orpheus 1963

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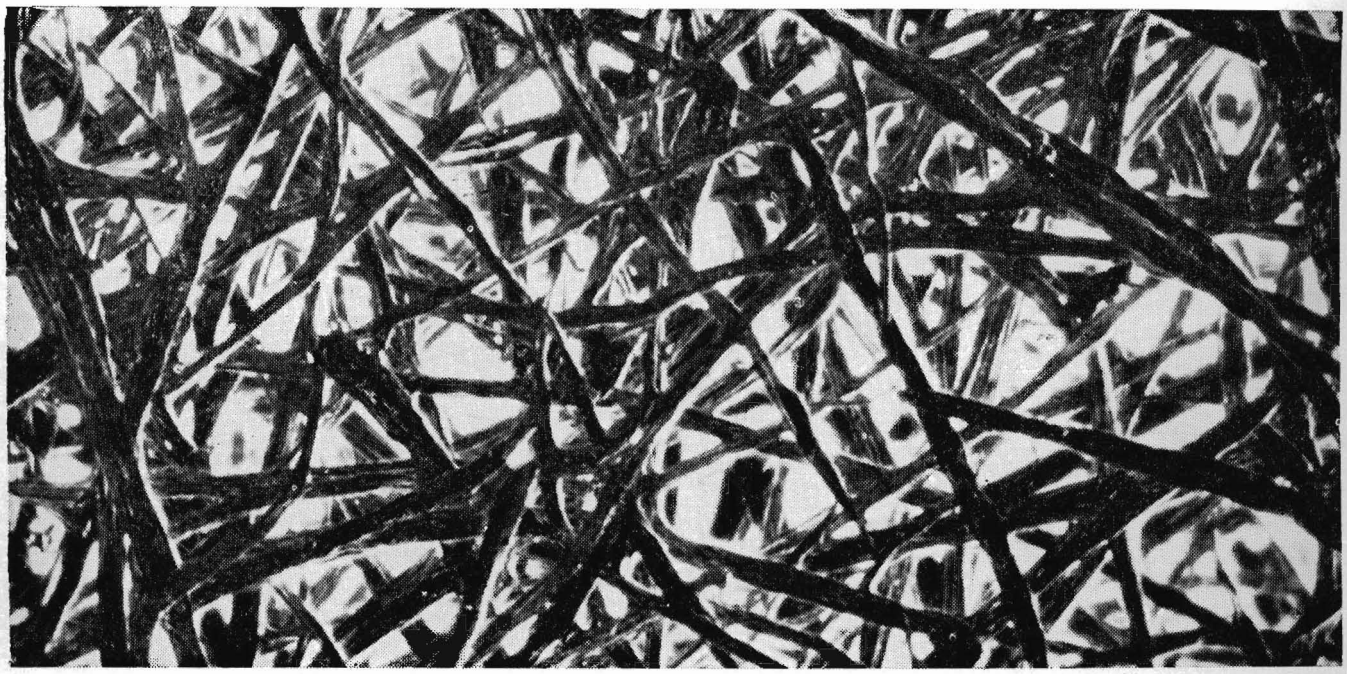

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magazine 1963

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The editors also wish to thank Mrs. Gantner for permission to publish the winning essay of the "Vallejo Gantner Memorial Scholarship".

editorial

Abstract truth is multiple, like shapes seen in the fire. Accordingly, while the molecular structure of a quartz crystal is always **the same pattern** endlessly repeated, the structure of, say, history or economics is **a multiple series of patterns.** Structure is (single or multiple) pattern . . .

The structure of a university is rightly conceived as being an abstract one. We enter a university not merely by crossing its threshold, but by an active participation in the moulding of its product. And because of its being an abstraction, because its walls are only as the body to the mind and to the soul, a university possesses a structure of multiple patterns. Of course, some of these are less basic than others. Can we, then, find one such pattern which is at once both all-embracing **and** relevant, one which describes not too broadly what a university is getting at, while indicating also something of the specific nature of the process by which the ultimate goal of a university is approached? Can we, in short, compose a figurative sonata whose movements both comprise its structure and yet contain within themselves the same sonata form on a diminished scale?

The remainder of this editorial will assume that there **is** such a pattern: namely, a rhythmic, ever-recurring cycle of challenge/analysis/discovery. Without **challenge,** learning tends towards mere drudgery (like a forced march). Without **analysis** ("What is the problem?" "What does it entail?"), genuine progress is impossible. Without reaching some new **discovery,** we can only turn back (or perish of intellectual starvation). This is surely the most basic pattern of a university. And it works on two levels. Firstly, the end-product of an active university is the knowledge of minds which have replaced preconception and ignorance with a ready ability to think for themselves. Hence the wider, long-range view of the challenge/analysis/discovery process is of a journey whereby the "naive" matriculant becomes the "sophisticated" graduate. As so often happens, however, the journey in Cinerama is more exciting to behold but less interesting to contemplate than the small-screen version. The ultimate, overall pattern of challenge and discovery is of less interest than the immediate one . . .

Needless to say, the university process is fraught with problems demanding immediate answers. On the road to a wider perception, we encounter (like Hamlet) innumerable challenges to our ability to bring fresh truths to a situation which has become unsatisfactory. In other words, a breaking-down of preconception (or lack of conception) temporarily leaves in its stead only an eddying of possibilities. This, of course, is an intolerable situation, and one which necessitates a degree of analysis if a new level of satisfaction is to be attained. The challenges themselves may be either self-imposed or imposed by others. Both are valuable. Both are necessary. But the self-imposed challenge is not only a symptom of intellectual healthiness; it offers also a short-cut to the position of readily being able to think for oneself which is discerned as part of a university's ultimate goal. And this, in addition, is one criterion on which to judge the value of a contribution to a university magazine.

* * *

The articles, stories and poems that appear in the following pages are each microcosms of the challenge/analysis/discovery process. Their authors have met the challenge of formulating in words some thought or mood or feeling, and their

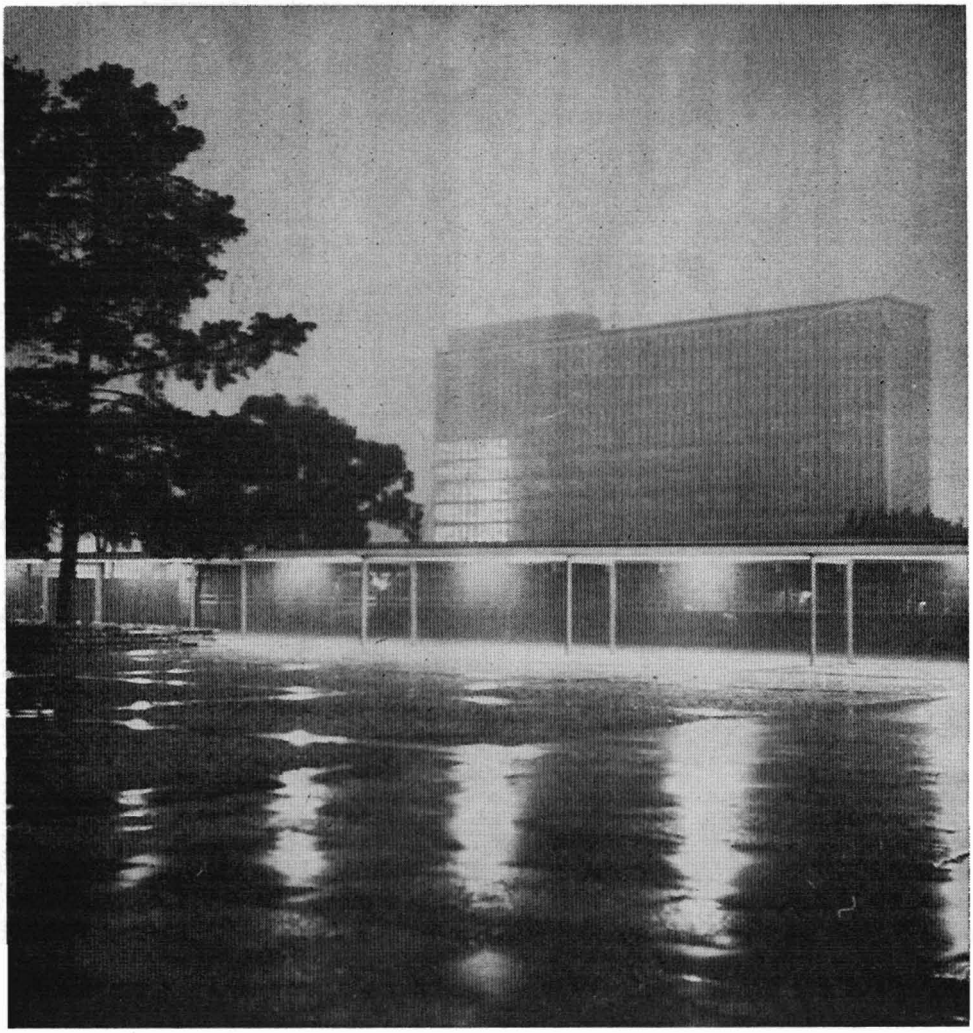
analysis has resulted in some new discovery. Shelley's words are appropriate enough:

> "Language is a perpetual Orphic song,
> Which rules with Daedal harmony a throng
> Of thoughts and forms, which else senseless and shapeless were."

The analysis involved in the literary process will tend to be either internal (i.e. self-analysis) or external, depending largely upon the subject matter. Ideally, it should include a measure of both. T. S. Eliot writes that when the poet is at work, "he is no more concerned with the social consequences than the scientist in his laboratory." But he adds, significantly, that "without the context of use to society, neither the poet nor the scientist could have the conviction which sustains him." Just as significantly, Banesh Hoffmann writes that not the least of the scientist's gifts "is a talent for reaching valuable conclusions from what may later prove to be faulty premises." But the scientist's gift isn't his alone . . .

The structure of a university is one of multiple patterns, each pattern having many analogues. A university magazine embodies these analogues. It is perhaps the nearest thing to an "instant university."

Monash University — Clayton's own — home of the Monash Mining Club (and all that that implies).



vallejo gantner memorial scholarship

"It is not unrealistic to think that within 20 years all trace of human life could be annihilated.

"It is the responsibility of every individual who cherishes the preciousness of life, to take the most practical and efficient steps to prevent this tragedy."

vallejo gantner.

How can the individual best exercise this responsibility?

PRIZE-WINNING ENTRY BY ROSS FITZGERALD

A paradoxical world of unexampled affluence and grinding poverty; of two-tone toothpaste and rampant disease; of trillion dollar defence estimates and mass illiteracy; of "easy-to-eat" breakfast cereals and starving millions — a self-contradictory sphere which is on the brink of blowing itself to pieces.

In this decade humanity is confronted with the most critical problem than any civilization has had to face — the **possibility** of a total, global, thermonuclear war resulting in a catastrophe of unparalleled magnitude and horror. The destruction of all organized scientific society, if not the extinction of the human species itself. Although one can **attempt** a quantitative assessment of the probable number of

fatalities involved in a third World War [1] it would seem that to actually **conceive** of a nuclear holocaust is beyond the scope of human imagination. The carnage, devastation and disruption wrought by a global conflagration would be so terrible and complete as to make it impossible to reduce the occurrence and consequences of a nuclear war to any general schematic picture with which our finite mind could cope. One has thus to refer to the millenarian symbols of the sea of fire, the mountain of flame and the river of gore before one can gain any slight appreciation of what a total war using modern weapons of mass destruction would involve.

If mankind is not completely eradicated from the face of the earth, one can envisage a ravaged world peopled by small bands of cretin-like, deformed, cancer-ridden, psychotic creatures living a rat-like existence, scavenging for food amongst the rubble that was once our civilization.[2] A decimated, dislocated and disease-ridden universe completely lacking in social cohesion. Is this to be our gift to posterity? "Here lies Scientific Man. In his wisdom he invented the Bomb, the means of his self-destruction; in his folly he used it." Will this be our epitaph?

The threat of universal death and devastation is poised over us like the dreaded sword of Damocles, held from its terrible descent, not by a threadbare twine, but by the delicate balance of terror between the two great power blocs. At any moment this unstable East-West equilibrium is liable to be upset and humanity plunged into a suicidal conflict; a war of mankind's mutual annihilation; a global bloodbath in which military victory is impossible. A series of unpremeditated events result in a geographically-limited conventional clash spiralling-up into a thermo-nuclear exchange; the unbearable international tension "forces" one of the superpowers to deliver the opening blow in the misguided hope of destroying its opponent's weaponary; a flight of wild geese passing over a radar station is misinterpreted as a first-strike enemy offensive, and the split-second response of instant retaliation sets the chain-reaction of global violence into motion.[3] These are just three of the innumerable ways in which the world could be started on the one-way path to ruin.

I think it reasonable to assert that, if the present system of mutually antagonistic, heavily-armed, completely-sovereign nation-states continues to prevail, a total war (whether it be deliberate, accidental or unintentional) is inevitable.[4] Thus it is most certainly "not unrealistic to think that within twenty years all trace of human life could be annihilated".[5] In fact it is **possible** (although distinctly unlikely) that within twenty **hours** a large proportion of our species could lie slain.

This intolerable situation is not divinely decreed. It is not the will of any omnipotent and inscrutable deity that mankind should destroy itself. Nor is there a supernatural guiding-hand showing us the way to an earthly Promised Land. Something must be done but it is only by our own courage, initiative and endeavour that the seemingly insurmountable obstacles in the way of a genuine and lasting peace can be overcome. It rests with humanity itself to find a solution to the man-made problem of universal self-slaughter.

2

The realization that we can preserve ourselves only by the unaided efforts of a "self-directing humanity" brings me to a consideration of the semantics of the essay topic. One is immediately forced to ask is the abstract and ambiguous phrase "the individual's responsibility" (" . . . to prevent this tragedy")[6] really a meaningful and valid concept? - The term "responsibility" is an "ought" word (i.e. One **ought** to act in such a manner because . . .): it implies a sense of moral obligation: it involves either an internal or external **compulsion** to be motivated in a certain direction. Now is it true that every individual has a responsibility to save the world and his fellow man? — I think not, for to whom is the individual responsible? — Himself? A mythical God-head? The collective politic? — Who knows?

To suggest to a product of the neo-existentialist Beat generation that he has a social responsibility to brush his hair and clean his shoes is liable to provoke either an outburst of indignant cynicism or of tolerant and condescending laughter depending on the individual's temperament and personality. But to claim that he ought to be taking a decisive role in preventing the outbreak of a Third World War will almost certainly be met by a look of bland astonishment and wide-eyed

amazement. For to him the statement is absurd; the suggestion is totally inconceivable. Even if he considers the human race **worthy** of preservation, as an individual, he feels no sense of responsibility; experiences no inner compulsion to take an active and a dynamic role in ensuring mankind's continued existence. He cannot see how his intervention could possibly influence the course of international affairs and finds no reason why he should dissipate his talent and energy in so nebulous a persuit as creating a future world of peace and blissful harmony. The present is all that matters. Life is short and there is no time to waste for he has many important things to do — to understand himself, to search for truth, to amass experience, to observe pain, to perceive beauty, to create, to learn, to suffer, to wonder and to love. If others wish to prevent nuclear war then let them try, but if the holocaust should come it is merely another unique, intense and exciting (if final) experience to be written down in the book of life. And in general the same sort of attitude prevails on a less grand and articulate scale amongst the more mundane members of our community. Lawyers, busdrivers, doctors, publicans — a whole host of individuals who experience no calling to try to save the world and feel moreover that if they did their efforts would almost certainly be in vain. However galling the state of unenlightened political apathy may seem to some of us, one must not condemn the vast majority for their lethargic attitude of international disinterestedness. There can be no thought of moral censure or social indictment because individuals are not prepared to assume a personal responsibility for the salvation of mankind.

In fact, even accepting the rather dubious assumption that a general awareness of the manifest risk and tragic consequences of a thermonuclear exchange pervades our society, an attitude of mass indifference to global issues is still quite justifiable. For "average individuals" have a relatively complex life of their own to lead, fraught with all the minor domestic hazards, tragedies and disturbances that confound our day-to-day existence. Why should they increase their burden of worry and nervous strain by engaging in such a futile endeavour as trying to avert the devastating occurrence of a total war? Why not enjoy life to the full and let the government and others more influential, better equipped and vitally concerned with avoiding a universal catastrophe grapple with the vital problems involved in the preservation of permanent peace? I suppose one might be tempted to retort that these "apathetic creatures," who are not prepared to act decisively in preventing the annihilation of our species, don't really cherish "the preciousness of life"[7] and thus do not fall into the category of those who are "individually responsible". But such an argument, apart from being quite obviously illogical, would seem to enter the rather arid realms of verbal casuistry and intellectual pingpong — both singularly unprofitable diversions.

Now even if that abstract and tenuous phrase — the individual's responsibility — **was** a valid concept, obviously the only responsibility that I could reasonably talk about would be my own. Even here I reject the notion of "responsibility". I am a person who **is** willing to take an active and dynamic role in preventing a third World War; an individual who **is** prepared to try to help alleviate the intolerable international situation that now prevails. But I act **not** because of any internal compulsion or sense of moral obligation; not because I feel that I **ought** to preserve my species; not because I have a conscientious **duty** to ensure mankind's continued survival, but merely because I consider that participation in the attempt to solve the gigantic problems facing humanity is a worthwhile endeavour in itself. A friend of mine once quipped: "One has to do **something** with one's life so why not save the world?" And in reality the statement is not as ridiculous as it sounds. It is my belief that one has to find **some** justification for one's existence; **some** meaning and purpose in one's life, and unless one is prepared to dissipate one's talents entirely, one must find a useful pursuit in which to engage **and a purposeful goal** at which to aim. To me the subtle distinction between an activity motivated by a sense of responsibility (be it divine, communal or personal) **and a dynamism** caused by the intrinsic worth of an action itself is of fundamental importance. Thus, although one should not underestimate the humanitarian and idealistic motives involved in my striving, primarily I act not because of any feeling of obligation but rather because,

given my psychological make-up, character structure and subjective needs. the attempt to prevent a global conflagration and to secure a genuine peace for the world is a meaningful and personally satisfying activity in which my creative energies can be fruitfully involved.[8]

Consequently the essay topic is really reduced to: "What are the most practical and efficient steps that I, as an individual in my present socio-political environment, can take to prevent mankind from destroying itself?" How can an eighteen year old Australian university student without power, wealth, stature or prestige best exercise his self-appointed role of attempting to avert the occurrence of a universal tragedy? Unfortunately the immediate answer to this all-important question is not nearly as dramatic as going on a hunger strike, picketing Parliament House or overturning tramcars. Although time is short and the day of the Doomsday machine fast approaches, my basic task is simply to sit down and **think.** To first acquire an integrated and comprehensive insight into the complex international issues and then to formulate a workable solution to the manifold problems involved in the threat of thermonuclear war. In the hackneyed words of an old negro folksong "I's gotta know where I's going before I can run there." One needs a practical plan of approach; a realizable goal at which to aim, before one can act decisively.

As soon as one engages in a detailed study of the dilemma facing our civilization one cannot help but be struck by the amount of scholarship that has been expended in the cause of peace. The quantity of published material on the problem of war in the nuclear age is truly amazing. But one is immediately confronted with a whole **host** of conflicting proposals that range from unilateral disarmament on the one hand to an increase in the arms race on the other. Surrender, test ban treaties, moratoriums, arms control, changes in military strategy, world government, stabilized deterrents, civil defence programmes, nuclear-free zones — the list of suggested solutions is almost endless. As a consequence an attempted evaluation of the validity of individual proposals and a detailed treatment of the complicated and disheartening history of disarmament negotions, for example, would seem to me to be both unprofitable and tedious in the extreme. Thus instead of wading through the intricate labyrinths of alternative policies I propose to limit this exposition to a brief analysis of the current situation and a suggestion as to the most effective measures that can be taken to prevent the outbreak of a suicidal global conflict.

Although one cannot provide a completely satisfactory explanation as to why a nuclear war has so far not occurred, it seems reasonable to conclude that, at least since the waning of American atomic supremacy in approximately 1956 and the subsequent establishment of a rough parity of military strength between Russia and the West, peace has depended upon the existence of a constantly changing and inherently unstable balance of power between the two mighty alliances. It is, I believe, primarily this precarious equilibrium of terror between the superpowers; this so-called "deterrent of mutual dread"; the realization that any act of aggression may result in complete destruction for the offending nation, coupled with the moral objections to nuclear war, that has up to now averted a massive thermonuclear engagement between the two great power blocs. Consequently as John Strachey points out: "The stability of the existing balance of power is an objective of great importance. For although such a balance cannot in the long run **save** us from the recurrence of nuclear war, yet there is no observable method of **staving-off** the catastrophe."[9] Despite the fact that the stabilization of the current power equilibrium must be viewed as a **piecemeal** and short-term proposal which can only **postpone** and not prevent the outbreak of war, it would seem to be the only way of giving us the time to formulate and implement a more effective solution to the paramount problem of our missile age. Let us then briefly consider measures by which we can maintain and improve the present balance of power.

It is in the field of military strategy and arms control that the means of ensuring the stability of the prevailing balance essentially lies. There exists at present a false but unfortunately widespread belief in **some** influential military circles that it is technically possible for an aggressor using the methods of surprise nuclear attack to destroy almost all of his opponent's capacity

to retaliate. Furthermore, it is held that the most effective way of ensuring national survival is to predict, anticipate or "pre-empt" the intended aggression of one's enemy and then to deliver the opening thermonuclear blow, thereby eliminating the opposition's destructive potential. In the present state of international tension it is quite obvious that these two pernicious notions have the effect of greatly increasing instability and the risk of total war. Thus without entering into a detailed explanation of my reasons, I believe it imperative that both Russia and the United States completely reject the perilous doctrine of a pre-emptive, counter-force, strategic strike and concentrate on perfecting the relative invulnerability of their second-strike retaliatory weapons. There is no doubt that an increase in the mutual invulnerability of Russian and American deterrent forces (and especially in their means of delivery) would be a factor of supreme importance in maintaining the stability of the balance of power and in decreasing the risk of an "all-out" global war. An adequate degree of second-strike invulnerability means that deliberate war would be the act of a madman, for neither side could possibly be victorious. Thus it decreases the temptation to deliver the opening blow and lessens the fear of sudden enemy attack. Further, if a nation's main deterrent force is invulnerable the necessity for a split-second response of instant retaliation disappears. Finally Strachey considers: "Above all the mere fact that full retaliation will always be possible, even **after** a surprise first strike has landed, will be an immense reassurance to both sides that such a first strike will **not** in fact be launched. The marks on the (radar) screen will be much less likely to be missiles, and much more likely to be geese or meteors. The whole vicious circle of pre-emption, the 'I must hit him first before he hits me first' psychology can be prevented from developing."[10] Consequently an increase in the mutual invulnerability of second-strike defensive forces would result in greatly decreasing the risk of deliberate, accidental and unintentional nuclear war. In fact it is pleasing to note that a redirection from highly vulnerable, first-strike, pre-emptive weaponary to a relatively invulnerable retaliatory force is to a large extent already taking place. It would seem that the Russian strategic nuclear force is much better suited to a second-strike retaliatory role rather than to a pre-emptive counter-force role. America, on the other hand, is rapidly changing her military posture from a reliance on first-strike I.C.B.M.'s to a concentration on a much less vulnerable deterrent force best characterized by Minute-man missiles and Polaris submarines. This is a hopeful trend which must continue to be encouraged.

The current arms race is primarily a **qualitative** phenomenon. It is concerned not with the stock-piling of missiles; not with a massive build-up of weaponary, but with technical innovation and scientific breakthrough. Consequently any sudden, marked, relative, technological advantage gained by either Russia or America would be exceedingly dangerous in that it would tend to upset the balance of power and thus jeopardise the possibility of continued peaceful co-existence between East and West. Although I have been stressing the principle of second-strike invulnerability, it is obvious that the **unilateral** perfection of a **completely** invulnerable deterrent; of a 100% effective method of intercepting I.C.B.M.'s; of a foolproof "anti-missile missile"[11] would greatly increase instability and the risk of war. So, too, would the development of a new "weapons system" or a creation of a more sophisticated means of delivery by **one** of the superpowers at the expense of the other. It would " . . . tend to tip the scales to the point at which either the weaker side feels that all is lost unless something drastic is done in redress or to the point at which the stronger side feels that now it can strike with impunity and eliminate its rival once and for all."[12] It is the paradox of the present arms race that the invention of a wholly effective defence against nuclear attack could in fact lead to war itself and that although both East and West are engaged in a competitive technological struggle neither side wishes its enemy to fall too far behind in scientific development lest out of fear the "military-retarded" nation decides to launch a pre-emptive attack on its more advanced rival. Therefore, a parallel growth between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. in the field of military technology is most obviously desirable. If we cannot completely freeze the arms race at the current position, we must endeavour to ensure that the two mighty alliances augment their destructive capacity

at roughly the same rates. It is only by an approximate symmetry of power at **every** level of military development (conventional, tactical-nuclear and thermonuclear) that stability of the existing equilibrium can be maintained.

So far we have considered the arms race exclusively in terms of a duel between the "big two." Now we must face what is sometimes called the "Nth country problem"—the frightening possibility that not only Russia, America, Great Britain and France but also China, India, Japan, Sweden, Egypt, Israel and a host of other smaller nations may within the next decade possess their own multi-megaton thermonuclear weapons. Although it is extremely difficult to predict the consequences of an extension of the nuclear club, it seems likely that, because of the continued predominance of the superpowers in the means of missile delivery, the diffusion of nuclear weapons would result in a secondary arms race between the medium-sized nation states rather than in a direct threat to Russian and American nuclear superiority. Nevertheless, a multi-nuclear world would be a nightmare development, greatly intensifying general insecurity and thereby threatening the continued existence of the human race. Coupled with the danger of a "nuclear spread" increasing the risk of total war in something like a geometric progression is the problem of the development of relatively cheap and easily produced nuclear war-heads and their means of delivery. An age of readily-procurable "Woolworth" nuclears would be appallingly unstable. Consequently, as well as adopting measures to prevent the actual diffusion of nuclear capacity throughout the world, we must also find a way of stopping the production of these "cheap and easy" missiles. It is well at this stage to draw attention to the obvious fact that both Russia and America have a strong, common objective in maintaining their joint nuclear hegemony and especially in preventing the development of new, mass-produced, "Woolworth" weapons. It is to be hoped that an increased awareness among the superpowers of their mutual interest in such matters as national survival and military predominance will be a catalytic force in permanently retarding the growth of a multi-nuclear world. Acceptance of a Test Ban Treaty and a "cut-off" in nuclear production by the United States, the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain for example would almost certainly be the most effective way of preventing the diffusion of nuclear weapons. And if it should prove to be necessary, these three great nations could enforce a universal acceptance of the ban by such means as the withdrawal of military protection, the imposition of economic sanctions and even in the last resort by a threat of direct coercive action if the "minor" nations should refuse to comply with the provisions of the treaty. Although I have no intention of entering into the contentious question of whether secret underground explosions and other attempted clandestine tests could in fact be detected, it will suffice for me to say that I agree with Schelling and Halperin, who claim that a completely effective inspection and control system is not essential for the successful operation of a global Test Ban.[13] Finally, apart from resulting in the virtual concentration of nuclear power in Russian and American hands (a far easier position from which to conduct successful disarmament negotiations than a multi-nuclear world which includes the military aggressive and doctrinally intransigent China), the cessation of nuclear tests would mean the elimination of all the evils associated with radioactive, atmospheric fallout.[14]

Steps may also be taken to lessen the danger of accidental or unintentional war and measures must be adopted to improve the poisoned atmosphere of mutual fear, hostility and suspicion that at present prevails between East and West. Consequently, the recent installation of the "hot line" – a direct communication link between Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev—may be an important means of reducing the risk of unprovoked war and alleviating the present state of international tension. Apart from the principle of second-strike invulnerability, it is mainly through such scientific innovations as inventing an **infallible** means of missile detection; perfecting existing radar networks and developing a reliable inbuilt weapon control system by which nuclear war-heads can be immediately recalled after they have been subject to a "false-alarm launching," that war by mechanical failure and technical mistakes can be avoided. Therefore a joint East-West scientific effort in attempting to find ways to reduce the risk of accidental and

unintentional war; a pooling of scientific knowledge and activity even in this limited field would go a long way in preventing the occurrence of a global thermonuclear war which neither side desires.

That much maligned humanitarian, but even more greatly over-rated philosopher; the "grand old man of nuclear disarmament," Bertrand Russell, has recently suggested a valuable means of reducing East-West hostilities.[15] He advocates that the superpowers should agree to a temporary two-year moratorium, during which each side would pledge to abstain from provocative action in such trouble-spots as West Berlin and Cuba; to discourage vehemently hostile propaganda and to attempt to diminish the current feeling of mutual estrangement and national uniqueness by greatly increasing personal contact and cultural intercourse. Recent attempts at fostering mutual understanding and encouraging a sense of community of interest have, it seems, ranged from the importation of the "great American habit" (Coca-Cola), traditional jazz and laced, multi-coloured women's under-garments into the U.S.S.R. on the one hand, and to a sudden passion in the United States for Dostoyevsky, vodka and Stravinsky on the other. On a more serious plane, however, we must strive to break down the divisive barrier that at present exists between East and West and endeavour to reduce the grossly exaggerated sense of ideological intellectual, ethnic and national difference between the two great power blocs. It is imperative that we promote friendly relations between East and West and encourage an increased awareness of our mutual self-interest in survival.

At the risk of being repetitious, I must stress that to **promote the stability of the existing balance** by rejecting the doctrine of pre-emption, and by increasing second-strike invulnerability and to **prevent the diffusion of nuclear weapons** through the agency of a Test Ban Treaty and a "cut-off" in nuclear production, are piecemeal, and transitory measures which can only **postpone** and not prevent the outbreak of a global war. Consequently, although it may seem trite it remains, nevertheless, true that the only way of ensuring permanent peace is to remove the possibility of war itself. This demand for the elimination of **all** armed conflict implies a denial of the current strategic concept of a limited or controlled war — the belief that local clashes can be confined to either purely conventional armaments, or at worst to small tactical, battlefield nuclear weapons. It is of course ridiculous to suggest that any future war **must** become world wide and thermonuclear, for limited wars have and can occur in a missile age (Korea and Indo-China being the obvious examples). However, the **risk** of a regional disturbance "escalating" up into a thermonuclear exchange is far too great for us to allow even the **possibility** of localized conflicts taking place. The world must reject armed intervention as a method of settling any dispute be it international, regional or local. A further reason for rejecting all forms of war is that we can never eliminate the **knowledge** of how to produce nuclear weapons. In a conventional clash between the two great nations for example, both Russia and America would feel **compelled** to manufacture the weapons of mass destruction in the fear that if they did not their opponent would gain the upper hand. It would only be a matter of time before the thermonuclear holocaust began. As Bertrand Russell asks: "Shall we put an end to the human race; or shall mankind renounce (the notion of) war?"[16]—for in the long run these are our only alternatives.

The removal of the possibility of armed conflict necessitates, I believe, **complete** and **universal** national disarmament and the simultaneous creation of a **world authority** possessing an overwhelming power of coercive force. It has already been pointed out that the present system of heavily-armed, completely-sovereign, nation-states is "simply incompatible with human survival in the nuclear age."[17] Therefore, there is a desperate need for a fundamentally new method of organizing our global society which would prevent nations from using violence, or the threat of it, to resolve their differences. A single, **supra-national** pacifying authority with a monopoly of irresistible military power must be created if humanity is to abolish war. Although our aim should be to establish an effective machinery for settling international disputes by **peaceful** means, the world organization must in the last resort possess sufficient coercive strength to enable it to compel obedience to its demands. But in order to achieve our immediate goal of "world-unity-for-the-limited-purpose-of survival" a

detailed and realistic plan for the establishment of such a supra-national authority is needed. In fact such a blueprint **has** been produced. Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn, in their book "World Peace Through World Law," have formulated a practical, comprehensive and integrated plan for the realization of genuine peace by the means of "universal and complete disarmament under enforceable world law."[18] In general the Clark and Sohn Plan "comprises a set of definite and interelated proposals to carry out . . . (total) . . . disarmament and to strengthen the United Nations[19] through the establishment of such legislative, executive and judical institutions as are necessary to maintain world order."[20]

The **complete** disarmament of **all** nations would be accomplished by a step-by-step, simultaneous and proportionate reduction in all categories of weaponary subject to a well-organized system of inspection and control. At the end of this disarmament process no national military force would exist and the only remaining coercive power (as distinguished from limited and lightly-armed internal police forces) would be a permanent world police force which would be built up parallel with the decline in national armaments. The powers of the world organization would be strictly defined and limited to matters directly related to the maintenance of peace. Finally, apart from total and **enforceable** disarmament, organs would be created to ameliorate the worst economic ills of mankind and a global judical system, substituting world law for international violence, would be established so that nations could resort to world tribunals for the settlement of their disputes. As Clark and Sohn point out: "If the world really wants peace it must accept world institutions, fully adequate to achieve universal and complete disarmament and to enforce world law within the limited field of war prevention."[21]

Although "World Peace Through World War" should not be regarded as infallible Holy Writ or a "Das Kapital" of peace which must be accepted with an attitude of uncritical reverence and slavish devotion, the Clark and Sohn Plan (see notes) is, in my opinion, the most practical method of achieving our immediate objective, namely the elimination of the possibility of war both conventional and thermonuclear. Furthermore, I consider that the type of world pacifying authority envisaged by Clark and Sohn is the sort of supra-national organization which humanity should be striving to implement. Consequently I believe that, at least until a more effective plan for the preservation of permanent peace is produced, we should adopt their scholarly and comprehensive scheme for total national disarmament under enforceable world law as our general aim.

Having acquired at least **some** knowledge and understanding of the explosive international situation and having attempted to "think-out" the problem of thermonuclear war I consider myself to be now in a reasonable position from which to examine my role as an individual trying to prevent the annihilation of the human race. But one must immediately ask, can I, in fact, do **anything** to save mankind? Given my position in the social milieu and the values which pervade it, and given Australia's insularity and consequent isolation from the hub of world power-politics, what possible influence can I exert; what conceivable action can I take to avert a universal catastrophe? Are not, in reality, all my attempts to promote peace doomed to failure from the start? Am I not politically impotent and is not all personal action to prevent the global holocaust in vain? In an endeavour to provide an answer to these questions one must turn to a more general consideration on the role of the individual in an acquisitive, automotive society. One must ask can an isolated person hope to do anything significant in **any field** (let alone world peace) in the sort of world in which we now live? Have not economic, political and social developments precluded the possibility of decisive individual influence in all matters of great importance? In our mechanical, stereotyped civilization, inbued with the "ethics of success and over-consumption," Western man, we are told, is estranged from his "real-self" and has become an alienated commodity; an anonymous automaton; a mere cog in the productive wheel; an externalized, pitiful and dehumanized figure dominated by the impersonal market mechanism. Robotism, machine-worship, ritualism, the awe of authority, the desire for submission, the craving for servitude and the idolatory of power would all seem to testify to a society which is "sick"; to a civilization in which personal dynamism is

crushed and individual initiative non-existent.[22] But even in this pigeon-holed, squirrel-caged Affluent Society; even in the world of the Status Seekers, the Hidden Persuaders and the Lonely Crowd, an individual still has a vital role to play. He is not an amorphous mass of a million people divided by a million, he is rather a unique and basic unit in the social framework.

One need not believe in the Great Man Theory of History to realize the decisive effect which personal action has had in moulding the course of past events. Despite the apparent limitations which our elitist technocratic civilization places on individuality, even modern man is not powerless before the all-engulfing tide of determinism; he is not a helpless victim of what Camus calls "the savage, formless movement of history."[23] It is within his power to radically transform institutions, values and ideas. The twentieth century individual can still profoundly effect the world in which he lives. Today his task is not to move mountains, but minds; not to save souls, but the human race itself.

Thus, however deluded I may be, I believe it is at least **possible** that an individual like myself can do **something** to save humanity from universal mass-suicide; that in some intangible way I may be instrumental in eliminating the scourge of war and bringing an age of lasting peace nearer to fruition. Despite such grand assertions it is extremely difficult to suggest any concrete and practical steps to facilitate one's goal of removing the possibility of war by means of universal and complete national disarmament under the enforceable law of a world pacifying authority.[24]

One must endeavour to jolt individuals and groups within our community out of their present state of "complacent Australianism"; to promote a general mass awareness of the devastating consequences of thermonuclear war and a nation-wide realization that the risk of an all-out global conflict is a real and terrifying possibility. However, in an attempt to generate a widespread sense of urgency, that immediate steps must be taken to prevent the eruption of the "hot war," and to produce a public demand for some sort of remedial action, one is again confronted with the frustrating problem of what effective methods one can use to create an acceptance of one's ideas; what are the available avenues through which I can stimulate an Australian opinion favourable to my goals.

In order to disseminate a belief and convert the "masses," one can, on the one hand, use all the normal means of propaganda available to democrats—the Press, the pulpit, the theatre, radio and television. One can publicize, lecture and converse; one can write letters to the editors of newspapers and to world leaders; one can produce plays and novels which "point the moral" of world peace. One can even engage in peaceful demonstration-marches and protest-picketings, or participate in mass lie-downs and flag pole sittings. But, although useful in providing publicity and making the nation aware that at least some people are vitally concerned with the threat of thermonuclear war, these "traditional" methods of stimulating public opinion and producing decisive results have, in the past, proved to be largely ineffectual. On the other hand, one could resort to more extreme, "immoral" and radical measures to achieve one's aims. A minority of the "action wing" in the British Council for Nuclear Disarmament, for example, advocate mass sub-conscious advertising campaigns, the smashing of nuclear installations and the sabotage of security networks and strategic radar bases. For to them the choice is between violence and impotence. This essay is not the place to launch into a discussion of the "ends-means controversy." Nevertheless, I personally reject such direct coercive action, for in the Australian political context, violence, as well as alienating the population, would seem to serve no useful purpose. Although the "storming of Exmouth Gulf" would no doubt produce a traumatic effect both internally and overseas, it is difficult to envisage how it could either alter Australian foreign policy or promote the cause of peace.

In my opinion one of the most effective ways of furthering our objectives is by applying political pressure at vulnerable points in the governmental structure. Furthermore, I consider it indisputable that individual initiative is far more effective and influential if it is expressed through the agency of a collective organization. Thus a basic task of a person such as myself must be to mobilize articulate support for the elimination of war by the means of total national disarmament. This involves the

formation of clubs and societies. As an undergraduate I believe it is high time that Australian universities became a significant pressure group in their own right. If a powerful "World Peace Through World Law Movement" was created on the Monash campus it is at least possible that we could have some influence on "the effective part of public opinion" and the political apparatus in general. Our aim should be to infiltrate the idea and ethos of disarmament into the major political parties in the hope of changing the A.L.P.'s advocacy of nuclear-free zones and the L.C.P.'s reliance on the American deterrent to a policy of universal and complete disarmament under enforceable world law. It is not entirely inconceivable that an Australian proposal to adopt the Clark and Sohn Plan could be accepted in the United Nations.

As far as I am concerned the most serious obstacle in the path of the establishment of a world pacifying authority is the current pervasive attitude of national patriotism and ideo-military blocism embodied in such slogans as: "My Country Right or Wrong" and "Better Dead than Red." As a consequence I consider that my primary role as an individual is to use all the means at my disposal to develop global attitudes, universal values and planetary objectives in the society in which I live; to instill a loyalty to mankind as a whole rather than to separate groups of nation-states and to prepare my country intellectually to accept the idea of a world wide community. The evolution from primitive tribal societies through city-states and nations, to a civilization organized on a global basis is to my mind a logical process of historical development. Humanity must be brought to realize that it cannot afford to dissipate its energies in national conflict and that world unity (at least for the limited purpose of war prevention) is essential if it is not to be annihilated. We must destroy the artificial barriers that separate blocs of nation-states from one another. We must break down the mutual fear and hostility that at present poisons East-West relations. It is only by developing our resources of courage, wisdom, compassion and hope to the full; only by exercising our innate capacity for love, co-operation, tolerance and understanding, that we can provide a fertile soil in which the Tree of Peace can prosper.

In this time of universal crisis, moral disintegration, spiritual bankruptcy and general disenchantment; in our barbarous age of nihilism, negation, inhumanity and suffering; in the violence, decadence and disorder of contemporary existence, there is a desperate need for a new vision of human destiny and significance. This requires, I believe, a complete ethical reformulation; a wholesale reorientation and rethinking of our values, ideas and attitudes. Twentieth century man must create a comprehensive, unified, integrated "ideas-system" which will satisfy the basic needs and desires of mankind as well as ensuring its continued survival. He must produce an organization of thought, feeling and belief; a philosophical synthesis which will provide " . . . a supporting framework for his present existence; . . . an ultimate goal for his further developments as a species and a guide and directive for practical action and planning."[25] It is my belief that Julian Huxley's concept of evolutionary, global and scientific humanism[26] is the type of unified thought-pattern which should provide a basis for individual action and human endeavour. It is an open and flexible "ideas-system" which rejects all absolutes and the notion of the supernatural; which stresses the role of the mind and which provides an all-inclusive aim for the human species, namely the optimum fulfillment and achievement of man's intrinsic possibilities. The time is ripe for a positive rebellion of individuals against our human conditions; for an intellectual outcry against the scourge of war. It is only by operating within the general framework of an "ideas-system" based on the inherent dignity of man that the aim of the potential Peacemaker to transcend nationalism and to think globally can be given a lasting significance.

In my mind's eye I see the "New Jerusalem"; a joyful land of love and peace; a brave new world of freedom, truth and justice. Must Man crucify himself before he reaches the portals of this Promised Land ?

NOTES

1. For example Herman Kahn's estimate of the consequence of a nuclear attack upon the U.S.A. in "A Report on a Study of Non-Military Defense" (Rand Corporation, 1958) quoted in John Strachey's "On the Prevention of War" (London: Mac-

millan and Co. Ltd., 1962, Page 14).

Two "plausible" levels of attack are assumed. The first, in which only the fifty largest American cities plus all Strategic Air Command bases are destroyed, is calculated to kill 90 million out of the 180 million inhabitants of the U.S.A. (assuming no considerable Civil Defence measures and a warning time for cities of between 30 and 60 minutes). With no further Civil Defence measures the second level of attack, which is assumed to destroy the 150 largest cities, is calculated to kill 160 million. However, Mr. Kahn considers that "a relatively modest fallout shelter programme" would reduce the number of deaths in the lower level of attack to 70 million and to 85 million in the higher. He adds that an extremely extensive programme of deep, blast-proof shelters could reduce the fatalities involved in the second level of attack to 25 million.

2. One has only to read Herman Kahn's "On Thermonuclear War" to realize that this terrifying picture of a post Third World War world is not as far-fetched and fanciful as it may at first appear.

3. In fact in the past wild geese, the moon, meteors and "other electrical phenomena" have through the technical failure of American radar equipment been interpreted as enemy I.C.B.M.'s and retaliatory forces have been sent into action. Fortunately, the mistakes having been realized, United States deterrent forces have, up to now, been recalled in time to prevent the occurrence of a universal disaster. Although no information is available as to Russian experience it seems reasonable to assert that similar technical miscalculations may have resulted in near-catastrophic consequences.

4. See Strachey (op cit especially pages 6, 18, 133 and 302-329) for a lucid and comprehensive treatment of this contention which will be considered in greater detail during the course of this exposition.

5. Vallejo Gantner from the extract quoted in the memorial scholarship essay topic.

6. Ibid.

7. Ibid.

8. Obviously there is a direct tie-up between "worth" and "personal satisfaction." i.e. in an attempt to save humanity from the ravages of a thermonuclear war and ensure a future world of peace, happiness and harmony is satisfying precisely **because** it is considered by the individual to be a worthwhile endeavour.

9. Strachey op cit P 54.

10. Ibid. P 78.

11. Even though the U.S.S.R. claims to have perfected an "anti-missile missile" expert scientific opinion would seem to suggest that such a development is virtually impossible.

12. Strachey op cit P 82.

13. See Thomas C. Schelling and Morton H. Halperin: "Strategy and Arms Control" (20th Century Fund, N.Y., 1961).

14. For example the contamination of food resulting in bone cancer, leukaemia, a shortening of the life span and such hereditary effects as physical deformity and mental abnormality.

15. In "Has Man a Future" (Allen & Unwin Ltd., London, 1961).

16. Russell ibid P 61.

17. Strachey op cit P 133.

18. Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn: "World Peace Through World Law" (second edition revised, Harvard University Press, 1960, P XIII).

19. As Clark and Sohn point out "it is not out of the question to carry out universal and complete disarmament and to establish the necessary new world institutions through an entirely **new** world authority but it seems more normal and simple to make the necessary revisions of the present United Nations Charter." ibid P XVII.

20. ibid P XV.

21. ibid P LIII.

(A full description of Clark and Sohn's Plan was included at this point. This description, too long to be printed here, can be found in Ross Fitzgerald's article "A Practical Plan for Peace," "Orpheus '62," pps 12-15.—The editors).

22. See for example Erich Fromm: "The Fear of Freedom" (Routledge & Kegan Paul Pty. Ltd., London, 1940) and "The Sane Society" (Routledge & Kegan Paul Pty. Ltd., London, 2nd impression, 1959).

23. Albert Camus: "The Rebel" (Hamish Hamilton, London, 1953).

24. It seems reasonable to assert that because of our geographical position an Australian cannot hope to play a decisive role in the field of arms control and military strategy (i.e. the piecemeal measures

to postpone global conflict) and thus ought to be more vitally concerned with the wider aim of the elimination of war itself.

25. Julian Huxley: "The Humanist Frame" (Allen & Unwin, 1961, P 21).

26. ibid.

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ian mullens

monologue of a man

"Move up! Move up! Make room!
All must fit for the bus ride to the tomb.
We are going to view our dead
And muse upon their glories
Real or imagined,
And shed some part of ourselves with our dead kin.
Don't anyone miss out!
You don't want to go, sir?
Look at him people,
He does not want to go to the tombs!
You are shirking your duty, man.
Poor fellow, he lets himself down.
What will you do for the afternoon
If you don't come?
Oh! He has a shovel
Our dumb friend is digging.
No! No! You can't dig up the road.
We must go now and this is the only road.
No! No! Stop him someone.
No! I can't, I'm the conductor. I can't leave the bus.
You sir, in the yellow shirt. Stop him!
I said stop him. I won't. I can't.
Go on. No! No! Tell the driver to stop.
I didn't mean him.
Stop. Stop. I command it.
Someone listen to me.
We'll all be killed."
And they were.

short story
almos maksay

He was just a worker, plain and ordinary. These qualities belong to workers almost "a priori." But there was just perhaps one little difference which singled him out. He knew what "a priori" meant. This little pearl of wisdom was so insignificant that most people didn't even notice it. To them he was just a worker, one member of a vast class of beings who could be seen at times walking around in dirty overalls, who sometimes didn't shave for several days, and who could be universally recognised and classified by their large, raw, sinewy hands.

And yet, among men who are at most times only concerned with their beer, football, horses, dogs and women, in that order of importance, this little pearl of wisdom shone out very brightly. He was marked. He was a worker with intellectual aspirations. These aspirations tended to alienate him to some extent from his working mates. Their often humorously expressed disregard for learning was jocularly levelled at him many times, and he found that he could not effectively argue against it. This did not discourage him, but it did make him critical of the usual conversations in the lunch room and the pub, so that after a while he found that he both could not and did not want to take part in the discussions around him. More and more often he found himself on the other side of the breakwater, being tossed around by the choppy waters of solitary thought. In these moments, being a "worker with intellectual aspirations," he often thought of social injustice, but never as a "working class philosopher" would think of these questions.

He styled himself an individualist, so he never thought of himself as the member of an underprivileged class. "Social injustice" worried him as an individual. One man, one individual against society. Coming in contact with people from a different social stratum every now and then, he realised very quickly what odds he was facing. For instance, the man who could think for five minutes a day had an untold advantage over a man who could only think for one minute. Taken over a period of one year the advantage would be 1825 minutes to 365. After two years, 3650 to 730, and so on.

Not many people know what an effort it is for a man who works in a job that demands complete and uncomplaining mental subjection to wrest even five minutes of uninterrupted thought from the 1440 that make up a day. It may be easier for someone who is used to thinking, for whom mental activity is an inseparable part of daily existence, to squeeze that final drop of energy out of his body and give his mind a few belated turns. But for a man who has faced routine boredom every day of his adult life and quite a large part of his youth as well, it is quite a different story. He had faced this boredom, day after day, from an early age. He wanted to break out of it. He had at last made a demand on life. But in return life made a demand on him. It asked for money. Money to buy time. Time to think.

He was impatient to make the break as soon as possible. But how?

One night the solution came to him quite unexpectedly. He was walking around town, idly looking at shops and people. He felt hungry, so he wandered round to his favourite fish and chips shop, and bought the usual two bobs' worth. He paused for a while talking to the old Greek, who still could not speak English properly, despite the 20 years he had spent in the country, then wandered out into the street again. He paused under a street lamp, and idly glanced at the now hot newspaper wrapping. A small heading, "High Prices Paid For Art Treasures," caught his eye. He glanced through the small article, but did not find it very interesting. It was only the report of a recent art sale in London, and did not hold very much interest except for the initiates. But he was impressed by the prices.

He tore open the paper and began to eat the hot steaming fish, covered in thick mealy batter. "High Prices Paid For Art Treasures." A new and novel approach to art. Previously he had never thought of works of art as having any value in cold hard cash. To him, works of art were denizens of a distant world, which by its remoteness was isolated from mundane considerations of life such as money. Cata-

lysed by a pungent cloud of cheap vinegar vapour, an evil idea began to form in his mind. So beautifully simple! The idea tied together all the loose ends of thought that had been whipping around in his mind. Why not steal a painting? Why not? If he could take one painting and sell it for a good price he would have enough money to last a considerable time. Time to think until he was sick of thinking. An ecstacy kicked him in the bowels; in that moment he thought that the new world had come.

In such a state he did not realise the problems attendant with such a venture. The biggest one of course was where to sell the painting once he got it. It would be both unethical and unsafe to turn up at the local art gallery a few days after the theft and try to persuade the trustees to buy their painting back again. It would be just as useless to go to other galleries in other towns. The news of the theft would be all over the country in no time, making it extremely unsafe to even walk around the streets with anything approximating to the size of a painting and covered in brown paper.

There was always the "black market" of course. But he had no contacts and even if he had, he would not be able to get a high enough price. The president of the U.S.A. would only fetch the price of a cheap bottle of Bourbon on the black market. His landlady would be suspicious at once if he walked home with a painting over his shoulder and then hid it away. She would not rest until she had ferreted out the truth. She was what some people call a suspicious type.

But such thoughts did not trouble him. His eyes were still dazzled by the brilliance of the new revelation that had risen on his horizon. He thought he may as well find out the whereabouts of the art gallery as soon as possible.

There were not many people in the streets, although it was comparatively early in the evening. The plate glass windows of the shop fronts, as if rejecting all contact with the lifeless streets, threw back the reflections of the few neon lights that periodically jabbed the darkness with their tattered light. One or two cars, filled with dull faced youths, cruised slowly up and down like prowling sharks. A few old men paced the sidewalks outside the coffee lounges, looking in at the people looking out, or paused momentarily for half an hour or so, watching the television sets in the displays of electrical retailers.

One policeman lolled near a lamp post. He did not trust policemen, perhaps because policemen did not trust him, but under the circumstances he decided to throw caution to the winds and question the custodian of the law. He thought it would be humorous to ask a policeman directions to the place he intended to rob. "Excuse me, officer. Could you tell me how to get to the art gallery?" The cop looked stunned for a moment, both at the question and the courtesy. Then he caught on and smiled knowingly. "You don't have to go that far. There's toilets just around the next corner." "No, I'm looking for the art gallery," he replied. Musing on the strangeness of some people, the cop gave him the directions.

He set off. Coming to the end of the last ill-lit street he got his first glimpse of the gallery. It was a ponderous heavy building, now standing dark and square in its small garden enclosure. The massive concrete columns of the portico divided the weak powdered light illuminating the entrance into long yellow slabs.

He walked over and mounted the worn steps. The ever present pigeons looked down from between the triglyphs at the strange man who's footsteps were disturbing their sleep. No lights were burning in the gallery. Great bags of velvet darkness hung behind each of the big plate glass doors. Against this background the lettering proclaiming the opening hours stood out as if in three dimensions. He walked over and read:

OPENING HOURS

MON. to FRI. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
SAT. 9 a.m. to 12 noon

The hours seemed cunningly devised to exclude almost everybody, except the leisured classes. He would have to wait till Saturday. He turned and went home to bed.

Strangely his ardour had not cooled by the following Saturday. He rose early, dressed, and walked down to the gallery, reaching it just after 9 o'clock, as the attendant was opening the doors. He entered the dim cool stone building, and walked into the first room. He paused and looked around, then went over to one

of the corners and started looking at the paintings. He started to move slowly around the room, pausing before each painting, and keeping a sharp lookout for any flaws in the defences. The prospect did not look very promising. It would be silly to try to force the main doors as they faced onto the main street. There were no windows in the gallery itself. The skylights in the roof looked the most promising, even though they were 20 feet above the floor. He would of course have to get up on the roof without being noticed. They were all securely fastened from the inside however, so that he would have to either break through the glass, or smash a lock, to get in. Neither appealed to him because they both involved making a noise. Psychologically this is an appalling prospect. At the very moment when he would incriminate himself by forcing an entry, at the moment when the natural tendency would be to remain as silent as possible, listening for any strange sounds, then he would have to smash the glass and send great pieces crashing onto the floor 20 feet below, or shatter the lock with a heavy blow. His stomach already sickened at the thought. While he was speculating about the problem, he had slowly moved around the gallery, pausing for a few moments before each painting. He now woke from his musing and found himself face to face with the prize possession of the gallery, Van Gogh's "Sunflowers," painted at Arles in 1888. This he learned from the little plaque fastened to the ornate frame.

There was something in the simplicity of the painting that fastened onto his imagination. The very simple lines and colours, the simple composition, all seemed so rudimentary, yet the painting had that unmistakable and indescribable touch of the masterpiece. It sang such a simple song, yet a song so haunting that he could not help shaking a little. The morning sun, almost as if it looked with special favour on this painting of the flowers that were its namesake, called out the subtle complexities of the colour scheme. Then the bond between man and painting snapped, and the feeling seemed to drain out of his bowels.

He glanced up and noticed that the lock on the skylight above the painting was broken. A strange feeling washed through his belly. He heard footsteps, and quickly turned to the painting again. The footsteps stopped close behind him. There was a moment of uncomfortable silence. Had the other person also noticed the broken lock?

"It's a beautiful painting, isn't it?" the voice belonging to the footsteps said. He turned and saw the attendant in his grey uniform and cap. He mumbled something in reply. "It's my favourite," the attendant, a small middle aged man continued, looking at the masterpiece. The painting smiled and magnanimously accepted the dubious distinction of being the favourite of the attendant of a small town gallery. There was another slight pause. Then, reddening a little, he said: "Yes it's beautiful. Do you know how much it's worth?"

The attendant smiled. "I've never bothered to find out. Thousands, I should think. I know the trustees looked very green when they bought it." He laughed briefly. "Are you interested in art? Come, I'll tell you about the other paintings in the gallery." An hour and a quarter later they came back for another look at the Van Gogh. There was a different air about it because of the slightly changed light. They stood and looked for several moments. He glanced at the skylight again. Yes, the lock **was** broken. As he walked away from the gallery he noticed a window in one wall. He tried to think where it could be. Then he realised that it must be the window to the lunch room, into which the attendant had gone after saying goodbye. The window would be useful to get out by. It would be difficult to take the Van Gogh, the painting he had decided to steal, out through the skylight.

He realised that he had to work fast because someone might notice the broken lock. He was also impatient to get the painting. But before he could go ahead, he had to familiarise himself a bit more with the gallery, as well as finding out the attendant's movements. Luckily the following Tuesday was a public holiday, so that he went to the gallery in the afternoon and stayed till closing time. He found out some useful information from the attendant. Apparently the old man finished at five o'clock, locked up, and then went home. At eight o'clock the night watchman arrived, and stayed in the gallery all night. He could not understand why they

left the place unguarded between 5 and 8, but he did not inquire.

Everything was fitting in with his plans, with surprising simplicity. Since the gallery was right next to the town hall offices, he would have to wait at least till 6 o'clock, to give everyone time to finish work and leave. But that would still give him two hours to get in, take the painting and make his getaway. Unfortunately, the sun set fairly late at this time of the year, so that it would still be daylight when he made the attempt, but provided no one saw him from the town hall, there was not much chance of being detected from the street, as the town hall screened the gallery from the main thoroughfare. It was a risk he would have to take. As he left the gallery he noticed that the fire escape at the back of the town hall extended part way down the side of the gallery as well, so that by standing on the handrail about half way up he could easily pull himself onto the gallery roof. This was the last little touch needed to complete his plans. Now he would only have to get a piece of rope 20 feet long, and make a solid grappling hook at work with which to secure it, and he would be ready. He decided to make the attempt on the following Monday. That would give him plenty of time to get everything together, as well as giving him one more opportunity to look around in the gallery.

On Saturday when he went in, everything still seemed the same. The broken lock still hadn't been noticed. Monday after work, he went home, had a shower and a shave, put on clean working clothes and an old sports jacket, placed the rope, the grappling hook and a large old hessian bag, with which he intended to cover the painting, into a briefcase, and walked down to the gallery. It was still only quarter to six when he got there, so he sat down on a low wall and lit himself a cigarette. It was a clear spring evening. The trees in the small garden enclosure around the gallery were beginning to hide the few statues with a fresh green curtain of leaves. The sky, promising a good summer, was already mixing warmer colours with the cold blue of winter. He relaxed and slowly puffed his cigarette. When the clock struck six, he got up and walked over to the fire escape. All the blinds were drawn on the town hall windows, except on one. He waited impatiently for a couple of minutes, but nothing happened. He would have to take the risk. He mounted the fire escape and quickly pulled himself up onto the roof. He found the skylight with the broken latch, opened it, fastened the rope and dropped inside. He checked that he could open the lunch room window, then with a deft flick disengaged the grappling hook, coiled up the rope and put it away.

He was standing in front of the painting. The last rays of the setting sun were filtering down through the skylight. The painting glowed with an eerie light. He stood there fascinated. As he watched, the sun went down and the light began to fade, and as the light faded the colour began to slowly ebb from the painting. It was like watching a man die. The painting seemed to be seized with choking convulsions, as its heart, the colour, flickered and then slowly seeped away.

He heard a footstep and quickly turned. The old attendant was coming toward him. His first impulse was to run. But he stayed. "Sorry to startle you," the attendant said. "I'm getting very lax. I didn't even notice you when I locked up tonight. I just came over to watch the painting as you are doing. It's not a pleasant sight, is it, seeing its life ebb out like that, its energy slowly diminish, until it's just a corpse, an empty shell of its former self? Not like the terse death Van Gogh chose for himself. But a slow ebbing away of energies." He fell silent. They both turned to the painting and slowly the rigor mortis set in. Then in the darkened gallery the old man spoke. His voice sounded tired and echoed in the deserted room as in a crypt. "Come, I'll let you out," he said, then added, "If you ever have time, I'll bring you into the gallery early in the morning, and you can watch the painting come to life. One birth on a sunny morning is worth a thousand deaths and grey days." His voice sounded cheerful.

As they walked down the steps, he turned to the attendant and said: "By the way, have you noticed that the lock on the skylight above the Van Gogh is broken. Someone could easily get in there."

another view on religion and politics

fergus farrow

A constantly recurring theme in the history of Western thought, since the advent of Christianity, has been the relationship between religion and politics. The nature of the question has varied, as the forms of government have varied from feudalism to monarchy, constitutional monarchy, parliamentary democracy, ideological dictatorship, and so on. With each new form of government the question has had to be re-examined, although certain fundamental principles underlying the debate have remained constant.

In Australia, of recent years, the question has assumed a position of importance once again, particularly since the historic "split" in the Labor Party. A group of Catholics had evolved a theory on the way in which men holding religious beliefs could safeguard and advance religious and moral principles in the sphere of politics. This theory was born, partly because of fear of the Communist influence in the Labor Party, and partly as a means of advancing the principles enunciated in the Papal Social Encyclicals. Although the former was the most important motivating factor, it must be remembered that the theory would still hold even if the Communist Party in this country were to go out of existence.

In last year's "Orpheus," Michael J. Lynch, in his essay "Religion and Politics: Need there be Conflict?", outlined this theory which can be summarized in the following quotation:

"The theory that the 'official Church' should enunciate principles and train its members; and that its members should then, as separate and isolated individuals, influence the legislation of the political parties in their various choices is, on the face of it, very attractive. . . . But the practical problem remains. So long as its members remain isolated individuals, they are doomed to complete ineffectiveness within the modern party structure. . . . Therefore, if moral and religious principles are to be safeguarded and advanced within the structure of modern democratic parties, it can only be on the basis of individuals who hold these moral and religious ideas in common. . . . From the viewpoint of the structure of mass democratic parties . . . the position of groups animated by strong religious convictions is logically no different from that of any other sectional group animated by purely economic interests."

To use Mr. Lynch's own language, his conclusion "is, on the face of it, very attractive." Unfortunately religious convictions **are** logically different from purely economic interests and once this distinction is made the question ceases to be simple and becomes, as it really is, very complex.

There are many approaches to a realization of the subtle error in Mr. Lynch's position. One of them is to examine the mission of the Church in the world. (To save confusion, I should add that I am here speaking of the Catholic Church).

The Catholic believes that his ultimate destiny, after his life on earth, is eternal life in Heaven: "My Kingdom is not of this world." He also believes in the Fall of Adam which cut man off from God; however, man was redeemed by Christ on Calvary and, through the Church and the action of the Holy Spirit, man can re-establish his relationship with God, not only after death but also, to a certain extent, here on earth. The Redemption, however, did not negate man's free-will; the Christian, through Baptism, does not automatically become perfect; the effects of the Fall remain. What has changed is that it is now possible for man to become perfect. The means to perfection are prayer and penance, the Mass, the Sacraments, the avoidance of

sin and the cultivation of the virtues of charity, humility, poverty, etc. The Church is an institution, teaching the faithful, administering the Sacraments, offering the Mass, and praying the Liturgy; it is also the body of the faithful, united in the Mystical Body of Christ — "The Kingdom that is amongst you."

It can be seen then that, primarily, the Church is concerned with the "other world," with man's ultimate destiny. This does not mean, though, that the Christian flees from the world; he flees from the sinfulness of the world, not the world itself. Indeed, when the implications of Christ's command "to love one another" comes to be understood, rather than cutting himself off from the world, the Christian becomes, or should become, much more involved in the world than the non-Christian. Instead of merely accepting the destitution of the untold millions in the under-developed countries or the lack of freedom of so many behind the Iron Curtain, or any of the other injustices in the world, he is compelled to do all that he can to alleviate them; he is compelled to work towards the establishment of the good society.

In what way, then, is this great work of love to be carried out? There are many. First of all, through the Church itself; through the priesthood in its task of teaching and spiritual formation; through the work of the religious orders of nuns and brothers, teaching in the schools, nursing the sick, and many other works of charity. Then there is the work of the laity through Catholic Action and through the actions of individual Catholics. Catholic Action, or to use the preferable alternative term, the lay apostolate, can be seen as the lay arm of the Church. In the same way as the "official" Church, it also, under the direction of the Bishops, is engaged in both spiritual formation and corporate acts of charity. Examples of the former are such groups as the Newman Societies in the universities, the many "third orders" of St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Benedict, etc; the Young Christian Workers' Movement, and so on; a good example of the latter is the St. Vincent de Paul Society, which runs hostels for homeless men, visit gaols and hospitals, collects clothing and food for the poor. Formation groups are purely and simply concerned with formation with, of course, an emphasis on formation for laymen engaged in specific occupations. For instance, in a group composed of say trade unionists, in addition to time being devoted to specifically spiritual formation (which is basically the same for all, whether they be contemplative monk or tradesman in the factory), one would also expect some time to be devoted to the way in which the trade unionist can Christianize his particular milieu. Part of this would, no doubt, require the study of the Social Encyclicals which are, of course, **general** principles.

The **application** of these principles to a particular environment is not the work of Catholic Action as such. The Church has trained its member, its task is now completed. Similarly with the Newman Society; spiritual formation, plus general principles as to the idea of a university, but at no time is there any explicit policy drawn up on how the university should be reformed. Again, it is a matter for the individual, in his role as student or academic, and through his own actions and guided by his own conscience and intellect. It would be false for the Newman Society, as an organisation, to have a policy on say the composition of the University Council, or the nature of honours courses, or the syllabus for Economic History or Philosophy. Individual members of the Newman Society may have ideas on these things; the Society itself cannot.

From these considerations, it is possible to return to religion and politics. The Church is not divorced from politics; in a modern democracy, parliament is one of the most important means by which the good society can be brought about, and so Catholic Action performs its function in this sphere, too. Ideally, there should be formation groups for businessmen, professional men, trade unionists, public servants; in fact, for all Catholics; which means, in effect, for all Catholics engaged in political activity, whether it be in a political party as such, or in the numerous organisations which influence the policy of political parties, whether they be the Chamber of Manufactures, the R.S.L. or the Housewives' Association. But one thing is to be remembered; it is as individuals, formed and guided by the general teaching of the Church, that Catholics join these organisations.

It is at this point that I disagree with Mr. Lynch. He says that this individual

approach is "doomed to complete ineffectiveness"; instead of it he postulates the theory that Catholics should form their own organisation within the party structure and, presumably, should refrain from joining the types of groups as outlined above.

There are many objections to his theory. On the one hand, he holds that the real power in politics rests, not with the party itself, but with the underlying groups which influence the party; on the other hand, he suggests that Catholics should not belong to these groups but should form their own group external to these other "natural" groups. If it is true that these underlying groups do hold the real power, then it is very difficult to see how, when these groups coalesce to formulate party policy, an external group is going to have any influence at all. It would have no bargaining power, all it has to offer are intangible moral and religious principles in the face of policies already decided upon by groups which are non-Catholic in composition (and presumably having a non- though not necessarily anti-Catholic policy). I should think that it would be this approach which would be "doomed to complete ineffectiveness."

What happens to the followers of Mr. Lynch when they realise that they are having little success? One possibility is that they would attempt, secretly, to take over the party itself and then dictate the party's policy. However, in a democratic society, this would lead to only a temporary success. What would be required, in the long term, would be a take-over of the functions of government; in short, the establishment of a dictatorship of religious inspiration; and this, I am afraid, is Mr. Lynch's theory carried to its logical conclusion.

The idea of a theocracy did not evolve in recent times; it has held an attraction to many since the dawn of Christianity. After all, why should men be permitted to exercise a choice between good and evil; would it not be much better if, in some way, men could be forced to be virtuous? But virtue, in the Christian teaching, is intimately connected with love, and how can love be forced or imposed? And while men are free to love, they are also free not to love; if the latter path is taken, then society will be corrupt, injustice will proliferate. This is the heart of the Christian mystery; the freedom of man to choose between good and evil; to accept or reject God's plan for man's fulfilment and happiness. It would be a grave presumption on man's part to deny this freedom.

Another error is implicit in the idea of a theocracy. It tends towards the belief that unredeemed man is intrinsically evil, whereas the orthodox belief is that it is possible, in some measure, for man to reach a level of natural virtue. Through the Redemption, this propensity towards virtue is fulfilled; the strivings by man to achieve the good society also are fulfilled. At no time is there any idea that, through the Redemption, intrinsically evil man automatically, and without any effort on his own part, becomes one of the elect of God.

This links in with the distinction between the things that are God's and the things that are Caesar's, between the spiritual order and the temporal order. The temporal order, whether it be the University, politics, business, trading, or anything else, has its own independent existence. Each aspect of it has its own purpose, and its own means of achieving that purpose. The ends of the temporal order are temporal; of this world. For instance, a farm has for its purpose the provision of food; in the Christian view, its purpose is not to make the farmer very wealthy at the expense of people who may not be able to buy food. The growing of food, of itself, is not a religious or spiritual activity. The Church has nothing to say about what fertilizer the farmer should use, or what crops he should grow, and so on. What it does say is that the farmer should be imbued with love for his fellow men, and for God's creation; that he should sell his produce at a reasonable price, and that he should not exhaust the soil for a temporary gain for himself. In addition to its teaching, the Church also helps the farmer to grow in charity, to grow in his love for God and for his fellow men; in effect, to become a Christian farmer who has, in his own way, Christianised a part of the temporal order. But the activity of farming has not been annihilated; it has simply been brought to fulfilment. However, it may not necessarily have been brought to the fullest degree of natural perfection. A particular farmer may not be aware of the latest advances in agricultural science; he may not realise that some methods he uses are inefficient.

Part of his responsibility as a Christian, however, will be to keep up to date with the latest advances and, to the best of his ability, improve his techniques. The Christian agricultural scientist also comes into it too; in his own way he will be striving to advance knowledge and, in addition, will discover new ways in which his knowledge can find practical applications.

A whole chain of activity, then, can be discerned whereby individuals are Christianising the world through a Christianising of their abilities and their activity. A part of this whole process is the business of politics. It, too, has a purpose: the activities which other groups in society cannot organise; defence, social services, law and order, public utilities, diplomacy and suchlike; its ultimate goal should be the good of all men. Once again, the Church does not directly interfere; it teaches general principles, but it does not have anything to say about inflation at a given time, or about whether Britain should join the Common Market, or the exact proportion of national income to be spent on the public sector. The Church is responsible for the formation of men engaged in politics; it hopes that these men will be guided by charity and reason in their political activity; it hopes that the Christian activity of a great many individuals will be mirrored in the more-or-less Christian policies advocated in politics. However, through its long and varied experience of the vagaries of human nature, it will not be surprised if its hopes are not always borne out; it will not be surprised at a new wave of persecution, at man's selfishness, at the collapse of democracy even. Yet, it will go on hoping, remembering that it has been likened to the mustard seed: "Of all seeds, none is so little, but when it grows up, it is greater than any garden herb; it grows into a tree, so that all the birds come and settle in its branches."

Throughout this essay, I have restricted my remarks to the relationship between the Church and a democracy which permits freedom of religion; this limitation has been in accord with the quotation from Mr. Lynch. It has not been necessary, therefore, to discuss other aspects of Church-State relationships which arise under other forms of government; such things as politics laying its hands upon the altar, or the political curtailment of the freedom of religion.

In a democracy, then, such as we have in Australia, it is possible to see two means by which Christians can influence politics. One is for them to form a group of co-religionists and so attempt to influence the policy of a political party in the same way as any other sectional group tries to do this. I trust that I have shown the falsity of this approach, because of its denial of the independence of the temporal order. I trust that I have shown, also, that the alternative approach of the individual Christianising his own immediate environment, is the only way in which the total environment can be Christianised. This approach is long and arduous; it takes account of human nature; it does not promise any immediate or spectacular results. It is, however, based on the great Christian virtue of hope.

In addition, I trust that I have dampened the fears of non-Catholics concerning the political ambitions of the Church; at least as regards the theory of it if not always, unfortunately, the practice.

k. e. vallence

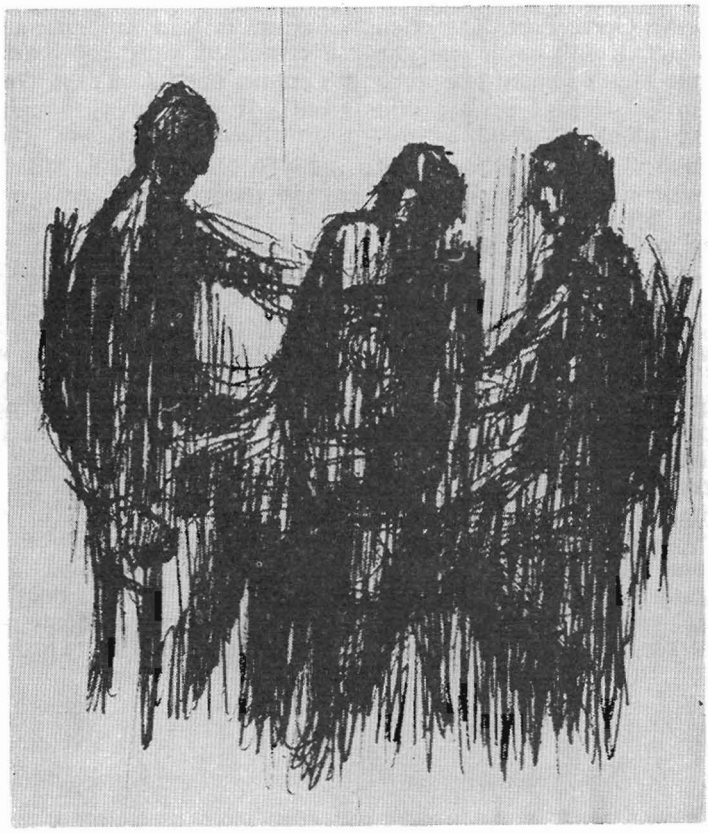
BEER TALK?

He put his half-emptied glass down on the bar and began his yarn:

"It was a Friday mornin' a coupla years back. I don't remember wot year, but I remember it wos a Friday 'cos me an' the Prof was talkin' of eatin' fish for dinner. Neither of us 'ad eaten fish for about six months I reckon; we wos jus' 'avin' some fun. Me mate's name wos William, but we, that is me an' the boys, called 'im the Prof 'cos 'e 'ad once read some Shakespeare, an' wot is more, understood it. Anyow I'm gettin' off the track wot I started on. Well, we wos sittin' under this railway bridge see, wen I looks out an' sees this figure staggerin' up the road. I couldn' see 'oo it wos 'cos the sun made a funny dancin' and shimmerin' on the 'ard top o' the road. Me eyes wos a bit crook too, ever sense me an' some bastard 'ad a fight down at Cooper's shearin' shed about five years back. Anyow where wos I. Ah yes. Well I nudged the Prof an' we sat on a coupla old waterpipes — 'ard as bloody rocks they wos — an' waited. Soon, the Prof said 'e thort it was Metho 'Arry from the Alice. 'Is 'air wos matted an' covered in sheep dung an' dry grass. 'E 'ad been on the wallop, 'cos 'e staggered from side to side like a blind wallaby. The Prof says to me, ''Ay,' 'e says, 'do you know this bloke?' 'No,' I says. (I 'ad met 'im once before but never wos very interested in 'im. 'E was funny in many ways, always drunk but 'ad one of the biggest sorrows I've ever seen. 'E would cry 'is eyes out if 'e saw a dead cow or a lamb wot 'ad lost its mother. 'E 'ad this 'holey' coat see, wot 'e would wear all the bloody time. It wos a 'holey' coat 'cos a priest near Albury give it to 'im when 'e lost 'is other one bettin' on the dogs. It wos black an' a bit too big for 'im, but in pretty good nick.) 'You sure you don't know 'im?' The Prof looked at me funny like. Like 'e didn' believe me. 'I told ya before didn' I. I didn' never seen the bloke before. Wot do ya take me for, a bloody liar?' I snapped back at 'im. I was gettin' me Irish up. (I 'ad a bit of an

'eadache from the nite before, when me an' the Prof 'ad got on the rip with some cheap plonk. Tork about an 'eadache! Gord!) 'Keep your bloody shirt on!' says the Prof, 'I just reckoned I saw you and 'im together once, that's all.' 'Ah Gord, Prof. 'Ow offen do I 'ave to tell ya? I ain't never seen the bloke before in me life. Ya soun' like some bastard torkin' in 'is sleep. I orways said ou couldn' take plonk as good as me. Now shut ya trap will ya! 'Oo'd wanna be seen with 'im anyow?' By this time old Metho 'Arry wos getting near. Flies wos buzzin' roun' 'is 'ead like they wos roun' a septic tank in need of water, an' 'e looked like 'e 'adn' 'ad a wash for about five weeks instead of the ornery three, an' 'is swag sat more on one shoulder than usual. As me an' the Prof looked up, Old 'Arry stuck 'is foot in a 'ole, give a couple trips an' falls over, flat on 'is face. 'e never 'urt 'isself — ya don't feel nothin' when yer as rotten as 'Arry wos. I slapped the Prof on the back an' roared laughin'. Nilly pissed meself. Gord 'e looked a card, crawlin' along in the dust, swearin' to 'isself. 'E eventually got to 'is feet, straightened 'is load an' started comin' towards us again. I said to the Prof, 'Ya couldn' look this bastard straight in the eyes now Prof. 'E ain't never in the one place long enuf.' An' I roared laughin 'again. The Prof, well 'e just kep' laughin'. Jus' then ol' 'Arry went down again. 'Is swag fell acrost 'is 'ead an' all ya could 'ear wos 'is muffled yells an' roars. 'Lemme out! Lemme out! Can't ya 'ear me? Lemme out!' 'E mus' ave' thought 'e wos gettin' drownded. Tears wos runnin' down me cheeks an' the Prof wos the same. Anybody passin' would 'ave reckoned we wasn't 'arf a pair of galahs. After a 'elleva battle 'Arry got to 'is feet, an' once again fixed 'is load straight on 'is back. This time 'e got goin' pretty good. 'E looked like a bloody loada gravel — all over dust an' grass, with a bit of mud where the sw[illegible] wos. I reckon 'e would 'ave made it o[illegible] to us if a bloody dawg 'adn' jumped out from under a pile of sleepers an' barked at 'Arry an' snapped at 'is legs. As 'e fell again 'e musta thought 'e wos goin' down for the third time 'cos 'e grabbed at a lumpa stick some blokes 'ad put up to mark a new water-pipe. It looked bloody pathetic an' I was about to laugh again when a thought suddenly 'it me. It would be Easter Sundy in two days' time."

john phillips



'1600'

a shorter history of mankind from raw deal to last trump

When clubs were dooms and hearts were caves
And questing beasts were dour and fell,
A farmer's boy, the beast of spades,
Clawed up the light of diamonds.

The sun shone out, the black gods fled
Back to the shadows of the cave;
But black and bright the web they span.

Then hearts became as diamonds
And clubs as white and whelming fire
That farmers' boys might plough the moon . . .

Yet sooner will the caverned hearts
With diamonds doom the dying poor
With clubs the questing beasts or boys
Spilling the shadow of the sun.

The shadow of the sun is spilt.

On shoreless seas a floating spade.

the australian literary scene
— retrospect and prospect

the pouched mouse

dorothy green

The problem facing Australian literature thirty and more years ago was the problem that faces human off-spring: how to get itself taken seriously as an adult by Mum and the aunts. As a daughter literature, a colonial literature, it was in a much less favourable position than American literature. America had cut its umbilical cord with decisive violence by 1783, five years before Australia was born, and its literature was able to establish its own identity before means of rapid communication with the outside world could throw it into a state of uncertainty. Australia, looking back on this daring exploit with mixed feelings of unease and envy, has on the whole exhibited a somewhat ambivalent attitude towards Mum. It is an attitude compounded of anxious respect and cocksure self-assertion.

Fortunately, there are signs that the period of growing pains in literature may be coming to an end, though what sort of adult will emerge it is not safe to prophesy. Too many influences of a non-literary character have affected the child's growth in the last twenty years to make any forecast possible. It is clear at least that Australian literature is now sure of being taken seriously, both at home and abroad. At home, it has a solid corpus of scholarly historical criticism to build on, a growing reading public, and is accepted in some form or other as a subject of study at most Australian universities. Abroad, the prospect is flattering. The study of Australian literature is pursued in America with relentless efficiency; it is pursued also in Russia, with what efficiency I am not able to judge. Lectures on the subject are given at Moscow University; an American firm is including Australian writers in a projected series of studies of "world authors"; while the publication of **A Pelican Guide to Aus-**

tralian Literature in the near future will imply recognition of full adult status. Once you get into Penguin books, you really have arrived.

With the key of the door and the right to vote, Australian literature will find, like most grown-up daughters, that her troubles are only just beginning, with the added disadvantage that no-one is going to apologise for her mistakes any more. Henceforth, her problems will be the same as those facing other literatures in the Western tradition, problems that stem from unforeseen, unprecedented technological developments and from the rise of professional literary criticism as an important industry.

In general the main trouble that literature has to face nowadays is too much literature. The best thing that could happen to it would be to make the study and practice of it illegal, so that there might remain some faint chance of its surviving as an art, instead of developing as a business. There might be some hope, too, of reducing the multiplying hordes of parasites and saprophytes, who depend upon its raw material for existence, and of forcing the attention of the really determined students and writers upon studies other than literature. One of the most frightening things about the present situation in literature is that it has now become possible, as never before, to make books out of other books, without any first-hand experience of what is being written about; at the same time, novels, plays and poems are coming to be regarded as teaching aids first and as objects of delight second. The artist is on the way out: the problem of providing material can be solved by rearrangements of existing material, and there is enough material already in existence to provide the "closest" critic with fodder for many years to come. Technology, indeed, is on his side. Already, foreign prose fed into a computer has come out as English free verse. What more can one want? It is only a question of improving the machinery.

This new situation has come about in two ways. First, literary criticism has become organised during the present century, both within and without the universities. The day of the leisurely amateur is over; competition is swift and merciless. Even Virginia Woolf, who, after all, wrote not so long ago, seems old hat. The development of means of communication, radio, press and television, cheaper and quicker methods of printing, more efficient marketing, and so on, have forced a growth of literary expertise at terrifying speed. The isolation of the writer, his ancient, darling theme is now a myth: he is far more likely to die of suffocation than of loneliness. From TV screen and loudspeaker, from newspapers and magazines, the writer is assailed by critics and reviewers, encouraging him, condemning him, bestowing their irrelevant gobbets of praise and blame until he is stupefied by the noise into silence or conformity. Only the toughest-minded writer will survive this treatment and blessed is he that hath enemies. The surest way to sterility nowadays is a good press — or an invitation to join the ranks of the critics.

The poet, perhaps, is luckier than the novelist and may possibly survive longer. Poetry doesn't pay and a poet is quite unlikely to get into the newspapers unless he disguises himself as Ern Malley. Everyone knows that poets are freaks: no self-respecting university, outside America, would ever show one to a visitor, unless he happened to be a professor. Oddly enough, Australia can boast of an unusually high proportion of professorial poets or poetic professors: the investigation of this phenomenon would make a promising subject for post-graduate research. We have also an unusually high proportion of surviving marsupials, which are in danger of dying out, and a combined attack on both problems by representatives of the two cultures should produce some interesting conclusions.

The second reason why it is possible to make books out of books and get away with it is the emergence of a new kind of reader. He is a reader full of good will and intelligence, to whom the greater part of his past literature is incomprehensible, because he is not at home with classical mythology or the Bible. "Being at home with" is a far different thing from finding out by looking up references in an encyclopaedia. "The sad heart of Ruth when sick for home" was meaningful for Keats in a way it could hardly be for a reader who is given a brief resume of the story in answer to the question "Who's Ruth?" "A Grecian urn" is more likely to be construed as an improbable contrivance for making coffee than as a "still unravished bride of quiet-

ness." In two thousand years' time, if there is still any literature at all, this state of affairs may not matter. The problem will have been resolved by sheer bulk, if not by the emergence of an entirely new and effective set of common images. Indeed, one can argue that it is a very healthy state of affairs. A wholesale destruction of the past may be necessary to promote new growth, just as an old fruit-tree can sometimes be brought to bear again by pruning the tap root. The orchardist, of course, must be prepared to run the risk of killing the tree. Unless we feel sincerely that we have exhausted all the possibilities of the past, this seems to me too big a risk to take with a whole civilisation.

The existence of this new kind of reader is dangerous in several ways. His response to what he doesn't quite understand may be either to dismiss it with contempt and so help on the process of severance from the past, or to feel unduly humble and so reinforce the growing tendency to reverence the critic rather than the poet. For it is to the critic he turns when he wants an explanation. His quite involuntary ignorance — forced on him by a particular educational system — will almost certainly cause him to regard as profound work which is in fact pseudo-profound or a straight pinch. His undue reverence for critics will drive him further from original sources. "X on Y's use of B's analysis of Z" is already a commonplace of satire. Z recedes further and further into the background as a direct experience.

Secondary writers producing for secondary readers meet now in a closed circle. To be sure, it is possible that the odd inquiring mind may be made curious by a reference to Elijah in the latest popular pseudo-transcendental novel, and go so far as to look it up in the original. He may even turn the pages and be led on . . . who knows where? The popular novelist is not to be despised. Inside this closed circle is the secondary critic, telling the writer what to write and how, and the reader what to read and how. Bacon's definition of the function of studies is stood on its head and delight comes last. The picture is not improved by the fact that so many writers now earn their living by teaching literature, or talking about it, or by writing about writing. As far as poetry is concerned, all that seems certain is that criticism of it is carried on in almost total ignorance of how poems come to be written. This of course is a Good Thing: no tribal medicine-man wants to reveal the secret of his magic. Fortunately, no poet can, because he doesn't know it himself. All he knows is that discussions about poetry are totally irrelevant and that the produce of the Summer Schools of Poetry will wither and "O western wind" will remain.

The question at issue is: Can there be any more literature whose perfection reduces comment to silence, as "O western wind" does? The answer lies in the poem itself. It is made out of hard experience, out of solid and incontestable facts, not out of other literature. Genuine literature is always made out of primary experience and is not a collection of "objective correlatives." The real artist knows this anyway and can take care of himself. But the latter-day critic needs to have it rammed down his neck. He also needs to be reminded from time to time that he may in fact be earning his living from some man's pain. The twentieth century cult of sensibility in literature has not resulted in any noticeable increase in sensibility in life. **Memorial scholarships are no comfort to a dead artist.**

A general return to the facts of life seems to me the most urgent need in the practice and study of literature.

One practical way of bringing this about would be to prescribe at schools and universities more of what is commonly described as "applied literature." There are travel-books, histories, books on philosophy, science and even psychology that are models of literary style, as well as means of illumination, books which would do far more to sharpen wits and stimulate the imagination than endless circular arguments about classicism and romanticism, or the dissociation of sensibility. Poets are stimulated by facts, not by theories of poetry. Coleridge got his best ideas for poems from reading Hakluyt's **Voyages** and **Purchas His Pilgrimes.** Australia's finest contemporary poets prefer to read books about termites, or to watch birds, not to read articles about the Australian Myth. Any poet worth his salt will testify to the same sort of preference.

Any book written in English is potentially a part of English Literature. To narrow the study of literature to books

whose content is in some mysterious way specifically "literary" will in the end stifle it to death.

Australian literature would be served far better if some attention were paid to Spencer and Gillen, to Favenc, to Bean's **History of the First World War,** to Elkin and Dakin, to take a few names at random, than by concentrating on the endless round of half-a-dozen novelists and poets we seem committed to. There is a genuine problem here, of course, in both pure and applied Australian literature: so many of our best books have been allowed to go out of print. This is a problem that the Commonwealth Literary Fund might well apply itself to.

What this policy would mean in practice would be an apparent narrowing of the field in order to explore it in depth. But the genuine penetration of a small strip of literary territory would open up such a vast hinterland of experience that no sense of constriction would remain.

We cannot in any case go on forever teaching people to read literature in order to teach people to read literature, in order to . . . At some point, the purpose of all this must be questioned. Studies which have no end but self-contemplation will ultimately perish. To bring non-literary studies back into the province of literature should help to restore many lost connections between various disciplines, should improve the quality of writing in non-literary subjects, and bring literature itself back into contact with life. This is no mere romantic Rousseau-ism, but a suggestion that cross-fertilisation is becoming an imperative necessity and that some degree of it can be achieved in a comparatively simple way.

Milton was a literary man, if ever there were one. His criticims of University practices are still cogent, and his suggestions for reform, though ambitious, are in principle, still sound.

janet hollway

poem

Time was, time will be, but time is not now.
The sun breathed warmer, sunsets were brighter.
The rain will beat more heavily.

The blossoms swell, send me back to old Springs,
The grass was lush till it died next winter
When the trees will be bare again.

The dew-glistening lawn beckons last Autumn,
Crisp frost blades refreshed oncoming day, but
The cobwebs will melt in the sun.

'Midst the fragrance of wattles I wander
Rememb'ring the smell of yesterday's spring
When I swung in gold dusting branches.

The sea returns in the wild winter winds
To the pebbles of a wind-swept beach
Sand whirls without end in the wind.

In memory we feel joy's agony
Hope and longing are but a dark unknown void.
We are always reminded we were
The present is but maybe and was.

lilacs out of the dead land

damien broderick

In the childhood of the garden there is much I have recalled and much I have regretted. And much has been a pleasuring to me. I have seen again the mighty spindles in the sky, floating effortless like snowflakes, bright against an iron cloud. There is the rust of time which has obscured the memories but when I see the cold clear moon I see also the ships of light. They came once, in an angel's song and an argent fire, and they come yet again, in the garden, and the garden of my dreams.

Now the birds swoop in a spray of hues and the water whispers secrets to the lake. You could say I am happy, though the opportunities are gone and the earth rolls lonely as a child's balloon. They are gone and I am glad and I am sad. The garden is a nest of peace but the flame has gone from the sky.

Once, I was young and the garden was a bowl of molten slag, a poison place where the glass of the soil glowed blue in the night. Now there is the flicker of the firefly, and the warmth where it is needed. But no warmth in the soul, no fire, just the glow of age and a forsaken dream. I was young and the earth was a sphere of rolling terror, for men had unleashed a beast that God had long ago caught up within the soul of matter. And I was afraid, for I would die. There would be no children, no mourning after. All the earth was blind to the stars, with the sky a cloud of dull steel and the dust of death in the air. Then we knew fear, and remorse, for in the death of our world we had killed ourselves.

But for us there was no turning back. Our choice had been blind, but Nature accepts no excuses.

The day the world ended was Loy Jerome's birthday, and at forty-one he was as guileless as a child. It is only the lion who finds a difficulty in reconciling his juxtaposition with the lamb, for predatory instincts are notoriously the heardest to control. The lamb will wander unconcernedly, with the blithe detachment from any sense of danger which is the menace and the joy of innocence. Professor Aloysius Jerome was a man of philosophy and a creature of gentle habits and soft words, the wonder of the Faculty staff. He ate toast for breakfast, dunking it in black coffee.

"It certainly seems," said his wife, one eye closed, the other surveying the crumbs on her plate in delinquent fascination, "that there will be a war."

Loy looked sadly out of the window, past the ruffled curtains, and the day was bright with the promise of spring.

" 'To Carthage I came'," he said, dunking toast, " ' where there sang all around my ears a cauldron of unholy hates'."

"St. Augustine, slightly trampled," he said a moment later, for his wife's eyebrows had assumed an interrogative angle. "Perhaps a twenty-one gun salute, but not a war for my birthday."

Domesticity, and Loy's peculiar gift for unassuming goodness had made these two a happy marriage. Beth Jerome, fair, fay, fertile of mind and barren of womb, had established an empathy between them 20 years before at their first meeting and it had grown into love. But for her the warm sun brought little of the wash of peace which had swept around her husband. On the table beside her a conservative tabloid screamed headlines.

"I refuse to educate the minds of the young on such a glorious day." Loy finished his toast and stretched luxuriously. "Today we shall take the car and drive as far from this rabbit-warren as we can, and we shall eat our food over a fire, and we shall forget man and his wars."

Beth stood up and put their dishes in the washer. "It is absurd," she said in a peeved voice, "the way detergent manufacturers insist on adding foaming agents. That is an excellent suggestion, darling, but I think you'd better ring the Dean first and find out if anyone can take your classes."

She wet a dish-cloth and wiped the crumbs off the table, and Loy sat back on two legs of his chair and stoked an odious briar alight. The sun was a pool of warmth.

and he sat soaking in the contentment of the joy of life.

Once, man was proud. For a million years he fought on equal terms with the world, and with the worst the world could devise to throw against him. And today I lie in the balm of an eternal afternoon, half-asleep, and the world sleeps with me. The flowers bloom and the leaves fall, but man lies in the calm of Indian summer, and there is no breath of wind. I recall the days when man was violent and man was cruel; dimly, but there it is calling to me. And the ships from the stars, falling from the skies like manna, they call to me from the depths of time and their call is lost in the breeze. Too late, too late, and my manhood rises and dies and rises in eternal death.

The sky was an egg-shell blue, fragile, edged with cotton-wool clouds. The rest of the little valley was a green bowl that swept up to meet the blue dome half way between heaven and earth. Why, wondered Loy Jerome, should it be a sartorial disaster to wear blue and green together, when Nature gets away with it to such good effect? He finished chewing a greasy chop, licked his fingers, and settled back happily into the grass. Something with legs crawled onto his bare arm, and he sleepily shook it off. Beth quietly put the tops back on the jars, folded the cloth and put it in the basket. She yawned; the day was warm but not hot, the kind of weather for wandering hand in hand, or whispering, or snoozing. She shook her blond hair in the sun and sat down next to her husband.

Loy put his arm around her, and the world exploded.

There was the glare in the sky, a red flare of heat and light and horror. A tall old tree on the hill turned brown and sagged, and burst explosively into leaping yellow flame. Heat fell into the valley like a touch of hell and Beth screamed in a terrible fear. And the sound crashed on them, like a world sundered, and sixty miles away a city melted into a slag and a bright fireball grew into a white boiling epitaph.

But they didn't see the mushroom. They were the lucky ones, Beth and Loy, two of the thousand or so who escaped the holocaust of the bomb which wiped out eight million people. And there were other cities, bombs and charred flesh and steel girders twisting like melted toffee, and the few that got away.

They lay in one another's arms, while the heat burned and went away, and then they ran for the cave in the hill and huddled in it, and Beth cried and cried and cried like a child, and they lived.

Then were the terrible days, when there was nothing to live for, no hope and only a desperate fear of death. In the garden, it seems like a dream, and yet it lies there in the pool of memory. The nausea and the girdling cloud and the death that rained from the sky. Somehow we lived and ate from tins and drank only what we found in bottles. It wasn't really hard, only lonely and useless and it was difficult to face the tears that came in the night and the pain that burned all day long. I am glad now, that it is over, but somehow we have lost more than the pain . . .

They found one another, the survivors, gradually, but they had no comfort or hope. There were the brave who fought, the cowards who acquiesced with the iron cloud; and the death seeped down through the porous cloud. They suffered, the last straggling men and women; they grew gaunt and ill, and the sores festered in their bodies. And even those who fought knew a bitterness, for though they should live, there would be no future for man.

Loy and Beth were like the rest; dispossessed, wandering the desolate land in the horror man had unleashed. They ate and slept, and prayed, and the day came at last when the clouds opened in a drift of silver light, and the ships brought their salvation.

Even then, there was no rejoicing. The suffering had drained them, wrung from their numb minds the last vestige of emotion. The survivors, the sick and the vulgar and the brave and the brilliant, the amorphous group, went to the ships. On the wrecked plain, amid the glassy crevices that had once been green with living things, the spindles stood like awesome mirrors. Their polished hulls gleamed back the iron sky, and the survivors saw themselves reflected in a leap of light that hid none of their degradation.

Loy was the first to laugh. He stood before the sweeping edge of a star spindle,

and saw himself in the burnished gloss. He saw the burned eyebrows, the short singed hair, the emaciated scare-crow frame under the scraps of cloth.

"Here is the wisdom of the ages," he said, without animosity. Bitterness was alien to Loy, and he viewed the ravaged spectacle of philosophical man with child-like amusement.

Beth crept up beside him, from the crowd of skeletons, like a child to protecting arms. Their roles were reversed, in the face of this challenge, this strangeness which only innocence could face with equanimity.

Loy laughed, and a tension was broken. The crowd shuffled noisily, somehow relieved, and the Voice spoke to them. Not a voice, not words, but a meaning that echoed in their minds. And they knew the people of the ships were speaking to them.

"Your world has died," it said, "and you have killed it. You have brought a blight upon yourself, and it is past your power to redeem it."

There was a moment of silence, and Loy looked across the land where life had come with expectation, and had died of suicide. The cloud arched overhead, a looming promise of death, an iron-grey pall. He clenched his hands, though there had been no irony in the star-people's voice. Beyond the ships, the ground curled in harsh still throes.

"It is within our power to re-make your Earth. It is dead, but we can resurrect it. We will exact a payment, but your world will be new again, green and fresh.'

The Last Men stirred then, mindless life crying for a chance to live again. In all the world, these were the final remnants of the groping thing which is consciousness, and its nature cried in a bestial will to live.

"Yes!" cried Man, cried Life, for the tattered group had passed beyond identity in its paroxysm. "Yes, we will meet your demand, we will make your payment, but let us live again!"

There was a silence in the plain, save a whining wind that carried dust across the dead land. And the Survivors saw the vision placed in their minds, the sea of darkness, an ocean of blackness blazing with he light of stars. The spindles were there, the shining dust of life, consumed in a battle with the Dark Ones at the edge of the Galaxy who threatened the Universe itself.

"They have come," said the Voice, "from the dark between the islands of stars. They have come with hatred, blind, unreasoning, and They are winning. In all the Universe it is only men who can fight them. We will rebuild your world, if some of your number will come with us, to fight."

The price of life is death, thought Beth, safe against her husband's arm. For those who went would not return. The sea must be fed.

"There are some of you," explained the Voice, hushed like tears, "who will suit our purpose. They are the predators, the fighters. They must come with us. The others will remain, and we will give them their world back. Come, you must decide, for the stars are dying in our galaxy."

This was beyond most of them, the vision of a war between gods. But not gods, merely life, merely glorious humanity exerted in an unbelievable violence to safeguard itself. Fear blew across the group, chilling with the wind, but their decision was beyond fear.

High above them, an opening dilated in the silver hull, and the last group of men on earth went forward for their Testing.

That was the way of it, that is the song memory sings in the dusk. They took our soul and gave us the comfort of immortality amid a new-created Xanadu. The stars came clear, in the dark of an unclouded sky, and somewhere the spindles are warring out there. And our soul is with them, sweating, slaving in the agony of death and victory. We spin on, our quiet garden, in an anaesthesia of contentment.

There is a bird soaring on a high wave of sound, and his cry hangs in the air. And now he falls, like a stone, and climbs the sky again. It is so cosy, in the warmth of the gentle sun. I seem to remember a word from the past, from the happy regretted forgotten repented past. Why do I feel a stir of horror, why do I feel a thrill of strange to gaze upon my withered hand? Our life will stretch on, for our bargain is sealed, and the sun is warm on a peaceful life.

I remember, for He said: the meek shall inherit the earth.

ian mullens

traces

Faces paling in the mist
Were mistaken for the leaves among the trees.
But they were faces.
The foot-prints he imagined traced
Along the sanded breaker's line
Faded when he followed.
But still they stretched as he wandered up the hill:
Folly to return.

ken gooding

two poems

1. love

Naked man and naked woman
seeking out the grass roots of thermal love
amid the wood roots, pricked dirt and thorny shrubs.

In the effulgent chamber of natural materials and modes
being the concrete atmosphere of tender action
being the enshrining omnipresence of graven movement
being the spiritual rhythms of rhythmic fusion.

Cloth shredded, the canopy turned sapphire
turned black, turned seived with specks Auroral dust
pervasion sweet and scent dry grass
erstwhile strange fulfillment and pouted lips at rest.

Warm earth and naked soil meets naked breast
pressed to sleeping ground full and arrogant
though hiding from wasted actions of generations
of leadened people and leaves just skeletal veins.

calm
calmed sound of blithe creatures, birds,
moving twigs, leaves, clouds, night
all night ours,
ours, all peace, sanctified in wood and stone,
exfoliating stone to pass and break in sage-like wizardry.

2. adultery

The whole great earth quivers loose
and breaks the neck bound in the noose
'till limp and gaunt one hangs in space
within the black pain's softened lace.

Pungent odours of sweet dry grass
and ice-blast wind clear off the sea
and waves clawing white the dark grained sand
of mountain waste and ugly birds.
Holler their cry and grating screeches
confused and spin in the whirling air.
Now hot,
now cold,
then not.

Quiet peace with hands caressing
tremulous colours then distressing
'till gold and silver pulling round
the passion's hold upon the ground.

Twelve times,
twelve times again,
but gone and fleeting,
one great joy the only joy,
the parted loins, the flesh that joins
but noise and watering eyes that kill
the joy which soon descends
to hell hot all around us
coarse and damp as execution's noose.

People are always attributing unruly behaviour and general psychological disturbances to some traumatic incident or other. One often hears, "He's never been the same since he was dropped." Nothing like this seems to have happened to John. He himself was always claiming that while he was still very young he had been taught "a proper sense of sin" (as he put it) and that he grew up feeling his soul was disgracefully begrimed. These early experiences, nevertheless, did not prevent him spending the rest of his life exchanging one set of priests for another and constantly latching onto new theologies. He seemed to need a system of some sort and guides to show him around. He wanted someone to point out a pattern into which his life might fit.

this is what john was like/peter smart

"I despise my mind. My dirty, crippling mind disgusts me." He wrote this in one of his diaries. He apparently thought of his mind as a peeping-tom constantly peering over his shoulder. I suppose you would describe him as abnormally self-conscious. He tried various forms of self-transcendence. In one attempt to rot his brain he did nothing but lie in bed for three weeks, drink wine, and watch television. "I can feel my brain getting softer and softer," he writes. "It has the consistency of porridge now. Soon it will dissolve completely and dribble out my ears." (I don't think you can take this instance very seriously.) About this time he began to have a great deal of faith in phychiatry. He took to confessing to psychiatrists.

After he had crudely cut his wrists they decided it was time to introduce him to "the most advanced and refined techniques of death." He had been unsociable, morose, spiteful and withdrawn, neglectful of personal appearance and bodily cleanliness. It was frequently evident from gestures and facial expressions that he was occupied in listening to voices or witnessing visions. He writes, melodramatically, "Everything fused in one incandescent moment of anguish."

When he was first hospitalised he manifested extreme, unreasonable, feelings of distrust and hostility. He gives these reports of his first days in hospital. "At the very beginning was an incident with the most sinister overtones for the already distraught mind. As I was hanging my clothes up the nurse returned and said, 'You won't be needing these any more for the moment dear.' I thought, if they think I am going to try and escape what are they going to do to me? In the afternoon the doctor came to interview me. He was looking very earnest, sitting there frowning, with his pen poised and his ear cocked for the jingle of guineas. 'Now tell me exactly how it all happened,' he said. 'Well, I was at a party you see when all of a sudden the night and I began to diverge.' He wrote something — probably, THE PATIENT WAS AT A PARTY WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE NIGHT AND HE (no) HIMSELF (no) THE PATIENT (yes) BEGAN TO DIVERGE. 'I see,' he said. 'Had you been taking your yellow pills regularly in the dosage I prescribed?' 'Oh yes,' I said. 'Faithfully.' 'Good. We'll start you off on the treatment tomorrow.' I didn't dare ask what the treatment was."

"When I woke up next morning the room was swarming with people. Arrangements were made to ensure that I would neither bite off my tongue nor fall out of bed. My arm was ritually cleansed. A needle was inserted and my brain was scientifically wrenched out of its sockets. The room whirled in a smear of faces in this sudden, amazing shock of my mind dynamited. I was violently thrust upwards as time exploded and then somersaulted into oblivion."

Later, after he had come out of the coma, he was seen stumbling around the hospital grounds. This description of shock treatment might give the wrong impression. There is no actual physical pain involved. On the contrary, he revealed in our conversations that it was just such a loss of his "filthy" consciousness that he had been after for years. As he wandered dazed and shaken, he remembered nothing, cared about nothing, hoped for nothing and regretted

nothing. His brain was completely numb. The therapy continued for some weeks. After a while he was moved into a ward with other patients. The tone of his diary suggests that even here he felt rather out of things. "They are unpredictable people. Tonight, for example, I left a book on a chair. Almost immediately one of the other patients came and sat on it. I said to him, 'I wonder if you would mind getting up for a minute, I left a book on that chair and I think you must be sitting on it now.' This infuriated him. He remained seated for some time, glaring at the floor. Eventually, he stood up and threw my book at the wall. 'All right,' he said, 'go on. Take your rotten chair.' 'But I did not want your chair,' I explained, 'all I wanted was my book.' He took no notice of this. He slumped down on the couch and began to weep. He clasped his head in his hands and began his horrible, miserable wail. 'I want my soul. Ooh, I want my soul.' All the other patients began to get disturbed. They stared at me disapprovingly and began to whisper amongst themselves. I wanted to tell them that it was not my fault. I was innocent but I said nothing. I began to feel that it must be my fault. Finally, all the others became extremely agitated and upset, and the nurses had to come in and calm them. Already the former Jehovah's witness had begun to stamp up and down the room screaming out his pathetic messages. 'God is everywhere I tell you. Oh, they can't hear me. They won't listen. God is everywhere. My voice can't carry above the crowd.'"

Despite these little upsets he made steady progress and was eventually cured. "My wrists are healed completely now. There are two little scars, two livid little mouths with their lips drawn back. That's all. I lie in the sun all day, very warm and serene. All the days slide and merge into each other. Placid, sluggish, dreamy, I am always smiling. They have pronounced me well." He was released one day in December. With characteristic nasty contrariness he abused those who had helped him. "They ushered me out into the streets. It had been raining and all the trees were dripping. Dirty grey clouds enfolded the whole world. Their theory was that being dead I ought to find life tolerable now. I had been assisted to a most subtle suicide. At least for a while I ought to be able to conduct myself without those distressing lapses in taste and graceless displays that have been so characteristic of me in the past. So they conducted me into the streets They had left me immune from pain. They had left me a heart calcified. They had left me nerves anaesthetised. They had left me a blunt mind. They had left me numb and hollow. They had left me to try to throw off a vast nostalgia for the coma."

In the year following his cure he led a pretty aimless life. He tried a number of vocations but did not last in any of them. He had no personal ambition whatsoever. He completely lacked initiative, application, enterprise, or persistence. He was always leaving jobs unfinished. Potential employers were not impressed by his slovenly appearance. He had a slouching posture, lounging gait, and a lax, foolish, facial expression. He was unreliable, inefficient, and incapable of being trusted. He made no attempt to be pleasant or personable. When he was working with the public service, for example, he drank his morning tea by himself, preoccupied with daydreams, and refused to play table-tennis. He was socially inadequate in general. He seemed to make no contact with others at all. His sexual activities (what there were of them) were squalid and sordid, incredibly nasty and distasteful. In the middle of the act of love he would suddenly realise that he still had his socks on, or something of the kind, and this would put him off. By the time it was summer again his personality was very disorganised. He had been charged with drunken and disorderly conduct, so he decided a change might do him good. He thought that going to Sydney might give his life some direction.

There he does seem to have been happy for a while. He came across some girl who sang him filthy songs in a sweet, pure, true voice and this appealed to him. It seemed to strike some erotic chord which temporarily enlivened his wasted and atrophied instincts. But it was only temporary. One morning he records, "I woke up and found the recently beloved face crawling with flies." Apparently he was too fastidious to tolerate this and so he fled. He decided to hitch-hike into the station and return to Melbourne. He wrote a long, brooding description of his ride into Sydney, which he regarded as some depressing omen. The car that stopped to pick him up was only

single seated and there was a big dog, an alsatian, sitting on his half of the seat. It wouldn't move over and he didn't like to force it. The driver said, "It's all right, just give him a bit of a shove." John pushed the dog and it gradually edged over. But it began to whimper and moan. It looked up at its master weeping and complaining that it should have to shift. Its cries were pitiful and the driver had to console it. The dog continued to sniffle and whinge. When the driver heard that John was from Melbourne they had a bit of conversation about the bad fires that were down there at the time but they didn't talk much because of the dog groaning and lamenting between them. For the entire journey it reproached its master with streaming eyes. When John got out it went nearly mad with joy. Standing on the footpath, watching the car drive away, John thought: "Even to this dog my existence is an intolerable intrusion." Chronic anxiety — this was a lot of John's trouble.

After he had bought his train ticket he was at a bit of a loss as to how to spend the rest of the day. (It was a Sunday and the train didn't go until seven). He found a leaflet on the ground advertising the appearance of a visiting American evangelist that very afternoon. He decided to go. We've already noticed that he had a tendency for over-indulgence in religious practices of various kinds.

The church, the place where this revival meeting was at, had formerly been a picture theatre. "There was a large congregation that had come to be healed and saved. After some preliminary entertainments — massed choirs singing hymns — Br. Vulga pranced on stage. He was a fat man with a disgusting vigorousness about him. He said: 'Brothers and sisters! Mah deah friends! Oh you are gona see amazin' things, I say. Brothers and sisters you are gona see amazin' things tonight. Say Amen.' 'Amen.' 'Brothers and sisters let us begin with a hymn. We will sing a wonderful, beautiful hymn.' They all sang a wonderful, beautiful hymn. 'Central's never busy, always on the line, etc.' 'Oh, brothers and sisters that was marvellous. I just know we are gona have a wonderful, marvellous, glorious time in Jesus, tonight. Do you believe that brothers sisters? Praise God.' 'Praise God.' 'Now I want all you poor, poor, sick people, all you people that got ailments, to fill in your prayer cards, so ah can heal you. Do you wanta be healed of all your ailments, brothers and sisters? Alleluia! Praise God!' They all got their prayer cards and wrote a list of their ailments. They catalogued their miseries. Br. Vulga spurred them on. 'Now brothers and sisters, have you all filled in your prayer cards? If you don't fill in your cards I can't heal you now, can I? Brothers and sisters, I can tell you something marvellous. I am gona tell you something that will amaze you. Last night, right heah in this church, I saw more miracles than I've ever seen before. Haven't we got a wonderful Jesus ? Say Amen.' Br. Vulga sees a considerable number of miracles every night but on that particular night he saw more miracles than he'd ever seen before. 'Oh, yes, brothers and sisters I want you to pray harder than you've ever prayed before, and we are gona help you. Do you believe that brothers and sisters ? You are gona be helped physically, you are gona be helped spiritually, and . . . you are gona be helped financially. 'Praise God.' 'Praise God.' 'Alleluia.' 'Alleluia'."

John became increasingly depressed as the service continued, but would not leave. Br. Vulga introduced people whom he had miraculously cured on stage and preached a sermon about the millenium which was coming shortly as prophesied in the Book of Daniel. He launched an attack on people who had expressed doubts about his healing powers. ("Some people have said—you won't believe this brothers and sisters, you just won't believe this — but some people have said that this was all superstition. Would you believe that brothers and sisters?"). By this time, the congregation had been driven to a pitch of hysteria. Women groaned and threw their bodies about. John was amazed. Then came the climax of the evening. "They formed themselves into a queue as he had told them. A pageant of shuffling misery. It seemed to be a line of all the deformed, the misshapen, the blind, the cancer-riddled, the dumb, the crippled, the twisted, the deaf, the diseased, the spastic in the world. All of them shuffling up to be healed by Brother Vulga. And him, urging them on, driving them into a frenzy. 'Come on brothers and sisters, no pushing now. Hee, hee, hee, I've got plenty healing for you all.' The collection tins were dis-

creetly passed around and were soon bulging with notes. The line moved rapidly. Brother Vulga didn't waste any time with his cures. Once they were up on the stage, their hands were clasped by the fat, yellow paw of Brother Vulga. You could see the rings embedded in the fat, greasy flesh. When he had them firmly by the hand, he would suddenly jerk them off-balance, saying, 'Oh my God, did you feel that spirit, sister? My, praise God, that was a mighty, wonderful, powerful spirit, sister. Did you feel that mighty, strong spirit, sister? I say, Amen, I can feel the spirit today. How about a clap for the Holy Spirit? I say, everyone clap the Holy Spirit.' People ran around the hall babbling and wailing, with tears streaming down their faces. Some had collapsed. There were many miracles."

John was very distressed. He went out into the street talking to himself. "Dear Christ, next time you come, if you are so foolish as to come again, you had better come armed with shotguns and bulldozers. Before you can start again, you'll have to clear away all that's been built on what you did before." He had a vision. "In the middle of the hall, a bearded man stood up, drew out a revolver, and shot Br. Vulga. Immediately the congregation turned on the bearded man. Howling, they tore at him with their withered hands. They clubbed him to death with their crutches. But Br. Vulga was miraculously cured and immediately preached a sermon on the virtue of Christian charity, and prayers were offered for the repose of the poor soul of the bearded man."

By the time the train came, however, he was much calmer. "As soon as I sat down in the train I began to regret my impetuous decision of the morning. It had been a sultry day and the carriage stank of hot leather, dust and sweat. The only available seat was beside a man who was asleep, breathing out stale beer fumes. We all sat begrimed and panting in this cramped box. I had had nothing to eat all day and I felt sick. When I went out into the corridor to have a cigarette, my stomach heaved. In the carriage a fat woman with a pock-marked face was talking. She was apparently some kind of entertainer. 'And then,' she said, 'they liked me so much at Bondi, they told me I could come back any time I liked to sing. I do a bit of singing you know.' There was a young woman with a baby in her arms just opposite me. As soon as the train began to move the baby burped and was sick down its bib. The entertainer sniffed and got a bottle of Eau de Cologne out of her bag. She sprinkled it all over the carriage. The sweet smell of vomit and perfume mingled with all the other odours. After a while the man next to me awoke and insisted on talking to me. He told me that he was a professional pig-shooter and he was on his way to shoot pigs at the moment. He described to me in great detail the theory and practice of pig-shooting. ' . . . then you cut their throats,' he said, 'and hang them up to drain.' 'Oh yes,' I said 'Eh,' he said, 'what do you reckon about the fat tart over there? I reckon she looks like she might go.' 'Do you think so?' 'Yeah. For sure.' 'How about it? Do you want to be in it?' 'No,' I said, 'I'm not really interested.' 'Go on. Be in it. We'll find an empty carriage somewhere.' 'No,' I said, 'no. Um . . . I had one last night. That's right. I had one last night.' "

John was suddenly overwhelmed by a sense of loss. He felt that he loved the girl he had left intensely, and he wanted to explain things to her. In order to terminate the unwelcome conversation he began to write a letter. "I thought I would write her a letter. 'Originally I intended to leave a note for you as I thought you might be wondering where I'd gone. I hope you are all right and not upset. I have gone to Melbourne.' I couldn't think of anything else for a while." The rest of what was the text of this letter has been savagely crossed out. Here and there you can pick out a phrase. "Never told anyone what I thought; a long habit of dishonesty; this is revolting; you will think I am joking when I say; to someone; probably baring you; must tell you; getting worse and worse; I am blunt. I am dead; I suddenly think; I would not care less if I never saw this girl again in my life; I dislike her; but to reach some understanding; to establish some connection with someone; some link with some; something concrete; an actual emotion to cling to; to know that I have felt an emotion."

The last entry in John's diary, for he tells us nothing further about his trip on the train, tells about when he got out at the station. He must have been a bit distraught again by this time. It will be of very great interest to those who are aware

that mutism is a frequent symptom of schizophrenia. John was very prone to mutism at key points in his life. He was never a good articulator at the best of times.

"As we came into the city, we saw two thick columns of dirty brown smoke, one in the east and one in the north, stretching up like flexing muscles into the sky. The columns fanned into a heavy canopy, which sank down on the city. Melbourne was a brown smudge. I was amazed. I had no idea the fires were as bad as this. I got off the train into dry, unbearable heat. The air was thick and gritty. There had been fires burning in the hills for three days now. The city was ringed with it. Melbourne was always an ugly city. It always jutted in its complacent ugliness. It was always a dirty smut on creation, clotted with dirty, ugly buildings, a great heap of stone, corroded and engrained with filth. A great scab on the clean skin of the earth. But now it seemed to be on fire. It was a furnace walled with blazing concrete. Hot, dry winds blasted down the fiery tunnels of its streets.

"There was a sense of impending destruction which both frightened and exhilarated me.

"All around me were crowds of blind, rushing people. They seemed intent on getting somewhere. They all seemed to know some great secret which had never been revealed to me. Never had I felt so lost, so lonely, or so frightened. I stood under the clocks watching the sun go through its amazing metamorphoses. In the black, drifting caves of smoke, the sun became a copper disc, burnished and sharply defined, that cast an eerie metallic light over the city. Then in the thicker drifts it shrank into a luminous cherry. A little glowing ruby. Then it was molten, a heavy ball of blood, that jerked and fell and swung crazily, bathing everything in blood. My mind was reeling. Methodically, the rows of clocks recorded departures and arrivals. The blind, intent crowds rushed past with their secrets. I was reeling. After these fires I could see terrible rains of grey ash fall on the charred earth.

"And I could see no pattern in any of it. Everything rushed past, and I longed for some note of permanence. I wanted some theory to encompass it all. This girl sang me filthy songs in a sweet voice. What is the significance of this? Is this sufficient basis for constructing a plan for the future course of my life? The crowds rushed past. I wanted them to take notice. I wanted to drain my heart and scrawl my messages in blood on all the walls. I wanted to give one scream, one scream, so loud and so long that my heart would crack, that all the clocks would burst and every ear in the world would spurt blood. But I had no messages and I gave no screams.

"Just then, as I was standing under those clocks, thinking like this, a strange thing happened. This girl came up to me and she said: 'I've never been to Melbourne before and I'm rather confused. I was wondering if you could help me? I was wondering if you could tell me how to get to . . .?' I found myself unable to speak. I just stood there staring at her while she kept repeating in a very agitated voice, 'could you direct me please? Could you please give me some directions?' "

halyna nytczenko

poem

When you are faithless to an unsuspecting friend
One Autumn evening after six o'clock,
(I'll set the scene for you:
Wine and warm weather,
Derisive laughter shaking in your throat
In answer to each word)
Do you expect to hear your conscience knock
Next day?
And will your soul repent?
Or will it cry in anger
No, not I, let other fools repent,
Let them deny themselves
The substance of a dream!
Tone down your sensibility.
Perhaps the absent friend
Has held too short a leash?
Perhaps your friend should know
Of present circumstances ?
You answer no.
I understand you well.
It chances that you entertain the thought
That that one Autumn evening
Was nought but madness.
But check your train of thought.
What will you do
If Winter prove your feelings sane,
And lasting . . .

janet hollway

kite

"To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

On a quietly sloping hill a boy stood
His face turned towards the sky.
As the breeze gently swelled within his veins
He offered his kite to the wind.
Quivering in expectation, he and the kite
Were one—to be born in the winds awakening.
As yet breathing warmly, carelessly
The breeze merely lifted the tail —
Drifting it sleepily, playfully —
In teasing anticipation
Of the wind
Which arose at that moment
With a wild uncontrollable surge
Racing, panting across the crest of the hill
Rushing through his legs —
Wrenching, tossing his spirit with the wildest emotion
Into the deep and ethereal blue.
The string burnt his hands; the sun burnt his eyes,
but he cared not.
Every muscle alive; his face gleaming
With joy, the boy felt in his kite
The vibrant stretchings of his soul.
He no longer heard the hymns from the hats
In the Church with closed doors down the hill.
For he was too big with the trees and the sky
And was out of all grasp of the world
Like a bird he had vanished into the sun
In a dancing ecstasy.

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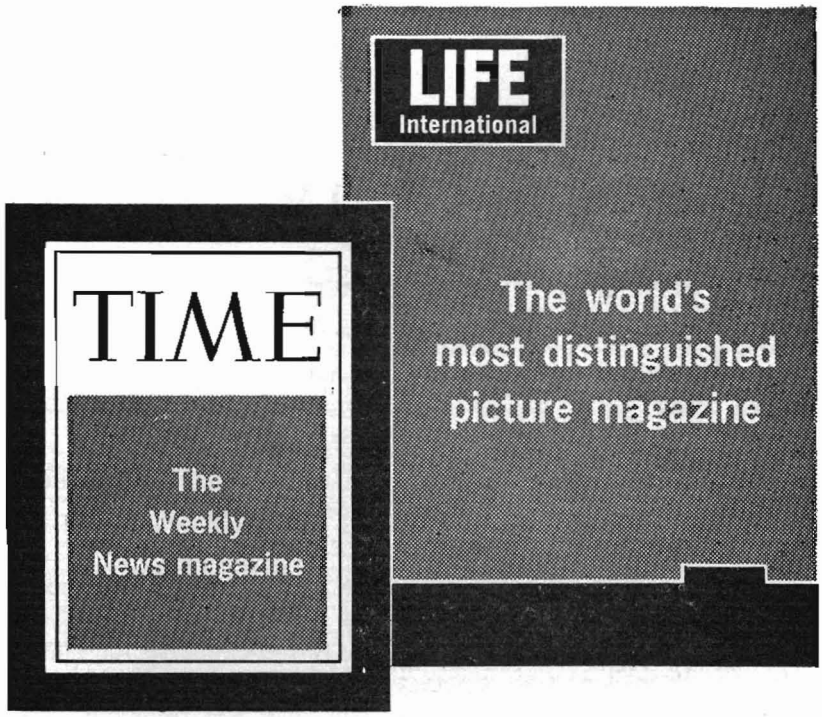

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