



**ORPHEUS**  
**MONASH MAGAZINE**  
**1965-1966**

# **orpheus**

## **monash**

### **magazine**

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The literally improbable disappearance of the appointed editors forced the publishers to appoint two of its representatives to ensure the appearance of 'Orpheus'

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# editorial

Monash, like Orpheus, is emerging from the underworld of amorphic and apathetic thought. There is becoming apparent a distinctly defined trend of opinion, both in students and staff at Monash. We feel that it is a healthy trend, that we are becoming a vital University. Perhaps it is because we are a young institution that the nature of this movement tends to be against conventional and traditional values. That is the values that have become traditional and conventional without any apparent thought to their inherent validity. The spirit of scepticism can be a dangerous one when it is a thoughtless doubting of anything and everything. But it can be valuable when it is a rational questioning of the motives of governments and societies. We believe that this spirit that is gradually emerging at Monash is of this latter, constructive variety. There is a strong, though still small, core of those who refuse to sacrifice their integrity to the demands of a society that in their opinion is based on a set of invalid first principles. They are not afraid to protest when they see that injustice has been committed, they are not afraid to voice their disgust with the state of the world in which they live, and they are willing to offer rational alternatives. Let us face it. The old world must give way to the new. It is reassuring to be confronted with evidence that suggests that the new world might yet also be brave. This comment applies not only to the social and political trends of the Monash thinking body, but also to the extent of cultural awareness which we have attained. We are not merely patting ourselves on the back. We are simply remarking on the emergence of a way of thought which is distinctively Monash. We have not selected for publication those articles which bear out this theory. It is surprising that so many of them evince the same signs of dissatisfaction with accepted ideas, and the same emphasis on the necessity for change, whether it be political, social or cultural change. This is not merely coincidence. At present the Monash spirit is barely on its feet. As far as we can tell, the evidence of its existence contained in this magazine is the first of its kind.





NOEL COUNIHAN

t. k. sarovitch

# THE SOCIAL SCIENCES IN THE MODERN WORLD

Our age faces great problems. In the present century we have been and still are faced with the problems of recurring economic crisis, inflation, socialism versus a market economy, ruthless dictatorships, economic development, food surpluses, racial conflict, and war.

All ages are ages of transition. But in our time, change has tended to be speeded up. And the development of physical science has produced weapons of great deadliness.

In response to these challenges, some people have suggested that we turn away from scientific pursuits. But we do not need less science. We need more science. The sciences which may help us to alleviate or even solve some of our problems are the social sciences. These sciences consist of the disciplines of economics, psychology, anthropology, sociology, and perhaps, even philosophy. Each of these disciplines can provide intellectual satisfaction to a student pursuing knowledge for its own sake. The additional satisfaction of the possibility of contributing to a solution of some of the world's problems can make the study of these disciplines even more satisfactory. And each of these disciplines can be used to supplement the others.

The problem of recurring economic crises faces the industrialized market economics of the world. There is some reason to suppose that the Mises — Hayek Theory of the cause of the trade cycle is a sound one. This theory suggests that the cause of the cycle is ideological. It is due to the belief that an expansion of the money supply, and a lowering of interest rates below the level they otherwise would have attained is a path to genuine prosperity. This view is held by most businessmen, politicians, and by almost every section of the community in modern society. This trade cycle-causing belief resembles, in many ways, the belief in magic which is often found in non-literate societies. The social anthropologist who studies small, non-literate societies, very often in great detail, can help the economist. In modern society, much wealth is held in the form of money. Money itself comes to be identified with wealth and prosperity. So, to increase wealth and prosperity, increase the money supply, is the

expressed or implied belief. People who hold this belief seem to feel no need for causal explanation. They tend to mistake identification for explanation. They endeavour to produce desired, and avoid undesired things and events, by manipulating objects associated with them. They tend to accept any chance association as a means of controlling the course of events. They accept untested associations of nearness in space or time or of likeness as influencing each other. After this, because of this; near this, because of this; and like this, because of this — these are their rules for producing desired and avoiding undesired results. They tend to follow untested associations received from others or which occur to them. The magician in a non-literate society makes a likeness of that which he desires to occur, such as a buffalo bleeding from a wound. The magician and the believer in credit expansion feel no need for causal explanation.

In addition to causing the trade cycle, this belief in credit expansion causes price inflations. The twentieth century has witnessed some of the most severe inflations ever recorded.

Industrial unrest in modern societies is often caused by a similar type of reasoning. Many people who refuse to resort to causal explanation of economic affairs believe that the improvement which has occurred in the last century or so in the conditions of wage earners is an achievement of trade unions and of various legislative measures. Standards of living have risen. Trade unions have increased in numbers and in power. Legislation has increased. Public Opinion believes, therefore, that the increase in standards of living is due to the activities of trade unions, and to governmental industrial legislation. This belief, which is similar philosophically to the beliefs of the magician in a non-literate society has made trade unionism popular. As people think that they owe their high standard of living to trade unionism, they condone more violence, coercion and intimidation on the part of unionised labor than they otherwise would.

Max Weber, the sociologist, has made an important contribution to the debate between believers in socialism and



believers in a market economy as to which is the better form of social organization, **Weber, M., "Theory of Social and Economic Organization", London, Hodge. 1947.**

He suggests that national calculation is not possible in an economy where the material means of production are in the exclusive control of the organized community. Economists, Professor Mises and Hayek, and Lord Robbins have expanded the argument. The distribution of available resources between different uses is the economic problem which a socialist or a market economy has to solve. The price mechanism brings about some sort of a solution in a market economy.

The central planning committee of a completely socialized economy have no market prices of producer goods to guide them. These market prices would tend to correspond to relative scarcities of the means of production. The central planning committee of a socialist economy could not calculate whether the execution of a project would add something to the wealth available without lowering the satisfactions of wants which they consider more important. This problem caused concern in National Socialist Germany after the price fixing legislation of November 26th, 1936. **Eucken, W., "On the Theory of the Centrally Administered Economy", Economics, May, 1948: August, 1948, London.**

Since 1917, in the Soviet Union, with its varying degrees of socialization of the material means of production, the problem has been the subject of many speeches by both Stalin and Khrushchev. Professor Liberman, of Kharkov, is grappling with this problem at present.

The impossibility of economic calculation under complete socialism would tend to suggest that the way to avoid an authoritarian society is to rely more increasingly on the impersonal process of the market as a means of social co-ordination.

The study of small groups in large modern societies, which has been the pursuit of many sociologists, may help us to understand why relatively small groups can put successful pressure on governments to pass laws favouring

them at the expense of the general welfare. Manufacturers can have tariffs and quotas placed on competing goods from other countries. Relatively small groups of farmers in modern societies can persuade governments to attempt to check the effects of changing economic tastes, prosperity and improved technology. They can enforce "parity" prices for the commodities they sell. These "parity" prices are above the level the unhampered market would have determined. Relative overproduction of these commodities is caused by this policy. The government often buys the commodities at "parity" prices, and stores them. Sometimes it gives these commodities away. At other times, it destroys them.

Economic development has been the concern of social scientists, in modern times at least since **Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations"**. The social anthropologist with his knowledge of non-literate societies may help to westernize those non-literate people who desire to imitate Western European nations. Other native peoples are being forced into a western pattern. The shocks of quick change in a society may be lessened by the application of scientific anthropological knowledge. Two of the many obstacles to economic development may be mentioned: **Hirschman, A. O., "The Strategy of Economic Development", New Haven, 1960.** One of these is the group — focused image of change. This often occurs in a static, community-centred type of society. People's roles in this type of society have changed little over the decades. Unusual activity tends to be deterred. This group-focused image creates problems if a rich country attempts to hasten economic development by establishing a community venture. If there is the belief that the venture will result in some individuals gaining short-run advantages over the remainder of the group, the venture may well fail. Another image working against development is the ego-focused image of change. Anthropologists have suggested that this occurs in some Latin American societies. This tends to occur in poor and stable societies which are not very closely integrated. Some economic progress often leads a person with an ego-focused image to change to be-

lieve that he can benefit himself at the expense of society.

Success is believed to be due entirely to luck or to scheming. Lotteries tend to be very popular in this type of society. The co-operative component of entrepreneurship tends to be neglected. Economic development is retarded. There are many problems of growth closely related to the above two. The social anthropologist may help to answer the question whether or not the primitive technology, status hierarchies, kinship relations, and social values of a particular non-literate society are some of the main factors preventing economic growth. The relationship of these factors to invention and innovation may be studied. Again, a study by anthropologists of expensive celebrations and of the rule of dowries and inheritance in some relatively poor societies may show that potential sources of savings exist, but are not being used for development. The role of credit in these societies needs careful study.

Racial tension is a problem which arises in many countries. The United States has its negro revolution. The physical anthropologist who studies racial variation, human evolution, and the general physical characteristics of man may be able to lessen tensions in this field, as may the sociologist with his study group activity in modern society. The sociologist who moves into a city to study its racial problems — to think, as it were, like the city's people think — is merging the techniques of the social anthropologist with his own. Professor Hutt (the economist), in discussing colour injustice in South Africa, suggests that economic factors have caused colour prejudice to persist. He suggests that every repression of the Africans in that country has been, at the same time, a repression of free market forces. It has been necessary for the State to impose collectionist controls to do this.

The abolition of war is an enormous problem. Its solution would require the co-operation of the best intellectual resources available to mankind. Anthropologist Malinowski\* suggests that war is made significant and profitable when one tribe or country can seize another's territory or wealth. Psychologist Ivan

Pavlov suggests that exact science about human nature itself will be needed to abolish war\*\*. The philosopher Lord Russell goes to prison to shock the world into listening to him. An economist would suggest perhaps that aggressive nationalism has a large role in causing modern total war. Aggressive nationalism seems to be the necessary result of state intervention in business, and of national planning. Under free trade, both internal and external, and freedom of migration, no individual need be concerned with the territorial size of his country. Under the state protective measures of economic nationalism, nearly every citizen has a substantial interest in the size of his country. State intervention in the economy tends to foster the spirit of conquest.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the controversies in Western civilization were mainly religious. The next two centuries were concerned with the debate about royal absolutism and representative democracy. In our age the controversies are mainly in the social sciences.

\* Malinowski, B.: "Freedom and Civilization", P. 232. London, 1947.

\*\* Pavlov, I.: "Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes", Vol. 1, P. 41. New York, 1928.



# the visitation

*Here comes my lord: bedeck'd in jewels,  
Seven rings upon his hand:  
Before his dazie frolick fools  
Who sing at his command.*

*The blood-red rubies in his crown  
Were won by sword and mace:  
The heralds cry "Bow down, bow down,  
Your lord rides to the chase."*

*His steed doth prance, his hound doth bay,  
For hunt and kill they must:  
And ere the red orb sets this day  
Red blood will stain earth's dust.*

*Tonight my lord will dine at court —  
Red wines flow rich and free:  
He gives a wench a kiss in sport  
His hand upon her knee.*

*"A visitor to see my lord?  
He bears no gifts you say?  
How very gross, upon my word—  
Guards! Turn the churl away."*

*Our festive meats they grow full cold  
A chill creeps o'er the palace:  
The ivory gaming dice are rolled,  
The wine spills from the chalice.*

*My lord he lies upon his bed  
His wizards cannot cure him:  
The doctors say he must be bled  
His priests cannot assure him.*

*My lord he grows both wan and pale  
Both pale and wan grows he:  
The tapers in the great hall fail  
The dice roll merrily.*

*"The monk from far Siena?  
Does he arrive today?  
I saw him at Ravenna—  
Do I hear the Dies Irae?"*

*Hamish Boyne-Anderson*

# the *Flintlock* letters

**Denis Davison**

My colleague, Professor Snood, and I recently announced the astonishing discovery of unpublished letters by the late Barchester Flintlock, the poet, whose death at an early age in 1935 caused profound regret in literary circles here and in Pitcairn Island (where most of his volumes were published and issued from a private hand-press). As a prelude to the publication of his correspondence, I venture to give a brief account of the extraordinary 'detective work' which was involved in running to earth these missing works from his astounding pen. I confess to a feeling of excitement as I reveal the various stages of our search, which occupied us for over fifteen years — years, however, well-spent in the service of scholarship.

Our first clue was an anonymous postcard sent to us from Cambridge (the sister university to our own) with the cryptic message: 'Try the Shetland Islands — Flintlock was there.' To the professional scholar this was a call to duty — and to adventure — and Professor Snood and I duly cancelled our holidays, arranged, respectively, for Cannes and Venice, and set off north at the beginning of the long vacation. (Here I must pause and add a tribute to Mrs. Snood and my wife, who, without demur, sacrificed our company on their Continental vacation and allowed us to proceed to the Shetlands. Without such willing, but rarely publicized, intellectual co-operation, many literary ventures would, I fear, come to naught.)

I will not hide the fact that the first month spent learning Gaelic for fourteen hours a day was somewhat tedious, for we were anxious to commence our research. At last, however, we were able to start. Unfortunately, although we enquired at every house and hut on the islands, spent many evenings crawling through dusty attics with candles, and interviewed the local peasantry with meticulous care, our efforts were destined to be fruitless. Still, as Professor Snood insisted in his broadcast from Glasgow at the end of our trip, to the scholar a negative result is as valuable as a positive one, since it helps to narrow the future field of investigation.

Strangely enough, just before the next long vacation, another anonymous postcard arrived from London. This time I thought that I recognized the handwriting as being that of a former student of mine at Oxford, whom, I regret to say, I had had to fail in Old English and Gothic. This message read simply: 'Go to Halifax.' Once more, with the kind consent of our wives, Snood and I turned our steps to the north.

Flintlock is, of course, an uncommon name, and we were able to trace without difficulty the comparatively few people who might have been relations of his. Our trail led, this time, to quite a variety of places, for example, to Mr. 'Beefy' Flintlock of the 'Cock and Fiddle',

who displayed little interest in our investigations (possibly because Snood and I are strict abstainers); to Sir Ralph Flintlock, unhappily sojourning with his young Italian bride at Madeira; to Mr. J. D. Flintlock, Inspector of Sewers, who was available only during working-hours; and to Miss, or perhaps Mrs., 'Girlie' Flintlock, who, when visited at her rather dingy flat, demanded for some unascertainable reason to see our 'police cards'. This palpable error of identification gave Snood and myself much cause for quiet mirth after our return, again empty-handed, from that provincial city of industry.

It is unnecessary to relate the similar details concerning our work, which continued for the next decade, except to add that our field of enquiry was now being considerably narrowed. Due to Snood's broadcasts and my newspaper articles our 'hunt' for the missing letters was arousing considerable interest, and suggestions for further investigations began simply to pour in. In, I think, every case the communications were anonymous, or signed with obviously pseudonymous names, which causes me here to reflect, with some pride, on the admirable modesty of English scholars. I hope I am not being insular or old-fashioned when I compare this self-effacing co-operation advantageously with the somewhat egocentric tendencies of some of our American colleagues.

Suffice it to state that the last stage of our quest led us to a district in Birmingham in search of an establishment for the sale of certain popular foodstuffs, where Flintlock had once resided before he left for Pitcairn Island. Our information did not indicate the precise address, and so we were forced to hire a taxi and make a round of all the likely places. Interviewing the managers or owners of these enterprises was, we found, a trifle difficult without making at least a token purchase of one of the two edibles on sale, and by 9.30 one evening last March, after eighteen unsuccessful calls, our appetite for further enquiries was slackening. In fact it was with noticeable reluctance that Snood approached the nineteenth counter to demand a modicum of **pommes de terre frites**. Judge, therefore, our mutual surprise when the purveyor in question, a stoutish, red-haired gentleman, of fierce appearance, began to wrap up the purchase in what was obviously torn-up sheets of note-paper, covered with a, to us, familiar handwriting. Here were the missing documents we had searched for in vain in the Shetlands, Halifax, the Isle of Wight, Romney Marshes, Liverpool Left Luggage Office, the summit of Snowdon, and inside the mechanism of Big Ben. Our scholarly helpers had indeed been wide of the mark!

With tense excitement Snood snatched up the pile of papers, and began automatically arranging them in chronological order, as far as their divided state would allow, while I felt for some coppers to give the shopkeeper in exchange for his 'wrapping-papers'. Here, however, we struck a snag. The irate gentleman was plainly suspicious that we should have stepped out of a cab and offered to buy his scraps of old papers, and furthermore he informed us that he had that evening run out of newspaper (his usual wrapping material) and could not possibly allow us to take more than a single sheet requisite to hold what we had just purchased. He was so adamant about this that finally Snood and I were obliged to buy the remainder of the night's 'fry' (as the technical term is) in order to procure the precious documents. This indeed was not too great a price to pay, as the reader will judge when he peruses the extracts from the letters which we shall shortly publish.

But a further difficulty, or rather, embarrassment, was in store. The shopkeeper, though stubborn and lacking any substantial interest in **belles lettres**, was nevertheless astoundingly honest — or appeared to be so. Having accepted several pounds for his stock, he insisted that we take it away with us. It turned out later that he assumed,

by our manners and accents, that we were inspectors from the Ministry of Food, and he was concerned lest he should be tricked into making a dubious commercial contract which would land him into trouble. We would not of course permit him to wrap up our somewhat unmanageable purchase in the valuable documents, and eventually Snood and I were forced to take off our raincoats and allow them to be filled with what I have ever since regarded as an unattractive form of nourishment. Our raincoats were however spared the addition of the usual accompanying condiments.

Our humiliating journey back in the taxi can be imagined, and our arrival at my hotel, accompanied by a motley assembly of cats and dogs, which suddenly appeared from adjacent gardens, is not one which I need recall in any great detail. Certainly, I would not care to relive again those anxious moments when we traversed the lounge, the dining hall and the kitchen, still followed by a few determined animals, and arrived safely at the garbage receptacles.

However, the discomforts of the evening, and indeed the disappointments of an arduous fifteen years' research were soon forgotten as, next day, Snood and I set to work and restored order to the correspondence we had rescued, so to speak, from a sticky fate. In fact, as I remember, the whole affair ended on a hilarious note, for we were both extremely amused to find that, during our absence, a postcard had arrived from one of our faithful co-workers, bearing what we now knew to be useless, though well-meant, advice: 'Try the bottom of Lake Windermere.'

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# POEMS

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## EXAMINATION QUESTION

O yonge, fresshe folkes, he or she,  
That han yrede in Chaucer how that he  
Of bestes and of foweles muchel can  
And ofte likeneth to a beeste a man  
And eek a womman to a henne or calf  
Or joly pye (I may nat tellen half,  
I woot right wel, of his comparisouns),  
Yeveth anonright youre opiniouns,  
In prose or ryme, as touchyng this matere,  
And eek for Goddes love writeth clere.

## PERIOD PIECE

Looke how the jocund Sunne  
That climbs the Skye,  
With his Imperious Eye  
Makes the black Shaddowes Westward runne  
His Beames to shunne.

But the brave Marigold  
And the Sunne-Flowre  
Shrinke not, nor close, nor cower,  
But stand up, Captaine-like and bold  
Till Night them fold.

So, when my Love appeares,  
As Phoebus bright  
Apparelled in Light,  
Straight my unworthie Heart arreares,  
Prompted by Feares.

**D. C. MUECKE**

But my Fidelitye  
And golden Hopes  
Like those bold Heliotropes  
Gaze up at her else-daunting Eye  
And Live thereby.

## DEBATE OVERHEARD

(A post pre-Raphaelite poem)

**NATURE:** This woman's mine. See how I made her lovely!

*Lovely indeed! A rose to wonder at!  
But lovers' lanes have many such sweet roses.*

**NURTURE:** This gentle lady then I claim for mine,  
Gentle and comely, chaste, exact in judgement.

*Oh coarse and common generation, see  
What you have made of decent English phrases:  
No words remain to match her qualities.*

**GRACE:** If 'queenliness' remains then must I claim her;  
I know what tiny kingdom calls her queen,  
Loves and a little fears that regal spirit.

**TIME:** There is no living creature but is mine.

*If you could see, blind Time, you would not claim her.*

**TIME:** No eyes so bright but fade, no eyes so bright,  
No mind so true but fails, no heart so loving,  
No queen so loved but leaves her world forsaken.

**LOVE:** But Love a little longer keeps what Time has taken.



# MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM

## I

Panny, my old goat, is dead at last.  
These are his bones; this was his green hill.  
A college of crows has fed upon  
His flesh. Hail and the clean wind  
Have washed and tumbled him;  
Utterly humbled him  
Would you not say?

But look, his eye!

His eye jerks in the socket still,  
Whally and yellow, betokening still  
His capering, capricious mind and kind.  
Would it not be as well  
To bury him, say I?

## II

Warmed, on one side, by her beating blood  
A cross lay waiting in a narrow pass:  
Jesus the Jouster, in eighteen-carat armour,  
Watched for Pyrochles and his black Occasion,  
For bold Sansloy, for Braggadochio.

But being this time a conscript, chained indeed,  
Though lightly, to his Errant Damosel,  
His mind was elsewhere; and his heart misgave him  
That here once more defeat was predetermined,  
Once more above the tumult would be heard  
"Barabbas!". And he himself, the peace-disturber,  
Be put away as soon as kissing started  
And hung perhaps on a convenient nail.

# VIOLETS AND THE STORM

HAMISH BOYNE-ANDERSON

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## ON AN ABANDONED STOCK-ROUTE

*Walking in the hills, I met an old man.  
The blood was black in his hair,  
Dirt on his face showed where the tears ran.  
I should have asked, had I been a man:*

Old father, under a wife's or a child's care  
Are you? He would have said:  
My wife? I forget. My child is dead.  
Or rich. I forget. I had money,  
Some thirty shillings. They took it,  
A doctor or a lawyer. They were too many;  
It was at night; they had sticks.  
When I died they buried me naked  
And kept the change. It doesn't matter.

*His mouth would have creaked shut. His knotted hand  
Was one with his staff.  
The bark from his legs fell on the bloodied sand.*

The fortress at Koenigsburg rises out of the ground as if God had created it when He moulded the earth. The great grey walls soar sunwards, and the guns on the battlements scowl out against the sky. Firm and forbidding, the fortress plays the part of guardian to the city. At the bottom of its gaunt, cold walls one can see the bleached grave-stones of the Teutonic Knights who wrested the land from the heathen Slaus. To the people of Koenigsburg the fortress is as majestic and awe-inspiring as the Cathedral, which is the house of God.

The Cathedral does not fit in with the environment. It stands out against the solemn sky, and compared to the squat, stout fortress, seems to be as frail as a fairy tale palace. Perhaps the disparity between the fortress and the cathedral is only to be expected, as it is unreasonable to demand that temporal and ecclesiastical edifices complement the same landscape. One was built for man, the other for God. Both performed their respective tasks admirably. One was ruled by a Captain, the other by an Arch-Bishop. One provided employment for the people of the city, and the other ministered to their spiritual appetites. Both buildings justified their existence, and between them they dominated the city.

Captain von Kolberg was the commander of the fortress. Athletic and powerful, he was about thirty-six years of age. He was a bold man, and tended to his duties in a true military manner. His personnel all admired him, but no one had managed to become intimate with him. He was polite and courteous, but that was all. He gave praise where it was due, and if he had cause to reprimand anyone, he did so firmly but without venom or sarcasm. No one at the fortress had cause to complain about the captain, but neither had they reason to enthuse over him. At best he was a human machine: you could set your watch by him. This sort of person is very much admired by most people, but no one is ever really anxious to make friends with a machine. One never knows when a machine will break down.

Perhaps the impersonal relationship between the captain and his staff was a good thing. Affairs at the fortress ran

smoothly; everyone knew his place and duty, and did not interfere with the duty of others. The fortress was slowly taking on the guise of a huge machine; each department was isolated and insular, but all the departments contributed towards a very efficient whole. In 1913 the fortress of Koenigsburg was regarded as the most exemplary administrative college in Prussia. The captain called his colleagues together to thank them for their co-operation. He held a sherry party for his officers and their wives. The Arch-Bishop sent the captain a note expressing his fond felicitations, and in return the captain donated a new lectern to the cathedral. The people of Koenigsburg were very proud of their efficient military commander.

The captain was a bachelor, yet he kept a mistress. She was a well-educated lady, and was capable of interpreting and discussing things in a very intelligent manner, as well as giving him comfort and affection. He had known her for five years. At first he had only wanted the physical contact, the long kiss and the warmth in his bed. Yet slowly it became bigger than mere desire. He admired her for her good sense and her mature and practical outlook on life. They had talked, and had sometimes touched, on the question of marriage, but were both very cautious about this matter. Both needed the affection and comfort of the other, but both wanted their independence. The captain, being a prudent man, had decided to think about this question of marriage once again. He knew that unless one gets married, one tends to become bigoted and intolerant, and as a thinking man he wished to avoid the unpleasant afflictions. She was the right woman for him spiritually, emotionally and temperamentally. He needed her, and he knew that she needed him. He would see her once more, and then he would propose to her. There was plenty of time.

The captain's lady lived at Koslin, in a boarding-house overlooking the cadet academy. Five weeks had elapsed since the captain had last contemplated marriage, but he had finally decided to ask her about the matter for once and for all. Before he left Koenigsburg he told his

orderly not to worry about the requisition forms which had arrived from the stores at Marienberg. "There will be plenty of time to worry about the forms when I return," he said. He was really afraid that the orderly was not competent enough to fill in a form from the store centre.

Von Kolberg travelled as far as Elberg. His conscientious and systematic mind forced him to return to the fortress and deal with the forms himself. If he dealt with the matter himself he knew it would be done correctly. He was forced to see in the New Year away from his lady. This upset him, because everyone else had company for the festive season.

Finally he left and saw his lady. He was very tired after his journey, and they quarrelled bitterly over trifles. His lady had beautiful eyes, the deep colour of violets. The captain was upset when they welled with tears after a peculiarly petty quarrel. This visit was a misery for both of them, so he returned to the fortress at Königsburg. On the way home he wrote to his lady and told her that they had best think seriously about the situation before they got married. Married life is not all roses, yet he would trust to her discretion and judgement and would come and see her later when time permitted.

On his arrival back at the fort both his horses needed shoeing. He took them to the forge attached to the stables. The smith's son, a lad of eighteen, was standing at the anvil beating out a red hot piece of metal. His manly muscles glistened in the fire glow, and the stench of sweat permeated the place. The lad was naked to the waist, and his belly was knotted in a complicated gear of muscle. He was very handsome in a coarse manner, but then he lived after a coarse fashion.

The captain remembered a piece of scandal from the barrack rooms. "I hear you put poor Rachel in the family way": he smiled at the panting youth. "Yes, Sir, but I'll be making an honest woman out of the wench. My father will be leaving me the business, and then we'll be all right. If it's a boy, we'll send him to the cadet academy, Sir." "I hope it is a boy, lad. The army will be good for

him. Fix these up for me, and then send them to the stables." As the captain strode back to the fortress he wondered about the smith's son. He envied the boy his youth and happy optimism. The army would be good for the baby when it got older, but there was plenty of time to worry about that later. The baby might be a girl after all.

The captain checked upon affairs at the fortress, and after several weeks decided to go and see his lady and make up their quarrel. It was best that they had quarrelled, as they had seen the worst of each other before it was too late — no marriage can last if it is built up on idealized portraits — this was how the captain reasoned about the situation.

He knew that he could be very happy if his lady would accept him. She was the right woman for him. He was still sorry about the tears in her eyes — yet he would make it up to her by being the model husband.

His lady wrote to him and said that she wanted to see him as soon as possible as she missed him a great deal. She said she had some wonderful news for him.

He packed immediately and glanced at the calendar. It was late in July — if he hurried he could arrive early in August. He left late in the afternoon. The sun coruscated on his pickelhaube and patent boots, and his spurs threw their reflection on to the sweet-smelling fields of rye and maize. It would soon be evening — but there was no need to hurry. There was plenty of time.

The captain never reached his lady. A storm delayed him, and by the roadside little clumps of violets wilted in mud pools.

The captain was forced to ride out into the storm, but the Arch-Bishop stayed in his cathedral. I am not sure what the emperor did.

The captain and the Arch-Bishop both got very wet, as the elements are no respecters of people.

This is a pity, because the captain and the Arch-Bishop were both excellent men; people respected them very much indeed.

Peter Scherer



# **NEFOS and OLDEFOS**

**afterthoughts on an Indonesian visit**

My introduction to Indonesia was an unusually gentle one. Instead of flying straight into Djakarta and its fragrant excesses of unplanned

urban over-population, my entry was across the border by horse from Portuguese Timor. That is a fantastic place, with its atmosphere of a

rather seedy 3-D Hollywood Technicolour remake of a Graham Greene novel (complete with strutting white-uniformed officials, subservient and withdrawn natives, and conscript Portuguese university-radicals full of anti-clerical fervour and admiration for the Indonesian revolution). We saw almost no women or children on the streets there, and those there were, never smiled, but looked furtive, as if they felt that it was expected that they should appear ashamed. Some natives even bowed or saluted as we rode past in a jeep. What economic production there is, is largely maintained by compulsory native labour (in lieu of taxes) on teak plantations and elsewhere, while the Catholic Church is the only provider of education: (one High School to about fifth form standard in Dilli, a large proportion of whose students are Chinese). Above all one feels the withdrawn nature of the people, who had obviously had it impressed on them that in the presence of Europeans they should be seen but not heard. After this, the vitality and frankness of Indonesian Timor was overwhelming.

Wherever we went, my companion and I were greeted with that natural warmth and friendliness which those who know the Indonesian people love. There was the village speech-night we attended, where the inevitably long and occasionally political speeches blended unashamedly with a lack of inhibition about making a fool of oneself on stage by trying to dance or sing, creating a natural balance of tension and relaxation. There were the crowds of children — to us younger looking than their actual age — who followed us everywhere, crowding

round the doors and windows whenever we visited anyone, saying "good morning" at any time of day, and being irrepressibly rude in a way no Javanese would tolerate for five minutes from his children. There was the Chief of Police of Kefemananu, an inland provincial centre, a dark and handsome Protestant Sumbawan, with his intelligent and witty Moslem West Javanese wife, and eight polite but delightful children — the eldest named Ernest, after Hemingway. (In Kupang, the provincial capital, the Chief of Police is also the President of the S.R.C. at the local University.)

There was much that was annoying in Eastern Timor. The roads were bad, the bridges unmended since the war, the paper-bureaucracy vastly overstaffed and inefficient, and we filled in enough forms and got enough little bits of paper to carry round to make an Australian University Registrar green with envy. It is impossible to make that journey across the Timorese border without realizing how comparatively peripheral these things are compared with human dignity and "freedom to be free" (to use Sukarno's phrase.)

Any colonial system is poisonous. Whether in East Europe or the Congo, India, Indo-China or Indonesia, it reduces whole peoples to the status of ranks of pawns, manipulated by the shifting tides of circumstances in the metropolitan country, usually with no relationship of culture or social values with the manipulated. Such remote-control jerking-around of a complete society is, in the long run (and the Dutch were in Indonesia 300 years), far more debilitating than any local despotism, however fierce. Especially in the

Netherlands Indies, where Dutch legends of the gallant dyke-flooders defying the mighty Spaniards mocked those who became familiar with their rulers' history, such an experience can build up a potential for complete rejection of all the overlords claim to stand for, especially the foreign-imposed system of order (the pax Britannica, or Hollandia, as the case may be). These tensions are different in kind and form from those which have plagued Europe for centuries. For Europeans, while detesting tyranny by their neighbours, have generally accepted that this tyranny is that of an equal over another — Germany humiliated France in 1870, the tables were turned in 1918, and again in 1940. If Austria and Russia in turn dominate Hungary, it is felt to be because of military and numerical superiority, but not (except in a half-hearted and scarcely-believed way) because of an absolute right to rule or guide inferiors.

Once European supremacy had been effectively challenged by the Japanese it was doomed, for it had always been based on a lie — and when enough Indonesians no longer believed that they need bow to the Dutch, the lie crumbled. In the progressivist post-war world, enough Westerners recognized this to eventually force the Dutch reluctantly to do so too. But old myths, like old imperialists, die hard, and are bolstered by temporary reality. The continued obvious technical superiority of the West encouraged a patronising attitude to new nations, and in the case of Indonesia caused continual Western interference of a sort unimaginable in reverse. A nation which rightly regards its

position in S-E Asia as analogous to that of the United States in North America found herself regarded by the Dutch, the British, the Americans and (after 1949) the Australians like a blown-up banana republic. The claim to West Irian was superciliously ignored, sales of the simplest military equipment refused, and rebel-movements were sponsored by the C.I.A. as if Indonesia were some East-Asian Guatemala.

In many colonies this potential for emotional rejection of everything connected with the foreigner was not fulfilled, since the ruling classes who would have led this rejection were won over culturally (though not politically) by the foreigners and then managed to wrest political independence without a long and bloody armed struggle. Any social dissatisfaction was then directed at them rather than the former rulers, who if still present faded into the background as "advisers". The archetype of this development was India, a less vast and therefore more comprehensible case, Malaysia. Like an irritation so lessened in intensity as to seem cured, the remaining neo-colonial influence on the economy and political structure of the country is, if not ignored, no longer a source of inflamed indignation.

(I was shocked at the tremendous contrast in attitudes towards social and political matters between students in Singapore and Kuala Lumpur and, say, Djakarta and Jogjakarta. All Malaysian students — even those so far to the left that they supported the Indonesians' Crush-Malaysia policy — spoke in the language and style of West-European Social Democracy or Marxism. While bitterly criticising Lee Kuan Yew



for revisionism and ruthlessness towards the left, their criticism was of his actions and bias, not his (basically pragmatist) style. Even the most radical of them, while wanting the British bases abolished, qualified this by saying it must be done gradually to avoid unemployment. Such unrevolutionary caution would be completely foreign to an Indonesian nationalist progressive, for whom the elimination of neo-colonial influence and "keeping on the rails of the revolution" now comes before everything, and is worth any sacrifice by the Indonesian people.)

Indonesians, however, see the nadir of neo-colonial treatment and insults as having coincided with the period when Western-educated and inclined politicians were earnestly attempting to lead the country in more-or-less Western "text-book" style. Further, time and time again Western methods in public life, both externally and internally proved ineffective and frustrating. The independence struggle against the Dutch, which only ended when they were driven out of West Irian three years ago, is seen in retrospect of having faltered when reason and persuasion were used, and to have succeeded by revolution and confrontation. The period of multi-party constitutional democracy of the early fifties accomplished little in permanent economic achievement, and collapsed in a series of regional revolts and disillusionment at loss of national purpose.

Whether or not because of these events, I felt that the value-judgments on which Westerners base all their evaluations of political performance

and success have, at least for the moment, ceased to operate. No-one is impressed or interested in arguments about the government's performance in administrative skill, economic management, or long-term planning. Such things are talked about, and the words used are taken from Western vocabularies, but the emphasis and value put on them is shifted. The primary aim of politics and public life is to promote the unity of the nation and keep it moving, in which way is never clearly stated. Symbols and their manipulation become the stock-in-trade of public life, and success in this art is the standard against which any man's achievements are measured.

Seen in isolation in the big cities of Java, this spirit can repel even a sympathetic visitor. He sees around him inefficiency, stridency, and an apparent obsession with causes and goals as peculiar as those of, say, Ted Hill's Communists in Melbourne, and applying the standards by which he has learnt to rate public merit since childhood, is appalled and condemns. Politics, which influences all public functions and activities, is carried out in such a strange twilight of Newspeak and revolutionary reality that the Western-orientated observer is left nonplussed.

This has bred a new style of public life, a style set by Sukarno's exhortations for "revolutionary romanticism". The revolutionary spirit can perhaps be compared in style though not in kind, to the "school spirit" to which appeal is made here to hold together disparate groups, both of children and old-boys, and which once inspired Those Who Built the British Empire. The political world

which has developed with this elan has just such an atmosphere, from the rousing spirit of the "revolutionary commercials" on the radio, to the school-sports' atmosphere of a Jakarta students' political rally.

This said, it is necessary to make strong qualifications. For much of the time and many of the participants, all this is a game — a game one can't avoid playing, and might even enjoy — but a part-time occupation. The language of the official propaganda — of struggle and devotion to the revolution — demands an all-out commitment, taking as its model in language and precept the totalitarians' call for "everything for the people". But these values are certainly not deeply internalised by most people, who in particular rarely show them if they meet foreigners, except perhaps for a few students.

Thus the bewildering contrast between the apparent xenophobia which expresses itself in embassy-sacking and library-burning, and the continual courtesy shown to foreigners in general. Even the American and British consuls in Surabaya took pain to emphasize their complete confidence in their personal safety, and their lack of fear of harm when they drive around the city unprotected — this in perhaps the "reddest" city in Indonesia. It is the symbols of imperialist manipulation — the consulate building, the USIS library — which had been attacked, but not the people themselves. I myself never had any fears for my safety, and met no European who had. The restrictions and checks on our movements were probably much less than those of a long-term Asian tourist in Australia.

The other — and more depressing — aspect of Indonesia is the general bewilderment about what happens when the surf-ride is over; when the people can stand it no longer and inflation has to be stopped, the cities housed, and the exploding population fed. Those that I met — particularly the intelligentsia — seemed to view the solving of such problems with something of the dread of a student faced with a compulsory essay whose subject is incomprehensible. The actual achievements of the new nation, her real if tenuous unity, her impressive and respected (if logistically restricted) armies, her near-universal literacy and extensive network of universities and schools (there will have been a university in Sukarnapura in West Irian for three years when the university at Port Moresby is opened next year), are mocked by the cancerous condition of the economy on which they must rest.

These real achievements have been attained in defiance of Western predictions and "text-book thinking", and as a Western-orientated economy is by definition neo-colonialist, necessarily implying domination, no-one of importance from any group suggests this as a solution. Only the Communists offer a way out that is creditable and which everybody knows can work. It is on this fact — rather than any vague counting of heads for the P.K.I. vs. heads for the army — that predictions of eventual Communist takeover may be validly based. The army is too involved in scrambling for pickings from the status quo to be capable of leading reform, and there is no longer any other group in Indonesia (other than the Communists) which could do so.

I remember well a student leader we met in Surabaya. A law student whose father is a lawyer, he was very definitely a member of the elite. His library of political philosophy and sociology is more extensive and complete than that of any Australian student I have met, and he has managed to maintain a position of independent leadership in the cut-throat world of Indonesian student-politics — a world in which opposing factions are likely to arrive at the Annual General Meeting of a political club armed with revolvers. Though ideologically a Nationalist, he has managed to avoid being submerged in either of the giant Communist or Nationalist student federations, keeping instead a local political club (of which he is president) independent. In general, he is as successful as anyone could hope to be in Indonesian student affairs, and was leading a wide-scale campaign to "retool" (replace) the local (Communist) mayor. He had direct personal links with some of the top Djakarta cabinet ministers.

But as he talked to us, I felt he betrayed a deep alienation from the direction in which things were moving — not only policies at the top, but the way of thought and action of the people. He had refused to co-operate in the planning and execution of the sacking of the USIS library in Surabaya, as he still has Oldefo inhibitions about students who burn books. But he obviously felt isolated in this stand. He felt that students, during the seven years he has been at university, have become less reflective, less able to think for themselves, and more liable to accept uncritically the mass-leadership offered them. And while he

enjoyed and was extremely skilful at the day-to-day mass-politics of demonstration and counter-demonstration, he saw no ultimate end to it. And so, in spite of his brilliance, he foresaw no way to end the decline of the economy and the people's morale — even though he agreed that this was necessary if, in the long run, the Communists were not to succeed.

The same nationalism and search for pride which has caused the rejection of the West, will eventually demand that the problem be tackled. There was no inevitability that events should take the turn that they have, and whether things would be different if Sukarno were less of a romantic, or if the West had been less stupid, will never be known. Nor is there anything certain about the future. Almost everyone dreads what will happen if Sukarno goes, and I was on occasion surprised and embarrassed to be asked "Do you think the Communists will take over here?"

It was, and is, a question impossible to answer with certainty, and not even high PKI officials will, when speaking frankly, try to do so.

One thing, I think, is certain — that the Western intervention on one side in any civil war would be the kiss of death for the faction aided. The same would be true of any attempts at Balkanization by encouraging secessionist movements. The West, particularly Australia, will simply have to adjust to the fact that it is no longer able to order things to its satisfaction in the huge countries of Asia, however much "Western security" may be threatened by this inability.

# FUTURE RESEARCH IN AUSTRALIAN HISTORY

JOHN RITCHIE

This article purports to be written with no other intention than raising some possible fields of research to the history student either about to commence the fourth year of his honours course or thinking of post-graduate research. It is simply a farrago of ideas which have crossed my mind during the past two years. The ideas are undeveloped. I shall be content if they prove suggestive. The main thing is that much work remains to be done, and the research should prove exciting.

There is an abundance of subjects untouched in the intellectual history of Australia. Manning Clark has indicated much in his 1962 Crawford Memorial Lecture, "Melbourne: An Intellectual Tradition", reprinted in the **Melbourne Historical Journal**, No. 2. One might add to this such subjects as "The Reception of John Stuart Mill in Australia" or "The Reception of Jeremy Bentham in Australia", or "The Influence of Nietzsche on Australian Political Thinking from Christopher Brennan to Norman Lindsay".

The early period, say to 1842, has been more thoroughly treated, but many detailed analyses remain to be done. Michael Roe's **Quest for Authority in Eastern Australia** offers tempting morsels for further digestion; the analysis of the ideological forces of "Conservatism" and "moral enlightenment" in the infant colonies. Now that L. L. Robson has debunked, once and for all one hopes, the myth of our convict forebears being

"village Hamdens", scholars ought to set about the task of tracing what happened to the convicts after they arrived at Sydney or Hobart Town. George Rudé in the latest **Historical Studies** (No. 44, April, 1965) has shown a pointer as to how this might be approached. And, another field relating to the study of the Convict era, is the mores of the convicts. The extent of "reform" has only been hinted at. There is much truth in Noel McLachlan's suggestion that the analysis of convict criminality by their bourgeois contemporaries in terms of "moral destitution" is clearly to miss the the fundamental point: that their behaviour was to their own class normal, traditional and by no means immoral. The application of the concepts of sociology, criminology and penology to the convict era has been relatively ignored, though one exception in the latter case warranting citation is John Barry's **The Life and Death of John Price and Alexander Maconochie of Norfolk Island**. And, though this may be little more than a souffle, no one has yet followed up A. A. Phillips' suggestion in his 1958 **Australian Tradition** of the contribution to history and romantic legend of the irresponsibles of the New South Wales Corps, the 73rd, 46th and 48th Regiments of Foot.

The area of Land Selection shows little chalk upon the slate. Local studies need more thoroughness. A comparative study of the problems associated with establishing three or four selections in different areas would be rewarding, as would the comparative study of the growth or decline of three country towns. Related to this, a minor, though important, history of flour-milling still awaits the writing, as does a study of transport problems by road and rail. K. A. Austin's forthcoming work on the History of Cobb and Co. in Australia is an example of what might be done in the latter bracket. Besides this, there is the whole field of the ideological bases of the land selection legislation, its relation to the ideas of eighteenth century English theorists,

Continental idealists and the North American experiences of Jefferson and Jackson. The doctrine that the yeoman farmer was the ideal man and, the ideal citizen was not only a convenient shibboleth for the Australian politician at the hustings or in the Legislative Assembly. The concept was implicit in the thoughts and attitudes of the small selectors themselves. Why did this concept never gain the acceptance and influence that the convict based myths of the pastoral proletariat achieved? Why did the Australian farming middle class never find its Tom Collins? Willa Cather, Hamlin Garland and W. A. White perceptively and movingly examined the small settlers of the American Prairie States. Why were their counterparts absent from the Australian scene?

As for the twentieth century, Weston Bate's work on Brighton reinforces the need for further analysis of the question why so many Australians live in cities, and the nature of urbanization. The sociology of the depression and both world wars awaits a student who might well use a tape recorder and oral interviewing. Geoffrey Blainey's company histories and business studies suggest research to be done on B.H.P., the Shipping Companies (Burns Philp), the Australian Agricultural Company, Coal Mining, Wool Brokers, and the whole Pastoral economy. In the field of Labour History one ought to remember the extent of virgin territory. There is really only one academic history of a Trade Union, Bob Gollan's **Coal Miners of N.S.W.** The richness of this field can be illustrated by the need for a history of the A.W.U., entailing a study of utopianism and racketeering, ideology and pressure groups. Australia still needs a history of class structure; and one might also make a sociological study of the consequences of the wheat or dairy farm employing the family over a couple of generations. Unwritten biographies abound: personally I look forward to one on Paterson. And finally, there is the study of the sociology of sport in Australia, and of mass entertainment.

# a passage

john romeril

The bottle was empty,  
and I'd drained the glass  
which roared of the sea  
when I put it in my ear.  
And I saw sail scurrying, billowing  
as it hurried across the sea;  
and I heard gulls shrieking  
as they soared hungrily.

In a stupor there I lay  
with the glass pressed to my ear  
listening to it say what it said.  
Moments of nothing, moments of calm  
relaxed my tired arm  
and I knew at last that I was right.  
But then the wind would whip the water  
to a frenzied fury  
pulsating like an epileptic in a fit  
until I screamed the horror of a thousand

hungry gulls  
preparing to attack the helpless man upon  
the beach

But I couldn't move my arm  
and the glass closed tight about my ear,  
a red-ringed smear,  
impressed upon the right side of my head.  
So I trembled in a sweat  
which dribbled down my neck  
as I saw ships taking me  
across the bay and out to sea.

And they looked splendid in the harbour,  
'Haven Harbour' home to ships  
where one could lay and laze  
beneath a friendly sun;  
or slip into the still and placid water.  
But my ship had finished there  
and the dictates of its trade  
made it ply its way from 'Haven Harbour'  
out into the nothingness of sea –  
sea flat and unoffensive

for as far as I could see –  
so I lost fear  
so I felt warm and sticky  
with the whiskey of the Harbour,  
and likely fell asleep.

But I awoke to the roaring of a wave  
raving warnings from my father  
who lay dead and angry in his whiskey  
sprinkled grave  
which was shifting fifty fathoms to the bottom  
of the sea,

his sea which rose in retribution  
striking sly at me  
like a cobra, like a harpooned shark  
that you have grounded in a rocky bay  
when you've been running from a storm,  
just such a storm that my father throws at me,  
and likely throws at you –  
when the ship shudders timbers shake  
when the sails split unexpected  
and the quaking deck dislodges feet  
blown by a strange and stinging wind  
that ruffles hair about your ears  
sending salted tears streaming down your face  
which weeps in pain.

And the searing pelt of rain  
plays sneering games upon the body  
while the sea heaves up to kill,  
to swamp and saturate  
all those who brave the storm.  
And then it peters out  
and you enjoy a warm respite,  
one day, one night perhaps.  
But it returns perpetual like an ancient plague  
returns to etch a black cross on each wooden  
village door.

And seldom are you safe  
from the chafe of oilskin on the salt  
encrusted neck  
or the biting cold cold which seeks the marrow  
of your weary battered bones.  
And always your name is borne upon the wind  
Insistent in its groans,  
Persistent in its chase to catch  
the quaking quarry, quaking with the deck.



# Democracy and Inequality

In all societies, the existence of economic inequality threatens the existence of political democracy. Sections of the community can be so crushed by want and poverty that they "cannot be bothered with democracy", "they cannot be bothered with politics"; "in the ordinary peaceful course of events the majority of the population is debarred from participating in social and political life<sup>(1)</sup>" said Lenin, and his statement appears to be borne out by most contemporary sociologists and students of politics. John Strachey says "it has been true at some times and in some places . . . that wage earners are too poor, ignorant and generally oppressed to make intelligent use of democratic institutions even if they exist."<sup>(2)</sup>

Recent sociological research has shown two things about countries with substantial economic inequality. One that the economically under-privileged show a lack of political awareness and where they do have attitudes they tend to be authoritarian and anti-democratic, and two, that the very rich consider that theirs is the natural right to rule and that any democratic intrusion from the lower classes is out of the question.

Almond and Verba compiled figures for five countries which show that the people of those countries in which there is more economic equality are more politically aware (and therefore more capable of asserting their democratic rights) than those in countries where there is a large number of very poor.

The position is evident in the under-developed countries of the Middle East. In Egypt where the average weekly income of the agricultural labourer is 10 Egyptian lire compared to the bank chairman's 3,000, the very poor show little or no interest in politics. Father Ayrout, a Catholic missionary, who worked long years in Egypt, writes "Patriotism and nationalism mean no more to the fellahin than the ideas of co-operation, public interest or civic pride."<sup>(3)</sup> Another observer notes "the masses of the people still seem to be dominated by a passive contempt if not active animosity towards the state."<sup>(4)</sup>

The following tables indicate that as the range of incomes increases so the awareness of the population decreases.

## Awareness:

Ability to name party leaders and Government ministries.

### PERCENTAGE WHO COULD

Nation	Name 4 or More Leaders	Name No Party Leader	Name 4 or More Ministries	Name No Ministries
United States . . . . .	65	16	34	28
Great Britain . . . . .	42	20	34	23
Germany . . . . .	69	12	40	20
Italy . . . . .	36	40	23	53
Mexico . . . . .	5	53	21	47

### Per Cent Low Scorers in Following Politics and Political Campaigns.

Nation	Male	Female
United States . . . . .	16	25
Great Britain . . . . .	31	48
Germany . . . . .	20	45
Italy . . . . .	52	81
Mexico . . . . .	37	66

These figures are from G. A. Almond and S. Verba, "The Civic Culture", p. 96.

It would also appear that the poorer sections of any community are less able to cope with the demands of democratic government. The underprivileged are less likely to show the qualities of tolerance and open-mindedness necessary for truly representative government.

**Proportion of Male Respondents Who are "More Tolerant" with Respect to Civil Liberties Issues.**

Professional and semi-professional . . . . .	66%
Proprietors, managers and officials . . . . .	51%
Clerical and sales . . . . .	49%
Manual workers . . . . .	30%
Farmers or farm workers . . . . .	20%

(Figures from S. M. Lipset "Political Man", p. 104.)

While the category of farmers and farm workers may be influenced by their isolation, it would appear that the qualities of fair-minded judgment decrease with economic status, even in a country such as America.

"Economic underprivilege is psychological underprivilege; habits of submission; little access to sources of information, lack of verbal facility appear to produce a lack of self-confidence, which increases the unwillingness of the low-status person to participate in many phases of our predominantly middle-class culture." (5)

Because of the economic status of the lower class they are more likely to lack psychological security. "Such insecurity will of course affect the individual's politics and attitudes. High states of tension require immediate alleviation, and this is frequently found in the venting of hostility against a scapegoat and the search for a short-term solution by support of extremist groups." (6)

The effect of economic stratification also affects the attitudes of those at the other end of the scale. C. Wright Mills has noted the tendency of the very rich to assume positions of leadership naturally, and indeed that their family backgrounds and schooling groom them for positions of authority. (7) "The poorer the country and the lower the absolute standard of living of the lower classes, the greater the pressure in the upper strata to treat the lower as vulgar, innately inferior, a lower caste beyond the pale of human society. The sharp difference in the style of living between those at the top and those at the bottom makes this psychologically necessary. Consequently the upper strata in such a situation tend to regard political rights for the lower strata, particularly the right to share power, as essentially absurd and immoral." (8) Because in such countries the ruling elite refuses to recognize the rights of the mass, the revolutionary leader may, in the struggles, emerge as a kind of demi-god; the need to unite against a common enemy may lead to a hero-worship that in turn leads to a virtual dictatorship.

In countries where a large mass of the country is very poor and so lacks the education and socially conscious attitudes necessary for a democratic system, a strong ruling elite may assume power, ostensibly to bring the populace up to a level where it can cope with the problems of selecting candidates and so on. This idea is incorporated in the theory of Guided Democracy. President Sukarno in his "Res Republica! Once more Res Republica", outlines this theory "in constructing my concept (of guided democracy), that so well-known concept designed to make the Republic of Indonesia safe. . . . I again very clearly criticized the party system in Indonesia, especially the system of 'opposition', which felt it had no responsibility for saying that the government did good things, the opposition which felt its duty always to criticize the government as severely as possible and 'coûte que coûte' — the opposition that was always trying to overthrow the government in order to exchange it for a government formed of the opposition itself." (9)

In countries like Indonesia the primary concern of raising the country's living standard has outweighed the need for the democratic liberties assumed in wealthier countries.

While Professor Lipset's figures, which show the correlation between the country's wealth and the existence of democratic institutions lose some of their value because of his failure to show the distribution of incomes in the countries, it is I think fairly safe to assume that not only is the income per head in a country such as Australia (which can be classified as a "stable democracy") greater than that of Spain (a "stable dictatorship"), but that the distribution of wealth is more even.

However, even in the countries which Lipset classifies as "stable democracies" the existence of groups of very wealthy citizens to some extent poses a threat to democracy. Dr. Ian Turner, talking of power in Australia, asserts "that power continues to be intimately associated with property, at least in the sense that those who exercise power share an assumption that the existing capitalist social function should be perpetuated" and "that it is also true that those social groups which start from this assumption hold sufficient extra-governmental positions of power to set pretty effective limits to the sort of challenge that can be made to their position." (10)

The ability to be able to support the political campaign of a party ensures that the interests of the supporters are to some extent catered for. That Mr. Reg Ansett can contribute heavily to the finances of the Victorian Liberal Party may explain an apparent bias on the part of the Government in deciding issues which affect his interests.

Because it requires a great deal of money to finance a Presidential campaign this means that candidates are drawn from the ranks of the very rich, and could lead to a position where the interests of this group are given predominance.

The opportunity of the very rich to defeat the ideals of democracy may arise with the concentration of the organs of mass media in the hands of the very rich. Because the wealthy supply the advertising which supports the running of newspapers, television stations, etc., their influence is paramount when deciding the editorial policy of these organs. "It may become increasingly possible for a few who can afford to spend heavily on controlling the means of communication to condition the minds of the rest. This strikes at the basic assumption of democracy — the right and the capacity of man to make up his mind for himself." (11)

Professor Henry Mayer considers that the press is the "greatest single factor in determining in many fields what sort of things most people get even a chance to think about." (12) While Brown feels that mass media tend to strengthen already held views, he notes that the opinion leaders (those who exert the most influence), are more exposed to, and make more use of mass media than the rest of the community. (13)

The position of a country such as Australia, where a few large groups dominate the field of mass media, undermines the opportunity to arrive at the fair-minded judgments necessary for the full exercise of democratic rights.

I have tried to show that a position in which there exists a group of very rich and a group of very poor citizens, endangers the chances of a truly democratic society. The very poor, because of their lack of education and their primary concerns with essentials such as food and shelter, are unable to play their role fully. The existence of great wealth may, because of its undue influence, defeat the aims of representative government. It is obvious that the position is most acute in the under-developed countries, but the same attitudes (apathy and intolerance in the lower strata, and an assumption of power in the higher) are present to a lesser degree in societies such as our own where there still remains a dangerous degree of economic inequality.

## WOMAN

How could the girl know of the mortal  
seed

Now taking root in her clay, cursed with  
its curse,

Only alive with a willowbud's green  
need —

Here rests the hub and pulse of the  
universe?

How could she, shy peasant, the know-  
ledge of her Destiny seize?

The burden of this intolerable truth sus-  
tain :

In her ripening belly ride the centuries,  
And the seed is seed and earth and sun  
and rain?

How (the astrologers dazzled by their one  
star)

How live unblinded here at the core of  
light,

About this axis spiralling far and more  
far

Unfathomed galaxies of the citied night?

How could she endure the inconceivable  
power?

Her miracle's quality how dream, how  
guess?

Or did she believe of her unrevealed  
flower,

No mortal mother deems her baby less?

## SEAFARER

You are too sudden, my bird; out of the  
night,

Baffled, blown by the spray,  
Questioning into my chamber bright as day,

Drunk with its music and light,  
A moment here you hover and sing

To shake the storm from your beaten  
wing :

A moment here, and I long, I long  
To cradle you home in my hand to the  
fire!

— But you will not stay to be caged here;  
no, you are gone

Back to your known dark and your own  
desire,

Nor hearing the wind's and the sea's talk,  
shall I know

Whither you go.

## cecile parrish

## LOW TIDE, JOHORE

The folded water flatly laps  
Black mud where creatures flinch and  
creep :

Against horizons stunned with sleep  
A lonely wader drags his traps.

His hat gleams like a plaited moon  
Swinging in movement stooped and slow;  
The sea is still and thin below  
The brittle light of afternoon.

Suspended in eternity  
The hour hangs motionless, before  
A rising sigh along the shore  
Heralds the returning sea.

# THE WHITE TOWER

In a tower as white  
As ivory  
All alone  
Lingers she.

Her gaze is gone  
To a darkening sea:  
"What should a mariner  
Mean to me?

"Fair and wide  
Are my father's lands:  
Ten rings have I  
For my white hands.

"Hawk and hound  
And palfrey fair  
Wait at the foot  
Of my tower stair.

"But came a sailor  
In to land;  
A merry bird  
Rode on his hand.

He told me tales  
Of gallant ships,  
And the salt spray  
Was on his lips;

"He brought me tales  
Of the glowing South,  
And the salt sea  
Was on his mouth.

"I gave the rings  
From my white hands  
For ten tall tales  
Of foreign lands;

"I gave my hawk  
And bonny hound both  
For the salty kiss  
Of his sunburned mouth.

"He set his sails  
By a running star  
And took his ship  
Out over the bar.

"Stranger, say  
O have you heard  
Of a seafarer  
With a talking bird?"

# AFTER THE STORM

The storm that hunted your ship through  
last night's sea,  
Came drawing my garden's covert before  
the dawn;  
In the bellowing darkness wrenched up  
and wrecked a tree.  
Now, in the morning, all opal smiles the  
clean sky:  
Walking here in a truce between rain-  
drops, I  
Salvage pink frangipani from the satur-  
ate lawn.

All the garden is telling of the rain:  
Every branch rings with diamond drops;  
birds talk;  
Every wet leaf echoes the sky again;  
Whispers the dying tree, twig and  
drenched root;  
The appalled ground gossips disaster  
where I walk;  
Roaring the gutters run; the grass sinks  
underfoot.

And this pearl morning, the tempest's  
wrack behind,  
Could you, sailor, but greet your girl  
where she stands  
Under the glistening branches, with her  
seek and find  
Where nests the yellow bird in the  
cypress tree —  
Would you not forsake your barren whore,  
the sea,  
Smelling the tropics in my flower-  
freighted hands?

(Example of Cecile's poems for children)

# pregnant computers and the nature of science

DOUG MOORE

Have you ever seen a pregnant computer? It is not likely that you have, but if you were to take the trouble to travel to the United States at the moment you would probably get the chance. Engineers at I.B.M. have constructed a mechanism which has enough "knowledge" stored inside it to enable it to select component parts out of various bins and put them together to form an exact replica of itself. The replica and its "mother" finally part to give two identical machines which go on their way happily reproducing themselves in their "environment" of bins of basic building blocks.

This and many other recent developments in science and technology over the past few decades are having an increasing effect on both the form and thought of human society. It is becoming increasingly difficult, even for the scientists, to get all this development into perspective and in many cases the question of "Where are we going?" is more than difficult to answer. In this article we will attempt to look at scientific activity from a fairly abstract point of view to try and enable us to see things in a little more perspective. We will also discuss by means of examples some of the basic limitations of the human mind in the quest for **absolute** scientific knowledge.

## THE BASIC POSTULATE:

A pure scientist divorced of all religious, superstitious and emotional influences on

his thinking processes would probably state the following as the basic postulate of science:

"There exists an abstract formal logical system (or mathematical model) which has variables in one to one correspondence with all the measurable quantities of the physical world, and for all possible experiments carried out in the physical world there exists an 'abstract experiment' in the formal logical system that will predict the outcome of the experiment." There might be among us pure scientists who claim to be devoid of religious, superstitious and emotional influences who may dispute the validity of the postulate, but let us at least for the duration of this article accept the postulate as being true.

This puts us in the position of saying that we have complete "understanding" of a phenomena or system (be it physical, economic, sociological or physiological). If we can construct a perfect mathematical model (the usual case!) we only have a **partial** understanding of the phenomena. If we cannot construct a mathematical model at all then we have **no** understanding of the phenomena.

Some people might claim to have a partial understanding of some phenomena but say that they have no knowledge of any mathematical models whatsoever! This is not quite true, because practically all human beings have mastered the use of a language of some sort.

This represents the first level of abstraction. Objects and actions of various types are initially given names and a language emerges. This language, together with certain logical steps implicit in the thinking process of the brain, can approximate to a mathematical model. If you like we could say that such a mathematical model is an "intuitive" one, and enables a person to have an "intuitive" understanding of a phenomena or system. It is the author's personal experience that the continued application of an intuitive mathematical model eventually leads to baffling contradictions, and one is then forced into going to the trouble of formalizing ones thoughts and constructing a formal mathematical model of the phenomena or system.

However, in many regions of scientific enquiry where we have only a glimmer of understanding of the phenomena involved the formation of intuitive ideas or "mathematical models" is the first step to greater understanding. Unfortunately, in some cases the intuitive steps might be in the wrong direction and do more harm than good.

The psychological theories of Freud and his contemporaries are an excellent example of intuitive understanding. It will only be after the passage of time, and the subsequent scientific progress in psychology that we will be able to classify these "intuitive mathematical models" of Freud into frontier contributions or into the class of contributions reserved for such subjects as the "phlogiston theory" and the science of alchemy of the Middle Ages.

### THE THREE PROBLEMS OF SCIENCE:

Let us attempt to classify scientific enquiry into the solving of three types of problems:

1. Pure mathematics (formation of abstract systems);
2. Analysis (given some phenomena to find a corresponding abstract system);
3. Synthesis (the reverse problem of analysis; given an abstract system to find or produce a corresponding physical system).

### PURE MATHEMATICS:

Let us look at pure mathematics and ask ourselves, considering the fact that we are human beings with finite lifetime and other fundamental limitations, are there any bounds on our ability to solve abstract intellectual problems? Let us consider three problems at varying order of difficulty.

**PROBLEM 1:** Add up the infinite series of numbers

$$x, x^2, x^3, \dots$$

where  $x$  is a number whose magnitude is less than one (for example, if  $x = \frac{1}{2}$  the series becomes  $\frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{16}, \dots$ ). If we knew exactly what  $x$  was we could substitute the value in and start adding up all the numbers until we get closer and closer to the answer, but of course never get it. This fortunately is not necessary as we could show that the

answer is merely  $\frac{x}{1-x}$  which gives us

the answer in finite time. This problem is completely solved.

**PROBLEM 2:** Express  $\pi$  as a decimal number. ( $\pi$  is number of times the diameter of a circle divides into the circumference.)  $\pi$  as a decimal number needs an infinite quantity of non-repeating decimal numbers to represent it, but nevertheless we do know of methods of calculating it to any number of decimal places. For example:

$\pi$  to 2 decimal places is 3.14

$\pi$  to 5 decimal places is 3.14159

And thus we have a solution to the problem "Express the number  $\pi$  as a decimal to within  $n$  decimal points," which gives us an arbitrarily close approximation to our original problem. We see that there is some sort of fundamental limitation here that did not worry us in problem 1. Nevertheless we seem to have the problem pretty well under control, as we can describe the method of solving the problem in a finite number of words even though it takes an infinite quantity of symbols to write out the answer. The next problem is an entirely different



kettle of fish, as it takes an infinite number of words to describe the method of solution, and even more than an "infinite" number of symbols to write out the answer!

**PROBLEM 3:** Well order the set of real numbers. (Readers interested in a formulation of this problem will find reference to it in most books on set theory.)

This is a remarkable problem, because of the fact that there exists a theorem in the mathematical literature with proof that states "every set can be well ordered". From this theorem we know that a solution to our problem definitely does exist, but the perplexing thing about it is that we haven't the slightest idea of the form of the solution! In fact this is not a very promising problem to investigate when we realize that to describe the method of solving the problem we will need an infinite amount of words, and even worse (as mentioned previously) to actually write out the well ordered set itself we will need even more than an infinite quantity of numbers; in fact, a "doubly infinite" quantity!

We see that in the realm of pure mathematics there exist problems with definite solutions which man cannot even hope to solve. Perhaps the theologian's God, divorced from time and space, might be able to solve them.

### **REPRODUCING AUTOMATA:**

Let us return once again to reproducing systems, as this provides us with an example of a contribution in pure mathematics having application in analysis and being followed up by a solution of the synthesis problem.

It was the German mathematician von Neuman who first constructed the simplest abstract system which contained sufficient information to enable it to reach into the right hypothetical bins and pull out hypothetical building blocks to construct a replica of itself and then to separate from it. He found that to de-

scribe the simplest possible system of this type one would need about 1,500 "bits" of information. This gives a measure of the complexity of the system. Von Neuman's original paper was a significant contribution in the field of pure mathematics.

What about its application to analysis? It would appear that von Neuman's mathematical model would be an ideal abstraction of the simplest living organism possible. The smallest known "living" organism (in the von Neuman sense) is the large protein cell. How "complex" is the large protein cell? The order of complexity of the cell is only a little larger than von Neuman's abstract model!

If all of the hypothetical parts of von Neuman's model were randomly interconnected, what would be the probability of accidentally ending up with the right connections for the "living" model? The answer, obtained directly from its complexity, is  $1$  in  $2^{1500}$ . This is a very, very small probability, but nevertheless finite. If this can be applied to our simplest living organisms then we have the finite possibility of the spontaneous creation of life!

The synthesis problem is the problem of constructing a physical system from an abstract model. It was mentioned earlier that engineers at I.B.M. have constructed a physical system that approximates von Neuman's mathematical one. These systems just live like their biological counterparts in an environment of basic building blocks.

The next stage in the procedure is to consider abstract reproducing models with a mutation process. If we also introduce a selection process (survival of the fittest) then we have an abstract model of evolution. These problems have not, as yet, been solved.

### **THE RIGOUR OF MAN-MADE FORMAL SYSTEMS:**

We have postulated that there exists an absolutely rigorous abstract model of the physical world. How rigorous are the man-made abstract systems? There is one school of thought, which the author would prescribe to, that says that there is an element of intuition in all man-made formal systems, and that they can

never be made completely rigorous. If one looks at the history of mathematics over the past 300 years, then we see a steady trend in the increase in rigour of mathematical proof. Proofs of classic results that were thought rigorous one hundred years ago might appear almost heuristic to present-day mathematicians. It is reasonable to expect that this trend in the increase in rigour will continue, but it is doubtful whether the human mind will remove completely those intuitive steps that seem so necessary in mathematical proof, even though these steps may get progressively smaller.

### EPILOGUE:

At the risk of over-simplifying the problems of scientific enquiry we have attempted to give the picture of scientific man striving towards a complete understanding of the world around him through abstraction. We have discussed mainly by means of example some of the fundamental limitations placed upon him in

this quest. We have not the time here to consider other basic limitations such as Heisenburg's Uncertainty Principle in quantum mechanics on research in physics or to consider the role of probability theory in the construction of mathematical models.

Probably the most significant thing about the type of scientific philosophy sketched in this essay is that, by the basic science postulate, man is capable of representation by an abstract mathematical model, i.e., man is basically a machine. How close man can get to representing himself by abstract models is open to question due to the extreme complexity involved. It is reasonable to expect though that man will continue to construct, both in the abstract world and the physical world, automata which have many human-like characteristics. These automata will not be limited by being on the decaying side of a biological evolutionary process, but by the pure limits of man's ingenuity.

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10. "**Arena**", No. 6, Summer, 1965, p. 8.
11. Michael Stewart, "**Modern Forms of Government**", p. 221.
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13. J. A. C. Brown, "**Techniques of Persuasion**", pp. 141-144.



# allegory on

He left the waters of the slime and came along the track to present His rhyme. There, behind, stood hills of roses dying. Yet He moves, only because it may be less distance to walk forward than it is to go back. The road widens and there ahead a temple asserted itself and over the door shouted "learning!" A grand site it is; a great day there aplomb and silver, and He was sure the sun rose that evening. He looked southward and forgot, and there above guided His reason, and He lunged forward into the bowels of the temple grand, where paintings are paintings to understand. And lining each skirting board were books all marked Private. Lower went the bowels, deeper and deeper, and He praised the thought of light.

He thought of the rose he left behind, and again of the dew-crisp plastic one He had found, and was glad. He wondered why He could hear no sound. His feet fell on softness, yet the floor was stone. But no matter. It was easier to move forward.

Above the door a whisper said, "Enter if the latch is down". The latch was down, and he saw the large octagon all stark and real, and praised its simplicity. There centred in the middle, eyes down-cast reading ferociously was a man of little importance in appearance with a large inkless pen in his hand. He approached soundless and a shout beside the desk sounded "Silence!" and silence echoed around the octagon. "Your name would help," the pen scrawled, and he gave his name, and embarrassment nudged his side as hormones yelled defence and composure reigned. "Your purpose?" trickled the Joke, and Purpose fought Desire and blurted out its name. The Task completed itself, and the man looked up and He witnessed the experience of seeing a man with no eyes. He looked up to find them in perfect formation wired to a mobile and looking



# a moonlight

in all directions at once. The Shout beside the desk said go, and He went to the seventh octagon wall, where a window frame bowled "Climb out", and He did so.

Confusion ran amock as he walked into a silver sphere which closed around him, and Slogan shouted, "Don't run," so He bolted until a grand pin smashed the sphere and He was imprisoned again.

The Joke danced happily in the Grecian room and the people sat with their right eye less and their left eye more. Diligence crept around the Grecian room and wiped the dust from all their heads. He found His chair balancing on three legs. The fourth shouted, "I'm not really there," and then screamed at sympathy as she preened herself.

He looked above yet could see no mobiles, but the walls were lined with the missing eyes and plasma dried in his hands. The eyes shouted the lesson and the others chorused the Creed. He liked it. Lesson shrieked at Creed and Argument asserted itself. Then Logic glinted its nose, preened itself and strutted to Defence. The plasma hydrated and Lesson bolted hand in hand with Misery as a bell sounded, and a Shout joined with a Joke to collect the Creed.

"I love the temple life," He said to Light, who came from nowhere. "And the lesson was good," He said, but Haste added, "even if it was too long." Light charged itself and all in sundry, and joined Defence to purge the heretic. They cleaned Pincers and sterilized Scalpel, and soon He was allied with conformity, and his right eye was less and his left eye more.

He left with the others and trudged deeper into the bowels of the temple as all His footsteps sounded after Him, and He felt helpless. He could not even find the dew-crisp plastic rose, and a Shout screamed, "No Mercy!"

**KIM NYTHEN**

## M. Julian West

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*Like some grey old priest  
telling his beads with tired fingers  
I count those whom I have loved;  
a girl with sun-bright hair, seen  
for a moment in a crowd, then  
gone forever; another whom I knew  
a year, who killed part of me  
with her going; many faces  
return in darkness and despair.  
Where are you now, are you dead,  
or do you remember with tears  
on your silver cheeks?*

---

# LOVE POEMS

*A twelvemonth has passed since last  
your hair, your face and hands  
were thought necessary:  
the last bitter words, vinegar in the mouth,  
saw love wither and die like the rose  
in the burning heat of summer;  
I thought then that it was finished  
my mind would disengage itself  
and you would be no more.  
The night wind rustles the hair, a bird cries  
and you return.*

*Night is on the city, wet and grey,  
and in the cafe by the railway  
managed by two expatriate Viennese,  
a girl sits alone by the steamy window  
face flickering in a candle's thin light,  
a tear at the corner of her eye swells  
falls to the cloth, a pearl a drop of blood,  
and I know that love has died in her heart  
and I sit here helpless, wishing to help  
but knowing, that  
I can do nothing.*

# REFLECTIONS

I went to the Garden of Love,  
And saw what I never had seen:  
A chapel was built in the midst,  
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this chapel were shut,  
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;  
So I turn'd to the Garden of Love  
That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves,  
And tomb-stones where flowers should  
be;  
And Priests in black gowns were walking  
their rounds,  
And binding with briars my joys &  
desires.

WILLIAM BLAKE  
(Songs of Experience)

## ON THE GARDEN OF LOVE

And yet the masses vegetate. The lover immerses himself in the enjoyment of his own fascinating effect, gazes enraptured at the spectacle of his own supposed surrender; collecting, displaying his "power", preening himself with borrowed vitality. He delights to exist simultaneously as himself and as an idol very unlike himself, warming himself at the blaze of what has fallen to his lot. The Eros of dialogue has the virtue of subscribing to emotion without active participation in its creation. The environment of such a love entails "the wearing of undifferentiated feelings like medal ribbons", to restate Martin Buber's phraseology.

Love exists only in your head. So long as a belief in love is maintained in any intensity, the believer's preoccupation with Self is diminished in proportion to the growth of the former.

To express love in terms of "love is what is mine" is to formulate an ominously personal love, almost to the exclusion of one of the fundamental concepts of love — that is, lack of consciousness of Self. The dissolution of **possessed** love, of "love as a general good that can be taken into possession, is at once independent and accessible to the person. This transcendence, the creation of a united being apart from the participants in the love clique, results in an external Self in which both parties are irrevocably involved, and is the foundation of love as a constructive emotion.

Love presupposes "rapport", although such is not necessarily the case, or, at least, the distinction becomes less finite if extended to any degree. This serves to illustrate the utter intangibility of Love. Love cannot be perceived as a solid ob-

ject. What are commonly designated as the visible evidence of love are, in fact, not "love", but its actions and reactions on the parties who form a part of it.

Love, in all its forms, is ecstatic. The "moment" of love is a moment of self-transcendence. This implies the ecstatic character of Being in the sense that our "immediate" Self is transcended into another Self. The ecstatic experience is inherent in the structure of emotional self-transcendence.

Ecstasism is essentially characteristic of each of the forms of love:

- i **libido** — culminating in sex.
- ii **eros** — culminating in "mystical union".
- iii **philia** — culminating in friendship.
- iv **agape** — culminating in **caritas**.

In **libido** the vital ecstasy is self-surrender, not to the other being as such, but to the other being as far as it is the other side of the love unity. The aggressive and destructive element in sex-ecstasy is not the denial of love but the distorted expression of the self-transcendence of both partners.

The **eros** type of love finds its origin in the sex-ecstasy, but elevates it to a higher level of self-transcendence. While in biological union beauty is present as a servant, in **eros** beauty becomes dominant, without destroying the vital basis, the **libido** element.

The third or **philia** type of love is bound to personality: it is self-transcendence towards the equal. But the equal of a different Self — not consuming; not self-surrendering; but creating a third, a community which becomes an independent reality. The ecstatic element in **philia** is the participation in the self-realization of the friend. Friendship depends on the participation of both sides as equals in an embracing unity.

**Agape** is ecstatic by transcending the given self of the loving and the loved toward the unity of fulfilment. It is self-sacrificing, not for the sake of the other self as such, but for the sake of the ultimate destiny of the other self. The union of **agape** is union with the other Self in the realm of the ultimate meaning.

Love belongs to the structure of being itself. Every being, with its special nature, participates in the nature of Love, since it participates in Being. The participation of a being in the nature of Love can occur even as the negation of love, as hate — or more correctly, as indifference.

A description (not a definition) of Being could be that It is the power of resistance against non-Being, or simply that It is the power of Being. The power of Being is not a static possibility, but it is the dynamic process by which a being actualizes itself by providing time and space to itself. This process and its limits cannot be determined *a priori*. Its action incorporates the principle of identity and differentiation of matter as a unitary whole.

This theory obviously involves the presupposition of differentiation and holds that the process of actualization is the source of all conflicts and all creativity. As such, it provides an interesting field for investigation but, unfortunately, lies somewhat out of the scope of a discussion of Love.

Given the necessity of Being, Love is only possible within the process of self-realization which, carried to its logical conclusion, is reality itself. Thus, Love is only as real as the power of Reality. It is not the negation but the affirmation of power.

If Love is not the negation of power, it follows that self-denial (fundamentally inherent in Love) is not the denial of the power of Being. Self-sacrifice is not the sacrifice of self-realization. Quite the reverse is the case: the resignation of special forms of self-realization at a special time and a special place in the ecstatic experience of love is the fulfilment of self-realization. In fact, all self-denial and sacrifices are accomplished for the sake of Love. Love provides the realization of a uniting power so as to make an act of 'self-sacrifice' not a means of giving of the Self to another self, but, rather, a means of building-up the communal Self for a mutual, not exclusively alien, benefit.

To find any substance in its essence, its purity, is exceptional — this is no less true with love. The development of a



Love psyche inevitably involves transition from a lesser or non-love stage. Its evolution is influenced, to a greater or lesser extent, by its environment. The growth of emotional instability, usually attributed to the subject of this essay, is accompanied by the parallel development of other socio-emotional reactions which either become dominant or are suppressed, dominated or superseded by 'love'. Similarly, one form of Love may exist alongside, that is together with, one or more other forms of the same phenomena.

The aesthetic element in love should not be under-rated as a contributing factor to love as a developed emotional condition. It is as easy to psychose oneself into a para-love state-of-mind as it is to psychologically convince yourself that you have a tooth-ache or even chronic heart disease. However, self-induced forms of 'Love' exhibit only some of the characteristics of a sub- or semi-consciously induced Love form, and those they do have are usually over-emphasized or distorted.

The social animal maintains a semblance of humanity through the facade of a misrepresented and malappropriated Love. Biological annihilation seems increasingly remote with the present trend towards the debasement of the Love value through "packaged passion" and 'publicity sex' which is most evident in the hysterical utterances of the public mass media. That nasty three-letter word is worshipped as the pinnacle of human attainment in the field of public-relations (sic!). Obsolescence dooms the yet unborn in an age of literary seduction.

Whether or not you regard artificial insemination as a threat to your virility it should be important to you that right now your sex-life is being institutionalized by innumerable would-be authors, countless advertising executives and more than one movie director. Love sells well, but can't be bought. Perhaps the government could be persuaded to subsidize it . . . . .

Esoteric or no, comment should provoke thought. In the Age of the Pre-digested it may be difficult to think without the aid of a summary. What else is there to do? : John Donne said the lot —  
'Let us melt' . . . . .

# PORTRAIT

ROBERT WEST

*"Thou has committed —  
Fornication: but that was in another country,  
And besides, the wench was dead."*

Slow, deliberate gliding through the soft swell,  
Lift and fall. I slip through whispering seas,  
Caressing waves around my shoulder, murmuring, sucking,  
Draw me further, murmuring, soothing,  
How peaceful to lie still, floating,  
Eyes shut tight against the wave tips winking.  
Green water, crystal light surround me,  
Bear me down through graceful waving gardens,  
Ripe fruit hangs all about me, temptingly,  
My throat gags, is that the wind  
Roaring in my ears? Pounding waves beat  
On my heart, oh let me free,  
Oh God not yet, not yet, God stop  
The angry slapping waves, they drag me down,  
I must be free to live for just one moment, God!  
Sobbing, retching, crawling, sobbing,  
On the hard sand, I drag slowly along, collapse,  
And lie, sucking greedy heaving draughts of air.  
Because I do not hope to turn again  
Because I do not hope  
To die  
Teach me to care  
To cry.

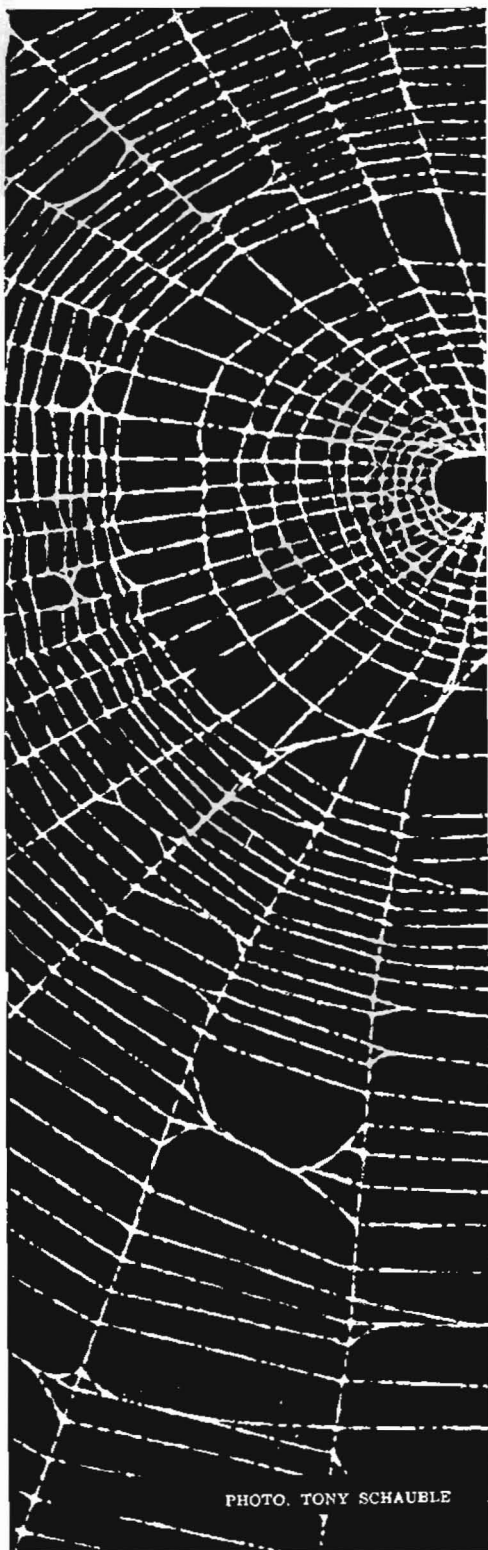


PHOTO. TONY SCHAUBLE

# lines on a

It was warm, the rain.  
Stretching from the gray sky  
To the gray earth  
It fell,  
Drumming on the iron roof,  
Pattering on the passive soil.  
And we lay on a bunk,  
In a warm dark world  
With four dim walls;  
The rain dripping from the eaves,  
Falling in showers  
As gusty winds shook  
The overhanging trees.  
Insulated  
From the contrived cruelty  
Of the world, we sought  
Our own reality  
In naked passion's shadow.  
We lay embraced,  
Striving 'neath the thick, warm  
rugs  
To bind separate existence  
Into single ecstasy;  
Straining muscle hard,  
With sharp moist breath  
And frenetic gesture,  
Savagely grasping at infinity  
Within the masque of love.  
Out of the crumpled pillow,  
And hollow belly,  
And desperate, animal moan  
Flung back from rain-drummed roof  
And stolid wall,  
Our ecstasy came.

# wet afternoon

And in the calm  
That follows passion's ebb  
We lay — separate yet,  
Within our single experience —  
And tried to trap  
Our joy in words.

Failing as we always did,  
To express that which has  
No conscious meaning,  
We lapsed into  
Silent content;  
Caress communicating  
Where word had failed,  
In the dim warmth  
Of our isolation:  
With rain blinding other eyes,  
Stopping other mouths . . . . .

But now, as the moment's awareness  
fails,

The raindrops splatter  
Softly, in the dust of my window,  
Scoring clear blobs  
On the glass interposed,  
With the crystal finality of realization  
And, with the dust from the window,  
You, the shack, and the hot  
Pretence of passion,  
Have melted,  
Fall'n away  
To drift with  
Matchsticks and apple cores  
Down gurgling gutters  
Of glistening streets;  
Leaving me,  
Scoured and cleansed  
In the cold sterility  
Of this rapacious rain.

ian sinclair



# a day made clear

john romeril

## PART I

Strange sun shining through the window, reminding men of yesterday. Many windows lie languid, to one side, and the air fills many nostrils, hitting sleepers like a nose bag hanging from a horse's idiot face. Chiming bells, alarm in faces, sheets in tangled knots upon the floor, arms a yawning tracery against the colour scheme, feet to bath from bed, from bath to breakfast, coffee cup steam, sugar spreading, thin lines for ants on table cloth.

The ants are in the street now, a satchel swings, a file to the ramps of fetid waiting rooms, with barred ticket sellers, eyes filled with the drear of a cell outlook for life.

To the city, thousands cry in parched throat of the land, sleep sand still lingering in the corners of eyes, motionless lips tight and toast in teeth, buttered cheeks, egged ties, on, onward legs patter sick sad ode to melancholy as they pass, another window high above their heads, no sound, window open, air ingoing.

Through. A great epic on a bedroom beach scene, straw matt for feet, and clothes a coloured heap. Wide eyes stir flicker shut float three feet above the bed, an opiate sleep, wide again to take in the room, strive to understand. The yellow wall has sun moving across it in blotched pain. Two arms, knotted rope, frame the face, angel face in a square, sun blotched arms. Ugh grunt heard, arms mouth and eyes in fear to painting on the wall, a print pinned to the yellow. Fear in the painting, deep and profound fear of life led in misery, woe to woe is added with the brush strokes of long years past. The lips are curled but in a savage grin that spreads and fills the whole room with the cynic laughter.

Arm frame feels the fear, arm frame shakes and quivers, sweats, dirt dribbles free and fluid down the wrists to dam in the elbow crook. Ugh sound lost in far away cistern groan. Pain is everywhere. Yet the arms are floating still, still high the eyes with the arms that register pain. A wave curled lip crashes on the bed beach room, a thunderous percussion and the eyes cringe in slits, trenches of retreat while above and about the wave is all, the surging scurries of the fear.

Eyes scream, sweating arms straighten and scream, body contorts in screaming agony. Burroughs agony in Tangiers room though O'Brien is dead, the fingers talk.

Scream floats a salt river through the window seeking the purity of sun, the young chariot high and flaming innocent in a pioneer path across deep and awesome vaults of blue and other colours. The smell of brine, a doughnut waft to the ants, the ants are intent however, doughnuts turn them not, perhaps homecoming, yes then, the brine blood will fill their stomachs then for a winter, they will suck of the sadness then, vampire sadness, for as yet they unwittingly go to their own. Sorry, homecoming, will that do? Yes. christ yes. fug off you black white collared bastards. be away as fast as your sick fat legs will carry you. bear the burden. bastardly burden.

Woman yawns mundanely. Woman yawns hell high and thinks What for I lie here with you. you sad sick shit of a man. why I'm even here alone. in birth. she also thinks and remembers a swing her father sat her in as a child when she had flown a bird across the house tops. Cried when he dragged her home. Father was a grey man then and is dead now, probably, or with a stick and sitting daily like a hopeless legion in one face watching the pigeons fluttering about St. Paul's.

Why you blubbing there. she say mothering her man. Why you blubbing and crying like a child man. why. she say and stretches out her body to console his, her body as a solace, this she has learnt.

Eyes turn, red eyes still, and lips meet in a monotony of affected motions daily done, like chess to a book by a hooked nosed man, an expert, infallible, lips are wide and tongues melt, nought else stirs, it is for later and the body knows enough to remain a flat unmoving thing.

Sudden weeping stops.

You can laugh now. she say. You laugh good man.

Man shaking stops, pauses, thought halt, and mind spins a star in blankness. Yeah. he say. Yeah. as star dims. Yeah. as star falls failing. Yeah Van Gogh need not laugh like that, like a wave, like a sea of hate hurled at me from the yellow sand of the wall. Fug him. I'll laugh like crazy

too, like hate at him. like hate at him. glad I can laugh, glad he's sick with Pound and burning, burning in a hell, burning where he rattles the bars looking out over the moor, laughing from high buttressed tower of madness, and Heathcliff beats him daily with birch rods. Sure I'll laugh, why not, he's only got one ear. Not a thing. he says and stares at his scarred wrists. That don't mean anything. and laughs long and loud like a crazy thing and crosses to the window and laughs into the street, smiles in the waiting room, as if he was pouring slops to the squalid gutter, puking at the boat race children sitting in the shade of doorways waiting for the grey cloud storm.

That's it. she says. Laugh man, laugh. and she giggles like a gin with a white fist between her legs.

Yeah, he say with tears in his eyes. Yeah. And his naked body with the sun blotches always moving, twists itself into her side again, but stays above the blankets and the stench of soiled sheets.

It ain't good, man. he say, and stares at a brown fawn chair with rope stretched tight across the seat, a chair in a yellow corner, dust upon the legs.

Why I sleeping with you. she thinks. Why. Fug, I slept with better guys, more pot, more candy. man. Why I sleep with you.

She turns on her fat spread bum, makes a Y with legs and feels sensual rub of blankets and sheets against her nudity. Little pussy. she say, and the saliva leaps to her mouth. Good fug. Good smoke man. Good joint man. She sighs a life away, mere air escaping from her lips.

What doing. he say, and leap to his feet like a tiger again. Tiger stalks desk table top. a white heap of lifeless MSS—slang for stuff already done. Fingers in a frantic cigarette roll, twice, three times cigarette roll. Need no more . . . need little . . . need not three . . . but stoned will be. he say. A poem, he say, but fails to reach a pen in time and lines drift forgotten in mind.

Bed sitting inhalation then, for ten minutes sucking sounds and smoke curls from his fingers, from her fingers, curls and a wall grows. wall grows like a daisy, pretty pot-plant thing, between them.

Why I fug you, he thinks.

Why I fug you, she thinks.

No body need nobody, he thinks.

No one need no-one, she thinks, and then the two depart, a pair of doves wind tossed, or gulls. Yes, gulls across the waves, borne high, thrown down, thrown low at times to rest upon the brooding water, angry water, constant flux and heaving water, then gulls again, a'wing again, cloud high, sun high, and he falls upon his crippled knees in worship at the window. Sun god, he say. Sun god, perve look. Look at daily distortion and feel sad for things . . . for images of self, and bore a hell hot hole in the skull of Pirandello, a punishment of perception.

## PART II

Across the city is a park, a green grass growing park with swings and children and perambulators on the gravel walks, and trees standing small against the chimney backdrop, against the grey haze of smog and industrial shit uttered like the talk of wind passed, belched into the sky. Here and there petulas grow with geranium in season. It is not season but some struggle against the wiles of snot-nosed brats, against the hoes of overalled men, against the feet and lunch wraps, grime scraps, of the populous.

A voice is heard, raucous as a gull shrieking in a storm, wheeling across the city to the park in search of friends and reason in this madness.

He will return, she say, and watches the door at closing, sorry for the interruption, sad for it and for him in that moment, feeling, only that, the taste of love for breakfast in her mouth and wrapped around her tongue. He will be back, she say.

Downstairs, one, one, one at a time 'tis best and safest for the stoned man, the man in the stocks of his own volition gathering the rocks others hurl and eating them as eggs and as tomatoes. Off, off into the street beneath the awnings of the shops with wares displayed, exotic Persian artifacts and weird Turkish delights.

Hand in pocket for a shilling for some chocolate.

Yes, the man say, with eyes great rims of lens, eyes like cod eyes. The hollow men, he thinks. It reminds me of that uninspired dawn. Ha, ha, on the floor

the imprint of a crow, of many crows, he thinks, and falls to imagining the cawing that must be here in moments of the peak.

Some chocolate, a shilling. stutters he, a response to a well-framed question in the affirmative. Dumb bastard, he thinks, for always he buys chocolate here.

In the silver paper of his feet he loses half his mind, outside by a tree, and the other half is set to eating at the brown firmness of the food for which his inside cries, plus a wandering half again. Mmmm, he mutters, mainly for the benefit of him and for an old lady, carrying an axe, about to enter in the 'phone booth for converse for sixpence. He would like the lady to commence at chopping of the phone 'booth, and suddenly she is, and suddenly he is laughing as the chips of red and splintered wood fly fast into the air and fall a shower round his body. And then the lady leaves and he is left, the chocolate over, in the shade of the tree, which a tree of magnitude and smooth skin trunk, for he has touched the skin, a tree of aimless arms, which is the answer, he suspects, arms that spread their impotent selves toward the sky in a specious goodness. At this he cries and walks off lest a policeman ask if he is lost, while across a dog is pissing on the fence, pissing over and it departs, a manged symbolic thing limping down a cobbled lane in search of rubbish tin outpourings.

The street is wide, the street is long, he sings and it is. To the left are houses, terraced houses with their balconies and crowds of old Italian women perched precariously to the life of a wrought iron balcony. Below and in between are sometimes shops, sometimes seven in a row, a cluster. To the right the same is the same. Terraced houses, strange spaghetti smells and pit arm wafts from unwashed ladies, old and black dressed with sad eyes peering into shops across and into shops below.

He walks the patient pave, here sunk in weakness, here raised in strength, and feels the heat of the day through his soles, for shoes he has none, and the asphalt makes discomfort always in the noon of hot days.

Pave fug hot, he say, and knows that he is right.



Around the corners goeth he, in strange awareness, feeling all the motions of his body, yes, feeling all the muscles of his body, yes, time is slow and heavy, yes, yes, and he sees it all, but sees more than when he kept a pigeon in a cage upon the roof, name Charlie, and gave it wheat and flight each evening, home from school evenings, hints of Ibsen why here.

Where he be, she thinks. Where he be. Hope he well. Feet well, wrists well, head well, eyes well, arms well, she say, tossing ugly in the bed, pulling up the sheets, pulling them down. She got to move, see, walk see, act see, otherwise torturous held down to ant bed, ant bed gnaw.

Legs like a crane though, like a bird. Long legs, curve, soft and firm and everywhere and everywhere goodness, and fat breasts like a bed for a head.

Like a bed for a head, he sings and a lady with a child's mouth in her shopping bag and some celery looks disdainful look at him in jeans and things, like a jumper-shirt, him with no feet of leather and a smell, and only to her nose.

### PART III

There is, across the city, something of a park with mentioned things, plus a lake of slime some little and hence green-breasted swans, large and the small ones, swans, and a hill rises like a volcano anvilled, fashioned, and is anvilled and is fashioned and remains easy for the walking, and the lying, and sometimes people in the park and benches because of them, and also lights, lamps for the destruction of night beauty, lords of jungles, and the creation of moonless shadows, lust illumination. Frog. Frogs on pads of lily.

Walks strange streets now, same streets now, but looking at Caligari tramps of houses, squatting weatherboard grins, blue door laughter, street echo unseen feet and dog barking scares. This a street of pit at time, he say. Street end wall of green and into park hastens.

Runs fast, runs, and can't say why runs. Why run, he say. Why run, he say constantly, and muted trumpet soundless is his lips. Heart is quick brown fox over sleep brown dog is time. Rumb-

ling in ribs, side torn, adhesive tear at side and breath in ears a thunder. Eyes are sky and grass and spotted bodies in the sun lying in their wax paper, stealing lunch-time kisses, and. Wax paper love, he say and laugh running. One man watching old man watching, grey beard bullet nose age eyes line map man, who smiles to see the flight, leaning on his stick and sometimes chuckling, sometimes saying things upon the air and to the trees in his eyes and to the grass and sky and lake and other all filling sight things.

He is statue on the summit hill and below the city and below the lake shimmer, sun caught water, crystal held. Arm stretch out and half curl, enticing curl, all almost knowing, hints gotten. Mannerisms, why, he say. Why hands out, he say.

The water rises ripples as a swan, mother and six but smaller, find their way between the pads of frog, arch of neck as woman, scallop through the water, white glitter and gold of fish, the ugly children learning, the lake that is the desk, the arch of neck as woman, gliding beauty sun sheen on oiled preened feathers soft down soft.

Later, he say. Later. Look, man, look, he say.

Somewhere a fog horn hoots dreary into the world.

Down the steps, leap long and loud on the landing, out into the street, hair loose and lying flat across the brown warm shoulders, flying in the running leg wind.

Eyes same as before, as lately ever, as ditto.

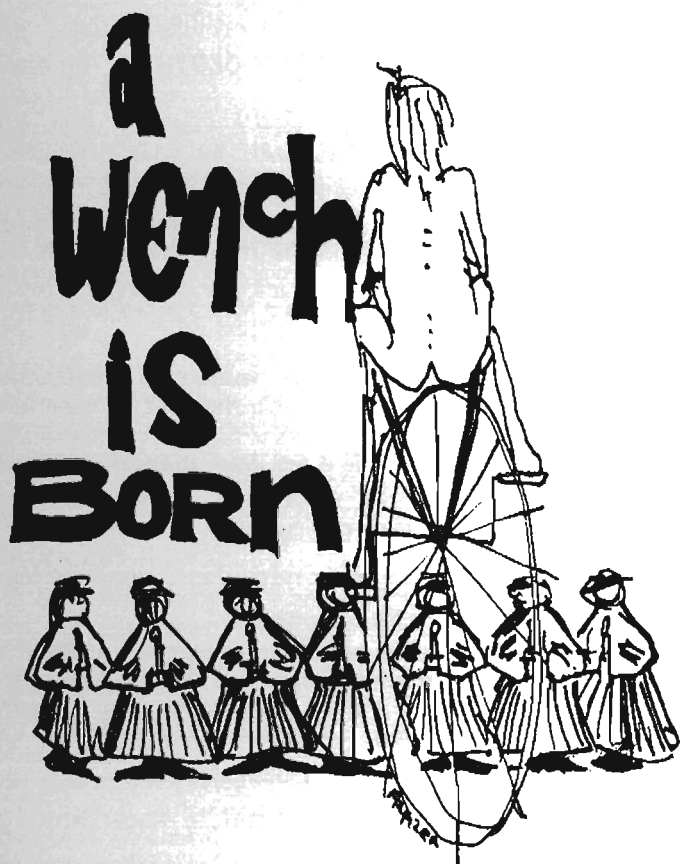
Place same as before, as lately ever, as ditto,

street likewise, and likewise girl possessed of stocking strangulated self, the law, the self of other eyes, eyes through unreal slits in fences falling down, from windows eyes agape, clear eyes through the perspex, and shocked old Sicilians, ladies in balcony nooks with scattered cushions for their arses. While one old man to himself laughs, giggles, one old man more than sixty years six, and hip centuries in an Asian beard of grey mist swirling round the oval of a face.

What matter eyes, she say, and mutter. Hope he well. Which is strange to mutter, man, like the flower pollinating







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**an excursion into unreality / a play by phillip frazer**

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**SCENE:** *There is a large empty room. The walls are made of artificial paper, the ceiling is also artificial, and on stage, can be omitted for this reason. There are several chairs about the room. One of these is a chrome and plastic kitchen chair, one is a leather armchair so voluminous that it appears to totally envelop even the largest member of the cast. Another is vinyl, coloured red, and with a black metal frame, another is a bubble-shaped cane*

*chair, and the remaining two are a cloth covered arm-chair with a floral pattern, and a somewhat esoteric and pretentious high-backed carved wood variety.*

*There is no floor covering because that can't be seen by the audience anyway. There are two visible lights; one is a three-globed structure of the modern chandelier type, made of brass stems with painted glass shades, the other is a naked globe. If that is allowed.*

When the audience is sufficient, two people enter, both coming from the left. However, as soon as they appear, the man hurries to the right and, holding his hands clasped behind his back, gazes with a vacant grin at the wings off right. As though looking at a wall-painting, but there isn't one because the set has no side walls. The woman stands at left and turns her back to the audience while she powders her nose into a hand-mirror.

**MAN:** It was nice of you to come.

**WOMAN:** That's perfectly all right; do you know why we are here?

**Man:** After a pause, No.

**WOMAN:** Oh.

*Silence for some time.*

**MAN:** Haven't I seen you somewhere before?

**WOMAN:** I don't recall.

**MAN:** Oh.

*Silence again for some time.*

**MAN:** What shall we talk about till the others arrive?

**WOMAN:** Who are the others?

**MAN:** I never thought to think.

**WOMAN:** Oh.

*Silence for some time, while the couple move ineffectually about, sitting first in one chair then in another.*

*Enter a young man dressed in bathers.*

**YOUNG MAN DRESSED IN BATHERS:** Talk about sex.

*Exit Man Dressed in Bathers.*

**MAN:** Who was that?

**WOMAN:** I'm sure I don't know. And I don't think I want to.

*Enter Girl in Bikini.*

**GIRL IN BIKINI:** Have you no natural curiosity?

*Exit Girl in Bikini.*

**WOMAN:** Well!

**MAN:** Good gracious. I think someone brought us here as a joke.

**WOMAN:** A joke in extremely poor taste I might say.

*Enter Boy in Jester's clothes.*

**BOY IN JESTER'S CLOTHES:** You just did.

**WOMAN:** I beg your pardon?

**BOY IN JESTER'S CLOTHES:** I shall do a dance for you if you repeat what I said.

**WOMAN:** Certainly not!

**MAN:** You are impertinent boy.

**BOY IN JESTER'S CLOTHES:** You are impotent, man.

*Exit Boy in Jester's Clothes. Man stands dumbfounded, with his mouth ridiculously open.*

**WOMAN:** I shall not stand any more of this. This is the most vulgar insult I can imagine!

*Enter Middle-Aged Man dressed in a dressing-gown.*

**MIDDLE-AGED MAN IN DRESSING-GOWN:** Then you haven't a very active imagination.

*Exit Middle Aged Man Dressed in Dressing-gown.*

**WOMAN:** Really!

**MAN:** This is ridiculous. Shall we leave?

**WOMAN:** Certainly.

*Enter Young Man in Bathers, Girl in Bikini, Boy in Jester's Clothes and Middle-Aged Man in Dressing-gown (collectively, the "Unwanted Company") — all arm in arm.*

**UNWANTED COMPANY:** No.

**WOMAN:** I demand to know why I am here.

**UNWANTED COMPANY:** Because you came here.

**WOMAN:** I was invited by a lady of social standing. Now I demand to see her and get an explanation of this outrage.

**UNWANTED COMPANY:** What outrage?

**WOMAN:** You people for instance. Your disgraceful dress.

**MAN IN BATHERS:** Haven't you ever worn bathers?

**WOMAN:** Yes, but certainly never to a house of quality.

**MAN IN BATHERS:** This is a stage.

**WOMAN:** Shh.

**MAN IN BATHERS:** Why do bathers become "disgusting" when they are worn on stage?

**WOMAN:** I don't see why I should answer such questions.

**MIDDLE-AGED MAN IN DRESSING-GOWN:** You asked us a question first. Besides, I can't see why you are getting so excited, the young man's question was quite civil, which is more than yours was.

**WOMAN:** Well!

**MAN:** Who are you all?

**UNWANTED COMPANY:** We'll go then.

*Exit Unwanted Company, who have now become unwanted even by the author.*

**WOMAN:** Well I'm leaving this instant.

**MAN:** And I'll come with you.

**WOMAN:** (As she leaves at left) If you wish. *Enter group. There are five of them. The three men are dressed as follows:*

**BUSINESS MAN:** Wears a dark suit. Is about thirty. Has a neat, close hair-cut, a light blue shirt and a dark red tie. He has Julius Marlowe shoes.

**CAR SALESMAN:** Wears the same clothes, except that the shoes are Raoul Merton, the suit is check, the shirt is off-white, and the tie is green.

**POLITICIAN:** Wears double-breasted suit, blue with light thin stripes, carries a hat, has shoes hidden beneath twenty-four inch cuffs, and his hair is parted down the middle and slicked with Brylcream.

*The women are dressed as follows:*

**SOCIALITE RACE-HORSE OWNER:** Is about forty, and fighting a vain battle with wrinkles. Wears a tweed suit, darkish stockings, bone shoes, and an expensive looking necklace. Her battle against age has already resulted in a hideous eyesore.

**HOUSEWIFE/SHOP-ASSISTANT:** Is about thirty, wears a red sweater, a dark blue skirt to four inches below the knees, light stockings and flat lace-up shoes. Her figure has suffered fallout even before the socialite's. The Group stand about in posed groups, poses that change every three seconds. The men look embarrassed by the ritual. The women look enjoyably bored. The Group then comes to a stand-still, with the Housewife, the Politician and the Salesman seated in the chrome, floral, and cane chairs respectively. Enter a Stock Barman, who hands around sweet sherry and comes back a couple of seconds

later with limp cocktails and a beer for the salesman.

*The Group make inarticulate conversation.*

*Their sherry glasses are then taken away by the waiter, hurriedly. They are left sipping imaginary sherry out of imaginary glasses. For a while they go on talking, pretending not to notice, then the Housewife says:*

**HOUSEWIFE:** I feel like a fool drinking without a glass.

*Enter Beatnick. He wears bare feet, torn away corduroy trousers, with a leather lace-up fly, and a huge, torn, dirty roll-neck sweater. His hair comes to his shoulders, and he has a curly beard.*

**BEATNICK:** Why? It seems no less unreal than the other things about you. And they are not merely unreal because they are props on a stage, what they represent is unreal.

*Enter Intellectual. He wears tight brown trousers, an open-neck red shirt, and a bone-coloured thick-knit sweater. His shoes are suede boots, and he is about twenty.*

**INTELLECTUAL:** That is merely because the concept of "real" has no popular meaning except in the concept of what we so often call, "Escape from reality"! *Enter Psychologist. He wears a T-shirt coloured blue, and tight sports slacks, and pointed shoes. He is about forty.*

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** We never try to define "real" because it never occurs to us to do so. We are scared of the real because our personal, diffuse, sub-conscious, super-ego type "real" has been formed before the onset of our rational processes. Therefore, we shun the idea, as to recollect it in detail would reveal huge gaps, inconsistencies and irrelevancies.

**INTELLECTUAL:** Reality is seldom considered, either by the individual, or by a society. Our values are mainly negative when we get around to expressing them at all.

*Enter fattish, Early-Middle-Aged Lady in a hideously garish coat, and pink stockings, leading two dachshunds on golden leashes. She enters from the right, and marches across stage, grinning fixedly, and staring straight ahead off stage to the left. She passes off stage, and The Group continue to look directly ahead at the audience. After a number of seconds, the lady reappears, leading the dogs back in exactly the same manner. This time*

*the leashes are huge clanking, rusty winch-chains.*

**CAR SALESMAN:** Who brung her?

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** Complex. Very complex.

**HOUSEWIFE:** Did you see that the dog on the left had a red spot on its eyelash?

**BUSINESS MAN:** Which one was on the left?

**BEATNICK:** Reality is a pregnant dachshund.

**INTELLECTUAL:** I need hardly say that my point is made.

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** Even if we don't all drag dachshunds.

**INTELLECTUAL:** Quite so. But wasn't she magnificent?

**BEATNICK:** Too much.

**CAR SALESMAN:** You're all talking crap.

**BEATNICK:** When you say crap, man, you're talking relative. You know that? You ever thought of that?

**POLITICIAN:** What do you think you're talking about when you say, sir, that reality is solely considered in the context of escape therefrom?

**INTELLECTUAL:** Merely that in popular conversation, the only time reality gets a go, is when we use that hackneyed term, "escape from reality".

**HOUSEWIFE:** But there is no point in talking about reality. Reality means what's real. And we all know what's real, so of course we only talk of what's escape from reality.

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** What, madam, is real to you?

*Dramatic pause, then,*

**BEATNICK:** Dramatically. Nothin's real. You can't prove we exist here in this room.

**POLITICIAN:** Here on this stage.

**CAR SALESMAN:** You sure it's a stage, mate, this long-hair ain't sure we exist!

**BEATNICK:** All the world's a stage.

**(PSYCHOLOGIST:** Thank Freud you're only a stage.)

**BEATNICK:** You'll see, man. You'll see, all of you.

**LADY OF BREEDING:** Really! Aren't we all just TOO much.

**HOUSEWIFE:** Speak for yourself.

**CAR SALESMAN:** Meeow.

**BEATNICK:** Cool sound you got there. Again?

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** Well?

*Enter Choir, at rear, dressed in robes of white, led by a member of the clergy, all in double file, slowly crossing the stage, facing the opposite wing, carrying red candles aloft, and singing, "Hark the Herald Angels Sping", softly, and, of course, ethereally.*

**CAR SALESMAN** (After a long pause during which all The Group have frozen in their respective poses . . .): Who brung them? (jerking his thumb with telling significance).

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** I'm waiting.

**BUSINESS MAN:** Aren't we all?

**BEATNICK:** Good line, man. Subtle. Subtle. RealIII subbbtle.

**LADY OF BREEDING:** Oh Really!

**CAR SALESMAN:** He get you that way too lady?

**LADY OF BREEDING:** Sniff, nose in air, etc., etc.

*Choir has now stopped, traversing the width of the whole set. They slowly place their candles on the floor (still facing to the wings, in double file, and continue singing the same song, beautifully).*

**INTELLECTUAL:** I don't think this gets us anywhere. Our friend . . .

**CAR SALESMAN:** YOUR friend.

**INTELLECTUAL:** was attempting to determine the perimeters of reality as they appear for the lady in red.

**HOUSEWIFE:** Well, I really can't see that there is anything more to it than what I said. We all know what's real, and that's that.

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** HOW do we know what's real?

**INTELLECTUAL:** What do you MEAN by "real"?

**POLITICIAN:** This is ridiculous, you're trying to do nothing more than confuse the woman. You have no idea what you are talking about!

**CHOIR MASTER** (*Turning his head aside from the choir, whom he continues to conduct in the background, softly . . .*): And you do?

**POLITICIAN:** No! No! This is exactly the point! These . . . these . . . Idiots, are talking rot! and expecting these good people to take it seriously. They have no intelligence, they are playing with words, it's typical. It's the most notorious of the Communist's tactics.

**HOUSEWIFE:** My goodness.

**BUSINESS MAN:** He's right. These oafs are nothing but commie stooges.

**CAR SALESMAN:** Yeah, and they're not even as funny as the three stooges.

**BEATNICK:** The wit, man. The wit.

**CAR SALESMAN:** You want to make somethin' of it?

**BEATNICK:** Slays me, man. Slays me. *Beatnick has taken up a cross-legged position in the cane, bubble chair, head down, contemplating his leather-laced fly. Lady of Breeding has lit a cigarette in a long holder, she slowly floats about the stage, and finally settles on the arm of the armchair.*

**INTELLECTUAL (to Psychologist):** It happens all the time.

**BEATNICK:** Wish it did, man, wish it did.

**INTELLECTUAL:** Talk and you shall be damned — unless, of course, you confine your tongue to trivia.

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** We are going about this all wrong. I can tell.

*Enter Youth-in-Bathers, without bathers, riding a red, white and blue tricycle. He makes a delicate circumnavigation of the stage, dodging the Choir, who suddenly stop singing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing", and strike up half way through "Rock of Ages". When the Cyclist reaches the front of the stage, he begins to talk, still cycling. The Group look on, the Housewife has her hands to her face in horror, the Lady of Breeding stares icily at the ceiling, the Business Man pretends to read the paper, the Intellectual turns goggle-eyed circles following the progress of the intent traveller, the Beatnick clucks into his beard*

*and winks at the Cyclist, and the Psychologist takes notes.*

**CYCLIST:** You have indeed done this all wrong. I suggest you tackle the problem seriously and comprehensively, or you'll be here all day.

*Enter Man in Dressing-gown, now in pyjamas.*

**MIDDLE-AGED MAN IN PYJAMAS:** I propose three sub-headings for your discussion of reality, Sex, Religion and Politics.

*Exit Middle-Aged Man in Pyjamas.*

*All heads have turned toward him, now they turn to face the remains of the audience, then, as the Harlequin enters, all heads turn to this opposite side of the stage.*

**HARLEQUIN** (*with one hand held dramatically toward the Gods, taking an impressive stance, and scowling in disillusionment*): I suggest your terms of reference be INDIVIDUAL MAN, SOCIETY, and the SCIENTIFIC UNIVERSE.

*Exit Harlequin. The Choir sings softly on, the Cyclist cycles diligently on, The Group uncomfortably shift to chairs.*

*The Housewife sits on the chrome chair, the Lady of Breeding swoops to the other arm of the armchair, the Car Salesman sits IN the armchair, the Politician in the floral chair, the Intellectual on the wooden carved one, the Psychologist on the red vinyl one, and the Beatnick remains in a half-lotus in the cane bubble.*

*All turn and watch the Cyclist, mesmerised by his intensity.*

**LADY OF BREEDING** (*With incredible irony*): I suggest we take SOCIETY, RELIGION and the POLITICS OF SCIENCE.

**INTELLECTUAL:** Could be interesting.

**BEATNICK:** Swinging.

**CAR SALESMAN:** How about Sex?

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** Good! And, INDIVIDUAL MAN.

**CHOIR MASTER** (*Again turning momentarily*): . . . And Religion.

**CYCLIST:** Settled.

**INTELLECTUAL:** We seem to have really come up against an escape from reality here.

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** Then that provides an excellent beginning. What has made it UN-real for us? There must exist some

preconception of reality within our consciousness for us to feel unreality.

**HOUSEWIFE:** What say we go round one by one, and each of us can say what we think reality REALLY is.

**INTELLECTUAL:** Oh great.

**POLITICIAN:** Excellent idea. If we must discuss the thing, it's only sensible that we get it out of the way good and smartly. And remember you chaps (*pointing to the Intellectual, the Psychologist and the Beatnick*) we have much more important things to do with OUR time, so none of this deliberately confusing hog-wash! OK?

**BUSINESS MAN:** Hear, hear.

**INTELLECTUAL:** Oh brother.

**BEATNICK:** Reality is a toothbrush.  
*Politician stands, hand thrust in pockets, and swings slowly to the central position, just dodging the frantic Cyclist.*

**POLITICIAN:** Now then, the question is, What is real? If we start from the left and work round in a clockwise direction, that means from left to right. Clear? Good. So we begin then with you, madam, as you are on the far left.

**LADY OF BREEDING** (*After a brief pause, puffed out by cigarette smoke*): Well I'm sure I see no point in . . .

**CYCLIST:** In reality? (*Pants*).

**LADY OF BREEDING:** Well, I mean, really, what can one say?

**POLITICIAN:** We were beginning with sex.

**BEATNICK:** Don't we all?

**LADY OF BREEDING:** I'm afraid I do not discuss such matters with anyone.

**CYCLIST** (*Slowing down, panting and sweating more every minute*): What matters?

**LADY OF BREEDING:** What the man just said!

**INTELLECTUAL:** What did he just say?

**LADY OF BREEDING:** Don't be disgusting, you heard him perfectly well.

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** Was he disgusting?

**LADY OF BREEDING:** Of course not.

**BEATNICK:** That was the milkman, man.

**LADY OF BREEDING:** OH! I shall stand for none of this!

*Rises with dignity, oh the dignity, and leaves towards the right. Unfortunately, at that moment, the Cyclist is tenaciously approaching the right, head down, legs pumping; there is the inevitable collision. The naked Cyclist hastily disentangles the outraged lady, and resumes his task.*

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** What's the matter with her?

*Silence.*

**BEATNICK:** She never screwed yet, man. Longer silence.

**POLITICIAN:** I'm afraid I shall have to take disciplinary action if the tone of this discussion continues to be lowered by the rowdy elements of the left.

**BUSINESS MAN:** Don't you mean, on your left?

**POLITICIAN:** I think those concerned are aware of what I mean. Their sort carries a continual shame that leads them to their anti-social behaviour. I . . .

**INTELLECTUAL:** I suggest you stick to the discussion in hand. We have heard all this before. On the platforms of every RSL hall from here to . . .

**BEATNICK:** Reality is a goldfish in a brandy balloon.

**POLITICIAN:** I will not have this side-stepping!

*Cyclist comes to a grinding halt, exhausted, half an inch from the Politician's hind-quarters.*

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** I believe my turn has come?

**CAR SALESMAN:** Get it over, mate, and skip the sex part. We all know what reality in sex is.

**BEATNICK:** You ever heard of soixante-neuf?

**CAR SALESMAN:** What's that got to do with it?

**INTELLECTUAL:** If you have never heard of it, it is doubtful that your contention that we all know the realities of sex, is valid.

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** It's a sort of electronic tune-up.



**CAR SALESMAN:** Oh.

**BUSINESS MAN:** What is?

**BEATNICK:** To you man, it probably is more like a new dimension in icy-poles.

**CAR SALESMAN:** And what's it to you, smart-arse?

**INTELLECTUAL:** Probably a wet dream.

**POLITICIAN:** If this discussion cannot be confined to good Christian subjects, I shall have no alternative but to close it here and now.

**CAR SALESMAN:** Who asked you?

**CYCLIST** (Suddenly looking up, and riding off again, around and around): I did.

At this stage, the Psychologist stands up, and takes the central position, the Politician walks lightly away, disillusioned, he removes his coat, slowly, his shirt and tie, and his singlet. Daintily, slowly, he mounts the running bar on the back of the tricycle as it passes, and scoots ceremoniously as the pair ooze their way around the room.

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** Well. We have been given the word. Christian subjects, GOOD Christian subjects if I remember correctly, and sex is out. We have all heard of fellatio, cunilingus, detrumescence, libido and the rest. So we must presume no more need be said.

**POLITICIAN:** In forty years I never experienced them ONCE I'm sure.

**BEATNICK:** No man.

**INTELLECTUAL:** One vagina's worth a hundred votes.

**HOUSEWIFE:** We came here to discuss realities, and if this crude talk is going to go on, I'm leaving too! If we want to get down to the truth, and sort the whole thing out before curtain time, I suggest we will HAVE to insist on healthy talk only!

**BEATNICK:** Yeah man, stick to reality. Leave sex out of this.

**BUSINESS MAN:** There are people out there.

**CAR SALESMAN:** Listening to every word.

**BEATNICK:** Reality is a cake of soap.

**INTELLECTUAL:** Good Christian people. With real morals.

**CYCLIST:** Real ethics.

**BUSINESS MAN** (Leaping up, inspired): . . . REAL IDEALS!

**CAR SALESMAN** (Gripping his seat): . . . REAL LIVES!

**POLITICIAN** (between scoots): . . . REAL MARRIAGES!

**HOUSEWIFE:** TRUE LOVE!

**BUSINESS MAN:** CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES!

**POLITICIAN** (Leaping off the tricycle, grabbing his coat again, struggling into it without a shirt, etc.): . . . LIVES THAT ARE REAL BY THEIR VERY EXISTENCE! NOT CONFUSED BY LOUSY DEEP-THINKERS!

**BUSINESS MAN** (Frantic now, striding to the centre, almost falling over the edge of the stage in his enthusiasm): . . . REAL LOVE! TRUE LOVE! THAT'S THE REALITY! THAT'S WHAT WE'VE GOT!

**HOUSEWIFE** (Rushing to the side of the Business Man): GODLY FEELINGS!

**BUSINESS MAN:** SECURE! DEEP! HEARTFELT LOVE!

**HOUSEWIFE** (Falling into the arms of the Business Man, while both gaze in fanatical awe at the projection box (or thereabouts)).

**BEATNICK** (Flatly): A plastic screw-top economy-size, all-new refillable, throw-away, automatic, all remote-controlled, 1965-model phallus.

Silence ensues, with all characters frozen. The two up front still grasping, still gazing. The Politician stands half in his coat. The Intellectual stands in front of his chair, confused. The Psychologist stares at the couple up front. The Cyclist slowly pedals on, toward the indefinable goal of ultimate satisfaction, where the phenomenon of planned obsolescence is non-existent, and the chrome plate is really plastic.

There is a long silence in which these poses remain.

The stage lights dim out, with a spot illuminating the petrified couple. The figure of the Cyclist is vaguely discernable, moving on and on . . . and on. The only sound is the Choir, now singing Gloria in Excelsis Deo, softly. Intensely.



*The Cyclist comes round to the front of the stage and stops behind the couple.*

**CYCLIST:** You have both just betrayed your Christian marriages.

**VOICE FROM BEHIND THE CHOIR:** Fall down, and cast about you not for love. It shall come now only from the chemicals of the earth, and the rhythm of the body. Alas, and adieu.

*Silence. The couple slowly lower their heads, close their eyes, slip apart, and fall separately to the floor, on their hands and knees, weeping softly. They crawl slowly to the two opposite sides of the stage and assume foetal positions as the lights return to normal.*

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** We were up to the concept of INDIVIDUAL MAN and his relationship to our ideas of reality. The relevance of this sub-heading is, I think, that reality depends to a large extent . . .

**CAR SALESMAN:** Didn't you decide before that we didn't know what reality was?

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** Probably.

**INTELLECTUAL:** But that matters little. We must at least assume a basis, even if that basis remains central to the problem by virtue, as well, of its indefinability until the problem is solved. There is a necessity here for assumptions leading to conclusions that alter those assumptions, leading to new assumptions, leading to new conclusions that allow the assumptions to become more definable and less assumptive, and . . .

**HOUSEWIFE:** I thought it was the other man's turn.

**BEATNICK:** Reality is a red sausage.

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** I think I would prefer to sum up.

**INTELLECTUAL:** That makes it my turn.

**HOUSEWIFE:** Have you got much further to go?

**CAR SALESMAN:** I got a meal and a few bottles at home, couldn't we adjourn to my place? I'm sure the old woman wouldn't really mind.

**INTELLECTUAL:** We use the word "really" hundreds of times a week. We make

decisions and assumptions on the basis of our terms of reality every day. Our leaders play their games of political manoeuvres, with reality in their conception always motivating their most significant acts. We have a huge diffuse idea of reality that the individual acts upon all the time, out of his ego. Yet when we attempt to define our realities, we can do no more than take recourse to dragging forth a mass of cliches from the plethora of our superego.

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** Sounds good.

**CAR SALESMAN:** I got lost back at the bottles waiting at home.

**HOUSEWIFE:** I think we have all missed the point again.

**BEATNICK:** Reality is a horse's little finger.

**CAR SALESMAN:** Boy he's really gone off.

**INTELLECTUAL:** As I was saying, the central aspect of man's action, by definition, is his ego. And every action an individual performs can be traced to the ego, charity, all the most unselfish-seeming, in common parlance, of characteristics, can be expressed in terms of the individual's search for tension release, for gratification and titillation in relation to his particular environmental directionalization, FOR GOD'S SAKE GET THAT BLASTED CHOIR OFF STAGE!

*The Choir has been getting louder and more glorious in its renderings throughout that last speech. At the sound of the cry of the Intellectual, it becomes almost unbearable in volume, and all leap to their feet clinging to their ears in agony. Except the Cyclist, who cycles slowly on till he comes to the Choir Master, now almost ecstatic.*

**CYCLIST (Now stationary):** Please. (At this, the Choir stops immediately.) You are disturbing the logical progression of man towards self-realization.

*Abruptly the Choir grab their candles from the floor, come to a brisk Attention, and marches out in the direction from which it came.*

*Cyclist resumes his toils, does a final lap of the stage, while The Group remains in a common pose of hunched auditory-protection and slowly cycles off stage.*

**CYCLIST (As he leaves):** Reality is naked in a deafening choir . . . EXIT.

The Group relaxes, slowly unbends, and takes its seats again. The Business Man, however, and the Housewife remain crouched at the front of the stage. On either side.

**BEATNICK:** Man. Sweet sounds.

**PSYCHOLOGIST:** Now, where were we?

**INTELLECTUAL:** In the superego somewhere, . . .

*Enter Man and Woman of scene-one fame.*

**MAN AND WOMAN:** Hold it!

*Enter Lady of Breeding, in a bikini.*

**LADY OF BREEDING IN A BIKINI:** You were there, just then.

*Enter Boy in Jester's Clothes.*

**BOY IN JESTER'S CLOTHES:** For an instant, in a sense.

*Enter Middle-Aged Man, once more in dressing-gown.*

**MIDDLE AGED MAN IN DRESSING-GOWN:** There was a time. When we could not remember though. (sadly) but THEN, it came back. Like a naked shadow of a lost friend.

*Enter Barman.*

**BARMAN:** Without a drink, simply, we are nearer the solution.

*Enter Harlequin, from the centre of the back wall, slowly, sadly.*

**HARLEQUIN:** My life is crumbled by a choir that sang too loud.

**BUSINESS MAN:** Mine by a shout that was too loud, an ideal I tried to act upon.

**BEATNICK:** Heh man, that was in another scene,

**LADY OF BREEDING DRESSED IN BIKINI:** And besides, a wench is born.

*The light dims, and the company file out, one after another, taking the chairs, and leaving the stage empty, but for a candle left by the Choir, lying on its side, near the back wall.*

*Enter Electrician, with a ladder, he adjusts the ladder, and climbs up and removes the three-pointed light fitting, then leaves without his ladder, but with the light fitting.*

*The stage now is lit by a single naked bulb, and a paint-stained step-ladder stands just off-centre.*

*Enter the Early-Middle-Aged Lady with the dachshunds. She is no longer grinning, and*

a simple black smock is visible under her multi-coloured coat. She drags herself to the centre of the stage and stands there facing the audience.

*The Electrician enters from the left, after a pause, and the Barman from the right, carrying a tray.*

*The Barman moves purposefully toward the dachshund on his side of the Lady, and the Electrician to the other one.*

*Carefully the Barman lifts the dachshund on his side on to the tray, and the Electrician tucks the other under his arm and mounts the ladder, clinging tightly to the abandoned dog.*

*The Barman performs a funeral-march style exit, holding aloft the tray bearing his dachshund, and from the other side enter the Cyclist (now clad in a Chinese frock) and the Middle-Aged Man in the dressing-gown. The Cyclist carries a fruit box, which he sets down just behind the Lady. She is still standing inert facing the audience. The Cyclist and the Middle-Aged Man in the dressing-gown move over to the ladder and lift it, bearing with it the Electrician and the second dachshund, and all four move off stage, leaving the woman alone, now sitting expectantly on the fruit box.*

*After a pause of several seconds, she slips off her coat and sits merely in a black-lace-edged slip. There is another pause, then she stands up, and carries her box to the far left of the room, sets it down and sits on it. Still facing the audience in her simple black slip.*

*Again there is a pause, but slowly the figure of the Car Salesman appears, at the far right. He is dressed only in bathers, has a small red-black beard on his chin, and is pedalling the tricycle across the full width of the stage at an incredibly slow rate. With intense concentration.*

*When he reaches the Lady, he climbs off the tricycle, and stands behind her. They both face the audience.*

*The car salesman then slides his bare arms over the lady's shoulders, and they kiss. Very slowly.*

**CAR SALESMAN IN BATHERS:** I could love you.

**LADY IN BLACK SLIP:** Yes, you could.

**CAR SALESMAN:** We might know.

**TOGETHER:** In the morning.

**CURTAIN**



# DOGPATCH

U.S.A.

ANDREW BEAR



By this time one has just about come to accept the new habit of taking seriously the "comic" strips which appear in nearly all our daily newspapers. Thus, it was perhaps less surprising than it might have been to learn that this was the year of the first "International (!) Convention on the Comics", which was organized by the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction and the University of Rome.

From all over the world they came: doctors, teachers, sociologists, psychiatrists and Mr. Al Capp, gathered together to discuss, with proper pedagogical decorum, the psychological and social "problems" posed by the existence of such familiar characters as Li'l Abner, Blondie, Mr. Abernathy, Charlie Brown, Mandrake, Pogo, and the rest. And many of their conclusions were of great interest. Donald Duck, they decided, was more than a fairy tale character for children: he was an **angst** symbol. Mickey Mouse, it transpired, was a Roosevelt utopian; Flash Gordon, underneath it all, was really a Nazi; and, alarmingly these days, the Phantom turned out to be a colonialist (not to say an imperialist) in symbolic disguise. As one would have expected, **Peanuts** came in for some close scrutiny, and it was decided that Linus mirrored our own contemporary anguish in his thumb-sucking, blanket-hugging search for security, while Lucy mirrored the prototypical American matriarch in the bud. Finally Al Capp, who was present by special invitation, announced that, despite all appearances, he had "never ceased to regard Daisy Mae as a virgin." And with that, one gathers, he stirred up the psychosexual symbol hunters no end.

Not that any of this will surprise those who have been following the so-called "Debate over Popular Culture" as it has raged for the last few years. The comics, indeed, although my main concern here, are only one of the popular entertainment forms currently receiving this kind of close attention: as we know, television, radio serials, magazines, rock 'n roll music, and popular fiction generally have all been the subjects of similar discussion. The simple fact behind all this apparently over-solemn activity is just that the entertainment industry has

reached such vast proportions that people have assumed that it is worth investigating in its own right, and many investigators, like the ones at the Italian conference, have spent a great deal of time working on what seem to be the two basic questions: first, what is it that makes popular art popular — i.e., why is it that so many people all over the world spend so much time reading or watching the same books, comics or programmes? — and, second, what effect is it having on them?

In the present article I am not concerned with the second of these, except to note that a great deal of research evidence is already available, although the results usually seem to suggest that popular art has less effect on its audience than many of the cultural pessimists have been saying. But the first question is just as interesting, and just as hard to answer. For one of the surprising facts about the comic strip is that the successful writer can command a larger world-wide audience than any other artist ever dreamed of — and more than this, his readers see his work every day of the year. For example, it has been calculated that Chic Young, the creator of **Blondie**, achieves a readership exposure of seventeen billion every year, given that the strip appears daily in over sixty countries throughout the world. Compare this with the readership of even the most successful best selling novel — say five million copies in the first four or five years — and we can see how extraordinary a phenomenon a strip like **Blondie** really is.

Of course, only a very few comic writers — Al Capp and Charles Schulz are among them — achieve figures like this, but it is also true that even a moderately successful strip, say an old-fashioned one like **Mandrake**, might well be syndicated in a large number of countries, and still maintain a regular, daily audience far beyond that of any novel or television programme. And if we consider that the most avid readers of the comic strip (as opposed to the comic **book**, which is quite a different thing) are **adults** between the ages of thirty and forty, and not young children, as most of us had probably supposed, it will be clear that there really is something here which could be worth taking seriously.

As I have said, apart from the vexed question of effects, most investigators have been mainly concerned to try to explain why so many people are prepared to spend so much time over their comic strips. And most of them have assumed that the answer to this question will be more complex than may appear on the surface. Most readers, when asked, usually assert (often angrily) that they follow the adventures of their favourite comic strip character simply because they enjoy them, and find in them a source of relaxation. But to the psychologically orientated researcher, in particular, this obvious response still leaves too many questions unanswered. They have assumed, in fact, that at least part of the explanation for a given strip's popularity must be subconscious: that some obscure process of identification must be at work, or that some psychological need is being satisfied. Hence the apparently over-solemn theories mentioned above: to explain the success of Walt Disney, for example, it is hypothesised that Donald Duck or Mickey Mouse must become **symbols**, whose appeal works at a level below the conscious; or that the tribulations of Charlie Brown or Dagwood reflect, in some way, the hidden longings or frustrations of the reader's own experience. Whether this is so or not, of course, one doesn't know, but the very possibility suggests that the idea of an international convention on the comics is not as absurd or grandiose as it might seem at first: perhaps there really are grounds for enquiring into the reasons behind a given comic strip's popularity very carefully indeed.

In a way, that is one of the things I want to do in this article, although I am writing as a "common reader", and not as a sociologist or psychologist. And there would seem to be some point in this, for it seems to me that the trouble with the methods of modern research — content analysis, readership surveys, depth interviews, etc. — is that they can't really distinguish between the good and the bad, even in an admittedly minor art form like the comics. Which is a pity, for popularity is very rarely an index of quality, and it seems to me that some of the most popular ones are just very bad — **Blondie** is, on the whole, while **Little Orphan Annie** and **The Heart of**

**Juliet Jones** are simply beneath contempt. On the other hand, one can say with equal confidence that **Li'l Abner**, **Peanuts** and **Pogo**, to name only three, are just very good in their own right, which is why it is a pity to see them equated with the others merely on the grounds of equal popularity.

Now I have to confess that I am a **Li'l Abner** addict, and (to come right out into the open about it), I happen to think that Al Capp is one of the finest popular entertainers I know. Which is an awkward confession to have to make, for it means that I am much more interested in the strip itself than in the reasons other people have for reading it, but at the same time, it gives me a certain advantage in that I know Capp's work very well, whereas the sociologist has to try to familiarize himself with a great many strips all at once, with the result that he tends to overlook some of the qualities and characteristics which can make reading any of them worthwhile.

The facts about **Li'l Abner** are fairly widely known: it has been running for thirty years — which is well over par for a comic strip — and, in terms of readership, Capp has been among the "Top Ten" comic strip writers for longer than many of us can remember. But, as I shall try to show by discussing some of his more recent stories, his popularity is very difficult to explain. For it seems to me that he keeps doing all the things most massively popular authors **don't** do: he consistently fails to provide happy endings; he refuses to sentimentalize his characters' faults; he doesn't attempt to "solve" problems for us; he tends to be realistic rather than escapist in the basic approach to his work, and, most significant of all, he constantly makes specifically intellectual demands on his readers — that is, to read **Li'l Abner** at all, you have to have your wits very much about you. Compare the effort required to read **Blondie**, or even **Peanuts**, and one can see why Capp's continuing popularity is so hard to understand. Or, to put it another way, one might well expect to find **Li'l Abner** being popular with the kind of people who read **The Australian**; yet in our own community, it appears in **The Sun News Pictorial**.

Capp, himself, like many artists before him, is not altogether convincing when he tries to explain the appeal of his own work. In cynical moments — or, more likely, when he has been irritated by yet another researcher — he is inclined to say that he created **Li'l Abner** simply because it was the fastest way he could think of to make a lot of money. But that doesn't help much, and he is more interesting when he expounds his theory of comedy, which is one of those running the "man's inhumanity to man" line. Capp is a great admirer of Charlie Chaplin — he has even called him "the greatest artist of our time" — and he argues that the success of Chaplin comedy depends on our being placed in a position whence we can feel **superior** (i.e., man's inhumanity) to the poor suffering hero. On this analogy, he has tried to explain the humour of **Li'l Abner**: Abner is the character who is inevitably landed in the kind of situation we are all supposed to long for. He is constantly surrounded by admiring hoards of Capp's famously "luscious" females, who invariably throw their "juicy selves" into his arms. But of course he bungles it; while the reader, in his dreams, handles the situation with more finesse. Thus, the reader can feel superior, and, as Capp goes on: "No matter how fumbling or stupid he has been, compared with Li'l Abner he's Don Juan. It makes him feel fine to be Don Juan. So he feels fine about Li'l Abner . . . And that's what a comedian is for, isn't he? To make people feel fine."

Now even taking that begged question into account, there is an engaging naivety about this explanation, although one does feel that Capp is trying rather hard to meet some of his psychological critics on their own ground. Nevertheless, it does help justify some of the recurrent situations in the strip, even if one feels that things have changed somewhat now that Abner himself is married. In the hero's bachelor days it was certainly true that much of the humour in **Li'l Abner** derived from the way he bungled the not altogether subtle advances of Daisy Mae, and that is probably the phase of the story to which Capp was referring. But even now the hero is a husband, I think Capp's theory can at least partly explain why their marital relations are such a flop: Daisy Mae, of course, is the

perfect wife — devoted, docile, faithful, affectionate and, above all, hard working, the family provider — while Abner remains as stupid, arrogant, thoughtless, unresponsive, selfish and lazy as ever. That is, he still bungles things, as Capp always brings out so clearly in the stories of Fearless Fosdick (the "ideal of every red-blooded American boy" — itself a parody of **Dick Tracy**) when we see Abner preferring the company of the character in a "comical strip" to the company of his wife. And even Fosdick himself may be taken as another bungler; after all, he has been engaged to the very willing Miss Pimbleton for seventeen years, yet in his oafish way, he still prefers her steaks to her kisses.

But for all that, with Abner married, it is important to notice that Tiny is now the main "romantic" protagonist, for which purpose his appearance was brought suitably up to date (by plastic surgery) a few years ago. He now represents the ideally typical American college boy — handsome, strong, crew-cut, snub-nosed: indeed, he is now so modern that he tends to look a bit out of place among the other Dogpatchers. But, like his brother, he remains an inveterate slob. For all his attributes, he still bungles things, from the advances of the spectacularly luscious Dogpatch belles to the more subtle manoeuvres of the occasional **femme fatale**, down from the city, who finds herself taken with his simple country ways.

However, amusing as these situations often are, surely Capp is underestimating the quality and variety of his own work in claiming that they explain the basic source of its success. For it seems to me precisely here that his unfortunate tendency to be repetitive and heavy-handed becomes most irritating and all too predictable. Indeed, it is just when the author is putting his theory into practice that I find myself losing interest.

It seems to me, in fact, that Al Capp's success lies exactly where he says it doesn't — in his ability to make his reader feel **other** than "fine". For while that claim may be true of others, I find **Li'l Abner** markedly different in tone from the straight "comic" strips like **Peanuts**, **The Berrys**, or **Blondie**. Capp, characteristically, doesn't strike me as a

comedian at all, even if we accept the terms of his own definition. Rather, I think he can only be called a satirist, and it is certainly true that his typical modes of parody, caricature and burlesque are more appropriate to socially committed satire than to "pure" comedy. And this is why I value him: not because he is a great, subtle, or even a particularly penetrating writer, but because his little capsules of satiric comment appear in that overly solemn barnyard of pretentiousness, the daily newspaper. For whatever else can be said of the daily press, it certainly pretends to take its responsibility for transmitting the news, seriously — one cannot even conceive of a paper daring to present a flippant report of a great statesman's speech. Yet surely this is refreshing and necessary, particularly in Australia, where the press has so much nonsense to report. Think, for example, what an Al Capp could have done with any of our Attorney-General's pronouncements on censorship, or with the extraordinary words of our Prime Minister on his return from abroad, and one sees what we are missing.

For with Capp almost nothing is sacred: he presents himself (as he once said of Tom Lehrer) as an "offended spirit", and it seems to me that a few more offended spirits could do a lot to make social and political events seem more tolerable. As with any satirist, of course, there is an element of irresponsibility in his work, and his apparent point of view has to shift variously from conservatism to anarchism, but by sticking doggedly to topical events, he manages time and time again to shed a refreshingly critical light on important happenings which might otherwise be accepted too easily at their face value.

It must be said, however, that one needs to use a word like "dogged", which in some ways suggests Capp's worst failing as a satirist. Like many other people who have criticized him on these grounds, I can see that the social ethos of *Li'l Abner* has become a little dated, and that Capp hasn't changed his views sufficiently to allow for changing times —

this, by the way, is becoming more and more obvious the longer President Johnson stays in office. What has been called the "hurt, serious tone" in Capp's work in his single-mindedness, insistent, and often repetitive emphasis on his basic theme, the oppression of the underprivileged, which finds its way into all the stories, whether they are about Dogpatch, Lower Slobbovia, or Fearless Fosdick, who is exploited not only by the government, but by his corrupt police chief as well, at which point one sometimes feels that Capp is becoming obsessive.

However, it is with Dogpatch that Capp is mainly concerned, and our starting point must be the acceptance of a rural community with a living standard so low that the failure of a turnip crop can be a disaster: indeed, the staple diet consists of turnips and "trash beans" (Dogpatch soil will produce nothing else), garnished with the occasional grizzly bear — the "groceries" as Mammy Yokum calls them. We can see in this, I think, the origins of the strip in the post-depression days of the New Deal — it began in 1935 — and Capp never tires of contrasting the poverty of Dogpatch with the affluence of the rest of the United States. Indeed, the stories usually turn on some attempt by the affluent to exploit the naive honesty and patriotism of the Dogpatchers: the satire derives from the exaggerated conflict between innocence and corrupt experience, although one of the interesting and unexpected features of Capp's work is that innocence doesn't always win in the end — i.e., the Dogpatchers are not sentimentalized in the way we tend to expect when reading anything as popular as *Li'l Abner*.

What I take to be the general characteristics of the strip may be illustrated briefly by referring to the recent story of the Lower Slobbovian ice-block industry — Lower Slobbovia, as always, representing Capp's alternative version of an incredibly underprivileged community. The sequence opened in a vein of light-hearted fantasy, involving Mammy, Lone-



some Polecat, Hairless Joe, Captain Eddie Ricketyback and the hairy-breasted Ginz-bird. But, as so often, the fantasy was used to bring out Capp's pervasive social theme. The eventual result of all the comic manoeuvring was that the ice of Lower Slobbovia became impregnated with Kickapoo Joy Juice from Dogpatch, and so, for the first time ever, the country became valuable. For a while the natives were simply content to eat it themselves ("Slobbovian homes ain't fit to live in — but they TASTE great!!"), but the joy of their newly acquired utopia was upset by the arrival of Miss Anita Iceberg, who had just become the first Slobbovian to graduate from the Harvard School of Business Administration. Being a Slobbovian, of course, she had nothing to sell, until she hit on the brilliant idea of selling the country itself to American children, for consumption as ice-blocks.

One can see in this, by the way, Capp's characteristic habit of ridiculing the interfering naivety of young university graduates, but once her campaign had been instituted, the Slobbovians became rich as American entrepreneurs moved in and began to buy up the previously worthless Slobbovian ice. But, of course, their joy cannot last long: the closing panels of the story show great machines gradually eating into Slobbovia until the whole populace is crowded onto one small iceberg. Their pleas for mercy are ignored as the capitalists come for the last load, leaving the Slobbovians bereft of their native land — such as it was — to swim for their lives.

I think this fairly obvious case makes the point well enough: in *Li'l Abner* the humour and fantasy of the story are used as a thin cover for the author's underlying bitterness. Looked at from this point of view, we can see that he is offering a parody of the exploitation of the poor by the rich — it is as simple as that. Like so many satirists, he uses ridicule, brought out by exaggeration, as his main weapon, and the limited form of the comic strip gives him tremendous scope to bring out the absurdity of his situations, once he has taken them be-

yond their "logical" conclusions. On the other hand, by eschewing realism in his drawings, Capp does leave it open for people to read him merely on the level of comic fantasy, and perhaps this is part of the explanation for his popularity. But even so, one still expects the happy ending, which his pervasive bitterness doesn't always allow him to provide. The simple virtues of the poor do not inevitably emerge triumphant. Thus, in the story cited, the Slobbovians become rich by selling their land, but then they have nowhere to live. Then the iceberg comes floating by, but they are not "saved", because it happens to be guarded by an armed Eskimo who won't allow them on:

"Hey!! How much you want for that chunk of ice?"

"How much you got?"

(Happily) "Price is no object. We got a HUNDRED MILLION!!"

"What a quincidence. THAT'S my price."

Back in Dogpatch, Li'l Abner reads the story in a newspaper, and Daisy Mae makes the closing comment:

"Pore souls!! They ended up as busted as ever — and wif a country just as rotten as th' OLD one."

So the poor are exploited by the poor, and the story ends on this distinctly bitter note. Capp, in his way, is too much the realist to provide the reassuringly happy ending we had expected. Yet this can hardly be calculated to "make the people feel fine", and the problem of his success remains.

This story seems to me to illustrate the basic theme and the characteristic method of *Li'l Abner* although within his established framework Capp's satire is perhaps more wide-ranging than my summary might suggest. He has the eye of the revue artist for amusing topical detail, which he can fit into the general scheme of his stories. Thus, when he burlesqued the *Dr. Strangelove* situation,



we find his basic preoccupations varied in a number of amusing ways. The constant alert system is ridiculed when Basil Ratbone (a mouse) accidentally presses the button which fires the I.C.B.M. at Moscow. Yet the next panel shows the Whitehouse, with the back of a familiar figure behind a desk:

"Doesn't anybody pay attention to what I say around here? I TOLD you not to leave any unnecessary lights on. Look at that red one!!"

(Gasp) "It's only supposed to be on when the 'bomb' was released."

The comment on L.B.J.'s electrical economy drive is nicely timed, as is the presentation of the Russian political scene when they answer the President's emergency call on the "hot line". Another familiar figure, this time a little, bald, fat man wearing overalls, is scrubbing the floor, and when the 'phone rings he makes an involuntary movement to answer it. At which a tall, dark man with bushy eyebrows shouts:

"You've forgotten AGAIN Mr. EX-chairman!! Answering the hot line is my job now!!"

But for all the comedy of this, the major theme soon reasserts itself. World war is avoided when the Americans divert their missile back onto their own country:

"Relax, Moscow!! Our bomb isn't going to leave the U.S.A. We've changed its course. It will circle and DROP on us!!"

"That's nice!! Call again sometime. How's the wife?"

The problem then becomes where to let it drop. Inevitably the president's military advisers find Dogpatch on the map:

"The government has never collected any money from Dogpatch, and Dogpatch has never ASKED for money!!"

"Then there CAN'T be anybody there. THAT'S THE SPOT."

The situation is the familiar one. A rich, unfeeling government is exploiting the misfortunes of the underprivileged, this time in such an extreme way that even those in power have a few doubts — but of a very special kind. And within the wider framework Capp is able to introduce another favourite theme, corruption in high places. Senator Phogbound discovers the plot:

"DOGPATCH? Them is MAH people!!"

"Are there PEOPLE in Dogpatch?"

"Th' FINEST kinda people. People what votes fo' ME!!"

Thus, it is suggested that Dogpatch really ought to be saved — on the sole ground that the senator would lose his electorate. One sees here the traditional satirical device of false logic, which Capp allows to continue even further. It is decided to save Dogpatch, but it can't be done, for as even Senator Phogbound agrees, the fact that a bomb is about to be dropped on the U.S. is "one of our top military secrets", and naturally nobody can be told — even the prospective victims.

So it is decided that at least their last days should be made happy by a rush aid-programme, and Capp sets off on another amusing hobby-horse:

"It'll cost 100 million to rush THAT many prefabricated homes and swimming pools to Dogpatch. Where will we get the money?"

"We could slice it off this BILLION we're sending to the new Republic of Kanibali."

"Okay! But if it ever gets out that we're giving THAT kind of money to AMERICANS, it'll be a SCANDAL!!"

That is, Capp is back on his theme of foreign aid, which was played up so successfully in the musical version of *Li'l Abner*. He continues:

"All that expensive stuff is being sent to underprivileged foreigners, no doubt?"

"Wrong!! It's being given to underprivileged Americans!!"

"THAT'S UNAMERICAN!!"

And later, when it arrives in Dogpatch:

"It's all yours — compliments of the U.S. Government."

"OH, HAPPY DAY!! Us mere U.S. citizens is bein' treated as nice as fur-rin savages."

One can certainly feel the bitterness behind this, although in many ways it is still the bitterness of the pre-war American isolationist. Yet within the framework of the general fantasy, the point is nicely taken, while the comic exaggeration of the drawing allows Capp to retain a lighter vein than the words alone suggest. And it is certainly true that for the rest of the sequence it is comedy that predominates. There is a brilliantly drawn burlesque of Yale men and Vassar women deciding to do their patriotic duty by livening up the Dogpatchers' last days. The final tragedy is averted when the bomb lands in a fresh vat of Kickapoo Joy Juice — and promptly dissolves. But even so, the happy ending is given a characteristic twist. The final panel

shows the desolate Dogpatch landscape, with the rich Yales and Vassars rejecting their former friends, on the grounds that they no longer need help — which is true, if one can accept the deliberately false logic of the proposition that the bomb was Dogpatch's only problem. But as always, one has to remember the drawing itself, brilliantly contrived to show the economic contrast between the two groups, in order to see how Capp's inflexible social conscience has complicated the apparently happy ending.

But for all this, the researcher's problem remains the same: how to explain the continuing popularity of **Li'l Abner**, particularly in countries outside America. Capp's own theory of comedy, I think, leaves too much unexplained, while the strip's political complexity would suggest that many members of its audience are probably no more than half aware that it has anything to do with social or political events at all. On the other hand, many intellectuals have objected to the rather dated attitudes that Capp still retains, while still others have found themselves bored by the fairly obvious, and sometimes quite crude kind of punitive satire that he has always employed — the more sophisticated **Pogo** seems to be more to their taste.

One can't, of course, provide any answers. Meanwhile, for me at least, the fascination of the strip itself remains.



# men women and dogs

margery morgan



My adopted daughter is in her first year at school, which puts me in touch with an interesting sub-culture. She brings home some curious lore. 'If you have a pain, ring up Jesus and he'll come and put it right' is in a familiar idiom. 'When they die and go to heaven, boys become girls and girls become boys' is more esoteric and a fascinating instance of what Browning called:

God's task to make the heavenly period  
Perfect the earthen.

But the great discovery has been obscenity. 'Let's shout rude words!' little friends hail each other over the telephone, and the wires give off blue sparks for the next five minutes. The range of 'language' is impressive. Gone is the chastity of the learned pun of middle-infancy, when three Monash senior lecturers could be entertained with a play on THESES and FAECES. (The disgust with which quantities of inscribed paper habitually fills me was suddenly illuminated.) Now excretory and sexual obscenities pour out together in glorious profusion, and even the deity may be fearlessly threatened with crude physical indignities. The active vocabulary of these children is much larger than mine; but then for me, with my old-fashioned South Welsh lower middle class upbringing, Anglo-Saxon terms remain stubbornly Old English, and the most notorious of four-letter words irretrievably literary in associations. From behind the playroom door come snatches of the underground, parodic versions of those saccharine little songs. The vitality of five to six years old, throwing off the yoke of ancient servitude, issues spontaneously and brilliantly in this poetry. There is something joyous and celebratory about it all.

Are we in danger of sacrificing something precious, if we drag into the hygienic light of reason every traditional focus of shame? Our civilised aesthetic appreciation of the Nude, so one line of argument runs, depends on our continuing to wear clothes. Maybe we should campaign to keep the obscenity in pornography. Would childhood lose its zest if there were no adult suppressions to be defied? There is some reason to believe that laughter would be heard less often if the extent of our psychic unease was much reduced. The day of reckoning will come when Australian house agents cease to hurry prospective buyers past what they now call 'the toilet', and when every household keeps its erotica beside the cook-books, Van der Velde and the Hegelers at the skirts of Mrs. Beaton, where they properly belong. (A good library of cookery books has its own peculiar delights. How many a happy hour have I spent reading up elaborate untried recipes — usually foreign — in anticipation of some special occasion, and looking at the glossy, de luxe illustrations that often justify the more expensive of such publications — only to sink ignominiously away to boil an egg, convicted in my soul of being no true hausfrau. I expect you, too, know that reaction to a cosy browse

through Krafft-Ebing: a sick horror at the extremely sinister implications of one's own repressed state. As the poet said:

Any man has to, needs to, wants to  
Once in a lifetime, do a girl in.

You've never felt the urge? Good God!. Long ago and far away, there was a Welsh proverb current in the D. H. Lawrence controversy which, being translated, ran: 'It is morally better for a woman to reach a man's heart through his stomach than through his loins.' The thought inspires awe even now.

Groping among the books I've set aside for my daughter's emancipation from what Edith Wharton called 'abysmal innocence', I have come upon a copy of the second Penguin edition of *LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER*, with Richard Hoggart's introduction. I did not know I possessed it. Flicking through the pages, I see that Hoggart calls this passage — not, of course, by Lawrence — 'obscene, dreadfully obscene':

She was lying quite still now, her arms pressed to her sides and her ankles kinda twisted together. Only her breasts rose and fell because of the fight we'd had . . .

Then she whispered, 'Luke, say "please"? And she arched her body just a little as she said that, like a cat wanting to be stroked.

Well, brother, that's something I've never said to a dame in my life. Never say 'please' and never say 'sorry' — it's against the rules.

'No baby', I said. 'You asked for it — and you're going to get it'.

She didn't move. She just lay there, looking at me. Her negligee was torn already, so I leaned forward and ripped the rest of it from her body. She gave a little cry, but still she didn't move. She kept her arms and legs as still as ram rods.

Well, brother, now it was all the other way round. It was my turn to go crazy. She didn't attempt to struggle. She just lay there stiff and supine, challenging me by her immobility. She tensed her muscles, resisting me that way, passively. I grabbed her wrists, trying to get her arms above her head. But every time I'd got them up, she'd bring them down again. So I grabbed a couple of neck-ties and tied her wrists to the top of the bedpost — and she didn't try to stop me.

. . . She was staring at me in a kinda delicious terror. 'Oh, no, Luke,' she moaned. 'Please, no . . . no.'

Suddenly she began to twist and wriggle with her legs and body, as much as she could, being half tied up. But I grabbed her by the waist and held her tight and still . . . And suddenly she didn't struggle any more.

'Cut me loose, Luke,' she sobbed in a kinda frenzy of passion. 'Cut me loose.'  
But I didn't. I had her, just as she was.

(Luke Paradise, *The Corpse Wore Nylon*.)

How seriously can we take this? The considerable comic potentialities of the episode are not admitted for an instant. The technique is almost engagingly transparent: the glib pseudo-toughness of the reiterated 'kinda'; the stock use of 'grabbed'; the exaggerated man-to-man approach, 'Well brother . . .'; the heightening of the brutality through contrast with the terms of a sentimental politeness. The sense of 'nastiness' has surely been deliberately cultivated; for what actually happens is overlaid with a fantasy that repels, yet also has the attraction of the forbidden. The author plays on the guilt-feelings which are inextricably linked with sexual experience, for so many, and offers release from them in blatant defiance of conventional MORES. Those twisted ankles, which anticipate the binding of the wrists, are not the result of any external force: the girl acquiesces in being tied up and welcomes her own violation; 'rape' is an inappropriate word here, though the trappings are arranged to suggest it. And that business of refusing to say 'please' or 'sorry' identifies the prepubertal stage of experience for which the adult man is compensating: one sees the rebellious small boy in his Sunday suit, being shown off by his mother in grown-up company and denying the silly woman the meaningless sop she demands.

She kept her legs and arms as still as ram rods.

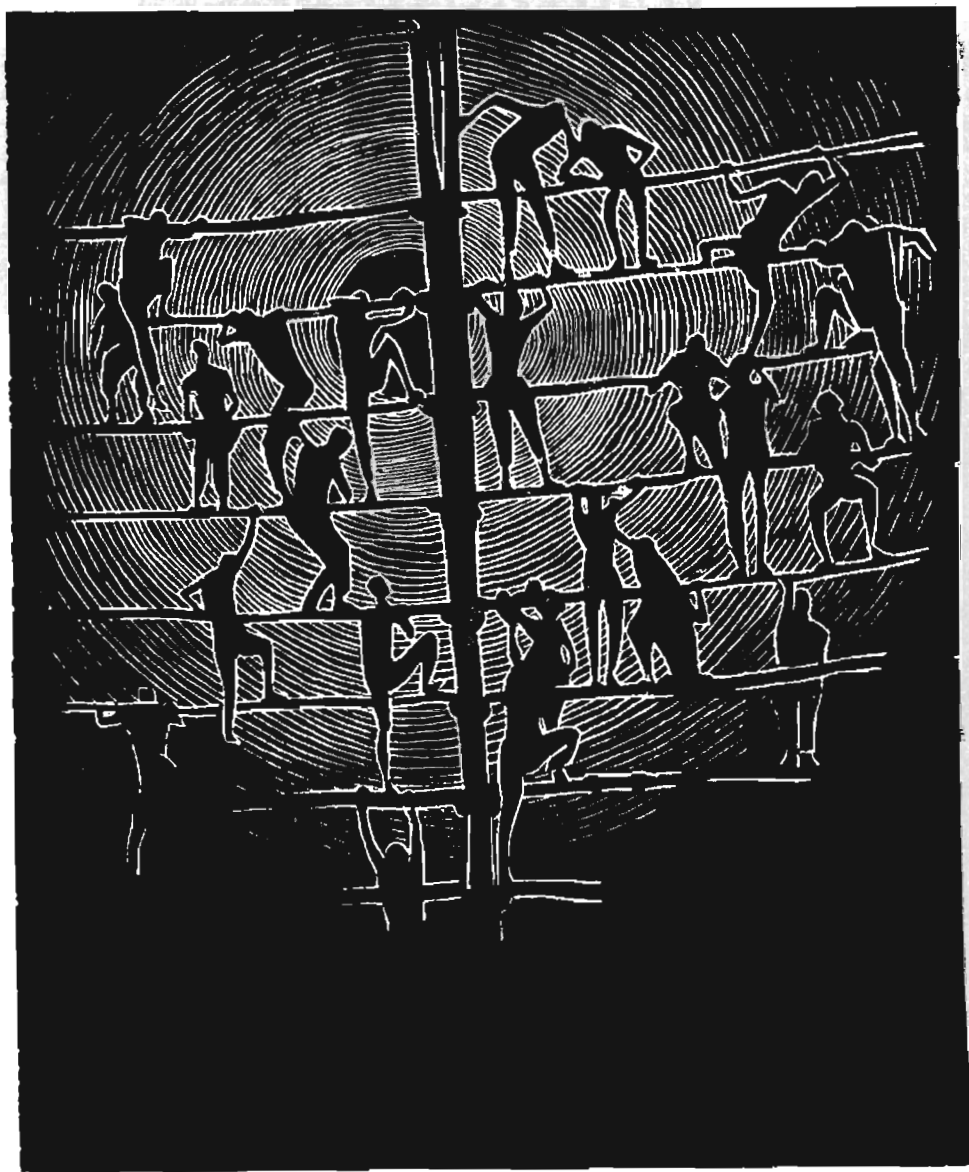
There's nothing new in the representation of Love as a man of war. The opposition between this pair can be interpreted in terms of the natural polarity of male and female, reduced to packaged goods with their regulation labels: 'Male — aggressive', Female — passive, or masochistic, with the treacherousness of the weak'. Certainly the game they are playing has recognised rules; and the woman caresses the man with his Christian name, even as she protests. But the association of the weapon of war with the woman's limbs — 'ram rods' is probably the most potent phrase in the extract — remains startling.

Sometimes, in confused moments between dream and waking, the subversive thought insinuates itself that our discipleship to Charcot, Freud and the rest has been carried too far. Do we move through forests of phallic symbols, or slight the independent existence of trees — and lakes, and caves — when we assimilate them to our sexual fantasies? More pertinently, as they are indubitably man-made, are all those church spires and domes evasive expressions of a sexual subconsciousness? We may think that way in our generation because we've no other resource in our search for values, no other discipline of pilgrimage and aspiration, than eroticism. (Lawrence illustrates the thesis in *WOMEN IN LOVE*.) The view that political activity and professional ambition are devices of the sexually frustrated (let's have no nonsense about the possibility of sublimation!) has a good deal on its side; but it is reversible and can rebound on the mentally lazy who prefer to let sexual activity compensate for social and professional frustrations. You can hardly expect a single woman of middle age, vulnerable to the alternative temptations of overvaluing her state (through false pride) or undervaluing it (through vain regret), to give a final endorsement to either philosophy; now one, and now the other, is useful in temporarily settling those fundamentally irreconcilable conflicts that enliven existence for us all.

It is an old-fashioned bed, with bed-posts; the struggle to escape, alternating with supine frigidity, suggests the Victorian bride. Luke Paradise, it seems, is a nostalgic writer. If the frigidity is itself hostile, a primitive code of justice will condone the man's hostile response and let him enjoy playing executioner to his victim. Tragedies have been written about the 'natural' opposition between the sexes. Yet we've no experience of nature in pure isolation from social conditioning; such conditioning in itself natural. Is it the importation into the sexual context of originally non-sexual motives that turns Hoggart's little example of pornography into obscenity? The literature of a half-society, man-to-man or woman-to-woman, is in secession, protecting itself from the criticism of the unlike; it is a testimony of insecurity. The need for the obscenity may be desperate: for a moment in the bedroom, the individual man escapes from the general truth of his impotence to enjoy a sense of power, of mastery over the other life that confronts him, that no other situation in this world affords him. Can it be that Luke Paradise is battling against the whole power-centred society which regulates all relationships on the model of tyrant and slave, Pozzo and Lucky roped together?

It takes a slave to make a tyrant. I was asked to write an article on the position of women in Australia. Looking round at the Australian women, tied by the bed-clothes to the home-laundry and washing-machine, who have told me that woman's place is in the kitchen and that the care of children is not a man's business, I thought it better to avoid the subject. Whatever *LE VICE ANGLAIS* may be, I have come to suspect that the Australian vice is an over-developed female masochism; or, perhaps, a morbidly extreme sexual polarity. (We are back at the Australian party, after all.) I think of one of the more successful European marriages of my acquaintance, between a lesbian novelist and a historian of sexual aberrations, and then once more of that infantile pie-in-the-sky: 'Boys become girls and girls become boys'. There's some kind of lesson to be discovered here, and in obscene literature, too, if we bother more about studying it than censoring it.

The lesson in store for me is, undoubtedly, of the folly of having any regard for editorial instructions. I have no intention of booking my passage home; I shall stay, cringing, a willing victim, in my office, wondering a little from which trade union the assault will come: those nice long-haired young men, or those sternly, but elegantly, breeched and booted young women . . .



DONALD CAMERON

# MEMORABILIA

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" . . . Loose yourself within a pattern's  
mastery . . . ."

(Zinsen to Hart Crane)

Soft voices murmured through a flicker-  
ing glade,  
After trees rang with laughter  
— and that was an age ago —  
Caught you, quietly smiling, sliding  
Into the sun and leaf-glimmering shade.

A mosaic sunlight clock slipped through  
trees,  
Soundlessly over dead leaves:  
For time, forgetting itself  
Somewhere that afternoon, had left  
Quiet, caught in a sunbeam filigree.

And afternoon when senses coalesce,  
When violet in a bird's-wing,  
Shadow on the forest floor,  
Recalls the shadow on a curving cheek,  
And a wisp of leaves echo a quietness.

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PAUL MARRIOTT

Fifteen, five and ten days, fifteen the same number I always see on my limiting screen mind as n and o followed by a round dot signifying a full stop, as the number of paces, which are small steps not much more than putting a stockinged toe, heel to toe, covered in three up and back and up lengths of this pinching-boot cell: and three-quarters (I see an apple and a Nun with rimless glasses before an alphabet blackboard), of the total of years and days and meals, that is my age. Heel to toe, heel to toe, heel toe, tick tock, tick tock, sounds like a clock walking on mechanical, precision-made feet without stockings, time away, away to where we have to run to hear the tocking and the ticking, for we cannot live by merely counting pulse beats, because they vary. Time goes faster in fever and fear and waltzes than in sleep, when years may pass in a sigh; but we strive to know how, precisely how long it took that last second to pass and to teach ourselves to anticipate the next pump pulse second; the result being we live off-beat, which is not effective or affective or good, because the soles sound queer unless you are hot, and then the rhythm becomes the melody. But I am not hot, and my heel-to-toeing is off-beat between the two end walls of my screen-mind-cell.

Eliot's present and past are both here with me, prophesying in each grubby white line of mortar between the bricks gone shiny with use, that make white sand on the floor and catch specks of light, and make me feel like God looking at all the stars from above, when you run your finger along them; if your finger is long and thin enough to reach to the sand that is, because you are not the first even when you feel like God. The floor is dead, of course; just like it used to be at home in the bathroom; and when you powdered yourself under the arms and on the chest then the powder would be white on the floor and the sharp-lined feet would appear when you walked to the door to put your powder back in your toilet bag, with Paris, Rome and New York written on it in black over red. But the floor would be black again just as soon as Mother found out; black as the funny mat we found at the tip and salvaged until it stained the bathroom floor.

# GRASS is GREEN

KEVIN VALLENCE



Black and dead like the jury foreman's suit, black and dead. He probably did not powder himself, so his mother would not have to clean up the floor, but really because he liked his stink; he had to because his mind stank too, and his mother could not clean that with a wet mop. His mind excreted a stinking verdict even after I had told them they were wrong, in my best relative visiting accent and manners that I never drank so much as to hit girls, although I threw a quoit at one in primary school, which made all their bellies lump up and down and more stinking sweat stain their underarms. Then I led them from the black court with its grey wigs and leering, salivating, sexless mothers and the sexless judge who was too old to be my grandfather and too old to remember his youth (which is true old age): who had spite and status hieroglyphicised across his collection of Danish Pottery and who spent money to ease the conscience he had acquired from shiny-spined, uncut first editions.

You could see the blood on the phiz of the big copper who was escorting the dancing-bear and the shocked you hit me look that a big slobby kid gets on his face when a little slobby kid throws something at him but does not run away; and then he went vicious, protecting himself, and the harlot ladies in the black courtroom with the shiny-spined garbage-paved streets, and the camel books, and the snotty kids on the owner's daughter in Madagascar, and the proverbial raped sister who probably prays for war, and everyone else that he never thought of, and he punched my nose flat. Then I spat a mouthful of thick, white-flecked blood into the black-eyed face of a vulture reporter who has probably been given a raise for exceptional gallantry in the pursuit of headline truth, and because he was able to make Mr. and Mrs. S. U. Barb's mouths water and chins drip, and their black little hearts tap tap louder and pump pump black blood around their stinking black veins all in the face of such a public menace.

Then they locked the heavy gates in my flat face because I spat more gore at the sunlight shining on the tram tracks

and the piece of vinegar-stained newspaper in the gutter beside the orange peel, and the crooked stocking seams and the white shoes with dark dresses whose feet look as big as mine only I never wear high heels, and the green grass behind the steeple of the church across the road that must have been put there by a small bird who should not be locked or startled with jam tin lids on a piece of black cotton that clang in the breeze. Then the cell door clanged shut too, and I sat on the bed and laughed at the rest of everything: at the desks and trains and wet streets and the pot-bellied, starving kids in the streets of New Delhi, and the wire gate bed making criss-cross patterns on my behind, and the red tie my father used to wear to church on Sundays and the black car the priest used to drive and the time my brother and I crashed on dad's bike and bent it so badly you could not wheel it, and my brother landed up a tree. But I laughed with dry eyes and black, and the little muscle in my cheek jumping, and the fellow in the adjoining cell told me to shut my guts and drop dead.

I wonder does the green grass behind the church steeple count the heel-toe, tapping, pumping time that becomes toe-heel and falls over itself and laughs at the spittle on the black floor where I missed the bucket? The grass is green, a green you can touch and that leaves a green stain in the corner of a cow's mouth when she is in a paddock with a good cover of clover, which is also green, and it forms into a little stream and dribbles and hangs and swings from her mouth as she walks. You can walk in grass and feel it between your toes, and feel your heels become so green that you have to wash them before you put on your nylon socks, because otherwise they will go hard and stink, and people will wonder if you put your white powder on that morning and forget to smell their own negating black bodies. Sheep like grass because they can look white in it, and lambs love it because it is soft and they can jump in it when they have a tight rubber ring on their tails and testes, and they dislike it when you remove

them from green because they become very hungry. It makes me hungry, too, although I am not a sheep, a cow or a lamb. Some say it is silly that people paint concrete green with a hairless brush, but it is because you have to have something green and it is better to have painted concrete than starve without any green at all, and there is an element of creation in painting that mowing does not have.

In Ireland the national colour is grass without real snakes, but it would still be green even with real snakes, because the green is Ireland and there are snakes at the bottom of everyone's garden in Ireland that are just as frightening as real snakes in a black country. Black snakes put me in gaol, and they would not let me look at the grass, and I want to touch grass with my feet and watch a cow's green saliva swing to and fro, but you cannot in here, because you only have a bed that makes patterns on your back and does not press your pants during the night because you have only one pair which are also pyjamas, and a can in the corner to break the repetitive horizontals of the bed and to urinate into and eat your meals on, and a light in the ceiling that does not set in the west and make a city into a child's cut-out book of silhouettes which he then pastes on to a thick blood board.

The sun is nearly twelve feet above your head even when you stand on your bed, but I wager you could not see the roof if there is one, and that it has no grass growing on it because birds are easily afraid. I do not know if twelve is a holy number or not, but you cannot jump twelve feet; anyway the alarm would hear you and run down in his black boots and threaten you with even less water for dinner. Then he senses that you really wanted company, so he leaves you alone to survive the departure of outside life however abhorrent, and you are pleased but lonely, and then they take away the grass and you are lonely and then they take away the light and you cry because this is worse than no water for dinner.

The window, I can only touch it with my soft hand from on top of my bed,

which becomes more useful when you think; but it is hard because they do not give you a belt to keep your pants up with, and it is hard to keep balanced while trying to hold them, and degrading to be climbing with your lower half naked because you do not receive any shorts either, but it does not matter much because the glass is opaque and has bars across it. I want to touch some real light that burns your nose when you do not wear a hat, but not your mind. Who cares about burnt noses and bent bikes if you can touch light and stain your heels with the green of spring?

It must be dark outside now, a thick sump-oil dark that covers the tram-tracks and the large feet with white shoes and black priest's cars, because I have heel-toed my cell length eighty-seven times since tea. Tea was fish and five offensive chips that made the fish blush and perspire and smell. Sounds like rain, wet rain. It is funny how it makes your pulse sound hard, like when you are young and still believe in Santa Claus and in bed and it is raining on the tin-drum roof and there are noises in the house and you think someone is coming up the passage on tip-toe with a knife, who would not be if you had tiles, and your eyes open up wide. I want to feel rain patting on my head and rub it on my face because rain is not salty like tears. It is a long time since I cried last, but I have twice cried in my stomach since exercises: I must be getting melted by that twelve-foot sun in the roof that never sets.

Sunsets are soft like the grass, which likes rain on it because it is cold and healthy and perfectly round, and washes the grey dust away. They or he, it is funny how any others are they, did not hear me cry in my stomach and they will not hear me pull the bed. The blue warden with his black boots and water is probably asleep anyway, and there are no buzzers like a hospital that make a red light go on a switchboard with hundreds of other buzzers and lights, and an efficient nurse comes in and is neat and clean. You can hold on to the flap that should button across your front and you will not go naked

in the world and be off-beat. That is it, now your left foot on top of the iron bedstead above the white mortar powder; funny how you hum a tune which refuses to be remembered when you are scared, which is like sacred only rearranged, and you will fall. But I am not afraid of falling and hurting myself, only of being caught and stopped from feeling the rain.

There are only four bars between me and the absorbing rain, and I remember my father's tie, and I can get my fist through them, and his bent bike . . . . now hit . . . . no, you will have to do better than that; if you hit hard you will not feel any pain and you will feel the rain, but if you hit softly you will hurt yourself and not even dent the glass . . . . cannot dent glass . . . . and my brother is up the tree crying and laughing, but not in his stomach . . . now! Blast my foot . . . . do not cry, boy, you did not hurt yourself very badly. He is coming up the black corridor . . . . and the blood, blood does not hurt, but it is red . . . . yes, I know the glass is broken . . . . and the rain is coming in flying on the wind's wings, and it is shining black outside, but the soft grass will be green and clean because it likes rain and the sun is beginning to set, and the sky is black and the rain is running down the white mortar paths and washing the black floor white; white, and my mother is not going to clean it up. Please let me touch the rain, please I have to touch the rain. The doctor is asleep I will not die; look, the blood is mixing with the rain and is on my face and running down my chin and on to my chest, and it is cold like the dark, and there is no more salt and the dust is being washed off the grass and the cows and the lambs will like that and they will not be taken away; see the rain, it is white on the black floor and not red any more: see the red blood, see, see, see the blood is pink like a sunrise and the rain is pink, pink like the blood, and it is not bleeding any more and there is only water and it is coming down the wall and running on to the floor . . . yes, I will come . . . the grass is green and there is no more blood, only water.

# THE BOND

David Griffiths

The Monash Students' Representative Council is acutely aware of the unethical basis upon which the secondary studentship scholarship scheme was originated and is administered. As such it regards the following comments of the McNair Report of particular significance. The comments were made in 1944 about a "pledge" system in vogue in England, we know the system as a "bond" system in Victoria and the McNair comments are as vitally relevant today as they were twenty-two years ago:

The State has subsidised training for the profession of teaching for a hundred years. It has never subsidised training for any profession in the same way or to the same extent. The main reason for the subsidy is that the State is under an obligation to secure the number of teachers required to make effective the law of compulsory school attendance. The student who accepts the subsidy, that is, grants to cover part of the cost of his tuition and maintenance at a

training college or university, is required before he enters upon his course to sign a Declaration commonly called the "Pledge", in which he announces his intention to complete the course of training and thereafter follow the profession of teaching, and acknowledges that he takes advantage of public funds in order to qualify himself for the profession and for no other purpose.

The earmarking of grants for preparation for the teaching profession combined with the Declaration has the effect of requiring young people to commit themselves to teaching as a profession while they are still at school or are just leaving; and thereafter there is a moral obligation on them to adopt the profession. The result may be harmless in the majority of cases, for large numbers of young people choose a profession and in effect commit themselves to it at an early age. But there is no doubt that some young people accept the grants and commit themselves to teaching, because, owing to the

limited resources of their families and the absence of an adequate system of general scholarships, it is the only way in which they can secure a high education. It is common knowledge, for instance, that many students in receipt of earmarked grants for the recognized four-year course at universities are not there because they have freely chosen to be teachers but because the Declaration and its attendant grants offer them a chance which would otherwise be denied to them of obtaining a university education and particularly a university degree.

We could examine this situation in much greater detail and expose the patently evil consequences which grow from it in many directions. We do not, however, think this is necessary. Everyone knows that the present system brings a number of unsuitable candidates into the profession and that it involves in some cases a moral strain which ought not be imposed on young people. The question is:—could the required number of teachers be secured without earmarked grants and the Pledge? Our opinion is that, having regard to the additional teachers who will be required year by year until the full scheme of reforms outlined in the White Paper are in operation, the Declaration could not be dispensed with unless:—

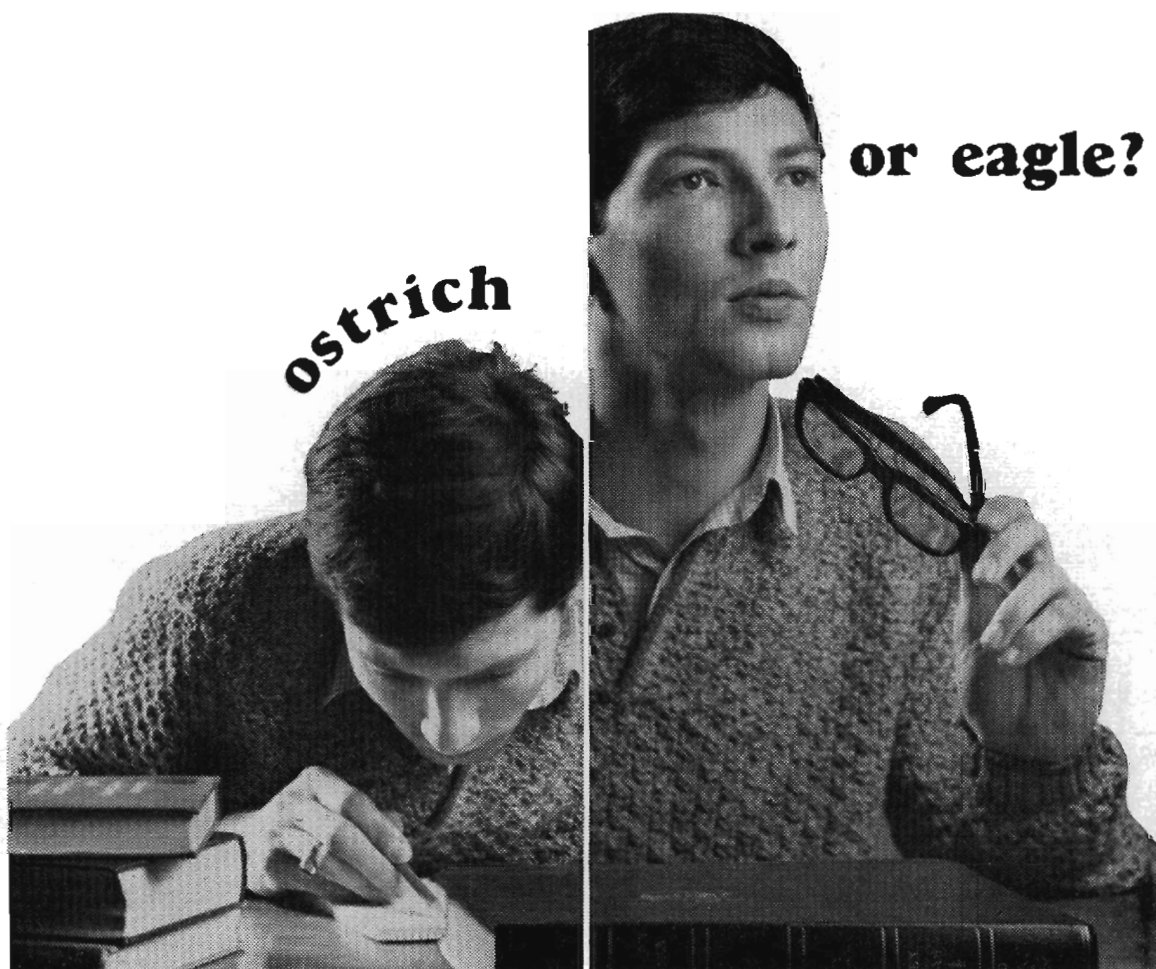
(a) there were an adequate system of general scholarships or grants, involving no commitment to any profession or occupation, which

covered both universities and training colleges, or,

(b) the conditions of service, including the salaries, of teachers were substantially improved.

We have already made recommendations about conditions of service and salaries. As regards an adequate system of un-earmarked scholarships or maintenance allowances we must point out that, necessary as such provision is, it would, if unaccompanied by measures which made the teaching profession more attractive, result in depressing recruitment to the profession rather than improving it. Young people with several possible professions before them, for any of which they can be prepared with the aid of public grants, are not in large numbers likely to choose teaching, even if they have some inclination towards it, unless it offers them reasonably attractive prospects compared with the other professions. (1)

1. Teacher and Youth Leadership. Report of the Committee (Chairman Sir Arnold McNair) appointed by the President of the Board of Education to consider the Supply, Recruitment and Training of Teacher and Youth Leaders (April, 1944).



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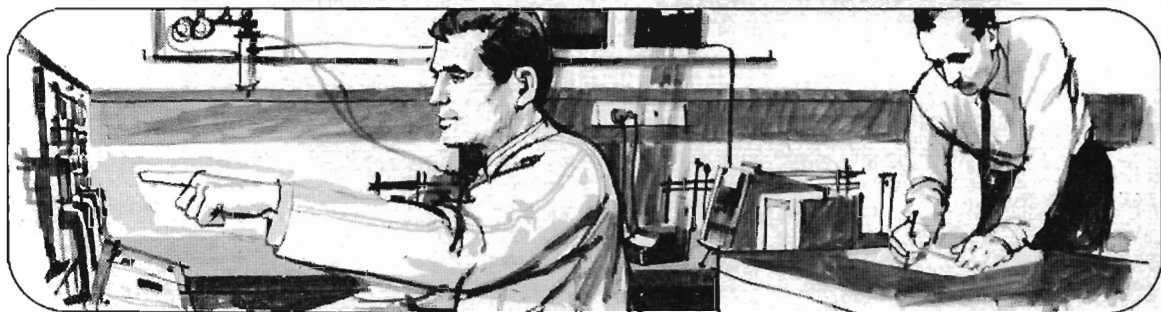
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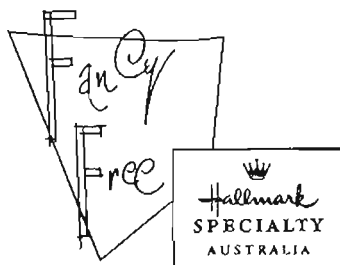
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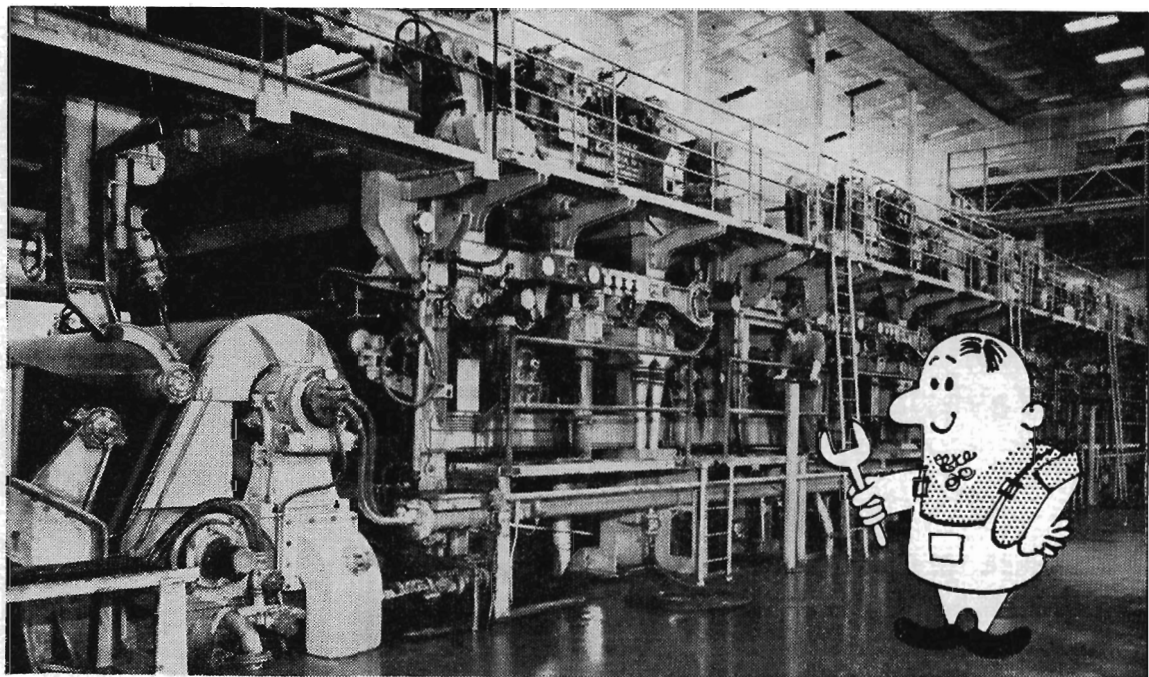
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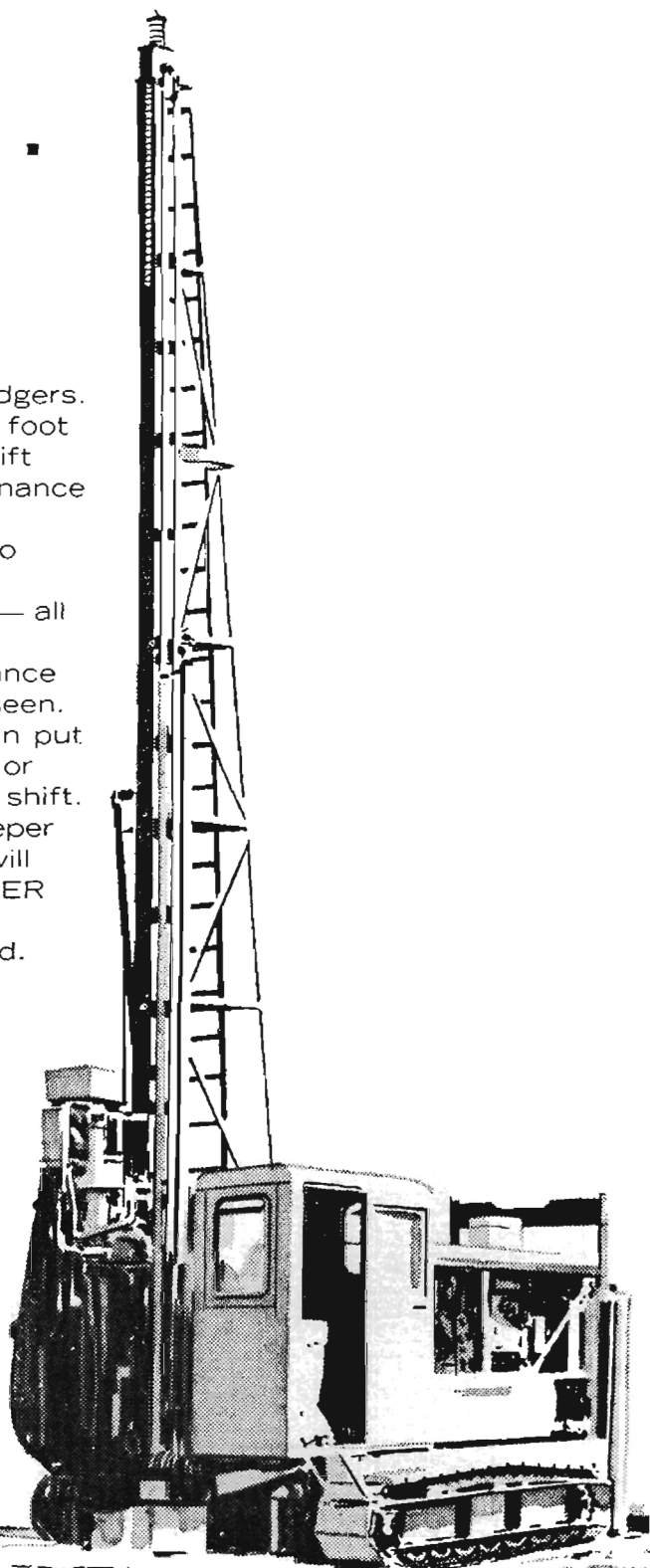
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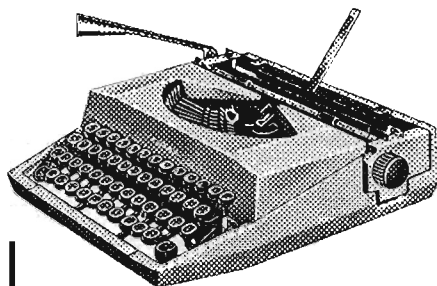
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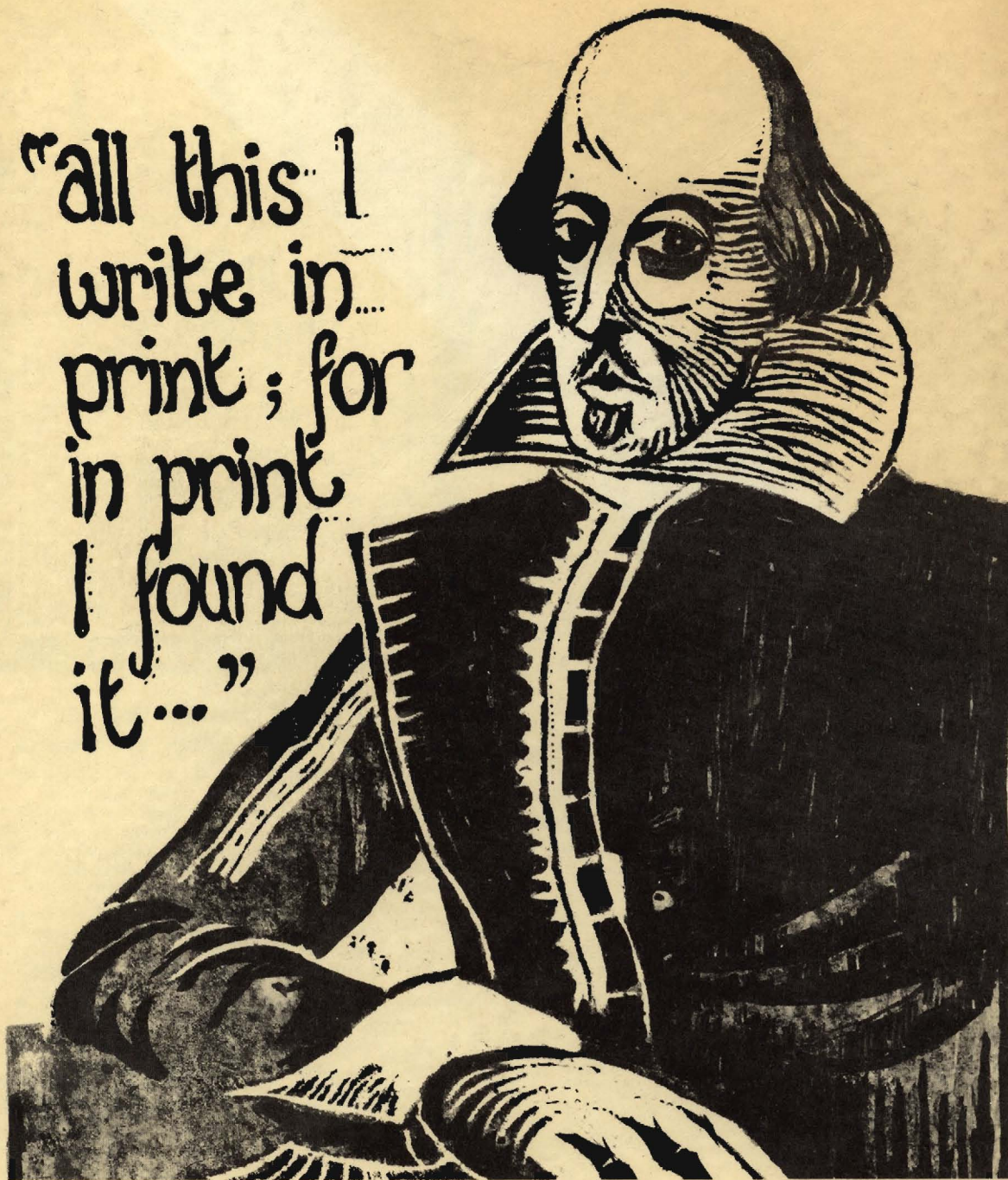
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