VII CONCLUSION

The Preface to the Second Edition of *The Cave and the Spring* has Hope's explanation that the essays 'are written much as poems are written, to show forth and to illuminate an idea rather than to argue and demonstrate a truth.' Notable aspects of the body of the poetry to the mid-1980s are the persistence with which themes are reworked and the restlessness of their reworking. The Preface to *The Cave and the Spring* confirms the conclusion that Hope's poetry is a personal dialectic, in which he relentlessly reappraises those issues he identifies as fundamental in the human experience. He reaches few hard-and-fast conclusions because the central concern which which the poetry deals is the human state in its relation to the metaphysical, to the believed but unknowable in time. Rather than showing a poetic working towards conclusions, the body of the poetry shows that Hope began writing with a set of convictions and that the poetry treats the ramifications of those convictions, as they are enlarged by Hope's submission of experience to a perception of the metaphysical. It is this which has led Hope so often to startle his readers by treating taboo subjects in poetry.

The juvenilia introduces the concerns of temporality and eternity, heroic endeavour and physical passion, which are amplified in the mature poetry. It shows that influences encountered by the poet in maturity impinged on a body of ideas which was in place by the time Hope was grown up. The spiritualising nature of the poet's task, and the difficulty of bringing a spiritual influence to bear on the minds of ordinary human beings, are among Hope's most insistent themes. His long and careful preparation to become a poet reflects the keenness of his youthful appreciation of the significance of his accepted role. The poetic maturity
which Hope achieves from the time of his marriage stems mainly from the emotional force of the confusion of his responses to sexuality. Other immediately close contributions are made by his intellectual encounters with the poetry of Brennan, Anderson's form of empiricism and McAuley as poet. His early apprehension of the need for heroism and the difficulties of heroic endeavour becomes sharply focussed from the end of the 1930s, as a terrifying awareness of the strength of the competing passions within self catches his imagination.

In the poetry of *The Wandering Islands* period, the amplification of Hope's early concerns is most noticeable in the plethora of sexual themes, which includes the Fall, the nature of woman and the complexity of male being. The poetry of the early mature period establishes the pattern of the development of Hope's thematic concerns, as the implications of his initial convictions begin to proliferate. Poetry published later than *The Wandering Islands* documents refinements and extensions of his early mature period perceptions; there is no *stasis* in treatment of preoccupations. The one issue on which his thinking snags is Max Harris as a literary figure, an issue which is only partly connected with Hope's literary concerns. Hope has identified 'sleazy' literature with Harris but the Hope-Harris 'comic hatchet' has more than a literary edge; it indicates human vulnerability to purely personal emotion. Hope's "Visitant" is a disarming statement from 'Habbakuk' Hope that the human experience has a claim on him in its own right. It takes to a peak of expression the poet's conception of himself as a poet-observer who has a mandate to see the whole human state steadily and clearly but, at the same time, it allows that the observer is also a participant in the human state. Hope's poetry pivots on this double axis, of the poet who is the elect of the gods and also the son of fallen Adam. The poetry arises from
the tensions between the man and the poet.

The human mind and its capacity to respond to intimations of a spiritual state beyond the here and now, and the abstraction of thought which language permits, are Hope's rationale for being a poet. Comment has often been made on his Presbyterian upbringing but the bearing on his poetry of his training in psychology has been overlooked. Both aspects of Hope's intellectual conditioning are evident in the poetry. Oppositions between Old Testament certainties and Modernist reappraisals of established standards for man's use of his human state contribute to the clashes of ideas which characterise Hope's poetry.

An unanticipated conclusion to emerge from this study is that Hope has been strongly drawn to ideas which are the basis of Surrealist theories of art. It should not be a surprising conclusion, given Hope's early and sustained sense of a mystical dimension to human experience. His drive to reach beyond the physical plane of existence accords with the term surreal, or superreal; and it accords with his understanding that mind is man's means of extending experience beyond the sensory. His studies in psychology, philosophy, language and literature are investigations into the workings and products of the mind, which is appropriate, for Hope's passionate interest is in the possibilities that mind allows to man. Some early mature period resistance to implications of psychology is countered by Hope's employment of introspection. The contribution of dreams to the supply of material for poetry is given increasing recognition in Hope's middle and later periods. Adverse comments directed at Surrealist writing become catch-cries which have no meaning specific to the source of material or the content of Surrealist art; they relate to the absence of traditional form from the work of some poets and what Hope sees as a consequent removal of the element of poetry from their work.
Hope's most impressive poetry to date is written later than the works in The Wandering Islands, during the years after he rationally resolved his earlier difficulties in reconciling daemonic promptings and physical drives. During his middle period, the poet's attention is directed to understanding of the human experience in the context of an ordered universe and he creates poetry in which he explores the possibilities of consciousness and the extension of consciousness through poetic vision. The raw passion which marks much of the earlier poetry is replaced by controlled energy. The poetry is at times marked by an exhilaration derived from apprehension of the scope of the temporal adventure.

When the post-1970 poetry is considered in relation to Hope's earlier poetry, some marked changes in achieved attitudes are seen. The most striking change of attitude is towards rationality. As the poet's concern with the mystical is directed to specific instances of man's use of his mind, rather than, as it is in the middle period, to the vision of universal order, confusions and contradictions in the theme of rationality appear in the poetry and some prose items. Hope does not yield his conviction that man's mind is his means to spiritual growth but he accords to the collective unconscious a mystical importance and questions rationality. A conclusion may be drawn that, in view of the probabilities of mankind's self-destruction because of intellectual hubris, Hope sees that consciousness, by itself, is inadequate to man's needs and that the full resources of the human mind must be exploited. Such a conclusion admits both Hope's later period stances to rationality, though none of the relevant poems or prose items specifies the point about the full resources of the mind. It must, at least at present, remain a tentative conclusion. The poet's attitudes to will and pride, which, in relation to poets, enter the early mature poetry, are reversed in the later poetry,
but there the application is to scientists, who, in using their limited rational capabilities, demonstrate their incapacity for a poetic reception of the mystical in the universe. A great tension lies behind Hope's developments of the themes of sexuality, will and pride; and, in his later period, the poetry indicates that the source of this tension is a disparity between expectations about the capacity of the human mind and the factual and historical evidence of its limitations. Physical and spiritual passions are not subject to intellectually derived will and pride; and intellect appears to be inimical to spirituality.

In the later period, there is a descent to the demotic in the language of some of the published poetry and, in some poems, a flippant treatment of persistent themes. A larrikin element comes to the surface in, for example, "Three Songs for Monaro Pubs" and "Transplant Songs", which identifies Hope as a Currency Lad, so that the label of Australian Poet for Hope assumes an unusual validity. These observations argue that the older Hope has become less consistent in applying to his poetry-making the view of the poet as the agent of the spiritual transformation of the world. The conclusion to be drawn is that Hope's engagement with the question of redemption has entered the closely personal province of the man, who has, to a considerable extent, withdrawn from the poet.

Certain as Hope is in his ideas concerning the poet's high purpose, his concept of the poet has undergone revision and the poetry reflects his various, and sometimes cumulative, perceptions of the poet as the

1. e.g. "The Transit of Venus," in The Age of Reason, p.70; "Memoire D'Outre Tombe".
2. e.g. "Intimations of Mortality".
elect of the gods, Homeric hero, Nietzschean aristocrat, watcher and humanist. A conviction that the poet is outside ordinary humanity is unshaken by the fact that the poet is also a man but "Exercise on a Sphere", especially stanza nine, suggests that the older Hope has come to understand that, while the poet within the poet can offer advice, the man is the self who has to grapple with the problems of his human being and effect his own redemption.

Some revisions in the later period poetry have the quality of being exercises in the setting in order of Hope's poetic house. One such area of revision is in his ideas about woman, which apply to woman's status, not to her nature. Hope continues to see, as he has since the 1940s, that woman's nature is Eve's nature. The early mature divided sense of place re-emerges, with singular emphasis, in the later period "The Drifting Continent" poems, which seem to be intended as poems of reconciliation with his birth-place; "Botany Bay", however, casts doubt on the worth of exile in Australia, for existence here is given as offering no more than a vindication of the rights of woman. Even so, Hope's poetry derives in some degree from his Australian identity, in ways which are neither obvious nor surprising. The shortcomings of Australia as place - which Hope's poetry identifies as crudity, exile from civilisation, poverty of spirit - have been goads to his creativity.

The later period concessions to the poetic achievements of some practitioners of free verse and possibly, but unlikely, Hope's return in some poems to use of freer rhythms, have the appearance of an olive branch held in the direction of Modernism. However, together with the Symbolist poems, "Adam Ben Googol" and "Nu Nubile", and Hope's late advocacy of the validity of the subconscious and the collective unconscious, the concessions to free verse indicate an acknowledgement by Hope of that attraction to
Modernism which is indicated in The Structure of Verse and Prose, and by some of the poetry of the 1940s, but which has been denied.

Hope has written approvingly of the eighteenth century poets who had 'on the whole a common and public style and a public language'. The style and usually the language of Hope's poetry are public but his poetry is essentially personal. Universality of themes is a public quality but that is reduced by the particularity of treatment of themes. The later period verse begins to lack the passion of engagement with themes evident in the poetry written until the mid-1970s. Hope, the intellectual man, is less and less present in the poetry, perhaps withdrawn into private spiritual contemplation.

APPENDIX I

1907  b. July, Cooma, N.S.W.  Father Rev. P. Hope, Presbyterian minister; mother had been a teacher.

ca 1911  Hope family moved to Campbelltown, Tasmania.  Hope educated mainly at home.

1919-21  Attended Leslie House School, Hobart, as a boarder.

ca 1922  Hope family returned to N.S.W.

1922-23  Hope boarded privately in Bathurst, attended Bathurst High School.

1923  Edited The Burr, Bathurst High School magazine.

1924  Attended Fort Street Boys' High School, Sydney.

1925  Began undergraduate study, University of Sydney, taking Latin I, English I, History I, Philosophy I.  Gained H.D. in English and shared Josiah Simon Scholarship for English Language.

1926  Studied English II, Philosophy II (Ancient), Psychology II, History II.  Gained H.D. in English and Philosophy.  Awarded Thomas Henry Coulson Scholarship for English II, G.S. Caird Scholarship for Philosophy II.  Associate Editor, Arts Journal (Arts Society, Univ. of Sydney), 9, 1, Trinity and 9, 2, Michaelmas.

1927  Studied English III, Philosophy III (Modern).  Gained H.D. in Philosophy.  December: Awarded University Medal for English (aequal), University Medal for Philosophy, James Coutts Scholarship for English (aeq.).  Sub-editor, Arts Journal, 10, 1, Trinity and 10, 2, Michaelmas.
1928 March: Awarded Class I Honours, English and Philosophy, at his Degree Examination.
Employed by the Sydney University Appeal conducted by Professor E. R. Holme. Attended Spanish classes organised by University of Sydney Adult Education Department and Italian classes at the Conservatorium of Music. Began plans for post-graduate theses; plans abandoned on receipt of James King Scholarship.
Awarded the Orient Line first class return passage to England and The James King of Irrawang Scholarship, £250 for two years.
October: joined University College, Oxford.

1929 Undertook Old and Middle English Studies at University of Oxford.

1930 Completed B.A. in English Language and Literature at University of Oxford. Spent some time with parents at Lithgow, N.S.W.
For the greater part of 1930, camped on the coast, learnt Russian, worked on reconstructing Marlowe's Doctor Faustus.

1931 Resident tutor in English and Philosophy, St Paul's College, University of Sydney.

1932 Appointed by N.S.W. Department of Education as teacher at Belmore Central School (May) and Newcastle High (September).

1933 Transferred to Vocational Guidance Bureau, Sydney, to assist the Psychological Assistant.

1934-5 Vocational psychologist with Department of Labour and Industry.

1936 Taught at Petersham, Parramatta and Katoomba Intermediate Schools.

1937 Taught at Telopea Park Intermediate School.
1938 Taught briefly at Canberra High School.  
Appointed Lecturer in English and Education, Sydney Teachers' College.  
Married Penelope Robinson.  
The Structure of Verse and Prose published, Sydney.  

ca 1941 Began publishing literary reviews in organs with wider audiences than University papers. Began radio broadcasts.  

1942 First letter in Meanjin Archive. Hope to Clem Christesen, is dated 18 January 1942. Correspondence in Archive continued to 1974.  

1944 Privy to Ern Malley hoax.  

1945 Appointed Senior Lecturer in English, University of Melbourne.  

1950 Wrote 'Dunciad Minimus'.  

1951 Appointed Professor of English Language and Literature, Canberra University College of the University of Melbourne. From 1961 the College was amalgamated with the Australian National University as the School of General Studies.  

1952 Delivered Inaugural Lecture, "The Study of English".  

1955 The Wandering Islands published, Sydney.  
Received the Grace Leven Prize for Poetry.  
James McAuley's CLF lectures on Hope's poetry followed by protests in Brisbane press.  

1957 Foundation Member of Australian Humanities Research Council.  
Began fifteen months of visiting universities in Canada, Great Britain and the United States. Visited Europe.  

1958 Sabbatical leave at Cambridge.

Poems published, London.


Professor of English in the School of General Studies,
Australian National University (1961-68).

First Dean of the Faculty of Arts, A.N.U.


A. D. Hope, poems selected by Douglas Stewart, published,
Sydney.

Dunciad Minimus published privately, Canberra.

1964  Became President (1964-7) of Australian Association for the
Teaching of English.

1965  The Cave and the Spring: Essays on Poetry published in Adelaide,
San Francisco and Chicago.

Received Britannica Australia Award for Literature and Arts
Council of Great Britain Award for Poetry.


Received Volkswagen Award and the Australian Arts Award.


1967  Received Sidney Myer Charity Trust Award for Australian
Literature and R.A. Crouch Memorial Gold Medal.

Resigned from Chair of English at A.N.U.

Gave poetry readings at Lincoln Center Festival, New York.

Appointed Patron of the Australian Association for the
Teaching of English.

1968  Received Levinson Prize for poetry (Chicago).

Became Professor Emeritus, A.N.U.

Participated in "Arts Vietnam".
1969  Received Ingram Merrill Award for literature (New York) and Levinson Prize for Poetry (Chicago).
Appointed Library Fellow, A.N.U.

Dunciad Minor: An Heroick Poem published, Melbourne.
Lecturer at Sweet Briar College, U.S.A.

1971  Visiting Professor at Keele and other Universities.

1972  Awarded OBE.
Foundation Fellow of the Australian Academy of the Humanities.
Became member of C.L.F. Advisory Board.
Awarded honorary Doctorate of Letters by Australian National University. Delivered The Occasional Address at the Australian National University Graduation ceremony.
A. D. Hope Reads from His Own Work recording released, Queensland University Press.
Presented "Guest of Honour" address, ABC radio, Christmas Eve.

The Damnation of Byron published in a limited, illustrated edition, Ontario.
Member of Literature Board of Australian Council for the Arts (1973-74).
Awarded Honorary Doctorate of Letters by University of New England. Delivered The Occasional Address at the University of New England Graduation ceremony.
Visiting Lecturer, A.N.U.
The Cave and the Spring, 2nd ed., published, Sydney.
A. D. Hope Building at A.N.U. opened.

1975 A Late Picking published, Sydney; two editions, one a rare books edition of 60 copies.
Judith Wright published, Melbourne.
Participated in Monash Visiting Writers programme, Monash University.

Delivered Graduation address, Monash University.
Awarded Honorary Doctorate of Letters, University of Melbourne.
Received The Age Book of the Year Award and Robert Frost Award.
Siren and Satyr, The Personal Philosophy of Norman Lindsay, Introduction by Hope, published, South Melbourne.

Visited Indian Universities as guest of the Indian Council of Cultural Relations.

The Pack of Autolycus published, Canberra.

The Drifting Continent privately published, Canberra.

1982  The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus by Christopher Marlowe Purged and Amended by A. D. Hope published, Canberra.

1984  Directions in Australian Poetry (lectures) published, Townsville. Opened Writers' Week at Adelaide Festival in March.

1985  The Age of Reason published, Carlton (Melbourne).

1986  A. D. Hope: Selected Poems, selected by Ruth Morse, published, Manchester.

1987  Celebrated eightieth birthday.
APPENDIX II

From *Ludus et Ludi*, Leslie House School Quarterly Magazine:


From *The Burr*, The Magazine of Bathurst High School:

"Echo", November 1922, pp.15-7.

"Ode to the Sea", November 1922, p.18.

"Third Year's Ode to the West Wind", November 1922, p.26.


Editorial, November 1923, p.5.


"The Last Sonnet", November 1923, p.10.

"Carmen XXVII", November 1923, p.22.

From *The Fortian*, Magazine of Fort Street Boys' High School:

"Impressions of a New Boy at Fort Street", June 1924, p.32.
BUTCHED, 1 TO MAKE A ROMAN HOLIDAY

By Va.

The streets of the noble City of Rome, "The Mistress of the World," were gaily decked with flowers and banners, and thronged with hundreds of expectant people. For to-day their great General was returning triumphant from the wars in Spain. Suddenly the spears of the Roman legions appeared, led by a proud stately figure in full armour, who rode in the great triumphal car, drawn by beautiful white horses. This procession passed on towards the Forum amid the deafening acclamation of the populace.

Next day the Emperor decided to celebrate the return of his victorious army, by a great gladiatorial display in the magnificent amphitheatre, or Colosseum in Rome. This Colosseum would hold eighty-seven thousand spectators, and now over two-thirds of that number were gathered within the mighty oval of its walls. First, there was the usual show of wild and trained beasts; then all the different games the Romans loved; lastly, clad in complete armour, and armed only with short swords, two gladiators stepped into the arena. These were noble prisoners of war doomed to fight to the death to amuse their captors. "Hail Caesar! We who are about to die, salute thee!" burst simultaneously from their lips; and then the fight began. Back and forth on the sand of the arena they fenced; ever watchful for the unwary movement that should give opportunity for the fatal thrust.

Suddenly one of the combatants aimed a blow at the other. He warded it off; but so great was the impetus that he fell backwards. His opponent sprang forward to deliver the fatal blow, and he fell mortally wounded in the side. The blood poured from the deadly gash; his senses reeled,

1. The original of this copy has two minor typesetting errors, "Butchered, to Make a Roman Holiday", as the title, and "The Mistress of the World."
and though he heard the tremendous applause that greeted the victor, he took no heed; visions of his home, his family, and his tribesmen, far away in distant Iberia, flashed across his mind. And, then, with a glance full of proud, bitter, defiance at the merciless crowds, who lined the tiers and tiers of seats around the arena, he expired, "Butchered, to make a Roman holiday."

A.D.H.
"ECHO"

The Grecian mythology was wonderfully rich in the number and splendour of its gods and goddesses, who feasted and loved on high Olympus; and more especially in the galaxy of its lesser deities and fantastic creatures of a primitive imagination. For there were the dryads and the fauns, weird satyrs and tritons; there were strange, horrible monsters and graceful nymphs. Mighty and wonderful giants looked down on crane-beset pigmies. A riot of chastic incongruity, strength and lissome beauty, in contrast to supreme unloveliness.

Earth, and the Heavens, and the depths of the Sea, were peopled by this poet race, with fairy-forms and incarnated power. The unknown was clothed in living flesh and given a mind; the common forces of Nature were etherealised; and because he feared his deities, man pictured them terrible; no less than wonderful, and oftimes lovely.

Among all the legends that made up the simple religion of the early Greeks, there is none more beautiful than that of the Unfortunate Echo. The nymph whose innocent, but too incessant, prattle, earned her such disfavour that she was banished and doomed to be for ever more dumb. Then arrived at her sylvan hermitage the young and beautiful huntsman, Narcissus, who was nigh falling in love with this mute apparition, who fed him, and was only able to repeat his last few words when he spoke. Believing, very naturally, that she was mocking him, he left her; and one day, seeing his own fair form reflected in a still woodland pool, he fell in love with the supposed water nymph, and pined away, languished, died. When the faithful and loving Echo arrived, she found only his dead body, which the Gods were pleased to transform into a flower; but the fair creature, sighing by the corpse, faded away till nothing of her pensive loveliness remained, save the clear, passionless voice.
"And so," said the Greeks, "this voice haunts the woods and the streams for evermore, and mourns for the lost Narcissus, and only by repeating the words of others can it give utterance to its great sorrow."

Deep hidden away in the secret lonely places of the hills are quiet caves, where dwell the last earthly remains of the nymph. For her haunts are sacred to the Goddess of Silence, and she herself is high priestess in the vastness of the temple of Solitude. Loneliness is her only companion, Silence her tutor, and Unhappy Memory her sole claim to existence.

To-day many of the Gods have passed into history, are but mere names, in spite of their vaunted immortality. Already, great Jove lies vanquished by the giant Science; and a new Prometheus has stolen the sacred fire of his thunderbolt, and given it to man for a servant and a plaything. Apollo has been hurled headlong from his blazing chariot by Curiosity, the vain creature of man, doing his bidding, leading him into forbidden realm. And now the erstwhile lord of day has no better occupation than to patronise musical societies, and lovers' poems, by giving them free use of his name. Swift Mercurius has fled, and Steam and Electricity have usurped his sway; while the god of present-day thieves does not exist. Ceres is in her death-throes, struggling with her sickle against the harvester and the ten-furrow motor plough. Neptune is the butt of a nautical jest, nothing more; while the floating cloud-palace of Aeolus, gorgeous as ever, is deserted, uninhabited, void.

Venus and Mars alone live on the flourish, defying change and time alike.

And, despite this tremendous downfall of the Olympians, our shy nymph, Echo, dwells undisturbed among us, clinging with strange persistency to her familiar haunts, making her daily sacrifice at the altar of the
twin deities of Silence and Sorrow, and still bewailing the lost love of
two thousand years agone. Yet the voice that answers yours among the
hills with melancholy and half-mocking cadence, trembles with the tears
of yesterday!

All the great minds, and all the true hearts of all the centuries,
at some time or another, have sought out her hiding-places, have communed
with her in a language that needs no interpretation, have learned to love
her. Holding converse with her, they have learned to know their own
strength, and their own weakness, and to gauge the true value of all things.
In her company they become imbued with the illimitable spirit of the
mountain-sides, and of the deep, wide, blue of the skies. She expands
their minds and opens their ears to the solemn music of the wilderness;
she attunes their souls to the solemn harmony of the universe, of the
infinite.

The poets flock to her solitudes; for she is the impersonation of that
Unseen mystery of the beautiful, which they all seek. They return from her
presence knowing the supreme wonder of their own souls, clothed in the
garment of a larger wisdom; and men see their eyes that they shine with
the spirit of a little child.

Wherever men come, they cut down her groves, dig into her mountains,
and build their smoking, dingy cities. They frighten the nymph, and she
would fain flee far away. But a mysterious power holds this hermit of
love to linger round her violated sanctuaries. By day she hides in the
recesses of the forest, and men, forgetting her very existence, insult
her with the rude speech, and, mean hearts, they carry into her sacred
retreats. Nevertheless, she is in league with the darkness, and back she
steals at dead of night, and paces to and fro in the half-empty streets,
where the wind lends a voice to her lamentation. She it is who catches
lonely footfalls and stray night-sounds, and repeats them till they resound and ring along the deserted pavements between the sleeping buildings, and then grow faint, fainter yet, and die away. With the day back she flies again, far back to the woods, the silent hills, the eagles, the still skies, and the loneliness.

And man toils, and dreams, and forgets! And after a time departs, and is himself forgotten. His cities become desolate and ruinous, his palaces fall into rubbish-heaps, and the briar thickets cover them from sight. The last hollow steps of their inhabitants die away, and the birds and the rabbits, and the wild dog, come furtively and find her pacing the deserted hills, and hear her moaning, gently, quietly, intensely.

These old grey ruins are her most sacred shrines. None may touch her there, none disturb or drive her away. They are hers for ever and ever more. If you would find her there, go in the stillness of the evening - and listen. She is there, and still brooding over the deathly silence. There you will find her, the spirit of poetry, of memory, of immutability, of Echo.

A. HOPE,

Third Year.
ODE TO THE SEA

Threshing floor of the skies!
Hail of the winds!
Blue in thy bosom lies
Deep in thy granaries.
What man ne'er finds
Soaked in thy changeful dyes
Shaped by thy winds,
Lit by the constant flame,
Pure, white and old,
Bathed in the very same
Foam whence Pelagia came,
Wonderful, old,
As years the stars cannot name
Ages untold.
Gliding from curling wave,
Spray's effervescence,
Down to cool, silent grave,
Curving and sightless save,
Dim phosphorescence.
Where deep, dark sea-fish have
Blind unfelt presence,
Wave-worn and seaweed-grown
As thy rocks. For see,
Kissing and lapping the stone,
Musical liquid moan,
Make they with thee
Part of thee; all of thine own,
Such would I be.

A.D.H.
THIRD YEAR'S ODE TO THE WEST WIND
(and any other wind).

(Apologies to Shelley.)

Oh, wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn being,
Thou from whose unseen presence in the shed
Our mouths and eyes are full of dust, and seeing
Is quite impossible when we are led
Along the devious ways of maths. Oh thou
Who mak'st us often wish that we were dead!
Chilled by thy breath, how cold and numb we grow!
Each like a corpse upon the seat until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
The dust-clouds down the High School lane and fill
(Driving the filth into eyes, mouth and hair)
The air with curses and profane ill-will.
Wild spirit which art moving everywhere,
I wish you'd blasted well keep out of here.
A.D.H. Third Year.

AN INVOCATION

If the strong arms of sleep should fold you round,
The gentle and compelling arms of sleep;
If it should happen that some time you keep
A tryst with Time in those vast halls, where sound
Echoes the step of Death, as he goes crowned
With poppy bloom; if somewhere from the deep,
Abysmal gloom a sudden voice should leap
To thee a choice of Life, and Death, profound,
Pause not, but choose that everlasting Rest!
And smiling, melt into the easeful gloom,
Sleep, smiling on with softly heaving breast,
Lest life should change thee more than the still tomb.
Forever and forever, sleep thee blest.
Thus might I find you when myself should come.
A.D.H.
Third Year.
EDITORIAL

In our last issue our editorial took the watchword of "Loyalty" - loyalty to our School, loyalty to Bathurst, and loyalty to ourselves. This year it is "Courage."

Our High School must not be a mere institution for us, it should become a living part of our own selves; and the root matter of this is courage.

The valour of ambition is one of the ruling forces of life and living. If you are one of those "clever ones," of whom there are two or three in every class, your aim is probably to be top this year. Isn't it? But, supposing you belong, as you probably do, to the large majority of borderliners, your aspirations will probably turn elsewhere.

In first year the hope is to one day become a bandit, a detective or a millionaire, and, among the girls, a missionary, a nurse, or a movie star; but, in any case, they show your desire for some particular form of heroism, inspired by any sort of person, from Florence Nightingale to Buffalo Bill. As you grow older, these ambitions change, and give place to others equally heroic and equally vague. But real courage attacks the two things, which are ready to be done now - this minute: your sport and your school-work. Tackle these, hopeless and dull as either may seem, and keep it up if you would be worthy of that person whom most of all you worship and admire, your private hero or heroine.

We must have this courage to help our School and to help ourselves, and, at least, we must not disgrace either. We need it to keep honestly and doggedly to the work set us, though of course we often hate it.

It takes real pluck to stick up for the School Union all the time, and it takes real grit never to try to wriggle out of home-work.
This may sound like a sermon, and a bad one at that, but surely you can see what I want to say.

Try - and keep on trying - that is courage. You will not reach the Kingdom of Heaven next week, possibly never, but at least you can be the better for attempting it.

Then when you come to leave your High School it is not with feelings of sorrow or relief. True you regret the school-life and its familiar routine, but ahead of you lies the unguessed future, with its myriad lures to be invaded. Standing without the lists, you hear the trumpet calls, the clash of arms, and the cries of the warriors who are within. You are young and eager to enter, and so from the school of knighthood you enter the clanging conflict itself. Here you do battle right valiantly until someday you attain that perfect gentleness that so renowned the knights of olden times - the courage of the Paladins of God.

ALEX. HOPE (5th Year)

2. The signature is as printed in The Fortian.
THE FIRST SONNET

Oh, I shall weave the tapestries of dreams,
From out the magic of my woven words;
Oh, soul, that sleepest 'midst the broken sherds
Of old past life, wake now to nobler themes.
Heed not thy Past, it was; and now but seems.
Catch thou the thrilling music of the birds,
Mark the swift runner, how his loins he girds,
To race to that far splendid goal that gleams.
Soul, thou hast slept too long! The morning breaks,
And life must be thy shining bride to-day.
Then rise and hasten to thy sweet love's side,
Love - happy - thou! (For heart's desire he takes.)
Oh, now rejoice, rejoice, that we may say,
"The bridegroom goeth forth to claim the bride."

THE LAST SONNET

A few more words before the darkness comes,
Just a few words, and then my task is done.
How my hand trembles! - It can waver on
Another line -
   And this poor moment sums
My life up in a word - The sere cold numbs
These feverish fingers. Light will soon be gone,
And with it life. I care not! I have won.
(Listen! the dusk seems full of muffled drums.)
A few words more! Oh, splendour of desire,
How have I sought thee with a lover's soul!
And now I die a lover's death, a fire
Burns strong and clear within me; flaming them
With momentary radiance at the goal,
It flickers out - So I lay down the pen.

A.H. (5th Year).
CARMEN XXVII

Anacreonic.
Come boy, with old Falernian wine,
Full-flavoured, crown this cup of mine,
So she that rules the revelry
(No grape more drunken), doth decree.
Hence, hence, ye waters, where ye will,
Bane of good wine begone to chill
Inclemency. And - Ah, this wine,
Is the right Bacchic, pure, divine.

A.H. (5th Year).
IMPRESSIONS OF A NEW BOY AT FORT STREET

His first thought is of the size of the place: "Good Heavens! I shall be lost in this pile!" At once he feels very, very small. The headmaster appears about forty feet high, and beams from an awful distance upon the minute creature below him. The masters stalk to and fro like Titans. The number of class-rooms bewilders him and their swarming inmates oppress his poor brain. He is utterly ignorant of those immemorial usages which form a common part of their lives - and he feels it. These boys are part of a venerable institution with manners, pride and spirit peculiarly their own; he is new, incognito, nothing.

Moreover, when he feels most that he must creep away into some dark corner and hide himself, he is forced into strange class-rooms, where he is introduced blushing, to nearly forty persons in as many seconds. However will he come to know them all! He is besieged with questions and has to talk to perfect strangers as bosom friends. He knows everyone and no-one all at once.

He is not extremely happy.

At lunch time, perhaps, he wanders out onto the grass to eat his dinner. He hears groups talking of things to which he is yet alien - but, at any-rate, they are good-humoured and interesting. He climbs up to the library. Here are old friends behind the glass-cases. Many of these will not call him "new," and all invite him to be friends.

He begins to get over his first feelings, and finds that these Fortians are not going to eat him but are rather anxious to make him feel at home - too anxious, some of them, who treat him like a brother and put inkwells in his pockets and pin paper screeds on his back.

And so he progresses.
In a day or two he has proved himself at sport and knows his way about the class rooms. He hears the school-song and thinks it badly sung. Later he joins in himself and finds that the spirit of that song defies the criticism that he levels at its singing.

He commits mistakes in French and Latin and the result is that he feels more at home than ever. They used to say things like that about his composition in the school from which he came out.

He makes a few friends, adopts the school slang, cribs his homework now and then, sings the school songs and plays the school games and forgets, in short, that he was ever anything save a Fortian himself.

A. HOPE, 5C.
FIFTH YEAR STUDENTS.

Winners of First Prize in Open Dramatic Scene, Bathurst Eisteddfod Competitions, Easter, 1923.

Scene: “King Lear,” Act I., Scene I.

Left to Right.—H. Mitchell (King of France), Hilda Kefford (Cordelia), B. Roberts (Duke of Cornwall), Jean Morrow (Regan), B. Stevenson (King Lear), R. Bayliss (Attendant), Dorothy Johnston (Goneril), K. King (Duke of Burgundy), R. Callaghan (Earl of Gloucester).

Absent.—A. Hope (Earl of Kent), H. Fogarty (Duke of Albany).

BE A HERO—HAVE YOUR NAME IN THE BURR.
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