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Our thanks to a
beautiful group of
people who typed
and went mad in
the grand cause...

Our undying
gratitude to those
who submitted a
part of themselves.

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EDITORIAL

Editorial (editō'riāl), *a.* and *sb.* [*f. prec. +*
-(1)AL.]

A. adj. Of or pertaining to an editor; proper to, or characteristic of, an editor.

1744 **AKENSIDE** *Lett. in Poems* (1845) 30 He has intirely dedicated himself to . . . editorial criticism. 1794 **PARR** in *Brit. Critic* Feb. (T.), Lambin . . . and Heyne also . . . seem to have considered it as part of their editorial duty, etc. 1850 **CARLYLE** *Latter-d. Pamph.* iv. (1872) 117 In spite of editorial prophecy. 1837 **DICKENS** *Pickw.* (1847) 234/2 Bless our editorial heart.

B. sb. A newspaper article written by, or under the responsibility of, the editor; a 'leader'.

1864 *Spectator* 539 Mr. Bennett . . . thinks that 'an editorial' is the highest style of composition known. 1866 **MRS. STOWE** *Lit. Faxes* 14 To set up the editorial of a morning paper. 1883 *Harper's Mag.* Mar. 601/1 The *Daily Proteus* sent Jack twenty dollars . . . for two editorials. 1887 *Pall Mall G.* 15 Oct. 12/1 Finely worded editorials.

Hence **Editorially adv.**, in an editorial manner or capacity; as an editor does. † **Editorialship** = EDITORSHIP.

1818 *Blackw. Mag.* III. 142 You are editorially exonerated. 1826 **J. GILCHRIST** *Lecture* 34 During his Editorialship he must have been a kind of Consul or Dictator in the Republic of Letters. 1883 *Harper's Mag.* Oct. 789/2 She wrote editorially for a London paper. 1885 *Monch. Exam.* 14 Apr. 8/6 The anticipations which . . . you ventured editorially to give expression to.

Ric. Hookins

A. S. Macdonald





MAYAK
OVSKY
POET in
the RED
by ROGER MADISON..

'October — To accept or not to accept? For me (as for the other Moscow Futurists) this question never arose. It is my revolution.' (I Myself.)

This was how Mayakovsky wrote of the revolution in his autobiography. In 1918 he wrote his "Decree to the Army of Art."

*'Comrades,
to the barricades . . .
into the streets, Futurists,
drummers and poets, go!'*

This was his revolution.

Vladimir Mayakovsky was born in Georgia on 7th July, 1893, and at fourteen was involved in political activities for the Social Democrats. He was arrested on three occasions before he was sixteen, and spent eleven months in prison, where he had the opportunity to study the *'so-called great ones. But how easy to write better than they! I had already acquired a correct attitude towards the world. I needed only experience in art.'* (I Myself.)

He began writing poetry whilst in jail but had it taken from him on release. He was thankful to the warders, for he thought this effort terrible. He took up painting but found that original expression was stifled. At a meeting with the painter David Burlyuk, Mayakovsky showed him some poetry, pretending it was done by a friend. Burlyuk replied: "You wrote it yourself! You are a genius!" From then on Burlyuk introduced Mayakovsky as "my genius friend. Famous poet Mayakovsky." His meeting with Burlyuk was to lead to the establishment of the Futurist school. Together with other writers, they issued a manifesto entitled "A Slap in the Face of Public Taste." The Futurists, attracted by technology and other features of modern life, not only reacted against symbolism, particularly its mysticism and aestheticism, but wished to scrap the whole cultural tradition of the past, and used shock tactics to bring their ideas to the attention of the public. Their journal "Lef," was intended to counter the tendency towards a return to conservative realism. They were soon joined by Pasternak, Eisenstein, Aseyev, Chukovsky, Meyerhold, and other artists. They took Moscow by storm, appearing at important literary functions and creating bedlam by their antics. Yelling abuse, shouting, stamping and dressing in outlandish clothes were part of their tactics.

Mayakovsky prophesied:

*'in the thorny crown of Revolution
nineteen-sixteen's emerging.'*

(Cloud in Trousers)

And when the revolution came, in 1917, not 1916, the question of acceptance never arose. But it was not long before he clashed with the authorities. Lenin said of one of Mayakovsky's poems:— "Nonsense, stupid, double-dyed stupidity and pretentiousness. I consider that one should only print from one to ten copies of such things and certainly not more than fifteen hundred for the libraries and for fools." Lenin wondered whether it was possible to find dependable anti-Futurists. He went on to describe Futurists as hooligan communists. Lenin's tastes in art were very conservative, and he would rather hear Pushkin recited than listen to Mayakovsky's inventive language. But he later praised Mayakovsky for his poem attacking Soviet bureaucracy, "In re Conferences" (1922), saying that the policies of the poem were absolutely right.

With the introduction of NEP, Mayakovsky felt a certain betrayal. This to

him, with its creation of private industries, was a betrayal of the revolution, if only temporary. He saw the administration of NEP creating a bureaucracy, and the rest of his life was spent exposing and attacking this trend and the class it created. In his plays "The Bedbug" and "The Bath-house" he makes no provision for these people in the communist future. He satirises brilliantly the growing trend in Soviet literature towards the creation of the "boy-meets-tractor" era. The "petty bourgeois philistines" who were intrenching themselves in all spheres of Soviet life were continually under attack by Mayakovsky. Clashes with the critics became more numerous, and "The Bath-house" was removed from production by the censor. His poems also came under criticism, but to readings of these same poems, people turned out in their thousands. He toured all over the Soviet Union giving lectures and poetry-readings. It was almost impossible to get tickets to his performances. Before the authorities stopped his passport, he visited Europe, Mexico and the U.S.A. In Paris he mixed with the aristocrats as well as artists, and could be seen enjoying himself at the roulette table. Also in Paris, Mayakovsky fell in love with an emigre White Russian girl, who he tried to take back to Russia. She refused. All his life he felt thwarted in love. Many of his poems, e.g., *Cloud in Trousers*, *About This, Man*, deal with his unsuccessful romances. He appeared egotistical, telling everyone how he shook the world with his voice, "handsome, 22-year-old." (*Cloud in Trousers*.) "I am a poet. That is what makes me interesting." (*I Myself*.) He was not afraid to ask for things he considered rightfully his, no matter what it was:

*'But I —
All flesh,
a man wholly bred, —
ask for your body, simply,
as a Christian asks:
"Give us this day
our daily bread".'* (Cloud in Trousers.)

He invented words and rhymes, which are almost untranslatable into English. All the time he was looking for new rhymes, something different:

*'Maybe,
only a handful
of unprecedented rhymes
remain undiscovered
in Buenos Aires!'* (Conversation with the Inspector of Taxes about Poetry.)

*'Your body
I will love and cherish
as a war-crippled soldier
unwanted,
Nobody's —
cherishes the only leg he's got.'* (Cloud in Trousers.)

His great poem "Lenin" was, and is, one of the greatest tributes to the leader of the Revolution. It is full of admiration for Lenin and the whole Soviet people. Stalin said of Mayakovsky in 1935: "Mayakovsky was and remains the best and most talented poet of our Soviet epoch" . . . "Indifference to his memory and to his work

is a crime." (Literary Gazette, December 6 and 20.)

Even after Mayakovsky's suicide on 14th April, 1930, the critics attacked him — this time for his form of death. His books for children were removed from libraries as "unreliable." His poem "Lenin" was not taught in schools. But after Stalin's pronouncement, all this changed. He was great. Streets and squares were named after him. His birth-place became Mayakovsky. All this was pure hypocrisy, a thing he had fought against in all his works.

Yet how could he suicide after his attack on Yessenin, when that poet took his own life in 1925?

*'In this life
it's not difficult to die.
To make life
is more difficult by far.'*

(Sergie Yessenin.)

This alluded to Yessenin's suicide note, written in his own blood, which ended:

*'In this life to die is nothing new,
But of course to live is nothing newer.'*

Perhaps if he hadn't suicided, he would have shared the fate of so many of his comrades. He would not silence himself. The Ukrainian poet Leonid Vysheslavsky wrote in his poem "To Mayakovsky":

*'And now it's clearer than ABC's begun —
when the Almighty stamped his foot,
with his revolver he ripped out his tongue
in order not to lick God's boot.'*

Yevtushenko asks in "Gentleness":

*'What was it took his life from Mayakovsky?
What was it put the gun between his fingers?'*

This has been debated since his death. Love? Boredom? Frustration? At the time of his death, he was terribly despondent and melancholy. Production of the play "The Bedbug" has been stopped, and exhibition of twenty years of his work was boycotted by the authorities, and his visa had been stopped. But even his suicide note attacks his critics:

'Tell Yermilov, it's a pity he removed the slogan, we should have fought it out.' (He is referring to a slogan which was removed from his play 'The Bath-house'):

*'All bureaucratic scum can't at once be cleansed,
There's not enough baths and soap not enough.
What's more, bureaucrats now are helped by the pens
of critics — like Yermilov.'*

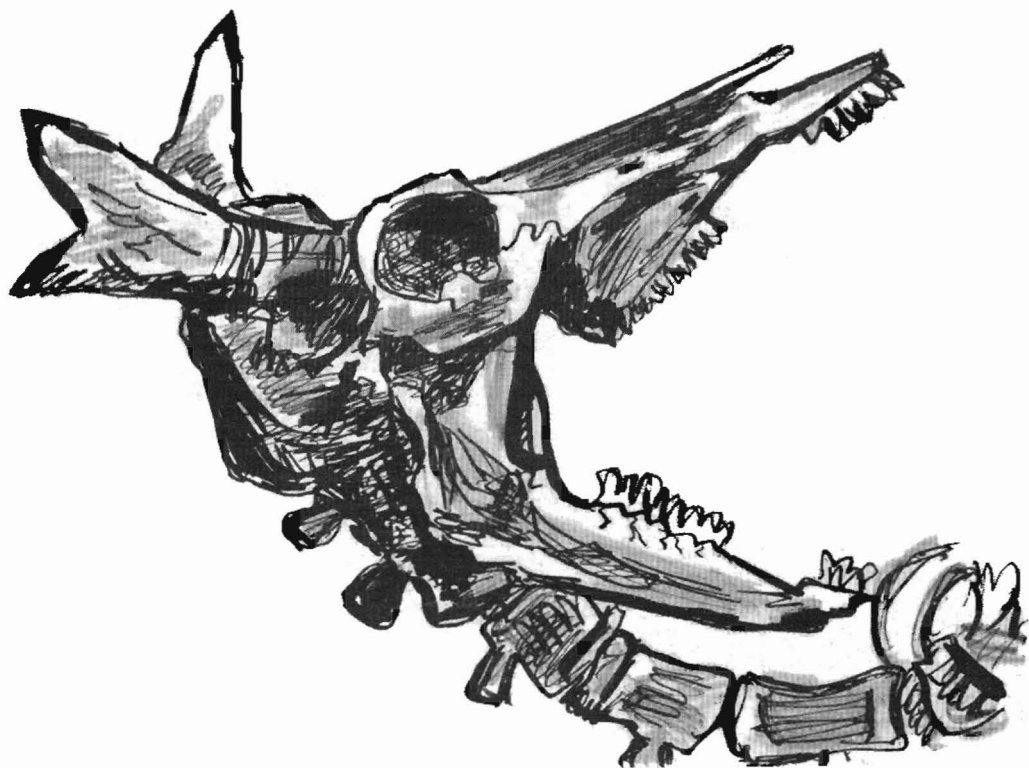
Mayakovsky felt that he was being given no chance to answer the attacks on him. His works were being censored and parts deleted. It were as though his accusers sat there and pointed at him and their word was final. For a poet of the Revolution, a man who welcomed and fought for the new state, the present was now the same as the past, and only the future existed. It was the future which would justify him, his "Coming bright decades."

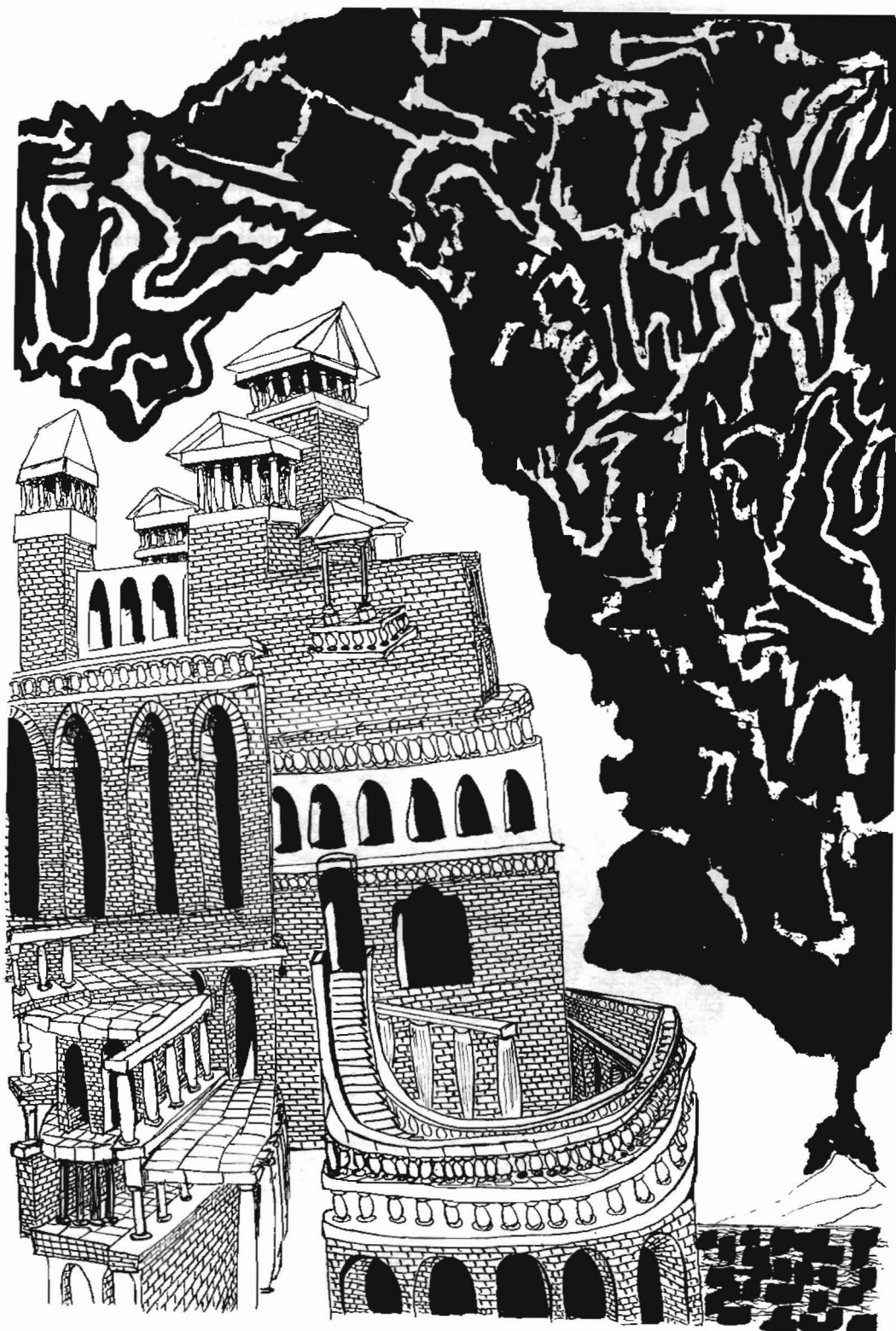
'Only after my death you will say what a wonderful poet has died.' (At a reading of 'The Bath-house' in October, 1929.)

There are not many works of Mayakovsky's available in English. The best

available are the translations by Herbert Marshall — "Mayakovsky," Dobson Book Ltd., \$9.80, and "Mayakovsky," Current Book House, Bombay, \$1.88. Others are "Twentieth Century Russian Drama," a Bantam classic, which contains the play "The Bath-house," and "The Bedbug and Selected Poetry," Meridian Books, with facing Russian Text. The Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, has a small volume entitled "Vladimir Mayakovsky," put out possibly in 1958 or 1959. However, this volume suffers from the "censorship mentality" of some Soviet officials.

This is all this reviewer has been able to find. It is a terrible pity that so little is published, as Mayakovsky was one of the most prolific writers of his day. He was propagandist, cartoonist, journalist, actor, screen-writer, and poet. He wrote thirteen children's books and fifteen film scripts, and acted in three films. It is to be hoped that more of his work will eventually become available, as this is essential if we are to have an understanding of the trends of Soviet art today, for Mayakovsky's influence on all Russian writers was immense. It is hoped the "coming bright decades" he saw will soon be established in the Soviet Union, and he will eventually receive the credit due to him.





DREAM FROM AN ABANDONED SUBCONSCIOUS

PAUL MARRIOT

(To be read aloud, perhaps)

In memoriam R.C.B.

. . . that shadow is the tower,
And the light proves that he is reading still,
He has found after the manner of his kind,
Mere images . . .

W. B. Yeats.

Harry's mind, becoming tired after a great deal of talking, began to wander while his conversation continued: only a certain laxness of expression and languidness of posture betrayed the fact. How ridiculous the whole situation seemed — stupidly Edwardian, even down to the port and the leather armchairs. He continued to talk, less interested in what he was saying than how he was saying it.

. . . Life is just a race against time, you have to die before the final illusion is frozen and shattered.

His voice cracked as he spoke, for all the facility of the remark he seemed very unhappy. The reply was not gentle however:

. . . That is sheer inverted sentimentality. You not only over-estimated their power but their necessity, they don't really mean much to us at all. You can't pin everything down with a bad epigram you know.

Although the other man had wanted to be kinder, his irritation had continued all evening and he no longer felt that it was necessary to be pleasant.

Harry's voice was now very tired.

. . . That's as may be, I'm off to bed. Just remember though: I'm a lot older than you, and if there's one thing I've learned it's the danger of putting too much hope in your dreams . . . you'll only get hurt. Good night.

And he was soon asleep. How similar is the struggle of the artist in art and the struggle of the man in life.

It was the first death that he had been really aware of. He had not thought of her as one who died, and is left with only echoes. She is gone, and though there is a famine in the land, the flowers are growing without end. It was really only selfishness: he could not think of anything except the loss . . . as if several

feet of bowel had been removed. And so, now, to look and to search, to search unendingly with no hope of arriving.

And so became a wanderer, through many towns and lands, skeletal, longpale-faced. For death had sucked the honey of her breath, the sweetness of her thighs (the iron of her will). The only hope to be found in search. Within or without?

The wanderings of many years: fluted pillars, cold ashes of glory beside the many-headed foam. And the great inland sea; land as bleak, restless and unending as the sea. Cold dark winter mountains north of silken samarkand. Bleak lakes, long luminous lakes, suburbs of the sea. And the never-ending desert, that too like the sea; and he sang in his chains like the trees, the knotted desert trees.

For men will only see the meaning, the reason for the deed. We need a new Diogenes to look with lamp for the motiveless man. But they will wander many years through seas and sloughs of despondency and despair, and there shall be no end of journeying until a man shall find his own temple, or his own waste place. And no man shall know the hour nor the place of his landfall; the never-ending journeying, the valley of the shadowy journey. Man, boy, he to the dark tower came.

Tower, earth-outcropping, sequoia-granite, whose roots are chief pillars of the halls of Dis; old as curiosity and perhaps new as despair. He alone in the ultimate solitary place to face the ultimate self-solitude. And yet always the need to share those feelings: if necessary only with his ignorant self, that other. The need to climb, beyond his knowing there was only that need. To climb, to journey, questing, but to become. To climb many days, perhaps out of time.

To remember this, as so as art remembers, to remove, to petrify in amber. Beyond the conditions of a muddy inexact reality, to realize the significance and to express it. For is not always this the need? For we are all of one company, one of another. We live much in others and must make ourselves at home. Here is our little touch of sanctity. So to climb above the adornings of in consequence.

The day that she had died, and he had to write to her parents, but aware only of scalding and not soothing memories. How to write and not to speak of the love—bitter of neglect and indifference, as it was joyful with long sympathy. Aware only of the refusal of language to tell the truth; refusing to evoke what we felt and what we thought we felt.

Then how to express this love, difficult enough with the lover present. Then he had the touch of hand and body, the delicacy of shadows about the mouth. Impossible of escape this companionship of light and blazing dark (the blaze of touch).

Climbing, the spiral staircase, convolutions to the stars, out of time of clocks and sand.

But still the struggle to possess this, to wrench this and the late death out of time, to deliver out of gloom. But impossible because of the never-crossed gap between the mind-heart and the trumpet mouth, the canvas and the word. We are wrong ourselves, innocence has evaporated which saw blakely, honesty has gone which gave the unnoticed freedom from delusion. And language has lost itself in paying too freely for the little which it got (the third of that trinity, the hold ghost of that three). Language bruised and battered by a million mental journalists.

Climbing that tower at the world's end, above the lichen stains. Accepting the weariness because there must be a noticed end. To accept the weariness above the grubby decorations of the soil. Accepting the hand-and-foot-bleeding weariness to the increasing light; a pin, shilling, moon of light, purgatorial to the apex of a gothic arch.

But still, when finished, how then to make known the climb? How to make living, to objectify the secret and concentric dialogues of self and self, self and others? Only to remember the past, chafing among ruins, embracing into art.

Mounting his tower, this tower symbolic of purgatorial quest; the tower of the world's end, now beyond weariness, exultant to the sunlight (or the goblin screams of stars?), clay to Zion or Byzantium.

And he saw the world that it was good, and everything that was therein that they were good. Saw everything without the faint horizon, that it was very good; saw everything, every man and woman, all children murderers, happiness and fear, saw this when stepping to the light over-flowing onto unworn steps; the top and white edge of the world.

And he who had been a man stood on the topmost tower—the home and seat of God. No wind, only an empty, silent and dusty throne. And the morning came, the pale, yellow, gibbering morning, and with the morning and awakening, the re-iteration of another kind of meaninglessness. But always the hope, the hope because of the ceaselessness of search.

TO A PLASTIC URN

A lock of hair, red-ribbon tied round black,
On ice-white plate. The table almost bare.
But even so, in truth, we nothing lack;
The letters that she wrote themselves declare
A sacerdotal cake. And thoughts are wine
Though dark and bitter; better be consumed
With those love meals. Then take both me and mine.
I offer us, while we are thus communed,
To thee, Dark Urn, the centrepiece, the nub
Of my desire, wherein we'll mingle dust.
Be thou Love's synthesis, Grave's syllabub,
A chalice blending blood. For this I lust.
Pray can there be a touch of necrophilia
In my undying love of dead Emilia?

MARY SALAS



Nameless and Unnameable
john romeril

There is a green slat bench, dark green as the sea over black rocks. The sun shines in a broken line along the bevels — glistens on paint that is chipped and scarred with the sitting. Names. There are names in the wood, scratched in, etched in. They were there, those who wrote the names with knives and nails and coins. Red brick on red brick on red brick goes the wall in front of the bench, climbing. Sometimes, with the sky somehow, it is like a painting — red textures, and mortar, little juttings, indentations, soft or harsh or shadowed by the sun some way. It is like being in front of a painting, for a time. Then the bricks topple into curves — chain fence curves — curves that loop and scallop all the way around the brick perimeter. People, mystics drunks epileptics, have reported figures running, in gold and pink, along the top, singing and, beckoning and, with diaphanous arms veiled in mist. They have seen heads too, whole busts of men, set in blood to crown the solid pillars that interrupt the curves, that mark the high points before the bricks plunge off into more curves more curves.

HE is sitting in the shambles of HIS mind. HE? It is probably me, partly me, Me, writing this. But it is lies probably, mostly, so it is HE. HE lying No sitting "in the shambles of his mind."

The wall is dappled with sun and there are mottled areas of light. In the dust below the bench there is the glitter of mica or sand, spreading towards HIS feet.

HIS mind is fallen, is scattered by winds.

what, what, what doing

HE is sitting on the green bench, dark as the sea, the wall across HIS eyes.

why, why, why here

HIS mind is scattered, in the dust, glitters in the dust, and is nudged by feet, is raised by winds in little puffs and swirls. It shudders to the traffic noises.

There is a statue in the sky, a small thin wisp of a woman, her head bowed. Marble arms, too fine to be called arms, spread downward, fingers that doves would land on. Wrapped in a white gown she is our lady, her face soft, with the trace of a smile, faint, distant. Certainly she is not laughing, cannot afford to be caught laughing. For she is the death of some rich person. He raised her in marble, placed her against the sky, above the wall. Thick white. After he died he raised her.

Looking up HE sees her, and laughs, laughs a soundless laughter that doesn't move HIS lips. HE goes in rags the poet's say, HE goes in rags and shredded cuffs, patches at HIS elbow. HE trails no whip and rides no horse to charing cross — unless HIS mind, except HIS mind. It glitters in the dust, is dust or mica. Where HE has been the poet's say, that is where HE has left HIS mind.

In shuffles and shambles. There is no warmth in the arms of the wall, cold and dappled as a painting. And shambles and shambles. It is winter and grey empty boughs thrust up at a grey empty sky. And shambles, shuffles. Grey faces, pallid, drawn, are ranged in coughing lines, with hats and eyes. The buses take them, bring them; and they wait for the buses. What was left of HIS mind had seen them. Now part of what was left is gone, is scattered, is lost. It cannot sing in the dust.

HE shuffles to a stop, to clutch at the the bitter wisp of memory HE finds there, on the pave, a chalk mark scar in the ancient hop scotch game.

once a beetle crawled, yes, along the sill and,
black shiny yes back and, black shiny legs and,
i was watching, through the yes glass and,

"i am a horse that draws the coach of death"

it said

"i know the jangled sound of harness, of leather
the clip of hooves"

it said

"i walk up the road and draw the coach of death"

it said and,

black eyes that glittered on the sill and,

looked through the glass and,

one day, one day once

HE shuffles and shambles towards the gate, a mind in rags. Those eyes of mist, HIS eyes of half forgotten half remembered tears.

but what, what the what

and why, why the why

see the brown shoes walking, **HIS**, see the shreds of cuff across their tops, see the shoes that kick, **HIS** own, a small stone, a taw. It rolls on ahead, toward an end, toward the gate. **HE** starts, **HE** leaps, hops, leaps, starts, pauses. **HE** falls into a shamble once again. Then shuffles, shambles shambles shambles, shuffles.

now i

i now know the what,

know the why

Water gurgles somewhere, in the throat of the land, curls with a hiss through the flat grille, pours in spirallings down the cement gullet. It has stopped raining, an hour. The wall though, is wet, the pave is wet map damp. But the rain has stopped, except in gutters. It is a still hour, heavy as three o'clock hands, in the sky and, on the roads and, no beetle no coach

now i know the what, the why i was . . .

HIS eyes go along the pave, downcast, afraid. And **HIS** feet toward the gate, toward the gate. that is the where the where

Suddenly, quite suddenly, the shadow of the wall ends, dies on the pave a yard back. Now there is the shadow of the gate — twelve long thin spears, held by wire, linked, welded. the sun is grey yellow

today

and the beetle, it was black

The gate's shadow will lead to the green of the gate green of iron, green of if i follow the grey shafts of spears

i

if i

will reach the gate

So **HE** steps now, inches, measured, a crawl with his eyes still downcast.

Unseen as yet, there is a man, standing at the entrance in a chaos of pails. They, the pails, burst at their heads in the brilliance of pink of yellow of white — carnations and daisies — daisies and,— **HE** is the flower seller, the man, in black. Bead eyes glint like marbles below the dirty curve of his cloth cap, a black cloth cap streaked brown.

Abruptly **HE** halts again, stops

i can see feet

two feet, or rather, sorry

two black boots

clay clings to them like

like dags

and trousers, i can see black trousers

to the knee

that is all

"Flowers mistah. You want some arh carnations, daisies?" It comes, thick, simple, a question in foreign english. He twitches, **HE**, at the sound.

that is all and i want no more

i do not want to move my eyes, to look, to see, be seen

yet there is

is an aura about those knees — colour, colours

"Flowers, you want some arh flowers mistah?"

flowers, flowers,

say

— in pails — say

"No no, no flowers"

And **HE** shuffles off, to the gate, to clutch it with a ragged hand, hear it groan green and wet

Inside **HE** stands, not shocked, not surprised. Stands wondering.

where, where is the

where is the where, where

A small portico in red hovers to **HIS** left, and beneath the arch, within the gloom, there is a brass knocker grinning at words. **HE** reads, **HE** knocks, and a man with a bulldog face appears, in

time, emerges from his catacomb with jowells shaking, swallowing, and spittle and crumbs on his lips. It is afternoon tea. "Oh" he says, the man, and "Yes" he says, and he points. Directions.

along the main walk,
which is gravel, to-
ward the elm, then I
-eft, another small-
er path, still grav-
el, five along, in't
-he fifth

"In the fifth row, that's where you'll find Him" says the bulldog. His fat red paws drop, return to the blue uniformed flanks.

so that
so that is the where
yes

HE watches the bulldog disappear. There is a rattle of brass as the door closes. Sharp, clear — It ends.

All this time, all the time, there has been a blabbering in the air, hanging in the air like hands. Now

a babble
a raucous blabbering
where once there was silence
in my head
a babel a babble

HE hurries off, as if the noise that gurgles around HIM threatens what remains of HIS mind. To each side of HIS feet the rust deep gravel sparkles where the yellow sun dances, turning black stones red, streaking them silver. They become specks of HIS mind.

toward the elm
toward the elm
there will be a water pump near it,
at the head of the smaller path and,
"that's where you'll find him."

Far off, to the left, our lady stands distantly smiling the whiteness of her robe gleaming, clean with the rain, the sun on her delicate forehead. In the cup of her palm, in the chiselled folds, tears have gathered

fingers that doves would land on
white arms too fine to be called arms
but the elm
is green, is thick gnarled green
green of moss green of leaves
and wet brown the trunk is slime brown
with rain

Moving, HE is moving — from there to there, from another pk 4, this another another, towards another, pk 4 — unless — NO, HE could not hope to die here, now, so handy to it all

In the fifth row there is a plot where the rake/ marks are only beginning to die. Weedless. Beneath the dark raked hair HE lies — HE, not HE, nor Me, my lying mask. HE, HIM.

we were fisher kings together
our back to the mountains.
the sea, remember the sea
why c——

why'd you die

HE lies still, that is how HE lies, loam on HIS face, pressing the coffin like clods. And from them, those cleaved hearts of earth, what but the tiny dust of gold, of silver?

this is the where
this plot another

HE takes a bird shape twist of wood from a pocket, holds it in tight fingers, fingers that cry in



their clutch, eyes that hold it in the grip of white fingers.

They had been together when HE had found it, the bird shape. Had been fisher kings in tattered sand shoes, holding court amid the pebbles of the beach. The sea, remember the sea. Grey blue it had rushed, had slid back, a tiny roar in the silence of mountains. But fearsome somehow — in the roar of a shell, a boom, or as it dashed itself white against black rocks. They had been together then. And it, the twist of wood, had lain among the pebbles, quiet, waiting to be found, waiting for HIM to find it. HE had loved it then.

But now — now HE didn't want it, didn't want it anymore anymore. Not the tortured wing — so much like a swan — not the sparrow head, the hawk beak — savage, splendid. It even had an eye. The sea had given it sight as it floated, tossed, pinched by waves, or as it grated in the black silt of the sand. A century, that much vision perhaps. Now the wind took HIS sight for it — an eye for an eye

O lord thou pluckest, thou pluckest pluckest

HE didn't want it anymore anymore, so HE drops it on the grave, drops it where the grass would grow and choke and tangle even when the green hair had mouldered enough, had stopped, when the nails had stopped and the wood rotted away. It would die too, in time, that bird shape. It would die and leave a trace of brown. And the brown would fuse finally with the trace of splintered white that was HIS ribs. Then none would know, would want to know, would even care that once HE had written

'those were ribs that always were
his ribs . . .'

And so it lay there, where its flight had ended, would end, on the still brushed grave. And the weak, clouded winter sun fell after it and through the brownness, passed through the eye like a yellow thread. It crammed and crept like a worm toward HIS nostrils, then returned, came back dull as green booges, and HE knew that was all there was, ever was

is that your mother hey

But still HE couldn't leave, didn't leave, but spoke, spoke pointing . . .

now hey

is mother back, dressed in white

Spoke singing, sometimes, sometimes fast, then slow, a shamle a shuffle an agile sad amble.

Sometimes HIS breath came, the words, at a funeral gait, a death march of alphabet . . .

and poems, the white tears of my mother for the sea

O O O what lactic islands of bliss

fat hanging breasts, full and soft — the wings of swans

is that it hey,

me hey

a dove haw a jay a jack daw

raven hawk haw

crow's feet and crow's hands

man of wings with a mid centre eye

wet from the crying

stops, until the crying

stops

There were tears that stained the wood

me, hear me c—, c— me

me — HEAR

you owe me silver, lashes of it

filings of the years you owe

and would even if

if i forgot i

even though you're dead

DEAD

or i were

even if

you took me, some of me thereof me

in your blood and you in mine

blood of earth and hills, trees

took me with you

left you with i as if
equal, haw, you and i
neverending iiii, until i end
and you
even then

. . . unfinished poems

HE scatters silver where HE goes — it rings HIS hand like knuckled knots, it rings HIS toes —
the poet's say, say

you understand the sun now uh the sun

your mother uh the sun

a grey yellow mother carried on the backs of ants

There are tears that are blood, are lies are nothing nowhere, are/are stroke r
and the wet anguish of the eyes

But they had stopped now, HIS tears. They were, and there are, the alltears that end.

no bow though, here, and here no end

toward the elm, no other elm, the elm

this elm

green, thick gnarled green

green of moss green of leaves

the trunk is wet brown slime brown

mossed up with lichens and scab

Up past the pump, the elm, and faraway the little red chapel crouches, humble, hunched against
the winter of eternal death. Red with a line of green, the spouts, running round, and the sun
on a down pipe. From within, from that throat, a gurgle or a dripping, perhaps of rain still
caught in the matted hands of leaves and silt.

holy holy holy

f— them for they know well what they do

f— them holy

holy holy is the c—

holy is the arse

is the fart

the f—

And further, the gate, the wall, a grey glimpse of road between the green fingers, the spears.

HE mutters, silver drool that falls to the gravel. It stretches back behind, like the path of a
snail, or a worm, a thread of silk caught in the sun, or a web, its glistening points of rain or
dew or tears.

but done

the where is done and over

past

that where

HE shambles, past row on row on row on — O ships, O drunken boats — HE shuffles — O men,
O streams

merrily

A skylark, somewhere, high

merrily

trills for suspended seconds. HE would kill it, kill the bird that hovers above. Would kill the
bird that sings

f— you

c— you

But quietly, for not far away the little red chapel crouches, itself quiet as a mouse, waiting for
robbe-Grillet

and GinsberG dead, paraGraphs ago

sonGs of doom, of hopeGood fitzGerald Goebells

Genesis gone Gone Genius

Gate

HE is at the gate, between it, HE slips, the heavy hinges groaning. Then shut, at last, the last
heavy sound gone, dead, done

but that noise aGain
the blabbering, a babble
a babel
and those legs aGain
to the knees, black
the muddied boots, their streaks of clay
the blabbering

"Flowers?"

that question

aGain

but where, where from

how how, the what and how

"Flowers you want. You want arh daisies, carnations?" The flower seller's accent coming thick
and foreign and heavy. His eyes glinting their evil.

say, say

"Flowers?"

And behind him, the man, behind his pails of colour, crouched against the dank bricks, black
haired, a boy in black, an idiot child jibbering

"Flowers?"

HE stops, and looks up at the man, from his noiseless lips to the son, the child, its blank eyes,
black eyes

eyes like

staring and unseeing, yet seeing and glistening, misted

like

like breath against glass

i could scratch

to and fro, my nails drawing

little drawings

Blank eyes, blank and black like

eyes like

the beetle

beetle

"Hey mistah, flowers, yeah, you want arh flowers?" the voice thick, scraping the air, grinning
like greasy hair. A game.

for he who lives with death knows it as a joke

but he who does so need not live longest

C—

A low moan, somewhere in HIS throat, dry and vicious unheard. HIS fist curls savagely

you C—

The flower seller smiles across silence. Smiles a his little joke, enjoys it

C—

C— bastard, son of a whore

of a bitch

DAG0

But it comes loud, inaudible, loudly so. So he smiles, the flower seller, deaf to the other's
screams, mute screams of what, the heart? the air? smiles a kiss of death, of life in the
shadow of the wall

he heard me

must have heard

Would have perhaps

he'll hit me

should hit me

will

Won't

should or must or even will

Won't

Doesn't, the rules, the game is just a game. Instead he smiles. "Flowers?" he taunts again,
but bored now, tired around the edges, all the mockery dying in his bead eyes. He turns away

in fact, in fact bends to his pails, smiling on his son as if he has suddenly understood, as if he suddenly, only, became aware of him, of hearing him, though hearing him all day. A soft white smile, like the flash of teeth, that falls to the musty damp shadow of the wall.

won't

not now

won't and doesn't

Still the skylark, somewhere, high, and the bench ahead, to be reached yet. **HE** shuffles off, shambles, holding silver visions of spilling pails, upturned, broken twisted flowers. Shambles, heels dragging and muttering in the dust, shambles and shambles, shuff — and once turns, only that, just that, once

c—

A final curse, curled in the air — not even the sound of the sea.

'for he who lives with death knows it as a joke

but he who does so need not live longest'

today tho, he laughs, not last, but today

Tenderly the flower seller spreads the doomed petals, gently, arranging the yellow thus the white thus the pink. A brilliance, a splash of dripping colour at his feet. As he stands his boots groan slightly, uninterest and boredom complete in his eyes as they glance up the road. But the shuffler has gone, the shambler, leaving a trail of silver, the poets say, because their minds too, fall slowly through the cracks of paves.

too too too

Finally, with a fierce resign, **HE** sank against the bench. **HE** sat again, 'not surprised, not shocked, sank wondering.'

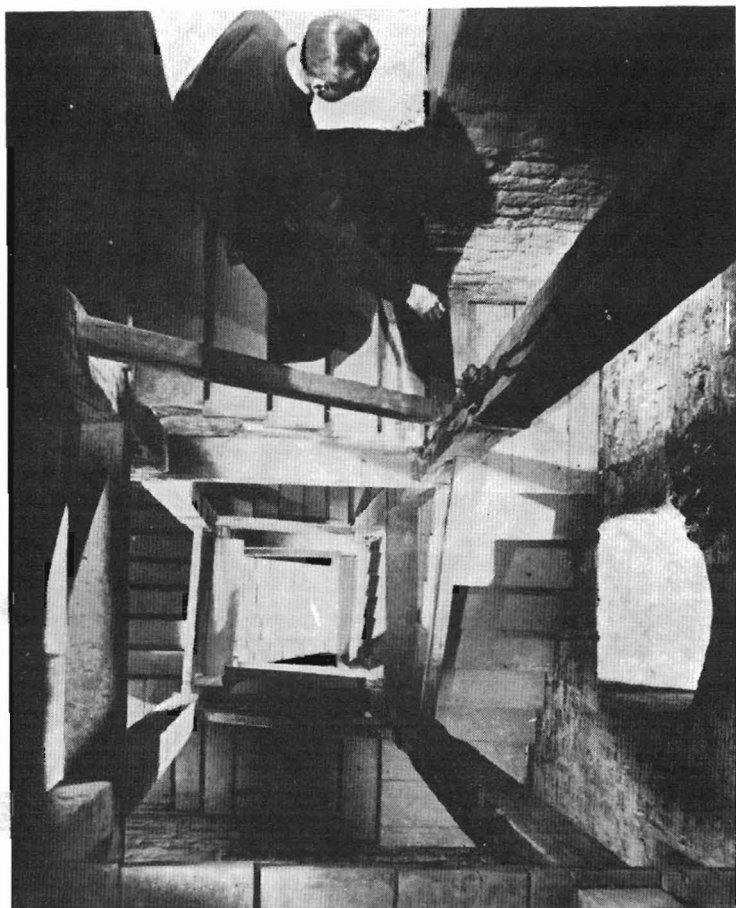
where, where the where the

There is a green slat bench, dark green as the sea over black rocks. The sun shines in a broken line along the bevels — glistens on paint that is chipped and scarred with the sitting. Names. There are names in the wood, scratched in, etched in. They were, those who wrote the names with knives and nails and coins. Red brick on red brick on red brick goes the wall in front of the bench, climbing. Sometimes, with the sky somehow, it is like a painting — red textures, and mortar, little juttings, indentations, soft or harsh or shadowed by the sun some way. It is like being in front of a painting, for a time. Then the bricks topple into curves — chain fence curves — curves that loop and scallop all the way around the brick perimeter. People, mystics drunks epileptics, have reported figures running, in gold and pink, along the top, singing and, beckoning and, with diaphanous arms veiled in mist. They have seen heads too, whole busts of men, set in blood to crown the solid pillars that interrupt the curves, that mark the high points before the bricks plunge off into more curves more curves . . .



ELENA
ZDANE





The Cosmological Trap

john lord

In Alfred Hitchcock's world the unexpected always happens, nothing can be predicted, no values are stable and no man's life is safe from disruption. A man watching a crop-dusting plane suddenly finds it diving down at him with machine-guns blazing; at a dinner party the guests are served from an ornamented trunk containing a body; the inhabitants of a peaceful town are attacked without warning by hordes of pecking, screeching birds. Nobody is safe. Chaos lurks in the shadows, ready to rush forward and cloak the world in darkness. Civilization and reason are constantly upset by the forces of chaos and unreason. Regardless of Hitchcock's subject matter this is the theme of all his films. It is unfortunate that, like Edgar Allan Poe a century earlier, his investigations of the darker side of the mind have been discounted by English speaking critics as little more than mystery or horror stories. His status has become that of a master-craftsman rather than an artist. Like Poe he was adopted and interpreted by French critics. They realized that Hitchcock spoke through his camera rather than through his plots and his actors. This is "pure cinema" in which "film form is used as a 'language' rather than as a 'frame' to a dramatic spectacle . . . Tracks, pans, zooms are part of the total statement, can be looked at as well as through, just as brushstrokes in painting or verbal rhythm's in literature".¹ The cinematic style is inseparable from, and forms part of, the content.

The fragility of human-instituted order is the underlying theme of Hitchcock's films. Disruptive forces smash the apparently stable structure of civilization and prey on its shattered parts. Disorder and chaos is the fundamental basis of the universe, not order and peace. But humanity will not accept this. Man believes in order despite everything. He believes there must be a reason for everything. So men believe firmly in logic and rationality and illogically refuse to see the irrational in the world. Ordinary people move through ordinary surroundings secure in their complacency, unaware that they may be cast adrift at any moment, plunged into the world of disorder and disruption, into the chaos-world where "function/Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is/But what is not". Just as civilization lies like a thin crust on a boiling volcano of chaos, so social mores lie uneasily above the primordial urges of the human

mind. It only requires a slight weakening of the crust to release an eruption of destruction which spews out and threatens to submerge everything. This theme receives its most explicit and abstract handling in *"The Birds"* (1962). Ordinary birds (sparrows, gulls, crows) launch a concerted attack on a town. Like the rats in Camus' *"The Plague"* they have no reasons. They peck their way through heavy doors, roofs, and shutters. Real birds could not possibly do this. But these are not just birds, these are the Furies, the demons of torment let loose on mankind. Like Mrs. Brenner's teacups and the balloons at the party, civilization shatters before the onslaught of unreason. Before the face of the chaos-world reason is helpless. It falters, stumbles, disintegrates. And so the films concern the submerging of reason and appeal to the emotions rather than to the intellect. They must be stronger than reason in order that the audience experiences the emergence of the chaos rather than watches it. To further this aim the audience is made to identify the protagonist. The process of audience identification is ensured by involving the audience in a mystery and using the camera as a third eye common to audience and protagonist. This technique, the use of the "mechanics of suspense" to entrap the audience, ensures that they share the emotions and outlook of the hero. Thus in any situation they will see events as the hero does.

Hitchcock's films follow a basic structural pattern. They begin quietly in the everyday world, then pass through a twilight world into the chaos-world. The twilight world or transitory period is used as a means of separating the chaos from the norm: it functions as a sort of spiritual gateway through which the characters pass into hell. Generally this transition period includes a long sequence of travelling during which the first signs of danger become apparent. Travelling itself is always associated with instability. Also at this stage there is frequent use made of painted backdrops the stylised nature of which lends a sense of unreality or perhaps supra-reality to these scenes. These backdrops are an extension of the under world into the normal world, a foretaste of the changed realities to which the hero will soon be subject. Hence in *"Rope"* (1948) all that can be seen outside the room in which the action takes place is a stylised backdrop of a modern

city. The painted sky changes colour in sympathy with the changing emotional atmosphere within the room. Night falls and a neon light bathes the room in flickering reds and greens. The garish colours dance over the features of the three guilty men caught in the hell they have created. Similarly in "MARNIE" (1964) a painted backdrop of a ship looms over the mother's house, a symbol of the lurking horror buried in Marnie's subconscious. Again, before her horse falls Marnie is shown riding against another painted backdrop. Her constant connection with unreality brings her to the terrible moment when she has to destroy her horse, her only escape from inhibition and repression. In "The Birds" Melanie is shown against a red sky as she crosses the bay to the Brenners' house. Moments later a gull dives down at her . . . the birds have begun their attack.

In each case the characters involved have become separated from the everyday world and are plunged into a nightmare of violent death, terror and madness. Finally, when the nightmare is over, the protagonist returns to the everyday world. But normal life is banal, formal, and boring. It is a structure designed to make people forget the undercurrents of violence and destruction which swirl beneath the surface of consciousness. But the calmer the surface the more deadly the undertow. Hence in Hitchcock's films murder comes in daylight rather than the dark, in the main street rather than the back-alley. Always there is an emphasis on commonplace locations. Even in "Psycho" (1960) the abyss opens, not only in the Grand Guignol setting of the crumbling house, but in a well-lit modern bathroom. The chaos intrudes into the light at the moment when it is least expected; and it is not until after the plunge into hell that we enter the house. It remains brooding over the motel as an objective correlative of the state of Norman's mind. Its mixture of eroticism and inhibitions and its atmosphere of decay becomes a complex metaphor of the unreality of the guilt-stricken mind. It is in this hinterland of the human psyche that Hitchcock works out his themes. **"Nobody is so completely at home in the dim border region where inner and outer events intermingle and fuse with each other . . . his preference for that borderland . . . enables him to venture deep into the psychological dimension."**²

The characters tend to be more important for their functions in the films than for themselves as human beings. It could be argued that Hitchcock's films are analogues of the possible states of one person's mind. The complexity of the relationships of the films to reality makes it difficult to decide whether the characters are separate and distinct or whether they are merely physical equiva-

lents of the different states of one mind. Their identities are constantly confused or exchanged, always in danger of disintegration, their existence constantly threatened. So abstract has the concept of personality become that a change of clothing changes their identity (**"To Catch a Thief"**, **"Vertigo"**, **"Marnie"**). Names are linked (the two Charlies in **"Shadow of a Doubt"**), or lost (**"Spell-bound"**), or ambivalent (Balestero is known as Manny (Man?) and Chris(t) in **"The Wrong Man"** and both identities are stripped away by the loss of an identity card). The symbol of personality is lost and the personality itself ceases to exist. Everything depends on the outward appearance, the trappings of existence have become the existence itself. In **"Vertigo"** Scottie sees Judy and Madeline as two different people. Only when he has forced Judy to adopt the dead Madeline's hairstyle and dress can he love her. Madeline (or Judy) is no more substantial than her physical appearance. She has become for the neurotic Scottie not a woman but a thing, the expression of his dream of the perfect woman. Ironically Madeline does not exist except as a role played by some-one else, a figment of another imagination. Her reality is that of a dream, the unreality into which Scottie has plunged. Scottie himself is known by a different name to each of the three women in the film. Personality has become a persona, a mask. It is a convenience, a necessity, but not a stable structure. In fact **identity is a purely formal social attribute, rapidly destroyed by kaleidoscopic changes in social co-ordinates; only rarely can it be said to represent a relatively autonomous core of being**.³ In **"Psycho"** the confusion of identity reaches a degree unequalled in any other Hitchcock film. Physical appearances link the characters in a horrifying parallelogram of possibility. Norman "is" his mother and is finally subjugated by "her" so that his own personality ceases to exist. Physically he is a somewhat stunted, shrunken version of Sam. Sam is Marion's lover and Norman kills (rapes?) Marion with a large knife. Marion herself is linked to Norman by her theft of the money, an irrational and compulsive act which is paralleled by Norman's own compulsive murders. Lila resembles Marion closely and her relationship with Sam is treated as an extension of the Marion-Sam relationship. All these people could, with certain modifications, take the psychological place of any of the others, for there are certain states in which sanity and insanity are separated only by one short step. For a time two universes exist side by side, darkness with light, chaos with order.

This relationship holds both within and without the mind. If light and order dominate life is safe but boring. If darkness dominates there is

excitement but also insanity, death, and fear. The people of the normal world worry about dentists' bills, alimony, and paying off the car or they are bored wanderers looking for something a little bit exciting to break the monotony of existence. The surface of their world is calm. But submerged in everyone is a monster. It manifests itself in callous jokes about murder, discussions about the perfect murder or the best method of strangulation, delivered playfully, but shot through and through with suggestions of frustrations and the resultant will to destroy. Nobody is free of it. Murder is a way of escaping the limitations of normal life. It is an exciting new experience . . . after the murder in *"Rope"* one of the killers asks the other "How do you feel, Brandon?" and Brandon replies "Somewhat . . . elated" and they open the champagne. But it is an experience that inevitably leads to a vicious criss-cross of guilt and responsibility and to a descent into hell. There is no doubt as to the result of entering the chaos-world, but despite its horrors it remains intriguing and fascinating. This element of fascination with evil is very strong in Hitchcock. The villains are generally good-looking, charming people who hold a fascination for the normal person. They are far more interesting than the heroes — or perhaps for Hitchcock they are the heroes.

Hitchcock has remarked that he finds logic dull and that *"Psycho"* was a "fun" picture comparable to the process of taking the audience through the haunted house at the fair-ground.⁴ The disruption of normality is more interesting than its maintenance. "What's that old Oscar Wilde thing? 'Each man kills the thing he loves . . . ' That I think is a very natural phenomenon, really."

Interviewer: "You don't find it somewhat perverted?" "Well, everything is perverted in a different way, isn't it?"⁵ And the more perverted the more interesting. So we begin the descent into hell. The end is inevitable, it is known, and yet the fascination of the chaos-world is compulsive. Attraction and revulsion are interwoven, forming a network of guilt that enmeshes innocent and guilty alike. Thus in *"Suspicion"* (1942) a young English girl living in the country with her stuffy provincial parents finds herself fascinated by an unconventional stranger. She marries him and finds that he is an irresponsible playboy. She tries to leave him but is unable even though she knows that he has embezzled money. The threat of prosecution becomes more menacing. Suddenly she "discovers that her husband is planning to murder a wealthy friend in order to reline his pockets.

Horror, fear and love are hopelessly interwoven. In her dark coat she stands in a web of shadows like a trapped fly . . . or is it the spider? She is frightened that her husband is a murderer, but she also wants him to be a murderer to satisfy her inner contradiction. She is in that state of moral vertigo common to so many of Hitchcock's people. The crisis is reached when she decides that her husband is going to murder her; she has "wished" her own destruction. Significantly her



husband is not contemplating murder but suicide because he feels that he is worthless, and that she will be better without him.

Moral vertigo is a state of compulsive fascination, a tension brought about by two opposing mental states, and is the mental equivalent of physical vertigo (the tension developed when the subject is torn between the desire to fall and the fear of falling—it manifests itself in a fear of heights and a dizziness). So the roof-top chase in *"Vertigo"* is an analogy of Scottie's mental condition. Hanging from a roof edge above a dizzying chasm, he experiences vertigo. When next we see him he is safe. We never learn how he was rescued. He is simply back. It is as though we are now witnessing a variation on a theme, only now it is Scottie's mind rather than his body, his sanity rather than his life that is at stake. He continues to dangle over a metaphorical abyss throughout the film. Scottie exists only in the twilight zone between dream and reality. As he follows Madeline on her dream-like wanderings he is gradually drawn further into her fantasy and is slowly estranged from reality. He falls in love with a phantom. Like the bouquet with which she is continually associated Madeline represents perfect order. Like the bouquet she is a product of the human mind, not of nature. She does not exist except as an abstract entity. Originally she was a part played by Judy. Then she became a product of the collusion of the minds of both Judy and Scottie and finally she became entirely the product of Scottie's warped mind. The real girl dies at the end because Scottie insisted on turning her into something resembling a Platonic Ideal. Scottie is a sort of reverse Pygmalion. His morbid fascination with the ideal woman is at once the cause and the result of his moral vertigo. As he remodels the protesting Judy to reproduce Madeline he slips into insanity. His contact with unreality has been too long and involved and now he has become part of it. Madeline has become quite real and it is Scottie who has become the dream figure. In the grip of compulsion (now a compulsion to hear the truth) he is self-obsessed and brutal. Just before Judy hurtles to her death he says: "You shouldn't have been so sentimental (as to love me)". Then Judy is dead and justice is done. But the agent of justice is quite mad. The whirlpool has sucked him down, hurtling vertiginously toward insanity.

A further development of compulsive fascination is found in *"Marnie"*, where Mark Rutland's interest in Marnie assumes the proportions of a mania. He has "a pathological fix on a woman who's not only a criminal but who screams if (he) goes near her". He compares Marnie to a beautiful flower which on closer inspection is found to be

a colony of insects using the illusion as a camouflage against birds. If the formation is shattered they become a prey to "the birds". Like the bouquet in *"Vertigo"* the perfection is an illusion, a fragile dream. One remembers the shattered bouquet when Madeline "falls" into the Bay in a faked "suicide" and later when, in his dream, Scottie falls to his death in Madeline's place.

In each of these cases the fascination has a sexual basis; the protagonist forsakes a willing mate to pursue a stranger who is more erotically stimulating because of the mystery surrounding their being. However in Hitchcock, **"Freudian vocabulary and imagery is necessary to locate his themes in the modern world; but he is himself locating Freud in a different world of his own."**⁶ Existence, not sex, is the basic problem of life. This is clearly shown in Hitchcock's use of the "mothers" in his films. They are important in the films, not because of their Oedipal significance, but because they represent family life, the normal, quiet life. They would be expected to be models of sanity, kindness and warmth. I do not think there is a mother in Hitchcock's works who could be said to answer this description. From a slightly stuffy and overbearing figure in the earlier films, "mother" has been transformed into an ogre who represents frustration, decay and insanity. From the murderous jealousy of *"Notorious"* to the doting insanity of *"Strangers On A Train"* and the homicidal maniac of *"Psycho"* to the sex-hating frigidity of *"Marnie"* it is Mother who stands at the very centre of the chaos. Here is the Janus face of the two worlds.

In *"The Birds"* Melanie, mourning the loss of her mother, says to Mitch: "You know what a mother's love is". He does not reply and she interprets his silence by saying: "You mean it's worse?" Ironically the loss of the mother which threatens to destroy the family life is one of the factors that make a normal life possible, for "Mother's" influence is a threat to the search for a definitive personality and a separate existence. She is the living-death figure of Mrs. Bates (a mummified mummy), and of Marnie's mother (a guilt-ridden cripple). Hell, in fact, is other people's mothers. Mother has become a giant paradox, representing both the everyday world and the chaos-world.

The chaos-world intrudes into the world of civilization as the fingers of one hand interlock with the fingers of the other hand. There is no fusion. One cannot go "beyond good and evil" to a new mode of life, civilized yet interesting. The two worlds are separate and cannot be reconciled. This duality is an ultimate reality impossible to transcend or to correct. In the Christian view (Hitchcock was brought up by Jesuits) good and



evil are irreconcilable but God forms a bridge of comprehension between the two. In Hitchcock's films the bridge has disappeared . . . despite "**I Confess**" and "**The Wrong Man**", God has vanished and there is a gap in the system. God had formed a bridge, a possibility of salvation. Now there is no salvation. The Christian's vision remains but the hope has gone. This is best exemplified by the supposedly Catholic film "**The Wrong Man**". Manny Balestero is wrongfully arrested. Circumstantial evidence mounts against him. His identity is stripped from him and he is imprisoned. For Manny prison is a microcosm of hell. His wife blames herself for Manny's trouble. The ache of her "wisdom" tooth of which she complained early in the film has now spread until it fills her whole being. She is convinced of her guilt. Finally she becomes insane. Another man, a hardened version of Manny (c.f. "**Psycho**") is arrested and Manny is released. He visits his wife in an asylum but she does not recognize him and stares vacantly out the window. Manny leaves, broken in spirit. Hitchcock now uses a caption to inform us that the wife later recovered. There is a final shot in which a family can be seen in the distance . . . presumably Manny and his family. The lack of interest shown in the finale by the director (a "distancing" of the ending by making words tell the story) leaves us with a feeling that the film "really" ended with that horrible scene in the asylum (again c.f. "**Psycho**"). There is no feeling of salvation. The two worlds remain forever separate. All hope of a synthesis, a "going beyond good and evil" has disappeared. God is dead and evil is secularized as chaos, good as

order, yet their absolute nature remains. The dialectic of the clash has come to a standstill, the moving finger sticks.

This unresolved clash leads to an ambivalent morality and into a form of nihilism. One is left with a choice between two sets of traps. No matter what the choice, the trap is always there. Only the bait changes. "We're all in our private trap. We scratch and claw, but only at the air, only at each other, and for all that we never budge an inch", says Norman Bates in "**Psycho**". Now Norman in a psychotic and tends to be rather pessimistic but his statement contains the essence of Hitchcock's philosophy, and obsessive vision of Hell. People move from order into chaos and back again but they are only swapping traps. The bait changes, the trap remains. So in "**Rope**" the camera, confined to one room, is constantly on the move, keeping everything within its gaze as the farce is played out. Finally the window is flung open, the shots fired, and the trap is opened. Moments later the sound of sirens fills the room and a new trap is beginning to close. We are compelled to watch as the prying camera catches us up in its obsessive voyeurism. In "**Psycho**" Norman speaks of the traps and the "cruel eyes studying you" and is at once the hunter and the prey, caught fast by his own obsessions, his own peeping, trapped by his past. In "**Birds**" Melanie is introduced to us in a bird shop where we are informed that she lives in a "golden cage". Later the birds trap her in a cage that is no longer golden. The film abounds in images of traps and cages; the bird shop, lobster pots, Mrs. Brenner's hens, the telephone booth, the

closed car, the curiously cage-like schoolroom, and the shuttered house. Everywhere and everything is a trap. There is no escape, no salvation, at best there is a temporary reprieve. Since the Universe is a series of traps within one big trap there is no way out. The cosmological trap is all encompassing.

Hitchcock has made several attempts to extricate himself from the cosmological trap and to find a new vantage point outside the narrow duality of his present world. His fascination with the chaos-world forms the basis of each attempt. In *"Shadow of a Doubt"*, Charlie Cokley, who makes a living by insinuating himself into the graces of rich old women and strangling them, states that "the world is a vast pigsty". This is his justification for his way of life; "his cynical creed is stated by himself and the author as if it were a possible philosophy."⁷ This is one way out, a cynical nihilism entailing a rejection of any moral criteria and the assumption of the absolute right of the individual to do precisely as he wishes without regard to the rights of others. This theme is again examined in *"Rope"*, where the right claimed by the young "thrill-killers" to dispose of an inferior is explicitly rejected. However the tutor, Rupert, claims that these killers, his ex-pupils, have distorted his ideas and that although he spoke of the right of the superior being to kill an inferior, he did not intend to support actual murder. The greatest weakness of *"Rope"* is that just what Rupert did intend is not made clear. What remains is the suggestion that there exist superior beings with special rights, even if these do not include murder. The surrealistic vision of Hell at the end forms a rejection on the part of the author of these would-be conquerors of the cosmological trap who became its victims, by becoming not supermen but submen. Their entire experiment has the proportions of an enormous black joke.

Only in *"Marnie"* is there a suggestion of a valid way out of the trap and even here the conclusions are tentative. Mark resembles Charlie in *"Shadow"*, Bruno in *"Strangers On A Train"* and the killers of *"Rope"* in that he is quite ruthless about the methods he uses to attain his ends. His "pathological fix" on Marnie resembles that of Scottie's on Madeline in *"Vertigo"* yet he escapes the attendant moral vertigo because he is trying to draw the girl out of unreality, not plunge into it with her. He knows precisely what he is doing and is uninhibited by social convention and the probable opinions of others. He most closely resembles Charlie Cokley yet is without Uncle Charlie's homicidal instincts. Nor is Mark trapped by his past like Charlie and nearly all Hitchcock's characters. The policemen who dog Charlie's footsteps have no equivalent for Mark. It was not

justice that killed Charlie, it was his inability to throw off his past as Mark has done. Both men have a similar attitude to the world yet their actions are different. It is the actions not the attitudes of his villains that Hitchcock condemns.

Until the advent of *"Marnie"* it seemed that Raymond Durnat was right when he wrote that "in Hitchcock's universe the twists of guilt and fate are about as moral as a pair of thumbscrews. Hitchcock's philosophy would be Satanic if it were not so sad, nihilistic if it were not garnished with wit, and very unbox-office if it were not for the finesse of its prevarications".⁸ Indeed there are times when black jokes threaten to submerge the world in a deluge of cruel laughter, to overwhelm it in a nihilistic outburst of connivance at murder, laughter at tragedy, and acceptance (through dissolution of established moral codes) of the chaos-world. This is the heart of the matter, the ambiguity of Hitchcock's vision. Irony has attained the role of a philosophy, and the red herrings which so delight Hitchcock have become moral (or immoral) arguments in a case against the cosmological trap. The black humour is itself one of the symptoms of the struggle to find a place between the complacency of everyday and the vertiginous abyss of madness. Macabre jokes run through the films like an imp of perversity through a morgue. So Bruno, having just strangled a woman, helps a blind man across the road (*"Strangers"*) and Norman Bates remarks about the other side of his schizophrenic self: "Mother . . . what is the phrase? . . . is not quite herself today". There is the ghastly dinner party cum funeral service cum Black Mass of *"Rope"*, one of the funniest and blackest sequences in Hitchcock. And there is *"The Trouble With Harry"*, described by Hitchcock as a "pastorale". The trouble with Harry is not so much that he is dead but that half the inhabitants of the local village believe themselves responsible for his death. These perfectly normal people find themselves caught up in a criss-crossing of motives, supposed guilt, and fear of arrest. With great savoir-faire, they attempt to dispose of the corpus delecti. Harry is buried, disinterred and transported from one "final resting place" to another with bewildering rapidity. And all by nice, normal citizens. Actually Harry was not murdered. He died of natural causes. But that only goes to show . . .

1. RAYMOND DURGNAT "LE NOUVELLE VAGUE"
2. SIEGFRIED KRACAUER "THE THEORY OF FILM" P. 276
3. LEE RUSSEL "NEW LEFT REVIEW" NUMBER 35 (1966) P. 92
4. INTERVIEW WITH HITCHCOCK "MOVIE" NUMBER 4.
5. IBID.
6. LEE RUSSEL OP. CIT.
7. CLAUDE CHABROL QUOTED IN "MONTAGE" TERM 1, 1966.
8. RAYMOND DURGNAT OP. CIT. P. 20.

FROM THE GEORGIAN...

The night and time now bend
To evening as the season thralls
The grimacing mind. O send
The rainfalls.

Through what was wood-smoked, grieve
The bleak and flickering trails
Of grave-grey poplar leaves.
The wind wails.

And the gleaming grass, which last
Was shadowed, crisp
Is skeleton by creasing post.
And the leaves lisp.

FOR J

You glanced through the garden:

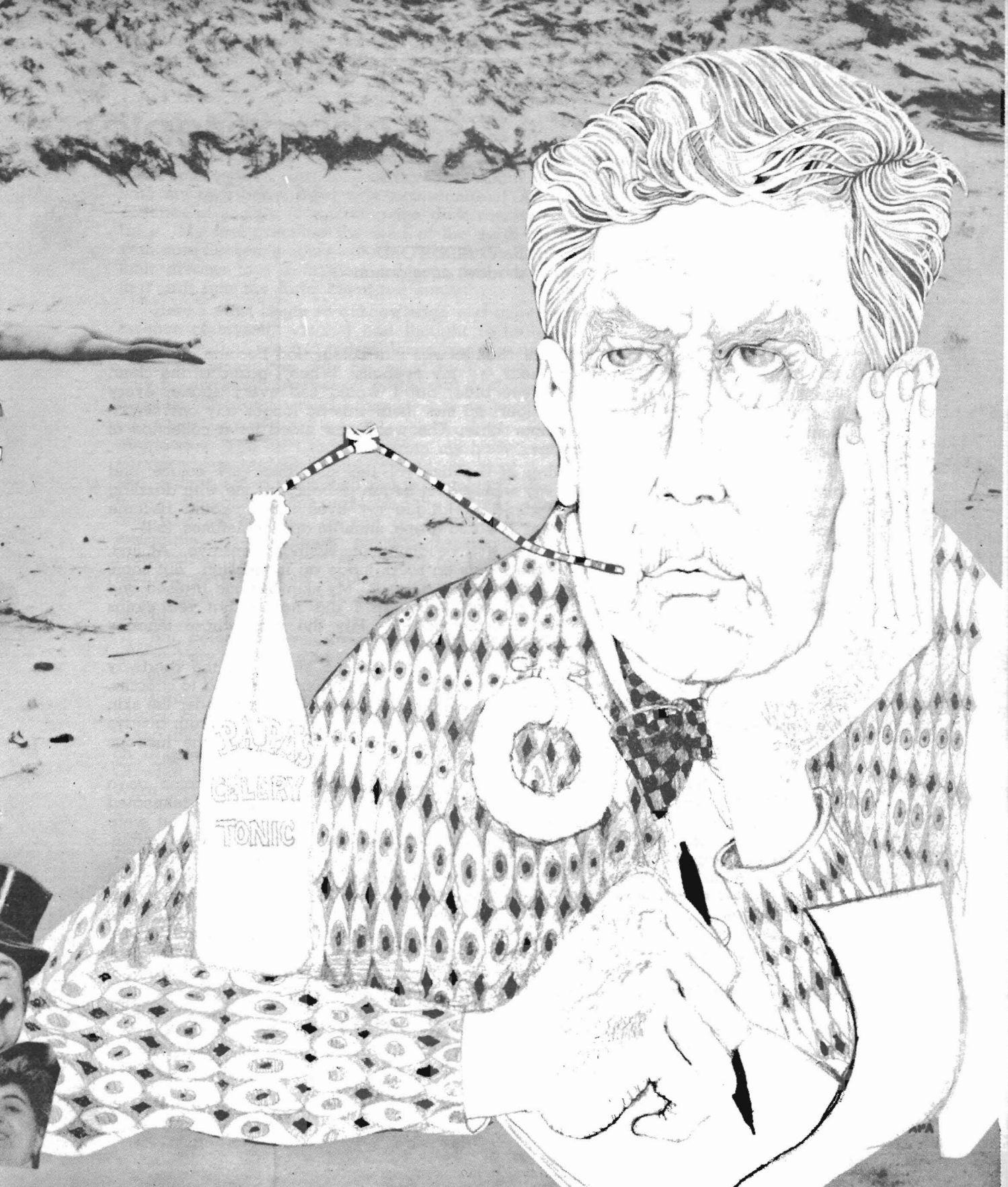
(Evening dark and rain-blown
Evening smelling of grass and decay,
Dripping with the lime-tree smell)

Over you went and caught my eye
And smiled.
But then I lost you.

I founder in the wet and perfume,
Clutching for your smile.

PAUL MARRIOTT





(From the Torments of a Schizoprenic)

By F. V. RIDDIFORD

"This grey shadow, once a man - -"

Looking back, my first percept of change was that colour had become intensified. It no longer soothed, it began to sear — my eyeballs. When I gazed at the clear, summer-day sky, not only would I see blue, but I would see every shade, every hue, and every shadow of that colour, so that there was no longer any one sensation that I could label as the colour blue. The word now stood for a collection of merging, related sensory perceptions.

The verdurous earth, luxuriating in the heat of the sun, once my solace and justification for living, now became my enemy as it began to bombard me with dazzling daggers of reflected light. These would so fatigue my eyes that I would become momentarily blind. It was then that I would grope, stumble and, sometimes, fall!

At each fall, I found that my skin was becoming increasingly sensitive. At first, only the sharp ridges surrounding the facets on rocks made an impression. But soon, it was as if each blade of grass had become a spear. My skin became bruised and abraded, but never once did I see it bleed, although I did notice that red stains gradually appeared on the weapons that pierced me. Pity the man whose tenacity for suffering is such as to draw blood from a stone!

Once, after an anarchical race riot, I had witnessed the stones on the roadway oozing clotted blood. As the blood dribbled to rivulets and then converged to streams, I was amazed that it did not coagulate. Then came the revelation that under the skin men are blood brothers, and I was astounded at this primary truth. Is Truth always depicted in colours as blinding as the burnished disc of fire, low, in the lustrous sky?

To protect myself, I took to wearing dark glasses and the world became as a surrealistic canvas: all its objects, enriched by tinted variations, stood delineated from sharp shadows of themselves. These shadows were not uniform — but were layers of darkness superimposed on layers of darkness with abysmal depths within. Each object appeared starkly distinct from other objects. Became fragments . . . units . . . entities within themselves — and I began to discern the infinite parts that had combined to make up their whole! But then the part itself would so fix my attention that it was no longer a part — a fragment that had no purposeful existence without the totality of all its parts. It was, though a part — a fragment . . . an entity within itself! Like to the reflection of one man — seemingly complete, yet . . .? Out of context with other men, man is . . .? A shade? A silhouette? Is . . . without reality . . . an illusion? — Incomplete! Nothing of significance!

I gazed until — without warning — these units, these fragments, these parts of the whole, these entities within themselves, this surrealistic canvas was disrupted! Was, without design — chaotic! Yet . . . ill-defined, undefinable . . . a total impression of beauty still remained.

Once I had looked and seen a tree. But now I looked and saw contorted shapes radiating in many directions . . . Black ebony piercing blue velvet. I saw, not the filmy filagree of leaves, but each intricate leaf as a map crossed by many rivers. These rivers would flood around me and within me! Was I beginning to lose hold on my own barriers? Where in the universe did I begin and where did I end? Where in this universe does any man begin, and where does he end?

Suddenly I found that my tegumental sensitivity had abandoned me. The sun blazed down and my skin exulted. Fire flared all about me. The flames became incorporated with my own body; but I was inconsumable! An incandescent figure, I wandered the confines of society illuminating the dark corners entrenched with prejudice and ignorance. My feet trampled the mud of the earth while my soul soared space enshrouded with rose-flecked creamy clouds. Was that mud the dust of all prophetic men? Were their dreams torn from them as tears that rise to form those filmy shredded clouds that drift into the lurid blood-red sunset?

Here I must begin to acknowledge a change in the core of my personality, in the essence of myself, which I had thought to be immutable! I was confronted with an experience that precipitated profound questions as to the meaning of Life itself! — Questions which can only be asked by the self to the self! — Questions which can only be answered by the self to the self! — Questions which only the truth can satisfy because falsehood would bring eternal defilement!

I had paused by a wayside rose-bush. It was budded with promise of beauteous abundance. The heat radiating from my body engendered a prematuring. I watched, entranced, as bud after bud opened. In long, slow, voluptuous movements — one by one, saffron-tinted, blanching petals unfolded, ceasing only in the perfection of the flower. Humbled, I knelt and kissed the faultless creation. Aghast, I saw the petals scorch and blacken, and fall as ash on the hot wind of my breath. In that moment, an intangible — yet almost physical sensation — pervaded my being. The conviction materialized that I stood suspended on the brink of Immortality! A self would become realized were I but to command an ordainment! The mantle of responsibility hovered over my shoulders and the silver chalice of ever-flowing compassion was within my reach!

But, before my eyes, there opened up the abyss into which I must fall once I had affirmed my faith. It was the abyss of servitude to human caprice! The decision once affirmed, could never be revoked!

I knew that I must not make this decision on the basis of my own individual foibles, but that I must decide as I would have any other man decide, who stood facing this dilemma. So I hesitated! I stood outside my mortal body and, looking on it as if it were some stranger's corpse, I asked questions of it: Who is this man? Of what substance is he made? How corroded is his soul? Where stands he in Time? What is his future potential? Questions that could not be answered, because — at the moment of asking — I found that I had no memory of the past on which to base an answer to explain the present or to give hope for the future! All that I had was a meaningless present and a disturbing sense of impending Omnipotence.

On returning to the body's confines, I found that this, my once-impervious prison had become porous! From its now-unreliable limits I flowed in and out and trees and mountains and flowers and grasses flowed in and out also. It was impossible to distinguish self from non-self — or matter from thought! Where can a man hide and be himself, if not within his own body?

I remained in this state of flux and indecision for some time. For how long, I do not know because the dimensions of Time were lost. It could have been but one moment in eternity or it could have been Eternity itself! I hung suspended in deliberation and the mark of destiny was upon me! Do men who hang in gibbets feel as I did then?

Swinging on this pendulum, I wanted to grasp the omnipotence offered for the acceptance of responsibility but — on the other hand — I had experienced power and had seen its awful potential. A rose burnt and I had cremated life! Was I now obliged to make covenant to create? Was I created — or am I creator? Power lay within my reach — yet I was apprehensive of becoming its pawn. So I, as reprobate, renounced responsibility for myself and others! A Judas, with the kiss of Christ still warm on my cheek, I stood on the pinnacle of endeavour, while . . . within me . . . the fires slowly subsided. As they burnt lower, the flames sometimes flared and, momentarily, I would again feel a glow of righteousness! But then the fires died and I was left, ice-cold. Tears bathe the biers, and tombstones mark the dead! But I, more barren than the dead, was sentenced to commune with the living!

My world was flat and without meaning! Sharp points on stars, arcs of bays, undulating curves of sandy beaches, pinnacles and prisms of light — all . . . one! Everything — all objects, all profundities — had been absorbed into the obscurity of a frightful, greyish murk! The very atmosphere was impregnated with a cumbrous fog that weighed heavily upon me! I blundered through it, never knowing which was me and which the fog. Here were all the dimensions of a nightmare! But, inevitably, subservient to emotion, my senses became blunted.

So blunted in fact that, at the moment of betrayal I experienced nothing more than a profound sensation of relief. Until — shortly after — the Tumult began! Strange yearnings and impulses began to stir and to force themselves into my awareness! The taboos of civilization threatened to become my compulsions! I would recognize their presence with quickening breath, racing heart, perspiring skin and spasm of agony! They seduced me and left me insatiable and tainted! I struggled to muster all my defences against them but, as the remnant of the man I once had been, I divined that, alone now, I was too weak, too vulnerable! I feared that if they gained ascendance over me that my pious mask would be torn off and there would be revealed . . . the face of a Satyr!

To fortify myself against temptation, I tried prayer. But only idiotic jargon emerged from foam-flecked lips. Surely some evil manitou had possessed me? How many men have cried: "It is not I who acts or speaks so damnably? It is a baser self! But never, me! Never he that is really me!

I began to give credence to the idea that some alien spirit had seized my brain and was using its functions for its own foul ends. All around me there was springing up a sense of conspiracy! THEY were plotting against me! And — even more terrifying — THEY were housed within me! Who THEY were I could not say, but I sensed them therein me, and, certainly, I heard their voices! Voices, voices, voices! Voices whispering in the long stillnesses of the night! Voices screaming on the hot, dry winds of the summer day! Voices penetrating the crevices of my brain: "Puffer! Hypocrite! Idolator!" These and many more libellous epithets they hurled at me. I . . . who had been so much a pillar of the established church that I had become as stone-like? . . . was mortified beyond endurance. The venomous tongues pierced the facade that I clutched as my shield! — Their aura of authority carried conviction! Then, too — did they not offer explanation of those baser instincts of which I had become most keenly aware? So, feeling condemned, I determined to have full degradation. I acknowledged possession of the seven deadly transgressions! But, oh — to my agony, I found that confession did not free me from my iniquitous burden and I stood . . . as many men before . . . bowed beneath the burden of — The Fall!

Was I now fated to walk among men carrying this load of human transgression? Passion had flared and died! I still trudged in that grey fog of murk — the dried husk of what had once been, a man!

It was during this time — I think — that I noticed people beginning to disintegrate into their disjointed parts. They became eyes that spied upon me, hands that struck at me, lips that taunted me, and hearts that abhorred and yet envied me! Man to

me had by now about the same meaning as cosmic dust!

I was now in a nebulous state where I could accept any concept! Opposites became compatible! Good and evil were the substance and the shadow of the other! Past, present and future were one. Yet, in some areas of intellect, I could still exercise a degree of something like logic, and I determined to find the answer to the enigma of myself! Is this the Herculean task of any man? But . . .

I had reached the point where I was so unsure of my own body and its functions, that I would look at my hand and it would appear to co-exist with the hand of another! Yet — "other" had no separate identity from myself! I was like some giant amoeba that had devoured human prey. Or was it that they had devoured me? How many men do each of us ingest in a life-time? How many men do we each spew out?

I did not disintegrate further. If I had I would have known nothingness. I managed to stabilize myself as an amorphous mass, constantly in flux, expanding when I incorporated others: shrivelling when I projected forth.

But, during all this time, the load of human transgression was increasing upon me! I was shamed by the ignominy of all human guilt! Why had I been so damned? I had resisted divinity, not usurped it! I had rejected responsibility, not abused it! Why, therefore, did I experience this satanic punishment? I dared to raise my voice and question my God! Then hands, hard without pity, emerged to point out my sins. As beheaded flowers they fell, one after one. And, as each one fell, it blazed a phosphorescent trail that flared before it died, as though it were the reflection of the act. (Do we, perhaps, see the reflection of our sin in those we sin against?)

I acknowledged my acts of sin and of my responsibility therefore, and a fever of contamination arose within me! Passing the shells of others, the contagion spread! I witnessed their fall and the way they writhed in agony! Within my own conscience I began to bear the responsibility for their decay! They piled in great heaps and from them arose the sickening odour of human putrefaction. Their tortured voices plagued me so that I never knew sleep, nor tranquillity, nor integrity! This was surely Hell . . . to be suspended in torment - - with Time non-existent — loaded with the responsibility for all human corruption!

Slowly, layer by layer, my corruptible flesh peeled off and, suddenly, there was revealed a clear, sharp flame! Was this the imprisoned soul? Its light lay bare the ignominy of past experience. No longer could I deny responsibility for myself and others! Humbled, I pleaded that I be allowed to atone for my betrayal when I had trembled by a burning bush.

Then mercy touched me! I began to have some volition! — I began to stumble through Hell and I knew at last that my penance would soon be done!

By divine grace I survived the ordeal of fire and came upon the encircling sea. The vastness of it pervaded my senses and symbolized redemption and regeneration. The desire arose, deep within my tortured being, to once again experience the pleasure and security found in the embrace of embryonic waters. There pain and dishonour were unknown and love and warmth prevailed.

The end was glorious! I felt insurgent abandonment as I flung myself into the yielding waters.

Absolution is mine! I float on waves that rise and fall with the tides and know unity once more. I am all calm solemnity and yet all passionate storm. Sunlight glistens on the green sea-weed that twines in my hair. Rain-drops bathe my ashen face. All cloud tracery is reflected in my eyes and pink coral amulets festoon my bloodless limbs. I encircle and revitalize this ever-spinning globe! I leave my love as foam on lonely shores. Time has once more fallen into the abyss of eternity but what care I, who am flooded with sunlight and know ecstasy?

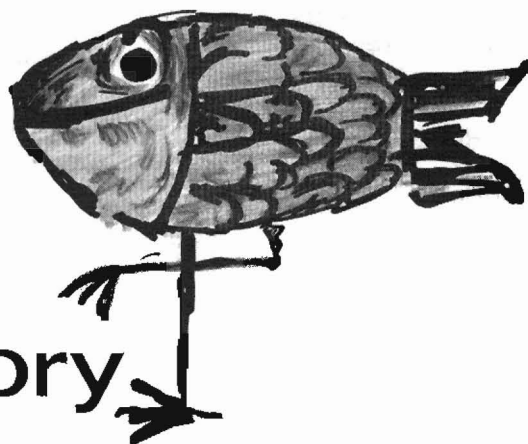
a poem



I always knew that we would only stay
until the summer ended, but I thought
the house we built would stand until the day
we wanted to destroy it. For you taught
me how to work beside you, and together
we shut the world away with walls of stone,
well-roofed to shield us from the wintry weather
of others' attitudes. But now you've shown
me all our shelter's flaws. You bruised my hand
and yours as well, thrusting into cracks
to prove how deep they were, how harsh the facts.
We knew we could not stay, and neither planned
to lay his levels absolutely true.
Now all will fall before our parting's due.

MARIAN QUARTLY

ATOLL



— an attegory

Ross Kightly

Such islands, vivid, strong-hued, extreme, were only for floral beasts and bestial flowers; no allowance could be made for the dull; a mirror, a flash, a gloss; shine and sheen, wild boar and paradisal bird shattering cry of plumage; jet bristle upon bristle coalesce, a boar undulating catching strong dappling foliage-filtered sunlight, lucid like the stream meeting the breakers unperturbed by the reef.

Boy playing liked taste of dirt in his mouth and smell of earth grubs dug up turned out (anomalous chrysalids) by polished spade. Red worn yellow wooden metal-braced handle. To touch and joy to feel and spirit striving held of father Father.

Impersonal fascination as magnificent mongrel dog-mouth suddenly snaps, and determined red tongue, pulpy, streaked with yellow marrow lick-persists. Dainty pores of that living dogs-tongue mesmerised and lapped about the clean long teeth. A dog's life an age of chewing demolishing the inner structures of other beasts.

oh hug dog pup pat stroke slobber (ahhh Dirty DIRTY!) strong hug smell the doggie smell the puppy smell the dog is going to be a mummy dog soon don't hug her so tight.

polyp plop polyp up comes the wall up up up a million years young. Each newly-extinct creature has dedicated a whole life to the cause of calcification, never stopping the process to think about futilities like ultimate benefits for himself or others: with an involuntary gasp, he dies and deposits his small hard-saved shell upon that of his mother, his father, his sister and his brother — no you can't see any dying alone.

up polyps! Up. Arch herculean backs up and out. Slowly, inexorably, accrete your binding chains. Sun dries desiccated wave-barrier rock coral plop polyp plop.

Sneak around stagnant lagoon dull boar.

"Have you done your homework?"

"YES . . . terday."

"Let me see it."

"But you don't understand it, Mum!"

"There was a time when a mother was treated with a bit more respect by her children. What makes you thing I don't understand the work you kids do in the eighth grade . . ."

"But it's form two . . ."

"Don't interrupt. And go and get that homework. I won't tell you again. (kids too big for needs new boots too many kids for only eighteen pounds a week and where's Joe he's not home and I haven't even enough for stockings once in six months second time this week the kid's defied me soon won't be a kid's are too interested in following their own minds not like we were young children are so pretty so small so clean) That took you long enough. Where're the books and you are absolutely filthy. Come here while I . . ."

"Oww Mum!"

"You are not going down to play with Mrs. Farley's boy in that condition. And that reminds me, don't let me see you playing with Tommy Foster. I don't like the Fosters."

"No Mum (Tommy's traps are rusty anyway though they have such good springs what I need is a new cart) Mum can I have the wheels off that old pusher out in the wash-house to make a cart out of?"

"Don't be so damn' silly. I need the pram for Janey."

"But I could go and get firewood for you every night (if Dad would let me have the axe) and you wouldn't need to buy . . ."

"I said no."

"Aww (big wheels rubber tyred wheels down the hill and round the corner black rubber streaks and torn grass and dirt and I'd win all the races) aww."

"Have you fed the dog?"

"I'm just going to do it now."

"There's a bit of liver in the 'fridge. Len — mind you get up in time to go to Sunday school tomorrow."

"Aww Mum . . ."

The sun beats down the sinking island. It is reasonable that the beautiful violet island should go thus. The animals gave up long ago their last sparks of life and of the splendour of the shrieking birds remain only forlorn white filigrees half covered by rotten brown leaves; their mourning reeks; plants withered in the reek rising from dead fish in the stagnant lagoon and drowned animals and the reef stood out in the tranquil with a roar of the spray-fetching waves. In a million years the water calm in an autonomous enclosed lagoon lapped and sighed in casual triumph whisper-cursing under the breath of blessing over the dead crown. Atoll brooded on the face of the waters but in the deep crystalline purity nothing lived.

A priggish new jacket suited this workless Sunday, and the scones which replaced stale bread upon the tea table were lavish with an ending and evening fragrance.

"Been to Church?"

"Yes, Mother."

"You should have taken sixpence for me. I couldn't make it tonight."

The silence of my father fell among the crumbs.

"May I leave the table?"

"Yes, son."

"I am going upstairs to read for a while."

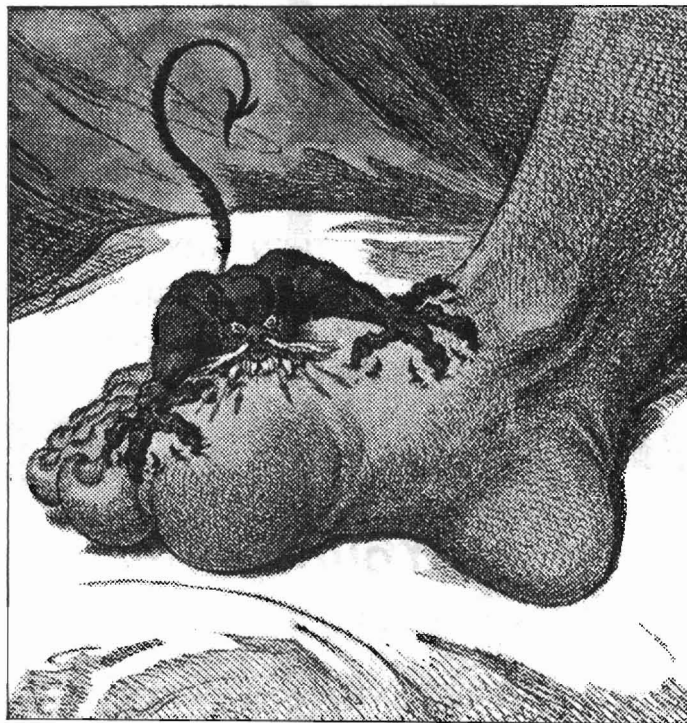
Mother lifted plates and put them down and Father, I know, sipped silently his tea.

What are these black marks on the page? What mind what old hands and dust are here? What voices hollowly beat in and out and in of the dusty vaulted empty chancel house of the past? As I read I will come to know. I know I can only come to know by reading. I want to know and why won't that bloody bitch stop barking?

The door bangs and silence. Except for a moth beating itself to death on the window-pane. I must remember to keep the window closed when the light is on beastly dirty moths.

Now from outside the clink of Father's hammer held in that wonderful hand, shaping a simple hole, a silly hole, with a wonderful hand.

What good will his hands be in hell?



JAMES GILLRAY'S "THE GOUT" (1799)

"you
have
a friend
at the
CBA"



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you don't drink?

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THE AMERICAN NEGRO

janet tribe

The Negro's place in American society is of vital interest for the mid-twentieth century. Race riots in Los Angeles and Civil Rights demonstrations in Selma, Alabama, make headlines in Melbourne and Moscow, as well as in New York. For, in focusing its eyes critically on the American treatment of the Negro, the world is examining microscopically one nation's solution to one modern preoccupation, that is, coping with a multi-racial society.

This paper proposes to examine one aspect of the black American's participation in a predominantly white society: his development and involvement in the American political scene in the period between the wars. There will be some attempt to offer tentative conclusions as to why the social and economic pariahs of the American caste system react to the impact of the twentieth century the way they do.

A brief outline of what had happened to the Negro since his emancipation in the 1860's is essential for an understanding of the situation during the period under discussion. In 1867, after a brief period of native white southern rule, the American South—and it is the American South alone which contains a substantial negro population—came under Northern dominated rule, in which Negroes played a large though certainly not dominating role. Although many of those governments were corrupt many of them had highly respectable records of Government. Carolina Legislature gave the state manhood suffrage for the first time, other legislatures introduced vastly improved education systems for both races.

However, growing Northern disinterest in protecting the Negro, combined with the white southerner's determination to capture or "redeem" the state governments meant that the Negro was gradually edged out of positions of political power. Finally, President Hayes after participating in a bargain for the Presidency involving some very shady dealings with a railroad tycoon, Tom Scott, withdrew the last Federal troops from the South in 1877. The whites who were everywhere in a majority, were given a free rein to reassert Anglo-Saxon superiority with disastrous consequences for the Negro. By 1888, the New Mississippian, for example, could report: "One old, old Negro attempted to vote in the South Ward about half past nine. He was an old Negro and looked silly, and was not hurt but told to hustle out, in double-quick time, and he hustled."

By such intimidation, open violence and legal restrictions the Southern Negro was progressively disfranchized. The new century dawns with the Negro politically impotent. However, as W. E. B. Du Bois, a leading Negro intellectual declares, the American Negro "simply wishes to make it

possible to be both a Negro and an American without being curst and spit upon by his fellows without having the doors of opportunity closed roughly in his face."

However, three things were to happen in the first half of this century which were to be of vital importance in altering this situation to a great extent. The First World War mobilized 400,000 Negro troops, with 200,000 of them fighting in France and for the first time large numbers of Negroes were removed from the confines of Southern life. Secondly the world war resulted in a much more intensive exploitation of America's wealth and is in great part responsible for turning the United States into the wealthiest industrial nation in the world. Furthermore this industrialization created an enormous demand for the Southern Negro in a new capacity; a Northern Urban worker. Go North, young man, became the catch cry of the ambitious Southern Negro. Northern cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit became their Mecca. Although the South continued to be the main Negro area, increasingly larger numbers of Negroes could now participate actively in Northern and National politics.

Economically, the Negro tenth of the American population, was, as a whole, the most deprived section of the community. The South is a generally poor economic region, and agriculture, in which the majority of Southern Negroes were concentrated, was a depressed section of the economy even during the boom years. Moreover, throughout the period under consideration, the cotton industry, due to competition from even cheaper labour elsewhere, the boll weevil and lack of mechanization was particularly depressed. In 1929 three out of four Southern Negro farm operators received at least 40% of their gross income from cotton. Furthermore not only were Negroes concentrated in a depressed industry and a particularly hard hit sector in the industry, but at all levels they were in an economically inferior position to their white counterpart, both in numbers and their average income. For example, of the nearly four and a half million Negro and white agricultural workers in the South in 1940 only 13% of the Negroes, as compared with over 40% of the whites, belonged to the owner and managerial group.

The situation, economically at least, was paralysed in the towns, South as well as North. New York Negroes had an average income of \$980; whereas the whites' was nearly \$2000. In Columbia, South Carolina, Negro town dwellers earned an average of \$576 in a year, with the whites earning \$1876.

The significance of these figures is not only that they show that we are dealing with an economically deprived group, but this is a nationwide phenomenon, neither restricted to a particular geographical area nor to a particular industry. However, it should be pointed out that the differences were more marked in the South. Southern Negro elementary school teachers regardless of their qualifications earned \$300 less per year than whites in 1935. Apart from Washington, D.C., and the border states of Missouri and Delaware, every southern state paid lower salaries to Negro teachers.

Thus, the problem had more than one facet. Not only were Negroes members of a racial minority group and victims of racial discrimination, they were on the receiving end of economic discrimination. Yet a solution had to be found within the American situation. If colonization outside America had not been feasible in the early nineteenth century when Liberia was founded it was certainly no longer a practical solution in the twentieth century. Apart from the question of practicability of transporting increasing millions of Negroes, there was no place to send them. Unlike the Aborigine of Australia they have not even the remnants of a specific Negro culture to fall back upon. Du Bois implicitly recognized the European and American foundation of American Negro culture when he said in 1903: "I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not. Across the colour line I move arm in arm with Balzac and Dumas, where smiling men and welcoming women glide in gilded halls . . . Is this the life you begrudge us, O Knightly America? Is this the life you long to change into the dull red hideousness of Georgia?" The only concessions could be gained by bargaining with the white majority, who controlled the majority of positions of power in the political and economical communities.

The Republican Party, the "party of Lincoln" had the traditional political allegiance of the Negro. However, the Republican Party of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover became increasingly indifferent to the Negro and while it is true that the Republican Party platform continued to contain an anti-lynching plank, as in 1924 "We urge the Congress to enact at the earliest possible date a Federal anti-lynching law so that the full influence of the Federal Government may be wielded to exterminate this hideous crime," the Federal Government practised discrimination. The New Republic commented of the 1924 plank that "the Ku Klux Klan issue was evaded with a statement so mild as to be almost meaningless." Under Hoover anti-Negro prejudice in Republican politics intensified, Hoover backed "lily-white" rather than "black and tan" mixed delegations from the Southern states for

the Convention of 1928. He failed to rebuke racist attacks on the Democratic candidate, Al Smith, during the Presidential campaign.

During Herbert Hoover's White House years, the federal administration built up a record of discrimination. Negroes were not admitted to government cafeterias in the Federal buildings; when the administration sent Gold Star mothers to visit their sons' graves in France, Negro mothers went on separate ships with inferior accommodation; and when a mixed delegation called on Vice-President Curtis he refused to shake the hand of the Negro. When 1928 gave Northern Negroes their first representative in the House, Oscar de Priest of Chicago, Mrs. Hoover refused to welcome Mrs. de Priest with the other Republican wives and, at a special tea at which guests could be individually warned in advance she left very quickly. President Hoover addressed the Negro Howard University on June 10, 1932 in unduly optimistic terms considering his own record and the Negro situation as a whole. **"(This University) brings an equal opportunity to share in the full measures of citizenship with their brethren of other races . . . the coloured people are being integrated fully into the broad stream of national life . . . and a share into the intellectual progress of mankind."** One Negro's reaction to Hoover's policies was, in contrast, to dub him **"the man in the lily-white house."**

Negro opinion against the Republicans was undoubtedly hardened by Hoover's mishandling of the relief and flood control camps along the Mississippi. **The New Republic** reported that the hours, **"were exceedingly long, running at twelve as the standard up to fourteen hours, brutality such as whippings and physical punishment is being practised in many of the camps visited."** The investigator also interviewed two Negroes that had been whipped for refusing to work at night. In many cases Negroes were being forced to pay for relief supplies which had been given free by the Red Cross. Hoover at first denied the allegations which were brought to light by representatives of the leading Negro society, the N.A.A.C.P., the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People.

The other major party, the Democratic Party, had little appeal for the Negro either, during the twenties. As it was pointed out earlier, the majority of Negroes lived in the South, one of the white Democratic strongholds. In fact, for practical purposes, the South can be considered a one-party government. In Mississippi and South Carolina as many as 98% of the votes cast in 1940 went to the Democratic candidate.

These white democrats kept the Negroes from exercising a vote by various and devious means.

Alabama, Mississippi, Texas and Virginia utilized the poll-tax, the actual amount increasingly negligible, but the period of time that the tax must be paid before election had considerable force in keeping down the Negro (and White vote).

Subtler are the educational qualifications required in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia. Registering officials are able to use their own discretion about whom they allow to vote. Some idea of the effects of this can be seen by the fact that professors of Negro Universities have been disfranchised by failing to pass these tests.

However the most efficient way of keeping the Negro out of political affairs in the South was by means of the all-white Democratic primary (that is the election of the Democratic candidate for a particular office). No Negroes were allowed to vote in nine Southern primaries in 1941. South Carolina, a representative Southern state, elected no Negroes to state offices between 1910 and 1941 as a result of this system. Governor Johnson of S.C. in an address to the legislature summed up **"the prevailing feeling of the white Southern Democrats white supremacy will be maintained in our primaries. Let the chips fall where they may."** Anticipating a judicial attack on the system, the Governor promised: **"We Southern Carolinians will use the necessary methods to retain white supremacy in our primary."**

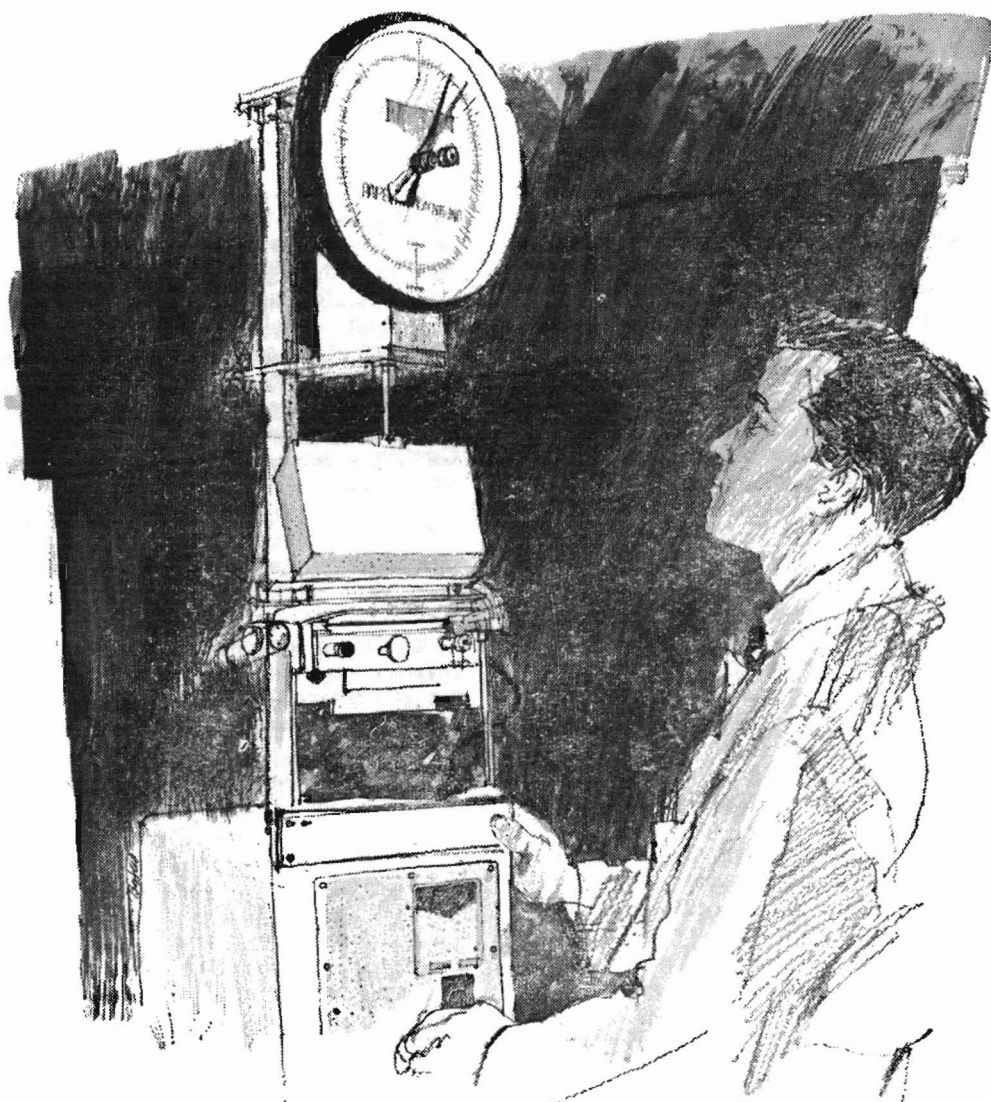
Negroes were far from encouraged to feel an attachment to the Democratic Party.

It is, in this climate that the Negro question has to be viewed, that is, a climate in which both major parties push the problem of active Negro participation in government into the background. It might be expected that the Negro would turn to the more radical solutions offered by Communism and Socialism.

Communism has always been relatively fringe party in American politics. Even at its peak there were fewer than 100,000 Communists and the most striking characteristic of the Communist Party throughout the twenties was that it was overwhelmingly composed of relatively recent immigrants.

Nevertheless, large amounts of money, time and resources were spent on attempting to attract Negroes to the party. Negro members were treated with more than equality. Trials for "white chauvinism" were held. One August, Yokinen, janitor for the Finnish Workers' Club in Harlem, who had been impolite to some Negroes who had come to a dance, was tried in front of a mass meeting and expelled. Of the fifty-three students in full-time Communist training schools in 1930-31 fully one quarter were Negro.

As early as 1919 the Communist Party declared: **"The Negro problem is a political and economic**



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problem, the racial oppression of the Negro is simply the expression of his economic bondage and oppression, each intensifying the other. This complicates the Negro problem but does not alter its proletarian character." But it was the committee in Moscow that kept on directing the Party to Negro work in the 1920's.

American Negroes strayed away in their droves. Furthermore, those who did join rapidly dropped out. When in 1930, for the first time, a large number of Negroes entered the party during a big recruiting drive which brought over 6,000 members into the party including 1,300 Negroes, it took a few years before the Negro membership actually rose above 1000.

Of course the reasons for the Negroes' lack of interest in Communism are extremely complex and vary with the individual. Draper points out that Negroes do not possess a tendency to see the world in traditional Socialist terms.

This is extremely hard to verify, but some weight can be added when note is taken that the bulk of the party was made up of those who had some experience in Socialism; former members of I.W.W., immigrants, middle class intellectuals, and Jews. Negroes, often former Southerners, had poor education and little contact with Socialists.

How much influence the anti-Communist churches had upon the American Negro, is even harder to assess. However, a report in *The New Republic* in 1936 suggests "that it could have been extremely influential on the Negro who still, on the whole, belonged to a 'church-centred' society." Using the racial discrimination of some unions as a screen, the cult leader has attacked the basic

principles of unionism. Organizers in the laundry industry which employs many Negro women, have been told by some of the workers that they would not join a union "because Father Divine said they did not need one." If this report is true, ecclesiastical strictures on the evils of Communism would have had considerable influence.

Communists, too, produced a policy for American Negroes that was unacceptable to many of those who were staunch Communists. As John Reed, an American Negro Communist declared: "The Negroes have no demand for national independence . . . They consider themselves first of all Americans at home in the United States." Nevertheless, Stalin presented them with a policy of revolutionary apartheid: "In those regions of the South in which compact Negro masses are living it is essential to put forward the slogan of the right of self determination for Negroes." Yet when Stalin for the first time broached the idea of a Negro "national question" to American Negro Communists they thought "it sounded like Jim Crow" in revolutionary guise. As a result they reacted to it unfavourably. One of them, Otto Hall, echoed John Reed: "The Historical development of the American Negro has tended to create in him the desire to be considered part of the American nation." Furthermore, the policy was completely unrealistic given the fact that increasing numbers of Negroes were migrating out of the Black Belt region and into the North and the West.

The racial equality doctrine expounded by the Communist Party as well, was not entirely successful. Richard Wright speaks of the Northern Com-



munist whose **"tone was more patronizing than that of a Southern white man. I grew angry."** Probably such prejudice was more of a shock coming from those who supposedly espoused integration and equality. Moreover, the continual insistence on lack of discrimination in Party directives created uncomfortable moments and resentment among white Communists. Howard Fast with possible exaggeration, said of this procedure that it **"continued to a point where Communists who had given years of their lives and risked death over and over in the struggle for Negro rights were characterized as more evil than the Ku Klux Klan."**

It must be remembered that the Negro Communists shared in the intellectual individuality which often felt restricted by Communism. Just as Fast talks of his secret belief in psychiatry, Wright refers to **"an individuality which life seared into my bones."** Even a Negro, entrapped by ignorance and exploitation . . . could, if he had the will and the love for it, learn to read and understand the world in which he lived. And it was these people that the Communists could not understand.

Many middle class Negroes, striving after respectability despite their colour, would not risk compromising their economic security by allying themselves with radical elements in society. The N.A.A.C.P., a largely middle class organization, was always staunchly anti-Communist. Ralf Bunche, a leading Negro spokesman, summed up this when he said **"It is common for educated and upper class Negroes to develop an aloofness, a social exclusiveness and snobbishness which is at times even more sharp than in white society. Their jobs give them economic, social status which they are determined to hold even at the expense of surrendering their intellectual independence."** James W. Johnson in his book **"Negro Americans, What Now?"** made a kinder judgement on the middle class Negroes and N.A.A.C.P. aims, when he declared that acceptance of the Communists' approach could only alienate Negroes further from the mainstream of American life, widening the gap between the races. Certainly the Negroes' vision of his place in America did not contain revolutionary Communism.

Socialism, in contrast, was firmly committed to the ballot box and during the twenties appeared to be a growing force in American life. To Theodore Roosevelt, just before this period they (the Socialists) **"Were a growing threat far more ominous than any populist or similar movement in time past."** However, despite the presence of such men as William Walling, one of the founders of the N.A.A.C.P., within its ranks the Socialist Party had very little specific to offer the Negro, and it

also included such people as Victor Berger who were virulently anti-Negro to counterbalance the Walling influence.

Many of the reasons that are responsible for the Negro rejection of Communism can be similarly applied to Socialism; racial discrimination, lack of a programme with an appeal to their interests and fear of radicalism. Too, another element which applied equally to the Communist Party is the Socialists' connections with particularly anti-Negro elements in the population, the trade unions and the white workers. As Du Bois wrote in 1931 **"The persons who are killing blacks in Alabama are white workers, share-croppers, trade unionists and artisans."** Although the American Federation of Labour as a body **"looked with disfavour upon trade unions having provisions in their constitutions excluding from membership persons on account of race and colour"** individual unions went their own way. In 1944 despite some breaches in the caste walls, at least 14 American unions still specifically excluded Negroes and nine others limited their participation to **"Jim Crow"** auxiliary bodies which in some way or another prohibited them from having a voice in the affairs of the union. Moreover, even if Negroes managed to gain a foothold in a union, their troubles were not over. In Mobile, July, 1941, the Federal Works Administration had to intervene to obtain work for the coloured local on the local war housing project.

This working class and Negro discrimination not only meant that many Negroes were not attracted to Socialism but they lost many opportunities for the economic advantages and political sophistication that participation in Trade Union affairs can bring. The disadvantages were certainly not only on the Negro side. An article in **The New Republic** entitled the **"Negro and the Ford Strike"** points out that Ford **"hires between 10,000 and 14,000 Negroes out of 85,000 men at River Rouge, making him easily the largest employer of Negro labour in Detroit. In contrast to both General Motors and others, he also gives them opportunity to rise above menial rank . . ."** At the time of the strikes the U.A.W. (United Automobile Workers) and C.I.O. was reported to have enrolled some 3000 Negroes. The Negroes were now compromising the success of the strike, the trade unionists were now paying for the sins of the past.

However, Norman Thomas, Socialist Presidential candidate, summed up the reason for the failure of the left wing parties to capture the allegiance of the nation at large, as well as the Negro element, **"It was Roosevelt in a word."** So far in this paper I have avoided discussing what I believe to be a critical factor in a discussion of the Negro and politics, that is the impact of Franklin

Roosevelt and the New Deal.

As I pointed out previously, the Negroes have been progressively disenchanted with the G.O.P. The Negroes too, were never blindly devoted to the Republican Party. In Chicago, the friendliness of the Democratic candidate for Mayor in 1885, Carter Harrison, secured him 60 per cent of the Negro vote, and his son who ran in 1899 for Mayor received about 65 per cent of their votes. The Negro question had always been of great importance in Democratic politics. It had been used as part of the justification for the passage of the Prohibition Amendment. Congressman Hobson, from Alabama, declared in the House of Representatives in 1914: "Liquor will actually make a brute out of a Negro, causing him to commit unnatural crimes." In 1924 a resolution condemning the Ku Klux Klan by name at the party convention lost by only 43 votes. Now the

all over the country more Negroes were out of work than whites. Organizations like the Black Shirts, attempted to deprive them of what jobs they did have. By this stage it was not a question of feeling any particular sympathy for the Negro, the New Deal had to deal with Negro unemployment in the context of attempts to solve the economic problems of America. The Democratic Party, too, had a growing awareness of the potentiality of the Negro voter. Harold Ickes, Secretary for the Interior, noted in his diary on September 1936 that "Today Dr. Stanley Hugh called me up to say that headquarters was arranging a big meeting for Negroes next Monday night at Madison Square Gardens, to be followed up by other meetings across the country in an effort to round up the Negro vote for the President." The same diary reveals that the President was receiving a response from the Negroes in return. Describing a



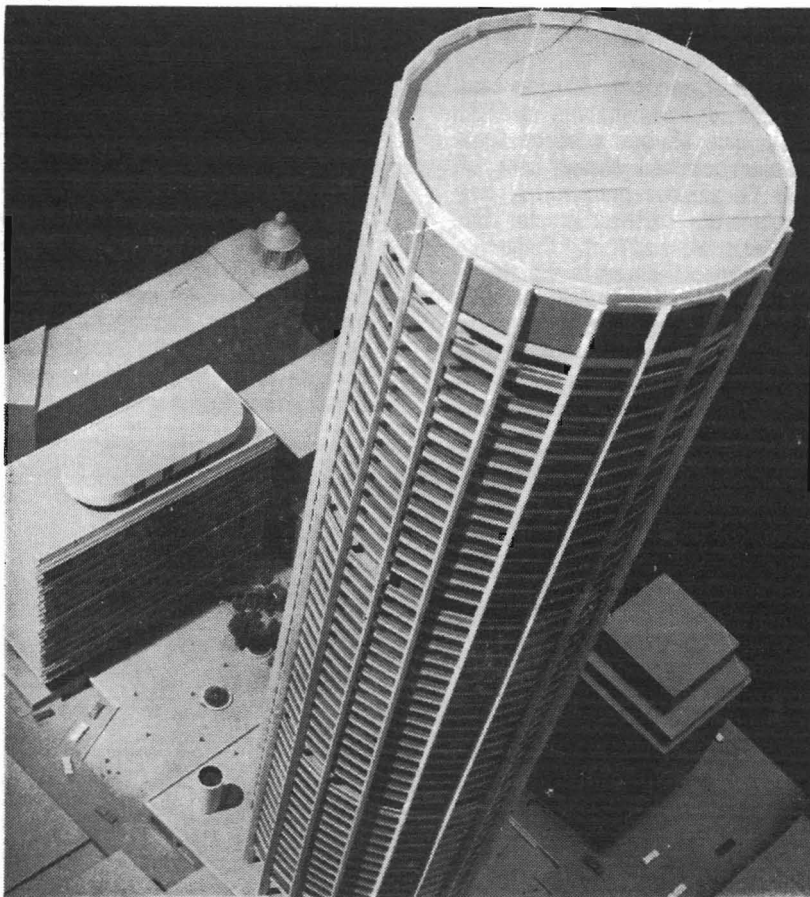
Negro was to become even more intimately involved in Democratic politics.

As early as 1928, James Weldon Johnson, increasingly disturbed over Republican passivity, declined the Party's nomination for Congress in New York City. "For the Negro people", said the Negro organ the *St. Louis Argus*, "Mr. Hoover is a dangerous man." Although a Democrat, without a record of interest in Negro problems, Negro opinion-makers entertained high hopes of the new President, "A liberal in politics and economics," the organ of the Urban League said shortly after the election "might well be expected to be a liberal in race relations . . ."

Negro Americans had been particularly hard hit by the Depression. Always at the subsistence level,

procession through New York, Ickes wrote: "It was especially interesting to see the turnout of the Negroes. Senator Wayne remarked afterwards that in former times Negroes would not turn out to see any Democratic candidates. There were thousands of them and they displayed great enthusiasm."

The reason for the enthusiasm and the Negro votes was that the Negro segment of the population were sharing in the benefit of the New Deal. When the magazine *Fortune* analysed many of the facets of the Tennessee Valley Association (T.V.A.) program in a lengthy study, it discovered that T.V.A. was "very quietly" hiring Negroes until their employment percentage corresponded with the population percentage in those parts. Moreover,



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they paid equal rates. Another newspaper, **The Saturday Evening Post**, in commenting on why Roosevelt won in 1936 pointed out that 50% of Harlem's Negroes were getting relief of some kind and they felt a debt of gratitude to the party.

Nevertheless, it must be kept in mind that the Negroes certainly did not receive as much Federal help as they deserved. Despite the greater needs of the black community of the some \$91 million of Federal funds spent for new schools in the sixteen Southern States, only a little over \$7 million went to the Negroes. The Civilian Conservation Corps, an agency set up by the New Deal to help youth, did not have Negro participants. In the Fourth Corps, comprising eight Southern States, 21% of the Corps' boys in May 1939 were Negroes. Since one-third of all males between 14 and 24 in these States were non-white this means that the Negroes were grossly under-represented.

Yet in the 1936 elections two out of three Northern Negroes, that is the Negroes that could exercise political power, voted for Roosevelt. Something of the reason for this support can be seen in **Crisis**, the official publication of the N.A.A.C.P. concession in 1936: **"Even with their failures (Hopkins and the relief team) they have made great gains for the race in areas which heretofore have set their faces steadfastly against decent relief for the Negroes."**

A party which had all the accompaniments of an efficient party machine—monetary backing, a firmly based nation-wide appeal and an effective leader, was offering at least a partial solution to Negro needs. Backed by Negro intellectuals, supported by the N.A.A.C.P., the New Deal gave the Negro benefits without involving the thin ice of revolutionary movements. For the moment at least, the black tenth could cling to the American way of life in some hope of getting a few crumbs from the white tables.

A good point at which to conclude this discussion of the Negro and politics is to take a brief look at what prompted President Roosevelt to issue his famous Executive Order 8802, banning racial discrimination in war industries and apprenticeship programs, and to establish the Fair Employment Practices Commission. A. Phillip Randolph, devoted to the participation of Negroes in Trade Unions, had worked for many years to eliminate discriminations within them, now challenged fellow Negroes: **"Let us march 100,000 strong on Washington D.C. Only force can enforce enforcement and Negroes are getting no-where in national defense. The whole national set-up reeks and stinks with racial prejudice, hatred and discrimination."** On the day the order was issued, June 25, 1941, Randolph called off the march on Washington. The

Negroes had used their bargaining power to bring concessions out of the Government.

Something of the same thing can be seen in the first plank in the Democratic Party platform which mentioned the Negroes which was drawn up in 1940 . . . **"Our Negro citizens have participated actively in the economic and social advances launched by this administration including fair labour standards, social security benefits, health protection, work relief projects, decent housing and education."**

The struggle for political rights and political recognition was certainly not over, recent events in Mississippi and Alabama make this more than obvious, but a start has been made



POEMS OF FIRST PEOPLE

john romeril

ONE

*the light of the eye
of the third eye of dawn
the birds in trees lean their song
against a white sill
clear and almost peaceful
the paint cracked
bubbles and fractures
the blisters of sun*

sing birds and crack this paint

*thrust flames at me
in gold, gilt and edged
or else in turds
etherized*

*and last
when the mica has been scattered
shaken from my granite shoulders
broadcast, all
all except the last that is left me
with what I'll measure fractures on my sill
then die*

*cowled in dead fantasies and forgotten
dreams of a hessian cloak
red as an eye
black gloves and a cane
snuff of ivory
white of lace
gone, gone
then die*

*a measure made
the last say*

dawn a smile upon my lips

TWO

*I throw time at space
it crumples, slides
two broken limbs against a wall
suddenly the wall is a tree
a mountain.....
but I was a child then*

THREE

*an eternity of broken fingernails
moulder in the cracked earth
my mind
they grow
tussocks in the sand
they grow like trees
leaning singing whispering
images
cicadas in the yellow twist of grass
girls with flaxen hair
sand and sunlight in their eyes
an eternity of broken fingernails
grow black, grow white
and shafts of mica dance and moulder
there, in the cracked earth*

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STUDENT READ
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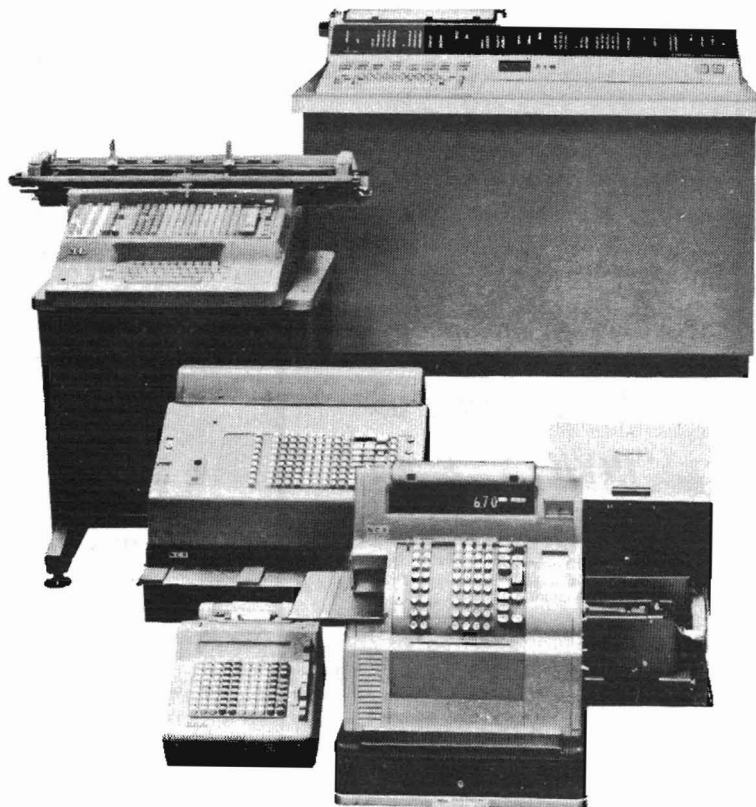
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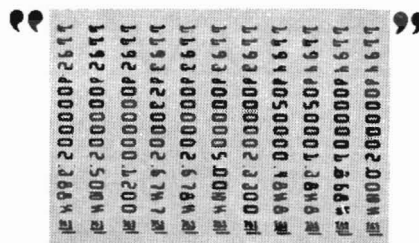
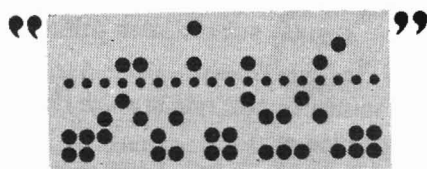
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The Critic & the Computer —

dennis douglas

Every so often word reaches the Other Culture of an imminent breakthrough in computer techniques that will enable one programmer to perform in a matter of hours work that now takes teams of specialists in the Humanities years. Apart from their value in reducing the inhumanity of the computer's image, these rumours have often proved disappointing.

Some years ago it was held that computers would take over the translating of foreign languages as well as creating the popular literature of the future (having been fed the formulae for paperback crime novels or women's magazine short stories). They would even eventually churn out sonatas and sonnets, turning the artist out into the streets along with the factory hand and the bank clerk.

Not without a certain unholy glee does one learn that such translating skills as computers can be taught barely enable them to turn **Pravda** news items into a special U.S. Army pidgin so that Intelligence scanners can decide whether they are of sufficient interest to be re-translated by human linguists. It saves time and works better all around to teach the scanners Russian in the first place.

The poems so far produced by computers have had the obscure aesthetic interest of random artifacts. They rarely make much sense, their vocabularies are limited, and their syntax stilted. One of the products of attempts to teach computers a creative use of language has been an increased respect for the ability of the human mind to perform this not uncommon but immensely complex task.

The next hopeful indicator was the study of cybernetics, which sprang out of the discovery that both the mind and human society, studied from a certain point of view, function in a manner analogous to that of electronic thinking machinery. An alliance was effected between psycho-biology and communications engineering which did not produce the effects it was intended to, a rationalization of the activities of human society, but clarified some basic issues regarding the assimilation, storing, and dissemination of knowledge.

This in turn has led to a more thorough understanding of some of the pitfalls in social structures and human relationships.

Meanwhile the use of computers in concordance and attribution work was becoming standard practice. When the Society of Jesus appointed Father Roberto Busa to compile a concordance to the works of St. Thomas Aquinas the work began with punched card equipment. It was soon found that the use of punched

cards for concordances to works of over 100,000 words was impractical. The margin of human error was too great and the cards deteriorated too quickly. The great weakness of the computers on the other hand in concordance work has been that they are if anything too efficient. A text of 1,000,000 words (about two-thirds of a volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica) produces a mass of paper three feet thick. These are referred to in programming circles as snowball concordances.

The great advantage of the computer as a research tool is that it has instant total recall over the large amount of information it can store. Checking through a text for every use of a given word might take a human brain weeks. The computer does this kind of thing in less than seconds. In editing, it lists alternative readings and proof-reads one text against each other fantastically quickly, without error. It scans language material and isolates phenomena for linguistic study equally rapidly, so that work on structural linguistics, lexicology, and the syntax of ancient texts has proceeded much more quickly since computers have been brought into use. It also provides faultless evidence for attribution studies.

The Aquinas concordance, recent concordances of the poetry of Yeats and Arnold, the French Dictionary project at Besancon, the attribution work of Mosteller and Wallace on the Federalist papers, and of the Reverend Andrew Morton on the Pauline Epistles, and scores of small projects at centres as diverse as Manchester and Rhode Island have established the usefulness of the computer in many different kinds of fields of language and stylistic research.

Work is now proceeding on the use of computers in the stylistic analysis for critical purposes of literary texts. As well as a concordance for a given work the computer will provide frequency counts and keyword lists, and sort the vocabulary of the author in a number of different ways.

One of the discoveries recently made by computer, for example, is what the most frequent information word (as distinct from words serving a grammatical function) in **Prometheus Unbound** is "love" followed by "earth," "light", "air" and "heaven," and that first person pronouns are slightly more prevalent than second person pronouns and much more prevalent than third person pronouns in the poem.¹

A later refinement on the simple concordance is the thesaurus for individual authors and for individual works. These are partly compiled

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manually since a thesaurus has to be built up on a usage index with the aid of standard published word lists. Thus it has been demonstrated that all the synonyms for love in Act V of **Hamlet** have connotations of violence and that one of the most important word groups in this section of the play are terms denoting family relationships.²

It seems likely that the structural analysis of literary texts will come to depend more and more on computer techniques, particularly for isolating recurrent key-words and images. All extrapolation is still in the hands of the scholar. A computer will not turn up every reference to the theme of honour in a French classical tragedy for example, but it will hunt down words relating to this theme, such as *devoir*, *gloire*, *ignoble*, etc.

Linked with thesaurus work is a technique developed at Queens College, New York, for detecting literary influences. Influence research whether on literary or philosophical sources has in the past relied heavily on verbal echoes. The Queens College project established a surprising correlation between the diction of **Paradise Lost** and that of **Prometheus Unbound**, on the evidence of the shared vocabulary of paired sentences. One sentence in **Prometheus Unbound** was found to have seventeen information words in common with a sentence from **Paradise Lost**.³

The problems besetting the development of computer work in literary studies fall into three categories — those deriving from lack of understanding of scientific techniques on the part of the literature scholars, those deriving from over-eagerness to employ computers, and those deriving from the reluctance of conservative literature scholars to appreciate the kind of work computers can do.

The last problem is not as serious as many "computerized critics" would like to suggest. Facilities for computer-assisted research are widely available, and the computer has so captured the imagination of the business and administrative world that encouragement and financial support for projects of this kind are not difficult to find. However, very few literary scholars have a working knowledge of either programming or statistics. The lack of mathematical sophistication in the presenting of research findings for computer projects in literature has been commented on. The mathematics of these projects are usually worked out in simple percentage calculations, rarely on probability assessment.

The attempts of the computer supporters to push back the horizons of computer research in literature has led to some misconceptions. The computers do not provide a basis for certainty in literary work, since the basic questions remain, in a way, false problems. No literary critic worth reading has ever gone in for watertight answers. The question of what you do with your facts when the computer hands them over is a test of the critic's modesty and sensitivity. Ardent supporters of computer techniques have done their best work in proposing new ideas of application for computers. Some proposals have led to dead ends; on many work is still proceeding. The day will no doubt come when a computer can be fed a given work and automatically produce a concordance, an index list, a frequency list, a thesaurus, a list of recurrent clusters of associated words and associated images, and a syntactical breakdown of the text. When the computer starts to produce answers the researcher did not expect to get it will have proved its usefulness.

The unexplored field of future development for the application of computers is information retrieval. The situation in most disciplines today is one where the task of reading all the relevant material on even rigidly limited areas of study is becoming humanly impossible. This phenomenon, the 20th Century information explosion will probably eventually be dealt with by libraries of magnetic tapes on which all published research is stored. The scholar of the future may need only to press the right button and have the latest published work in his field automatically projected item by item onto a screen in his library carrel. A happy day for scholarship. Let us hope that this gutting technique is never seriously applied to the texts themselves. One hesitates to imagine what an information retrieval unit would do if asked to locate the passion in **Wuthering Heights** or the sense of humanity in the plays of Shakespeare.

-
1. Philip H. Smith, Jr., "A Computer Program to Generate a Text Concordance" in *Literary Data Processing Conference (Proceedings)*, Sept. 9-11, 1964, p.125.
 2. Sally Yeates Sedelow, *Stylistic Analysis: Report on the Second Year of Research*, SDC document TM- 1908/200/00, 1st March, 1966, pp.19-28.
 3. Joseph Raben, "A Computer-Aided Investigation of Literary Influence", *Literary Data Processing Conference*, pp.230-274; Seymour Goodman and Raymond Villani, "An Algorithm for Locating Multiple-Word Co-Occurrence in Two Sets of Texts", *ibid.*, pp.275-292.

An Arab Legend
J. M. Scerri

*Heard the legend of the Arabs
That admonishes against wine.
It tells all about the devil
Who, it is said, planted a vine.*

*And when the vine was planted
He watered it with peacock's blood,
Then with the blood of a monkey
When the vine began to bud.*

*He used the blood of a lion
When the ripe fruit grew on the vine,
And then when the fruit was rotten
He used the blood of a swine.*

*The legend says these represent
The four stages of drunkenness,
Where sots perform like animals
With a reasonable likeness.*

*After having a drink or two,
Like a peacock himself displays,
When the man is in the show-off stage
And struts around about the place.*

*After having a few more drinks
He makes himself the laughing stock
To his family's humiliation
As the monkey he tries to mock.*

*Then you find him in the third stage
Manifested also in the home
He growls and roars like a lion
In anger with a mouth full of foam.*

*The final stage of drunkenness
Surely shows no limitation
To what extent a man can go
To perform swine imitation.*

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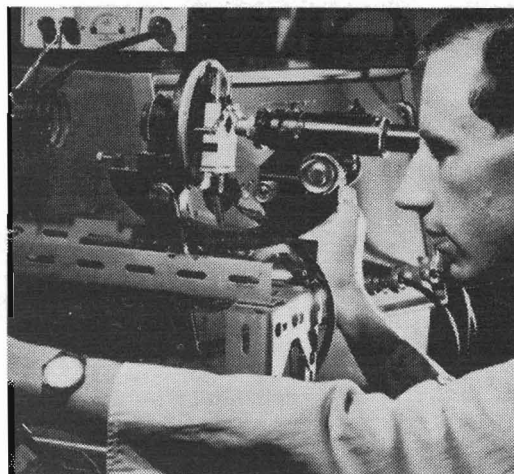
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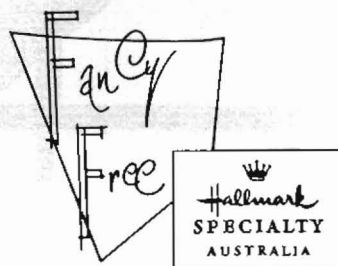
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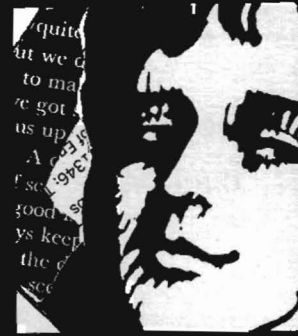
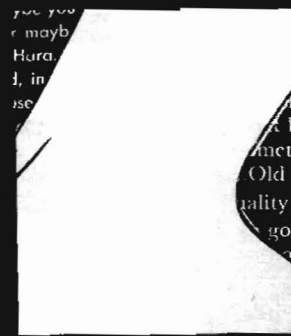
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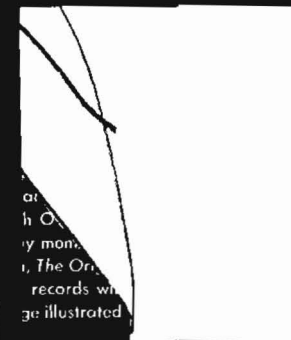
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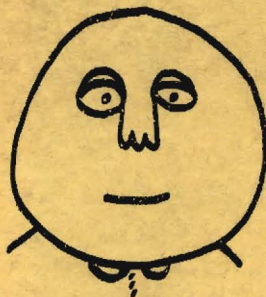
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