westerly

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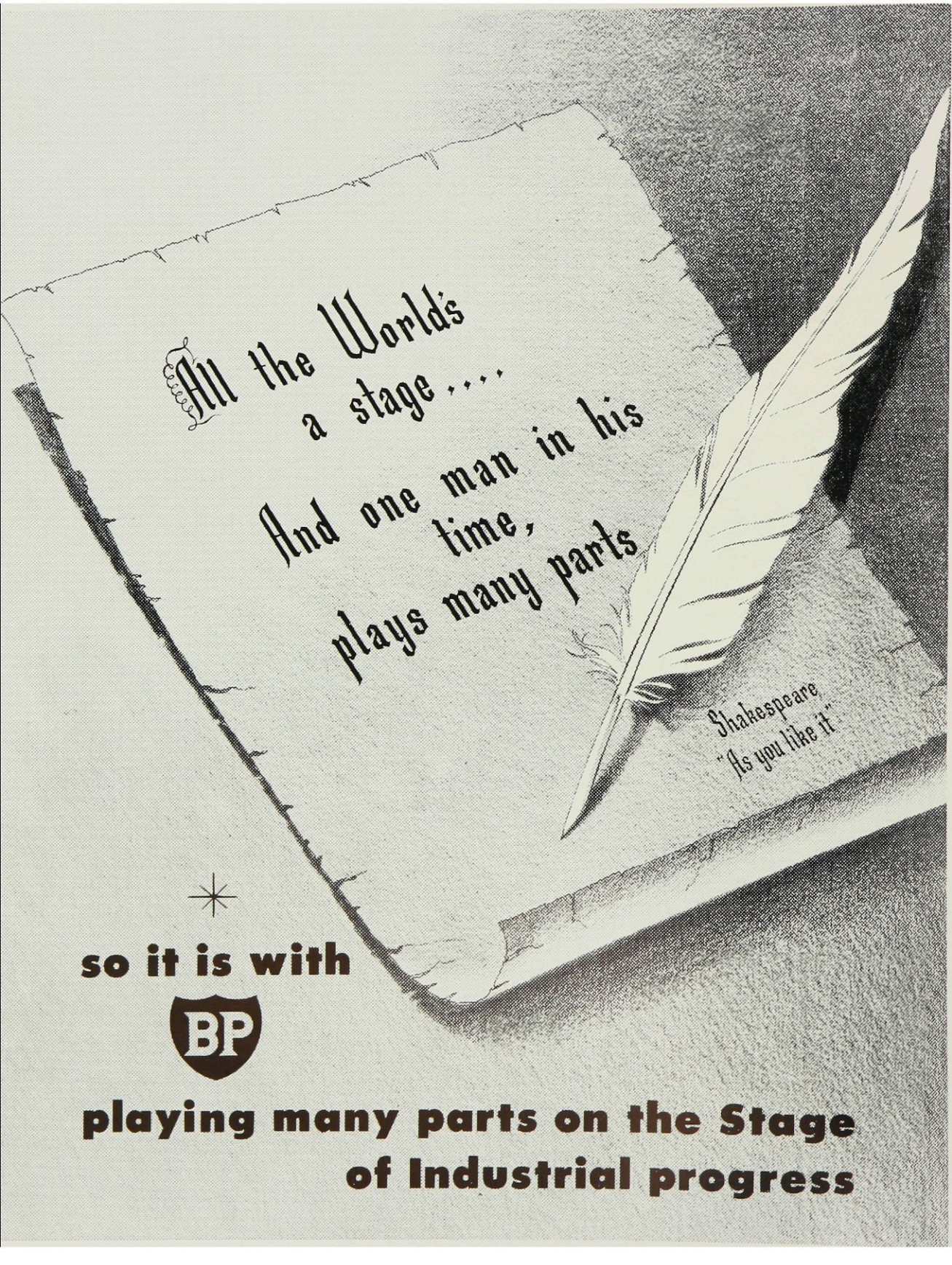

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westerly

a quarterly review

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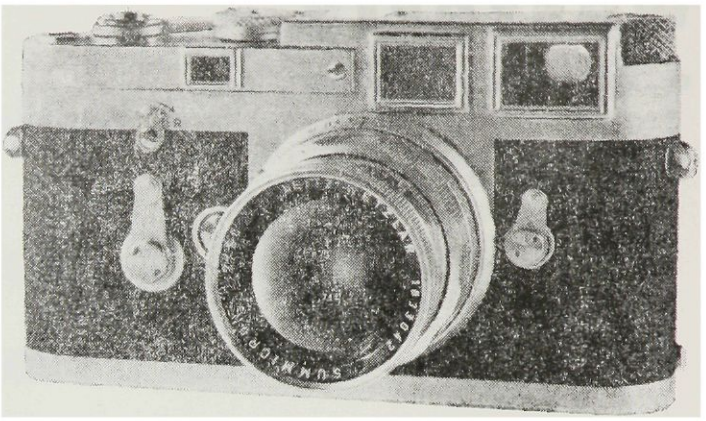

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westerly

edited by J. M. S. O'BRIEN

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COVER PAINTING: [Reproduced by courtesy of Kym Bonython]

Woman in Bath V (72 x 84, oil and tempera on board) by Brett Whiteley which won the T. E. Wardle Invitation Art Prize, 1965. The competition was judged by Mr. John Russell, art critic of The London *Sunday Times* who describes the picture as having 'authority, skill and a beauty of paint handling which would make it stand out in any company in the world.' (cf. *The West Australian*, Feb. 3, 1965, p. 11)

Mr. Whiteley was born in Sydney, New South Wales, in 1939 and now lives in London. He exhibited in the *New Generation 1964* show at the Whitechapel Gallery, and his work is represented in The Tate, the Musée d'Art Moderne and other public collections.

He acknowledges the influence of the Lorenzetti and Piero della Francesca, and among modern painters, of Francis Bacon. Bacon's influence seems uppermost in the *Bathroom* series, (1963-), of which this picture is a recent example.

Henrietta Drake-Brockman

GAVIN CASEY

WHEN THEY RANG me up to say that Gavin Casey had died during the night, I quite suddenly thought of that little poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay:

> My candle burns at both ends;
> It will not last the night;
> But oh, my foes, and oh, my friends—
> It gives a lovely light.

Gavin was only fifty-seven. He had poured his remarkable energy into working and living. But right to the end the amazing vitality that has shed light through so many writings, on so many people, still flashed in his eyes. He had few enemies and countless friends, and it is strange that it should have been an American verse I remembered—he was so absolutely Australian himself, and his work reflected the man.

He wrote as he spoke. But his understanding of human nature was deep and warm, and although most of his best work is set on the Kalgoorlie goldfields, where he was born and grew up, his characters were universal and the world his philosophical background. Like Abou Ben Adhem he loved his fellow men; but I am quite sure he would better like to see me write now of him, "He died game, like Ned Kelly." Living on oxygen, gasping for breath, he was still working and eager for talk with his friends until the very last days.

We first met sometime way back in 1936. I'd been wildly excited by the first story of his that I read in the *Bulletin*, called *Dust*. I was visiting Kalgoorlie myself when it appeared. And when people said Gavin Casey now lived in Perth, I couldn't wait to get back and hunt up this new West Australian writer—there weren't so many of us then; besides I was convinced of his power. I wasn't the only one to get excited, either. Years later, after Casey's Australia-wide reputation was firmly established, the *Bulletin* Red Page disclosed that the editorial staff "had not been so enthusiastic over a new writer since the days Henry Lawson's first stories began to arrive." Strangely, I can't

recall our first meeting. But it happened. And throughout the years we never lost touch, visiting each other's homes and sometimes meeting in Sydney or Melbourne.

Gavin was a great admirer of Henry Lawson. But to me this always seemed more a matter of personal affinity than of discipleship. Maybe there was some influence, but Gavin's style is very much his own, it possesses a natural rhythm and emphasis that imitates no one, nor can it be readily imitated. As I said, he wrote as he spoke, more or less. And his conversation was as stimulating as his prose. His wit and dry comments made him the best of companions, and his views on literature or on men and affairs were worth attention. As a literary critic in recent years—and long before—he was widely read in contemporary writing. As a journalist and feature writer of the first rank, he was well-informed and held opinions he was never afraid to state in talk. Or in his free-lance writings, either.

He was educated at the Kalgoorlie State School and School of Mines. Both parents died when he was still a boy, so he started work early. He soon came down to Perth and became a motor salesman until the Depression left him jobless. He returned to Kalgoorlie and took what work he could find, as a miner or labourer. He looked for ways of making extra money, got himself into motor-cycle track racing—an exciting and dangerous sport that has figured in his stories. Then he was appointed Kalgoorlie representative of a Perth paper for which he had to sell advertising space as well as write a weekly column. His reports on the notorious Kalgoorlie riots attracted attention. He decided once again to try his luck in Perth, having married in the meantime. He went back to selling cars, but soon a chance came to enter journalism. More important, he had begun to write the short stories that before long were to rank him as one of Australia's outstanding short-story writers, to win him several distinguished prizes, and many places in world anthologies. He was soon on the staff of one of the Perth dailies.

During the war he spent a short time in the Army, but the authorities soon realised he had special talents. For a year he acted as State publicity censor, and was next sent to the operational area in the Pacific as a writer for the Department of Information. His first book, a collection of the brilliant short stories called *It's Harder for Girls*, was published in 1941. It was awarded the S. H. Prior Prize for the best Australian book of the year.

Back in Canberra, he had a great deal to do with a splendid official magazine called *South West Pacific*. This appeared during the war years in order to publicise Australia overseas. Australians never saw it, more's the pity, because it was never on sale in this country, which I thought a mistake. A little later Gavin was sent by the Department to run the Australian News and Information Bureau in New York, and later still, in London.

He used to tell some wonderful anecdotes about his job in New York. He was supposed to get as many articles as possible about Australian matters into the American Press. He once offered an article on the national game of two-up. The editor in question said, yes, the feature writing was o.k. but the pictures were no good. Gavin said he'd soon get others. He collected thirty or more Australians from the Anzac Club in New York, took them to Central

Park, and, with a couple of Australian pennies and a kip cut from an office ruler, got a splendid series of dinkum pictures that he said looked "like the biggest two-up school outside Kal."

There's another story of even more daring "Aussie" intitiative—on one occasion two of our war-time cabinet ministers were programmed to deliver an Australia Day talk over a huge U.S.A. radio network. The record failed to arrive, and it was too late to make other arrangements. As the two ministers, Gavin and one of his staff delivered an excellent discussion and no one in America was any the wiser. The ministers themselves, when Gavin told them years after, roared with laughter and joy. Gavin impersonated Mr. Caldwell.

No doubt people will recall dozens of Casey anecdotes as his biographers get to work, for he had a great gift of humour and a quick appreciation of the irony of life.

Rich Stew is one of the funniest stories I have ever read. When Gavin read it aloud on a Festival of Perth occasion the audience was convulsed. I begin to smile, as now, whenever I think of it. But the quality of his outstanding humour is inherent in his work, in the same way as humour in life—so interwoven with tragedy that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish one from the other. Often enough a reader is laughing to the edge of tears, not only at the predicaments and antics of the characters, but at all human weaknesses including his own. This is the mark of great writing. This is the light he shed, because he does not laugh *at* people, but *with* them, with a profound understanding and sympathy for the ridiculous difficulties and pains of living as a human being. It is this awareness of the immense gulf that separates human aspirations from human achievements, and his unfailingly apt choice of the revealing moment, that assures him a permanent place in Australian literature.

As well as short stories he published six novels. As a youth he was moved by the wretched conditions of the dispossessed natives on the goldfields. Years later he wrote *Snowball*, my favourite amongst the novels, the story of a part-aboriginal family trying to improve their living conditions in a country town. Perhaps this theme is now even more to the point than ever. He offers no solution—it is not the province of a novelist to do so—but he exposes a social problem in terms of human emotions and arouses sympathy for an uneven struggle against bad odds, in which whites as well as aborigines can suffer. His last book, a social history of the goldfields called *The Mile that Midas Touched*, written in collaboration with his friend Ted Mayman, appeared several months ago.

The exceptional devotion of his men friends and colleagues was the measure of his personal charm. His love of company and good cheer landed him in difficult places, often enough; but his friends never failed him, or forgot him. Only the other day I heard that the famous American novelist James Farrell, meeting a traveller from W.A., promptly asked, "How's Casey?"

I think this is because he was Australian in the truest sense: democratic, sardonic, a mocker who believed in mateship, a man of initiative always on the side of the under-dog. That, at least, was the ideal Gavin Casey, an image

we somehow all saw, one that as an artist he was able to project in his work, so that it has already become part of the Australian legend.

I want to let him speak with his own voice in the last paragraphs of a story called *That Day at Brown Lakes* which some critics consider his masterpiece. It is a nostalgic story about two men who have been mates as boys. They meet years afterwards over a drink. They don't have much to say, but one recalls in his thoughts "a good day . . . one of those memorable days" when they had gone off together on their bicycles for a day in the bush. It is an ending full of compassion.

"You didn't disappoint me then, but would you now? I must be afraid you would, or I'd have said it aloud, told you all I remember about it instead of just thinking it as we sit here over our beer. That day—practically the whole of that day—you and I were pretty much the same; but we're different now. You'd probably think I was mad. The years we haven't seen each other, that we've both spent chasing the hopes we had that day, have done a lot to us. You don't look my kind now, Dick. You're thick and fat and dressed up and stamped with prosperity and anxiety, but even so you might be a better man than I am. I don't know. I only know you're different.

"But perhaps I'm wrong. You've been silent for a long time now, just sitting there staring at your beer while I've been remembering all this, and for all I know you might have been thinking about the day we pedalled out to the Brown Lakes, too."

KIMBERLEY DROVERS

I am drained out. All day I have driven
through a barbaric country of burning colour.
Fire-red mountains, fissured and caverned,
lilac-hazed ranges, red-purple ravines,
have reared round, receded, and reappeared
all day through my vision. This is the region
of the baobab-trees, of monstrous, obese
baobabs squatting in the chaos of sun-fired,
sun-blackened boulders in the ranges' ravines.

I set down my swag. Against the sunset,
an amber-red dust-cloud is rising. I rest,
camped close to drovers settling their cattle
down for the night. Out of the haze comes
the muted, mingled moan of the mob.
I hear from behind me the sharp "crack-crack"
sound of stockwhips. Stockmen come driving
their horses, donkeys and mules with hobbles
and jangling horse-bells back from the bore.

It is after-sunset. A star burns above
the bush-fire haze from the bellowing beasts.
The whistles, the shouts of stockmen, unseen,
ring out as they ride round the restless mob.
My campfire is blazing among the baobabs.
A mopoke calls from the stars. Crickets sing.
Clear on the night, an aboriginal stockman
ceaselessly sings, as he rides round the mob,
his savage songs. And I cannot sleep.

I cower by the glowing coals and the cattle
bellow, scream hoarsely. The horsemen shout,
whistle. The aboriginal sings. Does the mob
feel bound to a blind, brute impulse to break
back to the solitudes of sun-fired ranges,
the plains and the paper-bark shaded pools,
sensing the drovers send it to slaughter?
Out of the stars, the mist of the moonlight,
A savage song soothes the cattle to sleep.

ROLAND ROBINSON

OUR LUMINARIES

'Life! That life of clubs and committees,
The death of love,' said Baudelaire,
Who never walked our Sunday cities
Nor rinsed his lungs with our wholesome air.
A judge's pants, a doctor's plate
Should furnish all he ought to ask,
A wife, some children, rather late,
An ulcer and the weekly task
Of lowering his handicap.
The club bridge night, the mounting strains
Of the billiards tournament may flap
A tremor through his gin-proof veins,
But mostly all that ever stirs
Him is a business house's failure;
Beatnik girls; or editors
Who start to question White Australia,
Or ask who butters royalty's bread,
For half a republican would be
A whole and wholly monstrous Red.
What father thought, then so thinks he.
A famous Public School bereft him
Of youth, an Old Boy till he die;
A Cambridge education left him
Some rowing jargon and a tie.
Professional dignity removed
The last few sparks of natural light,
And hundreds of committees proved
That passing motions is the height
And flower of human intercourse.
Somehow his children were begot,
There must be boys and girls, of course,
But love's a child and he is not.
Young fellows ought to be respectful,
Young ladies are allowed to charm;
While he finds alcohol essential
It only does the youngsters harm.
His judgements on medicine or law
May let one live, another die,
But life outside is far too raw
Ever to please his well-cooked eye.

Where he knows nothing his opinions
Are strongest, and have a moral tinge,
Repeating themselves like ancient onions,
Greeting the Modern with a whinge,
Plays that give a bad impression
Of Australia overseas,
Artists to whom he could give a lesson,
Writers who should aim to please.
Enthroned in court or surgery,
Red-nosed and robed in precedent
He shines as a public luminary;
But set him in the darkened tent
That is the individual mind
And search for the brilliance you can find.
What is it, that in the darkness glows?
His wit? His judgement? No! His nose!

GEOFFERY DUTTON

THE NIGHT HUNTER

I am the day, vivid and warm and wild,
A wanderer upon the endless earth;
A youth, bare-footed, scanning all the sky,
Seeking another.

The blood of life within me spins and sings
And juice of the sun is dripping from my fist;
My hair is bunched and blown like tumble-weed.
Where is that other?

In all the cosmos I am incomplete.
My fingers almost touch but never touch
The hurrying heels, the smoky ropes of hair
Of that one other.

Soul deep I breathe a soft, nocturnal scent
And beat my bleeding fists against the earth,
Crushing the poppies' heads against the soil;
Wanting that other.

Just for an age I want the trembling night
Held by the dazzling columns of my thighs;
Pinned by a pole of light to the bruised earth;
No more that other.

I want those dark infinities of space
To press like breasts against my tumbled hair;
I want black hands to hold, dark lips to kiss
As other blends with other.

Yet I can never catch the naked night.
The lubra moves and cheats my desperate hands;
Until the end of time my fires will burn,
Wanting that other.

But then as our dead star falls from the sky
I will dwell in the vast, eternal womb of night;
Part of the dark; one who found death in woman.
I want yet do not want the other.

KEVIN COLLOPY

Joan Jacoby

ARABELLA

WHEN ARABELLA DIED the changes in my life began to take form, as though in some mysterious way she was for me the symbol of all happiness. When she died, that was the beginning of darkness.

Now I am alone I have strange dreams in my sleep, and they are so real they continue on after I wake, so that the days after are filled with new pain.

She was a half-Persian, small, dainty, with long soft bluish silver grey fur and yellow eyes. She had a small head and a small triangular face and a kind of ruff standing out around her neck. She was by turn haughty, aloof, unexpectedly affectionate. From her back-alley sire she had inherited the common streak which gave her the fire and spirit and charm her aristocrat mother never knew. She was completely lovable. She was beautiful, a silver dream.

She knew everything we said to her, and it was a matter of incredulous amusement to our friends that she responded immediately to a single call of: "Arabella!" When she came running she carried her tail like a banner. I spoke to her as if she were human, and joined her in our conversations, changing the form and tone of my words when I took her part.

"Really, Helen!" my mother would say, annoyed. "Don't you think it's time you grew up? You're twenty-two, and you act like a silly child."

She loved Arabella, too, but not in the exultant way I did, and sometimes it made her afraid. the way I felt so strongly about things. We took Arabella with us when we went back to Port Hedland to my brothers. They were disgusted when they saw her.

"Bringing a flaming cat twelve hundred miles on a ship!" my elder brother said: "You must be mad."

But after we had been there a few weeks they felt her charm, though they tried not to show it in front of my mother and me. Sometimes I would come upon one of them unawares, and find him holding Arabella in his arms,

stroking her and talking softly. Jamie, though, was the one to whom she made herself constantly enchanting. Jamie McClure, whom we all loved, my mother as a son, my brothers as a brother, and I as neither son nor brother. I was like the philosopher's cow in the field, having existence only because his eyes could see me. And I could read in this thin dark Irish face that he knew, too, how our roads lay together, and that somewhere they would converge and meet and become one road.

Meantime, whenever Jamie came, Arabella jumped on his knee, purring softly under his caressing hand for as long as he would hold her. My brothers, though, became furious with Arabella at times. Like when they came home on Sunday evening from a fishing trip and threw her a whole sardine from the bait bag. She would daintily draw away, sniff at the sardine from a distance and walk off, first shaking a silver paw as though she had stepped on something distasteful. My brothers would fly into a temper.

"That blasted cat!" they would say angrily. "Who does she think she is?"

My mother and I would laugh at them. My mother said once: "You know she won't eat it unless you clean it and scale it and cut it up for her, Steve."

He muttered: "Yeah! Maybe she'd like it darned well filleted too. The trouble with that cat is, she's ruined. You two don't know how to bring up an animal. All I hope is you leave Sally alone, that's all."

Sally belonged to my second brother, Jet. She was a cattle dog, one of the pure Red Cloud strain. One night Jet accidentally stepped on Sally, who immediately yelped. In one swift movement Arabella leapt at Jet, shooting through the air like a silver arrow, as high as his waist. He struck at her, and she fell to the floor, only to spring up again and fly back at him. His face was a mingling of incredulity and anger, as though he could not believe his senses. They kept at it, and we stared, none of us able to believe our eyes. Arabella was fighting mad, she would never give in. Jet suddenly laughed and dropped his hand. "Gosh, she's game, the little devil," he said. He turned to walk to a chair. She bounded after him, and I rushed and caught her up and put her outside to cool off, and shut the door. We all began to laugh.

There was nothing, save for her foolhardy courage, to admire in Arabella's conduct. She had not been defending Sally. Far from it. She herself caused Sally more trouble than anything else. For Sally was so gentle, so sweet, so humble, that pain marked her for its prey a dozen times a day. Her life, since she seemed to have no success with puppies, and no cattle to work, was totally made up of her love for my brothers and my mother. Her adoration was plain to see whenever she turned her tan coloured eyes towards them. Sometimes, when Arabella allowed my mother to nurse her, Sally, humbly loving, would lay her head gently on my mother's foot, or on her knee, her begging eyes raised to my mother's face. Arabella, arrogant, would smack at her with a swift derisive paw.

There were the times when, seeing the light die in Sally's eyes, seeing her wince away, I felt an anger towards Arabella, and would be glad when my mother pushed her off her lap, telling her she was a spiteful bad-tempered

vixen. I was impatient, too, though with Sally. Angry with her for being so vulnerable. My mother must have felt the same way, though, in her, years had tempered impatience to compassion.

For on one such occasion, when Arabella had flounced out into the yard, my mother murmured, comforting the drooping head: "Why do you let her treat you like that? You shouldn't be so humble, Sally, you shouldn't show your love and your need like that. It's lucky you're a dog."

She paused a moment, and then speaking as though she were voicing something which had troubled her a long time, she said, her eyes and her soothing hands still on the dog's head: "Helen, don't, when you love people, be like Sally. For if Sally were a woman she would not be able to bear the suffering she would bring on herself. A woman has to be like Arabella, to be happy."

I protested: "Why, we *love* Sally. We all do."

At this moment Arabella sailed serenely through the doorway, sweeping us with wide golden eyes; and moving tranquilly over to Sally, rubbed her beautiful little head against the dog's face. Sally, relaxing her sudden wariness, wagged her tail.

"You see?" my mother said. "She could charm the Sphinx out of Egypt."

No, Arabella had not been fighting for Sally, this night when she flew at my Brother. It was as my mother said:

"She hates sudden sharp noises, Jet. It was because Sally yelped. She gets like that if you whistle near her, or if a whistle comes in the radio. She can't help it."

It was true.

"She's highly strung," I said.

"Ah, don't talk such rot!" my brother said, and picked up his book.

She was, though. She produced kittens as often as possible, and every time my mother or I had to sit with her while they were being born. Once, at dinner time, we left her alone in her maternity box, and pretty soon there she was lurching through the doorway, her eyes big and dark. After that we took it in turns to stay with her.

Once when she had four kittens a week old, we brought home a kangaroo joey. Jet had shot his mother before he knew she was carrying a joey in the pouch. They wanted to shoot the joey too, when he scrambled out, but I wouldn't let them, although I knew they were terribly hard to rear. Steven hung an empty sugar bag on the verandah lattice and held him above the opening. Sure enough, he dived in head first, and curled around inside it. But a sugar bag had no milk smell, no warm body smell, and he couldn't settle. When we put him back on the floor he sat back on his hind legs, resting on his absurd little tail which should one day have grown into a prop as thick and powerful as a man's arm. I put out my hand, and his minute delicate black paws, each no bigger than a violet, curled around my forefinger. His eyes were immense, filmy black bottomless pools, so black they looked purple, his lashes were half an inch long. He gazed out across the sea with such a faraway

wistful expression I felt a shock of pity. He's like an old, old man, I thought. He's like a little old wise sad patient Chinaman.

He let go my finger and began to hop unsteadily towards Arabella's box, tipped on its side on the verandah floor. She was stretched full length, lying on her side in the abandoned ecstasy she always revealed at such times. The four kittens, forming a neat black row against the grey, were sucking and pushing with their little paws in a smooth rhythm. The joey went down on all fours and moved closer, drawn by the smell of warmth and fur and milk. Arabella raised her head and looked at him, her eyes startled. He was bigger than she was. She lifted a silver paw and put it round his skinny neck and pulled his head down and licked his face two or three times, then lowered her head and went back to her dreaming. He sucked and nosed among the kittens, treading clumsily on them with his long hind legs.

We would never have believed it in a thousand years, if anyone had told it. But we saw it, and it was true. Lonely babyhood, generous motherhood. He, lost, bewildered, catapulted from the only world he knew; she, ecstatic in maternity, abundant in her giving, limitless love flowing through her body with the milk. No, it wasn't remarkable at all.

The joey died a couple of months later, one February day when the temperature was one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade, and I buried him under the pink oleander tree at the side of the house, and put a little lattice cross on the place.

Arabella died four years later, and I buried her in the garden of the house in the city down south where I was boarding and hating it, and my mother was lying in hospital and Steve was fighting the Japs in New Guinea and Jamie was flying bombers over Europe and Jeffrey, married now, was still living twelve hundred miles away in our old town.

Now I am alone I have these dreams. I had one of them last night, and in the dream I was searching for Arabella. I had been looking for her for years, and now I was in some vast grounds and a man was guiding me and there were many cats everywhere, but none of them was Arabella.

The man pointed out many cats. Some were walking about on the lawns and some were sitting in the sun, but none was Arabella. I had not seen her for years, but none of them was Arabella.

We walked towards some trees growing thick beyond the buildings, beyond the gardens, along a little side path, and we had almost reached the trees when I stopped and the man stopped and his eyes followed mine along the path.

"There she is." I spoke so low he scarcely could have heard. But it was a speech I made to him: "Thank you. You can go now. We need not go any further now. I've found her."

She walked slowly, tired and dying, her eyes closed against the pain, head and tail hanging so low they almost tuched the ground, her body so thin, so frail, bent and hollow and twisted to one side. Gone was the living loveliness, gone the silver dream . . .

She was more now than Arabella. She was my childhood, the dew on the cobweb of long ago. She was the long wonderful days of fishing and swimming and launch picnics, of digging for crabs in the mud under the mangroves, and cooking periwinkles in jam tins on the beach. She was the hot friendly nights when we walked for miles along the shore, hunting for turtle eggs in the moonlight, when phosphorous danced a fire-dance on the waves, so that our sea held a moment of mystery, like a woman's face in candlelight. She was the moment when the first wire spear felt the egg, the excitement of digging like dogs on our hands and knees, and the final delight of coming upon the nest, of taking in our hands the warm round balls with their permanent little dent in the soft shell.

She was the baby donkeys I had coveted, frisking into town beside the donkey teams in wool-carting time; she was the fearsome, wicked-faced camels driven past our yard by dark-skinned, strangely clad, scarcely less fearsome Afghans. She was old Ah Tow delighting me with gifts of fragrant empty soap boxes from his little general store, and yellow Chinese smiles from his beaming round face. She was gathering coral on the reefs, and "cats-eyes" of a blue I never saw again.

She was the loneliness I never knew till now, the joy I had lightly held. She was the people who had loved me . . .

My poor little tired and dying one.

I began to cry softly inside, and it was like warm water running over ice, melting my mind and my body and my senses. I knelt before her and put out my hands to pick her up. Before they reached her she stopped and opened her great yellow eyes, swaying with the effort of standing still. Her eyes knew me. They were blurred with dying, but they knew me.

Her body shivered, as though she sighed, a long sigh which blew away the pain of the years we had lost and left only peace. I lifted her, and would not have known it, only for the feel of her fur, she was so light, so unsubstantial, so nothing but eyes and fur.

I carried her away, holding her against my heart, and inside both of us sorrow beat softly for the futility and the loss and the pain and the coming darkness.

TWO AUBADES

(1) FIRST UP

Stay sleeping, then, my quiet home,
morning among us and all round,
the first cars streaming on wet roadways,
everywhere cleanly asserting sound.
Today will find us in good time.

Our rooms can hold their darkness yet,
though I must grope from chair to chair
finding them cold and strange and firm
between me and the waiting door.
Today will find us in good time.

Today will find us in good time;
this morning neighbours yesterday
where even someone else's crime
revealed ourselves as enemy.
Stay sleeping, then, my quiet home.

A phone next door. Is it so soon?
Closed rooms that nudge the light away
blunten the trafficking of sound.
Be thankful for this small delay,
stay sleeping, then, my quiet home.
Today will find us in good time.

(2) OUT EARLY

A whipbird straps the light awake
down in the scrub of thistle creek.
Frost as brittle as empty bottles
dropped from the milkman's crate of rattles
chokes the yard with its sharp nettles.
I leave a message where I walk,
out early,
restlessly.

Has becomes Is in dripping trees,
light alive now everyplace;
thorns are clasps for points of glitter,
suns themselves expressed in water,
surface is all, there is no matter.
The cold drops scratch me as I pass,
restlessly,
out early.

Here on the edge of the any city
whipnotes strike out still freely
although the creek is choked with thistles
and there are fences. Strewing nettles,
carrying with me all my chattels,
what can I find in light to free me,
out early
restlessly?

THOMAS W. SHAPCOTT

SILENT WORDS

Your body speaks to me:
Your mouth, your hand
Have their own language that
I understand.

Your warm palm pressed against
My naked thigh
Has voice more eloquent
Than you or I.

Though you make gifts of words
Reluctantly,
Each kiss shall phrase its own
Message to me.

In love I turn to you
And cry your name
While your response leaps like
A singing flame.

Gently remote, your eyes
Look from above
Into the silent promise
Of my love

And wonderingly I search
Your quiet face
But find the answer strong
In your embrace.

Actions are swift to turn
To memory;
The mind brims when your body
Speaks to me,

Speaks with the warm touch of
Your mouth, your hand
In language I alone
May understand.

JILL HELLYER

WHAT ARE THOSE PEOPLE DOING, MOMMY?

Sprawled out in the sun,
My belly a mound for the baby to climb,
With the children paddling about
And meddling with sand,
I saw the trio arrive—
Two dotty models
In polished cotton
And a small, deprived man,
Professional voyeur,
A fashion photographer.
He placed them so—
At the water's edge,
Not forgetting the Bridge,
A sliver of the Park,
And the City's Panorama
(Though it's better after dark)—
With insteps coyly arched
Eyes casually alight.
"Half a mo' Flo,
Left shoulder just a fraction to the right"
(He contrived to caress
The nudging tip of a breast).
Then the girls, suddenly,
In a moment never to be forgotten,
Took hands, and assumed
A shared and rigid fit
Of windswept, sterile ecstasy,
Smiling through each other mutually
To their love of polished cotton.
And now that he has shot them
Will he expose them down at Crawley for evermore
To the algae's pungent dying,
The gulls' feline crying,
And the river lying naked with the shore?

JUDY FORSYTH

Frank Moorhouse

WALKING OUT

How, IN BED early Thursday morning, do you explain to your father and mother whom you have lived with for 22 years, that you do not want to go to work and that you do not want to see your friends? How do you explain that you'd rather not see *them* too? How do you explain that the idea of working and the idea of seeing your friends makes you feel sick in the head? How do you explain that you think that life stinks and that you want to lie down somewhere on your own?

So I lay on my back in bed early Thursday morning knowing that the clock was ticking towards seven o'clock and that at that time my mother would call me, saying, "Thomas, time to get up Thomas," as if she worked by cogs and springs inside the clock. Some mornings I thought that if I stopped the clock I would stop mother.

I didn't know why I wanted to lie somewhere by myself, like a sick cat. It didn't sound reasonable to say to anyone. I suppose I had to have some excuse. Having something unusual or strange to do or say always bothered me and I would rather shrug out of it if I could. But this time I wasn't going to do that. I told myself that when I stopped work I would be able to loaf about, swim and read a book or two. And this was just what I wanted to do because I'm a lazy bastard at heart. Reading was one thing I hadn't done much of. Always other things to do. I liked a good story—something like *Peyton Place* and I wouldn't mind reading *Lady Chatterly's Lover* if I could get hold of a copy. Then there were some movies I could see.

"Thomas, time to get up," cried my mother. I looked at the clock: seven o'clock. This morning I was fresh when I heard her call instead of dull and angry.

I propped up on my elbow and looked around my room. On the wall hung pennants of school football. In the corner lay a pile of magazines with *Playboys* and *Man* hidden at the bottom. In the cupboard I knew that there was a box of broken childhood toys. The wardrobe was full of sharp clothes. On the back of the door hung a camera bag and a camera worth £120; it used to be my hobby. A speargun leaned in a far corner partly behind the wardrobe. I knew my mother had pushed it behind the wardrobe because it

frightened her. It was worth £40. A window overlooked our lawn where I had spent the last ten years of Sunday mornings mowing or gardening. There was a picture on the wall of two nude boys warming their bums in front of a coal fire. And on the dresser was a big flagon nearly full of pennies and halfpennies which was once a saving for a car and then a saving for going overseas. When Lou had decided not to go I had pulled out. Now it was saving for the marriage. Marj always put a few pennies in it when she came over.

Marj. I wormed back in the bed away from the discomfort of thinking about her. I guessed she was part of it all. Part of my mother and father and work and Lou and the whole lot. We'd had beaut times, Marj and me, but Christ she drove me up the wall at other times. Then I realised that I had not let the thought about her driving me up the wall come into my mind before, or if I had, I more or less pretended that I hadn't seen it. I'd hidden away from the idea. The more I thought about Marj the more I realised that she was a silly bitch. So cocksure. She knew every-bloody-thing. I loved her though, I guess. I told her I loved her every time we went out. But it always happened when we were madly kissing and loving up. It seemed to come out as part of the loving. That's when it always happened. Perhaps I didn't really love her. I nodded to myself in bed and felt relieved that the idea of not loving her had come into my head and stayed. My brain had never really admitted anti-Marj ideas before. It had kept telling lies, refusing to give a straight answer. No, it wasn't like that either. I hadn't been game to ask my brain the direct questions. Of course I'd known my brain was lying but I'd been too weak to stop it. It was easier to let it use me and my mouth. Easier to stay in the rut of the lie. I'm two people, I thought, one of me is a liar and the other is a coward. What a splendid combination. I lay face down on the bed and enjoyed condemning myself.

When Marj and me would be talking or sitting about at home she would often start saying how it would be nice to live in this suburb or that suburb and she would cut plans of houses out of the Sunday papers. Now I knew that I'd never really believed that I'd live in one of those houses with her.

We usually had a fight if we were sitting around with nowhere to go. I used to listen to the way she talked with mother too. Some of the things didn't mean anything. I think they only talked to let each other know they were still in the room.

We'd never had any real sex either. Just playing around. I suppose it was true that girls couldn't take the risk on the real thing before they were married. But I didn't know why not. The attraction of marriage was that you had a free-go. And then there was her make-up. I couldn't understand why she wore make-up so thick. I thought she looked alright without it. She would only laugh when I mentioned it. She'd say, "Oh, you're a boy and you wouldn't understand." I thought it was supposed to be worn because it pleased boys.

I heard mother coming along the hall. She looked her gray head in.

"Time to get up Thomas, you'll miss your bus if you don't hurry. Father's up."

Father was always up. I looked hard at her. How could I tell her? She would be puzzled and hurt and scared. Father would come. He would ask

what all the nonsense was about me not going to work. He'd be quivering around the lips.

"Are you alright?" my mother asked, puzzled by the way I was looking. She came into the room and peered down at me, putting her hand on my brow.

"You have a temperature," she said, "But it's probably from the warm bed."

"I'm feeling sick, Mum," I said, "I don't think I'll go to work today." And then I felt bitter for having said that instead of saying what I really wanted to say.

"What's wrong—flu?"

"Yes, I think it's the flu," I said and rolled over away from her—tired again from knowing how easily I bull.

"I'll bring you your breakfast in bed. Do you think I should ring Doctor?"

She must have sensed that there was something wrong with me other than flu. I said, "No, I'm not hungry and I don't want Doctor."

"You must eat, you know, I'll bring you a poached egg," and she straightened the bed clothes and left.

I had to clamp my mouth to stop from shouting at her that I didn't want any egg. I was racked with the feeling that I wanted to jump up and run out of the house in the same way I'd run out of the hotel and away from Paul and Lou yesterday. Again I had the same feeling throwing up inside me. The feeling brought back yesterday when I had been drinking with Lou and Paul like I always drank with them after work. I had been overcome with tremendous anger because I'd found out that Lou had bulled me out of giving money to an old drunk in the pub a few night before. I'd let myself be talked out of it and it made me angry in a way I'd never been before. Then the feeling had come sicking out of me in a gush. I had smashed my beer against the wall and run out. I smiled as I pictured it but I could smile only because I wouldn't be seeing Lou and Paul, and wouldn't have to explain to them.

Now the feeling was coming again. I wanted to get away from the endless bloody conversations which tried to make me do what I didn't want to do. Mother and father and Marj were at it all the time. They just beat me down until I said yes for peace and quiet. Plans for me to settle down when I didn't want to settle down. Get up in the morning when I didn't want to get up. Writing letters at work which said things I didn't want to say to people I didn't want to write to. Bull letters. Poached eggs I had to eat when I didn't want to eat them. I felt so ill. But I couldn't tell my mother how. I couldn't tell anyone how. I felt that they were dragging me by the legs over a gravel road. But I was going to struggle and kick my way free. I wasn't going any further with them.

Father was at the door.

"What's the matter with the young Lord?" he boomed. He was dressed for work almost. Blue suit. Shoes spit polished army style. He was doing his tie as he stood there. Chin pointed up.

"Feeling a bit of Thursday sickness?" he said, "too much work at the office today, eh?"

Mother was behind him. "He's got the flu I think," my mother said worriedly. My father laughed, "That's what I call the typists' sickness They have the flu a day or two every month." He laughed. "Never seen a man with it yet." He laughed some more.

"Father, you're naughty and rude," mother said, leaving the room to cook my unwanted poached egg which I would stuff down my unwilling neck.

"When you take sick leave they find out that you're not wanted," my father said walking out of the bedroom down the hall to the bathroom. "You'd better watch out," he shouted. Chuckling, chuckling, chuckling.

Oh Christ. I tensed myself in the bed till my body shook and I thought that I would splinter up. Not one more day of this. Not for me. I was 22 and I could make my own life.

Then depressingly I knew that I was weak. Weak as shit. I lay miserable.

Then I remembered that before I had gone to sleep last night. I had the idea of getting a flat somewhere. Not that I hadn't had the idea before. But this time I was going to get one. I had my pay for the week and I had £390 in the bank. I could live for six months without working.

I got up and went to the kitchen and picked up the morning newspaper.

"You get back to bed," my mother said, "or you'll really get sick. You can't be very sick if you want to read the paper."

I stuck my thumb up at her in the hall where she couldn't see me.

As I was about to get into bed my father appeared at the door of the bedroom again.

"Come on son, you're not sick. Get ready for work and stop this girlie nonsense."

I turned to him. I felt weak standing in my pyjamas in my bedroom filled with things which made me feel as young as a boy My heart beat fast. Answering father back had always been difficult. Right through my life. Usually I didn't, just for peace and quiet.

"I'm not going to work today," I said, quiet yet strong.

"What?" he said, although he'd heard me.

"I'm not going to work today," I said.

"But you're not sick," he said.

"I know," I said almost firmly, "but I'm not going to work today." Shaking a little I lay down on the bed and spread the paper out and pretended to read it.

"You're a damn fool," my father said angrily, "you'll find that playing around like this doesn't pay off. It's not fair to the firm. I suppose you know what you're doing—but I know what I'd do to you if you were younger." He walked away to his breakfast. I felt as though I had won something. But I wished that I had told him how I really felt. And what I really thought.

I heard him say to mother, "He's no sicker than my big toe."

My mother said something about me not having had a day off sick for years. No, I thought, not even when I was as sick as a dog. My father had always talked me into not letting the firm down.

I saw that there were plenty of flats advertised in the paper. I drew circles around some of the flats. I ate the poached egg almost gagging on each forkful. I heard father taking his careful routine steps along the path to work. Heard my mother washing up and singing. Heard her ring work and tell them I was sick. Heard her carpet sweep the lounge room.

At about 11 a.m. my mother went out to shop. I got up showered and dressed. As I was doing my hair I started to whistle and I felt stronger and

more confident in my clothes. I felt free because I knew everyone else was at work and that I had my own plans for once and my day was my own for once. It was a feeling I hadn't had for a long time—since National Service when I had a day's leave which I didn't tell mother, father, or Marj about. I had spent it alone in the city.

I put on my transistor radio and the blare of the music scared away a spider of uneasiness on my stomach. I looked at my face in the mirror and picked a pimple. Noticed dandruff in my hair. Wrinkles starting to go deep into my face. Still from about three feet away I looked almost boyish. I noticed that the skin under my jaw was starting to droop. I lifted my chin higher to give it a clean shape and wondered if I should always hold my chin up.

I took my bank book and looked at the figures £390. It was satisfying. Putting it in my pocket was like putting on a piece of armour. I packed an airline bag with a few casual clothes and things I needed. I found my sheath knife at the bottom of a drawer. I'd had it in the scouts. I put it in my bag because somehow it was good to have. I decided not to take my after-shave lotion. It smelt of going to work.

Then I looked around the room to see if there was anything else I wanted and as I did I felt weakened and pushed by the memories in the room. I turned up the transistor and the music scared away the memory spiders too. I looked at my packed bag on the bed which meant breaking away. My eyes read a framed saying on my dressing table which said:

"This above all: to thine ownself be true, And it must follow,
as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

As I read it my breathing tripped because it was a beaut saying. It was bloody true. I thought that I would take it with me. It had been given to me as a 21st birthday present by my uncle who was a Rotarian. I read it again and then a bloody strange thing happened. I read half way through it and then, as though someone had jumbled the words, it didn't make sense. I tried to read it again. I knew what it meant one minute and the next I didn't. It frightened me. I tried to work it out. I supposed it meant that you had to tell yourself when you were bull. If you did this then you couldn't bull to others. But this wasn't true. Sometimes a thing was bull at one time and not at another time. When I told Marj I loved her when we were being passionate I meant it. It wasn't bull then. But this morning it was bull. And I think that at other times when we were arguing it was. And it was hard to catch yourself being honest. Sometimes I'd be thinking or talking and something true about yourself would sneak in to the room of my brain and I would know it was there but for some reason I wouldn't take notice of it immediately. I would go on with what I was saying or thinking. Usually bull. Then I would stop and turn around in my brain to look at this true thing but it would be gone. And usually it was impossible to remember what it was. Usually I suppose it was something unpleasant such as realising that I didn't love Marj. And then even when I did know I was bull it didn't stop me from being false. I knew the letters at work were bull but it didn't stop me writing them. I was a bull-artist and I knew it. I laughed. And I was false to every bloody man. I laughed. But I suppose one of the reasons I wasn't going to work was that I was tired and sick of the bull. Anyway the framed saying was a cheat.

I remembered to get my swimming costume and surf towel. Then I picked up my bag and left the bedroom. But in the dining room I felt weak again. I knew that I could not face my father and my mother and tell them I was leaving. Mother would cry and I couldn't stand that. Father would grow furious and I couldn't stand that because he would beat me down with words. So I told myself that I was a coward and got some paper from the telephone table drawer and wrote:

" Dear Mum and Dad, I've decided to do a thing which is perhaps strange to you. I'm leaving home for a while. I'll take a flat because I want to be alone. It's nothing to worry about. I want to work a few things out. I'll ring you and tell you where I'm living. If Marj calls will you tell her I'll be seeing her soon. Love Thomas."

I didn't know what else to say. I propped the note on the fruit bowl on the mantlepiece of the dining room. Then I stood feeling weak in the legs. I had to go over why I was leaving and I had to tell myself again how sick I was of it all and that it would be good to be alone and not have to work. I remembered my dry cleaning and wondered if I should pick it up. I remembered that Lou would call for squash and that Marj wold expect me to ring about Saturday night. I thought about the housekeeping money, pulled out my wallet and took two pounds. I wrote on the note, "P.S. here is the housekeeping money. Don't worry about the dry cleaning, I'll pick it up."

I took an apple from the fruit bowl, picked up my bag, and walked through the kitchen and outside down the path. The front gate had an enamel plate on it saying, "Beware of the Dog" but we hadn't had a dog for ten years. My mother said dogs caused too much grief. They were either hit by cars or they ran away. Ran away, I thought, and grinned.

Chewing the apple, I walked along the street of hedges, trees, and lawns. I looked at the lawns and gardens and pondered the amount of work involved in them. I thought that if there were 365 lawns and gardens in the street it would mean that about 100 years of work would be sweated away every four years. It was bloody marvellous. But no more of my sweat would go to fertilise lawns.

I was feeling free but I was nervous too, it was no use lying to myself. Unto thine ownself etc., I said grinning. I was nervous because I didn't know what I'd be doing tomorrow or the day after or the day after that. Perhaps I was getting to feel lonely. I was already talking to myself in my head, trying to say how I was feeling. I thought about Marj. What would I say to her. It was unpleasant to think about. Then I laughed because at that moment I realised that I had no intention of seeing her again. I was walking out on my job, my parents, my girl friend and every-bloody-thing. I was cold inside my stomach as though it was raining there. Or as though there was going to be a storm in my stomach. But I wasn't going back. Of that I was sure. I'd left alright. I laughed aloud and then the bus came along loaded with silent, hunched people.

But in the bus I knew that I had been laughing to hear myself. Like Marj and mother talked, I was making a noise to show myself I was still there.

Then I settled down to read the paper and not to think, and I knew that for a while I looked like everyone else on the bus but I knew that inside I was different now and I breathed deep, feeling the breathing cool and fresh.

MARIA

Two and two make four.
My daughter does her sums
in this brash suburb
where children and starlings sing the only songs.
Here in the Bell Street hubbub
in the breath of cars with hissing python-tyres,
I fear that she belongs;
for home is the insidious thing a place becomes
till two and two make five.

FRANK KELLAWAY

C. Halls

JAVA LA GRAND — THE FORGOTTEN CONTINENT

"Excuse me, gentle reader if oughte be amisse, straung paths ar not trode al truly at the first: the way muste needs be combrous, wher none hathe gone before."

Robert Recorde's *The Pathway to Knowledge.* London 1551.

THE EXISTENCE of six planispheres and nine smaller maps contained in three atlases dating from the latter half of the sixteenth century, all the work of French cartographers, has for many years proved to be one of the most baffling mysteries of nautical and cartographic research. These maps and atlases, four of which are in England, two in Germany, two in France and one in the United States, all show a great southern continent called "Java la Grande" approximately in the position occupied by Australia. For more than a hundred years these maps have been the subject of controversy among historians, yet today they remain almost as baffling as when they were first made public by Alexander Dalrymple in 1786.

The maps in question were all drawn by cartographers of Dieppe and are therefore known collectively as the "Dieppe Maps". However, it is generally believed that the two earliest of these maps, dated to 1541 and 1542, were, in fact, copied from Portuguese originals.

The Dieppe School of Cartography

The Dieppois cartographers of the early sixteenth century learnt their art from the Portuguese. This is unmistakably reflected in their surviving charts.[1] France and Portugal were linked by ancient commercial interests. The wine trade between Rouen, the port of Paris, Nantes, Bordeaux and the Portuguese ports was one of the most important of the traditional commercial ties which led to an interchange of knowledge among seamen, merchants and cartographers in both countries.[2] Moreover such illustrious Portuguese cartographers as Andre Homem and Bartolome Velho worked in France.

In the sixteenth century, the Portuguese controlled the sea routes via the Cape of Good Hope to the East and thus monopolized the seaborne trade in spices. In order to maintain this monopoly they followed a policy of keeping secret all information, log books, portolani, maps and charts relating to their voyages and discoveries. The policy was ruthlessly implemented and death was the penalty for anyone caught selling or smuggling maps or charts out of the country.[3] Only sufficient information was officially released for the maps of the world to be kept corrected, but all rutters and charts were kept locked away in the hydrographic offices of the Casa de Guinea e India at Lisbon, where trusted cosmographers worked in secrecy at drawing and correcting charts and compiling books of sailing directions. This suppression of information led Portugal's commercial rivals to engage in spying on a large scale, and merchants in London, Genoa, Venice and Paris were willing to pay high prices for smuggled maps and documents. All pilots who had personal experience or knowledge of the eastern trade routes were closely watched. Nevertheless many expert navigators fled the country 'and entered foreign service where their specialized knowledge earned them rich rewards. The French seaport of Dieppe was one place of refuge for renegade Portuguese pilots.

Centuries of seafaring tradition had bred a race of skilful seamen in the coastal districts of France

and as early as the fifteenth century, Basques, Bretons and Normans were making regular voyages across the Atlantic to Newfoundland. Seamen of Dieppe played an important part in early French maritime enterprise and in 1488 Jean de Cousin of Dieppe, sailed across the Atlantic and discovered land to the west. He later claimed that he had anchored in the mouth of a very great river, which some authorities believe may have been the Amazon. According to J. A. Brendon, there was among Cousin's crew a certain Portuguese seaman named Martin Pinzon who some years later entered the service of Spain and who in 1492 as commander of the "Pinta" took part in Columbus' expedition.[4] French seamen served in Portuguese ships and kept their ears open for any useful information, while not a few Lusitanians were to be found aboard French vessels.

Gradually the Dieppois learnt a great deal concerning the Portuguese discoveries and trade routes to the East and then they became persistent interlopers in the Portuguese spheres of influence.[5] On their voyages to Brazil, West Africa, India and the East Indies, the Dieppois traders followed courses similar to those pioneered by the Portuguese. They sailed down the Atlantic via the Canaries and Cape Verde Islands and thence across the line to the coast of Brazil, as near as possible to Cape St. Augustine, in the vicinity of the modern Pernambuco,[6] in order to make a landfall to check the longitude. Proceeding southward (from Cape St. Augustine), they encountered the south-east trade winds in from five to twenty degrees, south latitude. They then sailed a southerly course, passing well to seaward of the Abrolhos (a shoal with numerous low and dangerous rocks lying off the coast of Brazil between Bahia and Rio) until they reached the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, where the steady west winds prevail, which drove the ships eastward to double the Cape.

In the Indian Ocean they called at Madagascar before sailing via the Mozambique Channel to the Comoro Islands where fresh provisions were taken aboard for the run to the Maldives from whence a course was set for the Malabar coast or the East Indies.[7]

In 1526 Jean Ango, a wealthy merchant of Dieppe fitted out three ships for a voyage to India.[8] One, the "Marie de Bon Secours" under the command of a renegade Portuguese, Estevao Dias, reached Diu in the following year, but for some reason, did not return to France. The second ship returned home safely but the third vessel was wrecked on the coast of Sumatra.[9] Two years later, in 1529, Jean Ango sent the brothers Jean and Raoul Parmentier on a trading voyage to Sumatra. A few years after the return of the expedition this same merchant of Dieppe is reputed to have despatched a ship to China, again with a Portuguese, Pero Fernandez, as pilot. Subsequently, French ships and seamen were highly esteemed in Europe for, although Portuguese pilots were largely responsible for the success of their enterprises, the men of Dieppe were soon their equals in skill and endurance.

By 1540 a very fine school of Cartography was operating at Dieppe, and although the authors of the "Dieppe Maps" are known, unfortunately with only one exception, little more than an outline seems to be known of the lives and careers of their makers.

Jean Rotz is the exception. This sea-captain of Scottish descent was a man of outstanding ability whom his contemporaries considered to be a superior pilot. Sixteenth century pilots were highly skilled specialists who owned their own charts and had personally acquired their knowledge from long study and experience. He had made voyages to Portuguese Guinea and Brazil and some authorities believe that he was the Dieppois ship master who piloted an English vessel (probably the "Mary Guildford") in 1527 to Santo Domingo in the West Indies. Later he visited Paris where he studied the works of the most learned cosmographers and astronomers including the navigational treatises of Ruy Faleiro and the Portuguese-Jewish scholar Dr. Pedro Nunez. Jean Rotz was interested in the magnetic variation of the compass and the possibility of using variation to calculate longitude accurately. He wrote a long treatise on the compass entitled "Traicte de l'aymant" which he dedicated to Henry VIII King of England, and he also presented the King with a model of an elaborate instrument which he called a Differential Sun Dial. But his most important presentation to the King of England was undoubtedly his *Book of Hydrography*, compiled in 1542 and which contained among many others, three maps showing the continent "Java la Grande" under the English title "The Londe of Java". These presentations were made when as a professional pilot and chart maker, Jean Rotz sought the patronage of the King of England, for it was a custom of the time that a man should present as his testimonials some example of his skill. His

application successful, Jean Rotz was duly appointed Royal Hydrographer at a salary of forty pounds a year. He remained in the service of the English Crown from 1542 until the death of Henry VIII in 1547.[10]

Henry VIII, the "founder" of the Royal Navy, was eager to employ Jean Rotz, for this Frenchman had much to offer by way of expert knowledge, a book of maps and no doubt valuable information regarding the Portuguese discoveries and trade in the East. During the 1540's when Henry was building up his navy there was a serious lack in England of charts and authoritative information dealing with the practical art of trans-oceanic navigation; because for many years the English had been almost solely dependent on French and occasionally on Portuguese navigators. Therefore Henry looked to the continent for cartographers and at the time of his death there were no fewer than sixty French pilots in the King's service.[11] The truth of the matter was that the English were lagging far behind the rest of Europe in maritime enterprise. This was largely due to their reliance on the markets of Flanders, Spain and Portugal for their spices and oriental merchandise.

In fact, Jean Rotz's *Book of Hydrography* seems to have been the only up to date manuscript atlas then available to English sea-captains and pilots. Also, it is known that in 1542 Jean Rotz was contemplating the publication in English of a work on navigation and it is to be regretted that this book (if it was ever published) is not now available for study, as it might well have thrown new light on the discovery of Australia.

Another cartographer of the Dieppe School, but one of whom very little it known, was Pierre Desceliers, a priest in the town of Arques.[12] This man, a contemporary of Jean Rotz, drew a number of maps between the years 1530 and 1550 all showing "Java la Grande".

The royal pilot and corsair Guillaume le Testu, a native of the port of Havre de Grâce also drew a map showing "Java la Grande", the east coast of which he identified as the legendary Land of Ophir (Terre de Offir).[13] This map formed part of a manuscript altas which Le Testu dedicated to Admiral Coligny in 1555. Captain Le Testu had carried out many reconnaissances on the coasts of the Americas and he was that same Huguenot corsair Le Têtu who, in 1572, joined forces with Sir Francis Drake in the capture of a Spanish treasure train in Panama. Mortally wounded while commanding the rearguard of the Anglo-French force he gallantly insisted that he be left behind lest he hinder the retreat of his comrades. Before they parted, Le Testu gave Drake the sword which had been presented to him by Admiral Coligny.[14]

In 1547 Nicholas Vallard completed his atlas which included three maps with the coasts of "Java la Grande" laid down in approximately the correct position for Australia. The nomenclature on the north-east coast of this land is mainly Portuguese.

Nicolas Desliens the cartographer who, in 1541, drew the earliest of the "Dieppe maps", a world map including "Java la Grande", upon which Portuguese flags are shown; was also responsbile for the latest map in the series, drawn in 1567.[15]

Some of the above mentioned maps, particularly those of Nicolas Desliens are drawn with south at the top in the traditional manner of the French pilots; this was a convention invariably followed by the ancient Romans and later by the Arabs. They range in date from 1541 to 1567 and they all show with but minor variations, the same outline of the southland of "Java la Grande". However on a few of them, notably those drawn by Pierre Desceliers in 1546 and 1550 the western coastline with numerous indentures is projected south-westwards in a curving line to the edge of the map.

Nevertheless, the Land of Great Java as shown on these maps is noticeably dissimilar to any extant representation of a southern continent from earlier periods.

In previous centuries cartographers working in the traditions of Ptolemaic geography had drawn a largely conjectural Terra Australis in the southern hemisphere. This imaginary Terra Australis was situated on their maps far to the south of the Cape of Good Hope but curving upwards toward the East Indies, then it fell away to the east, across the high latitudes of the South Pacific to eventually join South America at Tierra del Fuego. Thus this mythical southern continent also included Antarctica.

From the available evidence it would appear that the map makers of Dieppe were among the first to depart from the Ptolemaic traditions. They were certainly the first of whom we have any knowledge, to delineate the Terra Australis with any degree of accuracy.

The Dauphin Map

This is perhaps the most important extant map of the period as regards Australian discovery for

on it appear some of the most significant features of the other maps in the series. Although the map is anonymous it has been attributed to either Jean Rotz or Pierre Desceliers. It was formerly dated to 1536 on the authority of C. H. Coote, but this date was later revised by H. Harrissee who in 1898 established that it must have been drawn between 1542 and 1546.[16]

The "Dauphin" or as it is sometimes called, the "Harleyan" mappamundi is a large, highly ornamented map of the world drawn on a plane scale, on vellum, 8 feet 2 inches by 3 feet 10 inches with the names on it in French and Portuguese. At the upper corner, on the left side is a shield of the Arms of France with the collar of St. Michael; and on the right another shield of France with Dauphiny, quarterly.[17] According to R. H. Major, it was probably executed in the time of Francis I King of France who reigned from 1515 to 1547, for his son the Dauphin, afterwards Henry II. This mapamundi is sometimes referred to as the "Harleyan" map from its having once belonged to Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford and one of the principal Lords of the Admiralty, after whose death it was taken by one of his servants. Subsequently Sir Joseph Banks purchased the map and presented it to the British Museum in 1790.[18]

The coastal configuration of "Java la Grande" as depicted on this map bears a remarkable resemblance to the actual coastline of the northwest, northern, and east coasts of Australia including both the east and west coasts of Tasmania. But some writers have been puzzled by the seemingly peculiar orientation of various prominent coastal features; for instance, the area of "Java la Grande" that may be assumed to coincide with the Kimberley Division, from Queen's Channel to King Sound, juts out at a right angle to the western coast. Another great peninsula, which we can assume represents Tasmania, thrusts out at a right angle from the eastern coast.

Other features of "Java la Grande" that have been said to be inconsistent with the map of Australia as we now know it, are the long straight western coastline continuing due south to the edge of the map;[19] the strait dividing the mainland of "Java la Grande" from "Java" and the narrow width of what appears to be the Gulf of Carpentaria. Also, the rather odd arrangement of the East Indian Archipelago has baffled researchers for many years, for the anonymous cartographer has laid down Sumatra with reasonable accuracy but he has merged Java into what is now called Arnhem Land and Sumbawa is placed on Cape York Peninsula, while the island of Timor is shown as lying off the northeast coast of the southern continent.

However it must be borne in mind that we are here dealing with a map, compiled no doubt from a variety of sources and drawn by a cartographer working in the seclusion of his study. Therefore the distortions of the southern continent may well be the result of errors arising from the inaccurate correlation of unfamiliar cartographic material which in part may have been derived from Asian sources.[20]

Discrepancies in the charting of various prominent coastal features may be explained by the inability of sixteenth century seamen to calculate longitude with any degree of accuracy. Because of this, their sketch maps of newly discovered coastlines might contain errors in the calculation of east-west distances, errors which would be reproduced by the cartographer who perhaps had no other information to go on.

Regarding the distortions of latitude on the "Dauphin" map, one can do no better than quote J. M. Forsyth's explanation. "If the northernmost point of Java la Grande is taken to represent Cape York in 11°S, it will be found that what may be called the distortion is such as would be produced by plotting the actual east coast of Australia in relation to curved meridians, instead of in relation to the straight lines which represent the meridians on which the "Dauphin" map purports to be, and elsewhere is constructed. The curves are those derived by measuring the linear distance along each parallel on south latitude from an initial meridian (taken to be a straight line)to the meridians 45°-55°W., that is to say, they are the curves of the meridians 45°-55°W. in the Sinusoidal projection—a projection used by Mercator, a contemporary of the "Dieppe" mapmakers, and by Cossin in 1570. If this coastline is reprojected from the curves in question to the straight line meridians, it may be seen that the seeming distortion is simply the result of an unfamiliar method of projection. The coastline has somehow been turned at right angles to its true orientation, the east becoming the north. If this error is reversed, and the outline reprojected as before, its resemblance (i.e. that of the east coast of the "Dauphin" "Java la Grande" converted from an unfamiliar to a familiar projection) to the east coast of Australian, Tasmania can scarcely be attributed to chance".[21]

However the whole land mass of "Java la Grande" has been laid down too far to the westward and in attempting to explain this, a number of authorities have suggested that this longitudinal shift was the result of deliberate falsification.[22] These scholars claim that the "Dauphin" and other maps of the Dieppe cartographers are French copies from at least one master chart of Portuguese origin, and that the Portuguese falsified the chart to mislead the Spaniards. This theory is based on one of the provisions of the Treaty of Tordesillas in 1494 in which Pope Alexander VI ruled that all discoveries made to the east of a meridian 370 leagues west of the Azores and Cape Verde Islands for the space of 180° of longitude should belong to Portugal and that all those to the westward of that meridian for the same distance should belong to the Spaniards.[23] Such a boundary could not accurately be determined at sea, but the treaty did define the spheres of trade and oceanic navigation of the two countries.

The scholars in question have assumed that when the Portuguese discovered and charted the coasts of "Java la Grande" (Australia) they realised that the continent lay mainly in the Spanish sphere, for their side of Pope Alexander's line of demarcation did not extend far to the east, beyond Timor. Therefore they falsified their charts by moving the greater part of the continent to the west and into their own sphere of influence.[24]

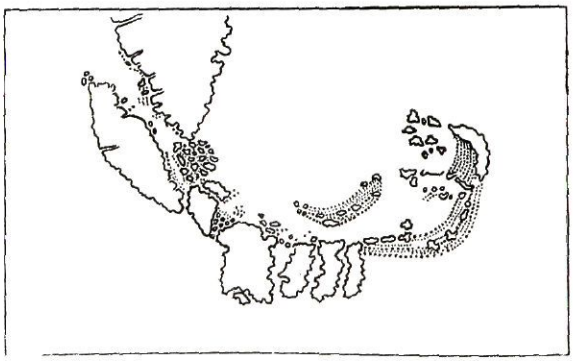
Having done that they then merged the East Indies into the northern part of the continent, superimposing the islands of Java and Sumbawa on what is now called respectively Arnhem Land and Cape York. By this latter move they would make their rivals, the Spaniards, believe there was no practicable sea-way south of Java, only a narrow strait. Thus they effectively blocked the Timor Sea. Then by extending the west coast of "Java la Grande" southward to the edge of the map, they blocked the sea way south of the contient and virtually gave the Indian Ocean the appearance of a "Portuguese lake".[25]

Now this theory which at first glance seems quite plausible is not very convincing when the following points are taken into account.

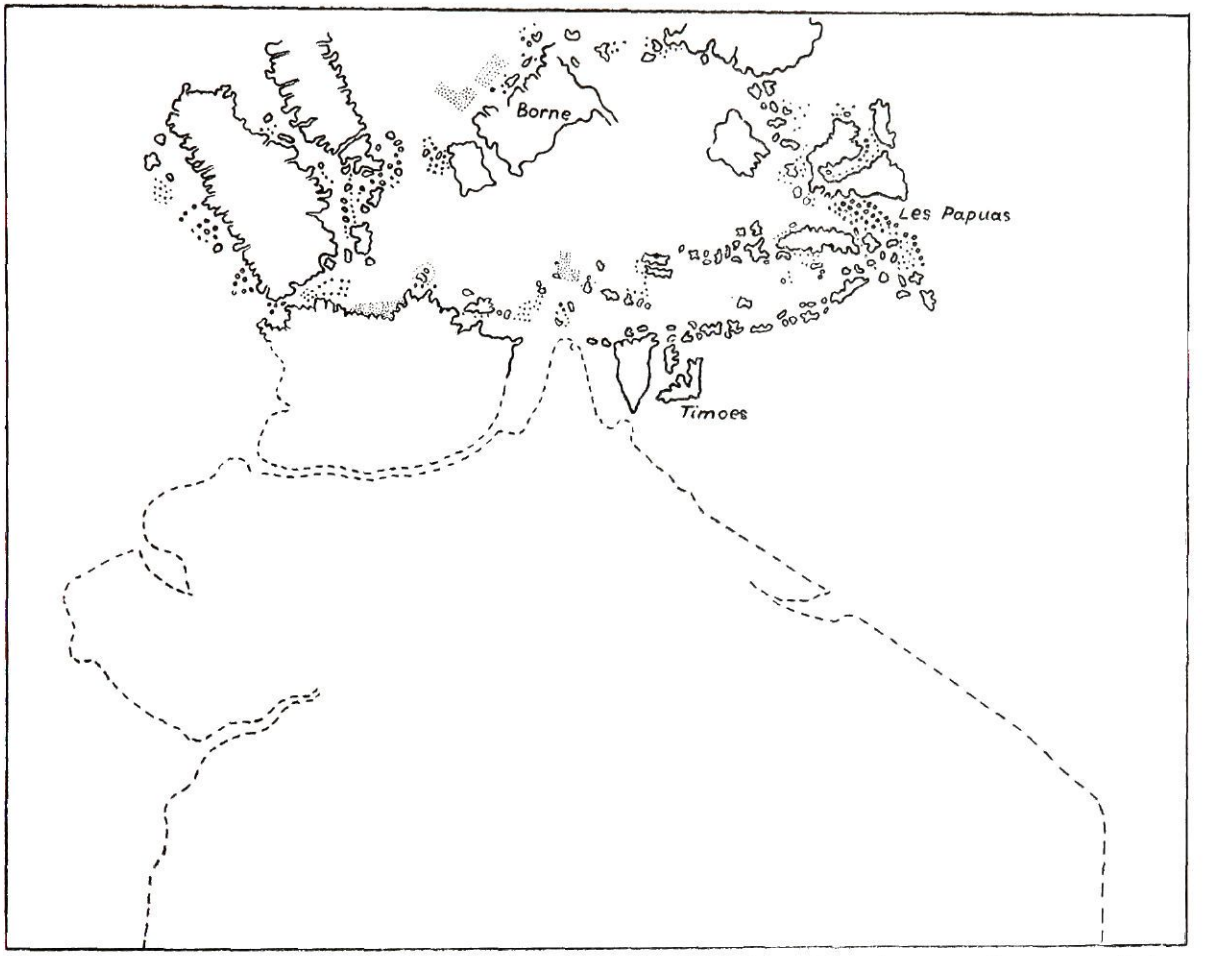
After Juan Sebastian del Cano's circumnavigation in 1519-22 the Spaniards were fully aware that there was a passage south of Java to the Cape of Good Hope.[26] Also a large part of the eastern half of the continent is shown to lie in the Spanish sphere.

The master chart must be assumed to have been made by the Portuguese for their own use, therefore is it conceivable that they would have falsified it to the extent of laying down a whole continent, where in fact no land existed?[27]

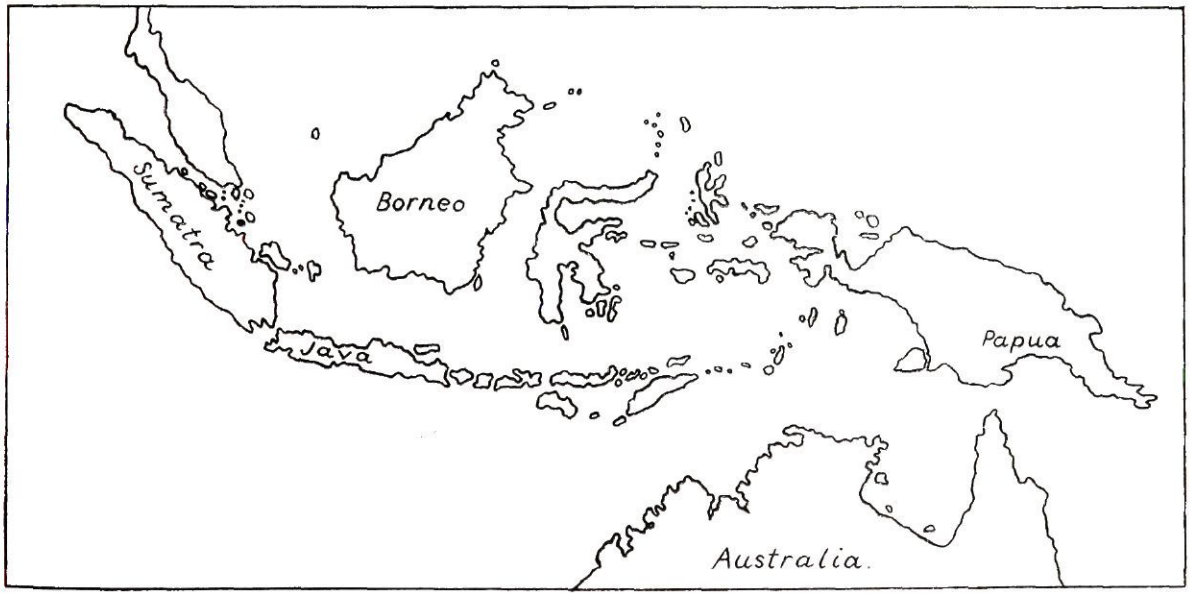
But was there any real need for the Portuguese to falsify a chart which showed their discovery of a southern continent? In 1514 Pope Leo by the Bull "Praecelsae devotionis" granted to the Portuguese all lands which might be seized from heathen peoples, not only in Africa and India, but in any region which might be reached by sailing east.[28] And, after the Treaty of Saragoca in 1529 the Pope's line of demarcation was moved further to the east, almost in fact to 145° east longitude.[29] This placed almost the whole of "Java la Grande" (Australia) within the Portuguese sphere. So it would appear that there is no need to postulate a theory of cartographic falsification to account for the westward longitudinal shift of the continent; which is more probably a genuine cartographer's error due to inaccurate copying from charts derived from two separate sources. The source of the "Java la Grande" outline was no doubt a series of free-hand sketch maps of the coasts of the continent, drawn by some unknown navigator. While for the Indonesian Archipelago, the cartographer probably made use of a Portuguese map which was based on a Macassan or a Javanese original.[30] The cartographer, compiling his map directly from these two sources both of which were inaccurate as regards longitude, and without the benefit of reliable reference books or documents, in fact having no means at his disposal by which he could verify or correct his chart, he superimposed the former upon the latter.



Map of the East Indian Archipelago drawn, circa 1517 and attributed to Pedro Reinel, cosmographer to the King of Portugal. This map is considered to have been copied from a chart of the Spice Islands drawn in 1512 by Francisco Rodrigues who in turn, had copied it from an Asian original.



The Indonesian section of the "Dauphin" map. There is a marked similarity between this map and that drawn by Pedro Reinel.



A modern map of the East Indian Archipelago.

Furthermore although these French maps were undoubtedly copied from one or more Portuguese originals, so far no definite evidence has been brought forward to substantiate the suggestion that the master chart was ever a secret document. For it must be borne in mind that though strict regulations provided for the safeguard of rutters, portolani, journals and log books, the Portuguese did not attempt to keep all information secret, nor did they prevent some of their most competent pilots and foremost cartographers from travelling abroad or working in foreign lands.[31] Also it should be remembered that the original Portuguese world map and its copies were not specifically drawn for the sake of showing "Java la Grande", so that any arguments regarding its secrecy would have to be applied to the map as a whole.

A detailed examination of the coastline of "Java la Grande" reveals many interesting features and when these are correlated with a modern map of Australia, the remarkable likeness of the one to the other becomes apparent. In fact, it is the author's opinion that in the outline of "Java la Grande" as laid down on the "Dauphin" map we have genuine cartographic evidence of sixteenth century Portuguese discovery of Australia.

In the past, some historians, A. F. Calvert among them, attempted to correlate the "Java la Grande" of the "Dauphin" map, except for its southern coastline which is not shown, with the whole Australian continent. But they misinterpreted the map in the belief that the Portuguese by plotting an imaginary straight western coastline to the edge of the map, falsified it to deceive the Spaniards. In fact they read far too much into the map on the basis of this assumption.

The Portuguese were well acquainted with the wind systems of the Indian Ocean and on occasion they may have utilized the prevailing south easterlies on their voyages to the Indies.[32] These winds could have carried them to the Shark Bay or North West Cape areas of Western Australia. Indeed we may presume that this did in fact occur and that the straight line of coast represents the Eighty Mile Beach lying to the north-eastward beyond North West Cape. If this is accepted, then the whole of the western and northern coasts of "Java la Grande" at once become intelligible. Thus Coste Bracq becomes what is now called Cape Leveque of the Dampier Land peninsula; Havre de Sylla is King Sound which has two islands at its entrance; Coste Blanche is Collier Bay, Quabo Segmesco becomes York Sound to the south of which lies Kuri Bay. Bay des Ys is probably Vansittart Bay and Cape de Grace forms the southern headland of Napier Broome Bay while the large island off the coast to the north is actually Cape Londonderry: Baye Bresille with its two islands may be identified with Cambridge Gulf. Then comes the significant phrase "Terre Ennegade" which is derived from the Portuguese "tierra anegada" meaning, land under water, submerged or overflowed land;[33] and this is exactly how one would describe the coast hereabouts especially during one of the periodic floods in the area.

In the 'wet' season, which corresponds to the period of the North West Monsoon (November to about March) the six rivers that flow into Cambridge Gulf are generally in flood. Then, great stretches of this low lying coast, fringed with marshes and mangrove swamps are under water, only the tops of mangrove trees remaining visible above the surface, indicating the submerged land. Offshore the area is extremely hazardous due to the presence of numerous shoals, sand banks, rocks and reefs.[34]

Baye Bassa may be the inlet at Turtle Point, while the great river, Rio Grande with an island at its entrance is none other than Queen's Channel into which flows the Victoria River. Approximately sixteen miles wide at its mouth for about eight months of the year, it is considerably wider during the "wet" season. Also, it is tidal and navigable for one hundred miles by craft drawing up to eight feet of water.[35] So a navigator in the sixteenth century, surveying the then unknown north-west coast and coming upon this great river could quite understandably believe it to be the entrance to a strait.

Offshore, and lying too far south, are Melville and Bathurst Islands, charted as one large island.

Coste pme, which on Collingridge's reconstruction of the "Dauphin" map is written as Coste Pouro, becomes Hyland Bay and R. de St. Pe, the River de St. Pierre of a related map, may be identified as the Daly River flowing into Anson Bay.[36]

Regarding the northern coastline of what is called "Java" on the "Dauphin" and related maps, which we may assume to be a mixture of the north coast of Java and Arnhem Land, it will only be possible to say on how much real knowledge the nomenclature is based after more research has been done into Macassan voyages to that part of Australia.[37]

In the Gulf of Carpentaria, five islands are

charted which may correspond to Groote Eylandt and Bickerton Island off the north-eastern shore of Arnhem Land, Vanderlin Island, in the Sir Edward Pellew group off the southern coast and Mornington and Bentinck Islands of the Wellesley group which is also off the southern coast.

The mouth of the Roper River is shown in its true position at the south-west corner of the Gulf, but it is laid down as forming part of the Rio Grande. Normally the Roper River is a mere half mile wide at its mouth, but during the monsoon season it is subject to flooding and then the whole country, for miles around is inundated. It is navigable by small craft for approximately a hundred miles.[38]

The navigator, having entered one hundred miles of navigable waterway leading inland from either side of Arnhem Land, in his sketch map the two forming almost a straight line with only a small gap in the middle, the cartographer making use of this sketch map may well be excused for assuming that the two formed a strait and thus on his map showing Arnhem Land as an island.

Now an examination of Cape York Peninsula reveals that although it bears Indonesian place names including that of the island, Sumbawa, at its northernmost extremity, it is in fact an accurate outline of Cape York; for what is now known as Newcastle Bay is clearly discernible, while a little further southward, Princess Charlotte Bay, Bathurst Bay and Cape Melville can also be identified.

The Great Barrier Reef too can be recognised in the line of reefs, shoals, rocks and islands, that are marked as lying off the north-eastern coast; on the eastward trending (Queensland) coast appears the warning phrase *"Coste Dangereuse."*

Further down the east coast, the position and configuration of Baye Perdue (Lost Bay) coincide with those of what is now called Keppel Bay, with the Fitzroy River, Curtis Island and Port Curtis.[39]

The River de Beaucoup d'isles (River of Many Islands) we may assume to be the Brisbane River which flows into Moreton Bay. There are numerous small islands in Moreton Bay, and three large ones, Bribie Island, Moreton Island, and Stradbroke Island, and on the "Dauphin" map there are three roughly drawn islands at the entrance to the River of Many Islands.

Proceeding southward we come to the controversial inscription, Coste des Herbaiges which occurs approximately in the vicinity of the modern Botany Bay. Now accepting the Rivier de Beaucoup d'isles as Moreton Bay and the Coste des Herbaiges as Botany Bay, then the intervening coast with its four rivers must be taken to represent the New South Wales coastline with the Richmond, Clarence, Hastings and Hunter rivers. Moreover, in the area of the Coste des Herbaiges there is a large unnamed inlet which may well represent either the Hawkesbury River or the entrance to Sydney Harbour.

Another river is shown south of the Coste des Herbaiges and this could be the Shoalhaven. This is followed by a cape, which may be identified as Cape Howe. The coastline of what must be presumed to be the coast of the present state of Victoria from this point trends southward, whereas it should in fact, bear southwestward. The Genoa River is shown on the south side of Cape Howe, while a little further westward, the Snowy River empties into the sea. We next have an unfinished inscription, Ye de (Isles of .....) which probably applied to the islands at the entrance to Lake King then follows the Ninety Mile Beach, three rivers and Baye Neufve (New Bay) the configuration of which conforms to what is now known as Corner Inlet.

Assuming the above identifications to be correct, then the prominent peninsula that juts out so noticeably at a right angle to the coast and terminates in C. de Fremoso must be Tasmania. The eastward orientation of this land is no doubt the result of cartographic error in the piecing together of numerous freehand sketch maps drawn to differing scales, to form an intelligible whole.

The author would venture to suggest that had the cartographer drawn this great peninsula extending southward, in its true position, then the identification of "Java la Grande" with Australia would long since have been accepted.

Our anonymous sixteenth century discoverer apparently steered a south-easterly course from Corner Inlet and coasted down the east coasts of the Furneaux Islands and Tasmania as far as Maria Island. From here he presumably stood out to sea in order to avoid the dangerous southeast coast but continued southward within sight of land, though not close enough to chart it; this can be the only reasonable explanation for his having missed Storm Bay. Standing in towards the land again, he rounded South East Cape and the Needles and cruised northwards up the western coast.

The most noticeable feature on the west coast is the inlet inscribed "Gouffie" which bears a remarkable similarity to Macquarie Harbour. Four rivers are shown south of this inlet, where in fact, five occur. Further north the entrance to a river is marked near an island which may represent Hunter Island. Here the survey ends in a conjectured coastline continuing south-westward to the margin of the map.

In conclusion, mention may be made of the large island called on the "Dauphin" map Yslesde Mayna and which lies some distance to the eastward of "Java la Grande". This can be none other than the south island of New Zealand.

Corroborative Evidence

The related maps drawn by the Dieppe cartographers provide yet more evidence of sixteenth century Australian discovery. Although they are all substantially alike, the earliest of the series, the world map of Nicolas Desliens dated to 1541 is the only one that does not show the Rio Grande as a strait.[40] This would accord with a discovery made in the "dry" season, from about April to October, when the northern rivers are not in flood. Now it is known that Portuguese ships sailing from Europe to Indies, departed from Lisbon in March for an estimated arrival at Goa in September, and it is most probable that one of these ships, blown off her course to the eastward made a landfall on the western coast of Australia in the vicinity of North West Cape. Also it would appear that this discovery must have been made between 1536 and 1540 because in the North American section of his map, Nicolas Desliens shows the St. Lawrence River which was explored by Jacques Cartier in 1535. And, the fact that Portuguese flags are shown on the continent of "Java la Grande" indicates the nation responsible for the discovery. Therefore from this evidence we may assume Portuguese discovery of Australia sometime in the six years preceding **1541.**

Another dated map of the Dieppe School is that drawn by Jean Rotz in 1542 and contained in his *Book of Hydrography.*[41] This map is interesting because it indicates further discovery to the westward of what we have taken to be Tasmania; for two large inlets are shown in approximately the correct positions for what are now known as St. Vincent and Spencer Gulfs.

Furthermore, on Pierre Desceliers' map of 1550 native huts are drawn in two areas on the north-western coast of "Java la Grande"; to the north of what appears to be King Sound and to the south of an inlet which we may take to represent Shark Bay. The huts, as drawn are similar to those built by aborigines in the abovementioned areas. The so-called Henry II Mappamunde of Pierre Desceliers dated to 1546 and the abovementioned world map by the same hand, are the first to show this latter discovery, i.e. Shark Bay, under the title of Baye des Riviers.[42]

Thus it would appear that in this series of maps we have cartographic evidence of at least two voyages to the western portion of Terra Australis, between the years 1536 and 1546. Also it seems most likely that the discoveries were made either by merchant ships in the course of voyages to the Indies or by vessels sent out by private traders, not by any official government sponsored expeditions.

However as regards the mapping of the eastern coast of Terra Australis; this was probably carried out by Spanish navigators sometime between 1525 and 1541 during their voyages across the Pacific from the Americas to the Indies and the Philippine Islands. The information thus obtained could have been available to both French and Portuguese cartographers from unofficial sources and from their seamen and pilots in the service of Spain.

Now it is not known whether, at a later date, these French maps, in particular the "Dauphin" map, ever exerted any influence on English theories concerning the existence of a southern continent and the subsequent exploration of the south seas. Nevertheless, it seems a strange coincidence that this valuable manuscript was owned by Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford and one of the principal Lords of the Admiralty responsible for sending William Dampier, in 1699, on a voyage of discovery to New Holland, as Australia was then called.[43] And considerably later we find the "Dauphin" map in the possession of Sir Joseph Banks who accompanied Captain James Cook on his memorable voyage of 1768-1771. Dr. Solander, another of Cook's companions was also well acquainted with the map.[44] Therefore it seems extremely unlikely that Captain Cook, the commander of the expedition remained unaware of it. During the course of the voyage Cook sailed up the eastern coast of New Holland, charted it and raised the English colours, claiming the land for England. He then wrote in his journal that he felt confident that no European had ever been there before.[45] Cook and his companions returned to England in 1771 and

nineteen years later Sir Joseph Bank presented the "Dauphin" map to the British Museum.

In 1786 Alexander Dalrymple, onetime Hydrographer to the Admiralty published his "Memoir concerning the Chagos and adjacent islands" in which he commented on the resemblance of the names given by Cook to various parts of New Holland, with those on the "Dauphin" map. In fact Dalrymple claimed that "the discovery of the east coast of New Holland was due to some navigator of the sixteenth century and that Cook had only followed in his track . . ."[46] Whereupon, the British Admiralty officially denied they or Cook had had any prior knowledge of the map in question.[47] And there the matter rests.

Documentary Evidence

Although no Portuguese, French or Spanish logbooks, rutters or journals have ever been produced to support the cartographic evidence, there are a number of references in near contemporary writings suggesting a sixteenth century discovery of Australia. However the earliest reference that may indicate Australian discovery concerns a voyage made in 1499. In the Decades of Peter Martyr it is related how in that year a Spaniard, Diego de Lepe visited a country where there were "trees of such bigness that six men joining hands together and standing in compass can scarcely embrace some of them. Among these trees is found that monstrous beast with a snout like a fox, a tail like a marmoset, ears like a bat, hands like a man, and feet like an ape, bearing her whelps about with her in an outward belly, much like unto a great bag or purse. The dead carcase of this beast you saw with me and turned it over and over with your own hands, marvelling at that new belly and wonderful provision of nature. They say it is known by experience that she never letteth her whelps go out of that purse except it be either to play or suck until such time that they be able to get their living by themselves."[48]

Mr. E. A. Petherick, formerly the Commonwealth Archivist, was the first to draw attention to this passage in 1897, for he believed that it referred to the karri forests of South Western Australia, and that the animal described was a kangaroo. But W. B. Alexander writing in 1914 stated that although "there is other evidence to support the view that de Lepe did reach South West Australia", he personally thought the animal described was a small South American opossum.[49]

However, in 1550 Sebastian Munster included an illustration of this 'monstrous beast" in his "Universal Cosmography" and although the artist has drawn a beast of four stout legs with small ears and no tail, it is shown as being a large marsupial.[50]

Jean Fonteneau, a Frenchman who had served in Portuguese ships, writing of Terra Australis in 1544 said ". . . so far as I have seen, it is mainland . . . Java Minor is an island Java Major (Java la Grande—author) is a mainland; and all about it many islands".[51] Twenty-two years later, Guillaume Le Testu, wrote concerning "Certain Portuguese going to the Indies who were by adverse weather conditions, carried far south of the Cape of Good Hope, and they reported that they had gained some knowledge of this land". However it seems that they may have reached Antarctica, which in accordance with contemporary theory, they believed was part of Terra Australis. Le Testu was cautious in charting this discovery for he says "I have roughly laid it down according to the opinion of some cosmographers without wishing to affirm anything at all about it".[52] This interesting passage is one of many revealing just how careful the Dieppe cartographers were in recording discoveries and here it should be remembered that this same Le Testu was also responsible for a map of Java la Grande.

Later, in 1573, Martin Frobisher wrote that "the Terra Australis, lying under and about the South Pole, being in many places of fruitful soil is not yet thoroughly discovered but only seen and touched on the north edge thereof by the travail of the Portingales and Spaniards in their voyages to their East and West Indies".[53]

A drawing of a kangaroo with two young in her pouch appears on the decorated title page of a book of large folio size entitled "Speculum Orbis Terrae". This geography in Latin was compiled by one Cornelis de Jode and published at Antwerp in 1593.[54]

Next we have Cornelius Wytfliet's statement in his book "Descriptionis Ptolemaicae Augmentum" published at Louvain in 1597. "The Australis Terra is the most southern of all lands. It is separated from New Guinea by a narrow strait. Its shores are but little known, since after one voyage and another, that route has been deserted, and seldom is the country visited, unless when sailors are driven there in storms. The Australis Terra begins at two or three degrees from the equator, and is maintained by some to be of so great an extent that, if it were thoroughly ex-

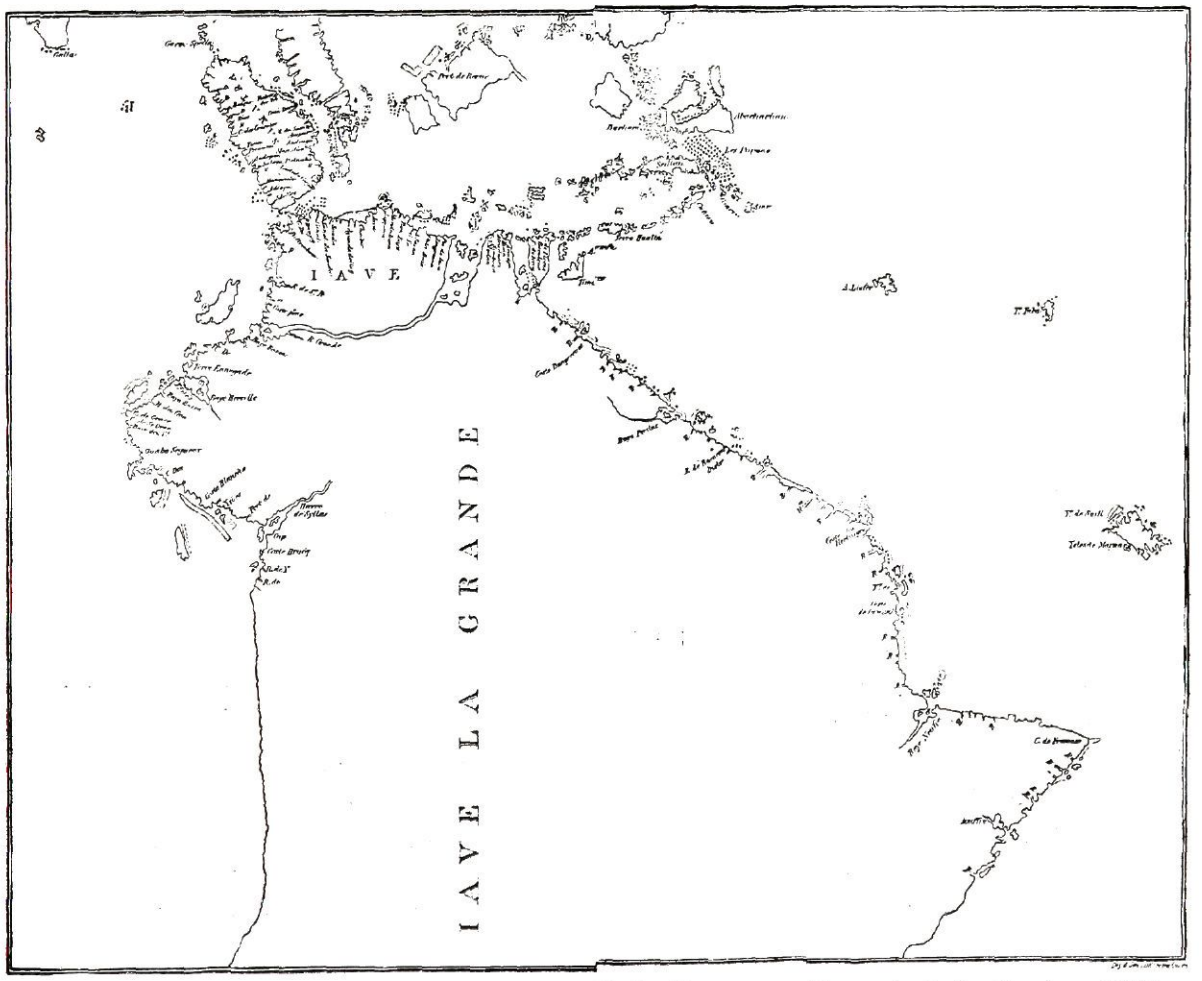
plored, it would be regarded as a fifth part of the world".[55]

The next authority to whom we may refer is Manuel Godinho de Eredia, a Luso-Malayan cartographer who was active in the Indies at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. This man, the son of a Portuguese nobleman and a Macassan princess had the advantages of a European education as well as access to the royal archives of Macassar. He believed in the existence of a southern land which he called Meridional India, which lay in approximately the position of North West Australia. In support of this belief he referred in his writings to numerous Indonesian voyages to a land south of the Indies.[56]

The Macassans knew the north-west coast of Australia as Kai Djawa and here perhaps we have the origin of the name "Java la Grande".[57]

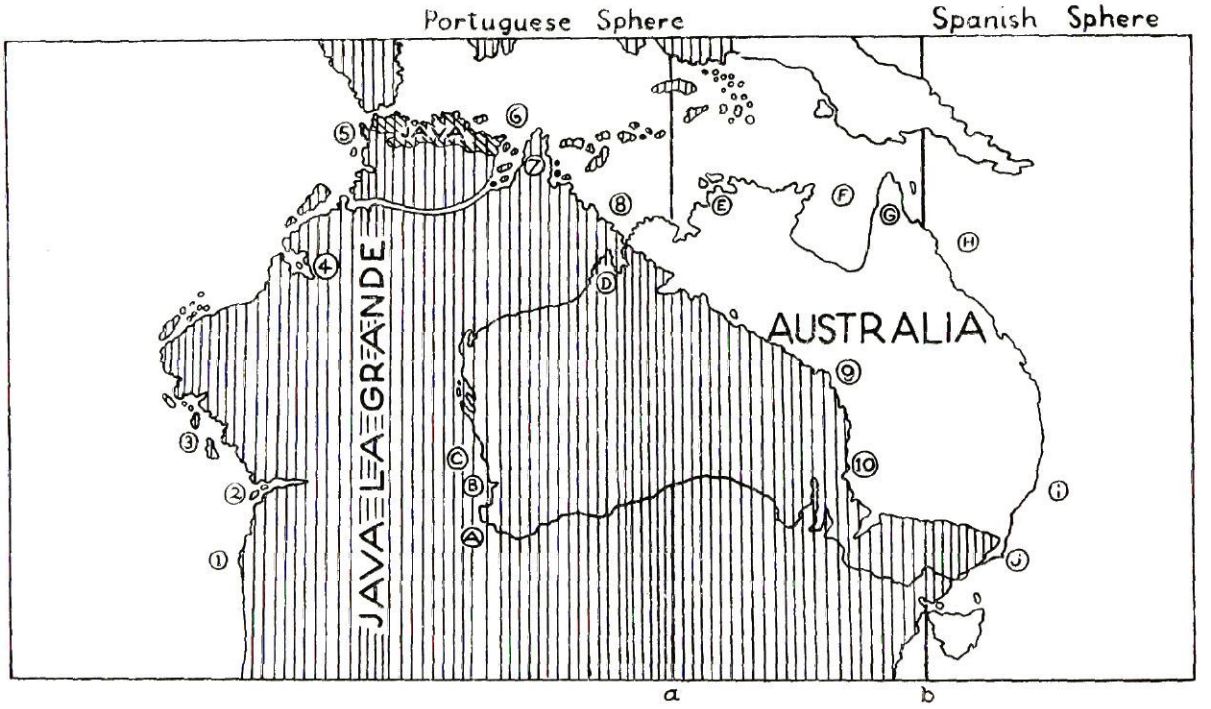
Thus from the available evidence, it would appear that Australia was discovered by the Portugues and Spaniards sometime between 1536 and 1541. However there is a distinct possibility that French mariners also played a part in these voyages of discovery. Furthermore the evidence suggests that Macassan seamen were already familiar with the north-west coast of the continent during the period under review.

Nevertheless although the greater part of the continent was charted in detail by the mid-sixteenth century; it was found in the main to be a barren and inhospitable land inhabited by wild



The "Dauphin" Map, 1542-1546. From R. H. Major *Early Voyages to Terra Australis,* London, 1859.

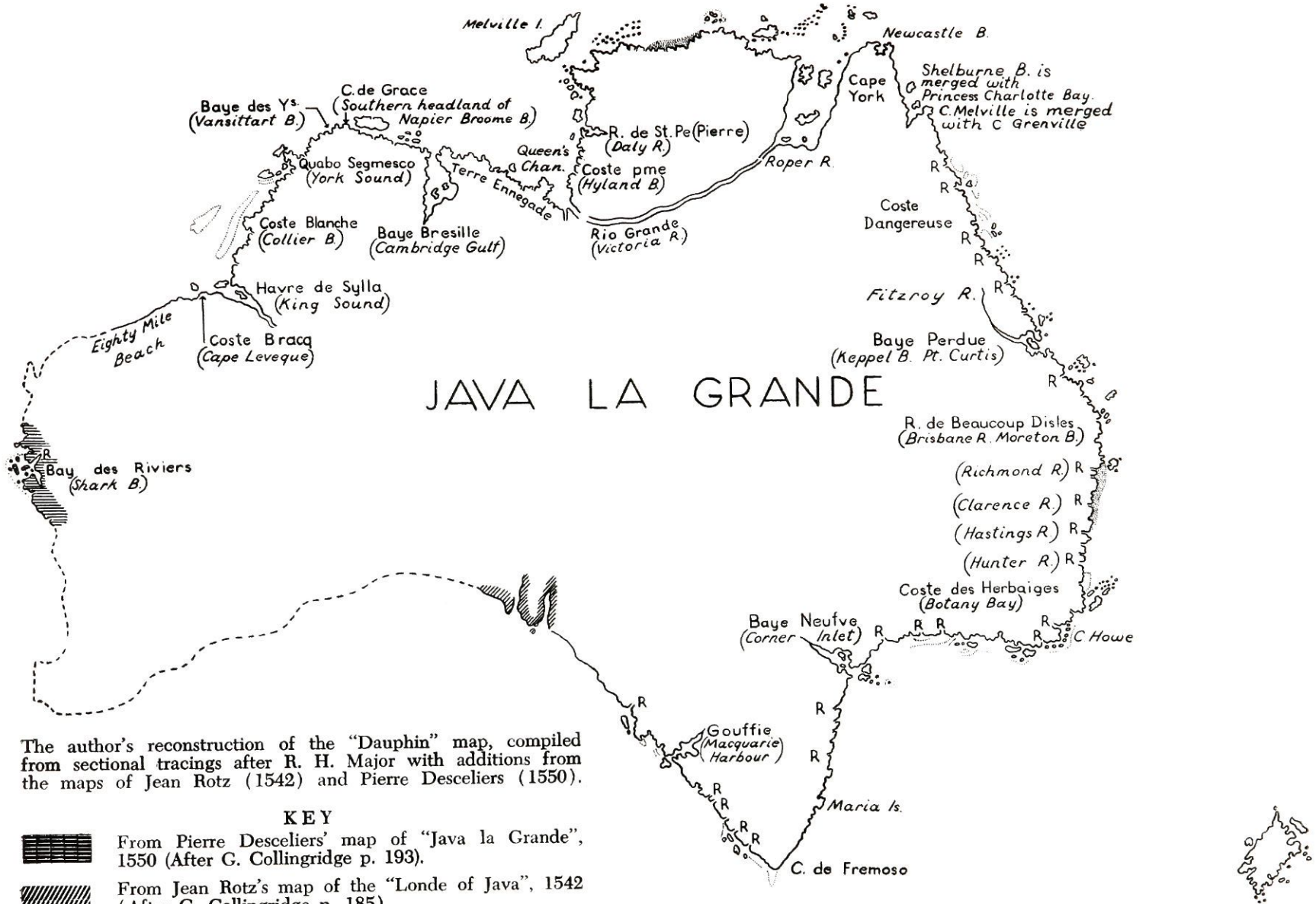
black savages, with whom no trade could be done. Then too both the Portuguese and Spaniards were heavily engaged in the conquest of the Americas . Therefore after a few voyages (as the old documents relate) interest in the newly discovered southern continent waned and within about twenty-five years it ceased to be represented in any detail on maps. The ancient myth of a Terra Australis Incognita was resurrected to fill the empty southern regions of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. So for more than two hundred years seamen were to search for this mythical continent everywhere except in the right places, namely to the south of the Indies where in fact the sixteenth century French cartographers had charted it under the name "Java la Grande".



The "Dauphin" Map, superimposed upon a modern map of Australia. After A. F. Calvert *The Discovery of Australia*, Vol. 2, Pl. 23, Liverpool, 1893.

KEY

1 — A = Cape Leeuwin.
2 — B = Rottnest Island.
3 — C = The Abrolhos Islands.
4 — D = Shoal Bay.
5 — E = Darwin.
6 — F = Gulf of Carpentaria.
7 — G = Cape York.
8 — H = Great Barrier Reef, in the vicinity of Cape Tribulation.
9 — I = Botany Bay.
10 — J = Green Cape.
a = The Line of Demarcation of Pope Alexander VI, 1494.
b = The Pope's Line of 1529.



The author's reconstruction of the "Dauphin" map, compiled from sectional tracings after R. H. Major with additions from the maps of Jean Rotz (1542) and Pierre Desceliers (1550).

KEY

From Pierre Desceliers' map of "Java la Grande", 1550 (After G. Collingridge p. 193).

From Jean Rotz's map of the "Londe of Java", 1542 (After G. Collingridge p. 185).

NOTES

1. Waters "The Art of Navigation in England", p. 82 n.1.
2. Op. cit.
3. Op. cit. p. 82.
4. Brendon "Great Navigators and Discoverers", p. 149.
5. Taylor "The Haven-Finding Art", p. 185.
6. Waters "The Art of Navigation in England", p. 284.
7. Scott "Limuria", p. 36.
8. Herve "Australia. In French Geographical Documents of the Renaissance", p. 35 n.3.
9. According to Herve, Sumatran merchants visiting Malacca reported the wreck of this ship on their coast. The survivors apparently claimed they had visited the "Islands of Gold", which were believed by the Portuguese to lie about one hundred leagues south-east of the port of Baros in Sumatra. However, "as the merchants reported that the Frenchmen were in a distressed state before the wreck of their vessel, their "Islands of Gold" may represent a more distant discovery".
10. Taylor "The Haven Finding Art", pp. 187-189.
11. Robinson "Marine Cartography in Britain", p. 17.
12. Herve, op. cit. describes Pierre Desceliers, as one who can be justly called by the title "Creator of French Hydrography", p. 24.
13. Herve, op. cit. pp. 26-27.
14. Corbett "Drake and the Tudor Navy", Vol. 1, p. 190.
15. The original world map of Nicolas Desliens dated 1541 is in the Dresden Library: Geography. Another world map by the same hand, and dated 1566 is in the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris, while the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich has a similar map, the last in the series, dated 1567. Herve, op. cit. pp. 25-26.
16. Coote, C. H. "Collations and Notes", p. 4, Aberdeen 1898. Harrissee, H. "The Dieppe World Maps" (Gottingsche gelehrte Anzeigen) No. 6, 1898.
17. Major "Early Voyages to Terra Australis", Introduction, p. xvi.
18. Op. cit. p. xvi.
19. Op. cit. p. xxxiii.
20. As corroborative evidence that distortions were liable to occur in the correlation of mariners' sketch maps, we may cite as examples, the charts of Bianco (1448) and Benincasa (1468) which show defects due to them being compilations. The scale of the African coast as delineated by Bianco and Benincasa is not uniform, increasing as the coast runs south, and this suggests that they were assembled from sectional charts. In Benincasa's chart the scale of the most southerly section is nearly four times that of the northern. Crone, G. R. "Maps and their Makers" (London) 1953.
21. Herve "Australia, in French Geographical Documents of the Renaissance". Translated with annotations by J. M. Forsyth, p. 37, n.16.
22. M. Barbie du Bocage "Magazin Encyclopedique" douzieme annee. Tom IV, 1807. Calvert, A. F. "The Discovery of Australia", London 1893. Collingridge, G. "The Discovery of Australia", Sydney, 1895.
23. Collingridge, "The Discovery of Australia", p. 127. Skelton "Explorers Maps", p. 139.
24. Calvert "The Discovery of Australia", Vol. II, Plates, Pl. 23.
25. Collingridge "The Discovery of Australia".
26. The route of del Cano's ship "Victoria" is shown on Diego Ribeiro's map of 1529. This map is reproduced by Collingridge in "The Discovery of Australia", p. 165. Moreover, the open sea-way to the south of Java and Timor is shown on a manuscript chart of the Spice Islands drawn in c.1513 by Francisco Rodrigues from an Asian original. Nuno Garcia de Toreno also showed the southern sea-way to the Indies on a map dated 1522. Both these maps will be found reproduced on pp. 35 and 141 of Skelton's "Explorers Maps". Thus it would appear that the open sea-way to the south of Java and Timor was common knowledge among the pilots of both Spain and Portugal. Therefore the national interests of Portugal would not have been served by the deliberate falsification of maps to show the southern sea-way blocked; for the deception could have been easily exposed.
27. Had these maps been deliberately distorted to mislead Portugal's commercial rivals, then some system of falsification should be apparent, so that they could be converted back to their original form. However, the errors are such as could easily occur from the inaccurate piecing together of sectional charts. And in view of the fact that it has never been suggested that any other major sections of these maps showing the more profitable Portuguese discoveries of Brazil and the west coast of Africa for example, were falsified it would appear that the distortions are due to genuine cartographic error.
28. Parry "The Age of Reconnaissance", p. 159.
29. Op. cit.
30. There is a striking similarity between the abovementioned maps of the Indies drawn by Rodrigues and Nuno Garcia, who we know copied Asian maps, and the corresponding section of the "Dauphin" and related maps.
31. Among the foremost Portuguese pilots and cartographers who travelled abroad and worked in foreign lands were Pedro Reinel (fl. 1502-42) and his son Jorge (fl. 1519-72) both "official masters of maps and examiners in navigation" at Lisbon. They both worked in Spain. Diogo Ribeiro, was employed in Seville at about the same time as Fernao Magalhaes (Ferdinand Magellan) was there. Later Ribeiro was appointed Royal Cosmographer in Spain. The Faleiro brothers, Ruy and Francisco, the former of whom had prepared a Book of Longitudes, went over to Spain with Magalhaes in 1517. Francisco Serrao and Martin Pinzon with his brother Vincente, three of Portugal's most skilled navigators, entered the Spanish service. Diogo Homem visited London in 1547 and worked in Venice from c.1569 to c.1572.
32. Information dealing with the wind systems, ports and trade routes of the Indian Ocean, and particularly the east coast of Africa, had been secured by the Portuguese in 1490, eight years before Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape and sailed to India. This detailed information had been sent back to Portugal by Pedro da Covilha, an Arabic speaking Portuguese who, disguised as a Muslim merchant, had travelled overland to India.
33. Collingridge "The Discovery of Australia", p. 184.
34. "Australia Pilot", Vol. V, pp. 167-170.
35. Op. cit. pp. 159, 160.
36. The River de St. Pierre is shown on the map of "Java la Grande" drawn in c.1546 by Pierre Desceliers. This map is reproduced in Collingridge's "The Discovery of Australia", p. 191.
37. Unfortunately space does not permit a detailed analysis of the northern coast of "Java" as represented on the maps under review. Suffice it to say that the Macassans and Buginese were among the most enterprising seamen and navigators of the Indonesian Archipelago and they made regular visits to the coasts of Arnhem Land in search of trepang. They arrived with the north-west monsoon, established seasonal settlements along the coast where they traded with the aborigines; and at the close of the "wet" season they departed with the south-east trade winds. During the course of these voyages they explored the northern coasts and many of the names they gave to prominent headlands and bays are still remembered by the aborigines of Arnhem Land. Sailing with the Macassan fleets were praus from Timor, Alor, Wetar and the Aru Islands.
The date of their first arrival on the Australian coast is not known but although Mathew Flinders, writing in 1803, was of the opinion that their regular voyages had only begun in about 1764, there is evidence of earlier voyages. Manuel Godinho de Eredia, writing in 1613, and quoting Indonesian documents, referred to sixteenth century Javanese voyages to a southern land. Also, the fact that the Australian continental shelf between the Kimberley coast and Timor is known as the Sahul Bank, may be cited as evidence for the antiquity of Macassan voyages to the north-west coast of Australia. The word "Sahul" is the Arabic name for a coastal shelf or bank and seeing that the name is applied to the Australian continental shelf it must demonstrate some knowledge of the continent. It cannot be taken to refer to the area round the east coast of Timor for here we have only a very narrow continental shelf. Moreover, the name must pre-date the Dutch period because it appears on early Dutch maps under the name "Sahoel".
However, the possibility that this name was given to the continental shelf by an Arabic speaking Portuguese sailor from the Algarve cannot be ignored.
38. Australia Pilot, Vol. V, p. 83.

39. Some scholars believe that sometime in the sixteenth century castaways from a wrecked Spanish vessel established themselves in the Port Curtis area. In about 1854 a party of surveyors reached the Port Curtis area and found at South Trees Point, two teak lined wells, the ruins of a stone construction and a five foot long brass cannon, reputedly bearing a Spanish inscription. However these remains are no longer extant and it is thought that the cannon was later taken to Sydney where it was sold to a brass foundry and melted down. Furthermore, the remains of a wooden vessel were discovered in the nineteenth century at Port Curtis. Colin Archer (the famous yacht designer) investigated this wreck during his stay in Queensland and identified it as being Spanish. The author is aware of the controversy concerning the abovementioned remains and would refer any interested reader to Lack, C. "Spanish Footprints on the Queensland Coast", illustrated News Bulletin of the Royal Historical Society of Queensland (June, 1960), Vol. 1, No. 1, pp. 1, 2, and 8; and, Panton, J. A. "A Brief Review of the Additional Evidence in Support of de Quiro's Discovery of Australia" Victorian Geographical Journal (1909), pp. 67, 68.

40. This map is reproduced by Herve in "Australia. In French Geographical Documents of the Renaissance". Journal and Proceedings of the Royal Australian Historical Society, Vol. 41, Pt. 1, Sydney, 1955.

41. This map is reproduced by Major in "Early Voyages to Terra Australis", facing p. xvi.

42. Collingridge "The Discovery of Australia", p. 193.

43. Op. cit. p. 167.

44. Herve op. cit. p. 35, n.8.

45. Beaglehole "The Journals of Captain James Cook", Vol. 1, p. 387.

46. Major "Early Voyages to Terra Australis", p. xx. The similarity in Cook's naming of various coastal features of New South Wales and the nomenclature of the east coast of "Java la Grande" seem to point to two possibilities, either (a) Cook made use of the "Dauphin" map and took his nomenclature from it; or (b) only actual discovery and observation of coastal features can account for the fact that the names on the "Dauphin" map coincide with those given by Cook to mark the most noticeable feature of the coastal part named.—Author.

47. Major "Early Voyages to Terra Australis", p. xxii.

48. Quoted by W. B. Alexander in "The History of Zoology in Western Australia". The Journal of the West Australian Natural History and Science Society, Perth, 1914, Vol. V, p. 5. See also, a letter from Mr. E. A. Petherick to the Hon. Sir Malcolm Fraser, Agent General for Western Australia. Reprinted from the British Australian, May 6, 1897 (Q980.1.p). Author's note—I have been unablye to locate this reference, but a copy of the letter in my possession, has been placed in the Battye Library of Western Australian History. In this letter, Mr. Petherick puts forward strong arguments in support of his identification of the animal in question as being a kangaroo.

49. Alexander "The History of Zoology in Western Australia", p. 6.

50. Letter from Mr. E. A. Petherick to the Hon. Sir Malcolm Fraser, Agent General for Western Australia, May 6, 1897.

51. Herve "Australia, In French Geographical Documents of the Renaissance", pp. 26, 35, 36.

52. Op. cit. p. 29.

53. West Australian, 20.4.1931.

54. Rienits "Early Artists of Australia", p. 1. de Jode's title page reproduced facing page 5.

55. Op. cit. p. 2.

56. Unfortunately space does not permit the author to recount these voyages, but useful summaries of Eredia's life containing references to these voyages will be found in the following works. Cortesao, A. & Teixeira, A. (eds.) "Portugaliae monumenta cartographica". Vol. IV. Lisbon, 1960, and Spate, O. H. K. "Manuel Godinho de Eredia: Quest for Australia". Meanjin, Vol. XVI, No. 2. Melbourne (June), 1957.

57. Worsley "Early Asian Contacts with Australia".

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NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

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Allan Edwards

RECENT AUSTRALIAN SCULPTURE

A Travelling Exhibition at the National Gallery

WHILST AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS have become well-known abroad, especially since the war, Australian sculptors have remained virtually unknown and unappreciated, even in Australia. Reasons for this are not hard to find. The traditional materials for sculpture are expensive and, in terms of effort, they are also expensive to handle. Especially on the monumental scale suitable for public buildings, squares, gardens and parks, statues are prohibitively expensive to transport from place to place. Inevitably the Australian sculptor's opportunities to show his work widely are limited in the extreme. Expensive pieces designed as an integral part of a public building or as a national memorial can be undertaken only when commissioned and must meet the requirements of architects and official committees composed so often of V.I.Ps. with at best a limited interest in art. Experiment and individuality, the appeal to an adventurous minority, seem to have little place. With all this in mind, we should not be surprised to discover that the first interstate competition for sculpture occurred as recently as 1961 and that the travelling exhibition shown at the W.A. State Gallery in 1964 was the first of its kind.

The 1961 interstate exhibition just mentioned was held at Mildura in New South Wales and was organized by Ernst van Hattum, to whom Australian sculptors and the public at large owe a great debt, and it has been followed by a second at Mildura earlier this year. The success of van Hattum's first exhibition undoubtedly inspired the directors of our national galleries to recommend that the Commonwealth Advisory Art Board should sponsor a representative historical exhibition of Australian sculpture to travel from capital city to capital city and also to Canberra and Newcastle. Gordon Thompson of the Victorian Art Gallery, who assembled the travelling exhibition, tells us in the introduction to the catalogue that the first intention of the directors was to provide "a historic survey of Australian sculpture as shown from the collections of the State galleries". However, it soon became apparent "that there was no continuous element to unify such a show. Far from drawing upon the past, as Nolan, Boyd, Perceval, Rees, Olsen and other painters do upon Australian paintings of the 19th and early 20th centuries, the sculptors of our time seem unable to use at all or even to appreciate the point of view, of Rayner Hoff, McKennal, Montford, Web Gilbert, Parker and those other highly accomplished sculptors whose work forms their heritage. It is evident, too, that there is a new spirit abroad in Australian sculpture, a spirit generated in the last few years. Without the Mildura Sculpture Competition, which was held this year for the second time, we might still be unaware of it."

To this we should add that virtually all the forty-two pieces in this travelling exhibition were originally exhibited at the first or the second Mildura competition. The work of Rayner Hoff,

McKennal, Montford, Web Gilbert, Parker and "those other highly accomplished sculptors" of the 19th and early 20th centuries was simply not available. It cannot be found in our State galleries for the very good reason that it happens to be—to a very large extent—public sculpture in the form of memorial fountains, cenotaphs, and decoration of public buildings. And, of course, it is for exactly the same good reason that representative work by some of our best-known contemporary sculptors cannot be shown except in the form of large-scale photographs of pieces by Tom Bass, Gerry Lewers, Lyndon Dadswell, and Margot Hinder. What this Travelling Exhibition offers, in fact, is a selection of the smaller works of some twenty-four Australian sculptors, most of whom are still under forty, which means that they received their formal training as artists and craftsmen after the Second World War. Whether these younger artists working in the contemporary idiom and in contemporary materials are capable of monumental work of a public character and whether the potential patrons for such work will be moved by this exhibition to offer them commissions, are large questions of considerable interest which for the moment may be postponed until we have briefly characterized what was actually there for us to look at.

Most of the forty-two pieces in the exhibition have been deliberately designed as small-scale pieces of a *private* rather than of a *public* character. They are sometimes small enough to hold in the hand or to place on a mantelpiece or a writing-desk, and even when bigger than figurines or bronzetti, they are still small enough to stand happily in the typically unheroic suburban domestic setting, whether indoors or on a terrace or in a garden. Besides being comparatively small in scale, they have been designed as free-standing figures, self-contained, complete in themselves, as independent of any particular setting or site as any 2 ft. by 3 ft. painting. Like most contemporary paintings they can usually be judged as objects or images that tell us far more about the inner world of the artist than they do about the world we think we see around us. In short, though working in different materials from painters, these sculptors may be as subjective, as strange, as odd, as disturbing, as any painter. And just as so many contemporary painters seem to find their inspiration in the very process and the materials of painting, so, too, some of the sculptors evidently have the craftsman's interest in the exploitation both of new materials and of new techniques of working them. This, no doubt, as well as the relative cheapness of some of the fascinating new materials, accounts in some measure for the almost complete abandonment of traditional materials, stone and bronze, and the traditional techniques of modelling and carving.

In this context of small-scale works using newer materials and techniques, Norma Redpath's *Immortal Warrior* and her *Dawn Sentinel* stand out both because of her traditional use of bronze and the monumentality of their spirit and size. They obviously needed more air, light, and space than the Gallery affords. They need to be seen out in the open air, preferably in close relationship to a distinguished building. At this point it is also relevant to note that several other pieces could also command attention out of doors, especially if they were four or five times bigger—e.g., Vincent Jomantis' *Guardant* (which won the first prize at Mildura last April), Inge King's *Great Gate,* Clement Meadmore's *Duolith III* and Max Lyle's *Phoenix II.*

Most of the twenty-four artists exhibiting are young enough to have undergone their formal training as artists in the post-war period. Like the language of most post-war sculptors the world over, their language is the language of Moore, Hepworth, Gonzalez, Zadkine, Calder, Giacometti, Arp, Gabo, César, rather than that of the earlier generation, Maillol, Epstein, Milles. They offer little in the way of portraiture or representational figurework and avoid those studies of birds and beasts so popular in 19th-century exhibitions. Lenton Parr, it is true, offers elegant yet slightly monstrous insect-like or crustacean shapes in black steel; Ian Bow's *Object of Compassion* may possibly suggest the wide-open jaws and maw of a shark engulfing a victim; and Clifford Last's images in wood can be taken as highly simplified human figures (the three figures in *Family Group* are all dressed alike in long flowing robes which appear to be attached to a pair of horns growing out of each shrouded head), but all three sculptors depart a long way from representational art. What really interests Last, for instance, is the rhythmic fall and flow of the robes and the texture and the colours of the wood that he handles with such loving care.

Of other pieces which approach the representation of recognizable human figures, we should draw attention to a portrait-bust—the only one in the exhibition—by John Dowie of Adelaide, very competent and assured with a strong sense

of life and individual characterr; a kneeling female nude 8" high in bronze by Hohaus; a portrait in *ciment fondu* by George Luke of Don Quixote as emaciated as anything by Giacometti yet vital and alert; a sitting figure in bronze by Leonard Shillam, the only piece unmistably influenced by Moore; a 64" high ballet dancer in cement by Melbourne's newest discovery, George Baldessins, who recently returned to Australia after nearly five years in Italy; a sitting figure in bronze by Jomantas; and a reclining figure in "metallized cement" by Teisutis Zikaris. Jomantas and Zikaris are both just over forty. Both come from Lithuania, spent many years in Germany, and settled in Melbourne in 1949. Both are versatile, serious, and talented. Their female figures are simplified and distorted very much in the manner of Henri Laurens—(the limbs become long smoothly rounded tubes, heads are reduced to knobs).

Turning to the more obviously non-representational pieces, the late Julius Kane's *Organic Forms* is impressive. 77½" high, it is a wood-carving which invites the onlooker not so much to *think* about the major differences between organic or biomorphic forms and the structure of machines as to *feel* the character of growing material, human, animal, and vegetable. Within a hollowed-out tube or trunk about two feet in diameter, we see a variety of cups, bowls, sockets, tubes, canals, columns, girdles, prongs, and tentacles, which together form a kind of inner column anchored or attached at one or two points only by tree or plant-like extensions to the inner surface of the enclosing and sheltering tube or trunk. Everything is smooth, rounded, curving and warm (the wood is honey coloured), and protectively enclosed and interconnected.

At first glance nothing could seem more different from Kane than Klippel. Klippel assembles and welds together the discarded parts of machines—detritus of ancient typewriters, printing machines, magnetos, clocks, and so on. All his raw materials are metallic, sharp-edged, precise in shape. All of them are unlike organic plant and animal forms. Meeting his work for the first time one might suppose Klippel is a doodler, playing with metal parts as some of us after dinner play with cheese, tooth-picks, and cherries. Closer acquaintance with his work reveals a much more serious purpose behind the assembling of these metallic odds and ends. As a sculptor, Klippel has an eye for the shapes of things. Just as Henry Moore will spend happy hours at a beach picking up pebbles, and picking out the particular shapes that most nearly correspond to the forms his mind is preoccupied with, so Klippel will pick up metal parts from the junk-heap or the mechanic's bench, and will gradually build up a structure from these fragments, a structure that has its own shape and character with a weight, a mass, and a poise all of its own. Number 18 for example consists of a "body" about 20" long 2" thick, and 8" high. This "body" is firmly supported on two slender but decidely firm and reliable perpendicular bars about eight inches high. Along the spine of the "body" are a number of bars—spears, blades, and claw-like shapes which reinforce our impressions of the bristling surface of the "body", and join with the two supports to emphasize perpendiculars in contrast to its horizontal character.

No. 20 has some slight resemblance to a huge fly or insect, or perhaps a cross between a moth and some strange flying machine. It is, however, made of metal and the "old iron" quality of the metal is deliberately emphasized. The slender stilt-like supports again contrast strongly with the apparent weight of the complicated "top-hamper", but they are so admirably placed one feels the structure is perfectly poised. No. 19 is much more open. Lengths of one-inch piping from the plumber's workshop have been twisted and curved and put together into a form that suggests dynamic movement, a movement not unlike the free, graceful, and elegant performance of a dancer or acrobat.

In all three of his pieces Klippel undoubtedly plays off the characteristics of the component elements against the character of the new object made out for them. Part of his appeal no doubt springs from the surprise we feel over the emergence of such lively, graceful, and beautifully balanced objects from such a clutter of disparate and in general decrepit worn-out components. In the end however one tends to forget the *origins* of the components and to register only the formal characteristics of the new deliberately-fashioned object.

For the literary-minded it may be of interest to hear that Klippel says he listens over and over again to a gramaphone recording of Eliot's *Four Quartets* and hopes through his constructs to induce in the spectator experiences of a similar kind, quality, and intensity.)

Nearest in outlook and sympathies to Klippel is Meadmore. Meadmore was trained as a designer, has great gifts in the practical arts of

furniture design, interior decoration, museum- and shop-display, typography and layout, and so on. His heart, however, goes into his sculpture. His earlier pieces were open structures composed of panels or fins of $\frac{7}{8}$" sheet steel welded together. The individual plates were cut with deliberately ragged edges as though they had been torn or bitten out of a bigger sheet and their surface was roughened and discoloured by acid. The harsh brutality of the material, its edges, and surfaces, was played off against the austere beauty of the shapes and their relationship to each other. They seem to have the grace of yachts under sail or of the fins of some great airliner. In his more recent work he has been seeking effects of more solid mass and weight. Instead of wafer-thin panels he has taken to mounting hollow metal boxes made out of very thin metal sheeting, the shapes of these boxes calling to mind the shapes of ancient cromlechs, dolmens, and Druidical stones as found in Brittany and at Stonehenge. *Duolith III* illustrates very clearly Meadmore's feeling for shapes in relation to each other, and his wonderful sense of balance, of lightness and poise combined with monumentally massive-looking slabs; and, as Gordon Thomson points out, his treatment of the metallic surface is an important aspect of the composition. Though the use of acids and the acetylene torch in combination with paint, he has produced surfaces that are like "elegant,, muted abstract paintings". It should be noted that *Duolith* III is meant to be seen all round, not leaning against a wall—what *can* be said about a gallery that so stupidly mistreats fine work! And if we lived in a more nearly perfect world, *Duolith III* should be thirty or forty feet high, as big as the tail of the *Whispering Jet* and should be in the Great Court of the University in front of the Reid Library or in the forecourt of the new City Hall.

After Klippel and Meadmore we come to two workers in metal who strive above everything else to make metal suggest the lightness, the quick movement, the intangibility of air and flame and running water. Max Lyle's *Phoenix II* gives an astonishingly vivid impression of a sheet of flame. Stephen Walker's *Wind on the Beach* and *River and Sea* again translate into the fixity of metal impressions of forms as they are shaped by currents of air and water, smooth, convoluted ears and gourds and pockets, which abstract typical shapes—hollows, domes, shells, seaweed, clouds—with wonderful suggestions of ever-changing movement.

How very different from Lyle and Walker is yet another worker in iron and steel, Inge King! The predominant impression given by her three pieces is one of right-angled strength and rigidity. After the smooth swellings and the flame-like forms of Walker everything in her work seems to have a sharp edge. Her Tree Form, for instance, essentially an abstraction, reduces the foliage to planes as in a cubist painting, and the design for a fountain also emphasizes the sharp edges, the unbending rigidity of the metal, no doubt with the intention of contrasting these qualities with the form and texture of windblown, sunlit water. The most impressive of the three is undoubtedly the strongly architectural *Great Gate*, which calls to mind the pylons of some great suspension bridge. In its power and in its moving and easily grasped symbolism it is admirably suited for some public setting—the entrance to a university—once again, that is, if it were only four or five times its present size.

Two other artists deserve more than passing mention before we conclude with what many good judges believe to be our most remarkably gifted sculptor, Norma Redpath. Owen Broughton's steel rod construction has something of the elegance and the grace of diagrams in three-dimensional geometry. The beauty he seeks is austere, some would say intellectual and abstract, akin to what we find in the paintings of Mondrian, the architecture of Mies van der Rohe, the metal and concrete sculpture of Max Bill, and most of all, the "space constructions" of Pevsner and Gabo. In Australia this type of art is rarely seen. Our best example is Margo Hinder's exquisite construction in slender wire owned by the State Gallery of New South Wales. The second sculptor to watch closely is Vincent Jomantas who works with equal assurance and power in wood, bronze, concrete, aluminium, and welded steel. His metal figure *Guardant* won a prize at the second Mildura Exhibition in April, 1964, and like so many other pieces would be stil more effective on a much larger scale. It has something of the mystery, the numinous quality, we expect in a totem-figure, combining suggestions of some sentient many-eyed creature wholly devoted to watching out on our behalf, and capable of swift rotation to any point of the compass, with reminiscences—at least for unscientific minds—of radar screens. Generally speaking, where most other Australian sculptors seem to be romantic expressionists, Jomantas is more coolly classical, with a marked taste for symmetry.

Norma Redpath of Melbourne won the first prize at the 1961 Mildura gxhibition and spent nearly two years in Italy learning the craft of bronze-casting in The Fonderia D'Arte Battaglia, Milan, where some of the leading sculptors of Italy, including César and Pomodoro, may be frequently met with. Before this recent stay in Italy, she had won her considerable reputation in Melbourne mainly as a woodcarver (one of her best-known carvings a 13 ft. x 8 ft. mural in silky oak, was commissioned for the Baillieu Library in the University of Melbourne). Woodcarving is inevitably a very slow business. Modelling in plaster and wax for casting in bronze allows one to work very much faster and on several projects simultaneously. Moreover, one may make multiple casts. These eminently practical reasons for changing to bronze are not, however, the only ones behind the work she brought back to Melbourne in November, 1963.

In her November exhibition, besides the plaster originals for five or six comparatively big pieces (including *Immortal Warrior*) she exhibited three pieces in bronze (including *Dawn Sentinel*) and some twenty *bronzini*, most of them six inches or less in length. What was immediately apparent was her quite extraordinary feeling for bronze—as a material for its range of rich colour, for its variety of surface from dull to matt to high polish, for its wonderful variety and ease of flowing movement; and besides this mastery of rich material it was just as evident that her feeling for forms was stronger, more varied, more sure, than that of any other Australian sculptor. In short, it was evident that here perhaps for the first time in Australia was a sculptor of genius.

The Victorian Art Gallery already owns *Dawn Sentinel*. *Immortal Warrior* is too good to leave the country. If by good fortune it were to stay in Perth, the Gallery would have to make greater effort to display it adequately. In this exhibition it is hidden away in a corner between the stage and the big folding doors, almost like some giant performer too shy to come up on to the platform to give his recitation. Whilst acknowledging the fact that our Gallery is not equipped to handle pieces weighing three-quarters of a ton and that *Immortal Warrior* might very well go through the floor if placed in the centre of the Gallery or in the main entrance hall, it is just not good enough to have such a magnificent piece virtually lost. Why could it not have stood outdoors, a fit companion-piece to the Henry Moore?

Immortal Warrior stands some fourteen feet high. It is easiest to approach if one thinks of it as an abstraction of some of the main qualities of the warrior—his formidable armour, his menacing weapons, his commanding giant-like height, his columnar strength. The top three or four feet of the column is made up of a variety of sharp-edged blades, axe-heads, spears, hoe-like curving knives or axes, like a forest of antlers. Below the blades or the antlers the column wears plate after plate of protective armour, the varied shapes of which call to mind the gun-turrets of a pre-1914 dreadnought, and then the column tapers and becomes a solid smooth pillar about two feet square. In the main the bronze is appropriately dark, the colour of rich dark Mexican chocolate, in which lurk golden gleams which are picked up by the brightly polished cutting edges of the weapons.

Dawn Sentinel is just as impressive. Poised on top of three blocks, each roughly the shape of an axe-head, we have a seat tilted slightly backwards and in shape rather like the formal seats for the high priests in the ancient Greek theatre of Dionysos in Athens. The three blocks like three vertebrae are not laid square like three bricks in a wall—they twist out of the horizontal plane and they also seem to curve a little backwards, so that we feel the seat is poised on a powerful spring with considerable whip in it. The surface of the blocks and of the seat-like form is not uniformly smooth and polished. On the contrary there are deep pits or depressions in one of the blocks which almost suggest a kind of heraldic emblem or could perhaps with a little fancy be thought of as a labyrinth seen from above. Some of the sharp edges of the blocks are very highly polished to brilliant gold; other parts are left very dark and ragged The play of textures is very deliberate, as endlessly fascinating as the best abstract painting. Once again *Dawn Sentinel* is designed for the open air. It is public art with a strong symbolic meaning. From this chair the high priest of Apollo watches through the night. Apollo is the Sun God, the light of the intelligence, of reason, and of learning; the patron and the leader of the arts, the Muses; and even though if we had the *Dawn Sentinel* in Perth facing east, the Victorians might mistakenly suppose we meant a compliment to Victoria from which spring the arts, learning, and civilization, it would still be wonderful to have it here and the Victorians are to be congratulated on acquiring it for their National Gallery.

To come back to the questions posed earlier. Could any of these younger Australian sculptors create the impressively large and monumental forms required in public sculpture intended for the open air, and will the evidence of this exhibition challenge any of our possible patrons to commission them?

To me there can be not the slightest doubt about several of the artists represented in this travelling exhibition. Redpath, Meadmore, Jomantas, King, Klippel, Lyle, and Broughton, not to mention Margel Hinder, offer power and talent in plenty.

About the patrons there is no such certainty.

Understandably, in the days of the Depression and during the war and in the years of scarcity just after the war, sculpture on the grand scale may have been unthinkable. And to some extent the late arrival of the fashion for the international style of architecture, with its stress on functionalism, may have played its part. But Australians, accustomed as they are to travelling often and widely abroad, must surely by this time have noticed that in the rest of the world architects have been making an extraordinarily varied use of the sculptor. Think of any of the outstanding buildings in U.S.A. over the last ten years—the big insurance offices, the international airports, the automobile factories, the international hotels and banks, the universities—everywhere there are pools, gardens, fountains, sculpture, wall-decorations. Fly to Mexico City. Look at the new university with its immense library tower covered with a bas-relief on Inca themes, or go to the new university in Caraccas with pieces by Laurens, Lipschitz, Zadkine, Moore, Calder; recall the immense reclining figure by Moore in the court of the U.N.O. building in Paris, the War Memorial on the quay at Rotterdam, the Breuer departmental store in Amsterdam with its eighty-foot high construction by Zadkine, Bernard Heiliger's thirty-foot-high bronze *Flame* in the Ernst-Reuter-Platz, Berlin, and some dozens of distinguished pieces in almost any town in Switzerland and Israel. Even in England some of the L.C.C. schools and housing estates have large-scale sculpture by young artists; and the owners of commercial buildings in London, like the new Thorn House in High Holborn, can think it worthwhile to have an eighty-foot metal sculpture by Geoffrey Clarke pinned to the outer wall. As for Japan—no doubt some of our Olympic Games visitors will bring back the news that the stadium was designed by Tange and that hundreds of buildings recently erected in Tokyo show what happens when pools, landscape-gardening, and sculpture are treated as an integral part of the architectural design and are entrusted to distinguished sculptors.

When we get back home to Australia from these foreign parts, what is our impression of Australian urban and public architecture? Obviously we are living in a period of unexampled affuence. New buildings of immense height and size shoot up so rapidly and so often that the look of downtown Sydney and of the city-centre in Melbourne is hard to recognize if you have been away longer than a year. Yet how many of these impressive new buildings have fountains and gardens like I.C.I.'s in Melbourne? How many banks and insurance companies follow the lead of the Federal Reserve Bank in its use of murals and carvings? Has any state government commissioned any distinguished sculptor for any of its recent public buildings? Have any of our rapidly growing universities, each spending millions a year on new buildings, spent even one per cent on works of art?

Wherever one looks the answer is obvious.

In this climate of opinion, is it in the least surprising that when he came back to Sydney in 1950 after four years abroad, Klippel sold virtually nothing for the next six or seven years, and departed for U.S.A.? Can one blame Meadmore for following suit? And now that she is working in bronze, what else could Norma Redpath do but settle virtually for good in Milan with only occasional visits to Australia?

In his introduction to the catalogue Gordon Thomson mentions that a secondary aim of the exhibition is to allow us to compare the work of younger Australian sculptors with what we saw last year in the British Council's travelling exhibition, *Recent British Sculpture*. It must be admitted that we have not yet produced a Moore. Perhaps no Australian is so assured as Barbara Hepworth. Nor is any Australian as powerful and disturbing as Paolozzi. However, though Klippel, Meadmore, Hinder and Redpath may not have figured so prominently in international exhibitions as Chadwick, Butler, Armitage, Meadows, and Adams they need fear no comparisons. We should be proud to keep them in Australia in *full* employment.

REVIEWS

A Beachcomber's Diary: John Blight

In Light and Darkness: Chris Wallace-Crabbe

Poems: Gwen Harwood

All published by Angus & Robertson and priced 17/6d.

Elegantly produced with stamp-on designs on cloth covers, these three books of poetry—*A Beachcomber's Diary:* John Blight, *In Light and Darkness:* Chris Wallace-Crabbe and *Poems:* Gwen Harwood—prompt the question: What actually are the economics of poetry book production and selling? In the Wallace-Crabbe volume we are offered forty-six pages as opposed to the ninety-nine of Gwen Harwood, and both at the same price. Wallace-Crabbe's book includes chaste blank pages interspersed amongst discreetly spread verse, and in John Blight's there are pretty sketches, some pertinent, some fanciful. Perhaps the books indicate the personalities of the authors as revealed in their verse—the elegant sparseness of Wallace-Crabbe, the hit or miss approach of Blight, and the substantiality of Gwen Harwood.

But mischief aside, the books reflect the growing volume of verse publication in well designed books, assisted by the Commonwealth Literary Fund and, we hope, an increased public demand for Australian literature.

Blight as poet is most concerned with the poetical moment, the flash of verbal insight. To him a poem is:

> like blood . . . all too savage to drink, and wastes
> and is thrown away, once you taste its fierce flavour
> which is all I will you to taste, my few words to savour.
>
> *A Cup of Seawater*

His poetry is random, for in this series of ninety sonnets written over twenty years, he has written on varied subjects such as rocks, tides, mangroves, lighthouses, jellyfish and, of course, beachcombers. His pre-occupation with the sea lies in his belief that the sea has a greater purity than the land, as in his unhappily scanning:

> Right down to the edge of the sea, the land
> is cluttered with all measure and kinds of goods.
> They've got a sign pointing "Lavatory" on the rocks.
> Now, if you listen to me, you may understand
> why I don't read Wordsworth any more for his fields and woods.
>
> *Why I Write About The Sea*

His method is impressionistic. He sees an element like sand, a starfish, a mouldering whale and this triggers off images of poetic or fanciful association. He ranges as far afield as Arabia while talking of ghost crabs:

> . . . the trick of seeing the cage
> of limbs, the Bedouin band which drags
> behind horses of sand the eyes on a pole:
> the only Christian sign betraying a soul.
>
> *Ghost Crabs*

At the end of each verse he tries to draw a moral, or isolate the quality of his perception, but these often seem tacked on, or are rather trite and unimportant. Equally, this verse itself does not always follow the conventional sonnet scheme, making his worst poems far too diffuse in metre and thought:

> Thought, "Silly thinking." Thought, "Don't be caught
> glooming over creation." And, so, got up
> and walked up to a 'Sailor. Ignorance,
> requiring description, may be excused, old chap:
> for this strange creature was at a glance
> a thumb-and-finger pinch of the bluest sea,
> if that would solidify, transparent and blue.
> And, if that still puzzles you, it still puzzles me.
>
> *The By-The-Wind Sailor*

His poems, then, are things of a moment, and read as such unfold a universe of sensation, which, however, lacks the concentration of Selborne or Thoreau, or even Rachel Carson. He responds more happily to the creatures of the sea, rather than to the difficulties of human nature, and so his observation of life is nature-loving rather than man-involved. His poems are quickly read, conjure up a plethora of images and swiftly fade.

Wallace-Crabbe is much more demanding:

> Move, move against the dark,
> Lest . . . . the words I put to work,
> Should fall on stoney land.
>
> *The Excuse*

In a review of his first book in a previous *Westerly,* I complained that he wrote too many poems on "Poetry" and the theme still concerns him, for he feels that:

> Here we live in the imperfect syntax of light and darkness;
> . . . The austere prose which could outline the world with a
> physicist's clarity never arrives.
>
> *The Swing*

This book however, moves him back into humanity—he asserts the poet as a social being. In *Every Night About This Time,* the poets sit behind suburban windows and tug at their hair, chew pencil stumps, go through all the incongruities of living as they seek the perfection that is expressed in a banal world, where "couples in dark Fords lay bare the heart." Because of this, I feel his poems mark an advance in method and in vision.

In search of poetic precision he sees life ideally as a drama or dance as formal as a game of cricket, as in *The Ritualists,* and he illustrates how much life is governed by abstract principles in academic word games. Still he realises that the rules of the game are abitrary and that reality often contradicts it, hence his savage satire on *Melbourne* where for the average burgher:

> . . . Should he seek
> Variety, there's wind, there's heat, there's frost
>
> To feed his conversation all the week.

substantiating his attitude expressed in a controversial *Current Affairs Bulletin.*

Accomplished in various verse forms, he rather interestingly tackles poems in an anglicised version of St. John Perse, probably desiring his physicist's prose and an encapsulated human universe in the same vehicle.

Poetry is to Wallace-Crabbe an ordering, or catalogue of life:

> Our greatest joys to mark an outline truly
> And know the piece of earth on which we stand.
>
> *A Wintry Manifesto*

It makes the world liveable, as in *A Sentimental Education.* Here he speaks of how a university deals with matters of logic, of graphs and chemical elements, yet humans make beauty of these cold abstractions, by colouring maps, and making graphs high as the Himalayas. Again, the poet or artist in Heidelberg creates a landscape as with the Victorian artist Streeton, of which people were unaware, and opens up its subtle beauty.

The best poem, *End of Term,* reflects his present position. He sees the school or academy as a sanctuary, providing a vision, even if total illusion, of the meaning of Life. Similarly, the poet creates "ordered pools of lucidity" as a symbol of the good order that the world should enjoy. However, Nature's wild attraction intrudes, so that Life must be confronted:

> Now one I figured as a tomboy comes
> Running away from bushland memories
> Then, without smoke or sudden roll of drums,
> Becomes a woman walking through the trees
> And I the waiting lover whom she sees;
> From her this poem takes its measured tread,
> Affirming life, whatever else be said.

From a poet who was too introspective about his craft, Wallace-Crabbe has become more human trying to involve his sensitivity with the cruder but essential events of Life. His poetry interests, but is not spectacular; is sincere in its caution and enjoys a mild blend of the intellectual and the physical.

The best poet of the three is undoubtedly Gwen Harwood. Highly intelligent, she responds with equal brilliance to themes on art, music, children, love, and blends them (with the skill of a verbal tactician) in her *Professor Eisenbart* series to reveal the cynical but human responses of an intellectual to the ideal and the real. Her poetry is mature, and her technical confidence consistent with her products, for she can move from the human warmth of the poetic farmer on the glory of his wife:

> . . . Over all
> my ripening fields and orchards where
> Orion leads a waterfall of stars
> and dying Summer's led
> to fruitfulness, your beauty lies
> children and work and daily bread
> are rich beneath your royal skies.
>
> *A Kitchen Poem*

to the metaphysical conceit induced by the reading of Gilbert Ryle's *Concept of Mind*.

Like Wallace-Crabbe she worries about our life that is a barren plain of flatness ruled by a sterile king: Prose. In *Hesperian*, the scientists capture Literature and place it in the immobilising strait-jacket of rigid grammar. It escapes and fondles a rose in the dark, much as Thurber's gentle unicorn. Recaptured, it throws a switch in the laboratory, exploding the world into evolutionary flux, from which men rise as angels. Poetry must and shall conquer Materialism.

Seeing poetry and art as liberators in "the dark chasm of the heart", she can speak of Morandi as an artist who portrays "sabbaths of paint". Ideas are corporate beings to her, though she symbolically recasts them, as with her unique and pure *The Glass Jar*, echoing Freud, where the child:

> Through the dark house . . . raw, sobbing
> his loss,
> to the last clearing that he dared not cross:
> the bedroom where his comforter
> lay in his rival's fast embrace
> and faithless would not turn her face
> from the gross violence done to her.

The human touch is maintained even in her most abstract moments, as when she contemplates pain and suffering in *Hospital* and *The Wound* (first published in *Westerly*) oscillating between physical depiction to the awesome and abstract mystery of plastic surgery. Professor Eisenbart is a droll combination, for he has the pleasant irritation of a mistress, a touch of the "Lolita" complex in *Prize Giving*, and yet in his most sexual moment can reflect on himself as a unit in historical time, or in vanity as an academic colossus contemplating Suburbia. This "mask" series shows both compassion and intelligence.

Unlike Wallace-Crabbe, who sees Poetry as a custodian of the formal code of Life, she sees it as a concommitant of living, involved in its mire and fury, yet appreciative of the intellectual monuments the human condition produces.

P. Jeffery

This Real Pompeii: R. A. Simpson

All the Room: David Rowbotham

Both published by Jacaranda Press, 1964 and priced 22/6d.

Two Australian poets have had a collection of their work released simultaneously by Jacaranda Press, and they invite comparison by the very difference of their approaches.

R. A. Simpson's poems are based clearly on problems, experiences and emotions that are very important to the poet—so much so that at times words are inadequate counters. The strength of the feeling can be credited, though it is not communicated precisely. Often, though, words rise to the occasion. The emotion is disciplined by the austerity of statement. A good example is the last two lines of *To a man dying of cancer.*

> What mercy I might offer you remains
> In silence as I leave your cells to die alone.

Similarly he can use structure significantly. In *Beliefs remain*, the rhymes are all 'ail' or 'ee' for 15 lines, the obsessive rejection of certainty being imaged by the repetition of sound, that never quite achieves complete regularity. And standing out, isolated and unrhymed, is 'Beliefs remain'. This in fact is Simpson's dilemma; the beliefs he has rejected still remain, obviously haunting him. The poetry is an exorcism.

Perhaps his personal therapy is over-done, as far as a reader is concerned, though not in poems as powerful and controlled as *Party before Easter, Car Trip at Dusk.* In other poems not concerned with his religious doubts, he shows an intensity coupled with a devastating flatness that makes me want to see him develop the satirist in him. He is very successful on the few occasions he tries it in this collection. One in this vein I liked was 'Park Orator'. He sees the orator practising his Sunday speech on the deserted park, to an audience of paper and thin dogs who 'speculate'. The concluding line is:

> 'But cleaners come and sweep the crowd
> instead.'

The poems are organized in three sections. The first is concerned with his religious doubts, and contains some of the best poems. In the other

sections the near satiric hardness and never failing honesty command respect, though at times there is an obsessive fingering of childhood memories.

Simpson and Rowbotham can be fairly compared through three poems, each on meeting an old friend. Simpson, in *Meeting after many years* and *School friend,* meets two friends. One is a friend from his Catholic days. The poem moves to follow as the first superficial gap is quickly bridged, to reveal the wider gulf of their differing beliefs. Even this difference is partly reconciled by concealment. Simpson's other friend is another real person, this time a 'sinner' used by his early teachers as a *corpus vile*'.

Though both poems are uneven in parts, and are not Simpson's best, there is the feel of a genuine experience, and an attempt to do some justice its complexity.

Rowbotham's *The meeting* starts:

> 'You know and he knows
> That the unlike years are stronger
> Than all the days you walked together.'

The impersonal 'you', the repetition of 'know' for its sonorous effect, the loose, vague aura around 'the unlike years are stronger', and the use of 'he' for this nameless, pastless friend, all point a contrast with the way Simpson works. Rowbotham and his friend talk 'of haphazard things', shake hands, and say 'goodbye', and Rowbotham congratulates himself for being so unconcerned about it.

Rowbotham is essentially a 'song' poet. His poems are patterns of sound, association, and sensory images which appeal for their own sake, but not for their ability to communicate and understand an experience. His best lines accordingly have a gently evocative, half-remembered quality. In the present collection, his less effective poems are those in which the smoothness of the music is ruffled, owing to carelessness or an unassimilated philosophical accretion.

Waterfall at Franz Josef Glacier, a poem which the dust-jacket informs has been anthologized in Russia, shows Rowbotham's virtues and limitations fairly. A half line is long enough to be fair to the philosophy: 'I am that Waterfall'. But other lines show his flair for striking a chord or image that is quietly satisfying:

> You turn on stairs that glare like glass and watch
> Its pure truth fuming on the ancient stone.

The interesting sensory contradictions reinforced by sound linkages, and the way 'turn', 'stairs', and 'watch' blur at the edges with a suggestive ambiguity, show Rowbotham at his best.

In this review I have been interested in comparing the two poets with each other; and to use an image to sum up the difference, Simpson is a handful of flints, sometimes awkward and uncomfortable and sometimes striking off a flash of light, where Rowbotham is the patterns coloured streamers make in the wind. If forced to make an assessment, I would hide behind the metaphor, and say of Simpson that some of his stones would interest a geologist, and of Rowbotham, that the wind blowest where it listeth.

R. Hodge

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GEOFFERY DUTTON

DUE FOR PUBLICATION IN MAY

The South-West Region of Western Australia

by ALEX KERR

Reader in Economics in the University of Western Australia

A comprehensive historical, geographic and economic survey of Western Australia's South-West region

Published by

University of Western Australia Press

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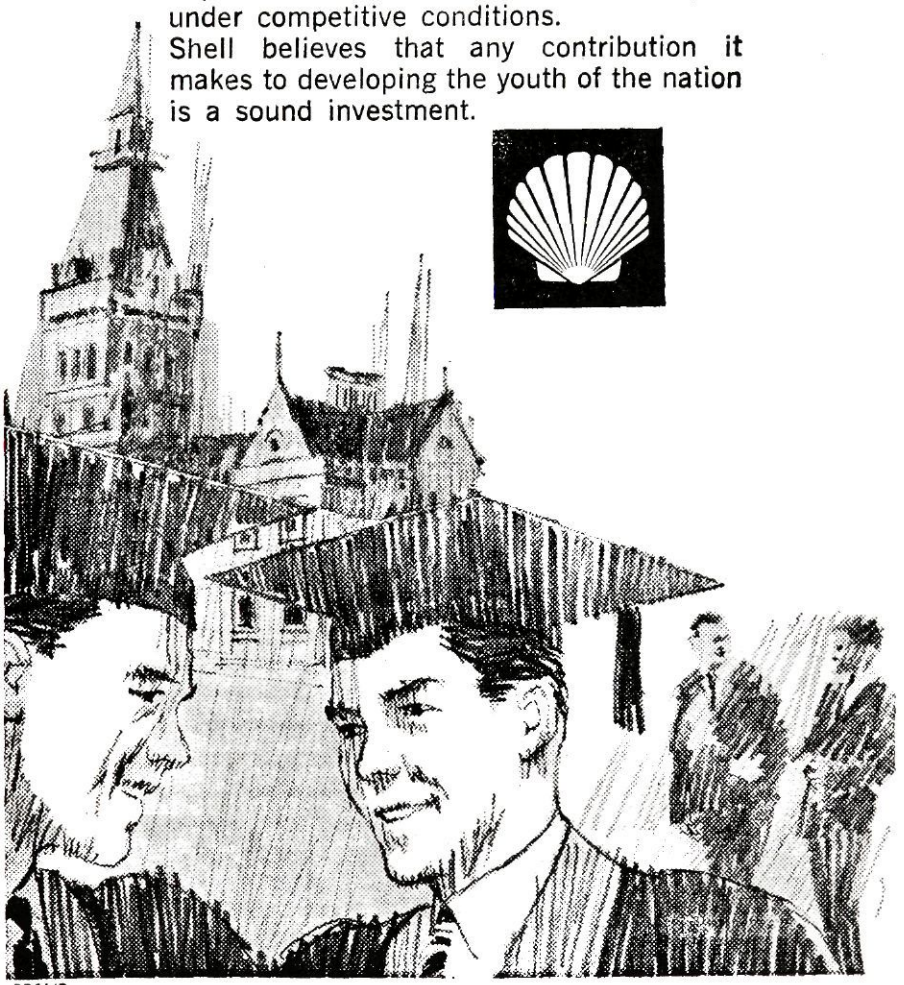

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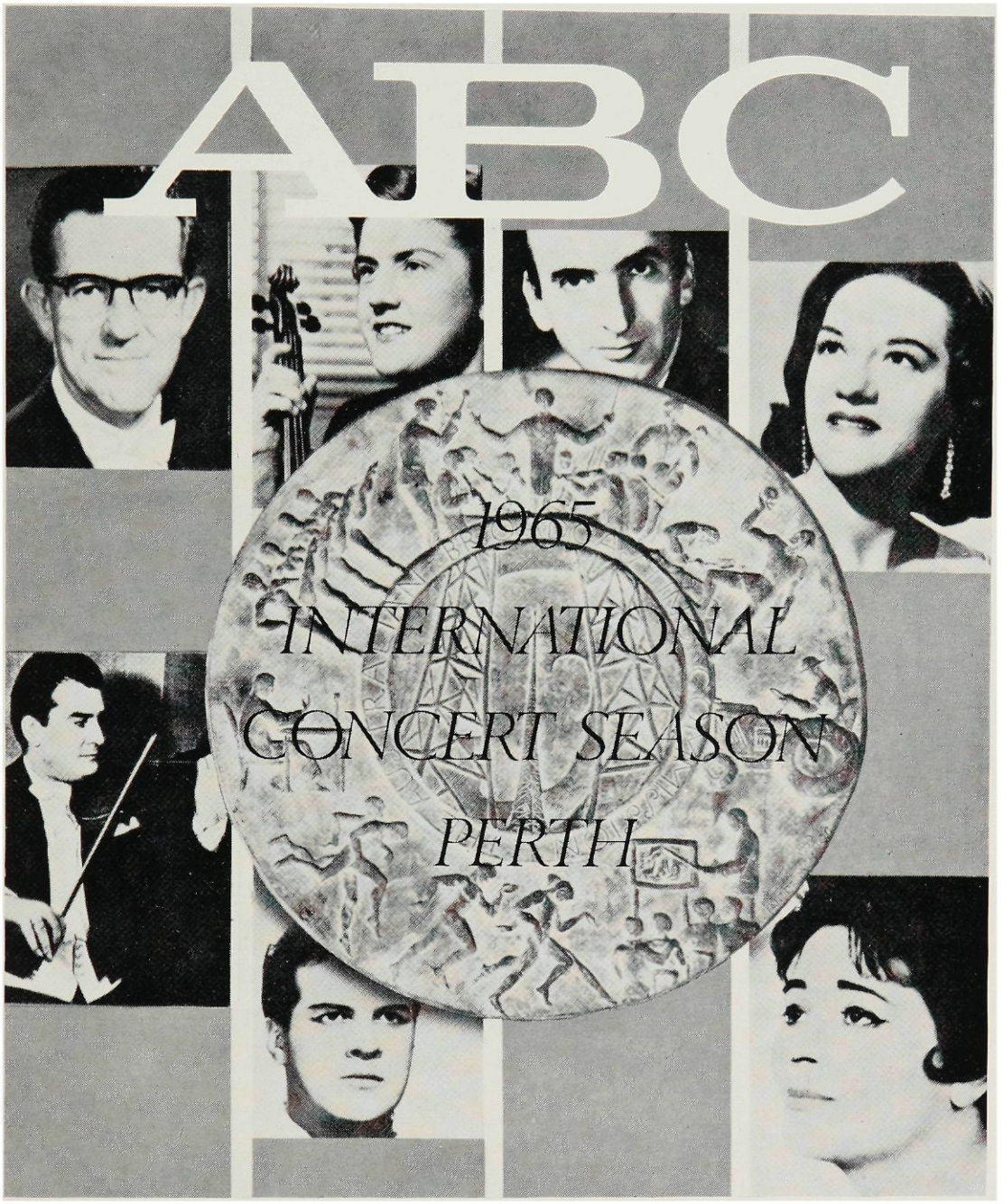

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. . . . . *a heap*
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

from THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

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