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RED PAGE

(Continued from page 2)

imbues it, it seems to me no more than a highbrow fulfilment of the old requirement of the magazines: you can't have an adventure-story without the girl in it. But the love-affair is not important: the journey into the wilderness is the thing; and that, in its queer, morbid, nightmarish, symbolic fashion, is something most readers will find as compelling as it is curious.

Obviously it is not because he lacks the power to create living characters that Patrick White's explorers are only half-real. The Sydney group in the background, like the minor characters of "The Tree of Man," are very well done indeed; especially the delightfully muddled Mrs. Bonner—"I will think, she used to say, but in all her life had never discovered the secret of that process. It was a source of great exasperation to her, although most people did not guess." It is a deliberate choice of method: an attempt to lift the novel, through the central characters, beyond everyday reality into the higher reality of symbol. It is an attempt to write not merely a story but an epic. Just as Stan and Amy Parker, the central characters of "The Tree of Man," were nobody (and everybody): symbols of common mankind; so Voss is a symbol of uncommon mankind, the fanatic leader, possessed by gods and devils, who leads man into the wilderness and destroys him.

In a sense it was Conrad's method; for such characters as old Singleton in "The Nigger of the Narcissus" or Kurtz (not unlike Voss) in "Heart of Darkness" are symbolic as well as real, universals as well as individuals. The difference is that Conrad's people manage to stay alive as well as symbolic, and Patrick White's don't. Since the drama of a novel must depend ultimately on its human values, I think Conrad's method was the better; but you could certainly say that, granted his method, White has succeeded triumphantly in what he sets out to do.

Personally, because I am interested in Leichhardt, both for his own sake and for the glimpses we have had of him in Francis Webb's dazzling but incomplete poem and A. H. Chisholm's extremely critical biography, I read the novel with fascination. I don't think Voss is the full Leichhardt, if he is meant to be—the man was more various; had an engaging habit of getting lost every other day from his camps, which Patrick White strangely fails to make use of; and I doubt the final solution that his own blackboy cut his head off—but at the same time there seems to be a good deal of the real Leichhardt mixed up in this strange, fanatical scarecrow.

Douglas Stewart.

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Roy Campbell

Volume II of Roy Campbell's *Collected Poems* (The Bodley Head) is divided into Early Poems (1926-39) and Later Poems (1939-56), which do not include the translations of St. John of the Cross, Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal" or Horace's "Art of Poetry."

War roars through this volume (the last 120 pages are his long poem in favor of Franco, "Flowering Rifle"), and Campbell, most of all poets of his time, had the voice to roar it; he fought in the Spanish civil war and in World War II; he had the courage to live the life of a hero outside our mechanised civilisation, and not only that, but he had the courage to proclaim it to us Charlies (of whom, with his usual tact, he remarks, "Charlie Chaplin, the clown, with his outsize feet, stands to the author as the symbol of pedestrian commercial civilisation"):

By showing them a thing they've
seldom seen—

A writer who is not a dead machine
Turned out like Ford cars in a time
of crisis

From Charlie-factories of Cam or
Isis....

There is even something vastly heroic in writing 120-page pamphlets in verse, because that is what "Flowering Rifle" is, and a brilliantly-argued pamphlet, too, against Communism, and putting the case for Franco, as for instance in the difference between what English clergy and Spanish priests have to put up with:—

But I, for one, can't visualise a Dean
Fried, for intransigence, in gaso-
lene....

or characterising a type he had no use
for:—

For all things shining generous and
clear
He has low motives and a knowing
leer,
And were a phoenix from its fragrant
pyre

To blossom he would piddle on the
fire....

or rising to heights of extravagant poetry, as in the long passage on Franco answering the call and the drops of blood falling and rising as the red berets of the Requetes.

It is an admirable performance, as is "A Letter from the San Mateo Front," as was "The Georgiad"; but the dissertation in heroic couplets needs a heroic reader. Campbell brings to his long satires tremendous powers of sheer poetry, a brilliant and sometimes cruel insight which he can embody in the sharpest turn of epigram of his times, but such things require an argumentation, an ordered progression, that neither he nor most other English practitioners, past or present, manage to give them, and for this reason, when the news drops out of

The Bulletin

them, they become almost unreadable except in "selected passages."

It was always in his shorter pieces that one most admired him; in such a thing as the comparatively early poem, "Pomegranates," one of the most beautiful poems of the century:—

Pomegranates, colder than the moon
In whom a maiden breast rebels,
Forcing the smooth gold of their
shells

To split with rubies to the noon....

In those days, one opined that this was everything Campbell could do; but there are at least two lyrics in this present collection, not maybe as tight and fine-drawn, but as memorable; "The Singing Hawk," and "Twin Reflections," the second a hymn of very earthly love, while in the short piece beginning:—

I never felt such glory
As handcuffs on my wrists

he draws war with a few lines, a picture in words that has all the energy and terrible starkness of Goya.

R. McC.

James the Sixth

It is hardly surprising that *Antipasto* (Georgian House) should be Walter James's sixth book since 1949; he writes them so easily that it is a wonder it isn't his 66th.

James's models are Montaigne and Norman Douglas; but Montaigne's essays, if wonderfully inconsequential in arrangement, generally stick to the point and are at least two or three pages in length; and Norman Douglas, the most casual of writers to a casual glance, rounds and polishes his essays until they are as luminous and shapely as Venetian glassware. In this book of James's, on the contrary, the essays consist often just of a single page—two or three paragraphs—and even at that are liable to wander off in all directions. They are the most random of random jottings.

This is very wicked of Walter James. There can be no doubt whatever that he should sit down and write a proper essay, a proper book. A wine-tasting is all very well; but what about a full bottle occasionally?

The disarming thing is, of course, that he does these little jottings so delightfully; and, often enough, usefully and at least without padding. The book is all about wine and food—when it is not about Chaucer, barbers, slaughtermen, ancient Crete, sharks, slaves, Scythians, share-registers and sin—and here you may learn the precise meaning of that alarming term "virgin" (applied to olive-oil); how to make the correct salad-oil (not too much of that vinegar) and how to pickle your own olives.

You may read, with rage or relish as you please, how much the author