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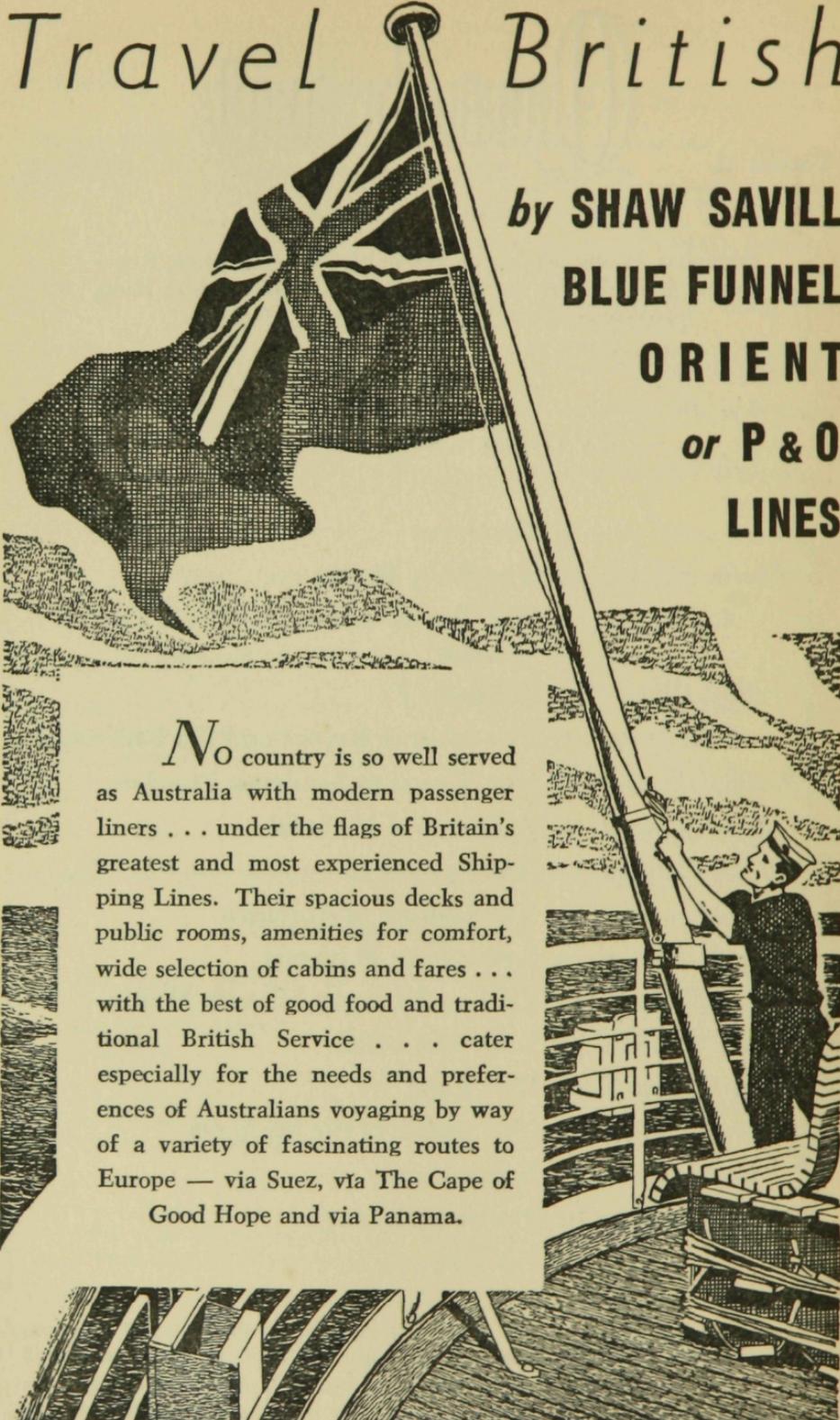
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Travel British

by **SHAW SAVILL**
BLUE FUNNEL
ORIENT
or P & O
LINES



*N*O country is so well served as Australia with modern passenger liners . . . under the flags of Britain's greatest and most experienced Shipping Lines. Their spacious decks and public rooms, amenities for comfort, wide selection of cabins and fares . . . with the best of good food and traditional British Service . . . cater especially for the needs and preferences of Australians voyaging by way of a variety of fascinating routes to Europe — via Suez, via The Cape of Good Hope and via Panama.

COMMENT

A PUBLISHING EVENT

THE NEW *Australian Encyclopaedia* which will make its appearance about the time of this issue is a major event in Australian publishing. The old two-volume *Australian Encyclopaedia*, edited by Arthur Jose and Herbert Carter was published in 1925, in accordance with plans made much earlier but suspended by the world war. It was the first encyclopaedia in the world to take as its subject matter the affairs of a single country, being followed much later by the Canadians. Such a limitation of subject matter is not an expression of petty nationalism: it is a practical way of bringing together a great mass of information that would not otherwise be collected in an easily available form—much of it might not be otherwise sought out and published at all—and its usefulness over many years both in Australia and in libraries abroad is its justification.

The ten-volume successor under the editorship of A. H. Chisholm is a much greater undertaking. Doubtless, if such a labour were undertaken in the USA it would have, in addition to its contributors, a permanent staff of a hundred or so workers, and the big research staffs of the great libraries would be at its service. The permanent staff available in Angus and Robertson was, however, about ten devoted people, and the research staffs of our libraries are deplorably small. The task thus performed is a prodigious one. Over the coming months, reviews by specialists will sift its contents, and faults or omissions will be debated. Who could possibly review the whole of it with credit to himself—except of course a journalist merely picking out the odd and amusing? C. K. Ogden is renowned for the feat he performed on the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in a review-article, but such panoptic minds are rare. If we find a willing Ogden we may turn him loose in *Quadrant*, but meanwhile we take this opportunity to signal the appearance of a quite exceptionally important contribution to Australian culture.

TRIPS TO RED CHINA

THIS YEAR, as in past years, select bands of pilgrims will leave Australia to go to Mao's China. They will be composed of influential people from all walks of life; scholars, scientists, professional men, writers, artists, trade unionists, journalists and clergymen will be especially favoured. The mere

fact of their going will have propaganda value for the Communists. Many on return will make press statements, give talks, and write articles, with all the authority of an eye-witness. Most will give reports that are on balance favourable to the regime. Having committed themselves, the majority will thereafter tend to resist contrary evidence, for what is henceforth at stake is the question of their gullibility. The more critical few may prefer to be reticent, and in any case will find less opportunity for expressing their views.

The organization of these visits is handled by a special section of the foreign propaganda administration of the Chinese Communist Government. It is run on the same lines as were developed by the USSR before the war and is yielding the same result, namely, the systematic deception of well-meaning people. In the Soviet Union thousands of earnest visitors circulated on a beaten track and came away greatly impressed. They saw nothing of what no one today can deny was there: the terror, the famine, the slave-labour camps, the oppression of the mind, and the popular hatred of the regime which made the Ukrainians and others welcome the German armies as liberators.

The Chinese case is no different, only worse: and there is less excuse for being fooled again. Peaceful persuasion of the peasants into collectives and agricultural progress are reported by Australian visitors: later, official sources admit agrarian unrest, decline in production, even starvation. Australian trade unionists see no forced labourers; but an international commission estimates twenty-five to thirty million of both sexes. Australian intellectuals are impressed by the support for the regime among the Chinese intelligentsia: yet after Mao's 'hundred flowers' speech the protests against the regime are so manifold and bitter that suppression is resumed. An Australian student delegation finds the students contented; immediately afterwards serious disturbances occur in the universities and three student leaders are officially reported to have been executed. Australian writers find their counterparts enthusiastic for the regime; but then leading writers including Ting Ling (the subject of Mabel Waln Smith's article in this issue) disappear after showing the real colour of their 'flowers', and Peking reports that fifty per cent of the Chinese Writers' Union 'will be released for work at the grass roots' and that many 'have already declared their intention of living and working in factories'. Australian observers find no police terror; yet the Free Trade Union Committee of the American Federation of Labor using only Chinese official sources estimated fourteen million liquidated in five years.

There are standard components in these guided tours. In addition to the stereotyped sightseeing, fraudulent briefings, and selected interviews (for which the regime supplies the interpreters) there are the banquets and the flattering receptions, and the trip usually coincides with a mass demonstration or military parade. The power element is a very important ingredient. In the first place, we should not underestimate the ambiguity of most individuals' responses to personal contact with the wielders of terrible power. An Australian professor may take tea with a democratic constitutional leader like Mr Menzies and find this an agreeable and flattering experience; but to receive the courtesies and shake the hand of a man like Mao, the man of blood for whom 'all politics is fought with a gun', lord over the life and death of millions, that is an encounter which stirs deeper layers of the personality, and awakens a secret thrill. Intellectuals particularly are often prone to exhibit a 'feminine' attitude to absolute power, a hidden worship underneath the superficial role of universal critic and dissenter—a worship that emerges whenever the wielders of power claim to be imposing on reality the gnostic diagrams of progressivism.

In the second place the parade of power is meant to convey the message that transpires from so many reports of returning visitors: 'This thing is too big for you: the Red Dragon is awake, and you would be wise to placate it.'

Which reminds us that there is a second unpublicized stream of visitors to Red China. These are Australian Communist Party officials, like those who last year went on the serious business of attending a political school. They are servants of Mao's policy, which is to woo and threaten Australia out of its present defence and economic relations and convert it into a satellite state. Guided tours for their fellow-countrymen are to them one means of creating the right climate of opinion for this operation. Those invited would do well to weigh carefully who is likely to gain more, their hosts or themselves and their country. It is no light responsibility.

THE KELLY SHOW

Charles Higham

'On the day of Ned's execution his sister Kate and his brother Jim—the latter known merely as a horse-stealer—appeared on the boards of a Melbourne music hall. For a fee of one shilling the pair exhibited themselves.'

From *Edward Kelly, Bushranger* by J. W. Allen (1894)

The bouquet has mimosas, orchids, roses.
She smiles and gathers handfuls of applause;
Propped on the gallows-steps poor Ned composes
A final plea to make his killers pause;
Her womanhood is offered to the people,
His manhood's buckled under by the laws.
One iron bell bangs from the crooked steeple.

She simpers. He, thin, graceless, penitent,
Stares at the hood, the buckle, the cold drop;
His eyelids flutter still a weak dissent;
She starts to think the show may be a flop,
And hooks her skirts up to attentive smiles,
Thinks of the serpent, starts to whisper slop;
He gazes on the sparkling Summer tiles.

It is her brother, bowing at her side,
It's he who shares her calm eclectic grace.
Because he stole the harness for the ride
She lets him steal the thunder from her face,
And, shadowed, watches cheers break over Jim.
But she can hear the manacles' disgrace
Clacking as Kelly retches to the hymn.

For it, she knew, had been a huge mistake:
Glenrowan was his sacrifice and splendour.
He could have vanished in a thorny brake,
And left his kin to make a grey surrender;
But chose to cling there to the exeunt,
Let fall the iron helmet like a fender,
Lift up an eye unquarrelling and blunt.

The curtain falls: she waves a final hand.
He quotes his jot of evidence; he treads
Into the proper place; his smile is bland.
Applause demands she curtsey into beds,
And so she lewdly nods her short assent.
He drops and twists: the watchers nod their heads
And write his name upon the continent.

THE TWENTY-SECOND SONNET OF
LOUIS LABÉ

A. D. Hope

O happy, fortunate, shining Sun, to see
Your friend and mistress always face to face;
And happy Moon: Endymion's embrace
Waits you as honey stored awaits the bee!

Mars beholds Venus, Mercury on the wing
Glides through each heaven, each land, with even pace;
And Jove looks down and views in many a place
The lustier times and trophies of his spring.

See how the harmony that reigns on high
Links with its force these bodies of the sky,
But had they not their loves, in toil and pain
They would break frame and order, and disperse
With random steps through a wrecked universe
Like me to search, and search, like me, in vain.

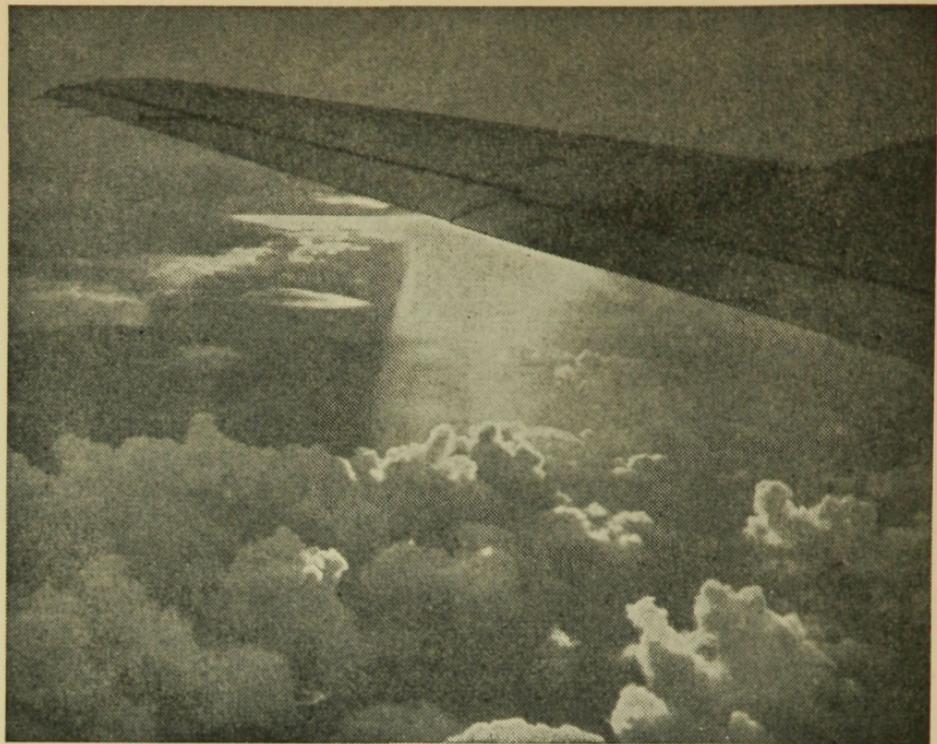
A MEMORY

Mary Gilmore

Last night, as on my balcony I stood,
There was a sound that caught upon my ear,
And as I turned I thought what was it, there,
The years were asking me to hear.

Rap, rap, it came, nor fast nor slow,
As toward me on the street it shaped its course,
And I stood, struck, in sudden loneliness,
Hearing the trotting of a harnessed horse.

The trotting of a harnessed horse is different from that of one ridden.
The bush remembers, the city forgets; but it is the difference between
what is pulled and what is carried.



SONG OF THE CLOUDS

With a chain of 3,500 airports encircling the globe, and a civil aircraft taking off or landing every five seconds, no two people on earth are more than two days apart.

With this theme, the new Shell color film *Song of the Clouds* is currently taking Australian audiences on a round-the-world journey.

The International Air Transport Association suggested to Shell that a film might be made demonstrating "the air in the service of mankind". And the picture shows how world air travel has contributed to international understanding by bringing people of all nations closer together.

Most of the shooting was accomplished by a crew of four from the Shell Film Unit, London. They covered some 75,000 miles and put in more than 250 hours of "operation" flying.

And now — just as films produced by SHELL's Australian film unit are showing Australia to the world — *Song of the Clouds* is showing the world to Australia.

SHELL serves Australia ...
YOU CAN BE SURE OF



THE MURRAY REPORT AND THE UNIVERSITIES

R. N. Spann

IT IS difficult even for dull academic persons not to be excited by the Report of the Murray Committee on Australian Universities. For years they have been shuffling along in the wake of inflation and what are called, in delicious modern English, 'rising student numbers'. Now there is to be a New Deal. Last year the Prime Minister appointed a committee of five to look into the problems of the universities and ways in which to 'ensure that their long-term pattern of development is in the best interests of the nation'. Now, after three months' work, the committee has reported in these terms, with only some gloss to indicate that what is good for the nation is also good for mankind. Its chairman was Sir Keith Murray of the British University Grants Committee; the others were the chairman of CSIRO, an English Vice-Chancellor, an Australian Chancellor, and the ex-Rhodes Scholar Assistant General Manager of BHP. Mr Menzies has called it a 'strong committee' and with justification. It is the kind of committee a government appoints when it wants to do something, not put off doing anything; and the government has promptly accepted its recommendations.

One would expect such a report to reflect the views of sensible tough-minded administrators, of an English cast, rubbing in well the needs of 'science and technology' and the 'national interest', at the same time doffing their caps respectfully to university autonomy, the needs of the whole man, 'the humanities' (as a miscellaneous group of Arts subjects have tiresomely come to be called), and humanity in general. This is in fact its flavour. It is sane, forward-looking, a call to action and service. It is critical, yet contains no sentence that could offend anyone who matters. Its message is the siren-song of the nineteen-fifties—we must, like the United States and Russia and even the UK, mobilize our scarce brainpower in the national interest. Even those of us who don't like the language, see the point. We are creatures of our time and have not much room for manoeuvre. So we welcome what the Prime Minister has called a 'brilliant and provocative' report, some of us reserving the right as we read it from time to time to shift uneasily in our seats.

In Australia there are nine universities and two university colleges—five States have one each, and New South Wales and

Canberra between them have six. Their annual income was nearly £12,000,000 in 1956; almost half came from the States and another quarter from the Commonwealth. Although they get most of their money from governments, they have a large degree of independence. Their governing body is their own senate or council, which includes government representatives, nearly always in a minority, and which has a very large control over how their income is spent. On academic matters (what is studied and taught, and who studies and teaches it) this normally defers to the professorial body and the faculties. The Murray committee rightly detects some weaknesses in the way that senatorial, professorial and sub-professorial wisdom is married, and makes some passing references to departmentalism. But its general view seems to be that the basic structure of Australian universities is all right.

On other matters it is a fairly devastating critic. Its view is summarized in two sentences of the prefatory letter to the Prime Minister. 'We had hoped to find that they (the universities) were at present adequately staffed and equipped to discharge their heavy responsibilities to the student and to the nation. This is, unfortunately, far from the case.' The situation it describes looks even more critical when it is realized that the universities are faced with an increase of over one hundred per cent in the number of enrolments over the next ten years, possibly to 80,000 by 1967.

The number of students is already rising rapidly (it increased from 28,792 in 1953 to 36,465 in 1957), much faster than can be coped with by present staff and buildings. The older Australian universities 'would require a staff increase of about sixty per cent to bring them up to the standard in Great Britain'. The significance of this may be illustrated by the fact that a sixty per cent increase in the full-time staff of the University of Sydney would involve about two hundred and fifty new appointments. If the number of students at that University increases to around 12,000 by 1961, as is predicted, still another three hundred appointments would be needed; and this would meet the needs of only one university.

All this is the result of the rapid growth in Australia's population, which also has the effect of weighting the younger age-groups. This is not simply going to overcrowd the universities, but also increase the need for teachers in the schools. By 1960 the schools alone could readily absorb almost the whole present annual number of science graduates; not that they will in fact get most of them. The committee sees no answer

to this problem in a more selective admissions policy. 'Bearing in mind the circumstances and traditions of Australia, we conclude that the demand for graduates is so great that . . . the universities should be put in a position to accept all those qualified and who wish to enter.'

Apart from their staff deficiencies, the universities are often poorly equipped in other respects. Adequacy of buildings varies. The University of Western Australia comes out top while 'the situation of the University of Tasmania almost beggars description'. Only about fifteen per cent of students are in residential colleges, and the committee would like to see this number increased. It makes a particular point of the needs of the large number of overseas, especially Asian, students now being educated in Australia. 'The representatives of Australian students . . . have expressed to us their deep concern over the conditions under which many overseas students are living and over the failure of this country to make the most of their goodwill and desire to understand our way of life.'

In relation to the demand for graduates, the report makes three main points. The first is the rapid development of the Australian economy which is taking place; in agriculture, secondary industry, and elsewhere. This is creating a growing need for skills of various kinds. The demand for scientists and technologists is a tricky figure to estimate, and most of the so-called estimates are more properly treated as guesses. But no one doubts that it is increasing, and that the universities are not meeting it. The shortage of educated men and women is not confined to science and technology. Every sphere of Australian life—business, teaching, the other professions—is becoming more and more dependent on a supply of new entrants whose intelligence and imagination have been given the maximum opportunity to develop. A more complex society means also a greater complexity of human relationships to adjust within it: its departmentalizes us more, and increases the dangers of departmentalism. (What is happening in the universities themselves reveals some of these dangers in microcosm.) We need skills, but also people who, firmly grounded in a skill, can see beyond it.

A second important point is that some of these human relationships are external. Australia's changed international position, in particular the importance of her relations with the Near North makes all kinds of new calls on the universities. They are becoming an important training-ground for Asian students; and what they are doing in this field is only a fraction of what they

should be doing. They are also doing a good deal (and could do much more) to educate Australians for work overseas, in Papua and New Guinea, and in technical and other assistance to free Asia. A sentence quoted earlier from the Murray report indicates that we are still approaching some of these problems unimaginatively, and with no proper conception of the central role that Australia could play in these matters.

The third main point is that there is little evidence that Australian opinion is alive to these needs and possibilities; and this view is not confuted by pointing to the ready acceptance of this report by the Commonwealth Government. Developments in education are still much too dependent on the far-sightedness of a very few persons in positions of power; and a passivity elsewhere, able to be bullied by citation of British, American and Russian examples, and mesmerized by sputniks.

There are one or two other things of special interest to be found in the committee's analysis of the Australian situation. One which should be fairly obvious (but has sometimes been lost sight of by politicians) is that half the population is in the six State capitals, and most of the rest either near the capitals or scattered in many small country settlements. Allowing for the few hundred at the University of New England and in Canberra, the great mass of students are at the universities of the great capital cities or at Newcastle. Whatever some people would like, there are no signs that this degree of concentration is likely to lessen. As the report says, 'it would appear that most of the increase in the number of potential students for which provision will have to be made will occur where the existing universities are established.' So much for the project of regional universities. It would be possible, of course, to provide residential accommodation in small-town universities for big-town students, at great expense. (It would be interesting to know the cost per full-time student of the developments in New England; and even these figures would take no account of the fact that the smaller universities do far less to educate the kind of student who is most costly to train.) Small universities are an expensive luxury.

A policy of multiplying small universities also takes no account of the advantages of centres of learning big enough to have a number of men working together in a specialized field. The report has not much to say about the interesting problem of the size of universities. However, it appears from what is said about Sydney and Melbourne that the committee regards around 12,000 as a desirable upper limit for these two institutions (their 1957 enrolments were 8,318 and 7,908 respectively).

There is no particular logic about this. The overseas members of the committee, at least, may well have thought these universities already larger than they should be, as they are larger than most British universities (in students, not in teaching staffs). The magic of 12,000 is mainly that it might be 'politically' practicable for Australia's two largest universities to halt at that figure, if they wish to and if they make their position clear now. They both look like reaching it in the early part of the nineteen-sixties.

To enable this to happen, the report recommends that a second university be created in Melbourne. It also contemplates that the New South Wales University of Technology 'will assume many of the features of a traditional university', a development already happening; and will become the University of New South Wales, with a medical school and other additions.* There is one important respect in which it will be a pity if it becomes too like a traditional university. The interesting project of requiring some courses in 'the humanities' to be taken by scientists and technologists, which that university has launched, might become the unwelcome appendage of a Faculty of Arts, with its main interests centred elsewhere. The committee expresses concern in its report that the university-trained technologist is too much of a technician and lacks general education. It is a complaint not from academic sources only, but one which it found to be widely expressed in industry. It is time that the universities paid a little more attention to such criticisms. The facts stare one in the face; but it is one facet of the departmentalism of our society that any criticism of the curricular requirements of particular faculties or heads of departments inside a university, requirements themselves sometimes based on an uninspired compromise between vested interests, is liable to be regarded by the university teachers as an attack on academic freedom.

Now at last one reaches those sections of the report that deal with Finance. Here some of the chickens who flit around (and occasionally peck) in the earlier chapters may be expected to come home to roost; or, more appropriately, lay a few golden eggs. I have noticed that these are the parts of the Murray report that excite the liveliest interest among my academic

* The report also inclines to the view that the two universities in Canberra should amalgamate in a loose fashion. To one reader, the case seems perfunctorily stated, and to turn on such minor issues as joint library and playing-field facilities. From all accounts, the various arguments have already been canvassed, with a semi-secretive vigour characteristic of that febrile city.

colleagues. Nothing, they feel, will do more to improve the parlous position of the universities than raising professorial salaries, if possible retrospectively, and with appropriate adjustments further down the hierarchy. In fact, the section on salaries turns out to be a bit disappointing.

The other financial recommendations of the report, if not of that unrestrained munificence which some parliamentarians claimed to detect in them, are certainly generous and well-devised. The immediate programme of expenditure recommended for the next three years includes over £12,000,000 for buildings in the state universities (in which the Commonwealth should assist the States on a pound for pound basis), another £1,000,000 of Commonwealth money for equipment, and £2,000,000 for the universities in Canberra. The existing Commonwealth grants for recurrent expenditure are to average about £6,000,000 a year over the next three years—mostly on the existing basis, which will make larger expenditure by the States a pre-condition. Not much less than another £1,000,000 a year from Commonwealth and States will be needed for the minimum increase in academic salaries considered necessary by the committee. An increase in the number of Commonwealth scholarships is also foreshadowed.

To advise the Commonwealth Government on the longer-term needs of the universities, the creation of a permanent Australian University Grants Committee is recommended, with a full-time chairman, and seven other members (two lay, five academic). The report has fairly ambitious notions of its functions—it will, for instance, distribute the total Commonwealth grant among the States, and apparently have a considerable say in the pace at which particular universities, and sometimes particular subjects, develop. The Prime Minister, in accepting this recommendation in principle, spoke of one of its functions as 'to plan University development generally'; and said it had already been decided to give it the broader title of Australian Universities Committee. There are some who see potential dangers in this development, as another step towards centralization, or towards reposing yet another important set of decisions in the hands of a Government committee. The Murray Committee take the view that the fact of having to deal with a 'policy' committee will positively stimulate the universities into having some policies of their own. There is always too the argument that it works well in England, though no one seems to have asked whether it in fact works there with the uniform excellence that this report implies.

And now perhaps, after reading patiently (and on the whole admiringly) through the report, one may exercise the right, already foreshadowed, to show a little unease. It is fair enough that the committee should paint a somewhat gloomy picture of the state of the Universities; personally, I think they overdo it a little. (As an ex-teacher in one of the much-praised Redbrick Universities of England, I cannot say that it was a vastly more exciting place to be in than my present university, and there are things to be said on the other side.) It is inevitable that a report like this should lay its stress heavily on the service-station aspect of universities, in view of the people it has to convince. It would be silly to quibble at niceties of prose, things that might have been put differently. The committee itself apologizes for the fact that its report is 'not so polished as we would like'; it is a brilliant achievement to have produced it in so short a time.

All the same, there are some curiosities, and one may be illustrated by quoting two key passages from the first chapter. 'In most parts of the free world they (the universities) are accorded a high degree of autonomy and self-determination *on the ground that* (my italics) the particular services which they render, both to their own country and to mankind in general, cannot be rendered without such freedom.' In the second, after explaining that education used to be thought of mainly as a right of the individual, the report proceeds. . . 'But in the circumstances of today government and people have had to take a more positive attitude. High intellectual ability is in short supply and no country can afford to waste it; every boy or girl with the necessary brain power must in the national interest . . .' et cetera. 'Russia, the United States and the United Kingdom have all been making tremendous provision in the university field for several decades, and are intensifying their efforts even further at the present time.'

It is no good wasting much time complaining about the hideous language, that 'brain power' 'in short supply' which reminds us of the wartime prose of rationing and Directorates of Manpower; though it is significant enough, coming as it does from a university-educated committee. But if the committee really considers that a 'high degree of autonomy' is strictly necessary for (as well as mainly justified by) the services universities render, why all the bother about what the Russian universities are doing? If the bother is justified, surely it is because there are many important services universities can render without being free, including channelling a great deal

of 'brain power' in ways best calculated to serve the 'national interest'? And if we admit this, we may well also suppose it a rash act of faith to imagine that the Benthamite maximization of output from scarce brain power, and its attendant mass-production of vets, administrators, technologists and ministers of religion† (from the committee's list on page 8) is not at some points going to clash with the conception universities have, or some university teachers have, of their freedom and how it should be used. One of the many English characteristics of this report is the belief that by piously listing all the desiderata of a good society, and a good university, and asking everyone to pull his, or her weight in some direction, one can have the best of all possible worlds.

All this should lead us to ask whether there is really an idea of a university to defend any longer, by which to judge the projects proposed to us by 'governments and people', in the best interests of somebody or other? Or are we already too fatally compromised and impoverished, and in ways that an increase in pay will not cure? Or can we at the same time be a university and be various other things too, letting our left hand not know what our right hand doeth, as the committee so persuasively suggests?

At any rate, what the report has to say of the university's role reminded me a little of the Harvard of George Santayana: 'No single abstract opinion was particularly tabooed at Harvard; granted industry, sobriety, and some semblance of theism, no professor was expected to agree with any other. . . . But this official freedom was not true freedom, there was no happiness in it. A slight smell of brimstone lingered in the air. You might think what you liked, but you must consecrate your belief or unbelief to the common task of encouraging everybody and helping everything on. You might almost be an atheist, if you were troubled enough about it. The atmosphere was not that of intelligence nor of science, it was that of duty.'

Still, having stirred in our seats, we shall sit up straight again and look earnestly in the direction of the Universities Committee. Santayana was a shifty character anyway.

R. N. Spann

† Religion gets another mention, on the subject of residential colleges, which (we are assured) 'have abandoned any trace of sectarianism' . . . 'students of all religions and even agnostics are welcomed'. They can be in the money too, as long as they steer a safe course between 'sectarianism' and atheism, so adding to what is termed the 'full richness' of university life.

THE THREAT TO ACADEMIC FREEDOM

F. Knöpfelmacher

RECENT events at some Australian universities have led to discussions on the rights and duties of academic teachers. Yet even before occasional remarks on this topic could be found in some quarterly journals. Frequent, if somewhat confused, statements on the subject are now being made at public and formal as well as at private and informal gatherings of Australian academics. Unfortunately most participants in these discussions, particularly at meetings of University Staff Associations, play a rather passive role, restricting themselves to mere voting or, at best, to cautiously qualified utterances of assent or dissent. Thus it comes about that the field is given over to a small but noisy minority, whose record in matters affecting cultural freedom is, to say the least, very ambiguous. As everybody knows, serious accusations are currently being made, directly in private and by innuendo in public against the State as well as against other powerful groups with regard to their attitude towards the universities. Some accusations are concerned with the poor financial situation of the universities. These are often quite just and have been substantially borne out by the findings of the Murray Committee. Yet there are other accusations: Freedom is in peril. The Catholic Conspiracy and the Security Service are stalking the Academy. They silence the heretic and bar the man of the 'Left' from his well deserved access to academic platforms. They do, or at least plan to do all this by administrative violence well disguised and cunningly exercised. On hearing this it is only fair to assume that some members of the academic community suffer or pretend to suffer from dread of actual or impending persecution. The situation ought to be examined even if the simile that where there is smoke there must be fire is clearly inapplicable: the other simile relating to smoke, the one on smokescreens, perhaps is.

In nine cases out of ten people complaining about breaches of academic freedom emerge with an assertion that an academic has been penalized because he was an alleged or actual Communist. The story is often amplified by historically imprecise references to such diverse things as the Spanish Inquisition, the late junior senator for Wisconsin and the NSW State Security Branch, yet curiously enough, while no limit is being placed on

the distance of the adduced evidence in time and space, the Iron Curtain is never crossed to provide what must surely be the most scandalous as well as the most numerous examples of cultural terror against academics. On closer examination the complaints boil down to the following simple facts: (1) in some universities and research establishments there is now considerable reluctance to employ open members of the Communist Party; (2) not all fellow-travellers get all the jobs for which they apply; and (3) support for the Stalin-Mao type of horror is no longer taken as an unmistakable index of intellectual brilliance and moral rectitude. In all this two very important issues are clearly involved—directly and by implication: first, the political relations between the State power and the universities, and, second, the problem of totalitarian groups in a university. Both issues should be removed from the reach of mere whisper and the sly innuendo and discussed widely, intelligently and publicly. In order to make a rational discussion at all possible, certain general principles must first be explicitly stated, and some order introduced into the dense network of pseudo-liberal verbiage of people whose interest in freedom is nil, yet who never miss an opportunity to pull a fast one on behalf of totalitarian despots and their agents in Australia.

Like Great Britain or the USA, Australia is a multi-centric and multi-institutional Open Society. The State is only one among many powerful and genuinely independent institutions, of which business corporations, trade unions, churches, political parties and universities are some others. The governing élites of many institutions interlace into more or less discernible cliques and interest groups, which sometimes form their own organizations, but there is no evidence of a closely knit and co-ordinated 'power élite' in the sense in which Communist bureaucracies in Communist countries are 'power élites'. Hence the severely restricted, federalized and liberal state power of the Commonwealth is not and cannot be a mere instrument of the 'ruling class' as the Marxists claim, and it in no way approximates the totalitarian Leviathan. The university is a self-governing institution in a multi-centric Open Society maintained from public funds to provide facilities for research and instruction in ideas and skills, of science, scholarship and technology. One of its tasks, which is of fundamental importance for all institutions, including the State, is the education of élites. In addition to purely vocational training universities are expected to inculcate the belief that certain principles of conduct are valuable: the requirements of intellectual honesty, the courage to criticize

venerable doctrines and influential authorities, tolerance towards the antagonist who defends his views openly and honestly, and the courage to defend the institutions of the Open Society against subversion by usurpers. It stands to reason that without acceptance of these principles by most members of institutional élites an Open Society such as ours could not function effectively. Universities are governed by statutes and by certain unwritten principles which are perhaps of even greater importance than the statutes: the right of the university teacher to teach his doctrine without extra-mural or intra-mural interference, provided the doctrine is openly and honestly imparted, and based on principles of evidence and testing which are publicly defensible before the international community of the teacher's professional peers. The duty of selection committees to make appointments on an academic and pedagogic merit and their equally important duty to make their principles of selection in each particular case potentially accessible for scrutiny and constructive criticism by members of faculty. Implied by all this is the obligation not to discriminate against candidates for academic appointments on religious or political grounds, provided that political, religious or any other affiliations are not detrimental to the exercise of their profession.* And university élites have a professional obligation to defend the integrity of their institution against subversion.

The term 'subversion' has been used loosely for so many things by so many people that it now means very little. For our purposes we shall define as subversive any attempt to divert an institution by conspiracy or violence from its appropriate purpose. A university is being subverted if an individual or a group use guile or pressure to divert the university's resources for purposes other than teaching and research. Thus, if a business corporation used pressure or if it engaged in intrigues to prevent the appointment of a socialist to a teaching position it would be acting subversively. Or, if the State attempted to influence the appointment, say, of history teachers so as to force the teaching of history into conforming with national mythology or foreign policy, the State would be acting subversively. And members of university élites were they to yield to subversive pressures would themselves become accomplices of subversion. On our definition of the term no teaching of doctrine as such *can* be subversive, since the free pursuit and proclamation of truth are the main

* For example, an antivivisectionist could not perform the duties of an instructor in experimental physiology effectively, yet he might be very good as a teacher of mathematics.

legitimate purposes of a secular university. From what has been said it is quite obvious that the State may attempt to subvert universities but that organizations other than the State may also attempt it. From time to time almost any group may be tempted to extend its power by permeating institutions for the purpose of using them as instruments of expansion. Yet most people in most groups in Australia, including members of institutional élites, accept at least implicitly the principles of the multi-centric Open Society. Thus they accept at least tacitly the view that to subvert a university by conspiracy or pressure is not right, and hence their efforts at subversion, if at all made, will bear the hallmark of half-heartedness bred of guilt or at least of a feeling of impropriety. Not so the Communists. For them the plurality of institutions is just a sham which hides and diversifies the grip of the 'ruling class'. Themselves addicts of totalitarian despotism, the Communists cannot conceive that any other type of social organization is really possible. For a Communist our universities are at best sectors on the ideological front between 'capitalism' and 'socialism' and at worst machines for churning out the more ornamental bits of capitalist 'ideological superstructure'.† Subversion by conspiracy and guile whenever necessary, and by open violence wherever possible (as in Prague in 1948) are pursued as a matter of course, systematically and with a perfectly good conscience. For the Stalinist a university is just another 'mass-organization', to be permeated, captured, and eventually merged into the amorphous plasma of the totalitarian mass-society.

There is overwhelming historical and factual evidence to show that Party members in universities *on both sides of the Iron Curtain* are officially instructed to use their positions primarily and overwhelmingly in the interest of the Party.‡ This includes, apart from open indoctrination, systematic political corruption of appointments and examinations, the use of organizational

† I am using the terms 'capitalism' and 'socialism' in the sense given to them by *present* Communist usage which goes back to Stalin. Thus by 'socialism' Communists mean in fact any type of social organization in which (a) private property has been largely abolished and (b) where the political and economic life of the country is run by agents of the Soviet or Chinese political police. Any other contemporary mode of social organization they simply call 'capitalist' or 'imperialist'. Social organizations in which (b) but not (a) holds true are called 'progressive'. Various dissident Communist sects, e.g. the Titoists or the Trotskyites use the terms mentioned in the original Leninist sense which differs considerably from the present Stalinist usage.

‡ For a detailed presentation of evidence the reader should consult Sidney Hook's book *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No*.

manipulations and systematic calumny against selected opponents and in rare but significant cases espionage. In all this Party members enjoy the conscious support of fellow-travellers and the unconscious support of the new amorphous mass, men in academic positions whose new religion is 'personal adjustment' (by implication, to anything with everybody) and who by their sheer unwieldy presence block the forces of principled resistance to subversion. Australia is, of course, no exception to all this. The only *significant* threat to academic freedom in Australia today does not come from the State in its present form or from any other group, e.g. the Catholic Church, the Trade Unions or the Freemasons, which accept at present and for the foreseeable future the principles of the Open Society, but from the *only* totalitarian organization in this country—the Communist Party and its open and secret accomplices. This would be so even if the Communist Party were not, as it plainly is, an agency of a mighty and implacably hostile power-bloc, a clear and present danger to the security and welfare of the community. Many liberals do not see this because their thinking about totalitarianism is based on a fundamental misconception. They believe that totalitarianism is the mere result of state-supremacy—'statism' as the right-wing protagonists of the fallacy are in the habit of calling it. Consequently any attempt of the non-totalitarian state power to assert its authority is denounced by liberals as a 'step towards totalitarianism', and the 'right' of totalitarian conspirators to undermine and destroy the Open Society is defended in perfectly good faith by people who in doing so believe that they are in fact protecting the Open Society against the growth of totalitarianism. There is now, unfortunately, considerable historical evidence to show that this view is quite wrong. Full-blown totalitarianism, far from being a mere extension of pre-totalitarian state power, can emerge only after the pre-totalitarian state has been destroyed. Both the Nazis and the Communists have always regarded the 'destruction of the state machine' as a necessary prerequisite for their own conquest of power. The legalistic constitutional machine of the non-totalitarian state shields the individual against the full onslaught of the totalitarian power-apparatus and protects him against the unlimited demands of the totalitarian manipulators. Hence it has to be discredited and smashed, to be replaced by a state which is a mere instrument of legally uncheckable coercion in the service of the totalitarian Party bureaucracy. The Nazi state was not the Weimar Republic only more so; neither is the bolshevik regime in Czechoslovakia

a continuation of Masaryk's republic by other means. To borrow a Marxist turn of phrase—totalitarian states are *qualitatively* different from their predecessors on whose ruins they were erected. It was not 'state interference' but a scandalous and cowardly lack of it which made the totalitarian walk-over in parts of Europe possible. And the 'impartial' university élites in Germany and elsewhere, who from cowardice or ignorance, defended the 'right' of totalitarian teacher-conspirators to poison the air, have much to answer for.

Interlaced totalitarian cliques, streamlined and co-ordinated from a centre may gain influence in any university quite out of proportion to their numbers by sheer organizational manipulations, which are by their very nature incompatible with the spirit of an academy. The present loose and undefined constitutional structure of Australian universities leaves much scope for arbitrary and subversive action to those who might wish to avail themselves of the opportunity. It makes the exercise of public vigilance and scrutiny—the only effective weapon against subversion available to an Open Society—an arduous task indeed. No matter how trustworthy selection committees composed of University elders may be—and there is little doubt about their complete trustworthiness and integrity in Australia—they suffer from the twin handicaps of people who rely on cameral procedures: a limited scope of information, and susceptibility to deception.

There are many ways in which a totalitarian group may gain influence and exert pressure in a university faculty without direct access to the means of violence. The methods will differ in days when the Party is popular and in days of the political doghouse. In 'good days' open political corruption of appointments from captured key-positions, character assassination of selected opponents ('fascist', 'security spy', 'pathologically anti-soviet', etc.) and the barely disguised use of the class-room for propaganda and indoctrination, will be on the order of the day. Party members exerting influence in Staff Associations will use their position to embarrass and thus to intimidate the Administration and attempts will be made to dislodge opponents from their jobs. In 'dark' days the Party will lie low and concentrate on defensive measures, to hold what it has. Open indoctrination will cease and will be replaced by the manipulation of incidental political consequences of essentially non-political activities. Thus subjects embarrassing to the USSR and its allies will be excluded under some pretext or other from the syllabus, and whenever possible examples damaging to the Open Society will

be chosen to illustrate 'objectively' presented expositions of ostensibly non-political issues. § Preference in appointments will no longer go to the Party member or fellow-traveller but to the pliable and colourless neutral who can be easily manipulated or corrupted should the need for it arise. Terror against selected opponents will be continued but in a more subtle manner, in that the obvious party tag will be avoided and replaced by 'bourgeois' means of defamation ('maladjusted', 'over/under-sexed', 'paranoid', 'unbalanced', 'social climber', etc.). The crude harangue and the slanderous leaflet will be replaced by the sly innuendo and attempts to isolate will replace attempts at dismissal.

Totalitarian subversion of academic freedom is of considerable topical interest at present in Australia. Despite the fairy-tales of professional optimists it is becoming more and more obvious that Australia, like the rest of the non-Communist world will be subjected to increasingly ferocious assaults from the Communist power-bloc which has now dramatically demonstrated its achievements in military technology. The usual 'mixed' tactics of external pressure and internal subversion will grow in scope, boldness and malignancy but there are signs of a change in emphasis and direction. Events during the last two years have demonstrated to practically everybody that the lot of workers in the Soviet orbit is appalling. This cannot remain without influence on Communist positions in the Trade Unions. On the other hand Soviet scientific achievements have had a favourable impact on institutional élites here and elsewhere and have enhanced prospects of subversion among members of the managerial intelligentsia. The zeal of the 'proletarian militant' has been attenuated beyond recovery, but the prospect of recruiting Alger Hisses among the 'nice' sections of the community have never been better. For every Party militant who defects because the Party tried to stifle cries for help from Eastern Europe which were uttered in unmistakably working-class accents, a new man is recruited: a bright, respectable, and shamelessly middle-class kind of fellow, attracted into the Party,

§ Max Weber warned us long ago that the worst political abuses in classrooms are committed by teachers who 'allow the facts to speak for themselves'. Max Weber was then criticizing the habit of German professors during and before the First World War to use their position as teachers for the purpose of 'patriotic' propaganda. Some people seem to forget that Weber's strictures apply equally against those who, far from indulging in patriotic propaganda are using their academic positions to further the interests of states and governments other than their own. Weber was not castigating patriotism but intellectual dishonesty.

or more frequently into a Party front organization, by the alleged glitter of Soviet laboratories and by the munificence of Soviet managerial rewards and privileges. The new man's aesthetic and moral aspirations are firmly rooted in American-type illustrated magazines and comics and his political behaviour will be smoothly manipulated by the Stalinists, who have, of late, stolen so much of America's glamour in the puerile and American game of space-one-up-manship. Educational institutions in which the attitudes and values of future institutional élites are being shaped will probably increase in importance as target areas for totalitarian penetration, overshadowing even the Trade Unions. Defenders of freedom in Australia would be well advised to take stock of the new situation, and to realize that *far from being an auxiliary operation, the subversion of institutional élites may become gradually more important than the subversion of Trade Unions.* Despite 'Hungarian' defections, the Stalinoid Left is still one of the most powerful forces in the intellectual life of Australia. This fact must, of course, be reflected by conditions at the universities. The corrupting and demoralizing influence of the Party extends from hardened core members and filters through the layers of more or less fervent fellow travellers to the liberals and to the uncommitted sections of the manipulable mass men, the mere technicians in academic teaching positions. Many academic reputations are still being fabricated and destroyed by cliques which move within the orbit of the Party even if they do not fully subscribe to the Party programme. There is no way for politically naïve members of a selection committee to distinguish synthetic from genuine marks of excellence, particularly in the Arts subjects and in the Social Sciences where criteria of proficiency are notoriously vague, susceptible to ideological bias and dependent on hearsay evidence. Thus it will happen that the Party satellite or the pliable fool will gain undeserved and unnoticed precedence over the better man who stands by the principles of the Open Society. In this unhealthy atmosphere it is somewhat comic to hear the Stalinoid intellectuals referring to themselves as 'non-conformist'. Among the highbrows at present, particularly at universities, the surest way to social acceptance and respectability is either an attitude of political know-nothingism, or one of moderate fellow-travelling. The fully-fledged Party member is still 'respected' even if his company is not particularly sought. The only person likely to incur hostile social pressure with concomitant damage to status and career is the defender of the Open Society who lets his values influence action and who is consequently an anti-Communist.

He is at present the true non-conformist at Australian universities, alas only too rare. All the spurious noise about the impending terror against the 'Left' is probably calculated to hide this state of affairs. It also reflects a justified fear that one day the hallowed principle of 'jobs for the boys' may be effectively challenged by its victims. Meanwhile, however, unconditional opposition in Australian universities to the most inhuman system of social organization ever devised by man entails social and economic penalties. This fact is scandalous.

In considering the methods of fighting totalitarian subversion of academic freedom at our universities some practical principles should be borne in mind.

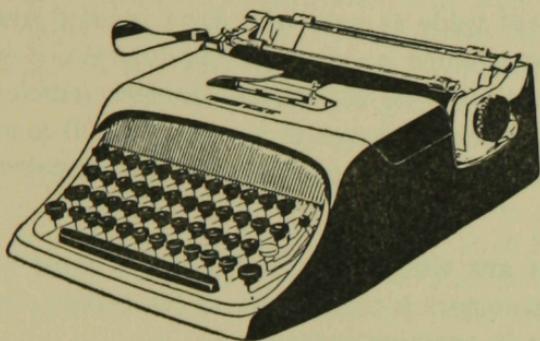
The notion that a university is a non-political institution devoted to the search and proclamation of truth is normative. It does not imply that attempts at diverting the university's resources for improper purposes will not be made. If made, no matter by whom, such attempts must be resisted. As soon as subversion is attempted, the university has become the object of a political assault which must be resisted by political means. The responsibility for defence rests with the institutional élites. If they remain 'unpolitical' in the face of subversive attacks against the integrity of their institution their behaviour will be tantamount to complicity by connivance. If they resist they lay themselves open to personal attacks and to a protracted period of acute personal discomfort. Nobody can protect them against that: such are the tribulations of office. It should also be made quite clear that political ignorance is not the kind of excuse to which institutional élites in an Open Society are entitled. Who should know, if they don't?

Attempts to obtain help from outside against subversion may be effective in the short run but it is injurious to long-term fundamental interests of the Open Society. State interference in university administration should always be regarded as dangerous. The only effective *long-term* antidote to totalitarianism in universities as elsewhere is firm, militant and intelligent adherence to humanism and to the principles of the Open Society. Yet militant defenders of humanism must have a chance of stating their case which they do not get if totalitarian groups succeed in preventing or breaking their influence by organizational manipulation and slander. Covert totalitarian attacks on individuals can be effectively neutralized by exposure of their sources but only if university élites are prepared to co-operate. Whispered slander campaigns particularly those conducted by members of staff among students must be tracked down and

answered by firm disciplinary measures. Stealthy organizational manipulations must be answered by principled organizational resistance. Appointment committees should participate fully in the selection of candidates for all academic appointments including the appointments of lecturers and tutors. The current practice of reducing the function of appointment committees to a formality and leaving matters by tacit agreement to heads of departments is both morally vicious and politically dangerous. Junior members of staff—the tutors and the demonstrators—whose contact with students is more intimate and extensive than that of all other members of staff and who have neither legal nor moral security of tenure should be given some safeguards against arbitrary dismissal. At present they are completely at the mercy of any influential senior member of staff, and a situation may easily be conceived in which they could be forced to become ideological retainers of totalitarians who never hesitate to use the threat of dismissal and professional ruin by adverse reference and defamation against those who resist. And a system of external examiners on the British model should be introduced for all higher examinations, including examinations for Bachelor degrees with Honours.

Needless to say, any attempt to combat totalitarianism through judicial or semi-judicial boards or committees of inquiry at universities or elsewhere is, under present conditions, worse than useless. Totalitarian organizations with their inbuilt, very effective defences against action by 'bourgeois' courts would come out of it with flying colours. The disastrous American experience in combating large-scale racketeers, crime syndicates and the spy-rings through boards of inquiry, and our own experience with the Victorian Royal Commission on Communism should serve as a warning. There is no legal or juridical substitute for political sophistication and for shrewd and resolute politically motivated action. In a multi-centric society such as ours which is threatened by totalitarian subversion, no judge and no policeman can relieve the citizens who are in positions of leadership of the responsibility which is irrevocably theirs.

F. Knöpfelmacher



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A SOURCE OF MATERIAL ·

E. O. Schlunke

BECAUSE I was feeling too ill to read, and there wasn't anything else to occupy my mind, I started listening to a voice coming from another ward along the corridor. A strong, deep voice, beautifully modulated and with the most delightful enunciation. The man was talking about the 'allergic' method of treating asthma and immediately I guessed why he was speaking so loudly: he would be talking to a deaf old fellow who had come wheezing into my room the day before telling me all about his complaint.

At first I thought it might be a doctor because he seemed to know so much, but his talking went on so long that I was sure no doctor would waste that much time. I became so interested that I called in a passing nurse and asked her who was the man with the cultured voice. She pulled a face and said:

'Old Mr Jameson,' as if she didn't think very highly of him. And when I interrogated her further I found out why. 'He's got books, papers and letters everywhere. We can't keep his room tidy.' She told me further that he'd had an operation, but that he was getting better now.

Then, the next morning a tall, suntanned old gentleman with silky white hair and beard came walking into my room; wearing a dressing gown and looking well on the way to recovery. He said with delightful, old world courtesy: 'I was wondering if you would be so kind as to lend me several envelopes; they have no facilities for purchasing them here.'

It was the voice I'd heard, and though I was surprised to see how old he was, I was eager to oblige him and get to know him. His face was as attractive as his voice; a fine forehead, a long aquiline nose full of character, and blue eyes that were keen, intelligent and still beautiful. I'd never seen a man to whom age had brought such an appearance of mental maturity and dignity. I invited him to come and talk to me if he had time; and he thanked me, and said he would.

He came in later when I was reading a Penguin book of Irish short stories. He told me that he came from Northern Ireland where his father had been a banker. Then noticing that my condition made speech difficult, he just sat down and talked to me. He had a wonderful flow of conversation, all in perfectly formed sentences with delightful interpolations. Actually it was more like writing; a letter to a friend, or his memoirs:

'As a child I remember my father advising all his friends to get their money out of Ireland, though things were good then, with a big export trade of meat and other foodstuffs to England. But he could see the signs. I remember my grandmother bringing home a tin of American canned beef; we thought it an interesting curiosity (and we quite liked the taste of it) but it was a lot more than that. Then we saw a shipload of long-horned American cattle and we laughed at the lean and hairy animals, so unlike our own small, round and shiny cattle. But it was another sign. Refrigeration came in next and in a very short time we lost ninety per cent of our export market. My father lost a good deal of his money because he hadn't taken his own advice. That was one of the reasons why I came to Australia.'

You couldn't imagine how interesting he made that economic downfall of a nation. Then thinking of some of the 'Penguin' stories I asked him about the political situation at that time, and he got on to 'the troubles'.

As a boy of sixteen he had taken part in the night-long patrols that were necessary as a defence against 'the non-partitionist' Southerners on their forays of burning and murder. He didn't get excited about it—after all it had happened over sixty-six years ago, a new generation had been born and grown to maturity since then,—but something in his voice and manner; the pauses and the lighting up of his eyes made me see it all; the hayricks and the cottages suddenly flaming in the night; and the ripples of excitement running across the countryside at the sound of rifle fire in the darkness. He'd get up from his chair and walk a few steps up and down the room, explaining parenthetically that he needed the exercise after lying in bed so long, but I noticed that he did it always at the more dramatic parts.

Well, you might be able to imagine what sort of an interest I was taking in him now; but he'd only got really going on those wild old days when a nurse came in with my lunch, and though I suggested that she bring his into my room so that he could stay with me, she over-ruled it rudely. So he went back with a delightfully ironic complaisance quite lost on the nurse.

He came in quite often after that. It turned out that he was a grazier too, with a place a bit to the North of the Riverina; about a hundred miles from mine, not so far as distances go in that part of the country. I suppose we were both a bit lonely for country talk; stuck there in that city hospital.

But his conversation ranged all over the globe.

One day something started him on Africa. He made a casual

statement that he'd had an interest in a mule-breeding farm in the Transvaal after having been over there in the Boer War. Mule breeding was a very sound business (and mules were very tractable and likeable animals). They got six pounds for them at the age of six months; the market was assured and continuous because mules were immune to the many pests and diseases which decimated all other farm stock at that time. The only losses were caused by leopards. His partner, a Scot, had become very adept at shooting the leopards and by following them to the rugged country, he had reduced them to a negligible threat.

'He was a very able man,' he said, looking at me with his fine old eyes, 'and a very courageous one too.' He got up and walked a while to and fro; and I wondered at what memories were turning over in his head—that 'courageous man' had God knows what adventures to draw such a tribute.

All the time he'd been talking I had the feeling of someone standing at my door, but I was too interested to turn round. But now I looked, and there was Tavner.

Tavner was one of my more exotic city acquaintances; he led an interesting, if somewhat precarious existence as a freelance journalist, and every time he went out of his way to be attentive to me, I suspected that he must be suffering a pretty desperate shortage of journalistic material. Like coming to see me at this hospital; it didn't seem to be in character for him. Though he had a rather soft-looking face and a beguiling manner I was sure that he was tough enough inside, and had thought the opportunity a favourable one to question me about some aspect of rural life that would make a newspaper article, while I was unable to escape him.

But coming in at that moment, and having taken the liberty of listening to Jameson, he had lost interest in me entirely. His large, avid, blue eyes were staring greedily at my visitor, as if he couldn't credit this lavish squandering of magazine material.

Seeing Tavner, Jameson rose to go. But Tavner would not have it. So I introduced them to each other, and as soon as they were seated Tavner began nodding to me to get Jameson talking again. So I said that Tavner was extremely interested in experiences of adventurous country life, and we got Jameson to settle down in his chair again, though he did seem to be uneasy about intruding on my visitor. But he was a natural conversationalist, and presently he had us mightily interested in how he'd got his start as an Australian grazier. It was at the time of the bank crash of the 'eighties and to make the background clear he gave us an outline of the factors which caused

the crash; it was illuminating, logical and as interesting as an adventure story. I could see Tavner, who rather prided himself on his financial articles, listening with awe and envy at the way he did it.

He'd had an opportunity to buy a mob of thirty thousand sheep at some incredibly low price like sixpence each; then there was the task of keeping such an immense number alive until he could find and finance a large enough area to run them on.

'We split them up into three different mobs and sent them North, South and West in search of agistment, expecting that by the law of averages there should be feed available for at least two of the mobs. Communication was slow in those days; I'd hurry out West where I'd heard the mob was starving and find them knee deep in grass which had grown up after the letter was posted. At one time we had them dying of thirst in the North and being drowned in a flood in the South. But we pulled most of them through. After the first shearing I sent a third of them (all the oldest ones) to the boiling-down works where I got about threepence per head for the fat. But wool went up from sixpence to tenpence a pound and that gave me enough to get a grip on a nice big area of land. And as the price continued to rise for the next five years, I was fairly firmly established before the next big droughts.'

All the time there were his inimitable interpolations. Observations of nature; the wild life, now gone, that had been so plentiful in those days; plain turkeys and mallee hens he'd shot for the pot; the aborigines' method of stalking kangaroos on an open, treeless plain; the changing face of the grazing land in the many years of his experiences.

As soon as he stopped Tavner steered him back to Africa; he was quite adept at that sort of thing and he knew it. But I could tell by the look in Jameson's eye that he was well aware of it, and only continued out of politeness to me.

It turned out that Jameson had been a Land Settlement Commissioner in the Transvaal after the Boer War. 'In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king,' he said, 'and it just happened that I was the one-eyed man. I'd seen the strife and confusion that rose out of the Australian land settlement laws; and I was conversant with all the attempts of both the English and Irish governments to establish the Irish tenantry on their own holdings.'

Then he digressed to tell us two centuries of Irish land history but it was well worth listening to. You see, he'd read so much and lived so long, he'd seen history unfolding. There was no

blaming this man or hating that country like you get from some Irish; he was the most detached and yet the most human of historians. But I could see how well he must have been qualified to deal with the complicated situation after the Boer War.

His settlers went in mainly for sheep, and so he got on to native farm labour; talked about the virtues and shortcomings of Kaffirs, then he said: 'But the little bushmen were the best shepherds. If you could get a bushman you never lost an animal because they could track them over any kind of country; they are better at it than the Australian natives, and I've seen both at work. The method of obtaining a bushman—they're practically pigmies, about four feet high—was to make the trip to their country by wagon which took about a week though it was only a hundred miles. A party of settlers would go and they'd beat through the bushman territory as if they were hunting foxes. When they caught one (it wasn't easy, I tell you) they'd put him in a sack, tie it up and leave him in there for two or three days of the homeward trip, until there was hostile native country between him and his tribe. You could safely let him go then, and you'd never lose him.'

He didn't say a word in condemnation of the practice, and somehow it didn't seem at all like cold-blooded slavery: it was just a part of the times and the manners he was recounting for us. As far as he was concerned he seemed to have taken a great and sympathetic interest in the bushmen. Told us how they killed their game. They had bows and arrows like toys, the bow no more than a foot long, and the arrow about eight inches. But the arrow was tipped with poison (he told us the name of the plant it came from and the method of preparing it, but I can't remember all the extraordinary things he told us, having been a bit thick in the head from all the injections and tablets they gave me) and the game needed to be merely scratched. The bushman did not pursue his quarry. He found a pad made by a tiny antelope that was no bigger than a hare (the duiker, or dik dik, I think he called it) and there, under a bush he buried himself leaving only his head and hands exposed. There he'd wait, for a couple of days if necessary, and after he'd shot his dik dik he'd stay for another couple of hours which time it took the poison to have effect. The animal, of course, would run a considerable distance, but with his uncanny power of tracking the bushman had no trouble in finding it.

Tavner, being the sort of fellow he was, wanted to know whether the settlers made any use of the bushman women, and waited with a smugly expectant smile. Jameson thought a

while, he looked at Tavner, and he stroked his beard several times. 'They were rather ugly; but there was something very remarkable about them. They could nurse a baby for a year, eating only watermelon.'

Then he went on to explain that these women could draw on a supply of food that was stored in the tissue round their hips; the hips became so enlarged that there was a wide ledge below the waist. 'I had a photograph of one with six beer bottles standing on this ledge; unfortunately I've lost it, so I can't show it to you.'

A nurse had come in just then, and looked extremely suspicious about this talk of wide hips; and very unceremoniously she took Jameson off for an injection or something. As soon as the door closed Tavner leaned towards me excitedly, and said in his journalistically covetous voice: 'My God! What material! I must get hold of him. What will it take to get him to talk like that for publication?' I told him he'd better find that out for himself. I didn't feel fit to explain the world of difference between his outlook and Jameson's. He didn't wait for any grass to grow under his feet; he left me in a few minutes without even remembering to ask how I felt, and I heard him inquiring of a nurse about Jameson's room.

The next time Jameson came to see me he talked again in the same richly inexhaustible manner. I felt sure that a man with his sense of drama and human values must have felt at some times a desire to have his experience preserved, so I steered him round to Tavner. But he brushed Tavner away with a small, fastidious gesture. 'I don't like his writings; crude murder stories, and falsely sensational articles.'

He asked me then, what breed of sheep dogs I used, as if he considered that a much better topic for conversation for men like us. Soon he was expounding a theory of his that the lower animals inherited not only their parents' physical features, but their memories as well; and in this way he explained what is usually attributed to instinct. Then happening to look out of the door, he said, with a rather wry smile: 'I think I see your newspaper friend coming, so I'll leave him to you.'

Tavner was very much put out when he discovered that Jameson had avoided him. 'I know I started off on the wrong foot with him,' he said in his brisk and unrepentant way, 'but I've got a proposition that will get him today. *I'll write a book about him.* That will fetch him. Why, royalties and all the most respectable sort of celebrities have books written about them. In fact after I've had a heart-to-heart session with him I might

even be able to promise to write more than one book. There might be material for one about the Irish trouble; one South African adventure and one about his sheep station. With a start like that, a man might get away from the journalistic racket, and leave something behind that people would remember him by.'

It was the first time I'd seen anything approaching artistic sincerity in Tavner, and I felt a bit sympathetic towards him. 'Better not rush him,' I advised, 'he's summed you up and decided that you're not his sort. But when he comes to talk to me again I'll put in a good word for you.'

Tavner looked extremely doubtful about the value of my help. He informed me that he had a bottle of 'genuine Scotch' in his brief case; but I had to tell him that Jameson attributed his good health and mental vigour at the age of eighty-two to his abstinence from whisky. Eventually Tavner agreed to take my advice, and in order not to waste the time he'd taken off, he did his best to wring material about the rural labour problem out of me. Then he hurried off, after a lot of redundant advice about how to handle Jameson.

Next morning Jameson did not come to see me, and when I asked a nurse about him she told me that there had been 'a decline in his general condition', and that he was staying in bed. I didn't think it was anything serious, and I lay there wondering if I could do anything about Tavner; not liking the idea very much. I got reports from the nurses about Jameson, and I missed him sorely.

There was another dull and tedious day without him, and I felt so lonely that when the deaf old asthma case came wheezing past my door, I invited him in, even though shouting at him would be no good to my chest. He entered, looking as if he knew something mightily important.

'You know Mr Jameson,' he said, and then he added parenthetically, 'a very clever man, had a university education and been all over the world; knows more than the doctors about my case too—well, I'll tell you what; I don't think he'll last the night.'

Of course it shocked me momentarily; then I considered that the old fellow couldn't possibly know about things like that. But he wagged his head in a very knowing way. 'I had a look at him when I came past. I've been here a long time, and I know what they look like.' Then as he was shuffling and wheezing his way out he added, as if the evidence was really quite unnecessary after he'd given his own opinion:

'All his relations are here.'

Well, incredible as it was to me, he died that night. A blood clot or something like that, I was given to understand by an uncommunicative sister. I felt really bad about it; men like Jameson, to go so suddenly.

And when Tavner came again with his nose poked forward full of expectancy, he couldn't believe it. 'My God, it's awful,' he said, 'I'd been thinking about him so much, and making plans. I really thought I might make my name out of this. And now everything's washed up.' He must have thought that I was looking at him a bit cynically, for he added: 'Mind, I admit it would have been largely his work. I was prepared to be a sort of Boswell to his Johnson. I realized the peculiar qualities of the man, and I would have done anything to win his confidence.'

The glib way he said that; as if, after all, it was only some kind of trick that was necessary, made me ask him: 'Would you have been prepared to work, as a station hand, on his property for three or four years?'

But Tavner got an offended look on his face, and he jumped up as if enormous efforts were needed to salvage his career after the disappointment he'd had. 'You and your country humour,' he said. And he hurried away without even saying good-bye.

Then I was sorry for him. He must have felt like a man who has had to watch his most promising pastures being ravaged by a bushfire.

E. O. Schlunke

LOOKING BACK ON THE VACATIONS

Our present mode of life has by now become so natural to us that we can hardly imagine it different, let alone realize how exceptional and artificial in its most important respects is this way of life which mass civilization has forced on us, as against what has been normal in history. That is true even of such an innocent institution as the vacationing habit of the modern city dweller, 'this leisure-ideal of an overworked century' (Nietzsche). . . . This succession of an unnatural working life and hardly less unnatural leisure periods is, as a mass phenomenon, a stupendous novelty, to say nothing of the unnatural fact that even during our vacations our conscience is still wrapped up in work, attempting to justify them as an opportunity to 'recover' our strength, i.e. using them as a mere means to an end, the end being further work.

Wilhelm Röpke, *THE SOCIAL CRISIS OF OUR TIME*

THE PEACOCK

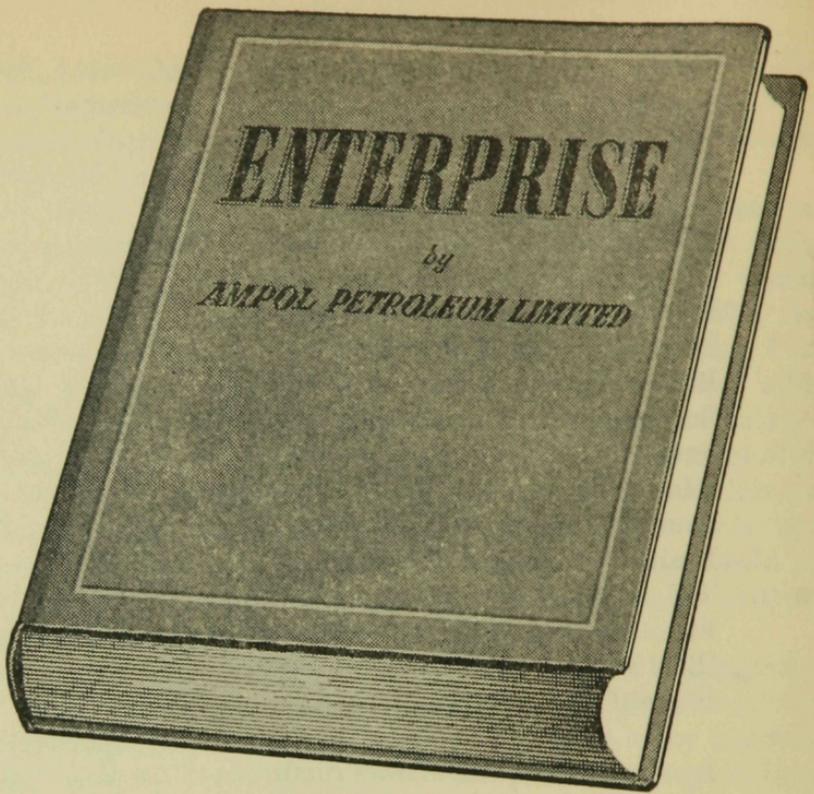
Keith Harrison

When through midnight's soundless gloom
I tip-toed softly to your room,
Love the peacock, plumed with fire,
Danced his ritual of desire,
Breathless, whispering no word,
Summoned by the dancing bird,
Savagely, darkly we embraced:
'Haste' the peacock said, 'Make haste!'
And his harsh, vermilion song
Lashed our bodies like a thong
Till, at love's extremity,
From our hearts there broke a cry,
'Bird with cruel, unblinking eye
Blaze! O blaze eternally!'

Instantly the quick flames died:
Lips would neither sing nor kiss,
And we wondered, 'who is this
Lying speechless at my side?'

And, since cleaving was our death
We lay quite still, with stricken breath
Turning slowly toward the deep
Anonymity of sleep.
Then I woke with sudden fright
Dazzled by a spear of light
Which hovered momentarily, and then
Disappeared. Night fell again.
Bird, or fiction? Had I dreamed?
No. And yet although it seemed
A perfect symbol of that Love
Through which our very beings move,
Of that form, no counterpart
Burned within my wasted heart.

While our heavy world was turning
Through the long night, nothing stirred:
Though I gazed till fall of morning
There came no swift, redeeming bird.



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THE CULTURE OF AUSTRICA

OR

THE RAPE OF 'ELLERSLIE'

Robin Boyd

IT WAS not very famous, important or resplendent; it was not breathtaking in beauty. It was simply an innocent old mid-Victorian homestead with a lace-trimmed veranda round its shoulders. Its lifetime had been spent in gradual withdrawal from the world, shrinking behind the rising veil of its garden. Its ordered trees had grown into giants while the suburb of Prahran outside the bluestone fence turned its back to the bush and grew brown and slummy.

But slummy or not, this part of Prahran was still called Toorak, and that name alone is worth a thousand pounds or so to any piece of land in Melbourne. So in August 1957, the end came to this quiet old house, 'Ellerslie', in the crescent bearing its own name on the wrong side of Toorak Road. Bulldozers lurched over the gutter and nuzzled out the house, the trees, the fence, the shrubs, and every blade of grass.

This sub-division incensed many people and protests were heard faintly above the crashing of boughs, but the work continued, in the interests of good business, and the protests faded to a frustrated sigh.

Those who protested, those who wince at the aesthetic injury or seethe with impotent fury whenever they see a fine old building pushed aside to make a used-car lot or a glorious tree removed because it is cracking a concrete footpath—they are muddle-headed misfits in modern Australian society. Society is not muddle-headed. It knows what it wants and it has the whole historic campaign of the white man's progress in Australia mapped out in its mind from the moment Governor Phillip's sailors made the first clearing by the beach till the day when the Murray is concrete-kerbed, the beaches are bitumenized, the Dividing Range is bulldozed and twelve-square brick-veneers, marigolds and silver birches reach continuously from Balwyn North to back of Bourke.

But why should those who protest be out of step? Why should Australians be the modern world's most vandalistic people—from the teenagers who while away the time on the suburban train by slicing up the seat leather to the many bulldozing subdividers whose insensitivity amounts to at least as great a crime against the community?

It is altogether too easy to say that modern Australia is ugly and destructive simply because it is still a pretty tough pioneers' country, and the bronzed digger types (who are typical of modern Australian city dwellers—think of you and me and any car salesman) are too preoccupied with the practical things of life to be bothered with the appearances of things. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Australian is extremely interested in, inordinately impressed by, appearances.

Consider the advertisements in the real-estate pages of the papers for some of the new pre-cut wooden houses: 'The finest contemporary houses on the market'. And why contemporary? Because they *look* contemporary, with low roofs, lots of glass and light details. Indeed often they are pretty. Often, however, their modern conveniences consist of a miserable little stove, a single fireplace, a cement trough, an unstable copper and a little house out the back.

Why does the hard-headed businessman on the Australian Board of Directors accept the plans for a new factory? Not because he has studied the production flow and the lighting conditions; he takes these for granted. He approves the design because the architect presents a stunning coloured perspective rendering, with 1960-model cars in front and wonderful white clouds billowing against the ultramarine sky in the background.

What does the Australian look for in a new office building? Not air-conditioned perfection of climate through the sweltering days of summer, as the American does. We look for a meticulous finish on the walnut veneer. Why do we shiver in our homes and restaurants and public meeting halls? Because for generations—for two at least—we have been spartans satisfied easily by the appearances of civilized comfort.

If our popular culture has become Austerican—an austerity version of America's—it is almost entirely because we are mesmerized by the appearance of Americana, which is all that the dollar shortage permits us to import. Our new refrigerator copies the latest square styling, not the automatic defrosting, ice-block ejectors and other technical advances. Our car copies the dollar grin, not the automatic gears. As a nation, we have a reputation, or at least a pride, in being nothing if not practical, no-nonsense, no-fancy-stuff types, yet we are almost as appearance-conscious as the French. The pity is that this consciousness is nearly always misdirected in our case, whereas the French sometimes are right.

Australian popular culture has a unique and rather mystical quality, due to its schizophrenia. On the one hand there was at

the beginning a reproachful attitude to the countryside and a feeling of shame, to be borne along with the marks of the fetters, because the trees were not deciduous and all the colours were wrong by any civilized standards. Then a few poets started to sing of sunburnt country, and a blind acceptance of Australia's beauty was established.

Australia of course is naturally beautiful, but in a particularly subtle way. Even the cruel back country often has a deceptively gentle look, and the vulnerable beauty of the coast is made up of the world's most fragile landscape elements. Australia's adolescent culture however, has never been notably subtle, gentle or fragile, and it has failed to appreciate all the best qualities of the land. It still looks at Australia through European eyes, and measuring against a deciduous ideal it is hard to imagine uglier vegetation anywhere in the world. Thus we feel a necessity to improve the country, which can be done if all citizens pull together and clear their own little bit of land. Any change from the native scrub is of course an improvement, for it begins the long process leading to the happy day of all-pervading suburbia. Tidiness is the great aim. The native bush is as appallingly slovenly as it is colourless compared with Europe. The grass grows rank, the grey trees straggle and shed bark, the ochre earth blows dust over the tea-tree scrub. It is all most unpleasant, undisciplined and faintly frighteningly primeval. But in the northern hemisphere even the wild woods are civilized—neat, compact trees changing beautiful hues as bright as any painter's colour-card, and a layer of leaves on the weedless ground like a lovely Axminster carpet.

Progress, culture and civilization in Australia may be measured by the acreage transformed from the native colourless untidiness to the desirable green, clipped, vivid European neatness. Modern Australians have no especially psychopathic hatred of the gum tree or the wattle. But once the new aesthetic direction is taken, practically nothing that is Australian fits in. One by one everything native has to go, if we have to hold hoses all evening to keep the English grass green and the daphne alive.

Most suburban councillors who lop planes into arthritic knots and sub-dividers who shave their paddocks bare before offering them for sale are probably, privately, nice clean-living family men inclined to regard themselves as tree-lovers. But the councillor, an astute politician, senses the aesthetic direction of society and is keen to lead it, and the sub-divider wrecks his little piece of Australia on accepted business principles. He knows that most buyers of outer-suburban allotments see

greater possibilities for their contemporary homes on a barren paddock than on one covered with untidy trees that would crack the concrete drive, if they were to have a drive, and would block the drains, in the event they ever get sewerage, and would drop bark and leaves on the lawn and annual beds, assuming there will be water enough to spare for the garden.

Political and financial gain are perfectly reasonable motives for squandering one's national heritage, but there is one prevalent type of destruction which is not explained so easily. This is the type to which 'Ellerslie' succumbed, following the fate of a number of other big old mansions and gardens of the late nineteenth century in inner suburban areas. In Melbourne alone, these off-beat monuments of a unique period have been vanishing at the rate of about one per six months. 'Werndew', 'Leura' and 'Norwood' were among the big houses which were wrecked in 1956. In each case the enormous trees of gardens established sixty or more years ago went with the house, the bared paddock was cut into postage-stamp lots and sold. Very slowly over the months the lots have filled with medium-sized houses and midget blocks of flats, all of them done in a stock pink tint of brick and all as typical of the non-committal conservative-contemporary dreariness of today as the buildings they replaced were of a rich, racy, vigorous and hopeful era.

What explanation can there be, except a pathological one, for the actions of a society which removes not only the old houses—no doubt having served their purposes—but also the great trees of the cultivated gardens, replacing them with a salmon-brick desert? No one pretends that all the trees have to go for the sake of good business. In all recent Melbourne cases, a reasonably alert office boy could have juggled the sub-divisional plans to spare the best trees. It is probably right to assume ignorance and incompetence in whoever planned these sub-divisions, but that cannot be the whole explanation. No sub-divider could be so ignorant and so incompetent. This havoc was wrought deliberately; let us not delude ourselves into thinking that better professional planners could avoid this slaughter. It is deliberate; yet it is not malevolent. The men who continue to do it no doubt are charming fellows, horrified if told that some people think they are selling out their city.

Yet a normal healthy human being, I take it, chooses to make his home in a garden rather than in a wasteland. The cult of bald brick-veneerdom has twisted natural instincts. There is something unpleasantly wrong with a society which can approve

the rape of 'Ellerslie', which allows a perverse fashion to rule it—a grotesque fashion which is anti-historic, and distorting and disrespectful to all nature, including human nature. The rape of 'Ellerslie' somehow suggests we are at about the cultural level of the plate-lipped African.

But 'Ellerslie's' dying groans drew protests, and when it was all over even some real-estate experts asked the question: was the rape really good business?

On 16 November 1957, the remains of the estate were offered at auction. The sixteen new home sites, with frontages ranging from twenty-seven feet to eighty-three feet, brought bids averaging £3,539, and the whole sale totalled £56,265.

This was certainly more than the old house in its single garden was worth to anyone, but it was not exactly the rich loot which marauders might expect from a fairly costly adventure. In fact the prices—from £2,650 to £4,050—were lower than one would expect to pay for tree-covered land in the district. But clearly those responsible were not interested in money alone. Their sensitivity to the suburban lore is indicated by a covenant set on the blocks prohibiting on each one more than a single dwelling or two flats or maisonettes. And their respect for the district was reflected at the auction by the proud claim, the crowning irony as reported in *The Age* (18 November 1957), that this desert was 'historic land, the site of the oldest farm and building in Toorak!'

Robin Boyd

ART VERSUS AESTHETICISM

Do not let a misconception come between us. Do not let the effeminate doctrine of the modern beauty-monger make you too tender to enjoy significant roughness, lest in the end your enfeebled being should be able to endure nothing but unmeaning smoothness. They try to make you believe that the fine arts arose from our supposed inclination to beautify the world around us. That is not true. . . .

Goethe, VON DEUTSCHER BAUKUNST

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LETTER FROM POLYNESIA

A READING LIST FOR ROBINSON CRUSOES

Bengt Danielsson

FROM time to time magazines and newspapers publish lists of books which people would choose to take with them if they were to live on a desert island. Film stars, politicians, novelists, footballers, and other prominent persons list their favourite books and give their reasons for choosing them.

As a rule, most of the books chosen are very good books, and can be read with both pleasure and profit. To be perfectly frank, however, it has always seemed to me that the persons asked have failed to give sufficient thought to the practical side of the problem. The fact is, having spent many years in the South Seas myself I am convinced that a modern Robinson Crusoe needs something else than the books he will find in the World's Classics.

I have therefore drawn up a new list for his benefit, and here it is:

1. A history of the world, to help him to realize the full extent of human folly and discourage him from desiring too speedy a return to so-called civilization.

2. A guide to the art of silent meditation by some prominent Church Father.

3. A Boy Scout manual containing the Morse Code. As is well known Pacific islands are becoming increasingly popular places for experiments with atomic bombs, and it may therefore be necessary to warn the experimenters in time that the island is now inhabited.

4. A scientific work describing all fish species. This would serve two purposes.

(a) to show which fish are edible,

(b) to show which fish are inedible.

5. A cookery book containing exotic recipes. It is rather annoying to make a flop of a shark stew or a coconut tart when ingredients are in short supply—as they nearly always are on a desert island.

6. A volume of a daily newspaper, immaterial which. Very handy for making paper hats and sunshades, which will always come in useful. A magazine will do at a pinch, but is usually too small—like *Quadrant* for instance.

7. A guide to astronomy, to have something to do in the evenings. Time is apt to drag without lamps.

8. A copy of *Robinson Crusoe*. The immortal Robinson, it is true, went about wearing thick llama skin on an island where the heat must have been tropical, and where, moreover, there could never have been any llamas; but otherwise he was a fine fellow, and the book is entertaining.

9. An encyclopaedia in at least twelve volumes (one per month). To learn off by heart for future use.

10. Telephone directories. This may seem a strange suggestion, but even messages sent in a bottle should be properly addressed, and the best place to find addresses is, of course, a telephone book. And there are other possible uses.

11. Carson's *The Sea Around Us*.

12. *The Raft Book*, a manual published by the United States Navy during the last war. It tells you how to navigate, fish, keep your pecker up, and in general behave well when you are at sea without a boat.

An afterthought: it is to be hoped that someone will now compile a complementary list of books suitable for persons coming back from a prolonged stay in the Pacific islands. To readjust oneself to what is called civilization is a great problem, and books especially written for people of this category are very badly needed.

Bengt Danielsson

ON TEACHING

Whether he knows it or not, the teacher by his manner and practice serves as a living example to his students. His values and judgments have immense authority for them. Discourtesy, indifference, courting popularity, flippancy, superficiality, bullying and dogmatism are the seven deadly sins of teaching, and the students are very keen in sensing them, and reacting in kind to each other.

Sidney Hook, HERESY, YES—CONSPIRACY, NO

CHINA'S FOREMOST WOMAN WRITER

Mabel Waln Smith

‘TING LING, my student of some years ago who has become China’s foremost woman writer? Well, her wide eyes looked out of a classic “moon face” beloved of Chinese poets when she sat here in my classroom,’ said the professor at Shanghai University whose place I was taking in the English Department for a few months while he flew to visit his sick uncle in America. ‘The lady Yang Kuei-fei, the most famous beauty of Chinese history, had such a face above a tiny plump body like Ting Ling’s. Her vivacity was her great charm. Emotionally,’ he paused in thought, ‘even though she passed with good marks in her writing courses, Ting Ling never came far from the bright-eyed little mite who had set out from her mother’s modest thatched home in Changsha four years earlier.’ I suspected the professor had been half in love with the young girl born Chiang Ping-chih.

The begin-lessons buzzer proclaimed 9 a.m. and we gave attention to immediate matters. He introduced me to the mixed class of first year Chinese university students sauntering to join us from under the willow trees and across the green lawns of the lovely campus—eighteen-year-old youths with longish black hair, graceful hands tucked politely into the sleeves of cotton gowns; girls with modestly buttoned-up necks whose slim skirts were enlivened by a slit at each side. Sombre masculine colours intermingled with gay feminine silks as they seated themselves after greeting me, the substitute teacher.

You can’t teach anyone to be an author, but you can direct pupils’ energies, stimulate their creative instincts. A quiet peaceful room where thoughts flow freely. Articles outlined on the spot, their beginnings and endings strongly worded, then all polishing done as home work. This is my laboratory method. Chinese students are attentive, responsive, and their deportment is perfect. These before me went to the task as I suggested. Together we worked that happy autumn through; sometimes with brilliant results.

It was during these months of my alliance with Shanghai University—a liberally run American-Chinese Mission seat of learning that flourished before 1949 and, unwittingly, fostered Communist cadres—that I learnt much of the former student Chiang Ping-chih better known as Ting Ling.

Within three years after she had begun to publish in 1928, she had made her reputation as chronicler of the 'new woman' shaped by the revolution in Chinese society. Her writing is dramatic because of the sexual and political tensions which work upon her characters; her style is matter of fact. Such craftsmanship is effective. By chance she became a writer of simple Communist propaganda plays, and of novels and short stories. The name Ting Ling today draws a nod of recognition from even the most illiterate peasants of northwest China.

Her life has been as dramatic as that of her characters. As the sun flooded the town of Anfu, south of Changsha, one early morning in 1905, she burst from her mother's body, an unwanted girl baby. A squat amah fanning her mistress while waiting for the midwife, snatched the precipitous infant from the sight of disappointed relatives lest they 'not trouble to help it breathe'. A son had been wanted.

The amah smacked life into the scrap of feminine humanity, rolled it in a length of scarlet tapestry—the colour of joy—and stomped from the servants backquarters where she lived to the front where the parents were. Thus she presented the Chiangs with their first offspring, which they immediately named Ping-chih, but did not take to their hearts until the coveted son came a few years later. Then, paradoxically, their round-faced, elfin daughter became their beloved. She was quick and intelligent; the boy was slow to learn.

The Chiang parents were remarkable. I was drawn to the father when I heard of his passion for horses. He had studied in Japan before becoming an official in the Imperial civil service, was a young man of excessively generous temperament, and had a skill in managing horses which Ting Ling would love to have inherited.

He sometimes returned on foot, cheerfully flicking his boots with his riding whip. 'What about your horse?' Ting Ling's mother, grim-lipped, would ask. 'Oh,' her father would answer, 'he's fine, thank you, a good horse.'

'And where has he flown away?' No answer. She would answer for him: 'You sold that animal, didn't you—or gave him away? You met a fine upstanding fellow who admired the horse, and you felt that such a splendid horse should be mounted by a dashing man. Then you practically forced the horse on him. Didn't you?'

'Not at all. He wasn't a dashing man, just a fellow who understood horses. Here I come home feeling fine after a generous deed—and you get angry!'

'I? Angry? It's not I who should be angry, but you. You're a grown man and yet you act like an infant. Just because you have a few extra acres and a good wife who's interested in education in advance of her times, there's no reason in carrying on so. If you feel generous you might sell a few acres and do something useful with it, like founding a school.'

Changsha, the capital of Hunan Province where the Chiang family lived, lies in a valley shaped like a basin. Natives of the Changsha plain are known throughout China for their addiction to hot peppers and their fiery dispositions. In addition to the small red peppers clustered in every free space, the valley produces two other crops in abundance: rice and revolutionaries. Mao Tse-tung was born in Shao-shan Village ten miles south of Changsha; the grand old man of the Party, Heu T'e-li, is a native of that plain; and General P'eng Te-huai, the political genius of Chu Teh's force, grew up not far from the capital. No wonder Ting Ling, being reared in that area, was 'vivacious', with revolutionary bent.

Ting Ling's father died at the age of thirty-one, leaving his widow to care for the ten year old daughter and the young son. The three moved to nearby Ch'ang-te, where the mother, eyeing her dwindling capital, decided to make work for herself. Assembling a number of graduates of Changsha Women's Normal School to serve as faculty, she set up a girls' primary school. It had an atmosphere quite advanced for the day. Most striking was the militant feminism the widow displayed in running a school with an all-female faculty, without male sponsorship. Twenty years earlier it had been unseemly for a Chinese woman to even write a good hand.

The males of the Chiang family were a sickly lot; before long the little brother died of fever, while Ting Ling came through a bout with the same illness rosier and fatter. Soon she was entering the Second Girls' Normal School of T'ao-yuan County at Hsiang-hsi, thirty miles from home. Radicalism seeped in here within the range of the libertarian hot-bed at Changsha. 'Self-awareness and Self-determination!' . . . 'Freedom and Equality!' echoed in the dormitory.

Put on their mettle by the news that a boys' middle school in Changsha had agreed to admit female students, Ting Ling and three schoolmates defied parental and pedagogical disapproval to steal away to that institution. Here they were welcomed by a faculty who were just a little discomfited to find that their grandiloquent gesture had conjured up four eager, politically-intoxicated young ladies out of the interior.

Ting Ling was a fourteen year old sophomore at the time she decided Changsha was only a way-station, where their new freedom was still too constraining. She and her travelling companions were off again. Their destination was Shanghai, the wellspring of ideas for all of southern China.

Shanghai 1921 had become the radical's heaven. The foreign concessions where the Chinese law did not obtain, offered sanctuary from repressive measures. The roster of professors at Shanghai University for the years 1920 to 1924 is studded with the names of Red leaders. Ch'en Tu-hsiu was Dean of Letters and Ch'u Ch'iu-pai was Chairman of the Sociology Department. Shao Li-tze, Li Ta, and Mao Tun, delegates to the People's Political Consultative Conference of September 1949, were all members of the faculty. Later Communist writers have called Shanghai University 'a training school for Party cadres'. The foreign half of the faculty were not aware of this dangerous undercurrent eroding their scholastic foundations.

Shanghai was a political nursery, and a literary seedbed. Ch'en Tu-hsiu was already famous for his advocacy of the New Literature Movement in the *New Youth* magazine, and Ch'u Ch'iu-pai was to become a leading Marxist theorist on the function of art in revolution. Mao Tun had already had some success in imaginative writing, and was later to become one of the five chief figures of modern Chinese literature.

When she came downriver from Changsha with her entourage, little Ting Ling had not yet selected the field in which she would excel. The girls, too young for higher education, were attending the People's Women's School, a 'proletarian' preparatory school when they learned that the Communist Party had already been formed. Its headquarters were in the alleyway where they lived. There was much furtive coming and going of Party functionaries in their drab boarding house, while after dark, policy debates stretched into the morning hours. Ting Ling sometimes listened to the arguments, through her bedroom's thin walls—especially to the voice of Ch'u Ch'iu-pai a secret charter member. Eventually she was permitted to register for higher learning, where she sat at the feet of Ch'en Tu-hsiu and Ch'u Ch'iu-pai and others in the Literature Department of Shanghai University. Here her Chinese instructors lived only for the revolution and propagandized as they breathed; her foreign professor introduced her to the craft of writing.

Although she did not enter the Party at that time, during the years at Shanghai University Ting Ling's general reformist enthusiasm was turned into the specific Communist channel.

Under favourable campus conditions, she developed into the beauty her earlier years had promised—blueblack hair, lustrous almond eyes, delicate brows, a skin like camellias, and the restrained curves of a tantalizing body. When a motion picture company was organized in Shanghai, Ting Ling was given time off from classes to become their star. This venture failed later because the Chinese preferred the lively arts of Hollywood spread over every city screen (with a jovial native standing on stage at one side, shirt rolled up over a bare stomach as he translated the English captions into Mandarin) to the historical costumes and weak plots of their fellow-countrymen.

Ting Ling was just nineteen in 1924 when she left Shanghai for Peking, the traditional hub of Chinese culture. She enrolled in the Chinese Literature Department of Peking University, another intellectual storm-centre of transitional China. Here her life was further shaped, as was Mao Tse-tung's.

A fellow student was the hotheaded young editor of the *Mass Literature* magazine, Hu Ye-ping. He had resigned as a cadet at the Naval Academy to devote himself to the cause of left-wing literature. Communist leaders, thinking well of Hu Ye-ping, 'recommended' him to Ting Ling, the dainty girl with whom he was smitten. Despite her aggressive feminism, she showed the traditional dependence of the well-bred Chinese lady. He felt that she was a worthy comrade to be won for the cause, and a congenial woman to be won for himself. They became lovers and moved in together.

Life with Hu was not easy for Ting Ling. Aside from the sale of a manuscript and frequent remittances from her mother, they lived by borrowing from friends and pawning their belongings. Hu's obsession was to start a magazine to take the place of *Mass Literature*, a financial mortality. Hu's staunch optimism provided the support her unhappy spirits needed; but it was the fight to keep rice money in the cashbox that threw her into writing.

One day in 1928, impelled by hunger, she sat herself down to compose a story. She described the tumultuous world which engulfs a young girl come to Shanghai from the provinces to make her living. *Yellow Jade* took its material from her efforts to break into motion pictures in 1922, and was accepted by *Short Story Monthly*. The editor asked for more. She obliged with *Sophie's Diary*, which she wrote in one week.

These stories were well received, paid for, and all literary Peking wondered who 'Ting Ling' was. On the strength of this, she and Hu were formally married. She continued to write for

the *Short Story Monthly*, he was successful with articles for the literary supplement of the *Peking Morning Post*, and they together published the *Red and Black* magazine, an artistic success but a financial failure.

Early in 1929, after the Northern Expedition of Chiang Kai-shek had united the nation for the Kuomintang, radicals again sought refuge in the foreign concessions of Shanghai. Here, in 1930, a son was born to Ting Ling and Hu.

They joined the League of Left Wing Writers. Emboldened by his success at fatherhood, tired of restricting himself to words, Hu became an agitator. He organized the Rickshaw Pullers' Union, and promoted a particularly nasty type of strike. Hu had wanted action. He got it: from the Kuomintang. After busying himself all day at home preparing a formal funeral scroll for his landlord's nephew in lieu of rent, Hu Ye-ping went for a walk from which he never returned. He simply disappeared, as one can do so neatly in the Orient. It was rumoured that he had been arrested in a raid on the Far Eastern Hotel. Among the thirty-four men and women snatched from sight were seven writers.

But there was no news from official sources. 'Oh, is he in jail? I hadn't heard,' was the typical response even at the Ministry of Justice when Ting Ling bravely trudged to Nanking, to Peking, and back to Shanghai.

Then there was an unofficial leak. A man carried the story to Ting Ling, whom he found feeding the baby. Hu had been spirited away to Lung Hua Prison outside Peking. After solitary confinement, he and twenty-two others had been marched into a courtyard and told to prepare for a trip. Sure that he was going to Nanking, now the capital, for trial, Hu had scribbled a note to Ting Ling urging her to come there and engage lawyers. That note he had slipped to a friendly guard before the prisoners were taken into an adjoining courtyard and shot. Rifle-fire kept the prison awake for a half hour.

Ting Ling, bending over the baby's cradle, whispered: 'Son, Little Monkey, your father's life is over. But his work is not done. Sleep well and eat well so that you may grow strong and put your hands to the task your father left undone.' She had turned towards her husband in death as she had never done in his lifetime. Ting Ling was now a definite Communist.

Lu Hsun, who occupied a unique position as a satirist in modern Chinese letters before his death in 1936, was now head of the League of Left Wing Writers. He became Ting Ling's mentor. Under his guidance she came to full growth as a realistic

writer. With no rival as the painter of the 'new woman', she organized women factory workers and made the magazine she now started—the *Dipper*—a platform for China's young women writers. She was valuable to the Party because she had once been a factory hand and could work 'underground' without arousing suspicion among Shanghai mill owners.

But she made the mistake of taking a new lover, 'that fellow Feng'. Early in 1933, the *Dipper* was suppressed by Kuomintang Government order, and Ting Ling, working late alone, was bundled into a police car, betrayed by Feng. Under escort, with a porous sack wadded over her head to blind her temporarily, she travelled for a while by train, then found herself being driven to an empty house on the outskirts of Nanking. As the car passed through the deserted night streets, she heard one of her guards say: 'Well, I guess we'll finish this business right now.'

The business was not finished, because the Kuomintang hoped to gain her co-operation, even if they could not force her to betray the Reds' secrets. For three years she lived under a surveillance which gradually slackened. When it got so slack that she was able to have her mother and son live with her, they all three escaped to Shanghai. Whereupon the underground smuggled Ting Ling to Sian, dressed in the grey uniform of a private in popular Chang Hsueh-liang's Manchurian army. From Sian she entered the adjoining Soviet Area, arriving in Poan, the Red capital.

Mao Tse-tung, whose second wife had been a schoolmate of Ting Ling in Changsha, came to meet her bringing a poem of welcome he had written. Firstly he named Ting Ling vice-chairman of the Red Army Guard Unit. Then he read aloud her poem:

*An hour past a personage to Poan came.
In our caves we'll fête her,
To hail her escape from jail;
In the past a literary miss,
She is now a general of armies.*

Words which sound fine in Chinese.

This brings us up to the end of 1941. I had just finished my colourful term of teaching English to Chinese students when there came the shock of Pearl Harbour. At dawn next morning, the Japanese army poured into unprotected Shanghai and by blood-curdling methods took possession of it. Hongkong fell, Manila fell, Singapore fell, as World War II flowed out to the Orient, engulfing us. Trapped by a brutal foe, I soon found

myself hustled from my home and, with other 'enemy civilians', herded towards internment. Revolvers dangled heavily from guards' belts, within reach of their too-eager fingers as, with a hissing, a barking of orders, unwarranted slaps in the face and pokes with bayonets, they dragged us across the river from Shanghai and jammed about twelve hundred of us into some rotten old tobacco warehouses: for the duration. My recent book *Springtime in Shanghai* paints that scene, among others.

My overcrowded fellow prisoners of all shapes, temperaments, and colours—mostly with British nationality—included cabaret dancers, bank presidents, merchants, sailors, dope fiends, artists, doctors, musicians, ex-convicts . . . and the foreign professors from Shanghai University. They became the backbone of our lecture courses: classes in languages, world history, higher science with nuclear possibilities, higher mathematics, literature, and the philosophy that to hate wartime measures is praiseworthy whereas sustained hatred of our immediate captors was self-destruction.

When the Hiroshima bomb—by giving the Japanese face to stop fighting—released us from more beatings, fierce heat, intense cold, peasant-labour, and semi-starvation we prisoners still alive returned across the river and through struggle regained our ruined Shanghai homes. Then I investigated Chinese politics as they had developed during my incarceration.

The Nationalists and Communists had thrown in their lot together to repel the Japanese. Now that affair was ended, China's civil war had restarted, with the illiterate, tough Reds steadily gaining over the learned but effete Nationalists. This continued during the exhilarating summer I spent at a horse-camp on the Mongolian plateau. Not long after my return, all of us were plunged into the terrible five weeks' Siege of Shanghai 1949.

The Siege ended in slaughter-house reprisals, the Kuomintang swept off to headquarters in Formosa, and the Communists supreme on the mainland. Like poison swamp gas they settled on our city, killed what had been the Paris of the East, the most vital shipping port in the Orient. During the ensuing months, while those of us foreigners who were not being tortured for more money, held for possible ransom by our overseas governments, or already murdered, tediously awaited exit permits to release us from twice-devastated China, I saw Communism as the travesty it is.

While we—stripped of our houses, firms, bank accounts, all our possessions donated unwillingly to the Party—waited with

bated breath for sadistically delayed exit permits, the All China Conference of Writers and Artists to the People's Political Consultative Conference came into session. They had arrived from their mud-cave-and-millet existence in the North, to push coarsely into the city homes of refined Chinese, billeting themselves eight on the floor of each room. Ting Ling was their pride, their most efficient writer.

Her past years had been spent travelling through Red China, mounted on a scrawny horse and accompanied by one of the ubiquitous Little Red Devils, a war orphan attached to the Red Army; fitting into the Red cultural and propaganda machine by weaving such material as she found into the lectures she gave on literature at Resistance College, Yen-an. As vice-chairman of the Red Army Guard Unit and Service Unit, she was responsible for the information and education work both among the troops and the civilian population. She carried a pistol. Her creative work had fallen off, but she became feature editor of the *Liberation Daily* and visited the Soviet Union three times, flinging herself into the cause of international women's organizations and Communist literary associations.

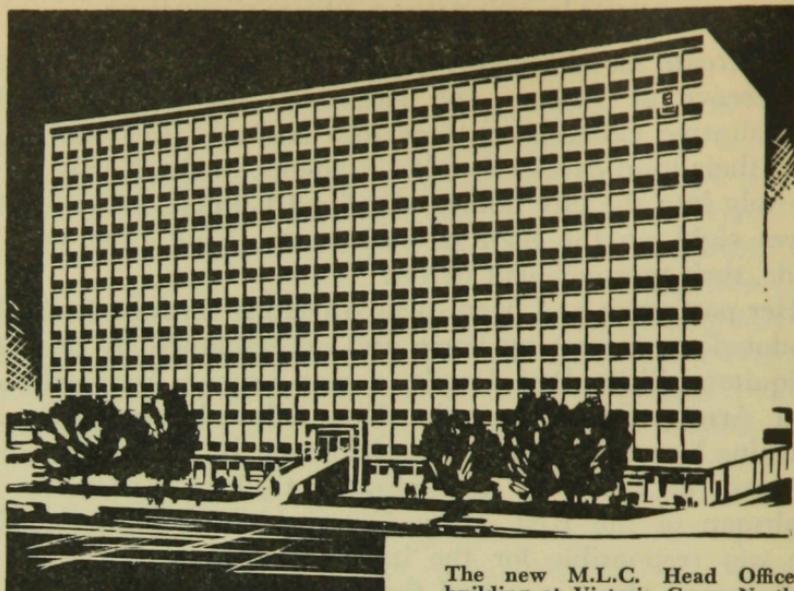
I was eager to see this formerly acclaimed beauty, and by chance I did so. There she stood, at our street corner, awaiting a chance to cross. My one time Chinese schoolmate in America happened to be with me. She pointed out Ting Ling; squat, with heavy breasts buttoned inside the coarse dark blue cotton Lenin garb, swarthy skin thickened by sun and wind, unwashed brown-faded hair in a ragged bob, dirty fingernails. On her face was the characteristic half-smile, no longer vivacious. Her almond eyes looked cold and dead.

The native policeman halted traffic by whacking a few rickshaw pullers over the head with his bamboo baton. China's foremost woman writer crossed the street and disappeared into the crowd.

Recently, when Mao Tse-tung asked for free opinions on his present day regime, Ting Ling spoke a few things that were on her mind. It is reported that she 'came under censure', and has not since been seen.

Perhaps Ting Ling made the mistake of pointing out the exact truth: the insoluble problem of Communism is the absence of freedom. The tyranny of mind wielded by such a regime is the most brutal type of tyranny; every other tyranny begins and ends with this stifling of divergent thought for the purpose of defending the Leader's personal interests. The necessary industrialization of China does not justify such measures.

Mabel Waln Smith



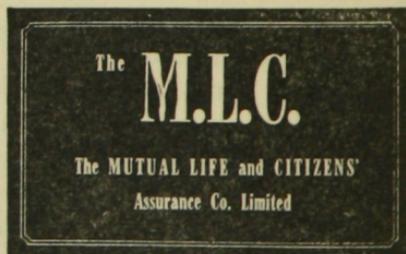
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BODY AND MIND

A PHILOSOPHICAL PUZZLE

Harry Thornton

THE PROBLEM of body and mind is very complex. Its territory is largely terra incognita. In thinking about it one needs to have a working idea of its parts and how they are related to one another. It helps if one keeps even a rough scheme of this constantly in view.

Awareness has a physical and physiological base, mainly in the subconsciousness of the individual embodied self. This supports and influences the selective attention the individual gives to his environment and the response he makes to it.

The stimulation of awareness in embodied minds is by physical events. In visual perception, for instance, light waves mediate the effect of the environment upon the eye. In general, between the surfaces of the environment and the surfaces of such percipient organisms as ourselves there is a region which is the arena of physical processes of this kind. From this region come the stimuli that impinge on our living bodies.

But awareness is not produced solely by these physical stimuli. Physiological events are also indispensable. These take place in the embodied self: they are especially neurological in character, and involve mainly the central nervous system. These events are far more complex than physical events and their investigation is more delicate and difficult.

Thus mediated, the awareness that is produced constitutes a psychological field; psychological events take place when parts of the environment stimulate and irritate an embodied self into taking notice and making responses. These psychological events always exist in relation to an individual embodied subject, an 'ego' if the subject is human.

We may pause to examine a little further the processes set up by an external stimulus affecting a sense organ. Such processes may continue after the external stimulus has ceased, and as long as they do so they produce sense experiences. This is particularly distinct in visual perception, where the phenomenon of 'after-sensation' occurs. The 'after-sensation' may be of the same quality and hue as the original sensation, or it may be opposite or complementary. After-images are only a particular instance of a general class of phenomena associated with retinal

oscillation. Excite the retina by means of single momentary stimulations and you produce a succession of light and dark effects: for example by walking along a dark street lit by lamp-posts. With some practice, these can be recalled and held by the power of active imagination. Again, moving light points will be seen as describing lines straight or curved and can generate figures like cones and spheres. Such phenomena can attain an almost hallucinatory intensity: they have the character of sense-perception even though no relevant or adequate physical stimuli are present.

They should not be connected only with abnormal, pathological or hypnotic states. They also occur frequently before falling asleep or coming fully awake. They are probably best viewed as instances of 'eidetic' imagery, that is, an imagery which is both vivid and projected into the external world, instead of being merely 'in one's head'. These eidetic images can be organized or controlled to a considerable degree, but whether controlled or chaotic they exist only in relation to a percipient organism and have no direct external stimuli. They are thus specifically psychological in nature, entirely dependent on an embodied self.

So far we have considered sense-perception in its simplest case: an embodied self, with its subconscious physiological and physical basis, becoming aware of its physical environment by processes which are first physical and then physiological and finally psychological; and we have noticed the case of imagery dependent on the embodied self which is projected into the environment in the absence of any relevant external stimulus.

A new order of phenomena opens up as soon as we consider that the embodied self does not usually stop at the direct perception of the image but uses this image as a sign or symbol referring to something beyond itself. A mathematician may, for instance, be strong in eidetic images and use these for thinking out problems. His images now have a reference beyond themselves, and relate to potential meanings which he can explore. So, too, real sense-perceptions of the environment are used for the purpose of interpreting that environment.

This work of interpretation defines, as it were, a logical or epistemic region beyond the region of simple direct sensations. All real investigations, such as occur in physics, physiology, psychology, take place in this meaningful region, which brings the self into contact with a world or situation which has a detailed specific structure challenging discovery. Such investigations involve a real logic. Yet they are more an activity

of the higher imagination than of abstract intellect, as much a matter of art as of science; more so, perhaps.

Finally, there is the case of investigations which are not 'real' in the above sense but purely formal. All relationships can be considered as pure possibility—in abstraction from any actual context or real occurrence. At this point we reach the realm of logic in the symbolic or purely formal sense. Such an inquiry into abstract relationships is closely related to mathematics. Just as mathematics has been applied in physical investigations, so many researchers have sought to find applications of logic in this sense as, e.g. Pitts and McCulloch in neurology, Woodger in biology, Hull in the psychology of rote-learning, while Piaget seems to intend it on a big scale as the culmination of his researches into genetic psychology.

The problem of mind and body as thus displayed, does not appear to be just a 'scientific' one in anything like the dominant current sense of 'Science'; and to ignore this is rapidly to distort the whole thing. Impatience provides no ground whatever for refusal to envisage the problem as it actually is in its factual complexity. There are indeed, thinkers who would deny that I have exposed the full range of this complexity. As Daniel Lamont has put it: 'Nothing in man is merely psychical, just as nothing in man is merely physical. For weal or woe, the spiritual is a dimension from which no man can escape even for a moment.' The most that can be expected from any particular science is a contribution to the problem in the shape of what is established fact within the science and is deemed significant for the problem. But the opinion that it *is* relevant, and how it is relevant, has to be independently established.

The fact is that the problem makes a demand which philosophers and scientists find peculiarly hard to meet. The first part of it is co-operation. For this we are unwilling and unprepared. Intellectual work is rooted in a heritage of individualistic rationalism, which is a great impediment in this instance. Its second part points to a still greater difficulty. For the co-operation is not within one field of investigation. On the contrary, it involves investigations whose number is not altogether quite determinate. They also differ considerably, sometimes greatly, in their historical and methodological development, while philosophy differs in its basic nature from the investigations we customarily call sciences. Co-operation under such conditions is a very stiff problem for us. We dislike it intensely. This is clear from the way we avoid it. It can also be seen in the ways we deprecate and condemn it.

Historically considered, there has been just one basic way of posing the problem between about 1650 and 1950, although the theme has been played with variations. In this form, it has proved intractable.

Descartes investigated mind as a purely metaphysical inquiry in his *Meditations*. For this, consciousness (*cogitatio*) was a primitive notion or 'simple idea' apprehended by the natural light of the mind (*lumen naturale*). As clear and distinct, it occupied a position in the investigation like an axiom in a piece of geometrical reasoning, or, rather, like space itself in relation to all the theorems and reasonings which elucidate its nature. In physics, a similar position was given to ideas like extensions, which was the 'simple idea' governing a proper investigation in this sphere. The right conduct of metaphysics (concerning the nature of mind and the nature of God) and of physics thus implied a clear-cut dualism between the mental and the material.

Descartes, however, also investigated Ethics in a highly original way, especially in *The Treatise on the Passions*. In this investigation, the primary notion or 'simple idea' governing it was the inextricable union of body and mind. Here, to use Stout's language, his primary datum was embodied-mind.

It is thus clear that Descartes worked both with a dualism, which distinguished body and mind, and with a duality which united them. Which was primary depended entirely on the investigation he was conducting.

Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, Descartes's correspondent, might be regarded as the first Cartesian. For she asked how, if body and mind were distinct and separate, mind could ever move body. She approached the question of their unity from the standpoint of their dualistic relationship. Descartes told her that dualism was the basis for the satisfactory pursuit of metaphysics and of physics, but for this question one had, so to speak, to retrace one's steps and start not with the assumptions of the learned in these abstract inquiries, but with those of ordinary people in their practical attitude to life and conduct, before one could go anywhere in it. He went on to work out for her what this meant in his *Treatise on the Passions*, which was published only about three months before his death. Others did not have this privileged relation to Descartes. They, starting where Princess Elizabeth started, went on to develop Cartesianism along several distinct lines.

In its first phase, Cartesianism is represented by thinkers like Geulinox and Malebranche who favoured what is called an occasionalistic solution, i.e. the reciprocity of bodily and mental

modes depends directly upon the creative will of God continually active. They certainly believed in keeping the Almighty busy. Leibnitz eventually satisfied himself and his followers that there was no need to keep Him so hard at it, by simplifying the solution in the form of what he called a 'pre-established harmony'. Thus, created substances, like body and mind, had their mutual relationship maintained from moment to moment by means of a pre-regulated parallel development. For its second phase, we can conveniently choose Kant who judiciously avoided any head-on attack on the matter, while striving to reconcile the idea of purpose with that of mechanism. Yet great as his achievements were, he never did quite shake himself free of the potent myth of dualism in which he had been well soused. The modern phase proper might well be said to have begun with that curious, fascinating person, Fechner. A physicist by training, he was a metaphysician in every other respect. Yet he could write German almost as simply and as beautifully as Luther. His determination was to solve the body-mind problem and to achieve it by strict scientific method. The actual result was that he made outstanding contributions to a couple of entirely disparate subjects, viz. theosophy and experimental psychology.

Out of the matrix of this historical background emerged the three well-known forms in which the traditional solution of the Cartesian problem of mind and body had been propounded: interaction, parallelism, and epiphenomenalism. Although it is undeniable that each of them has attracted outstanding protagonists, there is now a very general feeling of agreement that their day is over. Cartesianism dies hard, as its surprising recurrence in the writings of eminent men of science keeps reminding us, but this is not so strange if one reflects that although the decease of Newtonianism occurred fifty years ago, comparatively few men realize what has happened. It is not only amongst primitive tribes that ancestors are so useful!

Cartesianism has succumbed from its exaggeration of intellectualism and individualism. Here again, it both resembles and is different from Descartes himself, as a careful consideration of the simple-seeming but surprisingly subtle autobiographical *Discourse on Method* can show. It is true that when he was younger, when for him mathematics was in the ascendant, Descartes was an intellectualist, an individualist seeking solitude above all else. Yet it is still more true that as he matured, his scientific interests broadened out into the more biological investigations, and especially into a concern with the promotion of the study

of medicine as a field of the application of the sciences for the improvement and welfare of human beings. This was bringing him, even twelve years before his death, to realize that such an enterprise called for a vast co-operation. This, had it eventuated, would have set very firm limits to the intellectualism and individualism in which he himself had so deeply shared. Here his Cartesian followers have laid the emphasis upon what a better understanding of his mind suggests he was gradually leaving behind.

From the same ground arose the legend of Descartes as a mere rationalist. It resulted in a caricature, leaving out the actual man, who had deep religious experiences, a passionate nature and a profound feeling for poetry. It is not surprising that as Cartesianism dwindles, Descartes stands out, still capable, as Professor Norman Kemp Smith has so well suggested in the closing chapters of his *New Studies*, of making his influence felt wherever pioneering work is being done.

What of present-day attitudes to the problem of body and mind? The traditional Cartesian approach is still attempted. Professor Eccles of the Australian National University in his *Neurophysiological Basis of Mind* (1953) upholds an hypothesis on these lines: mind is not always in 'liaison' with brain; a certain minimum intensity or level of cortical activity is required before such a 'liaison' arises; once such an intensity is acquired, however, brain becomes equivalent to a surpassingly delicate instrument, so precise as to detect the presence of mind and to enter into relationship with it. This hypothesis is worked out within the Cartesian tradition of a dualistic relationship of mind and body. Its account of what takes place would appear to require a parallelistic view up to the point at which the required intensity of cortical activity for contact with mind is attained. Thereafter, it would seem to draw upon an interactionist type of theory.

G. F. Stout, who gave careful consideration to the matter over many years, made his first assault on it from the same traditional base. In *God and Nature* he came to the view that, formulated in that particular way, it could not be satisfactorily answered. He did emerge, however, with some rather positive results in the more detailed parts of the inquiry, especially in his treatment of activity and the nature of sensation. When he came to his second assault, he attacked the problem from within the context of the nature and conditions of knowledge itself, utilizing the detailed positive results of his first attempt. His searching treatment is perhaps the most abidingly rewarding to anyone

really interested in the subject at the present time. Admittedly, it requires some reasonable time and patience to make what he has to give one's own.

Stout remains in advance of writers like Myers and Ryle. He has seen what they miss, that the task demands reformulation. It can be dismissed only in the shape of the Cartesian statement of it, as 'the Official Theory'. Stout quite agrees with Ryle about this, but he has really reasoned it out, not merely debated it. He quite disagrees that the matter ends there, and goes altogether beyond Ryle in offering an attempt at restatement and solution. He seems to be the real leader of thought in this field at the present time.

Ryle in his *Concept of Mind* suggests that we are engaged on a hunt for a ghost inside a machine. To take this hunt seriously is to be spellbound by a myth about a ghost and a machine. The ghost can be laid and the spell of the myth broken by an analysis of language. Our linguistic usage, when examined, shows we are victims of misplacing in one category what belongs to another. So there is no question of a relation, and mind is an insignificant term in any case. The problem, therefore, disappears, and we may proceed like free men. It is all most edifying. C. S. Myers argued earlier with a like intention. He wished to think that the relation between mind and body reduced to an absurd idea too. And, hence, the problem disappeared. He affirmed the identity of mental process and living matter, but the unsupported affirmation carries no conviction. Descartes went no further than to affirm the unity-in-distinctness of thinking 'substance' and extended 'substance', which seems more credible.

In considering the problem of mind and body, we must agree with Aristotle that what is primarily given is a *psyche*, an active percipient organism comprising a unity of events distinguished as bodily and mental, a living organism with bodily and mental characteristics. But this is much too complicated to investigate head-on so to speak, in a scientific manner. Science, as currently known and effectively popularized amongst us, only really got started once a clean cut dualism was achieved in reflection between what was extended and mobile in space, observable and measurable by means of the external senses, and what was not. Even so, it was mainly physics, chemistry and physiology that advanced on this basis. There came a time when the impressive advances in these investigations led to the application of similar procedures to mental phenomena. This has scarcely called out a comparable advancement in psychological, social and human investigations.

It is, indeed, difficult to see how it could. The basis of the procedure shut them out from the beginning.

The dualism asserted a mutual exclusiveness between the material and the mental orders. The expectation was therefore, in itself not reasonable. That it reached such a pitch seems to have been the result of the glamorous success and consequent prestige of some investigations inducing a widespread delusion. If we agree that the primary datum which sets our problem is a dynamic, mental and bodily unity, then what we are affirming is a duality. As a term, this expression is James Ward's: it does not mean dualism; rather something like the opposite. It denotes the hanging together of body and mind in a relation of mutual involvement. It is thus in sharp contrast to dualism, which means a decided exclusiveness as obtaining between body and mind. We are saying that, however distinguishable, mental and bodily events hang together, that they are mutually involved. It seems perfectly clear that a problem so constituted will not yield to procedures based upon the exclusive contrast of these sets of events.

This points to the conclusion that so far as Science is based upon the dualism, it is ruled out from solving such a problem. Either then, the body-mind business is no problem, but an abiding impenetrable, although quite familiar, mystery: or, it will constrain Science to modify its own idea of its own nature before it yields.

Harry Thornton

THE ROAD

Nan McDonald

Here on the rampart of the high country
The wind of early spring is clear and cold,
The white heath sparkles in the clift of the rock,
A few grey, twisted trees, then the broad burnt gold
Of the upland plain, and beyond, the farther mountains
Lifting their dark-blue wall. Time, time has flowed
In spring light and spring wind, in winter rain,
In summer fire, over all these unchanging,
Nothing newer under this sun? Only the road.

THE ROAD

Look over the edge, far down: we have taken the lowlands
And laced them with roads, buff and red and the long steel-grey,
We have stitched the paddocks with fences and bound them fast
To the smoking ports; but from here they drop away
Too small for a child's toy in the haze of morning . . .
Here the old land keeps her kingdom, lonely and high:
Her secret life burns in the very stones;
The crystal lark-song in the ancient quiet
Speaks in her tongue—and we have no reply.

There are little sandy tracks that wander away
And are lost in the heath, they were never made by man;
They run from nothing to nowhere, they are hers
Who lies at peace, with no swift miles to span
Before the grave. Here only the road bears witness
That the hands have thrust, the restless feet have trod
Of man, who must always go on, in pain and in hunger,
Seeking the pastures over the blue of the range,
Seeking that city whose builder and maker is God.

This is my country, my heart's root cleaves to her rock—
I would not soften that harsh purity—
This the beloved head that, turned away
Uncaring, out of all the world compels me
More than the smile on any other face.
Yet there has been sorrow in the turning away,
A pang, that our work could only scar her, our songs,
Meant for her praise, broke shrill and out of tune
On the great cliffs of her silence—until today.

But here is the road, and its white curve lying calm
And perfect on the tawny breast of the land
As she had waited all her centuries
For this one thing, that her beauty might be fulfilled.
No love is in vain at last. Who will understand
How my spirit kneels, seeing her with such grace
Receive the dusty footprints of our race?



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THE MARCH OF THE MILITANTS

Niall Brennan

I ATTENDED my first meeting of an Australian Federal Cabinet at the age of twelve. I sat demurely in a corner throughout, and do not even remember what was discussed. Not long after I was banished from a meeting of the Executive Council because there were two other young men of my own age, and we were given a Yarralumla football to play with while the affairs of the nation were settled. However we all came together again for afternoon tea; and I can recall a conversation with Sir Philip Game, Governor of New South Wales, and spilling the sugar on Sir Isaac Isaacs's white carpet. Lady Isaacs mentioned to my mother on that occasion how unsuitable the white carpets were. Many members of Parliament, in their wish to emphasize the servile nature of Governors-General ground their cigarette butts into them. Lady Isaacs, while conceding that her husband's entertainment allowance was substantial, felt there was a misguided zeal on the part of Members who made sure that it was stretched to the limits. My first contact with political violence was a brick thrown through the window of our hire car in the depression days of 1930; my second, a few days later, a sea of angry faces hurling abuse at my mother outside the Richmond Town Hall; my third, and perhaps the most memorable, a slightly inebriated man who hung over our front fence, and—fortified by the presence of the fence and the age of his adversary—assured me that if I did not interest my father in certain matters, he would knock my twelve-year-old block off.

Passing from the ferocity of angry and jobless men, to the calmer atmosphere of those still rich, I remember standing with a languid lady on a balcony overlooking Collins Street while ten thousand unemployed men marched in silent procession on Parliament House. About a third of them had bikes which they pushed as they walked. The languid lady remarked critically: 'If they are so poor why do they not sell their bikes?' Even at that early age, it seemed to my child mind that she had missed the point, and on the whole, in spite of the bricks and the abuse, the 'working class' in its hunger had better manners than the rich. This, of course, is more or less always the case.

I was literally born into the Labor Party, and lived with it for over thirty years. Had anyone asked me, how long had I been

in politics, I could reply truthfully: all my life. I drew my first election poster at the age of nine, and my father reluctantly allowed it to be displayed in a secluded alley. I handed out vote-thus cards the same year, and made my first contribution to political debate with an offensive yell on a street corner at ten. I was on the soap box itself at twenty. Politics were part of our family life for my father was a Federal Labor member long before I was born. There is a story abroad that as my mother announced the imminence of my arrival, my father asked bleakly, 'Can't you get an adjournment, I've got an important speech due this moment.' So there was for me nothing spectacular in lunching *à deux* with Prime Minister Curtin when I was a political science student of twenty-two, since I had already lunched many times with Prime Minister Scullin; or in having Eddie Ward around the house as our guest when I was twenty-seven. One learnt a lot about Labor politics from knowing Eddie Ward for many years. Norman Makin may have forgotten the bound set of Statutes he gave me when I was a student, but I have never forgotten how men like Norman Makin shaped the destinies of the Labor Party. I still have a photograph of Frank Forde playing tennis at our house when I was five and that picture threw a lot of light on Mr Forde's administration of the Army Department during the war. Jim Scullin was an old friend, and Jack Cain lived around the corner. The personality and influence of John Wren was felt everywhere; and I learnt when young how to win a pre-selection if there were not enough votes to go round.

About 1948 I left the Labor Party, partly because I was going abroad, partly because my father was due—some said overdue—to leave Parliament; and partly because privately I believed then, and said so to some, that the Labor Party was due to split; that it could not go on as it was going. When the split came, the deep-seated causes were overlooked. The argument over the immediate how and why concealed the inevitability of sooner or later. When I left the Party in 1948, I was a part only of what is impolitely called a leakage. Now the leak has grown into a cascade.

I do not think it can be patched, nor should it. The curious *mésalliance* which existed for so long between the militant Marxist and the true Labor man was a product of accident, and it has taken more than fifty years to show how unfortunate that accident was.

The rise of the Labor Party and of the forces which precluded it is a modern event. It goes back a century, more or less, and

is a product of industrialism: an affair which caused a major change in social relations. In England, at the turn of the eighteenth into the nineteenth century, the catastrophe of revolution was averted by an assault of the rich on the poor which has few parallels in history. The assault created a new slave class out of an old oppressed class with such crude effrontery that the new slaves were left blinking and wondering what had happened before they had time to retaliate; and it was accompanied by such piety of expression and magnitude of hypocrisy that the new slave class accepted the change in their lives as unpleasant but unavoidable and simply began to make the best of their new situation. The English character in particular lent itself to this conquest of the poor by the rich; for they loved and revered their law, and centuries of class distinction had left the firm impression—still held by many—that power and riches are often synonymous with virtue. But their resignation was not inactive or passive. Out of respect for the law, reluctance to use violence, and dire necessity for reform came an awareness that reform could be achieved without the destruction of all that they held most precious. This was the beginning of the Labour Party in England, and the Labor Party (the American spelling was symptomatic of trans-Pacific influence and anti-imperialist sentiment) in Australia developed rather similarly.

The 'working class' came into being, not simply as a mass of people with a grievance, but as a badge of status; and a sadly honourable one at that. The force with which the mystique of 'Labor' gripped these masses can still be seen today, and was tremendously real as late as the pre-war Labor Party. I was aware from a very early age that being a 'worker' was something more than merely having a certain kind of job. Many 'workers' refused to accept advancement or promotion (some may still) because it would separate them from their whole tradition. They would not 'rat' on 'the Cause'. In Australia, the Labor Party was also known as the Labor Movement. A movement is something bigger and deeper than a party. It comes from the souls of men and drives them to sacrifice for ideals. 'You'll not have your son brought up a worker, Frank,' said an old campaigner to my father, when I embarked on the capitalistic step of secondary school. 'I don't blame you,' he added, 'but maybe he'll come back to it, like you did.' Men like my father were allowed to be 'workers' in spite of their university degrees because they had worked with their hands and known poverty; had studied part-time in order to help 'the movement' along. Such men were prized: Scullin, Blackburn, Dr Maloney were

all true workers, fortified by the education that the normal 'worker' accepted as beyond his grasp. Their background was 'worker'. The old campaigner had some fear for my future because I was getting it too easily. My father paid my fees like a bourgeois. Maybe the old campaigner was right.

The old Labor Party never accepted the purely intellectual sympathizer. They would trust John Wren, a self-made rascal; but never a professor of political science. Men like E. G. Theodore, with a background of financial wizardry, who could drift with fluid ease from a Labor front bench to the managerial chair of great enterprises obtained that front bench only on sufferance; and clever men, like Dr Evatt had to wait for the death of the engine-driving trade-unionist who defeated him for the party leadership before the inexorable law of priority and proving brought his number up. The rise of Dr Evatt, though it was slow, and helped in the long run by the absence of formidable rivals, was in itself one of the significant symptoms of the change taking place within 'the movement'.

When men believe something with their hearts, it is very easy for them to make an error with their heads. The great error of the Labor Movement was its acceptance of the Marxist doctrine of the class war as the supreme law of history and the key to the understanding of society. It was accepted not because it was valid but because no other explanation was then readily to hand. The men of Labor were never philosophers, nor were they well-educated; but those of them that were interested in cause and effect were inclined to theory and to books, and to them Marxism was an answer not in itself perfect, not above criticism, but something nevertheless to be accepted because of the confidence and gusto with which the preposterous theory was advanced.

Looked at in retrospect, the vigour with which theoretical Marxism entered the Labor Party and became its dominant source of ideas is very remarkable. The most peaceful, moderate and quiet-tempered of reformers found it difficult to argue the purely intellectual case against Marxism. We might have regarded Marxists as 'extremists' but never as enemies. My mother, no great thinker, but a person with a great capacity to love and a tireless worker for the relief of suffering told me when I was very small that 'Communists were much the same as us'. My father, in his desire for peace, tinkered with Peace Movements; in his love of the fraternal ideal, tinkered with Unity Movements. Avowed Communists were often in our house. The banner of the United Front was raised for many

years before it became a formal issue; and it became a formal issue only when the beginnings of danger were seen. Till that time, the front was united: completely.

If any criticism could be levelled at the old Labor man, and obviously some must, it can be said with justice that his thoughts, if deep, were never crisp; and if crisp, were never deep. The men of the Scullin Government were probably the most completely honest band of politicians ever to take power; and they crashed in almost record time because they were idealists, emotional, and excitable. The thought of Jimmy Scullin, than whom no more lovable man was ever Prime Minister, sitting at a table opposite Sir Otto Neimeyer, watchdog for the Bank of England, makes one weep for the inequality of man.

All this time the corrosion was at work in the Labor Party. Marxism had been accepted, if not openly at least implicitly by almost all Labor men. By many it had been accepted openly. Into the ranks of Labor came the violent and the greedy, and also the intellectual sympathizers—zealous ideologues like Ralph Gibson who seemed to have argued a logical case in favour of violence uncomplicated by any hereditary notions to contradict it. The doctrine of moderation belonged to the hearts of Labor men; but the doctrine of violence linked two wings, the intellectual and the plain greedy. In the middle of these, those who held a conviction with the heart, not with the head, were squeezed out. The hungry man, the poor man, the man who saw injustice and his children suffering from it, needed heroic virtue to keep the thought of violence from his mind. Many of the early Labor leaders were men of almost heroic virtue. Moderation, the constitutional course, was long and heart-breaking. The rabble-rouser, the 'agitator', had an easy case to make. The easy course attracts many men, and there grew up inside the movement a class of person called 'militant'. The word 'militant' itself was a pathetic symptom of what was happening to the Party. Unwilling to call them enemies, unable to prove them wrong, the Party had to accept such men with a word for label that was polite, slightly flattering, yet made them clearly distinguishable.

My first vivid memory of a 'militant'—one that made the word stay in my vocabulary with a derisive meaning to it—was of Alf, the Tramways agitator, whom I personally pulled from his bed at 11 a.m. one election day to come and give us a hand at the polls. Alf had never been known to incommode himself in the slightest for 'the Cause'. A vociferous talker, and critic, nobody could do enough for 'the Cause' to satisfy

him.™ He was bone lazy, politically ambitious, snatched with equal greed at tea, cakes or petrol ration tickets and was a nuisance to all. Not all militants were as single-minded in their pursuit of what the Haves had as Alf was. Bella, the wife of a frail 'worker' had known poverty and sickness all her life. She was a big-boned woman of tireless energy, and the Labor Movement was her religion. She saw no difference at all between Marxists and reformists, between Lenin and Brennan. The only people she hated were capitalists, and she applied the term 'capitalist' to an immense variety of good and innocent people. She did not understand that a difference existed because generations of oppression had stripped her of the power to understand anything. Occasionally, in a moment of fury, she would say loudly that 'bankers ought to be shot', without the least idea of what she had said, and certainly without meaning a word of it, and she would find herself the centre of a warm round of 'militant' applause. Ruby, a young girl, fierce and fanatical, joined the Labor Party in order to spill blood. She came from a wealthy home, openly declared that she was using the Labor Party to further the Marxist idea. Always, even when a member of the ALP, she assisted Communist candidates, never once actively assisted an authorized candidate. How she remained in the party at all, I do not know; except that many might have been expelled from the ALP who were not, because the Party drawn sentimentally to all apparent supporters was very loath to expel anyone at all. There were many like Alf, so many that my memory does not make a distinction between them. We knew them simply as a mass of people who were always a pest at committee meetings, and a severe drain on the family supplies of tea and buns. Above all, we were conscious of never being quite certain that our campaign committees were unanimous in their support of their own candidates. It was an uncomfortable feeling, and I shall always remember the awakening of disillusion in my father.

My father, whose long term in the Federal Parliament was prevented from being a record by one term of defeat, lost his seat in 1931 by a narrow margin when the Scullin Government was defeated. The margin was very narrow, and on the final count of the first preferences, we reckoned that we had won after all. The Communist second preferences should pull us up to pass the UAP man in the lead. Those Communist preferences, representing the votes of men who had been in our home, eaten our tea and buns, sat on our committees, and told us so often what to do for the working class went almost in their entirety

to the employing-class representative and my father joined the ranks of the unemployed for three years. At every election subsequent to that at which I scrutineered ballot papers, the Red second preferences went almost unanimously to the anti-Labor candidate.

Marx knew that a simple appeal to greed and violence wins many supporters. It wins a certain number of intellectual sympathizers, if the case is plausibly thought out, but it appeals very strongly to the greedy. For the first fifty years of its life, Labor was dominated by men who could be called 'moderate'. They had to fight like furies to cut through the almost incredible selfishness of the Victorian and Edwardian capitalists, but they fought cleanly and constitutionally, with reason and justice on their side; and never in spite of provocation and persecution did they make the mistake of allowing violence to unite with greed. The capitalist argument of the nineteenth century was too weak to withstand constitutional and rational attack. Prime Minister Pitt could only say once that the poor, to keep warm, should sleep with the animals. His argument was invalidated by the fact that they had no animals. The capitalists were too shrewd to resist forcefully in case their property suffered, and so they gave way, gradually, step by step. The history of the nineteenth century is the story of the gradual emancipation of the slave class created by the Enclosures and the Industrial Revolution. Compared with working conditions then, the life of today is almost idyllic. The working day is half what it was, the purchasing power of 'the worker' five to eight times as much. Today, he can own his own house, his car, a refrigerator, a TV set and send his children to college and university. It is not ideal because the mental outlook created by that period is still here, still rooted in fallacies, and the attitude of the 'worker' to work is far from satisfactory. Compared however with life in 1850, the century of reform is a remarkable achievement; and it is the result of the ceaseless and tireless activity of men who did not believe in revolution, in blood-shed, or in grabbing the boss's wealth. It was the work of men who did not ask for everything but asked only for justice.

By contrast, the 'militant' was and still is a greedy man. In line with the habits of changing property which began in the jungle and still remain with us, his theory is greedy but his practice is more so. He does not want to share the riches of the world, he wants to own the riches of the world. He does not want to get rid of injustice. He wants to get rid of the bosses and to take their place. It was the intrusion of this 'militant' element

into the Party and into the unions which made division inevitable. If you are interested in reform, you cannot carry this kind of dead weight for long. The Labor Party was always soft-hearted towards its supporters, but the time comes—as it came to us in 1948—when a man devoted to Labor and reform for half a century, and dying poor as a result could, in the twilight of his political usefulness, look about him and ask, who are my friends? Who indeed were? Who could be trusted? Who were those waiting to racket into a Parliamentary seat before the old man was even out? Who were those serving a cause and who were serving themselves? Where were the second preferences going? Who knew? not us. Working in that atmosphere was working in a jungle of lies, treachery, and chaos. It could not last. And it did not.

Niall Brennan

APPEAL ON BEHALF OF IMPRISONED HUNGARIAN WRITERS

The Hungarian Writers Association Abroad has issued the following statement, to which *Quadrant* gives its full support:

We are shocked and distressed by the official announcement from Budapest of the sentences passed on our four fellow-writers. Tibor Déry has been sentenced to nine years, Gyula Háty to six years, Zoltán Zelk to three years and Tibor Tardos to eighteen months imprisonment. In the case of Mr Déry who is sixty-three years of age and of failing health this means a death-sentence. After the trial held in camera, the allegation that Tibor Déry was the 'leader of an organization aimed at overthrowing the state order' and that his fellow-writers took part in the activities of such organization, is an offence against all writers of the world. Neither Déry nor any of his three fellow-writers played an active role in any organization except the Hungarian Writers Association and their sole crime consisted in telling what they knew was true. The Hungarian Writers Association Abroad most impressed by the general efforts already made in favour of the imprisoned Hungarian writers, appeals to world opinion and mainly the men of letters of all Continents to do all their best in order to have them released.

SWEET WINE

Walter James

THERE'S not much kick in the milk of human kindness and I must confess to some degree of boredom with the after-dinner orator's amiable adulation of Australian wines. Some of these wines—the dry reds and dry sherries in particular—may be not altogether without merit, but I think I would still do all my buying from France and Spain if I could afford it, and so, I've little doubt, would most of us. Let us be fair, but not flatterers.

Those whose memories are as long as mine will recall in the early years of the First World War the stark and striking cartoons of a man named Louis Raemakers which were distributed as propaganda to win our sympathy for the poor Belgians and to whip up our loathing of the obscene Huns, or Uhlans as I think they were then called. One in particular remains in memory, showing the wrecked kitchen of a peasant's cottage. On the floor lie two or three spredeagled women, each with a bayonet sticking in her breast, while an obese and unshaven German soldier, bending under a bag of loot, takes a final look backward at his handiwork and remarks to himself, to quell a moment's prick of conscience: 'Ah well, if I hadn't done it someone else would!'

For some obscure reason whenever I go into one of the big Australian wineries at vintage time, this forty-years-old cartoon persists in coming to mind. Indeed, the scene is a saddening one. Ton upon ton of grapes, some ripe, some under-ripe, some over-ripe, some diseased, some sound, much more bruised, are summarily tested for their sugar content (for by that are their growers paid—so much money for each degree of sweetness) and into the crusher they are casually tipped. One of these carefree vigneron blandly told me it did not pay him to start up his crusher for fewer than fifteen tons. Away runs the gargantuan swill of pulp into a range of big fermenting tanks, receives its shot of sulphur and its shot of yeast and is left to writhe. A few days later a third shot—this time of viciously crude spirit—puts an end to its convulsions and the grapes, sepultured in massive concrete storage tanks, attain the status of finished wine. And in an abundant season they attain it, too, in quantity sufficient to float a battleship, to everyone's pride and warm satisfaction. In due course, and a pretty rapid course,

without any unsought delay, any connoisseur-nonsense about maturation and marrying, this great autumnal deluge of semi-fermented grape juice finds its way, with all of a widgie's unspoil't yeasty freshness, on to the shelves of bars and grocer shops in bottles quaintly labelled Port or Sherry, bringing wealth to the winemen and oblivion to the weary. For this is the sort of thing the people like to drink, and if Australians choose to know wine chiefly by its abuse, that is no concern of the makers. If they hadn't done it someone else would.

Is sweet dessert wine made in this sad way anywhere else in this sad world? In California certainly and with much the same result. Possibly too in Argentina for the delectation of sinewy gauchos and at the Cape for the consolation of simple negroes who know the red variety of it as Pontac. But in gentle Europe, mother of the wine? I have yet to hear of it. Of course they do make sweet fortified wine in the old world—otherwise we should have had nothing to copy—but with what a difference in the method! Passing over such lesser-known wines as those of Banyuls in the Pyrenees and the Italian aleatico, both made from sun-dried semi-raisins, and the trockenbeeren Rhine wines and heavier sauternes both of which are dessert wines but neither of which is fortified, the main old-world types of which ours are a slapdash imitation, are port, oloroso sherry, marsala and madeira.

Port is beyond question the best of them. Now it is a fact established over the centuries and quite past dispute that the excellence of wine grapes is in inverse ratio to the luxuriance of their growth. What do we find in Portugal? For the best quality port each vine is so pruned as to yield only a third of a bottle. (Chateau Lafite in the Medoc prunes for an even lesser reward.) Medium-quality Oporto vineyards prune to keep the yield down to two-thirds of a bottle per vine; only the lower-class vineyards aim to get over a bottle. The lowest-class vineyards of all—the muddied oafs of the Portuguese wine trade—lying in alluvium at the foot of the hills and drawing moisture from the River Douro (yet even so not by irrigation!) squeeze up to a gallon per vine but their growers are not allowed so much as to attempt to turn such fruit into port, far less to offer it for sale as such. It is sold as *consumo*—the local peasants' *vin ordinaire*. Needless to say, the Australian vinegrower would regard this sort of self-denial as highly ridiculous; the more grapes the merrier, he says, and what happier consummation can there be for irrigation water than to be turned into wine? His thought is Biblical, and his mind at rest.

The vintaging methods in Portugal and Australia are completely different. The Portuguese way may or may not be the better but in either event there is nothing we can do about it. The Portuguese for instance tread the grapes with the naked foot—they tread by foot in Jerez and in parts of the Rhine too, though shod, not naked—but this sort of thing would bear altogether too hardly on the dignity of the Australian vintage hand and on the pocket of his employer, so that the merits and defects of grape-treading are of only academic interest to us. However, when it comes to the fortification, blending and ageing of the wine the differences in method are less excusable. The Portuguese fortifying spirit bears some affinity to brandy; ours, very considerably stronger, bears a greater affinity to petrol. Since tawny port in both countries is essentially a blended wine, each fresh vintage being added, with greater or less care, to accumulated stocks, it cannot be given a precise but only an approximate age. With this in mind, we may say that the cheaper sorts of Oporto wines are from four to seven years old and the better sorts from ten to twenty-five. Australian ports of the cheaper sort are put on the market as soon as the last fermentation bubble has subsided; the better sorts may be two or three years old; only the rarities are likely to have seen more than six or seven birthdays.

So much for tawnies. Vintage ports, the unmixed produce of a single harvest, are in Portugal kept in cask for two years and then bottled without fining; impatient people and Americans will find them drinkable after another five years; wise people after fifteen or twenty. When ready for decanting the sediment will have formed a crust on the sides of the bottle and the wine will be star-bright. The only Australian vintage ports known to me—I don't encourage their acquaintance—have still after twelve years or more failed to 'fall clear' and present the appearance of pea soup coloured with beetroot juice with a bouquet and a taste quite foreign to those of true vintage port. Have they been given those essential two years in cask before bottling? I much doubt it.

The most widely-consumed wine in Australia is called sweet sherry and when its popularity was recently threatened by a capricious vogue for white port the vintners took the masterly step of bottling the one wine under two labels. This saved everyone endless trouble. In Portugal they make a port from white grapes, and in Spain they make sweet sherry. Neither, let it be said for the honour of European viticulture, is a scrap like what bears those names in Australia.

The Spanish sweet sherries, which their makers call *palos cortados* or *olorosos*, and which English merchants usually call golden or brown, are fully-fermented wines and therefore, when newly made, quite dry. They are sweetened by the addition of a small quantity of wine specially made for the purpose from grapes which after picking have been further ripened by exposure to the sun on straw mats for several days. An alternative method of sweetening is to add a small quantity of fresh grape juice which has been prevented from fermenting and losing its sugar by being promptly mixed with brandy. (It is in this way that most Australian *sauternes* are made.) What the Englishman knows as brown sherry is the same sweetened *oloroso* with the addition of 'arope', which is fresh grape juice boiled down to a dark syrup. The wine whether brown or merely golden in colour is strengthened with brandy—as it has been fully fermented not much is required—and then put through its *solera*, the new wine being mixed with one-year-old, the displaced one-year-old with the two-year-old and so on until the wine ready for bottling from the oldest cask averages six or seven years of age, and better qualities up to ten or more. The more expensive sherries both dry and sweet—*fino* and *oloroso*—are further helped by the addition of a spoonful of liqueur-like wine from the bottom cask of a *solera* so old that had it not been periodically refreshed from the upper tiers it would in the natural course of things have evaporated two or three times over. Whether given this amelioration or not, it is always the oldest wine in the *solera* that is drawn-off for the market so there can be no chance of your finding in your glass a wine made, as in Australia, only the year before. The process, in Spain at all events, cannot be so very costly since you may buy a glass of good sherry there for threepence and a bottle for eighteen-pence.

In the Atlantic island of Madeira the new wine, made on hillside vineyards by barefooted peasants, is carried to the coastal wineries in goatskins, transferred into casks, and put into an *estufa* (hot room) for four months under a constant temperature of 110 degrees F. and under Portuguese Government supervision. This takes the raw edges off the wine, which for the same purpose used in more leisured days to be sent on a long sailing voyage through the tropics. The wine is then fortified to 32 degrees proof—much the same as our sherries—and blended with accumulated stocks of older wine of the same character—*sercial* (fairly dry), *bual* (medium sweet), or *malmsey* (full sweet). The blended wine then invariably gets several years' rest in cask. There are no young madeiras.

Let us turn to another island. Marsala, as made in the town of that name in Sicily, is a slightly more elaborate wine. The growers prepare a mixture of one part brandy to three parts of what the Italians call *passito* wine made (like the Spaniards' sweetener) from grapes brought half-way to the raisin stage by drying in the sun after picking. Six gallons of this fortified wine is added to a hundred gallons of a dry aromatic white wine grown in the district. The mixture is further enriched with grape juice concentrated by heating, traditionally over open fires which give the marsala its slight burnt caramel taste. The type called marsala al uovo contains as a further addition egg beaten up in strong spirit. These varied ingredients of Sicilian marsala are not mixed together in the manner of tomato sauce; the process is spaced over four years, so here again there is no likelihood of your buying an immature wine. I have drunk Australian madeiras and Australian marsalas. How they are made I do not know.

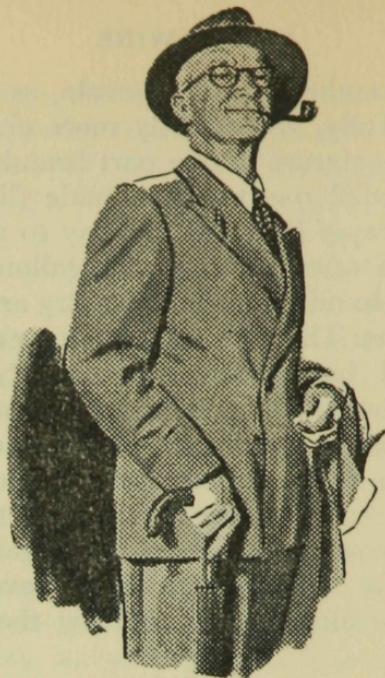
In none of these European instances is there an effort to fob off the public with the young raw wines which are the peculiar delight of the large-scale Australian wine factories. Fortunately, some true wine is made in Australia, a little of it even in the bigger wineries whose artless owners have a pleasant way of calling it their prestige wine—the wine they are proud of. They find it useful too for winning prizes at the royal show and providing something for the advertising boys to get their teeth into. So perhaps advertising, after all, does have its uses.

Walter James

NAMES AND FEELINGS

Most people must have felt at one time or another the grotesque incongruity of ugly names like *greed* and *malice* for feelings delightful at the moment; and a non-human observer from another planet might be puzzled to find that the passions and propensities that were called by the least attractive terms were the ones that mankind most persistently indulged.

Logan Pearsall Smith, THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE



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JEWISH FOLK-SONGS

Salamon Dembitzer

THE IMPORTANCE of the folk-song is nowadays no longer in doubt. It has long been recognized that the folk-song, in its language and provenance, is of great cultural significance, and that nowhere else is it possible to obtain deeper insight into the soul of a people.

I do not think that I exaggerate when I claim that no people has had such a bloody history or been so rudely buffeted by destiny as has the Jewish, but at the same time that no people has risen with greater vitality above these tragic experiences. It can therefore be a matter of no surprise that the Jewish folk-song contains more notes of melancholy and despair, yet at the same time more notes of hope, than any other. In spite of violent persecutions, which still continue today, the Jew has never abandoned hope. In face of the greatest disaster, which would undoubtedly have annihilated any other race or caused it to rise as one man in fury against the oppressor, so as to perish like Samson with the victors, the Jews have pacifically submitted to all the blows of fate, lifting their tear-stained eyes to Heaven, whence they knew their Salvation would come, saying nothing.

No people other than the Jews has such an abundance of folk-songs inspired by religion. Everywhere we find songs of praise, of love and of hope addressed to God. In the hour of greatest need, whether of the individual or of the community, God is the only refuge. This confidence is strong, immovable, indestructible. "Where will our food come from tomorrow?" a wife may ask her husband. But he does not reply, he merely points with his hand to Heaven above . . . and behold, the hungry wife bows her head in shame at having forgotten that there is a God in Heaven. Yes, even when the water has risen to his very neck, when distress and pain have reached their peak, the Jew will lift his eyes to Heaven with the thought: God knows what He is doing. . . . And then, and then. . . . What do we actually mean by 'bad'? Is it then not worth while to put up with one's modicum of trouble in this world in order to receive one's guerdon in the Beyond? Life on this earth is, after all, merely a prelude to Eternity. . . . And then, perhaps, one may have the immeasurable good fortune to witness the advent of the Messiah. It is then that the dead will arise from

their graves, and the Jewish people will return to Erez Israel, the land of their forefathers. In the heart of every Jew that is the most beautiful and most inspiring thought. Even the modern Jew can never wholly detach himself from this sentiment. There is many a tale which I could relate on this subject.

The Messianic thought is deeply rooted in the great mass of the Jews, and their hearts swell with ecstasy at the thought of what will happen when the Messiah comes. This is the theme of many of their songs, one of which ends as follows:—

*Tell us, Rabbi, of the day
When the great Messiah comes.
—Men will dance and jump for joy,
Triumphantly all men will sing
And sacred sacrifices bring.
Jacob our father will lead the throng,
Isaac our father will hold the cup,
Ezra the Scribe will note down our wishes.*

*Abraham our father will give us his blessing,
Moses our teacher instruct in the Thora.
The Levites will raise their voices in chants,
While David the King will play on his harp.
Sacred wines will be set before us,
Flesh of beasts and of fish to feed us
Will be found on the table that day.*

Back in my earliest youth, on the days preceding the great feasts it was the custom for one of the synagogue attendants to pass through the streets between three and four in the morning, waking the Jews and calling them to prayer. In the bitterest of weather, with the snow mantling the city in icy silence, his long-drawn voice would echo through the streets of Cracow, awaking an agonizing sweetness, an ecstatic tremor of fear. This feeling is hard to explain to a non-Jew. This profound tenderness blended of unfathomable sorrow and love can only be comprehended by a son of the ghetto. His chant only consisted of eight words or so: 'Jews, pious Jews, arise and serve your God.' These words rang through the silent night with tremendous sanctity and power. One's hair bristled as though under the influence of some ecstatic, subconscious fear. Into these few words this humble synagogue attendant would pour not only his whole soul, but indeed the mighty history of his whole people. Every note, long-drawn, seemed commanding yet beseeching, deep and high, quiet and loud at the same time.

I remember how he would remain standing for a long time outside our home. And even while his voice faded as he headed for other streets, the whole household would be excitedly awake and starting to get dressed. It never occurred to any of us that it was still the middle of the night and bitterly cold. We had no inclination to rub our eyes, to yawn and to sigh as one normally does when disturbed at night. Enthusiasm possessed us all, an enthusiasm which I have seldom since experienced.

And even today, if I close my eyes, I can still hear those sounds quite distinctly. They warm the cockles of my heart and stir up dreams of which even kings might well be envious, and sometimes I think to myself: 'Perhaps these sounds will give me the strength to bear with loneliness and to face up with a self-confident smile to the wretched happenings of the humdrum life in this vast madhouse. . . .'

The Jewish folk-song is often rich in humour too, and nobody has made fun of the Jews more cogently than the Jews themselves. Indeed, nobody laughs more heartily at this fun than the Jews themselves. This humour raises them above the tragedies of everyday life to pure celestial heights in which their souls can find peace and float on the wings of forgetfulness.

The songs of the ghetto told of love and pain, of good things and of bad, of quiet feast-days and strenuous weekdays, of happiness and unhappiness, of grief and misery, but most of all they sang of the everlasting God of the Jews.

A great number of the songs deal with unhappy marriages. Again and again we hear the same theme: Father and mother want their daughter to take a rich old husband. Father and mother have to be obeyed. And so it comes about that the parents are responsible for the ruin of a young life. But also marriage through so-called marriage-brokers forms the tragic theme of many of the songs. Thus in one of these a young woman sings:

*Broker, broker, this is my plaint,
Oh what have you done to me?
You pocketed your rake-off,
And remorselessly you've killed me off,
This is my plaint, this is my plaint.
What have I got? A husband like a horse,
Have a heart and bury him deep in the ground.
I've got a husband with a body like a sack.
Have a heart, I beg of you, take him back,
Take him back.*

The great majority of love songs originating in the ghetto show signs of Russian, Polish or German influence. German influence above all, since German resembles Yiddish more closely than any other language. A case in point is the following folk-song, which used to be much sung in the past, 'The Girl and the Tree', the language of which is predominantly German rather than Yiddish. The fact that the girl addresses the tree in German, as though it could not understand Yiddish, produces a very comical effect.

*One fine day a girl rose early
To drive her geese to pasture.
There she met a fine green tree
And wished him a good morning.
'Morning, morning, pretty green tree,
Tell me why are you so green,
That's what I should like to know.'*

*'All through the night, all the night,
I am steeped in fresh, fresh dew,
And that's why I am so green.
Now tell me maiden, pretty maiden,
Why, oh why are you so lovely,
That's what I should like to know.'*

*'All through the day, all the day,
I am fed on cakes and wine,
And that's what makes me lovely.
And now my fine upstanding tree,
I grieve to have to tell you,
But at home I have a brother,
And he's been told to cut you down.'*

*'But even if they cut me down,
I'll bloom when summer comes again.
But if a maiden lose her honour,
She never gets it back again,
Never never back again.'*

There are known authors of modern Jewish folk-song, the most celebrated being: E. Taunzer, M. Gordin, B. Schäfer, A. Goldfaden and M. Warschowsky. All these are now dead.

Warschowsky was an indifferent lawyer in Russia until he suddenly achieved overnight fame as a folk-song writer. He owed this fact to his almost unique song 'Aufn Prifischl'k' which still gets sung even today in every Jewish street and in every

Jewish home in the world. It can be heard in America, Hungary, Germany, Poland, in fact everywhere that Jews are to be found. The words are simple and of deep sincerity, and there can be no doubt that they will not readily pass into oblivion. It was through this song that attention was focused on the rest of this writer's work, which is no less beautiful, for all his poems are endowed with that gift common to all folk-songs, that of easily winning the hearts of the people. So it came about that he sang of the Simchasthora (the Feast of Joy in the Law), the only feast at which the Jew forgets his daily cares and has the right to rejoice in the Thora, oblivious of all around him. How does he achieve this? He takes a glass of wine and begins to dance and to sing. But this is no ordinary dance with the feet, or song from the mouth. No indeed. With his head held high and his eyes closed, his whole soul and his whole body dance and sing together in unison, and all the planets and all the stars dance and sing with him. Even a man who yesterday may have been a broken wreck becomes unrecognizable as this ecstasy, this superhuman power takes possession of him.

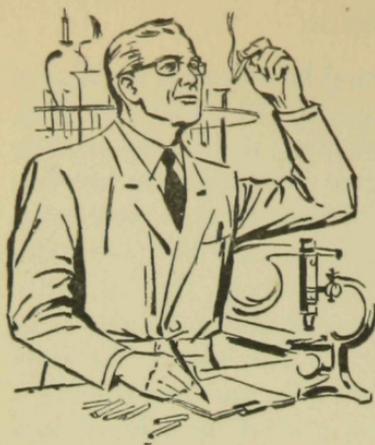
*Children, today is the Feast of Joy in the Law,
Joy pervading the whole wide world.
The Thora is our supremest good,
As we have all been taught in school.
Oi weh, oi, oi, oi.
Stay happy, children, as you are,
Soon the sack will be oozing gold,
Stay happy, children, till life's end.*

Mention may be made of another modern composer of folk-songs in the best sense of the word, A. Reisen. He himself was opposed to the title of 'modern folk-song writer', but the fact remains that nobody amongst the moderns has succeeded in creating folk-songs such as he has written. No one has succeeded as he has in giving expression to the sufferings of the contemporary Jew. His vocabulary is admittedly not rich, in fact it is rather simple and naïve. One of his best poems ends with the following lines:

*Tell me Life, what else do you hold in store?
Apart from seven days each week
And a heavy yoke upon our neck,
There's death, and only death to follow.*

Folk-song is the finest heritage a poet can leave his people.

Salamon Dembitzer



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E. G. WHITLAM:

The Constitution versus Labor

ALP Club, Melbourne University, 1s. od.

In the fourth Chifley Memorial Lecture Mr E. G. Whitlam MP has examined the Commonwealth Constitution from the point of view of the implementation of declared Labor Party policy. The lecture is entitled *The Constitution versus Labor*, and the Constitution is represented, quite fairly, as belonging to a time before the definition and development of Labor policy. That policy is much more economic than political in the older sense of the latter word. Indeed, the Labor Party in Australia was only about ten years old when the Constitution came into operation in 1901.

A federal constitution is, by definition, a constitution which gives defined, and therefore limited, powers to governmental agencies. The federal principle is in itself inconsistent with the party Federal Platform, which contains the following plank—'Amendment of the Commonwealth Constitution to clothe the Commonwealth Parliament with unlimited powers and with the duty and authority to create States possessing delegated constitutional powers.'

At the present time, however, there is no enthusiasm in any quarter for conferring unlimited power upon the Commonwealth Parliament. Hardly anybody in Queensland or South Australia or Western Australia or Tasmania contemplates with approval the possibility of complete government from Canberra. State Labor members of Parliament do not go out of their way to advocate the abolition of State Parliaments and the substitution for them of bodies possessing such powers as the Commonwealth Parliament chooses to grant to them.

Further, in many quarters, there is a growing distrust of parliaments and a growing tendency to place

strict limits upon legislative power. Recent constitutions have followed the example of the United States of America in introducing constitutional checks upon legislative power. It is interesting to reflect that, in the United States, 'democracy' is not identified with unlimited power in the parliamentary majority for the time being, but rather with the Bill of Rights, which prevents legislatures from interfering with what are regarded as basic freedoms.

Without abandoning unification as an ultimate objective, Mr Whitlam proceeds to consider the obstacles to Labor policy presented by the Constitution as it now exists and as it is interpreted.

Labor policy, he states, is in favour of monopolies in banking, credit, insurance, shipping, airlines, radio and television services, sugar refining, the stevedoring industry and the coal industry. All these, it is said, should be public monopolies. It is true that the Constitution as recently interpreted prevents the establishment of such governmental monopolies—subject to an exception at some undefined stage of 'social development' indicated, rather than described, by the Privy Council in the Banking Case. Amendment of the Constitution—particularly of Section 92—could remove the impediments. In the absence of such amendment the position is as Mr Whitlam describes it.

Many of Mr Whitlam's criticisms of the Constitution really relate to the subject of finance rather than to constitutional questions. He points out that the States, owing to financial weakness, are not able to carry out measures relating to housing, health, and education, or to 'introduce social or industrial reforms which will impose any burden upon the State budgets'. The remedy which Mr Whitlam proposes is to vest full powers in these matters in the

Commonwealth Parliament. But, it may be suggested, this is not the only possible remedy. There are many who would prefer to make a new adjustment of the financial relations of the Commonwealth and the States in such a manner that the States would have revenue which would not only allow, but would, in practice, compel them to take full responsibility in these matters. Consider education as an example. Education is a vital interest of the community, and it is expensive. A review of the governmental set-up in relation to finance should result in the necessary money being made available to the States without placing educational policy and administration in federal hands. Many educationists believe strongly in promoting local interest and local control in education, and not in centralization.

Mr Whitlam says—'There are few functions which the State Parliaments now perform which would not be better performed by the Australian Parliament or by regional councils.' This is very much a matter of opinion.

Mr Whitlam brings out very clearly the fact that the Constitution was framed without consideration even of the existence of important economic problems which largely engage the attention of governments today. It is remarkable that the Constitution has worked as well as it has done. But, in relation to economic matters, the Constitution cannot be regarded as satisfactory. The position as between Commonwealth and State control is confused and almost incoherent with respect to control of prices, marketing, interest and credit, and investment—and, I add, industrial relations. He truly says that 'it has become recognized, in Australia as elsewhere, that governments have a responsibility, for the general state of the economy, for the level of employment, for the stability of the value of the currency, and for the rate and

balance of economic development'. (I emphasize 'a responsibility'—that is, some degree of responsibility, but not the whole responsibility. The people, apart from the Government, must do, and must be allowed to do, their part—much the larger part.) It is almost impossible to achieve a co-ordinated economic policy in Australia today. The difficulties in any effective control of the expanding hire purchase system provide a contemporary example. Careful consideration could with advantage be given to extending Commonwealth power in these matters.

Mr Whitlam's comment upon the attitude of the High Court upon the industrial power and its attitude upon Section 92 is not quite convincing. He speaks of the 'expansive interpretation' of the industrial power as contrasted with the 'restricted interpretation of Section 92'. But Section 92 has been given a wide application which was never thought of when the Constitution was adopted.

I completely agree with Mr Whitlam that no useful object is served by the present form of limitation of appeals to the Privy Council imposed by Section 74. If the appeal to the Privy Council is retained at all—and there is much to be said against it—a certificate of the High Court should be required as a condition of appeal in all constitutional cases.

Mr. Whitlam's lecture is a careful and competent analysis of the constitutional position in relation to real and important problems.

J. G. Latham

GEORGE NADEL:
Australia's Colonial Culture
Cheshire. Melbourne. 30s. od.

In this book, Dr Nadel has been concerned, as Hartley Grattan puts it in his foreword, 'to explore the diffusion of knowledge and ideas' in New South Wales (for the book very largely though not exclusively deals

with the mother colony) between about 1830 and 1860. This is an aspect of Australian history which has been somewhat neglected in the past, for writers have been more concerned with recounting the winning of responsible government, the development of the pastoral industry, or the discovery of gold. Discussion of such matters as literature and popular education is very welcome.

Although at first sight Dr Nadel might seem to be giving a survey of the cultural developments of the period in fact he appears to be arguing a thesis. By the mid-nineteenth century, more people were coming to regard Australia as their new home, instead of looking at it simply as a ready source of wealth to be acquired during a relatively short stay. Hence there grew up a desire for culture of some kind. Since this was not readily provided by the squatting class, partly because of their wide dispersion and partly because of their interest in their flocks, it needed a different and more popular basis, and this was provided by men of education, with 'a sense of mission' who became 'the founders of the institutions for the diffusion of knowledge' (p. 36). Moreover these men could not deal with 'gentlemen scholars', for there were none in the colony; hence they had to shift the emphasis on their work from 'an interest in genteel literary culture to popular education' (p. 44). At the same time, 'national sentiment was to be created by literature' (p. 73); there was a moral value in education because knowledge 'made the individual happy and . . . society more virtuous', (p. 157), and later on its service for 'social amelioration' became strongly emphasized as well (p. 183). This knowledge could in part be gained from the State which, as it increasingly transferred the work of education from religious bodies to itself, took a 'step from diversity to unity, from the scattering of sentiments and loyalties to national

consciousness' (p. 213). The feeling for unity led to popular dislike of sectarianism and hence to the reluctance of the laity to support their religious leaders if the latter seemed intolerant; from this came the decline of religious feeling and the 'secularization of Australian society' as early as the eighteen-fifties, when leading educationalists 'had become propagandists for something like a gospel of humanity, based not on socialism but on the spread of knowledge' (p. 257).

Thus Dr Nadel seems to accept the view that the Australian immigrants, forming a society which lacked a sense of mission or other-worldly justification, native historical traditions and common religious sentiments, made a 'deliberate if ephemeral attempt to seek out and create a sentiment of national unity by drawing on the British cultural background, especially on literature as the supreme civilizing agent' (p. 271). They further extolled 'the diffusion of knowledge as a moral force and emphasized the social character of that moral force', so that in time Mechanics' Institutes were added to periodical literature as the 'rallying-point for the unifying sentiment'.

This belief might well be debated. It seems to exclude cultural activities that were not directed to this purpose; and although it may well be that this was a motive activating some publicists at the time, it seems doubtful if it was the only one. Although, therefore, Dr Nadel gives an excellent survey of some aspects of cultural life and has done great service in his consideration of the role of the city-dweller, so often the forgotten man in early Australian history with its too frequent emphasis on the bush, it might be suggested that he rather ignored the activities of the educated upper class, including civil servants and some at least of the holders of squatting licences, who by 1850 were by no means negligible

either in numbers or in intellect. One might contest, in fact, his assumption that there were no 'gentleman scholars' among the citizens of the colony. Likewise the religious leaders, though possibly bigoted in outlook and unpopular with the mass of the population, played a part in the cultural life of the time worthy of more notice than the criticism which Dr Nadel directs against the sectarian outlook of men like Lang and Broughton.

It might be said then that this is not a fully comprehensive survey of the subject, for although definitions of culture may vary, it has been narrowly defined here. Unfortunately, too, it might be said that this is not always an easy book to read. However, a reviewer should be very hesitant to criticize an author for not writing 'the ideal book', which never can be written. Dr Nadel has opened up an aspect of history too often neglected, not only in relation to Australia. *A. G. L. Shaw*

DOUGLAS STEWART AND NANCY KEESING (editors):

Old Bush Songs

Angus & Robertson. Sydney. 25s. od.

Readers who are concerned with the maturing of Australian nationhood will welcome this new contribution to Australian literature. As Miss Keesing states in a very fine preface, one of the features of Australian cultural life over the last eight or nine years has been the extraordinary development of interest in the songs sung by the early settlers of this continent. And what is more important, it has not been a literary or critical interest but a very practical one of singing them. Today these songs form a regular part of the radio programmes which I suppose must be accepted as a good indication that Australian bush songs have 'arrived'. This must give intense pleasure to those of us who are prepared to make sacrifices to foster a sense of national pride and self-respect. The last world war brought

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home the lesson of Australia's place in world affairs very vividly but it did something more. Thousands of Australians whose idea of Australia was limited to the Dandenongs or Katoomba were posted in parts of Australia which had been scarcely more than names to them before. They came out of the Forces with a realization of what Australia was and could be. In discovering Australia, they discovered themselves. Hence the recordings and publishing of the old bush songs 'rang a bell' with them. This new collection will be welcome to these soldiers and to their children. It is of course true that there is no music in the new collection but the editors have referred to sources where these can be obtained if desired.

The title of the new volume is the same as the original collection made by 'Banjo' Paterson and published by the same firm. Paterson's collection has been made the basis of the present collection but that is all. Indeed the new format as well as the greatly extended contents remind one very little of the original. This is however, not a bad thing. It merely serves to pay homage to the first collector in whose debt we shall always remain.

The preface by Nancy Keesing should be thoroughly studied by all interested in the subject. It is well-balanced and indicates real insight into the genius of the early balladists. Her comparison between the rude folksy original and some of the 'artistic' attempts to add or improve is very well done and convincing.

The actual contents are divided into nine sections with a full representation in each section. A bare list will give some idea: Convicts and Bushrangers (41 songs), Immigrants and New-Chums (26), The Goldfields (26), The Stockmen of Australia (25), The Stringybark Cockatoo (36), A Cry from the North (9), Shanties (8), On the Wallaby (20) and The Springtime it Brings On the Shearers (27)—two hundred

and eighteen altogether. As far as they have been able to discover, the authorship or circumstances of each song has been added as well as a glossary of difficult words and slang.

The editors and the publishers are to be congratulated on the attractive and accurate production of the book. It will prove a valuable reference work for future folk-lorists and in the meantime it will give great enjoyment to young and old who wish to know and love the real Australia. This is history and art serving a high purpose.

Percy Jones

GORDON GREENWOOD and
NORMAN HARPER (editors):
Australia in World Affairs 1950-1955
F. W. Cheshire, Melbourne, 45s. od.

The Australian Institute of International Affairs is to be congratulated upon its decision to publish at regular intervals 'an authoritative survey of Australia's actions and commitments in world affairs'. This volume is a good beginning.

International Affairs and foreign policy received little intense study in this country until Pearl Harbour; they have loomed somewhat larger since, but it is doubtful whether a significant number of Australians really appreciate the decisive and critical importance of world affairs for the private affairs of all of us.

The editors have correctly analysed the main elements of the problem and have clearly put their own views on Australian foreign policy. These should be quoted because, although this reviewer supports them wholeheartedly, they are no longer binding upon both sides of Australian politics. Bipartisanship in foreign affairs, which is so important as regards the fundamental lines of a stable foreign policy, has been destroyed as one of the main results of the tragic split in the Labor Party and the subsequent adoption by the ALP under

Dr Evatt's leadership of a foreign policy to which *Communist Review* gave the 'warmest approval'. Thus, the simple truths stated by the two editors need to be quoted and remembered: 'The direction which Australian policy should take, as well as the broad principles on which security should be based . . . were hardly in doubt. Geography, history and a fundamental lack of power determined the course of Australian action. Apart from self-help and whatever umbrella the United Nations could provide, Australian leaders by force of circumstance had to adventure on a three-pronged policy of strengthening the British association, collaboration with the United States and the development of mutual sympathy and understanding with important areas of the non-Communist Asian world.'

The editors, having set this admirable basis for Australian foreign policy, then express the rather optimistic view that 'despite differences about questions of method and on occasion of principle, something not unlike a bipartisan foreign policy has emerged'. This statement, as we have seen, is no longer true. It was true certainly while the late J. B. Chifley led the Labor Party, and possibly even during the period up to the Hobart Conference of that Party, but it is certainly not true now. Events which have occurred this year (after the book went to press) only tend to confirm the 'popular front' realignment of ALP policy. Unwillingness to face this fact also weakens the otherwise excellent paper by Professor Alexander on 'The Australian Community'. He shows insufficient appreciation of the consequences for foreign policy of the ALP split.

Professor Greenwood in his admirable paper on 'The Commonwealth' has shown perhaps a little too much lenience towards Nehru and his policies, which seem to this reviewer (writing now with the hind-

sight of 1957, but having proclaimed it in 1953 and 1955) to have been dishonest and certainly not in the best interest of his own country; Mr Nehru's active sponsorship of his peculiar form of neutralism (how unlike Burma's for example) can only deprive his country of the peace and freedom, which it needs for progress.

Professor Geoffrey Sawyer provides a very competent and highly technical chapter on the 'United Nations', though perhaps leaning over backwards a little in the effort to attain complete impartiality. Professor Norman Harper gives an excellent contribution on 'Australia and the United States', and a valuable postscript on 'Australia and Suez'.

Contributions by Professor Prest on 'Economic Policies', R. G. Neale on 'The Indian Sub-Continent', R. B. Joyce on 'The South West Pacific' and John Andrews on 'New Guinea and Papua' are all relevant studies of high quality.

There is one paper, however, which is at variance with the rest of the book and not on the same level of disinterested scholarship. Professor C. P. FitzGerald in his 'Australia and Asia' seems to be trying to frighten his readers with the spectre of Japan in order to make them amenable to a complete revision of policy in a sense contrary to that stated and approved by the other contributors. This impression is reinforced by a number of highly controversial statements criticizing the ANZUS Pact and other aspects of Australian policy and by criticism of a number of free Asian countries. Professor FitzGerald uses selectively such well-tryed semantic gadgets as 'dubious regime', 'venal', etc., always against our friends and never against enemies or potential enemies or neutralist States, as if the foreign policy commitment or non-commitment of the latter made them immune to corruption and dubiety.

H. R. Krygier

RANDOLPH STOW:

Act One

Macdonald, London. 6s. 6d.

Randolph Stow's poems have already been acclaimed in England. One of them has been a prize-winning poem at the Cheltenham Festival of Art and Literature; and the volume itself is a Poetry Book Society recommendation. It is good to realize that this is neither because the poems are piquantly Australian nor because they are 'ungratefully' English. It is because they are good poems. Much of Mr Stow's imagery is Australian, since the things he has seen and touched and felt as a child and as a man are the natural incarnation of his strongest feelings and thoughts; but he is not in the least self-conscious about them. Genuine imagination cannot be superficially patriotic or the reverse; it simply tries to root itself where experience is most real.

Perhaps, though, there is a quality in these poems which may have been

fostered by this country, by the protection a poet has here (especially if he is a West Australian) from the talk of other poets, and so from the feeling of belonging to a common defence project in an age when newspapers are full of anxieties about technological, not about imaginative ignorance. At least, I find a kind of innocence in these poems, which is not innocence about life, but a kind of indifference to contemporary fashion. It is a strength, not a weakness. So much modern poetry has been 'exploration of personal existence'. It is often weak, even when the poet's personal life has been rich and his feeling for language sure, because our personal lives are a mere welter of elements if they are not given form and meaning within some valid 'stay of mankind' whose wisdom of interpretation is not our own private possession. Mr Stow does not explore his life in his poetry, but rather the story of mankind. Most of his poems are what I would call

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At the Rangoon Conference of 1955 forty distinguished Asians discussed the problems cultural, economic and political, of the Asian people since the Second World War. This Report is a contribution of prime importance to Far Eastern affairs.

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THE SOVIET ECONOMY

The first of a series of booklets arising out of the Milan Conference of 1955 on "The Future of Freedom". Contributors include Raymond Aron, Colin Clark, Bertrand de Jouvenel, Edward Shils, Peter Wiles and Bertram D. Wolfe.

Published by Secker & Warburg, London. 6s. 3d. net

'mythical'. The rhythms of life and death, of love and hate, of vitality and suffering, of intensifying sex and clarity of spirit, of rampage and ease, of tightening impulse and pastoral relaxing, of cruelty and gentleness—these rhythms, which we find in ourselves and in the animals around us, in the seasonal changes of the earth and its climatic life, are the subjects of his poems.

They are not generalized about or ruminated on; they are made known in poems which are in essence dramatic or narrative, though often lyrical in tone and feeling. Like good poems they are, to begin with, full of particulars, the living images of people, animals, flowers, scenes, places; and, to end with, a kind of vision of life. They 'begin in delight and end in wisdom'. Their range is wide, as a glance at contents will show: 'The Farmer's Tale', 'Sea Children', 'The Farmer's Boy', 'With Ladies', 'In a Southern Forest', 'The Concupiscence of John Doe', 'Dialogue in August', 'Night Sowing', 'Christ and Adam in Hell', 'The First Monarch', 'Dream of a Pastoral Poet'—here are a few out of the forty-four poems in the volume. There is one poem on himself (the Cheltenham Festival prize poem), 'A Complaint Against Himself'; and it contains a quality of irony which is one of the pleasures of quite a lot of his poetry. It is an irony, neither bitter nor angry, but one which seems part of his way of seeing things, a sense of the radical humour of being alive, and so committed to some kind of inescapable folly as well as intensity or grandeur. It is, I think, this radical irony which gives a certain delicacy of tone and movement to most of his poetry, as if that total immersion in strong feeling were felt as altogether too much of a good thing. (It is a quality which appears, with joyful suddenness in both his novels, and often at moments when 'violence' is coming to a climax.)

I should like this review to be considered rather as a notice of the first book of poems of a very young writer rather than as a criticism. If there is naïveté in some of the poems, and an unassimilated delight in other poets' idiom in a few, this is hardly unexpected in a young writer. I think in their range, in their imaginative spring, in their emotional validity (felt in the precision and vitality of their movement, and in their verbal gloss) the greater number of these poems are a remarkable achievement. They move the mind to fresh pleasure. They are good to read. *Alec King*

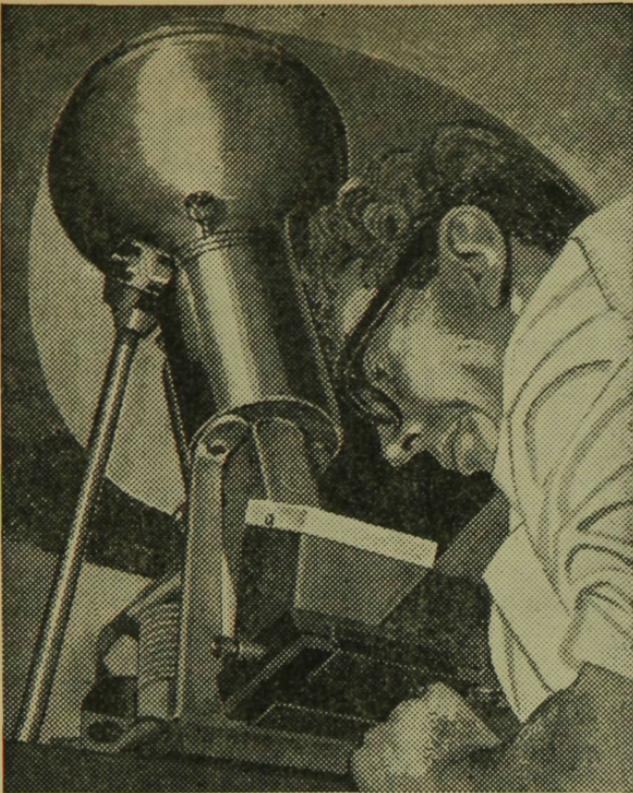
FRANK KERMODE:

Romantic Image

Routledge & Kegan Paul, London. 34s. 9d.

This is one of the most important pieces of literary criticism to have appeared in recent years; one of the few works in English that tries to get to grips with the central problem of modern poetry. Kermode sees that the main tendency of modern poetry has been towards a peculiar cult of the Image or Symbol, divorced from ordinary rational meaning. According to this view, a poem should be made of images, and form in its totality a non-discursive Image which has no separable intellectual content, no prose meaning which can be set out in paraphrase, no relation to, hence no collision with, the truths of reason and science. Generally it is claimed that such a poem is a mode of cognition in its own right; it conveys a (non-rational) intuition of a superior truth that can be presented in no other terms. The Image or Symbol does not 'mean' anything that can be otherwise expressed; it simply *is* its own meaning: 'A poem should not mean but be.'

This way of producing poetry is also, it is claimed by its adherents, the only way of restoring the unity which was broken for Western man somewhere at the end of the middle ages, when thought and feeling,



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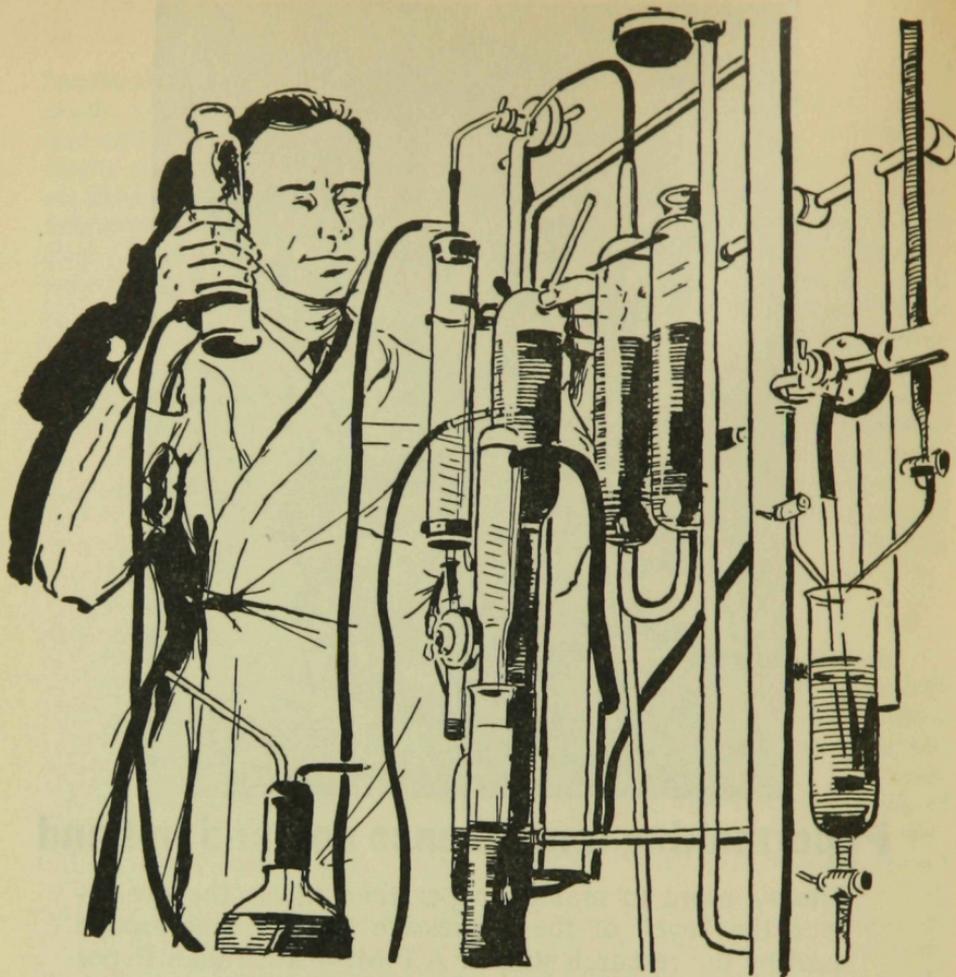
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reason and imagination, were split apart. The unity is restored, however, only by dispensing with thought and reason altogether, in their mundane form, and committing oneself wholly to the higher inexplicable truth of which the poetic image is the sole mode of cognition.

Kermode recognizes that the origins of this Romantic and Symbolist view lie mainly in occultism and magic: 'Magic came, in an age of science, to the defence of poetry . . . the truth is that the whole poetic movement was to a striking degree hermetic.' The poetic image is a magical instrument, with power to summon up the higher realities to which it is related by symbolic correspondences: it has 'the same relation to spiritual reality as the daemonic "sign" of the mage'. It is that reality in a certain mode. The problem for modern poets and critics who want to continue the same tradition is to find some other theoretical basis for it than a disreputable occultism.

The main intention of Kermode's discussion is to argue *against* this tradition and restore to its rightful place in poetry the discursive element. He wants to regain for Milton's *Paradise Lost*, whose use of a paraphrasable theme has incurred the displeasure of modern critics, its rights as 'the most perfect achievement of English poetry, perhaps the richest and most intricately beautiful poem in the world'.

This is a worthy aim, but the weakness of the book is the vagueness that comes in just at the point when the solution is to be offered. And the reason seems to be that Kermode has not really resolved the underlying difficulty.

Poetry was driven along this strange path towards 'the magian heresy' by the rise of naturalism and scientism to dominance over culture. Poetry normally lives in vibrant communication with the meanings and values of religion and

metaphysics. The element of rational discourse in poetry presents no problem so long as its assertions have a possible validity in the cultural tradition. But once all such assertions are denied any possible validity in the name of naturalism or positivism then the divorce between poetic imagination and rational thought is inevitable. The poet who wants to be intellectually respectable while discursive can only use the leaden materials of sceptical naturalism, out of which he can make no poetic gold. He may therefore decide to abandon the discursive element and seek the alchemical gold of the pure Image. But the demand remains for some relation between poetry and truth, and this is supplied by the theory that the pure Image is itself a truth beyond science, a sort of Superword, protected from the assaults of reason by having no separable intellectual content which can be paraphrased and examined. Kermode appears to accept the inevitability of naturalism. He would like to dissolve the whole problem and re-establish poetic discourse without going back on the modern dismissal of the traditional ideas that once sustained it; and he therefore goes to work trying, unsuccessfully, to show that the notion of a Renaissance or post-Renaissance divorce of thought from feeling is merely an historical 'myth' invented by the Symbolists. He seems to assume that we can get back to Milton while retaining a naturalistic view of reality. He also, inconsistently, seems to believe that the modern invention of the non-logical Image or Superword can be retained so long as it is purged of occultist pretensions, re-equipped instead with 'modern language-theory' (oh blessed word Mesopotamia), and mixed with matter provided by discursive reason. Yeats has, he thinks, largely solved the problem by making poems which have a discursive element, taking as his chief subject matter the very problem

itself, namely the conflict between 'imagination' and 'reason'. Here, it seems, he has failed to think things through, and wants a typical English compromise based on avoiding the sharp edges of the problem and pretending that the antinomy between poetry and naturalism does not really exist.

James McAuley

L. T. C. ROLT:
Isambard Kingdom Brunel
Longmans, London, 31s. 0d.

The author comments on the fact that there are few biographies of such prodigious men of the Industrial Revolution as Brindley, Telford, the Stephensons and Brunel, although many small figures in other fields who have had little influence on world history have a bibliography which would fill a fair-sized bookshelf. True, and regrettable; but it is only when a biographer has the rare combination of qualities exhibited by L. T. C. Rolt that the job can be done. For he combines the technical knowledge needed for a genuine critique with an understanding of the social and cultural implications of technology, and has in addition a philosophical depth of judgment. His book is compelling, exciting and thought-provoking.

I. K. Brunel was a titan of the heroic period of British engineering. The Great Western Railway was his first major work, with its revolutionary broad-gauge permanent way and its tunnels and bridges. He took a hand in the now forgotten 'atmospheric' railway idea, by which a train was propelled by atmospheric pressure acting upon a piston travelling in a continuous tube from which the air was pumped out (several of these lines were built, in England, Ireland and France). Then he turned to ships: the *Great Western*, pioneer of Atlantic steamship services, the *Great Britain* which became one of the great ships of the Australian trade (32 voyages to Melbourne over

23 years). Other works followed: a rifle with a polygonal barrel which preceded the Whitworth, and which he scorned to patent ('What is it exactly he [Whitworth] does patent? It cannot be merely the polygon'); a hospital at Renkioi for the Crimean campaign on principles which have governed the layout of similar temporary buildings ever since; the Paddington railway station. Then he returned to ships with the design for the *Great Eastern*, whose initial troubles were not his fault. The story at this last stage has gripping and almost tragic interest.

Rolt tries to place the man and discern his motives. He was unequalled among engineers in his day for his inclusiveness of intellect. No one subsequently has come near him, because after him the age of pioneering individualists gave way to specialization: 'In Brunel's day . . . men spoke in one breath of the arts and the sciences and to the man of intelligence and culture it seemed essential that he should keep himself abreast of developments in both spheres. But after the mid-century the two sisters became increasingly estranged from each other with consequences disastrous to both. Scientist and engineer lost their sense of proportion as they lost their concern for the humanities. . . . It was a foregone conclusion and a part of the general pattern of disintegration that when scientist and engineer became specialized animals they should also become the tools, first of commercial power and later of the far more terrifying and impersonal power of the State. . . . So long as the artist or the man of culture had been able to advance shoulder to shoulder with engineer and scientist and with them see the picture whole, he could share their sense of mastery and confidence and believe wholeheartedly in material progress. But as soon as science and the arts became divorced . . . confidence vanished and doubts and

fears came crowding in. No longer mastered by any single mind, scientific and technical development seemed to have acquired a frightening momentum of its own, independent of human volition.'

Brunel was one of those 'deep, violent, colossal, passionately striving natures' who merit the name genius in the full sense. Rolt places him as 'the last great figure of the European Renaissance', an *homo faber* whose main-spring was neither money-making nor the thirst for applause nor any high religious or philosophical motive but the urge towards 'that same "profane perfection of mankind" which the Arts of the Renaissance testified'. Rolt adds: 'It was only after Brunel's passing that "confusion fell on all our thought"; that the illusion of that high promise stood revealed, and Europe awoke from that dream.'

Harold Standish

D. L. MUNBY:

Christianity and Economic Problems

Macmillan. London. 41s. 6d.

For more than seventy years professional economists have been trying to humanize their science by relating its principles to the relevant truths of ethics and religion. At the first convention of the American Economic Association in 1885, Richard T. Ely, a co-founder, expressed the hope that the members would 'do something toward the development of a system of social ethics', and he appealed 'to the church, the chief of the social factors in this country, to help us', for such an activity is 'in the direction of practical Christianity'.

Many Christian philosophers and theologians have made parallel attempts to judge economic progress in the light of Christian principles. Church leaders now consider this one of their most urgent duties. The World Council of Churches in its Assemblies at Amsterdam, 1948, and Evanston, 1954, considered and drew up reports on the economic and

political organization of society; and in 1956, Pope Pius XII addressed the first congress of the International Economic Association.

Until recently, most of these attempts at economic-theological partnership were frustrated by difficulties of communication: the economists knew too little about social ethics and the theologians too little about economics. However, in the last few years, a few books have been written by authors who were competent in both fields. A modern Catholic synthesis was given in Messner's *Social Ethics* and Cronin's *Catholic Social Principles*. This book *Christianity and Economic Problems* gives an Anglican synthesis, which differs but little from the Catholic one. The author is a lecturer in economics at Aberdeen University. His theology is that of a section of the Anglican Church represented by writers such as C. S. Lewis and E. L. Mascall. This theology coincides with that of the Greek Orthodox and Catholic churches in practically all dogmas except those concerning the nature of the Church and its government.

Mr Munby is competent in both theology and economics, and the general plan of his book is a model for anyone wishing to discuss Christianity and economic problems. First he gives an outline of the Christian Faith. Then he discusses natural law and shows that no social science of man, such as economics, can ultimately lead to human welfare unless it takes account of what man is and what values bring his fulfilment. Next, he defines the subject matter of economics, and shows how all the great economists before 1930 brought into their systems certain non-economic presuppositions about man, which were untrue and which contributed to produce a faulty economic system and social unrest. One of these presuppositions was 'that it is the individual by himself that is the unit of human society. Clearly the individual is not

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the fundamental unit of human society; the fundamental unit is the family, and beyond the family, the small group at work, at play, living together in a small community, or organizing common activities.' Another presupposition was an exaggerated importance given to economic considerations when contrasted with social and political considerations. This led, in practice, to an uncritical acceptance of the capitalist scale of values. As a result, all these economists accepted, in varying degrees, the iron law of wages and the laissez-faire theory, and paid far too little attention to the demand side of economic activity.

The author then takes a number of questions discussed, though not co-operatively, by economists and Christian social thinkers. He gives answers to the questions drawn from a knowledge of both economists and Christian social theory. Some of the questions he deals with are full employment, the distribution of national income, the price system, the function of the businessman in society and state action in the economic field. For the most part, his answers coincide with those of modern English socialism of the New Fabian type and with general Catholic theory, though with rather less emphasis on decentralization.

In the last part of the book there is a competent summary of fundamental Christian social principles and a criticism of aspects of the attempts of many Christians to apply these principles to actual economic life. The author gives detailed samples of foolish mistakes made by the theologians because they were ignorant of how the modern economic system in fact works. Theologians, wearied with close biblical study, tend to get their economics from simpliste crackpots on the lunatic fringe of economic writing instead of settling down to some long, hard study of economic text-books of university standard. It is also true

that economists who suspect that theology may have something to contribute to their specialized vocation tend to study Christianity uniquely from old-fashioned rationalist writings attacking the rationalist parody of Christianity. It is no use studying a subject if you study only the wrong books on it.

J. Fahey

MABEL WALN SMITH:

Springtime in Shanghai

Harrop, London. 18s. 9d.

Mabel Waln Smith published last year a book about Mongolia, *Land of Swift Running Horses*, which was full of zest and charm. Now she has recorded her recollections of the China she knew and loved. Visiting it as a young woman before the war, she married an Englishman and settled in Shanghai: 'This was my first taste of a matured country, steeped in layer upon layer of civilization, enriched by great depths of culture, where customs were matured, yet thoughts and actions were given freedom. I felt like a field prepared for planting, but where few seeds had as yet been sown. *I knew that I must live in China.*' A Pennsylvania Quaker by upbringing and conviction, she brings to the interpretation of everyday life a fresh sensibility, full of humour and sympathy and devoid of primness or censoriousness without yielding her gently firm principles and judgment. Her story is evidence also of considerable courage in adversity.

The book covers not only the halcyon days of peace but also her experience of three years' internment by the Japanese followed later by the Communist occupation of Shanghai and the expropriation, ill-treatment and expulsion of the foreign community. Necessarily some glimpses of terrible things are given. For instance, she tells incidentally of ten young village boys who were smuggling rice to their relatives in a nearby city beleaguered by the

BOOKS NOTED

Communists. 'The Communists had caught them at the barrier but had let them pass—after tearing a big toe off each young foot with pincers. Now these boys would never run again, nor walk. For ever they must crawl, dragging a putrefying leg. . . .'

But the author said to herself when being interned by the Japanese: 'If I am thus imprisoned but come through it, I promise not to write a Horror Book.' And she has kept her word. Some of the best fun of the book (for the reader) comes in the internment chapters, and at the end she says: 'None of these misfortunes have I held against the Orient. . . . when tides of human feeling are roused terrible deeds and sinful atrocities happen. These experiences would have come to me anywhere on earth. I sympathize with fear of the Chinese, just as I sympathize with that horrible fear of foreigners from which I know many Chinese suffer, but I have never felt anything but akin to this race from the first day of my arrival in their country.'

To a Japanese soldier hiding away in Shanghai after the war, who was troubled by the contrast between the thoughts of goodwill to men he had once had and the behaviour of the Japanese occupying forces, she said: 'Unity between countries, just as a friendship between individuals, begins with small kind actions, kind thoughts for the welfare of another . . . blot the war years from your thoughts, get back to your original idea. But make it *brotherhood for all nations*, not just the Orient.' We need more people with the understanding spirit of this author, whose goodwill never slides into a muddled refusal to face facts and discriminate between evil and good, but remains clear and truthful. 'What does this creature do?' a washerwoman asks the author's servant. 'Writes,' he replies, 'Puts words on paper. It's a profession, they tell me. Like your washing, only not so good.' Not so bad, all the same. *James McAuley*

DANNIE ABSE:

Tenants of the House

Hutchinson. London. 12s. 6d.

Dannie Abse is a doctor who belongs to the 'Maverick' clan of poets, who are neo-Romantic in opposition to the cool minor versifying of the 'Movement'. His work is strenuous and lively, but tone and technical skill are uncertain.

JOSEPH CONRAD:

Nostromo

Dent. London. 8s. 6d.

To mark the Conrad centenary Dent have published in Everyman's Library one of the major novels, over which Conrad took great pains though it was poorly received when it first appeared and is even now less read than the sea stories. A work of large sweep and psychological subtlety, it is also a story of violent action, set in a revolution in a South American republic. Conrad has his own slow tempo, and a somewhat involved method of narration, but these are needed for what he wants to do, and once they are accepted the full power of the work is released for the reader.

G. KITSON CLARK:

The Kingdom of Free Men

Cambridge University Press. 31s. 0d.

An inquiry by the Reader in Constitutional History at Cambridge into the most complex and difficult of all political problems, that of civic freedom. It is distinguished by its exceptional respect for hard realities, its caution and fairness. Though it does not pretend to reach complete solutions, it can be read with profit by men of all views, and represents perhaps as good a statement from the standpoint of Christian liberalism of the practical and philosophical merits of the Open Society as any now available. It is particularly valuable for its distinction between a liberal society and that doctrinaire figment

the neutral society: 'As a morally and intellectually neutral system of education cannot be devised, so also it is impossible to conceive a morally neutral system of law or a morally neutral society.'

M. CLARK:

Sources of Australian History

London. Oxford University Press. 12s. 9d.

Professor Manning Clark's selection of documents, with his own brief but perceptive commentary is an indispensable companion to any reading of Australian history. It has now become available in a cheap and handy way in The World's Classics series.

VLADIMIR DUDINTSEV:

Not by Bread Alone

London. Hutchinson. 22s. 6d.

This is the novel, critical of Russian bureaucracy, which became a symbol of the post-Stalin 'thaw' among Russian writers. Its documentary interest makes up for the middling literary value of the work. It is well translated by Dr Edith Bone who gained her freedom from a Hungarian prison during the 1956 Rising. Soviet official criticism has turned fiercely on Dudintsev.

RÉMY:

May Morning

London. Arthur Barker. 18s. 9d

The author, well-known for writings based on the French Resistance, has provided an unusual and most moving account of the work done by two religious orders in France in educating the most helpless and apparently hopeless human creatures: the blind-deaf-dumb mute. The story of the physical and spiritual awakening of Marie Heurtin is even more remarkable than that of Helen Keller, for the latter had possessed sight and hearing for some years before losing them, while this girl was in the abyss of silence and darkness from birth.

EDMUND BLUNDEN:

Poems of Many Years

Collins. London. 22s. 6d.

A generous selection of poems from 1914 onwards by an English poet whose modesty and deeply-rooted traditional approach have attracted little interest from analytical critics, though much steadfast appreciation from readers. His range of subject and technical variety and meditative power become more impressive on attentive reading. He is eminently 'faithful to old delight':

Willing to give whatever art I know

To some new theme or old one newly
springing,

I hear fresh wits appeal, I make the flow
Of daring wits; they promise well.

I go

Where older friends are singing.

ROBERT FITZGERALD:

In the Rose of Time

New Directions. Norfolk (Conn.)

Poems 1931-1956 by one of the most interesting of modern American poets. Grace, artifice, and eloquence, a classical temper of style, are the true potentialities of his talent. Unfortunately in the greater part of the volume these potentialities are continually checked and overlaid by mere 'period' writing which betrays a basic uncertainty and incoherence of intention as well as style. But in the later pages there are poems whose fine handling and integration give hope that the talent will after all be fully realized. Altogether this is a collection not to be missed, a gradual conquest of order and grace—

And distance?

A requisite of the just, which is pro-
portion,

Or holy measure, that the sages loved,
Being so fond of stringed instruments
and so

Mild: they liked puppies as well as you;
And saw fit, being profound, not to
reflect

Chaos unbounded, but to extract there-
from

Numerous order and magnificence.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

- R. N. SPANN is Professor of Government and Public Administration at the University of Sydney.
- F. KNÖPFELMACHER is a lecturer in Psychology at Melbourne University. Before coming to Australia he studied psychology and philosophy at Prague, Bristol and London.
- E. O. SCHLUNKE whose work has appeared in *Quadrant* before is a countryman by vocation who has become well known as a short story writer. A second collection of his stories, *The Village Hampden*, has just been published.
- ROBIN BOYD is a practising architect who also lectures in Australian Architectural History at the University of Melbourne. He was Visiting Bemis Professor of Architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology 1956-7. Publications include an architectural history of Victoria, *Victorian Modern* (Renown Press 1947), and a history of housing in Australia, *Australia's Home* (Melbourne University Press 1952), and a volume of criticisms, *While Architecture Lasts*, is due to be published shortly.
- BENGT DANIELSSON is a Swedish anthropologist who has visited Australia and written about it in a travel book, *Bumerang* (Forum 1956), which has not yet been translated. He is also the author of *Love in the South Seas* (Allen & Unwin 1956) and *Forgotten Islands of the South Seas* (Allen & Unwin 1957). A member of the Kon-Tiki Expedition he also wrote *Kon-Tiki and I* (Allen & Unwin 1950).
- MABEL WALN SMITH came to Australia with her husband after the expulsion of the foreign residents of Shanghai and has done freelance writing and broadcasting here. Her most recent book, *Springtime in Shanghai* (Harrap 1957) is reviewed on page 101.
- HARRY THORNTON is Lecturer in Philosophical Psychology at the University of Otago.
- NIALL BRENNAN belongs to a Melbourne family that has given Australia two Federal Cabinet Ministers. His travels and writings gained him the distinction of Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. In 1953 he published *The Making of a Moron* (Sheed & Ward), a vivid report and penetrating discussion of experiences as a worker in various forms of unskilled employment. Today he has settled on a farm in the Upper Yarra Valley and does writing and broadcasting in the margins of his time.
- WALTER JAMES has just produced for his appreciative public a new book on eating and drinking, *Antipasto* (Georgian House 1957).
- SALAMON DEMBITZER is a German author resident in Australia whose work has previously appeared in *Quadrant*.

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