



Saint Ignatius' College
RIVERVIEW

The Kircher Collection

MAJOR WORKS FROM THE CLASS OF 2019

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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"¹. 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 telescoping 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"², and because of this, "the schools set demanding standards for both students and faculty"³. 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 seven 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 the many staff who contribute with great generosity and professionalism to this publication.

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- 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 the 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 volcanologist (even climbed into the volcano Vesuvius) and wrote the first book on volcanology. Kircher and others like him taught in the Colleges and encouraged the appropriation of the sciences into the school curriculum.

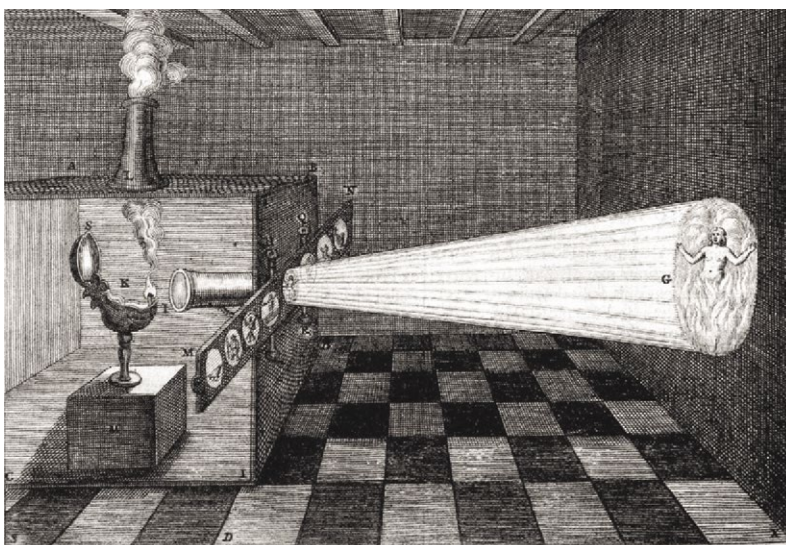
Kircher invented calculators, wrote on symbolic logic, and devised mathematical tables. He understood the evolutionary process and hinted at the germ theory of disease—he attributed the plague to tiny animals which he had observed under a microscope.

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
COLLEGE RECTOR 2011-2017

ENGLISH

Harrison Upfold

TIME, PLEASURE, TRUTH: A Projection

REFLECTION STATEMENT

The purpose of *Time, Pleasure, Truth: A Projection*¹ (TPT) is to explore the purest form of Eudaimonia² and to critique its pursuit. I was motivated by the conventional depiction of the ‘everyman’ who is often prosperous therefore happy. I present my own perspective on the pursuit of happiness archetype by connecting to Aristotle and Plato’s concept of Eudaimonia. The parallel opening and closing of the film provide a cyclical experience but I removed the ‘three-act paradigm’³ to support a non-sequential narrative⁴ so I could manipulate time for impact. The tripartite structure explores the three strands of happiness, following the intangible state of Eudaimonia⁵.

The three strands of happiness that Aristotle identifies are time, pleasure, and truth⁶ – this is the foundation of my tripartite structure. Time is twofold, of thought and of character, and is the understanding of why experience is required for virtue⁷. This is followed by Pleasure, as virtues are concerned with actions and feelings, and every feeling and action entails pleasure and pain⁸. The final part, Truth, entails the three things in the soul that control truth – perception, understanding, and desire⁹. I explore an individual’s pursuit of Eudaimonia, which is disrupted by personal tragedy as the protagonist experiences a significant loss (death of a loved one). These disruptions

1 30956575, *Time Pleasure Truth: A Projection*, (2019)

2 Reeve, C. and Aristotle. *Aristotle: Nicomachean Ethics*. (2014)

3 Raskin, R. *On short film storytelling* (2014)

4 Ibid

5 Kenny, A. *Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society*. (1966)

6 Reeve, C. and Aristotle. *Aristotle: Nicomachean Ethics*. (2014)

7 Ibid

8 Ibid

9 Ibid

present the fall of virtuous consciousness¹⁰, utilised in the form of a 'kortfilm'¹¹, to question the causality of Eudaimonia against the un-virtuous concerns of the everyman.

To elaborate, my use of a tripartite structure embodies a multitude of 'character moments'¹² to emphasise the characteristics of Eudaimonia. This use of the 'kortfilm'¹³, is to explore Ray's imprisonment in a euphoric past; in which his consciousness holds onto the 'quota'¹⁴ of happiness. This is emphasised in the confrontation with the self in 'Time', where the present-ego¹⁵ admits to his past-consciousness that he has to 'let it go'¹⁶. This release, although in the virtue of aggression¹⁷, is my perspective of Eudaimonia against the subconscious ego. The implications are that those who continuously seek happiness are indeed 'sick' in their self-confrontations¹⁸. Time and Pleasure act as an embodiment of the eudaimon everyman, where the non-linear parts connect to explore of Ray's virtues.

The creative processes of my purpose, production and post-production of *TPT* were influenced by studying English Extension One and Advanced English. The motif of the projector, a circular symbol, was inspired by Jung's *Man and His Symbols*¹⁹, which I was introduced to whilst studying T.S. Eliot's poetry. The existential philosophy of Beckett's *Waiting For Godot*²⁰, led to my understanding of a spectrum of philosophical and psychological ideas. Beckett's absurd mise-en-scene and dialectical reasoning²¹ influenced my abstraction of water in contrasting the final confrontation, along with the initial dialogue being parallel to Vladimir, later changing to a shortened confrontation. Originally used as a symbol, the projector became objectified as an absurd vehicle to direct the plot. The projector's slides act as a cyclical notion that 'always is pointing to vital aspects of life – its ultimate wholeness'²². The unconscious transformation of objects

10 Ibid

11 Raskin, R. *On short film storytelling* (2014)

12 Raskin, R. *On short film storytelling* (2014)

13 Ibid

14 Brickman, P., Coates, D. and Janoff-Bulman, R. *Lottery winners and accident victims: Is happiness relative?*. (1978)

15 Kenny, R. *Freud, Jung And Boas: The Psychoanalytic Engagement With Anthropology Revisited*. (2015)

16 30956575, *Time Pleasure Truth: A Projection*, (2019)

17 Reeve, C. and Aristotle. *Aristotle: Nicomachean Ethics*. (2014)

18 30956575, *Time Pleasure Truth: A Projection*, (2019)

19 Jung, C. *Man and his symbols*. (1964)

20 Beckett, S. *Waiting For Godot*. (1953)

21 Velissariou, A. *Language in 'Waiting for Godot'*. (1982)

22 Jung, C. *Man and his symbols*. (1964)

as symbols of ‘*great psychological importance*’²³, as Jung suggests, is what also influenced the visual-metaphor of Ray’s jacket. This is his past-ego, one that in protest quotes Huxley’s *Brave New World* “*Nothing costs enough here*”²⁴, to display his individuality against the common practice of day-to-day materialism. The sequential ‘*memory-scape*’²⁵ of the jacket acts to symbolise his youth and the nostalgia of his experiences, with its purpose of control in recollecting his past.

Filmmaking has been the journey of a personal decade-long education. It was my immediate choice of form in exploring the concept of Eudaimonia, as it is my belief that film can engage all sensory emotions of the audience in a narrative. A successful *kortfilm* leaves ‘*a habitable space inside for viewers to enter and explore and construct meanings*’²⁶. In doing so, the cinematography of my film allows negative space and camera-movement to engage the viewer in an atypical way. The personal frustrations I have against those who idolise and seek a euphoric-high in their past is what motivated by purpose and plot. My belief is that no person has the same conscious-self as their past ego – the attempt to retrieve the past evidently destroys it. My intention of the everyman was to explore Tarkovsky’s achievements in *The Mirror*²⁷; a surrealist ‘*memory-scape*’²⁸ of structural and aesthetic decisions to create the ‘*mechanism of our own thoughts*’²⁹. I created this mechanism in the utilization of Frampton’s ‘*film-mind*’³⁰ – the camera’s perspective in a separate mind to the characters’. I achieved this with the low depth of field and shifts between speed. This perspective allows the construction of a conscious ‘*memory-scape*’³¹ within the audience. This further enables the temporal disruptions of Ray’s past, to explain the mechanism as a truly irrational and unstable nature of the human consciousness³².

The conceptual exploration of Eudaimonia is not something that is completely unique to the film genre. The aesthetic style of my work was influenced by a stream of artistically conscious filmmakers, and their ability to engage their purpose within

23 Ibid

24 Huxley, A. *Brave New World*. (1932)

25 Frampton, D. *Filmosophy*. (2012)

26 Raskin, R. *On short film storytelling* (2014)

27 Tarkovsky, A. *The Mirror*. (1975)

28 Frampton, D. *Filmosophy*. (2012)

29 Ibid

30 Ibid

31 Ibid

32 Cleary, S. and Pigliucci, M. *There’s no philosophy of life without a theory of human nature*. (2019)

their works. *Tarkovsky's* work alongside short-films like Danquart's *Schwarzfahrer*³³ and Huang's *Now That I Found You*³⁴, left me into the short-film form. I intended to use long-take movements to create an atmosphere, like Tarkovsky's approach, of authentic human interactions. Evidently, the film's time constraints alongside my failed attempts, required the shots to be reduced. The 2.40:1 anamorphic ratio continued to be used however, and the opening shots of each part remain as slow-takes. This was to compliment the style of Tarkovsky, and his use of cinematic form in communicating visual purpose. In doing this, I was able to create visual messages to assist my purpose, such as the rejection of grief that adult-Ray experiences during *Pleasure*. This was the idea of 'wordless storytelling'³⁵, where my stylistic approach in *TPT* needed to successfully replicate the screenplay's visual language.

The lighting and colour processing of *TBT* was inspired by HBO's *Euphoria*³⁶, where the *film-mind* changes the visual movement and lighting between characters. The chaotic and consistent colour palette, introduces colour theory³⁷ in a unique way, where the combination of two opposites (red and blue) meets the middle of two ends, like the achievements of virtue, turning purple. My film uses this to indicate the fragile position of Ray's virtues, where the future is met with the reality of both spectrums of his past. Through programming DMX lights between red, blue and purple (the visual colour-motif within the film), I was able to express a disconnection with reality in *Truth*. This supernatural conversation is removed from normality, and the setting provides the absurd nature of his memory. This intentional division of lights, considering their common tropes, was how I wanted to display my setting. I decided this upon the purpose of *Eudaimonia*, that the disconnection of reality and alternating virtues are significant to its disruption.

The score, which continues the stylistic shift through musical-tone between the parts, includes the off-beat drumming from *Birdman*³⁸ (Antonio Sánchez) and the thematic-synth of *Stranger Things*³⁹ (Kyle Stein). These composers inspired the original tracks I recorded into my film. The off-beat drums and heartbeat in *Time*, the underwater beats in *Pleasure* and the synths in *Truth*. This was to have more creative freedom in using music, as it assisted my stylistic shift in expressing *Eudaimonia's* strands.

33 Danquart, P. *Schwarzfahrer*. (1994)

34 Huang, P. *Now That I've Found You*. (2018)

35 Raskin, R. *On short film storytelling* (2014)

36 Levinson, S. *Euphoria*. (2019)

37 Hellerman, J. *How a Film Color Palette Can Make You a Better Filmmaker*. (2019)

38 Sanchez, A. *Doors and Distance*. (2019)

39 Dixon, K. and Stein, M. *Destroying the Castle*. (2019)

My initial vision of *TPT* was completely different from the current film. The initial edit was 15 minutes in length and as a result, a period of removing shots and sequences was based upon contributing to my purpose. The stylistic change between the three acts was mostly achieved in post-production. The cyclical shots around Ray and his past-self (in Time), which were created in Adobe After Effects, was to assist in the narrative and foreshadow their confrontation. Changing between slow-motion helped mimic the 'memory-scape of the 'film-mind'⁴⁰, as the functions of our consciousness tend to show the chaotic pleasure of our past in short-moments⁴¹. The unique style of each section was to express an abstract form of happiness as each strand contains layers of different complications and difficulties. The projector's purpose was central to this idea as it moved the setting of each part through establishing shots. I initially wanted to ironically include Coca-Cola slogans to reinforce an external pleasure for happiness. However, I adapted this idea for my work. Each part contains an original adaptation of slogans, such as my advertisement for happiness in Time – '*can't beat the feeling*'⁴², the posters burned in Pleasure or subversion of the quotes into questions in Truth.

I believe that my short-film has the capacity to expand itself past the restrictions of a single-generation nor a single event. However, the audience of my piece would require age-restrictions due to adult themes. The acceptance of experimental form, I believe, is reputable to the Sydney Film Festival. This international stage can create a mature conversation with the audience enabling them to interact with my purpose and experimental form.

The investigation and exploration into Eudaimonia, alongside philosophical concepts, enhanced my appreciation of the role of stories to create purposeful messages. The short-film form provided the creative field for my attempt at critiquing Eudaimonia. I believe my piece provides a unique perspective, one that can challenge the audience to consider their own pursuit of happiness, as well as motivate against idolising what is an intangible past. I hope *TPT* encourages the viewer to explore their future with new insights.

**This film has been edited for this collection*

40 Ibid

41 Brickman, P., Coates, D. and Janoff-Bulman, R. *Lottery winners and accident victims: Is happiness relative?* (1978)

42 Coca-Cola. *A History of Coca-Cola Advertising Slogans*. (2012)

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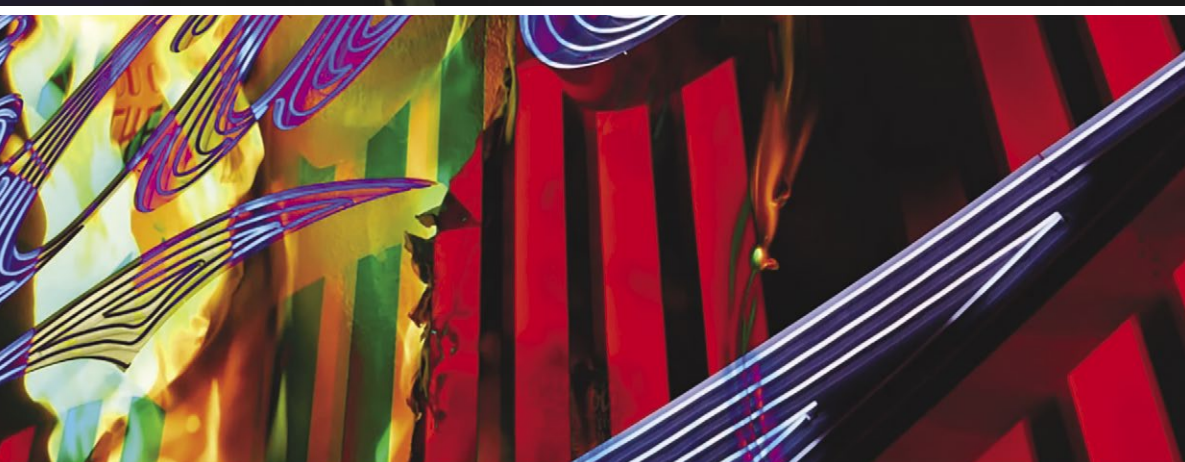
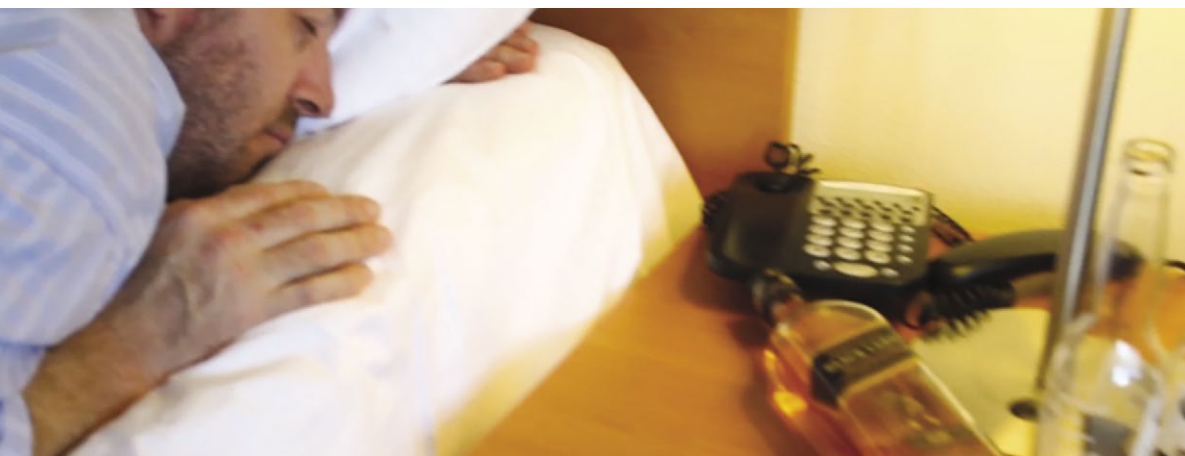
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VISUAL ARTS

Harry Culican

House as Home

REFLECTION STATEMENT

"What we seek, at the deepest level, is inwardly to resemble, rather than physically possess, the objects and places that touch us through their beauty."

– Alain de Botton, The Architecture of Happiness

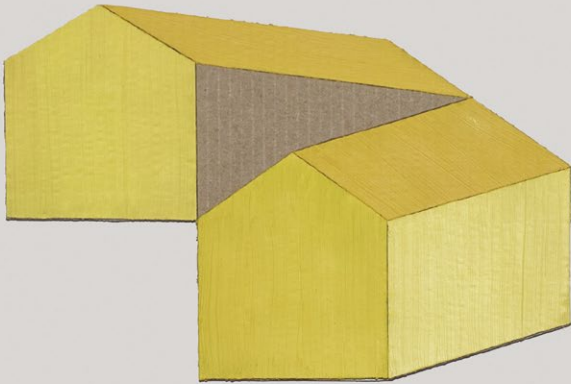
"House as Home" reflects my interest in the concept of 'home' as both a functional construct and a place of emotional belonging and deep familiarity. With this in mind, my body of work explores the physical and psychological dimensions of the home, exploring colour and leaning on perspective to convey the complexity of 'home' as both an emotional and a structural space.

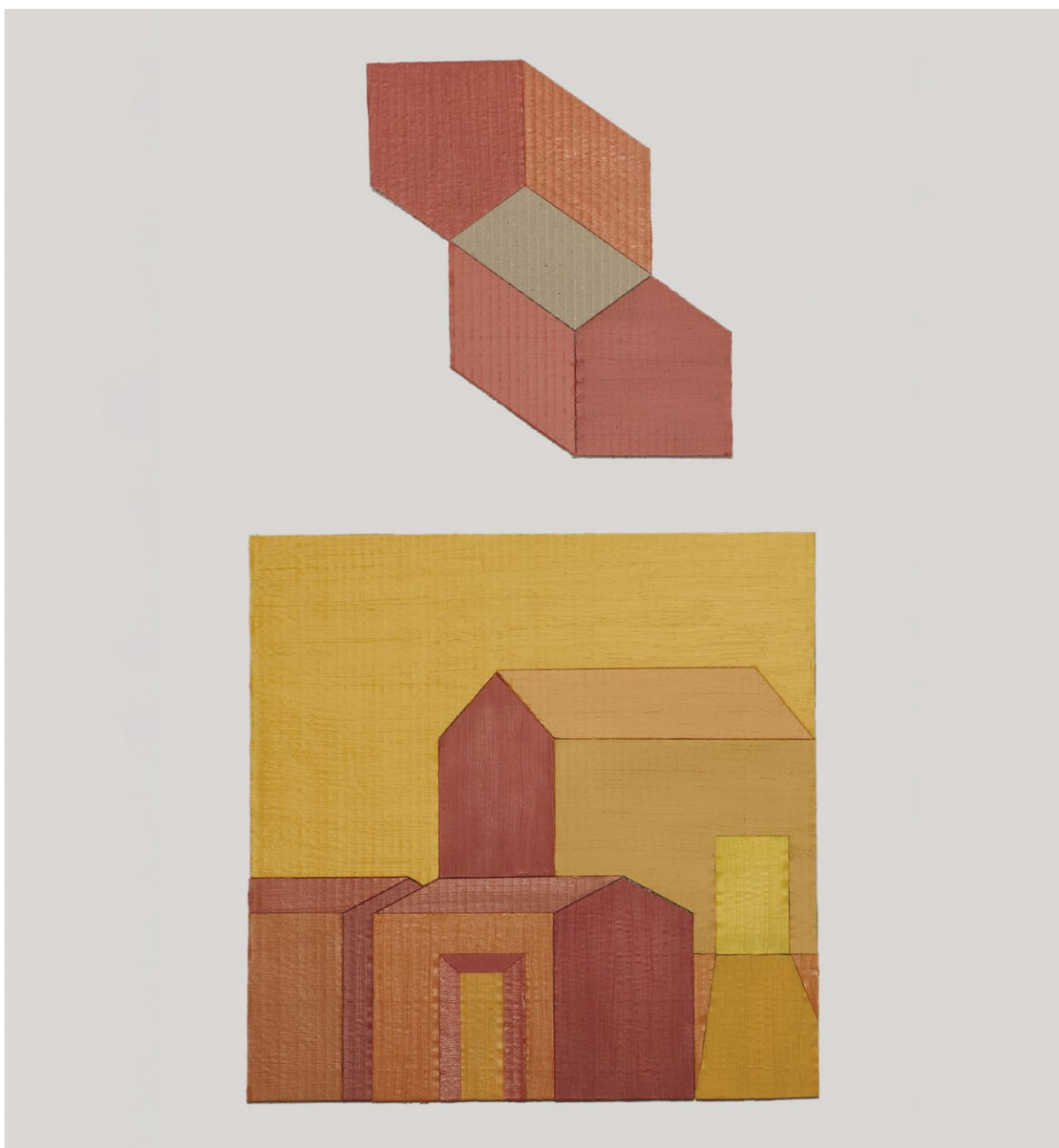
Inspired by Cubist works, I pastiche shapes and colours to create an abstracted geometric landscape which appears three dimensional, even though it lies on a flat surface. The technique was derived from the parquetry furniture technique common in homes. By playing with implied space and creating spatial ambiguity, I hope to create a sense of illusion that tangibly and intangibly deconstructs the symbol of the house.

My later tiles give prominence to the window, which frames the façade and gives character to the buildings, but also stirs a curiosity for the lives behind them, calling to mind the multi-dimensionality of our homes. I intentionally use warm shades to give rise to a more positive, potentially nostalgic response, in contrast to the often serious and bleak depiction of architectural images in art.

In reducing the house to a minimalistic and familiar symbol, I encourage those to perceive the idea of a house or more conceptually; to see a 'house as home'; to engage the structural, thereby revealing new ways of perceiving and belonging.







HISTORY

Michael Norton

Assess the effect of the East-West dichotomy on the Western ability to create valid history concerning the Ba'athist Iraqi State and the Iraq War

SYNOPSIS

My essay aims to make an evaluative investigation on the diminishing effect the East-West dichotomy and its characterisation have on the ability to recreate the past. My intrigue of the lingering nature of the dichotomy (since Herodotus) and its underlying, pervading influence on the West's conflicts with other societies, inspired my choice to investigate its continuing relevance in modern conflicts. I aimed to explore how, during the build-up to the Iraq War, a conflict characterised by identity politics, unsubstantiated claims and cultural demonisation, stakeholders (primarily politicians and journalists) had weaponised cultural identities of the West and East through the misrepresentation of history to affect policy change. I aimed to outline the political and social manifestations of the dichotomy, through which societies are influenced to antagonise historical differences and transform them into antitheses, to assert one's cultural identity over another. I ultimately also wanted to track how the changing tools used by historians (the internet radically increasing access to information) did not lead to better constructions of history, but instead, in many ways, complicated historical representation. After my assessment, I quickly prop a base system moving forward that would affect the basic change necessary to diminish emphasis on the East-West dichotomy and narrativisation in history, and thus raise the historical validity of the West's endeavours. I aimed to structure my essay under the universal aims of historians and link it back to the pursuit for historical 'truth'.

I aimed to establish a cross section, detailing the universal influence of context upon history's construction. Hence, I incorporated a unique cache of sources, clearly demonstrating the role of context in shaping one's approach to history. This supported me in facilitating a balanced, coherent analysis incorporating numerous relevant sources to answer my specific question.

ESSAY

Assess the effect of the East-West dichotomy on the Western ability to create valid history concerning the Ba'athist Iraqi State and the Iraq War

This Crusade, this war on terrorism, is going to take a while.'

– George W. Bush, 16 September 2001

Contemporary historians have a growing responsibility to identify and mitigate subjectivities present in representations of the past. However, in primarily only identifying individual perspective, history has neglected its role to dilute the presence of broader factors, such as the metanarrative of the East-West dichotomy, which greatly diminishes the ability to create valid history through its misrepresentation of cultural identity. The failure of the Western historical community to sufficiently evaluate the role of the dichotomy in historical representation has led to the stagnation of methodology in this area. Traditional mechanisms of understanding, interpretation, and narrativisation are progressively insufficient at constructing history, owing to the dramatically increased pace and scope of journalism, public analysis and political presentation, which due to technological advancement increasingly constitute facets of historical representation. Therefore, the effect of the East-West dichotomy on the history of the Iraq War was observed in near-real time; in sync with the globalised information cycle. Increased levels of historical immediacy necessitate higher levels of scrutiny, as evidenced by Western misrepresentations of the Iraq War and the Ba'athist Iraqi State to 'justify' otherwise unsubstantiated policy. Technological advancement has changed the tools used to construct history. This partially blinds historians to the continuing archaism of their methods, allowing for the integration of the East-West dichotomy. This essay aims to address how a socially ingrained and regularly used set of cultural identity characterisations led to the misrepresentation of Iraq's political structures and social conditions through narrative.

The East-West dichotomy commonly manifests through characterisations of the East's political structures as despotic and irrational, perpetuating the perceived historical antithesis between East and West, and in the case of the Iraq War leading to justification of foreign intervention. Thus, the involvement of the dichotomy diminishes the validity of Western historical representations of Iraq's politics during the 1990s and 2000s to a substantial extent. Despite more recent and widely accepted analysis detailing tenuous power dynamics within the Iraqi government that relied on intimidation and political sectarianism (Chilcot, 2016), historical characterisations of Saddam Hussein around the time of the Iraq War (by politicians and journalists seeking to depose him) were of an authoritarian leader who ruled with an iron fist to demand absolute loyalty and mercilessly oppress his citizens. The Oil-For-Food Programme and United Nations Security Council Resolution 687 were common substantiations of claims. This was achieved through Western representations which likened his identity and place in history to twentieth-century authoritarian leaders,

despite differing political ideologies, amount and severity of atrocities committed, and relationships with populations. For example, Time Magazine directly compared him to Hitler and the Japanese regime of the same time on their cover following the Fall of Baghdad.² The unrealistic portrayal of this dictator and its uneducated perpetuation of the perceived degree of antithesis between the West and Iraq garnered greater public support for invasion. Thus, the demonisation of leadership using the dichotomy's trope of despotism contributed to conditions wherein invasion was seen as more justified than historical evidence suggested (Chilcot, 2016). Narrativist and political de-legitimisation of the East as a means to strengthen 'Western' cultural identity are first observable in *The Histories*, wherein Herodotus uses characterisations of Xerxes' political shortcomings established in Aeschylus' play, *The Persians*,³ to partly explain the war's outcome: 'Xerxes ... gave orders that the Hellespont should receive three hundred lashes.'⁴

The characterisation of Xerxes as despotic, irrational and therefore a ruler unfit to lead proved to be such an effective tool in delegitimising societies and widening socio-ideological divides, that it is now deeply ingrained in Western historical representation. The infrequency of acknowledgement of the absurdity of using the same characterisations to describe Saddam Hussein as Xerxes is perhaps the core reason why the East-West dichotomy and its manifestations pervade contemporary historical constructions. Unsubstantiated political vilification dominates portrayals of historical figures. In 2003, 69 per cent of Americans thought it likely that Saddam was responsible for 9/11.⁵ Though the American Government denied its historical linking of Ba'athist Iraq to Al Qaeda at the time of the poll, rhetoric used between the attacks and invasion tracked a trend of connecting the regime. This occurred from implications post-9/11: 'We will make no distinction between the terrorists who committed these acts and those who harbor them',⁶ and the claim that: 'Confronting ... Iraq is crucial to winning the war on terror'.⁷

This engendered the conclusion that there was a substantially relevant link between them.⁸ Contrary to popular historical representation, Saddam lacked *complete* control over party and state. This is substantiated by his need for political intimidation, (suggesting a distribution of power), as well as his frequent lack of involvement in reform and knowledge on important matters. For instance, the Ba'athification of Iraq's history (notably The Project for the Rewriting of History) was largely conducted by lower Ba'athists and the academia, largely due to Saddam's shortcomings concerning knowledge on the Persian, Seljuk and Ottoman eras. The Project's manufacturing of connections to past eras aimed to authenticate them as stages of Iraqi watan, so as to legitimise Ba'athist Iraq by forging a cohesive cultural identity amidst a heterogeneous populous whose integration was tenuous at best.⁹ Historical misrepresentation of political structures due to the East-West dichotomy has a debilitating effect on the Western, near-real time ability to create valid history regarding Saddam's regime, as perpetrated by politicians, journalists and public historians.

The most significant manifestation of the East-West dichotomy is the misrepresentation of Eastern social conditions; commonly characterised as 'primitive' and 'irrational'. This is primarily done through two mechanisms: unconsciously enacted effects of inter-regional religious differences of identity, and the conscious exaggeration of such effects, wherein differences are misrepresented as antitheses. These misinterpretations justify Westocentric historical judgements and in the case of Iraq, aggressive foreign intervention, both of which diminish Western ability to recreate the past. Western association with Judeo-Christian ideologies and their corresponding historical representations of the Middle-East, as well as the West's simultaneous disassociation with the geography of the Middle-East, informs the unrealistic characterisations of 'primitivity' ascribed to the East. Westerners' unconsciously ingrained geographical perceptions are often formed by religious accounts millennia old. The Torah and Bible portray the Middle-East with a primitivity representative of its time, but the West's current isolation from the region, leads to perceptions being formed of place as well as period, consequently ascribing Biblical primitivity to the current Middle-East. Due to lack of exposure to the Middle-East, unconscious perceptions are unlikely to undergo profound change and observe an offsetting of subjectivity. Additionally, as Judeo-Christian mythology partially defines the West's meta-narratives, in cases where individuals have not been raised on Judeo-Christian notions, they will still be influenced by the majority, who have. Thus, the West's episteme of persistent Eastern primitivity throughout historical representation will dominate public perception to such an extent that it will affect the areligious to form Western-centric judgements. This is evidenced by the high degree to which perceived Eastern irrationality pervades different mediums of historical representation, with the U.S. Iraq Service Medal illustrating its prevalence in (military) public history. Despite its obvious untruth (as an army in the twenty-first century the Ba'athist regime never used swords), two scimitars indicate region.¹⁰ In a contemporary context, the symbol carries overt connotations, with the sword indicating barbarity and incivility. The historical religious ties of the West to the Middle-East (especially Jerusalem) inform a sense of entitlement to assert power and identity. By tracing the genealogy of this trend, it's observable that evaluations of the Middle-East was dictated by religious connectedness. Pope Urban II's focus on the Jerusalem Crusade was not merely predicated upon the religious dissent (the Church campaigned against opposition in Spain and the Balkans),¹¹ but also by the geo-political significance of areas to Western identity and perceived Eastern infringements upon Christian heritage and thus identity.

Soldiers who are setting out ... with the intention of liberating the community of Christians ... they are the ones who can repel the savagery of the Saracens ... and restore the Churches to their former freedom.¹²

Here, there has existed a pervading, underlying attraction to the East due to its sometimes unsaid yet widely accepted importance to Western religions. It is this sense of importance that justified expansions to 'protect' Western 'freedoms'.¹³ This

entailed the ability to create and act according to Christian laws uninhibited by foreign powers.¹⁴ The view that Islamic governments were at the time seen to infringe upon Westernism, when simply exercising inalienable rights to self-determination, displays the total integration of Westocentrism into cultural identity and historical construction.¹⁵ Though the importance is less explicit to identity and narrative, the West continues to cite the region's essential connection to the formation of identity as justification for foreign intervention; including in Iraq. The continuing importance of the Middle-East to Western identity is represented through Bush's persistent support of Israel, informing President Olmert that America has 'Got [your] back'.¹⁶

This occurred not only because of Israel's geo-political significance as a democracy, but for the historical, religious ties they have. Extending past the sometimes unconscious perceived primitivity (and therefore inferiority) of the East, religious differences have also been *consciously* employed in historical construction to exaggerate differences and perpetuate antitheses. As a shock to the Western social consciousness, 9/11 enabled the exploitation of religious tensions between the West and East. Once again, Middle-Eastern conflicts became the means by which to assert Western identity. The liberation of Iraq was in part predicated upon individual Christian moralities, which allowed for subjectivity in the creation of the history of the Iraqi state and excused greater misrepresentation of their actions, as religious claims are impossible to disprove.

God would tell me 'George, go and end the tyranny in Iraq'.¹⁷

In invading the East, Westerners are still fulfilling instructions as adhered to during the Jerusalem Crusade ('proclaiming the Gospel to all creation'),¹⁸ and mitigating against claims of unjustification within the Western populous, by arrogating a common ideology and claiming to be representative. Western individuals advocating for invasion additionally utilised external factors to exaggerate dissonances between the Middle-East and West. The Bush Administration members formerly part of the Project for the New American Century (Cheney and Wolfowitz) utilised the public vilification of the 'Islamic World' (and thus Iraq) that streamed from the acts of Islamic extremists, such as the words of Osama Bin Laden,

We – with God's help – call on every Muslim who believes in God and wishes to comply with God's order, to kill the Americans.¹⁹

to seek regime change officially as early as 1998.²⁰ To be dissonant with the religious epistemology of the West is to be dissonant with its understanding of the nature of existence and reality. Thus, historical religious divides can be utilised to justify societal irrationality; to be out of touch with objective reality, which in turn bolsters foreign intervention legitimisation. American rhetoric used manipulated historical precedent to assert that by removing the Ba'athist State, Iraqis' living conditions would improve because of the elimination of 'irrationality' and 'fanaticism.' Religious differences are

used negatively to suggest such fanaticism of the enemy, with Bush labelling Saddam's scientists as 'Nuclear holy warriors'.²¹

Furthermore, the Bush Administration's self-characterisation as liberators embodies traditional American narrativism (earlier employed to justify expansion and cultural displacement under Manifest Destiny) through its justification of action by asserting Western superiority.

People everywhere prefer freedom to slavery ... America is a friend to the people of Iraq ... The greatest benefit [of invasion] will come to Iraqi men, women and children.²²

Western refusal to concede that war could yield something other than an improvement over the status quo displays the unwillingness to use valid historical precedent to determine policy. Rather, as outlined above, they chose a debatably weighted mix of internal and external desires to overthrow the regime coloured as antithetical through historical misrepresentation.

Some worry that a change of leadership ... could create instability ... The situation could hardly get worse ... [conditions] would improve dramatically if Saddam Hussein were no longer in power.²³

In the absence of valid precedent to legitimise the stance of Iraqi intervention, individuals relied on the societally ingrained social meta-narratives of Western superiority within the dichotomy to recontextualise and misrepresent history. Through its asymmetrical condemnation of the East, the narrative makes biased judgements on the validity of intervention, stating to an inappropriate extent that intervention is valid both practically and ethically. Practically, it is perceived that, regardless of execution, the adoption of Western ideology will improve a society. Ethically, even if efforts to democratise are unsuccessful, moralities of universal human dignity compel Western states to intervene for the sake of ending the 'captivity' of citizens.²⁴ These compulsions failed to account for the unique socio-political conditions of Iraq, instead painting the turmoil with a combination of predetermined dichotomous characterisations. In this way, historical constructions of Iraq that rely on predetermined Oriental antitheses diminish the West's ability to truly understand and represent the events that encompass the Iraq War. The consequences of this are clear: entry into a war (and all the associated repercussions) when the justifications remained divisive and did not conform to well-established notions of *jus ad bellum*.

Moving forward, though it is impossible to eliminate the imprinting of identity onto historical representation and the Western-centric manifestations, narrativism's prevalence can be diminished in a number of ways to mitigate the harms it poses to understanding. First, historians must broadly educate (academia have demonstrated a broad capacity to combat the narrativist pedigree since *Civilisation of the Renaissance* in

Italy) the wider community on the dichotomy's manifestations and effects.³⁵ Secondly, integration of those with perspectives disaffected by Western identities will offset subjectivities and reduce the dichotomy's impact. Inclusion of Eastern perspectives (for example Iraqis) will reduce Orientalism, leading to greater historical integrity and accurate representations of the Iraq War's 'reality.' Disassociated Western perspectives, such as members of lower socio-economic classes as well as racial and sexual minorities, also have value here. By adopting post-revisionism (in adherence to John Lewis Gaddis' blending of orthodoxy and revisionism) and adhering to Lyotardian 'incredulity towards metanarratives',²⁶ history could retain benefits of the alternate perspectives of revisionist history, while moderating its reactionary antithesis which concerned Rice and Bush, in its potential to obfuscate 'truth'.²⁷

To conclude, East-West dichotomy manifestations continue to pervade historical representation as seen in the buildup to, and invasion of, Iraq. This was primarily perpetrated by politicians and journalists in a historical landscape which, due to advancements of technology, allowed them to construct history in near-real time. This fast integration of the dichotomy has diminished propensity for understanding of the conditions surrounding the Iraq War and has, to a considerable extent, invalidated the West's historical perspectives on the matter. Through consideration of common characterisations of antithesis that misrepresent Eastern identities, and the recognition of both the social and political applications of this, historians can gain insights into how the dichotomy stagnates progression of historiographical thought and segregates historical discourse. Only then can they select more appropriate ways to approach history, in pursuit of the ever elusive historical 'truth'.

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ENGLISH

Josef Finsterer

Selective Permanence

REFLECTION STATEMENT

The world of experience therefore depends on the individual mind for its reality, since the impressions that it makes will vary from one observer to the next.¹

– Wolfgang Iser

Storytelling shapes reality; it has shaped my own. Within the pages of *Selective Permanence* resides the authentic voices of my relatives that have been constructed to represent my complex family history during WWII. Yet, as a work of creative nonfiction I have “not ma[d]e things up; I [have made] ideas and information that already exist more interesting”² by overlaying narrative with investigative interrogation.

The purpose of *Selective Permanence* stems from an interest in Year 12 Extension 1 studies, *Literary Worlds*, where Wolfgang Iser’s reader-response theory³ “destrukt[s]”⁴ grand narratives throughout literature. As a grandchild of a conscripted Hitler Youth (Anton), and a great-nephew to a voluntary, Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF) Lancaster bomber (Owen), I was conscious of the metadiscourse that permeates the events of WWII; specifically, those that paint Australians as heroic and Nazis as morally corrupt.

My studies in the Advanced English Common Module, *Texts and Human Experiences*, as well as research into Anthony Doerr’s *All the Light We Cannot See*, which complicates socio-cultural expectations of victims and perpetrators, prompted my own questions around the morality of my grandfather; was he coerced or complicit? Likewise, was my great-uncle valiant or imprudent? Just as Doerr symbolically places the Sea of Flames in

1 Wolfgang Iser, p.29, *Walter Pater: The Aesthetic Moment*

2 Lee Gutkind, Issue 0: *Creative Nonfiction*

3 Tompkins, J.P., 1998. *Reader-response criticism: from formalism to post-structuralism*, Baltimore, MD: The Johns Hopkins University Press.

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the ocean, I conclude my narrative with Owen casting his medals into the ocean and Anton renouncing his citizenship, leaving all answers submerged.

As the only living survivor, Monica, my grandmother, became the thread that tied Anton and Owen together; in life and narrative. Her voice can be heard in each vignette, such as Bob Murray's repetitive line "Now we are going to kill more women and children"⁵ which Owen told her he "screamed". My father recalled learning of the Nazi Youth glider exercises, "The plane catches air and lurches off the ground, suddenly it is out in the atmosphere"⁶. I then examined primary sources: letters; identification documents and photographs. They enabled me to reconstruct the past while also providing a literary boundary which prevented the piece from straying into fiction.

After visiting the Sydney Jewish Museum, it became apparent that the truth of WWII was too paramount to be clouded by fiction, therefore I revised my initial intent to write historical fiction. Of influence was Carl H. Hamburg's paper, 'Psychology and the Ethics of Survival' located in the Sydney Jewish Museum Library. Hamburg's thesis that 'as briefly as possible... the survival-value of behaviour practices... is the ultimate criterion for moral 'goodness'⁷ became the lens through which I wanted the reader to consider the choices involved in 'selecting' permanence.

Structurally, Hamburg's thesis on the moral basis for decision-making, particularly during a survival situation, selected and ordered the vignettes within my work. The piece is divided into five sections: I – 'Right' and 'wrong' are just culturally constructed semantics⁸; II – Inside the cultural group the individual 'finds' their place⁹; III – Reinforcement breeds adoption or desertion¹⁰; IV – There are only two outcomes; survival and non-survival¹¹ and V: Surviving Survival¹². The order parallels 'selective choices'¹³ within the context of cultural group practices that can be seen to culminate in the reflective consideration of what it means to 'survive' survival. The structure also serves to unify the convergent narratives set around the Bombing of Munich in 1944, where Anton was taking shelter during the air raid carried out by Owen's

5 Major Work - 'Selective Permanence'

6 Major Work - 'Selective Permanence'

7 Hamburg, C.H., 1956. *Psychology and the Ethics of Survival*. *Philosophy of Science*, 23(2), pp.82-89.

8 Major Work - 'Selective Permanence'

9 Major Work - 'Selective Permanence'

10 Major Work - 'Selective Permanence'

11 Major Work - 'Selective Permanence'

12 Major Work - 'Selective Permanence'

13 Hamburg, C.H., 1956. *Psychology and the Ethics of Survival*. *Philosophy of Science*, 23(2), pp.82-89.

RAAF squadron. As creative nonfiction reads, 'more like a historic narrative, one that draws on several sources'¹⁴ the representation of divergent voices involved research to capture differing motives. Anton's recruitment to the Hitler Youth is an important scene carried by a tone of military forcefulness; 'I understand Frau Finsterer, but they belong to Mein Fuhrer, body and soul'¹⁵ whereby the dialogue was initially a line from former Hitler Youth member.¹⁶

I also aimed to capture the voice and life of Hitler since my father retold Anton's experience at a rally in Munich. An intertextual reference to his speech, 'The twenty-fourth of February is always, and rightly so, a day of vivid memories for us'¹⁷ as well as 'crescendo of voices begin to sing simultaneously'¹⁸ references Horst-Wessel-Lied's historic song, 'Heil Mein Fuhrer' accentuates the image of Hitler as a 'political seducer'¹⁹ as he practices the 'performance' of his speeches. Furthermore, research into the Australian war effort and public attitudes warranted the inclusion of a quote from Robert Menzies, who described the war as a 'struggle which we must win at all costs'²⁰, framing the Australian narrative as one of necessity and heroic sacrifice. The attitude of Kitty (Owen's mother) embodies the reluctance many Australian mothers felt, but also their understanding of the war as a necessary 'social sacrifice'²¹.

Theodore A. Rees Cheeney's research into 'Writing Creative Non-Fiction' lead me to the example of Richard Crichtfield's work *Those Days* which 'resembles an old family album that includes, photographs, diary entries, old newspaper clippings and letters'²². However, it was Mark Raphael Baker's *The Fiftieth Gate's* juxtaposition between personal accounts, and contradictory, historical records, that made me begin to investigate details surrounding my relatives' accounts. Utilising images, much as De Botton's *Art of Travel* juxtaposes the idyllic with the mundane, I have intentionally framed the scene in which Owen's squadron bombs Munich with the celebratory Australian newspaper

14 Cheney, T. (1991). *Writing creative nonfiction*. Berkeley, Calif.: Ten Speed Press, p.174

15 Major Work - 'Selective Permanence'

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17 *Munich -- Speech of February 24, 1941*. Available at: <http://www.hitler.org/speeches/02-24-41.html>.

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21 The Australian War Memorial. *Home*. Available at: https://www.awm.gov.au/articles/encyclopedia/prime_ministers/menzies.

22 Cheney, T. (1991). *Writing creative nonfiction*. Berkeley, Calif.: Ten Speed Press, p.174

article depicting the event in contrast with a captioned photograph, “A photograph of the Mariaplatz (right) in Munich the day after the bombing. Hospitals, churches and countless family homes were destroyed.”²³ The moment of Owen’s duty is conveyed as ‘successful’ but is overlayed by the RAAF’s map in order to reveal the intention of the air force to bomb civilian areas²⁴.

Advice from external feedback refined my craft. I had looked to *The Tattooist of Auschwitz*, by Heather Morris, for guidance in terms of the representation of the reluctant Nazi voices and the structure of a convergent narrative. I had also experimented with a particularly intrusive narrator, influenced by the work of Yamada Bimyo, in order to guide the reader through my experience of history. However, feedback revealed that breaking the fourth wall, “Nothing’ is always the best answer, is it not my readers?”²⁵ detracted from the narrative. I was redirected to *In Cold Blood* by Truman Capote. This new narrative voice, in which the reader understands the level of research though written in fluid narrative reconstruction; trying to capture this in ‘His mother had died not long after the war, since her departure, as one must call it, Anton felt no reason to stay in Germany’²⁶ channels a voice similar to that of Capote, especially evident in the phrase ‘as one must’²⁷.

Selective Permanence would be included alongside the multiplicity of voices in the Sydney Jewish Museum Library, to reveal even more historical complexities from a non-Jewish perspective. Furthermore, Literary Hub’s ‘Nonfiction Preview: History’ showcases a numbers of historic creative nonfiction pieces, speaking to an audience interested in alternate historical perspectives. Daniel Sonabend’s ‘We Fight the Fascists’ became pertinent in exemplifying how I could offer a differing viewpoint of history for this readership.

Selective Permanence does not decide the perspective the reader must have. I believe my work ‘helps to make conscious those aspects of the text which would otherwise remain concealed in the subconscious’²⁸

23 Major Work - ‘*Selective Permanence*’

24 Robinson, D., University of Exeter. *The Bombing of Germany 1940 - 1945 - Centre for the Study of War, State and Society - University of Exeter*. Available at: <https://humanities.exeter.ac.uk/history/research/centres/warstateandsociety/projects/bombing/germany/>.

25 Major Work - ‘*Selective Permanence*’

26 Major Work - ‘*Selective Permanence*’

27 Capote, T., 2013. *In cold blood: a true account of a multiple murder and its consequences*, New York: Modern Library.

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SHORT STORY

I

‘Right’ and ‘wrong’ are just culturally constructed semantics.

Given that life is at stake, that the issues involved are issues of survival, the ethical and ontological questions converge as existential ones.

Berg Am Laim, East of Munich, Germany, 1938

Right Berg Am Laim,
the birthplace of my
grandfather, Anton



Anton Finsterer is from Berg Am Laim. Pubs are peppered on every street and paint flakes from suburban window sills. The dark roof of St Michael's Cathedral backdrops white and sky-blue homes while Nazi officers roll around in ones and twos; clean shaven, uniforms pressed and square, their cologne arrives before they do.

Berg Am Laim is yet to be affected by the war, except for these polished officers. A truck emblazoned with swastikas halts outside the Grastätte Plankenstein Pub. A boy, a few years older than Anton, clumsily stumbles out of the truck closely followed by an older, larger, more serious looking man, holding a slick Karabiner 98k. They are Aryan - blonde cropped hair, blue eyes and fair skin. The larger one has a crooked finger and a grim veneer. The back of his grey pants are crumpled but his boots are impeccable, a soldier.

“Excuse me, junge” the younger one says, as Anton stomps the snow off his shoes.

“Yes, sir.”

“Does your family own this pub?”

Again. “Yes, sir.”

Mrs Finsterer is at the door now, dust in her hair.

“Ah, Frau Finsterer, my name is Heinrich Schneider, this is my associate,” indicating the soldier. “I’m here on behalf of the Third Reich.”

“Come in.” Mrs Finsterer replies quickly. The door creaks as her hands hold it open, her fingernails shorter than usual.

“As you know, Finsterer is a Jewish name,” Schneider says with residual beer on his top lip. A tension settles over the table, following a heavy silence of disquietude.

“I can assure you, Herr Schneider, there is no-one Jewish in our family,” her voice reaching an uncomfortable tone. Nazis have been to the house before, blood-hounds in repugnant packs. But, what Mrs Finsterer tells them is true, the name was merely stolen by a non-Jew during the early Bavarian tribal conflicts.

“Willie, get Herr Schneider and his associate a cigarette.”

Willie is Anton’s youngest brother, he’s six-years-old. His lederhosen are too big for him, there are different coloured stitching on one of the straps and his light brown socks have holes in them. Willie returns holding two cigarettes and a matchbox. Herr Schneider reveals a pedigree chart going back to the 1300s. The soldier lights his cigarette, impatience budding.

“You see, you are not Jewish,” Schneider says, pointing at the chart. “Your boys will be leaving the local scout ranks to devote themselves to the Third Reich.” His face settles into an uncomfortably relaxed expression.

“But they are boys, Anton is only eleven.”

“I understand Frau Finsterer, but they belong to Mein Fuhrrer, body and soul. As Hitler himself says,” nodding toward the mandated picture of him above the bar, “he who owns the youth, gains the future,” Schneider says coolly. The soldier dumps three uniforms on the table.



Left The Grastätte Plankenstein Pub, owned by the Finsterer Family – taken in 1927. A relatively large and comfortable place to live for the time, most of the bottom floor was the kitchen and bar, while the second was rooms and the third was the owner’s quarters.

Right As a part of identification for Hitler Youth, individuals with partial Jewish heritage (Mischlinge) could be provided with a German Blood Certificate (Deutschblütigkeitserklärung) declaring them to be of German 'pure' blood (deutschblütig).

The Hitler Youth increased from 107,956 members in 1932 to 2,300,000, by 1934 it was made compulsory to be in the organization.

Right Lakemba, Australia 1940s - The O'Neill's moved to Lakemba from Lithgow to find work in the city. Lakemba at the time had 14,000 citizens, mainly of Irish stock.



"They are to wear these to school from now on, whenever they are in public, they represent the Reich," the associate snarled in guttural tones. Heinrich stepped toward the door.

"Seig Heil."

Lakemba, Sydney, Australia, 1942.

Owen O'Neill grows up on Lakemba Street, Lakemba, 16,000km away from Berg Am Laim. He is eighteen, his ears stick out and his dark hair is slicked back on occasion. Lakemba is a rough suburb; wide streets, pool houses; hit hard by the Great Depression. An immigrant town, primarily Irish. Low-lying houses are crammed in next to each other resembling the shelves inside tightly lined with canned tomatoes, bottled pickles and Hormler's trademarked spam.



Outside, mobs of boys roll around, looking for an excuse to fight. Owen's mother was always horrified when any of the O'Neill boys came home with a shiner but, Lakemba was a breeding ground for scrimmage. On one particular occasion; Owen and Frank were walking home from the pictures.

Walking toward them, were three other boys, also brothers.

'I'll take the one in the middle,' Frank said under a cough.

Blood was spilled on the pavement; a split lip and broken extremities. Unfortunately for Owen, Frank had a reputation that invited company. For Mrs O'Neill, normality didn't make it any more acceptable.

...

"Owen, there's a letter for you!" Monica's ten year old hands wave the paper as she moves down the old, wooden hallway. "It's from the Air Force," she calls to his door. The crest gave it away, eagle's wings overstated in flight across the crowned emblem.

The knowledge had already dropped into Owen's mind. He had been expecting this letter for some time. The flight log book on his desk had been filled and signed since last November. Much like Frank, Germany had a reputation. The war had arrived in Lakemba and Owen looked out for his country, like a brother.

A chair is pulled for Kitty O'Neill, Owen's mother, in the kitchen. The letter is placed into her palm. It's thin. The size of a bank letter. The shape of an electricity bill.

"It says they want me to help, Mum."

Kitty's fingers fumble over themselves. The tea towel on her shoulder seems heavier than normal.

"There's a list of possible places I could be stationed, Mum."

"Where?" she asks.

"Holland, Canada, England." Owen places his hand on her boney wrist. The room feels smaller, attenuated. Fingers of war about to push through the walls.

...

II

Inside the cultural group the individual 'finds' their place

But manners and customs often spring from (personal or social) circumstances which have little or no relation to the ultimate effects upon the groupⁱⁱ

Munich, Germany, 1942

Khaki uniforms, soldiers and families line Marianplatz. Anton stands alongside the other cadets from Berg Am Laim. The Führer comes today. Beneath the stage a swell of reverence, confidence, fright and apprehension. Anton stands perfectly still amidst the 7,000 German multitude, terrified to move under the watchful eye of Herr Schneider.

...

Today is a bright day, a single cloud behind the steeple. It doesn't move. The air smells of shoe polish and half-smoked cigarettes. The red and black flags hang from perfectly painted white poles. The marching begins, soldiers in perfect squares of nine, moving together with the beat of the drums. Anton peers through a gap in the shoulders of his classmates. There are four or five squares, it is hard to tell, before a single black car, a Mercedes Benz 770K, a 'super Mercedes' as they called it, appears. The sun's reflection on the windows breaks for a split second. Hitler sits with round glasses on, looking down at what is probably his speech. Behind the car, another four squares, all holding guns on their shoulders and saluting.



Left Owen O'Neill in his RAAF uniform - Along with 14,000 Australian men aged 18 - 26. Inspired by a speech made by Robert Menzies on the 3rd of September, 1941, Owen joined the air force in the 'struggle which we must win at all costs

'Heil mein Führer,' as a crescendo of voices begin to sing simultaneously, "*Bald flattern Hitlerfahnen über Barrikaden!*" (Soon Hitler's banners will flutter above the barricades). Lines of adolescent youth exude admiration, wrapped in uniforms; personal gifts for the Führer.

As Hitler stands at the lectern, he casually moves his speech from his inside pocket to the lectern;

"The twenty-fourth of February is always, and rightly so, a day of vivid memories for us. On this date, and from this very place, began the Movement's amazing march to victory- which bore it to the helm of the Reich, to leadership of the nation and its destiny. This day is a great day for me."^{xiii}

He speaks with a concentrated zeal, coals burning beneath his words. It is as if the thoughts from his mind move down through his whole body. First, thoughts contort his face before moving up and down his arms, extending the left hand and waving the right until his feet sway with the melody of it all.

Right In 1925, photographer Heinrich Hoffman captured Adolf Hitler rehearsing and listening to a recording of his prepared speech in front of the mirror. He was described as an 'enchanter of the people' and it is reported that 700,000 Nazi Party Supporters attended the 6th Party Congress in Nuremburg, 1934.



There is a cheer from the crowd at every sentence. Anton feels his stomach turn his lunch over. He wears the same white knee-socks, the same length-three hair-cut, the same dark green coat, as his fellow Nazi Youth; but inside he is his own.

...

Sydney, Australia, 1943

The smells of coal, leather luggage and steel train tracks of Central Station are exciting. Ten-year-old Moni is first off the train as she always is. Jack Brown, a friend of the family, has come with the O'Niell clan. Jack is two years older than Owen, a big brother to him. Broad crease marks appear when he smiles, rippling out from his deep dimples. In his pocket he has the patron saint of warriors on a silver chain as a gift for his 'brother'.

Mothers flurry, fathers wait, sons console and encourage. Files of young men dressed in the same blue as Owen line the platforms. A few slap Owen on the back as he arrives and some give him a firm handshake. Kitty's eyes are welling now, but his siblings hold stoic faces. This is for the greater good, not that it makes a difference to Kitty.

"Mum I'll be ok, mid-upper gunner is a safe spot on the plane." Kitty's nose has begun to seep now too. A train whistles, two platforms over.

"You promise me, you'll come back" she whispers in a tight embrace.

"I promise."

Nothing about Central station spells war to Moni. Trains fly past, squeaking as they go. People smoke and laugh. Tall dark buildings filled with business people, tower. But somewhere out there, is a war.

...

Berg Am Laim, Germany, 1943

A dust has settled over this town. Snow is no longer white, windows are no longer clear, and coughing is constant. The paint that was once flaking is now gone. The officers that were so polished and confident, now have holes in their uniforms and bags under their eyes. Anton's country is being ignorant, the windows of the mind no longer clear. Indoctrinated. The little boys march around town, showing off their arm bands, imitating the soldiers, spitting at the Juden. But defiance will get you killed or worse. They say, over 70,000 'resistors' have been exterminated.

"Finsterer," Herr Schneider barks at Anton. Anton's jaw clenches as he turns around, looking down on Schneider now. "You have been recognised as a leader in the local Hitler Youth ranks. In two days' time you will move into the SS-Junkerschule in Bad Tölz. I see the SS in your future." Schneider hands him a knife, 'Blut und Ehre' is engraved on the blade. Blood and Honour.

"Seig Heil," Anton manages.

"Heil Hitler."

Turning towards the door of the pub his mother is standing there as she was five years ago. She loses the battle against herself, leaving clean tracks on her face where dirt was. Anguish the purest of emotions.

...

Sydney, Australia, 1943

Waiting.

Monica waits for the bath to run. The boys wait for dinner to be ready. Kitty waits for the kettle to boil and all wait for Owen to return home. Next door received a telegram earlier in the week, Mrs Fletcher her name is. Michael, her boy, was also in the Air Force. He had been in the year above Owen at school, they'd known each other in canteen lines and the local milkbar. Moni wonders if Owen was there when Michael died. The telegraph had come with a letter, written by a friend of Michael that Mrs Fletcher didn't know. It said that Michael had spoken about his mother and father the day he died, with affection. This man wanted Mrs Fletcher to know Michael had died well, and his suffering didn't last. He wanted her to know that Michael had made the choice, and that she shouldn't blame herself. Kitty went to visit with flowers and a quiet word and they cried together.

...

Dear Moni,

*I have arrived safely. [REDACTED] is cold, and I miss the smell of gum leaves, maybe you could send me some? Don't forget to put the clocks back an hour, you'll be late for school otherwise. Good luck for your procession Dear, you'll do great, is there anything you can't play now? I already miss surfing at Cronulla with all of you. There is no surf here, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I've met my crew, they're all great blokes. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] is always nervous even on the ground. Tell Mum not to worry.*

Your loving brother,

Owen

...

London, England, 1943

Owen sits on the end of the top bunk. A Spartan frame with an unbearably thin mattress and calico sheets. Frank Ryan is lying below him reading aloud to the rest of the crew, a book about a murder or something eerie that boy scouts would attempt on night hikes. Nostalgia floods over him. Somewhere, in the corner of the warehouse that the Lancaster Bombing Squad is now living in, someone is burning gum leaves. Owen hopes his letter to Moni arrived. Kitty worries a lot. Tom Murray, the bomb-aimer, is staring into the inside of his helmet looking for an answer that would protect him from the knowledge that choice was involved in this voluntary crew. The news arrived last

night that their first mission of a Mandatory 30 is tonight. Owen leaves his bunk. Outside, Peter Groves, the pilot, is watching the smoke curl out of a cigarette into the crest of ephemeral waves that dissipate into the moonless night.



Left The Lancaster Bomber was described as a 'death machine'. It could load the heaviest and largest bombs used by the RAF, one of which being 5,400 kilograms. The Lancasters, dropped 608, 612 tons of explosives. The rear gunner is visible on the right of the picture.

The Lancasters are lined up on the field that is their landing strip. The wind has slowed, grass and leaves are quieter than they were this morning. Nervous laughs and cigarette smoke leave the mouths of the crews, all dressed in their blue jumpsuits, helmets in hand. Peter is still sucking on a cheap cigarette. He flicks it away, "Right, up we go lads," moving toward the plane, before turning to Owen, "For the country," thumping him on the back.

Owen is last into his seat, he marks on the dashboard in chalk, one line. A tally for every mission he survives. Engines rev and propellers spin, wheels turn and Frank Ryan says a Hail Mary over the wire. And then another. And then another.

They glide, seemingly unbothered, through clouds and turbulence. Tonight, they take Cologne on their movement towards Munich, the core of this decay. One kilometre out. Bob mumbles over the radio, "Now, we're going to kill women and children."



Left Hamburg ablaze after a Lancaster bombing run on July 27th, 1943. It was estimated to have killed 37,000 people. Due to Allied air raids, 410,000 German civilians were killed during the Second World War.

The bombs are aimed and fall, bursting on impact. Homes, schools, churches, hospitals. Owen peers over his dashboard, his breath has shortened. He better get used to it.

...

III

Reinforcement breeds adoption or desertion

Rewards on the individual level, prestige or status on social levels of behaviour, could well be said to reinforce some, and discard other practices.^{iv}

Berg Am Laim, Germany, 1943

Herr Schneider's handwriting is neat, much like his cropped, ashen hair. Printed on the front of the unsealed envelope, addressed to 'Herr Himmler,' is 'CONFIDENTIAL' in red block letters and a watermarked swastika. Anton knows that it was made using the Enigma machine so reading it is pointless, but he does anyway. The paper is smooth and creamy and one corner is slightly dog-eared.

*H6R 5RH DE C 1346 = 3TLE = 2TL 224 = HUW XNG = DKRKI CUZAF MNSDC AWXVJ
DVZNH DMOZN NWRJC KKJQO*

Seig Hail

It is a five-mile journey to Dachau and the trains have stopped running, no more coal apparently. His bike is lying in the grey whiskers of grass, covered in soot and dust. The back wheel is askew and squeaks and wobbles like a starved mutt when Anton builds up speed. Nazi trucks rumbling in the stagnant light. A flourish of greenery, followed by miles of grey.

Arbeit Macht Frei

The gates are black and grand and they wail as they open. This is the first camp that was built for the war, in '33. A Nazi with eyes that have seen everything, and yet see nothing, takes Anton's envelope and turns away.

"Come with me," the soldier says, just above a whisper, but not out of secrecy.

Anton follows him through another gate, with barbed wire on top. Gravel crunches underfoot. Men are picking up rocks, as big as themselves, at one end of a grimy yard and carrying them to the other only to pick them up and carry them back again. Their ribs are showing, ripples and waves of deprivation. Almost all are bald, the few with little hair are the sickliest. A boy, about sixteen, fails to lift his stone. Another prisoner hesitates but moves towards the youth, leaving his own boulder behind. Two officers circle the pair, shoulders hunched and heads stooped. Together the hunters take turns beating, melting them, like a flame does wax.

Anton is silent.

Himmler's office is on the top floor of the administration building, it is the largest room on the camp. Inside, is a large fire place and an oak desk. Himmler himself is standing at the window, pen in hand.

"Sir."

"Ah, good, this is from Schneider is it?" Himmler smiles at him.

"Yes, sir," Anton replies.

"Yes, yes, this is fine, Seig Hail."

"Heil Hitler."

...

Reaching out, a few yards from home, he doubles over holding the fence. The little he could eat at lunch isn't staying. He is being emptied. Staring blankly at his boots; his mother appears in the laneway as she seems to do when he most needs her.

"What are you looking at?" she wraps her grey cardigan tighter around her shoulders.

"Nothing, Mama."

The grass whispers and the light shrinks. 'Nothing' is always the best answer.

...

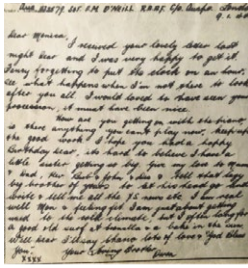
Dearest Owen,

I am pleased to hear that you are well and have been stationed in [REDACTED] My procession went great! Everybody knew exactly what to do, just how we rehearsed it. Mum and everyone were late because Johnny forgot to put the clock on an hour, but they didn't miss much. My piano playing is improving. I have learnt to play three more songs since you left, and practicing every day. How are you feeling, is it cold where you are? It's hot here now, but Mum took us to Cronulla for my birthday, I missed surfing with you. Stay safe over there. xxx

GOD BLESS,

Moni

...



Dear Monica,

I received your lovely letter last night Dear and I was very happy to get it. Johnny forgetting to put the clock on an hour, is what happens when I'm not there to look after you all. I would have loved to have seen your procession, it must have been nice. I am real well, Mon and feeling fit. I am just about getting used to the cold climate, but I often long for a good old surf at Cronulla and a bake in the sun. Well Dear I'll say cheerio, lots of love and 'God Bless you.' xxxxx

YOUR LOVING BROTHER,

Owen

...

Bad Tölz, Germany, 1943

Light rain spits on Anton's face. The round silhouette of Herr Qual waddles into view. Despite the sleet and alarming cold, his face is red and a chin-strap of sweat begins to bud around his plump neck. His breath plumes over the Hitler Youth, all attempting to quell their shivering with will power they do not have. They are standing in a man-made clearing in dense forest, built as a run way for gliders, three miles east their SS-Junkerschule. It has been three months' since Anton arrived, since then half the boys had been 'relieved of training'. Early rises, like this one, have been commonplace but the Alpine cliff is new.

"Do you boys know what an *Untermensch* is?" The boys are silent. "It is what Herr Hitler has brought us together to stand against. The inferior people. The ghastly impure that have no use or purpose in our society."

Leaves swirl past the boys and a bird makes the first call of the day. "Today, we will find out who among us is an *Untermensch*. You will take one of these gliders," he indicates fifteen or so white aircrafts to his left, made of light metal and thin glass, "take off, fly as far out as you dare, turn around and land back on this runway."



Everyone looks to the gliders.

Qual wheezed a laugh at the sight of the first boy he chose to fly. His hair is the colour of snow and he has a large mole near his nose. Anton does not know him very well but he is quiet and polite to Anton unlike many of

Right The gliders flown by the Hitler Youth. There were 4,000 glider flying sites in Germany.

the others. He is always with Herr Kempka doing maths equations. The boy is sliding his glasses into the inside pocket of his jacket in the small cockpit when Qual yells at them to start pushing the glider. It is not long before the aircraft has built up some serious speed, hurtling toward the cliff. Anton glances to his right, into the cockpit. The boy's eyes are wide and his face is the same colour as his hair. Elias Voxheimer, the largest of the boys, is the last to let go. The plane catches air and lurches off the ground, suddenly it is out in the atmosphere. There is a collective drawn breath. The plane takes a wide left, wheeling around to face its destination, but it does not flatten out. The plane swerves sideways, slamming into the tufts of grass and gravel, before flipping and rolling three, four, five times. The wings snap and Anton hears glass shatter. Qual's wheezing becomes audible again. The boy with snow hair climbs out of the cockpit with a cut on his face and a long scratch down his arm. Qual looks past him to the glider.

"Again," he barks.

...

In the air, 1944

"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with the..." whether Frank Ryan prays out of habit or belief now, it is difficult to know, no one can be bothered to ask him. Fourteen chalk marks on Owen's cockpit. Half-way to thirty. He is grateful he can't see the faces of the men he kills, it means they can't follow him in his dreams.

Light recedes below the cloud line, as they disappear from those below and lose sight of those above; darkness, a double-edged sword. Owen peers over his dashboard to glance a squadron of a much bigger size emerging from the clouds. Their planes gleam in the low light, and are distinctly red.

"We have company" Owen broadcasts.

Peter drops low below the cloud line, but they have a tail. A German FW 190.

"This is on you O'Neill."

Owen's chair grinds as it swivels around. The mid-upper gunner is slow on the Lancaster, it heaves and jolts in Owen's hands, taking with it his shoulders and sternum. A shot from the FW skims Owen's plastic dome as they are blasted. He retakes his aim, and leads his shot. Smoke and that distinct whistling sound follows as the FW veers to his left.

"Is everyone alright?" Peter calls over the microphone, while they have a moment under the clouds.

IV

There are only two outcomes; survival and non-survival

A rational decision between 'survival' and 'oblivion', would therefore have to be grounded in different concepts of the nature of reality and of human nature which is to fulfill itself in the former.'

Berg Am Laim, Germany, 1944

It is as if someone has taken a photograph of the bar, and Anton lives inside it. The war had become too large of a threat in Bad Tölz, the boys had been sent home. Chairs stay upside down on tables and glasses stay stacked in their cupboards. Sheets cover windows and they aren't allowed to use the lights anymore. Days pass and nothing changes except the voices outside. Sometimes German, sometimes American. Fast footsteps follow Anton in his dreams. Since coming home from the SS-Junkeschule, he sometimes sees Qual and the white-haired boy. Anton thinks of the boy he saw in Dachau. Do the billeted workers know him? Probably not. He doesn't know their names and doesn't ask.

...

Sydney, Australia, 1944

Moni sits at the piano, her fingers resting on the keys. Her brothers are out, apparently working with Jack Brown's father. Moni hears one thud following another as Kitty lowers her knees to the floorboards in front of her bed, rosary beads in hand. Again.

Owen has been gone for a year. Letters have been exchanged. The whole family prayed in gratitude at the first letter. He had been stationed in London, 'far enough away from the action' Des says.

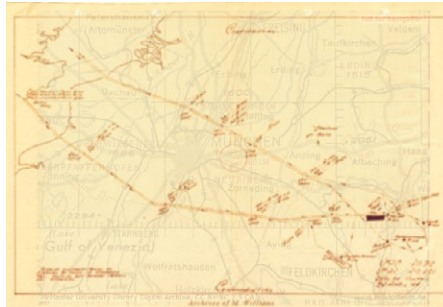
...

Somewhere above Germany, 1944

Despite the noise, everything was still. A cloud veils the Lancaster bomber squad, before they burst out the other side only to be cloaked again by another. Frank Ryan's muffled Hail Mary's have become the sound track for Owen's missions. Tonight, is Munich or *Hauptstadt der Bewegung* as the Krauts called it, *Capital of the Movement*. Two hundred and thirty-four Lancasters glide above the Ingolstadt. 80 clicks out. Munich is the endgame, for the Lancaster Squad. It was the start of the movement for the Nazi's and the end of it for the Allies. A key city for German tactics, close to the Austrian border, the Alps and the closest major city to Dachau. The rumor is that there's also an 800-year-old beer hall where Hitler made his first speech. 30 clicks out.

Sirens.

Who taught a siren to wail? Anton thinks to himself as the lament of a potential air-raid reverberates through Munich. The few on the street stop as if held down by the noise. A small Nazi officer quickens his pace, moderately. For Anton, a daring glance at the night sky, before a panicked run to the train station. Then, the whistles that come before the flames.



Left Map of Munich used by the R.A.A.F and the R.A.F in their bombing on Munich. Circles and place names indicate places of special interest such as hospitals and train stations.

...

Bob Murray screams, “Now, we are going to kill more women and children.”

The decision of the Lancaster Squad is precise. Thousands of pounds of explosive, encased in dull-metal grey containers, fall on whoever is there to catch them.

...

Anton is shoved into the back of a small woman as the ground shakes and dust falls from the tiled ceiling of Marianplatz train station. Beer halls ignite and explode, the concrete of Marianplatz cracks, revealing steel framework. Skeletons of churches and fleshed out cars disintegrate and crumble.



Left A celebratory Australian report (left) on the bombing on Munich, specifically the railway and a photograph of the Marienplatz (right) in Munich the day after the bombing. Hospitals, schools, churches and homes were destroyed.

...

“A very effective mission”, Peter declares over the radio.

...

V

Surviving Survival

Even if, in the end, we are to take our choices with our Western intensification of, or reverence for, 'life', and, lacking evidence of brahman, atman or nirvana, we were to cast out lot with survival-positive patterns of living, such survival-thinking could at best define only the limits within other considerations would have to determine an ethically desirable choice among co-possible survival-designs.^{vi}

Berg Am Laim, Germany, 1945

They dragged him out and strung him up on the flag pole.

When the war had ended, three days ago, the striped pyjamas that were billeted to the Finsterer pub beat Herr Schneider like

a merciless mule owner. Then they strung him up. His hair isn't slicked back anymore and his band is burnt. His feet dangle, limp... strange looking fruit. Anton observes the hanging Nazi with familiar nausea. It is grey now, the world that is, or Germany at least. Cars lie, covered in dust and dirty snow, shrivelled and sunken like mice that have been behind the wall in their traps. Shutters are closed and sheets are still hanging in windows, covering the empty carcasses of family homes and shopfronts.

Anton will leave here one day, go to someplace where there are no hangings.

...

Sydney, Australia, 1945

Seagulls call to each other and the deep green water of Sydney Harbour laps against the side of the barnacles that cover the hull, carrying up an all too familiar smell of salt and rust. A wind whips over the glittering ocean with a restlessness that gives the impression it could blow a gale at any second. Women and children line the dock, waving and calling, to those returning home. Some of the Lancasters are crying. Owen cranes his neck over the shoulder of a short, heavy lad in front of him. He can see Moni standing at the feet of Kitty. He can see Des and Frank and John and his father.

Australian light is different to the rest of the world, Owen knows that now. European light is not as strong, almost as if a layer of thin paint is spread out against the sky, taking the glare out of the sun.

The blue uniforms shuffle toward a ramp in the middle of the length of the boat. Bob Murray, who walks in front of Owen, takes the medals off his chest and flings them into the ocean. They float for a moment and glint in the sunlight, before being smuggled and

drowned by the deep green. Owen peers down at his own medals. They mean nothing now, they did what had to be done. It was necessary. He unclips them from his lapel and sends them flying into the abyss.

...

Canberra, Australia, 1948

A notice had gone around the papers. A company called A.V. Jennings was looking for German tradesmen, to work on something called the Snowy Mountains Scheme in Australia. That's why Anton is in Canberra, working as a carpenter. He likes this country; the wind is warmer, the nights shorter and there are plenty of people to drink and smoke with who don't want to talk about the war. He is asked about it from time to time by a drunk Australian, most with a thick grin and a strong accent.

His mother had died not long after the war, since her departure, as one must call it, Anton felt no reason to stay in Germany. He hasn't told his family but he met someone. A nurse from Sydney, Monica O'Neill. She is beautiful and strong. Independent. Now Anton sits on a bench outside the hospital, waiting for her to clock off. Men and women in suits walk past him smoking and laughing, so alive in a place so far from the war and the absence it left behind. Anton is going to meet Moni's family tonight. Hopefully, the food is nice.

...

"G'Day mate. Owen. Pleased to meet you," says Moni's eldest brother. They stand together outside the German club, where they are eating tonight. He gives Anton a gentle handshake before running his hands through his dark hair. On his lapel is a gold R.A.A.F pin, Anton had come to recognise those.

"Ah, you were in the air force?" Anton struggles out, in book-learned English.

"Yeah, did missions all over, mainly Bavaria though."

"Ah, you were one of those, bombing me," Anton says before smiling at him.

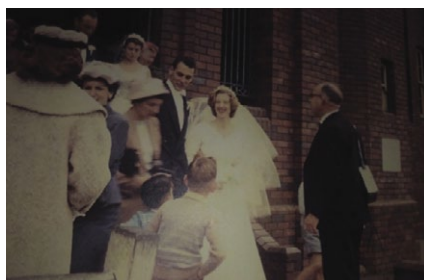
"It's all over now, mate, you're one of us."

...

Lakemba, Australia, 1957

The year is 1957 in a small church in suburban Sydney. In a pressed, black suit, Anton waits eagerly at the end of the aisle. His soon-to-be, Moni, seems to glide over the carpet with her father. Anton's brother-in-law, Owen, sits in the second row. His ears stick out and his hair is slicked back on occasion, like today.

Right Anton and Moni on their wedding day. Anton Finsterer married Moni O'Neill in 1957 at St Teresa's Church in Lakemba.



Anton and Moni say their vows as the thick German pronunciation, 'Ist do' is hard for their audience to understand but Moni hears him perfectly. Cameras flash and family applaud as they step out of the red-brick church. It is the most beautiful day Anton has seen and he smiles. He really smiles.

...

Panania, Australia, 1959

Owen sits straight up, his chest heaving and a cold sweat across his brow. The planes again. The sounds that fly above him in his dreams, they dip and dive above his head. Swooping and shooting. All the while he runs, through the hospitals and churches that he destroyed with the Lancasters. Children are placed, unmoving in hospital beds and on pews. Swinging his legs onto the cold floor, he walks with stiff legs into the kitchen where the whiskey is already open. A swig of this should put him back to sleep, or so he reckons. It is good to be home, but somehow the war carries an echo and rumble across the sea. A faint reverberation that carries down the generations.

...

Canberra, Australia, 1961

Naturalisation; a word that describes the process by which a person renounces the citizenship they hold from the country they were born in. The year is 1961 and European immigrants, mostly from the war, stand outside Dickson Town Hall. Anton stands at the base of the stairs, holding the plump hand of three-year old, Mark. Moni stands next to her husband, holding the swaddled baby, Kate. Amidst the solemnity, clouds roll through the sky, carrying rain and hail from far-off places. Sycamore seeds spiral and swirl down, landing on the baby, all wrapped in white. The man in front of the Finsterer family disappears inside, and all of a sudden, it's Anton's turn to become an Australian.

...

Anton thinks of those who remain in the place the clouds come from, in the place where there were hangings and war. The family step through the door, of 24 Marsden Street, Dickson. Built by Anton, and those he only speaks German with. The house radiates chatter and excitement, as the O'Neill family stands around the table. *This is the place*, Anton thinks, *Where a man can breathe again. Where history sleeps so that the new memories*

awaken in the future. Owen holds a beer in one hand, giving Anton a warm handshake with the other. A plane flies lower than usual over the home. Both look out through the dining room window and listen as the sound of its engine disappears, deep into the sky.

ENDNOTES

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 - ii Hamburg, C. (1956). Psychology and the Ethics of Survival. *Philosophy of Science*, 23(2), pp.82 - 89.
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-

VISUAL ARTS

Hugh Holm

“Isostacy” (Conversation between the solid and Vaporous)

REFLECTION STATEMENT

My body of work highlights the dichotomy and friction that exists between the resolute and solid states of the earth and the dynamic and fluid nature of the natural vaporous world.

The representations of mountainous sites indicate tranquillity, yet hint at the unpredictable challenges that the natural world presents. Exaggerated mountain imagery has been formed by a build-up of layers of oil wash or thick oil paint applications, worked over spreads of gesso and impasto on stretched canvas surfaces.

This mark making suggests the ever-present danger that impregnates reality and the deterioration of ambition resulting from constant encounters with pernicious factors. The notion of juxtaposition is represented through the compilation of medium and technique. Muted and abrasive marks, together with expressive applications of media, represent turmoil and the untying of determination and purpose which results from unending engagement with substantial mercurial challenges.



THE KIRCHER COLLECTION
HSC BODIES OF WORK FROM
THE CLASS OF 2019

VISUAL ARTS
WATER BASED OILS,
IMPASTO AND GESSO
ON STRETCH CANVAS

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THE KIRCHER COLLECTION
HSC BODIES OF WORK FROM
THE CLASS OF 2019

VISUAL ARTS
WATER BASED OILS,
IMPASTO AND GESSO
ON STRETCH CANVAS

53

DRAMA

Clay Bollesen, Isaac Silva, Harrison Tate

638 Ways to Kill Castro

REFLECTION STATEMENT

'638 Ways to Kill Castro' follows a farcical, exaggerated style fitting of the comment that it was borne out of: "Hey, isn't it funny how the CIA failed spectacularly on multiple occasions to kill Fidel Castro?"

In the making of the performance our group essentially prioritised finding the silliness within the absurdity of our springboard through devising a highly comical performance. For certain, we were aiming to evoke a feeling of Wile E. Coyote levels of scheming and – of course – failure. Inspired by the French Theatrical Director Jacques Lecoq, we indulged rehearsal time to 'play' in the theatre space in order to create possible ideas that would result in some theatrical gold. We then used the narrative of the 1960s American CIA's many desperate attempts to assassinate former Cuban Prime Minister, Fidel Castro, to fulfil the HSC Drama Group Devised requirements of creating an original 8 – 12 minute piece of Theatre. Being largely based in farce and slapstick, we balanced the elements of written and physical humour, with many scripted jokes that were supported by physical actions and multiple adaptations of the central prop of a table to create our satirical performance.

Our performance not only entertains yet highlights to our audience the ridiculous nature of the CIA's actions in their many attempts to assassinate Fidel Castro, as well as the unethical nature of undermining foreign political institutions to further their own agenda.

SCRIPT

(LIGHTS UP on stage. CHIEF is Centrestage, behind table. AGENT A and AGENT I are up the back on opposite sides of the stage (stage left and stage right, respectively), creating a triangle between all three)

CHIEF: *(slamming hands on table)* CIA Agents!

(As if called to attention, AGENT I and AGENT A turn around rapidly)

CHIEF: A new threat faces America! Fidel Castro, newly appointed President of Cuba has turned the country into a communist state. Worst yet, he won't sell us sugar!

AGENT I/AGENT A: We need sugar!

CHIEF: Damn right we need sugar! So how are we gonna get that sugar?

AGENT I/AGENT A: *(Talking over the top of each other, both suggesting ideas)* Hold him for ransom! Steal his hat! Shave his beard! Amputate his left arm!

CHIEF: No!

ALL: *(pause, then slowly look at audience with a look of realisation)* We kill him!

CHIEF: Okay, now that we know what we need to do, how are we going to do it? Give me some ideas.

(AGENT I and AGENT A start to circle around the table, giving ideas, while CHIEF sits on it)

AGENT I: He likes to scuba dive, so, we could put a bacterial infection in his scuba suit?

CHIEF: Good start, maybe, anything from you?

AGENT A: Okay, here's the plan. We'll get Castro's kids, chop 'em up, put 'em in a burger and lather it with a sauce that's literally to die for and serve it to him, eh?

CHIEF: *(pause)* ... No.

AGENT I: Uhh, he loves cigars, right? What if we rig his cigars with explosives!?

CHIEF: Could work, it could work. Anymore ideas?

AGENT A: Okay, I've got a cousin in Istanbul with an aardvark farm-

CHIEF: I'm gonna stop you right there.

(CHIEF gets up and walks upstage, starts pacing across the stage)

CHIEF: C'mon, c'mon guys! Ideas!

AGENT I: Uh, toothpaste! Everyone uses toothpaste! Why don't we-

AGENT A: Toothpaste?! Are you trying to kill him or clean him? I know a guy from Istanbul who can get us a hot air balloon-

(AGENT A and AGENT I then have an argument, gradually increasing in intensity, anger and volume until they are screaming at each other over the table. Eventually, CHIEF – still upstage – has visibly had enough, and furiously walks up to the table where the arguing pair are, and slams his hands on the table)

CHIEF: Will you two shut up?! God! It's like you've got a broken marriage or something!

(A pause. A collective gasp. A realisation)

ALL: Castro has a broken marriage!

CHIEF: To the espionage mobile!

(AGENT A and AGENT I grab the legs of the table and flip it upside down. AGENT A turns to stage left and sits on the stage left end of the table. CHIEF does the same, except facing stage right. AGENT I sits on stage right side of upside down table facing stage left. They are in a car, discussing the plan – AGENT A is driving)

CHIEF: We know that Castro's ex-wife is lying low in America after being exiled from Cuba.

AGENT A: BUMP!

(All jump as if they have hit a speed bump. CHIEF, who hasn't got a seatbelt on, falls over while he continues to discuss the plan)

CHIEF: All we need to do: is to find her, book her for literally anything, and let blackmail do its magic.

AGENT I: There she is!

(AGENT A pulls a hard turn and all make a car screech noise. AGENT A gets up, spins while moving to upstage left, and is now the EX-WIFE, playing with a mimed dog. CHIEF and AGENT I move behind the table and pull it up for cover and crouch behind it, spying on EX-WIFE from a distance)

AGENT I: What do we do now, Chief?

CHIEF: *(cutting AGENT I off)* Ah ah ah ah! Now, we observe

(CHIEF/AGENT I watch EX-WIFE with hand binoculars. EX-WIFE crosses to stage right, then crosses back. Then CHIEF/AGENT I make a realisation, look at each other)

CHIEF/AGENT I: Loitering!

AGENT I: *(getting up)* Stop! *(jumping over the table/cover)* In the name of the law! *(running over, kicking the dog away and arresting EX-WIFE)* You're under arrest criminal scum!

(as AGENT I arrests EX-WIFE, CHIEF picks up table and places it on its side, longways, centre stage. It is now a cell. AGENT I throws EX-WIFE into the table/cell. They are now in an "interrogation" room)

AGENT I: Interrogation log, number... um... one.

CHIEF: Really? Loitering!? It sickens me what you commies think you can do here... in America!

EX-WIFE: *(beat)* Isn't America the land of the free?

CHIEF/AGENT I: Shut up!

(CHIEF and AGENT I start circling around the table/cell)

CHIEF: We'll be asking the questions here!

AGENT I: Now we've got enough evidence to put you away for a looong time!

CHIEF: Oh yes, a very long time indeed.

AGENT I: But we can make all of your problems disappear!

CHIEF: All you have to do is to make all of our problems disappear!

CHIEF/AGENT I: Kill Castro.

EX-WIFE: Uhh... ok!

CHIEF: Ahah! I thought you might say that. Get the blowtorch- *(double-take, looks at EX-WIFE)* Okay?

EX-WIFE: Ok.

CHIEF: Oh. That was easy. Brilliant!

(CHIEF takes EX-WIFE over to upstage left and starts to brief her. AGENT I turns the upright table around and hides behind it. It is now an elevator. This transition happens to the tune of the Mission Impossible Theme, hummed by ALL)

CHIEF: Alright, take this poison pill, put it in his food, and get outta there

EX-WIFE: Yes, yes. Now get these handcuffs off of me!

(CHIEF and EX-WIFE enter elevator. Finger men [representing CHIEF and EX-WIFE] appear the other side from which they enter Elevator music plays, as the finger men ascend the building in an invisible elevator)

ELEVATOR SPEAKER: *(can be spoken by anyone behind the table, in the elevator)*
DING! Level 3.

(CHIEF and EX-WIFE exit the elevator, on the stage right side)

CHIEF: Alright, get in there and knock 'em dead. Heh heh, literally. I'll watch from behind this barrier.

(As CHIEF says the previous line, AGENT I emerges from behind the elevator from the stage left side. AGENT I is now CASTRO. CHIEF turns the table on its side and moves it upstage, hiding behind it for cover. EX-WIFE enters CASTRO's room through a mimed door)

EX-WIFE: Oh dear Castro, papi! How I have hungered for your lust.

CASTRO: MY LOVE! It has been too long! Embrace me!

(The two hug passionately. CASTRO and the EX-WIFE move with exaggerated melodramatic movements as they speak)

CASTRO: MMM! You are HOT! Like a jalapeno! But why have you come here on this fine evening?

EX-WIFE: Oh, Fidel! The CIA has sent me here to kill you! *(takes out pill)*

CASTRO: *(Gasps)* I knew it. You're going to kill me with... Viagra!

CHIEF: *(to himself, emerging from behind the table)* What? Viagra? *(pulls actual death pill out of his pocket)* Oh, DAMMIT!

CASTRO: What was that?

(CHIEF ducks down behind the table once again)

EX-WIFE: It was... uh, a Blue-crested Whipperwillow!

CHIEF: *(sounds a bird call)*

CASTRO: A bue cres... That is not the call of the Blue-crested Whipperwillow!

CHIEF: *(beat)* Er... Blue-crested Wipperwillow!

CASTRO: *(looks to audience)* Ah, music to my ears. Where was I? Oh yes. AH! I cannot believe you could commit such a bitter betrayal. Then do it! Fulfill their wishes! Take this gun!

(CASTRO pulls a finger gun from inside his pants, and throws it to EX-WIFE)

CASTRO: Shoot me! RIGHT HERE, WHERE I STAND!

(EX-WIFE shoots, purposefully misses CASTRO. CASTRO looks around himself and finds himself to be fine. Motions to EX-WIFE as if to say "what the hell?")

CASTRO: You missed-

H: OH NO! CASTRO, YOU ARE DYING! YOU HAVE BEEN SHOT! THE CIA WOULD REALLY LIKE THAT!

CASTRO: But I... *(realizes the scheme)* OOOOOOOOOH! OH NO! I AM DYING! YOU'RE RIGHT, THE CIA WOULD REALLY LIKE THAT AHHI am dead!

(CASTRO is "dead" on the floor, while EX-WIFE freezes on the other side of the stage. CHIEF peeks over the table, gasps, jumps over the table and dials the other agents. As CHIEF jumps over table, CASTRO and EX-WIFE get up and face the back of the stage, now AGENT I and AGENT A, respectively. After two rings of the phone, AGENT I and AGENT A pick up and ask:)

AGENT I/AGENT A: Yes?

CHIEF: Boys! File Castro under: ... 'Dead'.

(Shouts of joy and celebration from AGENT I and AGENT A. AGENT I and AGENT A go to back to grab table and start to bring it up front and run around back, high fiving, switching sides, ending up standing stage right and left, respectively. CHIEF, still in front of the table starts walking forward with it, talking to the audience about his success. CHIEF gets up on table to make a toast)

CHIEF: Gentleman, in all my 25 years of working for the CIA, I have never conducted such an amazing operation! And I have you boys to thank for it. Let's drink to it!

(All clink mimed glasses and drink.)

AGENT A: Ah, excuse me sir, I'm getting a call.

CHIEF: Who from?

AGENT A: The coroner.

(AGENT A walks forward and crosses to stage right as he answers the phone. As AGENT A crosses, CHIEF jumps off table to the front while AGENT I [now CASTRO's body] goes to lie on the table, to give a sense that the scene changes as AGENT A 'wipes' past. CHIEF is now a CORONER, on the phone)

AGENT A: Hello!? What's the verdict?

CORONER: Hi, just calling to let you know, I got Castro's body and I can still feel a pulse. I don't think he actually dead-

(CASTRO shoots up with a finger gun in hand and points it at CORONER)

CASTRO: Put down the phone.

CORONER: Uhh, I'm gonna have to put down to the phone!

AGENT A: He.. Hello? (call ends, and not from his side)

(CHIEF and AGENT I move back to stage left/right respectively. H gets off the phone. CHIEF/ AGENT I look at H expectantly as H meanders despondently to the centre of the stage, behind the table.)

AGENT I: So? Just how dead is he?

CHIEF: Super-dead? Mega-dead!?

AGENT I: There's just no telling with how dead he must be!

CHIEF/AGENT I: Castro's dead! Castro's dead! Castro's dead!

AGENT A: Castro's alive!

CHIEF/AGENT I: Castro's alive! Castro's alive! Castro's (beat, shocked realisation) ALIVE?!

AGENT A: Yes.

(They all look at each other in stunned silence. Then, they all slam their hands on the table.)

ALL: Dammit!

CHIEF: But I saw it! I even took a polaroid! Look!

AGENT I: Viagra?

AGENT A: I knew Castro was a druggie!

CHIEF: Er- A different polaroid!

(CHIEF pulls out new polaroid of CASTRO – all gather around the photo)

CHIEF: C'mon, that's the deadest looking man I've ever seen!

AGENT A: Where's the blood?

AGENT I: And the bullet holes?

(Pause)

CHIEF: Uhhhhhhhhhh...

AGENT I: Did you even see him get shot?

(Pause)

CHIEF: I mean... I heard the shots...

(AGENT I grabs CHIEF by the shirt, shaking him)

AGENT I: YOU ABSOLUTE BUFFOON! YOU CRETIN! We've been tricked! Bamboozled! We've been pranked!

(CHIEF and AGENT I slam fists and face on table in frustration and defeat)

AGENT A: Everyone shut up! It's time we go back to the drawing board. I've got one more idea! *(pause)*

Correct me if I'm wrong, but Castro has a face ...

CHIEF: *(muffled, face down)* No...

AGENT A: *(irritated)* Correct me if I'm wrong, but Castro has a face...

CHIEF: *(muffled, face down, a bit louder)* No.

AGENT A: *(angry)* Correct me if I'm wrong, but Castro has a face!

CHIEF: *(pause)* NO! *(slams hands down; AGENT I jumps back up in response to this sudden outburst)* ALL OF THAT WORK FOR ONE PLAN! AND FOR NOTHING! SCREW THE ESPIONAGE, WE'LL JUST SHOOT HIM IN THE FACE. WE CAN COVER IT UP!

(Pause)

AGENT A: You didn't let me finish-

CHIEF: I DON'T NEED TO LET YOU FINISH, I KNOW YOUR IDEA SUCKS! LET'S JUST KILL HIM AND BE DONE WITH IT!

AGENT I: Yeah!

AGENT A: No!

(Transition into plane taking off by flipping table on its side and lifting it up)

(Turn table around, so that the legs are facing the audience. AGENT I is now CASTRO on a balcony facing the back of the stage, CHIEF and AGENT A are now HENCHMAN 1 and HENCHMAN 2, respectively)

HENCHMAN 1: CASTRO!

CASTRO: *(turning around)* What?

HENCHMAN 2: There's an American plane about to land at our airport! The CIA is here to kill you... again!

CASTRO: HA! The fools are getting desperate. Take me to them!

(Lift table and turn it around, leaning downwards to signal it is a plane landing. CASTRO is now no longer CASTRO, back to being AGENT I)

ALL: Thank you for Air Espionage. Cyanide pills are available as you exit the aircraft.

(CASTRO comes out from the stage right side, AGENT A and CHIEF from the stage left side)

CASTRO: AH! Americans, so nice to finally meet y- *(CHIEF holds up a gun)* wOAh!

CHIEF: NOPE! NO! SHUT UP! NO SPEECH! WE ARE HERE TO KILL YOU, AND NOTHING ELSE!

CASTRO: You're just gonna shoot me?

AGENT A: I know, right?! How boring is that?

CHIEF: BOTH OF YOU SHUT UP! THIS IS IT! FINALLY! We've been watching your every move. You know your ex-wife?

AGENT A: We ate her!

CHIEF: No, no, no. We didn't do that!

CASTRO: Wait, you what?

CHIEF: SHUT UP! We sent her!

CASTRO: Yeah... she told me.

CHIEF: Oh. Well... we're still gonna kill you! Any last words?

CASTRO: History will absolve me.

(CHIEF aims the gun, slowly and intently)

CHIEF: Buenas noches, Castro.

(CHIEF fires gun, but it has jammed. He tries a few more times, but is still unsuccessful. CHIEF puts the gun to his ear to see if he can hear where the clicking is. CHIEF then shoots himself, and falls into H's arms)

AGENT A: AAH! Medic! Medic! We'll be back! This isn't over! This isn't the last you'll see of the CIA!

(AGENT A retreats behind the table with CHIEF in his arms. CHIEF and AGENT A duck down behind the table. Pause. CASTRO starts to snicker, then starts laughing with confidence, and walks to centerstage, in front of the table)

CASTRO: Henchmen!

(CHIEF and AGENT A pop up from behind the table. They are now HENCHMAN 1 and HENCHMAN 2, respectively)

HENCHMAN 1 & 2: Yes!?

(CASTRO puts on a pair of sunglasses, and HENCHMAN 2 follows suit. CASTRO and HENCHMAN 2 then look at HENCHMAN 1, who has not done anything)

HENCHMAN 1: Uh... I have contacts on.

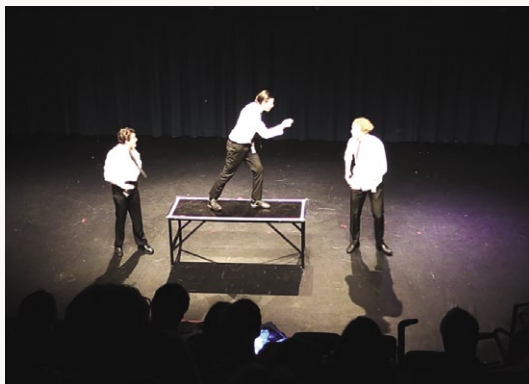
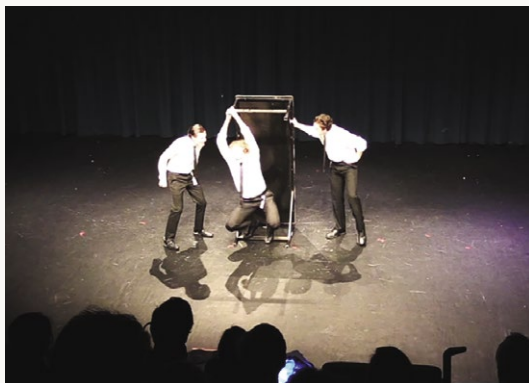
(CASTRO and HENCHMAN 2 look back at audience)

CASTRO: Hit it!

(CASTRO, HENCHMAN 1 and HENCHMAN 2 erupt into a dance number, while singing to the tune of 'Tequila'. By the climax of the song, in lieu of 'tequila', they instead triumphantly exclaim...)

ALL: Castro!

(BLACK OUT)



Simon Kenderes

Chess Table

REFLECTION STATEMENT

My major work represents my passion for wood working and fine furniture making. My coffee table brings to life the traditional and more difficult arts within wood working to bring strategic chess players into the laid-back environment of the common coffee drinker, with professionalism and beauty.

The purpose of the coffee table was to replace the current one in my living room. Having the exact dimensions of the previous one, it maintains the practicality yet greatly improves the aesthetic space. The elegant, intricately turned chess pieces all done by hand with no jigs – only measurements and gauges – and designed from scratch show the amount of time and passion that I put into this project. The American hard rock maple and walnut, two timbers with very different properties, had to be understood and worked with carefully to minimise mistakes and maintain the aesthetic style of the project.

Turning the legs was my first experience with large stock on a lathe; being a fairly simple design, you can see how my skill has improved throughout the project.

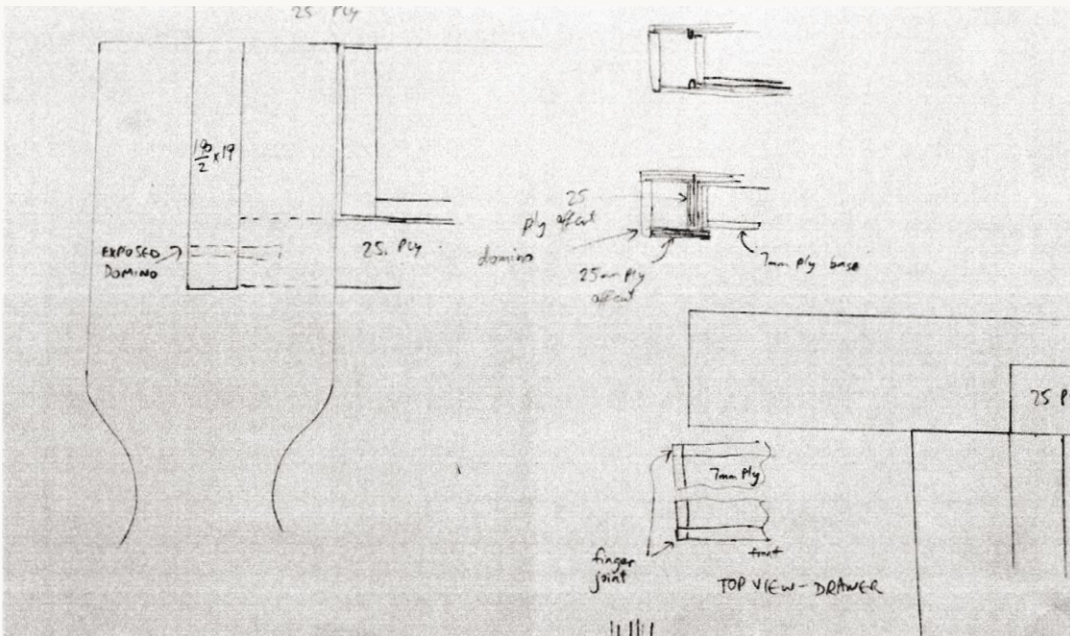
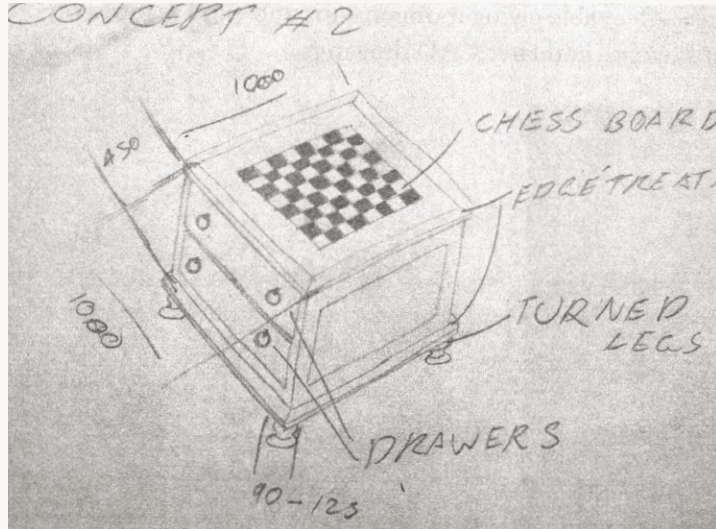
The taper of the legs gives a robust and top-heavy appearance, and the Tasmanian black wood used for the legs and the outer frame of the table top is a blend of the other two contrasting timbers together.

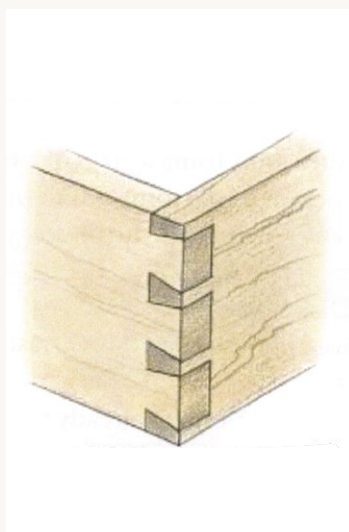
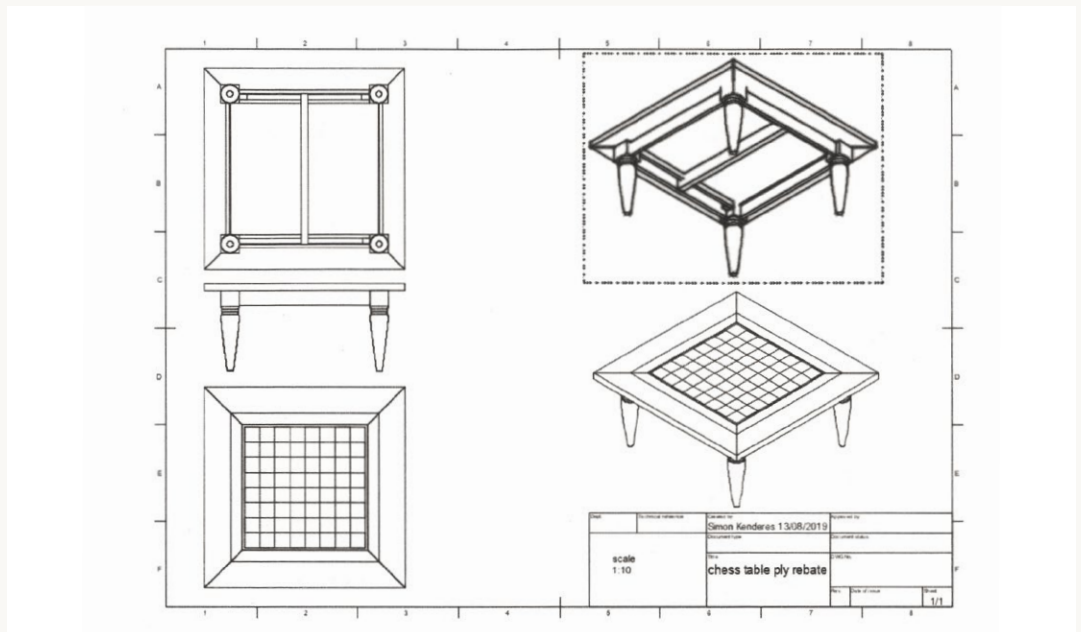
Furniture making, specifically wood turning, is a skill that I recently began experimenting with but quickly became one of the most enjoyable aspects of the craft. There are many other joinery techniques used in the construction of this piece, all specifically used for their aesthetic appearance and their structural properties.

Dovetail, mortise and tenon, mitre, and domino joints are some of the joinery techniques used to display as much skill as I could.

I hope my coffee table inspires wonder and curiosity, while resting in a space of relaxation and comfort. My project has been a great success and will be a piece that will hopefully be passed down through generations as a reminder to always persist and challenge yourself no matter how great the task.







Seamus Byrne

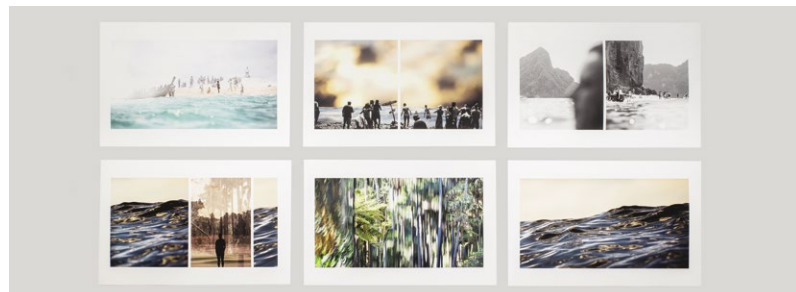
“Disillusionment - the omen - the art of perception”

REFLECTION STATEMENT

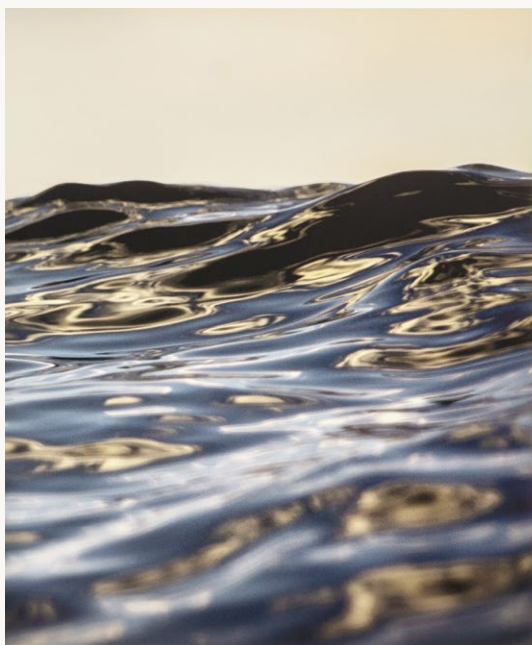
My work explores the idea of the unknown, where both time and place cease to exist. This evokes a sense of unfamiliarity and disconnection when first observing the images. Through this exploration of multi layered imagery, the idea of the unknown presents itself through an alternative reality, where it is suggested the world is not what it seems.

The human subjects presented in my images are shown to be disconnected from one another and their surrounding environments. This disconnection becomes more apparent by studying the images, provoking a sense of disillusionment. As a result, the subjects lose touch with themselves, their reality, and their own individuality. Inevitably they succumb to the mindless action of wandering aimlessly through their world, whatever that may be.

I have used digital manipulation throughout the series of images, in order to create partially fabricated pictures. This is achieved by blending subject matter and visually desirable environments to create a world which is both unknown in time or place. Elements of these have been left purposefully to hint at the work's construction and the process it has undergone.









ENGLISH

Luke Johnson

The Final Frontier

REFLECTION STATEMENT

The simulacrum is never that which conceals the truth – it is the truth which conceals that there is none.”

- Jean Baudrillard

The purpose of my Major Work, *The Final Frontier*, is to critique the rising integration of technology within all facets of the human condition, fostering the desire for escapism whilst blurring contemporary perceptions of ‘progress.’ I achieve this through the web-narrative format, representing the pervasive effects of transhumanist ideology upon collective experiences. I manipulate the science-fiction genre to question the legitimacy of future worlds and our role within them. *The Final Frontier* actively attracts a growing audience, as the development of a nostalgic narrative appeals to SF veterans whilst the niche form entices young-adult responders to engage with philosophical notions beyond their personal experience. To attract these audiences, *Strange Horizons*¹ SF magazine and the *Electronic Literature Organisation*² would remain suitable publication outlets for *The Final Frontier*, allowing it to entice active SF enthusiasts who are also technically able.

Having prior interest in the science-fiction genre, a critical study of *Brave New World*³ in Preliminary Advanced English extended my interest in the philosophical underpinnings of these works, particularly those dealing with ‘future-theory.’ As we omnisciently move through the narrative, Huxley’s polemic perspective against the continual development of technology comes to fruition through the realisation of a false utopia under the erroneous necessity of technological advancement and prioritisation,

1 Strange Horizons, Strange Horizons [website], 2019, <<http://strangehorizons.com/>> (accessed 22 August 2019).

2 ELO, *Electronic Literature Organisation* [website], 2019, <<http://eliterature.org/>>, (accessed 2 August 2019).

3 Huxley, A., *Brave New World*, Great Britain, Chatto & Windus, 1932.

sacrificing natural evolution. Upon reading his novel, I conducted research into philosophical thought regarding the status of humanity within such mechanised environments, focusing directly upon Post-Human and Transhumanist ideologies. The Transhumanist desires proposed in Nick Bostrom's articles, "Are You Living in A Computer Simulation?"⁴ and "The Transhumanist Dream,"⁵ and Max More's interview, "Transhumanism and the Singularity,"⁶ provided the conceptual framework for my piece whilst simultaneously prompting me to consider varying perspectives within a world of such advancement. The emergence of Bio-Conservative' ideologies, a distinct opposition to Transhumanism, allowed me to consider the differing reactions to such advancement, whilst its incorporation within my work allowed me to showcase the loss of uniquely 'human' components under an increasing reliance on technology. Thus, the illustration of "philosophical and ethical themes, such as morality, identity, pain, and cruelty"⁸ permeate across the various narrative voices of *The Final Frontier*. Each character and their characterisation representing a unique perspective/reaction towards the "constantly changing environment."⁹

Responders engage with the hypertext through forced interactivity and immersion within the narrative events. "Multiple sensory and semiotic channel"¹⁰ engagement ensures that "machines and people"¹¹ are brought "together in virtual environments."¹² Inspired by the exemplary works *After the Storm*¹³ and *Firestorm*¹⁴, the accessible nature of my narrative ensures its message transcends the literal boundaries of the screen

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 - 6 Max More - *Transhumanism and the Singularity* [YouTube Video], Science, Technology & the Future, 2012.
 - 7 Ess, C; Hampson, P; Spiekermann, S., *The Ghost of Transhumanism & the Sentience of Existence*, Neue Zürcher Zeitung, 2017.
 - 8 Bahar, S, A; Mani, M; Mirenayat, S, A; Talif, R., *Beyond Human Boundaries: Variations of Human Transformation in Science Fiction*, *Theory and Practice in Language Studies*, Vol. 7, No. 4, 2017, pp264 - 272.
 - 9 Senior, W., *Blade Runner and Cyberpunk Visions of Humanity*, *Film Criticism*, Vol. 21, No. 1, 1996, pp1 - 12.
 - 10 Ryan, M, L., *Narrative across Media: The Languages of Storytelling*, Lincoln, NE., University of Nebraska Press, 2004.
 - 11 Ryan, M, L., *Narrative across Media: The Languages of Storytelling*, Lincoln, NE., University of Nebraska Press, 2004.
 - 12 Ryan, M, L., *Narrative across Media: The Languages of Storytelling*, Lincoln, NE., University of Nebraska Press, 2004.
 - 13 Washington Post, *After the Storm* [website], 2016, <<http://www.pbs.org/independentlens/interactive/after-the-storm/#/dear-future-disaster-survivor>>, (accessed 16 April 2019).
 - 14 The Guardian, *Firestorm* [website], 2013, <<https://www.theguardian.com/world/interactive/2013/may/26/firestorm-bushfire-dunalley-holmes-family>>, (accessed 16 April 2019).

whilst also extending the form through the challenging of conventional web-narrative layouts. As “the text and pictures are in a harmonious relationship,”¹⁵ I continued to challenge conventions by deliberately implementing auditory and visual fragmentation and distortion across the narrative, mirroring the decay of the human condition within a Transhuman society under the loss of communication. “Supporting empathy... through experiential features,”¹⁶ the creation of “experiences that are participatory and immersive”¹⁷ increases audience involvement, successfully allowing my piece to extend the genre and challenge multimedia conventions, utilising visual, textual and auditory channels congruently in an affirmation of my purpose. Such interactivity is achieved through the various scrolling and clicking mechanics of my work, allowing responders to navigate the work themselves, becoming a necessary component of narrative progression.

Viewing additional exemplary pieces, such as *Seven Digital Deadly Sins*¹⁸, proved to remain extremely influential in my experimentation with structure, inspiring me to make a fragmented collection of vignettes. Simultaneously drawing from Shelley’s *Frankenstein*¹⁹, studied in HSC English Extension 1, I mirrored the Chinese-box-structure of the novel, moving from “The Creator”²⁰ to “The Participants”²¹ and finally to “The Creation.”²² The logo of the website alludes to this. However, as a means of extrapolating the extremities of a technology-human synthesis, the lack of an external individual to learn from the detailed events, as Walton does in *Frankenstein*, the responder, like the characters, is trapped within the confines of the story as technology has successfully dominated the narrative world. The employment of the façade of a ‘choose-your-own-adventure’ throughout, forces audiences into having “an experience in tandem with the main character,”²³ in which technological dominance dictates individual and narrative progression. Thus, “technology infiltrates every facet

15 Sipe, L., How Picture Books Work: A Semiotically Framed Theory of Text-Picture Relationships, *Children’s Literature in Education*, Vol. 29, No. 2, 1998, pp97 - 108

16 Anderson, K, T; Chua, P, H., Digital Storytelling as an Interactive Digital Media Context, *Educational Technology*, Vol. 50, No. 5, 2010, pp32 - 36.

17 Anderson, K, T; Chua, P, H., Digital Storytelling as an Interactive Digital Media Context, *Educational Technology*, Vol. 50, No. 5, 2010, pp32 - 36.

18 National Film Board of Canada, *Seven Digital Deadly Sins* [website], 2014, <<http://sins.nfb.ca/#/Grid>>, (accessed 16 April 2019).

19 Shelley, M., *Frankenstein*, England, Penguin Books, 1992.

20 *Own Major Work*

21 *Own Major Work*

22 *Own Major Work*

23 Tuttle, L., *Writing Fantasy & Science Fiction*, London, A & C Black, 2005.

of”²⁴ both the characters and responder’s experiences, as they, in tandem, foster a unique sense of real-world scepticism in which the “distinction...between human and machine or between physical reality and virtual reality”²⁵ is distorted.

Through the subversion of Shelley’s narrative structure, I continued to seek further fragmentation of narrative events, echoing T.S. Eliot’s critical commentary upon the degrading implications of modernity upon the contemporary human condition. Whilst affirming the Magi’s²⁶ desire to escape his current condition, “I should be glad of another death,”²⁷ I allowed underlying notions of escapism to resonate across the characterisation of each persona, “I swallowed it,”²⁸ simultaneously broadcasting their experiences through a uniquely fragmented description of events. When conducting wider reading, I was immediately drawn to William Gibson’s unique development of voice through which “hard, pragmatic men and women”²⁹ try “to survive in a constantly changing environment.”³⁰ Drawing particular inspiration from *Burning Chrome*³¹, specifically Johnny Mnemonic and *The Gernsback Continuum*, I was able to accelerate the maturation experimentation of my personal style through truncated sentences and short glimpses of dense imagery. Thus, the characters are represented as unique by-products of their external landscape, illustrating what ‘human’ has become through Diggory (a bio-hacking enthusiast), “I double tapped the pupil of my right eye,”³² a distinct opposition to Transhumanist desires through Dara (a human in an increasingly posthuman landscape), “It made me feel as though I had a choice,”³³ and suspension between ideologies through Charlie (the dystopian everyman, unsure of his role within society), ““Could be cool,” I said aloud. Nobody replied.”³⁴ Whilst exploring “the impact of progress on individuals and on societies,”³⁵ the fragmented

24 Senior, W., *Blade Runner and Cyberpunk Visions of Humanity*, *Film Criticism*, Vol. 21, No. 1, 1996, pp1 - 12.

25 Sever, S., *Prostheses, Cyborgs and Cyberspace - The Cyberpunk Trinity*, *ELOPE*, Vol. 10, 2013, pp83 - 93.

26 All Poetry; Eliot, T.S., *The Journey of the Magi* [website], 2019, <<https://allpoetry.com/The-Journey-Of-The-Magi>>, (accessed 22 August 2019).

27 All Poetry; Eliot, T.S., *The Journey of the Magi* [website], 2019, <<https://allpoetry.com/The-Journey-Of-The-Magi>>, (accessed 22 August 2019).

28 *Own Major Work*

29 Senior, W., *Blade Runner and Cyberpunk Visions of Humanity*, *Film Criticism*, Vol. 21, No. 1, 1996, pp1 - 12.

30 Senior, W., *Blade Runner and Cyberpunk Visions of Humanity*, *Film Criticism*, Vol. 21, No. 1, 1996, pp1 - 12.

31 Gibson, W., *Burning Chrome*, Great Britain, Gollancz, 1986.

32 *Own Major Work*

33 *Own Major Work*

34 *Own Major Work*

35 Tuttle, L., *Writing Fantasy & Science Fiction*, London, A & C Black, 2005.

vignettes of each experience differ in their use of technology as a means of storytelling, distinctly mirroring the individual associated with each component.

Additionally, detailed study of Margaret Atwood's *Hag-Seed*³⁶ in Module A of HSC Advanced English inspired my use of intertextual storytelling as a means of creating "an extended discussion of [science-fiction] work,"³⁷ showcasing how, like the characters of the web-narrative, "individual[s]...are not isolated creations."³⁸ Whilst ensuring that my SF piece is "in an ongoing conversation"³⁹ with the genre, I have appropriated and honoured many classic works of SF literature to develop a work which remains familiar to audiences. As individuals become by-products of their external landscape under transhumanist ideals, so too has their literature, questioning the legitimacy and authenticity of unique creations within this 'progressive' society. Numerous allusions are made to works of SF literature including *2001: A Space Odyssey*⁴⁰, *The Martian Chronicles*⁴¹, "The warm June sunshine would soon become a flooding sea of hot air,"⁴² *The Time Machine*⁴³, "the intense blue of the summer sky, eventually whirling into nothingness,"⁴⁴ *The Matrix*⁴⁵, "Red for Blue,"⁴⁶ *Blade Runner*⁴⁷, *Neuromancer*⁴⁸, *Brave New World*⁴⁹, "Bees...floating drowsily...soliloquising with sequoias...beyond the boscage,"⁵⁰ 1984⁵¹, *Interstellar*⁵², *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*⁵³, "Moving into the uninhabited

36 Atwood, M., *Hag-Seed*, Great Britain, Hogarth, 2016.

37 Chaudhary, P; Sharma, R., Common Themes and Techniques of Postmodern Literature of Shakespeare, *International Journal of Educational Planning & Administration*, Vol. 1, No. 2, 2011, pp189 - 198.

38 Chaudhary, P; Sharma, R., Common Themes and Techniques of Postmodern Literature of Shakespeare, *International Journal of Educational Planning & Administration*, Vol. 1, No. 2, 2011, pp189 - 198.

39 Tuttle, L., *Writing Fantasy & Science Fiction*, London, A & C Black, 2005.

40 *2001: A Space Odyssey* [DVD], dir. S. Kubrick, Stanley Kubrick Productions, 1968.

41 Bradbury, R., *The Martian Chronicles*, United States, Doubleday, 1950.

42 Own Major Work

43 Wells, H. G., *The Time Machine*, Great Britain, Gollancz, 1895.

44 Own Major Work

45 *The Matrix* [DVD], dir. L. Wachowski and L. Wachowski, Warner Bros., 1999.

46 Own Major Work

47 *Blade Runner* [DVD], dir. R. Scott, The Ladd Company, 1982.

48 Gibson, W., *Neuromancer*, The United States of America, Ace Books, 1984.

49 Huxley, A., *Brave New World*, Great Britain, Chatto & Windus, 1932.

50 Own Major Work

51 Orwell, G., 1984, United Kingdom, Secker & Warburg, 1949.

52 *Interstellar* [DVD], dir. C. Nolan, Legendary Pictures, 2014.

53 Dick, P., *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, United States, Doubleday, 1968.

desolation of the north,”⁵⁴ *Ready Player One*,⁵⁵ *Forbidden Planet*⁵⁶ and *The Twilight Zone*.⁵⁷ Thus, the rhetoric and literal construction of my work’s multimedia features mirrors the society of each vignette.

As a means of extrapolating the extremities of a human-technology synthesis, philosophical readings and research influenced me to incorporate notions of Phillip K. Dick’s “Simulation Theory.”⁵⁸ Through its recent resurgence under the influence of both Elon Musk and Neil deGrasse Tyson, I pursued research into the nature of such ideals, arriving at Jean Baudrillard’s “Simulacra and Simulation”⁵⁹ and Stanislaw Lem’s “*Summa Technologiae*.”⁶⁰ Of particular importance was “The Phantomatic Machine,”⁶¹ the theorising of virtual-reality before the creation of virtual-reality, an invention through which man “can die and be resurrected many times over”⁶² as “the recipient becomes an active participant.”⁶³ Whilst “Phantomatics stands for creating situations in which there are no “exits” from the worlds of created fiction,”⁶⁴ by placing The Participants within the simulated world of “The Grimalkin,”⁶⁵ I am able to fulfill purpose under the achievement of a complete human-technology in which the virtual becomes the reality.

This merging of human and machine influenced me to consider what will remain of the desire for continual advancement. Revising and editing my piece allowed for the creative inclusion of escapist desires as the primary motivation of each character. These motivations are distinctly inspired by, and strung together through, the extended motif of the Voyager 1 spacecraft. The appropriation of Jimmy Carter’s letter, marking the end of my piece, allows the Voyager message to no longer remain a greeting to those we may never meet. It becomes a farewell to our previous selves as the responder realises, when placed within the future, liberation may be nothing but a mere façade.

54 *Own Major Work*

55 *Ready Player One* [DVD], dir. S. Spielberg, Warner Bros. Pictures, 2018.

56 *Forbidden Planet* [DVD], dir. F. M. Wilcox, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1956.

57 *The Twilight Zone* [TV], dir. A. Rubens, Jordan Peele, 2019.

58 Internet Archive, *Philip K. Dick: Computer Programed Reality* [website], 2016, <<https://archive.org/details/PhilipKDickComputerProgramedReality>>, (accessed 27 April 2019).

59 Baudrillard, J., *Simulacra and Simulations*, Jean Baudrillard, Selected Writings, 1988, pp166 - 184.

60 Lem, S., *Summa Technologiae*, Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 2013.

61 Lem, S., *Summa Technologiae*, Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 2013.

62 Lem, S., *Summa Technologiae*, Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 2013.

63 Lem, S., *Summa Technologiae*, Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 2013.

64 Lem, S., *Summa Technologiae*, Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 2013.

65 *Own Major Work*



The warm June sunshine would soon become a flooding sea of hot air.



Blades of grass would envelop my shoes as the clouds in the sky shielded the intense blue of the summer sky, eventually whirling into nothingness.



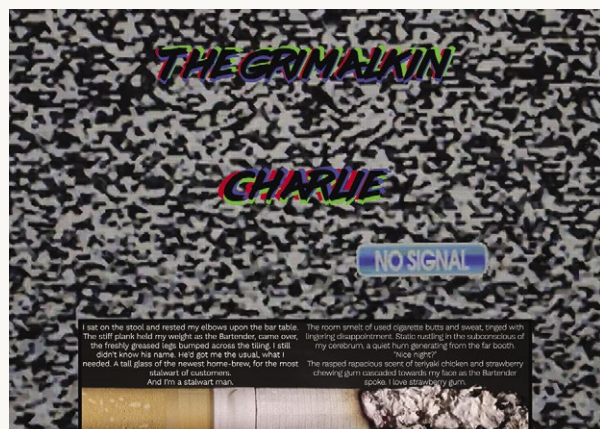
It would make you feel alive.



Bees would live again, floating drowsily in the air, soliciting with sequoias and street lamps beyond the boscage.



But that was where it ended.



ORATORY

Sebastian Braham

“Same as it ever was”

First Place: Lawrence Campbell

Oratory Competition

REFLECTION STATEMENT

My 8-minute speech, “Same as it ever was”, attempts to question notions of Australian identity with the ultimate purpose of rejecting strict national definitions. The inspiration arose largely from my own experience living in Australia and the contemporary crises in France and New Zealand that are covered in the body of the speech.

The competition provided me with 15 minutes between being given the topic and delivering the speech, in which time I formulated a central theme, made rough notes on palm cards and laid out the structure of the speech. A key element is the use of humour, which begins with the opening anecdote and then is scattered throughout in order to engage what was an audience primarily of school students. The strength of the speech and its authenticity comes in the final paragraph. In this section, often referred to as the “peroration” or more colloquially “the turn”, I reflect on what seemed to be my prior attempt to define Australia, and come to the conclusion that we are best left undefined.

The audience’s reaction depends not only on the speech itself but on the delivery, which was a key factor in my preparation for the night.

Many thanks to all the boys and teachers who came and watched. Most of the audience on the night consisted of ‘View boys. Thanks Mr James Rodgers and Noah Vaz for coaching me.

SPEECH

Let me tell you about Yana, Yana can read the mind of your Labrador. She is the world's only pet psychic and for a small fee she can tell you why your cat always looks at you like that... it hates you! Or why your dog always gives you those puppy dog eyes – he pities you... because your cat hates you. Yana is actually a 35-year-old Australian male, Chris Lilley, dressed up in an afro and a dress. Yana appears on Lilley's latest show, Lunatics, alongside a 7-foot girl, a real estate agent with a big bottom, and a pornstar turned hoarder. Yana is just one of Chris Lilley's many identities that have appeared on our television screens over the years. He is always changing who he is, updating himself to keep up with the times; his faces are never the same and no character's identities match up.

Australia could learn a lot from Chris Lilley, because in this country we are determined to keep our identity the same as it ever was, and it's an issue. We say we have a bush culture, but we've been urbanised for almost 200 years; we call ourselves the country of the fair go, but we see vast inequalities and the baggy green means nothing anymore. We are outdated.

And so in changing times, we seem to disagree on almost everything in this country, so much so that our national city is still Canberra.

We can't agree on our national flag, we are still discovering whether or not we want to be a republic and we are most divided on our national day. Is it Australian Day or Invasion Day? We need a new identity, like Chris Lilley, so that this country is no longer the same as it ever was, but better and richer. But what does this Australian identity look like?

I asked myself that very question last month when we were confronted with the image of black silhouettes on burning frames as Notre-Dame burned down. In that disaster, the identity of the French people was caught up in a building, as President Macron tweeted, "I'm sad to see a part of us burn." And we knew what he meant. Because it was in that building that Joan of Arc was beatified, Napoleon was crowned Emperor and the hunchback Quasimodo swung the bell rope. Notre Dame resembles something permanently, uniquely, French.

So, can Australia turn to some sort of physical monument to update our identity and what will it be?

Well, tourists might suggest the Sydney Opera House and we are very proud of it. Utzon's design is a masterpiece and it resembles something uniquely Australian... or Danish. But in recent times it's turned into an advertising bill board... thank you, Alan Jones!

Sports journalists might suggest the MCG or Rod Laver Arena – home to Australia's greatest sporting legends. We've got David Warner, Cameron Bancroft, Bernard Tomic and Nick Kyrgios. Moving on.

Maybe our Notre Dame, our way to the future is that red, magnificent rock in the weary dust of Central Australia. But Uluru belongs to the Pitjantjatjara tribe and they belong to it, it's just not Australia's to claim.

So, in the absence of a monument, maybe we need an icon which can lead the way, ensure our identity is evolving and changing. The Southern Cross is the obvious answer. Those stars have captivated the imagination in this place for millennia. The North East Arnhem Land fishing communities will tell you that the constellation is a sting ray chasing away a shark. The Yolngu people would say it is Mirrabooka, their protector, and when they see those stars they feel safe. Perhaps the most common indigenous impression is that the constellation resembles the footprint of an emu as it walks away from the nearby cole-sack nebula. But symbols can be hijacked and the Southern Cross is no exception. These days we most commonly see it tattooed onto the shoulders of teenagers... you know who you are! Or worse still, raised at protests as a symbol for a fevered, overheated brand of Australian nationalism, like that which spilled onto the beaches of Cronulla in 2005.

So, in the absence of a monument and an icon, maybe Australia can define itself by a set of values which are more profound than ever. We saw New Zealand do exactly this in the midst of last month's terror attack. Jacinda Ardern came out after the attack and spoke of the Muslim community saying, "They chose to make New Zealand their home. It is their home. They are us." She highlighted compassion as their national value, as they moved into a new time of changing beliefs and changing identities. As for Australia, we could all name values of which we approve: mateship, tolerance and acceptance. But surely we can acknowledge that our finest qualities spring not from our nationality, but from our humanity.

Where does that leave Australia? Without an obvious, widely accepted identity and desperate to be a country which isn't the same as it ever was. It leaves us exactly where we need to be. Because every time we define ourselves, there are those we bring in and those we leave out. Let our new identity unravel before us. We are bound to change naturally. I believe in an unprescriptive, undefined Australia.

You're not un-Australian if you've never seen the Sydney Opera House.

You're not un-Australian if you've never tattooed the Southern Cross on your arm.

You don't have to like cricket.

You don't have to speak English.

You don't even have to like Vegemite, although I highly recommend it.

You don't have to fit into anyone else's idea of what it means to be Australian. We can support many different ideas on Australian identity, each for one of the Aboriginal communities or the colorful and diverse migrant nations which now share this land with them. Let Australia be complicated, multi-faceted, complex and nuanced. And only then, when our identity is free to evolve, will we not only not be the same as we ever were, but so much better.



VISUAL ARTS

Louis Callanan

that which is familiar – a visual verse

REFLECTION STATEMENT

The great Roman poet, Horace, once described a picture as a ‘poem without words.’

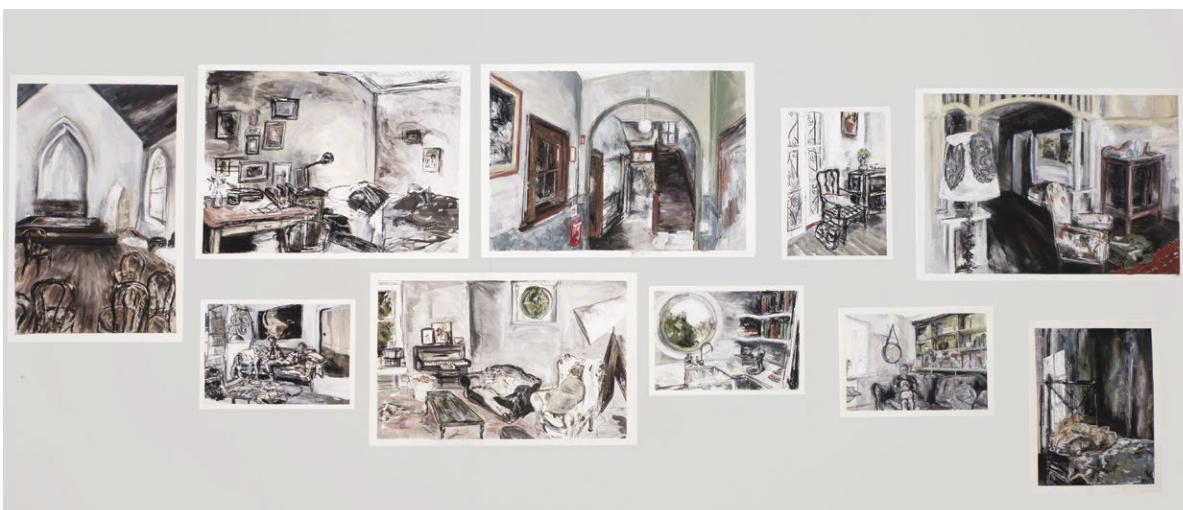
And since Indigenous people put their first mark on rock, through the Renaissance and onto Modernity, from the height of realism to Malevich’s Black Square, artworks have fulfilled that description.

They have had an ability to create a visual verse, whose meter is found in tone and lyric in marks, thus translating the complex and ever-changing narrative of life to a capricious global audience.

In a foreword to his 2002 retrospective, Lucian Freud was recorded as saying, “Everything is autobiographical and everything is a portrait, even if it’s a chair.” Indeed, every artwork does tell a story – about the artist, the audience and their respective lives.

For me, this body of work records places of significance in my life. It reflects on the silent, almost subconscious, relationship that we each form with familiar spaces. It is a layering of meaningful memories and moments. And it sheds light on the simplest, but perhaps most beautiful, aspects of life.

But for you, it can tell a different story. Let it reacquaint you with a familiar space – which has left an imprint on your personality, stirred an emotion or shaped you individually.







HISTORY

Ryan Graham

Shoah survivors' concerns about the changing role of Holocaust history in terms of Postmemory

SYNOPSIS

I have drawn great inspiration from my late grandfather for the topic of this essay; to investigate the worries and grievances of Shoah survivors about the changing role their past plays in our current age. A Hungarian, Ashkenazi-Jewish man, my grandfather and his immediate family survived the Holocaust, emigrating to Australia in 1950 following my great-grandfather's liberation from Dachau on 27 April 1945. I missed the chance to speak to my grandfather about this topic, so I write this essay in honour of him and his possible concerns. Concerns I did not get to hear, but ought to be shared with many Shoah survivors of his generation.

I have targeted three core historiographical topics:

- the use and mis-use of history;
- changing interpretations of the role of history; and
- technology with regards to changing approaches to history over time.

This essay addresses points surrounding the role of Holocaust history: in influencing the recurrence of another Holocaust, in education, through technology and social media, and as a conduit for the mis-use of oral testimony.

I have centred my thesis around Marianne Hirsch's Postmemory theory, which I agree provides a solution to Shoah survivors' prominent concerns. The Holocaust's legacy lies with the next generation, and Post-memory's intergenerational base allows a theoretical connection to a topic somewhat bounded by morals and sociological views. Thus, it was at times confronting to keep a focus revolved around Historiography. Notwithstanding, I feel that by ensuring a predominant Historiographical link throughout, in reference to multiple Historians and Survivors themselves, an analytical judgement can be made about a pressing issue with regards to changing historical interpretation. I believe it is paramount that Survivor's concerns regarding the changing role of Holocaust history are further exposed so those living with anxiety and angst can do so no longer.

ESSAY

Please note: Where a Holocaust survivor's name is mentioned, the ghetto, concentration or labor camp they survived is stated in (parentheses)

It is only a matter of time – a survivor of the *Shoah*¹ passes on every 45 minutes. Before long, all remaining survivors of the Jewish genocide will pass away. With them, they take their worries and trepidations about the misuse, misrepresentation and denial of their torturous past. A *Shoah* survivor does not deserve to be spending their remaining years in anxiety about the past or the future – they deserve closure. Marianne Hirsch's *Postmemory* theory describes the relationship that the 'generation after' bears to the personal, collective, and cultural trauma of those who came before – to experiences they 'remember' only by means of the stories, images, and behaviors among which they grew up. This study will distinguish between the positive and endearing and the manipulative and harmful roles of Holocaust historiography, with the aid of *Shoah* survivor testimonies and *Postmemory*.

The contents covered regarding survivors concerns about the changing role of Holocaust historiography are: 1. the adverse role history plays in influencing the potentiality of another Holocaust; 2. the under-developed role of history in Holocaust education; 3. the manipulation of the role of history through technology and social media; and 4. the mis-use of oral testimony as a role of history. Survivors of the *Shoah* around the world wish for their past to be remembered forever – even if it is labelled as 'one of the greatest horrors in modern history'.² In order for this wish to be granted, various grievances and concerns must be accepted to ensure a future of remembrance, education and stability. Postmemory adheres to this notion of acceptance, depicting the relationship that the generation after bears to the trauma of those who came before. Through this, the role of history becomes one of peace, not conflict, of education, not manipulation and permanency, not evanescence.

Survivors are emphatically expressing their concerns – they are living in fear, anxious that the role of history is morphing into one of hate, not reflection. The destructive components of the racist attacks that were executed on the Jewish population of Europe and North Africa decades ago are being reiterated through violent acts of antisemitism, xenophobia and 'ethnic cleansing' today. By this, the history of the Holocaust is being used in a destructive, not reformatory or heuristic, way. Philip Riteman (Pruzhany and Auschwitz-Birkenau) trusts the fundamental motive for the remembrance of the Holocaust is to ensure it does not happen again.

The stories must be told to our children, our grandchildren, great, great, great grandchildren. So long as the world exists, they should make sure that doesn't happen to anybody. Period.³

In an investigation conducted by the FBI in 2015, 51 per cent of 5,850 registered hate crimes in the United States targeted Jews, and anti-Semitic acts soared in 2018 by 37 per cent.⁴ The major concern from this is how the Holocaust is alternatively used as a symbol of evil results when it is removed from its historical context. The misleading and fluctuating interpretations of the Holocaust as primarily educative are sometimes over-simplified; allowing the event to be open to misappropriation, trivialisation and potentially causing a case of history repeating itself. The United States is an example of an environment where the misuse of Holocaust history is prevalent. Attitudes towards the United States being a safe environment are mutable – possibly due to the controversial political maelstrom. As put by Adla Dubovy (Theresienstadt):

Trump calls anybody that he doesn't like 'weak' – that's exactly Nazi language. You're weak, you're to be destroyed.⁵

Considering the 'occasional anti-Semitic slight or swastika daubed on a wall has significantly increased in recent decades'⁶ it becomes a fact that the lessons of the Holocaust have not been learnt. Postmemory is a possible solution to this problem, considering the intergenerational notion of Shoah education and knowledge can allow for a non-destructive future where the lessons of the Holocaust are non-violent. Freda Wineman (Drancy, Auschwitz-Birkenau, Buchenwald and Theresienstadt) remains adamant that lessons of the Holocaust must be 'heeded by future generations ... if we don't live with hope, we are finished'.⁷ Put sternly by Roman Kent (Auschwitz-Birkenau): 'I'm afraid that it can happen again. It will happen again'.⁸ Survivors allude to their pain and heartache to dramatically and effectively 'remind the world what can result when toxic ideologies grip entire countries and continents'.⁹ As countries mature and revolutionary ideologies are introduced, the Holocaust is interpreted in a multitude of ways – many of which have the ability to cause Shoah survivors to fear for their own lives, all due to a harmful interpretation of history.

A large contributor to many Holocaust survivors' worries regarding the changing role of their past, is the potential to construct their philosophy of history as they see it – by one, and available to many. A form of historical revisionism. As expressed by anthropologist Andrew Byckser in *After the Rescue: Jewish Identity and Community in Contemporary Denmark*:

Part of the process of researching a group is researching the past. You can't understand how culture works until you understand how it came to be.¹⁰

There are multiple educative initiatives internationally that allow the history of the Holocaust to be educative. Founded in 1933, The Wiener Library holds remnants from the earliest men and women who gathered first-hand accounts of the Holocaust to ensure their testimony would live on, for the future historian. These include interviews, photos, candy wrappers, posters, mile cans and samples of propaganda. Historians must look forward to ensure that Shoah survivors' legacies are not lost,

and in that ensure stable education and remembrance for the future. It is a problem that challenges society to accept the complexity and contradictory nature of history, something expressed in Postmemory theory as the transmission of history through stories, images and behaviors as a means of intergenerational remembrance. The first Wiener Library librarian, Eva Recihmann, (Sachsenhausen) valued that 'we all have a duty to fulfill towards our past'.¹¹ Preventing genocide is a moral and human imperative – from before the conclusion of the Holocaust, the importance of primary recollection and education was stressed.

Today, there are numerous forms of remembrance to ensure the history of the Holocaust is used for the right reasons. One affirming impulse is that the preservation of that history lies with present and future generations – a Postmemory-styled concept of future remembrance through an educative prism. Paraphrasing Stephen Spielberg, how can we prevent the Holocaust from becoming a footnote in history? Let the memory of Nazi genocide 'be passed like a baton from generation to generation'.¹² Kent (Auschwitz-Birkenau) says there are too few who 'pick up the torch':

If they would, then there would not be the 60 to 70 percent that don't know the word Holocaust.¹³

Initiatives such as Youth HEAR (Holocaust Education and Remembrance) and Holocaust Memorial Day are innovations encouraging 'the future generation'¹⁴ – new audiences – to 'be aware of the reality of another's suffering'.¹⁵ The Center for Holocaust Survivors and their Families – AMCHA¹⁶ – in northern Israel support Holocaust survivors. As activist Yehudit Moskovitz (concentration camp in present-day Ukraine) recalled:

They really pressured us to tell the story, as they tell us all the time that we are the last generation. If we will not tell the story nobody will know about it.¹⁷

The idea of 'moving forward' is prominent in the minds of many *Shoah* survivors – especially considering there is widespread support for the codification and protection of human rights. Exclamations such as the last words of Abraham Biderman's (Łódź, Auschwitz-Birkenau, Dora and Bergen-Belsen) mother as she drew her last breath: 'Remember, remember what they did to us!'¹⁸ generate a bombardment of thoughts and concerns as to "what next?" Said initiatives and ingenuities enhance the concept of Postmemory as being a way to remember forever, but they are not present everywhere. So 'are we doing it right?' As Elie Wiesel said, 'to forget a holocaust is to kill twice'.¹⁹

Growing social media and technology are valuable assets that act as conduits for the role of history to be both positively and negatively expressed. Manfred Goldenberg (Riga and Stutthof) stresses the main reason for fear today is due to civilisation 'being granted too much freedom to race-hating views'²⁰ – an adaptable form of malleable history. He emphasises that 'we are fighting a losing battle' against all efforts 'to make people aware of the horrors of the Holocaust'.²¹ Contemporary incentives to these hate environments strike fear in the hearts of those who have endured genocidal situations

already. A pivotal contribution to the creation of these tense environments, where threatening principles are created, is new technology and social media. Whilst a new form of historical communication, social media and technology have the power to re-shape and misuse the preceding – causing Holocaust survivors to dread the retelling of their past. As social media grows, it becomes a ‘machine so powerful in spreading hate it is difficult to see a happy ending’.²² Goldberg credits that:

instant communication now means that any single person who wants to propagate his race hatred-infected views can do so much, much more effectively than the Nazis back then could ever do.²³

Direct similarities can be seen in the Shoah era, where ‘Nazis initiated and maintained a vicious anti-Semitic propaganda campaign mainly by the printed word but also by speech railing’.²⁴ The rapidity of modern technology has allowed many today to express the same malicious-intended assessments. As expressed by Goldberg, ‘what worries me is that in the name of the freedom of speech, we appear to ignore this lesson of history’.²⁵ As a survivor of the *Shoah*, Goldberg feels a sense of responsibility to share his story before he leaves this world to ensure the role his History plays is not a distorted one. This responsibility grows with each passing day, considering those who seek to deny or obliterate the details of the Holocaust can do so online. The consequence of this renunciation, Marianne Hirsch writes, defies the archaic, generational purpose of Postmemory. For Hirsch, history:

is to be shaped, however indirectly, by traumatic fragments of events that still defy narrative reconstruction and exceed comprehension.²⁶

The Holocaust’s legacy, through generational education, can only succeed when the information about the event itself is so strong it defies denial and reconstruction. In the eyes of many *Shoah* survivors, this reformed technology remains a way to contradict the purpose of remembrance. It instead becomes a platform from which one can express hatred and ideology and thus, constantly manipulate the purpose of the Holocaust as a historical lesson.

One of the most valuable components of Holocaust remembrance, causing worry amongst Shoah survivors as to the use of their history, derives from the un-used power of oral testimony. Many stories are not being told, contributing to manipulation and false interpretation of historical events. This concept is unique and unlike any other chronology of history, as the *Shoah* is one of few where witnesses are still able to so vividly detail their experiences. Versions of Herodotus’ *Histories* were preserved in the arid conditions of Egypt – a major portion of the Holocaust’s history are preserved with those who experienced it first-hand. Once a survivor leaves our world, they take with them years of experiences of horror, but also valuable memories – precious historiographical sources. Elie Wiesel’s (Auschwitz-Birkenau and Buchenwald) *Preface to the New Translation* extrapolated that whilst the notion of the Holocaust is beginning

to be talked about more and more, it 'is all about memory, its source and its magnitude, and of course its consequences'.²⁷ Wiesel wrote that 'for the survivor who chooses to testify it is clear... he has no right to deprive future generations of a past that belongs to our collective memory'.²⁸

Survivors are taking it upon *themselves* to prevent their history being misused, to ensure that their disastrous past becomes a catalyst for future change. Laszlo Schwartz (Auschwitz-Birkenau and Dachau) spends possibly the last portion of his lifetime speaking at secondary schools about the 'kidnappings, starvations and torture he endured during the war'.²⁹ Schwartz has created a changing perspective on the role of *his* own history – one of education. Whilst cathartic, his testimony plays an invaluable role in bolstering Holocaust education at a time when the opportunities to hear from people like him are shrinking every year. First-hand accounts such as Schwartz's,³⁰ provide an emotional link to the atrocities that other forms of memorialisation simply cannot duplicate. This concept only affirms Postmemory theory, considering the educative *and* emotional link to one's past allows an intergenerational remembrance. Survivors can partially alleviate their concerns about false interpretation of their history – history being used in a morally wrong way – by this face-to-face form of historical communication.

If the idea of *Shoah* survivor oral testimony were to be the only means of remembrance, it would be met with multiple contradictions. There are survivors who recall it 'embarrassing' to remind themselves of the experience in the first place because, to cite Hirsch: 'These events happened in the past, but their effects continue into the present'.³¹ Sharon Kangisser Cohen persuades that oral accounts have the potential to be misinterpreted and are thus not the most accurate source for Holocaust education:

The story as told by the individual is his or her memory and interpretation of the event, which is in constant negotiation and dialogue..... their past is arguably influenced by various factors in which their self is being negotiated and constructed.³²

Holocaust survivors draw the utmost power to speak of a 'war against memory', whilst simultaneously perpetrators destroy material traces of their crimes, with revisionists denying history and ensuring given evidence supports that view. This contradiction makes life hard for so many *Shoah* survivors in ensuring a positive and constructive role of their past, for

Postmemory's connection to the past is thus actually mediated not by recall but by imaginative investment, projection, and creation.³³

In conclusion, Holocaust survivors are correct to be concerned about the changing role their history plays in current society. The use and misuse of their past is visible in a variety of different aspects of the community. It can, however, be concluded that the

next generation has the role and responsibility to continue their legacy through other means of remembrance (Postmemory) – especially when the opportunities for oral testimony continue to reduce in number. As French sociologist Michel Wieviorka states:

the disappearance of those who lived in Auschwitz is not to say that the work of memory won't continue – it will continue, just in different forms. Memory, which fluctuates and sometimes changes, will soon become history. At the same time, we lose something powerful – the force of persuasion in contemporary debates.³⁴

The true legacy of the Holocaust remains not entirely about commiseration and horror. It is also about realisation, acting upon suffering and prioritising education. Knowledge is crucial in ensuring inquisitive mindsets for the next generation. Grievances should be kept in proportion, for 'he does not want his past to become their future',³⁵ whilst simultaneously residing beside personal thought and reflection. Even though survivors of the Shoah carry the weight of concerns about the accuracy of their history going forward, it is true that with education, awareness and leadership from future generations, this weight can be shared and potentially removed forever.

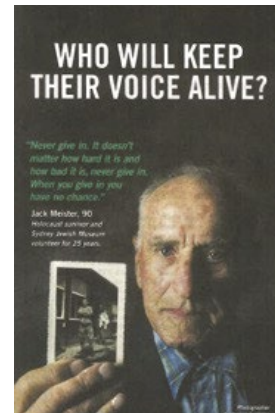
APPENDICES

Appendix 1

'Who will keep their voice alive?'

Pictured: Jack Meister (Kielce Ghetto, Radom Labour Camp, Auschwitz-Birkenau, Auschwitz Buna Prison Camp, Buchenwald Concentration Camp). Photographer: Katherine Griffiths.

Source: Australian Jewish News, 8th October 2018 Edition.



Appendix 2

Pictured: Louis de Jorg, founder of Dutch Institute for War Documentation, examining documents on the Holocaust.

Source: National Archief Collection Spaarnestad



Appendix 3

‘The First Generation’.

Pictured: SJM volunteers celebrating the International Year of the Volunteer.

Source: Sydney Jewish Museum. Resourced: Dr Avril Alba.



Appendix 4

Synopsis to ‘As the Witnesses Fall Silent: 21st Century Holocaust Education in Curriculum, Policy and Practice’ by Zehavit Gross. Source: Gross, Z., As the Witnesses Fall Silent: 21st Century Holocaust Education in Curriculum, Policy and Practice, Switzerland, Springer International Publishing, 2015 (synopsis)

“This volume represents the most comprehensive collection ever produced of empirical research on Holocaust education around the world. It comes at a critical time, as the world approaches the 70th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz. We are now at a turning point as the generations that witnessed and survived the Shoah are slowly passing on. Governments are charged with ensuring that this defining event of the 20th century should take its rightful place in the historical consciousness of the world’s peoples and their education. The policies and practices of Holocaust education around the world are as diverse as the countries that grapple with its history and its meaning. The effort to reconcile national histories and memories with the international realities of the Holocaust and its implications for the present persists. These efforts take place at a time when scholarship about the Holocaust itself has made great strides. In this book, these issues are framed by some of the leading voices in the field, including Elie Wiesel and Yehuda Bauer, and then explored by many distinguished scholars who represent a wide range of expertise. Holocaust education is of such significance, so rich in meaning, so powerful in content, and so diverse in practice that the need for extensive, high-quality empirical research is critical. This book provides exactly that.”

ENDNOTES

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ENGLISH

Xavier O'Grady

Banana Boats & Bushy Eyebrows

REFLECTION STATEMENT

It wasn't the jarring footage of Dylan Voller being tortured which scared me. It was the fact that I wasn't surprised.

The 2016 Royal Commission into 'The Treatment of Youth In Detention Centres' was conducted during a socially turbulent period as it highlighted Australia's moral blind spots. The desensitisation of correctional officers, the cyclical pattern of juvenile detention and the overwhelming representation of First Nations youths within a broken system (accounting for 94% of the Northern Territory prison population) being among many of the core issues. Twenty-five years after the Royal Commission into Aboriginal Deaths in Custody, the image of Dylan shackled, hooded and strapped to a chair shared a striking resemblance to the tortured portraits of the past. Research into the findings of the investigation offered me no solace; I searched for meaning in a junkyard of pointless discourse, with political rhetoric replacing genuine policy. The failure of policy by successive governments to mediate this appalling abuse of human rights was, in my view, tantamount to collusion.

This ambition to deconstruct the increasingly poisoned climate surrounding the treatment of youth in detention centres, catalysed me to utilise the parameters of Extension 2 English to translate my thoughts into a major work. I decided to create a piece of theatre blending the forms of Brechtian agit-prop and farce to answer my question, "In a post-modern society, how can dramatic pedagogy make a difference?" The intrinsic purpose of my major work is to redirect society's attention to the treatment of First Nations people in detention centres through the disruptive discourse of Farce, exposing the stagnancy and ignorance within contemporary politics. I decided to use the form of play-script for several key reasons: my belief that seeing the drama played out before them makes the audience complicit in the reality of the play, and my research into the political theatre of Dario Fo. The "...intellectual complexity and

bacchanalian passion” of Dario Fo’s satire “*The Accidental Death of an Anarchist*” was an excellent example of the ability of play-scripts to create a nexus between humour and socio-political concerns. “*The Accidental Death of an Anarchist*” directly inspired my work, to the extent where I named my protagonist the “Maniac” paralleling Fo’s farcical character who, as in my piece, provokes truth. I use humour to engage the audience in a political discussion using a setting analogous to Australia’s Parliament House, a microcosm where politicians deal with issues that range from the banal to those that test the fabric of our humanity.

My engagement with the work of Fo and other dramatists can be attributed to my studies throughout Advanced English in the Preliminary and HSC Course. Firstly, the in-depth study of Ayad Akhtar’s “Disgraced”, part of the Narratives that Shape Our World Module, revealed to me how narratives of race and notions of ‘the outsider’ can be presented theatrically. Akhtar’s utilisation of significant props shaped my perspective, with the cyclical inclusion of Velazquez’s “Portrait of Juan De Pareja” mirroring French philosopher Jacques Derrida’s post-structuralism theory surrounding the “Dissemination” of meaning gathered from physical structures, which is echoed in my piece through the motif of the rusty pipe. Margaret Atwood’s nuanced appropriation of Shakespeare’s “The Tempest” exposed the key insight that I could build upon an existing piece of art and utilise its successful features within a new setting relevant to my context. By doing this, I was able to rediscover original insights within universal and timeless themes. Similarly, Extension One English helped further my understanding of the way in which societal commentary can be relayed through humour and wit. Samuel Beckett’s ‘Waiting for Godot’ cleverly utilises humour and inaction to comment on the state of human existence within the “Unreasonable silence of the world”³. Engagement with the work of Beckett, Ionesco and Stoppard gave me the confidence to imbue my work with a degree of farcical humour.

‘Banana Boats & Bushy Eyebrows’ was originally envisioned as a two-act play, yet a study of Moises Kaufman’s “*The Laramie Project*” showed me the ability of a one-act play to capture the attention of the audience, creating an affective connection, allowing the audience to enter into a willing suspension of disbelief⁴. My initial search for plays identifying as Farce was quickly broadened by the words of critic Robert B.

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4 Coleridge

Heilman “Farce is neither the foetus nor the corpse of comedy”. Farce exists within a plethora of genres and can be investigated in a multitude of plays. This led me to playwrights such as Louis Nowra, and his play “*Cosi*” which exemplifies a fast and reactive style of writing which demands a highly competent level of stage directions, which reshaped my own directions. Additionally, Nowra’s work ‘*The Temple*’ was a vital influence on the creation of my work, as it was in its own right a farcical “critique of Australia’s ambivalent contemporary role”⁶ within issues such as global neo-imperialism, providing me with an example of how Farce can be manipulated within Australian political context.

The initial draft of my major work was twenty pages of directionless jargon. After truthful self-reflection, I realised there was a key issue preventing my piece from achieving its potential. Despite the impetus for my work emerging from the mistreatment of First Nations youth in detention centres, I was attempting to investigate too many additional issues and ultimately was risking superficiality and compromising depth. Additionally, my purpose was shaped by the pivotal issue of audience. Despite wanting to influence the conservative Australians, the realisation that less progressive Australians would be unlikely to attend my play re-shaped the purpose of my work. After significant consideration I realised it was my viewing of STC’s 2019 contemporary appropriation of ‘The Accidental Death of an Anarchist’ which shaped my fervour, therefore I decided to show ‘Banana Boats & Bushy Eyebrows’ at the 2020 ‘Festival of Dangerous Ideas’, meaning I had to target the impotency of a socially aware audience.

Structurally, my script endured many alterations, shifting from an appropriation of Dario Fo’s work, into a post-modern Farce inspired by Fo. I chose to commence with the national anthem competing with an Acknowledgement of Country, symbolising the disunity created through misguided policy such as the Northern Territory Intervention and the efforts other Australians go to establish a respectful relationship. Then I moved into theatrical statements by Ministers in Office, crafted with ambiguous ‘Weasel Words’⁷ adapted from a variety of Scott Morrison’s public addresses such as ‘Additional support’ and ‘Calculated plan of attack’. The plot is crafted around the development of a Farcical alibi for the Australian Government, from blaming the Banana Boat tune for causing a “Breakdown” to introducing “The Northern Territory

5 Heilman, Robert B. “Farce Transformed: Plautus, Shakespeare, and Unamuno.” *Comparative Literature*, vol. 31, no. 2, 1979, pp. 113-123. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/1771127.

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7 Don Watson’s ‘Weasel Words, Contemporary Clichés, Cant and Management Jargon’

Journey of Kindred Equality” as a means of distraction, a satirical take on the failed Northern Territory Intervention. To distinguish my characters, I chose to recruit the archetypes of ‘*Commedia Dell’arte*’. The brash yet cowardly nature of the Minister of Foreign Affairs is derivative of ‘*Il Capitano*’; the luckless and simpleton persona of the Minister of Education eventuating from ‘*Arlecchino*’; and finally the defeatist Prime Minister was developed through an amalgamation of ‘*Pantalone*’ and ‘*Pulcinella*’. The Maniac is the culmination of other influences: Dario Fo, Farce, Brechtian Theatre and most importantly, my own authentic voice.

Finally, the continued motif of the dripping pipe was employed as a method of controlling tension, building the final moment of climax. I wanted to articulate my concern that the only way to mend our issues is to be accountable and open rather than sublimating the issue. Symbolically, the issue of the broken pipe is only realised when the politicians reach a complete state of transparency. The true desire of my satire is to manipulate Farce for a post-modern audience to create awareness, to develop change, to be able to admit as Australian brothers and sisters of children like Dylan that “It’s true – we’re in the stuff right up to our necks, and that’s precisely the reason why we walk with our heads high”⁸.

“Banana Boats & Bushy Eyebrows” is more than a political Farce, it’s an entreatment to change, and in that sense takes its lead from a Brechtian tradition of didacticism. If the attempts of politicians, advocates, UN officials and Australian citizens have all proven fruitless, perhaps it’s time we look to the clown, to the obscure, to the chameleons of society.

It’s time to look to the maniacs.

CHARACTERS

Maniac

Prime Minister

Minister of Education

Minister of Foreign Affairs

8 Dario Fo’s ‘Accidental Death of an Anarchist’

PLAY-SCRIPT

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars" – Oscar Wilde

The entire theatre is dark. A singular tight spotlight reveals the MANIAC standing centre stage. A rusty pipe protrudes from the centre of the roof, three drops of water fall two seconds apart. The crackle of radio begins.

–

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Male. 14 years old. Name... Jiemba Walker. Found deceased in a Northern Territory Watch house. This is the fourth Aboriginal death in custody this year.

The radio stops. MANIAC walks on stage, sees the rusty pipe and holds his hand out flat to stop the drip.

MANIAC: I acknowledge the Land, the Skies and the Waterways that shape the place that we meet on today. And I pay my respects to Elders past, present and emerging. To all our Ancestors that walk with us ...

The Australian national anthem begins to play quietly; the MANIAC hesitantly continues.

.... and through us, each day. And to the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples

Anthem increases in volume again, maniac raises voice, he is frustrated.

.... that are the traditional custodians of the Lands. It is important to remember the history of this country we call home. A history that spans tens of thousands of years.

Anthem increases in volume again, it is now blaring, MANIAC is yelling

Let us walk together today, towards a stronger future

Anthem increases in volume again, it is now deafening, the MANIAC is now screaming at the audience),

guided by the Gadigal people of the Eora Nation.

He drops his hands to his knees, exhausted.

Spotlight ceases abruptly, only to emerge on stage right revealing a well-dressed politician illuminated by the flashes of cameras, the sound of cameras clicking and chatter fill the stage. A strobe light moves through the audience.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: The accident in question is not only deeply saddening, but a singular blemish on the fresh skin of Australian history.

—

Spotlight and sound cease simultaneously, and re-emerge on stage left to reveal a similarly polished politician.

—

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: The family and child have been compensated and the accident is being thoroughly investigated, I have no further comments.

Spotlight and sound cease simultaneously, and re-emerge in the centre of the stage to reveal a third politician staring at his feet.

PRIME MINISTER: We do not know everything about what happened, who this unfortunate child was, or why it happened. I would say that this was nothing more than an accident and we will provide a lot of additional support into investigating these issues. That being said, we will be holding a live streamed press conference from Parliament House at 4pm today, with it will come an explanation accompanied by a calculated plan of attack.

Lights slowly fade and the sound of cameras flashing softens until complete silence. After two seconds of darkness, the stage is fully lit. On stage right are the three politicians sitting and engaged in a heated discussion. On stage left is the MANIAC spinning in an office chair waiting for the attention of the politicians. The MANIAC is dressed in fishing attire carrying a fishing rod. A wooden desk is centre upstage. A singular lectern is placed in the centre toward the back of the stage. A rusty pipe is hanging out awkwardly from the roof, it is dripping slowly. The back wall is lined with a bookshelf, containing rows of green, red and black books coordinated into sections.

MANIAC: (clearing his throat and gaining the attention of all three politicians) We the shooters (*pipe drips*), Fishers (*drips again*) and the Farmers (*drips again*) ... Am I seriously the only one here who cannot stand that incessant dripping noise?

PRIME MINISTER: No, it's always been like that.

MANIAC: So, you sit here listening to water drip all day because it's always been like that?

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: (*defensively*) Of course not.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: (*contently*) Sometimes we wear headphones.

MANIAC: Why not just fix it? Then you wouldn't have to wear headphones.

PRIME MINISTER: Why would we bother? (letting out an overt sigh) It's always been like that.

MANIAC: To fix the Problem?

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: No, you see, it's not a problem if it's always been a problem. You on the other hand, are just beginning to become a real problem.

PRIME MINISTER: (*gesturing in annoyance and staring towards the ceiling*) Why today? Of all days, you chose today to send me this maniac? (*refocusing his attention on the MANIAC*) Why are you here?

MANIAC: (*surveying the three politicians slowly*) I have come here today to talk to you about what the Shooters, Fishers and Farmers party has to offer. We have continued to be a powerful voice for those who nobody is listening to and with funding in the right pockets, we can make the right change. (*winks at PRIME MINISTER*)

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: I like this guy (*attempts to put his feet up on the desk, but tips himself over onto the ground*)

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: (*glaring at the MANIAC without blinking*) I don't.

MANIAC: I'm the man who can change everything, I'm John Marlin and I'm here to make you three the most popular people in Australia. I'll help you fish for the hearts of voters. (*indicates to fishing rod in his hand*)

PRIME MINISTER: Why would we want your help?

MANIAC: For one thing, (*circling around behind the politicians, pulling out books and inspecting them, finally turning to face them*) that Jiembra Walker incident doesn't bode well for you.

—

The pipe drips onto the face of the PRIME MINISTER. He pays no attention to it.

—

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: Wait a second, I know you! (*moving out of his chair with effort*) You were in here with the Greens last week!

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: He's right! And weren't you our Minister for Science the week before?

PRIME MINISTER: And you were out the front campaigning for the Naked Party no less than a month ago.

MANIAC: A naked country is a free country! And you couldn't possibly be thinking of me.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: No, it was you. You sat outside for three hours yelling "clothing is oppression"!

PRIME MINISTER: Listen here, I want you to get out right now! *(he starts to advance towards the MANIAC)*

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: *(to MANIAC)* Leave and never come back, we don't want to see you ever again! *(he motions angrily towards the door)*

MANIAC: You stay where you are, Harold Holt knew how to swim. *(waving the fishing rod defensively at the politicians)*

PRIME MINISTER: That's it, I'm calling security.

MANIAC: Nobody delegates like a politician!

Two security guards sprint through the door, surveying the room until they see the MANIAC holding his fishing rod like a sword.

MANIAC: Well gentleman, I'll exit like a dual citizen in office... swiftly! I bid you adieu. *(he proceeds to throw fishing rod in the air and at the security guards and runs out the door)*

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: What an absolute nutter.

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: A total lunatic.

PRIME MINISTER: A bloody maniac.

—

Pipe drips onto the PRIME MINISTER, he doesn't notice. All three Ministers nodding in agreement as they simultaneously slump in their seats.

—

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: *(sighing in exhaustion)* That was a lot of politics for one day.

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: I think we really need to clear our heads.

PRIME MINISTER: *(standing up and collecting his coat)* Alright then, shall we go get some coffee?

—

All three Ministers nod their heads and exit the room, leaving the door slightly ajar. After a break of ten seconds a sudden knock is heard, followed by the MANIAC slowly inching his head out the door.

—

MANIAC: *(defensively)* Don't bite my head off, I'm just back to collect my fishing pole. (after waiting a few moments for a response, the MANIAC creeps further into the door) Prime minister? Lackeys? *(MANIAC surveys the room, walks towards centre stage behind the desk, reaches into a drawer and pulls out a stack of multi-coloured papers covered in dust, looks around the room once more then throws the paper in the air, paper now all over the ground. He begins to sort through them absentmindedly)*

—

MANIAC: *(picking up a group of papers and beginning to read through them)* Policy, Policy, taxes, taxes, environmental policy! God what's that doing in there? *(Scrunches up papers and throws them off stage)* Now where is that fishing pole of mine? *(Walks around the stage pushing over furniture, interrupted by a phone ringing, the ringtone is "Up, Up Cronulla". MANIAC answers in an overtly pretentious voice)* Hello, Prime Minister speaking... who is this? Victoria Tauli Corpez *(sceptically)* how lovely to speak to you. No, this is the Prime Minister. Oh, no, you are thinking of last week's Prime Minister... No, he does Tuesdays... No, she does Wednesdays... Well, according to the numbers I picked out of the hat at this morning's meeting I'm the fearless leader you seek! On Mondays and Fridays. So, you say you want to have access to the live streamed press conference? You are going to play it in front of the General Assembly? No, I think that's a wonderful idea, unless of course Russia veto it *(lets out a sudden fake laugh)*. I've sent you the link and I will text you the greenlight to begin streaming when the time is right. I think you will find it an eye-opening experience. Goodbye, or as we say down in Australia... *(proceeds to hang up phone before finishing his sentence, walks around to the front, turns to the audience)* I've been given a chance to do something here, to do what the politicians in this country won't. I have to be slick in how I approach this, I need a disguise, *(searching the room, pulling out books and opening the desk drawers)* something which will make me practically indistinguishable, the perfect chameleon. *(opens a desk drawer, reaches in and pulls something out whilst not revealing it to the audience)* Perfect! *(turns around facing away from the audience, then turns back around with two distinctly bushy eyebrows)* Now that I have the disguise, all I need is a back-story. *(whilst lost in thought, the politicians re-appear back through the door, the PRIME MINISTER and MINISTER FOR EDUCATION are engaged amidst a heated discussion, whilst the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS follows behind)*

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: How will they know that I'm going to make Australia great if I don't continue to tell them?

MANIAC: *(interrupting the politicians)* “Make Australia Great”, now that sounds oddly familiar. I’m telling you it is on the tip of my toupee, the edge of my fake tan, the 18th hole of my golf course, if you will.

—

All three politicians turn around suddenly to face the MANIAC,

—

PRIME MINISTER: *(turning to face the MANIAC)* Who are you?

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: What are you doing here?

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: *(frantically)* You can’t prove that baby is mine... Can you?

MANIAC: All very good questions. In light of the recent abuse scandal regarding Jiembra Walker, I have recently been employed by the Governor General as the new Director In-charge of Containing Knowledge, Having Expertness & Altering Discourse

—

All three politicians stare at each other bemused.

—

MANIAC: In other words, I’m the new parliamentary DICKHEAD

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: *(angrily)* You have got to be taking the mickey!

MANIAC: *(snapping back whilst advancing towards MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS)* No, YOU have got to be taking the mickey. *(getting louder and advancing closer)* You have put less thought into this than whether or not you wanted fish or chicken at your third wedding. You are about as capable of leading this country as the one-man ‘Koalas are Aliens’ party and at least he has some original ideas! *(taking one final step and speaking in a booming tone)* It’s not the blind leading the blind, it’s the blind, deaf, dumb, stupid and useless leading the blind *(breathing heavily whilst only centimetres away from the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS’s face).*

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: *(lips shaking, speaking with a barely audible tone and stuttering)* I think we should listen to him.

PRIME MINISTER: *(letting out an audible sigh of annoyance)* I guess we can hear him out.

MANIAC: *(stepping away, brushing his eyebrows and taking a deep breath)* I was sent here to go through exactly what you three have told the media. All your statements have

contradicted each other, leaving us in a state of disarray. (*Looking at the MINISTER FOR EDUCATION*) Shall we go through your statement first?

—

Stage goes black; a tight spotlight reveals the MINISTER FOR EDUCATION behind the lectern at the back of the stage, sounds of chatter and the flashes of cameras re-emerge.

—

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: Jiemba was a young boy who didn't deserve what happened to him. This accident was unprecedented, unpredictable and unavoidable. He was wrongfully detained in a watch house after causing a considerable commotion on the street and dealt with in an inappropriate manner. We, (*pause*) the Australian government, (*pause*) apologise.

—

Light floods the stage again, MINISTER FOR EDUCATION holds a stare into the audience for a beat.

—

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: (*turning back to the MANIAC*) What was wrong with that?

MANIAC: That speech was uninteresting, utterly unhelpful and un-equivocally useless. How could he possibly have been wrongfully detained if as you say, he was causing a commotion?

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: Well, in the police report it stated that he was yelling and screaming on the street... So they arrested him and drove him to the nearest watch house.

MANIAC: So you don't think he should have been arrested?

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: He definitely caused a commotion, but I still can't see which law he broke in the process.

MANIAC: Of course he should have been arrested, (*moving behind the MINISTER FOR EDUCATION*) Don't you just hate it when a distressed Aboriginal boy starts screaming in the street?

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: I guess I don't see it very often.

MANIAC: But you could imagine it. (*moving to the bookshelf and slowly tracing his hand over the backs of the books as he speaks*) You are sitting down for breakfast and enjoying the sun whilst you pet whatever oodle dog you own. (*getting slightly louder*) Then a 14-year-

old boy walks toward you and starts yelling, he won't stop and you catch a glimpse of his distress with a worried glance over. (*speaking with malice*) He starts yelling (*pulling a book and slamming it to the ground*), he starts crying (*slams another book*), he even starts to walk towards you (*refraining from slamming a third book, only to place it on the desk and revealing the title "1910 – 1970"*) So then I only have one question, why did you apologise?

–

The pipe begins to drip consistently. Maniac holds his hand and water drips over it. All the Ministers pay no attention.

–

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: (*glaring at the MINISTER FOR EDUCATION with an air of condescension*) You imbecile, you could...

MANIAC: (*Interrupting the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS*) He could have got it almost as wrong as you. (*PRIME MINISTER is stifling a laugh as the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS is in disbelief*)

–

Stage goes black; a tight spotlight reveals the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS behind the lectern at the back of the stage, sounds of chatter and the flashes of cameras re-emerge.

–

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: This boy was reckless and a danger to his surrounding environment. There was no choice other than to contain him within the watch house. Naturally the guards stripped him for his own protection as he was on the verge of breakdown. The accident is being investigated. No further questions.

–

Light floods the stage, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS looks up with a blank expression

–

MANIAC: "Naturally he was stripped".

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: He was a danger to himself, he couldn't stop crying and screaming so they had to straitjacket him. Well, we know it wasn't the fault of the guards, they were just doing their job.

MANIAC: (*sarcastically*) It all makes so much sense, they had a 14-year-old boy crying and screaming, clearly they needed to deprive him of his clothes and dignity.

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: (*not detecting the sarcasm*) Exactly my thinking.

MANIAC: *(Snapping and pulling the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS to eye level by his tie)* YOU IDIOT. This child was without his family, on the verge of a breakdown and begging for some stability. Why would forcibly stripping him in front of intimidating adults even remotely be a good idea? *(now getting less aggressive and slowly inching towards the Foreign Affairs Minister and speaking softly)* Well, I'll tell you... *(speaking directly into the FOREIGN AFFAIR MINISTER'S ear)* IT'S NOT!

—

The water pipe is now a steady flow and has created a puddle on the floor. All ignore except the MANIAC.

—

MANIAC: *(Looking around at the Ministers)* Seriously, is anyone going to fix this pipe? *(All Ministers ignore him, MANIAC turns to the PRIME MINISTER whilst the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS reels in pain)* I will address his breakdown later. But first, you *(pointing TO PRIME MINISTER)*

PRIME MINISTER: *(sighing with boredom)* Alright then, let's get this over with.

—

Stage goes black; a tight spotlight reveals the PRIME MINISTER behind the lectern at the back of the stage, sounds of chatter and the flashes of cameras re-emerge.

—

PRIME MINISTER: *(dejected and uncomfortable)* I don't have all the answers pertaining to the Jiembra Walker incident. I know he was held in the watch house for three days, that he was held against his will and that... *(staring down and lowering his voice slightly)* That he had a significant mental impairment. When I am fully aware of the situation I will further my comments.

—

Light floods the stage, PRIME MINISTER continues to stare at the ground in uncomfortable silence.

—

MANIAC: You told the entire Australian population that a mentally impaired minor was forcibly held in a watch house for three days.

PRIME MINISTER: *(slowly raising his head to meet the eye line of the MANIAC)* It's the truth.

—

The pipe begins to flow faster. All the Ministers ignore it, the MANIAC stares bemused for a moment, looks around to the other Ministers but they are all lost in thought.

—

MANIAC: *(staring down, tapping his foot in concentrated thought, then clicking in revelation)* Maybe. But maybe it's not. *(moving to the front of the stage then pointing at the two Ministers)* Who is better at golf?

—

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS and MINISTER FOR EDUCATION *screech in unison.*

—

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: Me!

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: No, me!

MANIAC: *(grabbing the dejected Prime Minister by the shoulder)* Don't you see? Truth is just perspective. All that we need to do is offer the Australian people a second perspective, a second truth... A second version.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: A second version!

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: A second version.

—

MANIAC *runs behind the desk, pulling out pen and paper.*

—

MANIAC: What is the first item on the agenda? *(scribbling on the paper, as the Ministers are lost in thought)*

PRIME MINISTER: The screaming *(two other Ministers mumbling in agreement)*. How can we tell people that they didn't hear screaming?

MANIAC: *(lost in thought for one second)* Because he wasn't screaming.

PRIME MINISTER: I don't follow; he was...

MANIAC: Laughing. He was laughing. The police report stated he was hysterical, because he was hysterically laughing.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: Screaming for joy.

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: Crying with tears of laughter.

PRIME MINISTER: He was just... *(surveying the other men)* Joking around.

MANIAC: And of course, the police had to take him back to the watch house... To find out what was so funny. Because gentleman, what is the worst thing in the world?

PRIME MINISTER: Tax.

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: The Greens.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: A fungal infection.

—

All look at the Education Minister and take one step aside.

—

MANIAC: (*put off*) No. The worst thing in the world, is not knowing what somebody is laughing about.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: (*quietly*) You clearly haven't had a fungal infection.

MANIAC: Now, we know that he was laughing, all the way to the watch house.

PRIME MINISTER: So, what changed his mood?

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: (*inquisitively*) Maybe It was the stripping?

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: (*angrily*) This is what grinds my gears. This next generation of pansies have a sook after one little stripping. They are as soft as the mush that social media has turned their brains into! (*not noticing the MANIAC sneak behind him, the MANIAC then pulls down his pants in one swift motion revealing bright pink boxers with two bedazzled love hearts on the back*)

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: (*in a high-pitched tone*) Come back here!

—

The MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS falls over after trying to pull up his pants and chase the MANIAC at the same time.

—

MANIAC: Come on now, it was just one little stripping.

—

PRIME MINISTER and MINISTER FOR EDUCATION stifle a laugh.

—

MANIAC: Now we know that we have the best correctional facility officers (*the Ministers nod in agreement*). In fact, they were so invested in Jiembra's wellbeing that they couldn't help but try and cheer him up. Maybe they told him a joke. (*the Ministers nod*) Showed him a card trick. (*the Ministers nod*) In fact... I think they sung him a song. (*the Ministers stop nodding*)

PRIME MINISTER: No, I don't think they did that, that seems...

MANIAC: It seems like a perfect way to lift Jiembra's spirits. In fact, it was the only thing between him and a complete breakdown.

PRIME MINISTER: I still just don't think it's an appropriate...

MANIAC: *(interrupting angrily)* If you don't want my help, I am happy to report back to the Governor General that you have been both uncooperative and inflexible. You can deal with this Jiembra incident your way and cost the Australian government the biggest lawsuit we have seen. *(holding an intense stare)* Now, are you going to sing, or am I packing my things?

PRIME MINISTER: *(looking to his other Ministers for help, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS cowering behind the MINISTER FOR EDUCATION)* Umm... What was it that was sung?

MANIAC: *(begins to whistle the tune to "Banana Boat", starting softly and getting louder. The Ministers begin to whistle along, prompting the maniac to break into song)* "Banana Boat"

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: *(looking around)* For sun protection.

MANIAC: "Banana Boat"

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: *(begrudgingly)* It's thirty plus.

MANIAC: "Banana Boat"

PRIME MINISTER: *(pausing)* It lasts 4 hours, 4 hours, 4 hours do do do do do do do do do

–

This is repeated, the passion crescendos until the final verse is sung at full volume in unison.

–

ALL: "BANANA BOAT"

–

The MINISTER FOR EDUCATION holds final note for five seconds in a high operatic style voice. All three Ministers collapse down onto the desk whilst laughing.

–

MANIAC: *(also laughing)* And now we know why Jiembra had his "Breakdown".

PRIME MINISTER: *(sitting up)* I don't follow.

MANIAC: What song is currently in your head?

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: “Livin’ On A Prayer”, Bon Jovi.

—

They all look at the MINISTER FOR EDUCATION, confused.

—

PRIME MINISTER: That “Banana Boat” song.

MANIAC: And what song do you think will be in your head in an hour, in two hours, three hours, for the rest of the day?

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: *(with a venomous stare)* That “Banana Boat” song!

MANIAC: Exactly. Jiembra couldn’t get the song out of his head and it drove him to a point of madness. And whose fault is that?

PRIME MINISTER: The Australian Taxation Office!

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: The Greens!

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: The systematic cycle of repression in which Jiembra finds himself entrapped.

—

All stare at the MINISTER FOR EDUCATION.

—

MANIAC: No! You couldn’t be more wrong. The only possible direction in which the finger of blame can be pointed... Is at the “Banana Boat” company!

ALL: Ohh...

MANIAC: It’s the perfect explanation.

—

Pipe begins to flow faster.

—

MANIAC: Can someone please call a plumber?

—

PRIME MINISTER: *(Ignoring MANIAC, smile dipping)* What about the stripping? *(suddenly dejected again)* The CCTV footage shows him naked. *(the Ministers all mumble in agreement)* How can we tell them they didn’t see that?

—
MANIAC circles to the back of the stage, quickly surveys the book shelf and chooses a book, then goes and stands next to the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

—
MANIAC: Misdirection. *(throwing book to stage left and backhand slapping the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS with neither of the other Ministers noticing)* You two were so distracted by the book, you didn't notice me slap this poor bugger. *(motioning to place hand on MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS' shoulder; he dramatically flinches, notably scared, and the MANIAC retracts his hand)* If we are able to redirect the Australian people, they won't notice that we metaphorically slapped Jiembra. *(backhand slaps Foreign Affairs Minister again, then moves forward to the front of the stage)*

—
PRIME MINISTER: *(definitively snapping his fingers)* What if we orchestrated a global crisis?

MANIAC: *(considering for a moment)* Hmm, too many international implications.

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: *(slamming his fist onto the table)* We implement an even harsher refugee policy!

MANIAC: It's been done.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: We need to show everyone that we are a diverse and unified country.

MANIAC: *(impressed)* Alright, this is better.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: What if we all come to work tomorrow in different religious attire?

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: Dibs on the Yamaka!

MANIAC: *(staring disappointedly at the MINISTER FOR EDUCATION)* No.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: But maybe we could...

MANIAC: *(interrupting)* No.

PRIME MINISTER: Then what are we going to do?

MANIAC: I have the solution. To make decisions on the future, we have to look at previous victories of the past. How about we create a Northern Territory Intervention 2.0, not only distracting the Australian people but simultaneously

making you three look like modern day Mother Teresa's? The reporters won't have time to ask about Jiembra in-between all the praise they will be giving you.

—

The Ministers look at each other, sceptical of the idea.

—

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: Last time we did that they weren't very enthusiastic about the intervention.

MANIAC: This time we don't call it an "intervention", instead we call it "The Northern Territory Journey of Kindred Equality". In reality, it's just another way for us to control the flow of information. We announce the journey and at the same time tell the media our second version of events regarding Jiembra. This way we look pro-active and sympathetic to the Australian people and completely sweep under the rug any remnants of this accident.

—

Pipe begins to flow quickly. Only the MANIAC notices that the stage has begun to be covered by water. The Ministers shake each other's hands in celebration, interrupted by a loud alert coming from the PRIME MINISTER's pocket. PRIME MINISTER pulls out his phone, alarmed by the text.

—

PRIME MINISTER: *(pulling phone out of his pocket, alarmed by the text)* The live streamed conference starts in five minutes, I totally forgot.

MANIAC: *(aside)* Perfect.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: *(confused)* Wait. Is it in five minutes' Canberra time or five minutes' Sydney time?

MANIAC: *(ignoring his question)* Well, this should go well.

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: *(angrily talking to the PRIME MINISTER)* This is all your fault. If you didn't call this stupid press conference, we wouldn't have to be accountable for our lack of leadership. *(beginning to hyperventilate)* I can't be kicked out of office, I'm not good at anything else.

MANIAC: *(slapping the FOREIGN AFFAIRS MINISTER)* Snap out of it! You aren't going to lose your jobs, we have this situation completely under control. Now give me your phone and get into position *(MANIAC motions towards the PRIME MINISTER, taking his phone and immediately starting to type. The MINISTERS stand on stage right and the MANIAC moves to stage left)*

PRIME MINISTER: *(confused)* Who are you texting?

MANIAC: *(dismissively)* No one, just setting up the lighting for you. *(smiling devilishly)*
Now, everyone make sure to get in nice and close.

—

The Ministers huddle together.

—

MANIAC: Even closer.

—

The Ministers huddle uncomfortably close together.

—

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: *(struggling)* Is this better?

MANIAC: Perfect. When I press this button *(motioning to the phone)*, all of Australia will be watching you... and a few others.

PRIME MINISTER: Wait a second, what did you just say?

MANIAC: *(dismissively)* And we are live in three, two, and... *(motions the number one and goes silent)*

PRIME MINISTER: *(still put off, straightening up and facing the phone)* Today, I have been given the opportunity to enlighten the Australian public about the events of Jiembra Walker.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: Firstly, we shall address his arrest. Despite some reports that he was screaming in terror, the truth is he was laughing hysterically.

MANIAC: Are you implying that his arrest is a laughing matter?

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: *(taken aback)* I guess there was laughter involved...

—

MANIAC starts to move slowly around the room, the Ministers move with him to stay in frame

—

MANIAC: And now a question for the Minister for Foreign Affairs. How do you respond to queries around your earlier statement that Jiembra was “On the verge of a breakdown”?

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: *(clearing his throat)* It's quite simple. It was that blasted "Banana Boat" song.

MANIAC: Are you insinuating that a harmless rhyme about skin protection was enough to completely derail a child resulting in suicidal anxiety?

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: *(whispering angrily)* What are you doing?

MANIAC: I will ask you to take this seriously Minister, please answer the question.

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: *(looking around, finally concentrating back on the camera)* Yes.

—

MANIAC climbs on top of the desk and points the phone down, the Ministers rush to their knees below him to stay in shot.

—

MANIAC: Finally, Mr Prime Minister. How do you respond to allegations that the mentally impaired child was stripped down and held in custody for three days?

PRIME MINISTER: Well... before I get into that, I want to unveil a policy that we in the Government have been working very hard on... ahh... we're calling it: "The Northern Territory Journey of Kindred Equality". Essentially it is...

MANIAC: *(switching the camera to face him, and interrupting)* Please, allow me. At its very heart, the Northern Territory Journey of Kindred Equality... or the Northern Territory J.O.K.E is a scheme in which we are able to take complete control over the Aboriginal community. Youth incarceration will no longer be an issue, because we will constitutionally incarcerate any Indigenous person we want to. It's time that we as a country took a stand, *(places phone down on the table and projects the live stream onto the back wall, revealing the UN assembly looking in)* wouldn't you all agree?

PRIME MINISTER: *(panicking)* How did they get onto the live stream?

—

The Ministers all rush and try to cover up the back wall, whilst yelling at the MANIAC. The pipe is now flowing out of control and covering the ground with water.

—

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: Who are you really?

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: What have you done?

PRIME MINISTER: *(Looking around in a panic, finally focusing on the rising water)* Where did this water come from?

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: *(Noticing the pipe)* What happened to that pipe? Didn't we fix that in 1967?

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION: *(Running around in a frantically, trying to scoop water off the floor)* Didn't we call that Mabo bloke? He was meant to fix it.

PRIME MINISTER: How could we let it get this bad?

—

The PRIME MINISTER stands under the pipe trying to stop the flow, MINISTER FOR EDUCATION belly flops on the floor and starts attempting freestyle, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS runs around until he slams into the book case, collapsing backwards as the book case falls on him. MANIAC slowly takes off his eyebrows, places them on the desk and walks out the room whistling the Banana Boat tune.

THE END

MUSIC 2

Jeremy Luey

Composition – Toccata Energico Performance – Piano

(Encore¹ nomination 2019)

Waltz in B Minor Op. 69 No. 2 – F. Chopin (1829)

Spartacus – C. Vine (1999)

The Seasons, Op.37a No.10 October (Autumn Song) – P. Tchaikovsky (1876)

REFLECTION STATEMENT

Prior to Year 12, I would rarely play piano in front of my peers, often believing the romantic characteristics of my pieces were far inferior to their virtuosic performances. It was only under the unwavering support and enduring guidance of my music teachers that I amassed the courage to rehearse, recite and perform my pieces. It was through this that I discovered the impassioned expressionistic embellishments of Tchaikovsky and Chopin, and began conflating my journey to emotional restoration and catharsis with the trans-historical narrative of music's power to liberate the imprisoned human psyche. In doing so, my misconception that music's quality was determined by bravura became amended, as I began to appreciate the sparse significance of music to distinct individuals. My peers emanated an unrelenting provision of encouragement, which brought forth courage and confidence, facilitating a motivating atmosphere that accentuated my HSC performance. The universality of music extends from entertainment to escapism. For some, it is beauty, art, talent. A lifework, a form of expression or perhaps all of these. For me, music is an acquaintance, a mysterious companion that has initiated my journey to introspection, self-awareness and transformation.

1 Encore is a program of outstanding performances and compositions by students in the HSC Music examinations.



Toccata Energico

Allegro Marcato ♩ = 110

Measures 1-2 of the Toccata Energico. The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is Allegro Marcato with a quarter note equal to 110 beats per minute. The first measure starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of eighth notes with accents, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Measures 3-4 of the Toccata Energico. Measure 3 begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand, which then shifts to forte (*f*) in measure 4. The right hand continues with accented eighth notes, and the left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment.

Measures 5-6 of the Toccata Energico. Measure 5 starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by mezzo-forte (*mf*), then piano (*p*), and finally forte (*f*) in measure 6. The right hand features accented eighth notes, and the left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment.

Measures 7-8 of the Toccata Energico. Measure 7 begins with pianissimo (*pp*), followed by forte (*f*), then piano (*p*), and finally fortissimo (*ff*) in measure 8. The right hand features accented eighth notes, and the left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment.

2
9

ff *sub p*

Ped. Ped.

11

mf *p*

Ped. Ped.

13

f *p*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

15

p *mf* *mp*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

17 3

p *pp*

19

mp *p*

21

mf *f*

23

ff *sub p*

4

25

ff *sf* *sf*

27

f *sf* *sf*

29

mf *f* *sub p*

31

mf *f*

33 5

ff

35

fff

37

39

sub p *mf*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

6

41

41

p

f

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system (measures 41-42) is marked *p* (piano). It features a treble staff with a melody of eighth notes and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment of eighth notes. The second system (measures 43-44) is marked *f* (forte). The treble staff continues the melody, while the bass staff features a more complex accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

43

44

44

gliss.

Red 8:01

Jonah Cooper

Hall Table

REFLECTION STATEMENT

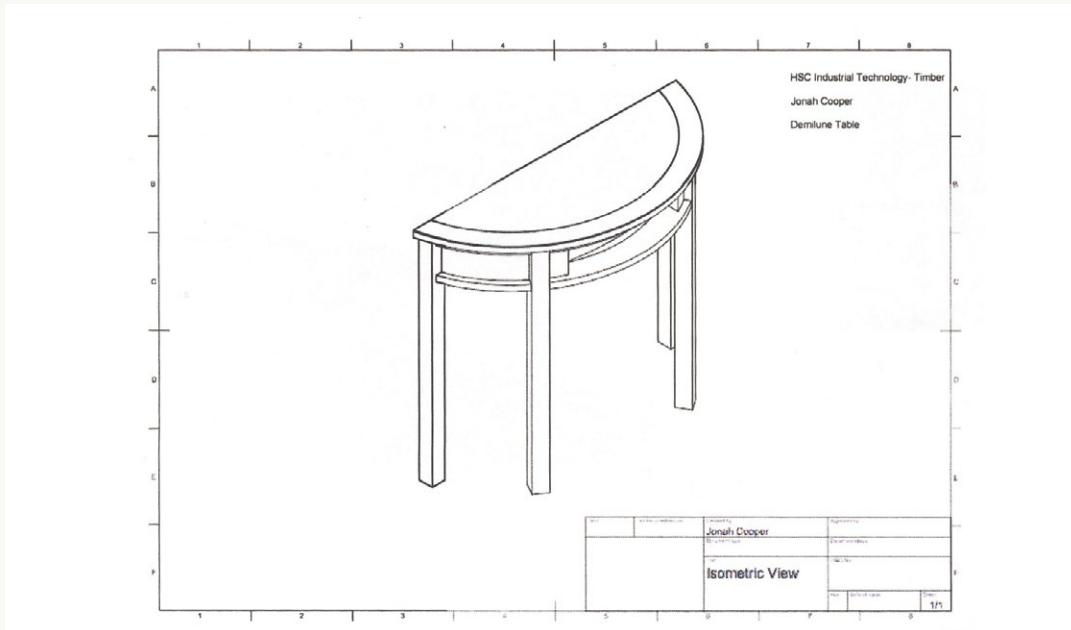
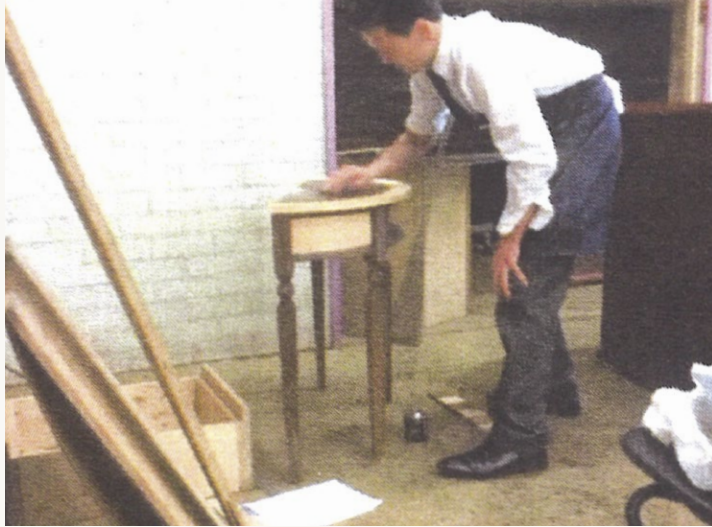
For my 2019 HSC Industrial Technology Major work, I decided to design and build a Demilune table because I wanted a piece of furniture that was both classical and functional, and one that could sit well within the environment of my home. I endeavoured to produce a piece of art that expresses my creativity, and one that I hope will enhance the viewer's appreciation of the craftsmanship involved.

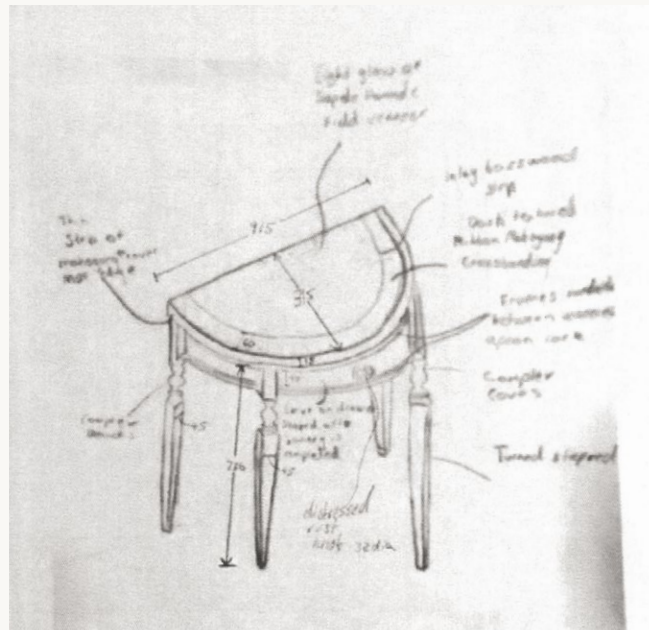
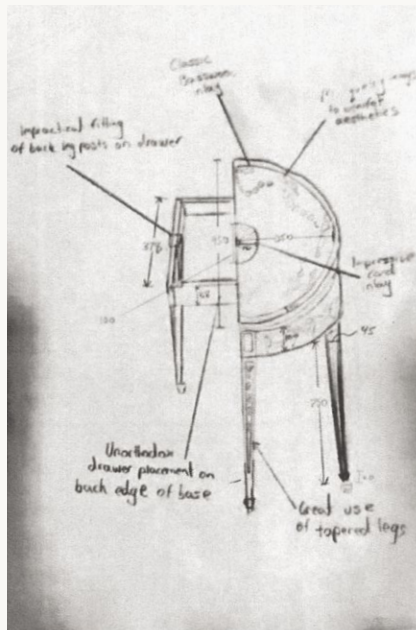
A sense of craftsmanship is explored in the championing of traditional stylistic techniques that comprises tapered and wood-turned legs, intricate joinery, drawer curvature, detailed edge treatment, a veneered table top, and the drawer's knob. I chose Black American Walnut as the solid timber for the carcass, legs and field veneer, and complemented it aesthetically with a contrasting Rock Maple timber veneer. I strove to make my project unique through my choice of the design, and in using joinery techniques such as dovetail and housing joints for the drawer, and skilled processes such as veneering and traditional woodturning for the legs.

Similarly, I constructed a streamlined curved drawer that can move smoothly in and out of its fitting, to be used for storage to hold items such as keys, wallets, and phones. The tapered and wood-turned legs are stylistically simple in their aesthetics, yet also durable enough to hold the Demilune table's base, and provide necessary stability. Finally, the edge treatment of the apron frames is created with the S curve of the Roman Ogee bit, alluding to Ancient Rome and the timeless beauty in skilled craftsmanship.

I wish this piece to stay with my family and to be passed down through generations as an heirloom. It will be positioned in a central part of the home and to be used in day-to-day living; inviting life's little marks and bumps along the way to add to its story. To that consideration, I believe I have produced a piece of furniture that is classic yet contemporary, attractive yet functional; and I am pleased that the intricate design and technical challenges have culminated in a piece of furniture that is something of beauty, and at the same time will serve my family for years to come.







Luca Bambagiotti

“Misplaced”

REFLECTION STATEMENT

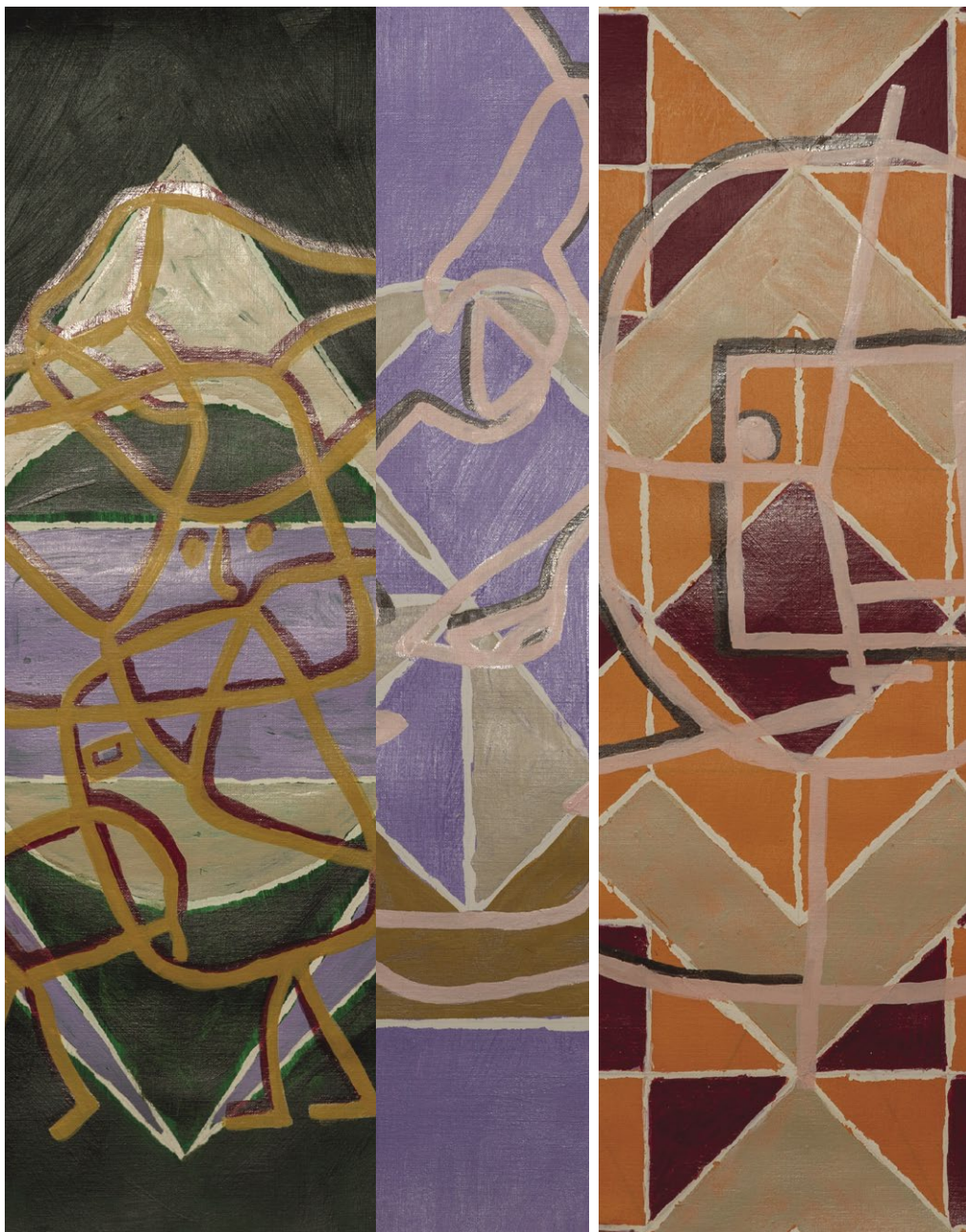
My body of work is inspired by the Bauhaus artist, Paul Klee, who later inspired Joan Miro and Pablo Picasso. Their works are referenced in my distorted and abstracted portraits that contrast directly with the geometric patterns of the background.

My work plays with colour, line and pattern like the Bauhaus, but I also use the portraits to symbolise myself as a juxtaposition over the surface. Having never felt like I truly belong anywhere, the work reflects how I never seem to quite fit in.

I sought to take this juxtaposition of myself and the world around me a step further through my use of colour and form. The backgrounds of the work appear to be perfect geometrical shapes from a distance, though as one gets closer, and perspective shifts, it becomes clear that the work is also imperfect. The lines are not clean, the shapes are not solid, and the markings are not absolute. Certainty becomes dissolution as we recognise that what we believe to be ‘real’ is a construction.









HISTORY

Daniel Freidman

To what extent, and why, do Holocaust museums and memorials around the globe vary in their presentation of the history of the Holocaust?

SYNOPSIS

There is a wide variation of historiographical representations of the history of the Holocaust demonstrated by principal Holocaust museums and memorials around the globe. These include those in nations that share geographical remoteness from the sites of the original events, those in which the central perpetrators of its crimes were located, and those in which significant numbers of its post-Holocaust citizens were survivors. This suggests other factors are responsible for these variations.

Historiography that is formed by and shapes narratives about national identity at critical points in nations' histories may contribute to these varied representations, despite the abovementioned commonalities. Comparisons between United States and Australian memorials and museums reveal historiographical differences that reflect distinct narratives about civic ideals of 'democracy and freedom' and individualism. In these narratives, dualities such as state and individual, liberator and liberated and adherent and contributor create varying historiographical outcomes. Comparisons between Austrian and German memorials and museums reveal distinct historiographical differences that reflect different narratives about historical culpability for Holocaust crimes. In these narratives, the duality of absence and presence contribute to variations in historiographical outcomes.

Finally, comparisons between Polish and Israeli museums and memorials reveal distinct historiographical differences reflecting varying narratives about the struggle for sovereignty post-Holocaust. In these narratives, the duality of the Shoah as either impeding or transformative of nations in this quest produces different historiographical representations.

In conclusion, particular narratives invoke different historiographical responses at critical points in nation's post-Holocaust histories that are both reflective and formative

of national identity. Furthermore, the ongoing evolution of Holocaust historiography continues to be influenced by that critical point in time that divides a nation's past from its future. This is evident in the variations in the historiography presented by principal Holocaust memorials and museums around the globe.

ESSAY

Holocaust museums and memorials around the globe share similar geographical, political, historical and cultural environments. Despite these similarities, their historiographical presentation of the 'memory of the Holocaust is as plural as the hundreds of diverse buildings and designs by which every nation and people house remembrance'.¹ This suggests a complex interplay of influences is at work over and above these shared environments. A comparative study of principal Holocaust museums and memorials around the globe reveals this, particularly those within nations that share geographical remoteness from the sites of the original events, those in which the central perpetrators of its crimes were located, and those in which significant numbers of its post-Holocaust citizens were survivors. This variety of historiographical approaches is indicative of an historical event that despite efforts to achieve realism, remains largely 'outside narratable and representable history'.² Therefore, with no known 'reality' representable, what has emerged in its place is historiography arising from and supporting distinct narratives of national destiny, culpability and sovereignty. These narratives reveal critical points in a nation's post-Holocaust history in which the formation of national identity divides its past from its future.

Holocaust museums and memorials are universally recognized as places of preservation, education and remembrance. Nevertheless, comparisons reveal that the Holocaust's integration within host nations' narratives of destiny contributes more significantly to variations in historiographical approaches than shared geographical remoteness from the original sites of its historical events³. This is apparent in the different historiographical emphases given to the dualities of state and individual, liberator and liberated and adherent and contributor within these narratives of national destiny.

The historiography presented by the United States Holocaust Memorial and Museum in Washington, for example, presents the Holocaust as a critical point in the American narrative of national destiny as heroic deliverer of the oppressed into civic ideals of 'freedom' and 'democracy'. The influence of its political stakeholders was foundational in setting new boundaries for this discourse. In 1993 President Clinton dedicated the federally funded Washington Museum as 'an enduring tribute to democracy',⁴ with its Chairman, Harvey Meyerhoff, promising it would 'teach Americans about their responsibilities that each of us has as a citizen of a democratic society'.⁵ Its architecture and exhibits also consolidate and develop this discourse of adherence to American civic ideals. Located midpoint on the National Mall and surrounded by 'neo-classical

structures dedicated to the patriotic landscape of...the United States⁶ the *Shoah* creates new parameters for American national identity.⁷ As Meyerhoff wrote in 1987:

if the Smithsonian represents the accomplishments of civilization, the Holocaust raises fundamental questions about the capacity of individuals and of society... and human genius for evil.⁸

However, the capacity of Holocaust historiography to shape a nation's identity is not limited to narratives of heroic liberation and deliverance. In contrast, the focus of the equally remote Sydney Jewish Museum is a critical point in its nation's history when its destiny as a place of refuge and opportunity for individual contribution and expression was affirmed. This is evident in its mission statement which is less directing in its objectives than the Washington Memorial's, allowing for individualised and open-ended responses that challenge instead of predicting visitors' perceptions of 'morality, social justice, democracy and human rights'.⁹ The historiography expressed through the founding Jewish community's choice of building also emphasises a post-Holocaust turning point of national destiny and identity shaped by a spirit of individualism and community expression over adherence to state proclaimed ideals.¹⁰ Located on an urban/residential street, the converted Maccabean Hall building commemorates the 167 – 160 BCE Jewish revolt that led to a new era for Jewish identity and culture. Significantly too, it was dedicated in 1923 by Sir John Monash, a child of Jewish immigrants and one of the most successful individual contributors to Australia's advancement.¹¹ Inside, the architectural design and exhibition choices of its curators and community stakeholders further consolidate and develop the idea that the *Shoah* represents a point of no return in the rise of Australia's identity as a nation in which individual expression is paramount. Visitors are lead up through a Star of David shaped central space, through a light-filled void of mezzanine levels with 360° perspective above the ground floor space 'anchored' by a reflective Star of David patterned floor below.¹² Reaching the Holocaust exhibits, they are then cocooned between the lower floor Jewish-Australian Military History exhibit and the upper floor Holocaust and Human Rights exhibit.¹³ Traditional photograph and text-based exhibits then increasingly give way to tangible personal artefacts¹⁴ highlighting the curators' interpretation and affirmation of the nation's destiny to progress post-Holocaust on the continuing strength of individual contribution and freedom of expression.

In contrast, the design and curatorial approaches of the Washington Memorial promote collective adherence as the Holocaust is placed within the narrative of the ideal of liberation and the 'American Dream'. Despite Freed incorporating 'visceral' and 'disorienting' features reminiscent of Nazi death camps to disengage visitors from Washington, D.C.,¹⁵ Hansen-Glucklich describes its design as reflecting the 'civic religion'¹⁶ of the United States with its 'architecture of experience'.¹⁷ With belief, ritual and sacred objects central to religion, the Auschwitz gate, train boxcar and the 'identity card' handed to each visitor creates a transformative, sacramental-like

experience. Although they are exposed in later exhibits to less heroic 'bystander' immigration practices directed towards Jews, it's nevertheless significant that visitors' lasting impression is the heroic narrative of the American liberation of the camps reflecting the mythology of Rapoport's memorial, *Liberation*, in New Jersey.¹⁸ Thus expression is given to a collective identity that supports the promise of the American ideal of opportunity for all citizens willing to embrace it.¹⁹

The variations in approaches by Holocaust museums and memorials in nations which produced its perpetrators also demonstrate the complex relationship between Holocaust historiography and the formation of national identity. Despite this commonality, distinct narratives of culpability are formed by and produce different historiographical emphases, particularly through the duality of presence and absence. This divergence can be seen in German²⁰ and Austrian museums and memorials despite their shared history of Holocaust criminality. Germany's Holocaust historiography both shapes and is shaped by a narrative of culpability founded on 'zero-hour'. In contrast, Austria's historiographical responses outside its Jewish communities for decades after the war were 'ambivalent'.²¹ As Young states, Austria was fully prepared to let Germany do 'the memorial dirty work'.²²

In Austria, the absence of Holocaust historiography as well as the representations of 'absence' expressed by its relatively few museums and memorials, reveal a critical point for the development of its national identity in its post-Holocaust history. There are far fewer Holocaust museums and memorials in Austria compared to Germany. This was initially because of the allies' 1943 Moscow Declaration that Austria was 'the first... victim (of) Hitlerite aggression'.²³ However, when the *Judenplatz* Holocaust Memorial in Vienna, one of Austria's principal Holocaust museums, was opened in 2005, it was not a government initiative but resulted from the Jewish community's dissatisfaction with Hrdlicka's 'Street-washing Jew' in Vienna²⁴ a memorial criticised for its negative 'humiliations imposed upon Vienna's Jews'.²⁵ The competing duality of historiographical absence and presence in forming national identity is also emphasised by the *Judenplatz's* solid concrete structure of outward turned library books depicting the 'void' created by the *Shoah*. Its location expresses this absence too. For many non-Jews, its construction represented loss of car parking space whilst for the Jewish community it was loss of access to the remains of the synagogue below. In all aspects of its creation and existence therefore, the *Judentplatz* symbolises the presence of 'absence' in that moment in post-Holocaust history when Austrian culpability for the *Shoah* was not claimed.²⁶ The impact upon Austria's national identity of its reluctance to engage with its own culpability in that moment or thereafter is yet to be fully understood.

In contrast, most aspects of the historiography of the Berlin Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe, opened in 2000, represents German national identity born at that point in historical time in which culpability for the Holocaust was claimed. Commissioned by the German *Bundestag* and located at the capital's civic and historic

centre, its dominating presence occupies 19,000 square metres with an 800 square metre information centre below ground. But its counter monument, the maze of 2,711 concrete stelae above ground, most closely reflects the German government's rationale behind the Berlin Memorial with 'no goal, no end, no working one's way in or out... since understanding the Holocaust is impossible'.²⁷ This reflects an open-ended approach to Holocaust historiography as the foundation for German identity based on *vergangenheitsbewältigung*, or 'coping with the past'.²⁸ However, within the museum, the curatorial choices acknowledging Holocaust atrocities in confronting detail may in fact hinder this process because of its extreme absence of any 'absence'. This, reflects Stone, is consistent with German Holocaust historiography, where factual detail is often taken to a point where interpretation and the meaning derived from it is hindered.²⁹

Originating in Germany in 1992 however, *Stolpersteine* - 'stumbling stones' - may be indicative of a new era for German, and more broadly, European historiographical approaches to Holocaust historiography. These memorial plaques that are inset into pavements in front of the last known residence of Jewish and non-Jewish victims of the Holocaust, including 1,200 laid in Germany, have become the largest decentralised monument to the Holocaust globally.³⁰ In a project that has no ending and which arises from a collective, grass roots expression of national identity, *Stolpersteine* are laid by individuals and communities to create 'presence' in order to invoke reckoning about the 'absence' that state initiated memorials may unintentionally repress. In 2006 Angela Merkel, speaking of Germany's future, said her generation were without direct ties to the Third Reich.³¹ However, German memorials and museums nevertheless reflect a national identity likely to be shaped in different ways by both state and grass roots responses for many more years.

In nations that share a post-Holocaust legacy of significant numbers of survivors of its crimes, we see again that important shared influences can be absorbed by broader narratives arising at critical points in their histories. This is evident in nations where the catastrophe of the *Shoah* was so widespread that virtually all aspects of its historiography arise from a struggle to attain a secure sovereign identity. In this the duality of *Shoah* as either an impediment to or transformative of national sovereign identity is revealed in the principal Holocaust museums and memorials of the State of Israel and Poland³², the latter of which was also the homeland of Poles and Jews for a thousand years.³³

The historiography of many of Poland's Holocaust museums and memorials expresses its search for the same supporting legacy for sovereign identity arising from the Holocaust as that which has empowered the State of Israel for decades. This is reflected in the historiography of the Auschwitz-Birkenau Memorial and Museum located on the site of the Nazi death camp of the same name. Despite being Poland's principal Holocaust memorial, it fails to clearly express for its sovereign identity the meaning arising from the loss of 70,000 of its ethnic Poles, its 1.1 million Jews or the destruction of a millennia of Polish-Jewish life and culture. This is exacerbated by the small

percentage of Jewish survivors, decades of oppression under communism and other nations claiming their 'place' in its pluralised historiography. However, its curatorial preoccupation with artefact-based approaches including its railroad tracks and buildings such as gas chambers and crematorium remaining largely untouched, and its permanent exhibitions including vast displays of inmates' personal possessions,³⁴ overpower more significant meaning arising from the religious, cultural and ethnic catastrophe that took place in Poland. The unchanging 'ruins' reflect that moment in Polish history when the potential for the Holocaust to contribute to its post-Holocaust sovereign identity seems to have been missed.³⁵

Beyond the boundaries of these 'ruins' however, new narratives of renewal of sovereign identity are slowly developing in Poland. This is apparent in the historiography of sites where the original structures and artefacts have been destroyed including the Belzac Memorial and the Jewish cemetery at Rychwal. These have been recently transformed by co-operative Polish and Jewish initiatives through monuments that express and shape meaning about the *Shoah* and give rise to fresh debates and understandings about its impact upon Polish national sovereignty.

In contrast, the State of Israel's narrative of quest for enduring sovereignty has been strengthened by the legacy of its *Shoah* despite its catastrophic outcomes for the Jewish populations of Europe last century. More than any other nation, the potential for historiography to shape meaning around and be shaped by national identity is demonstrated in Israel's official memorial to the Jewish victims and heroes of the Holocaust and its chosen 'Righteous'. An official memorial to the *Shoah* for the lands that would eventually become the State of Israel was first proposed in 1942 to 'perpetuate the memory of the century's greatest catastrophe within the framework of our Zionist enterprise'.³⁶ Fifty years later, Young would describe Yad Vashem, as a 'national shrine to...Israeli pride in heroism and shame in victimization...continu(ing) to expand...as the state ...evolve(s)'.³⁷ Opening in 1953 and adhering closely to an 'intentionalist' approach, Yad Vashem's 44.5 acres of built forms and media³⁸ lead visitors along the entire continuum of Jewish history from its 'destruction to rebirth, from the Holocaust to the establishment of the Jewish state'.³⁹ Symbolic of this evolution is the reproduction of Rapoport's Warsaw Ghetto Monument of 1948 depicting the armed resistance of 'Jewish martyrs and heroes'.⁴⁰ After seventy years however, its meaning is more universal: Jewish sovereign identity based on spiritual resistance to oppression in all its forms.⁴¹ With these expanded curatorial approaches Yad Vashem's and Israel's broader *Shoah* historiography may remain meaningful to future generations which from an Israeli perspective, will be vital to the state's ongoing survival.

The influences giving rise to variations in the historiography presented in Holocaust museums and memorials in nations around the globe continue to transcend their common contexts such as geographical remoteness from the sites of the original events, their historical responsibility for its crimes or the presence of survivors within

their borders. Comparing these memorials and museums within these contexts however, offers a better understanding of the historiographical variations as products of broader narratives of national destiny, culpability and sovereignty and the dualities operating within them. Evident is a complex and ongoing relationship between Holocaust historiography and national identity as it continues to arise from critical points in nations' histories when the suffering and catastrophe of the Holocaust 'came home'. As the world becomes more globalised and direct generational ties with the events of the Holocaust are gradually broken over time, it is probable that the narratives of national identity formed by and shaping its historiography will also evolve in new directions as fresh contexts emerge. But as Friedlander concludes, the *Shoah* is likely to 'continue to challenge the minds of many into the foreseeable future...as it puts into question the very core of human civilisation'.⁴²

ENDNOTES

- 1 J.E. Young, *The Texture of Memory: Holocaust memorials and meaning*, New Haven, Yale University Press, 1993, p. viii.
- 2 F.R. Ankersmit, *Historical Representation*, Redwood City, Stanford University Press, 2001, p.183.
- 3 Yad Vashem provides the following definitions: 'The Holocaust is part of a broader aggregate of acts of oppression and murder of various ethnic and political groups in Europe by the Nazis...the Hebrew word *Shoah* (is used) with regard to the murder of and persecution of European Jewry. I use both these terms depending upon the appropriateness of the context. Yad Vashem, The Holocaust [website], [no date].
- 4 A. Sodaro, *Exhibiting Atrocity: Memorial Museums and the Politics of Past Violence*, New Brunswick, Rutgers University Press, 2018, p.30.
- 5 Sodaro, *Exhibiting Atrocity*, p.30.
- 6 Sodaro, *Exhibiting Atrocity*, p.30.
- 7 Although interest in Holocaust history outside the Jewish community didn't arise in the United States until the 1960s.
- 8 H.M. Meyerhoff, 'Yes, the Holocaust Museum belongs on the Mall', *The Washington Post*, 18 July, 1987. https://www.washingtonpost.com/archive/opinions/1987/07/18/yes-the-holocaust-museum-belongs-on-the-mall/9cbee31d-391d-457e-9477-10af9d0b50fa/?utm_term=.2b97191103ce (accessed 18 November 2018). The idea that the Holocaust offers American identity new boundaries for development is also echoed in Young's claim that the Washington Memorial's 'Holocaust' is a 'counterpoint to America's idealised reason for being'. Young, *Texture of Memory*, p.337. Stone argues however, that these new boundaries of evil also allow for avoidance of 'confrontation with the uglier sides of (United States) history, especially slavery and the genocide of Native Americans'. D. Stone, 'Memory, Memorials and Museums' in D. Stone (ed.), *The Historiography of the Holocaust*, Palgrave Macmillan, London, 2004, p. 519. Cole too writes that the Holocaust is portrayed as 'the Other, or the 'great antithesis to all-American values'. T. Cole, 'Ghettoization' in D. Stone (ed.), *The Historiography of the Holocaust*, Palgrave Macmillan, London, 2004, p. 72.
- 9 Sydney Jewish Museum, *About the Museum*, [website], [no date], <https://sydneyjewishmuseum.com.au/about/>, (accessed 12 February 2019).
- 10 The Sydney Museum's website does say however that Australia's migration policies before and in the years after the Second World War were disproportionately unresponsive given the extreme humanitarian crisis facing displaced Jews, as were responses in the United States (such as the refusal to allow the SS St Louis carrying more than 900 Jewish refugees to berth on its shores in 1939). Nevertheless, Australia eventually admitted more Holocaust survivors per capita than any other nation outside Israel.

Sydney Jewish Museum, *What's Australia got to do with it*, [blog], [10 May 2016] <https://sydneyjewishmuseum.com.au/news/whats-australia-got/> (accessed 12 February 2019). The United States also has the largest Jewish population per capita in the world outside Israel, estimated at 17%, a figure that is almost equal to the percentage of Jews found in all other countries combined other than the United States and Israel.

- 11 Field Marshall Montgomery also described him as 'the best general on the western front in Europe' known for his belief that 'not lip service, nor obsequious homage to superiors, nor servile observance of forms and customs...the Australian army is proof that individualism is the best and not the worst foundation upon which to build up collective discipline' *Australian War Memorial, 1918 - 'Australians in France - General Sir John Monash'*, Australian War Memorial [website], [no date], <https://www.awm.gov.au/visit/exhibitions/1918/people/genmonash>, (accessed 12 February 2019).
- 12 Architecture and Design, 'Sydney Jewish Museum Opens after Renovations', *Architecture and Design* [website], [no date], <https://www.architectureanddesign.com.au/news/bpn/sydney-jewish-museum-opens-after-renovations> (accessed 12 February 2019).
- 13 Sydney Jewish Museum, 'Permanent Exhibitions', *Sydney Jewish Museum* [website], [no date], <https://sydneyjewishmuseum.com.au/explore/permanent-exhibitions/> (accessed 12 February 2019).
- 14 The exhibits are primarily photograph and text based, a more traditional approach than the artefact and experience approach of other museums such as the Washington Memorial, possibly due to a lack of available artefact material or a reluctance on the part of the Jewish community to recreate the experiences of their survivors.
- 15 Indicatively however, Freed also writes that although "the attempt was always to disengage from Washington"...'the building had to be part of Washington urbanistically, otherwise we would never have gotten it approved'. J.I. Freed, 'The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum', *Assemblage*, no. 9, June, 1989, pp. 65 & 70. https://www.jstor.org/stable/3171152?seq=2#metadata_info_tab_contents (accessed 18 November 2018).
- 16 J. Hanson-Glucklich, 'Holocaust Memory Reframed: Museums and the Challenges of Representation'. New Brunswick. Rutgers University Press, 2014. Cited in D. Greene, 'Greene on Hansen-Glucklich, 'Holocaust Memory Reframed: Museums and the Challenges of Representation', *H-Net: Humanities & Social Sciences Online*, [website] <https://networks.h-net.org/node/28655/reviews/38117/greene-hansen-glucklich-holocaust-memory-reframed-museums-and> (accessed on 18 November 2018). Like Hanson-Glucklich, Young also refers to Holocaust history as reflecting the 'civic religions' of both Israel and the United States as they share the ideal of the victims 'becoming' American or Israeli. Young, *Texture of Memory*, pp. 345 & 347
- 17 Sodaro, *Exhibiting Atrocity*, p.44.
- 18 J.E. Young refers to this New Jersey monument as part of a 'topographical triad' with the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. Liberation depicts an American soldier carrying a Holocaust victim, commemorating not just the long Jewish history of oppression leading up to the Holocaust but an idealised 'freedom' in America beginning with the liberation of the camps. Young, *Texture of Memory*, p. 321.
- 19 United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, 'Identification Cards and Personal Stories', *United States Holocaust Memorial Museum* [website], [no date], <https://www.ushmm.org/educators/teaching-materials/identification-cards-and-personal-stories> (accessed 12 February 2019).
- 20 Referring here not to East but West Germany up to the 1990s as according to historian Jeffrey Herf, East Germany initially attributed the Holocaust to 'theories of fascism' and from the early 1950s, any 'sympathy for the Jews...was not only 'incorrect'; it was dangerous'. J. Herf, *The Jewish Enemy: Nazi Propaganda during World War II and the Holocaust*, Cambridge, The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2006. Cited in D. Stone, 'Memory, Memorials and Museums' in D. Stone (ed.), *The Historiography of the Holocaust*, p. 436.
- 21 J.E. Young, *Texture of Memory*, p. 91. Austria became subject to German control through the Anschluss in 1936, becoming part of the Nazi war machine and collaborative in its war crimes resulting in the murder of approximately 35% of Austria's Jewish population. Despite this, Austria's willingness to officially acknowledge its role in the Holocaust has been slow over post-war decades. A study released in May 2019 found that 56% of Austrian respondents did not know 6 million Jews were killed in the Holocaust and 42% couldn't name Mauthausen as an Austrian concentration camp (responsible for approximately 90,000 deaths). 28% surveyed also believed a 'great deal' or 'many' Austrians acted to rescue Jewish people when only 109 Austrians are recognised by Yad Vashem as Righteous Among the Nations

- compared with over 6000 Poles. Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany, Inc. (Claims Conference), New Survey by the Claims Conference Finds Critical Gaps in Holocaust Knowledge in Austria, *Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany, Inc* [website], [no date], <http://www.claimscon.org/austria-study/>, (accessed 16 December 2018).
- 22 J.E. Young, *Texture of Memory*, p. 92.
 - 23 CVCE.EU, 'Tripartite Declaration on Austria (Moscow, 1 November 1943)', *CVCE.EU* [website], [no date], https://www.cvce.eu/en/obj/tripartite_declaration_on_austria_moscow_1_november_1943-en-7477ccba-35af-4ace-9027-9e369ed8b178.html, (accessed 16 December 2018). There are at least 20 memorials to victims of the Holocaust in Berlin alone. E. Apperly, 'Stumbling stones': A different Vision of Holocaust Remembrance, *The Guardian*, 18 February 2019, <https://www.theguardian.com/cities/2019/feb/18/stumbling-stones-a-different-vision-of-holocaust-remembrance> (accessed 16 December 2018).
 - 24 Hrdlicka's 1988 Memorial against War and Fascism, especially the 'Street-washing Jew' in Vienna's *Albertinaplatz*, has offended the Jewish community because of its facial features similar to anti-semitic portrayals. It is also used by dogs to urinate on and tourists to sit on. Its design is based on events in Vienna in 1938 when Jews were forced by the NDSAP to wash political slogans off the street watched by a public gathering of bystanders.
 - 25 N.C. Pages, 'Architectures of Memory: Rachel Whiteread's 'Memorial to the 65,000 Murdered Austrian Jews'', *Austrian Studies*, vol. 11, 2003, p. 103.
 - 26 Lawrence Langer wrote, 'when memory imprints on us the meaning of the presence of "absence" and animates the ghost that such a burden has imposed on our lives, then the heritage of the Holocaust will have begun to acquire some authenticity in our postwar culture'.
 - 27 Eisenman Architects, 'Berlin Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe', Eisenman Architects [website], [no date], <https://eisenmanarchitects.com/Berlin-Memorial-to-the-Murdered-Jews-of-Europe-2005> (accessed 9 February 2019).
 - 28 A German word that cannot be directly translated into English.
 - 29 Stone analyses the extent to which German Holocaust historiography adheres to the third aspect of Acton's heuristics-source critique-interpretation approach to historiography. D. Stone, 'Introduction: The Holocaust and Historical Methodology', in D. Stone (ed.), *The Holocaust and Historical Methodology*, Berghann Books, New York, 2012.; In illustration, the Berlin Memorial estimates it would take six years, seven months and twenty-seven days to read the projected names of the dead and missing in the Room of Names alone. In answer to this approach, the architect, Peter Eisenmann, who designed it 'for the German people...(not) the Jews', didn't want the information centre included because 'the world is too full of information, preferring that the field stand-alone as 'different and slightly unsettling'. P. Eisenman, 'How Long Does One Feel Guilty?' [interviewed by Charles Hawley and Natalie Tenberg], 9 May 2005, Spiegel Online, <https://www.spiegel.de/international/spiegel-interview-with-holocaust-monument-architect-peter-eisenman-how-long-does-one-feel-guilty-a-355252.html>. (accessed 23 November 2018).
 - 30 Eliza Apperly, 'Stumbling stones': : a different vision of Holocaust remembrance, *The Guardian* Monday 18 February 2019 <https://www.theguardian.com/cities/2019/feb/18/stumbling-stones-a-different-vision-of-holocaust-remembrance>
 - 31 P. Rutschmann, 'Vergangenheitsbewältigung: Historikerstreit and the Notion of Continued Responsibility', *New German Review: A Journal of Germanic Studies*, vol. 25(1), 2011.
 - 32 Poland re-established its sovereignty as a presidential democratic republic only after the collapse of communist rule in 1989. The first lines of the preamble to its constitution state, 'having regard for the existence and future of our Homeland, which recovered, in 1989, the possibility of a sovereign and democratic determination of its fate'. Senat Rzeczypospolitej Polskiej, 'Preamble: The Constitution of the Republic of Poland' *Senat Rzeczypospolitej Polskiej* [website], [no date], <https://www.senat.gov.pl/en/about-the-senate/konstytucja/preamble-/>, (accessed 1 May 2019). The State of Israel (defining itself as a Jewish and democratic state) was declared in 1948. It has been involved in territorial conflicts since this time and sovereignty over certain lands remains in international dispute. In 2018 it passed a controversial law referred to as the 'nation-state law' stating that 'self-determination is unique to the Jewish people', disregarding arguments this is undemocratic with one-fifth of its population non-Jewish. M. Berger, 'Israel's hugely controversial "nation-state" law, explained', *Vox Media* [website], [no date], <https://www.vox.com/world/2018/7/31/17623978/israel-jewish-nation-state-law-bill-explained-apartheid-netanyahu-democracy> (accessed 1 May 2019).
 - 33 By the 1920s, about 20 million Poles and three million Jews lived in Poland (the largest

Jewish community in Europe). Between the First and Second World Wars however, Poland experienced a rise in anti-Semitism common to the era as well as 'racial' tensions were aggravated by Soviet aggression. 90 per cent of the Jewish population of Poland (about 3.5 million) died in the Holocaust (half of the total Polish death toll during the Second World War). Fox writes, 'the parallelism of the destruction of Jewish and, very nearly, Polish culture informs Polish historical memory'. T.C. Fox, 'The Holocaust under Communism' in D. Stone (ed.), *The Historiography of the Holocaust*, Palgrave Macmillan, London, 2004, p. 425. About three million non-Jewish Poles also died. The Nazis regarded Poles as 'racially' inferior. Poles however, both ordinary citizens and those participating in direct collaboration and perpetrator roles with the Nazis, were also responsible for Jewish deaths (numbers are uncertain). Their roles included compliance with Nazi orders to identify and segregate Jews for deportation to the camps as well as murdering Jews. Conversely, there are 6,863 Polish Righteous Among the Nations, the most of any country. Today, only 10,000 Jews are estimated to live in Poland.

- 34 The Auschwitz-Birkenau Memorial collections include about 40,000 cubic metres of shoes, two tonnes of hair and 3,800 suitcases. Memorial and Museum Auschwitz-Birkenau Former German Nazi Concentration and Extermination Camp, 'Historical Collection', *Memorial and Museum Auschwitz-Birkenau Former German Nazi Concentration and Extermination Camp* [website], [no date], <http://auschwitz.org/en/museum/historical-collection/> (accessed 1 May 2019).
- 35 Furthermore, in an attempt to shed international perceptions of itself as Nazi collaborator, Poland has even passed 'legislation (that) criminalizes any suggestion that the "Polish state" was complicit in Nazi crimes' or to refer to the 'Polish Death Camps'. This was in response to problems Polish governments faced in achieving full international recognition independent of its role in the Holocaust, as illustrated by President Obama's 2012 reference to a 'Polish Death Camp'. Editorial Board-Washington Post, 'Polish Death Camps', *Washington Post* [website], [no date], https://www.washingtonpost.com/opinions/global-opinions/polish-death-camps/2018/01/31/13c4dcd6-05e4-11e8-8777-2a059f168dd2_story.html?utm_term=.5db693ac7c11, (accessed 1 May 2019).
- 36 Mordecai Shenhab to the Jewish National Fund in 1942. R.J. Berger, *Fathoming the Holocaust: A Social Problems Approach*, Abingdon-on-Thames, Routledge, 2002. p.124.
- 37 J.E.Young, *Texture of Memory*, p. 244. Stone also writes that Yad Vashem has evolved from narrating the events of the Holocaust in a traditional way through photographs and texts to the development of 'individualised' memorials 'more contemplative and interactive'. D. Stone, 'Memory, Memorials and Museums' in D. Stone (ed.), *The Historiography of the Holocaust*, p.518.
- 38 The memorial comprises a 'complex containing the Holocaust History Museum, memorial sites such as the Children's Memorial and the Hall of Remembrance, the Museum of Holocaust Art, sculptures, outdoor commemorative sites such as the Valley of the Communities, a synagogue, a research institute with archives, a library, a publishing house, and an educational centre, the International School/ Institute for Holocaust Studies and Garden of the Righteous Among the Nations'. MIT Libraries, 'Yad Vashem; Holocaust History Museum', *MIT Libraries* [website], [no date], <http://dome-test.mit.edu/handle/1721.3/150100> (accessed 1 May 2019).
- 39 O. Kenan. *Between Memory and History: The Evolution of Israeli Historiography of the Holocaust*, The Period of "gestation," from the mid 1940s to the Eichmann Trial in 1961, (Dissertation and Theses), Los Angeles, ProQuest Dissertations Publishing, 2000, p.173.
- 40 J.E. Young describes this monument as a 'kind of memorial currency, an all-purpose iconographic tender, whose value fluctuates in every new time and place'. Young, *Texture of Memory*, p.184. In its original setting in Warsaw it was unusual because it memorialised the Jewish Holocaust during an era of communism when the official line was that all social conflicts had been solved by the removal of class division. In Israel however, it is a symbol of 'catastrophe and redemption'. Stone, 'Memory, Memorials and Museums' in D. Stone (ed.), *The Historiography of the Holocaust*, pp. 511 & 519.
- 41 Supported by Yad Vashem's annual budget of 45 million dollars and its activity in 55 countries.
- 42 J.E. Young, *The Texture of Memory: Holocaust memorials and meaning*, New Haven, Yale University Press, 1993, p. viii.

ENGLISH

Michael Norton

Neo-anthropergoism or, Autopsy Of A Jellyfish

REFLECTION STATEMENT

Every [untrue] principle is bound to break down, somewhere, or, if its application is enforced, it is transformed into a caricature of itself.

– Alexander Moszkowski

Sometimes the traumatic bombardment of value systems in extreme environmental conditions is an effective way to expose their untruth. The failure of any social value or ethical dichotomy to remain moral under ‘utopian’ conditions, where they are applied to their fullest, practical extent as ethical dogma, only to collapse under the weight of their own ballooned mechanisms, demonstrates their fallibility, nullifying their application in the present. It was this unique use of this satirical, social structure gavage which I first encountered whilst studying the anti-utopian novel *Brave New World*, that inspired the creation of my teleplay, ‘Neo-anthropergoism or, Autopsy Of A Jellyfish.’

My writing process began when, in Preliminary Advanced English, *Brave New World*’s radical extrapolation of Fordian consumerism informed a ‘predictive’ reading of Marx’s 1844 manuscripts. It made me speculate on the future implications of worker alienation; when an economy becomes mechanised and therefore less dependent on the proletariat to generate capital, does it resolve the question of estrangement? I concluded, with Huxley’s satirical take on unchangeable “bokanovskified” alienation, that “one man is estranged from the other, as each of them is from man’s essential nature”, would remain after full mechanisation. To me, this demonstrates the capability of Western epistemologies to stagnate progression even when operating under ‘utopian’ systems designed to advance it. I transferred this dilemma onto Mnemona. Additionally, I aimed to express how, in no longer being classified as ‘workers,’ the capacity to recognise this dilemma as the source of one’s discontent, “those ... who aren’t happy don’t know what to blame,” and escape from it, is diminished.

This unresolved existentialism was one of the things that attracted me to dystopian fiction through *The Road*.

This disconnect between what is felt and what can be expressed is a universal dilemma, featuring in one of the oldest pieces of writing, which I chose to 'reappropriate' as the basis of my plot: officials questioning a Sumerian farmer after she, for seemingly no reason, stopped working to beat a dog to death. After saying that she 'wished to die as the dog did,' the State sent her back to work instead of punishing her. Black Mirror's San Junipero physically reflects this disconnect using science fiction and augmented reality, and it inspired my metafictional form use to represent Mnemona's clashing, 'doublethink' worldviews. Her "jarring" viewing of daytime tv mirrors the "hyper-real" use of art in Renshaw's *Food For Thought* and Atwood's *Hag-Seed* to acknowledge the (Baudrillardian) illusions of reality.

This led to me exploring dysfunctional literary legal systems to interrogate ideals and thus realise purpose. *A Few Good Men*'s confrontational legal dialogue "If ... your orders are always followed, why would he be in danger?" made me shift to focus on Mnemona's trial rather than her sabotage, to deconstruct her motivations, "we can't understand why: ... you have no motive." This informed my mirroring of the teleplay form and the utopian genre's two-act preference; also incorporating the latter's sedimentation of action and inaction. My teleplay aimed to incorporate both the satirical absurdity of Camus' *The Outsider* and Kafka's *The Trial*, and the philosophical diatribe of Socrates' *The Apology*, (I directly referenced "men of Athens") to satirise extrapolated dogma that deem Mnemona "guilty."

My interest in labour-leisure dichotomies grew as I came to realise the potential for subversion of anti-utopian and dystopian imaginings, notably Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Lang's *Metropolis*, and Zamyatin's *We*. I subverted traditional depiction of a State using their mechanised apparatus to repress freedoms. The ironic tragedy in my piece became the 'moral' way the 'The Trust' genuinely tried to realise its 'utopian' vision in "[realising] the ideals and dreams of the Old System's states" to provide "true freedom." My deixis of 'utopian' visions of "lesser civilisations" such as "'England,' and 'the United States,'" to show their invalidity, was influenced by Moszkowski's *Island's of Wisdom*, in which transporting famous utopias to the present demonstrates their immoralities. The effectiveness of Eliot's intertextuality in drawing attention to his generic subversions, "Mistah Kurtz – he dead, A penny for the Old Guy," informed my choice to integrate *Metropolis* into my work, "where are the people, father, whose hands built your city?" Lang and Eliot's humanist focus amidst the upheavals of mechanisation informed a similar emphasis, removing early, superficial aspects like the atrocious "tactical automatons."

In condemning the invalidity of this labour-leisure dichotomy, what is the appropriate alternative framework from which to “autopsy” it, and to reconcile ethical disparities? This founded my inquiry into Eudaimonia. Its championing of virtuous action seemed appropriate to counteract current norms, and it informed me on the fundamental, etymological extent our modern conceptions of the optimal state of living are miscreated. Namely, its perspective that our rationalisation of the “good life” as ‘happiness’ is flawed. My initial research included brief consideration of Stoic perspectives. I used *Meditations* practical, everyman distilment of Eudaimonist ideas on virtue through action, “Set yourself to your present task ... self-content with ... action taken in heroic truthfulness ... and you will lead the good life,” as a model to develop my protagonist into a more “adamant” ethical advocate, a concern raised in feedback. I integrated this into my piece, “Waste no more time arguing what a good man should-” ‘Be the one-,” to express the unconscious ability for philosophies to assimilate into one’s reality. I primarily eulogised Platonic and Aristotelian Eudaimonia, who created the utopian genre to extrapolate and rationalise ideas from texts such as *Nicomachean Ethics* and *The Laws*. I also chose them due to their exclusion of pleasure when pursuing the “highest of all practical goods.” Thus, my adoption of Eudaimonia as an alternative to Western labour-leisure dichotomies forged an intrinsic connection between my major’s concept and genre.

I initially sought to create a radio-drama. However, the irrelevancy of this sub-form to contemporary audiences made it an inappropriate means to convey modern ‘utopian’ visions. Thus, I pivoted to television, whose current ‘golden age’ and quick production timeline facilitated fresh discussion of ideals. Bahrani’s fake news-focus in HBO’s *Fahrenheit 451* adaptation, exemplified the form’s agility adapting dystopia into current discourse; useful for my integration of Eudaimonia and thus realisation of my purpose. The use of film strengthened my representation of concept through form: my anti-utopia focused on the harms visual-based entertainment. Thus, this strengthened my use of form to represent concept. Additionally, I sought to reflect television’s cultural proliferation through my audience. Though known for collating unpublished screenplays each year, the Black List is an online forum that the screenwriter community uses to interact and share thousands of pieces of work for peer review. For my audience, I imagine that the Black List creates a teleplay section of their website in 2020 to accommodate the surge in demand, where I submit a pilot dedicated to telling utopian narratives.

Integrating magical realist elements enabled a more holistic conceptualisation of Eudaimonia. By using non-linear tools like flashbacks alongside conventional ones, I better represented Eudaimonia’s duality in reconciling expressible human drives with emotional, less measurable ones to synthesise a “virtuous” ethical model. Kafka’s use of magical realism in *The Trial* to represent life’s absurdity, and an anti-utopian

pedigree in *We*, gave me ‘abstract’ tools, which, as expressed in my notes at the time, heightened my realisation of the “absurdity, confusion and abnormality of the character’s situation.” It seemed hypocritical to try to represent society’s unconcrete disconnect from reality through logical means. I was inspired by *Fahrenheit 451*’s visual underlining of the internet’s intangibility in the short teleplay form to create recurring motifs. The “bloom of ... jellyfish” represents Mnemona’s cognitively dissonant awareness of the mindless non-sensicality of her labour-less society. In leading a leisure-based existence, one is governed by sensory instinct, the opposite of Eudaimonistic logic and reason, and willingly dehumanises themselves.

What tools do utopists employ to resolve concerns of the enlightening yet messy process by which ideas expand into different areas of discussion, and allude proper conceptualisation to construct damaging ideals? More’s neologism, “utopia,” used etymology to demonstrate the ability of futuristic perspectives to rationalise old concepts, “Over the centuries ... its meaning changed many times by ... different fields with ... conflicting aims.” I created a neologism, “Anthropergoism,” (and “Mnemona;” rememberer of [man], and “Agno;” the ignored) to concretise society’s romanticisation of leisure: radicalising beliefs through a futuristic perspective to exaggerate their invalidity. The Trust’s use of “anthropergo” to self-exceptionalise shows my use of the neologism to characterise them as arrogance, reflecting Westocentrism’s rejection of ideological criticism. It was also a satisfying way I unified labour-leisure philosophies spanning two and a half millennia.

To conclude, my major work aims to satirise our society’s glorification of leisure and condemnation of labour through their anti-utopian radicalisation. The process has been one of constant re-writing and editing to comprehensively counterprop Eudaimonistic ideals through Mnemona. I developed a relationship as much as possible between concept, form, character and plot to express concerns.

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APPENDIX

7.

INT. CINEMA THEATRE (CONT'D)

Sotaner WATCHES a film. A zoned-out, thousand yard STARE.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOTANER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Sotaner APPROACHES his apartment from the beginning of the hallway.

As his gaze meets where his front door is, he SEES FOUR (Government) tactical AUTOMATONS outside his apartment.

Sotaner FREEZES.

The automaton SMASH his door down with a battering ram, and RUN INSIDE.

Sotaner SLOWLY TURNS and WALKS away, GATHERING SPEED.

By the time he reaches the street, he's RUNNING.

EXT. STREET (CONT'D)

Sotaner turns down the street to RUN, but...

THREE more automaton are waiting for him.

He TURNS AROUND towards the street itself and AINS.

They PURSUE.

He runs onto the STREET and is suddenly HIT by a CAR.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. (SUBTERRANEAN) HOLDING ROOM

The room is a faceless grey box, save the ceiling which is clear plastic. LED lighting overhead ILLUMINATES...

Sotaner on a grey bed. Patched-up cuts and bruises cover his face.

He tries to SIT UP, but he WINCES from pain. Looking down he finds his leg BROKEN and in a brace.

TELEPLAY

PILOT OF 'UTOPIA' GENRIC ANTHOLOGY SERIES

UTOPIA TITLE SEQUENCE

BLACK.

SUPER: ANTHROPERGO
/ˈænθrəpə(ʊ)ˈɜːgəʊ/ n. Labour performed by a human.
Early 22nd century: based on the Greek anthrop 'human' + ergon
'labour/work;' 2. Ergo's secondary meaning, 'therefore' used to
relate to Old System in which labour was considered an inherent
component of life.
See also:
ANTHROPERG 'human labourer', ANTHROPERGOISM
a theory that labour is essential to humanity'

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: DAYTIME TV

A block of programming taking place during the late-morning and afternoon. Targeted towards non-workers and features soap operas, game shows and morning shows.

FADE IN

E./I. BRUTALISTIC APARTMENT – AFTER DUSK – 2120CE

Overcast. Some of the sun's light remains. Fifty storeys in the air, we see a complex of INDUSTRIAL, BRUTALISTIC APARTMENT BUILDINGS; sensibly spaced. These shards of glass and concrete stretch into the distance. We get closer to the WINDOW of one particular apartment, until we are INSIDE it...

The room is identifiable as a WESTERN LIVING ROOM, cold and artificial. The death of Self's 'Morality of Concrete.'

It has NO DEFICIT OR SURPLUS OF RESOURCE.

A pale, skinny woman sits in a single room, watching the opposite wall; the ONLY source of LIGHT. It functions like a television and we focus on the woman as she SCANS each CHANNEL. The changes in sound and light are bright, JARRING. They provoke no reaction: she sits EXPRESSIONLESS.

1. ADVERTISER (O.S)

-Come to a distribution centre this quarter to collect a new apparatus-

2. TRUST SPONSOR (O.S)

-Your care is our responsibility, and we take pride in our services. Please participate in The Trust's 2120 Survey to indicate how our automated workers can-

We hear meat sizzling.

3. COOKING SHOW (O.S.)

I'm using this month's new wagyu meat formula, but any-

We hear understated strings in a film score.

4. FREDER (METROPOLIS)(O.S)

-All of us in the city's light – where are the people, father, whose hands built your city?-

5. ADVERTISER #2 (O.S.)

(yelling hysterically)

-Last year's cleaning apparatuses must go! Declare your living inefficiencies to The Trust today receive your entitl-

6. STATE ADVERTISER (O.S)

-Full social infrastructure specifically catered to senior citizens. Experience the last chapter of your life on Moszkowski Isle in-

The pale woman SPEAKS.

WOMAN

(robotically)

Living light 70%.

SCREEN'S AUTOMATED VOICE:

Yes, Mnemona ("NEW-MONE-A").

Gradually, sterile lights come on. Mnemona stands up and EXITS the room.

INT. MNEMONA'S KITCHEN / FRONT ROOM (CONT'D)

There is no visible appliance except an inlet set into the wall at waist height. Music plays: the type used in phone apps for instant gratification.

MNEMONA

Relaxer.

The wall CLUNKS. A steaming cup is lowered into the inlet by a metallic arm. We see the EASE of this process. Mnemona picks it up and sips it. It BURNS her tongue and she DROPS it.

The music STOPS abruptly. A tiny vacuum ROBOT emerges from the lower cupboard to CLEAN it up. The music BEGINS again. Mnemona forgets the drink. Instead, she walks to the FRONT DOOR, and OPENS it. As she EXITS, we hear the screen CONTINUE in the background.

GAME SHOW HOST (O.S.)

... Who wants to win The Trust's travel package to the New Maldives ...?!

CUT TO:

EXT. WALKING BOULEVARD – NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: Thom Yorke's 'Dawn Chorus' or equiv.

The boulevard is sterile. Artificial TREES lining the street's centre emit soft LED light. The street has shard-like buildings lining the boulevard filled with people with their backs to the street, watching daytime tv. Nobody is MOVING or WORKING. FEW have DOORS set into their walls. Following Mnemona, we move down the boulevard as the concrete floor beneath her transitions into GLASS. We see a CUBIC SUBTERRANEAN CLUB with the signage 'PERPETUAL SHIMMER' under the street; its floor a SEA OF DANCERS.

MUSIC CUE: Muffled, alien music: equiv. Death Grips' '80808.'

The music fades as the club disappears into the background. A man's CRIES become audible.

HOMELESS MAN

... Work is necessary for fulfillment!

Fulfillment is necessary for happiness!

A HOMELESS MAN SITS on the pavement, his back against a tree. Next to him is a PILE OF BOOKS, one of which he WAVES as he CALLS OUT to the crowd. They ignore this, parting around him. The man reaches out and GRABS Mnemona's leg. She RECOILS.

MNEMONA

Get off!

The man LETS GO.

HOMELESS MAN

Work is necessary for fulfillment. Fulfillment
is necessary for happiness.

MNEMONA

(disgustingly)

And you feel fulfilled?

The homeless man looks her directly in the eyes.

HOMELESS MAN

A lot more than you.

Mnemona appears UNCOMFORTABLE, her initial confidence GONE.

MNEMONA

Why are you sitting here like this?

HOMELESS MAN

I can't rely on their machines. It'd be way worse.
And if I'm here I can help people like you.

MNEMONA

(gesturing around)

You're not helping anybody; can't you see?
They're all ignoring you.

The man grins, showing rotting teeth. He OFFERS Mnemona TWO BOOKS.

One cover reads 'The Republic,' the other, 'Nicomachean Ethics.'

MNEMONA

I don't want them. Thank you.

HOMELESS MAN

Then why did you stop?

MNEMONA

(dismissively)

Because you grabbed me.

HOMELESS MAN
(matter-of-fact)
Others just kick me and leave me be.

MNEMONA
Why wouldn't I just look these up on
my interface?

HOMELESS MAN
They're not there. 'Trust doesn't waste
resources uploading 'irrelevant' content.

The man OFFERS the books again. Mnemona SHAKES her head.

HOMELESS MAN
If you can find them somewhere else just
bring them back here.
(beat)
You won't.

He GRINS, and offers the books a THIRD TIME.
MnemonA TAKES them, reluctantly.

She WALKS AWAY from the man, who continues his PREACHING.

CUTTO:

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

MnemonA watches TV in the dark.

“-Ohgo Travel Insurance: our accountability is your happiness-”

“-Does not lie in amusement-”

“-And out the oven-”

“-Nothing beautiful without struggle-”

“-More, more, more!-”

“-men of Athens-”

“-I had no idea she was coming over-”

“-Top speed of 312 kilometres per-”

“Waste no more time arguing what a good man should-”

“Be the one-”

Mnemonia SWITCHES the screen OFF, and TURNS her head to the books on her WINDOW-SILL. She PICKS THEM UP and scans their covers.

MNEMONIA

Search ‘Nick-oh-mark-ee-an Ethics.’

SCREEN

No results.

MNEMONIA

Search ‘The Republic.’

SCREEN

No results.

MNEMONIA

(confused)

Check screen connection.

SCREEN

Screen connected. Band width 3-

MNEMONIA

-Search ‘Plato?’

SCREEN

No results.

Mnemonia looks at the screen for a while, then turns it OFF. She picks up Nicomachean Ethics and begins to READ.

SUPER:

TIMELAPSE of NOCTURNAL CITYSCAPE.

We look down on a busy street as people who, looking like ANTS in a colony, move in and out of shops; cinemas and clubs: the LIFE AND DEATH CYCLE of the city. Eventually it swallows the image of Mnemonia whole.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Mnemona has FINISHED reading, and holds the book in CONTEMPLATION.

A BLUE GLOW illuminates the dim room.

MUSIC CUE: Aphex Twin's 'Blue Calx' or equiv.

Floating, SWIMMING, outside her apartment, is a JELLYFISH ALONE IN THE DARK, tentacles drifting as if through water. It separates her from the city. She WATCHES it for a while, until it eventually drifts up out of view.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALKING BOULEVARD – NIGHT

The boulevard is nearly empty. Mnemona walks down the street to where she spoke with the man. He is no longer there. Mnemona STOPS.

Something in the sky catches Mnemona's eye. Above a plain, utilitarian box of a building, she sees the same JELLYFISH framed against the darkness, though GIANT in size. Mnemona is the ONLY ONE who notices it: other pedestrians meander aimlessly. As if drawn to it, Mnemona continues down the boulevard until she reaches the building. A sign out-front reads:

DISTRICT 34 ARTIFICIAL WORKFORCE APPARATUS MANUFACTORY.
FREEDOM FROM LABOUR.

Mnemona walks onto the property, up to the front door. Upon it is another sign:

RESTRICTED PEOPLES' PROPERTY. TRESPASSING PUNISHABLE.

It's UNLOCKED. From the perspective of the building's CCTV camera, we see Mnemona ENTER.

INT. AUTOMATON MANUFACTORY (CONT'D)

Light from outside dimly illuminates the cavernous manufactory, BUSY with production. A futuristic, overblown Fordian line. We see a dozen conveyor belts, displaying METALLIC ARMS at different stages of completion. Some are anatomical. Some more artificial.

Mnemona looks MINISCULE walking down the centre aisle. She approaches the end of the aisle, where there is a maintenance BOX. She tries to OPEN its front panel, but it is

locked electronically. She LOOKS around for a tool to help her. She takes an automaton arm from the conveyor belt identical to the one that made her relaxer, and uses its dull ending at the elbow to primitively BASH the corner of the box's face.

ONCE... TWICE...

On the THIRD hit the corner gives in. She uses it to WRENCH the front panel off. It takes time with her WEAK physique. She DROPS the arm. Inside are an assortment of switches and knobs. She pauses briefly reading their labels. Impulsively, she turns everything to ZERO. A button at the bottom of the panel glows in response to this.

“EXECUTE NEW SETTINGS?”

“ENTER.”

Deep RED lights ILLUMINATE the warehouse, penetrating every corner. The production line HALTS suddenly.

The warehouse is eerily QUIET now.

Mnemonia sees a FIRE-AXE hanging on the wall. That would've been handy a minute ago. She GRABS it. The way she holds the axe betrays her lack of experience with it.

Not knowing what to do, she takes it to random things. Panels, the conveyor belt...

She BURIES the axe bit in the side of a large VAT. Fluid begins to FLOW OUT onto the floor. BACKING AWAY before the fluid reaches her shoes, Mnemonia leaves the axe in the vat's side. She TURNS and RUNS back down the aisle of the warehouse where she came from. She EXITS the manufactory.

EXT. AUTOMATON MANUFACTORY / WALKING BOULEVARD (CONT'D)

SNOW falls gently. Mnemonia RUNS off the property and back onto the boulevard to join the stream of people.

She STOPS and catches her breath. Exhales. Smiles. She puts out her hand to catch some of the snow. It turns to water in her warm palm. Realising herself, she glances around; PARANOID. Very aware of how open the glass buildings are, and of the pedestrians. Nobody notices. Most blankly stare ahead. She walks for a short time down the boulevard, then suddenly, behind her ...

BOOM!

Fire and rubble explode out onto the street behind Mnemonia. Mnemonia looks back in

shock to see the manufactory ABLAZE. Above it, the sky is covered in a giant BLOOM of NEON JELLYFISH, thousands strong. Others pay little attention; unable to see the jellyfish and only looking up to briefly register the explosion.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MNEMONA'S APARTMENT – DAY

The screen is on as usual, but Mnemona isn't really watching it.

"... This program brought to you by Virtuo. Experience it all: maybe something light and healthy. Whatever it is, no effort: no worries!"

The TV switches over to its program. For the first time, we hear the soundscape of a natural environment. Leaves. Cicadas.

1. DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.)

The islanders lead very different lives:
living off the natural environment without
artificial aid...

Mnemona looks at the screen. We see footage of a lush RAINFOREST. Saturated GREENS, YELLOWS and BROWNS, in complete contrast to the city's grey concrete.

J-CUT TO FLASHBACK

INT. GREENHOUSE – DAY (CONT'D)

Young school-children follow a teacher into a CHAOTIC greenhouse. Bright light filters unevenly through dirty glass to illuminate a dozen long benches, not quite parallel. On each of them sit pots with tomato plants in them. Though each pot has a cage to direct growth, the tomatoes have long since outgrown them, spilling over into the aisles. Small piles of earth cover the floor.

SEVEN YEAR OLD CHILD

It smells funny here.

We focus on a child who we infer is a young Mnemona. She kneels down to look at one of the piles of earth. A little dung beetle is rolling a ball up what is a hill for it. Mnemona watches it reach the top, then pause, MOTIONLESS. It pushes the ball down the other side of the mound, only to retrieve it and begin pushing it back up again.

A sudden KNOCK on the door.

END FLASHBACK as Mnemona snaps out of the memory. She looks small in her grey apartment. She WALKS to the front door, and OPENS IT. An official in black is outside.

STRANGER

(concerned)

Good evening, Mnemona Wilson. I'm with
The Trust. I'm here to summon you to court.

MNEMONA

(poorly feigning ignorance)

...What am I under arrest for?

STRANGER

(nonchalant)

We understand that citizens are very
busy, and so our request need not take
unnecessary time away from your activities.
The judge has been called to preside over
your appointment.

MNEMONA

"The judge...?" A person?

STRANGER

Essential personnel are kept in labour
reserve for extreme cases.

Mnemona appears uncomfortable at "extreme."

STRANGER

(gesturing for her to come outside)

Please.

Mnemona steps outside. As she CLOSES the door we hear the TV continue.

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)

... And now for the news at four ...

CUTTO:

INT. COURTROOM

Instead of windows, light streams from thin strips lining the edges of each wall,

exaggerating the WESTERN courts unreal, BOX-LIKE structure. The judge sits behind a RAISED bench that arcs around a single seat, which Mnemona occupies. The gallery benches and jury box are covered in clear plastic sheets to protect them from dust. There are no others in the room.

We move in to the judge's GLASS INTERFACE attached to her desk at a 45° angle with multiple tabs open. Some display daytime television, sports updates, online gambling, YouTube and a tab for documents.

JUDGE

(patronisingly; inquisitive)

Ms. Wilson, are you aware of The Trust's 2114
Artificial Economy Plan?

The interface automatically LOGS a transcript of the judge's remarks in real time.

MNEMONA

(clarifying)

Our economic leap?

JUDGE

Yes. Are you are aware of the social impacts
it has had?

MNEMONA

What do you mean?

JUDGE

(interpreting this as a 'no')

There are a number of expansions to civil
rights through the diminishment of labour
responsibilities afforded to citizens as a
result of this Plan.

(beat)

Does this make sense to you?

Beat.

MNEMONA

Yes.

JUDGE

The way The Trust is able to protect people like
yourself, Ms. Wilson from labour, is through

operation of our districts' Artificial Workforce Apparatus Manufactories. Consequently, the building you affected happened to be one of those manufactories, Ms.

The judge waits for Mnemona to realise that she has made a mistake.

MNEMONA

Yes, it said that on the door.

JUDGE

(confused)

You knew it was a Trust Manufactory?

MNEMONA

Yes.

The judge consults her notes on her interface. She projects the CCTV footage of Mnemona entering the manufactory onto the INTERFACES.

JUDGE

Two nights ago on February seventh, you didn't mistake the building for somewhere else?

MNEMONA

No, of course not, I was insi-

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(interrupting)

-You deliberately caused District 34's manufactory to stop producing for ...

She checks her notes on the interface.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

... 4 hours and 39 minutes?

MNEMONA

(deflated)

I...Yes.

JUDGE

You deliberately tried to undermine The

Trust's ability to provide the civilian rights
it does?

Mnemonia

Yes.

A long silence. The judge is UTTERLY CONFUSED.

JUDGE

-Because if you had succeeded, The Trust
would have had a diminished capacity to
provide leisure and mobility to citizens.

(beat)

If people acted like you-

MNEMONA (CONT'D)

-We would have to work.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

They would need to work.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Yes.

MNEMONA

We need work.

JUDGE

(combative)

What an awful thing to say.

She pauses.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(educating)

Ms Wilson. History is a lesson whose
curriculum clearly teaches us that
anthropergo is completely undesirable.
Labour was the dictator's tool of
exploitation, and it continues to be so
overseas, legitimised by the need for it
because of technological primitivity.
Anthropergo breeds hierarchy, and
artificial hierarchies damage equality.

MNEMONA

(equally combative)

What about your power over me?

The judge's response is so natural that it sounds pre-prepared.

JUDGE

The ideas with which I judge you are not things of mine. I'm acting as an apparatus of the state: I have no power.

(beat)

There shouldn't be any need for me to say any of this: you've been educated. You were brought here to explain the circumstances of your mistake.

MNEMONA

I told you, I didn't make a mistake.

JUDGE

You've said that, but we can't understand why. We've searched your records: you have no motive.

As she speaks, she brings up personal-looking photos from each stage of Mnemona's life.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

There are no entitlement miscalculations. You haven't been subject to property malfunctions. There's no inequality.

MNEMONA

The Trust needs to create optimal conditions for a good life, not enforce them.

JUDGE

(serene)

Ms. Wilson, you must understand; Our condition is unparalleled by the lesser civilisations of human history.

MNEMONA

Leisure diminishes self-determination to engage in meaningful ... activities.

JUDGE

If freedom is to be championed, and leisure is the purest of freedoms, isn't this the final system? Why you would rather the half measures of a lesser one simply makes no sense. Even the Greeks -the civilisation who began the path we've completed- could see that. That much, at least, you must understand?

The judge doesn't wait for an answer; OPENING her interface.

MNEMONA

But ... What good is freedom without fulfillment? I've got nothing to do.

The judge isn't really paying attention.

JUDGE

You have everything to do. Fulfillment is ...

She is distracted by her interface. Somebody scored a goal on one of her tabs. She TAPS on it to see the replay on full-screen.

MnemonA looks straight up. The ceiling is gone; instead the walls disappear into a dark BLUE. High above, tightly clustered, is a BLOOM of regular-sized NEON BLUE jellyfish.

JUDGE

Sorry I was...

(beat)

Let's take a short recess; break this up a bit.

MNEMONA

No, I'm fine, thank you.

The judge is taken aback by this, but accepts it.

MNEMONA (CONT'D)

You were talking about fulfillment, but-

JUDGE (CONT'D)

-Fulfillment is to achieve the state of autonomy. Actually, 'choice' is probably easier to grasp, yes?

MNEMONA

(gritting teeth)

But without work we can't choose to do anything that has ... has meaning. There's no point treading a path whose end is the same as its beginning.

The judge gives her her full attention.

JUDGE

Meaning in what? In forced behaviours? In slavery to divided, inherently competitive and advantageous forces?

MNEMONA

But, I mean, what's the point of action without consequence? They might as well have not happened. Everything I ever do, everything I ever see, is to satisfy the moment and ends there. There's no greater reason in the ... context of happenings.

JUDGE

Happenings?

MNEMONA

Nothing's connected. It doesn't matter if I try a lot or a little. It gives nothing after the instant.

JUDGE

The Trust has freed everyone from repercussion. From the horrors of mistake and failure, and humiliation and inadequacy. Nothing you say is logical because you aren't aware of what it was like. In the Old System, people would try their whole lives and nothing would come of it. Is that truly what you would prefer?

MNEMONA

But I can never be exceptional or have worth because I don't have the freedom of fulfillment. I can't achieve anything.

JUDGE

Exceptionalism is oppression. Under the Old System, somebody always loses. You cannot guarantee worth equally that way. We have succeeded in giving true equality. That's something anthropergs never had, estranged from aspirations by duties. Even if you benefited from an anthropergoan system, it would come only through the exploitation of others.

She goes back to the interface, glancing up half-heartedly during Mnemona's response to feign attention.

MNEMONA

I'm not in favour of ... of any kind of inequality. But if all our experiences are the same throughout our life, then they have no value. They're just... nothing. I need a chance to contribute to something else.

JUDGE

Finding value in failure, exploitation, pain and slavery is ... an incredibly troubling viewpoint. I've been summoned by The Trust four times, and none have ever...

Beat.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(resolute)

... You just don't understand the reality of anthropergoan systems. The Government's role is to maximise living conditions. The Trust is the only one who has been able to do that; and you lack an appreciation for the significance of that.

MNEMONA

(Passionately)

There's value in working towards an occupational pursuit. There's value in-

JUDGE

-That's enough. There's little utility in trying to change the mind of an anthropergoist. Your sentencing hearing will be conducted shortly.

The judge EXITS.

CUT TO:

INT. GAOL CELL

Sterile LED lights line the edges of a comfortable, concrete room. No windows. An opaque sheet of GLASS connects the cell to the corridor. Mnemona is sitting near the glass, on the ground against the wall. It is the only spot on the floor not covered in a layer of DUST. Then, from the other side of the wall behind her head ...

HOMELESS MAN (O.S)

You know, they're actually right.

Mnemona recognises the voice. We don't see the homeless man: focused on Mnemona.

MNEMONA

What?

HOMELESS MAN (O.S)

(manic)

We're guilty. I was thinking to myself - I was thinking: Agno, you're guilty!

(sobering)

We're guilty of everything they say we are.

MNEMONA

I haven't done anything wrong.

AGNO (O.S.)

No, but you're guilty.

MNEMONA

(defensively)

You don't even know what I did.

AGNO (O.S.)

But you're here.

Beat.

AGNO (CONT'D)(O.S.)

That's all that matters. In the end. To them
you'll only ever be irrational.

MNEMONA

They didn't listen to you? What did you do?

AGNO (O.S.)

I tried to make a farm, which "constituted
masochistic mental instability."

Beat.

MNEMONA

(defeated)

She didn't even listen. The Judge.

AGNO (O.S.)

For what it's worth, I don't think they can. I
mean think about it from their perspective;
why would they? They have everything
they think they ever wanted.

MNEMONA

And then those of us who aren't happy
don't know who to blame.

AGNO (O.S.)

Yeah, I mean, look at them. All they've got,
what they no longer have to deal with: they
can't complain. Certainly not going to let
some crazy take everything away from them
on the off-chance it solves their problems.

Pause.

MNEMONA

I am guilty, then.

A pause. Then, a GLOW illuminates Mnemona's face slightly. Right next to her, is a
small JELLYFISH. She watches it for a while.

The silence is broken by the sound of BANGING in Agno's cell.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

Broken. Please get assistance. Broken. P-

The voice STOPS, and then the banging, too.

OTHER HUMAN VOICE (O.S.)

What's going on here?!

AGNO (O.S.)

The heater was too high.

OTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Alright. You can go.

We hear Agno's cell door OPEN, and Agno walk AWAY down the corridor.

MNEMONA

(yelling to Agno)

What happened to the farm?

We hear Agno STOP, then walk up to Mnemona's cell. Mnemona looks up to see him, though because of the glass he is just a faint, ghostly OUTLINE.

AGNO

Plants didn't take to the soil.

(beat)

Be seeing you.

Agno LEAVES. Mnemona sits in silence. Then, the man's outline comes into view.

MAN

Oh my god, the screen isn't on. And you've
been in here for hours: I'm so sorry! Here...

Daytime TV is projected onto the wall facing Mnemona.

MAN

Okay, it won't be long now. I'll be back soon.

He leaves. Mnemona SITS alone in thought. Then, she turns to watch the screen, and the concern vanishes from her face.

The glow of the jellyfish FADES.

It has GONE.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

There are SEVEN judges, though many pay Mnemona no attention; focused on their interfaces. The judge from before SPEAKS.

JUDGE #1

After my assessment, it was clear that due to her inability to understand she was unable to make rational judgements.

JUDGE #2

And irrationality cripples ability to understand.

Murmurs of agreement.

MNEMONA

I need to say that I-

JUDGE #1

-The defendant will recognise that their statement was recognised and recorded yesterday, and will not be required or permitted at this time.

MNEMONA

But-

JUDGE #3

(dismissively)

-Since the implementation of The Trust and its policy, human judiciary work has only been necessitated seven times. Therefore labelling this outlier as a viable reflection of democratic will is ... unjustified. Let the record reflect that this case fails to provide insights that would necessitate policy re-evaluation.

By this point, the trial is a formality.

JUDGE #4

Ms. Wilson, despite their ... irregularities, the panel is responsible for upholding your wishes. We convened this morning to come up with a solution that will allow you to work. While our rationality makes it impossible to ... understand you want this, you've been heard. However, we just needed to balance our solution with minimising the possibility of further damages, which would infringe upon others' agency. You'll be processed later this evening and shown to your station. May the record reflect this proceeding is now ended.

MNEMONA

Can I just say something?

JUDGE #1

There truly is nothing left to say.

The judges STAND UP and begin to LEAVE, some engaging in conversation with each other. None pay any attention to Mnemona.

MNEMONA

Work is necessary for fulfillment!

She's invisible.

JUDGE #4

(to Judge #1)

...Do you want to get lunch later...?

The judges EXIT. They CLOSE the door behind them.

To them, the room is empty.

CUT TO:

E./I. AUTOMATON MANUFACTORY - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: 'Everything In Its Right Place' by Radiohead.

ON THE BOULEVARD, the stream of people is the same as it ever was.

Nobody pays anybody any attention to the world; walking aimlessly, devices in-hand. The people in the buildings lining the street face away from the boulevard, watching daytime tv.

The manufactory's exterior is identical to before, aside from light soot marks above each window, which are being ERASED by robots with CHEMICALS and PRESSURE STEAMERS.

INSIDE, despite the darkness, The Trust's manufactory is in full operation. The belts move along, artificial rivers perfectly in sync. Maintenance arms spaced neatly along each belt reach over them to assemble and check the automaton arms.

They attach arms to forearms to hands to fingers, and run logistical checks on motor functions all the while.

In the middle of them, Mnemona sits in a cubicle big enough to reach to do logistic checks but too small to get out of: trapped.

Her face is expressionless, and she works considerably slower than the rest of the machines; an OUTDATED MODEL. There is a new vat, a new panel, and a new belt.

Seemingly, her sabotage has meant NOTHING.

Right outside the windows, along one wall, we can see the JELLYFISH's giant tentacles hanging down like a spread-out curtain, casting a blue glow on the LONE WORKER.

OUTSIDE, pedestrians continue to PASS BY.

Then, a man PAUSES in front of the manufactory.

Looking up, he SEES the JELLYFISH.

CUT TO BLACK.

MUSIC 1

Henry Willis

Performance – Alto Saxophone

(Encore¹ nomination 2019)

Georgia – Hoagy Carmichael and Stewart Gorrell 1930

Vierd Blues – Miles Davis 1956

Dat Dere – Bobby Timmins 1960

Chips and Salsa – Gerald Albright 1995

REFLECTION STATEMENT

Over the past 12 months, I have perfected four intricate saxophone pieces that were performed for my HSC Music 1 performance. The four pieces were hand-picked by myself and my tutor, Tony Wheeler, in an attempt to achieve a wide array of sounds whilst demonstrating my saxophone capabilities. The genres of music played included Jazz and Latin, with influences of such music derived from Charlie Parker and John Coltrane.

Over the year I had the time to perfect certain aspects of my playing that helped enable me to compete for top marks. These techniques included vibrato – the subtle bending of a note in order to add expression – and other techniques including scoops, turns, crescendos and decrescendos. These musical embellishments further enhanced my playing and in turn my ability to achieve further credit in the eyes of the marker.

The pieces I learnt were undoubtedly the most challenging saxophone arrangements I had encountered, therefore much practice and dedication had to be made in order to achieve a level of satisfaction. This meant late nights and early mornings in the Woods, along with a number of rehearsals with the band in order to ensure smooth operations. However, over the course of the year, practice never became laborious and developed into an escape from the hours spent within the margins of the classroom. Developing my own style and expression allowed for creative freedom which was endorsed by Mr Bellemore and the extended music department.

¹ Encore is a program of outstanding performances and compositions by students in the HSC Music examinations.







VISUAL ARTS

Nikolaus Albin

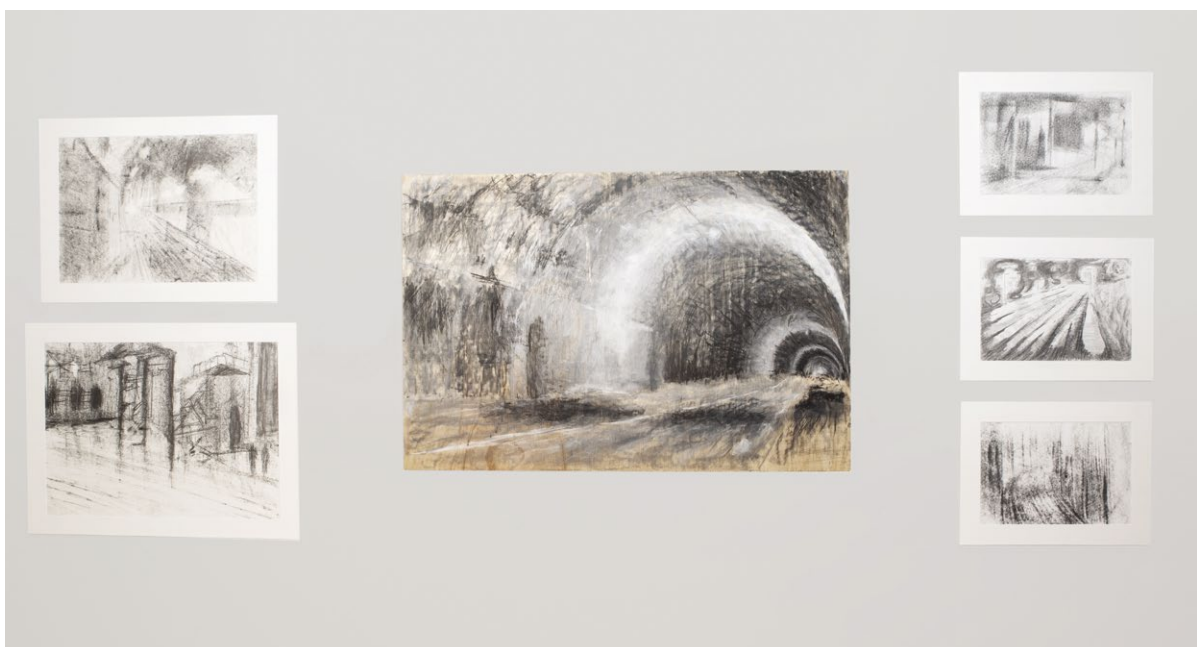
“Imminent Temples”

REFLECTION STATEMENT

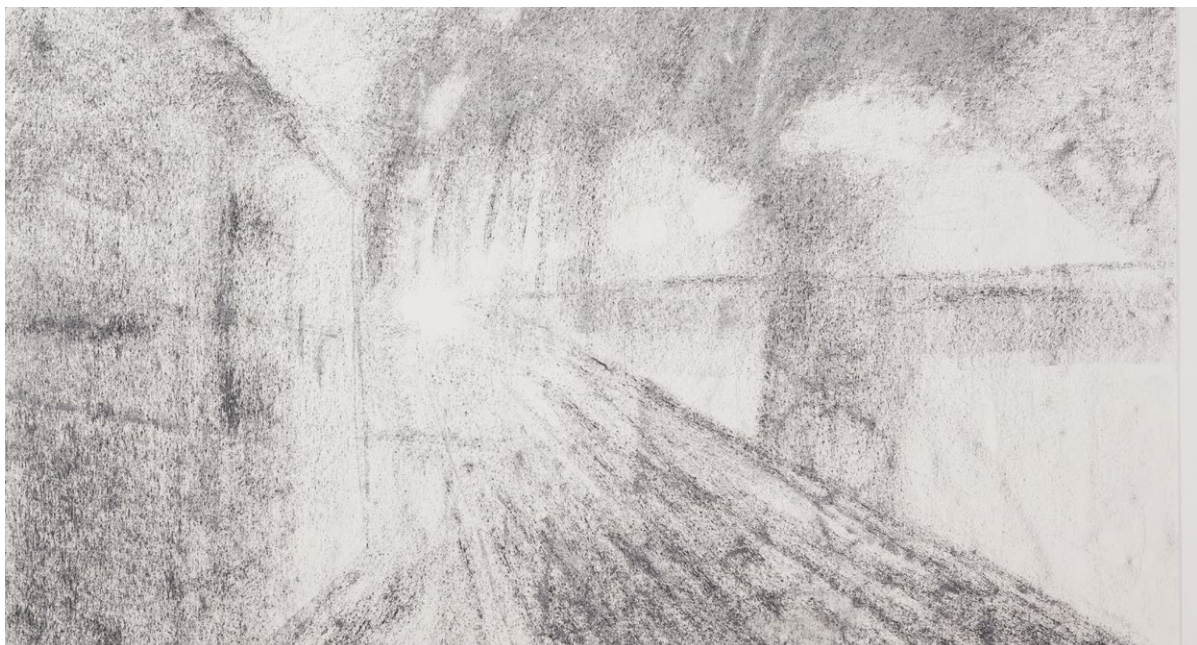
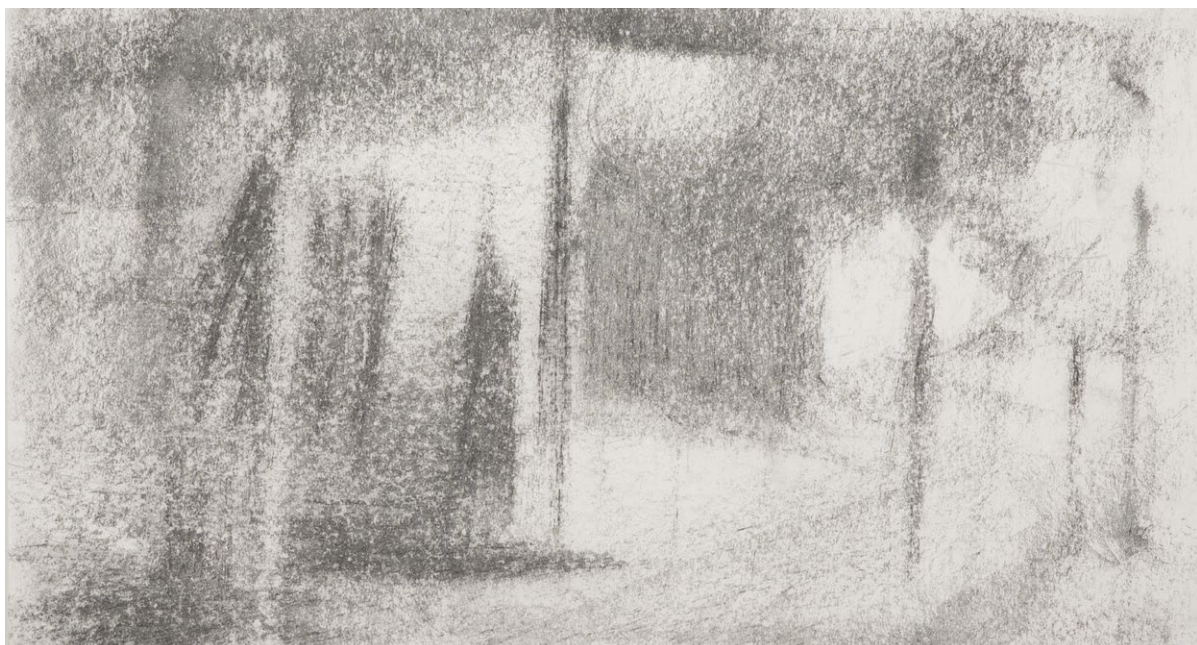
Irregularly shaped areas of scratchy line define sites within what appears to be glimpses of industrial landscapes that have been lost to time. This work plays with the significance of meanings and non-meanings as some forms have been overworked with frenetic tangles of line to ensure recognition by audiences, whilst others have been deliberately left, remaining submerged in obscurity. Smudged marks hint at the possible existence of deteriorating, abandoned architectural structures from a previous age.

An intricately netted haze of linework and marks suggest that the artist has intentionally rejected the lure of illusionism. Instead audiences are offered visual qualities that only slightly suggest the possible existence of these deserted sites.

Drawings present compositions that are angular, cut off, half formed. Messy linework consumes most of the page. Images only slightly resemble particular aspects of the physical world and are hard to recognise. Such representational devices have been deliberately used to hinder audiences' immediate understandings of the features and contexts that are presented. Consequently, instances of misrepresentation and obscurity are strongly positioned throughout these drawings, and the correlation between the properties of the represented subjects and real-life contexts, remains tentative.



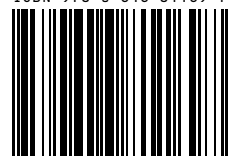






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