections. He stresses the importance of the higher mental life and investigates the needs that constitute it. The needs basic to all humanity are: (a) An explanation of the purpose of life, (b) man's purpose is exempt from the observed transience of other forms of natural life, (c) an ideal to worship and to strive for.

This aspiration of man towards the more than human existence is the fruit of the idea of religion, and constitutes the fundamental religious impulse which, when realised, renders the animal level of life less meaningful. The cry of the book is always to the individual to realise the essential needs of life for himself, to satisfy his own mind with answers that can only emerge after an inner battle has been fought, to transcend the social, political and scientific level and experience the spiritual level that points to a higher potential level of human existence.

The greatness of his first poet, Dylan Thomas, lies in his delight in nature, the fresh grandure in expressing this delight, and in the feeling of identity with nature and the opportunity to participate in it. He develops his images around these central moods and feelings . . .

"And the mystery
Sang alive
Still in the water and the singing birds."

This absorption with the phenomenon of life is also his limitation. It is the religion of the instinctive life, is unconcerned with metaphysical issues, and thus offers no positive solution to mankind's, or to one's personal needs.

Walt Whitman tried, through poetry, to mirror the perfection of the universe. Whitman presented the youthful vigour of the natural life of America in its first stages of development. Man was his God —

"Thou, thou, the Ideal man,
Fair, able, beautiful, content, loving,
Complete in body and dilate in spirit,
Be thou my God."

. . . a view only possible to a man blind to man's imperfections, and untroubled by metaphysical issues. While Whitman's poetry enlarges man in his own eyes, he neglects man's responsibility as a human being.

W. B. Yeats was essentially a poet of the human spirit. Apart from his intrinsic poetic value, his writings are the record of a spiritual life in a continual process of development as he struggled to find a livable truth. His conclusion at the end of his life was "Man can embody truth but never know it". He believed that "Faith is the highest achievement of the human intellect, the only gift man can make to God, and therefore it must be offered in sincerity". Yet he himself never held a sincere faith, for his poetical qualities depended on conflict and he feared faith would ruin his poetry.

Then comes Arthur Rimbaud, who followed Baudelaire's belief that "in every man there are two simultaneous allegories, one to God, the other to Satan". In seeking God he climbed higher and experienced spirituality, in claiming Satan he descended to animality. Dissatisfied with the limits of human life he tried to transcend the human and force himself into a vision of ultimate reality, to create the direct relationship between the word and the emotional experience. An instance of this was his efforts to convert the potential reality of Hell into an actuality.

Rilke leads man back into himself by the transformation of the eternal into an inner reality and by the rejection of experiences that take him away from the infinite. His sensibility rises significantly above human ideals and in particular moments gives life meaning. His relationship with God depends on mutual love. His love for God is passionate and only solitary communion with God can exist amidst his powerful subjective experience.

Lastly Eliot, and his belief that it is up to the practising Christian "to redeem the time". Eliot was conscious of the chaotic state of the world; in time he ordered his own life and turned to religious doctrine and

religion as the instruments of social cohesion and cultural survival. Eliot looked at the world, found its character inexplicable by any non-religious theory; among religions he finds Christianity and Catholic Christianity account most satisfactory for the world and for his inner, personal struggle. This by powerful and concurrent reasons binds and commits him to the dogma of the Incarnation. To the unbeliever this method may seem disingenuous and perverse; for the unbeliever is, as a rule, not so greatly troubled to explain the world to himself, nor so greatly distressed by its disorder, nor is he generally concerned to "preserve values". Eliot has made a large contribution to the world, undeveloped but comprehensive, a responsibility to the conscious men of all ages to come, namely to form the future.

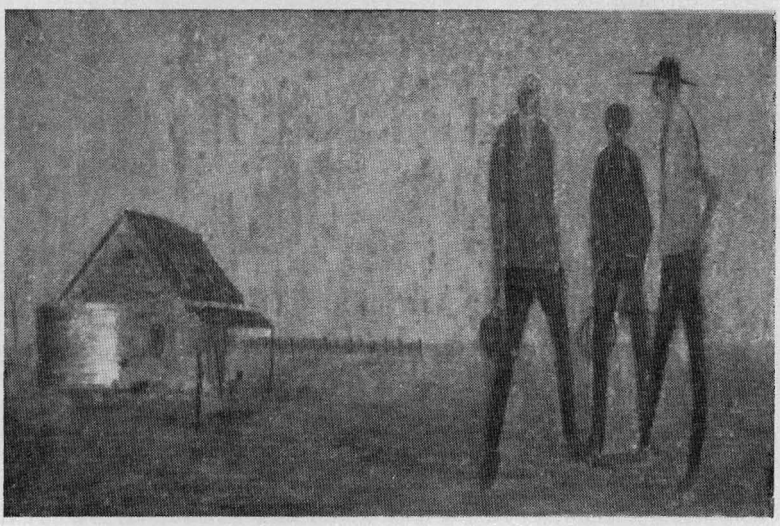
"These are only hints and guesses,
Hints followed by guesses; and the rest
Is prayer, observance, discipline, thought and action."

These six poets are isolated artists but carefully selected representatives of mankind. They are men of different psychological constitutions, susceptible in various and varying degrees to the forces and problems which frame the life of man — and yet they are artists within the one scheme. The chaos of our age has not developed to the full, it has yet to reach its degenerate and corrupt peak. The poets Holroyd considers, Eliot apart, are individualists. Their solutions are individual yet range from the chaotic to the inadequate for the world at large. Eliot in his poetry claims the individual realisation not merely for himself as the others do, but as part of a social whole. We are fortunate insofar as we inherit their experience. We neglect it at our own cost. We can make use of their experience and establish our own truth, and even if Eliot's solution is something the individual does not accept we must not lose sight of the benefits of his teaching.

JOHN SULLIVAN

Seacide

I seek the sea's dark greenness
Lying down in the drowsy grim depth.
Slower and lower I fall. Down
Where earth light and sea murk meet
In torched, fretting absurdities of secret fish
That pity me, as a cripple watching
A deaf blind corpse. They grope
On their way with a
Peasant crossed prayer



Red Landscape John Phillips

PETER SMART

Wish You Were Here, Mum

Dear Mum,

I am taking my pen to hand just to drop you a quick line and let you know how we have all been getting on up here in Sydney. We are all well though little Clive did get a touch of the car-sickness on the way up. Just after we left the Dog On The tucker-box it was which is not all it is made out to be either because I'd got the impression it would be a lot bigger.

It was a real strain in the car what with Clive, Gloria, Granpa Wilson, Jim and yours truly all jammed in with the luggage and everything. I thought the poor old tin lizzie was going to blow her boiler a couple of times and Gloria and Clive almost came to blows at Albury. Anyway that's all over now though I'm not exactly looking forward to the trip home, since Jim's been in a real mood the whole time.

Ron and Molly were very pleased to see us and Molly is the happy soul she always was though she's a bit broad across the beam these days. We've had some real good talks about the old times, you may be sure. I can't help feeling though (I've always been a worrier, I know, Mum) that we're putting them out of their beds and eating them out of house and home. Gloria seems to have latched on to a nice young chap who

lives next door. Clive broke the door on their crystal cabinet and I feel terrible because Molly insists that I shouldn't pay for it.

We all went up to the Cross on Saturday night. You've no idea, Mum. There are some real types up there. Jim upset me a bit by having a go at a bloke he reckoned was a bit of a pansy. The policeman was very nice about it when Ron explained the situation and we managed to clear things up in the end.

We had tea at a posh cafe. Little Clive made us all look like dills and I've never been so embarrassed in all my life. What happened was I had some oysters (you know how I'm partial to the odd oyster) and Clive would insist on having one. Well, of course, he spat it straight out and for a minute we thought he was going to have an accident. His father gave him a decent clout for it you may be sure and he started to bawl but quietened down when we got him an ice-cream and flavouring. I was a bit frightened in case Jim started a blue because the waiter was a German or an Italian or something and you know how Jim feels about the New Aussies taking our jobs and everything and jabbering like monkeys as he puts it. I had to pour oil on the troubled waters and in the end I managed to smooth things out. Jim said that tipping was a lot of New Australian nonsense (and knowing Jim you may be sure he didn't say nonsense either) but I felt we ought to do the right thing and I left a two bob bit under my plate because he seemed a nice chap. Gloria was quite taken with him.

Gloria went off to the flicks with a nice chap she had met earlier on when we were having a look-see at Bondi. Jim had a bit of a set on him because he had a pair of those purple drain-stove trousers on but never judge by appearances is what I always say and Gloria seems to have her head screwed on the right way these days. She's sown her wild oats now and learnt her lesson, I'm sure. She wouldn't let us down again after all the trouble we had with the last business.

The rest of us went out to do the town. Jim got my back up by wanting to go and have a look at this Liverpool Lane place about which I've heard some very bad reports. He'd had a drop too much to drink and told a couple of his blue jokes in front of Molly which got on my goat. Ron persuaded him that it wouldn't be for the best and in the end he gave the idea away but I could have killed him the way he was carrying on. We had a real good look in all the shops you may be sure but Granpa got a nasty knock on the leg from a bus (I think he was having a bit of a look at a sort on the other side of the street) and even after we found his teeth for him he was still pretty shaken up, so we thought we'd better call it a day and toddle off home.

Ron and Jim got stuck into the booze and Molly and I had a couple of shandies to keep them company and by the time Gloria and her young man got home we were all feeling pretty merry and having a real good old-time sing-song. They'd been to see that Elvis the Pelvis and we all had a real good feed out of the box of chocs he'd bought her. All in all we'd had a lovely day, as you've probably gathered.

On the Sunday morning we went up to the Gap which is the place where they do away with themselves. I got such a funny feeling up there,

Mum. All of a sudden I thought about that old school chum of mine, poor Myrtle McSplun who was trampled to death by the baker's horse, as you may remember. Jim was feeling a bit off (he was feeling the effects, I think) and he was on Clive's back the whole time, biting the poor little beggar's head off every time he put a foot wrong. I thought he was going to have a fit when Clive got under the safety fence but the policeman who got him back was very nice about the whole thing and Jim had to leave it go at that. Gloria met up with a very nice young lad.

Then we all piled into the car and set off for Whale Beach. We took a picnic lunch with us so we were able to have a good meal on the grass. It was a muggy sort of a day and the kids and the menfolk all went in for a swim. I almost had one of my turns because Clive floated right out on that rubber surf thing that Father Christmas bought him but the life-saver was very decent about the whole thing. Gloria met a very nice young chap and we didn't see hide nor hair of her all day which got Jim a bit annoyed.

Well, Mum, will have to close now as I can hear Molly putting the tea on. Clive's as red as a beetroot, he got a touch of the sun I'm afraid, and I've had to put him to bed. Grandpa says his back is giving him a twinge or two and somehow or other Gloria's got a nasty rash on her back. Apart from that we're all pretty fit though we miss our Melbourne Telly, of course. Jim is talking about setting off home tomorrow as he reckons he's sick of it up here but I'll try to get him to last out the week as we originally planned. Ah, well, perhaps it's all for the best. Hoping you are all well down there in good old Melbourne,

Your loving daughter,

GERTRUDE.