



Saint Ignatius' College  
RIVERVIEW

# The Kircher Collection

MAJOR WORKS FROM THE CLASS OF 2016

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The Kircher Collection  
Vol. 3, 2017

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DR PAUL A HINE, PRINCIPAL

# Foreword

John O'Malley SJ, one of the foremost authorities on Jesuit history, asserts that “Ignatius and his companions from the very beginning advocated and exemplified a learned ministry”<sup>1</sup>. Because of this, the Society of Jesus grew from its foundational days to embrace reason and scholarship of all forms with a reflective and constructively critical impulse to learn. Indeed, the earliest Jesuits such as Matteo Ricci, who travelled to the Far East in the mid 16th Century, were among the finest scholars of their day, schooled in cartography, astronomy, mathematics and linguistics. A brief glance at Jesuit history across the centuries will reveal that it is enamoured with those who have made great discoveries and explored contemporary fields of research, from telescropy and physics, to art, philosophy and literature.

The tradition of scholarship and the desire to learn remain deeply embedded in Jesuit education. Four hundred years after Ricci, at a major international conference that foregrounded the 21st Century, the Congregation asserted that “In all of its endeavours, Jesuit education is distinguished by intellectual excellence and academic rigour”<sup>2</sup>. And because of this, “the schools set demanding standards for both students and faculty”<sup>3</sup>. It is this ethic that drives the education program at Saint Ignatius' College Riverview and generates the quality of work contained in this publication.

Named after Athanasius Kircher SJ, a man of prodigious intellect in the 17th Century, *The Kircher Collection* is testament to the aspirational scholarship that is alive and well at the College. It profiles key fields of academic pursuit and endeavour—Literature, Visual Arts, History, Drama and Musical Composition. More than just a compendium of student work, it is a manifestation of the desire to enquire, to experience, to comprehend, to analyse, to interpret, to explore—all corollaries of creative cognition in the quotient of learning.

As you read this publication, it is my hope that you will enjoy the sophistication of the work, remembering that these young men are still of a tender age with so much potential in their chosen fields. Who knows, they may reach some of the lofty heights of illustrious alumni such as Robert Hughes, Alex Seton and the four Rhodes scholars who have given so much to academic pursuit and artistic expression in their personal and professional lives. These are early days in disciplines still seminal to the contributors, but a discerning appreciation of their work augurs well for all that lies ahead.

Special thanks are extended to Mrs Annette Swinfield, Mr Panayiotis Diamadis, Ms Debra Williams, Ms Julie Stevens, Ms Louise Arnott and Mr Dev Gopalasamy for their engagement in this project. The proof is in the pudding. Enjoy.

- 1 John O'Malley SJ. (1993). *The First Jesuits*. In Traub, George, W. (Ed). *A Jesuit Education Reader*. p 7
- 2 *Communal Reflection on the Jesuit Mission ... A Way of Proceeding*. From the Jesuit Conference, 2002. In Traub, George, W. (Ed) opp. Cit. p 179
- 3 Mitchell, Robert, A. (1988). *Five Traits of Jesuit Education*. In Traub, George, W. (Ed) opp. cit. p 111

INTRODUCTION

# Athanasius Kircher SJ

“The last man who knew everything”

Athanasius Kircher, born in 1601, was the complete Renaissance man, the *uomo universale*, a polymath—widely regarded as the physical embodiment of all the learning of his age. Deservedly known as “the Master of One Hundred Arts”, he taught in the Colleges of Würzburg and Avignon, before being posted to Rome (where he died in 1680). In bridging the sciences and the humanities, Kircher has been compared to da Vinci. Stanford professor, Paula Findlen, entitled her recent biography of Kircher *The Last Man Who Knew Everything*. But as a young man Kircher was, according to his own account, an accident-prone dimwit.

Kircher wrote over thirty separate works dealing with widest range of subjects. He invented a universal language scheme, attacked the possibility of alchemical transmutation and devised a host of remarkable pneumatic, hydraulic, optic and



“

It was because of Kircher's work that scientists knew what to look for when interpreting the Rosetta Stone.

”

Left Athanasius Kircher;  
The Kircher Museum in Rome

“  
He understood  
the evolutionary  
process and  
hinted at the  
germ theory  
of disease.  
”

magnetic machines, which he displayed to visitors to his famous public museum (the first such institution), housed in the Jesuit Collegio Romano. His books, lavishly illustrated volumes, were destined for Baroque princes with a love of the curious and exotic explorations of their time.

Kircher invented the lantern slide (the forerunner of projectors). He accurately estimated the speed of a swallow at 100 feet per second (without a stopwatch). He was a vulcanologist (even climbed into the volcano Vesuvius) and wrote the first book on vulcanology. Kircher and others like him taught in the Colleges and encouraged the appropriation of the sciences into the school curriculum.

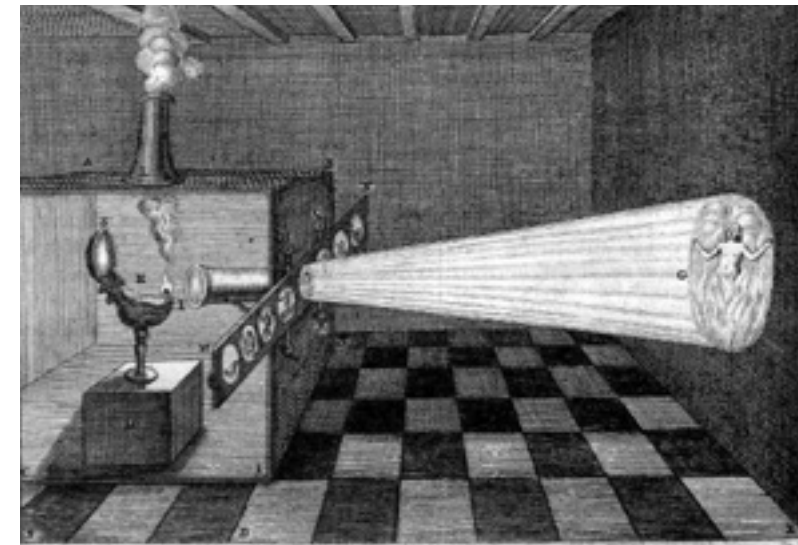
Kircher invented calculators, wrote on symbolic logic, and devised mathematical tables. He understood the evolutionary process and hinted at the germ theory of disease—he attributed the plague to tiny animals which he had observed under a microscope.

His first publication concerned magnetism. Then he wrote of sundials, next on the Egyptian language, then on calendars. He proposed a map of the city of Atlantis. He knew twenty ancient and modern languages. He studied hieroglyphics and it was because of Kircher's work that scientists knew what to look for when interpreting the Rosetta stone. He has been called the real founder of Egyptology.

Kircher always wanted to be a missionary in China, but the importance of his teaching saw this dream never realised. However, that did not prevent him writing a huge treatise on China, *China Illustrata*, which included mythology, accurate cartography and Chinese characters.

While traveling through Italy writing his book on magnetism, he came to the town of Taranto, which gives its name to the poisonous tarantula spider. The region of Taranto was known for the prevalence of a disease called 'tarantism', which induced an hysterical condition in the sufferer, with one characteristic feature being the sudden desire to dance, in a wild and rapid whirling motion. It was commonly supposed that the illness was a result of the bite of a tarantula. Accordingly, it was believed that the cure for the bite of the tarantula was to perform the dance, to work out the toxin. In his book on magnetism, Kircher helpfully depicts the region populated by the spider, and gives drawings of the animal and of its victims being bitten. Finally, should one be unfortunate enough to get bitten, Kircher, composed a piece of music—*Antidotum Tarantulæ*—for the victim to dance to, to cure the bite!

Kircher practised a unique brand of science before the lines had been drawn between it and art and religion. He covered herbs, astrology, mining, dragons, demons, weather, eclipses, fossils, gravity, bioluminescence, the sun and moon, and other topics. For example, spanning scriptures and science, he calculated that the height required for the Tower of Babel merely to reach the moon would catapult the earth out of its orbit.



Left The precursor of the slide, overhead and digital projector

Visitors to Kircher's impressive museum heard his disembodied voice, fed to them through a hidden metal tube he spoke through from his bedroom. He engineered megaphones with which one of his friends used to bray at wolves and set them to howling. He launched dragon-shaped hot-air balloons with "Flee the wrath of God" painted on their underbellies.

In the Jesuit Archives in Rome there are more than 2,000 items of his correspondence with the most eminent scientists of his time, including Leibniz, Torricelli and Gassendi. In addition, Kircher harnessed the network of Jesuit missionaries in far-flung places to carry out natural observations and experiments on a global scale.

Towards the end of his life, Kircher's stocks fell as the rationalist era emerged. Descartes (himself a Jesuit alumnus) described Kircher as "more quacksalver than savant". Because of his stature and high regard he was also the victim of a number of hoaxes where his enemies attempted to set him up, and occasionally did so.

However, in this postmodern era, many are being drawn again to his eclecticism, transcendence of academic boundaries, taste for trivia and technomania. In recent years his life and works have interested many biographers and authors revealing his myriad areas of interest. There is an Athanasius Kircher Society in Manhattan. Stanford University hosts an Athanasius Kircher Correspondence Project.

Perhaps Athanasius Kircher was not really "the last man who knew everything". But he might have come closer than most.

FR ROSS JONES SJ



# Brendan Smith

## Little Hans

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

*Little Hans* elucidates Sigmund Freud’s psychoanalytical theory of ‘repression’ through visual metaphors. Originating within four years of each other, both cinema and Sigmund Freud’s psychoanalytic theory<sup>1</sup> endeavour to bring the ‘unseen’ and unconscious to the surface for exploration and examination.

As Barbara Creed has identified;

Psychoanalysis and the cinema were born at the end of the nineteenth century. Theorists commonly explore how psychoanalysis [...] has influenced the cinema. But the reverse is also true-the cinema may well have influenced psychoanalysis.<sup>2</sup>

Using the video medium, *Little Hans* revolves around a young boy who has a fear of the dark, and progresses through a treatment session with Dr Sigmund Freud. Freud determines that it is in fact Hans’ fear of abandonment by his father that is repressed, and manifested in his conscious, as a fear of the dark. Concurrently, a parallel use of visions of Hans’ unconscious, denoted by his white clothing, emerges during the session. This is done to allow the audience an insight into Hans’ repressed thoughts, imagination and unconscious, whilst also validating the relationship between these two discourses as the ‘unseen’ becomes ‘seen’.

Christian Metz’s theory<sup>3</sup> about the relationship between the audience and the screen has moved my original focus on the analysis of dreams to explore how the video is like a mirror, involving the audience in their own process of psychoanalysis, and their own

1 Freud, S. (1900). *The Interpretation of Dreams*.  
2 Creed, B. (1998) *Film and Psychoanalysis*. In J. Hill & P. Church Gibson (eds.), *The Oxford Guide to Film Studies*, Oxford University Press, Oxford, pp. 77-90  
3 Metz, C. (1982). *Psychoanalysis and cinema: The imaginary signifier*. London: MacMillan.

experiences of repression. Therefore, the video is a vehicle to assist audiences to unite their unconscious with their conscious.

In terms of understanding psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud’s seminal piece, *The Interpretation of Dreams*<sup>4</sup> articulated for the first time, ‘the unconscious is the real psychic; its inner nature is just as unknown to us as the reality of the external world’<sup>5</sup>. Critical perspectives provided support, such as Adolf Grünbaum<sup>6</sup>, James Wolpe<sup>7</sup> and as Phillip Rosen who articulated, ‘Freud’s discovery of the unconscious is inseparable from his account of human identity as being founded on repression’<sup>8</sup>. To encapsulate Freud’s notion of *repression*<sup>9</sup> into my Major Work, Freud’s case studies became significant. Carl E Pletsch’s article<sup>10</sup> outlines case studies of; ‘Anno O’, ‘The Rat Man’, ‘Wolf Man’, ‘Dora’ and ‘Little Hans’, which provided insight into the source of fear, as opposed to the manifestation of the fear itself.

Freud in his book of 1914, *The History of the Psychoanalytic Movement*, explains that ‘the theory of repression is the cornerstone on which the whole structure of psychoanalysis rests’<sup>11</sup>. In regards to a filmic context, I found this applicable as Creed states ‘[e]arly approaches to psychoanalytic theory concentrated on the film text in relation to its hidden or repressed meanings.’<sup>12</sup> I concluded that the hidden meanings in a film are the values evoked as a result from participating in the viewing of the screenplay. In *Little Hans*, the repressed meaning is that each individual has their own repressed fears, concerns and memories, and by acknowledging this, the first step can be taken in solving the equation of repression in the mind.

Fundamental to my video was Freud’s theory of ‘repression’ which identifies the effect of excluding, from consciousness, painful or unacceptable memories; an anxiety filter. Freud states that ideas cannot become conscious because of repression that opposes

4 Freud, S. (1900). *The Interpretation of Dreams*. London: MacMillan.  
5 Freud, S. (1900). *The Interpretation of Dreams*. London: MacMillan.  
6 Grünbaum’s analysis revealed that ‘the psychoanalytic method of investigation use both heuristic *and* probative’ Grünbaum, A. (1983) *Logical Foundations of Psychoanalytic Theory*. Springer. pp. 110  
7 Wolpe suggested that Freud’s case study records ‘constitute[s] one of the most valued records in psychoanalytical archives’. Wolpe, J. (1960) Psychoanalytic ‘Evidence’: A Critique Based on Freud’s Case of Little Hans. *Rachman, Stanley M.A.* pp. 135.  
8 Rosen, P. (1986) *Lacan and Cinema Studies*.  
9 As Freud defines it, ‘people repress, or drive from their conscious minds, shameful thoughts that, then, become unconscious’ and lead to our external behaviours and thinking patterns.  
10 Pletsch, C. (1982) Freud’s Case Studies and the Locus of Psychoanalytic Knowledge.  
11 Freud, S. (1914). *The History of the Psychoanalytic Movement*. New York: Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Company.  
12 Creed, B. (1998) *Film and Psychoanalysis*. In J. Hill & P. Church Gibson (eds.), *The Oxford Guide to Film Studies*, Oxford University Press, Oxford, pp. 77-90

them as '[t]he technique of psycho-analysis a means has been found [as a means] by which the opposing force can be removed and the ideas in question made conscious.'<sup>13</sup> Repression, as an extension of the unconscious, therefore has a great impact on one's actions and thoughts, including conflicting thoughts, urges and painful memories. Therefore I have shown how repression allows for a dislocation between source and fear as is evident in Hans' fear of the dark being a manifestation of his repressed fear of being abandoned by his father. Billig claims that 'Freud's idea of repression remains vital for understanding human behaviour.'<sup>14</sup>

To adumbrate this understanding of 'repression' and to represent the unconscious and the conscious life, four metaphors were carefully selected and employed. Using Freud's analogy 'the mind is like an iceberg, it floats with one-seventh of its bulk above water'<sup>15</sup>, the incorporation of a melting cube of ice, is the 'melting' of the unconscious fear into the conscious, where Hans' fears are hereby recognised as undiagnosed repression. The second metaphor is of the staircase. Hans' 'climbing' up the staircase is akin to the 'climbing out' of his repressed fear in his unconscious, step by step through the session with Freud. Further, a stop motion sequence is included, where a psychoanalysis key unlocks a padlock to signify the unlocking of the repressed fear through the science of psychoanalysis. In doing so, the fear is then recognised as abandonment, as opposed to a conspicuous manifestation of a fear of the dark. The final metaphor is an animation of the brain, fading from black and white to colour as each part of the mind reassembles itself through psychoanalysis.

Subsequently, *Little Hans* attempts to align the audience with this process of psychoanalysis through their own viewing. My employment of metaphors in *Little Hans* echoes Christian Mets' theory, proposing that the spectator, despite being absent from the screen, is placed in a 'hyper-perceptive state'<sup>16</sup> as they view the events of the cinema, in a similar way to memory. Thus, the 'film becomes the mirror'<sup>17</sup>, and is akin to the 'diffuse presence of a psychoanalyst listening'<sup>18</sup> in the therapy session between Hans and Freud. Richard Raskin comments 'When short fiction films are at their best, they tell their stories with such remarkable economy that they take our breath away.'<sup>19</sup>

13 Strachey, J. (1960) Sigmund Freud on Repression. Translation of The Ego and the Id'  
14 Billig, M. (1999) Freudian Repression. Conversation Creating the Unconscious. Cambridge University Press.  
15 Freud, S. (1900). The Interpretation of Dreams.  
16 *Ibid*, p. 154.  
17 *Ibid*, p. 157.  
18 Metz, C. (1982). *Psychoanalysis and cinema: The imaginary signifier*. London: MacMillan., p.156.  
19 Raskin, R. (2002) The Art of the Short Fiction Film.

The Short Film 'Room 8'<sup>20</sup> does just this, and conveys Christopher Nolan's premise that 'the virtue of film is in its ability to give audiences an immersive experience.'<sup>21</sup>

In regards to sound, Hans Zimmer's soundtracks from his partnership with Christopher Nolan were paramount. Taken from films that rely upon 'immersive allegor[ies]'<sup>22</sup> a reflective tone created through instrumental scores is intended to lead the viewer through their own contemplation. As Joy and Furby suggest, '[t]he logic of film discourse interpretation helps to outline how filmic meaning can be interpreted on the basis of the recipient's inference processes.'<sup>23</sup> This highlights the subjective nature of viewing for both the discourse of film and in relation to psychoanalysis where individual circumstance and the deconstruction of meaning is founded on the premise of past experiences. *Little Hans* therefore seeks to engage the audience in their own inward reflection on repression and how it may relate to their circumstance as '[f]ilm music works through the viewer's cognitive processing of perceived correspondences between musical and visual information'<sup>24</sup>. Thus, the 'focus on intersemiosis'<sup>25</sup> through soundtrack and visual cues in *Little Hans* seeks to validate the use of overarching metaphors and motifs in order to be interpreted differently by each individual viewer. Furthermore, to faithfully convey Freud's ideas I have incorporated a real audio recording from a BBC interview, the only one known of Freud's as he speaks about his discovery of the unconscious and its significance to psychoanalysis. This adds a contextual layer of authenticity, bringing Freud's own message about psychoanalysis into the present.

In terms of originality, my exploration of form through a stop motion animation sequence, as well as a custom animation were created to ensure that an original approach to the video was considered and executed. The unique aspect of having layered metaphors alongside the manipulation of form, to express the realisation of the unconscious by the unconscious, is akin to the originality of not only the concept but the implementation.

*The European Psychoanalytic Film Festival*, occurring annually in London by the Institute of Psychoanalysis, emphasizes both psychoanalysis and short film. As part of the festival, discussions and lectures from filmmakers and psychiatrists are held. The

20 Griffiths, J. (2013) Room 8.  
21 Olsen, J. (2015) Nolan's Immersive Allegories of Filmmaking in Inception and The Prestige. Columbia University Press.  
22 *Ibid*, p. 44.  
23 *Ibid*, p. 150  
24 *Ibid*, p. 163  
25 *Ibid*, p. 162

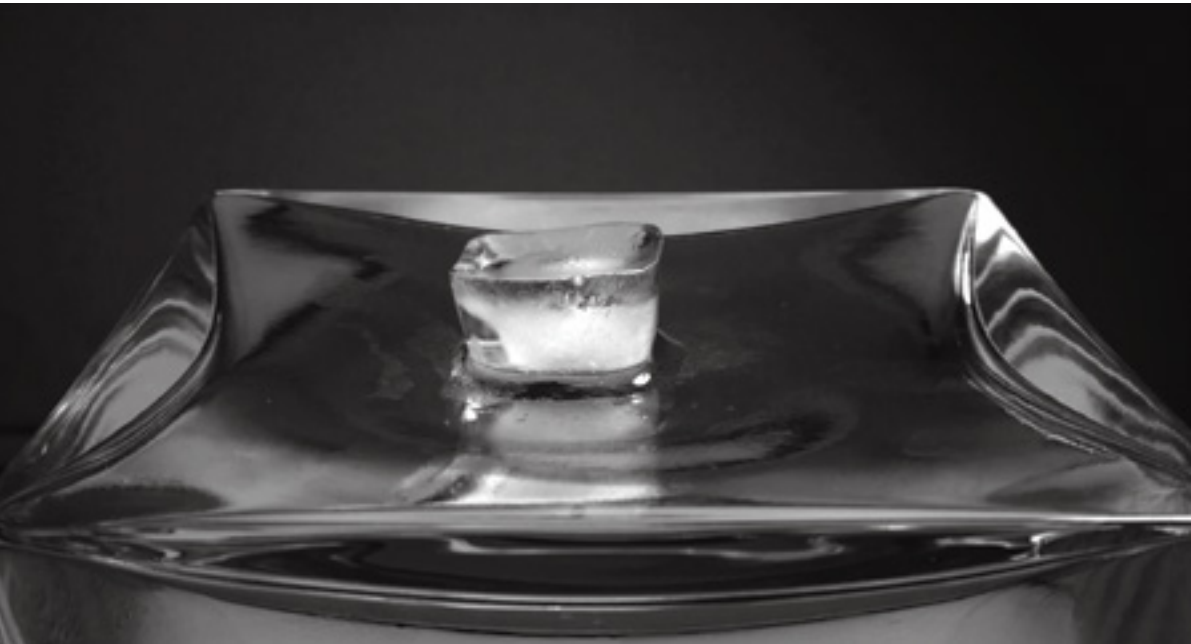
specified nature of the films, for example the 2015 modern silent short film ‘Michael’<sup>26</sup>, influenced my decision to use a slow rolling shot to add poignancy to *Little Hans* during the psychotherapy sessions. This festival is also my target audience because of the specific nature of psychoanalytical content and short film form.

After watching *Metropolis*<sup>27</sup> for Advanced HSC English, the use of music in this historic black and white film has inspired my soundtrack selection. Using music as mood to convey emotions is important without dialogue or narration. Further, In HSC English Extension One, Sylvia Plath’s confessional poetry can be seen as similar to that of the unconscious. She has looked inward and expressed her emotions and thoughts from her unconscious, to the world through poetry. Although Hans struggles to recognise the source of his fear, he is able to articulate some of his internal experiences which ultimately reveals his unconscious.

*Little Hans* has taken me into the depths of my own reflection and it is my hope that it will also lead you there.

26 Neck, O. (2015). Michael. Pulse Films Production.

27 Lang, F, (1927). Metropolis.





HISTORY

# Christian Damiano

## Are academic and public histories of equal validity?

SYNOPSIS

I recall wandering the corridors of the family estate in my youth being overwhelmed and admittedly riveted by the penetrating vinyl recorded voice of the man on the phonograph; the screech of the crowd, the marches and ecstasy. In the study were essays of the fascist regime; in the linen draws were small sewn Italian flags; and in the wardrobe hung a uniform. I would be seated in the darkened sitting room extracting as much information from grandparents who by this time were part of a dying breed of relics from an era that was no more. I heard the dismay in their recollections and sought more knowledge of what they had seen. My father; a mild activist and student during the years of extremism in Italy rarely spoke of his involvement until the present. Upon my findings and accumulation of accounts, much of which were recorded interviews, I had come to the conclusion that it was only just to now attempt in presenting their histories not only to honor their struggle but to prove that academia can subconsciously and falsely represent history in its writings for the sake of political motives. I conclude also that public history is rendered incapable of comprehending the larger picture of events. My initial intent for the project itself was to compare academia and public histories and come to a conclusion regarding which was more accurate to the topic in which it aimed in arguing. However I found that with both schools of history each having their own faults and pros, this would be overly subjective. Ergo I created a twofold argument discussing the validity of both rather than siding with one form of historiography. At my disposal were the valued accounts of those family members still living, who have rendered me able to source my argument for public history through their interviews. For academia I turned to historians both directly and indirectly involved in the events I have discussed; offering a diversity of opinion.

ESSAY

The public history of Fascism and the Years of lead, unlike its antonym of academic history, nor better nor worse in its truth, bestows its adherents with the incarnate realities of the attesters of the regime and Italian Republic; Ultimately, academic and public histories offer dissimilar perspectives; one using private sources in the form of oral genealogical peerage (familial folklore), and the latter remaining loyal to the doctrine of empiricism, relying only upon ‘legitimate’ official documentation and the works of their academic predecessors.

In his University Paperback of 1950 ‘Italy from Napoleon to Mussolini’, René Albrecht-Carrie’s intent is clear; the thesis of each chapter echoes a phlegmatic tone; one lacking any indication of empathy to the realities of the genuine people of the era in which it aims in chronicling; Chapter VII. Part 1. The foreign Policy of Italy to 1935. Chapter VII. Part 2. The Colonial Record of Italy to 1935. Chapter IX. Warfare and Politics. The regime is treated anthropomorphically as a collective flock rather than singular sheep; Thus Albrecht-Carrie’s academia of the Score of Fascism from 1925 to 1935 neglects the quotidian Italian and the individual avowal of the empire that was, and its intimate clout on the common man.

Francesco Damiano who by 1937 an ‘avanguardista’ in the Fascist Youth Program recalled, “...Operation Balilla was an attempt to train us and give us exercise. The operation allowed us to discover the sea and the mountains; alluring to those of the country and of the fields like us...”<sup>2</sup> It is Albrecht-Carrie’s contradicting credence that the Operazione Balilla was implemented for the purpose of indoctrination, in its form of youthful jingoism<sup>3</sup>. Here is a twofold complex; Albrecht-Carrie an Anglo-historian, not an attester to the operation itself, thus offering his works not dissimilarly to the view of most historians, being one of the spectator rather than the participant; his contrary, Damiano, who affirms that being part of the Operazione Balilla, that would resemble the British boy scouts of the same era, was rather a fruitful initiative that regimented the youth into a controlled system, thus eradicating most adolescent delinquency. Hence, academic and public works are of equal cogency as they are the marriage between two opinions of the one argument, each of which cannot comprehend the reality of the other.

The issue however with the academic history of fascism is that it is often rendered incapable of grasping the effect of the regime, its values, ideals, and intentions in

1 rank obtained by a male youth at age 14 in the youth militia  
2 Damiano, Francesco. *The Fascist Regime*. 2016. Interview in person  
3 Albrecht-Carrie, Rene. *Italy from Napoleon to Mussolini*, 5th ed. New York: Columbia University Press, 1966. Print

ratifying certain decrees. The diversity of opinion on a similar subject is furthered when examining the intent of the implementation of the roman salute in the Fascist regime by the ‘Duce’ Benito Mussolini.

Falasca-Zamponi’s 1984 aestheticization of Politics titled “A study of power in Mussolini’s Fascist Italy” states that its aim was to epitomise the Italian Fascist movement’s symbolic repertoire.<sup>4</sup> Anna Greco a student during the regime recalls, “Entering classrooms we would salute *alla Romana*<sup>5</sup> which had been made law by Mussolini to eliminate the germs transmitted by the shaking of hands, especially tuberculosis...” The issue however with public history is that witnesses such as Greco, while attributing the use of a Bellamy adoration of the flag<sup>6</sup> to sanitary purposes, are not necessarily aware that this custom moreover served as a method of subconsciously indoctrinating or rather instilling the populous, through repetition, with Fascist ritual.

Often historians can concur in their academia with public history on common grounds and mutually held fact. These said academics usually hold similarity to the attesters of public history, as they themselves were present in the studied period. Indro Montanelli, an Italian historian, known for his chronicling of Italian history in his encyclopedic, century by century chronology, is testament to this union between the two schools of history. Often bestowed with the pseudonym of “the historian of a century” due to his longevity, Montanelli’s relevance to the Fascist regime is not only riddled with immense bias but is amounted with pressure to protect his reputation through his involvement with the less moral questions of the regime<sup>7</sup>.

Montanelli is steadfast in his credence of certain contentious claims of the fascist hierarchy that are confirmed by certain public histories but are nonetheless neglected by non-Italian academics, as they were simply not present to fall witness to such events. “Mussolini never liked the fascists, he in fact detested them”<sup>8</sup> states Montanelli in a televised interview of 1982. Fascism unlike the common opinions of its structure was completely autonomous in its beginnings. These baton wielding<sup>9</sup> thug-like fascists did not answer to Mussolini. They obeyed their various provincials (RAS)<sup>10</sup>. They obeyed

4 Falasca-Zamponi, Simonetta. *Fascist Spectacle: The Aesthetics Of Power In Mussolini’s Italy*. California: University of California Press, 2000. Print.  
5 *Alla Romana* meaning in the “Roman manner” is revival of the Roman Empire that was and is testament to the endeavours of Benito Mussolini to replicate it  
6 First demonstrated in the United States by James.B.Upham Columbus Day 1892  
7 Operazione Yekatit 12 under Viceroy of East Africa Rodolfo Graziani  
8 Enzo Biagi: Io Ti Saluto, Vado In Abissinia (Intervista Ad Indro Montanelli).” *YouTube*. N.p., 2016. Web. 28 May 2016.  
9 blunt instrument of intimidation known as *manganello*, later adapted as a noun in the Italian language in describing delinquents  
10 rank of local leader introduced by Roberto Farinacci borrowed from the Ethiopian aristocracy

Farinacci in Cremona, Balbo in Ferrara, Arpinati in Bologna, Tamburini in Florence, who would notoriously as mutilated ex-combatants of the Great War litigate amongst themselves. Therefore Mussolini secured them in an institute whereby they could be moderated and coordinated.

Thus he created the Fascist militia. Nicolina Leone (nee Costanza), an adolescent during the regime, parallels this in her 2016 interview. “...In every municipality there existed the headquarters of the provincial fascist which also served as the communal charity office or *Casa del Fascio* (House of the Fasces) whereby blankets, clothing and other necessities were given to the poor...”<sup>11</sup> Justly, it can be deduced from sources of both schools of history, that Mussolini was by no means a foguish fascist who was prepared to die by the blade of his *pugnale fascista (ceremonial dagger)*. Both these interpretations provide evidence in support that academic and public histories can meet on common ground providing the historian’s context concurs with the events in question.

Academic history is often the product of regurgitated falsities that do not consist of the historians’ own deductions from examination of sources, but rather only echoing the words of other minds of that field. Original research is key in historiography unlike modern commercialized history services whether they be televised, published in magazines, or posted, as they contribute to this cycle of unoriginal material that is often misconstrued and oblivious of public history; the only means to obtain the sources needed to construct their academia. In a televised documentary of the show *Biography*, featuring the history of Fascism ‘appropriately’ titled *Mussolini: Italy’s Nightmare*,<sup>12</sup> states that fascists were violent barbarians who used castor oil administered a pint at a time as a means of torture. Here academic biographer and historian of Italian history from the Risorgimento to the 1946 Monarchical elections, Denis Mack Smith misinterprets the intentions of a quotidian fascist method of mild punishment as a method or intimidation and extortion. As Alfonzo Maddaluno, a witness to such happenings stated, “The common fascist punishment for those who had committed a minor offense like stealing a piece of bread or a chicken, was to be given what was known as *olio di ricino*; a fast working laxative.”<sup>13</sup> It is further revealed in a school textbook of the time from 1941<sup>14</sup> that olio di ricino served as a cleansing agent to aid the scheme of a healthy lifestyle; alive in the indoctrinated youth through their vigorous exercise programs and ode, recited everyday at the commencement of class.

11 Leone, Nicolina. Fascism In Southern Italy. 2016. in person.  
12 “Mussolini Italy’s Nightmare”. *YouTube*. N.p., 2016. Web. 4 Mar. 2016.  
13 Maddaluno, Alfonzo. Fascism In Naples. 2016. in person.  
14 *Libro Della III Classe*. Rome: La Libreria dello Stato, 1941. Print.

Therefore while academic history can give an external insight into the fascist regime, it is sometimes rendered incapable of grasping the justification of certain aspects of its conduct.

Academic history can nonetheless comprehend the motives of the individual in the fascist regime to follow an ideology into a war and eventually into ruin. In an article, Encyclopedia Britannica published, “The Italians were ready to submit to a dictatorship, provided the national economy was stabilized and their country restored to its dignity”. Thus the motives of the Italian people to devote themselves to Mussolini was simple. Italy after the Great War was a nation in chaos. There were no governments that were competent to govern. Damiano states that, “before, even the state organs in the main cathedrals and churches were not functioning”.<sup>15</sup> Then came Mussolini, who must accordingly be accredited with having brought order. Pietro Damiano recalled “With the fascist regime under Mussolini already celebrating its seventeenth year in power, it was threatening to replace me with a fascist party member at the power-plant in which I managed, therefore I joined the National Fascist Party *Partito Nazionale Fascista* placed into the MVSN *Milizia Volontaria Servizio Nazionale* only established ten or so years before to rescue my livelihood”.<sup>16</sup>

Academic history often fails us where it is not able to provide an history due to a lack of documentation and access to sources other than the hearsay of public history. Public history however, manifesting itself in genealogical history, provides much of the histories of a family through oral history.

The Years of Lead from the massacre at Piazza Fontana to the current attacks by extremist groups were an accumulation of escalating events of an era of socio-political crisis in the form of terrorism between extreme left and right violence in Italy. Peter Louis Damiano a student at Marigliano High School, Naples in 1976 recalls that members of the *Brigate Rosse* were covertly enrolled in left-leaning schools to infiltrate and spread a growing support for their cause. One would only frequent school for a quarter of the year as most of the schooling semester was brought to a halt by rioting students rallied by party members, who in locking the schools gates and fortifying the grounds, would strike in protest.<sup>17</sup> These episodes were published in accordance with the newspaper *La Stampa* through private treaties (a communist printing press) and the intricacies of the intimate lives of the students frequenting college are readily offered. Here an amalgamation of both academic and public history is achieved via

15 Damiano, Francesco. The Fascist Regime. 2016. Interview in person

16 Damiano, Pietro. The Early Years Of Fascism. 1969. in person.

17 Damiano, Peter Louis. Anni Di Piombo. 2016. in person.

the prudent reality that the Years of Lead revolved around the youth and their political awareness of the past, and the manner in which they aimed in reviving the roles of the black and red violence that once dominated the square. Both schools of thought concur that the ‘Anni di Piombo’ was a continuation war of the Fascist-Communist-Partisan struggle in the first four decades of that century, as the historians and attestors of such events were both the same people; ergo, the students fighting in the riots, whether they be affiliated with the black or red flag were also the historians of that subject.

A political faction is rendered able to indoctrinate a youth via a methodical repetition of ritual, persistence of insignia and the instilling of a sense of worth and relevance in that generation, encouraging their admission into the fluctuating ride that is politics.

Peter Damiano who by this point, is caught between the polar ideologies of the political spectrum, is conformed to take part in rallies as of the student movement for an improved scholastic system. “...With my best friend at the time, we participated in communist marches in which we chanted, “...Se vedi un punto nero, spari a vista. O è carabiniere o è fascista...” (“...If you see a black figure, shoot them on sight. They are either a policeman or a fascist...”)<sup>18</sup> In the schools with communist headmasters hung photographs of Giacomo Matteotti, Sandro Pertini and Giuseppe Saragat while in those that accommodated the sons and daughters of fascist war profiteers, were displayed photographs of Giorgio Almirante, leader of the neo-fascist Italian Social Movement. It seems as though the Years of Lead were purely a continuation war of the conflict that had ended only twenty-four years before. As Frank Lloyd Wright, architect and academic states, “Each war in its intestines has another war, and another and so on.”;<sup>19</sup> relevant to an Italy who after the affair of Piazzale Loreto in April of 1945, was still plagued by the obsolete struggle between ideologies of the red and black flag. Lloyd Wright although not explicitly relevant to the history of Italy and the years in question, is nonetheless relevant as an academic as he provides philosophical discourse that compliments public historical opinion of the Years of Lead, in being a mirrored conflict of the world war that was so recent it still stunk of death.

Ugo Piscopo and Giovanni D’Elia, in their 1977 essay titled “The problems of the South” (I problem del Sud), aexclusively contour the same credence of Damiano maintaining that the Years of Lead, which by the year in which this work was published were in their prime, were lead by those those who during the Italian Civil War 1943–5 had been part of the regime and remained loyal to the fascist doctrine and joined the *Avanguardia Nazionale* National Vanguard of the extreme right. Those who were either part of the resistance or were partisans, affiliated themselves with the Red Brigades of the

18 Ibid.

19 Wright, Frank Lloyd. The Mike Wallace Interviews”. *YouTube*. N.p., 2016. Web. 8 June 2016.

far left.”<sup>20</sup> Both academia and the histories of the common man are cohesive either written from the left or right side of the political spectrum. By this reasoning, the two schools can be thus treated as of equal validity as they are written mostly by the same people; being both witnesses and writers of their eye-witness accounts.

The aforementioned schools of history chronicling the Fascist Regime and the Years of lead are nor better nor worse in their validity but rather enlighten the historian in his search for relative historical truth by providing him with diversity of opinion and perspective.

20 I problemi del Sud. 1st ed. Naples: Editrice Ferraro, 1977. Print

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VISUAL ARTS

Christian Damiano

Il cenacolo dei Damiano (The supper of the Damiani)

REFLECTION STATEMENT

For eleven centuries the house of Damiano has boasted a heraldic lineage, reigning in its steadfast fidelity to a principle of honour and to the protection of the doctrine of peerage. An immortalisation such as this of those ancestors passed, is testament that their essences are not obsolete nor irrelevant but are rather the very fibers that construct their living decedents, their thoughts, ambitions and endeavours.

Here are depicted five generations of both paternal and maternal relevance, which are significant to the artist. Each expression represents a struggle; each gesture shows an austerity; each glance suggests an ambition unfulfilled.







# Daniel Ryan

## An examination of the influence of personal context on the historiographical debate surrounding the social reforms of Napoleon Bonaparte

### SYNOPSIS

Ever since my first visit to France, its people and culture, including the enigmatic figure of Napoleon, have fascinated me. After innumerable changes to my question, which had initially taken into account Bonaparte’s connection with the French Revolution, I finally arrived at my question connecting Napoleon, his social reforms and the way in which personal context had influenced historical debate over their impacts. I wanted to find out if the ‘hero’ and ‘villain’ tags were justifiable not in evaluating his personality but his reforms.

This essay seeks to examine this question from three main angles. The ideals of liberty, fraternity and equality; the qualities I had seen emblazoned upon almost every public memorial in France. Early into my research these three broad constants seemed to emerge when evaluating Napoleon’s social reform. My selection of the most contentious issues such as slavery, Napoleons rise to power and treatment of women were opted. In addition to conventional academic history, the use of art, architecture, current public opinion and literature was essential in the formation of my argument. How has history been constructed over time in both France and in western culture as well the aims and purposes of history of these depictions are examined thoroughly. The imposition of personal context upon a man and his reforms both intentional and unintentional are explored thoroughly.

### ESSAY

Evaluation upon Napoleon Bonaparte’s place in history and the significance of his social reform have been shaped by public, academic, popular and artistic works that continue to reinterpret or reaffirm understanding surrounding these reforms. The clashes between historical schools can be distinguished into two categories. The first, represented by historians such as Desmond Seward, apply their own morals and values upon Bonaparte, disregarding context and in the process apply the criteria for the present to the past. The second group, including Georges Lefebvre and Pieter Geyl encompasses a much broader approach to history, finding Napoleon to be a man whose character was difficult to define, as is the intended outcomes of his social reforms. The consideration of context, which incorporates many other elements of historical merit beyond academic history, is critical in the portrayal of Bonaparte’s social reform for these historians. The ideals historians seek from such reforms can be classified under liberty, fraternity and equality.

The issue of liberty under Bonaparte has largely revolved around slavery and censorship. Accusations of the reinstatement of slavery into the French Empire, raised in Andrew Roberts’ debate with Adam Zamoyski which reinvigorated debate on the 200th anniversary of the battle of Waterloo<sup>1</sup> highlighted how the imposition of a modern day set of values can distort Bonaparte’s intended social outcomes. The long-held assertion of Bonaparte possessing a ‘tyrannous hate’ for minorities has been explored by Roberts in *Napoleon the Great*, where he concludes there was no evidence to support this notion. Roberts explains how Bonaparte shared the widespread western assumption that non-European people were inferior to Europeans<sup>2</sup>, a direct example of his embracing of societal movements during the subject’s time frame. “If I were black”, Bonaparte said, ‘I would be for the blacks; if I were white, I am for the whites’.<sup>3</sup> Though not defending the French leader, Roberts incorporates his perceptions of the time period rather than omitting them in forming his argument. It was in Bonaparte’s interest to restore the economic needs of colonies and French overseas trade.<sup>4</sup>

Roberts stated that he previously subscribed to the ‘Traditional English Tyrant viewpoint’, however through analysis of 30,000 extant letters (becoming available in 2004) and the structuring of his book, Roberts’ opinion had changed. From these letters, Roberts advocated Bonaparte’s religious tolerance citing “It is my wish that

1 Roberts A, Zamoyski A, Paxman J. 2014, Napoleon the great? A debate (online), intelligence<sup>2</sup>, Available from <http://www.intelligencesquared.com/events/napoleon-the-great-andrew-roberts-adam-zamoyski/>

2 Roberts A. *Napoleon the Great*, Penguin Books Limited, London, 2015 p. 138

3 Ibid, p. 138

4 Ibid, p. 147

Jews be treated like brothers as if we were all part of Judaism”<sup>5</sup> However such blanket statements avoid an in-depth analysis of other aspects of social reform. With growing amounts of sources available to modern historians, such as Roberts, the highly selective use of sources impedes upon interpreting the social reform of Bonaparte.

Following a question concerning how time has treated Napoleon during Roberts’ debate, he states: “We have seen Napoleon wrongly through the prism of the Second World War...he’s presented as a proto Hitler”. <sup>6</sup> In *Napoleon For and Against* Pieter Geyl rejects any ‘rules’ of history discovered by other historians and hence concludes that there will “only be partial truth to each individual assessment of Napoleon”.<sup>7</sup> The Parallels between Hitler and Bonaparte underly Geyl’s 1949 work, hinting at the historians own context of being a prisoner of Nazi Germany. The comparison had fascinated him: “I found a good deal more than the parallel to attract me. Napoleon had his own fascination, and French historiography a charm of its own”<sup>8</sup>. From the outset, Geyl recognises this unconscious parallel between the two figures. No matter how diligent historians are in forming balanced reasoning such as Geyl’s, their context plays an inevitable influence. The extent to which it impacts upon the necessity to reflect their own times, whether it is the romantic hero of Restoration France or the authoritarian dictator of interwar Europe, varies. Lefebvre’s commentary which holds back the author’s Marxist philosophy as noted by Roberts in his prologue to the 1949 classic is a stark contrast to the comparisons drew between Hitler and Bonaparte in Desmond Seward’s *Napoleon and Hitler*. An unrestrained depiction of Bonaparte’s attempt to organise the ‘genocide’ of Haiti’s black population in comparison to Hitler’s extermination of Jewish populations. The “study of his political megalomania”<sup>9</sup> forms the reasoning behind his investigation in the similarities drawn between poor background and youthful ambition. Valid parallels rose by Seward and others in anachronistic comparisons are inevitably overwhelmed by the utilisation of familiarities of universal condemnations of the atrocities of Hitler; reinvigorating historical debate through the neglect of objectivity.

Through broadening the range of historical sources in Napoleonic history, the emphasis on Francocentric accounts of slavery has shifted to include works from the experiences by non-Europeans in affected communities. An example is *The*

5 Ibid, p. 149  
6 Roberts A, Zamoyski A, Paxman J. 2014  
7 Geyl P. *Napoleon—For and Against*, 1949, London: Bradford & Dickens p. 3  
8 Ibid, p. 3  
9 Lentz T. *Napoleon—Hitler, the Improbable Comparison*, paper originally delivered at the 2011 Consortium on the Revolutionary Era, 1750-1850, held in Tallahassee, Florida.

*Kingdom of the World* (1949), a work of historical fiction about the Haitian revolution and its impacts by Cuba’s Alejo Carpentier. Upon release, technical aspects of his style were criticised and have been ignored by some in the academic community for not ‘aligning with conventional history’. The recognition of the impact of slavery has only materialised in the 21st century where it has been described as only being in it’s ‘Embryonic stages’<sup>10</sup>, hinting at the role that shifting societal attitudes play in reevaluating the past. In 2004, the National Committee for the Memory and History of Slavery was instigated in France. A year later, a report was produced outlining recommendations that included objectives for commemoration, teaching, research, and the cultural domain. These measures serve to highlight one of Christopher Miller’s main points: “Throughout colonial and postcolonial history France will often be torn between its magnanimous, liberal impulses and its desire to dominate and profit”.<sup>11</sup> The renaming of a Paris street from *Rue Richepanse* (for Antoine Richepanse, general in the Caribbean) to *Rue Solitude* is an example of the changing way in which the French state addresses the atrocities of slavery. Reinvigoration of the narrative of the lives affected by Bonaparte’s social reform has been a process for making the past more relevant for the present.

‘The Liberating Hero’ who boasted freedom and had established the foundation stones of the modern French state appears to have been quelled from the French public conversation. Napoleonic anniversaries are not officially marked; a decade ago, President Jacques Chirac and Prime Minister Dominique de Villepin boycotted a ceremony marking the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Austerlitz, Bonaparte’s greatest military victory. The quelling of any form of Napoleonic legend in modern France forms a compelling contradiction to what the general public sees as important. A public poll in 2010<sup>12</sup> asking whom the most important figure in French history resulted in Bonaparte scoring second, only to Charles de Gaulle. This is a clear indication of a kind of nostalgia, as Guégan notes, for strong leaders due to political dissatisfaction, harkening back to the Napoleonic legend: “Our age is suffering a lack of imagination and political utopia”.<sup>13</sup> Peter Hicks added: “It’s almost as if Napoleon is not part of the national story”.<sup>14</sup> French schools now scarcely mention the Napoleonic era<sup>15</sup>, a sign that modern context has not aligned with the one Bonaparte advocated so frequently in aspects of his social reform.

10 Glissant E. *Memoires des esclavages: la foundation d’un Centre national pour la memoire des esclavages es leurs abolitions*, Paris Gallimard, 2007  
11 Miller C. *Blank Darkness, Africanist Discourse in French*, University of Chicago Press, 1985 p. 20-1  
12 Eads B. *Why Napoleon’s still a problem in France*, News week (Online Article), (5/8/2014), <http://www.newsweek.com/2014/05/16/why-napoleons-still-problem-france-250223.html>  
13 Guegan S. *Le Musee Napoleon*, Reunion Des Musees Nationaux, 1999, p. 25  
14 Hicks P. *The Napoleonic Empire and the New European Political Culture* London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2012 p. 12  
15 Ibid, p. 12

This brings to the forefront the inherent risks in the pursuit of classifying Bonaparte as a ‘type’, since the approach limits the considerations of the dynamics and context of the regime. The use of “Liberty”, “Equality” and “Fraternity” are evasive within the individual’s position in society. They are best defined by action within a specific context. French Annalist Lefebvre argues against the reintroduction of slavery and censorship but simultaneously embraces these contradictions. Lefebvre thus uses the social, economic position to structure his argument. The personal tendencies that Lefebvre shows toward censorship can be attributed<sup>16</sup>, to the author’s contemporaneous view of his contemporary Germany’s Fuhrer Adolf Hitler.

The selection of sources in the revivals of personal advocating history has had an indelible impact upon perceptions of Napoleonic social reforms and ascent to power. Lefebvre and Adolphe Thiers have contested the debate surrounding whether the individual sovereignty that Bonaparte assumed enabled the fraternity it boasted in the declaration of the rights of man. “Detested feudalism, civil inequality and religious intolerance... In this sense he was the man of the Revolution.”<sup>17</sup> Through resisting the Marxist philosophies that dominated his earlier work, Lefebvre is an example of neglecting the urge to impart historian’s own values upon an individual. For the French Annalist, Bonaparte’s “headstrong individuality never accepted democracy” while Bonaparte “rejected the hope that some day men would be civilised enough to rule themselves.”<sup>18</sup> Lefebvre’s Marxist ideology influences his love-hate relationship with the emperor stemming from the Bonaparte’s many contradictions.

Bonaparte himself defined history as “a myth that men agree to believe”.<sup>19</sup> By thorough examination and staying remarkably free of making value judgements, even in his conclusion, Lefebvre surpasses the conventional. Accepting that a complete truth will never be known he concludes—along the lines of Geyl—that some view as a sort of ‘historical determinism’ meaning that the French revolution was bound to lead to a dictatorship. This embracement of contradiction is contrasted with Thiers’ assertive portrayal that utilises his context to advance individual concerns.

The promotion of the Napoleonic legend by Thiers is an example of the historian’s use of their own context, hence distortion of the legacy of Bonaparte’s social reform to connect current events with the early 19th century. Omission of segments of history in the formation of an assessment of the Corsican involving Bonaparte’s power grab, has played a crucial role in depictions over time. Thiers’ enhancement of the Napoleonic

16 Roberts A. Georges Lefebvre Napoleon Routledge Classics 2011, originally 1935 p XII  
17 Lefebvre p. 60  
18 Ibid, p. 60  
19 Roberts quoting Bonaparte p. 23

legend in propelling his political career<sup>20</sup> reflected a shifting way in which historians utilised the past to advance their current circumstance. Drawing on his journalist background, Thiers used a persuasive narrative to promote his profound distrust for republic institutions and instead promote a constitutional monarchy. Thiers’ glowing admiration for Bonaparte can be explained by the dissatisfaction felt by most of the establishment during the reign of Louis-Philippe (1830–48), when reserved policies resulted in domestic and foreign stagnation stirring up a longing for a return to the glorious Napoleonic past. The Napoleonic cult was made official by the re-interring of his remains at *Les Invalides* in 1840.

Artistic depictions of Napoleon changed as his role as the leader of the French people evolved. The paintings commissioned by Napoleon are interesting in a discussion about his attempts to take absolute power. One of the most famous is the 1803 *Napoleon Crossing the Alps*<sup>21</sup> by Jacques Louis David. A former Jacobin, David fused together the symbols from antiquity with the appraisal of Romanticism forms and ideas conveyed in the painting. Two conflicting judgements of Bonaparte have drawn ideas from paintings that posses these bold statements of achievement. Historians including Andrew Roberts who view this painting as ‘enlightenment on horseback’ has embraced it as a literal metaphor; others like Geyl have contrastingly embraced the image as an example of Napoleonic propaganda that has led to the deceptive force that is Napoleonic legend.

The relationship built between public works and academic history in the mid-19th century enabled the illusion of the Napoleonic legend to prosper and take root in French society. Works by Adolphe Thiers coupled with the construction of *Les Invalides* and the *Arc De Triomphe* (1836) had, writes Delphine de Girardin, changed people by 1856. “Those who cursed him admire him, those who hated him adore him, and those who betrayed him weep for him”.<sup>22</sup> Such shifts in perceptions were built upon the omissions of certain sources from the greater picture, therefore leaving the audience with a distorted view of Bonaparte. An immense shift from the glorification of Bonaparte in literary and public history occurred visually to re-orientate public perception of the once god-like reputation. In the painting *Napoleon at Fontainebleau*<sup>23</sup> (1840), the Emperor is alone in his private apartments in a saddening slump, Delaroche humanises Bonaparte. Long gone is the enlightenment on horseback that dominated

20 Bertaut J. *Le Retour a la Monarchie*, 1815-1848 (Paris 1943) p. 230-31, M. Leys *Between Two Empires* (London 1955) p. 207-8  
21 David J.L. 1803 1803 *Napoleon Crossing the Alps* Oil on canvas, 2.6m x 2.21m Château de Malmaison  
22 Delphine de Girardin, *Le Vicomte de Launay*, Lettres Parisiennes (Paris 1856)  
23 Delaroche H.P. 1846 *Napoleon at Fontainebleau* Oil on canvas, 1.81m x 1.37m Osborne House

during the Napoleonic regime. The painting shares popular tendencies to encourage viewers to read numerous layers of significance into the image by representing him as being deeply human—and thus relatable—individual.

Being a slave of the time and only capable of relative truth, history has manifested its way in depictions of equality of reforms to women. The differing of time periods of Madame De Stael and June Burton has influenced the debate concerning women’s liberties. Women under the Napoleonic regime have been largely ignored in historical scholarship. One of Bonaparte’s harshest critics, De Stael was exiled from France whilst writing her critiques of the reformation that followed. De Stael harnessed the devices of a novel in her book *Delphine* (1803) to portray the inability for women to satisfy ambition during the Napoleonic regime that imposed strict social conventions. Criticism in *Delphine* is an attack against the supposed ‘new’ Napoleonic order in its moral and social aspects. She described how literature should not just be art but “an instrument for the analysis of man and transmission of the enlightenment”.<sup>24</sup> De Stael’s strong Protestant faith in the midst of Bonaparte’s championing of the Roman Catholic Church back into French society played a role in her portrayal being the direct victim of censorship laws herself. It also places her to fight Bonaparte who had “Curbed the unbridled individualism that the revolution had evoked”<sup>25</sup>. The result was women resuming rather than being ‘redefined’ from the public to the domestic realm. In the midst of these romantic sentiment that sought emphasis on emotion and individualism as well as glorification of the past events of the French revolution, lies an inherent truth. The Napoleonic code confirmed women’s second class standing for decades as Bonaparte shared the widespread belief that women should be confined to menial tasks with a declaration for obedience.

A large interval from the literary movements of De Stael formed a lingering gap in the recording of women experiences during the Napoleonic era, enabling the inevitability of reconsidered viewpoints surrounding social reform. The rise of female voices in the early 20th century, especially the May 1968 events in France, allowed a realisation of the role women had on both the present and past. A complete overhaul of how historians perceive women’s roles in Napoleonic society is illustrated by June Burton’s Napoleon and the Women Question. By seeing them as strong, autonomous beings—even strong enough to launch a full-scale “war between the sexes”<sup>26</sup>, Burton argues a fear held by Bonaparte that was brought upon the denial of rights attained during the revolution. Martin Kettle highlights<sup>27</sup> how recent anniversaries such as the bicentenary

24 Bergeron L. Trans. by R.R Palmer, *France Under Napoleon*, Princeton University Press, 1981 p. 131  
25 Ibid, p. 96  
26 Burton J. *Napoleon and the Women Question*, Texas Tech University Press, (2007) p. 612  
27 Kettle M. *Women granted credit*, The Canberra Times 17 May 1989, (National Library of Australia)

of the French revolution forces societies to look back at past events and to reform past societal assumptions—“It does not mean that woman played no part in political life. They were members of the radical Cordeliers Club and they set up numerous political groups and clubs of their own”.<sup>28</sup> By taking on the ambiguities of the Napoleonic period, Burton and Kettle confront the inevitable assumption that women were excluded from society.

Napoleon embodied both the revolution and its suppression. The use of highly selective history cited when historians use the past to address contemporary concerns, bolstering present-day attitudes, has manifested its way into depictions of Napoleonic reforms such as slavery, his ascension to power and treatment of women. Pieter Geyl’s statement of ‘history being an argument with no end’<sup>29</sup> echoes the continual revaluation made by society in the future will dictate the impact of Napoleonic social reform and the relationship formed between him and modern France.

28 Ibid  
29 Geyl P. p. 4

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- Andrew Roberts, Zamoyski A, Paxman J 2014, *Napoleon the great? A debate with Andrew Roberts, Adam Zamoyski and Jeremy Paxman*. Intelligence Squared, 8 October 2014. <http://www.intelligencesquared.com/events/napoleon-the-great-andrew-roberts-adam-zamoyski/> Accessed 20 June 2016

## MUSIC

# Alexander McManis

## Paul Taffanel: The Initiator of the Golden Age of Flute Composition

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

My musicology essay looks at the influence of flautist and composer Paul Taffanel (1844–1904) on composition for the flute. As a flautist, I was interested in the history of the flute and the famous composers who contributed to the repertoire of flute repertoire we have today. Originally, I was planning to write my essay on flautists who were also composers (musician-composers), and how being a player influenced their composition methods. However, after talking to Christine Draeger, an Australian flute composer, I became more interested in Taffanel’s work. Taffanel was one of the best and most influential, flautist and composer of his era. He was a key figure in the French Conservatoire School in the 1800s and revolutionised flute playing. He was an incredibly talented player who was famous for his virtuosic style, and as a teacher, he inspired a generation of talented flautists and composers whose influence spread around the world. This essay seeks to analyse how Taffanel’s writing was revolutionary, particularly looking at his compositions *Cadenza for the First Movement of Mozart’s Flute Concerto in G (KV313)* and *Andante Pastorale et Scherzettino*, and explain why this constituted a new ‘golden era’ in flute composition. My gratitude go to my music teachers for their invaluable advice during the writing process, and to Christine Draeger, who was very generous with her time and had valuable insights on this topic.

## ESSAY

The following is the Musicology Elective essay submitted by Alexander McManis for his HSC Music examination. The essay was included in the Musicology Honour List for the HSC and a special mention was made at the Encore Concert at the Opera House certifying it as an Exemplary Musicology Essay.

Paul Taffanel was one of the best flute performers and composers of his era. His contribution to flute was immense. He was a virtuosic player with an incredible knowledge of the flute which shows in his composition. Australian flute composer Christine Draeger said that he understood how to write a part that “flute players feel at home” playing. His knowledge helped him to set a new standard in flute composition by pushing it to new extremes and helped to initiate a golden age in flute composition.

Taffanel made great use of the new capabilities of a radical new flute design, the Boehm system, when he wrote his *Cadenza for the First Movement of Mozart’s Flute Concerto in G (KV313)*. The Boehm flute had a vastly expanded range and was able to play louder in the extreme octaves. It improved the flute’s agility, tuning and the quality of tone. Utilising this he added a layer of complexity and unpredictability to Mozart’s phrases through embellishment. Taffanel outlines the view in the Taffanel-Gobert Flute method that the embellishment of the melody in a cadenza should create the illusion of accompaniment<sup>2</sup> by implying the other notes of the harmony. Taffanel was interested in the virtuosity of the soloist and writing a piece that demonstrates the player’s skills, in contrast to Mozart’s original aims of having the flute in the foreground of the piece and having other instruments interact with it, as was typical of the classical period.

Structurally the piece is built around quoting and expanding on Mozart’s original melodic figures. Bar 1 for example, quotes the second last bar the flute plays before the cadenza in the original concerto.



Left Bar 1 of the Taffanel Cadenza; The last two bars before the Cadenza in Mozart’s Concerto

- 1 Draeger, C. “Paul Taffanel, the Conservatoire School and the Golden Era of Flute Composition” (Interview). St Ignatius’ College, Riverview with A. McManis.
- 2 Draeger, C, cdraegerflute@hotmail.com, 2015. RE: Taffanel Cadenza for Mozart Concerto KV313. [E-mail] Message to A McManis (alexandermcmanis@student.riverview.nsw.edu.au). Sent Mon, 3 Aug 2015 17:37. [Accessed 04 August 15].



**Right** Bars 17 to 19 of Taffanel's Cadenza which modulates well beyond the keys used by Mozart, including using D<sup>b</sup> major in bar 18

**Right** Bars 42 and 43 of Mozart's Cadenza. The articulation of this phrase is quoted by Taffanel in his Cadenza

**Right** Bars 26 to 28 of Taffanel's Cadenza which show Mozart's original motif being moved by Taffanel up to a high A<sup>b</sup>

**Right** Bar 19 of Taffanel's Cadenza with a defending sextuplet pattern. A similar phrase is also repeated at bars 21, 23, 24 and 25

Taffanel also builds on Mozart's material by moving it outside of the typical keys used in the classical period. For example bar 18 is in D<sup>b</sup> major a tritone away from the tonic G before moving to C sharp dominant 7th. Taffanel's treatment of Mozart's original melodic material displays both his skill as a composer and his tendency to push the boundaries of composition with new harmonic and melodic qualities.



Again shown in bar 26 Taffanel takes a motif originally used by Mozart in bars 42 and later of the concerto and, utilising the increased agility of the Boehm system, moves it across the octaves at a rapid pace right up to the high A<sup>b</sup> at bar 29.



Taffanel looked to encourage virtuosity in flute players. He challenged them to play runs that were vastly more difficult, both because of their range, like bar 26 where the run spreads over an interval of a twelfth, and speed, like in bar 19 where the run is marked allegro, and requires quick fingering changes to play the semiquaver sextuplets. Both runs show off the technical skill and agility of the player.



In his introduction to cadenzas in the Taffanel-Gobert Flute Method Taffanel notes that any imperfection will be noticed by everyone,<sup>3</sup> therefore the player must be meticulous in what they play. He was very specific in his performance directives, for

3 Draeger, C, cdraegerflute@hotmail.com, 2015. RE: Taffanel Cadenza for Mozart Concerto KV313. [E-mail] Message to A McManis (alexandermcmanis@student.riverview.nsw.edu.au). Sent Mon, 3 Aug 2015 17:37. [Accessed 04 August 15].

example, in bar 26 Taffanel's comments translate to "play as marked and not too fast, well paced"<sup>4</sup> and "very warm"<sup>5</sup> for the leaping triplet run that follows, which reminds the player to hold the tone as they descend. In previous eras this would rarely have been attempted because of its difficulty to play on earlier flutes.



His specificity also extends to tempo markings which he constantly changes. For example between bars 15 and 25 he makes 7 changes to tempo, adding to the unpredictable nature of the piece.



Taffanel was also meticulous about tone. For example, from bars 32 to 35 he uses different note heads to show which notes should be emphasised and to give direction on where to break phrases which ensures that the phrases run smoothly. These are highly insightful directives that come from Taffanel's experience as a flute player. It was this in-depth understanding of the flute that allowed him to initiate the golden era of flute composition.

**Left** Bars 26 to 28 of Taffanel's Cadenza which show Taffanel's meticulous performance directions

**Left** Bars 15 to 25 of Taffanel's Cadenza which show the constant changing of tempo

4 French performance directive reads 'marcato et pas trop vite, bien rythmé' as seen in the score extract  
5 French performance directive reads "tres chaleureux" as seen in the score extract

**Right** Bars 32 to 35 showing the different note heads used by Taffanel to show where the player should place emphasis. It also serves to instruct phrasing



*Andante Pastorale et Scherzettino* by Taffanel focuses primarily on showing the tone colour of the flute, emphasising the beauty of tone that the player can produce. Christine Draeger described Pastoral pieces as being layered with meaning for French composers because of their connotations with beautiful landscapes<sup>6</sup>. Initially this beauty is captured in the bars 5 and 6 where textual manipulation, through the reduction of material in the piano part, brings out the flute’s sustained notes.



At bar 6 the tonal qualities of the flute are highlighted and the player’s technical abilities are tested. The diminuendo on the upwards passage on the third and fourth beat of the bar is entirely counter-intuitive for the player because of the need to increase the amount of air passing across the flute when playing higher notes. This would normally produce a louder sound and thus needs to be carefully moderated. This aim of showing off a player’s tone is furthered by the tempo marking, which slows from modéré to poco più lento. The slurred demisemiquaver runs to the next sustained note provide a smooth transition, allowing the player to demonstrate their ability to hold their tone over the different notes.

Taffanel’s treatment of harmony the piano part helps to bring the lyrical qualities of the flute to the foreground by only playing when the flute either has rests or held notes. In bars 12 to 15 the piano part provides what Christine Draeger describes as “a

wash of colour”<sup>7</sup> by staggering the introductions of the notes of the chord and tying the semiquavers together to create warmth and depth to the tone colour with a sustained sound that “washes” through the octaves. The fluid, slurred passages in the background lead the listener naturally through the octaves towards the higher flute part, which is the foreground of the piece. This approach to harmony is unorthodox but shows the composer knew the flute incredibly well. Having the piano provide a wash of colour when the flute is not playing, or reducing the piano part when the flute is playing, are now considered common composition techniques and are some of the many legacies of Taffanel’s composition style.



**Left** Bars 12 to 15 of *Andante Pastorale et Scherzettino* which show the “wash of colour” in the piano part created by the tying of semiquaver notes in the chord

This same piano harmony also builds harmonically on the melody. A sustained G minor triad in bar 12 is followed by a more complex D7 with a G sustained in the bass. The G acts as a pedal point while the triads outline the modulation that occurs for bars 15 and 16. Using the dominant chord to harmonise and the using 7ths in the harmony are typical romantic features that Taffanel uses to thicken the texture. This also contrasts the flute part and adds warmth to the piece that compliments the flute’s bright, silvery tone. This complex, multifaceted use of harmony was another element of Taffanel composition that helped him to establish a new golden age of flute composition.

Throughout the piece, Taffanel often utilises contrasting or expanded rhythmic and melodic phrases to test the player’s ability and to create interest in the piece. This can be seen in bars 12 to 21 where Taffanel oscillates between quicker dotted rhythms that leap around the flute’s register unpredictably and phrases with longer held notes and ornamentation such as bar 18 and 19 where a sustained high D is decorated with triplet rhythms that still focus in on the D tonal centre.

6 Draeger, C. “Paul Taffanel, the Conservatoire School and the Golden Era of Flute Composition” (Interview). St Ignatius’ College, Riverview with A. McManis.

7 Draeger, C. “Paul Taffanel, the Conservatoire School and the Golden Era of Flute Composition” (Interview). St Ignatius’ College, Riverview with A. McManis.

**Right** Bars 15 to 17 of *Andante Pastorale et Scherzettino* which show the dotted rhythms that leap around the Flute's register



**Right** Bars 18 and 19 of *Andante Pastorale et Scherzettino* which show the sustained D ornamented by triplets



These melodic ideas become increasingly more decorative and complex as the piece goes on. For example at bar 35 there is a complex run of semiquavers that harmonically modulate well beyond the natural key of the piece, G minor, to B major. The run is also highly intricate with turns falling on the offbeats and slurs creating an unevennesses that undermines the previously in time semiquaver groupings. Taffanel's specific notation methods such as natural and sharp turns, breath markings and uneven slurs are typical of his composition style and show the intricacy of the piece. They are also reflective of a composer that thoroughly understood the flute and has catered their performance directives towards what is most useful for flute players.

**Right** Bars 35 to 37 of *Andante Pastorale et Scherzettino* which show the complex articulations Taffanel employs as well as his detailed notation on how ornamentation will be played for example natural and sharp turns



Taffanel continually tests the boundaries of flute players' virtuosity and the capabilities of the new Bohem system. At bar 43 he introduces a phrase where the player is propelled through the octaves with fast slurred demisemiquaver patterns. This sort

of run would never been possible before the Bohem system because of the cross fingerings needed to produce this large range of notes.

However with the new system in place the player can transition between registers quickly while also maintaining a sufficient quality of tone.



**Left** Bars 43 and 44 of *Andante Pastorale et Scherzettino* in which Taffanel introduces a run that spans a large range of notes across the flute's registers

Taffanel's composition style was groundbreaking. His understanding of the flute and innovative composition techniques can be seen both in *Andante Pastorale et Scherzettino* and his *Cadenza for Mozart's Flute Concerto in G*, and it was these qualities that helped propel flute composition forward into a new golden era.

# Declan Schillert

## Assess the Influence of Nationalism and Politics on the Shifting Historiographical Representations of Napoleon Bonaparte, from 1799 to the Present

SYNOPSIS

Bonaparte and the actions he took defined modern Europe: that much is agreed upon. What is uncertain is who Napoleon really was, why he did things and how he led his empire. Political factions from all sides and time periods have found great use in the exploitation, use and abuse of Napoleonic history. In understanding it, we are able to better understand the man who shaped pre-World War One Europe.

Napoleon himself set the precedence as the original abuser of his own history, setting up a propaganda and image empire in order to self promote himself above his primary issue of lacking hereditary legitimacy. From there, he began a history war that would be waged between France and Britain, all contending for the legitimacy of Bonaparte’s rule. Propaganda, from both sides, would define Bonaparte completely in the eyes of the law-abiding citizens.

With Napoleon losing the Napoleonic Wars, one might think that this process would have stopped, but instead, fanatic cults devoted to the former emperor began to arise within France, presenting a new set of challenges for the French Government, weak from revolution to face. Deciding to use Bonaparte as a civil role model, a new war of characterization occurred between these Bonapartist fanatics and the government, these conflicts constantly changing the nature in which Napoleon is remembered.

The complexity the character of Bonaparte reaches simply via direct influence is incredibly complex, and when all this is considered alongside modern ideals of centered on liberty, it can become overwhelming. The following study serves as a

guide to tracking the conflicts and analyzing them to ultimately arrive at more of a truth, while proving that it is politics that has made this process so complex.

ESSAY

There exists a schismatic view of history surrounding Napoleon Bonaparte, a figure that has been appropriated by historians of different nationalities to suit their own political values. The aims and purposes of these historians hold particular weight in this historiographical debate as it essentially influences what is included and excluded in their historical arguments. This ratifies E. H. Carr’s postmodern conception of history, where the “process[ing of information]”<sup>1</sup> by historians leads to a distortion of ‘what actually happened’, Bonaparte taking on drastically different forms to suit different purposes. This study aims to use Napoleon as a platform to demonstrate how the preconceived political objectives of these historians have dominated Bonaparte’s representation by identifying the views they have created, and explaining why they did so.

Napoleon himself was an abuser of history, using it in order to attempt to increase the legitimacy of his rule. Bonaparte had taken on a decidedly authoritarian role, but lacked “The Divine Right of Kings”<sup>3</sup> that Louis XIV had used to rule over subjects as a monarch because “the French Revolution (1789), and the Napoleonic wars deprived the doctrine of most of its remaining credibility”.<sup>4</sup> The political issues this created were ultimate cause of Napoleon’s downfall according to Black, “Napoleon’s lack of political legitimacy ensuring that his opponents were able to force decisive defeat in him”.<sup>5</sup> Napoleon desperately needed to act, on this issue, looking to the arts to legitimize himself.

“Cover[ing] a lack of legitimacy with a veneer of self promotion”,<sup>6</sup> Napoleon acted as Macmillan points out is a common pattern for political leaders: “comparing themselves to the past to grant stature and legitimacy to them as heirs to the tradition.”<sup>7</sup>

1 Swoboda. H. and Wiersma. J.M. *Politics Of The Past*. [Bruxelles]: Socialist Group in the European Parliament, 2009. Print.  
2 Leopold Von Ranke  
3 The belief that the Monarch has derived their right to rule from a deity. Kings Louis XIV-XVI were notable for this.  
4 The Editors of Encyclopædia Britannica. 2016. Divine right of kings. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.britannica.com/topic/divine-right-of-kings>. [Accessed 22 June 2016].  
5 Schneid. F.C. 2012. *The Projection and Limitations of Imperial Powers, 1618-1850*. 1st ed. Boston: Brill  
6 Bertros. G. 2012. *Napoleon The Man*. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.historytoday.com/gemma-betros/napoleon-man>. [Accessed 22 June 2016].  
7 MacMillan, M. 2010. *The Uses and Abuses of History*. 1st ed. Great Britain, Profile Books



The example of this that “molded the image of an archetype, the sort one finds on medals and coins, instantly recognizable and infinitely reproducible”,<sup>8</sup> is Jacques Louis David’s *Napoleon Crossing the Alp*.<sup>9</sup> Commissioned slightly after Bonaparte had seized consulship, Bonaparte was sorely lacking in proper political legitimacy. The artwork features a dramatic Bonaparte, passing stones emblazoned with “Hannibal” and “*karolvs magnus imp* (Charlemagne)”. The emphatic pose of Napoleon, grandly above the viewer, is in a position of natural dominance, implying a worthiness to lead within the subject. Not only that, but the artwork’s allusion to the great noble leaders; Hannibal and Charlemagne whom also gained famous military victories by passing unexpected through the Alps grants the sense of legitimacy as Napoleon is “the heir to tradition”<sup>10</sup> of these genii. The piece creates the sense that a new Hannibal or Charlemagne has come to lead the French people, and is destined for greatness. Napoleon’s success within France legitimizing himself via this method was absolute, casting the idea of widespread French distrust of a leader whom had forcibly claimed leadership over their country into disrepute, and causing Napoleon to be more readily considered amongst the “warrior leaders” of the past.

By promoting this image further in “carefully falsified army bulletins, paintings and engravings”,<sup>11</sup> Napoleon’s objective was nearly complete, only requiring censorship to complete his image. The image of a warrior leader established, “censorship and repression saw that his public image remained untarnished and the illusion of widespread support unharmed”.<sup>12</sup> The danger that proof to the contrary would cause for Napoleon was immense, shattering his public image. Germaine de Staël, a Parisian noble and writer, found the lengths Bonaparte was willing to go to out for herself, forbidden to come within “40 miles”<sup>13</sup> of her home city after she “set up a pocket of liberal resistance”. Her description of Napoleon was merely that “[he had] no equivalent could neither feel nor arouse the slightest sympathy”.<sup>14</sup> With exile occurring over such minor condemnation, the lengths the regime went to in order to preserve its image is clear. By placing focus on crushing any histories that could affect his ideal image, Napoleon ensured that the only remaining image. Creative Assembly,

8 Politt. 2016. David, *Napoleon Crossing the Alps* | Art History: Neo-Classicism | Khan Academy. [ONLINE] Available at: <https://www.khanacademy.org/humanities/monarchy-enlightenment/neo-classicism/a/david-napoleon-crossing-the-alps>. [Accessed 21 June 2016].

9 See Appendix

10 MacMillan. M. *The Uses and Abuses of History*. 1st ed. Great Britain, Profile Books, 2010.

11 Bertros. G. 2012. *Napoleon The Man*. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.historytoday.com/gemma-betros/napoleon-man>. [Accessed 22 June 2016].

12 Ibid

13 Ibid

14 Ibid

a modern entertainment company in Napoleon: Total War<sup>15</sup> best encapsulates the fanaticism that the French developed towards Napoleon as a result with dialogue, a French soldier proclaiming “Napoleon was to stand alongside Alexander, Caesar, to be almost a god”.<sup>16</sup> In his eagerness to promote himself as a “warrior ruler”,<sup>17</sup> Napoleon had determined much of his historical representation.

Britain faced war with its expansionistic neighbor under Napoleon, and as with any war, utilized extensive propaganda. According to Bernevig,

English caricature and satire had two purposes; sustaining a powerful Anti-Napoleonic movement in the occupied territories and arousing British patriotism to increase enlistment (Britain did not conscript until WWI).<sup>18</sup>

Britain’s political situation with France was what demanded this, politicians feeling that there was a serious chance of invasion. Bonaparte was singled out and was “denigrated at the expense of factual truth”<sup>19</sup>, the British rationale being that if Napoleon appeared weak, his legitimacy as a leader was undermined. The Plumb Pudding in Danger<sup>20</sup> is archetypal of this anti-Napoleonic propaganda, Napoleon’s short stature juxtaposed immediately to the large carvings he makes out of a globe, giving the sense of a tyrannical leader asserting himself over the world. Pieces like this were used to alter British public perspective of Bonaparte, and it’s effect endured well within the Empire’s subjects. Opinions of him being “a second Attila, scourge of God”<sup>21</sup> were proclaimed in newspapers for more than a hundred years after his defeat. With explicit comparison being drawn to the most feared barbarian leader during the fall of the Western Roman Empire, opinion has clearly shifted to one of pure denunciation, and little understanding. Two rival chains of thought that still polarize debate were established.

Furthermore, after the Second World War, ideological conflict with Totalitarianism had reached new heights, leading to what McMillan describes as “bad history”: “Where nuance is ignored in favor of tales belonging to morality plays”.<sup>22</sup> Amidst the widespread post-war rhetoric and denunciation of fascism, Napoleon, as a dictator began to

15 Napoleon Total War: Video Game by Creative Assembly, Produced by Sega, 2010

16 Ibid

17 Eg: Alexander the Great, Caesar, Hannibal, Charlemagne

18 Bernevig 1798-1803. 2016. Anti-Napoleon Caricature and Propaganda in England 1798-1803. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://web.stanford.edu/group/ww1/spring2000/Bogdan/Essay.html>. [Accessed 21 June 2016].

19 Ibid

20 See Appendix

21 Malvern Standard, 26 April 1913

22 Ibid



become associated with a new historical group, modern dictators. Plantive claims that “many think of him as the precursor to the dictators of the 20th Century”,<sup>23</sup> and that focus instead shifted to his “re-establishment of slavery in 1802, the 600–700,000 deaths in the Napoleonic Wars and his expansionist foreign policy”.<sup>24</sup> Chanteranne, a French nationalist goes as far to call it “the turning point for public opinion on Napoleon”.<sup>25</sup> The ideological fear of dictatorship that World War Two had bred had the reality of Napoleon’s rule was easily and fearfully ignored to instead present a far more appealing historical narrative. Alexander supports this rhetoric, arguing:

Real or perceived threats by Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin evoke in the popular mind the wars against Napoleon. Comparisons were often based on superficial similarities of circumstances or personal characteristics and often served a propaganda purpose.<sup>26</sup>

And so, the distaste with Napoleon’s leadership grew far larger despite his death having long passed.

Bonaparte spent his time in exile attempting to fight his “exaggerated portrayal of horrific crimes as the ‘Corsican ogre’” in order to keep his political goals alive. Deposed and dying without the glory of his life, devout followers and believers in Napoleon were outraged with the overthrow of whom they deemed a legitimate leader. It was Bonaparte’s followers, or as Britannica puts it, the “cult that began to surround Napoleon Bonaparte after his death”<sup>28</sup> formed the Bonapartist political faction. The ultimate goals of the party were placing the house of Bonaparte into power and returning France to the centralized imperial dictatorship like one Napoleon ran. The party emphasized the grandeur of Bonaparte to new heights in order to capitalize off of the alternative to divine right that Napoleon had abused to gain legitimacy. They did so with an “A mid-century explosion of Napoleonic imagery, literature, and paraphernalia”.<sup>29</sup> Louis Napoleon<sup>30</sup> being a highly skilled propagandist. Driskel’s

23 Plantice. C. 2016. Dictator or visionary? In France, Napoleon splits opinion–Business Insider. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.businessinsider.com/afp-dictator-or-visionary-in-france-napoleon-splits-opinion-2015-6/?r=AU&IR=T>. [Accessed 21 June 2016].

24 Ibid

25 Eads. B. 2016. Why Napoleon’s Still a Problem in France [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.newsweek.com/2014/05/16/why-napoleons-still-problem-france-250223.html>. [Accessed 21 June 2016].

26 Ibid

27 Bertros. G. 2012. Napoleon The Man. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.historytoday.com/gemma-betros/napoleon-man>. [Accessed 22 June 2016].

28 The Editors of Encyclopædia Britannica. 2016. Bonapartist. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.britannica.com/topic/Bonapartist> [Accessed 22 June 2016].

29 Adams. A. The emperor is dead, long live the emperor: Paul Delaroche’s portraits of Napoleon and popular print culture. 1st ed, University of Iowa, Iowa, 2013

30 Nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte

studies of this period uncovered a popular folk song from this period that extended Napoleon from great leader to Messiah:

Jesus, by his strength,  
saved the pagan, lost in sin,  
Napoleon saved France.  
Like Jesus, he was sold,  
after odious sufferings,  
Jesus died on the cross:  
Napoleon at Saint Helena,  
has suffered like Jesus.<sup>31</sup>

Napoleon has once again had his historical representation changed for the sake of political power, his image modeled off of holy figures rather than mere warrior leaders. Being compared to Jesus Christ as the savior of France, a powerful myth had formed around Napoleon. He had been transformed from a mere leader to someone capable of redeeming the masses and rendering assistance on a large scale. The Retour des Cendres<sup>32</sup> provided an opportunity in order to abuse this view further, with Napoleon’s return simple to allude to the second coming in Christian mythology. Parr argues that in the works surrounding the Retour des Cendres, “his [Napoleon’s] portrayal as a prince or the Christ is a recurrent theme”,<sup>33</sup> further promoting this ideal of Napoleon of as the messiah of France. The politics of the Bonapartist party had essentially created a view of history in which Napoleon had become a deity. French Nationalists like Chanteranne still hold this view in the extreme, arguing in a recent interview “He was a savior of France. If there had been no Napoleon, the Republic would not of survived”.<sup>34</sup> Napoleon had been broken down into yet another idea.

Being faced with the prospect of a revolutionary whom had overthrown their state becoming a national hero and savior, the Constitutional Monarchy that had followed Bonaparte’s regime was unstable, the 1830 July revolution only occurring six years prior. Thiers, the then Prime Minister boldly declared

31 Driskel. P. “As befits a legend: building a tomb for Napoleon, 1840-1861” p. 22, 1st ed Kent State University Press, Kent, 1993

32 Returning of the Ashes: A major political event where Napoleon’s Ashes were returned to France for Burial, ceremonies and processions

33 Parr. F. The death of Napoleon Bonaparte and the Retour des Cendres: French and British perspectives–napoleon.org. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.napoleon.org/en/history-of-the-two-empires/articles/the-death-of-napoleon-bonaparte-and-the-retour-des-cendres-french-and-british-perspectives/>. [Accessed 21 June 2016].

34 Eads. B. 2016. Why Napoleon’s Still a Problem in France [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.newsweek.com/2014/05/16/why-napoleons-still-problem-france-250223.html>. [Accessed 21 June 2016].

Our country is in the middle of the greatest perils, and we must fight the disorder with all of our force. To save a revolution, we must preserve it from its own excesses. Whether these excesses are produced on the streets or in the abusive use of institutions, I will contribute, through force and by the laws, to put them down.<sup>35</sup>

In order to pacify potential rebellion, Parr argues that Thiers realized that “unity could be achieved by remembering rather than forgetting the past”<sup>36</sup> And so the French government decided to alter in a Thucydidean way the Napoleonic legend to suit their own purposes with. They organized and managed a large procession and a tomb so grand, “the government could not therefore be accused of doing the memory of the late emperor an injustice”.<sup>37</sup> Where the French Government was cunning in carrying out this was that they were able to change the main themes surrounding Napoleon by mainly emphasizing “Civil Virtue and Military Glory”<sup>38</sup> rather than rebellion against the government.

Bonaparte’s’ tomb, the centerpiece of the French War Museum exemplifies this process, the government exploiting the savior view of Napoleon that has emerged. The French Museum’s Website boasts for the display:

Surrounding the Tomb, twelve “Victories” sculpted by Pradier symbolise Napoleon’s military campaigns. 8 famous victories are inscribed on the polychrome marble floor. In the circular gallery, a set of 10 bas-reliefs sculpted by Simart depict the main achievements of his reign: pacification of the nation, administrative centralisation, State Council, Civil Code, Concordat, Imperial University, court of accounts, code of commerce, Major Works and the Legion of Honour.<sup>39</sup>

All of the above works listed in the government shrine to Bonaparte can be placed into the two categories of military (famous victories like Austerlitz) and civil achievements

(the “main achievements of his reign”). By isolating these two characteristics from Napoleon’s life with public history, and glorifying him in a grand tomb of aesthetic pleasure, the French succeeded in making so the nature of Napoleon as a revolutionary who overthrew the government was less emphasized than his patriotic achievements. The French government was more than willing to make a saint of Napoleon, if it was on their own terms, and their own benefit, not to truly uphold accurate history. The tomb was built simply to make the government popular, but had the added benefit of molding future exemplar citizens.

Due to the conflicting images Bonaparte has as the “father of modern democracy and of fascism”<sup>40</sup>, views on him are often “sharply divided down political lines”.<sup>41</sup> Within France, generally, a left wing dislike of Napoleon exists and a right wing patriotic support of him exists. Politicians are afraid to refer to Napoleon for fear of “being accused of authoritarian temptations or not being good Republicans”.<sup>42</sup> The exclusion of Napoleonic histories in France has become an easy abuse for these politicians in a desire to avoid these unfavorable circumstances.

Casali, a Napoleonic historian and French nationalist recently wrote of his concerns in La Figaro article:

It is feared that the rule of ‘political correctness’ has been applied to programs, moralistic conception of education which takes the manipulation of history.<sup>43</sup>

This refers to the difficulty McMillan discusses that countries face when modern values clash with past ones. The problems of colonialism in Algeria and other parts of Africa were also a confronting issue, “protests by descendants of those who were exploited by the French empire protesting the past curriculum offered. The “politically correct” solution offered was to both increase “education of the African Kingdoms”<sup>44</sup>, and ensure the Imperial period was “forgotten”. The French, realizing that Napoleon

35 Rene de La Croix Castries, Monsieur Thiers (Presence de l’histoire) (French Edition). Edition. Perrin. 1983.

36 Parr. F. Essay, cited above

37 Driskel. P. “As befits a legend: building a tomb for Napoleon, 1840-1861” p. 22, 1st ed Kent State University Press, Kent, 1993

38 Avner Ben-Amos, Funerals, Politics, and Memory in Modern France, 1789-1996. 1 Edition. Oxford University Press. 2000.

39 Dôme des Invalides, tomb of Napoleon I–Musée de l’Armée. 2016. Dôme des Invalides, tomb of Napoleon I–Musée de l’Armée. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.musee-armee.fr/en/collections/museum-spaces/dome-des-invalides-tomb-of-napoleon-i.html>. [Accessed 21 June 2016]. The French government’s website on Napoleon’s tomb–has a useful 360 degree panorama system.

40 Giorgio Spagnol IERI. 2015: Bicentenary of Waterloo IERI. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.ieri.be/en/publications/wp/2015/mars/2015-bicentenary-waterloo>. [Accessed 21 June 2016].

41 Peter Hicks–Napoleon Foundation, Paris

42 Ibid

43 Casali. D. 2010. That we Don’t Learn in College. [Online] Available at: <http://www.lefigaro.fr/actualite-france/2011/08/27/01016-20110827ARTFIG00002-ce-que-nos-enfants-n-apprennent-plus-au-college.php> (accessed 22/6/16) (Translation from Collins French Dictionary online: *Il est à craindre que la règle du «politiquement correct» ait été appliquée aux programmes, conception moralisatrice de l’enseignement qui tient de la manipulation de l’Histoire*

44 Ibid

was “singularly relevant to his time and place”,<sup>45</sup> has made the ultimate decision that someone a ‘black armband view’ of includes racism towards their citizen’s ancestors and political ideas that do not fit by modern standards is not worth the controversy.

Napoleon’s uniqueness lies in that with each modification to his legend, he becomes more and more interesting to study. It is precisely because he is so divided by what are irreconcilable opposites in his depiction that his relevance is enduring. Being bound to the most powerful forces of the modern era: nationalism and politics, Bonaparte while literally dead will continue to be a defining part of history until the two concepts are obsolete. In other words: the evolution of Bonaparte is far from complete, and likely never will be.

45 Vance. T.J. 2016–The lost voices of Napoleonic Historians [Online], available at: [http://www.napoleon-series.org/research/biographies/c\\_historians.html](http://www.napoleon-series.org/research/biographies/c_historians.html) (accessed 21/6/16)

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ARTWORKS AND LITHOGRAPHS

- Napoleon Crossing the Alps–Jacques Louis David – 1801
- Bonaparte Crossing the Alps – Paul Delaroche – 1850
- War and the Rock Limpet – JMW Turner–1842

# Daniel O’Dea

## Leave My Book Alone

REFLECTION STATEMENT

The assumed inclusion of subtext in works of art has led us to a reality wherein works are created with the expectation that audiences will purely impose their own meaning. My short story suite, “Leave My Book Alone” seeks to evaluate the reader’s newfound role in shaping a text’s meaning in the post-structuralist era.

My major work’s conceptual origins stem from the Extension One course, wherein I explored the literary aftermath of the atomic bomb in the “After the Bomb” unit of study. Notably, I examined a destruction of preconceived, traditional meaning. Applying this to my major work, it results in a more elastic discourse adopted between author and reader.

At the heart of my concept lies my investigation into Roland Barthes<sup>1</sup> suggestion of the reader’s role as ‘co-authorial’ as opposed their previous passive recipiency. Consequently, “the author diminish[es] like a tiny figure at the far end of the literary stage”, suggesting that the meaning a reader extrapolates subjectively from the work supersedes the author’s intended meaning. When combined with my investigation into Wolfgang Iser’s analysis of Reader-Response Criticism, specifically “Uniformism”<sup>2</sup>, it became logical to impart an ‘implied’ reader to replace the “real” reader. Walker Gibson’s theory on the “mock reader”<sup>3</sup>, pushed my implied reader to lend satirical value. Through this satire, I elucidate detrimental effects of the reader’s “co-authorial” role. Hence each story is framed around one of three disasters: firstly, the reduction of texts purely to signs and symbols, secondly, a poisonous expectation of the reader to be continuously entertained, and thirdly, the disintegration of the relationship between author and reader, resulting in a lack of meaning.

1 Barthes, Roland. “The Death Of The Author”. Essay 1 (2016): 2-6. Print.  
2 Iser, Wolfgang. “The Reading Process: a Phenomenological Approach,” New Literary History, Vol. 3, No. 2, On Interpretation: I (1972)  
3 Walker, Gibson. “Authors, Speakers, Readers and Mock Readers”. Essay 1 (2010).

Given this examination of literary psychology, a short story anthology offered the most artistically flexible and philosophically explanatory medium. My work is most suitably applicable to an audience of contemporary, literary critics and educated thinkers who frequent works that exhibit strongly theoretical bases. (Examples of which include the TriQuarterly Literary Journal or the Wormwood magazine.)

Firstly, readerly “co-authoring” can lead to boredom with the work. I investigated Rebecca Saunders<sup>4</sup> examination of the negative impact of the “frisson” of contemporary times—we compulsively expect universal, “instant entertainment” as we’re accustomed to it in other cultural facets of our lives (television advertising and the availability of information on the internet). In my introductory dialogue, the author persona states, “I know, your time is valuable”<sup>5</sup>, establishing entertainment and reward as a conclusion that the reader believes should immediately ensue. My story “Identity Crisis”<sup>6</sup> illustrates an entropic mutation from orderly, single paragraphs into four concurrent paragraphs, for which the author blames the reader for messing up after just having taken a trip “to the bathroom”<sup>7</sup>, suggesting it was the reader’s dissatisfaction with and hence amendment to the story’s trajectory. I drew inspiration from William Irwin’s arguments<sup>8</sup> to try and remedy this readerly blandness. Irwin argues, “the point is to make [reading philosophy] accessible so [the public’s] ideas can spread beyond [their] ivory tower[s]”. Hence I satirically depict the reader escaping this boredom, going for an interesting journey around the author’s workspace in “Chapter in Progress”—the computer. “Your iris tracks the blinking cursor, like a beady-eyed vulture waiting to prey on an innocent, meaty sentence.” “Out of boredom, you decide to shape the story yourself”<sup>9</sup>. Then, I suggest that it would’ve been optimal for the reader to stay put, because as a result of exploring, they “happily select a chunky paragraph of text”<sup>10</sup> and “deleted” it, sparking a tug-of-war between reader and author (symbolic of a struggle for true authorship in the post-structuralist era) which results in neither party achieving anything. Instead, the computer (the basis for modern literary creation) “fries into a greyish, slopped heap of scrap”.

4 Essay. Saunders, R.. *Lamentation and modernity in literature, philosophy, and culture*. (2007) New York: Palgrave Macmillan.  
5 Major Work, Page 1  
6 Major Work, Page 7  
7 Major Work, Page 10  
8 Irwin, William. *Writing for the Reader: A Defense of Philosophy and Pop Culture Books* (2014) King’s College  
9 Major Work, Page 19  
10 Major Work, Page 19

Secondly, another hazard rooted in Reader-Response Criticism is the unfortunate reduction of texts purely to symbols in a process of senseless analysing, most evident in Stanley Fish’s “Affective Stylistics”<sup>11</sup>. Barthes’ states, “[t]o give an Author to a text is to impose upon that text a stop clause”, a viewpoint eventuating in the ‘New Criticism’ movement (Ransom)<sup>12</sup> and specifically, ‘close reading’. Relevant research formed my understanding of the debate and disparity between close reading and alternatives. As Peter Rabinowitz suggests, so much of “The New Criticism” is dominated by Affective Stylistics, that “getting through even a single sentence is a major chore.”<sup>13</sup>

I elucidate this viewpoint in my story “Her and It”<sup>14</sup>, whereby I depict a “mysterious, cloaked being” representing the generic New Critic who uses Affective Stylistics contrasted against Jane, a humanised and ordinary figure, connoted through the relatability of the “dirty clothes” on her room’s floor. I extrapolate analysis to ludicrous extents; for instance, the generic new Critic sees her “soap dispenser” symbolic of a “cleansing that is soon to occur, to reveal her authentic being beneath”. When Jane is accused of “capitalist enslavement” due to materials on her floor, she hears it speak in her mind. She responds, “She was lazy, not enslaved”, I present this analysis in a negative light in accordance with Rabinowitz’s view through alluding to Albert Camus’ essay “The Myth of Sisyphus and Other Essays”<sup>15</sup> in the mention of “Sisyphean being”, suggesting the analysis is purposeless, through which the Preliminary English Advanced course assisted me in an understanding of Camus, and hence literary purposelessness. I also satirise Affective Stylistics in my story “Domestic Destruction”<sup>16</sup> by analysing and personifying the microscopic actions of bacteria on a pancake—“Mike” and “Jen” have an existential crisis whilst being cooked in a pan—ridiculousness personified.

My story “PseudCity”<sup>17</sup> also satirises Affective Stylistics through the eyes of a skeptical Arts student in his examination of “Lyfaes Meninglez”’s text, a “five kilogram” “gold bound” book with one letter stretched across two pages. Her homophonic, gimmicky name and the book demonstrates Affective Stylistics’ tendency to extrapolate meaning too far into what essentially becomes laughable.

11 Fish, Stanley. *Literature in the Reader: Affective Stylistics*. *New Literary History* 2.1 (1970): 123-62. Web.  
12 Crowe Ransom, John. *The New Criticism*. (1941). Web.  
13 Rabinowitz, Peter. *Against Close Reading*. (1992): 230-238. Web.  
14 Major Work, Page 4  
15 Camus, Albert. *The myth of Sisyphus, and other essays*. (1965). London: H. Hamilton.  
16 Major Work, Page 11  
17 Major Work, Page 16

Thirdly, I explore the disintegration of any sensibly didactic relationship between the author and the reader. My story “A Disparate Love”<sup>18</sup> intentionally denotes meaning as vague and contradictory (swearing followed by a large heart) to betoken such a disintegration. As a consequence of Barthes’ argued “neutrality” of writing and the discardable nature of the author, I convey meaning as inaccessible through the New Critic’s lens, and trace the disintegration of a text’s language alone to communicate meaning, through the mutation of sophisticated prose into swearing into indistinguishable asterisks. The heart visually depicted is an emotional manifestation of confusion generated by the pseudo-analysis perpetuated by the Affective Stylistics movement. Also, my story “An Exploration in Post-post-post-irony”<sup>19</sup> satirically explores a similar thread, referencing the post-ironic literary craze<sup>20</sup>. By emboldening and increasing the size of certain letters in my first paragraph, I spell out a hidden message—“Analyse me please”—an ironic, mocking plea from author to reader. This is paralleled with the integration of blatant, tasteless motifs (“blue water”, “blue birds”, “cerulean pamphlet” contrasted against “red roses”, “symmetrical red rectangles”, “arrow formation”), mocking the intellect of the reader and their ability to distinguish thematic threads.

Stylistically, consultations to American postmodern literature like “Lost in the Funhouse”<sup>21</sup> and “Snow”<sup>22</sup> formed my intended ‘profoundly simple’ contemporary tone, which birthed my reader-author discourse. Authorial intrusion, a technique I adapted from Italo Calvino’s “If On a Winter’s Night a Traveller”, is evident in the very first line; “We’re in a restaurant”<sup>23</sup>, and the author persona questioning of the reader—“what kind of books do you like reading most?” which aren’t textually responded to, but left open as Calvino does.

Conclusively, facilitated through a process of independent investigation, “Leave My Book Alone” is my manifest intent of depicting the post-structuralist absurdity of a *transparent* author and the “co-authorial” reader who transcends the ‘written’ meaning and establishes their own, inherently damaging to a text and its interpretations.

18 Major Work, Page 14  
19 Major Work, Page 21  
20 Dean, Iain and James Cooper. *Framed: Post-Post-Post-Irony—Exhibition Opening*. (2016) PILERATS. N.p., 2016. Web.  
21 Barth, J. *Lost in the funhouse*. (1968). Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday.  
22 Pamuk, O. and Freely, M. *Snow*. (2004). New York: Knopf.  
23 Major Work, Page 1



SHORT STORY

We're in a restaurant.

This is no ordinary restaurant; this is my restaurant... I wrote it—this luxurious hideaway—to help you appreciate my book—please, sit. We're indoors in warmth with some light music (whatever music relaxes you most). Look outside, it's your favourite view... your chair is tall, thick and cushioned, and the waiter is bringing your favourite drink... here, I'll take your coat for you. Turn your phone off, you won't need it... tell your friends you're reading my new story, and that you can't go out with them because 'it's so captivating'. If you say it like that, hopefully they might be tempted to read it too.

So... you were going to tell me—what kinds of books do you like reading most?

Yes, difficult question; believe me I'm painfully aware.

I only ask because we authors are really struggling nowadays to keep our names on the spines of our own books, so I just wanted to make sure I know what to write about before I—

Alright, I'll hurry up. I know, your time is valuable. Here; look at this menu, you can pick whatever you like, these are my specials.

MENU

Full course meals

#1

*A ripped prairie stretched endlessly into a haze of petal-grey mountains. The cold air had a stale tang. A sensation of skull-white bleakness blared, beating heavily down on the lifeless, silent earth. Still skies poured an ashen ivory over the remains of a long, rutted road, pitted with frozen oil and mud. Black stumps littered the grey field. He watched as the sky turned to darker shades of grey and fell into the ground, leaving the land vulnerable to a void indifferent to the screams of its blackening integrity—*

Please, don't look so disgusted. I get that; epic tales of Romantic heroism just aren't for you. Try the next one...?

#2

*Tim had melted into his wheelchair long ago. From the top window of the nursing home, he watched the lively pre-school on the street below him; children discovering their sovereignty*

*and playfully abusing it. His own translucent, veined skin seemed to horrifically wend out of his arms—often at night he couldn't distinguish it from the acrid yellow of his bedsheets. He'd set down his mirror last year, no longer able to handle what he saw in it. Of course, the tuberculosis meant he'd only have to stay here another month or tw—*

Alright, I didn't expect you to last very long on that one. Just wait, there's more—

#3

*Hello. I am Adam. I like Chopin so much especially the heroic polonaise op 53. I love bar 17 it makes me smile. Did you know Chopin died at only 39? I tell my mother but she says "Shut up Adam" which makes me sad because she doesn't understand how to appreciate music. I don't understand people but I understand music because it makes sense in my head, nobody else likes Chopin like I do. Did I say I was Adam? I am Adam. Although I don't like that name I want to change it to Frederic after Chopin but mother won't let me she says it's silly and stupid she says "Adam do you know what you're saying" I don't think she's very smar—*

No? Wait, please! Don't get up! I know, one could cut themselves on that edginess... You'll find something you like; I promise...

#4

*Once, two very special people and some very special chromosomes had a very special interaction to produce a very special boy. Twenty-two years later, he lay on the ground looking up at the night sky through a telescope on a tripod. The stars whispered what might as well have been Egyptian through this formidably large metal tube. He panned it to Mars.  $6.39 \times 10^{23}$  kg, 54.6 million km away. A small white blob rebelled against the enshrouding red of the rusted sphere, propelled by a launcher, a fruit of his calculations. Glancing at the position of the sun, he estimated.  $\Sigma 48(n-2)^3-58$ . It was another five minutes before it should land. Although it would take roughly eight minutes for the light to reach eart—*

No. You don't want any of that, do you? I don't think you know what you want, really. It's my job to tell you, it's always been my job, I write, you read, that's it... I...

Sorry, I keep getting distracted. It's a postmodern thing.

You know what? You came to me looking for good stories, so whether you like it or not, I'm going to write them, and you're going to read them... just reading, no touching—my last reader was quite... intractable.



CHAPTER ONE

**Her and It** (*trigger warning—some readers may find images of shampoo disturbing*)

Jane woke up to the grey sound of the rusted fan that rotated achingly around the ceiling. Her head was watery with last night’s alcohol, her hair ragged and knotted. Her room was a jungle of clothes and rubbish. She rummaged through piles of dirty clothes, fresh clothes and clothes of unidentifiable dirtiness (pretty much fresh), looking for her glasses. She finally reached them underneath a mound of muesli wrappers and coat hangers. When her stiff fingers finished rubbing the lens clean on her pyjama shirt, she put them on—she saw a strange entity standing in front of her bed. Rubbing her head, she tried to remember who she was and what that person might be doing here. She couldn’t. Her head ached so much; was it a hallucination? She crawled back into bed and scrunched her eyes shut, alcohol silting her veins like sand.

A few minutes later, Jane opened her eyes to see the figure craning its head around the room. She was slightly concerned as to why this black, cloaked being was meandering about—if it wanted to murder her, wouldn’t it have done it already? This was somewhat placating. Maybe it was looking for something…?

*Very interesting. The strewn materialist waste is clearly symbolic of her enslavement to the capitalist system, a pawn of modern monoliths, obviously meant to symbolise the expanse of their dominance over the individual’s desires.*

She heard it speak in her mind. She slapped herself in the face to see if it was real. She was lazy, not enslaved. It poked into her bathroom, where a few bottles of shampoo and a soap dispenser lay on the floor. A small window shone light from the top of the room.

*Here it is obvious that the protagonist’s source of meaning stems from external aesthetics. This bottle of shampoo, for instance, is a manifestation of the permeating influence of corporations established to oppress the individual into a submissive state of dependence on them, a lurid symbol of the disease of materialistic hedonism. This mirror here—the epitome of solipsistic self-centrism and moral dubiety in her reliance on an externally based value system—beauty. How utterly inauthentic! She is ensnared in her conformity to contextually objective ideals.*

*One could say that. Although I think the mirror is predominantly foreshadowing the protagonist’s upcoming self-actualisation. The light through this small window augurs a glimmer of ideological reconciliation within the protagonist—even this soap here predicts a revelatory confrontation with the self in the cleansing that is soon to occur, to reveal her authentic being beneath the crusts and cakes of dirt society has lain on her.*

The Sisyphean being seemed to be talking with itself as it drifted eerily around the tiled bathroom floor. She got up to go and see what it wanted.

Entering the bathroom and facing the thing, she asked, “Who are you?”

As it responded, it wandered into the shower, leaving her facing the mirror. To any observer, it seemed as if she had just asked the question of herself.

*Ah, the protagonist asks the question that has plagued man through the ages; “who am I?” Such a deep-rooted question within only the first two pages of the novel—this is truly a masterpiece. Yes, self-questioning is the first step towards existing authentically. Now she is beginning to confront the gelatinous sociocultural paradigms that have been imbued into her consciousness, to see that they are all relative and irrelevant to her core being. Being precedes essence, I say.*

*Such a clever reference!*

*Isn’t that stolen from Sartre?*

*What? No. This story—what an insight it will be!*

*Clothes! Soap! Yes!*

As the Byronic phantasm in the bathroom rubbed its hands in excitement, Jane folded back into the pages of the book as the chapter drew to a close. Suspended in paper, she awaited further examination.

CHAPTER TWO

Identity Crisis

*Essential instructions:*

*On the first read, replace “\_\_\_\_\_” with “baby/babies”.*

*On the second read, replace “\_\_\_\_\_” with “knife/knives”.*

Sunshine ebbed through the veins of the tall oaks. Mary Reuther strolled through the autumnal park, humming a catchy tune. She used to hate it when people made funny expressions at her \_\_\_\_\_, so now she carried it in a basket to hide it from nosy onlookers. She was determined to get to the Museum before 10:40am; there was a particular person she wanted her \_\_\_\_\_ to meet.

As she strolled through the park, the brooding trees made her remember the facility she'd just left. She'd been pretty lucky; one of the nurses had left the door unlocked, and she couldn't bear the treatment any more. She was new to this \_\_\_\_\_ business! The bony-white walls were just about driving her insane. Now she was out, she was glad that she could finally be together with her \_\_\_\_\_ again.

She walked up the steps towards the museum. A brisk breeze set the trees swaying, dropping leaves and twigs on the rusting cornices of the museum front. She stepped inside into the warm air.

As she walked through the entry gates, the metal detector beeped. A lone security woman approached her.

“Ma’am, do you have any metal objects on you?”

Mary sighed. “It’s OK. I just want to look at the paintings.” She showed her the \_\_\_\_\_ up close.

The security woman realised her mistake and moved away, letting her pass. Mary beamed a grin and stepped forward into the elevator, taking her to the exhibition on postmodernism.

The elevator binged, the doors opened. Mary, stroking her \_\_\_\_\_, stepped out into the postmodern exhibition. It was relatively empty at this time of day, but it would fill up later in the evenings when critics would come to pseudo-intellectually ponder a Pollock, Klein or Rothko, scribbling meaningless little squiggles into their notepads. Mary clutched her \_\_\_\_\_ tight; she could see the man up ahead. It was Jack Reuther, her husband. She'd organised to find him here, so she could show him her \_\_\_\_\_ in a very personal confrontation. Of course, he didn't know this yet, they'd been apart for a while.

The man stood still, facing Jackson Pollock's “Convergence” with a contemplative expression. Mary stood behind him for a few seconds, wondering how an artwork so messy and pointedly pointless managed to make it in to a museum. She wanted the reveal of her \_\_\_\_\_ to be a surprise.

“Hello!” She shone her 16-toothed smile at his unsuspecting face. She slid the \_\_\_\_\_ right into his chest. He clearly wasn't ready for it; it took him a second before he held the \_\_\_\_\_ in his hands. Who knew a thing so small as a \_\_\_\_\_ could have such a big impact on somebody? Mary quickly grabbed the \_\_\_\_\_ back as she could see the man was clearly suffering from some sort of shock. I guess these things happen when you give someone a \_\_\_\_\_—it strikes the heart.

Mary resumed staring at the painting. The more her eyes wandered over the textured surface, the more entropic it seemed to become. Funny, the painting seemed a little redder than it was before; it looked like some new strands of colour had materialised. They appeared to drip down the canvas.

Mary saw the security guard moving swiftly towards her, presumably coming to look at Jack, who lay unmoving on the carpet. He really should've seen it coming, she thought. Did he think what he did last year was just going to disappear? He wasn't a very good husband. As the security guard almost reached them, Mary delivered the \_\_\_\_\_ into her own chest. The guard started running instead of walking when she saw this.

The security guard asked her, “Is this man OK? What happened?” Mary pleaded, “Please help! I think he fainted from shock, he's never seen his own child before!” The guard replied, “It's alright ma'am, I'll get someone here as soon as possible. The guard got out her phone and dialled 000.

The guard ran over to Mary and pulled the knife out of her chest in horror. Her legs crumpled. Mary and Jack's limp corpses oozed intertwining red ribbons, dying the carpet a similar shade to the Rothko in the corner. The guard stared down at them, her mouth agape. She stared at the knife in her hands.

Suddenly, the room shook violently. “Convergence” fell off the wall and converged with the floor. A three-metre wide glossy black sphere appeared a few metres away—the same black sphere that had been painted on a canvas a minute ago. A deep voice spoke. “Mary, come with me.” The sphere parted in to two hemispheres to reveal a chair. Struck by an invisible force, Mary was drawn to the chair. Sitting in it, the sphere re-joined around her, leaving her in total darkness. It vanished.

After waiting for almost an hour, a policeman burst through the door. Rapidly, he started shooting at the artworks. 1 Rothko. 2 Pollocks. There went a Boccioni. And so on, until there were no bullets left. “What are you doing!?” Shrieked the security guard in horror. The policeman replied, “This meaningless abstraction must be destroyed!” He ran up to a priceless slab of orange paint and started punching holes in the canvas with his fist, before she tackled him to the ground.

“Convergence” came strangely alive before her, strands of dried paint flexing and contorting out of the canvas, multiplying—a tendril reached out and wrapped around her wrist. She screamed and tried to stab at it with the knife, but there were more that grabbed her legs and chest. She was being dragged towards the writhing painting—there was no escape. She screamed and shut her eyes. When she opened them, she was inside the canvas. Her eyes darted out at the gallery in anxious fascination.

Stop!

Dear me, reader, excuse you! This is my hard-wrought postmodern story, not some sci-fi thriller—stop vandalising it! I just went to go to the bathroom before I finished the paragraph... nobody asked for you to go and make up this ridiculous... oh, forget it. You know what? I’ll give you total freedom, you asked for it. You practically write the story anyway nowadays. Analyse whatever, do whatever you want; I don’t care anymore. Go right ahead, I’m walking away from my keyboard now—go wild, write for me.

CHAPTER THREE

Domestic Destruction

Sophie mixes the syrup into her pancake mixture, humming a tune. Another teaspoon of baking powder, a squeeze of lemon... it’s ready. Picking up a metal, shiny spoon, she spoons the thick, viscous, oaty mixture into her sizzling, buttery, sleek, smoking pan. It sizzles gelatinously. The surface of the pancake is yellow, spongy, hardening, steaming, and coagulating under the rising temperature. Bacteria inside the milk she uses is being fried, torn, ripped, burnt and cut by the dense, wafting, violent heat.

Wait

*OK fine I admit, I’m still reading it. Could you please discontinue these ridiculously excessive adjectives? It’s getting quite annoying. Thanks.*

Two bacteria, Michael and Jenny, had been enjoying their time together in a carton; swimming lazily, contentedly, fulfilled—but now, uprooted from their milky home, they stand scared.

They stand on the very edge of the pancake, tiny microorganisms looking down the monstrous cliff at the buttery inferno below.

*Mike! Help! Is this hell?*

*I don’t know Jen. Stay with me.*

*We’ve only been together for a week! How can existence be so cruel?*

*My love, this world is indifferent. Death is inevitable; life is but a fleeting pulse in the archaic throb of the universe.*

*\*Sobbing\* How can we say we ever really existed at all when nobody else is cognisant of our actuality?*

*\*His epidermis membrane leaks a tiny glob of cytoplasm or, some would say, he sheds a tear\* We must confront this adversity and recognise that it matters not who knows us when we’re dead, but how well we know ourselves when we’re alive.*

*Oh Michael!*

*\*They come together for a slippery embrace\**

*Let’s be free of this world.*

*\*She nods\**

They fall together off the cliff, perishing in a lattice of bouncing superheated buttery globules before they hit the stony pan.

Right, I see what you did there, parodying my parody of your relentless, stupidly extrapolated analysis of an author’s work; you know it was actually quite clever, I liked the way yo–

*“the author liked the work of the audience for its over-analysis; how totally un-hypocritical–“*

Alright, stop typing. That’s enough, give me the keyboard.

*“cnaia9ansael,”*

No, stop bashing it.

*“qwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnm”*

Hand me the keyboard now! Please.

*“look, im the author i have contraolamfaewid –“*

Stop that—alright. No, calm down. I’m sorry I yelled at you. Don’t go! No, I’m not—oh, for heaven’s sake, let’s just get on with the story, shall we?



## CHAPTER FOUR

## A Disparate Love

*"Da club is sexi tonite bb come wid me"*

Tommy grinned at the ingenuity his message—its structural integrity and nuanced lexicon was sublime. He waited eagerly for a response from the aesthetic gem of his school, Brittany Shmears, who was undoubtedly frothing at the mouth over his generous, irrefutable offer.

“no”

Brittany gasped in contempt at this poor, farcical f\*\*\* as her fingers furiously flattened the keyboard with refutation. She was so sick of being targeted by monkeys with phones. She glared at his vexing profile picture as if she could burn it out of the screen with her eyes.

*“omg ull regret mis dis nite”*

What a cold hearted f\*\*\*. Surely this b\*\*\*\* couldn't be that f\*\*\*ing thick, Brittany was a bleeding s\*\*\* in a river of c\*\*\*. Tommy smashed his fist into his phone with f\*\*\*ing rage.

*“leve me alone”*

Brittany punched her laptop screen. “F\*\*\*ING \*\*\*\*” \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*. Her fists roughened, dripping  
blood and the liquid crystal that used to be inside her LCD screen.

```
Tommy **** *^%#@&(!. **** *
*****
****
```

“\*\*\*\*\*”

```
*****
**
***
.
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[illegible]

## CHAPTER FIVE

## PseudCity

Alex sat in the arched library under shelves and shelves of critical essays, knowledgeable scholars and in general just lots of smart people with glasses, sitting around him gazing meaningfully into books, as if they would just spontaneously produce a dopamine drip to which their readers could delightfully plug their arms into. Chunky volumes piled on tables, looking down and laughing at the scholars who approached them.

In 2116, scholars still used this old library, not their smart watches, holoPads or qComps, for the pseudo-intelligent atmosphere it provided. Alex, however, had only come here to research some poet for his Arts Degree; he had to write an essay next week.

The library loomed. Where the scholars saw dusty silken gold, pages upon pages begging to be explored, he saw dusty, devilish deranged mounds of moulding material—essays, all attributed to the small, screaming opus in the corner, drowned in all that analysis but still pleading for attention—real, conscientious attention. He checked his email, finding a faceless request from his course administrator.

*Read these critical essays to prepare for next week.*

The poem he was to study was composed by a post-post-post-modernist poet who, in her whole thirteen years of life, had only written one line of poetry, which had been published in a gold-bound book, with one large letter taking up two large metal pages each, making it quite literally, though also arguably figuratively, the densest and heaviest book in the library by at least five kilograms. Her name was “Lyfaes Meninglez”. It had been, and still was, proclaimed an utter masterpiece; the book sold innumerable copies, making her insanely rich. What did she do with the money? She bought one tonne of lead and ordered it be placed in the corridor to the left of her room, saying its dense presence helped her “think”. Apparently she’d killed herself just before turning fourteen because she couldn’t cope with the existential stress her writing, culture and existence was putting her under. Either that, or the lead poisoned the air conditioning and gave her legionnaires. Poor sod.

The poem was, in Alex’s eyes, an utter piece of shit. Perhaps he thought this because he was the only one who had bothered to actually open the book, which was in and of itself an arduous ordeal; one had to first open the heavy cover, requiring a resolute wrench or a pair of powerful pliers. Maintaining a readerly flow was difficult when you were trying to avoid heavy metal pages pinching your fingers in order to set them down without making a loud, disruptive ‘clang’.

He read through the list of critics she’d sent them to study.

- *Who is this woman?*
- *Why do I care?*
- *Why am I even doing this subject?*
- *This man is a moron.*
  - *How did these people manage to write three hundred pages of analysis on one stupid fucking poem?*

Precisely one week later, Alex’s “Representations of Texts” exam was about to start. He walked into the examination hall and sat down at his table. The large clock began to

tick inexorably on the screen at the front of the room. Lecturers sat, peering over their half-mooned glasses, pouting, their heads swiveling like clowns at a fair.

*“Critically analyse Meninglez’s appropriation of ultraneo-platonic form and its repercussions for—“*

*“No”.*

Alex walked out of the exam smiling precisely eight seconds after it had started. As expected, the laser-like glare of his lecturer’s shrunken, beady eyes anchored annoyingly to his strut. His grin grew wider as he kicked the door open, leaving.

Right. I’ve got a request for you, reader,—that’s right—how’d you like to be a character in this next one?

Sorry that wasn’t a question; you’re the character.

Far out, you’re like an endlessly complaining whining machine. I thought this was what you wanted. Hurry up, get in the computer.

Yes, I know it’s very white on Microsoft Word. Fine, I’ll turn the brightness down. Better?

No, stop touching the screen, you’re making annoying marks on my LCD.

What’s that? You want me to make you something?

∫  
\_\_ππ\_\_

Right, there’s a chair; and that’s about all you’re getting. It was hard enough work searching the symbol library for that, be grateful.

CHAPTER SIX

Chapter In Progress

You sit on your chair, watching this text appear. Your iris tracks the blinking cursor, like a beady-eyed vulture waiting to prey on an innocent, meaty sentence. You are like

Pac-Man, swallowing them up with a gulp gulp gulp until you find that perfect one that makes you feel ecstatic, elated, euphoric—but you are still waiting.

Out of boredom, you decide to shape the story yourself. I follow you, watching curiously as you jump out of the white banality of Microsoft Word and onto the large dock of the Mac OS X system below. You land on “Garageband”.

*Ouch. That guitar icon is spikier than it looks!*

You thread your way over the rugged icons of “Preview” and “Photo Booth” until you come to the relaxing flatness of “Adobe Photoshop” and “System Preferences”. You bend down and click “Finder”, opening a new window. You climb up the screen and open the folders...

*Documents > Writing > newstory.docx*

I look curiously at you. You ignore me and happily select a chunky paragraph of text.

*No stop what are you doing that’s my—*

Bam. Deleted.

*Why would you do that!? I spent time on this, now nobody is going to know what I—*

Bam. Another paragraph deleted. Furiously I scramble to the trackpad to try and drag you away from my precious folder of work.

Before I can do anything, you press the save button in the corner—now the deletion is irreversible. Why!? Angrily, I reach into the computer and try to pull you out. You grab hold of a paragraph, smugly anchoring yourself to the document in an attempt to wreak more havoc.

As I steadfastly wrench you out, my computer begins to smoke ominously, viscous wafting blackness seeping out from the keyboard. Suddenly, the paragraph rips free of the document and tiny little black letters spill out, wending through gaps in the keyboard. A violent crack appears on my computer screen. My liquid crystal display leaks a dirty sap. A high pitch screeching noise emits from the dilapidating hunk of metal.

The computer fries into a greyish, slopped heap of scrap.

All my work is gone. I can’t even begin to imagine why you would do such a thing...

CHAPTER SEVEN

An Exploration in Post-post-post-irony *(add more “post”s if you want)*

Mark admired Central Park fountain, the blue water twisting and bubbling and spurting, crystal clear. An ad hoc flower stall sold sweet smelling, rich red roses to passers-by. The nimble air was invigorating, carrying up a fresh breeze from the south, lifting the blanketing morning fog from the waking city.

He picked up his newspaper. Articles were encased in symmetrical red rectangles, perfectly matching one another. He began to read...

*“Miracles really do happen: paraplegic woman walks again”*

Some blue birds flew overhead in an arrow formation.

Mark wandered along twisting city streets in his notably rigid strides. He stopped, a lone pamphlet wafting into his straight path. It was coated in a bright, inky cerulean. He picked it up for a closer look.

*Sick of your boring way of life? Want to spice things up and escape routine? Pick a new mindset today!*

*Today’s deal—Existential Nihilism! Only \$8.99! New and improved 21st century recipe—comes with a small serving of Absurdism, only \$0.99 extra.*

He squinted with interest at the rest of the curious document. The pamphlet seemed to shift and blur, text rearranging itself as he read.

1. Poststructuralism
2. Post Irony
3. Irony
4. Hasty return to pre-post irony incomin-

(The brochure rattled, the list erasing itself and replacing itself with a more sensibly ironic edition).

Mark glanced through a few of the lengthier names, impressed with the loquacious prolixity of their pleonastic orotundity.

- 8. *Philosophy*: Poststructuralism
- 25. *Literature*: Formalism
- 27. *Philosophy*: Consequentialism
- 32. *Philosophy*: Transcendentalism
- 58. *Literature*: Readerly Autonomy
- 63. *Philosophy*: Critical Rationalism
- 84. *Literature*: Literary Particularism
- 91. *Philosophy*: Metaphysical Solipsism

There were exactly one hundred and one philosophies, all with a little photograph of the dish ascribed to them on the right. A greasy thumb, white cotton-gloved hand formed a sleazy “thumbs up” in the corner of the page, with an equally oily grin forming behind it to match.

What a coincidence. He’d been looking for a place to have lunch, and this was just around the corner—a handy sign even poked out for him on the roof, just visible from where he was standing.

He’d really liked the look of the little prawns they served with “Readerly Autonomy” and hence decided to give the place a shot.

After finding it in a little alleyway he previously hadn’t seen before, he stepped through a low-hung doorframe into the restaurant.

It was an undeniably dodgy establishment. Wandering in, he found that he was eerily the only diner. A little box fan squeaked repetitively as its rusty blades sliced awkwardly through the air.

Mark turned around to leave, but instead of seeing the door, he saw a waiter dressed in a ridiculously oversized purple dinner suit with coat-tails that dragged along the floor. His white cotton gloves and oily smile was recognisable from the pamphlet—his androgynous face aiming its eyeballs directly at Mark. Nervously, Mark shot a glance past him, to an immediate, disturbing sensation—where the door had been, there was now a brick wall.

“May I offer you a meal?”

“Ah... Sorry, but where’s the door?”

“Oh, it’s an insurance policy. Nothing to worry about, just relax and have something to eat. As soon as you do, you can be on your way.”

“Ah.....”

The waiter pushed Mark down into a rickety wooden chair, where he sat at a small, spindly scratched square table. Looking closer at the scratches, he realised they were words; his eyes widened in horror as he read...

HELP

NO ESCAPE

Before he could continue, he jolted as the waiter tapped him on the shoulder with an unnaturally long finger, proffering a drink and a menu.

“I took the liberty of bringing you your favourite drink. Also, take a look at this menu; they’re our specials!” The waiter smiled, unwittingly revealing a set of odiously corroded teeth and breath that smelled like burnt paper.

Finding himself strangely unable to respond, Mark sat for a minute before opening the menu with scarily irrepressible curiosity. The sooner I get out of here, the better, he thought. It took him a minute to realise his favourite music was playing in the background, creating an odd atmosphere both of comfort and possibly life-endangering elements.

After flicking back and forth through the menu, Mark selected “Readerly Autonomy”. He didn’t know what the dish name meant, but those chilli prawns sure looked tasty.

The waiter disappeared around a crack in the wall, reappearing a few seconds later holding a steaming dish. Mark decided he ought to know at least why he was eating.

“What is this place?”

The waiter’s grey eyes returned a knowing gaze. He grinned.

“Oh, an inevitability of literature.”

And with that, he disappeared back through the crack in the wall.

When Mark was finished, there was not a millilitre of sauce left on the plate. As he took his last bite from the metal fork, the restaurant walls melted away, transporting him back to Central Park, sitting on a bench by the fountain. He could still taste the chilli in his mouth.



As if by instruction, Mark looked up at the sky. He didn't see anything. In fact, buildings across the horizon were disappearing rapidly, being replaced by a great, big black void that tumbled speedily towards him from all sides.

A nearby woman holding a pram had just stopped to admire the cherry blossoms in their ephemeral beauty, and the soft curls of pink they gloated that wended through the evening breeze—her concentration was suddenly shattered as she heard a hefty 'splosh' behind her. Turning, she screamed in horror as she saw a man lying face down under the clear cold fountain water.

Mark walked into the fountain, slipping under the cool surface, making no attempt to save himself. He gurgled without protest as water filled his lungs. The restaurant pamphlet floated out into the centre, slowly being eaten by the rippling, comfortable liquid.

In an instant, the hungry void engulfed him and the fountain, and there was no longer anything around.

Well, dear reader, that brings us to the end of the story. Did I sustain your interest? Did I live up to your expectations? Will you tell your friends about me?

Alas, I know I'm being intrusive. It's for the best, you know.

VISUAL ARTS

Daniel O'Dea

Abyssal Consonance

REFLECTION STATEMENT

My body of work conflates the human psyche and the dynamism of physical landscapes, and illustrates the symbiotic relationship that exists between them. I have established a contrast between my abstract expressionistic landscapes and my impressionistic ones. I incorporate thin, wending geometric wanderings in my abstract works to suggest the many different paths and perspectives available through the subjective discovering process of interpretation.

I use complementary colours to invoke tension, while colour harmonies induce a sedated mood. Alternating atmospheres in my smaller works suggest a changing relationship with landscape; colours and styles being indicative of one's visceral reactions with it. I suggest that the relationship between people and landscape is shaped by imagination, emotion, sensory experience, curiosity and beauty.

I embraced vivid strokes, sharp transitions and tonal fluidity to achieve an otherworldly effect. I layered paint inordinately to achieve a thick, rugged texture on my larger works, creating a sense of depth and invoking imagination.

The dichotomy between landscapes of peace and tumult manifested a lurking tension to which no chromatic or textural resolution is proposed—hence proffering the viewer the responsibility of harmonisation, making them an integral part of the work.







ENGLISH

# Elvis Gleeson

## Moruya

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

*Pronounce: Moh-ruu-yah, proper noun*

*Moruya, my short story, seeks to harness the relationship between philosophy and fiction to validate Søren Kierkegaard's existential<sup>1</sup> hierarchy of being. Accordingly, this is achieved through an appropriation of his three modes of living in a modern Australian setting. I do so to affirm his stance that only the religious worldview can ascend the despair of worldly existence.*

To elucidate, Kierkegaard's philosophical proposition follows that existence can be experienced in three ways; the aesthetic (life for the self), the ethical (life for others), and the religious (life for God). Each of these bears their own characteristics and ultimately dictates the extent of one's engagement with the world.

In my budding state, I questioned how I may communicate this to an audience who would value such ideas. I chose to be guided by Susan L. Anderson, who echoes, "[i]f philosophy is supposed to be relevant to life, then why not present it in a life-like situation—through the characters in a [...] short story?" Affirming this, I personified each mode of life through the characters of my narrative:

The aesthetic life: Cecil Smith, the prosecuting lawyer.

The ethical life: Alan and Cheryl Taylor, the defendants.

The religious life: John Tasman, a Christian landlord.

This led me to further interrogate the relationship between philosophy and fiction. Michael Novak, in his essay *Philosophy and Fiction*, influenced my choice, "[i]n fiction,

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<sup>1</sup> Existential, in a pre-Sartrean sense, is explained by Dr. Cornelius O'Donovan as denoting the level of which one has taken possession of themselves as an existing human being and claimed the realm of philosophy in practical living.

[...] we are given an image of ourselves; but it is not an image to look at as in a mirror, it is an image to live through.”<sup>2</sup> Accordingly, *Moruya* attempts to deliver three images that each characterise one of Kierkegaard’s stages of being, so that the responder may engage personally with his quandaries. Further research into these two discourses led me to author Gordon Wells, who advises, “[i]nvestigate local history and events around you as the author.” The Gerondel v Eurobodalla Shire Council legal case was a local affair that tremored Moruya, it was one I witnessed and it moved me deeply. After meditating upon the thought, I adopted Wells’ recommendation and utilised the biographical event as a conduit for Kierkegaard’s philosophy.

Kierkegaard’s existential hierarchy begins with the aesthetic worldview as the lowest dimension of existence. Its self-driven motivations are expressed by commentator R. Poole as “very human and charming attempts to overcome the sadness [...] that we are not the creators of our own world.”<sup>3</sup> Kierkegaard’s evaluation of Don Juan, the Wandering Jew and Faust in *Either/Or*<sup>4</sup> showed that sensuality, doubt and despair are the underpinnings of this non-religious existence. Hence, Cecil, as the embodiment of aesthetics, is tortured by these ailments; exerting suffering on others and himself. His affair with the General Manager of the Council signifies the *doubt* he festers towards his fiancé, the *sensuality* of the act, and the *despair* that is the natural consequent of these—epitomising the fallible nature of the aesthetic worldview. Such characterisation is informed by my study of the *After the Bomb* Extension One course, in which my research into social fragmentation and the internal retreat allowed me to substantiate the aesthetic man’s psychology, especially its volatility and baselessness. This was furthered by our study of Samuel Beckett’s *Waiting for Godot*<sup>5</sup>, which similarly investigates notions of meaning and selfhood.

Kierkegaard’s secondary stage of existence is the ethical life, which is suspended in the liminal space between the confinium of irony<sup>6</sup> and the confinium of humor<sup>7</sup>. Accordingly, the ethical couple attempt to self-actualise through their reliance upon human accomplishment rather than God. I found this exemplified by Alain de Botton in my HSC English Advanced course, who, in his essay *The Secular Virtues*<sup>8</sup>, articulates

2 Novak, M. (1964). “Philosophy and Fiction”, *The Christian Scholar*, 47(2), 100-110.  
3 Poole, R. (1967). “Kierkegaard on Irony”, *New Blackfriars*, 48(561), 245-249.  
4 Kierkegaard, S. (1843). *Either/Or*. Copenhagen: University bookshop Reitzel.  
5 Beckett, S. (1954). *Waiting for Godot*. New York: Grove Press.  
6 Kierkegaard’s *confinium of irony* denotes the contradiction that exists in the aesthete’s life, in which he exists without thought to the purpose of existence.  
7 Kierkegaard’s *confinium of humor* is defined as the limitation to one attempting to transcend worldliness by his own merit, which Kierkegaard considered ironic to the point of hilarity, hence *humor*. See T.C. Oden’s *The Humor of Kierkegaard: An Anthology*.  
8 de Botton, A. (c2013). *On Being Good: the Secular Virtues*. [webpage]

the erasure of God in modern ethics. Consequently, Alan and Cheryl Taylor are directed by man’s justice in the legal system. Yet, as philosopher MacBride Sterrett explains, this State must be based in God else “[Man’s] morality is sure to be [...] tyrannical”<sup>9</sup>. Cecil’s ability to manipulate the POEO<sup>10</sup> Act highlights this inconsistency between societal justice and true morality, affirming Kierkegaard’s relationship between social ethics and God. Hence, the Taylors are confined to the same despair, “[T]here was only silence. It had called them the whole time and now they faced it.”<sup>11</sup>

In accordance with Kierkegaard, only the religious life can salvage humanity from worldly angst. William McDonald’s *Encyclopedia of Philosophy* was my introductory resource, “[f]aith provides the missing element in the synthesis, namely an acknowledgement of God as the necessary underpinning of the self-relationship”<sup>12</sup>. Consequently, it is only the religious man who can withstand the despairing verdict of the trial, substantiated by Bernard Lonergan SJ’s *A Second Collection*, “[God’s love] is fulfilment, it gives us peace, the peace that the world cannot give.”<sup>13</sup> John Tasman can transcend the tragedy of worldliness due to a faith in God that goes beyond a superficial material life, “The earth hummed the same music it had sung and would continue to sing till the clocks of sun and moon ceased to be.”<sup>14</sup> This is the purpose of my work, which is fundamentally an extension of my preliminary study into existentialism; facilitated by Albert Camus’ *The Outsider*<sup>15</sup> and the poetry of Gerard Manly Hopkins. In this, I first discovered Kierkegaard and inquired into his subjective authenticity.

My research into form has allowed me to experiment and refine Moruya’s structure and language. James Roy’s novel *Town*<sup>16</sup> and Craig Silvey’s novel *Jasper Jones*<sup>17</sup> revealed that a linear plot with multiple voices can be more effective than specific sections written from each character. In further exploration of tone, Tim Winton’s ability to follow characters with the authorial voice of the setting in *The Turning*<sup>18</sup> inspired my choice to intentionally exclude explicit religious terminology. I realised that the role of landscape in Australian literature could serve as a far more convincing communicator

9 Sterrett, J. M. (1892). “The Ethics of Hegel”, *International Journal of Ethics*, 2(2), 176-201.  
10 POEO is an acronym for Protection of Environmental Operations.  
11 *Moruya*, p. 27.  
12 Stanford university. (1996). *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*.  
13 Lonergan, B. (1974). The Future of Christianity. In Tyrrell, B. & Ryan, W. F. (Eds), *A Second Collection* (pp. 149-163).  
14 *Moruya*, p. 28.  
15 Camus, A. (2013). *The Outsider*. England: Penguin Books Ltd. (Originally 1942 Algeria.)  
16 Roy, J. (2007). *Town*. Qld: University of Queensland Press.  
17 Silvey, C. (2009). *Jasper Jones*. Australia: Allen & Unwin.  
18 Winton, T. (2005). *The Turning*. Australia: Picador.



than didactic phrasing. Subtly, the town of Moruya itself embodies Man’s authentic state that each character interacts with; representative of their interaction with God. Although a chronological plot is sustained, the piece transitions between all three perspectives so the audience can, as educator Carol Farley states, “decide the merit of a character’s actions or beliefs”<sup>19</sup>.

To ensure such a notion remained at the core of my narrative, I accepted the advice of educator W. J. Dawson, in which exemplars of the short story form, “take us quickest to the very heart of the matter in hand”<sup>20</sup>. *Moruya*, accordingly, seeks to immediately orientate the reader with the town, “Moruya was our river home, a spot of bush sliced with a white glass stream that flowed steadily along the town.”<sup>21</sup> In this, I sought for the reader interpret the metaphor themselves without overt reference.

Tim Winton’s musical style sculpted how I chose to present this. In investigation into his publications *Land’s Edge*<sup>22</sup> and *Dirt Music*<sup>23</sup>, I realised the tendency of Australian prose to call upon common experience as opposed to traditional poetic description, as well as Winston’s own employment of terse philosophical statements to illustrate his purpose. *Moruya* attempts to mimic this, “The 2006 case proved justice is never clean, like cut meat, tendons linger- loose ends”<sup>24</sup>. Moreover, consultations to Australian literature like *The Young*<sup>25</sup> and *One in Ten Thousand*<sup>26</sup> extended my knowledge of the ‘bush tone’, which refined my images, “Outside, Moruya was alive. Ford’s illuminated the streets as their motors tolled with the beating cicadas.”<sup>27</sup>

As Moruya is located on the South Coast, the Australian audience in the journal *Southerly* has influenced my desire to accomplish a work that is both sophisticated and relatable. The editors state that their aim is to “provid[e] a link between the academy and the garret”<sup>28</sup>, *Moruya*, accordingly, channels Kierkegaard’s dense philosophy to a mode that is accessible to an audience who can understand the potent link between

19 Farley, C. (1976). “Philosophy Via Fiction”, *Language Arts*, 53(2), 168-205.

20 Dawson, W. J. (1909). “The Modern Short Story”, *The North American Review*, 190(649), 799-810.

21 Moruya, p. 2.

22 Winton, T. (1993). *Land’s Edge*. Australia: Pan Macmillian Publishers Australia.

23 Winton, T. (2001). *Dirt Music*. Australia: Picador.

24 Moruya, p. 9-10.

25 Neiman, C. (2013). *Just between us, The Young*. Australia: Macmillian Australia.

26 Forrest, P & Smyth, J. (1990). *One in Ten Thousand*. Australia: Tensor Pty Ltd.

27 Moruya, p. 12.

28 *About Southerly*. (2010). Retrieved March 20, 2016, from <http://southerlyjournal.com.au/about/>

people and place, which I refined through my own engagement with the HSC Module C elective *Representing People and Landscape*.

Further, I sought to implement language that only a contextual audience could understand, which paralleled my study into Winton’s Australian tone, in particular images and language of the Australian lifestyle, “Marge had put her outside lights on. A few moths flapped along the brick archway, some had already been fried.”<sup>29</sup> This was inspired by publications already present in *Southerly*. For instance, D. Papas in her work, *The Fonissa*<sup>30</sup>, exemplifies such language with colloquialisms, “[This] is just what this hot afternoon orders.” Moruya attempts to reciprocate the effect, “John’s engine chewed a mouthful of bracken as he drove along the riverside track.”<sup>31</sup> Through an informed understanding of my intended audience, my work has been molded for such a journal.

I suppose it’s natural for one to share their childhood. *Moruya* has been my means of communicating the most valuable aspects of my formation, that is, authenticity to self and place. To reiterate my thesis, I hope to achieve this through Kierkegaard’s arguments in Winton’s rhetoric, underpinned by the story of the Eurobodalla Shire Council v Gerondal’s case.

“To dare is to lose one’s foot momentarily. Not to dare is to lose oneself.”—*Søren Kierkegaard*

## SHORT STORY

Moruya was our river home. A spot of bush sliced by a white glass stream that flowed steadily along the town. Even a few k’s down the highway you could hear the shrieks of barefoot children dancing under the spray of a garden hose. The eternal days sprawled. It was a place where brick, cement and calloused hands made a home on the threshold of country and sea. A sculpture of the world from a simpler time.

John Tasman had always been a landlord for Moruya. As a kid, he tore his feet on the same fields that moved from tilled earth, to small virescent shoots, up into golden heads of wheat and back again. It was a farm town; loose cows plashing along the muddy water’s edge as meadows of horses rallied along the other side. Life was drawn to the river.

29 Moruya, p. 16.

30 Papas, D. (2015). *The Fonissa*. *Southerly*, 75(1).

31 Moruya, p. 4.

In his younger days, John would often sit on an offcut of granite sunken in the bank to watch the watermark rise and sleep. Sometimes his mum made him a tea if he went out while the sky was still blushing. One morning, his neighbour followed him. The boy was barely hitting seven and shivering like he'd stepped out of the shower in July.

What are you doing here so early?

Giving the water a look.

He crouched and stared to the mellowing horizon. John gave over his cuppa and jacket—the poor thing would've frozen otherwise. As the hours lingered, the first grazers began fill the pastures. The boy sat and watched the whole time, waiting for his father to leave for work. Together, they breathed the stillness. A pale dawn rose and shuttered along the water in shades of deep blue. John learned a lesson about people that day; that there are those who are scared and those who are feared.

As seasons came and went, Moruya rose with brick towers and a local became one in a dozen. It didn't matter though, everyone shared the same blood. For the most part, the old and new made a handshake. John moved from working the fields to renting them but never lost his ethic. The Aussie sun had painted his fair nose and nowadays, his head wasn't sure whether it was balding or making a comeback. Still, it was harder to find a more jovial sight than the mangled mountain range of his smiling forehead.

Across the town, it was thought that nothing could upset John Tasman.

But there was a bush fire coming.

Not one to blacken the scrub.

But a fire to leave them cold.

John met Alan and Cheryl when they first moved to Moruya back in the eighties. They were starving artists from a few towns over and made a dollar selling recycled sculptures at the Moruya markets. Alan was a shaky man. He wore sun-bleached denims and a characteristically unflattering pair of circular glasses. Cheryl was more colourful, often found in her favourite mauve turtleneck. But at the end of the day, they both wore work boots. Though, Alan's never touched the ground. He'd been in a wheelchair since fifty and wasn't quite ready to admit it.

John got them going with a small rental and they eventually managed to buy their own place. They built a debt that was paid back with friendship. He refused any money.

The Taylors lived on a disability pensioner pay packet in a weatherboard home but somehow managed to keep the bar heating running till Spring.

Roast dinners had become common lately. They were getting on and needing a bit more company. John's engine chewed a mouthful of bracken as he drove along the riverside track to their house, which was situated just out of town and in the spirit of things, forgotten by the rest of world. Piles of tin, brick and tile were littered across the paddock and overgrowing with weeds. Wire and glass rested upon some cardboard with nothing to do but signpost the fact they were hoarders. Or artists. Or poor. For the Taylors, life was a clutter but they piled it up and left it be.

The brisk country air nestled along the floor of the Taylor's yard and met John's eyes as he left his ute. Warm or cool, he welcomed what the town offered. His dog wasn't quite as keen on the willy nights though, so John kept him home, which was rare. They were licks from the same litter.

Alan and Cheryl's two granddaughters bombarded John as he wandered through the front door, spilling out like tap water from unstable pipes. Cheryl popped her head from around the kitchen bench.

John darling, I'll tell you what, you're the only one who can get the kids off those bloody Nintendos.

He always thought she was a character. Cheryl decorated the table with potatoes, peas and lamb and the children rose for the occasion. John bowed his head and offered them his sturdy hands. A hush quelled the room and at that, he began grace; unaware of the awkward looks exchanged by his older friends.

Dear Lord, thank you for this meal, may we not live on it alone, but by your saving word. Grant us peace. Amen.

Everyone broke from their modest poses and scattered for their helping. Kids loaded with peas. A gravy boat sailed. Slurps. John began.

Three days till the trial.

Alan seemed confident.

What did they call the house? I don't know why they keep trying.

It's the local council. What else would you expect, Al?

He placed his hand over his mouth while he chewed.

A bit of respect for our legal system.

Cheryl nodded and swallowed a chunk of meat.

Honestly John, all my art is eco-friendly. There is no way that can get us through the courts.

I just worry for you two.

I know you do, but I think we're in the right. We always have been.

She brushed it over with her hand and attended to the grandchildren. John decided to leave the court case be. He saw the whole system as circus for black-suited clowns to try and make sense of the world. But the Taylors were old and held it reverently. For their tired hearts, a judge was the mouthpiece for heaven and God sat atop the High Court. As long as they knew their conscience was pure, worrying was wasting fuel from tanks that shrunk everyday.

Afterwards, they all retired to the living room. The young girls ran ahead and sprawled across the thin carpet, immediately reaching for the *The Three Little Pigs* and offering it to John. He cleared his throat and gave a playful glance.

Once upon a time there were three little pigs who went into the big wide world to

build their own houses. The first little pig built his house with straw, the second with

sticks, and the third with bricks.

He looked down at their bright, creamy faces. They still had all of the materials possible. And time. They could make a strong house with that. Anyone could. The hours spilt through the floorboards and coated the Earth beneath as Cheryl leaned on Alan, as if years were but a day. The drooping eyes of the children finally found calm and John left them all to rest.

Hope was born.

Besides the cirrus clouds that wisped along every horizon, there was finally a break in the sky and the locals gathered at the watering hole to enjoy the muggy air. John, as usual, joined his herd, sipping on a coffee outside the Red Rose café. They were

discussing the state of the Taylors as he noticed an approaching shadow. Instantly, he recognised it was Cecil Smith. The lawyer the council employed to sue the Taylors the first time around. Back again. He passed under the shrivelled gaze of a woman that retired twenty years before. Clean cut, clean shaven and youthful. He wore an unironed dinner suit. John's fat dog panted a puddle under his seat and turned its head towards this new sight.

Cecil was a flamingo in a forest of eucalypts.

John naturally gave a friendly wave towards this curious creature and the rest of the well-meaning locals tried their best to follow the motion, but there stood an unspoken consensus: *must've drifted in from Sydney*. Not that they weren't fond of city folk, but rather they found most outsiders were allergic to the land.

Cecil only showed his back while he continued onward to the blinding sunlight. Like the haze that floated above the burning tar, his mind was a mess. He had left the city in the early hours and could only recall snapshots of his departure:

Movements in the dark.

The electric air.

A creased doona.

The roaring headlights.

He put himself on the edge of life for the sheer fun of it. An affair here or there. Lighting a fire to let it burn. Men like Cecil were sparklers. Kids looked to them in awe. They burned like a carnival but died just as quickly. Then what was left? A bit of skinny black corn on a metal prong. A husk. He hauled his tired body towards the circular council building at the end of the street. If you asked anyone who had enough generations behind their name, they'd call it a military fort refurbished by Better Homes and Gardens. Deep breaths and long strides. The locals who sat by the café could only watch and shake their heads, except John, who seemed a bit more hopeful for the lost soul.

Cecil moved through the automatic glass door of the council chambers.

Hi there, could you please tell me where Margery Martin's office is?

The twenty-something year old receptionist kept her head on her computer.

You the lawyer?

That I am.

She pointed down the gyprock passage, keeping her eyes on the screen. Cecil appreciated the gesture, he was just about sick of small town pleasantries. He checked his teeth in a glass window then took the doorknob.

Why hello there, Margie.

Her eyes danced.

Cecil, welcome back.

He could tell she was pleased.

It's nice to be back.

The corner of his mouth grew wider. She moved her hair nonchalantly.

Its been too long.

Marge led him into the neighbouring conference room where the senior management staff were seated around a large rectangular table. Midday light spread across the whiteboards and the smell of freshly-printed paper rose from the desks. The 2006 case proved justice is never clean. Like cut meat, tendons linger- loose ends. The blood dripped into a puddle; the reflections blur like mud.

Good morning gentlemen. This will be our last meeting before the trial in two days, shall we begin?

It followed that Alan and Cheryl Taylor, an elderly couple, were accused of operating an illegal waste facility and the Eurobodalla Shire Council were taking action to sue them. They nearly got them last time but John was able to fix them up with a bit of proper legal and the council walked away with a slap on the wrist. It was a shame, dried gums and cracked lips should've made an easy prey, but a true hunter always stalks. By a spit of luck, a ranger had uncovered their current land. With a new venue, there came another chance. Marge explained how successive bills had given local government more authority on land rights cases like these, and how the Taylors new estate could be more compromising than the last.

Cecil admired her careful touch as a General Manager. As she spoke, the grey wilted men became alive and colour rushed under their heavy suits, joining the discussion with their own grievances. Eager to join the frenzy, Cecil slicked his taupe hair and leaned forward to take his part.

I can have my documents ready by, say, tomorrow?

Marge had watched him since they entered.

Perfect.

She turned to the group.

It seems everything's in order then. Thank you for attending gentlemen. See you all in two days.

The polished scarecrows had barely left the room as Marge turned to Cecil.

The staff are pushing me to get those funds. I'm glad you came.

You knew I would.

He spoke in the same voice as always, one full of innuendo. It turned Marge to a flittering, flustered budgerigar. At length, he raised his eyebrows and leafed through his diary.

So, how does eight p.m. tomorrow sound?

Well, if you've got the time.

I can't wait.

He was being honest. He could never wait for anything.

Outside, Moruya was alive. Cars illuminated the streets as their motors tolled with the beating cicadas. Cecil left the glass doors and took a pause. The grassy plains were hunched under the sun-stained beauty of golden shadows that rained below the drooping wattle bush. He continued through the gardens that swirled around the building, yawning. Bloody hell he was tired. Taking a final moment to breathe the vivid landscape, he wandered back to his black SUV, put her into gear, and drove along the melting tar towards his motel. The morning had drained him. Time to recharge.

Even in sleep Cecil was searching. Searching for something he never knew. He could only take refuge in dreams. Dreams could bring a wormy man from the grave. He turned in his doona and with that he dived into the frosty water where bubbles flared underneath him. As the world turned from night to day, he saw images suspended. The 1983 Freestyle Schools Champion. Gold medals. Applause. A chlorine kiss. He saw it and he chased it. The pool forced and fought against him but he gave more push than



it could thrust. Those allures within reach. His hand racked against the concrete block and he looked up to see that he had won. And with that, it no longer meant anything.

With the final image still suspended, it was the heat of Moruya that woke him. Cecil was the only one in town to keep his windows closed yet the air still seeped through the cracks and rested upon him. It carried the full flavour of town; the taste of tanned earth, the distant ocean cool. It washed along the faces of all. He only coughed and retreated to his mind:

I left my fiancé in the middle of the night without explanation.

I drove for six hours.

I rekindled an affair.

And its only Monday.

He rose, sat down at his desk, clicked the lamp and began to assess the case files. Alan and Cheryl Taylor reminded him of the skinny, pale boys that competed in the carnival. He circled a document. Was it fair? No. That was one of the few things in life he knew with certainty. There were winners. There were losers.

He blew a mouthful of smoke.

Jasmine flowers coated the pathway scrub; their honey aroma hovering over the river as John walked from home to the coffee shop. Further along the road, some chickens ventured on the public lawns, pecking around for bugs and scratching up the grass. A portrait of Moruya. The land was alive. Locals hung around like clusters of wattle, seeping in the daylight, as he entered the Red Rose café. Cecil was inside and sitting at a corner table. John spoke as he took the opposite seat.

Hi, Cecil, right?

Cecil moved in his chair like a boy at a dental clinic. A boy who hadn't brushed his teeth for years.

Sorry, who are you?

His first rule: never concede power. A true lawyer. Who would crack first? Unfortunately for him, John didn't play by those rules. Instead, he slung his arm forward for a handshake. Nothing more jarring than a friendly face.

Oh, sorry. I'm John Tasman. We've met before, a few years back now.

We have? My apologies. I don't recall.

With that, Cecil slapped the files he was reading in a folder and made for the door. It's hard to stay in the light that long. John's bald head was an excellent delineator for Moruya's sun. As he battled onwards, John, in the kindest way, had seen what was tucked in his folder.

It said 'The POEO Act'.

The summery wind rushed against Cecil's shaven face as he entered the council chambers. He grinned in spite of John. Grass roots snared his pointed shoes, leaving a few worms to sunbake and the thin glass door shuddered as he barged into the meeting and interrupted Marge mid-conversation.

I've got it Margie; the Protection of Environmental Operations Act. It's a great little law that'll reimburse the costs you spent trying to get them to move their junkyard. The council in Eden used it on an oil company earlier this year.

Can we use an industrial law?

It doesn't matter, an illegal waste facility is an illegal waste facility regardless of zoning, and besides, the penalty is an easy eight hundred thousand. That'll pay your legal fees and a bit extra.

She sighed and looked to his eyes.

Whatever it takes.

He hadn't noticed it earlier, but Marge had a few liver spots around her neck with a few more peeking from the top of her frock. Still, she wasn't too bad. She stretched herself as his eyes followed along her curves. A bit rough around the edges, but aren't we all?

Right, Cess, if you've got this settled, are you going to be free from worrying about it tonight?

Oh Marge, it left my mind the moment I saw you.

The two shared the same smirk. They couldn't help but love the scandal.

John had spent his whole lunch at the café thinking about what he had seen. In fact, it occupied his mind on the walk home as well. Arriving, he bent down to turn on the

computer while his dog lazily waddled through his legs and onto the couch while the plastic box buzzed and the screen flicked on. The curtain flaps lay open to let some light into his cosy asbestos dwelling. Most found the weather to be a sweatshop, John found it to be lifeblood.

The pixel screen glowed. With a few clicks, he found the POEO Act stood for the Protection of Environmental Operations Act. It was to be used exclusively in environmental emergencies decreed by the local government. He ran his tongue along his teeth. If anything, *they* were the criminals. To beat the broken with tools built for giants. He swiftly dialled an old friend, a city magistrate. It was late notice but he had great confidence his ally would pull through with a plan. He always did. The roots of earth dug far beneath the crust to draw from the deepest springs. Tall, blooming trees to protect the wildlife from the hunter. He smiled as he left his inquiry.

Hope endured.

The sky swallowed the shades of day and spewed forth the night. Cecil reluctantly rounded into Francis street with a little off the clutch and moved down into second gear.

Marge had put her outside lights on. A few moths flapped along the brick archway, some had already been fried. Cecil strolled along the garden and clicked his phone to silent. Up the stairs. Marge opened the door in a dress that didn't seem suitable for the southerly that had just blown across the coast, a tad short though Cecil didn't seem upset. Quite interested, actually. His charcoal car blended with the sky as the rippled metal doors flickered under the streetlights, driving into a crown of stars.

Conversation balanced between work and life. A few kilometres down the highway and it was clear that Marge wasn't interested in the case. Like Cecil, she didn't have a way with the local folk. Melbourne had homed her for a good part of her life and she wondered whether the rural promotion had been worth it.

Cecil had been quiet and seemed distracted by the rushing landscape. He, too, was bored of the south coast and ready to go home, not that he'd ever ask Marge to visit. As the words dried up, the radio replaced the call of the quiet. It buzzed with slurs of nothing. The car ceased to devour the staccato lines and they turned into the graveled carpark.

An oyster moon was frozen in the dusk sky. An inky ocean blanketed leagues of grey sand under the pale fire of the clouds. Silently, the waves washed along the shore, leaving a hushed crash. Their footsteps squeaked and rustled as they wandered through the spinifex scrub and onto the icy banks while their words hummed under the wind that whirled along the summit of the headland, echoing under rocky giants.

They sat and Marge spread her fingers to the crystals that rose to heaven. The embracing vault enveloped the small world on which they sat. A wistful thought swam through their minds, we, finite beings- left to our crucible. The glitter stole our beauty and held it in snapshots in the sky, never to be captured, never to be repeated. Marge melted into Cecil but his mind was claimed by the sea. It reminded him of the swimming carnival he had won all those years ago and he entertained the fantasy so intensely that Marge dissolved away entirely. It awoke again, his young body, the strain of the last ten metres and moment of fulfilment that left him empty. Moving to the side, Cecil lit a cigarette. Marge moaned.

Don't smoke now.

You can wait in the car if you want, I'll be there soon.

Instead, she shivered and swallowed her childhood. Broken wings were nothing new. But she kept coming back. A blow of smoke coiled from Cecil's mouth and lifted to the clouds.

He never really liked Moruya.

It was a bright cold day in October and the clocks had been buggered for a while now. The southerly had finally come back around and the sky was poised to rain. John had been restless all night and finally moved from bed at five a.m. He first noticed his voicemail flashing as he passed through the lounge room and into the shower. He noticed it again while he was buttoning up his shirt. He noticed it for the third time while making breakfast.

After placing his bowl in the sink, he wandered reluctantly to the receiver. He never got calls this early. The phone slowly approached his ear. Voices whispered through the line. Vague, at first, but then familiar. His friend. The magistrate. John's face turned as the words poured into his ears. At once, the mountains that lined his forehead lost their shape and the phone met the floor.

He checked his watch.

Court was in four hours.

Shaking, tremendous shaking.

Then silence, unrest.

The horizon greyed as Alan and Cheryl found themselves watching the river by their property with a cup of Tetley's each. Kookaburras welcomed dawn and the lake swirled and folded under some branches that decayed on the banks. Dew ran all the way up to the patio. Cheryl turned to Alan.

Black cockies flew by the other day.

Alan took a sip.

Yeah she's been on and off the past couple days. I reckon she'll be pourin' in a few.

Cheryl's recycled sculptures peppered the lawn but most of them had rotted away now. A malformed lump of rust replaced a statue of her son. She glanced to another figure.

I don't think I'll finish that one.

Is that the wire one?

Yeah.

When Alan could still walk, he'd sort through the tip to find her materials and she'd make something with it. Not a bad system, it was just a trouble now that they were old and it all stacked up in the yard. Alan wore the years but Cheryl kept her frizzy white hair and a high-on-life pair of overalls. Her freckled cheeks still glowed. If anything, Alan saw her beauty and never felt deserving. Every morning the mirror cursed him. He was a doll of fraying fabrics. The doctors gave him five years.

Forty years of marriage grew a thick tree but Alan still sat on a twig, watching. Any tree could be chopped. The thought left him pale. All it took was the right lumberjack, and if he didn't come, then roots would wither all the same and let the trunk crash. Everything returns to the ground except the ground itself.

The wheels on Alan's chair rolled as Cheryl placed her empty cuppa on the sink and pushed him forwards, the harsh morning light piercing his reverie. The world was waking up. John would be praying. The councillors would be preparing. And it was about time for them to start getting ready. Cheryl put Alan on his seat in the shower and gently washed him. They could have a laugh about it but she still took the greatest care. Worn hearts felt the most love and they were a tattered tapestry, woven together.

Cheryl stepped into her grey trousers and stared at her periwinkle blouse that was sprawled along the bed. In truth, the council was always hungry. The court summons only served to turn the hourglass again. She wheeled Alan through the front door and

saw her sculptures. They were poised and frozen with timeless faces, unbeaten. Her rough hands squeezed the handles. This was not waste and the council had lost all sense. Still, she pitied them. How foolish they would look in the face of the law, their shallow view of justice. Soon, it would all be over and they could retire to the patio. Their two wrinkled bodies charged triumphantly forward.

The courthouse was one of the bigger standalone buildings of Moruya. It was a statue of brick and sandstone with a bower of Eucalyptus trees that canopied over its pre-federation charm. Cecil sat on the stairs with a lit smoke and a stressed tightness on his cheeks. The hall was soon filled by spectators who wandered into the Court like churchgoers, squished together and swaying wearily. Under the iron-bolted timber beams, Alan and Cheryl finally felt safe. John looked unwell but he perked up as he noticed the Taylors.

How are you both this morning?

Alan shook his hand,

We're okay, John.

I'm sure it will go fine.

Of course it will, we've done nothing wrong.

John gave Cheryl a nervous hug.

Let's get to it, shall we?

Across the expansive room, fashioned somewhat like a wooden chapel with a low ceiling, sat the senior staff of the council and their legal team. They smudged into a blur of gunmetal suits. The Judge, Wilhelm, was fat and melted nicely into the grand chair that centred the hall. As the last few wanderers entered the room, he called the prosecution. Cecil corrected his papers in a perfect pile and approached John, who took the witness stand.

Now, Mr. Tasman, is it true that you have visited the property of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor,

located at 16 Grove street, Moruya?

Yes.

When was that?

Two days ago.

Were objects present on the land at the time that could possibly rust or corrode?

Well all iron rusts, don't it? I'm sure this building has a bit of iron.

So there was material that rusts?

I suppose.

And how closely is the Taylors' land situated to the Moruya River?

I'd say around one hundred metres or so.

Definitely not over a kilometre?

If it were, I'd have a body like yours!

He laughed a bellowing thunder that you couldn't help but feel comforted by. His joy was one built for outside these walls. Cecil glared at him till the Court fell silent. The gentle tips and taps of an early shower on the old tin roof replaced the noise. Judge Wilhelm shuffled around in his chair then called the defence.

Mr. Alan Taylor, my documents claim you are representing the company of Mr. Alan Taylor and Mrs. Cheryl Taylor, is this correct?

Yes.

He sighed, more sapped than usual, at seeing they had no lawyer.

Very well. Your company has been charged with the operation of an illegal waste facility under Section 144 of the POEO Act. The Eurobodalla Shire Council is suing you on the basis of potential damages to the Moruya River. Mr. Taylor, you may now take the witness stand.

Cecil began.

Mr. Taylor, are any of the following items listed present on your property: sheet metal, corrugated iron or wire?

Alan's voice had a phlegmy quality.

Yes, that's correct but I wouldn't say that's waste.

Do you have any documentation otherwise?

Well Cheryl's an artist you see, and she has a passion for recycling, and that's why I've figured it's a bit ironic that we're being sue-

So you have no development application to house these materials on your land?

Oh, nothing formal like that.

How many times has the local council *asked you* to clear this waste?

Alan scratched his legs and felt nothing. Still, he stayed polite.

We've got two letters but we're just a bit old to move the stuff so quickly.

So the council, whom I am representing, have requested you remove your illegal waste *twice*, and you still plead not guilty to operating an illegal waste facility?

Alan became flustered.

Firstly, art materials are not illegal waste. And secondly, we can't move tonnes of supplies in a couple of months. Look at us.

Cecil didn't.

Your Honour, the POEO Act states that whatever the local government classifies as waste, is waste. You have heard it now that the Taylors own, may I quote, *tonnes* of it.

Alan proceeded to give his war speech. *Now look here young man*. Cecil smirked. Perhaps if he wasn't crippled he'd fly out of his wheelchair and address the congregation. That'd be a sight. The judge sighed, leaned back and checked his watch.

Mr. Taylor, if you're done?

I am, thank you.

Cecil took charge.

You've failed to provide any evidence against the classification of your materials as waste and denied calls to action twice. In fact, you have placed your local environment in a detrimental condition and, as of such,



the legalities set forth by the POEO Act permit local government to take immediate action in protecting potentially contaminated areas. Costs of professional evaluation must be compensated for, as well as the contracting and administrative expenditure of the Eurobodalla Shire Council, which totals eight hundred thousand dollars.

Alan quivered.

So I'm guilty until proven innocent?

That is the principle of the act, yes.

Then he went quiet. The wind thumped in the rafters and the rain peppered the puddles outside. Cecil took his joy at watching his masterpiece. Judge Wilhelm leaned forward.

Do you have any further comments Mr. Taylor?

Alan stuttered and found he had nothing to say. Judge Wilhelm checked his watch and scribbled a few notes. After a few minutes, he continued.

Upon the evidence presented before me today, I have come to a verdict. While the court has decided in favour of the prosecutor, I do question Mr. Cecil Smith's usage of industrial law on a residential property. However, it is not in my due restriction to argue such rulings, so I won't, and hence I sentence the company of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor to pay the Eurobodalla Shire Council eight hundred thousand dollars or equivalent in assets.

There was no drama. No defiant interjection. Most of the onlookers packed their belongings and left the room with an ineffable mumble. But from across the hall, the two parties crumbled. The heart of the Taylors fractured under Cecil's gaze. He seemed pleased. Then he saw their faces and realised the fun was over. Like a firecracker, he'd either be dead or sparking and oscillate in a second. And now, the carnival was closed. The high fall. John stood back and watched Cecil and the Taylors with the same sympathy. There was a time when he thought humanity to be a balance of the scared and the feared, but now he realised we were all just vulnerable.

Alan and Cheryl inched through the muddy driveway and the car was just about guttered by the time they parked it. Their frail bodies gave no resistance to the rain. Cheryl rose the stairs, unlocked the door and wheeled Alan to the covered part of the patio. The floorboards splintered. Pale to the horizon. They both sat there, as every other day, but this time they did not talk, there was only silence. It had called them the whole time and now they faced it. There was nothing left to do.

John left Mass and took his usual pilgrimage along the river. The southerly had finally passed and a marmalade brushstroke feathered the sky. On his walk, he noticed Cecil pass over the bridge in his SUV. His eyes followed the car as it shrieked and did a full U-turn. South to wherever. Another destination. The steering wheel had turned by itself. Slowly, the matchstick burns.

John murmured a little sadly. There were more Cecil's everyday. He thought to Alan and Cheryl's grandkids, how they questioned; their innocent energy. The outside world would hollow them out by twelve and have them fired at eighteen. Perfect little people.

If not, it would come in your winter years and submit you to the inevitable despair. Most breathed it. And now, he was breathing it too. Deep, commanding breaths. His lungs chilled. He stopped walking and the heat drained from his body.

In that hesitation, he saw himself as a young boy on the farm. His sweat draining into the soil, the melody of crickets and the distant rush of water. It was gone without return. Was it not natural for it to be this way; for the jaw of time to bury its children? But a call remains. The river still runs. In memory, in feeling, an undying breeze builds to faith. John swallowed his cry and showed his ceaseless grin, looking to the sky.

How nicely it had cleared up.

He wondered if anyone else had noticed that today.

And with that, he understood. Underneath him lay the unshakable ground. The soil he had trod as a child, and would continue to tread for all days. Moruya was his river home, a spot of bush sliced by a white glass stream that flowed steadily along the town. No court could legislate against that. The earth hummed the same music it had sung and would continue to sing till the clocks of sun and moon ceased to be. The rhythm of the land and the locals. The subtle tones of Spring rising from the Winter. And so, he gently pulled his dog's leash and walked on. As long as this pudgy, middle-aged man kept walking his dog along the pathways of Moruya, despair could not claim him. At the depth of it all, the river breathed its soft voice. We were vulnerable but not alone.

Hope had triumphed.

## HISTORY

# Edward McGeoch

## To what extent do historiographical accounts allow for differences in approaches to the analysis of the Eureka Stockade as the birth place of national identity?

### SYNOPSIS

Over the two centuries since the occurrence of the Eureka Stockade it has risen to notoriety in Australian history and contemporary Australian ethos. The event has inevitably garnered the attention of many leading historians and therefore innumerable perspectives have been presented on whether the Eureka Stockade was the birthplace of national identity.

What initially drew me to considering the Eureka Stockade as my historiographical investigation was after reading Peter Fitzsimons' novel *Ned Kelly*. I was fascinated with colonial Australia, most notably the indecency of the colonial masters and the subsequent rebuke of the homeland English culture. This inevitably proceeded towards Australia's deposition of British regulation with the most infamous account of this being the events of the Eureka Stockade. This led to the study of the Eureka Stockade as the true birthplace of Australian identity that has permeated into today's society. However, I noted the diversity in interpretations regarding the impact of this uprising on the future development of a national identity. Subsequently, this led me to ask: *To what extent do historiographical accounts allow for differences in approaches to the analysis of the Eureka Stockade as the birth place of national identity?*

## ESSAY

This essay aims to detail two specific variants in relation to the above question. These include a) The changing scope of historiographical mediums inevitably influencing historian's approaches to the analysis and presentation of findings on the Stockade's significance and b) The conflicting historical opinions as to the Stockade's role in influencing national identity in Australia. By incorporating these aspects into my essay it aims to provide insight into the Stockade imbued with immense significance and how this is conveyed through various historiographical media.

The 1854 Eureka Stockade is widely regarded as one of the most influential factors in the development of Australian national identity. Due to the development of Australian society over the last sixteen decades, representations of Eureka stockade as the birthplace of national identity vary greatly through form and perspective. Historians—predominately Australian—including Anne Beggs, John Molony, David Headon, Hamish McPherson and John Uhr have articulated their works through various media, ranging from interactive performances, to written reports, online debates, novels and radio programs. A large influence of its construction is the context in which each work was developed since the 1850s.

The Eureka Stockade and its flag became significant factors in the struggle to define who Australians were in the colonial landscape. The Australian identity remains a work in progress with constant reinterpretation, however Eureka has become a constant motif of Australian culture. As descendants of those involved in the event state, Eureka 'is one of the great events in Australian history'.<sup>1</sup> The Eureka flag especially has been used to represent independent Australian identity since the Stockade with Henry Parkes eulogising this 'potent symbol of independent nationhood' to rise through the ranks in Australian politics depicting its early influence within society. Geoffrey Serle dictates the 'bewildering variety of explanations for the causes and significance of Eureka, which have often been characterised by over-simplification and biased distortion'.<sup>2</sup> W.B Withers similarly described it as 'chaos of contradictory descriptions',<sup>3</sup> whilst David Headon stated the Stockade 'has assumed mythical importance for this nation'.<sup>4</sup>

- 1 Button, James. "Children Of Rebellion Maintain The Rage—National—www.Theage.Com.Au". *Theage.com.au*.
- 2 Serle, Geoffrey. *The Golden Age*, Carlton, Melbourne University Press, 1963, p. 180
- 3 Statement from W.B. Withers within "The History Of The Eureka Flag As A Cultural Heritage Icon—Concept—Electronic Encyclopedia Of Gold In Australia". *Egold.net.au*.
- 4 Statement from David Headon within "Eureka Stockade Miners Were Provoked: Historian". *ANU*.

As noted by Federation University Ballarat<sup>5</sup>—which includes the flag in its emblem—Eureka’s influence on Australian identity and nationalism has been debated since miners at the Ballarat goldfields were pitted against the colonial government in Melbourne and imperial English power. They opposed government mining licenses and ‘unfair’ taxation. The miners responded by setting up a stockade, which colonial authorities attacked on 3 December 1854, resulting in 27 deaths. The event gained national attention, contributing to the implementation of changes to the Victorian Constitution. This gave the miners eight representatives on the Legislative Council and other influential steps forward for the Victorian working class.

One medium of representation of Eureka’s influence on Australia’s national character is through sound and visual presentation, mainly associated with commemoration and the resurrection of the tales of this event for the modern Australian public. This is primarily achieved through the use of popular public history combined with cultural history, focusing on interpretations of this historical event in developing customs and ideals that have influenced the continuum of the ramifications of this event. Since the assault on the Stockade, culturally historical accounts of the event have focused upon the heroics of the men, instilled as apart of the Australian ethos. Since 1992, Ballarat’s Sovereign Hill displays the story of ‘Blood on the Southern Cross’, a nightly sound and light performance of the story of Eureka. Opened on 29 November 1970, the open air museum uses film techniques including dramatisation and sound but no actors to recreate the event for contemporary audiences. The purpose is to reinvigorate the legend of Eureka and its nationalist ideals and has been one of the most successful promotional campaigns of the Eureka legend. However, due to their focus on commemoration and celebration, Sovereign Hill Museum’s presentation overlooks the importance of the ramifications of the event in the years following its occurrence involving legislative and political reciprocations. This, in turn, reduces its effectiveness in depicting the events influence upon Australian nationalism.

Whilst commemoration is the theme for other historians, the media for this presentation has been adapted to suit differing target audiences. Babette Smith’s commemorative approach to the Stockade, drawing on empiricist style is presented through newspaper articles. This allows for exposure to a large audience of differing backgrounds to ascertain their own perspective of the significance of Eureka. Writing in *The Australian*, Babette Smith noted

5 <https://federation.edu.au/faculties-and-schools/faculty-of-education-and-arts/staff-profiles/humanities-and-social-sciences/dr-anne-beggs-sunter>

Not quite everyman’s rebellion’ aims at reintegrating the Eureka legend into modern Australian memory, declaring that ‘today’s schoolchildren know little or nothing about it.’<sup>6</sup>

She focuses on other prominent works that would garner schoolchildrens’ interest in this event including Peter Fitzsimons’ novel *Eureka*, labelling it a ‘great tale, a rollicking story with momentum that sweeps the reader along to the climatic explosion of violence’.<sup>7</sup> One crucial difference with her approach is reflecting upon personal context within shaping history articulating Fitzsimons’ republican background influencing his view of the event. Fitzsimons articulated he has ‘always been a passionate republican’, taking over as the head of the Australian Republican Movement in 2015. This compliments the Sovereign Hill demonstrations as they reinvigorate the anger Australians expressed to the unfair taxation and murder of miners, keeping the thought of a Republic and separation from monarchical ties in Australia’s modern agenda alive.

Another key aspect of Smith’s approach is that she presents contradictory arguments to bolster her analysis. For Smith, there was ‘70 years of Australian history before Eureka’. The ‘working class’ and ‘strong egalitarian ethos’,<sup>8</sup> according to Smith, were in some way already apparent in the Australian background. This is incorporated in Smith’s critical analysis of Fitzsimons’ novel: he ‘misses this nuanced background’, therefore creating the idea that, like other historians, there was nothing ‘worth examining’ before this event.<sup>9</sup> Smith produces a balanced and reflective piece absorbing Fitzsimons’ work into her own perspective on the event evoked by her social context being the lack of modern knowledge of the history of Eureka within Australia.

The vast majority of historiographical accounts of Eureka differ dramatically from cultural history. Empiricist history, focusing on contemporary works is the preferential choice for Eureka accounts, entailing a broad range of sources to piece together as close a recount of the past as possible. This school of historiography is presented through reports, texts and other old school mediums. One such example is showcased through the work of leading Eureka historian Anne Beggs and her most prominent work, her doctoral thesis *Birth of a nation? Constructing and de-constructing the Eureka Legend*.<sup>10</sup> Her thesis focuses on examining ‘the historical record of what

6 Smith, Babette. “Not Quite Everyman’s Rebellion”. *The Australian* 2012: n. p. Print.

7 Ibid

8 Ibid

9 Ibid

10 Sunter, Anne Beggs. *Birth of a nation 2002*. <http://trove.nla.gov.au/work/17437316?selectedversion=NBD24303665>

happened at the Eureka Stockade delving into ‘what the press made of the event and how it was reported around the world’.<sup>11</sup> Beggs details the discrepancies that exist in historical works, developing a well-balanced work, providing empirical data to ascertain her knowledge of the events and subsequent relevance to the birth of Australian identity. Her use of numerous sources to reinforce her points is very effective, referencing Weston Bate in Lucky City interpreting Eureka’s significance as ‘the release of radical energies’, which gave people ‘a sense of national purpose’.<sup>12</sup> Beggs further incorporates sources to highlight the analysis of Eureka, entailing how Geoffrey Serle that its inspiration was derived from the tradition that grew around it, rather than the direct impact it had on society in the 1850s.<sup>13</sup> Beggs’ work reflects the empiricist methodology, deducing well-refined elucidations as to Eureka’s significance as the birthplace of Australian national identity.

This is paralleled within Hamish McPherson’s work *To Stand Truly by Each Other: The Eureka Rebellion and the continuing struggle for Democracy*. McPherson takes an empiricist approach to discussing Eureka and divulging common interpretations of its influence on modern Australia. His form diverges, created for a pamphlet on behalf of the 150-year commemoration of the event therefore also adhering to popular history. Within his work, McPherson focuses upon the profound role of the unity of the miners articulating the ‘international character’<sup>14</sup> of the revolt, highlighting the goldfields were ‘incredibly international and multi-ethnic’.<sup>15</sup> McPherson highlights the challenges they overcame, predominately the British development of the rebellion as mainly a ‘work of disloyal “foreign” agitators’. Although developing an international view of Eureka, McPherson uses influential sources and referenced material to specify the nationalist connotations of the event. He references *Imagining Australia*, an essay that aims to reinvigorate the Eureka legend

to its previous position as a central legend of Australian nationalism, standing for those distinctly Australian values: egalitarianism, mateship, fairness together with democracy, freedom, republicanism and multiculturalism.<sup>16</sup>

11 Ibid p. 4-5

12 Bate, Weston. Lucky City, Carlton, Melbourne University Press, 1978, p. 73.

13 Serle, Geoffrey. The Golden Age, p 185; Vance Palmer, *The Legend of the Nineties*, Melbourne, Currey O’Neill, n.d. (first published 1954) p. 51.

14 McPherson, Hamish. *To Stand Truly by Each Other*. Sydney South, NSW: Bookmarks, 2004, p. 48.

15 Ibid p. 15.

16 Duncan, Macgregor. et al. *Imagining Australia*, Allen & Unwin, 2004

His analytical approach to Eureka develops the notion of Australian multiculturalism as a crucial aspect of modern Australian identity, presenting a new notion previously skimmed over by various historians.

Empiricist historiography is the favoured approach for historians when analysing the influence of Eureka on Australian national identity, exemplified in John Uhr and David Headon’s *Eureka: Australia’s Greatest Story*. This work includes contributions from a vast number of historical sources, including other historians, notably Anne Beggs-Sunter, John Molony, Benjamin T. Jones, Paul Pickering and Claire Wright. Having the contributions of these esteemed historians allows for integration of varied perspectives, creating an overarching text exploring several facets of explanation into Eureka’s influence on Australian identity. This also concurs that it exhibits substantial research and collaboration to produce a historical text, critically analysing the Eureka Stockade’s impacts.

Empiricist historian Bob Walshe presents his views in a differing approach due to changing contextual influences. Walshe saw the motivation as the true development of the Australian ethos and identity and sought to promote its importance through forming the Eureka Stockade committee and subsequent hosting of the annual Eureka Stockade dinner. In a lecture titled “Eureka and the Prerogative of the People”, Molony similarly articulates that “Eureka lives on in the heart and will of every Australian”.<sup>17</sup> Through this, Walshe uses speeches and presentations to continue to reinforce Eureka’s significance, an effective use of promotion of history within a contemporary society. Walshe’s presentation at the 150th Anniversary of the Stockade again reinforced his viewpoint stating the need for “radical reinterpretation... in its classical sense of going to the roots of the problem”.<sup>18</sup> Influenced by personal context, John Molony<sup>19</sup> derives a different meaning from Eureka. Once a Roman Catholic priest in Ballarat, Molony presents a perspective retrospective of human rights and social democracy. At the 160th anniversary of the Stockade, he detailed his rethinking Eureka conclusions, namely that it was “an event deliberately engineered by the government”.<sup>20</sup> He uses sources to promote his judgement, particularly an 1854 letter from Gold commissioner Robert Rede to the Governor of Victoria, Sir Charles Hotham, outlining “it was essential to come upon the diggers “with arms in hand”.<sup>21</sup> He also highlights the Government’s successive refusals of the diplomatic, peaceful approaches from the miners. Eureka’s

17 Molony, John. “John Molony ‘Eureka And The Prerogative Of The People\*’ - Parliament Of Australia”. *Aph.gov.au*.

18 Walshe, Bob. *A radical reinterpretation*. *Eurekasydney.com*.

19 Professor at Australian National University (ANU)

20 Molony, John. as cited in “Eureka Stockade Miners Were Provoked: Historian”. *ANU*.

21 Extract from the 1854 letter from Gold Commissioner Robert Rede to Governor of Victoria Sir Charles Hotham as cited in “Eureka Stockade Miners Were Provoked: Historian”. *ANU*.

impact on Australian ethos was dramatically different to how the ruling parties envisaged the rebellions outcome. Therefore, extensive analysis produced Walshe’s hypothesis of the event regarding the Stockade as ‘the most dramatic single event in Australian history’ reinforcing his approach as its nationalistic connotations surrounding the event. Although producing a similar perspective to other empiricist historians, Walshe’s and Molony’s historiographical approach to communicate such views is different, presenting a profound pride in the event inevitably influencing bias however strengthened by in depth correlation to research.

Another prominent Eureka historian whose approach diverges is Clare Wright, who presents her historiographical accounts through interviews and multimedia. She poses a different notion in her communication of her analysis of Eureka as the birthplace of the nation, focusing upon the forgotten history of the women of Eureka, as seen in her speech at the opening of the Museum of Australian Democracy Eureka (M.A.D.E.) in 2013. She stated that she sought to “reinvigorate the story with a contemporary sensibility so as to bring a renewed relevance to a modern diverse community”.<sup>22</sup> She agreed that Eureka was prominent in the development of Australian identity highlighting that at the time of the Stockade, the Eureka flag was called the Australian flag and the “Australian roots at Eureka, such as unity, collectivity, the ‘fair go’, freedom and fighting for our rights” were developed due to this incident. She primarily focuses upon women’s involvement overlooked in the historiography of this event, articulating that Australian nationalism surrounding the commemoration of Eureka is shrouded in “evidence of inherent bias of Australian nationalism”.<sup>23</sup> Molony and Wright have embraced the modern social context and present Eureka perspective through several modern media’s including YouTube interviews. These allow for a younger demographic to have access to their perspectives on Eureka as the birthplace of Australian identity and also be identifiable and associable to these younger generations. Similar to Molony, Wright uses a modern medium of speech, published on social media to pass her judgement with a new perspective and didactic theme of the involvement of women in Eureka and its significance for Australian nationalism.

Historians’ production of works regarding Eureka further diverge through Jeff Brownrigg’s detailing of the influence of song and poem in recording and glorifying the events of Eureka. This again digresses from standard media of presenting historian’s views of Eureka’s significance. He presents both sides of the debate in his chapter in David Headon’s and John Uhr’s *Eureka: Our Greatest Story*. Brownrigg

22 Statement from Dr Wright from her presentation at M.A.D.E 2013 ‘the often forgotten history of the women of Eureka and beyond’

23 Ibid

reflects upon Harold Bedford’s 1893 poem *Hymn of Federation*, analysing this as a piece of history casting aside the prominence of Eureka, suggesting Australia “knows not aught of lust of blood, nor war that slays and sears”.<sup>24</sup> Brownrigg possessed a different perspective towards Australia’s development stating peaceful union must be achieved without bloodshed. This can be seen to ostracise the importance of Eureka in shaping Australia’s identity stating it was not the way in which to achieve a national character and that it is in fact yet to be forged.

The Eureka Stockade is undeniably a major point in Australian history, which has influenced the vast number of historians and their perspectives upon the event and constant reinvigoration of the debate in contemporary Australia. Through these historians and their historiographical accounts, they have presented diverse, distinctive views into the Eureka Stockade as the birthplace of national identity in Australia.

24 Headon, David John and Uhr, John. *Eureka*. Annandale, N.S.W: The Federation Press, 2015.

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VISUAL ARTS

# Hamish Housego

## Divide Manifest

REFLECTION STATEMENT

My body of work depicts the enigmatic struggle to form identity amongst a world defined by binary constants. It exposes the dichotomy that our collective society wrongly, but naturally imposes upon every aspect of the human experience.

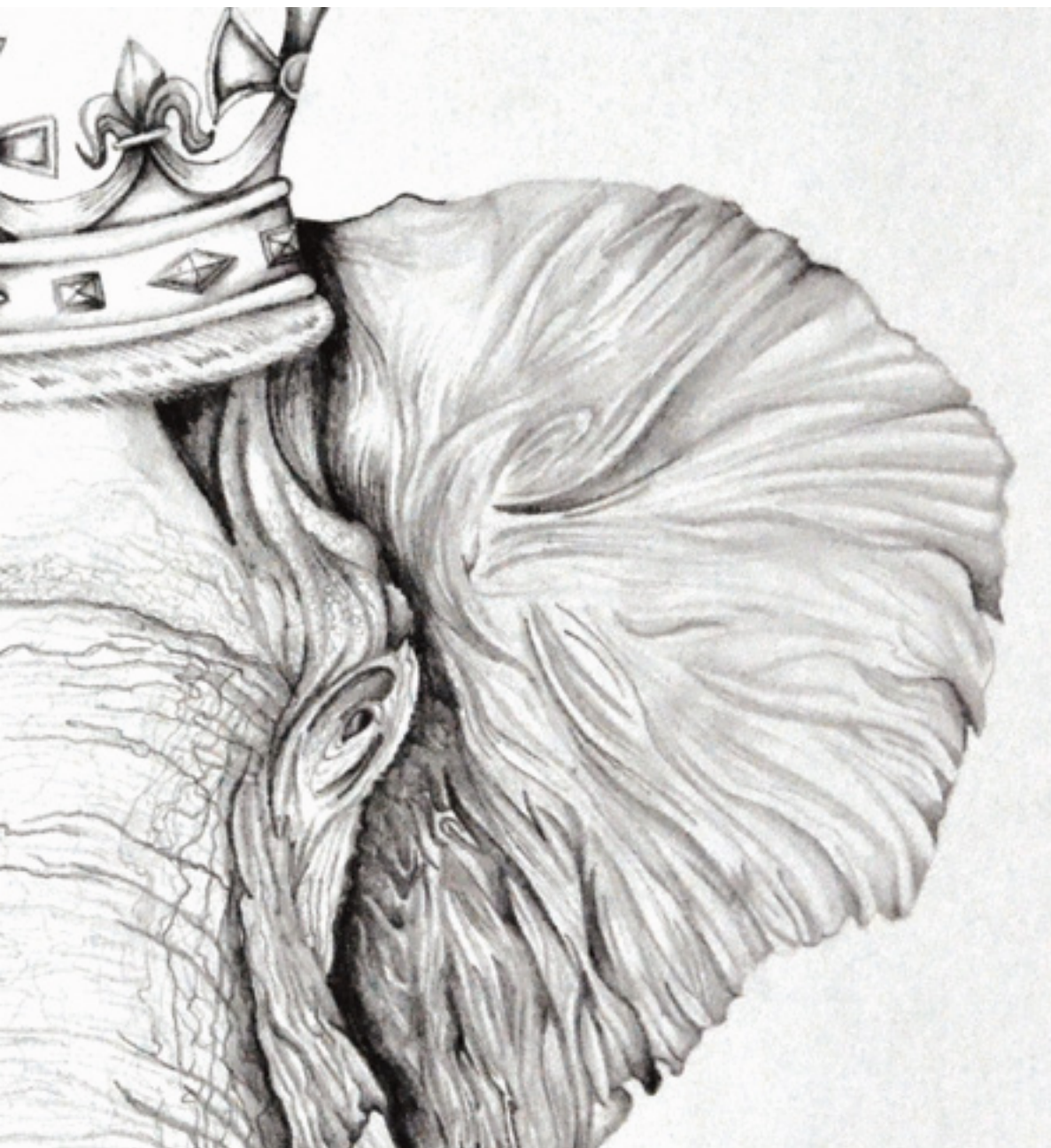
As individuals we define our interaction with ourselves and the world through dualistic extremes like good or bad, right or wrong, light or dark, true or false and fail to tolerate the complexity that pervades every instance of our lives.

My artwork explores the truth of complexity and the inability to completely define something. The precise qualities that graphite pencils enabled me to produce, allowed for the representation of intricacy and elements hidden within world experiences and our understandings of them.

The light drawn detail presented throughout my works rests on the verge of transparency. This is intended to present the notion that nuances and complexities are forgotten and ignored aspects of identity. The intricately drawn detail represents the struggle that individuals suffer whilst trying to define themselves. It insinuates that true and accurate identity can never really exist, and is more a facade assembled by bifurcated influences and our difficulty to grasp our deeper understandings of our experiences.







# Joe Althouse

## Stolen

REFLECTION STATEMENT

My core composition is about the effects of the Stolen Generation.

My great-grandmother was a part of the Stolen Generations—therefore I found this a powerful opportunity to create a piece of drama not only as an exercise to practice my theatrical education but also to tell her story and subsequently mine.

My HSC Individual Performance is set in the 1970’s and tells a story of a young Aboriginal man, Sandy (19 years old), who has just been released from the Croker Island mission in the Northern Territory. The piece is set in an Aboriginal hostel based in Darwin. However, through flashbacks Sandy takes the audience to his home in the desert and, to the mission on Croker Island.

In order to tell this story I looked to playwrights who had explored this dark part of Australian history themselves. I found myself particularly intrigued by the stories told by playwright Jane Harrison in her play entitled Stolen. I relied heavily on this particular play and used the character Sandy in my performance. I extracted scenes from Stolen and incorporated them into my Individual Performance. These scenes being the dreamtime story scene, the can of peas scene and the footprints scene.

I worked tirelessly to merge these stories and used my knowledge in playwriting to add sections. When blocking the piece I found myself connecting the audience with my character through stage directions as much as words.

Through introducing the bed—which stands as the device used to successfully assimilate my character into white culture—I created a central point in the performance, the hostel room. My character would tell a story that is, the dreamtime story about the sand and then at the end come back to the bed. Through doing this I could successfully merge the disconnected stories and tell my own progressive story beginning in the dreamtime and ending in contemporary Aboriginal Australia.

The bed stands as a constant motif. Sandy keeps coming back to it, and building it as the piece progresses. This is a symbol I used to comment on how Aboriginal children were being educated in white culture. At the conclusion of the piece Sandy, knowing that he should sleep on the bed, makes a conscious decision to lie on the ground instead.

This was, for me, a way to make my own comment on the effects of the Stolen Generations. Ultimately the Stolen Generations were forcibly assimilated into white culture and western ideology. However, Sandy lying on the ground, is my way of saying that although the assimilation policies stripped many of their language, culture, and traditions; it did not and will not strip Aboriginal people of their spirituality and relationship with Country. This is the most key component to being Aboriginal—knowing that you belong to this land.

SCRIPT

LIGHTS UP

*Enter stage right*

*Look at bed frame on ground Drop bag*

*Walk around bed frame Look at audience*

My people are from the desert. Home of the red sands. When I was a little boy, my mother would tell me the story of how the desert sands were created a long time ago. My people were very vain.

*Pause.*

Neighbouring mob were coming over for a visit and my ancestors wanted our land to look better than anyone else’s. The boss man said,

*Step forward as boss man*

“We will build a special meeting place circled by big red rocks, the biggest rocks we can find.”

*Pause*

So the men searched and searched

*Walk stage right, roll rocks over*

And found these big red rocks and they rolled them into a big circle.

*Pause.*

When the neighbouring nation came over the said

*Step forward as neighbouring nations elder*

“Very magic spot.”

*Pause. Point to the sky.*

But then banga—the Old Wind—The Old Wind high up in the sky, he’d seen what my people had done to fool their neighbours and he laughed and laughed at them. He laughed and he roared around the rocks

*Run around bed.*

Until they all blew over.

*Pause. Look to audience*

That’s how the desert sands were created.

*Walk over to bed frame*

My mum used to laugh n’ laugh at that story.

*Begin assembling bed*

She was always laughing, my old mum. Had a sense of humour.

*Pause. Making bed (silence)*

She used to say,

*Pause. Step forward and still.*

“When you walk on the sand, the wind can blow away your footsteps , like you had never made them, and then the earth became pure again.”

*Pause. Step forward*

And in the old days, the women, to try and stop white man from raping them

*Pause*

They would get the sand

*Reach down and grab sand.*

And they would

*Pause move fist to stomach area.*

And they would... anything to stop the white man from raping them.

*Pause.*

And that’s what my mother did.

*Look at skin colour*

It didn’t work .

*Change of mind set.*

She called me Sandy anyway

*Walk back stage behind bed.*

We weren’t the most privileged family. Infact my mum really struggled.

*Walk front stage*

When my mum was real desperate she would scrounge around from Welfare. Just little things, white flour, white sugar, white bread. No good. Instant mash potato. Stuck to your mouth like glue.

*Look to audience.*

But the can of peas I hated most.

*Pause*

A can of peas ruined my family. True, a can of peas.

*Pause*

Destroyed my mother and us kids. Mum didn’t steal it or nothin’ like that -She wasn’t shoved in jail or anything. And it’s not what you’re thinking, she didn’t chuck it at someone and kill ‘em -though she must’ve wanted to. No, It was just when they finally caught up with us, a can was sitting way at the back of the cupboard—past its use by date—and the welfare found it and they declared her an unfit mother.

*Pause*



So they took me.

*Run stage right. Jump onto bed.*

*Scream*—Mum, mum, mum, (softly) mum.

*Jump off of bed. Stage left.*

So they brought me here, to Croker Island.

*Forced down onto knees (in prayer position)*

10 years. 10 years I spent there.

*Pause. Softly.*

10 years.

*Pause.*

I remember one night I was sleeping . He entered, I saw him approaching.

*Prayer—Our Father ... Amen*

Lay straight. Don't move. Lay straight.

*Open eyes.*

No. No, get off of me.

'HELP HELP'

*Cover Mouth, pause Crying and ashamed. Move Hands away Softly spoken*

10 years.

*Pause*

I longed for my mother.

*Pause*

*Turn away.*

"You don't have a mother."

*Pause*

Yes I do. She visits me... in my dreams.

*Move stage front.*

And sometimes when I go to the beach I can see her, I can hear her.

*Singing*

*Begin assembling bed*

Ya-weh, ya-weh,

My brown-skin baby they take him away.

To a children's home a baby came,

With new clothes on and a new name,

Day and night he would always say,

"Mummy, mummy, why'd they take me away?"

Ya-weh, ya-weh,

My brown-skin baby they take him away

Oh my brown skin baby.

*Get bag and put it at head of bed (as a pillow)*

*Pause*

I am not black. I am not white. I am not.

*Pause*

*Turn and look at bed.*

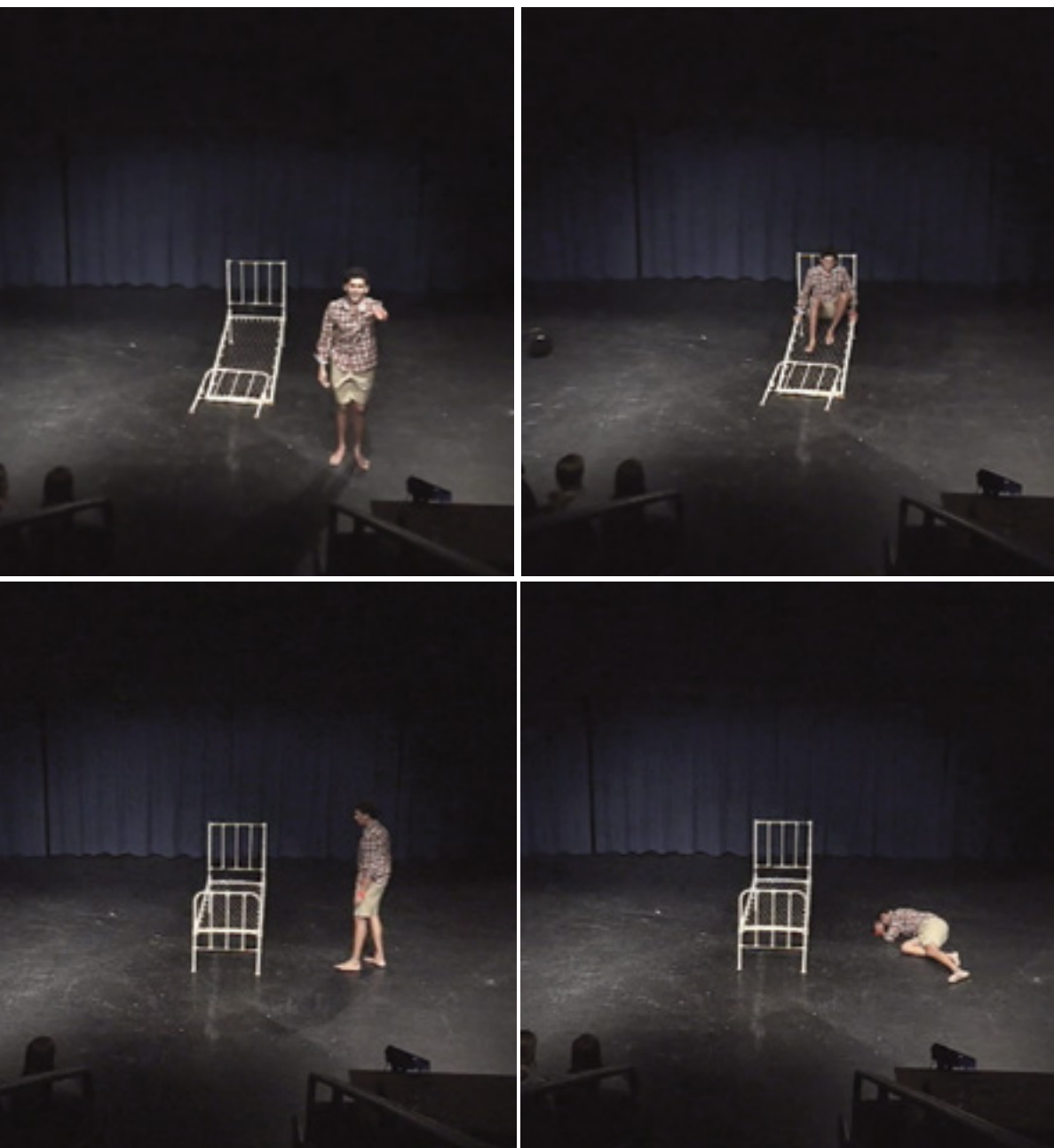
Approach bed—about to lie down

*Get pillow, put on ground.*

*Lay down.*

I AM STOLEN.

*Blackout.*



HISTORY

# Thomas Hanaee

## Evaluate the utilisation of Bismarckian Historiography to serve Nationalist interests

SYNOPSIS

This paper developed from a personal desire to study the enigmatic qualities of Otto von Bismarck, the first Chancellor of the German Empire, and the chronological impact of this intensely complex historical figure. Initially, this evaluative extended response sought to examine a broad range of criteria in establishing the degree of the impact of Bismarck's actions in the perception of his history through the lens of the *Realpolitik* political doctrine upon shifting social, economic and political dichotomies. However, this evolved into a far more refined and precise area of focus, specifically, the impact of Bismarckian history upon the pursuit of Nationalistic Causes. The examination of Nationalistic Ideology relates plainly to the development of Nationalism within a particular country of peoples, particularly the mistakenly inferred contribution of Bismarck's governance to the German debate surrounding a Greater German Solution and a Lesser German Solution, and the utilisation of Bismarck as a means of justifying foreign interests in their own particular nationalist causes. This deviation in focus in area of study primarily emerged from partaking in an extensive research process and examining various sources that demonstrate vividly clear signs of Nationalistic interests purveying into the construction of each text.

This paper will provide a clear demonstration of the changing perspectives of Bismarckian Historiography, primarily through the examination of texts of historical debate, modern articles and journals, contemporary illustrations from the period of Bismarck, film produced during the Nazi regime in Germany from 1940, and other various texts that demonstrate clear changes in historiographical interpretations of Otto von Bismarck according to contextual *zeitgeist*. The study of Otto von Bismarck's ideological and circumstantial manipulation serves to reflect a great deal on the shifting aims and purposes of history, as a means of fulfilling justification for cause and credence.

ESSAY

This paper seeks to examine the evolving aims and purposes in the construction of Bismarckian history, as a means of demonstrating the utilisation and exploitation of Bismarck’s political and diplomatic actions to serve nationalistic interests. Otto Von Bismarck (1815–1898) served as the first Chancellor of Germany from its unification in 1871 until his dismissal by Kaiser Wilhelm II in 1890. During this time, he governed the newly-formed *Reich* through a political doctrine known as *Realpolitik* (roughly “realistic politics”). This relies upon pragmatic concerns of success and risk, with little to no consideration of moral or ethical concerns, an approach viewed even by his moderate supporters including Gustaf E. Karsten as a “model of a terse, forceful style (of governance)”.<sup>1</sup> This style of amoral leadership has sparked controversy from both contemporary and modern historians alike with Bismarck’s critics describing him as “hideous” and a representation of the “height of (German) ignominy”.<sup>2</sup> Praises have been sung in a polarizing sense, describing Bismarck as “...undisputed world champion at the game of multilateral diplomatic chess for almost twenty years after 1871”,<sup>3</sup> and “a political genius of a very unusual kind”.<sup>4</sup>

The works of Gustaf E. Karsten, Wolfgang Liebeneiner, C. Grant Robertson and Henry Kissinger are the points of historiographical emphasis, with an examination of their employment of both popular and empirical historiographies at the forefront of this evaluation. Bismarck’s foreign policies remain at the centre of contention surrounding this enigmatic figure in European history. Empiricists such as biographer Jonathan Steinberg have primarily drawn upon this controversy in their assessment of international relations, domestic response and future impacts through their examination of various official documents and historical narrative to determine the social, diplomatic and economic impacts of Bismarck’s political ideologies. This is in spite of the “customary biographical form [being unable] to capture the significance of a political figure of his stature”.<sup>5</sup>

Over the last century there have been substantial shifts in Bismarckian historiography: praise from most contemporaries such as Gustaf Karsten, condemnation in the immediate post-World War One period due to his role in the alliance systems which contributed to the conflict, zealous glorification from Nazi historians such as Wolfgang

Liebeneiner, in the supposed correlation between Nazi doctrine and Bismarckian principle, and a more neutral approach by modern historians such as Karina Urbach, due to the conflicting merit and ambiguity in Bismarck’s actions. However, this change in perspectives throughout the course of history has been the proponent of Bismarck being “used and abused for political purposes”,<sup>6</sup> and as such, there has existed a great deal of this kind of historical manipulation in German, if not Foreign, History to serve some form of nationalist interests, either of a domestic nature in the *Kleindeutsche* (“Little German”) and *Großdeutsche* (“Greater German”) debate, or of a foreign nationalism relating to the ramifications of Bismarck’s actions.

Viewed as “the most powerful man of our time”,<sup>7</sup> by the arrival of his forced retirement in 1890, Bismarck’s pragmatic political style garnered much attention and acclaim by a wide range of writers, particularly by those who viewed the shifting European climate in the wake of the “Iron Chancellor’s” actions, such as Gustaf E. Karsten, a German historian born in 1859 in Westprussia, who was twelve years old when German unification took place. Karsten believed the swift militaristic-diplomatic manoeuvres enacted by Chancellor von Bismarck, particularly the Second Schleswig War, the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian Wars, caused immense change in the course of European history: the unification of a dispersed collection of states into one of the most powerful European Empires between 1866-1871(Appendices A, B, and C). Karsten further perceives the deft movements of Bismarck as the Unifier of Germany, the international peacemaker, the national hero and the venerable servant of the Emperors<sup>8</sup> as effectively undermining the effects of the Congress of Vienna (1815) and the subsequent attempts by both the Habsburg and Bonaparte Thrones to ensure German subservience, as a further demonstration of “the superb strength of the man”.<sup>9</sup> Karsten’s views on the Iron Chancellor could be most attributed to his own potential nationalist bias, products of both his birthplace, and his proximity to the German unification, which is plausible by Karsten describing the effect of Unification as “the feeling of fulfilment amongst historians...after the foundation of the Reich”.<sup>10</sup>

In spite of his veneration of Bismarck, Karsten still recognises Bismarck’s harsh style of governance, viewing him as rather “a Spartan than an Athenian”,<sup>11</sup> describing his exile of Austro-German states from the German Reich as “coldly leaving them to their

1 Karsten, G.E. "Bismarck" *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology* (1908), 85  
2 Liebermann, R. *Hamburgische Geschichts*, p 38 (1993)–Russell, Mark A. *The Building of Hamburg's Bismarck Memorial*, 1898-1906 p. 133 (Mar. 2000)  
3 Hobsbawm, E. *The Age of Empire: 1875-1914* (1987), p. 312.  
4 Steinberg, J. *Bismarck*. New York: Oxford University Press, (2011), p.184. Print.  
5 Flanze, O. "Bismarck and the Development of German" *The Period of Unification 1815-1871* vol 3 p. 1 (1963)

6 Urbach, K. "Between Savior and Villain: 100 years of Bismarck Biographies" *The Historical Journal* (Dec. 1998) p. 1142  
7 Howard, R.B. "BISMARCK" *The American Advocate of Peace and Arbitration* 52.2 (1890): 49-50.  
8 Karsten, G.E. "Bismarck". *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology* 7.2 (1908): p. 99  
9 Ibid p. 101  
10 Hans-Ulrich, W. *Bismarck un der Imperialismus* (Munich, 1976) p. 15  
11 Ibid p. 101

fate to cope with their hordes of Slavs as best they could”.<sup>12</sup> Such statements could be interpreted as Karsten’s possible preference of a *Großdeutsche* state that was in line with the developing nationalist ideology within Germany. This image of the Iron Chancellor—an amalgamation of the warrior and statesman—is demonstrated in the creation of the Bismarck Monument in Hamburg<sup>13</sup>, a monolith that was designed to “defend the interests of the patrician class against social change”,<sup>14</sup> through utilising a nationalism that “had little, if any, role in Bismarck’s actions”.<sup>15</sup> These kinds of images of Bismarck, alongside of the nationalistic fervour that emerged from the widespread creation of them, particularly the 240 towers erected in between 1869 and 1934, indicate a clear manipulation of the intentions and purposes of Bismarck’s *Realpolitik* governance. The clearest manipulation of the Bismarckian legacy can be most visibly apparent in the facilitation of a *Großdeutsche Lösung* (*Greater German Solution*), the unification of both North German (primarily Prussian controlled states) and South German states (Austria included) under one power. This *Greater German Solution* would develop throughout the years from his death and would violently climax in Germany in the formation of the Nazi regime, greatly manipulating Bismarck’s true intent of establishing a German State in a *Kleinedeutsche Lösung* (leaving Austria as a separate state). It was this nationalist pride and ideal of German fulfilment that would invade German history to be utilised by extremist groups such as the *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei*<sup>16</sup> in their fulfilment of future political agenda of German expansionism.

The issue of *Großdeutsche Lösung*, relating to Nationalist exploitation, is further explored in the 1940 film, *Bismarck*, produced by the Nazi party and directed by Wolfgang Liebeneiner as a means of capitulating concerns surrounding several issues of Nazi policies. Those of which primarily include justifying the issue of Pan-Germanism and the incorporation of once divided states, but also alleviating concerns of foreign policy such as the long-strained relations with Russia and France. Acts of diplomatic and militaristic aggression carried out by the Nazi Party between 1935 and 1940, such as the *Anschluß*,<sup>17</sup> the invasion of Poland and the invasion of France, are seemingly justified by the paralleled Second Schleswig War, Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian Wars in the film. Bismarck’s utilization as a nationalistic figurehead for the Nazi regime is evidenced in a series of monologues carried out by the actor

12 Ibid p. 101  
13 1906, Appendix D  
14 Russell, M.A. *The Building of Hamburg’s Bismarck Memorial*, 1898-1906 p. 133 (Mar. 2000)  
15 Karsten p. 100  
16 *National Socialist German Worker Party–NSDAP/Nazi Party*  
17 Propagandistic term for Annexation of Austria

portraying the “Iron Chancellor,” Paul Hartmann, in a direct propagandistic address to the German populace through the ears of Kaiser Wilhelm I (Friedrich Kayßler). A focused close up upon Bismarck (Hartmann), visual effects displaying a glowing halo of light, and resounding orchestral accompaniment delivers propagandistic messages of “Our objective is the creation of a unified Germany...Nevermore will Germans draw the sword against one another...” or “I’ve prevented you from making a mistake, the mistake of assuming that Germany would ever let France steal German soil,” and “Austria’s struggle for supremacy over us is not more punishable than our own efforts against Austria.” In essence, these quotes reflect a large degree of the intent of Nazi propaganda in utilising the image of Bismarck as a means of conveying Nazism’s core focuses; of forming *Großdeutschland*, acquiring *Lebensraum*<sup>18</sup> and justifying the *Anschluß*.

Liebeneiner not only seeks to secure nationalist ideological principles in this film, in a purely domestic sense through the perception of a national identity, but also aims to alleviate national concerns and perceptions surrounding the interaction with foreign, if not threatening, powers. This is particularly apparent in the film when Bismarck (Hartmann) discusses the signing of the Alvensleben Convention with Wilhelm I (Kayßler) in an allegorical reference to the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact, signed only a year prior to the film’s release. Bismarck seeks to demonstrate the value of the signing of the pact with the Russians (“The convention with Russia will free the rear”) against the concerns of Wilhelm (“Has the convention been completed? ...That’s going to cause another terrible surprise.”) The utilisation and impact of this technique by Liebeneiner is described by Gary Jason “...(since) film is observational at its core, it has an inherent verisimilitude...the viewer *sees* Bismarck saying that this treaty will help the Germans to find time to prepare for war, so one is inclined to think that it actually happened that way”.<sup>19</sup> Sean Goodell further ratifies the impact of perception in this film upon nationalist interests stating: “Until they signed the non-aggression pact, the Nazis portrayed the Bolsheviks as *Untermenschen*”<sup>20</sup> ... Once the Pact was signed, the Russians were shown in a sympathetic light”.<sup>21</sup> Evidently, there exists clear indication as to the extent of manipulation of Bismarckian history, to serve nationalistic intent in the creation of this propagandistic film.

18 Living space  
19 Jason, G. “Film And Propaganda: The Lessons Of The Nazi Film Industry”. *Reason Papers* 35.1 (2013): 216.  
20 Subhuman  
21 Goodell, S. “Cinema As Propaganda During The Third Reich”. *Utah Historical Review* 2.1 (2012): 154.

We can visibly notice this similar utilisation of the history of Bismarck in the works of Henry Kissinger, a self-proclaimed modern proponent of *Realpolitik*, and former United States Secretary of State. Throughout his 1994 political treatise, *Diplomacy*, he examines instances in modern history whereby statesmen and rulers have utilized realist theory in their practice of statecraft, placing great emphasis upon the works of Bismarck- demonstrated in the onset through the cover art of the work, with the Iron Chancellor depicted in an image of the Congress of Berlin.<sup>22</sup> Whilst Kissinger does not utilise the Bismarck personage in such a fanatical manner to the Nazis, he does utilise the works of Bismarck to ratify and justify his own actions as a prominent, if not as equally controversial, diplomatic figure. In this work produced by Kissinger, he details the historical development of *Realpolitik* throughout the modern age, referencing leaders such as Napoleon III, Klemens von Metternich and Bismarck and drawing comparisons to the United States from these rulers and their countries, stating:

in every century there seems to emerge country with the power, the will, and the intellectual and moral impetus to shape the entire international system... in the twentieth century, no country has influenced international relations as decisively and ambivalently as the United States.<sup>23</sup>

Kissinger seems to utilise “Bismarck’s Germany”<sup>24</sup> as a precursor to his own work as foreign minister, and in a fashion similar to the Nazis’ propagandistic interpretation of Bismarck, seemingly serves to justify his actions in “his argument for realpolitik and against Wilsonianism, is self serving”.<sup>25</sup>

Whilst it is clear that the greatest usage of Bismarck’s profoundly influential history can be demonstrated in the German nationalistic interest and the foreign diplomatic, we can examine a further utilization of Bismarckian history in critical international instances contrasting to those of the German Nationalistic interest. Charles Grant Robertson composes his 1919 work, an “appreciation”,<sup>26</sup> of Bismarck, in the post-Great War period, and displays the clearest usage of Bismarck as a means of demonstrating British imperialist supremacy. His intention, although described to be “not a product of the (Great) War”,<sup>27</sup> in the opening preface to his work, is blatantly obvious from the writings of his editor and himself in the very same preface, describing Bismarck as the

22 1881, Appendix E  
23 Kissinger, Op Cid p. 17  
24 Ibid p. 17  
25 Hodgson, G.  
26 Fay, Sidney B. “Review–Bismarck (C. Grant Robertson)”. *The American Historical Review* 25.1 (1919): 101.  
27 Robertson, C.G. *Bismarck*. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1919. Print.

cause of the Great War, stating: “No task is harder for the historian of today than to write in a manner of his great calling on any subject even remotely connected to the war”.<sup>28</sup> Throughout the text the “grossness or arrogance”<sup>29</sup> of Bismarck is contrasted against the “terrible position”<sup>30</sup> of the French. Robertson very clearly demonstrates the bias he sought to dispel in his preface, in providing clear sympathy towards Britain’s French Allies:

The Triple Alliance contemplated only mutual defence against possible attack and did not demand that Germany should support Austria’s Balkan interests against Russia,<sup>31</sup>

denouncing the complex foreign alliance system established by Bismarck during the Wars of Unification and his post-unification tenure, to establish British moral primacy in the events of the Great War.

It is apparent that the impact of Bismarckian history is not mutually exclusive to the German credence relating to nationalism and Pan-Germanism, but to serve foreign interests seeking to further their own pursuits of relative Nationalist ideology. The clear utilisation of Bismarck’s history to pursue German domestic nationalism and to justify other foreign interests such as supporting Henry Kissinger’s controversial foreign policy or as a means of demonstrating British and the Allied powers moral standing against those of the Germans. This particular demonstration of historical manipulation reflects the statement expressed by E.H. Carr as “the facts of history never (coming) ‘pure’...they are always refracted in the minds of the recorder,”<sup>32</sup> and it is undeniably apparent that Bismarck’s image, alongside of the ‘Great Men of History,’ has undeniably highlighted this notion of historical manipulation to serve the cause of particular nationalist interest groups.

28 Ibid p. v  
29 Ibid p. v  
30 Ibid p. 214  
31 Robertson Op Cid p. 494-501  
32 Carr, E.H. *What is History?* U.K.: Macmillan, 1961. Print.



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MUSIC

# Thomas Farinelli

## Crossed Paths

REFLECTION STATEMENT

Crossed Paths explores a variety of styles, crossing over between classical and jazz, and the stylistic territory that lies in-between. Each section contains a distinct relationship to those prior, developing fragments in a new light, exploring them through the idiosyncrasies of another style. Fragmentation, and intervallic and rhythmic motifs, seamlessly weave a complex tapestry layered with stylistic variation. As each new section presents its own sui generis character, the piece gradually becomes laden with deep emotion, before finally finding release, then working its way back to a revitalised opening motif.

The opening motif has a light feel and makes use of multimeasure rests to blur the sense of time. It moves into a playful theme containing the flavour of Spanish music, the fragment from the first motif being developed in this section. An expressive baritone solo segues into a sweet, melancholic melody that makes use of fragments from the playful theme. Burdened with emotion, dynamics swelling while lyrical melodic and harmonic material sounds sweetly, a hint of jazz comes to foreground. An alto solo drives forwards into the soprano’s sizzling melodic solo, the baritone taking the role of a walking bass and the inner parts playing snappy backings. Ideas from the previous melancholic section are interspersed in the soprano’s solo. The melancholic melody then returns in a higher register, slowing before reaching a return of the opening motif that launches forwards and upwards, crescendoing to a final chord with a downwards glissando to finish.

KEY



Slap Tonguing - Produce a ‘popping’ sound by creating a vacuum between the tongue and the reed and releasing it



Portato (mezzo-staccato) - Bouncy. Almost full value but notes are clearly separated



Accent/tenuto - Accented, full note value



Downward Glissando (last bar) - Fall in pitch over the entire duration of the note

### A Crossed Paths

27904750

**Allegro**  $\text{♩}=132$   
*leggiero*

Soprano Saxophone *p* *Slap* *mf* *Slap*

Alto Saxophone *p* *Slap* *mf* *Slap*

Tenor Saxophone *p* *Slap* *mf* *Slap*

Baritone Saxophone *p* *Slap* *mf* *Slap*

**B** **Moderato**  $\text{♩}=120$   
*giocoso*

5 *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

9 *mf* *mf* *mf* *mf* *mf* *mf*

15

5

21

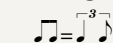
28

**C** dolce, malinconico

6 34

40

Swing 8ths



**D**

Cool, with attitude

46

52

56

**E** Even 8ths  
*cantabile*

61

rit.

8

A tempo  
accel.

**F** Più mosso ♩=138  
*energetico*

*pp*

70

DRAMA | GROUP PERFORMANCE

Matthew McElroy,  
 Zac Roddy,  
 Logan Wilson,  
 Benjamin Legrand,  
 Edward Lindsay

The Liverpool Plains

REFLECTION STATEMENT

The performance our group devised for our Year 12 HSC Drama Project reflects the issues facing agricultural Australia. As a push for economic prowess consumes Australia’s primary market, Australian farmers have been left to suffer. The script revolves around the contemporary issue of coal seam gas, and how it’s ultimately leading to the defilement of Australia’s agricultural fertility. The performance follows a group of farmers in their fight to protect their farms, yet without considerable monetary resources. The futile message facing farmers revealed in the script forces an audience to consider and rectify the social injustices that exist in today’s society.

SCRIPT

*(Sitting on buckets in a triangle formation: Tap buckets in a 1...2...3 beat after completed once, speed up x2)*

*(heads looks up)*

**Bruce:** I love a sunburnt country.

*(continue tapping until final line)*

**Bob:** A land of sweeping plains.

**Barry:** Of rugged mountain ranges...

**Derek:** Of droughts...

**Billy:** And flooding... *(pause)* Rains...

**All:** Welcome to the Liverpool plains!

*Everyone jumps up ecstatically—shift to centre stage*

**Billy:** It’s the food basket of Australia! *(shift into a tractor formation)* I’m Billy Smith, a young enthusiastic farmer who’s lived on this property Parmedman my whole life. I grow a variety of crops, and my dad taught me everything, but sadly my father died when I was in my teens.

*(tractor slows down—Bruce becomes the father)*

**Bruce:** Billy... Respect the land. *(kicks bucket to cue his death)*

**Billy:** And from that day onwards that’s my main goal.

*(Bruce, Barry, Bob start scooping with the buckets to resonate idea of working hard)*

**Derek:** Billy, Billy,, BILLY! It doesn’t matter who the best farmer is, it’s about having the best farming community. Hi my names Derek, the cotton farmer of this district. Throughout the years I’ve passed my leadership and knowledge down to these young fellas; my knowledge; and my good looks.

*(Farmers look at Derek)*

I’ve been here from the start, seen generations go by such as the Monie’s, the McGeochs, and even the Oates... *(one by one Bob, Barry and Billy become coffins representing deaths)*



**Bruce:** But not the Kellehers... *(move upstage)*

**Bruce:** G'day Bruce is the name and barley is the game. I've been on this land for 37 years... unfortunately in that time though... my wife died, five years ago. *(Derek becomes coffin)* But luckily I have four great dogs to keep me company.

*(Actors transform from coffins to sleeping dogs—at the sound of their name they leap up)*

... I got Tim Tam, Rusty, Schnipper and Whipper *(puts food in their buckets)*. There you go boys *(dogs eat food)*, Now, I may not have much—but there's no chance in hell I'll be losing any of it... Come here pups...

*(whistle—crouch into farmland pose)*

**Barry:** Hi, I'm Barry. I moved out from the big city out here to the country, and have never looked back. I come from a private school and studied law and commerce but it wasn't for me, so now my passion is growing sunflower seeds, and each year I plant them on the soil and watch them grow until they're 20ft tall. Of course though, after a hard days works *(sits down on seat)* all I want is a hard earned thirst... Harry darling! Do you mind getting me a drink?

**Derek:** YES DARLING!!!!

**Barry:** Thanks love—*(sips the drink—spits it out)* Beer? Harry you know I don't Drink beer!!!

**Bob:** I'll take that, I love a beer. *(takes a swig)*,

G'day—I'm Bob, and I'm a local wheat farmer, I have a lovely family—anyways, life can be tough supporting a family. This year I've had to pay for dad's insurance, There's the mortgage, the kids school fees have increased, and commodity prices have increased—But, things are looking up, I can feel it, and with my family beside me, what more could a man want *(everyone smiles cheerfully)*

*(Barry slams bucket on the ground)*

**All:** Welcome to the mining board.

**Barry:** Right now the government is aiming to stimulate the economy, and they have given us the go ahead on the coal seam gas scheme, but first we must think about an area. Any suggestions?

*(passes each person, hands them a bucket)*

**Bruce:** Men. What do we love most?

**All:** Money.

**Bruce:** What do we hate most?

**All:** Losing money.

**Bruce:** Exactly. Now, how are we going to get this money?

**All:** Exploiting Coal Seam gas.

**Bruce:** Good, and that is why we must target the Liverpool plains... it has an abundant amount of coal seam gas that will last us year! Men, get a letter to every single farmer by this Friday stating the claims of their land. Gentleman, let's go buy a Ferrari.

**All:** Mwaahahahahahah.

**Everyone:** WHATT!!!

**Bruce:** I'm gonna shoot em. *(pause)*

**Billy:** Dad.... what do I do? *(pause)*

**Barry:** Harry? Come here right now!

**Derek:** Holy jumping buckets... I'll see what the fellas have to say *(Actors mime Walkie Talkies)*.

**Bob:** Hey Derek.

**Billy:** Hey Derek, Bob.

**Bruce:** G'day boys.

**Barry:** Hi boys what's the situation?

**Bruce:** Barry? What the heck is he doing on this line?

**Barry:** Don't speak to me like that!

**Bruce:** Go back to Paddington mate!

**Bob:** Yeh and take your boyfriend with you!

**Billy:** Yeh ya nancy boy!

**Derek:** SHUTUPP!!! WINGEN PUB... 1 HOUR! Over.

**Billy:** Over.

**Bob:** Over.

**Bruce:** Over.

**Barry:** Cheerio.

*(grumbles—Barry drives off first saying ‘Miniii mini miniii miniiii’, other farmers drive off saying ‘Utee ute ute uteeeee’)*

*(Actors move upstage, place buckets down, right foot on buckets)*

**Bob:** Carlton.

**Derek:** Old.

**Bruce:** VB.

**Barry:** Voddy and tonic thanks.

**Derek:** Differences aside, we’re all here in the same predicament. Any solutions?

**Barry:** I’ve got one—we write them a letter of complaint! Saying how we feel about what has happened!

**Bruce:** Nah thats kinda lame...

**Derek:** I know, we’ll build a wall like the Chinese! We’ll build it so high, there is no way they can get in... hahahaha hey suckers!

**Billy:** Lower down the draw bridge!

**Derek:** Noooooo.

**Barry:** we wont ask you again.

**Actors transform into government figures:** AHHHHHH.

**Bruce:** Yea but how will we pay for it?

**Derek:** We get the mexicans!

*(actors return to buckets)*

**Billy:** Just think guys, we need to be more practical.

**Billy:** Okay so we need to inform the public over all sorts of media. First we will upload this to Facebook, send out this tweet #twending then upload a video on YouTube and add a photo on Instagram. Then it will be up in the clouds *(Actors float around the space with the buckets)* and all sorts of people will be informed...

*(Actors shift to centre stage in a direct line)*

**ALL:** Mining board meeting two.

**Derek:** Gentleman, the nation is on the farmer’s side. We must initiate the coal seam gas scheme immediately; otherwise a Ferrari will not be possible.

**Billy:** We must attack Liverpool Plains.

**Bruce:** We’re losing money. I suggest Bruce. He lost his wife when he was 28, and he has four dogs for God’s sake!

**Billy:** I suggest Billy! He is young he’s naive, his father died a few years back. Once we approach him he won’t know what to do he will give in.

**Barry:** I Disagree, we must choose Barry. He just moved in from Sydney and can be easily manipulated.

**Derek:** Hmmm I believe we choose Derek. He’s an old man, doesn’t have much spine—he’ll back out for sure.

**Bob:** Gentleman, the man we are looking for is Bob Dwyers. All four farming lands connect to right here. Good old Bob’s farm. We get him, we get everyone. And, he’s riddled with debt; we’ll pay him out easily. Gentlemen, this is the game changer. Mwahahahahahahahah.

*(Bruce and Billy slowly walk towards Bob and Barry), surveying the area for coal seam gas very casually while walking—Barry notices and taps Bob on shoulder who then sees farmers)*

**Bob:** Oi, what are you doing on my land. You have no righ –

**Bruce:** Mr Bob Dwyers? Jack Ferguson, it’s a pleasure to meet you. Here’s a letter for you from the government.

**Billy:** Read closely.

**Derek:** *(Reading letter)* Mr Bob Dwyers, you may have understood that there has been numerous troubles regarding our last letter regarding the official legislation of the government under Code 361. This Code allows access to any land on Australian surface. Now, we would like to personally offer you seven million dollars, just for compromising to this agreement. I can assure you Bob there will be no damage done to your house, or your family. If you agree to this contract, sign at the bottom. All the best, The Mining board.

**Barry:** *(as Bob’s inner voice)* You will never again have to worry about your kids education.

**Billy:** *(as Bob’s inner voice)* Or paying that mortgage.

**Bruce:** *(as Bob’s inner voice)* All you have to do is sign it. *(Drops the pen in front of him)*

*Bob hands quivering signs it*

Essentially Mr Dwyers, *(All move towards Bob, emphasising the foreshadowing pressure that will influence him immensely)* we own your land, we have rights to your property, and we can do whatever... we ... want with it.

**Bob:** WHATTTT!!

*(actors move to pub position, mime ordering beers, gesture to Bob to come have a beer)*

**Billy:** Bob mate what are ya looking at? Come have a drink and celebrate!

**Derek:** Yeah Bob come on mate.

**Bob:** I’m so sorry. *(drops the paper)*

**Bruce:** What happened mate? Haha did your wife find out you’re spending more time at the pub than with her?

*(picks up the letter squints at it for a bit)*

Dear Mr Dwyers *(eyes light up—everyone crowds around)* seven million dollars, Coal seam gas in the whole of Liverpool plains... appreciate your support.

**Billy:** It has to be a joke haha.

*(Bob stares forward)*

**Derek:** That’s it, we’re done.

*(Scene shifts into interview scene again)*

**All:** Welcome to the Liverpool Plains *(change of mood to somber tone)*

**Bruce:** Last month 5000 litres of saline coal seam gas leaked into my water system, the dogs died—and the whole tomato stock gone, I have nothing now.

**Barry:** The pollution from the drilling killed my sunflower plants... and Harry left to go back to Sydney.

**Bob:** My family can’t go into town without being screamed at, took its toll on the wife, she’s moved out now and taken the kids with her. Don’t know if she’ll come back .

**Billy:** The clearing involved to take out the Gas destroyed half my crop plantation, but that’s not the worst part—Derek got sick from the water system, I’ve been looking after him from the first week. The doctor says he hasn’t got long left.

**Derek:** Bugger the doctor Billy; I die when I choose to die.

*Lights fade; actors begin to sing “A Change Is Gonna Come” by American recording Artist Sam Cooke, released 1964. Actors move to original positions at the beginning of the play. The last two lines of the song, stand up then walk off the stage.*

*(Bob sings by himself first line of song)*

**Bob:** It’s been a long, a long time coming...

*(rest of the farmers join in and stand up—walk to corners of the stage)*

**All:** But I know a change gon’ come,

*(Farmers turn around—Bob sings solo once more)*

**All:** Oh yes it will.

*End*



ENGLISH

# Fergus Ewington

## The Two Infinities

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

**“For after all what is man in nature? A nothing in relation to infinity, all in relation to nothing.”<sup>1</sup>**

*The Two Infinities* seeks to appropriate Blaise Pascal’s notion of ‘*les deux infinis*’ or the two infinities<sup>2</sup> in order to capture, in film, the dichotomy that humanity and the world are both infinitely small and infinitely large. It challenges the audience to understand how we can be cosmically insignificant and at the same time live a meaningful existence.

The purpose of my major work is twofold: to show a contemporary audience the relationship between film and philosophy and to visually translate Pascal’s notion of ‘*les deux infinis*’.

My film utilises the perspectives of two children who symbolise the infinitely small and the infinitely large. The first perspective is that of a young girl who discovers the intricacy and interrelatedness of nature, and thus realises her significance in the world. The second is of a boy who explores the larger world of dinosaurs and the solar system within a museum and observatory, ultimately recognising the significance of the cosmos. The final sequence involves the two children sharing their understanding and coming to a realisation of the nature of both worlds. This represents an acceptance of ‘the two infinities’.

<sup>1</sup> Pascal, Blaise (1670) *Pascal’s Pensées*. Eds. D. Spotswood (1958). New York: Dutton, p. 63.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*, p. 60.

More broadly, *The Two Infinities* is dependent upon the relationship between film and philosophy. Daniel Shaw’s essay<sup>3</sup> articulated this for my work, how film can self-consciously mirror a philosophical theory in order to cause the audience to inquire and thereby enable viewers to “*do philosophy*”<sup>4</sup> through their experience. Spike Jonze’s film *Being John Malkovich*<sup>5</sup> served as a practical example of this; translating the Nietzschean theory of personal identity within film. Similarly, I aim to immerse the viewer in my video appropriation of Pascal’s philosophy.

More specifically, Blaise Pascal’s philosophy ‘*les deux infinis*’ explains, “*two abysses of the infinite and the nothing ... man ... a nothing in relation with the infinity, all in relation to nothing*”<sup>6</sup>. That is, as E.B.O Borgerhoff describes “*the indeterminate mean*”<sup>7</sup>. Since the extremes of this polarity are infinite, the mean is necessarily indeterminate and completely relative. Man is thus immeasurable within the paradox. Further, Virginia K. Howe suggests that the two infinities is a demonstration of what she terms the “*Pascalian paradox*”<sup>8</sup>. She believes that Pascal unites his two absolutes with the “*omnipotence of God*.”<sup>9</sup> This unity and thus understanding of the two infinities is the premise of my work. I have therefore opened my video with narrated intertextual references from Pascal himself. The question, “*What is man in nature?*”<sup>10</sup> sets up Pascal’s own question to the audience. The concluding sequence seeks to complete Pascal’s thoughts, “*let man consider what he is in comparison to all existence*”<sup>11</sup> with the addition of my own adapted paraphrase that “*man is both powerful and finite, insubstantial and momentous*”<sup>12</sup>.

Translating Pascal’s philosophy visually involved applying his examples of nature within *The Two Infinities*. To describe the smaller infinity “*the extreme smallness of nature*”<sup>13</sup> I used a variety of macro, close-up shots of nature and a ‘Gaussian blur’ effect in Adobe Premiere Pro CC. To represent the larger infinity of the “*universe ... planets,*

*earth*”<sup>14</sup> I have captured footage of the boy at the observatory. I utilised shorter shots in this sequence as well as a slight zoom.

My investigation into form began with Peter Howitt’s *Sliding Doors*<sup>15</sup>, which inspired me to integrate a multiple perspective framework into my film: the young girl, and the young boy. Cibo Matto’s video *Sugar Water*<sup>16</sup> that split the screen so as to tell two stories side by side led me to James Griffith’s short film *Splitscreen: A Love Story*.<sup>17</sup> Griffith’s split screen differs from Matto’s in that it cuts single shots in half in order to form a new whole (see Appendix, p. 7). I have integrated both versions into my piece. My opening split screen coalesces Matto style editing of the intricate and immense, such as the eye and the Earth, and moves on to Griffith inspired opening shots of the two children’s perspectives, simultaneously.

Symbolically, the ending sequence superimposes upon the original footage to show that the two infinities are in fact united. Each image from the opening therefore becomes integrated; a smaller Earth within the iris of an eye, dropped ink within the centre of an atomic bomb and a galaxy within the cross section of a spiral shell. I was inspired to incorporate this technique from photographer Alessio Trerotoli’s work<sup>18</sup> that superimposes two photographs to create his art.

Stylistically, I have been influenced by Lenny Abrahamson’s *Room*<sup>19</sup>, which utilises post-production movement, such as a revolving shot of a skylight to represent a larger reality. In order to visually capture Pascal’s understanding of the infinite cosmos I also created a revolving shot of the open observatory roof. To enhance this, I filmed a wider shot and used the scale and rotation tools in Adobe Premiere Pro CC to produce the revolving effect. Time-lapse footage of the sky and the final drone footage over the Botanical Gardens are used to emphasise the boundless nature of the cosmos.

My short film *The Two Infinities* is intended for the audience of the Eidôlon Festival<sup>20</sup>—a French, philosophical short film festival. My major work is philosophical in nature

3 Shaw, Daniel (2006). ‘On Being Philosophical and Being John Malkovich’. *The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, 64, 1, pp. 111-121.  
4 *Ibid*, p. 117.  
5 Jonze, Spike (1999). *Being John Malkovich*. USA: Astralwerks.  
6 Pascal, Blaise (1670) *Pascal’s Pensées*. Eds. D. Spotswood (1958). New York: Dutton.  
7 Borgerhoff, E.B.O (1957). ‘The reality of Pascal, the *Pensées* as rhetoric’, *The Sewanee Review*, Tennessee University of South Sewanee, p. 23.  
8 *Ibid*, p. 120.  
9 Pascal, Blaise (1670) *Pascal’s Pensées*. Eds. D. Spotswood (1958). New York: Dutton, p. 72.  
10 *Ibid*, p. 63.  
11 *Ibid*, p. 64.  
12 *The Two Infinities Film Script*, p. 6.  
13 Pascal, Blaise (1670) *Pascal’s Pensées*. Eds. D. Spotswood (1958). New York: Dutton, p. 61.

14 *Ibid*, p. 67.  
15 Howitt, Peter (1998). *Sliding Doors*. USA: Intermedia.  
16 Matto, Cibo (1996). Viva! La Woman, *Sugar Water*. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EN9auBn6Jys>. Last accessed 7/06/2016.  
17 Griffiths, James (2011). *Splitscreen: A Love Story*. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X-9tyle-iEo>. Last accessed 18/06/2016.  
18 8 Trerotoli, Alessio. *Urban Melodies*. <http://www.alessiotrerotoli.it/galleriaURBANMELODIES.html>. Last accessed, 9/06/2016.  
19 Abrahamson, Lenny (2016). *Room*. USA: Element Pictures.  
20 20 Eidlôn - *Philosophical Film Festival*. <https://filmfreeway.com/festival/EIDOLONFILMFESTIVAL>. Last accessed 8/04/2016.



and seeks to be recognised by an audience interested in the integration of film and philosophy. The layered meaning of my film follows true to the Eidôlon Festival’s motto “*when creating is thinking*”. In this I was affected by the philosophical ingenuity of Oscar Sharp’s *The Karman Line*<sup>21</sup> (2015 winner for best short film at the Festival).

*The Karman Line* also contributed to the development of my control over sound. I used no dialogue and no ambient sound to place emphasis on the unique score of my piece. These soundtracks, including The Cinematic Orchestra’s *Arrival of the Birds*<sup>22</sup>, are designed to evoke awe and tranquility in the audience. Narration, however, makes explicit my philosophical framework.

My critical study into the poetry of W.B. Yeats in the HSC English Advanced course has influenced my short film. His poem, ‘Among School Children’<sup>23</sup> highlights that the “*leaf, the blossom ... the bole*” are all part of an indivisible whole. Yeats comes to an understanding that everything in existence is united; he says, “*How can we know the dancer from the dance?*” I adapted this idea in my own unification of the two infinities.

Cormac McCarthy’s *The Road*<sup>24</sup>, studied in the Preliminary English Extension course, makes use of an everyman protagonist: “*the boy ... the man*”<sup>25</sup> in order to convey that the characters could represent anyone. Similarly, *The Two Infinities* achieves the same effect as McCarthy using representation of ‘everyman’ protagonists through the girl and the boy. Samuel Beckett’s play *Waiting for Godot*<sup>26</sup>—studied in the Extension One ‘After the Bomb’ module has also influenced my work. I too explore how we can be cosmically insignificant and at the same time live a meaningful existence.

*The Two Infinities* is a challenge to the importance of humanity in order to reaffirm our individual significance. My journey has been exciting, laborious, exhilarating and rewarding because I do believe that my work accomplishes the philosophical and filmic purpose intended for its audience.

21 Sharp, Oscar (2015). *The Karman Line*. UK.  
22 The Cinematic Orchestra (2008). ‘Les Ailes pourpres: Le Mystère des flamants’. *Arrival of the Birds*. UK: Sony Music.  
23 Yeats, W.B (1922). *The Collected Works of W.B. Yeats*, Vol. 1. UK: Random House Publishing.  
24 McCarthy, Cormac (2006). *The Road*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.  
25 *Ibid*, p. 12.  
26 Beckett, Samuel (1953). *Waiting for Godot*. New York: Grove Press.

APPENDIX



Cibo Matto’s *Sugar Water*.



James Griffith’s *Splitscreen: A Love Story*.







VISUAL ARTS

# Max Fisher

## Constraint, Transcendence, Flight

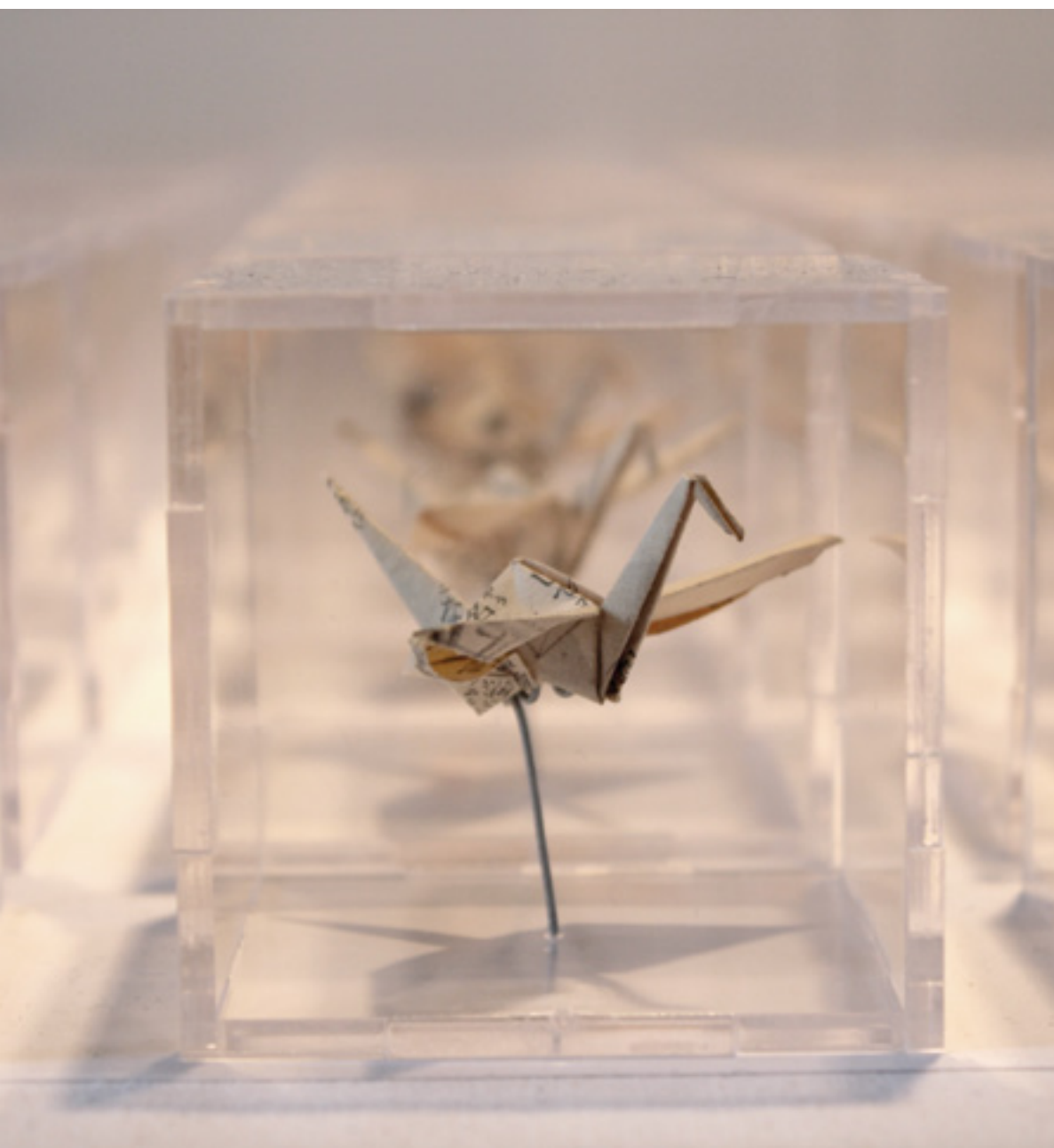
### REFLECTION STATEMENT

My artwork looks at the Japanese conformist culture, post World War II. It makes reference to a Western insight into the eastern culture, which is unwilling to succumb to globalisation. The regimented culture of a pre-war Japan is ever present in the modern day city, which becomes a microcosm for our own everyday lives. Much like this eastern society, I feel that we too in the western world have become entrapped by our own society, and fooled by the illusion of freedom.

The cranes in my work represent an ancient and spiritual Japan. Each crane is individual in nature but torn from the same book. From a distance one crane cannot be distinguished from the other. Upon close inspection each is intrinsically different. They also represent our capacity to travel with ease in a globalised world.

Each crane is encased in a clear box representing the industrialisation of Japan—a world where wood is replaced with steel and large Japanese high rises permeate the built landscape. The boxes stand for societal constraints that protect yet hold the culture's participants.







# Oscar Eggleton

## Liberté, ou La Richesse des Nations<sup>1</sup>

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

#### “Poetry, Prose and Politics”

As a keen Extension History student, the concept of my major work was initially informed by a personal desire to explore the role of literature in history and politics. Thus, in examining the relationship between literature and political discourse, my short story attempts to demonstrate how literature is essential in maintaining a healthy democratic society. This is a result of the ability of literature to empower certain “forgotten voices”<sup>2</sup> by functioning as a medium through which multiple perspectives can be represented. In this way, a thriving literary tradition acts as a necessary check to any political system, maintaining a society that is diverse in opinion, well informed and less liable to subscribe to absolutes.

This idea was greatly inspired by Voltaire’s *Candide*. Voltaire was critical<sup>3</sup> of both absolutism but also of democracy’s tendency to resort to mob rule through the “ignorance of the masses”<sup>4</sup>. *Poem on the Lisbon Disaster* also informed this idea, expressing some of Voltaire’s key arguments in both poetic and prose form. For this reason I include extracts from it in my short story, which—along with an extract from Alexander Pope—allow me to examine the potential of intertextuality in contributing to my concept, through the inclusion of multiple voices<sup>5</sup> and forms.

1 Liberty, or The Wealth of Nations

2 An idea I came across when exploring the works of both Peter Carey and Voltaire, referring to those voices that do not feature in mainstream history: the poet’s assistant, or the soldier’s wife. Both these writers utilize such voices in a critique of their respective contexts—something I wish to achieve in my own major work.

3 Gagliardo, J. (1967). *Enlightened despotism*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. Voltaire’s position is described by Professor Peter Gay as one of “constitutional absolutism”—founded on a lack of (perceived) realistic alternatives to monarchical absolutism

4 “The masses do not know what is best for them. Ignorance is their parlance.” (Page 4, Major Work)

5 Furthering this concept, most of the characters in my Major Work are caricatures of actual historical figures. Duncan and Sidney are inspired by David Hume and Adam Smith; Robert Wellpeelee is George Walpole; Alexandria Priest is Alexander Pope; and Sherbon is an attempt to emulate the character of Voltaire himself—sharing his style and political views.

Voltaire’s concerns resonate with contemporary society: fears of an oligarchic technocracy in the growing political power of corporations, and political ignorance resulting from the increased entertainment media saturation of western society. Peter Carey, in a speech he made to the Sydney Writer’s Festival that I came across later in my research process, recognised this: “We have yet to grasp the fact that consuming cultural junk... is completely destructive to our democracy.”<sup>6</sup>

My Major Work, then, would seek to demonstrate how literature acts as a tool by which such fears can be defeated, as it is able to convey anonymity and thus allow for the expression of alternative viewpoints without consequence. This was central to Carey’s concurrent work *Parrot and Olivier in America*, where two vastly different “dissenting voices”<sup>7</sup> are used to critique the flaws in America’s democracy through fresh eyes. In the same way, the main voice of my short story<sup>8</sup> is able to highlight the flaws in England’s first foray into a modern democracy—the era of “enlightened absolutism”<sup>9</sup>—by writing with a pseudonym in order to avoid contemporary prejudices.

I envisioned my short story would be published in the literary journal *Lapham’s Quarterly*<sup>10</sup>. It attracts a mostly middle-class intellectual readership appreciative of historical literature. To this end, my Major Work features numerous historical references to eighteenth century England that I hope would be recognised by the readership of *Lapham’s Quarterly*.

These include references to the Old London Bridge<sup>11</sup>, the famous Marshalsea prison<sup>12</sup>, authentic soldiery<sup>13</sup> and the Tory-Whig rivalry. The final riot scene was also directly inspired by real life events: the 1768 Massacre of St George’s Fields, and the Gordon Riots of 1780. The 1720 Bubble Act<sup>14</sup> also makes an appearance, and the positions of Secretary of State for the Southern Department and the Knight’s Marshal were actual appointments. These references, in addition to providing strong historical anchors, appeal to the more historically inclined readership of such a journal.

6 Peter Carey, Closing Address, 2010 Sydney Writer’s Festival, acclaimed author Peter Carey discusses the links between the media, literacy and democracy

7 Carey, P. (2010). *Parrot and Olivier in America*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Parrot, an English peasant with a literary background and Olivier, a French aristocrat. Carey refers to such characters in his acknowledgements as examples of the numerous “dissenting voices” of such a time period

8 Major Work. Louis, an every-man rural peasant with lofty ambitions

9 Gagliardo, J. (1967). *Enlightened despotism*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

10 Lapham’s *Celebrity* edition depicts extracts from various famous historical voices across different eras, central to my understanding of the power of literature

11 Page 1, Major Work: “... slipping past the noble ruins of the old London Bridge”

12 Page 8, Major Work. ““You will be taken to Marshalsea to await trial, *sir*,”

13 Major Work. “Light Dragoons”, “redcoats”, “Grenadiers in scarlet uniforms”, “Fencibles in shabby red uniforms and grey trousers”; all were authentic types of soldiery during the 18th century

14 Page 4, Major Work

I also drew upon certain language conventions presented in some of the articles. *Making a Reputation*<sup>15</sup> provided insight on the tone of an authentic eighteenth century voice that I have attempted to mimic in my own writing, and *Seating Arrangement*<sup>16</sup> was a useful example of Swift’s “Juvenalian”<sup>17</sup> satire that gave consideration to the tone of my Major Work.

My Major Work maintains links to George Orwell’s 1984, studied in the HSC Advanced course as well as my HSC English Extension elective, *After the Bomb*. Orwell’s use of a failed state to critique the political discourse of his time is similar to my use of the era of “enlightened absolutism” to reflect the fragility of our political systems. While a central aspect of my Major Work –how texts are shaped and informed by context—is a key tenet of both these studies; “popular fiction... acts as a mirror for society, reflecting the attitudes, values and beliefs of its age” (Paris 117–132).<sup>18</sup>

Carey was also central to my understanding of voice in my writing. In his book *Fabulating Beauty*<sup>19</sup>; Andreas Gaile assesses Carey’s use of “original voice” by imitating a specific and authentic historical character—something I attempt to emulate. Additionally, Carey admits his use of “necklaces of words”<sup>20</sup> from Tocqueville, in order to purposefully explore satire and evoke a specific period in history. In the same way, I have included snippets of Voltaire’s writing in my short story. The philosophically charged phrases “sufficient reason” and “the best of all possible worlds” were borrowed directly from Voltaire’s *Candide*.

The decision to write a short story with extracts of poetry was directly inspired by Davide Angelo’s *Double Tap*<sup>21</sup>. In addition, Hodgins<sup>22</sup> writings stressed the importance

15 Lapham, L H 2011, ‘Celebrity’, *Lapham’s Quarterly*, vol IV, no. 1, page 37  
16 Ibid. page 67  
17 Freudenburg, Kirk. *The Cambridge Companion To Roman Satire*. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2005. Print. Describes the resurgence of the Juvenalian tradition in enlightenment England: relating to the style of the Roman satirist Juvenal, whose work directly attacks politicians and governments in a less humorous manner—contrasted to the more slapstick “Horatian” satire. The most famous example of this resurgence being Jonathan Swift’s Gulliver’s Travels  
18 Paris, Michael. “Red Menace! Russia And British Juvenile Fiction”. *Contemporary British History* 19.2 (2005): 117-132. Web. On “Popular Fiction and Propaganda”  
19 Gaile, A. (2005). *Fabulating Beauty: Perspectives on the Fiction of Peter Carey* (Cross). Rodopi.  
20 Carey, P. (2010). *Parrot and Olivier in America*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Dedication. What Carey describes as specific sequences of language from Tocqueville  
21 Angelo, D. (2016). *Double tap*. [online] Overland literary journal. Available at: <https://overland.org.au/previous-issues/issue-208/fiction-davide-angelo/> [Accessed 2 Feb. 2016]. The interweaving of poetry and prose in this short story seemed highly appropriate for the sort of satire I was addressing. The work also includes numerous historical/political references in order to convey a specific time period—much like I have attempted to do.  
22 Hodgins, J. (1994). *A passion for narrative*. New York: St. Martin’s Press.

of the perfect beginning and give examples of introductions that evoke the purpose of the piece and engage the reader. With this in mind the opening scene of London reflects aspects of my concept: the mist transports the audience back in time, the “dung pressed hard” beneath the Horse Guards hooves echoes the oppression of the peasants wallowing in the filthy streets, and the description of the palaces as “marvellous monstrosities” is a parody of absolutes very much in the style of Voltaire.

Throughout the creation of my Major Work I have recurrently faced challenges in controlling form. This was realised in a tendency to both overwrite and underwrite. Readings from Hodgins’ and Richard Cohen<sup>23</sup>, as well as advice from my mentor, assisted me in controlling my writing. Additionally the short story *James Joyce—The Dead*<sup>24</sup> demonstrated how form could be manipulated to exploit both the external environment and inner musings—something that was important when balancing the experiences of the character of Louis. Thus a very rigorous approach to form was required to achieve my purpose and I hope that through research and significant editing I have achieved a narrative that is controlled, purposeful and relevant to my audience.

SHORT STORY

LONDON – CIRCA. 1770  
FIRST LIGHT

London seemed to throb as a single, black mass. One great bloated lion of a city, the beast breathed deep as one million of God’s forsaken made their lives in its shadow.

On the outskirts, dark tenements straddled grimy streets animated by the early patrols of the militia. Further in, the brooding facades of the great merchant houses loomed over street-cleaners and beggars. In the centre, decadent parks lay foregone and lifeless in the late winter. They grappled with grand parades smeared with dung pressed hard beneath the wheels of coal-carts and the hooves of radiant, red-liveried Horse Guards. Here, the marvellous monstrosities of St James’s Palace, Buckingham House and the first pillars of the new admiralty building stood stoically.

It was in the small hours of that morning that a ferry parted the gloomy waters of the Thames, slipping through the noble ruins of the old London Bridge. It passed blocky

23 Cohen, Richard. *Writer’s Mind*. Lincolnwood, Ill.: NTC Pub. Group, 1995. Print. Particularly the notes on the importance of maintaining rhythm and variation  
24 Source: The story and its writer: an introduction to short fiction/ [edited by] Ann Charters. Boston: Bedford/St. Martins, c2011.

factories and spidery docks clinging to the banks of the river, and beyond them—the gracious spires of Whitehall, Westminster, Mayfair and Saint James.

A frosty wind was cutting along the craft’s beam. It listed to larboard, upsetting the tired foreigners on its deck. The dampened dirges of seagulls and the boat’s bell were the only sounds at that hour; the sun was merely a yellow smudge on the coarse, dark London skyline.

London. The history of that name was as tentative as the history of language itself. But it was the *weight* of the word that fascinated Louis as he floated up the Thames that morning. Since the days of Rome the name had meant safety and stability. So much so that the mere *idea* of London stood to represent an order not found elsewhere on the continent.

It was that idea that had brought Louis and his master, narrowly escaping arrest back home, to shelter beneath the lion’s cold breast.

He rubbed his hands together to keep warm. How he longed for the beaches of Marseille back home. He recalled many a breezy evening when their butler would draw back the window shades and let in the warm air, the scent of roasting shellfish and sausages and the Mediterranean Sea wafting in. The breeze would often send stacks of his master’s work fluttering about the room, and Louis had found an odd pleasure in collecting the leaflets of yellow parchment. Sections of prose and snippets of poetry crafted in protest against the autocracy. Out of that precious tangle, one verse stood out in his memory:

*And do not press on my troubled heart*

*These immutable laws of necessity,*

*This chain of bodies, minds, and worlds.*

*O dreams of scholars! O profound chimeras!*

*God holds the chain but he is not himself chained.*

He glanced over to his master and tutor: Francois Du Sherbon’s eyes were tired and grim. The old poet shivered against the icy squall, so frail. He was reviewing Louis’ latest attempt to emulate his master’s prose—a description of their unfortunate circumstance:

*The cocked hat came at dawn. Five brutish heroes in white and an arrest warrant accompanied him. The conscript fathers had sent their butcher’s boy to collect*

*the bill. Political insubordination cost the house three crowns: Franc, Lou and the old butler—Caesar’s sons had found ‘sufficient reason’ to rid the best of all possible worlds of these insufferable souls.*

The ferry hit the dock with a heavy thud, and the assembled rabble filed off. Louis held his master’s arm as the thin man stumbled ashore. Immediately Louis was overcome by the squalor. Pathways that were once hard-pressed as stone were now muddied and foul. Reeking, cluttered tenements shadowed the street, and children skipped where drunkards wallowed in filth. One of these called out an obscenity as the two Frenchmen passed. Louis led his master away quickly.

A carriage was waiting for them at the Tower. Louis marvelled at the complexity of that structure: twisted battlements and bulky towers that had been witness to a dozen battles, a hundred murders and a thousand executions were now in decay. Two yeomen warders guarded the gatehouse, and they eyed the arriving Frenchmen with suspicion.

His master ascended into the carriage and Louis followed at his heel, mounting the first step. As he did so, a young woman caught his attention across the street. Her dress was a soft yet striking blue that might have mirrored the cold London sky on a good day. She was pretty, but the way she held her chin made her look like she was constantly looking down her small nose. Louis didn’t like her.

But it wasn’t her appearance that made Louis pause. Accompanied by two burly rhinoceroses in bowler hats, she was handing out pamphlets to passers-by with a girlish smile. The headline he could not read but he made out the illustration: a portly John Bull overwhelmed by an army of white ‘wigs’. Louis’ brow furrowed.

A man bumped into Louis and he heard his master grumble something inside. Louis finished the last step and shut the door.

The carriage was courtesy of their hosts, who were waiting for them at a taproom in Mayfair. His master was silent during the transfer—he continued to edit Louis’ extract, but not without a few nervous ticks and shakings of his head. Neither of them had ever met their hosts; supposedly they were great admirers of the ‘renowned’ Francois Du Sherbon. Hearing that he had been forced to flee his homeland, they had invited the Frenchman to their so-called ‘King of Clubs’—a band of Whig Party intellectuals famous in this city for their hard-line party rhetoric.

The streets of London passed quickly. A troop of Light Dragoons galloped past in a flash of dust and steel. The crack of gunshots stung the dawn air not long after. His

master winced and drew the curtains. He handed back Louis’ extract, now annotated with generous amounts of red ink, an unconvinced look on his face.

“Well,” he sighed, “you’ve done better.”

“I was trying to parody Leibniz’s theory of optimism. The claim that—” Louis was abruptly cut off by his master.

“I can see what you were doing—but there are too many analogies that only vaguely support the central argument. I concede that the principle is sound but the execution is not. You have much more to learn.”

“Of course—I shall strive to amend it... master,” Louis, defeated, said no more. The rest of the trip was silent.

The King of Clubs had taken a respected West-End tavern as their seat of business: *The Hero of Bulgar*. As they arrived, a troop of redcoats was escorting several well-dressed gentlemen in shackles from the building across the street. Louis just made out the sign before it was torn down: a quill crossed with a sword, the word *publishers* in red.

A tall man in a white cavalry jacket, sitting on a grey mare, was directing the redcoats. Louis couldn’t see his face but he thought he heard one of the soldiers refer to the man as ‘Secretary’.

Several hired swords in gruff top hats and tight leggings lounged about at the door of the tavern, eyeing the redcoats with suspicion. They did not challenge the Frenchmen as they entered; their hosts were expecting them.

Henry Duncan was a vast presence of a man: his full head of hair might have given the impression of youth, were he not so plump. He was beaming as they entered the taproom and he gave Sherbon an enthusiastic handshake—he barely noticed Louis.

Alistair Sidney couldn’t have been more different. A hawkish nose drooped over a benign smile gave the impression of a childish mirth. He appeared gangly yet lithe next to the portly figure of Duncan. Every move he made seemed overly fluid from such a weedy frame. He nodded politely to Louis after greeting Sherbon. Once pleasantries had been exchanged, he was the first to speak.

“*Monsieur* Du Sherbon, I was truly overcome by sorrow to hear of your exile—trust that you are safe now,” Sidney smiled warmly. “*Merci Monsieur*, blessings upon you for receiving me so kindly,” Sherbon replied.

“Indeed—please, if you would accommodate yourselves in the parlour, we have much to discuss.”

Once they were settled, Sidney continued. “Now perhaps you are wondering why we have asked you here, yes?” Sherbon nodded. “Yes... well, you may not have noticed but England is at war. Not a war of the sort that advises the clash of arms, mind, but something far more damaging to our society: an ideological war.” Sidney paused and Duncan took over.

“This fine Whig government of our most honourable Prime Minister George Wellpeele is stalling. They seek a monumental thing: the passing of the Bubble Act. Its intent is to restrict the issuing of loans against unstable bonds, which would effectively bankrupt the insider traders and ensure a stable share market. But the damn Tory Party sees it as a breach of economic freedom! They say it threatens the integrity of the free market. Nonsense! And they are putting *every* bit into a campaign of hatred towards the Whig government.... and the public are with them—all on about restricting liberties and other rubbish. They may well win the next election. And if they do all hope is lost,” Duncan finished, breathless.

“But noble sir is it not a breach of freedom to restrict something like that? And if the people want to vote in a Tory government than that is their right,” Louis said, dauntless.

“*Monsieur* who is this god-damned paper-skull you have brought me?” Duncan yelled. Sidney tapped the larger man’s arm as if to restrain him. “The masses do not know what is best for them. Ignorance is their parlance. If the Tory party were to seize government and fail to pass the act then we will soon be facing an economic recession—tens of thousands would lose jobs. Keep your silence, boy, if you are going to suggest something so absurd.” Louis looked to Sherbon who just shook his head.

Louis stayed quiet and was ignored. He sat at the near table, sipping a lager provided to him by the greying barkeep, expressionless. Not for the first time he found himself excluded from his master’s business. Alone, he started thinking about the woman by the tower: the woman in blue. What was her place in all this? She seemed arrogant, glaring down her small nose the way she did. But if it was hearts and minds Duncan wanted to win then she seemed to have the right idea.

When Louis started listening again the two Englishmen were explaining the Tory political powerbase—the famed Scriblerus Club. The club was responsible for the dissemination of their propaganda and aptly led by someone named Alexandria Priest. Sherbon must have heard of her. The lady in blue drifted into Louis’ mind.



“I’m afraid you may have waded too deep gentlemen,” Sherbon began. “That woman is the most well-regarded young writer this side of the Rhine. If the Tories have her, then I fear this campaign may well be over.”

“You are very right *monsieur* Du Sherbon. That’s why we have called you here. We aren’t winning this fight. But with *your* mind we might yet have a chance!” Duncan’s eyes were bright with passion. “With your wit and guile the Whigs might yet have a chance of winning the next election.

“We have the funds to publish anything you wish, as long as you provide us with material to counter the Scriblerus Club. And in the meantime you can continue with your campaign of denouncing the Bourbon monarchy—we pride ourselves on a man’s right to say what he wants this side of the channel,” Sidney finished, looking hopefully at Sherbon. His master seemed to consider for a moment.

“*Monseieurs* we have an accord, I shall begin writing on the morrow,” Sherbon declared, yet he looked nervous.

“Ahh one more thing *monsieur*,” Sidney began. “You may have heard in this country of the notoriety of the so-titled ‘Secretary of State for the Southern Department’. That man is dangerous. And he hates writers. Try not to upset him—the commoners grumble that he effectively runs this city. They’re not half wrong.”

Louis and Sherbon were promptly led to their chambers above the taproom. As soon as they were alone, Louis spoke as his tutor unpacked.

“Master do you really think you should so rashly return to the public sphere so soon after the arrest? We could get into trouble again.” Sherbon stiffened. Louis had noted his master’s nerves earlier and now he worried the old man might be letting fear dictate his actions. Louis wanted to help him.

Sherbon turned to face Louis head-on.

The nervous ticks were gone. His eyes were steady.

For the first time since Louis had known him Sherbon gazed at Louis with a look of utter apathy. His eyes locked with Louis’. Suddenly Louis was the nervous one.

Sherbon shattered the silence. His voice was more level and calm than it had been in years.

“That’s the point.” The old warrior turned away from Louis.

The master’s manner warranted no reply, so Louis took it upon himself to exit for now. As he left he noticed a bulge in his pocket that had not been there before. A folded piece of paper. It contained a single piece of verse:

*Th’ Adventrous Baron the bright Locks admir’d,  
He saw, he wish’d, and to the Prize aspir’d:  
Resolv’d to win, he meditates the way,  
By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray;  
For when Success a Lover’s Toil attends,  
Few ask, if Fraud or Force attain’d his Ends.*

CHAINS

*If the heavens, stripped of his noble imprint,  
Could ever cease to attest to his being,*

*If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.*

Louis’ head rested on the coarse table as he watched the ceiling drip into a pan on the floor. Exhaustion beat down his frame. He had already drunk too much ale but he hailed the barman for another anyway.

For the past two weeks since coming to London, Louis had slaved for his master. Without their usual household staff, Louis was butler, courier, maid and assistant to Sherbon. In return, the poet had been accelerating his tuition of Louis, directing him in his art. Yet Sherbon had lost a certain warmth since coming to London. He never spent time with Louis for any reason other than tuition. Some nights he would disappear for several hours on end and not even Sidney or Duncan could say where he was.

Not without some nostalgia Louis reminisced of warm Marseilles nights when his master would read out poetry over dinner and Louis would listen enamoured, every majestic syllable echoing the sounds of the birds and the sea.

The door to the tavern jolted open. A well-dressed gentleman flooded in out of the rain. His waterlogged cocked hat slopped onto the table as he sat down. Louis moved to sit by the fire, away from where the man had slumped. His gaze slid beneath the surface of his ale and he found himself watching its tumbling particles of pulp—listless, purposeless exertion.

Since his modest childhood, Louis had always had lofty dreams of what his life might be like as an adult. After the local pastor had taught him to write at a young age, Louis realised that nothing pleased him more. He would often scribble verses of poetry

between his chores. When he wrote, he was no longer a simple peasant boy—his writing allowed him to be whomever he desired. His parents had loved his ambition. Once a month his father would sacrifice some of the day’s profit at the market to get Louis more ink and paper.

As far as his parents were concerned, Louis was on his way to becoming a great writer.

That was before he moved to Paris.

He had made the journey not long before his nineteenth birthday, hoping to gain employment with a prominent publisher after he showed them his ability.

But in Paris wonderful childhood dreams became nothing more than the musings of an annoying peasant who thought far too much of himself. To the dandyish literary circles of that city, Louis was a troubling insect, a joke of a being. How different they were on this side of the channel, he mused bitterly, remembering Duncan’s treatment of him.

After seven publishers had laughed him out the door, Louis was ready to give up. He had met Du Sherbon not long after that. The old man took him in when no one else would.

The day was dying and lights were springing up across the street. Two more gentlemen entered the tavern. They seemed to recognise the puddle who had entered before. The trio shook hands and exchanged pleasantries. Louis gazed at the fire; it had finally caught on the larger of the logs and was heartily illuminating the whole room.

Often Louis considered where he might be if just one of the publishers hadn’t rejected him. Philadelphia probably, that was the city of opportunity nowadays—the second busiest port on the Atlantic, after London. He’d live in a nice townhouse not far from the water and would write every day about whatever he wanted. A vague, vain hope now.

Then again, he never would have met Sherbon.

Alistair Sidney burst into the tavern, Duncan on his heels.

“Where’s *la monsieur*?” Sidney panted.

“Upstairs—working,” Louis replied, concerned. “Is there a problem?”

“The Southern Secretary has issued a warrant for Du Sherbon’s arrest—he needs to leave immediately,” Sidney looked desperate.

Louis cursed loudly. *We pride ourselves on a man’s right to say what he wants this side of the channel*—Sidney’s claim echoed. What liberty London offered!

“*Merde*! What did we do wrong?” Louis asked, shocking Sidney momentarily with his choice of words.

“Blasphemy, libel and sedition. Apparently Sherbon’s attack on the French monarchy was taken as an affront to Britain’s as well,” Sidney grimaced. Louis shook his head in disbelief. “I suggest the two of you leave now, I have already sent a runner to make arrangements for passage with a captain from Denmark –”

A shout from outside interrupted him. There were sounds of a scuffle and the door was jammed open, one of the mercenaries tumbled in onto the floor. A squad of Grenadiers in scarlet uniforms followed. They poured into the taproom and filled the space beneath the beams with red; a wall of flame edged by the glow of the roaring fire.

“I have here an arrest warrant issued by His Majesty’s Secretary for the Southern Department, for one Francois Du Sherbon!” a plum-mouthed lieutenant declared. “Where is he?” The man’s voice was shrill and reedy, and he over-pronounced his vowels.

“Present, *monsieur*!” Sherbon declared from the landing behind them. They all turned. He was dressed in purple nobleman’s robes, and the light had caught him in such a way that his face appeared too bright to make out. For a moment, the Grenadiers were astounded, looking to their just as startled lieutenant for direction.

“*Monsieur*, I... I...” the little lieutenant seemed to choke on his words. The door slamming open again cut him off. A great mass of a man entered.

“SIR you will stand down and submit to *Imperial* authority immediately!” the man’s voice was raspy and growling, with a tone of bestial rage. Dressed in a crude black cavalry jacket and matte black cocked hat he looked like a panther hungrily cornering its prey. The man continued.

“Let it be known that the Knight’s Marshal today exercises the interest of His Majesty the King and His Majesty’s Secretary of State for the Southern Department.” At the mention of that title, both Duncan and Sidney’s eyes widened. Louis’ belly flipped: who could be so terrible as to warrant such a reaction from these veteran men.

“You will be taken to Marshalsea to await trial, *sir*,” he finished. That name warranted similar reactions from Duncan and Sidney as the ‘Knight’s Marshal’ had, and this time Louis knew why. Even he had heard of the London’s most notorious political prison.

“This is outrageous!” Duncan quivered.

“No. I shall go with you *monsieur*,” Sherbon declared to the Knight’s Marshal. He was unusually calm. As they led the old writer away, Louis looked to his master apologetically. Sherbon met his eyes and shrugged.

“*Putain!*” Louis cursed after the door had shut, and this time Sidney repeated the sentiment. Duncan looked at them both disapprovingly.

The King of Clubs was seized by silence.

Night was coming.

BELLS

“No. No. A thousand times no. The election is in two weeks and the Scriblerus Club have got the people calling for a change of government... We simply cannot risk it at this time—there is too much at stake,” Duncan’s reply to Louis’ suggestion was firm.

“But that is exactly why you need me!” Louis pleaded. “I know my master’s style. I can write like him. If you would just allow me to –”

“Enough man –”

“Publish my work. That’s all I ask. Publish my work and put it under a different name—a pseudonym. An English name. Who would know?” Duncan lounged by the fire as Louis made his case. Sidney was pacing the taproom behind them.

“It’s certainly an idea,” Sidney said, breaking his silence. Louis looked at him hopefully. “He’d do a better job at it than we could.”

Duncan wasn’t entirely convinced, but he respected Sidney’s judgement. Sidney went on to reassure him.

“What other options do we have Duncan? We’ll tone down the rhetoric: avoid attacking anyone directly. We should be able to avoid scrutiny that way.”

“But the KNIGHT’S MARSHAL,” Duncan insisted.

“I assure you, we will be incredibly politically correct. Don’t worry about the Marshal. We’ll give them no reason to come for us,” Sidney assured, and Louis nodded. Duncan, although seemingly reluctant, murmured some sort of agreement. He knew deep down they had no other option.

“Excellent—we must begin then, no time to lose,” Sidney urged Louis. “I suggest we stay away from the King and the Southern Secretary—we cannot afford to run afoul of those men again. The last thing we want is to end up in *Marshalsea*. We must focus our efforts against the Tory Party alone.”

Louis gave him a calm nod of agreement but inside he was ecstatic. Like the gathering of a storm, ideas began to merge in his mind. Marseilles, home, the wind, loss, olive tree, Paris, London, king, Tories, clubs—everything could be linked by the written word.

As the evening reached its eighth hour, the bells of London joined together for a final hymn to the dying light. The more rays that slipped below the horizon, the louder the dirge became until it was as if the thunderous anthem itself was driving the tide of night in forcing the sun from the sky. Each strand of harmony, each differently tone-coloured bell, combining together in a glorious climax to purge the last light.

In the taproom too, the light was dying. The barman had neglected to light the fire for that evening, and shadows oozed across tables and onto the floor, engulfing the small assembly. As his face was cast in the darkness, Louis’ heart stopped.

Before him was a blackened void with no certain end, yet he had no choice but to leap out. Uncertainty racked him. Uncertainty about Sherbon—the man had changed dramatically since coming here and now he was gone. Uncertainty about the frequently mentioned and shady Southern Secretary; and the imposing Knight’s Marshal. Uncertainty about the Scriblerus Club and this Alexandria Priest. They all seemed against Louis. And he had few friends here.

That evening, shrouded in shadow and with a generous dose of whiskey by his side, Louis’ trembling hand dipped his quill in ink and went to uncertain war.

*Once a caliph, in his last hour,  
Prayed to God, whom he loved:  
“I bring thee, O only and almighty king,  
That, which in your immensity, you lack—  
Faults, regrets, pain, and ignorance.”  
But he could have added—hope.*

FLAGS

The strikers had gathered outside the factory, blocking entrance in or out. Their shabby breaches and gruff faces contrasted with the clean-cut and polished company of fusiliers that watched them cautiously from across the street.

Their chant was a dangerous cry:

“NO LIBERTY! NO KING!”

The frenzy was fuel for Louis’ growing anxiety. He, Duncan and Sidney witnessed their work from a distance.

It had been over a week since Sherbon’s arrest. Since then, Louis had been publishing numerous pieces for the Whig pamphlets, while Sidney had made several public speeches in Hyde, and Duncan had written numerous letters to assorted urban elite—all with the aim of whipping up support for the Whig party. And it had been working.

So far ten factories had gone on strike to protest the Tory opposition to the Bubble Act, and over a dozen magnates had written *letters of demands* to the Tory administration.

Despite this, Louis felt a growing uncertainty. Their campaign almost seemed to be working too well.

Sherbon had long warned Louis about the dangers of mass politics and the mob; how widespread ignorance threatened the fragility of a democratic state. Now it seemed sustained anti-Tory sentiment might backfire in the same way.

On top of this, the Tories didn’t seem the true enemy here. After all it was the Southern Secretary who had violated the trust of this democracy and imprisoned Louis’ only true friend.

Louis’ uncertainty was endemic. Amidst the growing tension, even the usually hard-line Duncan was worried. Sidney, however, seemed caught up in the frenzy.

“WHIGS AND LIBERTY!” the gangly man cried. Duncan looked worried at the man. However it was who was behind Sidney that made Louis freeze.

The lady in blue was watching the gathering with a frown, accompanied by her two rhinoceroses. Duncan noticed her as well.

“Alexandria Priest,” he muttered. She gave Duncan and Louis a smile that failed to reach her eyes. Her two strongmen shifted their weight behind her.

“Good to see you gentlemen always doing what is best for the country,” she said facetiously before turning away. Louis frowned.

Two weeks later, the King of Clubs received terrible news.

The militia had shot a young man no older than seventeen in the night for throwing rocks at a Tory Party meeting hall. The populace was outraged.

By morning, incidents of looting and vandalism forced the administration to implement a curfew and call in more troops from Cambridge to bolster the London garrison.

The shooting was the last alarm bell for Louis, Duncan and Sidney. The King of Clubs gathered the morning after the incident. They arrived in the early hours—still gloomy from sleep but alert with anxiety. The bare light cast heavy, stifling shadows over the taproom.

“We have to speak out,” Louis began.

“But they’re on *our* side Louis,” Sidney pleaded. “Let them revolt—let them show their support for the Whig Party!”

“No.” This time Duncan stood with Louis. “A riot would threaten both the safety of the public and the integrity of our party—we must stop this madness before it goes too far. Louis and I will draft a statement now—we should be able to make this evening’s papers. We’ll compel the factory workers to end this madness. Alistair, you will go to Hyde. Gather as many moguls as possible and make them see reason—spread the word as best you can.” Sidney’s lip wobbled but he quickly obliged.

## SPEARS

London felt what was coming before its people did.

The lion was sick. Its bony tenements sagged; bleeding shadows onto silent streets. They choked the scarce light from every rotten gutter. Its yellow mane—the great houses of Mayfair and St James—was greying and dull. The pillars of the admiralty building, once the lion’s proud crown, jutted like broken crags against the dark sky.

Any poor soul caught out at that time was drowned in the darkness: great, grey clouds had conquered London’s skyline. Like unholy temples they towered above the rambling patterns of the city streets. In the late afternoon the air was still dry, but the boom of Jupiter’s drum gave promise to a coming storm. Each insane crack brought the sky closer to a deluge of wind, sleet and rain.

The elite found some respite in their warm homes, behind thin glass and patterned curtains. The poor took refuge in cramped share-houses.

Clinging to the south end of Westminster Bridge, a squadron of Fencibles in shabby red uniforms and grey trousers stood a nervous vigil. They eyed the brewing tempest warily. Their leader, a gruff sergeant from the East End, had received peculiar and vague instructions from the Southern Secretary at around midday that day. He read over it again as the sky darkened.

*To all officers and men of the London Division, the Militia and the Yeomanry:*

*Prepare to receive the enemy. All officers and enlisted are to stand to at their posts. England expects that every man shall do his duty. The enemy are amongst us. Any disruption to the operations of the nation on this night is to be met with due force. This is of the greatest importance in maintaining the integrity of our nation. God willing we shall keep the peace.*

*William Darcy, 4<sup>th</sup> Earl of Holdeness*

*HM Secretary of State for the Southern Department*

The sergeant frowned. Had he just been given orders to shoot anyone who tried to cross the bridge? Nonetheless, as some over-quoted and ignorant fop had once said: orders were to be obeyed.

Not far from Westminster, on Fleet Street—centre of London’s press—Louis and Duncan emerged from the publisher’s relieved. That evening’s paper would feature a glowing piece on the benefits of peaceful resistance, and why a fair election was the surest way to bring about positive and lasting change. But Louis was still nervous—he doubted whether it would be enough, whether they had been too late.

It began to rain as they descended the sandstone steps to the pavement; the sky had been thundering for several hours. Duncan seemed ecstatic; he slapped Louis on the back heartily.

“Damn good show man, damn good show,” Duncan applauded Louis.

Louis was about to reply when the chanting began.

“WHIGS AND LIBERTY! NO KING! NO LIBERTY!”

The crowds in Hyde Park were crying. Thousands had gathered before Louis and Duncan arrived: commoners in rags, middle-class bourgeoisie in coats—the clamour was almost as deafening as the unrelenting storm.

Once a decadent garden of the elite, Hyde had been trampled and shredded by the mob. A choking ring of Horse Guards and redcoats occupied the soiled parades bordering the park. Their horses pranced and trotted nervously and blocky companies of Foot shivered en masse.

“Sidney,” Duncan spotted the thin man in the crowd.

“Duncan! Louis!” Sidney was in a panic. “The Knight’s Marshal finished reading the Riot Act moments ago. If the crowd doesn’t disperse, the troops will open fire!”

They were too late.

“We can speak to the crowd! It’s not over,” Louis pleaded.

“If only it were that simple. Another crowd is coming from the North, whipped into frenzy by Priest and the Tories. They’re making for Westminster Bridge,” Sidney said, pain in his eyes. “They’ll die.”

“We’ll all die if they start shooting,” Duncan said, horrified. He pointed to the readying ranks of Foot. Officers on horseback were shouting incoherent orders as the troops formed into a line.

Sherbon saw this coming, Louis realised. It made sense now why he had given himself up—why it explained how the old man had been for some time. After his first arrest, Sherbon had come to think that democracy was doomed to fail. Why continue to fight a losing battle?

But they had almost succeeded, Louis thought—if they had just been sooner, if they had compelled the crowd to listen to them speak.

But as Louis looked up, above the mansions that towered over the square, he realised such thoughts were useless now. Against the growing storm, through the sheets of rain: a glow to the North.

They were too late.



Out of the blackness, fire. It came in a wave of plebeian glory—banners and torches and stakes bobbing up and down in a sea of crimson aggression. As they reached the bridge, the fires reflected off the Thames—setting the crystal black waters alight for several hundred yards. A pretty woman in blue, a single breast laid bare in her flurry, led them. She held a Union Jack high above their heads, pushing them on.

Lightening flashed.

For a brief moment it cast its light over the simple sergeant and his men huddling behind their barricades. They held their breath, waiting for the coming thunder. Their muskets—stiff with fear—were trained on the approaching mass. The rain obscured their vision, but the horde was so large it would be impossible to miss.

The bellowing of the crowd increased in volume—soon drowning out the crash of the rain. The Fencibles shifted nervously, but they trusted in their sergeant, and he trusted in his orders.

“COMP-AAANYYY. CAAA-RRYYYY ARMS!” The sergeant bellowed. His men shouldered their weapons.

The thunder waited.

The lion realised,

Too late.

The woman in blue stopped.

“FIIIIIRE-“

A thunderclap.

The lion roared.

*To HM Secretary of State for the Southern Department:*

*With the highest authority I instruct you, Holdeness in the execution of the crown’s wishes. Parliament is impotent. London is in chaos. Dissolve both the houses and institute martial law. I am in agreement with the Church to re-establish absolute monarchy for the time being. You are now officially the highest officer of the state. The masses must be brought to heel.*

*Order must prosper. God willing we shall keep the peace.*

*Benevolent regards,*



*HM The King*

*Unlucky mortals! O deplorable earth!  
All humanity huddled in fear!  
The endless subject of useless pain!  
Come philosophers who cry, “All is well,”  
And contemplate the ruins of this world.  
Behold the debris and ashes of the unfortunate—  
These women and children heaped in common ruin,  
These scattered limbs under the broken marble.  
See the hundred thousand whom the earth devours!  
Torn, bloody, and still breathing, they are  
Entombed beneath roofs, and die without relief  
From the horror of their suffering lives.*

## HISTORY

# Thomas Lake

## Assess how the ‘Socratic Problem’ has developed through modern criticism of Plato

### SYNOPSIS

The concept for this investigation stemmed from a desire to investigate the historical truth about Socrates—the greatest philosopher that wrote nothing’. Because Socrates’ renown comes from his role as the protagonist of thirty Platonic dialogues, I decided to have my essay give equal regard for both philosophers. It was not until a month into my research that I discovered the actual term for the historical dilemma I was studying The Socratic Problem. By basing my precise question around this term, I was able to apply more historiographical focus towards the concepts I explore through a diverse range of recorders and constructors of history.

Much of my research was done through collected essays in ‘The Cambridge Companion to Socrates’. Through this book I was able to extensively refer to three essays by David O’ Connor, David Konstan and Louis Andre Dorion. The former two were particularly vital, as their essays provided extensive criticism of the divide between Plato’s Socrates and that of his Athenian contemporaries Aristophanes and Xenophon.

My use of classical scholars John Burnet, Friedrich Schleiermacher and Gregory Vlastos has allowed me to communicate how Socrates’ legacy is grounded in the philosophical interpretation of Plato’s works. The latter two men argue that Plato’s character of Socrates is philosophically inconsistent. The exploration of this notion allowed me to engage in a study of the literary character of Socrates, while simultaneously debating the reliability of one of the ancient world’s most important figures.

The final scholarly perspective I investigated was formulated through the professor of ancient philosophy at Sydney University Rick Benitez, whom I interviewed on the 28th of April. Benitez was conscious of the Socratic Problem, but indifferent to it due to Plato’s philosophical merit. My inclusion of him in my essay ultimately reinforced the way that Socrates’ philosophy as documented predominantly by Plato, is the ultimate basis of his legacy.

## ESSAY

The dilemma that arises from Plato’s dialogues being among the few surviving contemporary sources surrounding the life and work of Socrates is now referred to as the ‘Socratic Problem’. Several modern scholars have employed a Rankean empirical research approach to scrutinise this notion, asserting that Plato’s dialogues are the catalyst for his posthumous glory. Modern researchers such as Søren Kierkegaard, David O’Connor and David Konstan among others have identified and utilised various fallacies in Plato’s depiction of his teacher. These scholars have argued through comparisons between Socratic depictions from Plato, and those of his Athenian contemporaries Xenophon and Aristophanes. Modern classicists—particularly Friedrich Schleiermacher, Charles Kahn and Gregory Vlastos—have also scrutinised Plato through assessing the notion that his depiction of Socrates is more philosophically idealised than historical. Furthermore, artistic criticism of Socrates’ depiction by Jacque Louis David has also advanced discussion of the issue. Despite this, twenty-first century scholars such as Louis Andre Dorion and Rick Benitez have been openly inconclusive about the nature of the historical Socrates-subsequently acknowledging him as a philosophical figure above all else.

The comparison of Plato and Xenophon’s accounts of Socrates has led scholars John Burnet and Søren Kierkegaard to both challenge and express comparative indifference towards Plato’s depictions of his teacher. Although Xenophon has evidently high regard for Socrates, it is a widely accepted view that it lies in contrast with Plato’s inviolable depiction of him. A major point of contrast is the two pupil’s ‘Apologies’-their accounts of Socrates’ one-day trial. A frequently discussed point of comparison is the men’s disagreements of the Delphic Oracle’s assessments of Socrates. Burnet cited this in his 1924 essay ‘For ‘wisdom’ as characteristic of Atheistic philosophers’.<sup>1</sup> Burnet notes that in Xenophon’s accounts, the Oracle describes Socrates as the most: “free, just and sound of mind”, while Plato’s claims her to have given Socrates a much more objective and high modal description as the most ‘wise’.<sup>2</sup> In spite of the view held by academics such as Burnet, philosopher Søren Kierkegaard is equally critical of both Xenophon and Plato. Kierkegaard’s 1841 essay ‘On the Concept of Irony with Continual Reference to Socrates’, asserts that Xenophon’s ‘Apology’ possesses definitively similar traits of bias to that of Plato:

“As a preliminary we must recall that Xenophon had an objective...namely to show what a scandalous injustice it was for the Athenians to condemn Socrates to death”.<sup>3</sup>

- 1 Burnet J 1924. *Plato: Euthyphro, Apology of Socrates*. For “wisdom” as characteristic of atheistic natural philosophers, Crito, Clarendon. ‘For wisdom’ as characteristic of atheistic philosophers, 1924
- 2 Burnet. J. Ibid pp. 90-91
- 3 Storm A 2016. ‘Commentary on–The Concept of Irony’. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://sorenkierkegaard.org/concept-of-irony.html> [Accessed 17 December 2015].

In light of Kierkegaard’s statement, it can be argued that some do not consider Plato to be the sole contributor to the idealism that is central to The Socratic problem, and thus cannot be entirely deconstructed through accounts of his contemporaries.

Despite Kierkegaard’s argument, modern scholar David O’Connor has credited Xenophon with providing a more historically broad assessment of Socrates.<sup>4</sup> His writings of his teacher are as O’Connor states: “philosophically narrower”<sup>5</sup> than Plato’s, allowing for an overall more historical portrait. An untested point of reference on Plato’s part that Xenophon notes is the contemporary political appropriation that harkens back to Socrates’ asceticism. This is partly demonstrated through Xenophon’s continual reference to the Socratic principle of Athenian statesman Alcibiades, oligarch Critias and both Cyrus the Great and the younger.<sup>6</sup> O’Connor describes Xenophon’s Socrates as a major figure in the historian’s theories surrounding political leadership and conquest. For O’Connor, what seems to elevate Xenophon’s Socrates over Plato’s, is his lack of inviolability characteristic of Plato’s portrait, which allows for a broader assessment of what Socratic thought means in the history of the Hellenic political sphere. As O’Connor states: “Xenophon understood Socrates’ life as exemplary, ‘but he did not see it as the only exemplary life’.”<sup>7</sup> O’Connor believes the political appropriation identified through Xenophon’s historical approach to Socrates ultimately allows for a greater sense of political insight when studying the philosopher. This is further argued when he states that reading Plato’s ‘Republic’: “will not do the same good for an aspiring political leader as Xenophon’s major works on political leadership”.<sup>8</sup> From O’Connor’s descriptions of the benefits of examining Socrates through Xenophon’s portrayal, it is clear that he is able to appropriate the philosopher in a political scope seldom achieved by Plato.

Scholars Peter Adamson and Catherine H. Zuckert have continued to challenge Plato, by comparing Aristophanes’ satirical portrayal of Socrates against Plato’s antithetical depiction. Aristophanes has also been seen as a central figure in the deconstruction of Plato’s depiction of Socrates, because his comedy ‘The Clouds’ is among the only other detailed contemporary depiction of him aside from Xenophon’s accounts. The widely accepted opinion that Aristophanes’ contemporary and historical influence like that of Xenophon, is lacking compared to Plato’s, has led to an Anti-Platonic discussion.<sup>9</sup>

4 O’Connor D 2010. ‘Xenophon and the enviable life of Socrates’ in Morrison D.R, 2010. The Cambridge Companion to Socrates (Cambridge Companions to Philosophy). Edition. Cambridge University Press

5 Ibid p. 2

6 Ibid p. 8

7 Ibid p. 10

8 Ibid p. 11

9 Adamson P 2014. Classical Philosophy: A history of philosophy without any gaps, Volume 1. 1 Edition. Oxford University Press

In 2014 Peter Adamson proposed that Aristophanes had no monumental influence allowing Plato’s depiction to shadow that of the Athenian playwright: “Socrates owes his renown to the impression he made on the people he met face to face, and above all to the fact that one of those people was Plato”.<sup>10</sup> This argument is seen in the chapter of Adamson’s book ‘Socrates Without Plato’, which details the accounts of Xenophon and Aristophanes. Adamson further deconstructs Plato’s dialogues, through continued reference to the satirical depiction of Socrates in ‘The Clouds’. In 1965 University of Chicago Professor Catherine H. Zuckert also used this comedy to argue Plato’s unwarranted objectivity: “The practice of asceticism and conversational dialectic appear to be caricatures of Socratic behaviours, later described more sympathetically by Plato”.<sup>11</sup> It can be seen from Adamson and Dover’s assessments that the figure of Aristophanes in the Socratic Problem allows historians to observe a separate interpretation of Socratic thought. They are able to move away from Plato’s objective adulation for his teacher and understand how contemporaries mocked his thought prior to the philosopher’s profound influence.

In the tone of Zuckert’s assessment, modern scholars David Konstan and Kierkegaard have continued to acknowledge The Clouds as presenting an opportunity to examine the farcical interpretations of Socratic thought and practice, of which were of coarse neglected by Plato. In his thesis on Aristophanes’ depiction of Socrates, Konstan refers to a range of characteristics of Socrates as described by Plato and Xenophon in justification of the parody. Konstan cites how Aristophanes satirizes Socrates’ prose, a point of reference that could: “correspond to the way he appeared to his contemporaries”.<sup>12</sup> Konstan argues that the portrayal of Socrates’ cross-questioning (elenchus) by Plato and Xenophon would explain, “how such a view of his verbal skills would have arisen”.<sup>13</sup> Konstan further argues this by citing Plato’s uncharacteristic acknowledgement in The Apology that Socrates’ elenchus may have ‘amused young onlookers’.<sup>14</sup> Other modern scholars of Socrates such as Kierkegaard have asserted that the undesirable traits of Aristophanes’ portrayal of Socratic thought were in fact highly candid. Kierkegaard referred to this comedy in his 1841 essay, stating the belief that it provides a more accurate representation of Socrates then that of Plato or Xenophon. Kierkegaard refers to the ironic lifestyle of Socrates of which Aristophanes is supposedly justified in lampooning. He cites idiosyncrasies such as Socrates

10 Ibid p. 88

11 Zuckert C.H 1996. Postmodern Platos: Nietzsche, Heidegger, Gadamer, Strauss, Derrida. 1 Edition. University Of Chicago Press

12 Konstan D 2010. ‘Socrates in Aristophanes’ Clouds’, in Donald R. Morrison, 2010. The Cambridge Companion to Socrates (Cambridge Companions to Philosophy). Edition. Cambridge University Press. pp. 75-84

13 Ibid p. 5

14 Ibid p. 6

standing still and straining in meditation, as well as his relationship with his own personal deity, all of which made him “the seedbed of an Aristophanic spoof”.<sup>15</sup> The arguments of Konstan and Kierkegaard further demonstrate how an examination of Aristophanes can be used to determine contemporary views of the historical Socrates that are neglected by Plato.

As a continuation of Adamson’s view on Aristophanes’ contemporary societal influence, K.J Dover has criticised Plato by deconstructing his inference that ‘The Clouds’ was a contributing factor to Socrates’ execution.<sup>16</sup> In his foreword to a 1970 publication of ‘The Clouds’, the classicist used the context of Aristophanes’ play to argue against Plato’s inference in ‘The Apology’. Dover essentially deconstructs this view of which is still argued by academics such as Alan Sommerstein,<sup>17</sup> through drawing to light the personal political context of Socrates of which led to his execution. Like many, Dover believes Aristophanes’ play’s to have very little impact on Athenian public opinion. With this he argues that Socrates’ execution came about through public disdain of the philosopher, due to his association with the Thirty Tyrants and the disgraced statesman Alcibiades.<sup>18</sup> Dover is arguing a view held by other modern academics such as Konstan. It is that Socrates’ notoriety, which came about through his political acquaintances, allowed Aristophanes to use him as a scapegoat to lampoon the broader Athenian intellectual movement. Furthermore, Dover has referred to other famous Aristophanes plays in order to advance his thesis that the playwright had very little effect on Athenian public opinion. He mainly cites Lysistrata’s (411 BC) ineffectual opposition to the Peloponnesian war, as a means of further demonstrating how Aristophanes seldom influenced Socrates’ execution as Plato inferred.<sup>19</sup> The argument put forward by Dover further display the importance of Aristophanes in a deconstruction of Plato’s depiction of Socrates.

Plato’s influence on the Socratic problem is further demonstrated in modern artistic communication of the philosopher’s image, in Jacques Louis David’s 1787 work ‘The Death of Socrates’. David’s neoclassical masterpiece is generally agreed to be an illustration of Plato’s description of Socrates’ execution in his middle dialogue ‘Pheado’. A highly extensive critical analysis of this notion comes from Evan Puschak,

15 Storm A 2016. ‘Commentary on–The Concept of Irony’. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://sorenkierkegaard.org/concept-of-irony.htm>

16 Dover K.J. 1968. ‘The Clouds of Aristophanes’ *Aristophanes, Clouds. Edited with introduction and commentary*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, Colin Austin The Classical Review, Volume 20, Issue 01, March 1970, pp. 18-21

17 Sommerstein A.H 1973. *Aristophanes, Aristophanes Lysistrata and Other Plays*. 1st Edition. Penguin Classics.

18 Dover K.J. Ibid p. iii.

19 Ibid p. vi.

who assessed Plato’s influence on the painting through his YouTube channel ‘Nerdwriter 1’.<sup>20</sup> Puschak disputes that the old man seated on the far left of the canvas is Plato, and that David’s use of vectors makes it appear that the scene of Socrates’ execution is taking place in Plato’s head. He argues this by examining the heroic and idealised representation of Socrates. Puschak begins by noting how the philosopher is illustrated as much more ‘muscular and beautiful’ then the seventy year old would have been. Additionally Socrates points his finger towards the sky in the same fashion as Plato in Raphael’s ‘School of Athens’. This action leads Puschak to draw a direct connection to Phaedo’s description of Socrates’ justification of accepting execution as opposed to exile, which was to ‘teach his followers that death is not to be feared by the philosopher, but embraced as an apotheosis of the soul’.<sup>21</sup> It is clear from Puschak’s analysis, that Plato’s writings had a profound influence on history’s most renowned artistic representation of Socrates.

Scholars have also criticised Plato’s philosophy when investigating The Socratic Problem, developing the notion that Plato used Socrates as a device to express his own views. This standpoint determines Plato’s accounts of his teacher to be more philosophical then historical, harkening back to O’Connor’s comparison of the philosopher to Xenophon. Several scholars such as Friedrich Schleiermacher and Charles Kahn believe this to be true, but the point of debate is in the consideration of the extent of Plato’s deviation and over exactly which parts of his dialogues put it to evidence. In a broad sense, scholars have reached an agreement that the historical Socrates is more present in Plato’s earlier dialogues. Plato’s dialogues are categorised by three chronological sectors; early, middle and later. The later two are widely believed to deviate from Socratic ideals and verge towards Platonic. Cambridge University professor Charles Kahn wrote about this in a 2000 publication, arguing that:

“Plato has not constructed his dialogues in a gradual way but more so as a unified philosophical vision. Therefore the man uses Socratic dialogues—a non-historical genre, to flesh out his own views.”<sup>22</sup>

Kahn’s deconstruction of Plato is reminiscent of several other Socratic scholars.

In regards to Kahn’s assessment, German classical scholar Friedrich Schleiermacher is likely to have influenced him. Among modern Western scholars Schleiermacher

20 Nerdwriter1 2016. YouTube. *The Death of Socrates: How To Read A Painting* [ONLINE] Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rKhfFBbVtFg> [Accessed 2 November 2015].

21 Plato 2012. *Phaedo*. Edition. CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform 82d-85b.

22 Kahn C.H, 1998. *Plato and the Socratic Dialogue: The Philosophical Use of a Literary Form*. Edition. Cambridge University Press.



gave the most salience to the concern of chronology when studying the Socratic problem, particularly in his 1833 essay ‘The worth of Socrates as a Philosopher’. In this he concludes that the only Platonic dialogues that were accurate historical representations of Socrates were his early writings ‘Apology’ and ‘Crito’, determining the following to be Platonic and philosophical in nature. Schleiermacher attributes this transition from a historical to eventual philosophical representation of Socrates to ‘three phases in Plato’s development’. Following the generic chronological categories, he describes them as the: “Foundation, Transitional and Constructive works” respectively.<sup>23</sup> It is his views that Plato’s development essentially sees the character of Socrates evolve into three forms of ‘The Stranger’; Eleatic, Mantineaen and Athenian.<sup>24</sup> Schleiermacher’s ideas surrounding Plato’s philosophical development impacted later scholars, particularly Gregory Vlastos.

A philosophical assessment on the worth of Socrates as a historical figure is also seen in the works of Gregory Vlastos. This classicist shares similar views surrounding the philosophical development of Plato’s Socrates, as Schleiermacher’s ideas on ‘The Stranger’. After determining that the Socrates of Plato’s early dialogues is a purely ‘moral philosopher, Vlastos states that the later two stages of Plato’s dialogues show Socrates to be: “Moral philosopher, metaphysician and epistemologist and philosopher of language and philosopher of religion etc.”.<sup>25</sup> In his essay on The Socratic Problem, Sanderson Beck credits Vlastos for developing the widely accepted contemporary view of the historical Socrates in regards to his depiction by Plato.<sup>26</sup> In this case, it can be asserted that Vlastos’ interpretation of the Socratic problem essentially serves as a 20th century reiteration of Schleiermacher’s assessment. This is because like Schleiermacher, Vlastos also expresses the belief that the historical Socrates is most prevalent in Plato’s early dialogues, determining Plato’s later Socrates to be devoid of any historical candidness.<sup>27</sup> Through the assessments of Kahn, Schleiermacher and Vlastos, it is evident that a breakthrough in the Socratic problem lies in the examination of Plato’s gradual shifting from a historical to philosophical portrait of Socrates.

Study of the Socratic Problem in the 21st century has seen scholars such as Rick Benitez and Louis Andre Dorion argue the futility of ever finding a truly candid historical Socratic portrait, subsequently accepting him foremost as a philosophical

figure. Both Dorion and Benitez define this conclusion with the term *logoi sokratikoi*, which denotes the fictional nature of all contemporary writings on Socrates. Dorion justifies this view by explaining how ‘It is futile to attempt to resolve the Socratic problem on the basis of texts that do not aim to faithfully reproduce the historical Socrates’ teachings’.<sup>28</sup> Dorion makes this argument after outlining the ‘ulterior motive’ to the writings of Plato, Aristophanes and even Xenophon. Although Dorion acknowledges that Xenophon may be interpreted as the more objective contemporary, he deconstructs this view through noting how his lack of philosophical insight would greatly limit an authentic representation of such a thinker as Socrates. This links to Benitez’s view on the Socratic Problem, which has a unique absence of criticism for Plato. Benitez defends Plato against the assessment of Vlastos regarding the fictional Socrates’ philosophical development, arguing that Plato merely gave a name to Socrates’ epistemology and metaphysics as opposed to creating it. He simultaneously acknowledges that there is no way of determining the historical truth of his assessment, but defends it by stating that the dramatic style of Plato’s dialogues exempts it from any responsibility to be a direct transcript of Socrates’ words. As a professor of Ancient Philosophy, Benitez conducts the archetypal dismissal of the Socratic Problem, which is based on grounds of Plato’s philosophical validity. The arguments of these two men demonstrate the futility of drawing a definitive conclusion on the historical Socrates.

The Socratic problem has invited extensive scholarly debate through modern criticism of Plato. The comparison of Plato’s Socratic writings to that of his contemporaries Xenophon and Aristophanes, has revealed a range of characteristics of the philosopher that went unacknowledged by his student. Criticism of Socrates’ philosophical development and the lasting legacy of his Socratic depiction through Jaques Louis David have continued this debate. Despite these efforts, the arguments of Dorion and Benitez reveals how the inconclusiveness of The Socratic Problem will entice further research on the exceedingly complex issue for millennia to come.

23 Schleiermacher F 1836. *Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato* translated by W. Dodson reprinted 1973, Cambridge University Press  
24 Ibid p. 97  
25 Vlastos G 1991. *Socrates: Ironist and Moral Philosopher*. 1 Edition. Cornell University Press.  
26 Beck S 2016. The Socratic Problem. [ONLINE] Available at: <http://www.san.beck.org/SocraticProblem.html>. [6 June 2016]  
27 Vlastos G. Ibid p. 78

28 Dorion L-A 2010. ‘The Rise and Fall of the Socratic Problem’, Donald R. Morrison, 2010. *The Cambridge Companion to Socrates (Cambridge Companions to Philosophy)*. Edition. Cambridge University Press pp. 1-24

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VISUAL ARTS

# Samuel Fitzgerald

## Icons of Heroism veil Trauma

REFLECTION STATEMENT

My drawings capture images from various wars from the 20th and 21st century. These images have been chosen to represent the futility of conflict, but also the quiet heroism of the people who serve.

The world has been at war for generations, but the personal sacrifice has often been overlooked, or underscored.

I have chosen iconic images from the Australian War Memorial archives that illustrate the notion of heroism. The four large panels create monolithic figures that capture the idea of ‘the Anzac’. However accompanying these images and imbued within the works themselves is a more subtle understanding of the sacrifices people have made in their role of service. The deeper more personal trauma, of haunting memories, apocalyptic visions and the questioning of strongly held values and beliefs.

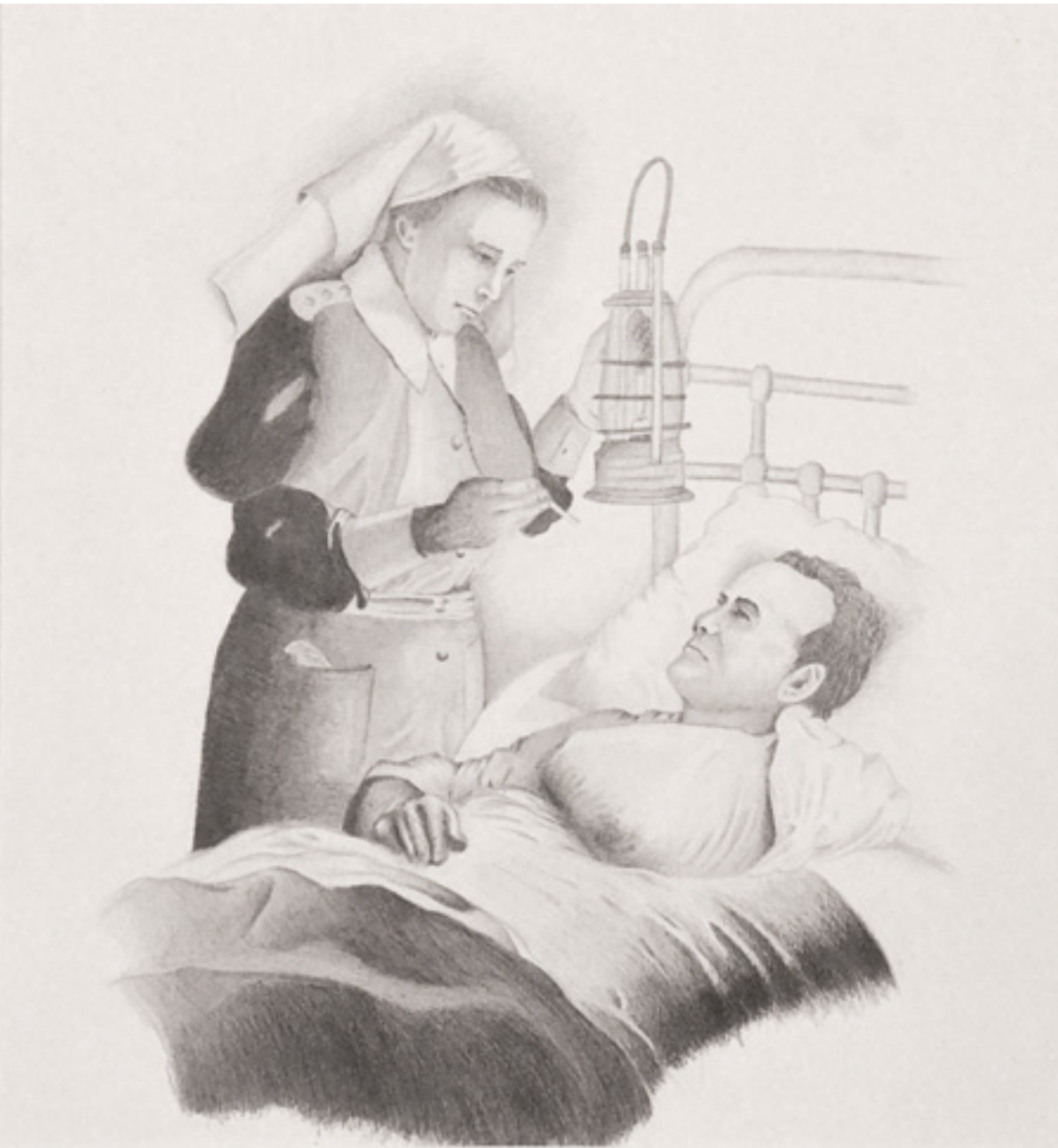
I intentionally worked in graphite on off-white paper to capture a timelessness and sameness in the images. While the techniques and strategies of war have changed, the human cost, and inevitable outcome remain the same.

In my technique I have emphasised the line work and endeavoured to make the works capture a range of grey tones, rather than strident black and white, as I wished to acknowledge through visual representation the ‘grey areas’ of decision making. As we become more aware of our world, and our participation in it, we discern that life is not black and white, but rather various shades of grey. Context, beliefs and values, change our perception of everything and make a variety of opinions/outcomes plausible.

The line work emphasises the idea of military precision.

The images represent both men and women. Rather than showing explicit physical injury, I prefer to show through gesture and posture the internal battle that is felt by all who are involved in conflict, the mental trauma, the questioning of one's values and beliefs, the horror of things witnessed, and never to be forgotten.

My graphite drawings create visual memories indicative of the recollections of the people who have been witness to battle. They are like stains on the windows of the mind. We will never forget the service and sacrifice of others.







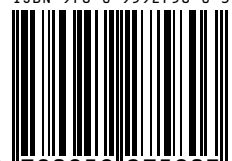






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